

## The First Heir Chapter 3341-3350 -

Chapter 3341

A dragon's roar resounded throughout the bamboo forest.

Before Hardy got over his surprise, Philip had completed his sword attack. Caelum Sword transformed into countless swords before merging as one again. It was more than several times stronger than before, and the image of an ancient giant sword could be seen right behind it.

"All Swords As One!" Philip raised his sword and met the Wind Slash technique head-on.

The mysterious man drinking tea applauded.

The two swords collided, and the impact shook the forest with leaves flying all over the place. The two retreated to the edge of the bamboo forest at the same time. Philip's hand felt slightly numb, while a Chink appeared on Hardy's sword.

"Good, very good. You didn't disappoint me," Hardy said to Philip fanatically.

"I'm afraid things won't go as you wish this time."

After Philip said that, his hands burst into flames, and two fiery snakes wrapped around Caelum Sword.

The burning Caelum Sword roasted the surrounding bamboo forest yellow.

"Philip! I'm very happy that you can play with me for so long! I really need to thank you!"

As Hardy spoke, the wind in this bamboo forest settled.

For a while, there was only the rustling of fallen leaves and the sound of the mysterious man drinking tea. Philip did not plan to give Hardy any chance. He raised his sword and slashed away.

"Too late!"

Hardy waved his hands which were full of wind elements. They soon formed a seemingly airtight sphere.

The moment Philip's attack landed on the sphere, a strong repulsion bounced Philip away. The sphere did not stop but rushed at Philip like a spiky hedgehog.

Philip jumped into the air and dispersed the flames from his sword.

A huge sword formation with an overwhelming aura descended. Nearly a hundred Greenpeak Sword shadows danced back and forth inside the formation as the formation rotated rapidly.

Feeling this extremely powerful sword intent, the mysterious man finally could not stop himself from standing up.

Under the Greenpeak Sword Formation's constant attack, Hardy's movements began to show flaws one after another.

Soon, Hardy could no longer withstand it and stopped, raising his sword to resist. At this time, he lost his former cold and stern demeanor. His hands were full of wounds. He did not expect to end up like this before harming a hair on Philip's head!

Hardy growled, "I'm going to tear you to pieces!"

In an instant, the imprint of the ancient dragon royal family on Hardy's back glowed brightly.

Green scales appeared on his body, vertical pupils replaced his normal pupils, and the skin on his fingers turned into yellow claws. However, this transformation process seemed very painful.

Philip secretly rejoiced that his chimera transformation was not so troublesome.

When the green sword energy in the Greenpeak Sword Formation attacked Hardy again, it only produced some clinking sounds and left white marks on his body.

Seeing that the attack was ineffective now, there was no need for Philip to continue using it as it would consume his energy. He waved his hand to disperse the sword formation, waiting and watching.

"This is the ancient dragon royal family!" Hardy, who had completed his transformation, raised his head and roared at Philip.

"It seems that your bloodline isn't that pure," Philip mocked when he saw that the change in Hardy was only limited to the scales and his eyes.

"I'm going to skin you alive and break every bone in your body!"

After the transformation, Hardy became even more irritable. His animal instinct was unleashed.

"Let's see if your scales are tough enough."

Philip picked up Caelum Sword and slashed at the top of Hardy's skull.

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Hardy raised his hands to block the fearsome sword attack. Although he caught the sword, his palm was cut more than three inches deep with blood gushing out.

“Come here!” Hardy gripped the blade tightly with one hand while grabbing Philip’s neck with the other.

Philip would not allow anyone to grasp his vitals so easily. An earth pillar rose to block Hardy’s sharp claws while he used his sword to chop four fingers off of Hardy’s left hand. However, maybe due to the ancient dragon bloodline, Hardy did not seem to be in pain.

He merely laughed and said, “Let’s see how many times you can escape!”

The healing ability of the ancient dragon bloodline was very strong. Hardy took his severed fingers and pressed them on his wounds. In just a few seconds, the severed sections stopped bleeding.

A dragon’s roar was heard from Hardy’s mouth, and the sky was suddenly covered with dark clouds, signaling the storm to come.

Philip did not expect that Hardy’s impure ancient dragon bloodline could summon the wind and rain too.

Thunder and lightning brewed, and a thunderbolt struck Philip.

Philip dodged quickly, and the thunderbolt hit the ground and blasted a huge crater. No more time could be wasted. As more lightning struck, the chimera imprint on Philip’s forehead glowed red.

Seeing this, Hardy froze in place, shook his head, and questioned Philip, “Aren’t you from the White Marsh royal family? Why do you have the imprint of the chimera royal family?!”

“I never said I was from the White Marsh royal family.”

As he spoke, Philip’s body burned with flames, which gradually turned into a chimera. The raindrops evaporated with a sizzle before they could get close to Philip.

A thunderbolt struck the burning chimera man squarely in the head but only made him tilt his head slightly.

In the distance, the mysterious man opened his umbrella and continued to watch the duel with relish.

Hardy's eyes became colder, and he gritted his teeth. "In that case, it's all the more reason you can't stay alive!"

"It seems that you still don't understand the current situation," Philip said blandly.

With that said, Philip rushed forward like a cannonball.

Hardy had no time to dodge and could only let Philip punch his chest. He felt himself flying back and knocking down several bamboos.

"I'll crush your heart into pieces. Let's see if you can recover from that!" Philip yelled.

Although the ancient dragon bloodline had remarkable healing abilities, the descendants could not be reborn from ashes like the fire phoenix bloodline. This injury was enough to kill Hardy.

Unexpectedly, even though Hardy had such an obvious advantage in strength, he fell with reluctance and surprise in his eyes. Before facing the attack, he was still thinking about how to fight back, but he could not even withstand this blow.

Philip in his chimera humanoid form did not have such a strong attack power, but he tried to put some sword intent to his fist so that it became an unlikely fist intent. The flames on Philip's body dispersed, and symptoms similar to last time appeared.

After slight dizziness, he still stood steadily. The consumption this time was not as much as before, so the exhaustion would not be as severe as last time.

After Hardy died, the dark clouds in the sky gradually dispersed.

The mysterious man in the distance walked over through the bamboo forest, and his every step seemed full of sword intent.

In the bamboo forest, Philip could not see his face clearly at first, but now that he got closer, Philip could see him clearly.

This mysterious man looked no different from an ordinary old man except for his beard and eyebrows. His long gray beard almost reached his stomach, and his eyebrows were like silver swords. He wore a long robe, which revealed his thin figure when the wind blew.

Philip bowed and said respectfully, "Greetings, sir. My name is Philip Clarke."

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"I see that you have a certain level of achievement in sword practice. I have a sword technique, and I wonder if you'd be interested in learning it," the old man asked with a smile.

“Please give me your guidance, sir!” Philip bowed and said.

“Let’s go to another place,” the old man closed his eyes and said.

The scenery around the two of them changed like a revolving light and finally stopped beside a small stone gazebo with a few sturdy bamboos growing on the sides.

The old man took Philip into the gazebo and said, “I see that your swordplay is quite open and unrestrained, but there’s a trace of imperceptible finesse in it. Although unrestrained, all your moves are true to your heart.”

“My swordplay is called ‘Forthright Swordplay’, created when I traveled the world during my younger days and experienced all walks of life. This sword technique can only be mastered by a broad-minded person. A narrow-minded person who learns this technique will definitely go mad.”

After that, the old man put his hand on the top of Philip’s head and imparted the sword technique to him mentally.

Suddenly, the image of a sword-wielding person appeared in Philip’s mind. As the name suggested, the swordplay was open and forthright without a trace of indecisiveness.

“This sword technique is divided into five parts, the Moon Harvest Sword, Mountain-Splitting Sword, Sun-Piercing Sword, Sultry Sword, and Emotional Sword. If you practice the technique to perfection, you can even split mountains apart.”

After that, the old man told Philip the stories of his experiences when he was young like a lonely old man.

Philip had some guesses about his identity, but after so many years, what remained should only be a shred of his soul.

“It’s getting late. It’s time to send you back...”

As the old man was about to close his eyes and disappear, Philip stopped the old man and asked, “Sir, I don’t know your name yet...”

“I’ve long forgotten my name, but others call me the Bamboo Swordsman.”

The old man had a slender bamboo sword strapped to his waist. After saying that, the old man disappeared in a puff of white smoke.

The scene around Philip changed again.

Inside the stone passage, everyone looked over as the stone door opened slowly. Elder Whitmore looked very grave. In the end, it was best if both of them returned safely.

After the stone door was fully opened, a figure popped out. Philip steadied himself, and everyone finally saw the handsome man with a tired face, but where was the other one?

Everyone was puzzled.

“Where’s Hardy?”

“Why isn’t he out yet?”

Someone muttered, “He can’t have died inside, right?”

Before everyone could figure out the situation, the fog inside the stone door gradually dissipated, revealing the true appearance inside. Swords of all shapes and sizes were inserted into the stone in the middle of the room.

Hardy’s body was not inside the room. Philip was quite sure it was still in the bamboo forest, so he turned around and said to everyone, “Mr. Shell has gone forward. I returned here because I lost.”

“As expected, Hardy is so strong that it’s impossible for him to lose.”

“That’s right, his title as the Little Wind Demon of Imperial City is not for nothing.”

Philip knew that many people here belonged to the ancient dragon royal family, so it was better to be cautious.

After being relieved of their doubts, everyone entered the room and saw a black stone tablet next to the stone full of swords. It had the words ‘Sword Talent’ on it.

No one could pull any of the swords out.

Finally, an injured person accidentally touched the black stone tablet, and his blood gradually disappeared as if absorbed by the black stone tablet.

At this time, two words glowing faintly gradually appeared on the stone tablet, ‘Level Four’.

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Everyone crowded around and discussed loudly. Some people had extreme thought and then they cut their fingers eagerly.

The light glowed and transformed, ‘Level 6’.

The moment the light appeared, a sword stuck on the edge of the stone moved a little, and the man stepped forward and took it out effortlessly.

Everyone became excited and scrambled to test their sword talents. Even Lazaro, the sword practitioner with an upright appearance but who fled right before the battle, pushed everyone aside with the intention to do the test.

Suddenly, a wall made of earth rose and separated the crowd from the stone tablet. The strong fluctuations of the earth element made it impossible for the crowd to break through.

“Stop pushing and take turns. There are many swords here. I’m sure those with talents will definitely get one!” A short figure emerged from the crowd and shouted.

Although no one was willing to line up at the back of the line, they still did while fighting with each other to get a better spot.

Philip waited for everyone to calm down before he walked slowly to the back of the line. At the front, constant curses or excited screams could be heard.

Only people with a talent of at least level six could get a sword. Level-six swords were on the edge of the stone, the next was level seven, followed by eight and nine.

A sword with a dragon head and a golden hilt was right at the top.

The line slowly moved forward. Those who did not get a sword sat in the corner of the room with resentment on their faces, while those who did stood not far from the stone tablet and talked loudly about other people’s sword talent.

After a while, Lazaro, who was in the middle of the line, walked out with a look of resentment on his face. From the discussions, Lazaro’s sword talent was only level three.

Philip had expected this result. A sword was a gentleman, and only those with a righteous mind could practice it to the extreme. Although Lazaro looked very decent, he had a lot of schemes brewing up in his head.

Suddenly, those people gathered in the corner rioted. Everyone launched an attack on those who obtained swords. For a while, there were countless casualties in the room.

Those who were still in the queue did not know which side to help, but no one made a move recklessly. Except for some who rushed to help people they knew, everyone continued with the test while protecting themselves.

Philip lamented. Although these people did not die at the hands of the stone golems and mechas earlier, they still lost themselves in their complacency and desire.

Those who got a sword ignored the feelings of others and even pointed fingers at those who did not get one. Instead of self-reflecting, those who did not get a sword vented their resentment toward others.

The sword style that he had just learned suddenly popped up in his mind, the Emotional Sword.

Philip picked up his sword and slashed at the people who were still fighting each other. The sword did not touch anyone but seemed to have cut something.

Those who were still in a frenzy just now gradually calmed down, and Philip backed down. The rest was not up to him anymore. Although the fight continued, a group of people slowly pulled away from the crowd.

Only a few managed to snatch a sword. These people wore the uniforms of the White Marsh royal family, and they were also the ones who encouraged those people to steal swords from others.

After being used as cannon fodder, the target shifted for a while, and the ancient dragon faction attacked the White Marsh faction.

Philip backed away leisurely. He did not want to get involved with any royal families at the moment.

The fight slowly died down. The White Marsh faction had a small number of people, and most of them were surrounded and wiped out by the ancient dragon faction. The few remaining people were disarmed and fell to the ground.

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The short earth elemental practitioner from earlier suggested killing them all. Although cruel, no one raised any obvious objection.

After a few gunshots, more wronged souls were added to this sword tomb.

Philip finally reached the end of the line. He squeezed out a drop of blood and slathered it on the stone tablet.

The words on the stone tablet kept changing before finally staying on level ten.

The sword at the top of the stone flew out and landed right in Philip's hands. Although the commotion was small, some attentive people still noticed.

Someone exclaimed when they saw this, and for a while, everyone who had been paying attention to the injured looked at this young but powerful and handsome man.

The women winked at Philip, while the men wished they were Philip. As for Philip, he held the sword and wondered if the stone tablet could not assess level 11.

If others knew what he was thinking, they would probably praise his conceit.

Philip said to everyone, "Thank you for your concern. I shall humbly accept this reward."

Seeing Philip being so courteous, everyone congratulated Philip for getting the sword.

When Philip returned to the Montana Alliance team, he received another wave of blessings and congratulations. Even a few who were cursing him just now congratulated Philip with fake smiles plastered on their faces.

Elder Whitmore's sword talent was level six, and he got a sword that was as clear as water.

"I'm old, and sword practice will be wasted on me. It's better to leave it to the alliance master."

With that said, he put the sword beside Claire.

Carter slowly opened his eyes, his pale and chapped lips wanting to say something.

However, Philip stopped him, "You don't need to say anything. I understand."

Philip roughly understood what he wanted to say. He wanted to know where Claire was and how she was doing.

"Let me help you..."

Philip took a little dried blood from Carter's wound and walked steadily to the stone tablet.

A drop of water formed on Philip's fingertips to dissolve the blood scab, then he touched the stone tablet. The words on the stone tablet stopped at level eight. Philip glanced at the listless Carter and shook his head with a smile.

"Your sword..." Philip handed the sword he got from the stone to Carter.

Carter grinned weakly and held the sword tightly in his hand.

Elder Whitmore moved Claire's stretcher to Carter's side, and he also briefly told Carter about what happened.

When Carter heard about Claire's sudden outburst, he looked sideways at his childhood sweetheart who always made things difficult for him and shed a tear.

“The two of you should just get married right here,” Philip said helplessly.

“I almost forgot about you.”

Philip pricked Claire’s fingertip to get a drop of blood and walked up to the stone tablet again.

“Level ten!” Philip was surprised by the result, but there were no more swords of that level on the stone.

The stone tablet exploded suddenly, and there was actually another silver sword hidden inside the stone tablet.

The sword did not fly to its owner but just lay there quietly, waiting for someone to take it away.

Philip said in astonishment, “If Claire and I had taken the test first, would the people behind have beaten us to death?”

When Philip took the sword away, he accidentally touched the stone in the center. The indestructible stone turned into powder, and the remaining swords scattered all over the ground. Below this stone was a staircase leading to the abyss.

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The swords scattered all over the ground were taken away by those who did not get one before. Although those with some talents felt upset upon seeing this, no one said anything.

This staircase did not seem to have walls or railings on both sides.

A few brave people stepped forward to explore a little and only found a bare staircase.

What should they do?

They could not see the bottom of the staircase. If they accidentally fell, they might end up as a pile of mincemeat.

Philip took out the fluorescent stick they received earlier and tossed it down. After more than ten seconds, they heard it landing. This meant it was roughly more than 150 meters to the bottom.

Everyone looked at each other, at a loss of whether to go down or not. Several people who were afraid of heights claimed that they would not go down no matter what.

Several wind elemental practitioners wrapped their bodies in the gust of wind and slowly floated down the stairs.

Seeing this, everyone did what they could.

Philip said to the Montana Alliance team, "Leave Claire and Carter to me. You guys find a way to go down."

Normal practitioners simply climbed down the stairs slowly.

Philip carried the two behind his back and jumped down. At every landing, Philip used the rules of space to create a platform under his feet.

Those who had reached the bottom tried to use fluorescent sticks to illuminate the place, but the light seemed to be sucked away the moment it appeared no matter how many times they tried.

This seemed like a pit full of dark elements. All light would lose its luster.

Everyone could only see the stairs leading to the top and the things on it from here.

The platform was huge. Relying on his remaining sense of direction, Philip walked to the edge with the two on his back, and the connecting staircase suddenly disappeared.

Not even a ray of light could penetrate, and the people behind Philip shouted, trying to dispel the fear brought by the darkness.

Gradually, the darkness devoured all sounds. It felt like a void. Philip could not even sense the existence of the two on his back.

As Philip wondered, the earlier Bamboo Swordsman's voice rang in his ears.

The old man suddenly appeared next to Philip and said with a smile, "We meet again."

He waved his hand, and the surrounding scenery kept changing.

There were many high-rise buildings around, and Philip was in the middle of a square.

The people on the streets were tightly wrapped, probably because the sun in the sky was too hot.

"This is the most central part of the continent, also the largest continent, the territory of the fire phoenix royal family. When I traveled around, I arrived here, and by coincidence, it was being invaded by foreign forces."

The scenery changed again. A round shuttle airship descended from the sky, and the people on the ground hid far away.

The airship gradually stopped, and seven people got off. It was as if they were inspecting their own backyard and clearing the 'ants' away.

People fled in all directions. The fire phoenix royal family and the main troops of other major forces rushed over immediately.

A fight was about to break out. The other party's leader moved a finger, and a strong pressure swept over. Those with low combat power instantly turned into ashes, and even practitioners with six stars and above scowled angrily.

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"The emperor of the fire phoenix royal family and I were good friends. I waited and watched what happened. He later stepped forward to negotiate with these outsiders..."

"These people were actually interstellar predators. They had taken a fancy to the planet's core in the deepest part of the continent."

"The planet's core is the heart of the entire continent, so it was impossible for us to agree to their unreasonable request."

After that, the fight started.

The Bamboo Swordsman and the emperor of the fire phoenix royal family joined forces, but they could not withstand the leader's attack. The two quickly fell into a disadvantage, and the Bamboo Swordsman's sword almost shattered when it blocked the attack.

"The ancient Heavenly Court noticed the anomaly here and dispatched almost all their people."

Hearing this, Philip was taken aback for a moment. He finally found a trace of the ancient Heavenly Court in the Starfall Continent.

About a dozen holy-tier powerhouses of the ancient Heavenly Court arrived at the scene.

The leader's eyes were full of contempt as he said, "Is this the strongest force you have on your planet?"

Under the forceful attacks of more than a dozen people, this person could still handle them with ease.

He yelled, "I'll let you see the difference in our strengths!"

A shadow behind the man gradually grew larger and finally shrouded nearly half of the city.

Just one wave of his hand killed tens of thousands of people, and even several veteran holy-tier experts were not spared.

“As no one could put up a fight, they resorted to using a forbidden technique and summoned the will of the great earth before they could defeat the enemy. .. However, it’s a forbidden technique, after all. The rules of this planet were destroyed, and the pathway from holy-tier to god-tier was destroyed too.”

“I was seriously injured in that battle, and due to my age, I could never fully recover from it. After that, I returned here. There used to be a small town here, and I was born here.”

Following the old man’s words, the scene changed and became a simple frontier town untainted by worldly affairs.

“But both the ancient dragon royal family and the White Marsh royal family thought that this town belonged to the other party. They kept sending their people to harass and attack this town... Thus, this town slowly fell apart, and I started my wandering days. But it’s my home, after all. I returned here before I died and used all my final strength to split the ruins of the town and the ground apart.”

The old man turned to look at Philip and said, “We had an enemy stronger than ever, but we were still fighting amongst ourselves. I hope someone will step forward and unite everyone. If we face another invasion again, it may not be as simple as the destruction of a city... I wonder if you’re interested, young man.”

Philip said with great interest, “What’s in it for me?”

The old man was taken aback before he laughed and said, “Brat, before I built this sword tomb, I had predicted the appearance of a peerless genius, and the timing is about right too. Although I can’t be certain who it’ll be, I’ve taken a fancy to a few people after this series of tests.”

The old man narrowed his eyes, poked Philip in the chest, and said, “It’s your honor to have caught the attention of the Bamboo Swordsman, kiddo.”

After that, he turned around, walked forward with his head held high, and said, “I don’t have anything for you. I think your abilities seem to be in conflict but also coexist harmoniously. There’s nothing else I can give you but to help you improve your practice further.”

The surrounding shadows turned into stars and merged into Philip’s body.

Feeling this pure and violently fluctuating energy, Philip relaxed all his muscles and allowed it to change his constitution.

Philip absorbed the energy without qualms, and his level continued to increase. The early stage of a half-step to the other shore, the middle stage, to the late stage!

This was equivalent to the late stage of an eight-star practitioner on the land of the other shore!

After all the energy was completely absorbed, Philip opened his eyes. His gaze blazed as he adapted to his body which had suddenly become stronger.

Philip secretly wondered what other people had gotten. At the same time, he also learned that the Bamboo Swordsman was not a god-tier powerhouse.

There had not been a god-tier powerhouse for thousands of years in this world. The Bamboo Swordsman was only at the peak of the holy-tier, a half-step to god-tier, a quasi-god-tier!

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The surrounding darkness gradually faded.

The people who came down just now were sleeping peacefully on the ground, and Philip finally saw what this place actually looked like. It was a natural underground cave with tunnels in all directions leading to this place.

Philip could leave here. If he went back again, he might be attacked by the ancient dragon royal family.

He placed Claire and Carter beside Elder Whitmore who was still sleeping soundly, sent a message through the communicator, and left in a blink of an eye.

Philip walked along the largest passage, which did not seem man-made. It was probably dug by a large worm.

As he walked, Philip felt the tremendous power in his body. He was only one step away from the pseudo-realm of the other shore, which was nine stars. If he ran into more opportunities, maybe he could advance in one fell swoop. At that time, he could even escape if he faced a holy-tier powerhouse.

This passage split into several more passages, which looked very similar no matter which angle he looked at.

Philip was at a loss of which way to choose for a while. He could take this opportunity for a break.

Philip took out the dry ration he got from the fat guy from his space ring. As he ate, he laughed and wondered if that fat guy could get out alive.

Philip was about to finish his food when he heard a faint sound from the leftmost passage. If not for the addition of the wind element, normal people would simply think it was the wind.

After cleaning up the traces he left, Philip ran toward the source of the sound.

There was a huge cave at the end of this passage, but there were insect eggs the size of a basketball everywhere.

The sound came from some people who just fell, and Philip sprawled at the cave entrance to observe them.

Several people wore the combat uniforms of the White Marsh royal family, while others wore clothes that Philip had never seen before. They most likely also belonged to the White Marsh faction.

They walked carefully among the densely packed eggs, leaving little space for them to step on. If they were not careful, they might step into a puddle of sludge.

“Ah!” A woman wearing the uniform of the White Marsh royal family in the middle of the group shouted after stepping on an egg.

If Philip was not mistaken, the sound he heard earlier was made by this woman too.

“I can’t take it anymore! Get rid of these things!” The woman shouted angrily.

“But…”

“No buts. Just do as I said!”

After the woman finished speaking, all the metal around her floated up and started crushing the eggs in front of her like a storm.

Seeing this, everyone could only do as the woman ordered.

Maybe because of the wind caused by this group of people, the fruit-like spores on the top of the cave burst open, and green light fell on the eggs.

After the insect eggs came into contact with this green powder-like thing, they shook violently. The contents popped out after a while. In an instant, all the eggs hatched, and worms without eyes the size of a kettle emerged from them.

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Seeing this, several members of the White Marsh royal family activated the White Marsh imprints on their bodies.

Several golden lambs of different sizes jumped out, but facing the prestige of these White Marsh mythical beasts, the worms seemed unperturbed.

“How could this be?” one person asked.

The White Marsh mythical beasts summoned by these people were not capable of devouring other exotic beasts like the one Philip had. Seeing that they could not make the worms succumb to them, they transformed into streaks of light and burrowed back into the imprints on their owners' bodies.

The faces of these worms were full of circles of sharp teeth, and they slowly approached the group of people.

In the crowd, the woman's face changed. She wielded a sharp sword and weaved through the worms, but her sword did no damage to the worms except produce sparks.

“Why are there so many metal-devouring worms?”

Everyone kept retreating.

The metal-devouring worms were not afraid of any attacks except fire, but the few fire elemental practitioners among them had died in the earlier fight. There were no suitable combustible items for them to ignite here either.

While everyone was at a loss, a huge body that was dragged along by the team with a rope said quietly, “They're afraid of fire. You can stop it with stun grenades.”

Although everyone was a little skeptical, they still took out some stun grenades and threw them at the worms.

Bang! Buzz!

This attack successfully slowed the worms down.

Not far away, Philip thought this voice sounded a little familiar. After thinking about it, he grinned. Unexpectedly, the fat guy he thought of just now was here.

The owner of this voice was none other than Hiram Pine, who took rations enough for several people in the camp the other day.

Philip took out a mask from his space ring and put it on his face. Blood-red spots were arranged irregularly on the mask as if someone's blood was splashed on it.

After his fists were covered in flames, Philip launched an attack on the worms from the cave entrance like a ghost.

Seeing the pure and scorching flames, the worms turned around and fled in all directions, disappearing into the other tunnels in a flash.

Philip looked like a top expert now, wearing a loose robe over his combat uniform. The blood-stained mask added a touch of mystery.

“Thank you for your help, sir, ” several people said.

Did he look that old?

Although uncomfortable, Philip said gravely, “I was just passing through here and saw you in trouble. I just decided to lend a helping hand. But why didn’t you use fire attacks?”

“We encountered a ferocious beast earlier and had to use fire attacks too, but because the beast was too strong, all our fire elemental practitioners died in that fight,” The person who spoke said helplessly.

“Oh, but I see that someone is all tied up. Why is that?” Philip glanced at Hiram who was lying there like a corpse and smothered a laugh.

“This man belongs to the ancient dragon faction, but he’s very knowledgeable. We can keep him and make use of him for a while.”

It turned out this greedy little fat man also had profound knowledge, which Philip did not expect.

The woman from the White Marsh royal family in the team spoke, “Why are you alone, sir?”

“I’m just a casual practitioner and don’t belong to any major factions,” Philip said with a smile.

“I wonder if you’ll be interested in joining our party for the time being. Treasures obtained by the individual will belong to the individual and don’t have to be handed in. What do you think?” the woman said.

“That sounds reasonable...”

Before Philip could finish speaking, a person beside the woman whispered to her, “My lord, we don’t know this person’s background. Inviting him recklessly may lead to trouble.”

The woman glanced at the man and said, “What are you afraid of? If the White Marsh is afraid of a casual practitioner, we can’t call ourselves a major force.”

They were severely lacking fire elemental practitioners now, and Philip's arrival had relieved them of this urgent need. Moreover, the strength Philip revealed just now was only seven stars.

The others did not raise any objections.

Philip landed next to Hiram, kicked him, and said, "The people of the ancient dragon royal family are really getting on my nerves."

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"Oh? Why do you say that?" Seeing Philip's actions, the woman asked.

"I have a grudge against the ancient dragon royal family," Philip continued to make up a story. "Our faction was located in a remote village, but a mine was found there, and their people happened to know about it."

Everyone listened to Philip's story as they continued walking.

"They gave our faction a three-days notice, including the residents of that town. But our people had been staying there for generations, so how could we leave so easily?"

Philip gritted his teeth and said, "They resorted to violence when we disobeyed their orders, and even our mayor who pleaded for mercy was killed to be made into an example. Our faction fell apart because of that."

After he finished speaking, Philip raised his foot and kicked Hiram, who was hurrying along.

Hiram had never suffered such collateral damage before. This person who suddenly appeared kept making things difficult for him.

Hiram said glumly, "My dear sir, it was the ancient dragon royal family who did that. It has nothing to do with ordinary citizens like us."

Seeing Philip's insistence, several members of the White Marsh royal family pulled Hiram to the edge.

The woman turned to Philip and said, "The White Marsh royal family has always been kind to others. You can stay in our territory in the future."

"Thank you for your kindness, Miss. I appreciate it," Philip said.

"I don't know your name yet."

Under the mask, Philip's eyes darted around before he said, "My name is Carter Marsden."

The woman nodded and said, "I'm Ayana Wisteria."

Then, the woman quickly walked ahead.

Seeing that the other party was not interested in talking to him, Philip kept quiet.

Led by Ayana, this group chose a passage and went on. They came across a few stone chambers along the way, but someone else seemed to have gotten there first, and the contents inside had already been taken away.

Due to the strong electromagnetic interference, the only function of the communicator in this forbidden land was to show the time. They found a dry and somewhat clean stone room and decided to camp there.

Philip unintentionally approached Hiram, who made a fuss about being hungry.

After dinner, the White Marsh royal family made arrangements for some people to stay on guard duty while the rest got into their sleeping bags. This stone room was pretty dim.

After everyone slept, Philip secretly untied the ropes that bound Hiram.

Seeing Hiram's bewilderment, Philip whispered, "Don't make a sound..."

Philip slowly created a wall made of earth to hide the two of them and slowly moved to the exit.

The guard on night duty was dozing off, and someone was snoring loudly.

Philip rejoiced at their good luck

The two of them ran for more than ten miles before finally stopping after going through three passages.

Hiram finally saw Philip's face clearly.

Was this the same person who helped him in the camp last time?

Hiram thanked his lucky stars for this person to help him twice and said, "Thank you, Carter! I'll never forget your kindness!"

Philip smiled without comment.