

The First Heir novel Chapter 1697

Sheryl put the coffee down in a dignified manner, raised her eyebrows, glanced at Philip, and asked with a gentle smile at the corner of her mouth, "Am I not welcome?"

Philip shrugged and said, "You're not unwelcome, but I can't help feeling that you're not a simple woman. Although I have some relations with you, I still think we should meet less."

Sheryl did not deny it and said frankly, "Your feeling is right. I'm not a woman who makes people feel secure. Born in such a family, I learned to be selfish since I was a child and became scheming. Many people who've met me say that I'm a femme fatale, but I don't think so. I'm just a little lamb waiting to be slaughtered."

Philip chuckled and said, "Comparing yourself to a poor little lamb, only you can say such things. I already knew what kind of person you are since I was a child. There's no need to beat around the bush between us. Just tell me straight. I'll decide depending on my mood."

According to the intelligence Philip received, Sheryl Larson was the person most qualified to inherit the Larson family of Fernvale. She was a woman too.

To be able to rise to the top of the Larson family, as well as stand tall amid the rivalry and strife, she must have her unique side and a scheming mind.

Thus, even if they were related, Philip still had to be careful.

After all, a woman's fragrance could be a deadly knife.

Sheryl smiled sweetly and took out a card from her Gucci bag. It was black with gold trimmings and the word 'Nonagon' on the front. On the back was a schematic diagram of a geometric symbol of an institution.

Philip was puzzled and asked with a frown, "What does this mean?"

Sheryl said, "The Nonagon sent us the access card to enter the institution. Since we have reached an agreement, this card naturally belongs to you."

Philip thought for a moment and picked up the black and gold card, the access card into the Nonagon. It looked quite ordinary and unassuming.

However, Sheryl's next sentence made Philip frown.

"With this card, you can enter and exit any institution in the country. No one can stop you and you can receive special treatment. Of course, it excludes some institutions that require high-level authority," Sheryl said with a smile. Those seductive eyes kept staring at Philip, trying to see through the changes in his heart at this moment.

Philip smiled, put the card away, and said, "I don't think you're here just to give me this access card, right?"

Sheryl raised her eyebrows as the corners of her mouth curved. She snapped her fingers, leaned her body forward, and said with a smile, "Philip, I have to say, you're very smart."

"Sheryl Larson, don't forget that I'm your uncle in name. If you talk to me in such a casual manner, I can charge you for being disrespectful." Philip faked a smile and deliberately teased her.

Sheryl shrugged and leaned back on the sofa indifferently, her lazy posture speaking a thousand words. She said, "If you want me to address you as my uncle in front of others, it's not impossible. But I don't think you'd want that. Besides, we're working together now. You won't mess with me over such a little thing, would you?"

Philip pinched his chin and smiled. "What do you think?"

Once he said that, the surrounding atmosphere quickly fell silent. They faced each other in deep contemplation. In the end, Sheryl giggled. She fished out a small brocade box from her bag, placed it on the table, and said with a smile, "A gift for the unborn child. I hope he'll like it."

Philip looked at the small brocade box and said, "Take it back. I'm able to give my child whatever he wants."

Sheryl did not take it back but said, "Philip, I think you'd better accept this. Maybe someday, it can save a life."

Philip raised his eyebrows, stared at Sheryl coldly, and asked, "What do you mean?"

The corners of Sheryl's mouth curved into an intriguing smile as she said, "I just happen to know something that you don't. Consider this gift a favor that you owe me. Just remember to return it to me in the future."

After that, Sheryl got up and prepared to leave. Just after taking two steps, she suddenly looked back at Philip and said, "Tonight, there's a private gathering in the Concord Hotel. You'll be attending."