

The First Heir Chapter 3361-3370 -

Chapter 3361

Almost at the same time, a light portal similar to the one they saw when they selected a passage back then appeared on the wall of this room. The two said goodbye to the Bamboo Swordsman and walked out through the portal.

“I should go back and look for Bamboo Shoot too!”

After saying that, the Bamboo Swordsman turned into a wisp of white smoke and floated out.

It was the same huge passage that they entered before, and countless light portals opened or closed behind them.

Philip said to Hiram, “Hiram, I’m leaving...”

“Are you in a hurry?” Hiram asked.

“Yeah, it’s better to avoid unnecessary trouble. I hope you see you again.”

As Philip gradually disappeared from his sight, Hiram murmured, ‘I forgot to exchange numbers with Carter...’

Seeing more people coming out of the portals, Hiram rushed back to camp.

All the surviving people came out from the portals, and the people from the ancient dragon royal family rushed over to gather the crowd. However, after a while of screening, they found that Philip and Hardy Shell had disappeared, so they began to question everyone.

After learning the details of the matter, the upper echelon of the ancient dragon royal family who sent Hardy to capture Philip shook his head and said, “I’m afraid Hardy has been killed by Philip...”

Everyone was shocked and could not believe that the famous Hardy Shell would die at the hands of an unknown Philip Clarke.

At this time, Claire Sonnet from Montana Alliance had awakened, and Carter’s condition looked good too.

Other members of Montana Alliance were silent. Everyone knew that Philip had left so that the ancient dragon royal family would not take their anger out on the alliance.

“Elder Whitmore, do you think he’ll come back?” Claire said with her head lowered.

"I'm sure he'll return one day." Elder Whitmore looked into the distance and said thoughtfully.

Not far from the ancient dragon royal family, the people of the White Marsh royal family were also talking about one person, Carter Marsden.

It turned out that the white crescent member of the Moon Worship Creed who escaped by chance told the White Marsh royal family about what happened.

Ayana was so angry that her eyes and eyebrows were scrunched up. She was gnashing her teeth without the poise of a royal princess at all.

Carter had not only snatched Hiram Pine, the walking dictionary of the ancient dragon faction, whom they had captured after much difficulty but also killed Ayana's fiancé, the Holy Son Leroy Feldman of the Moon Worship Creed.

On the other side, a group of random people gathered around to gossip about the forbidden area.

"Carter Marsden has offended two major forces within the White Marsh royal family's territory at once. I'm afraid he won't live long."

"Philip Clarke won't be able to survive for too long either."

"Yes, I agree."

Carter, who was still feeling weak, vaguely heard someone talking about him.

He said indifferently, "They must be jealous of my good looks..."

Since the White Marsh faction had little conflict with the ancient dragon faction this time, they quickly returned after a short break without further delay.

At this time, Philip had already entered the territory of the White Marsh royal family. He had no other choice.

After this incident, the ancient dragon royal family would definitely come after him, so he could only make the first move.

"I need to find a map," Philip muttered under his breath.

The White Marsh royal family's territory was not much different from the ancient dragon royal family's territory.

The wilderness was an endless forest while the city was a sprawling steel beast, but the White Marsh royal family produced spirit beasts and demon beasts in abundance, while the ancient dragon royal family produced special medicines and seafood.

Philip sped along a transcontinental highway as some oversized trucks carrying goods roared past. Due to energy and power issues, it was still a wiser and more economical choice to let heavy vehicles run on the ground.

The sun gradually rose overhead, and Philip moved closer to the city he caught sight of just now. He hopped onto a truck and sneaked into the depths of the city.

Philip's current communicator was still from the ancient dragon royal family, so he needed to get a communicator from here as soon as possible.

He stopped a waiting cab and said, "Take me to the nastiest place here."

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The cab driver looked at Philip in surprise but did not say anything. He immediately started the hover cab and sped through the air.

Philip, who was sitting in the back row, took out his communicator and sent a message to Emily, Iris, and Leopard, telling them that he had left the territory of the ancient dragon and hoped they would meet again in the future. He had no idea if they could receive this message.

After sending this message, Philip shut down the communicator and threw it into the space ring.

Glancing at the densely packed tall metallic buildings outside the window, as well as the neon signboards that were not very bright in daylight, Philip sighed.

If this trip went well, maybe he could see them again before the next stargate opened, but if the time was insufficient, it could be regarded as the last farewell.

The cab stopped in an old town southeast of the city.

"The fare is 130 star dollars."

Philip took out a communicator he had gotten from a member of the Moon Worship Creed earlier and transferred the money.

Fortunately, the communicators of those people were relatively low-level with hardly any security system, and the data would not be automatically destroyed after the owner's death.

Meanwhile, Leroy's communicator had turned into a pile of scrap metal. He did not know if bars were open at noon. Philip opened the door and walked into an old bar.

"We're not open for business during closing time. Please come back later..." A skinny bartender was wiping the counter.

"I'm not here for a drink."

Philip was uncertain. This place looked like a regular bar from all angles, so he could only take a gamble. He avoided the cleaning robot and walked up to the bar counter.

He pressed his hat and said in a low voice, "I want to get a communicator."

The bartender said calmly, "Sir, this is a regular bar."

However, when the bartender heard Philip's words just now, his hands obviously paused, and Philip caught this detail.

"What about this?"

With a smile on his face, Philip took out a piece of mithril the size of a fist and continued to speak in a low voice.

Since being in business for so long, the bartender had never seen anyone trade precious metals before.

"Please wait a minute. I'll call the boss."

The bartender pressed a button under the bar counter.

Soon, a tall burly man walked out of the elevator and said fiercely to the bartender, "What's the urgency?"

"Boss, we have a customer."

The tall man had noticed this mysterious man with a hood sitting at the bar without saying a word.

He stepped forward and asked, "What do you want to buy, sir?"

Philip looked sideways at this man with a chubby face and said, "I want a communicator with my data recorded."

After saying that, he tapped the piece of mithril sitting quietly on the counter.

Mithril of this size was at least two kilograms and worth at least half a million star dollars. Getting a new communicator would only cost tens of thousands of star dollars.

The man grinned and said, "Please come with me, sir."

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The man took Philip into the elevator, pressed a few buttons, and the elevator went to the second-floor basement which was not displayed. This place was like a small processing factory.

The boss took Philip to the deepest part and said to a skinny man wearing glasses, "Make him a communicator."

The man rummaged through the drawer, found a communicator that looked fairly new, and said to Philip, "Fill in your information."

Philip stepped forward and briefly input his data without concealing too much.

After the information was entered, the man entered the information database and put Philip's information in it.

"It's done..." The man handed the communicator to Philip.

The boss did not try to keep Philip but wanted to exchange communicator numbers with Philip, which he refused.

He said, "If you need anything else in the future, you can come to me again."

Philip nodded and left.

He was only stopping by in this White Marsh territory, which he had to pass through if he wanted to go to the First Continent. A communicator would make things easier.

Now, he needed to get a means of transport. Philip found a remote alley and transferred all the money from several communicators into his.

Looking at the small eight-digit number in his communicator, Philip grinned and said, "I can buy the high-end car that Carter spoke about now."

It was already two o'clock in the afternoon. Philip found a diner and ordered two dishes to fill his stomach.

Incidentally, he heard a slurred voice at the next table saying, "The forbidden place has closed, and the holy son of the Moon Worship Creed is also dead, so when will the Moon Worship Creed fall?"

“Watch your words. You’ll lose your head if you’re not careful.”

The other man was still sober and helped the drunken man out.

What was the origin of the Moon Worship Creed?

Philip thought of the powerful Leroy and the Nine Lunar Technique he got from him.

At this time, a silver-gray striped cat jumped onto Philip’s lap. Except for its unusually long tail and a bulge at the top of its head, the cat was not much different from other cats on Earth.

The cat turned over and rubbed against Philip with a look of enjoyment. Philip felt amused and scratched its head. The cat jumped onto the table and wanted to eat the fish it saw.

“Nini!” A little girl in a yellow dress came running.

Seeing the cat on Philip’s lap, she quickly took the cat away and apologized, “I’m very sorry for my naughty cat. Please forgive us.”

After that, the little girl ran away and Philip forgot about it.

Soon, the little girl walked back to Philip with a bowl of soup.

“Sir, this is my family’s secret medicine soup. Please take it as my apology...”

After saying that, she glanced at the busy restaurant owner and his wife. This girl should be the daughter of the restaurant owner.

Philip said, “I’ll accept your kindness. May I ask you about the Moon Worship Creed?”

The girl’s face changed, and she ran away in silence.

Philip frowned.

Was the Moon Worship Creed so terrifying?

After a while, the boss came over and said apologetically, “My daughter’s reaction was over the top just now. I’m sorry, sir.”

“Don’t worry about it.”

“Sir, you must be out of town and don’t know much about the Moon Worship Creed...”

The boss sat down on a stool and carefully observed if there was anyone suspicious around.

“The Moon Worship Creed is an existence that can silence the crowd.”

“Do they act without a conscience?”

Philip was a little puzzled. In this peaceful and prosperous world, why would the Moon Worship Creed dare to act so rampantly?

“When the Moon Worship Creed was first established, it wasn’t like this. Back then, people were scrambling to get their kids into the Moon Worship Creed... About ten years ago, a woman appeared out of the blue and founded the Moon Worship Creed.”

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For some reason, whenever Philip heard of a woman who appeared suddenly, he would think of his mother.

When the man was about to continue, his wife called for his help in the kitchen.

The man smiled apologetically and said, “I’m sorry. If you really want to know about the Moon Worship Creed, you might as well go to the capital to have a look.”

The man left after that.

Philip bought an electronic map in a store. The store manager said it was the most detailed map of White Marsh, but Philip did not believe him.

He opened the map and studied it. The capital of the Eighth Continent was on the way for Philip, so he could go and explore that place.

Philip learned from a billboard that a new type of hover car was being sold, so he headed there.

This car showroom was very spacious with three models parked in the huge space, a streamlined two-seater sports car, a four-seater sedan, and a spacious MPV.

“Do you have an appointment, sir?” An enthusiastic sales lady stepped forward and asked Philip as he walked in.

“That car looks good. Let me have a look.” Philip pointed to the two-seater sports car.

“You have good taste, sir. This is the latest research product from us and our business partner. The streamlined body makes it faster in flight...”

This woman should be a newcomer and talked about the car's features as if she was reciting from memory.

"Our store is having a promotion now. The car with the top specs only costs 9.8 million star dollars after discount, while the lowest specs cost 5.3 million."

"I'll take it, the highest specs." Before the woman could finish talking about the promotion, Philip cut to the chase.

The woman was startled. She just wanted to find someone to test her language ability, but she did not expect someone to buy a car directly.

"Yes, sir. This way, please..." The woman spoke respectfully to Philip with an uncontrollable smile on her face.

"Is the silver one in stock?" Philip asked.

"Sir, the factory is behind us. You can let us know any customized configuration you want. It should be very fast if there are no other urgent orders."

"I don't need to change anything. The silver one will do."

Philip transferred the star dollars over and signed a contract.

Since Philip was alone on this trip, the speed of this sports car could be faster. As for the color, looks were important too.

The woman brought him inside the VIP lounge to wait, and she accompanied him, serving him drinks and snacks.

Philip glanced at the woman, noticing that her unskilled makeup had undermined her good features.

Philip waved her away and added, "Your makeup doesn't need to be so heavy."

After the woman left, Philip took out Nine Lunar Technique and flipped through it. It was not exactly a body practice technique.

The book was divided into nine sections, with emphasis on the internal complementing external and external protecting the internal. In the end, both internal and external would be indestructible, and all bases would stem from a person's internal strength.

He wondered if different internal strengths could practice this method. Philip closed his eyes and tried to stimulate his strength according to the description in the first section.

The energy of the five elements intertwined before dissipating. It seemed that he could not practice this body training method.

Philip really wanted to get a book on body training that suited him, which was his shortcoming. Hopefully, he could get something along the way.

Philip sighed.

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The production speed of this car factory was really fast.

After waiting for about an hour, the woman knocked on the door, walked in, and told Philip that he could pick up the car.

A car that looked like a spirit beast under the moonlight floated quietly on the ground. Philip opened the door and sat in. Sure enough, he got what he paid for. This felt much more comfortable than the one from Montana Alliance before.

This car had an auto-pilot mode, so there was no need for a driver's license.

After fiddling around for a while, Philip figured out the general functions and flew away after setting the auto-pilot.

Since Carter had mentioned earlier that all good cars had artificial intelligence installed, Philip tried it out curiously.

A charming woman that looked like the boss' secretary appeared in the passenger seat.

"How may I assist you?" the projection posed seductively.

Philip shook his head and dismissed it.

No wonder Carter emphasized this function. Most people could hardly resist it, not to mention that its speaking habits and appearance could be changed at will.

"Silence is better."

Philip closed his eyes in practice.

This car was fast enough, crossing two cities overnight. Early in the morning, however, the car stopped in the wilderness due to a lack of energy.

Not knowing the energy source of the car, Philip reluctantly put it into the space ring. This car worth tens of millions of star dollars became a pile of scrap metal in a flash.

Philip looked at the map. It was not far from the next city, so he set off through the jungle.

As he passed through a swamp, he heard several people fighting in front.

They had sharp ears. Hearing the movement from Philip's side, they yelled, "Who's there?"

Since there was no way to hide, Philip walked out of the woods and said, "I'm just passing through."

There were seven people around, with two resisting the attacks from five people.

"I don't believe you!" A burly man fired several shots at Philip.

Philip dodged the bullets, stepped sideways to the guy who fired at him and smashed the gun into pieces.

"I told you that I'm passing by, but you simply refuse to believe it." Philip rolled his eyes at them.

"Hero, save us!"

A man and a woman were the targets of the attack. The woman was fighting two people, while the man was barely able to withstand the attacks from the other three.

No matter how Philip looked at it, it seemed that the bad guys were attacking the good guys.

Philip was about to smack them away when the shortest guy in the team said coldly, "Don't interfere in our mission."

After that, he took out a metal square box from his space ring. The metal box kept changing shapes and attached to the man.

"Oh, you grew taller."

It was the first time Philip saw such equipment, and he smacked it away.

This strike did not cause substantial damage to the man in the armor. The impact was absorbed by the metal on the armor.

"All practitioners are trash." The man said with a chuckle, and artillery barrels kept appearing on the armor.

Philip smiled. That smack just now only used 20% of his strength. After avoiding all the attacks, Philip smacked the head of the armor again.

“Your armor is trash!”

As he spoke, the head of the armor was dented by Philip’s smack. Blood mixed with brain tissue flowed from the cracks of the mecha.

Seeing this, the other four who were beaten down scrambled away.

“We’re safe...”

“Thanks for your help, brave warrior. My name is Roscoe Gladwin, and she’s Brianna Jett,” The young man stepped forward and said.

Philip was about to brush away his courtesy when he caught a glimpse of the crescent moon logo on the girl’s clothes, which belonged to the Moon Worship Creed.

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Philip suddenly stepped forward and approached the girl.

He pointed to the logo on her chest and asked solemnly, “What’s that?”

Seeing Philip’s rude gesture, the young man wanted to pull him away, but Philip did not budge, still looking at Brianna seriously.

The girl raised her head with determination and said to Philip, “I’m a holy maiden of the Moon Worship Creed...”

Philip could not accept it for a while. The Moon Worship Creed was notorious as an evil cult, but he just helped a holy maiden of the Moon Worship Creed to get rid of her enemies.

Seeing the change on Philip’s face, Roscoe quickly explained, “Brianna is a good kid...”

“She and her younger brother only had each other to depend on. She was forced to take part in the kill, and she did her best to survive. What’s wrong with that?” the man said in agitation.

Philip sighed and said to the girl, “Tell me about it.”

The young man was about to speak on her behalf when Philip dragged him aside and said coldly, “I want to hear it from her.”

Brianna hesitated for a while before she spoke reluctantly, “I was selected, and they trained me. In the end, we fought and I survived, so I became a holy maiden.”

The girl thought for a while and said loudly with tears in her eyes, "They promised to take good care of my brother!"

Regardless of the truth of the girl's words, Philip was shocked by the Moon Worship Creed's methods.

This girl was only 11 or 12 years old and could be considered a genius with her five-star talent. Her performance in the earlier fight was even more like an experienced soldier.

After a moment of silence, Philip asked, "How many holy sons and holy maidens are there in the Moon Worship Creed?"

Roscoe replied, "There are 34 cities under the White Marsh royal family, and each city has two pairs of holy sons and holy maidens."

The young man continued to grit his teeth and said, "If the previous holy son or holy maiden is killed, the Moon Worship Creed will select children in the next city to groom the next batch."

Philip lamented. This creed was spread all over the eight continents, so their power should not be underestimated. However, why would the White Marsh royal family tolerate the existence of such a giant evil faction?

"What's your relationship with her?" Philip asked the youth.

"She's my childhood friend." Roscoe glanced at Brianna.

Seeing Philip's doubt, Roscoe explained, "I'm 14 years old, and Brianna is 13 years old."

Roscoe seemed to be from a well-to-do family, and his physical fitness was not bad. Except for his youthful appearance, it was not apparent that he was still a child. On the other hand, Brianna's complexion was sallow, her figure was thin, and she looked malnourished.

"Why is there only the two of you?" Philip pressed on.

"We took an intercity bus, but five people in that bus tried to stop and kill Brianna. The bus abandoned us here and left, and then you came along."

There was no loophole in his story.

"Let's go..."

Philip got up and walked toward the city, but he suddenly halt his steps.

“Let me ask you, what’s the energy source of a hover car?”

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Roscoe looked at Philip in surprise, astounded that he did not know such common knowledge.

He said, “Energy stone, of course. Generally, most cars will have an energy stone inlay on the console.”

Philip had no energy stones yet. He planned to go to the city and find out with the two children what exactly this Moon Worship Creed was about.

“Keep up with me.”

With that said, Philip charged ahead.

The boy and the girl looked at each other and barely kept up with Philip’s speed.

Suddenly, several giant spiders blocked their path. The spiders must have been attracted by the silk thread they stepped on.

Seeing the hairy spider legs as thick as a small tree and their round bellies, Philip said in disgust, “How disgusting!”

He raised his hand to form a wall of fire and burned the spiders into ashes.

As they were about to move on, a few fire-loving lizards climbed out of the nearby tree.

“There are so many demon beasts in this forest,” Philip said in exasperation.

“Those two are spirit beasts,” Roscoe said.

Philip was taken aback and asked, “How do you know?”

“My family runs a spirit beast store. They have clear eyes and generally won’t hurt anyone.”

Roscoe picked up a flaming torch and threw it into the open space. The lizards scrambled to give chase, and one of them ran back to Roscoe with the torch in its mouth.

Roscoe continued, “Demon beasts are generally huge with red eyes. They’ll hurt people on sight and can’t be tamed. There are far fewer demon beasts than spirit beasts.”

“So I can tell them apart with their eyes. I get it now.”

With that said, Philip got up and moved on, ignoring the lizards.

Roscoe chased the lizard away and followed.

Along the way, they encountered some spirit beasts, but due to the proximity to human settlements, they did not encounter any demon beasts.

Although it did not seem far, they still walked for a long time before arriving at the edge of the city. This place seemed very similar to the urban-suburban area on Earth.

Philip found a few stores and asked if they sold energy stones, but they only had low-grade stones.

One low-grade energy stone cost 10,000 star dollars, and Philip bought three. He did not have much money left since he bought the car.

Roscoe and Brianna stared in shock at the latest silver interstellar supercar that Philip took out from his space ring, and Philip was also very satisfied with their reaction.

The two huddled in the passenger seat and Philip said, "I'll take you there, but I want someone to show me the Moon Worship Creed here."

Brianna nodded hesitantly.

This city was like a grotto with floating highways everywhere. Fortunately, this car could drive automatically. Otherwise, Philip would be driven nuts.

Seeing the passing scenery, Philip lamented that this place was much more prosperous than the previous city. If that was a second-tier city, this would be a major first-tier city.

"This is the economic center of the Eighth Continent. My father and I have been here to participate in several spirit beast exhibitions," Roscoe said.

Night had just fallen, and the streets were packed with people. There were also many commercial streets along the way. This scene reminded Philip of the metropolis in his original country.

Seeing that Philip was spacing out, Roscoe asked, "What's wrong?"

"I'm homesick."

It had only been a month since Philip arrived here, but he felt that he had lived here for a long time. He wondered how his wife, kids, and Fennel were doing.

They finally arrived at a building, which was a branch of the Moon Worship Creed.

A huge crescent moon hung on the top of the pyramid-like building, very conspicuous without any other extra embellishments.

The guard at the door stepped forward to question them. Hearing that the holy maiden had arrived, he brought them into the hall and notified his supervisor with a communicator.

After a while, a man with glasses wearing a black robe walked out. His clothes were the standard uniform of the Moon Worship Creed that Philip had seen before, except that the moon on this man's chest was golden.

The man stepped forward and wanted to take Brianna away after verifying her information.

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Philip frowned and said coldly, "She promised me that she'd show me around this place."

The man pushed his glasses, and rays of light exploded from his body. His strength was the middle stage of eight stars, and that aura made Roscoe breathless.

"She doesn't have that authority here."

After saying that, the man pulled Brianna, who kept her head lowered, and was about to enter the elevator.

Roscoe barely recovered and shouted at the girl, "Brianna, come back if you don't like this place!"

The girl turned her head and smiled at Roscoe. The elevator doors closed quickly, but the two saw the tears in Brianna's eyes.

The guards stepped forward and said to the two sternly, "You can leave now!"

Roscoe lowered his head without a word, but he did not want to leave.

Philip took Roscoe out without saying a word.

After getting into the car, Philip said to the sluggish Roscoe, "Kid, do you drink?"

Before Roscoe could answer, Philip parked the car in front of a bar on a commercial street.

The silver super sports car immediately attracted everyone's attention.

"Don't embarrass me..." Philip got off the car and said to Roscoe.

Roscoe slowly got out of the car and walked in with Philip.

Philip did not know the variety of liquor here, so he said to the bartender, "A bottle of the best liquor you have here, and something for this kiddo here."

After a while, the bartender came over with a slender black bottle of wine and said to Philip, "Sir, this is our store's specialty. May I serve you this bottle?"

Philip nodded without paying attention. He was more focused on the Moon Worship Creed now.

Roscoe's drink was also served. It was a glass of eggnog with a hint of milk.

Philip picked up a glass of wine and said, "You got her here safely, didn't you?"

Roscoe picked up the glass and downed all the contents.

"I don't know if Briana will suffer here. During their group training before, I once sneaked into the place they were staying."

Roscoe poured himself a glass of wine that Philip ordered and continued, "That place isn't for humans. It's more like a concentration camp."

Philip took a sip of the wine, which had a faint fruity sweetness. It was not very strong, so he did not stop the boy.

"They even have to fight over food and kill demon beasts. The kids who die will be thrown into the incinerator like garbage..." Roscoe started sobbing.

"At least Brianna became a holy maiden, didn't she?" Philip said a little emotionally.

"But I've heard people saying that all the holy sons and holy maidens will undergo a drastic change after entering that place, and even their biological parents will refuse to admit that they're their children."

Roscoe cried as he spoke and looked up at Philip. "I'm afraid Brianna will end up like that too!"

Philip patted the boy on the shoulder and said, "If a man wants to protect his woman, he has to keep getting stronger. He has to become more powerful than the enemy."

Although Roscoe was playful, he had a good nature, and he grew up in a good family, so Philip took out the Nine Lunar Technique he had gotten earlier to give to Roscoe.

"Don't let anyone find out about this book, not even your parents. This road is full of perils. If you promise to persevere, you can take it..."

Roscoe wiped away his tears, took the book, nodded heavily, and said, "I will! Thank you, Philip!"

With that said, he toasted Philip with a glass of wine.

Roscoe could imagine the value of this book. No amount of words would be better than his actions in proving to Philip that he would live up to expectations.

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Roscoe passed out drunk on the table after a few drinks, still holding the Nine Lunar Technique tightly in his hands.

Philip was about to take Roscoe to find a place to sleep when he was hit on the back of the head with a wine bottle. Although the hit was not forceful, Philip was caught off guard.

The aftereffect of the alcohol was quite strong that it rendered Philip's reaction a little slow. He turned around and stared at the bald man behind him holding a broken bottle.

Before Philip could speak, the bald man asked, "Did you touch my wife's ass just now?"

A seductive woman pretending to be pitiful stood behind the bald man with a bunch of vicious-looking people.

Some regular customers recognized these people. They would blackmail and threaten anyone whom they thought was rich. Relying on their numbers, they made a lot of money through this method.

Since this matter had nothing to do with them, none of the regular customers stepped forward to help for fear of getting involved.

Philip guessed what they were up to and thought they were probably attracted by the car he parked at the door.

He flirtatiously said to the woman behind the bald head, "Hey beautiful, do you miss me already? I paid you this afternoon, didn't I?"

As Philip spoke, he raised his communicator and shook it.

"You!"

Hearing that, the bald man immediately turned to the woman and asked, "What did you do behind my back? Didn't you say you just went shopping?"

It seemed that this baldy was not very bright. Philip turned to leave, but someone patted his shoulder again.

“Get your dirty hands off me!” Philip barked.

As he spoke, the temperature in the bar dropped a few degrees.

“Y-You can’t go!” The man was startled by Philip’s aura but still stammered indignantly.

“I gave you a chance, but you didn’t cherish it.” Philip’s killing intent had been triggered, but he could not kill in public.

Philip flicked a small ball of fire onto the bald guy’s pants before he smiled and ran out with Roscoe.

“Damn it, you run really fast. After him!” the bald man cursed.

“You’re on fire!” His underlings behind him were the first to notice.

The fire quickly spread upward and covered the bald man in an instant. Those helping him to put out the fire were also ignited one after another. The fire was very persistent and could not be extinguished no matter what everyone tried to do.

The bar owner had to step in and help out. He was a level 4S water elemental practitioner. However, it was still a step too late. The smell of roasted meat wafted from the baldy, and his lower body was almost charred. He lay groaning on the floor and soon passed out in pain.

Philip took Roscoe and checked into a hotel nearby. He was not aware that several people from the White Marsh royal family in the corner of the bar had seen his every move.

A bearded man among them said, “This man’s fire element is very strong...”

A man in glasses said, “Why is there such a talented and rich young kid in this lowly town?”

A silent woman on the side searched for something on her tablet. After a while, she clicked on a picture and handed it to the other two, who exclaimed at the similarities.

It was a photo of Philip in the territory of the ancient dragon royal family.

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The senior officials of the ancient dragon royal family received news that Philip had fled back to the White Marsh royal family and made a stern diplomatic statement, raising strong objections against sending spies to the other party.

However, after the White Marsh royal family received this allegation, they were at a loss. Only members of the royal family could inherit the mark of the White Marsh, so where did this Philip Clarke come from?

After checking the photos, the White Marsh royal family confirmed that this person was not one of theirs, and because Philip could utilize the White Marsh mark, they decided to arrest him.

“Gentlemen, we should be going...” The woman in the White Marsh royal family outfit got up and said.

“What a hassle...” The bearded man reluctantly finished his drink and said.

The woman called up the nearby surveillance through her tablet, and the screen showed Philip going into a high-end hotel.

“Is he really that cocky? How interesting,” the bearded man said.

“It seems that he doesn’t know he’s a wanted man now,” the guy with glasses adjusted his glasses and said.

“Inform the others to get ready for battle.”

The woman frowned as she looked at the description of Philip’s strength and said, “This man is not someone we can deal with.”

At this moment, Philip had just taken a cold shower and walked out of the bathroom. His intoxication from just now had dissipated.

Standing by the window, Philip stretched lazily. Looking at the brightly lit city, he had a sudden desire to go back and reunite with his wife as soon as possible.

A sudden mental probing alerted Philip.

“Yes, it should be this room...”

This mental strength belonged to the glasses guy among the three.

“Let’s go in and take him down now,” the bearded guy said.

The woman glared at him and said, “Don’t be rash. Wait for reinforcements.”

The guy with glasses had practiced exercises to enhance his mental strength and thought Philip would not notice him, but he did not expect that Philip’s mental strength was very powerful too.

Philip spread his senses and found a hover car with three people downstairs.

How did the White Marsh royal family find him?

Was Carter's identity exposed?

Philip was puzzled.

However, these people did not make a move. They were most likely waiting for someone.

Glancing at Roscoe, who was sleeping soundly, Philip did not wake him up. He took out a piece of fine gold the size of a fingernail from his space ring and put it in Roscoe's pocket. He also put the book tightly clutched in his arms under his pillow.

For precaution, Philip had to leave quickly.

Philip put on the night outfit given to him by the Bamboo Swordsman earlier, opened the window, and fled into the night.

His car was too conspicuous. Philip slipped into the garage and stored the expensive sports car in his space ring.

The guy with glasses used his mental strength to scan the room again and exclaimed, "Oh no, that guy is gone!"