

The First Heir –

Chapter 1729

When Sheryl caught up with them, she saw Fennel looking at her maliciously with a wicked sneer at the corner of his mouth.

This guy actually appeared here!

Sheryl was furious. Stepping on her high heels, she strutted over and raised her hand to slap Fennel harshly.

Smack!

Unfortunately, this slap fell short.

Sheryl's delicate jade-like hand was grabbed by Fennel in mid-air. With a faint smile at the corner of his mouth, he said, "Larson, you don't slap someone in the face. We just met and you're already so angry at me?"

Sheryl tried to pull her hand away and cursed resentfully, "Scumbag! Why are you here?"

Fennel shrugged and let go of Sheryl's wrist. He put his arm around Philip's shoulder and said with a smile, "I'm here with my buddy. Do you want to interfere in this too?"

Sheryl looked at Philip suspiciously with an odd look in her eyes and asked, "Philip, do you know this scumbag?"

Scumbag?

Philip frowned as he looked at Fennel and Sheryl in front of him. It was unlikely these two had something going on between them, right?

Perhaps Philip's strange gaze made her uncomfortable, Sheryl kicked Fennel fiercely. Then, she waved her bag and said, "I'll wait for you at the Bulgari Hotel. If you don't come over and talk to me tonight, I'll never forgive you for the rest of my life!"

After saying that, Sheryl swayed her hips and glared at Fennel angrily. She immediately left.

At this point, Philip understood. The corners of his mouth curved into a smirk as he said, "Good for you. You've even dominated Sheryl Larson?"

Fennel pinched his chin and said with a chuckle, "I'm too charming. I can't help it. She was the one who kept pestering me. Alas, who made me so handsome?"

Philip did not bother to listen. He turned around and hailed a cab. They soon arrived at a bar.

It was already after eight and the bar was very crowded. Many beautiful women were shaking their bodies, livening up the atmosphere. Their swaying bodies and twisting hips set off the ambiance of the venue to the extreme.

Fennel and Philip chose a deck. After a few drinks, Philip asked, "The questions I asked you just now, I need an answer to them."

Fennel seemed to have expected that Philip would ask about this, or rather, he was already prepared to tell Philip. After he finished the glass of Ace of Spades, he leaned back on the sofa, pondered for a while, and said, "Where should I start?"

While thinking, he suddenly asked, "Philip, what do you think this world is like?"

Philip frowned and said, "How else can this world be like? Isn't it just like what's in front of you?"

Fennel shook his head and suddenly said, “This world is not what you see. Although most people see the same as you, this world actually has another side to it. This is what the Nonagon and the door are researching. Your current perception was artificially imparted by others. For example, what I’m drinking now is called liquor, but the term liquor is what others have told you. Over time, it has subtly changed your perception.”

Philip frowned and could not quite grasp Fennel’s meaning. He held the glass in his hand and observed the liquor in the glass. If this was not liquor, could it be something else?

Fennel looked at Philip and said, “What I’m trying to say is that what you know and what most people know has been taught to you in the classroom. But have you ever thought that what you’ve been exposed to and what you’ve learned is only one ten-thousandth of this world? That more of the knowledge and more of the unknown are not accessible to you? Take, for example, those scientists. Why are they exposed to things that you’re not exposed to?”

Realization dawned on Philip and he somewhat understood what Fennel was trying to say. With a frown, he said, “Do you mean to say that what ordinary people know and everything they perceive is only one ten-thousandth of this world? There are more things that we’re not qualified to know?”

Fennel snapped his fingers and said, “That’s right.”

“Why?” Philip asked.

“Balance,” Fennel said, “If everyone can become a scientist and everyone understands the world beyond that one ten-thousandth, what will this world become?”