

## The First Heir Chapter 3331-3340 -

### Chapter 3331

With Hardy around, others did not talk that much, and everyone fell silent.

Philip tilted his head and looked at the scenery outside the window. This was the first time he had seen such a dense forest since he came to the other shore.

It stretched for thousands of miles with no end in sight, so at least the environment here was well-protected.

The general appearance of some species was quite similar to those in the original world. Maybe because of the strong vitality, the plants here seemed much bigger, and even an ordinary flower was taller than a person.

From time to time, birds and beasts that were disturbed by the convoy ran out of the woods in hordes.

Seeing Philip's surprise at the sizes of those creatures, Claire whispered, "Most special medicines are small in size. After all, it's the essence that counts."

In front, Hardy frowned, tilted his head, and stared at Claire.

Maybe because she was uncomfortable being stared at, Claire quickly said with a chuckle, "Of course, some special medicines are very big too."

"Everyone, get ready. We have about one hour before arriving at the destination!" Elder Whitmore, who was in the front passenger seat, broke the awkward atmosphere.

From the earlier map displaying the geographical location of the seventh continent, which was the city where Philip was located, they were very close to the borders of the two continents. It was probably for better power balance.

"This vehicle is not bad. How much does it cost?" Philip felt that the speed of this vehicle was quite good. He could use it as a mode of transport, so he asked Claire next to him.

Claire scratched her head and said, "You have to ask Elder Whitmore about this. I've no clue."

"A million star dollars for low-specs, ten million star dollars for high-specs," It was Carter on the other side who spoke.

"If you want to talk about the difference in specs, the most important thing is its artificial intelligence navigation, not to mention the panoramic sunroof..."

Usually, Carter was calm and steady, but when it came to the topic of cars, he could hardly stop talking.

Seeing this for the first time, Philip asked Claire in shock, "Has he always been like this?"

Claire nodded in embarrassment, covered her mouth, and said in a low voice, "He's a typical car addict. He's borderline crazy about cars."

"The appearance of this artificial intelligence can also be customized according to the owner's preferences..." Carter continued incessantly.

Philip smothered a laugh and said, "Did I make a mistake?"

Several people sat through Carter's speech. Even if they tried to interrupt, it was to no avail.

Suddenly, there was a loud noise ahead, interrupting Carter's words.

"What's wrong?"

"The vehicle ahead has been attacked by an exotic beast. Oh no, it's the eight-star clawed lizard! I'm afraid we have to make a detour."

Not far ahead, a monitor lizard about 40 to 50 meters long continued to attack the vehicles flying in the air. As its sharp claws swept over, a strong wind element like razor-sharp blades fluctuated around.

"This thing should be inhabiting Eagle Beak Mountain. It's unlikely that it was attracted by the convoy here." Elder Whitmore attempted to make a detour.

"That won't be necessary." After saying that, Hardy opened the door and jumped out.

The wind gusted around him, and he flew toward the clawed lizard rapidly.

After Hardy left, Claire breathed a sigh of relief and said, "We can finally speak now. Hardy is a level 5S wind element practitioner in the middle stage of eight stars. He's infamous for his move called the Wind Slash."

A powerhouse in the middle of eight stars!

Philip frowned. He finally met a capable guy!

Hardy landed firmly on top of the clawed lizard. Its short arms could not reach Hardy on top of it.

“Wind Slash!”

The man took a deep breath and spread his arms as if he was holding a saber. He raised his arms, shouted loudly, and made a slashing motion. An almost solid gust of wind formed a V shape and slashed the clawed lizard.

The clawed lizard, also proficient in wind element, felt the threat of this attack and tried to flee. However, it was too slow and was cut into two halves.

Due to inertia, the upper body of this exotic beast jumped forward.

Hardy floated over unhurriedly and sliced open the exotic beast’s skull with a hand knife. He took out a crystal nucleus emitting green fluorescence all over before he flew back to the flying aircraft, striking quite an imposing figure.

Seeing this, Philip snorted coldly and said, “What a poser.”

Seeing Philip’s disdain, Carter said, “Oh? I don’t think you can beat this exotic beast, can you?”

“You say that as if you can,” Philip rolled his eyes at Carter.

“I...” Carter was speechless for a moment.

He wanted to refute it but found it was the truth.

Hardy opened the door, sat inside, and said, “It’s nothing but an animal.”

While speaking, he flicked a contemptuous gaze at Philip.

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The gazes of the two clashed, but no one else seemed to notice the tension between the two.

“This eight-star clawed lizard isn’t something an ordinary expert can deal with. We need at least two or three seven-star practitioners at their peak to kill it. Mr. Shell, your skills have improved again,” Elder Whitmore said with a smile.

Hardy ignored him and slowly closed his eyes, fidgeting with the exotic beast’s crystal nucleus that was still warm in his hands.

The scrapped vehicle in front of them did not belong to Montana Alliance, so Philip and the others continued without further delay.

Everyone was silent for a while when Carter suddenly said, “What price range of a vehicle are you planning to buy, Philip?”

Philip was taken aback momentarily before saying with a smile, "I'll think about it later when I have money."

Carter made no further comment.

Soon, the hover car slowed down, and Elder Whitmore turned back and said to everyone, "We have arrived."

The car slowly parked in a newly created parking lot. They got off the vehicle, and teams from other forces arrived one after another.

Most of them had exclusive patterns on their bodies, most probably the logos of the organizations they belonged to.

Everyone was directed to an open space where a newly built steel building stood in the dense forest.

According to the guide, this building could at least withstand the impact of the seven-star exotic beast.

The team of five each received a key to their rest cabin, which was different from the rest cabins in the city's hotels. This rest cabin was similar to the sleeping cabin used by the space travel crew in Philip's memory.

"They really go to such lengths to save space," Claire complained next to him.

Before everyone could unwind, the loudspeaker in the corner between the floors announced, "Everyone is required to go to the rooftop."

The rooftop of this building was quite spacious, and the few thousand people taking part in this trip to the forbidden area had a place to stand.

At this time, Philip finally saw clearly the outfits of most of the participants.

There were members of the royal family in combat uniforms, members of different families in different colored uniforms, and members of alliances in different outfits. The division of forces was pretty clear at a glance.

When everyone was gathered, a huge holographic projection in the open space in front of them gradually took shape. It was a person dressed in a golden combat uniform who looked quite imposing.

The palace behind that person was golden and spectacular!

Two serious-looking personal guards stood beside him. Nine symbols of the ancient dragon were engraved on the old man's golden uniform.

People who were still talking to each other before fell silent upon seeing this person.

Philip poked Claire and asked curiously, "Who's this old man?"

Claire looked as if she was looking at an idiot and said, "You can be forgiven for not knowing Hardy, but it's too much if you don't know him."

"But I really don't know," Philip said in exasperation.

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"He's Surrey Shell, the person with the highest practice level in the Shell family. He's the supreme emperor of the ancient dragon royal family and also the only top expert in the seventh continent at the holy-tier level. Do you know what a holy tier means?"

As she spoke, Claire stared at the image in front of her with admiration.

This old man was the emperor of the ancient dragon royal family who ruled the seventh continent!

A holy-tier powerhouse!

"Oh..." Philip nodded.

"What do you mean by that?" Claire puzzled to have Philip manner.

"The trip to the forbidden area this time is very dangerous. I'm very pleased to see everyone here," The old man stroked his beard and continued, "I won't be taking part in the young people's activities this time. All the treasures obtained in the forbidden area will belong to the individual."

Everyone cheered at the announcement.

"However, if we find anyone making trouble or robbing other people of their secret treasures, don't blame the royal family for showing no mercy."

As he spoke, the old man's eyes sharpened, and everyone shuddered.

'What a strong mental impact,' Philip thought.

"The forbidden area is expected to open at noon tomorrow. Please take care of yourself."

The old man gave a few more words of advice and left after chatting with the leaders of several major forces.

As it was getting late, Philip and the others returned to their rest cabins after dinner. He never expected to meet the emperor of the ancient dragon royal family so soon.

According to the division of strength in the original world, the holy tier should be the realm of the other shore!

Early the next morning, Philip woke up the others, but Hardy was nowhere to be seen.

“Leave him be. Let’s get the consumables...”

In the open area downstairs, several teams were already lined up to collect their items.

“On the left is food rations, in the middle are daily necessities, and on the far right is simple combat equipment,” Elder Whitmore explained briefly.

“I’ll get the food rations.”

“I can get the combat equipment.”

“I want to get combat equipment too.”

“Let me get the daily necessities, then.”

Philip moved to the food rations. At the front of the line were a few people from the royal family. He frowned when he saw that everyone had to enter their information before they could receive the items.

Since the royal family might be aware of his existence, he could not rule out the possibility of being drugged. If they prepared something special for him, it might be difficult to guard against.

At this time, there was a commotion in front of the line.

“Fatty, do you have to take so much?”

“Hehe, I’m fat, aren’t I? I need to eat more.”

A chubby guy was walking forward with sealed rations for more than a dozen people in his arms, and he would receive a wave of abuse and ridicule wherever he went.

However, that fat guy merely grinned and said, “Sorry, excuse me.”

Philip saw this opportunity. When this person approached, he slightly raised his hand to change the space under the person’s feet.

The guy's center of gravity was unstable, and he was about to fall forward. However, he did not forget to protect the food in his arms before falling.

Philip smothered a chuckle and stepped forward to support him with one hand.

Although a little puzzled why he stumbled, the guy still said earnestly, "Thanks, buddy!"

While speaking, he jerked the food in his arms toward Philip and said, "Buddy, take one."

"It's nothing. I can get the rations later."

Although he said that, Philip had made use of his space ring when he helped that person just now and took three bags from the middle of the pile of rations.

The fat guy felt a little embarrassed and said, "My name is Hiram Pine. If you need anything, you can look for me in the Pine family's team."

With that said, he left.

Philip thought this man was interesting. Although he was thick-skinned, he was too embarrassed to accept favors from others.

As the line moved forward, Philip saw the right timing and left the queue. He lined up behind other teams instead.

As Philip guessed, a situation unfolded in a hidden room of the building after all the dry rations were distributed.

A member of the royal family who was distributing the dry rations bowed and said to the tall figure in the shadows in front of him, "My lord, the special dry ration wasn't given out."

"It's okay. This is just a small part of my plan. He must have noticed it."

"My lord, what shall we do next?"

"Let's wait and see what happens. Although the rabbit has been alerted, a rabbit is still a rabbit. The forbidden area is enclosed all around. He won't escape so easily. I'll capture him in the forbidden area myself!"

"Good luck, my lord!"

The figure waved his hand, and the member of the royal family stepped back.

“Oh, Philip Clarke, how dare someone from the White Marsh family enter our territory so boldly? I’ll make you suffer a fate worse than death.”

With that said, the figure laughed menacingly. This person was none other than Hardy Shell who disappeared earlier.

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Soon, everyone assembled.

Hardy, who disappeared earlier, also returned to the team, but no one asked questions.

They had only heard a brief description of the sword gorge earlier. Although they heard of its magnificence, seeing was believing.

The sword gorge itself was quite plain, but after thousands of years, some plants had grown and reached the edge of the sword gorge. As opposed to man-made, everyone was more inclined to believe that this was the work of nature.

Standing on the edge of the sword gorge, Philip was deeply attracted by it. A god-tier being could actually do something like this with one blow.

The sword intent contained in the depths of the sword gorge made the Caelum Sword in Philip’s space ring shrill loudly.

They were now in the middle of the sword gorge, which was also the widest area. The team sent by the White Marsh royal family stood on the opposite side.

Seeing this, the two parties immediately made arrangements for their people to take the hover cars down to the depths of the sword gorge.

As they descended, Philip also saw the bunker that Claire had mentioned before. Its appearance was more similar to a deep underground passage.

The first to arrive at the bottom was a member of the alliance under the command of the ancient dragon royal family. He cheered and wanted to rush into the passage, but as soon as he got close, he was cut into several pieces by the sword intent.

He could not even wail before taking his last dying breath.

It seemed that the time was not ripe yet. People from both parties landed one after another, and tension ran high.

The source of conflict mainly came from the two royal families and the vassal families under them. Other ordinary alliance members merely put on a show. Their main purpose here was not for unnecessary conflicts.



The outfits of the White Marsh royal family were extremely luxurious, and even the combat uniforms were embellished with platinum and gold patterns.

Soon, the conflict evolved from verbal to physical. Dozens of people close to each other ended up in a scuffle.

Suddenly, someone near the cave entrance shouted, "It's about to open!"

Everyone made a mad dash for the cave entrance, blasting their skills from time to time, trying to be the first to enter and get the secret treasures.

Elder Whitmore yelled to everyone from Montana Alliance, "Let's go!"

Their small team did not cause many waves among the rushing tide.

Philip and the others in the center quickly entered the cave. The marks on the cave entrance seemed as if they had been shaved by the sword intent of that powerful being. The rules of swordsmanship in Philip's body were constantly being nourished by the sword intent in this cave, and he could not help but sigh softly.

After walking for about a quarter of an hour, everyone gathered together and looked at the nine silver portals branching out in front.

"Which one should we enter?"

Many people were confused.

If these passages did not bring them to the secret treasures first but led them into danger instead, they could only blame it on their bad luck. Although some had chosen a passage and walked in, most were hesitant.

"Follow me..." Philip said to the others before he passed through the crowd and walked to the third passage.

Several people looked at each other and followed.

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This passage had the strongest sword intent. Although it was possible to obtain treasures here, it could be a very dangerous trap too.

Gradually, most people made their decisions. To normal people, the sword intent from the caves was almost the same, but some with stronger senses could feel the stronger intent from the third passage. Most of them chose to go there.

Philip led the people of Montana Alliance through the portal and arrived at an empty field similar to a martial arts arena. Except for four giant stone sculptures placed in the corners, nothing else was in sight.

Some people from Montana Alliance began to complain, "There's nothing here at all."

"If I'd known earlier, I'd have selected another passage with the others."

There was not even another door leading to other passages in sight. The portal was a one-way transfer.

Everyone started to search for secret treasures.

One person walked up to a stone statue and said under his breath, "Is there any treasure in this stone statue?"

Then, he raised his hand and touched the stone statue.

This man was very bold. The stone statue looked like a ferocious devil with a body as big as a hill. Others dared not even look at it, let alone get close to it.

As the man's palm was about to touch the stone statue, the stone statue moved with a creak and held the man.

"Ah! Let go of me!" The man's face went pale as he shouted hoarsely.

The stone statue clenched its fist, and the man turned into mincemeat. The stone statue flung the corpse on the wall next to it, and the man's body burst into a spray of blood.

"Hey, that guy was at the peak of six stars..."

"We're not going to fight that thing, are we?!"

"I don't want to fight something like that!"

Some people broke down before fighting and ran back to the portal that sent them in here, but the portal flicked them away mercilessly.

All the stone statues at the four corners moved, their moss-covered bodies extremely smooth. Each step they took on the floor made a loud bang.

"Golems," Hardy said.

He never expected to bump into such things here.

“What are golems?” Claire tried to look calm, but her trembling voice exposed her uneasiness.

Even Elder Whitmore exclaimed, “Don’t they only exist in myths?!”

Hardy said grimly, “They’re the most primitive weapons of war 4,000 to 5,000 years ago. After the War of the Nine Emperors and peace was restored on all continents, they were banned from being used. I never expected to see them here again.”

He raised his hand to form a wind blade, but the indestructible wind blade exploded after touching the body of the stone statue.

“Sure enough, this stone statue is immune to my level 5S wind elemental attacks. Even the wood element will be repelled instantly, and it’s immune to most elemental attacks.”

Hardy took out a firearm and said fervently, “Let’s try the power of modern technology!”

Everyone took out their thermonuclear guns and electromagnetic weapons. They fired at the stone golems in a frenzy.

The firing continued for half a minute, and the stone statues stopped moving.

After the dust settled, no traces of attacks were found on their bodies, and the stone statues resumed moving.

Everyone gathered in the middle of the room. When the stone statues pulled out stone swords from their waists, everyone retreated faster, and some even started cursing Philip.

Seeing those swords, Philip lamented that the sword intent he felt from the passage just now could be from these things.

“Damn it, I’m not afraid of them!” A man at the edge of the crowd drew his sword and rushed at one of the stone statues.

“Sunset Sword Technique!”

The man’s sword danced, intending to take the opponent’s head off. However, to everyone’s surprise, the seemingly bulky stone statue evaded all the attacks with extremely weird swordplay.

It seemingly repelled all attacks, while the swordplay was extremely exaggerated. Everyone despaired.

“Look at the statue’s arm,” Philip pointed out.

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The swordsman who was initially disheartened because all his attacks were resisted promptly perked up when he heard Philip's remark. He even started a continuous offensive without a pause.

As everyone else was about to help, the stone statue's sword suddenly glowed green, and anyone with a discerning eye could tell that the light contained a wealth of wind elements.

The sword reinforced with wind elements suddenly doubled in speed, and the swordsman actively attacking just now fell into a disadvantage in a blink of an eye. He missed one move and was cut in half from his shoulder.

A few eager swordsmen stopped when they saw this, and their sword-wielding hands trembled slightly.

"As sword practitioners, don't we even have the courage to face our deaths?" A swordsman in a white combat uniform stepped forward and said heartily.

"Espada Gate, Lazaro!"

With that said, the man raised his sword and rushed to the stone statue.

Other sword practitioners were inspired by this sight and sprang into action after announcing their identities.

"Sword Dance Villa, Lance Smith!"

"Lily Sword Court, Fern James!"

In a flash, a fierce attack was launched on the stone statues. Many of those who charged over were female sword practitioners.

Carter had practiced with a sword since he was a child and had a certain level of understanding of swordsmanship. Seeing this situation, he wanted to join this fight, but Philip stopped him.

"Something is about to happen," Philip said flatly.

Under everyone's continuous siege, the stone statues were damaged to a large extent, and one even had a severed leg.

The stone statues suddenly stopped moving as if they were waiting for everyone to smash them into pieces. As their outer shells fell off, the insides of the stone statues were slowly revealed.

A few normal human-sized mechas in black crawled out from the wreckage. Although smaller in size, the oppression they brought to everyone increased by several folds.

Before everyone could react, the mechas picked up the stone swords and attacked.

The swords that had lost their radiance burst into a fearsome black light as soon as they were touched. Due to their size, the mechas were much more flexible and could weave through the crowd more easily.

The swordsman named Lazaro who was first to encourage everyone to fight sneaked out and hid in the crowd.

His action was noticed by Philip, who frowned and said, "I didn't expect someone with such a righteous attitude to do this."

The few people next to Philip were only focused on the black mechas and did not hear his remarks.

The sword practitioners fighting in front suffered heavy casualties, and almost everyone had lost their ability to fight.

Elder Whitmore frowned and said to Philip, Hardy, and Carter next to him, "May I ask the three of you to take action?"

Elder Whitmore was quite smart, guessing that Philip was at least at the peak of seven stars or even eight stars.

Elder Whitmore was at the late stage of seven stars, but due to his age, his combat level had declined. Claire was only at the early stage of seven stars, but as the alliance master, Elder Whitmore was even less likely to let her take risks.

These three people could be regarded as the highest combat power of the Starfire Alliance at present. If they did not make a move now and allowed the mechas to fight their way through, few people from Montana Alliance might make it back.

"Since Elder Whitmore has made the request, I won't put it off any longer."

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Hardy glanced at Philip meaningfully before he chose a mecha and charged forth.

"Claire, wish me luck," Although his hands were shaking, Carter smiled at Claire and rushed forward.

Philip stepped forward slowly and picked up a sword.

Fire sprang from his hands and wrapped around the sword.

His eyes became serious, and he said, "This is enough to turn you into scrap metal."

For a while, all the top experts from various forces sprang into action. If this offensive failed again, the entire troop would be wiped out. Although there was help on hand, Philip wanted to fight a mecha single-handedly.

Most of the people were five or six stars with a few seven stars in between. Even if not everyone was proficient with a sword, they could fight this mecha just by the speed and strength of swinging a sword.

Although the presence of other people around slightly affected Philip's performance, his every strike accurately hit the joints of the mecha.

Gradually, the four mechas seemed to be weakening, and everyone gained a boost of confidence. They attacked more intensely.

Suddenly, the mechas jumped out of their attack range. They retreated to the corners and raised the swords in their hands without the slightest deviation in their movements.

The light on the swords suddenly became brighter. A person closest to them noticed that the black light had the potential to devour all light.

He shouted, "Close your eyes!"

Although his shout came in a timely manner, many people did not close their eyes in time. They lost their eyesight temporarily, and their vision went black.

At this time, the mechas moved again, looking for those affected by the black light.

With a special target in mind, the mechas' attacks became fiercer, and they did not even block the attacks raining down on them. Screams were heard one after another.

Philip overpowered a mecha that was hurting another person.

Seeing the heavy casualties all over the place, his rules of swordsmanship suddenly exploded. He cut off the arm of the mecha with one sword.

Only then did Philip realize that the stronger the sword intent, the more damage it would cause to the mecha.

Strike while it was down!

To play it safe, Philip released his sword intent when his sword was infinitely close to the mecha. With one strike, the mecha's head flew out, and its body collapsed and scattered all over the ground.

A ball of very strong sword intent floated in front of Philip.

The Caelum Sword in Philip's sword ring went into a frenzy as it flew back and forth.

Seeing that the space ring was about to crack, Philip summoned Caelum Sword and transformed its appearance into another sword in his hand. Caelum Sword plunged into the ball of pure white light and quickly absorbed it.

At this time, everyone who was temporarily blinded by the black light finally recovered, including Claire and the others.

Philip finally noticed that Carter had been pierced by a sharp sword. He knelt on the ground clutching his wound with blood gurgling from his mouth.

Philip quickly walked up to Carter and put him down to stop the bleeding, but Carter grabbed Philip tightly.

Philip realized that Carter was staring at Claire who was still rubbing her eyes.

"Lie down! You won't die yet," Philip said in exasperation.

Claire finally looked this way and shouted, "No!"

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Elder Whitmore grabbed Claire who was about to rush forward and yelled, "Claire, it's dangerous!"

However, Claire was like an arrow ready to launch and refused to be held back.

"Carter! Please don't die! Carter!"

Claire knelt beside Carter, whose eyes had gone slack, and kept crying.

"Stop shaking him or he'll really die!" Philip, who was performing an emergency rescue, said helplessly when he saw Claire shaking Carter.

Probably due to excessive blood loss, Carter passed out.

The moment Carter closed his eyes, Claire's body suddenly lit up the whole place. Her eyes turned white, and her body floated in mid-air.

With tears in her eyes, Claire gritted her teeth and said in a sacred and indisputable voice, "Everyone shall die!"

About a thousand people entered this place, but only 200 remained.

For a moment, everyone was attracted by Claire's glowing body. This light was like a small sun that seemed to inspire others, and the screams gradually stopped. Even the remaining few mechas halted.

Seeing this, Hardy was startled before he continued to attack the mechas in a gust of wind.

Claire floated toward the nearest mecha with her hand raised and grabbed its sword-wielding hand.

The mecha struggled but could not break free from the strange force emanating from Claire's hand.

The mecha clenched its fist and punched Claire's stomach.

As everyone exclaimed in shock, they realized that the light on Claire's body gradually solidified and wrapped around the mecha's arm.

Crak!

After a few sounds, the black mechanical arm held by Claire was slightly deformed.

"Argh!"

With a ferocious expression, Claire tore off the mecha's arm.

Seeing this, the other mechas wanted to help, but Hardy exploded with violent sword intent.

He was wrapped in a gust of wind, and his body turned into a sword as he cut the mecha in front of him into several pieces.

Another mecha rushed over and slashed its sword at Claire's head.

"Alliance Master!" Elder Whitmore cried anxiously.

Philip raised his hand to cast the rules of space. He did not think the light on Claire's body could withstand the attack.

The sword came to a steady stop on Claire's neck. Everyone thought it was Claire's golden light that protected her and burst into cheers. Even the sharp-eyed Hardy did not notice anything unusual.

Claire raised her hands and slapped the head of the mecha whose arm she had torn off earlier.



Amid the sounds of crushing metal and stone, the mecha's head was squashed. After several hand knives, the mecha's head finally fell off.

After a while, strong sword intent floated out again.

Just when Claire turned to attack the last mecha, she went limp as the light disappeared from her body. She then fell to the ground.

After Philip was done with Carter's rescue, he jumped up and rescued Claire who was under attack and motioned for Hardy to deal with the last mecha.

Philip brought Claire and Carter back to the center of the main troop.

"Tsk..." Hardy spat derisively but still attacked the last standing mecha.

After realizing that sword intent was effective, almost all of Hardy's attacks could deal considerable damage to the mecha. In just a few moves, the last mecha turned into scrap metal and scattered on the ground.

At this time, there were three balls of strong and pure sword intent on the field. Hardy tried to take them away but was scratched upon approach.

The others also tried, but no one could absorb any of it.

On this side, Philip had wrapped Caelum Sword in a piece of cloth. Next to him, Carter's condition seemed much more stable after his timely treatment, while Claire had fallen asleep like a baby.

Hardy walked over slowly, seemingly very interested in Philip's ability to kill the mechas. He asked, "How did you do it?"

Philip pretended to be weak, pointed to the sleeping Claire, and said, "Like her, my ability suddenly exploded."

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"What's up with the sword behind you?"

Seeing that Philip was carrying a sword, Hardy asked suspiciously.

"This sword belonged to the guy who made the first move. It's no ordinary sword. I'll take good care of this sword for him."

As he spoke, Philip patted the hilt of the sword.

Elder Whitmore said with tears running down his face, "Claire's ability was inherited from her father's bloodline. It's heaven's grace that I was able to see it again in my lifetime."

"The power of her father's bloodline? For her to explode with such power and defensive ability, it's not an overstatement to say it's likely Grade A."

On the side, Hardy was tempted to win her over.

The source of power of the nine royal families came from the bloodline power inherited from the nine great beasts, holy beasts, or ferocious beasts passed down from ancient times. Due to the mighty power of their bloodline, they managed to maintain their supremacy for such a long time.

Elder Whitmore shook his head and said, "The bloodline power in this child's body is not that strong, and it's greatly affected by her emotions. Under normal circumstances, her combat power won't increase that much."

Hardy lost interest after hearing this and found a fairly open space to take a break.

The fight finally came to an end, but there was no sign of another door opening, so Philip suspected that the reason lay with the remaining three balls of sword intent.

He took out Caelum Sword, transformed it into a tiny dagger, and let it absorb the sword intent.

As humans could not absorb sword intent, the others did not care too much about the sword intent disappearing out of the blue.

When the last shred of sword intent disappeared, the wall on the opposite slowly opened to both sides, revealing another huge stone room.

The room looked brighter due to the mirror-like walls.

Several wooden boxes were placed around the stone chamber, and someone shouted, "Secret treasures!"

For a while, those who could still move rushed over. Philip was also very interested and used his agility to dash to the front. Hardy charged forth too.

Most of the boxes contained bottles of pills while others contained some pretty good swordsmanship skills. Although these special medicines were sealed properly, the efficacy was still reduced by several degrees due to time.

Philip did not open the box he snatched right away but carried it back to the Montana Alliance team.

“Everyone entered this dangerous place because of me. You can divide this box among yourselves.”

They did not hesitate at all. After opening the box, they rummaged around and took whatever they found useful.

Elder Whitmore took a bottle of elixir and a manual from it.

He said gratefully to Philip, “With the special medicines you obtained today, we’ll analyze the ingredients and get the prescription when we return. It can definitely help our medical hall rise to the next level. Let me thank you on behalf of the medical hall, Mr. Clarke.”

Most medical halls would extract the special medicinal ingredients to make potions now. Fewer parties made elixirs nowadays, but the medical hall of Montana Alliance was one of them. Both methods had their advantages.

“You don’t have to thank me. I didn’t do much either,” Philip said with a smile.

Hardy squeezed out from the crowd, but there was nothing in his hands. He had most likely already kept the things away in his space ring.

Seeing this, Elder Whitmore made no comment. After all the boxes were emptied, the wall on the other side slowly opened, but there was nothing inside except for a long stone passage.

Claire and Carter were put on a stretcher and looked after by members of Montana Alliance.

Hardy glanced at Philip, who still looked tired, before he walked into the passage with a sinister smile.

#### Chapter 3340

After some people collected their emotions, they took care of the bodies of the people they knew.

At this time, the people who entered the third portal looked numb. Although they got some pills, those pills that were about to lose their efficacy were not worth such a treacherous journey.

Looking at the dark passage ahead, they reluctantly dragged their feet inside.

After walking for a long time and just when they were about to collapse, a stone door that could only accommodate two people standing side-by-side appeared at the end of the tunnel. A few lines of words were scrawled on the door.

Just as everyone was at a loss for what to do with the incomprehensible words, an unknown old man with gray hair pushed aside the crowd and walked up to the door

“Sword practitioners have to fight continuously right from the start of practice. They’ll fight with people, with heaven and earth, and with themselves. Only the party that survives the fights can be called powerful. Select two sword practitioners, open the stone door, and have a match.”

After the old man conveyed the words, he retreated into the crowd.

There were two mechanisms on both sides of the stone door, which most probably could only be opened by the participants.

Hearing the conditions, everyone chartered, but they could not stop looking at Hardy and Philip who had just killed the mechas.

These two were the strong ones who took down the mechas single-handedly just now.

Hardy was overjoyed when he saw that everyone wanted him and Philip to go up against each other. This was a godsend opportunity, and no one could care if he killed Philip in one go.

Without further comment, Philip and Hardy stepped forward and pressed the mechanism, sending some sword intent in the process. The stone door opened slowly, but it was full of fog inside, obscuring everyone’s sight.

“Let’s do this!”

After saying that, Hardy stepped in.

Philip did not hesitate either. Although Hardy Shell had the imprint of the ancient dragon royal family and his strength was indisputable, Philip was no pushover either.

After the two disappeared into the fog, the stone door closed, leaving the others waiting anxiously for the result. Some even started a betting pool.

As soon as Philip and Hardy stepped in, the scenery changed instantly, and they saw flashes of mountains, rivers, lakes, and bustling streets. Finally, the scene stopped in a quiet bamboo grove. The wind made a rustling sound as it passed through the bamboo forest, and there seemed to be an outsider sitting cross-legged deep in the bamboo forest.

The man took a sip of tea and said lightly, “You can start now.”

As soon as the mysterious man finished speaking, Hardy’s hand turned into a sharp blade and slashed Philip, which Philip blocked in front of his chest with Caelum Sword.

After exchanging several blows, Hardy was surprised that Philip was on par with him.

He said with a sneer, "This is it for you!"

Hardy took out a quaint sword with a scabbard from his space ring. After taking off the scabbard, the blade of the sword surged with wind elements.

With a gust of wind, he looked quite imposing with that sword in hand.

The sword intent of the two became more intense during the collisions, and the mysterious man drinking tea smiled in appreciation while watching the fight.

"Wind Slash!"

With the support of Hardy's treasured sword, this deadly move was more destructive. There was a certain degree of fluctuation in the surrounding space. This sword energy blocked all of Philip's blind spots.

Just when Hardy lamented that this fight was lacking passion, the sword in Philip's hand lost its plain appearance and revealed its true appearance as Caelum Sword.