

Breeding Dragons From Today

Chapter 121: The Missing Jawbone, Peak-Tier 9

Following the last sentence of the show, the red light on the dark red rock was extremely strong, beating like a heart.

The strange rock slowly floated and flew to the left chest of the bone wolf.

"Roar!"

A terrifying aura burst out, and all the trees within 100 meters were destroyed by an invisible force.

The magic wolf's empty eye sockets emitted a strange red light. It raised its head to the sky and howled.

All the aura of death and darkness was absorbed by it.

The magic wolf's aura continued to rise.

Tier 6, tier 7, tier 8, all the way to the peak of tier 9 before it gradually calmed down.

In the distance, the roars of the magic beasts could be heard continuously. They were frightened and confused. This was their way of showing their submission to this overlord that had suddenly appeared.

However, the eyes of Ernest gradually turned gloomy. He shouted loudly, causing the people around him to tremble in fear.

"Why is he only at the peak of tier 9?! Logically speaking, Lord Fenrir should be able to reach the saint-tier when he recovers! Damn it, where is Lord Fenrir's jawbone?!"

There was a part of the jaw of the berserk and terrifying legendary demon Fenrir that was empty. It was missing a few bones.

"It's missing an interspatial ring. Someone had an accident. We have to get it back immediately. With Fenrir's current strength, there's no place that we can't go except for the territory of some saint-tier magical beasts. There's no opponent in the Magical Beast Forest other than saint-tier magical beasts!"

Fenrir jumped onto the back of the magical wolf. Fenrir's limbs were suspended in the air. Black Flames were burning on the pale skeleton. With a low roar, it rushed in a direction.

...

Swoosh!

The extremely bright holy light easily cut an ancient tree that was as thick as a few people's arms into two pieces.

Red blood slowly flowed down the broken part of the tree trunk.

Patter!

The corpse that was cut into two pieces fell to the ground. It looked like the trial-takers of the Dark Church.

Louis, who had gray hair and silver eyes, slowly withdrew the holy sword. His expression was indifferent. The strength of a peak level eight was revealed.

His entire body was shrouded in a faint holy light, like the incarnation of a God walking in the human world. It was perfect, holy, and cold.

"Louis."

A silver-haired woman wearing a priest's robe looked at Louis. She pointed at a wounded figure in the corner and said, "This person is a knight of the Eternal Empire. Do you want to kill him?"

Louis swept his cold gaze over.

Hawthorne hurriedly lowered his head. Panic, fear, and humiliation appeared on his face. The hand holding the knight's longsword trembled slightly.

Don't kill me, don't kill me!

While Hawthorne was pleading in his heart, Louis' words were like a judgment from heaven. "Forget it. Since he's from the Yheng Empire and the Alcott Empire, there's no need to bother about him. Only the people from the Dark Church are our primary targets."

Hawthorne's worried heart suddenly relaxed. He panted heavily and his back was soaked in cold sweat. He felt as if he was about to escape death.

Suddenly, a powerful aura erupted from afar. It was evil and dark.

Louis suddenly turned his head. For the first time, his face had a hint of solemnity.

"It's the aura of the Dark Church. Let's go and take a look."

"Yes!"

A few priests and knights of light nodded respectfully and left quickly after Louis' footsteps.

No one looked at Hawthorne again.

Hawthorne slowly stood up with his sword in hand, and his tyrannical aura kept surging on his body.

This feeling of being like a pig being casually decided on its life and death was too unbearable. He had never experienced such humiliation before. He gritted his teeth, and his eyes were filled with deep resentment and resentment.

I want to be as strong as him too!

The image of Joelson flashed through his mind. He would never forget the pain of the flames burning his skin. The hatred in his eyes grew stronger.

Suddenly, a black light caught Hawthorne's attention. It was emitted from the corpse of the Dark Church's trial-taker. Hawthorne walked forward and searched the body of the Dark Church's trial-taker. Finally, he took out a ring.

Hawthorne looked at the black ring in his hand in surprise and confusion. He felt it carefully and his eyes were filled with great surprise.

Interspatial ring!

It was a very valuable treasure.

Moreover, there were a few strange bones floating in the interspatial ring. The black light was slowly flickering.

Hawthorne could feel that there was an evil and powerful power emanating from it.

His heart began to beat violently, and a bold idea appeared in his mind.

This was his chance, a chance to become stronger that he would never see again.

But the price was to fall into the darkness.

Hawthorne's face showed hesitation and struggle, and soon he became firm.

Joelson, Louis, I will make you pay soon!

A sinister and terrifying smile appeared on the corner of Hawthorne's mouth. He reached out his hand and slowly grabbed at the evil bone in the interspatial ring.

"Roar!"

A terrifying aura burst out, uprooting huge trees like weeds.

A red and a blue streak appeared in the air. Two huge figures were entangled together, and the wild and violent energy that spread out suppressed the magical beasts within a few miles of them, causing them to continuously tremble.

Joelson's brows furrowed slightly.

He was still a little lacking.

He had already entered the depths of the Magical Beast Forest. This was the first saint-level magical beast that he had encountered in the past few days with Du Lu.

It was a water-type Crocodile King that was hidden deep within the swamp.

It could fly and release powerful water-type forbidden spells. Its strength and defense were not inferior to Du Lu's, and its recovery ability was even stronger than Du Lu's.

Du Lu's draconic might also become very weak against the saint-level Crocodile King.

Unlike the battle-saint knight Cliff, Du Lu's advantages were completely useless. Moreover, the Crocodile King, who had grasped the profound meaning of water element, even somewhat restrained du Lu.

Du Lu, who was at the ninth tier, had been suppressed by the swamp Crocodile King all this time, barely maintaining a tie.

"Forget it."

Joelson had the thought of retreating.

"I've hunted enough magic beast crystal cores these few days. Six ninth tier, fifteen eighth tier magic beast crystal cores, and countless sixth and seventh tier. There's no need to continue fighting with the saint tier."

Joelson also knew that once Du Lu advanced to the saint tier, he could completely crush the Crocodile King.

"Du Lu."

Joelson called out softly, and his body began to retreat rapidly. Du Lu suddenly broke free from the Crocodile King's current restraint, and his warning eyes stared at the latter as he retreated together.

The saint-level Crocodile King looked coldly at Joelson and Du Lu's receding figures and did not chase after them.

It was confident in defeating this tier 9 giant dragon, but it was also afraid that it would be injured by the other party.

It was not the only saint-tier magical beast in the Magical Beast Forest. If it was injured, many enemies would definitely take the opportunity to seek revenge on it.

Just let them go.

Chapter 122: The Rescue of Allies

Joelson put down the magic communication crystal from his forehead and frowned.

The situation was worse than he had imagined.

The total number of trial students from the Alcott Empire and the Yheng Empire was about eighty. Now, one-third of the light spots had completely dimmed.

Of course, it was not excluded that people like him were too far away from the communication area.

However, the possibility of that was very small.

Not everyone could ride a dragon and recklessly push into the depths of the Magical Beast Forest like Joelson.

The specks of light turned gray, more likely because...

They were dead!

The cruelty and bloodiness of the trials of the four countries were gradually revealed.

The Dark Church, the Holy Church of Light.

Joelson knew that his plan to hunt magical beasts had come to an end.

Next, his target should be...

The heads of the Two Holy See!

The magic crystal suddenly lit up and flickered a few times.

Joelson's eyes froze slightly.

Distress signal.

There were cultivators from the Alcott Empire or the Yheng Empire who were in danger nearby.

"Du Lu."

Joelson said in a low voice. Du Lu changed the direction and flew quickly towards the location where the signal came from.

"Damn it!"

Angar pinched the communication crystal in his hand and threw it on the ground in frustration.

He had tried countless times along the way, but there was no so-called help from his companions.

Angar knew that this was not the fault of others. Everyone should not be able to take care of themselves right now.

He was a powerful tier 6 knight. Of course, this was in the Knight Academy of the Yheng Empire.

When he arrived at the Magical Beast Forest, Angar realized that his strength was pitifully weak.

The average strength of those lunatics from the Dark Church was above tier 7. The mounts under them were not something he could easily defeat.

Once he entered the Magical Beast Forest, Angar wisely chose to hunt with a few of his classmates.

Because of the two holy-level powerhouses from the two empires, Harriet and Fred had already solemnly told everyone.

Alcott had to work together with Yheng and treat the other party as a reliable ally in order to survive in the gap between the radiant church and the Dark Church.

As for winning the trial...

They just had to try their best.

Angar did the same. Along the way, through the communication crystal, they also accepted two tier 6 mages from the Tulip Academy.

The crisis quickly united them.

Their teamwork gradually became better. They even challenged a tier 8 magic beast. Although they failed, no one was injured.

The nightmare began on the third day.

It showed that they had encountered knights from the Church of Light, three peak tier 7 knights, and two priests. They suppressed them and did not even have the chance to fight back.

Fortunately, the other party did not kill them. They only took all of their magic beast essence crystals.

Then, they met the Dark Church again.

These cunning and vicious fellows, who hid in the darkness like vipers, had a thirst for human heads that far exceeded the magic beast essence crystals.

Along the way, they killed Angar's companions one by one as if they were playing with their prey.

That kind of death was approaching step by step. The feeling of despair and oppression almost tormented Angar to the point of collapse.

Now, he was the only one left.

Angar was forced to continue to escape into the depths of the Magical Beast Forest. Finally, there was no way out now.

A five-meter-tall rock gorilla stood more than ten meters in front of him. Its mouth was open, and its stinky breath made Angar feel disgusted.

Earth-type magical beasts were usually gentler. Unfortunately, the rock gorilla was an exception.

Its temperament was explosive, and it was a carnivore.

As it wanted to retreat, a few sharp rays of combat aura shot out, leaving deep marks under its feet.

A few pairs of eyes were looking at him teasingly in the shadows behind him, occasionally letting out soft laughter.

The people of the cult of shadows were waiting for him to make a choice.

Either he would become a magical beast, or...

Or he would turn around and kneel down to offer up his head.

Angar was completely in despair.

'Forget it.'

Angar calmly made his decision.

According to the rules of the trial, his head was still worth 100 points.

Even if he died, he could not let the cult of shadows get away with it.

Angar raised the knight's longsword in his hand. His gaze was firm as he looked at the roaring rock gorilla. He was ready to charge to the death.

A few figures jumped out from behind.

The trial-takers from the Dark Church smiled at Angar and teased, "This kid still has some backbone."

"100 points. Forget it. I want to see him being chewed up and swallowed by the rock gorilla."

Angar's face twitched. He gritted his teeth and took a step forward.

Suddenly, the wind blew.

The hurricane grew stronger and stronger.

Boom!

An extremely large fiery red figure descended from the sky.

The violent wind pressure made it so that Angar could not open his eyes.

When he saw everything clearly, his expression was blank. His mouth was wide open as if he had seen a ghost.

A ferocious and terrifying dragon landed on the ground. The terrifying dragon pressure caused the surrounding vegetation to sway.

The level 8 rock gorilla was currently trampled under the dragon's feet like trash. Its weak roar was filled with fear and pleading.

However, the dragon impatiently stomped on it once more!

"T-dragon!"

Angar stuttered as he subconsciously took a few steps back and collapsed on the ground.

He caught sight of the people from the Dark Church from the corner of his eyes. They were completely dumbfounded as their legs trembled non-stop.

Suddenly, Angar's pupils contracted violently.

The God of Magic!

What did he see?!

There was a figure standing on the back of the dragon, looking down at them indifferently.

It was a mage.

The mage was wearing a Tulip Academy on his robe!

Only then did Angar remember the distress message he had just sent out.

Did an ally really come to rescue him?!

He came from the Tulip Academy, and there was such a terrifying figure in their academy?!

Angar's mind was blank, and before he could recover, the mage on the dragon's back suddenly disappeared.

Soon, a few shrill screams sounded from behind.

The sound of footsteps could be heard.

Angar slowly turned his head to look.

An elegant and handsome cold youth walked towards him. With a wave of his hand, a few heads that were frozen in fear and despair rolled in front of Angar.

"Gulp."

Angar gulped with difficulty. His face was filled with shock.

Level seven. It was really possible that they were level eight trial-takers of the Dark Church. In just a moment, they all died?!

Just how terrifying was this person's strength?!

He controlled a dragon!

"Was it you who sent the distress message?"

The handsome youth said indifferently.

Only then did Angar come back to his senses. He hurriedly nodded and said, "Yes, yes, yes. My name is Angar. This... Sir."

Angar carefully asked, "Are you really a trial student of the Tulip Academy of Magic?!"

He could not believe it.

The youth nodded slightly and said, "Yes, my name is Joelson Edward."

Chapter 123: Baits and Hunters, the Church of Light and Darkness

Angar stood rooted to the ground.

He remembered the name.

Last year, the genius students who were known as the "Hope of the Knight Academy" went to the Tulip Magic Academy to participate in the exchange competition. Everyone in the Knight Academy of the Yheng Empire thought that they would have a perfect victory.

After all, one of them was Don Quixote, who was known as the "Light of the Empire's Dawn."

The result was completely unexpected.

They suffered a crushing defeat.

Even Don Quixote was defeated.

According to the students who went to the exchange match, they were completely crushed by a super genius mage called Joelson, who single-handedly defeated all three great geniuses of the Knight Academy!

Angar knew that Joelson was very strong, but he did not expect him to be so ridiculously strong.

There was hope for the trial!

Angar's eyes shone with excitement and hope.

However, Joelson kept staring at the head of the Dark Church on the ground, his eyes shining.

He raised his head and glanced at Angar.

"Do you have the courage to play a game with me?"

"What?!"

Angar was very surprised.

The corner of Joelson's mouth rose slightly, revealing a cold smile. He said indifferently, "You, be the bait. I will be the hunter."

Joelson's figure disappeared bit by bit in front of Angar as if he had been swallowed by the void.

Joelson's voice sounded in the void.

"How is it? Do you dare to try?"

Angar was stunned on the spot, his eyes suddenly bursting with determination. He gritted his teeth and said, "I dare!"

...

Angar ran wildly in the dense forest.

With the strength of a tier 6 knight, his speed was not slow.

However, there was a "Spirit" following him by his side. From time to time, there would be mocking laughter.

The two Dark Church trial-takers followed him closely like shadows, playing a game of cat and mouse.

A streak of black combat aura shot over and drew a line of blood on Angar's arm.

Angar grunted, clutching his arm tightly as he continued to run with his head lowered.

"Are you a coward? Draw your sword! Knight!"

Angar completely ignored the mocking laughter that came from his ears as he continued to run.

Suddenly, he stopped.

In front of him were two poison gland lizards that were giving him dangerous looks.

There was no way to run.

Angar turned around and calmly looked at the trial-takers of the Dark Church who were following closely behind him.

Two men with ferocious faces were exuding the aura of a seventh rank.

"You're not running anymore?"

One of the trial-takers stuck out his tongue and licked his lips. He said with a sinister smile, "You've wasted so much of my time. I'm going to cut off your flesh piece by piece and give it to my mount."

The poison gland lizard beneath the trial-taker let out an excited neigh.

Angar's chest heaved up and down violently. His expression was tense, but his hands were empty. It was as though he had completely given up on resisting.

The trial-taker from the cult of shadows slowly walked towards him. Killing intent pervaded the air.

At this moment, a pair of slender and fair hands reached out from the void behind them. One of them held a sword while the other ignited flames.

They easily brushed past one of the trial-takers' neck and pressed the flames into the other person's head.

The participant whose brain had been burned dry did not even let out a scream as he fell to the ground.

The other person clutched his neck tightly as blood spurted out from the wound on his neck like a fountain.

He was like a chicken whose throat had been cut.

He fell to the ground with an incredulous expression.

The poison glands lizards that saw their master being killed instinctively wanted to rush forward to save him.

At that moment, two gigantic dragon claws descended from the sky, smashing the two poison glands lizards into meat paste with each claw.

"Phew!"

Angar let out a long breath. Coincidentally, he met the pair of golden-red eyes of the giant dragon, and his heart suddenly contracted.

Although he knew that this was the pet of that genius, he still couldn't help but be afraid when facing such a terrifying legendary creature.

Joelson stepped out from the void completely, casually shaking the blood on the short sword in his hand.

The standard short sword of the Dark Church was used to assassinate, and it was very handy.

Using the weapons of the Dark Church to harvest the heads of the Dark Church trial-takers, was it considered a kind of irony.

One had to say that the "Invisibility spell" of the air-type magic was really too useful.

When the eighth-tier mage, Joelson, used it, even if he stood beside the two seventh-tier knights, they would not be able to notice it at all.

"Rest for ten minutes. Continue."

Joelson said to Angar calmly.

Angar nodded non-stop and took the time to recover his strength.

He was now full of strength. He could watch the trial-takers of the Dark Church die one after another in front of him.

Even if he was killed while acting as bait, Angar was willing to do it.

'Those comrades who died, someone has avenged you!' Angar thought silently.

Ten minutes later, Angar stood up and said respectfully to Joelson, "Alright, Lord Joelson."

Joelson nodded silently. Suddenly, the magic communication crystal flashed again.

This time, it was a gathering signal.

Joelson glanced at it and said, "Approach in that direction."

"Yes!"

Angar took a deep breath and jumped into the dense forest.

Joelson glanced at Du Lu, who flapped his wings and flew into the sky, hiding in the clouds.

Joelson disappeared again.

A violent aura rushed into the clouds.

The holy light and the dark aura intertwined, and the energy that spread out wreaked havoc in the surroundings, flattening the small forest.

"So terrifying."

Don Quixote and the others hid behind the ancient tree, looking in the direction of the fierce battle.

Everyone had shocked and shocked expressions on their faces.

"Although we are called geniuses, compared to them, the gap is too big."

Stuart smiled bitterly and sighed.

Don Quixote also frowned; his gaze locked onto the two figures.

Their team had already reached more than a dozen people and was led by Don Quixote, the strongest tier 7 knight.

They also had Stuart, the Tulip Magic Academy, the Gemini Star, and other powerful tier 6 mages.

However, their actions were becoming more and more cautious.

The intense battle between the Church the Light and the Dark Church.

They saw a pale and strange man on the back of an extremely terrifying undead wolf.

The undead wolf's strength was comparable to a rank 9, and its body was burning with black flames. Every attack took away the vitality of a piece of vegetation.

Everywhere it passed was in ruins.

And the person fighting against the undead wolf was not weak at all.

His appearance was even more shocking.

Louis, whose entire body was emitting saint-level white light, had an indifferent expression. He held a holy sword in his hand, and a pair of snow-white wings of light spread out from both sides of his back.

Seven or eight priests stood behind him and chanted blessings for him.

His aura continued to rise, reaching the peak of level nine.

Every time he swung his sword, the giant undead wolf had no choice but to retreat.

The terrifying auras of both sides intimidated the entire scene.

Chapter 124: Hawthorne's Arrival. Saint-Tier Daemons!

"If they really want to attack us with all their might."

Stephanie said with difficulty, "I'm afraid that not a single one of our two empires will be able to walk out of the Magical Beast Forest."

Everyone was silent.

Don Quixote was also deeply affected.

For the second time, he felt powerless.

The first time was during the exchange match, and it was brought to him by Joelson.

"Haha, there's still a group of peeping rats hiding here!"

Ear-piercing laughter rang out.

Everyone was shocked. They realized that the Dark Church's trial-takers who had come with the giant undead wolf had already discovered them.

The Dark Church's trial-takers revealed savage smiles on their faces as they slowly drew their longswords.

Lord Ernesto Xiu stopped the idiots of the Church of Light. They could take this opportunity to reap the heads of the two empires.

The Dark Church would definitely win this trial!

"Prepare for battle!"

Don Quixote shouted loudly as golden cross battle-qi burst out from his body.

He was the first to rush out and block the strongest trial-taker of the Dark Church.

Stephanie and the other knights protected the mages from the Tulip Academy in the middle while Stuart and the Gemini Star quickly chanted spells.

"Hmph!"

Don Quixote suddenly took two steps back.

So powerful!

The opponent's strength had already reached the peak of tier 7. If not for the augmentation of the golden cross battle aura, he might have been defeated in one move.

The Dark Church's trial-takers' battle-qi was black. It was a type of battle-qi that imitated the dark attribute. Its power was stronger than ordinary battle-qi, but it could not compare to Don Quixote's golden cross battle-qi.

Seeing that his full-strength attack was actually blocked by Don Quixote, the leader of the Dark Church snorted coldly. He was very dissatisfied and mustered all his strength to slash down once more.

The rest of the Dark Church trial-takers also followed quickly.

Most of their strength was at the seventh rank. Moreover, they coordinated well with each other and attacked ferociously.

The teams of the two empires almost collapsed in an instant.

Bang!

Don Quixote rolled on the ground in a sorry state, dodging the attack of a stream of combat aura.

Damn it!

Two seventh rank cultivators!

The Dark Church clearly had their eyes on him. They separated two people to attack him.

"Your head is worth 100 points!"

The leader laughed sinisterly and charged forward with another person.

Don Quixote barely managed to block one sword, but the other sword was already aimed at his neck.

There was no way he could dodge it.

Don Quixote's eyes widened.

At this moment, a powerful gray combat aura light descended from the sky and sent a person flying.

A figure stood in front of Don Quixote, his proud red hair fluttering in the wind.

He looked back.

It was a pair of strange red eyes.

"Hawthorne!" Stephanie cried out.

Hawthorne's current appearance was almost unrecognizable.

He was wearing a strange mask.

The gray-white jawbone and the sharp spikes on both sides pierced deep into Hawthorne's ears.

Bright red blood flowed into the jawbone bit by bit, like a sponge absorbing water, slowly being absorbed, emitting a strange red light.

"Hawthorne, your strength?" Don Quixote could not help but ask, looking at Hawthorne in shock.

Hawthorne laughed wildly.

"Very strong, right? I also feel that I am very strong now! Don Quixote, you are no longer the number one genius of the younger generation in the Eternal Empire! I am!"

Hawthorne's aura continued to rise. Before everyone's eyes, he directly broke through level 7 and advanced to level 8.

Everyone's faces were filled with shock.

A few days ago, Hawthorne was only at level 6. Now, in the blink of an eye, he was already at level 8?!

The aura he emitted became increasingly strange and filled with an evil aura.

Don Quixote frowned tightly and shouted solemnly, "Dark Church? Hawthorne, quickly remove that bone!"

Hawthorne ignored Don Quixote's warning.

The people of the Dark Church also exclaimed, "It's Lord Fenrir's jaw bone! He actually got it!"

"Kill him! Take it back!"

Hawthorne smiled malevolently, raising the knight's longsword in his hand, and took the initiative to charge into the crowd of the Dark Church.

Grey evil battle-qi was wantonly unleashed, and its strength was extraordinary. In just a few seconds, two type 7 auras had died under his sword.

"Did you see that?"

Hawthorne turned to look at the trial-takers of the two empires, and laughed arrogantly, "Give me time, I can lead you to win this trial!"

Everyone's eyes widened, and someone cried out in alarm.

"Careful!"

A black shadow crashed into Hawthorne's back. Before he could react, his entire body flew to the side like a ragdoll.

After crashing into a few thick trees, he could not get up for a long time.

"So, it was you who stole the jawbone," said Owen with a cold smile as he sat on the back of the undead wolf and looked at Hawthorne coldly

Griffin, who sensed the presence of the jawbone, immediately broke away from the entanglement with Louis and rushed toward Hawthorne.

Owen jumped off the back of the undead wolf and gently picked up the jawbone that had been shot down from the ground. A satisfied smile appeared on his face.

"Now, Lord Fenrir is complete!"

Ernesto Xiu placed the jawbone near the jawbone of the undead wolf Fenrir and pressed it down.

A dark aura that was several times more terrifying than before suddenly burst out.

Louis, who had light wings on his back and looked like a god, also trembled slightly. He said in a low voice, "Retreat!"

Don Quixote and the others were also frightened and quickly retreated.

"What are you running for? None of you can escape!"

Fenrir raised his head and howled at the sky. The sky was forcefully darkened by the dense dark aura.

Fenrir ran in the void, leaving footprints burned by black flames. His level nine aura continued to rise.

Breakthrough, Saint-level!

Black flesh and blood slowly grew out of the skeleton of the undead wolf. The red light in its eye sockets grew stronger and stronger as if it was about to be resurrected from hell.

The most annoying aura of light.

Fenrir's eyes flashed with red light, and he quickly rushed towards the direction of the Church of Light.

Louis subconsciously raised his saint-level and slashed down.

Bang!

Louis spat out golden-red blood. The chest of his beautiful silver armor sank deeply, and he flew backwards.

The priests of the Church of Light also coughed out a mouthful of blood, but they gritted their teeth and chanted even faster.

Louis got up from the ground, and a stream of blood flowed out from the corner of his mouth. He said coldly, "Sacrifice a pure virgin."

The priests chanted loudly, "Receive the power of the Angel of Heaven!"

A priest died without making a sound. His entire person instantly aged, like a withered flower.

The holy aura on Louis' body instantly soared.

The wings of light on his back also extended, becoming several times longer.

He gradually floated up and floated in the air. His eyes had completely turned pure gold as he stared coldly at Fenrir.

Chapter 125: Saint-Level Battle, the Arrival of Joelson

Fenrir bared his teeth at Louis in disgust. Black and red light gathered in his mouth and shot out fiercely.

Boom!

Intense holy light and dark aura collided and exploded.

The clash of saint-level powers caused large areas of trees to fall and be churned into powder.

The smoke and dust dispersed.

There were no wounds on Louis' body. He took a deep look at Fenrir, raised his head and shot out a piece of holy light, disappearing along with the priests on the ground.

Louis' saint-level was different from Fenrir's. He had to pay a heavy price in exchange for an explosive increase in strength. He could not continue fighting with Fenrir, so he could only escape quickly.

Fenrir stared at Louis' back as he left, and slowly turned his head.

A strange dark red light fell on the bodies of the trial-takers of the two empires.

Everyone's hearts trembled violently.

Saint-level.

It made it even harder for them to resist.

Fenrir slowly walked over from the void.

Don Quixote and the others retreated step by step. Their faces were very pale, and their eyes faintly showed despair.

No one saw that the magic communication crystal they had left on the ground was flashing crazily.

"Let Lord Fenrir."

Ernesto Xiu stood at the foot of the undead giant wolf and revealed a cold smile. He said to everyone, "I'll happily send you all to Hell."

Everyone suddenly widened their eyes. A dark red figure that was constantly magnified was reflected in their eyes.

Suddenly, surging flames and frost poured down from the sky.

It was like a waterfall that cut across the road between Fenrir and everyone.

A violent explosion sounded.

Fenrir retreated and shook his head in a slightly pathetic manner. He stared in front of him angrily.

A tall and slender figure stood in front of the trial-takers of the two empires. He stared coldly at Fenrir.

Everyone's eyes were filled with surprise, excitement, and doubt.

A figure quickly ran over and panted heavily.

"Angar!" Stephanie cried out in a low voice and said in surprise, "You didn't die?!"

Angar nodded and looked at the figure in front of him with admiration. He said respectfully, "It was that Lord who saved me!"

"That Lord?"

Everyone was stunned.

Who was it?!

Stuart and Gemini from the Tulip Academy of Magic stared at the figure in front of them, unable to recognize him.

"It's Joelson!"

"Joelson?!"

"That's right!"

Angar nodded and said, "Lord Joelson!"

Pointing to the distance, he said, "He came back from the depths of the Magical Beast Forest."

Joelson looked at Fenrir indifferently.

The corpse of a legendary magical beast, after summoning a soul and resurrecting it, still had the power of a saint-level. It was really powerful.

Ernest was a little surprised by Joelson's appearance. He laughed again and could not help but clap his hands and say, "Amazing. The genius mage of the Tulip Magic Academy has already reached tier-8."

"But!"

Ernest's eyes revealed a hint of mockery. His tone became extremely cold. "So what if he's tier 8?! Even if he's tier 9, he'll still die!"

Ernest was very pleased in his heart. He worshipped Sir Ulysses' plan to the point that he could not put it into words.

Bringing the corpse of the legendary monster Fenrir into the Magic Beast Forest and summoning its soul would allow him to easily defeat the three major forces after being resurrected.

Fenrir did not have a good impression of the guy who made him look like a mess just now. He revealed his pale sharp teeth and was ready to pounce at any time.

"Not good! Even Joelson can't stop a Saint-tier Daemon!"

Don Quixote and Stephanie's eyes were filled with worry.

At this time, Joelson did something that no one expected.

He slowly raised the tungsten staff in his hand and said solemnly, "Forbidden spell!"

Ernest's smile froze on his face, and his expression was filled with panic and confusion.

The others were the same.

Forbidden spell?!

Could an eighth-tier mage cast a forbidden spell?!

How was that possible!!

Joelson pointed at Fenrir and said softly with a smile on his face.

"Falling dragon."

In the next moment, an extremely violent hurricane came pouring down from the sky.

A blazing and huge black shadow fell from the sky.

It was like a falling meteor.

But it was much more powerful than the level-6 spell, flaming meteor.

It was really like a forbidden spell.

The hurricane blowing down from the sky made everyone unable to open their eyes. They could only cover their eyes and stare at the falling meteor through the gaps of their fingers.

"Roar!"

A terrifying dragon's roar sounded.

The meteor struggled violently and turned into a giant dragon that pounced on Fenrir's body. The two of them were entangled in a fight.

A giant dragon?!

Everyone was stunned on the spot. Some of them were still unable to react as they looked at the back of Joelson.

Other than Angar who was filled with excitement and eagerness.

Ernesto Xiu was also very shocked. His gaze fell on the giant dragon and Joelson. His eyes moved back and forth, and he gradually calmed down.

It was only a tier-9 dragon.

The legendary monster Fenrir was almost invincible among those of the same tier, and even the dragon was slightly weaker.

Although it was only a corpse's body now, it was still more powerful than an ordinary saint-tier daemon.

Although the dragon was powerful and strange, the difference in tier could not be bridged. It was still suppressed by Fenrir, and it was only a matter of time before it was defeated.

"Let's Go!"

Joelson turned around and said coldly to Don Quixote and the others.

Don Quixote and the others were stunned.

Joelson frowned and said, "I can't stall for too long. Do you want to stay and wait for death?"

Don Quixote's expression was complicated, and he quickly made a decision.

"Everyone, retreat immediately!"

"But Joelson?" Stephanie couldn't help but speak, her eyes filled with anxiety and worry.

Don Quixote said in a low voice, "We can't help Joelson here. We can only drag him down. If we get out of danger, Joelson can find a chance to escape."

Stephanie had a complicated look on her face. She looked deeply at Joelson. Her eyes seemed to be filled with some strange emotions.

The others also had complicated looks on their faces.

Joelson was left alone to fight against the Dark Church and the saint-level monsters in exchange for the safe departure of everyone. They could not help but feel a sense of admiration in their hearts.

"You still want to leave?" Ernesto Xiu sneered a few times and waved eleven of his hands. The trial-takers of the Dark Church immediately rushed up to surround him.

Joelson's left hand was filled with flames while his right hand was filled with water. The fusion of two types of magic exploded with terrifying power.

He smiled calmly and said calmly, "You should have asked me first."

Although Joelson's strength was only at the eighth rank when he came into contact with the power of the fire elemental laws, his terror was even greater than that of a ninth rank mage.

No tier 8 mage could be like him.

Each and every one of the tier 8 fire elemental spells came at him with terrifying power. The most important thing was that the speed at which they were released was too fast!

Each and every spell was an instant-cast spell. Was he really only a tier 8 mage?!

Chapter 126: The Fall of the Saint-Level

Ernesto's eyes almost popped out of their sockets.

He was also a level-8 mage, but in the time it took for him to cast a level-8 spell, Joelson had already cast four or five level-8 spells at the Dark Church.

Did this guy not even need to chant a spell?!

Joelson was like a chasm, cutting off the path between the Dark Church and the two empires.

After a series of explosions, not only did the Dark Church not manage to catch up to Quixote and the others, many of them even died.

"You want to be the savior?!"

Ernesto's expression was ferocious. He stared at Joelson and said fiercely, "Then you can stay!"

Ernesto had temporarily given up on the idea of killing the trial-takers of the two empires. He only wanted to kill Joelson now.

The head of a Tier 8 mage, 400 points.

Plus, a giant dragon.

This was a priceless treasure!

Ernesto Xiu revealed a proud expression.

The battle between the two terrifying giant beasts was gradually becoming clear. It was obvious that du Lu could not hold on any longer.

Joelson's expression was calm. He looked at the sky, sneered at Ernesto Xiu, and suddenly disappeared on the spot.

Ernesto was shocked. His spiritual power, which belonged to a tier 8 mage, instantly spread out.

He searched Joelson's location several times but found nothing.

"Damn it! Where is he hiding?!" Ernesto cursed in a low voice.

At this time, Du Lu, who was entangled in the fight, swung his tail and broke free from Fenrir's entanglement. He spread his wings and flew into the sky.

"Found it!"

Ernesto saw the figure of Joelson on the dragon's back.

Du Lu flew forward without looking back.

"You want to run?!"

Ernesto revealed a ferocious smile. He rode on Fenrir and ran fast to keep up.

Du Lu flew at full speed towards the depths of the Magical Beast Forest.

Ernesto controlled Fenrir to keep up.

Du Lu's speed was very fast, instantly pulling away from Fenrir.

But as a legendary magical beast, Fenrir had fully displayed the power of a saint-tier, gradually catching up.

The distance between the two kept shrinking.

"Let's see how far you can go!"

Ernesto stared at the figure of Joelson on the dragon's back.

The further they chased, the deeper they gradually entered the Magical Beast Forest, approaching the territory of a saint-tier magical beast.

Ernesto frowned and said, "Are you planning to provoke the hatred of the saint-level magical beasts towards Fenrir, and then escape in the chaos? You're so naive!"

But Ernesto seemed to be wrong.

Joelson did not have any intention of provoking the saint-level magical beasts and continued to move forward stubbornly.

The distance continued to shorten, but Joelson did not care at all. He did not even turn around.

Du Lu's speed seemed to have slowed down.

A trace of surprise rose in the heart of Ernesto.

Did he have no strength left?

Did he give up?!

A light flashed in the eyes of Ernesto, killing intent filled the air.

Du Lu hovered in the air and slowly turned around.

Ernesto saw Joelson looking at him with a cold face, and his right hand was deep in his heart.

Huh?!

"Forbidden Spell."

Ernesto Xiu was stunned and almost laughed out loud.

This move again?!

Before Ernesto Xiu could open his mouth to mock him, he suddenly noticed a shadow on Fenrir's back.

It was getting bigger and bigger.

He raised his head abruptly!

His eyes widened.

A huge lead-gray figure was reflected in his pupils, and it was falling straight towards him with a powerful aura.

Bang!

Fenrir was smashed to the ground.

Ernesto Xiu got up from the dust. His body was in a sorry state. All the bones in his body were about to break.

His face was full of shock and astonishment. He looked at the sky in a daze.

A giant dragon that was not inferior to Du Lu was entrenched in the sky. Its body was emitting a metallic luster. Its dark golden pupils were as cold as steel.

It was another level 9 dragon!

Moreover, it was an extremely rare metal-type dragon!

The steel dragon that had advanced to level 9 a few days ago finally appeared. This was the first time it had left the Dragon God Ranch.

Compared to Du Lu's explosive and manic state, the steel dragon's heavy body gave off an indescribable pressure.

Joelson looked down at Ernesto Xiu from high up in the sky. His indifferent gaze swept past Fenrir as he said indifferently, "Two level 9 dragons should be able to deal with you."

Joelson flew up lightly.

Du Lu and the steel dragon swooped up almost at the same time.

Fenrir did not have time to fly up before he was pressed down by the two huge bodies.

The chaotic battle started.

Fenrir's roar continued to reverberate in the air above the Magical Beast Forest. More than ten beings were silently watching over in the distance. It was the saint-level magical beasts of the Magical Beast Forest that were spying in the dark.

The silent steel dragon maintained its usual cold and hard combat style. After taking Fenrir's attack head-on, it took the opportunity to dig out Fenrir's beating stone heart.

The red light in Fenrir's eyes instantly dimmed.

Du Lu bit Fenrir's neck and used force together with the steel dragon, tearing it into two halves.

If it was the legendary magical beast Fenrir at its peak, the outcome might have been different. But now, it was just a pile of bones.

The boy could only watch as Fenrir was broken into hundreds of gray bones by the two dragons.

The boy was stunned, and his face quickly turned pale.

When Du Lu and the steel dragon turned their eyes to him.

The two draconic auras crashed on him at the same time, and the boy finally could not help but tremble.

'Let me go. As long as you let me go, I can accept any request.' Ernesto knelt in front of Joelson and pleaded.

"Anything?" Said Joelson, raising his brow slightly

"Yes! As long as you let me go, Honorable Dragon Rider!"

"Well, then I want your head!" He said with a smile

The ice-cold smile fell in the eyes of the show, as if from the devil's call.

...

The trial-takers of the two empires stood in an empty space and waited anxiously. Each of their faces were full of worry.

Stephanie paced back and forth and finally could not hold it in any longer.

She pulled out the knight's longsword that she wore at her waist and said firmly, "Brother, we have to go back and help Joelson!"

Don Quixote stood up and looked at her with a frown.

"How can you help? How can your sword defeat a saint-level monster?!"

Stephanie's small face was red, and her towering chest rose and fell. She said anxiously, "Then I will die with him!"

Stephanie, who had always been decisive and strong, revealed the willfulness and stubbornness of a little girl at this moment.

Don Quixote frowned and said in a low voice, "You underestimate Joelson. Since he can let us go first and stay behind to cover the rear, he should have the confidence to escape safely."

"But it's just as you said." Stephanie's eyes reddened. "That's a saint-level monster!"

Don Quixote fell silent.

That's right, that's a saint-level monster.

In front of a saint-level, who could confidently say that they could escape.

Even a type 9 powerhouse could not.

Chapter 127: Hunting Down the Trial-Takers of the Dark Church

Don Quixote looked at Stephanie, who was holding back her tears to prevent herself from crying. His heart was moved.

He had never seen his proud sister cry for any man.

She was...

"Someone's Coming!" Stuart's voice sounded.

Everyone immediately grabbed their weapons and assumed a tense stance.

A sound came from the bushes. Someone was walking towards them through the bushes.

Everyone stared in the direction where the sound came from.

The grass shook, and a fair and slender hand moved away from the branches and slowly walked out.

He was still as handsome as before. Who else could it be but Joelson?

"Edward!"

"Joelson!"

A few surprised cries sounded.

Stephanie was so happy that she was about to cry. She subconsciously ran toward Joelson, but when she realized what was happening, she stopped abruptly. Her face was flushed with embarrassment.

Joelson smiled at the crowd and nodded.

"You escaped!"

"Are you hurt?!"

Everyone gathered around, especially the students of Tulip Academy.

"Did Fenrir catch up?!" Don Quixote asked in a low voice.

The atmosphere became tense again, and everyone felt relieved again.

"Joelson!"

Stewart and Gemini Star took out all the magic beast cores collected by the old students and handed them to Joelson.

"Take the magic beast essence crystals and leave immediately. We'll help you stall Fenrir!"

Stewart and the others looked determined.

What right did they have to stall Fenrir?

Naturally, they were determined to die!

Joelson had saved them once. Now, it was their turn.

Faced with everyone's performance, Joelson chuckled and casually shook his mage robe.

A round thing fell under everyone's feet.

They looked over.

Everyone's eyes widened and they immediately sucked in a breath of cold air.

They only saw the despair and shock on their pale faces before they died. It was a familiar look.

It was Ernesto Xiu.

He was actually dead!

Everyone was stunned for a moment and could not speak for a long time.

"You... How did you kill him? Where's Fenrir the undead wolf?!"

Someone asked in surprise.

Joelson did not explain.

Everyone did not ask any more questions.

Everyone had their own secrets.

"We can finally get out!"

Someone said excitedly, "Now that Ernesto Xiu is dead, the Dark Church will definitely be in a panic. With Joelson here, as long as we kill a portion of the magical beasts, we will definitely win this trial!"

The eyes of the others were filled with excitement.

From the beginning, they only wanted to try their best to survive. Now that they saw the hope of winning, this happiness came too suddenly.

And the one who brought all of this was Joelson!

Joelson smiled and raised his eyebrows slightly. He said with a smile, "Killing magical beasts? Hehe, human heads are more valuable."

Everyone suddenly looked at Joelson with shock in their eyes.

Joelson stood on Du Lu's back. The terrifying body of the giant dragon cast a shadow on the ground.

The remaining trial-takers of the Dark Church ran desperately in the jungle.

Everyone's face was filled with fear, panic, and despair.

There were dragons!

There were dragons chasing after them!

Joelson was like an experienced shepherd herding sheep, driving the people of the Dark Church into the trap that Quixote and the others had set up long ago.

On one side, morale was high, like a hunter who had started hunting. On the other side, there was extreme fear, like a lamb waiting to be slaughtered.

Even if the people of the Dark Church were stronger, they could not avoid the fate of being massacred.

Joelson stood in the air like a god, overlooking the entire scene.

Once he found the area where the fight was taking place and the students of the two empires were in danger, he would throw down his magic or drive Du Lu to go over.

When the people of the Dark Church saw this scene, they immediately lost all their fighting spirit and obediently waited to be captured.

Swoosh!

Don Quixote slowly put away his knight's longsword, and a human head rolled under his feet.

The fifth one.

Don Quixote silently counted in his heart.

Stephanie also walked over from other places with her sword on her shoulder. She was also holding two bloody heads in her hands, which added to her dangerous and charming temperament.

Don Quixote frowned slightly and said, "Girl, don't make yourself too bloody."

Stephanie seemed to have thought of something and hurriedly threw away the heads in her hands.

Using the blade as a mirror, she carefully wiped the bloodstains on her face.

When Joelson fell from the sky, Stephanie immediately hid the bloody knight's longsword behind her back. She looked a little embarrassed, with a hint of shyness and expectation in her eyes.

"A total of eighteen heads!"

Everyone gathered together and piled the "spoils of war" in front of Joelson.

Eighteen heads piled up into a small hill, and the scene was very horrifying.

"Most of the remaining trial-takers of the Dark Church should have been killed by us. Even if one or two escaped, it wouldn't have much of an effect."

Joelson nodded, very satisfied with the result.

"In that case, you guys gather the scattered survivors and leave first."

Counting the time, only ten days had passed. There were still five days left before the trial's deadline.

However, with the trial's current situation, there wasn't much meaning to continue staying in the magical beast forest.

"Joelson, do you still want to stay here?"

Don Quixote couldn't help but ask.

The others also looked at him curiously.

Joelson nodded slightly and said, "I still have to go to another place."

Joelson looked in a certain direction and said with a certain meaning, "There is still one more step to take to win this trial."

Everyone was stunned for a moment and suddenly understood.

Looking at Joelson's back, they did not know whether they should be amazed or admire him.

Joelson was probably going to find trouble with the trial-takers of the Holy See.

Louis sat on the grass. The knights and priests of the Holy See were all gathered by him and were quietly resting.

There was a shocking-looking depression on his chest. It was the spot where he was injured by Fenrir three days ago.

He had no way to fight against the saint-level monster Fenrir. He could only spend the rest of his time hunting magic beasts and collecting magic beast essence crystals. He wanted to leave the Magical Beast Forest before the Dark Church finished killing the trial-takers of the two empires.

'If everything went well, there might be a chance of winning.' Louis thought to himself.

At this moment, the sky suddenly darkened.

The priests and knights cried out in alarm.

Louis looked up and saw a pair of huge golden-red pupils, filled with endless violence and madness.

A dragon!

Louis' heart trembled.

The holy sword was unsheathed, and bright holy light shone.

He was prepared to fight, but the dragon did not seem to have any intention of attacking them.

Just as Louis was feeling puzzled, his pupils suddenly contracted slightly.

Chapter 128: Surprise. The Two Empires Had Survived

He saw a young and handsome mage standing on the back of the dragon. On his left chest, the symbol of the Alcott Empire was engraved.

The trial-takers of the two empires!

They were even more shocked than when they saw the Dark Church summon the Saint-level magic beast Fenrir!

Louis saw the young mage smile at him.

Then the mage said, "Hand over all the magic beast essence crystals, and you can live."

Louis raised his eyebrows and was about to draw his knight's longsword to fight.

Suddenly, two black shadows fell from the sky and rolled to Louis' feet.

Looking down, Louis' expression was dull.

The head of Ernesto!

And the heart of the saint-level magic beast Fenrir!

...

Outside the Magical Beast Forest, a few saint-level masters were waiting.

As the days passed, the faces of Harriet and Fred became more and more gloomy.

From the moment the so-called head point rule was set, one could almost foresee the tragedy of this year's four-nation trial.

Harriet suddenly regretted making a bet with Ulysses.

Ulysses had a casual smile on his face from the very beginning. It was a kind of confidence that everything was under control.

Harriet Terrence had never been able to see through this disciple of his.

Ulysses had always had his own independent thoughts since he had just stepped into the path of magic.

He was arrogant, proud, and outstanding. Everything was self-centered.

He could spend days and nights without rest in his magical research, and he could experiment with his new magic without emotion with an innocent wanderer.

Before Ulysses graduated from the Tulip Academy of Magic, he had always addressed himself respectfully as a teacher, but Harriet knew that Ulysses had never considered himself a teacher.

He was just a path and a ladder for Ulysses to climb up.

"Someone is coming out."

A few saint-level powerhouses looked in the direction of the exit of the Magical Beast Forest.

A figure slowly walked out.

His face was firm.

Fred called out in a low voice in pleasant surprise, "Don Quixote!"

He was a trial-taker from the two empires.

Ulysses revealed a strange smile on his face, "What a lucky young man."

Quixote's expression turned slightly ugly.

The trial time had yet to arrive, but Quixote had already appeared. There was only one possibility.

He had been expelled by the other trial-takers.

However, he still heaved a sigh of relief in his heart.

As the most outstanding genius of the younger generation of the Yheng Empire, it was already considered lucky for him to be able to survive.

"There are still people."

Their eyes focused.

They saw trial-takers appearing behind Don Quixote one after another.

They were all students from the two empires, knights and mages.

They followed behind Don Quixote and walked out in groups of more than twenty.

Harriet Terrence and Fred exchanged a glance. From their initial shock, they gradually became surprised, and even a little surprised.

"Stephanie, Stuart, Gemini Star..."

All the genius students who could be called by their names came out in good condition. They were in good condition. They did not expect the tragic situation that they had imagined would happen.

The indifferent smile on Ulysses' face gradually disappeared.

"It seems that there is more than one lucky person."

Grover's face was ugly. He cursed in a low voice, "What on Earth is Ernesto doing in there? He actually let so much trash come out alive. Is he an idiot?!"

"Director."

"Sir Fred."

The trial-takers from the two empires went forward and greeted Harriet and Fred respectively.

Even though they had only just figured out the reason, Fred could not help but ask, "Why did he come out earlier?"

Don Quixote had a strange expression on his face as he said, "Because there's no need to continue staying in there."

Harriet understood in his heart and consoled, "It's fine. Even if you didn't obtain any points, you've already done very well to come out alive."

The trial-takers from the two empires looked at each other, not knowing how to explain.

Archbishop Saroyan suddenly let out a few soft laughs.

Ulysses and Grover also had looks of ridicule on their faces.

In their opinion, these trial-takers who had left the Magical Beast Forest early must have met someone from the Church of Light and had been forced to hand over all the magical beast essence crystals on their bodies. Only then could they possibly be expelled alive.

From a certain perspective, this was indeed a form of good luck.

"No, we have points!" A voice sounded. It was the somewhat angry Stephanie.

Archbishop Saroyan nodded and said, "According to Louis' personality, he really doesn't care about magic beast essence crystals below tier 6."

"Hahaha!"

Wanton laughter sounded.

Stephanie's face was red from holding back. She angrily took out a bag and threw it on the ground.

Dense and clear sounds were heard.

Magic beast essence crystals of various colors were scattered all over the ground.

The other trial-takers also took out a few pockets and poured them on the ground.

Over a hundred magical beast essence crystals piled up on the ground into a small pile of essence crystals.

The few saint-level cultivators were stunned.

Fifth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and two or three egg-sized magical beast essence crystals of the eighth rank that were shining with a strange luster.

Although the vast majority were of the fifth and sixth rank.

But a rough calculation showed that they had at least a thousand points.

"This is impossible!"

Grover and Saroyan cried out almost at the same time, surprised and confused.

Under the rules of the human head-hunting ground, more than twenty people walked out of the Magical Beast Forest alive, and they were actually able to bring out a magical beast core that was worth more than a thousand points.

How did this group of people do it?!

Did they not meet the trial-takers of the two Holy See all this time?!

Stephanie's face revealed a hint of satisfaction. She looked at the two saint-level cultivators arrogantly and did not look like she was explaining.

Harriet Terrence and Fred were completely surprised.

"Very good! Very good!"

Fred, who usually did not smile, complimented them. One could imagine the joy in his heart.

With over a thousand points, even if they lost, they would not lose too badly.

Harriet Terrence came to his senses and asked anxiously, "Where's Joelson? Why didn't he come out with you?"

Everyone looked at Don Quixote. Don Quixote thought for a moment and said, "Joelson, he said he still has things to do."

Harrieterrence let out a long sigh of relief.

Joelson was still alive. This was the best news.

Saroyan and Grover had lost all their smiles and were staring at the Forest of Warcraft, waiting for the next group to come out.

Ulysses' eyes sparkled, and no one knew what he was thinking.

Over the next two days, more and more people came out of the forest.

There are no exceptions. They are all candidates from the two empires.

These men were far more discomfited than Don Quixote and his men, and some were wounded.

But the faces of the two holy orders did not look much better.

They're all from Warcraft.

This part of the trial was separated from Don Quixote and the others at the beginning, and then the news of the street magic communication crystal carefully ran out of the Forest of Warcraft.

- Chapter 129: The Two Holy See Were Completely Defeated

Chapter 129: The Two Holy See Were Completely Defeated

On the last day of the trial.

Finally, someone from the Dark Church appeared at the entrance of the Magical Beast Forest.

A tier 7 knight crawled out of the Magical Beast Forest in fear. He looked extremely miserable.

His face was filled with fear, shock, and panic.

When he saw Grover and Ulysses' figures, his eyes lit up with joy.

"Sir! Sir!"

The tier 7 knight fell at their feet in a panic. He was so excited that he was about to cry.

"I've finally seen you guys!"

As he spoke, he would look back from time to time. It seemed like there was a terrifying monster chasing after him.

Grover stepped on the knight's face and said fiercely, "Where are the others? Why hasn't Ernesto come out yet?"

The tier 7 knight's face showed a hint of fear and fear. He said with a trembling voice, "They are all dead! Lord Ernesto is also dead!"

"What?!"

Grover's voice was so sharp that it was strange.

"Dead?!"

"How can he be dead?! Ernesto has... who can kill him?!"

Grover stared at the tier 7 knight; his face full of malevolence.

"Unless that idiot provoked more than two saint-tier magical beasts at the same time!"

The tier 7 knight trembled violently and stammered, "I don't know, I don't know."

While speaking, he kept looking at the two empires.

Grover's eyes were as cold as a poisonous snake, and he said coldly, "Then where's your magical beast core?!"

The tier 7 knight was stunned. He hurriedly nodded and took out a shriveled bag from his bosom.

He poured out a few fifth-tier magic beast essence crystals and the only sixth-tier one.

"All... all of them are here."

The tier 7 knight trembled. He did not dare to look at Grover's eyes. He said carefully, "Lord Ulysses said that we don't need to hunt magic beasts. We just need to go all out to kill other trial-takers."

Grover was extremely furious. Instead, he started laughing, his laughter shrill.

"Is that so?"

Ulysses walked up with a calm expression and said, "That's right, I did say that. Unfortunately, you didn't do anything."

Ulysses shook his head and said, "Worthless trash."

After saying that, he casually stretched out his palm, and powerful magic power threw the tier 7 knight into the air, throwing him backwards.

He let out a desperate scream.

Ulysses' poisonous dragon caught the tier 7 knight and swallowed him down, letting out a few satisfied growls.

It was cold and merciless.

This cruel method made the faces of the trial-takers of the two empires pale.

Ulysses' face was no longer smiling. It was terrifyingly gloomy.

On the other hand, Archbishop Saloyan's face, which was full of wrinkles, was smiling more and more widely.

He did not know what had happened to the Dark Church, but...

Since the Dark Church had been eliminated early, the final winner would definitely be the Church of Light.

Thinking about the bet with Ulysses, he was about to obtain the wings of light.

Saloyan's mood was very wonderful.

When Louis' figure appeared at the entrance of the magical beast forest, Saloyan's mood was even more relaxed!

Praise the God of Light!

Louis was as arrogant and cold as usual.

The holy sons of the Church of Light who were qualified to receive divine power from the heavens would gradually become like gods, and the feelings of humans would slowly disappear.

"Louis!"

Saloyan spread his arms and smiled as he welcomed Louis' return.

"Your Eminence."

"Let them see your glorious battle results."

Saloyan looked at Louis with anticipation.

Louis' silver-gray eyes flashed with humiliation and some hesitation.

The other knights and priests of the Church of Light also lowered their heads, as if they did not have the courage to face Archbishop Saloyan.

"Me."

Louis said honestly, "I did not bring out any magic beast essence crystals."

Saloyan's smile froze on his face. He blinked his eyes and quickly revealed a look of understanding.

"I know."

Saloyan looked in the direction of the cult of shadows like he was showing off. He said with a smile, "Then throw out those dirty heads."

Saloyan was certain that Louis had spent all his energy on hunting the trial-takers of the cult of Shadows. The tragic state of the cult of Shadows was just enough to prove this point.

Saint-level?

Hehe, Louis could also erupt with the strength of a saint-level!

Louis was silent. He raised his hand and threw out a few human heads covered in blood.

He was also wearing a magical item that was similar to an interspatial ring.

"Three seventh-level heads. Haha, that's 300 points. What else?" Saloyan asked in anticipation.

Louis shook his head and said, "That's all."

Louis did not take the initiative to chase after the Dark Church's trial-takers. These human heads were killed along the way.

He had obtained quite a number of magical beast essence crystals, but...

"Look, there are people coming out again!"

Someone from the two empires cried out in surprise.

Everyone subconsciously turned their heads.

They just happened to see a trial-taker from the Dark Church dressed up as he ran out of the forest with a face full of fear.

He had already run out of the magical beast forest. When he saw the figures of Ulysses and Grover, his despairing eyes revealed a glimmer of hope.

Just as he was about to call for help, an extremely terrifying pillar of fire shot out from the forest.

His entire body was sent flying by the huge impact. Flames enveloped him.

He rolled in mid-air and screamed miserably. When he fell, he was only left with a charred corpse.

Everyone was stunned.

A trial-taker from the Cult of Shadows was killed in front of their eyes in such a violent manner?!

Grover was so angry that his entire face was distorted. The aura of a saint-level was like a surging tide.

Following that, a handsome youth walked out of the forest leisurely.

The mage's robe that was engraved with the Tulip Academy's logo was not dusty at all. It was as smooth as when he first entered. Coupled with his indifferent expression, it was as if he was going for an outing and not a trial. There was an indescribable calmness and elegance to it.

It was obvious that the spell that killed the trial-taker from the Dark Church was cast by him.

He was the one who had been chasing after him.

"Edward!"

"Joelson is finally out!"

The people from the two empires shouted excitedly.

Harriet Terrence revealed a sincere smile on his face.

Grover was still questioning Louis. He kept saying, "No magical beast essence crystals?! And no human heads?! How is it possible, Louis? What on Earth did you guys do in there?!"

Grover's face was filled with disbelief.

His two hands came out empty. There was nothing.

Why did the people of the Church of Light go in?!

Did they really go in for an outing like that youth?!

A hint of humiliation flashed across Louis' face. He turned his head and pointed at Joelson. "It was him. He took all of our magical beast essence crystals."

The entire place was silent. Countless gazes were focused on Joelson.

Without saying a word, he slowly walked up to the people from the two empires and waved his hand.

Crash!

It was as if he had summoned a storm of magical beast nuclei.

Chapter 130: A Shocking Victory

Countless magical beast essence crystals poured out from his hands.

Tier 6, tier 7, tier 7, tier 8...

The fist-sized magical beast essence crystals rolled down, and everyone's eyeballs were about to pop out.

Tier 9 Joelson

It was also the size of a fist.

Everyone's mouths were wide open.

There was more than one tier 9 magical beast essence crystal!

The magical beast core of various colors piled up on the ground into a small hill, and the brilliant light shone on everyone's faces.

The five saint-level powerhouses stared quietly at Joelson; their eyes filled with shock!

How many magical beasts had they killed?!

Was this kid, Joelson, a monster?

But this was not the end.

Joelson looked in the direction of the Dark Church and waved his hand again.

One head after another rolled out, carrying a thick smell of blood.

Every face was twisted, filled with fear and despair.

The heads rolled all over the ground like rubber balls.

Perhaps Joelson was interested, but there were still many heads rolling to Ulysses and Grover's feet.

A total of twenty-five heads!

Close to 70% of the Dark Church's trial-takers.

The rich scent of blood and death almost made the priests of the Church of Light vomit.

It was an extreme shock!

It was ten times more intense than the shock brought by the magic beast essence crystals.

The magic beast essence crystals could be accumulated through plundering.

But the heads could only be killed one by one.

How many people had Joelson killed?!

Everyone looked at the indifferent figure of Joelson. The thick killing intent emitted from his body made their eyelids twitch.

At this moment, a panicked figure ran out of the Magical Beast Forest.

He circled around Joelson from afar, ran to Grover and Ulysses, and directly knelt down.

He turned his head to point at Joelson and screamed in fear, "Sir, it's him! He killed everyone. Even Lord Ernesto Xiu was killed by him!"

This guy had been hiding in the forest. He only dared to sneak out when Joelson came out.

Looking at Joelson, he felt as though he had seen the most terrifying monster in the world. He was so terrified that he was about to die.

There was a deathly silence.

Only the panicked cries of the 7th rank Knight of the cult of shadows echoed in the arena.

Grover's expression was terrifyingly gloomy.

Joelson stood amidst the pile of magical beast cores and human heads. He looked directly into Ulysses' eyes, not backing down at all.

He really wanted to know what Ulysses was feeling in the face of this huge "Surprise".

Ulysses suddenly laughed and slowly walked up.

He looked at Joelson and gently placed his hand on the head of the seventh-tier knight.

"Amazing. Teacher really took in an amazing student," Ulysses said with a smile, but his eyes were very cold.

"So outstanding that even I'm jealous."

A thick black mist emitted from his hands, twisting into a snake shape and wrapping around the head with a tier 7 aura.

"Ah!"

After a short scream, the tier 7 knight collapsed weakly on the ground, his body continuously twitching.

The snake-shaped black mist once again followed Ulysses' hand and retracted back into his sleeve.

Looking at the Tier 7 knight on the ground, his face had shrunk and he died a miserable death. It was as if all of his life force had been sucked away in an instant.

"Dark Magic!"

Harriet Terrence cried out in a low voice. He looked at Ulysses and asked in disbelief, "How do you know dark magic?"

Ulysses had a helpless look on his face. He said in a low voice, "Teacher, I have always had a dual-element constitution. Even when I was learning by your side, dark magic was also my main subject."

Harriet was so angry that his snow-white beard trembled slightly.

Joelson was slightly shocked. In his eyes, Ulysses' image seemed to slowly overlap with the poisonous dragon behind him.

Ulysses had hidden too deeply.

Harriet had always thought that Ulysses was an earth mage like him, which was why he had taken Ulysses as his disciple.

However, he did not expect Ulysses to have been secretly learning dark magic.

Joining the Dark Church was probably something that he had planned for a long time.

Joelson recalled that Harriet had once said that Ulysses had received the reward from the fiftieth floor of the Mage Tower but had not learned instant magic, which made him very confused.

Now, the truth had finally surfaced.

Ulysses had chosen to inherit dark magic.

He had been able to advance to the saint-level in more than a hundred years because of his attainments in dark magic.

Such a naturally evil person was really too terrifying.

The trial had already determined the victor.

The crowd did not bother to carefully calculate how many points Joelson had received. A rough estimate was that he had at least 10,000 points.

A shocking result.

The two empires were the final winners without any doubt.

As the person with the highest score in the trial, Joelson could take half of all the magic beast cores on the field.

To Joelson, this was actually a loss.

Because more than 70% of the magic beast cores on the ground were snatched by him, this so-called reward actually made his gains less.

Harriet Terrence and Fred also knew very well in their hearts that they tacitly gave all the eighth and ninth tier magic beast cores to Joelson.

Joelson was also very satisfied because the value of the eighth and ninth tier magic beast cores far exceeded that of low-tier magic beast cores. In this way, it was still considered a profit for him. After all, he had brought everyone out alive, and that was the most important thing. Moreover, magic beast core below the seventh tier was not very valuable to him.

The outcome of this four-nation trial was really unexpected.

No one had expected that there would actually be a figure like Joelson appearing in the two great empires. He had risen like a comet and suppressed the holy son of the Church of Light. The trial-takers of the Dark Church had even been completely slaughtered by him.

Although Archbishop Saroyan was unhappy, he felt relieved when he saw the Dark Church.

When the Dark Church came, there were two saint-level, dozens of seventh and eighth-level and a group of powerful poison gland lizards.

Their aura was high as they looked down on the entire place.

However, when the trial ended, all the people brought by the Dark Church died. Only two saint-level powerhouses were left.

Saroyan was quite satisfied with Joelson.

At least, Joelson had only snatched away from their magical beast essence crystals and had not killed anyone from the Church of Light.

"Congratulations, teacher, you've won."

Ulysses threw the magic stone that they had agreed on a long time ago to Harriet Terrence. Harriet Terrence revealed an excited expression, and when he looked at Joelson, there was a hint of gratitude as well as relief in his eyes.

This magic stone contained the path that he would take after becoming a saint. It was something that Joelson had fought for, for him.

Ulysses' face did not seem to show that he had failed miserably in the trial at all.

He threw the magic stone to Harriet and roared. A brown stone appeared in his hand. He smiled and said, "Teacher, I have already paid the bet. Why don't we make another trade? Use this to exchange for the bead in your hand."

Harriet Terrence said without hesitation, "I refuse."

Chapter 131: The battle between the Two Holy See, the Gray-Black Ball

Hearing Harriet's direct refusal, Ulysses had no choice but to shrug his shoulders and helplessly say, "Alright then."

He then turned to Archbishop Saroyan and made another happy transaction with him.

Using the wings of light to exchange for Grover for the blade of slaughter that he wanted.

When Ulysses took out the white feather that was filled with a holy aura, Joelson's expression changed, but he quickly hid it.

"Although I know you might refuse, I still want to ask."

After settling everything, Ulysses' burning gaze fell on Joelson again. He asked, "Joelson, are you interested in joining the Dark Church? You can get much more than what you have now."

Joelson looked at him calmly and said, "I've killed many of you."

Ulysses laughed, shook his head and said, "Those dead trash are nothing compared to you."

Ulysses looked at Joelson, waiting for his answer.

Harriet Terrence's hand trembled slightly. He wanted to speak but quickly closed his mouth.

The others also stared at Joelson. They looked even more nervous than him as if they were the ones who needed to make a decision.

"I'm sorry, but I refuse," Joelson said.

A hint of heartfelt relief flashed across Harriet Terrence's face.

The others also heaved a sigh of relief.

"Joelson, the God of Light is also ready to embrace you at any time!" Archbishop Saroyan raised the scepter in his hand towards Joelson and shouted.

Joelson's performance was too eye-catching.

In this year's four-nation trial, everyone seemed to be very dim under his brilliant light.

Louis was the best example.

Saroyan had also heard of the Dark Church's Ernesto. It was said that it was a magic genius that might not appear once in a hundred years.

In the end, he even lost his life in it

Joelson still shook his head.

Saroyan looked away in disappointment.

"Alright, then."

Ulysses had already expected Joelson's response. He was about to say something when a voice suddenly sounded.

"Wait!"

Everyone looked back in surprise.

A figure quickly walked out from the two empire's trial-takers. He knelt down on one knee in front of Ulysses and said seriously, "Lord Ulysses, please allow me to go with you."

"It's him!" Someone cried out in surprise.

Hawthorne!

Hawthorne, who had obtained Fenrir's jawbone for a short period of time and was then as lost as a ghost, actually took the initiative to ask to join the Dark Church?!

Fred did not have any expression on his face. Instead, he quietly gripped the longsword in his hand tightly.

This was the humiliation of the eternal empire.

Everyone looked at Hawthorne with disdain and anger.

However, Hawthorne did not seem to notice it. He only knelt in front of Ulysses.

Ulysses revealed a wanton smile on his face.

"Looks like it's not like we didn't gain anything this time. Teacher, I look forward to our next meeting."

Ulysses bowed gracefully to everyone, as though it was the end of a drama.

Then, he grabbed Hawthorne and flew onto the back of the poison dragon, leaving with Grover quickly.

Before leaving, he seemed to take a deep look at Joelson.

The Trial of the Four Kingdoms had officially come to an end.

Other than Hawthorne's rebellion at the end, which made the knights of the Yheng Empire feel depressed, and even Fred's face was very cold, this was indeed an exciting victory.

Other than those who were hunted by the Dark Church and those who were unlucky enough to die at the hands of high-level magical beasts, the two empires had a total of fifty-seven participants who had passed the trial.

A 70% survival rate.

It was even higher than the number of people who had survived the previous trials.

The next day, the two empires returned.

At the border between the Alcott Empire and the Yheng Empire, the teams of knights and mages were separated.

Looking at the team of purple thorns flying further and further away, Stephanie asked in a low voice, "Brother, do you think we still have a chance to see Joelson and the others?"

Don Quixote shook his head slightly and said, "I don't know, but I guess he will soon go back to another place. The southern region is too small for him."

Stephanie's eyes flashed, and no one knew what she was thinking.

"You won this. It should be yours."

In the carriage, Harriet Terrence actually handed the magic stone to Joelson. His old face revealed a guilty expression.

Harriet Terrence recalled the bet he had with Ulysses during the four nations' trials. He regretted it very much.

He felt very ashamed to link his student's life to his own interests.

"It's still because of greed. When did you become someone like Ulysses?"

Harriet Terrence shook his head and sighed. He suddenly had an epiphany. His magic cultivation, which had not improved for hundreds of years, seemed to have loosened a little.

"Teacher."

Joelson rejected Harriet Terrence's good intentions. He pushed the magic stone back into Harriet Terrence's hands and said, "I don't have any talent in earth magic. He has the greatest value to you."

"When you become a saint, you can use it to exchange for precious fire or water magic materials with others."

As before, he had no choice but to take it back.

This teacher of his actually owed his student such a big favor.

"In that case, I might as well give this to you."

After thinking for a moment, he took out an item from his interspatial ring. It was a gray-black bead. There was nothing unusual about it.

"What is this?!"

Joelson could not help but be puzzled. He knew that Ulysses wanted the thing in Harriet's hand.

Harriet shook his head and said, "I'm not sure. This is a magic material I got when I was traveling. Ulysses saw it once. Maybe he knows it, and that's why he wants it so badly."

Joelson took the bead, and his body suddenly trembled.

Harriet asked curiously, "What happened Joelson?"

Joelson had a strange look on his face, and he shook his head silently.

When they returned to the capital of the Alcott Empire, the news of the four countries' great success in the trial quickly spread throughout the entire empire.

More than twenty magic stone elites actually survived the trial. It could be predicted that the empire's strength would be strengthened again after many years.

Charles III was extremely happy. That night, he announced that he would personally award these twenty over mages with medals. It could be considered an official recruitment.

At the same time, the news of Joelson shining in the trial and crushing the two great geniuses of the Holy See also spread.

The name Joelson Edward was the first time someone had discussed it with Harriet and saint-level mages.

Charles III even ordered people to build a new mansion on the ruins of Prince Antoine's mansion as soon as possible in order to reward Joelson as his marquis mansion.

Many nobles had to think carefully about this edict. Charles III's actions had other meanings from time to time.

From today onwards, Joelson Edward would replace Antoine's position in the Empire?!

Chapter 132: Two-Element Dragons. Plane Invasion

No matter what, people kept coming to the entrance of the temporary residence of Joelson, and the carriages that were giving gifts formed a long winding line.

There were also people who took the initiative to bring their own daughters here to befriend each other. Everyone knew that Princess Dayshannon and Marquis Joelson had feelings for each other.

However, the position of the concubine's room could still be contested.

What if Joelson took a fancy to her?

That would bring glory to the entire family!

Joelson wanted to hate these trivial matters. After he returned, he directly hid in the space of the Dragon God Ranch.

Joelson sat cross-legged on the ground. Three things were placed in front of him.

A large pile of grayish-white bones, emitting a thick aura of the undead.

A dull black strange stone, with a faint dark aura emanating from it.

It was the skeleton of the legendary monster Fenrir, and its heart that was no longer beating.

After Fenrir was dismembered by du Lu and the steel dragon, the remaining bones were put into the ranching space by Joelson.

Looking at the two piles of things in front of him, Joelson always had the feeling that he could summon Fenrir back to life at any time.

In fact, he could really do it.

After the death of Ernesto, the interspatial ring that he left behind had the spell and secret method to summon Fenrir.

As long as Joelson followed the instructions, he would be able to have a powerful saint-tier pet.

It sounded pretty good.

Joelson was not as "old-fashioned" as Harriet Terrence. As long as he had the power that belonged to him, whether it was darkness or light, it did not matter.

However, after the system suddenly released a new mission a few days ago, Joelson immediately dismissed this idea.

He summoned the quest pane.

"Side quest: The Shadow of the Dark Dragon."

"Use the remnant aura of the dark monster to track the shadow of the dark dragon sleeping in the Bottomless Abyss."

"Quest Reward: Every item with a strong dark aura can be exchanged for a dark dragon egg fragment * 1. Collect ten fragments and you can summon an adult dark dragon. Collect three pieces and you can exchange for a dark dragon egg * 1."

This mission was triggered when Joelson obtained Fenrir's heart.

The other mission was triggered when he saw Ulysses take out his wings of light.

[Side mission: the trajectory of the light dragon.]

[Every item with a strong holy aura can be exchanged for a light dragon egg fragment * 1. If you collect three fragments, you can exchange them for a Light Dragon Egg * 1.]

When he saw these two side quests, he almost jumped up in excitement.

Dark Magic Dragon and Light Dragon.

Currently, the two strongest and rarest dragons in the dragon pool.

Under the same level, against any dragon with any attributes, they had a huge advantage.

A dragon that controlled the power of darkness and light could be called the king of Dragons.

If he could get one, no, as long as he could get one dragon egg, his strength would be greatly improved.

Even mages with light and dark attributes were said to be invincible among those of the same level.

And now, only the Dark Magic Dragon Egg was left for him.

The last step!

Fenrir's heart could be exchanged for a shard

Joelson's gaze fell on the black bead that Harriet had given him.

He picked it up and held it in his hand with a slight force.

The outer layer of the gray-black outer layer of the bead was easily crushed by Joelson, and a dense evil aura spread out.

The bead that crushed the outer layer looked extremely strange inside.

It was completely gray-white in color, but there were circles of pitch-black surrounding it on one side.

It was like a whirlpool, emitting an extremely dark aura.

When it stared at it, it was as if even its soul was being sucked in.

According to the system notification, this round pearl could also be exchanged for a dark demon dragon egg fragment.

"Curtis."

Joelson called the most knowledgeable plant dragon under him over.

During this period of time, Curtis' body had grown larger, and he had also become more lethargic.

He was the only dragon that did not need to be fed by Joelson to grow rapidly.

The gift of the Elven prophet was too generous.

Curtis slowly flew to Joelson and said, "Father."

He still looked sleepy.

The plant dragon's nature of being close to nature made it instinctively disgusted with the pile of things in front of Joelson.

Joelson handed the bead to Curtis and asked, "Can you recognize this?"

Curtis carefully lifted the bead with a wide leaf and observed it carefully. He said slowly, "It seems to be the eyeball of the abyss tarantula."

"Abyss tarantula?!"

Joelson could not help but frown. He had never heard of such a monster.

Curtis nodded.

"I just recently finished absorbing a small part of the memories of the prophet who escaped from the central continent five thousand years ago."

Curtis said slowly, "In the prophet's memories, I saw the Earth tearing apart, the space shattering, and a large amount of dark demonic energy spewing out of the spatial cracks like a flood. There were also countless ugly monsters."

Joelson raised his eyebrows and said in a deep voice, "Overlapping planes?!"

Overlapping planes was a magic word he had read in the ancient books in the library.

The plane that Joelson was in now had many different planes in the same countless spaces.

Planes did not stop. They would swim slowly in the ocean of space like fish.

Once the two planes "Collided", the planes would overlap.

Just like what Curtis had just said.

Curtis nodded and then shook his head.

"To be precise, it is not the overlapping of planes. It should be called a plane invasion."

"An otherworld plane full of countless evil creatures invaded us. It was a long-lasting war."

"Countless saint-ranks perished in the war. The prophet even saw the descent of a god. At that time, it was just a very ordinary Tier-9 plant dragon. Fear drove it to leave the central continent and come here."

"Later, the prophet advanced to saint-rank. He went back once and found that the war had been won. The passage connecting the two planes was cut off, and the spatial rift was sealed by powerful magic."

"And the Abyss Tarantula." Curtis pointed at the strange bead in his palm and said, "It's one of the monsters in the Otherworld. When it was alive, its strength should be at the saint-rank, about the same level as Fenrir. It's an existence like the elite leader of the Monster Army in the Otherworld."

Joelson's eyelid twitched and said, "The saint-rank is just an elite leader?! Then what kind of strength should the big figure who really leads the war be?"

Curtis sighed and said, "The prophets don't know either, but it is said that more than one God has fallen."

Joelson was silent.

He really could not imagine the magnificent scene of the Twilight-like War of the gods that broke out in the land under his feet 5,000 years ago.

"I know."

Joelson took back the eyeballs of the abyss tarantula and placed them together with Fenrir's heart.

Curtis suddenly said, "Father, do you want to collect more of these things?"

Chapter 133: The Central Continent. I'll Go with You

Joelson looked at Curtis and nodded.

Curtis had a bloodline connection with him, and with his high intelligence, he could often guess what he was thinking.

"I have a suggestion," Curtis said, "If it was as the prophet saw five thousand years ago, there would still be the remains of these monsters near the planar battlefield. Well, these ugly gray bones seem to have been there for a long time."

A car in front of Joelson said, "You mean to go to the planar battlefield to search."

Curtis nodded and said with certainty, "Yes, it's in the middle continent!"

A thoughtful look appeared in Joelson's eyes.

Curtis did not disturb him anymore. He yawned and slowly flew back to his plant-type dragon nest.

Joelson was thinking in his heart.

He had already planned to head to the central continent.

The southern region was too small for him now. There were not many saint-level powerhouses in the four empires.

Joelson had once heard Harriet Terrence talk about the time he spent traveling in the central continent.

Countless talented super-geniuses streaked across the sky like meteors, colliding with each other and creating bright sparks.

He longed for such a place.

Joelson was only seventeen years old, and his young body hid a restless heart.

And...

Ulysses.

After returning from the trial, Joelson would often think of Ulysses' eyes.

He obviously knew the information about the abyss Tarantula's eyeballs. These things were indeed very beneficial to him, who practiced dark magic.

With Ulysses' personality, he would definitely not let it go.

He had to grow to a level where he could suppress Ulysses.

He could do it in the southern region as well.

But...

It was too slow.

The central continent was where he should go.

There were also the air, electric, and metal magic inheritances. They were all cut off in the southern region. Perhaps he would be able to find what he wanted in the central continent.

A resolute light flashed in his eyes.

Then it was decided.

Prepare to set off for the central continent!

Joelson expressed his thoughts to Harriet. Harriet was very supportive of his decision.

Just like what Harriet had once said.

"Joelson Edward, the Alcott Empire is only your starting point. Even I am unable to see clearly where your endpoint is. You have to find it yourself."

The day after Joelson's decision, he wrote a letter home and asked his father, Viscount Morgan, to come to the capital. Only by receiving the protection of Harriet here could old Morgan be truly safe, the people who hid in the shadows and hated him were not people that old Morgan and Beard could deal with.

Beard also came over excitedly.

This old fellow gave Joelson a slight shock. In just half a year's time, he had already advanced to a fourth-tier mage.

Old Morgan moved into the Marquis' mansion that Joelson was building and helped him deal with the nobles who kept coming to get on his good side.

Joelson had even specially greeted Harriet, hoping that he could take care of the two Lucca sisters in the coming days.

After Antoine's death, the Lucca Chamber of Commerce was re-established. This time, no one dared to make things difficult for Catherine.

Those who had some status received news that the person who drove the dragon to flatten the Prince's mansion that night and chopped off Antoine's head was the number one genius of the Alcott Empire, Joelson Edward.

It was said that the cause of this matter was the two Lucca sisters.

Catherine had already completely regarded herself as Joelson's woman, as well as Juliana.

On a beautiful night, the two sisters shyly and enthusiastically handed everything over to Joelson without holding anything back.

Everything seemed to have been arranged properly.

However, Joelson frowned in distress.

He still had a big problem.

Dayshannon.

"I'll go with you!"

When Dayshannon learned that Joelson was about to leave the southern region for the central continent, her attitude was unusually firm.

She must follow Joelson, no matter where he went.

Joelson could not help but frown and said seriously, "Dayshannon, this is not an outing!"

"I know!"

Her light purple eyes were filled with determination and persistence.

Dayshannon bit her soft lips and stared at Joelson with her big eyes. "You didn't come to the last outing either!"

Joelson was a little embarrassed and coughed a few times in embarrassment.

The day after he made an appointment with Dayshannon to accompany her on the outing, he went to the Mage Tower and forgot about it.

There was a hint of resentment in Dayshannon's eyes as if she were a wife watching her husband about to leave home, she said, "I know about your relationship with the two sisters of the Lucca family. Didn't you find trouble with Antoine just to help them stand up for themselves? and Leas, and your twin maids."

Dayshannon cursed resentfully, "Men are all bad!"

Hearing this, Joelson felt his head hurt. He quickly explained, "Didn't Mavis and Jessaline..."

"Then everyone else is?"

Dayshannon did not wait for him to finish speaking and stared at him with a pair of big eyes.

Joelson avoided Dayshannon's gaze.

"Sigh."

Dayshannon suddenly sighed and took two steps forward. She gently hugged Joelson and leaned her face against his chest.

She said in a low voice, "I don't care. I just hope that you won't leave me behind again."

Joelson's heart was moved. His eyes flickered and he made a decision.

He hugged Dayshannon and sniffed the faint scent of thorns in her hair. He said softly, "Okay."

"Okay!"

Dayshannon raised her head in joy. Her eyes were full of gentleness as she looked into Joelson's eyes.

Suddenly, she stood on her tiptoes and pressed her soft lips against Joelson's lips.

A long kiss.

Then they parted.

"We'll still be here tomorrow."

Dayshannon took a deep look at Joelson and said very seriously, "I'll wait for you!"

Joelson nodded.

...

The next day.

A simple carriage slowly drove past the walls of the palace and stopped at the entrance of a remote alley.

"Get in."

Joelson waved his hand.

A slim figure nimbly jumped into the carriage.

She was wearing a set of outdoor clothes. She took off the brown deerskin hood on her head, revealing a head of beautiful short purple hair.

Joelson was stunned. Dayshannon's outfit reminded him of the tomboy she used to be.

There was a slight shyness and nervousness in Dayshannon's eyes. She unnaturally brushed her short hair at her temples and whispered, "Isn't it nice?"

A brilliant smile appeared on his face. He pulled her into his arms and said, "It's nice. It's nice in all kinds of ways."

Her smile was like a blooming tulip.

The carriage drove out of the capital and headed northwest.

They walked for seven days in a row.

Like a bird that had broken out of its cage, she finally felt the taste of freedom.

With Joelson by her side, everything outside was new to her, and the whole journey was accompanied by a crisp, cheerful laugh.

Chapter 134: The Captain of the Ship, Lucas

A simple carriage stopped in the small town.

As he got off, the air was filled with the faint smell of the sea.

"Where is this?"

Dayshannon jumped off the carriage and curiously observed the surrounding environment.

"Lucas Town."

Joelson looked around and casually said, "A small port town. There are ships here heading to the central continent."

Joelson asked Harriet in detail.

Harriet told Joelson that he used to take a ship here to cross the sea and go to the central continent.

Every five months, a ship in the town would sail to the central continent.

"Let's find a place to stay first."

"Okay."

Dayshannon held Joelson's arm and the two rented a room in the only small hotel in the town.

The middle-aged owner of the hotel looked at the two of them with a strange look.

He seemed to think that Dayshannon was a boy and that he was a man's hobby.

Dayshannon's face was red from the hotel owner's stare. She took out a beautiful emerald from her bosom and let her hair grow in front of him.

The hotel owner's eyes were wide open.

Dayshannon's beauty was praised by the entire capital, not to mention a country boss who had not seen much of the world.

However, Joelson frowned slightly. He found that the innkeeper was more focused on Dayshannon's emerald necklace.

The two went upstairs.

The room was worse than expected.

The weather at the seaside was humid, and even the quilt was moldy.

When had Dayshannon ever been treated like this? Her princess bed was covered with twelve of the best velvet blankets in the entire empire. It would not be an exaggeration to say that she was a pea princess.

Joelson looked at her and said, "Do you still think that going out on an adventure is a very interesting thing? In fact, many times, even a moldy room is an extravagant hope."

Dayshannon gritted her teeth and said angrily, "At most, I'll just sit down and sleep at night!"

Joelson was helpless and did not know what to say.

He casually raised his hand, and all kinds of luxurious decorations appeared out of thin air in the room.

For this trip to the central continent, he stored a large amount of food, clothes, and daily necessities in the space of the Dragon God Ranch.

Dayshannon's eyes lit up, and she cheered in a very low voice. She came up and wrapped her arms around Joelson's neck to give him a kiss.

"Take a short rest. We're going out." Joelson instructed.

Dayshannon nodded and simply changed out of her clothes. She changed into a set of clothes that the ladies of the capital liked to wear when they hunted.

"Let's go," Dayshannon said with a smile as she walked two rounds in front of Joelson.

When they went downstairs, the hotel owner was once shocked by Dayshannon. He stared at Dayshannon's long and straight legs, and his eyes almost popped out.

Joelson snorted, and he hurriedly retracted his gaze.

Lucas Town was a small dock town. There were caravans coming and going all year round, transporting the rich seafood here to various places.

The dirty bluestone road was filled with foul-smelling water, and people were shouting all kinds of profanities.

Dayshannon couldn't help but frown slightly, and only held on tightly to Joelson's hand.

However, Joelson's expression remained the same. He walked to a shop selling fish and casually threw a silver coin.

"Take me to Lucas."

The owner of the shop was a rough-looking strong man, and his whole body was emitting a strong fishy smell.

The man picked up the silver coins, and his eyes lit up. He smiled at Joelson and said, "If you want to find Lucas, one silver coin is not enough."

Joelson waved his hand, and the silver coins in the man's hand lost control. They flew back to Joelson's palm and rotated slightly.

"Then forget it. I believe that someone will be willing to take me there."

"Mage!"

The man's eyes became serious, and his expression became serious. He said, "Two silver coins, I'll take you there."

Joelson threw two silver coins at him.

The man snorted and directly left the shop, leading Joelson in a direction.

Lucas, the captain of Lucas Town. The town's name was named after his family's name.

Only Lucas had a ship that could go to the central continent.

"This is the place. You two go in by yourselves!"

The man took Joelson and Dayshannon to a place, took a bite of the silver coins, and left with some joy.

It was an abandoned ship. There was a huge hole in the side of the ship, and there were all sorts of noises and curses coming from inside.

Joelson walked into the ship with Dayshannon.

The smell of fish, sweat, and tobacco filled the entire abandoned cabin, and the air was very turbid.

If it weren't for Joelson, Dayshannon would have turned around and left immediately.

It smelled terrible.

"After I win this round, I'll treat you to some ale tonight!"

"I think you want to win this round!"

"Throw down all the copper coins in your hands, you misers!"

"Which b*stard used the shells as a bet?! Fool me!"

Five or six tables were randomly placed in the cabin, and a group of people were gathered in front of each table. This was a casino.

Rude and noisy words kept ringing out, just like a market.

Joelson raised his head slightly and was silent for a few seconds.

In the next moment, the terrifying aura of an eighth-tier mage completely burst out.

The mind power controlling magic power created a huge pressure as if a small storm had erupted with Joelson at the center.

Everything in the surroundings was pushed out, and the crowd, tables, chairs, and coins scattered on the ground.

A satisfied expression appeared on Joelson's face.

Now, he finally felt much better.

Everyone in the casino was stunned. Where did this come from? This brat who was causing trouble!

"You!"

A strong man walked towards Joelson with a fierce expression on his face, as if he wanted to teach him a good lesson.

However, Joelson only glanced at him indifferently.

The strong man seemed to have been hit by an invisible force. His entire body was sent flying like a cannonball, fiercely embedded into the wall of the ship.

Everyone suddenly did not dare to move.

A careful voice sounded.

"What the hell, Scripps is a tier 6 knight."

A tier 6 knight was sent flying by a single glance. Just how strong was this youth in front of him?!

Joelson circled around and casually threw out a heavy cloth bag.

It was thrown onto the ground with a crisp sound of a collision.

Shiny gold coins jumped out of it and made a crisp sound on the deck.

Everyone's eyes gathered in an instant, and their eyes were filled with greed.

This bag of gold coins seemed to have dozens of gold coins!

"Can someone tell me who Lucas is?"

Joelson calmly said, "These gold coins belong to someone."

"Me!"

A thin man was about to rush out when he was kicked away by a heavy leather boot.

"I'll tell you!"

A deep voice sounded.

A man who was seven feet tall and as strong as a black bear walked out, picked up the cloth bag that Joelson had thrown on the ground, and weighed it in his hand.

He smiled fiercely and said slowly, "I am Lucas."

Chapter 135: Sleeping Fish Oil, Attack

Joelson narrowed his eyes and carefully looked at the bear-like man in front of him. He nodded slightly and said, "Okay, I have a business deal for you."

Twenty minutes later.

Joelson had already changed places to drink with Lucas. This place was a little cleaner than the cabin outside, but it also had a strange smell.

"The sea salt tea unique to Lucas Town."

A young girl dressed as a sailor came up with two bowls of turbid tea and smiled as she handed it to Joelson and Dayshannon.

"Try it."

Joelson took a glance and was not interested at all.

Dayshannon, on the other hand, took a sip out of curiosity. Then, her whole face wrinkled up, and she stuck out her tongue. She whispered in Joelson's ear, "It's so bitter!"

Lucas laughed and said, "Dear customer, tell me, what big business do you want to talk to me about?"

Joelson said calmly, "I want to go to the sea and go to the central continent."

Lucas raised his eyebrows and said, "Okay. We will set off in two months."

"Tomorrow."

Joelson was only Lucas' eyes. He said seriously, "I want to leave."

Lucas thought that the other party was teasing him, so he laughed and said, "That's impossible. Are you kidding me? We haven't even prepared the goods, and there's a caravan that has already reserved a seat."

"Ten thousand gold coins. I want to leave tomorrow," said Joelson with one finger

"How much?!"

The girl and Lucas who were serving tea exclaimed almost at the same time, looking at Joelson in disbelief.

Joelson looked at the girl indifferently. The latter immediately avoided his gaze and stood at the side to listen.

Lucas' face trembled slightly, showing that he was not calm.

Pa!

A heavy sack was thrown on the ground by Joelson.

"Here are three thousand gold coins. When we reach the central continent, I will pay the remaining shipping fee."

Lucas stared at the bag that Joelson threw on the ground and subconsciously gulped, he said with difficulty, "It's impossible tomorrow. You have to give us at least a week to prepare. Going out to sea is not as simple as you think."

"Okay."

After saying that, Joelson stood up and walked out.

"Then I'll wait for a week. Don't let me down."

Looking at the disappearing figures of the two, Lucas' eyes sparkled. He suddenly said, "Boss, it looks like two fat sheep!"

The girl who served tea smiled and sat on the seat that Joelson had just sat on. She crossed her legs and said, "What fat sheep? They are clearly two moving vaults."

"This kind of thing looks like they kidnapped a noble girl and secretly ran away. They must have hidden the savings of some poor old noble for half of his life. Didn't you notice the ring on that young man's hand? "That's a spatial magic tool. Just this one is enough to buy the whole town of Lucas!"

Lucas showed a cruel expression and said with a ferocious expression, "Then do you want it?"

He made a gesture of cutting his neck with his hand.

The girl shook her head slightly and said in a deep voice, "Observe for two more days. This guy is a powerful mage."

"No matter how strong a mage is, he will still be a dead pig if he is drugged. hahaha!"

"It's said that they have checked into that black-hearted hotel. Just in time. Let's wait and watch the show."

After leaving Lucas' place, Dayshannon took Joelson for a walk around the small town.

In fact, there was no fun place at all. There were stinky sea fish everywhere. Dayshannon soon got tired of it.

"Dear guests, the restaurant has prepared a sumptuous dinner for the two of you."

As soon as they returned to the hotel, the owner of the hotel very politely invited Joelson and Dayshannon to dinner.

However, when the two of them saw that the so-called "sumptuous" dinner was only a few pieces of undercooked sea fish meat, they lost their appetite and tactfully rejected it.

"No need. We brought our own food."

Just like that, Joelson and Dayshannon settled down in Lucas town.

The beach was right next to them, so it wasn't particularly boring.

The hotel owner's attitude towards the two of them also became more and more cordial. Perhaps it was because of the gold coins, even the dinner was made more and more delicately every day.

On the third day.

"Joelson."

Dayshannon stared at the cod soup on the table that might look very delicious and was a little hungry.

Even in the palace, she rarely ate these delicacies from the ocean.

"Why don't we try it?"

Dayshannon opened her beautiful eyes and looked at Joelson with longing.

Joelson glanced at the hotel owner, who was waiting respectfully with a flattering smile on his face.

"Okay."

Joelson nodded.

Hearing Joelson's affirmative answer, Dayshannon couldn't wait. She took a small bite of the fish, and her eyes suddenly burst with surprise.

"Well, it tastes good! You try one too!"

"Really?"

Joelson seemed to inadvertently glance at the hotel owner, and also cut a piece of fish and put it into his mouth.

It was delicious.

"It's really good."

Joelson nodded in satisfaction.

The boss next to him showed a brilliant smile, and his eyes showed a hint of relaxation.

"Enjoy yourselves, distinguished guests. I'll go down first."

The hotel owner turned around and walked to the kitchen with a smile.

He did not see that, after he turned around, Joelson took out a small bottle from somewhere and poured two cups of water into the tea.

Joelson said to Dayshannon, "The fish is too fishy. Rinse your mouth."

"Okay."

Dayshannon obediently drank the water in the cup.

The hotel owner walked to the kitchen in satisfaction. The small space was filled with people.

It was full of fierce men with swords in their hands.

"Beaufort, how is it?! I've been waiting with you for three days!"

Someone whispered impatiently.

Beaufort opened his mouth and scolded back, "Idiot! These two fat sheep are so big. It's worth waiting for a month!"

Soon, he couldn't help but laugh proudly, "They've already eaten the food. Wait for five minutes."

"Hahaha..."

The kitchen was filled with excited laughter.

"F*ck! This chick is really beautiful. Her skin is as tender as a baby's. I have never played with such a beautiful woman. I must go first!"

"Idiot! Don't compare the prostitutes in town to the noble ladies."

After estimating that it was about time, Beaufort rushed out of the kitchen with a group of people. As soon as he walked out, everyone was stunned.

The scene of two people sleeping like pigs on the table did not appear.

Joelson looked at them indifferently, while Dayshannon was burping quietly.

She was too full.

"Damn it!"

Beaufort's expression turned ugly.

"Old Beaufort, are you sure you ordered something?! Why is it not effective at all?!"

"You can't be greedy for this little bit of money, right?!"

"Idiot!"

Beaufort cursed angrily and said hurriedly, "I specially added a dose for four people. I clearly saw them eat it. What's wrong?"

"Are you waiting for us to fall asleep?"

A voice sounded. It was Joelson.

Chapter 136: Respectively, Left the Place Quietly

Joelson's slender index finger tapped on the wooden table rhythmically, he said calmly, "I once read in an ancient book that there is a strange fish in the sea. Its strength is around tier 3. The fish oil refined from its meat is very delicious, but it can make a high-tier magical beast fall into a deep sleep. I never thought that I would be able to taste it one day. What an honor."

The magical deep sleep fish oil could not compare to the purification of the water of the spring of life.

The water that Joelson had asked Dayshannon to drink was the water of the Spring of Life.

As for him, even if he did not drink the water of the Spring of Life, with the strength of a tier 8 knight and the addition of the dragon blood, he would only feel a little dizzy.

"Kid, you're Good!!"

Beaufort stared at Joelson, gritted his teeth and said, "But you're still dead!"

"Go! That chick has a magic crystal the size of a pigeon egg on her neck. We'll be rich if we get it!"

The fierce men rushed at the two men and walked up with big strides. They said with a ferocious smile, "Old Beaufort, I told you there was no need to go through so much trouble. This weak gigolo, I can..."

Before the man could finish his words, he suddenly widened his eyes. A very thin and fast line of fire was reflected in his pupils.

Joelson waved at him.

The line of fire passed through the man's neck and quickly disappeared into the air.

The man covered his neck tightly. He opened his mouth but could not say a word.

In the next moment, his head suddenly rolled down. His eyes were wide open as he stared straight ahead.

The burly man's body fell with a bang. There were scorched marks on the cut as if his neck had been cut off by a red-hot iron blade.

The others were stunned. They stared blankly at their companion's body. The pool of blood under their feet was gradually spreading, and they were very shocked.

"Dayshannon!" Joelson called out softly.

Dayshannon stood up nervously.

"Huh?"

Joelson said gently, "Don't look."

"Okay."

Dayshannon quickly turned around and covered her ears tightly.

"What are you still standing there for?! Kill him!" Old Beaufort shouted crazily.

The rest of the men came back to their senses with fear in their eyes, but they had to muster up the courage to charge forward.

A moment later, the inn was in a mess.

The floor was littered with mutilated corpses. The smell of blood and charred flesh filled the entire space.

Old Beaufort's face was pale. His entire body was trembling as he curled up in a corner. He stared at the figure of Joelson with a terrified expression.

Joelson held a clean silk scarf. As he carefully wiped his hands, he slowly walked toward old Beaufort.

The crisp sound of footsteps was like the sound of a bell that was about to die. It struck old Beaufort's heart one after another.

Every step he took, his body would tremble violently.

"Don't... Don't kill me! Honorable mage, this is a misunderstanding!"

Old Beaufort cried bitterly and wanted to throw himself at Joelson's feet.

Joelson looked at him indifferently and said, "Hand over that fish oil."

"Good! Good!"

Old Beaufort seemed to have grabbed the last straw to save his life. He hurriedly took out a small bottle from his bosom.

The pale-yellow liquid rippled slightly in the translucent crystal bottle.

Joelson opened it and took a sniff, a satisfied smile on his face.

"My Lord."

Old Beaufort asked in fear and nervousness, "Can you let me go?"

Joelson smiled lightly and did not say anything. He turned around and took Dayshannon's hand, striding towards the door.

Old Beaufort let out a long breath. Cold sweat drenched his entire back, and he collapsed weakly on the ground.

"Damn it! Who did I offend?!"

Old Beaufort wanted to cry, but he also felt lucky that he survived.

But before he could rejoice for long, a raging flame quickly spread out from the entrance of the hotel, burning everything.

Soon, the entire hotel was engulfed in a sea of fire.

"No!"

Old Beaufort's desperate screams echoed.

"Boss."

Lucas swallowed with difficulty. In his widened eyes, a dazzling flame was reflected in the distance.

The terrifying fire seemed to be controlled by a pair of invisible hands. It rose higher and higher, dyeing half of the night sky in Lucas Town red.

That was the location of the black-hearted Beaufort Hotel.

The girl's eyes were solemn as she said solemnly, "We guessed wrong. This is not a fat sheep or a vault, but two evil dragons guarding the treasure!"

"Then what he said."

The girl said with certainty, "Tomorrow, inform him to board the ship tomorrow. Ten thousand gold coins are enough for us to make two or three trips!"

"Alright!"

...

The morning sun shone down.

Dayshannon slept soundly.

Her light purple long hair fell down, and her milky white skin seemed to be emitting a holy light under the sunlight.

Her long and thick eyelashes trembled slightly, and she slowly opened her eyes.

"It's morning."

She rubbed her eyes.

The morning air was exceptionally fresh, and there was a faint smell of seawater.

They had stayed overnight outside the town last night. In a small house near the seaside, they could hear the sound of the tide rising and falling.

"You're awake."

A broad voice rang in her ear, giving her a fright.

Following the voice, an old man in a white robe with white hair and beard was slowly removing the crystal eyes on the bridge of his nose and putting down the book in his hand.

It seemed that he had been in the room for a long time.

"Grandpa Harriet!"

"What are you doing here?!" Asked Dayshannon, pleasantly surprised

"It was Joelson who asked me to take care of you," Harriet Terrence said with a smile

The smile froze on her face. She suddenly understood and rushed out of the hut.

On the vast ocean, the figure of a large ship gradually became smaller on the horizon where the sea met the sky.

Dayshannon suddenly lost all her strength and sat on the ground dejectedly and dejectedly.

He left, quietly, while she slept.

He went to the central continent alone without her, as promised.

She wept silently in the face of the sea, as sad as an abandoned child.

Harriet Terrence walked slowly to her side and comforted her. "You have to understand, Daphne. There are many unknowns and mysteries in the central continent. He doesn't want you to be hurt."

Dayshannon would suddenly think of what had happened in the past few days and suddenly realize.

Perhaps from the beginning, Joelson had decided to go out to sea alone.

Taking her away from the capital and coming to Lucas Town was like fulfilling her dream of an adventure with Joelson.

Indeed, she was too stupid.

The Princess of the empire, a symbol of nobility, was actually just a burden that couldn't be helped.

If it wasn't for Joelson, Dayshannon didn't know what terrible things would have happened to her.

"Grandpa Harriet."

Dayshannon's eyes suddenly became firm, and she said seriously, "I want to study magic well!"

Chapter 137: Fusion of Attributes, Dragon-like Regenerative Abilities

Harriet Terrence's face revealed a hint of surprise.

He was a little surprised.

Those who were familiar with Dayshannon knew that although the princess had secretly snuck into the Tulip Academy to study, it was only because she was bored.

She had always hated boring and tedious meditation and was only interested in rare and strange magic potions.

Now she actually wanted to study magic seriously?!

"I don't want to one day."

Dayshannon looked at the distant sea level and said, "I don't even have the right to stand by Joelson's side."

Harriet was the best example. The lifespan of a saint-level powerhouse was more than five times that of an ordinary person.

Joelson was going to step into the saint-level sooner or later. If Dayshannon did not work hard, in the future, even if the two of them were still in love, time would forcefully separate them.

"Grandpa Harriet Terrence, do you think Joelson will come back?"

"Of course, very soon."

...

Joelson stood on the deck. The surface of the sea was bumpy, but his body was as steady as if he was standing on flat ground.

If one observed carefully, one would find that there was always a smiling distance between Joelson's feet and the deck.

This was just a small technique to use air magic.

It could prevent seasickness.

"Respected mage Joelson."

A rough voice sounded behind Joelson. Lucas. No, he should be called Potter now.

He was not the real Lucas, but Lucas' subordinate.

"The Boss invites you to dinner."

Joelson turned around and nodded slightly.

Potter stepped aside to make way. Standing in front of Joelson, he was seven feet tall, but he always felt like he could not raise his head.

There was a unique temperament about Joelson. He was cold and repressed, and every time, it made his heart palpitate.

Walking into the cabin, a young girl in light leather armor sat at the dining table and ate a plate of salmon. From time to time, she would take a swig of the hard liquor in her hand and gulp it down.

There was no reserve or elegance of a girl at all.

This was the young girl with sea salt tea that Joelson saw for the first time.

She was the real Lucas.

The leader of every generation of ships in Lucas Town was called Lucas. The father of the young girl, old Lucas, died five years ago. She was the successor of young Lucas.

It could also be called "Lucas".

This was more like a girl's name.

"Sit down and taste this rare delicacy, Lord Joelson."

Lucas' mouth was full of fish oil. He smiled and said to Joelson, "This is the salmon that was caught this morning. The meat is very delicious."

Joelson sat down without any expression. He looked at the unappetizing salmon meat in front of him and said, "How long will it take to reach the central continent?"

Lucas' mouth was full. She answered vaguely, "At least two months."

"Two months?"

Joelson frowned and said, "I heard that you only need one month to go back and forth every time."

This was what Harriet Terrence had told him. Lucas' ship went to the central continent twice every five months. Each round trip would take one month, which was exactly twice a year.

"It's different."

Lucas shook her head and said, "If you're willing to wait in town for two months, then we can reach the central continent in half a month. Not now."

"Why?"

Lucas explained, "There are many factors. The direction of the wind, the direction of the current, the weather, and..."

She paused for a moment, and her eyes became solemn.

"The resting time of certain existences."

"Hmm?"

A hint of doubt appeared in Joelson's eyes.

"You know, the ocean is much more terrifying than we imagined. Beneath the blue surface of the ocean, there are many terrifying and ferocious monsters lurking!"

"Water-type magical beasts!"

"Right!"

Lucas nodded and said, "In the ocean, these fellows are far more dangerous than those of the same level on land. A tier 9 deep-sea magical beast can even erupt with power close to saint-level in the ocean. Think about it, what a terrifying scene it is."

"The route from the southern region to the central continent took decades of effort from the Lucas family. My parents paid with their lives to understand the habits of the sea monsters along the way so that they could return safely for so many years. You have to set off now. I have no choice but to be more careful. Sometimes, I even need to change the route to take a longer route."

Lucas shrugged helplessly at Joelson.

Joelson was silent for a moment. He nodded and said, "I hope you're not lying to me. I want to get there as soon as possible."

"I want to get there as soon as possible too. Do you really think I like to eat these salty and fishy things?"

Lucas spat out a fishbone and said, "But compared to these things, my life is more important."

Joelson returned to his cabin and closed the door.

He set up a few magic arrays and then returned to the space of the Dragon God Ranch.

He could not let these two months at sea go to waste.

He did not know what he would face in the central continent. If he increased his strength now, he would have more power to protect himself in the future.

"In two months, the accumulated experience should be enough for me to advance to a tier 9 mage."

Joelson said to himself, "I can increase the strength of a knight once again."

Joelson's training on the path of a knight basically depended on the powerful effects of the dragon blood potion.

Joelson was preparing to concoct several dragon blood potions with different attributes.

After the variety of dragons in the ranch increased, there were more choices.

However, after starting the experiment, he encountered a very awkward problem.

Not all dragon blood was suitable for concocting the dragon blood potion.

Currently, the steel dragon was one of the most powerful dragons under Joelson.

As a rank 9 metal-type dragon, its physical defense had already reached a terrifying level.

Joelson mustered his combat aura and the strength of a rank 8 knight. It took him a lot of effort to extract a little bit of dragon blood from the steel dragon's tongue.

However, the steel dragon's blood made him dumbfounded.

It was as thick as molten iron, and there was no way for it to react with the other ingredients in the dragon blood potion.

The concoction failed.

Immediately after, Joelson turned his attention to the cloud dragon.

Combining the advantages of the fire and water elements, the cloud dragon had great potential.

However, its body was soft and light, like a huge ball of cotton or a white cloud. It could not catch its body at all.

The cloud dragon was a semi-elemental body. It was between a physical body and an illusion. There was no blood at all.

Another failure.

Fortunately, Curtis' and Lightning's blood were useful.

After taking two different doses of dragon blood potions consecutively, Joelson's physique took another leap.

He directly broke through level eight and advanced to level nine.

Moreover, it was possible that his body contained the bloodline of both plant dragon and water dragon.

The two produced wonderful changes, and Joelson's recovery ability was greatly enhanced.

The sharp dagger left a white mark on Joelson's arm.

Only when Joelson activated his battle spirit did the blade cut the skin, and fresh blood flowed out.

In less than half a minute, the wound closed up and contracted at a speed visible to the naked eye, and then it scabbed.

It was as resilient as a dragon.

Chapter 138: The Terrifying Scene, the Path of the Water Element Saint-Level

Joelson could not help but think that if the plant dragon and the water element dragon were to combine in the nurturing mountain, would it be possible to give birth to a dragon that could not be beaten to death.

Tss tss tss...

Joelson activated his battle spirit, and the lightning that coiled around him drew a brilliant purple trail in the air.

Electric battle spirit.

It had a powerful destructive power, and the opponent that was hit would be paralyzed, which was a little stronger than the fire element.

"The battle spirit in my body is too messy now. If I can combine the advantages of different elements of battle spirit, it will be even more powerful."

The explosion of the fire element, the extension of the water element, the recovery of the plant element, and the destruction and paralysis of the electric element.

If all of these could be combined, how terrifying would it be?

Unfortunately, Joelson could only think about it now. He could not do it at all.

After harvesting the latest batch of crops and feeding them all to Du Lu, Joelson left the Dragon God Ranch.

A month later.

Lucas sat on the mast, her two white calves shaking in the air, looking bored.

Potter walked out of the cabin and shouted, "Boss!"

Lucas nodded and looked into the cabin. She said casually, "That person hasn't come out yet?"

"No."

Potter shook his head and replied, "It's been almost a month since I've seen him. The food that was sent over has never been touched, and the door to the room has been closed."

Lucas whispered, "Could he have died inside?"

A living person who had not eaten or even drank water for a month, could he have survived?

If he did not know that he was on the route to the central continent and that there was only one passenger on the ship, he would have almost forgotten about him.

"Hmph!"

A cold snort rang out.

Joelson walked out of the cabin indifferently and glanced at Lucas coldly.

Just a moment ago, he was still talking about whether he would die, but now he was discovered. He was really unlucky.

"How far have you traveled?"

Joelson looked into the distance and asked Lucas.

Lucas' face revealed a proud expression.

"We've already traveled almost 65%. If everything goes smoothly, we might really be able to reach the central continent within a month and a half."

Joelson nodded. It was faster than he had expected.

On the vast sea, the water vapor was abundant, and the water elements were frighteningly dense. It was the best place to practice water magic.

The magic vortex belonging to the eighth rank mage in Joelson's body slowly began to spin. The surrounding water elements swam towards him like fish.

Joelson slowly closed his eyes.

Lucas, who was standing behind him, widened her eyes.

A faint blue light started to emanate from Joelson's body. It was like a halo enveloping him.

As time passed, the halo became thicker. It was almost impossible to see Joelson's figure clearly.

At this moment, Potter suddenly ran over with two sailors.

"Boss, look, something strange happened!"

"What?!"

Lucas and the others ran to the edge of the ship and looked down. They were so surprised that their mouths were wide open.

A huge water column had appeared under the ship. It kept rising and slowly lifted the entire Lucas.

Looking around, it was a spectacular scene.

Countless water currents surged towards them as if there was an invisible power driving them.

"Boss... boss."

Potter began to stutter as he said with a pale face, "Did we encounter a sea monster?!"

Lucas' mind was also a little muddled. At this moment, Joelson was completely covered by the blue halo, as if he was standing in a huge bubble.

However, he did not feel any suffocation on his face. His expression was calm, as if he was sleeping.

"It's Alright, let's wait a little longer."

Lucas calmly comforted his subordinates.

Other than the Lucas rising higher and higher on the surface of the sea, there was currently no other danger. It was just that the scene looked a little scary.

If something really happened, Lucas would decisively run over to wake up Joelson.

At this moment, Joelson was in a wonderful state. In his eyes, this was a blue world.

Endless water elements cheered and rushed towards Joelson.

Whether it was in the sky or on the surface of the water, it was blue.

The other magic elements were pushed aside tyrannically. The water elements surrounded Joelson densely.

Joelson seemed to be the true god of the water element world. He overlooked everything about them.

They were lazy and idle, but the water surface was flowing slowly. They were excited and playful, and waves rose on the surface of the sea. However, if they were angry and crazy, they would set off a terrifying tsunami.

The "emotions" of the water elements affected the state of the sea. They were the true masters of the sea. They controlled the calm or anger of the sea. Together, they could bring out the power to destroy the world.

Gradually, Joelson observed a specific pattern from the complicated movements of the water elements.

The dense water elements overlapped and gathered into a blue thread.

Joelson suddenly understood.

The law.

It was different from the process of receiving the inheritance of the power of the law of fire elements.

This was what he realized by himself.

The beautiful blue light was entangled in the air. As long as Joelson randomly took out a few threads and "weaved" the shape he wanted, it would be powerful water magic.

At this moment, the path to the water saint-level was also opened.

A wave of heartfelt joy rose from the bottom of his heart.

The epiphany continued.

The blue threads began to intersect and combine, faintly showing a tendency to become entangled into one side.

Joelson widened his eyes, wanting to see more, to see more clearly.

Suddenly, an anxious voice interrupted his epiphany.

It pulled him out of this wonderful state.

"Wake up! The ship is about to capsize!"

The huge blue halo suddenly burst like a bubble. Joelson slowly opened his eyes and met Lucas' anxious and worried gaze.

"Huh?"

Joelson could not help but frown. He was even a little angry that such a rare opportunity had been destroyed.

Lucas looked helpless. She pointed to the outside of the ship and said, "Take a look for yourself."

Joelson looked around and was surprised to find that the Lucas had climbed to a terrifying height.

A huge water column rose from the surface of the sea and lifted the Lucas into the air, leaving the sea level a few hundred meters away.

The Lucas stood alone in the air and kept shaking.

Potter and the other sailors on the ship were huddled in a corner of the deck, trembling.

They had never seen such a scene in their lives. It was many times more eerie and terrifying than encountering a sea monster.

Lucas' face was also pale and her eyes were nervous. However, as the captain of the Lucas, she still managed to maintain her composure.

She could not hold on any longer, so she had no choice but to wake up Joelson.

Chapter 139: The Monster of the Sea

Joelson controlled the flow of water.

The flow of water stopped in an area, and the fountain-like water column stopped rising.

It stopped for a few seconds, and then instantly descended.

"Ah!"

The terrified screams continued to ring out, and all the sailors were extremely panicked, rolling on the deck.

The water column slowly fell back, and the experience was like a roller coaster in the previous life.

Bang!

With a loud sound, the Lucas fell on the sea surface.

It shook violently for a while and finally slowly stabilized.

The sailors immediately lowered their heads and vomited. Even they couldn't stand such a violent jolt.

Joelson frowned when he saw this and said to Lucas lightly, "Don't bother me if you have nothing to do in the future."

Then, he returned to the cabin.

When Joelson's figure disappeared completely, Lucas could no longer hold it in.

She also threw himself to the edge of the ship and vomited.

Potter was seven feet tall, and his bear-like body was swaying at this moment. He finally walked to Lucas's side and sighed, "Boss, what kind of monster is this?!"

"Shut up!" Lucas immediately jumped up and cursed.

He quickly looked in the direction of the cabin, then breathed a sigh of relief and whispered, "Don't let him hear you!"

From that day on, everyone on the ship looked at Joelson as if they had seen a ghost, and all of them walked around him.

As long as Joelson appeared on the deck, their body would tremble, and they would not be able to speak.

The extremely shocking scene that day was still deeply engraved in their minds. Perhaps, after a few decades, they could still remember it clearly.

Joelson no longer stayed in the cabin all day. He left the ship at least half a day every day. No one knew where he went.

But the way he left was enough to shock them.

Joelson walked from the side of the ship to the surface of the sea. With each step, a column of water rose from the surface of the sea below, just supporting his body.

He walked like this, step by step as if he were taking a walk to the endless sea.

Behind him was a group of people who were watching in a daze.

Without that epiphany, Joelson's control over the water element would not have been so easy and natural.

The water element seemed to have become his most loyal servant, while the water flow was a part of his body, completely obeying his commands.

Joelson could feel that his current attainments in water magic were even better than his fire magic.

A graceful body of water blue swam in the sea, revealing a long neck from time to time.

Enny.

He let her out.

The sea was Enny's real paradise.

She was extremely excited, and its cries were filled with joy and joy.

Enny had never seen such a large area of water.

Compared to the sea, the large water dragon nest in the Dragon God Ranch was nothing.

Moreover, there were even more delicious sea fish.

Enny dived into the bottom of the sea. In a short while, she spread her wings and rushed out from the bottom of the sea into the sky.

More than ten sea fish that were several meters long writhed in the air and were swallowed by her.

Joelson also enjoyed the process of getting close to the ocean and played with Enny.

Sometimes, he would also release the cloud dragon together.

The cloud dragon, which had the bloodline of a water-type dragon, had a very high affinity with water.

When it was in the sky, it was like a floating white cloud. When it dived to the bottom of the sea, it would completely become one with the sea, and it would be impossible to detect its existence.

"Roar!"

A roar sounded, and an ugly head emerged from the bottom of the sea.

Its smooth head was covered with eyes the size of green beans, but its mouth was very big. When it opened its mouth, the corners of the mouth could be split open to the back of the head, and it was full of dense, sharp teeth.

The crew members on the "Lucas" also heard the roar.

Lucas' face immediately turned ugly, and he shouted in horror, "Oh no! This is the territory of the sea monsters, I almost forgot!"

Lucas quickly took out a mottled old map.

This was a priceless treasure belonging to the Lucas family. It recorded the sea routes from the southern region to the central continent, as well as the maps of the territories of the sea monsters along the way.

Lucas quickly found the current location of the ship and compared it to the direction of the roar.

A red area was marked with "Demon palm sea monster, level 9."

Lucas' heart sank.

The Lucas family had their own way of dividing the territories of the sea monsters.

Blue represented peace, green represented safety.

Light Red meant that the sea monsters with at least level 7 strength were entrenched here. It was dangerous.

Red meant that sea monsters of tier 8 or even tier 9 were extremely dangerous.

There was also a black label.

That was the sea area where death was inevitable!

It belonged to the domain of a saint-level sea monster!

Lucas' expression was solemn, and her long, thin eyebrows were tightly knitted together.

She was already very careful, moving close to the edge of the magic palm sea monster's domain.

However, she had never found the opportunity to tell this to Joelson.

Joelson gave off a cold feeling. Coupled with the previous incident of the Lucas' ascension, Lucas was still a little afraid of Joelson.

Lucas stared in the direction of the roar, his expression changing drastically.

Fear, nervousness, conflict, and complexity.

That was the direction where Joelson disappeared. He was sure that the monster had encountered the stone box monster.

"Boss."

Potter walked over with a nervous expression. He looked into the distance and said in a low voice, "What should we do? Run away or..."

Lucas gritted her teeth. A resolute look that did not match his age flashed across his young face.

"Get the men to pull up the sails and move forward at full speed!"

"Yes, Boss!"

Potter left in a hurry.

Lucas had mixed feelings.

She knew that Joelson was a very powerful mage, but it was impossible for him to reach the saint-level.

The saint-level did not need a water pillar to fly in the air.

And on the sea, even a saint-level mage would have to give way to a ninth-level sea monster, right?

Hopefully, he would have the luck to escape.

Lucas sighed in her heart.

Otherwise, who would she ask for the remaining 7,000 gold coins?!

Joelson frowned as he looked at the three strange heads that suddenly popped out from under the sea.

Other than the heads, there was a bare meat pillar underneath, but it was huge like a python.

The cloud dragon was frightened and quickly jumped out of the sea, hiding behind Enny in panic.

Enny protected the cloud dragon behind her and growled at the ugly sea monster. This was a demonstration from the mother of a giant dragon.

Enny was only at tier 7, and the cloud dragon had not even reached tier 6. Therefore, Joelson simply kept them into the space of the Dragon God Ranch.

At this time, the sea monster under the sponge slowly revealed itself.

There were three smooth heads, a huge flat body underneath, and two thick and long tentacles. It looked very strange.

It was like a huge palm.

No matter how he looked at it, he felt that this sea monster was an ugly starfish monster.

"Roar!"

The three heads of the sea monster roared at the same time, and their voices were sharp and ear-piercing.

Chapter 140: Beating up the Sea Monster, Shocking the Crew

Enny and the cloud dragon were playing in its territory, disturbing it and making it very angry.

The head and tentacles of the sea monster pounced on Joelson at the same time, like a huge palm slowly grabbing at the surface of the sea.

Joelson was right in the center of the palm, like an ant in the giant's hand.

Joelson looked calm. He raised his hand, and the seawater under his feet quickly surged up.

It rose higher and higher, even higher than the monster's height. It formed a very large high wall, and then quickly fell down.

Bang!

The water wall heavily hit the monster's body.

Its body was particularly large. It lost its balance after being hit by the water wall and suddenly fell back into the sea.

The sea monster roared in anger; its three heads stretched out straight.

Joelson raised his right hand, and three huge whirlpools appeared on the surface of the sea.

The spinning water column slowly rose up with the movement of his right hand.

The water column that rose into the sky was like a long whip of the gods, bending and waving.

After having an epiphany on the water elemental laws, the power that Joelson could unleash in the ocean where the water element was extremely abundant was even more terrifying than that of a tier 9 sea monster!

The water column hit the body of the sea monster hard, causing it to howl in pain. Its three heads could not be lifted at all.

With a light tap of his finger, a few slender water columns rose up and coiled around the two tentacles of the sea monster like ropes, trapping the sea monster.

The water flow in the middle of the water column was spiral-shaped and very solid. It was not as weak as ordinary water magic.

The magic palm sea monster did not have the strength to fight back against Joelson at all.

A sea monster like it, which was exceptionally huge and leaned towards strength, had a relatively weak understanding of magic.

Not to mention, it was comparable to Joelson, who had already comprehended the power of the water elemental laws.

Therefore, although Joelson was only at level-8 and the magic palm sea monster was huge, it was still suppressed by Joelson.

In a situation where there was not much difference in strength, the technique was especially important.

The "Lucas" raised the sail, and the strong wind blew the sail high and high, moving quickly on the surface of the sea.

Lucas' brows furrowed tightly.

That's not right!

Seeing that they were about to leave the territory of the sea monster, how could this sea area still be so peaceful?

Logically speaking, if it found an intruder, it would definitely make a big fuss.

"Turn back! Turn back immediately!" Lucas suddenly gave an order.

"Ah?!"

Potter and the other sailors were stunned, but they heard Lucas continue, "Go to the center of this sea area, go over and take a look."

Everyone thought they heard wrong.

"Boss."

"Shut up! Listen to me!"

Lucas' attitude was tough, but she couldn't help but whisper, "I always feel that if we just leave like this, the consequences will be worse than directly being attacked by the sea monster."

Lucas was like a slippery fish, carefully approaching the center of the sea.

The closer they got, the more the sea surface shook, and the hull kept shaking.

The source of the shaking came from the center of the sea.

Lucas and all the sailors stood by the side of the ship, looking at the center of the sea.

Everyone's eyes were wide open.

They only saw that within the area of dozens of nautical miles, the waves swept up the sky, and the seawater kept rolling up and down as if it was boiling.

The sea waves covered their vision.

Splash!

Countless waves fell down and finally revealed the scene inside.

When they saw everything clearly, everyone sucked in a breath of cold air. Their eyes were dull.

"Oh my God of the Sea," Lucas whispered to herself.

On the surface of the sea where the waves were rolling up and down, an extremely huge, ugly sea monster that looked like the palm of a giant was roaring crazily.

Three ferocious heads and two tentacles were tightly entangled by dozens of water pillars, so they could not move at all.

In front of the sea monster, there was a tiny figure suspended in the air.

With a wave of his hand, the endless seawater transformed into various shapes and lashed at the sea monster's body.

The sea monster could only roar indignantly.

It was too shocking!

Lucas and the sailors were all dumbfounded. They could not say a word.

After a long while, potter stammered, "That... that seems to be the back of Lord Joelson, right?"

The whole ship fell into silence again.

After fighting with the sea monster, Joelson finally let it go.

There was no other way. He couldn't kill it.

Although the sea monster wasn't his opponent, its vitality was too strong. Dozens of magic spells that were as powerful as ninth-tier water-type spells hit it, but it was still the same as before. It didn't look seriously injured at all.

It was a headache for him. He could only summon a huge wave to push the sea monster far away and then quickly fly toward the Lucas.

Landing on the deck, Joelson said in a low voice, "Let's go."

Lucas and the others were still standing there, staring at Joelson in a daze.

The scene just now was too shocking.

How strong was Joelson to beat up a terrifying tier-9 sea monster by himself!

They were certain that Joelson was at least a tier-9 mage and might even have reached the saint rank.

Then, they looked at Joelson's appearance.

Lucas and the others could not help but swallow hard.

If they could not clearly feel the vitality and aura of a young man on Joelson, they would almost think that he was an old monster who had lived for hundreds of years but still maintained his young appearance.

He was so young, and at most, he was no more than twenty years old.

Ninth-tier.

It was too terrifying!

Even in the vast central continent, there would not be many super geniuses like him, right?

When Joelson found that Lucas and the others were all looking at him in a daze, without any reaction to his words, he could not help but frown.

Lucas finally reacted and hurriedly nodded. "Okay, Lord Joelson! Potter, quickly raise the remaining masts, turn around and leave!"

Potter and the sailors were about to rush over to steer the ship to turn around when the ship turned on its own. The sails were puffed up and the ship flew off into the distance.

Potter and the others were almost startled. When they turned around and saw a faint blue light emitting from Joelson's hands, they understood.

It must be an amazing trick of Joelson's.

It was indeed Joelson. He was casting a spell to change the direction of the local flow of water to turn the ship around. At the same time, he was accelerating the flow of water to speed up the ship.

There was both wind and water, so of course, it was fast.

Angry roars sounded behind him.

The three ugly heads of the monster of the sea rose to the surface of the sea again and found Joelson on a ship flying away from it.

He roared angrily.

The huge deformed body slowly dived to the bottom of the sea.

Looking down from high above, one could see a huge shadow moving quickly under the sea, and its target was the Lucas.

The monster of the sea rose, it wanted revenge!

Chapter 141: Kill the Monster of the Sea

In three days, the monster of the sea had chased the Lucas.

During these three days, Joelson and the monster of the sea had fought at least five times.

The cunning three-headed monster seemed to have learned its lesson. It knew that it was no match for Joelson, but Joelson could not kill it. Therefore, every time it suffered a loss, it would sneak into the deep sea and sink to the bottom of the sea. There was nothing Joelson could do.

"Sir, the situation is getting worse."

Lucas asked to see Joelson and put the map of the sea in front of him. He said with a worried face, "During this period of time, the monster of the magic hand sea has been following the ship. Although it is afraid of Sir and does not dare to fight with you, it has been secretly using small tricks."

Lucas reached out her hand and gestured on the map. "The monster of the magic hand sea has used its advantage to change the direction of the current under the water. Our ship has deviated a lot from the planned route."

"It seems to be driving us in a certain direction."

Lucas pointed at a black area on the map and said, "If we continue to follow this direction, at most one day, we will break into the territory of an unknown saint-tier sea monster. When that time comes..."

Lucas looked at Joelson with a serious gaze.

Joelson's expression also darkened.

He could easily crush a ninth-level magical beast with his understanding of the power of the water elemental laws, but that did not mean that he could fight against a saint-level.

Magical beasts that had stepped into the saint-level also understood the laws. With the support of the sea, the strength they could display could be said to be terrifying.

Any saint-level sea monster could easily kill Joelson.

Moreover, because they were on the sea, Du Lu and the steel dragon could not display their strength, so they could not deal with a saint-level sea monster that had all kinds of advantages.

"Sir, can you use magic to pull the ship back to the original route?" Lucas could not help but ask. She looked for Joelson for this matter.

Joelson shook his head and said, "I can do it, but it won't let me do it."

Joelson was talking about the monster of the sea.

Although Joelson could also change the flow of the water, it was not as easy as the monster of the sea.

The monster of the sea was huge. As long as it moved its body slightly under the water, it could form an undercurrent and easily deflect the ships on the surface of the sea.

In this aspect, Joelson could not compare with the natives in the sea.

"Then what should we do?!" Lucas asked anxiously.

Joelson was silent for a while, then said calmly, "There's only one way left."

"What?!"

Lucas raised her head in surprise.

Joelson said calmly, "Kill it."

Lucas was stunned.

Under the sea, there was a huge shadow.

In less than half a day, the small boat above their heads would enter the sea according to their own ideas.

At that time, even a pesky little bug would die in there.

The sea monster was very excited. It even proudly stuck its body out of the sea.

Thinking of the terrifying existence hiding in the sea area, the sea monster's body couldn't help but tremble slightly.

In fact, it had reached level 9 a long time ago. Its strength was much stronger than it was now, and its body wasn't like an ugly palm.

It originally had five heads and a huge tail.

It was a five-headed sea snake.

However, one day, due to its gluttony, it charged into an unfamiliar sea and almost died there.

In the pitch-black deep sea, a huge mouth bit its body. Under that terrifying power, the monster had no strength to resist.

With just one bite, it tore off more than half of its body.

Its tail and two heads were gone.

The sea monster desperately tried to escape.

Perhaps it was because the other party did not feel delicious after tasting its own flesh, so it did not chase after it anymore.

The sea monster managed to survive, but its strength was greatly reduced, dropping to tier 7.

When its injuries recovered, its severed head did not grow back. Instead, it turned into two tentacles, and its tail was gone.

That was how it became what it was now.

Just as the sea monster was thinking, a few streams of water around it suddenly twisted into a ball and wrapped around its neck, dragging it out of the bottom of the sea.

"Roar!"

The sea monster roared in fear and anger.

It saw the annoying and troublesome insect looking at it coldly. It clenched its right hand and used its magic to drag it out.

The sea monster struggled a few times, but it simply stopped moving.

After a few days of fighting, it knew that the little insect could do nothing to it.

Although its power was strange and powerful, making it unable to break free, the current only caused some pain to its body. It did not cause any harm to itself.

When its power was exhausted, it naturally had no choice but to let it go.

Similar battles had happened many times.

The sea monster was even a little proud.

Let it fight. The more it fought, the more it showed that there was nothing it could do.

Just wait to become a snack in the monster's mouth!

The sea monster thought to itself.

The sea monster was dragged out of the sea, like a piece of meat on a chopping board.

However, this piece of meat had never been afraid, because Joelson did not have a sharp enough knife to cut it open.

However, the situation this time seemed to be a little different.

Joelson had tried to use a combination of water and fire magic, but on the sea, the fire element was too thin, so the power of the fusion magic was not that great.

However, today, he planned to try new magic.

The sea monster was pulled out by dozens of spiral water columns, and its body was tense and straight.

Suddenly, a piece of blue sea water floated up and turned into a thin and narrow transparent water blade in the air.

The water blade gave off a hazy and strange light under the sun.

The sea monster's heart suddenly felt deep fear, but it did not know where it came from.

Could it be a water blade? It was too ordinary.

Joelson stared at the sea monster coldly. He waved his hand lightly, and the water blade flashed past. In the next moment, it appeared in front of one of the sea monster's heads.

Whoosh!

A piercing sound was heard. The water blade sliced through the sea monster's neck. It passed through without any obstruction, as if nothing had happened.

Then, a faint blue line appeared on the sea monster's neck.

Stinky blue blood gushed out from the wound. One of the sea monster's heads suddenly fell off, leaving only its bare neck writhing crazily.

"Roar!"

The sea monster's entire body was in so much pain that it started to struggle violently.

The hundreds of eyes on the remaining two heads looked at Joelson with horror and fear in their eyes.

Joelson's face turned slightly pale. The sea monster was so powerful that it almost broke free from his restraints.

Joelson stared at the sea monster with a confident and cruel smile on his face.

As expected, he succeeded!

Chapter 142: A New Fusion Spell, Arrived at the Central Continent

The water blade that was emitting a strange light swept back and forth, cutting deep wounds on the sea monster's body.

The water blade continued to cut a few more times, cutting off the remaining two heads. However, the sea monster did not die. Instead, it struggled even more intensely.

The intense pain caused the monster to go crazy.

Its entire body rolled up and down, creating huge waves. Blue blood filled the entire sea area. It was a spectacular scene.

The people on the Lucas were stunned when they saw this scene.

Even the stupidest person could see at this moment that Joelson had severely injured the monster.

The monster's vitality was incredibly tenacious. It had lost its brain, but it was still struggling.

Even Joelson could not figure out where its real weakness was. He wanted to find something like a magical beast core crystal.

However, seeing that the sea monster kept struggling, and the waves it created were almost going to affect the Lucas, Joelson could only helplessly give up on this idea.

He hurriedly released the binding water flow and flew back to the Lucas. He controlled the ship to go far away from this area of the sea and return to the planned route.

Without the monster of the devil's hand causing trouble at the bottom of the sea, the Lucas moved quickly like a flying fish on the surface of the sea.

A few sails were filled by the wind and looked like they were going to be torn apart at any time. The ship's body left a long ripple on the surface of the sea.

Not long after the Lucas left, a huge whirlpool suddenly appeared under the body of the monster of the devil's hand, which was still twitching. It kept sinking.

Compared to this whirlpool, the monster that was already huge appeared to be very small.

A boundless shadow appeared under the surface of the sea, and it seemed like a pair of dark eyes were looking up through the endless seawater.

The source of the whirlpool was right in front of its mouth.

It was a terrifying huge black hole.

The sea monster was sucked down by the whirlpool and didn't have any strength left to resist.

The whirlpool gradually calmed down and the terrifying existence under the sea closed its mouth.

It seemed to be attracted by the smell of blood and quickly disappeared.

Joelson didn't know that because of his decisiveness and good luck, he had avoided a disaster. At this moment, he was immersed in the joy of the success of the new fusion spell.

That's right, the magic fusion was the one that had caused the sea monster to suffer heavy damage.

However, it was not fusion magic of water and fire, but fusion magic of air and water.

It was the inspiration that Curtis, the cloud dragon, gave to him.

First, Curtis took out air magic from the inherited memory of the prophet, the level-one air bomb spell.

With the idea that it might be helpful to Joelson, he offered it to him.

Similar to the first-level fireball spell and the first-level water bomb spell, this was one of the basic air magic spells.

But the power of the air bomb spell was much greater than the fireball and water bomb.

It used the air magic elements to squeeze each other to form a small vacuum and shoot out.

The speed was amazing, and it could not be seen with the naked eye. The power was also relatively strong.

Now, the air bomb spell that Joelson cast could easily penetrate the steel plate that was two fingers wide.

Later, when he saw the cloud dragon, which was frightened by the sea monster, throwing a tantrum with Enny in the lake, even Enny could not withstand the water column driven by it.

An idea flashed through his alarm clock.

He remembered something from his previous life.

Water knife!

Also known as high-pressure water jet cutting technology.

The high-speed converging water flow allowed it to have a great cutting ability.

If the water element could be shot out quickly within a certain range, it could reach a terrifying power similar to a water knife.

Water magic alone was very troublesome to achieve, but if it was combined with air magic elements, it became possible to achieve.

Even on the sea, the number of air elements did not lose out to the water element in the slightest.

Joelson had extremely high air magic elements, and with the addition of powerful spiritual power, he could easily combine air and water elements.

The originally lazy water element, driven by the lively air element, "ran" at a high speed like crazy, forming an extremely sharp water knife.

The sharpness of the water knife was far inferior to spells such as "Ice Blade".

Sure enough, after understanding the combination of air and water element, the magic palm sea monster, which was as tough as a cow's tendon, was easily cut off by Joelson's head and body.

This excellent result made Joelson very excited.

He found a new direction for his next move.

The water-and fire-element dual-element magic allowed him to be invincible among those of the same tier below tier 9. The air-and water-element dual-element magic also allowed him to kill tier 9 sea monsters at tier 8. The power of fusion magic could be seen to be very great.

What if it was a three-element fusion spell?

Could it allow Joelson to face a saint-level monster at tier 8 or tier 9?!

When Joelson thought of this, he was so excited that he could not help but breathe heavily.

It was a very bold idea.

If others knew about it, they would definitely think that Joelson was a lunatic.

A dual-element fusion spell was already full of danger. If he was not careful, he would die, let alone a three-element spell.

However, Joelson did not have such concerns.

The mutated spiritual power made all of this possible, but it required a lot of time to practice.

Joelson had already thought it through.

He would combine the air and water elements into a water blade spell called "Flowing light water blade". Once it was combined with the fire element, it would be called "Flowing flame water blade".

With the powerful cut accompanied by the explosion, one could imagine how terrifying it was.

Also, if he could fuse the electric and metal elements together,.

Joelson's ambition had never been greater.

...

"We're here!"

Lucas stood on the tall main mast and shouted excitedly.

She pointed forward and said to Joelson, "Look, that's the central continent."

Joelson looked into the distance and could vaguely see the outline of the coastline.

After two months, they finally arrived at the central continent.

Apart from encountering the sea monster, the entire voyage could be said to be relatively smooth.

They could have moved the time forward by about ten days.

However, they were delayed for a period of time when they passed through a part of the sea that was filled with black areas on the map.

The Lucas had stayed in front of a sea area for a full five days.

The reason was that her family's sailing notes had mentioned that the overlord who slept in this sea area would wake up once every ten days to eat, and then fall into a deep sleep again.

Although it was very calm when they arrived at this sea area, Lucas still insisted on staying and waiting.

As expected, on the fifth day, the entire center of the sea area collapsed, and countless seawater poured in.

That shocking scene even made Joelson exclaim in surprise.

There were indeed too many unknown terrors in the sea. Perhaps even a saint-level powerhouse would be very cautious when crossing the sea.

Joelson could not imagine how the Lucas family had managed to find such a safe route.

Chapter 143: Gecca Tavern, the Red-Haired Old Man

"The harbor is just ahead."

Joelson threw out a heavy black cloth bag, and Lucas caught it.

The heavy bag almost crushed her small body, but when she saw the shiny gold inside, she suddenly became happy again.

"I wish you a smooth journey, my respected mage, Sir Joelson."

Lucas added, "If you still wish to take the Lucas back in the future, remember to wait at this port in February and August every year. I hope you can still see me when the time comes."

Joelson formally bid farewell to Lucas and her group. They would rest at the port for a few days, prepare enough water and food, and then immediately return to the southern region.

"Lord Joelson, if you are free, you can go to Gecca's Tavern in the port city. There is a warm-hearted old man there who likes to give good advice to the adventurers who have just arrived in the central continent. Of course, there is a fee."

Lucas gave Joelson one last suggestion and left in a hurry.

At this time, Joelson had already changed out of his mage robe and put on a beautiful and suitable noble shirt. He looked like a young noble who had just sneaked out of his home.

The port here was much more prosperous than the town of Lucas.

The latter was just a dilapidated town, but the former had a magnificent city wall and was a wealthy port city.

Joelson spent a few copper coins to have a thin man with a greasy face bring him to the GECCA tavern that Lucas had mentioned.

The tavern was quite big, but it was messy inside.

Joelson saw many sailors with swollen cheeks, adventurers in a hurry, and prostitutes dressed in flirtatious clothes shouting and talking. From time to time, they would let out rude laughter. The beer bottles were knocked against the long oak table.

Joelson's appearance was like throwing a stone into boiling water. Other than a few people glancing at him, there was no commotion.

"It's been a long time since I've seen such a handsome young master."

A burst of fragrance came, and the pungent smell of shoddy perfume made Joelson frown slightly.

A woman in revealing clothes with a face covered in thick powder crawled into his arms, shaking her two huge breasts. She looked at Joelson with a laugh and said, "You only need five silver coins to have a wonderful night. Come, baby?"

Joelson threw a silver coin at the woman.

The woman saw it and frowned. She quickly relaxed and said, "That's not enough. Forget it. Who asked you to be so attractive?"

As she spoke, the woman was about to stick close to Joelson.

Joelson pushed her away stiffly and said coldly, "I'm looking for Red Beard. Lead the way."

The woman was stunned for a moment. Then, she stuffed the silver coins into the gap in her chest, waved at him, and walked straight into the tavern.

Red Beard was the "warm-hearted old man" that Lucas spoke of.

The woman took him to a corner of the tavern. There was a drunk red-haired young man lying on the small round table.

"It's him?!"

He frowned slightly and said, "Isn't Red Beard an old man?"

The coquettish woman winked at Joelson and said with a smile, "Red Beard died last month. This is his son. His beard is also red."

At this time, the drunk red-haired young man raised his head and opened his eyes with difficulty.

"Who is it? Looking for me?!"

Joelson casually summoned a water ball and threw it at the young man's face. The young man was shocked by the cold water and instantly woke up. He jumped up.

"Ouch!"

He stared at his bloodshot and dirty eyes. Just as he was about to angrily argue with Joelson, he was thrown on the face by a cold and hard object.

"Ah!"

The young man cried out when he felt the pain, but his eyes lit up. He quickly bent down and picked up the gold coins on the ground like a bolt of lightning and carefully stuffed them into his arms.

He turned his head and had a flattering smile on his face.

"Respected noble Master Shao, is there anything I can help you with?"

Joelson found a seat and said in a low voice, "I just came to the central continent."

The young man showed a hint of understanding on his face and said, "Tourists from other continents."

There was a hint of admiration in his eyes when he looked at Joelson.

Usually, the adventurers who came to the central continent alone from other continents were true powerhouses who were not weak.

"Although my old man died too suddenly and didn't have time to tell me many things, I can still answer most of the questions for you."

A shrewd look appeared in the young man's eyes as he said slyly, "Let's say first, one gold coin for each question!"

"Okay."

Joelson didn't have time to argue with him about a few gold coins.

An hour later, Joelson had a rough understanding of the central continent.

The central continent was vast and had countless mysterious and dangerous places. However, most of the land was still ruled by a powerful empire.

The Immotati Empire was also known as the "Immortal Empire".

This was because the emblem of the Immotati family was a violet flower from the immortal garden.

There were many sects in the central continent, and they fought over the believers.

The biggest sect, which was truly recognized by the Immotati Empire, was the Church of Light.

The Church of Light covered every city in the empire, and the footsteps of the believers of the Church of light covered every corner of the empire.

Other sects could only survive in the cracks.

Speaking of this, the young man was extremely dissatisfied.

This was because he was a follower of the Fire God sect.

The only one who could contend against the Church of Light should be the Dark Church.

The Dark Church was hidden in the shadows of the Empire. No one knew where the dark temple was built.

Although the Church of Light had to repeatedly destroy one Dark Church stronghold after another every year, the darkness was still stubbornly growing and strengthening.

"Last question."

Joelson threw another one into the pile of gold coins in front of the young man, making him laugh happily again.

"I need a map of the central continent," Joelson said seriously.

"A map."

The young man muttered, "Yes, wait a moment."

He took out a small pocket from his pocket and poured it on the table, pulling out a large pile of scattered items.

The most eye-catching ones were a few black crystals of different sizes and dull colors.

The young man pinched the gray crystals one by one. After a while, his eyes finally revealed a look of joy.

"I can see that you don't lack money at all, so I'll give you the best one."

The young man handed the largest gray crystal to Joelson. Just as Joelson was about to take it, he withdrew his hand and said with a smile, "One hundred gold coins, not one less."

Joelson casually threw him a heavy bag and took the crystal.

He used his spiritual power to probe into it. The gray crystal emitted a strange blue light, and a floating continent was revealed on the crystal.

Chapter 144: Magic Map, Land of Heritage

There was a hint of amazement in his eyes.

A three-dimensional map constructed with magic could not only clearly see the geographical distribution of each location, but it could also be zoomed in. It was simply too exquisite.

The 100 gold coins were really worth it.

It was also the first time that Joelson felt that the development of the central continent's magic civilization far exceeded that of the southern region.

He had never seen such a magical tool in the Alcott Empire.

Joelson carefully looked at the map, his eyes quickly searching the map.

Suddenly, his eyes lit up. He found a strange terrain in the corner of the map. It was like a constantly sinking slope. At the bottom was a deep ravine, and on the ravine was a winding high wall made of rocks.

The terrain was very strange, completely different from other places.

"Where is this?!"

Joelson stared at the young man eagerly, who was counting gold coins happily.

If he was not mistaken, this should be the ruins of the planar battlefield that Curtis had mentioned.

Because according to Curtis' memory, the dimensional passage from the otherworld plane opened at the top of the slope, and countless monsters poured out.

The resistance dug deep gullies on the slope and built high walls. The war lasted for many years, and it was said that the gullies were filled by the corpses of both sides.

The young man glanced at the position that Joelson pointed at and casually replied, "Oh, you said it was the Land of Heritage. That's right. Aren't you foreign tourists here for the Land of Heritage?"

"The Land of Heritage."

Joelson's eyes flickered as he asked, "What's the Land of Heritage?"

The young man placed the last gold coin he had counted into his pocket and revealed a mysterious smile as he said, "The Land of Heritage has everything that you want."

"However."

The young man seemed to be willing to say a few more words to Joelson for the sake of the gold coins.

He pointed at the location of the Land of Heritage and said "We're not close to the Land of Heritage. We're in the south, and the Land of Heritage is in the far north. If you really want to go there, you'll have to go through the entire Anglo-Motadi Empire. It'll take at least a year."

"A year?"

Joelson frowned and asked, "So slow? Is there a faster way?!"

"Yes!"

The young man nodded affirmatively and pointed at a place where a city stood on the map, he said, "In the imperial capital of the Inmotati Empire, where is there a teleportation array leading to the Land of Heritage? It is said that you can sit there once for a few thousand magic crystal coins. If you have money, you can go to the imperial capital and sit in the magic teleportation array. You can get there in a short time."

Magic teleportation array.

Joelson had heard Harriet Terrence mention this magic term before. It was a type of spatial magic that could be used to cross an extremely long distance in a short period of time.

"It's not too far from here to the imperial capital. The carriage will take a few months to get there. However, you'll have to pass through the territory of the Akenshi tribe, the undead swamp, and the mountain dwarves. You'd better find an adventurer team to go with you."

Although the Inmotati Empire had incorporated most of the central continent into its territory, there were still some places that were still firmly occupied by the natives due to the terrain and other reasons.

Without saying a word, Joelson took a sip of the beer in his hand.

A slightly bitter liquid swirled in his mouth. It was a completely different flavor from the southern region.

Joelson was quietly digesting the young man's words.

"I suggest you go to the mercenary union here and take a look. There are many travelers like you there. Almost every month, there are mercenary groups that go to the capital."

The young man's eyes suddenly swept past Joelson and looked behind him. His eyes quickly flickered.

"I still have something to do, so I'll go now!"

He seemed to have seen something terrifying. He no longer thought about getting more money from Joelson, and hurriedly wanted to get up and leave.

Joelson did not care.

The young man hurriedly fled to the door of the tavern, but his bright red hair was too conspicuous in the crowd. Soon, he was grabbed by the neck.

It was a tall, strong, young-looking knight in black armor with a thick golden beard.

"Clayton, where do you think you're going?!"

The red-haired young man showed an angry look and said unhappily, "Hewlett, we've settled the matter between us. Don't go too far!"

"Settled?!"

The black-armored knight widened his eyes like an angry lion.

He raised his big hand and knocked Clayton's head a few times. He cursed, "One of my brothers died in the Ashes Forest because of your false information. Do you want to be even?!"

Clayton's face turned red. He shouted, "What else do you want?!"

The black-armored knight reached into Clayton's arms and grabbed the bulging money bag that he had hidden earlier.

He weighed it in his hands and said with a smile, "Five thousand gold coins as a pension for my brother, and then find us a reliable partner. Only then will this matter be over."

Clayton's face was full of helplessness.

His father, Red Beard, had drunk too much and died in the tavern. He had yet to explain a lot of things to him.

Clayton had no other choice. He could only bite the bullet and take over Red Beard's position. Last month, this group of people from the Sword and Rose mercenary group came to him to buy information.

Clayton made up a random location, and in the end, the only mage in the opposing mercenary group died.

The fabricated location was actually dangerous!

And he could let a mage die there?!

What bad luck!

Clayton's eyes darted around as he thought of a way to quickly escape. Suddenly, his eyes lit up.

"Good, good. I know a very powerful mage. He also happens to want to join a mercenary group. Count yourself lucky."

The black-armored knight frowned and stared at Clayton. he shouted loudly, "If you dare to find those people from who knows where to fool me again, I'll kick your ass!"

"I swear on my little red beard's reputation that this is definitely a powerful mage!" Clayton shouted loudly.

The black-armored knight narrowed his eyes and asked, "Tell me first, how is his strength?"

Clayton's eyes flickered, and then he said with certainty, "Seventh rank! A seventh rank magister!"

The black-armored knight was somewhat in disbelief. He put Clayton down and said, "Where is he? Take us to see him."

Clayton led the members of the sword and rose mercenary group back. When he looked at the familiar position, he was instantly dumbfounded.

The rich tourist had already left, leaving only half a cup of unfinished wine on the table.

The black-armored knight, Hewlett, snorted. He stared at Clayton, who was in a cold sweat, and shouted in a low voice, "Guys, beat him up!"

"Ah!"

A scream sounded.

Then, only Clayton's scream and the cursing of the Sword and Rose mercenary group were left in the tavern.

Chapter 145: Certified Strength, E-class Mercenary

"Mercenary Union?" Joelson said to himself in a low voice.

This was a good choice.

With those experienced mercenaries who traveled around the continent all year round, it should be the fastest way to familiarize themselves with the central continent.

After asking, Joelson found the mercenary union in the port city.

The entrance was engraved with the symbol of a sword and a staff crossing.

When he walked in, there were many people dressed as adventurers in the hall.

There were knights who wore long swords on their waists, mages who wore mage robes, and even a few barbarian warriors who carried huge double-edged battle axes on their backs.

Most of the people were gathered in front of a huge wooden board.

There were many parchments nailed to the board, and Joelson sized them up.

"E-class character: escort the Larry Chamber of Commerce to Pine Cone City. Mission reward: 3,000 gold coins."

"F class character: collect more than 300 poisonous camellias. Mission reward: purchase each one for 8 silver coins."

The mercenary Union posted the requests of individuals or chambers of commerce near the port city on the mission board in the form of a reward, for the mercenaries to choose by themselves.

Once they felt that they were strong enough to complete the mission, they could take off the parchment corresponding to the mission on the board and register it with the specialized personnel of the union.

They would pay a certain amount of mission deposit and accept the mission.

The vast majority of missions had a time limit. If they were completed within the time limit, they would receive the mission reward.

If the mission failed or exceeded the time limit, the mission deposit would be deducted by the union.

A complete and systematic system was something that the southern region could not compare to.

Joelson observed the Mercenary Union silently for a while and watched the adventurers come and go. Finally, he made up his mind to apply to become a mercenary first.

The certified mercenary counter was a young and beautiful girl.

Joelson walked over. The girl looked at him up and down and said, "Ten gold coins, and then, name."

Joelson paid the money.

"Joelson Edward."

The girl quickly wrote down on a piece of paper and then said, "Strength?"

Joelson was slightly stunned.

The girl looked at him with a hint of mockery in her eyes.

It seemed that she had mistaken him for some young noble who had sneaked out to experience the life of an adventurer.

In fact, Joelson's current appearance was exactly what the girl had thought.

"Tier 8, water mage," said Joelson

The girl was about to write something down when she suddenly froze, "This is no joke," she said jokingly. "Mercenaries of different levels have different levels of missions. When low-level mercenaries complete high-level missions, there will be additional rewards. When high-level mercenaries complete low-level missions, the rewards will be reduced accordingly."

"Of course, you may not care about the rewards, but..."

The girl winked at Joelson and said with a smile, "If you encounter a compulsory mission, if you insist on lying, you will lose your life."

"Yes," Joelson replied and nodded.

The girl asked again, "What exactly is your strength?"

Joelson answered honestly, "Eighth rank, water and fire Mage."

The girl was stunned. She was so angry that she laughed.

She stretched out her white and tender arm and said, "Okay, show me your Mage Level Badge."

Joelson took out the eighth rank mage badge that was certified in the Alcott Empire and handed it to the girl.

The girl just glanced at it casually, she could not help but hold her forehead and say, "Please, the Mercenary Union is really not a place for you nobles to have fun, okay? If you want to forge an eighth-tier mage badge, you have to at least make it look like it.

This badge looks like it was privately printed. It's completely different from the Imperial Mage Union's."

Joelson did not know how to explain.

"Actually, I'm from..."

"Alright, Alright."

The girl waved her hand impatiently, lowering her head and no longer looking at Joelson.

"I'll register you as an F class. Oh, no, give me ten gold coins, and I'll help you change it to E class."

Facing the girl's decision-making method, Joelson simply listened to her arrangements.

He handed over ten gold coins.

He received a gold coin-sized bronze badge. One side was engraved with the logo of the Mercenary Union, while the other side was engraved with his strength level.

From then on, the number one genius mage of the Southern Region, Joelson Edward, finally became a glorious... .. E-grade mercenary.

The girl helped him complete the procedures, then pointed to the mission board next to him and said, "Go there and see if there are any easier missions. Don't blame me for not reminding you."

Perhaps it was because of the extra ten gold coins, the girl kindly reminded him, "Don't touch any missions above c-rank. It's best if you don't even look at d-rank missions. Well, that's it. You can go by yourself."

With a calm expression, he thanked the girl, turned around and walked to the wooden board, carefully looking at every bounty mission.

All he wanted was to find a mission related to the King's city.

He soon discovered that the range of low-level missions such as E-class and f-class were mostly within the port city.

Only those above D-class would leave the city.

C-class missions required some places to be further away, such as gathering magic materials in the dense forest 500 miles away from the port.

"Another brainless young noble."

The higher the level of the mission, the further the location of the mission.

Thus, Joelson's gaze began to wander over those a-rank or even s-rank missions.

The girl who had received Joelson stared at him for a while and realized that Joelson did not listen to her suggestion to accept low-level missions. Instead, he repeatedly sized up those high-level missions that were hanging on the top of the wooden board.

Even the powerful old mercenary did not pay much attention to them.

She could not help but shake her head and say, "He really thinks of himself as a tier 8 sorcerer."

Suddenly, she realized that there was something that she had missed on the counter. It was the "forged" mage badge that he had just taken out.

"Yours."

She opened her mouth and was about to call out to him when she suddenly dismissed the idea.

"It's quite beautiful."

The girl's eyes lit up.

The badge was engraved with an exquisite tulip.

The mage badges commonly used in the central continent were engraved with the symbol of the violet flower. It was also because of this that she was certain that the badge was a forgery.

"There's actually a magical fluctuation. It really took a lot of time."

The girl thought for a moment and secretly put away the badge.

If Joelson didn't remember it, she could keep it as a brooch. It was not bad.

Joelson looked at it for a long time and finally found a suitable mission.

"AA level mission: escort an item to the mage union headquarters and give it to the president of the Mage Union. Mission reward: 30,000 gold coins."

Chapter 146: Join the Mercenary Group, Dark Elves

The headquarters of the Mage Union in this mission was in the King's city of Inmotati, which happened to be the same goal as Joelson's.

This was a double-A rank escort mission, but very few people were interested in it.

After observing for a while, Joelson realized that it was because the reward of the mission was too little.

Normally, the reward of a double-a class mission was more than 100,000 gold coins, but this mission only had 30,000 gold coins, which was why no one had accepted the mission yet.

However, Joelson didn't care about the reward. He intended to accept the mission.

However, the mission requirements made him frown slightly.

The number of escorts needed to be more than six people, and there must be at least two mercenaries whose strength was above a rank.

No wonder no one was willing to accept it.

Mercenaries whose strength had reached a rank could earn at least 30,000 gold coins or more for a mission.

Although this double A-rank mission was simple, the reward was too little.

Two A-rank mercenaries plus the remaining 30,000 gold coins, very few people would be interested in it.

Joelson was interested, but he couldn't accept it.

Firstly, because he only had one person, and secondly, because his mercenary level was only E-rank.

Joelson fell into deep thought in front of the mission board.

He was thinking about how to find two A-rank mercenaries who were willing to accept this mission and let him join them to work together.

"He's here!"

A surprised voice sounded behind Joelson.

The voice was somewhat familiar. Joelson turned his head and saw Clayton with a bunch of dark circles under his eyes.

There were a few tall and strong men behind Clayton.

When he saw Joelson, Clayton pounced on him as if he was his own father.

"I've finally found you!"

Hewlett walked up and looked at Joelson from top to bottom. His gaze stopped at the mercenary badge on his chest.

"E-class."

Hewlett's brows were tightly knitted together. He looked at Clayton from the corner of his eyes. The joints of his palms were cracking.

"Clayton, are you kidding me?"

Clayton quickly shouted, "Hewlett, don't forget, he's from another continent. He hasn't been verified yet. It's normal for him to be evaluated as an E rank."

Hewlett stopped and thought about it. It made sense.

He turned to look at Joelson and asked, "What's your strength?"

Jolson could already tell that this Hewlett was a tier-8 knight. His mercenary rating had also reached grade-A, fulfilling the conditions of the partner he was looking for.

Hence, he answered casually, "Probably at tier-8."

Hewlett raised his eyebrows, clearly not believing it.

Jolson looked too young.

Clayton pulled Hewlett aside and avoided Jolson, he whispered, "An adventurer who came to the central continent alone must be strong. Don't be too picky. Don't think that I don't know that your dead mage companion was only at tier 6."

Hewlett's face was gloomy. He thought for a while, then nodded and said, "I hope he isn't an idiot who brags too much."

Clayton was very happy when he saw Hewlett agree to it.

"Then that's it. From now on, we're even!"

Hewlett was too lazy to say anything to him. He turned his head and said seriously to Joelson, "I, Hewlett, officially invite you to join us, the Sword and Rose mercenary group."

Joelson was stunned. He didn't expect that before he even mentioned this idea, the other party had already invited him to join.

Without hesitation, Joelson agreed and said, "Yes, but I have a condition."

"Go ahead."

Joelson pointed at the double-A mission on the wooden board and said, "I hope we can accept this mission."

Hewlett stared at Joelson with a strange expression for a long time. Then, he strode to the wooden board and tore off the parchment with the double-A mission written on it.

"Are you sure you didn't eavesdrop on our conversation?"

Hewlett looked at Joelson and asked.

Joelson frowned and asked, "What do you mean?"

Hewlett shook the parchment in his hand and said, "We came for this mission. No, to be precise, this mission was issued by our Sword and Rose mercenary group."

Joelson was very surprised. He didn't expect such a coincidence.

But after thinking about it carefully, he felt that it was very reasonable.

Only a shrewd old mercenary like Hewlett would give a mere 30,000 gold coins for a double-A rank mission.

And the requirements were so many.

At least two mercenaries above grade A, just to escort an item.

What item was so valuable?

Joelson didn't continue to think about it. He only wanted to follow the Sword and Rose mercenary group to the king's city.

The rest had nothing to do with him.

"Let's make it clear in advance."

Hewlett said to Joelson, "Since you're already a member of the mercenary group, then even if this group mission is completed, you won't be able to get 30,000 gold coins as a reward."

As he spoke, Hewlett shook the parchment in his hand. Speaking of money, this strong knight acted like a miser.

Joelson nodded and said, "Okay."

He didn't care whether there was a reward or not. He didn't care about this little bit of money. After all, he would leave the mercenary group when he arrived at the King's city.

Hewlett was very satisfied with Joelson's attitude of ignoring money. He patted Joelson's shoulder and said, "Very good. Next, I'll take you to the others in the gradual progress group."

Clayton saw that the two of them had reached an agreement happily. He breathed a sigh of relief and took advantage of Hewlett's lack of attention to slip away quickly.

Joelson followed Hewlett to a small hotel in the city.

Joelson glanced at everyone, and suddenly his pupils contracted slightly.

He saw a very beautiful female archer. She was slender and fit, but that was not the main point. The main point was that her ears were abnormally long.

Elf?!

She was different from the elves that Joelson had seen before. This female elf's hair and pupils were dark purple, as deep as the night.

"Hmph!"

Perhaps it was because Joelson's gaze had lingered on her for too long, the female elf snorted discontentedly and glared at him coldly.

Hewlett quickly pulled on Joelson's sleeve and reminded him in a low voice, "Darlene is a dark elf. I hate it when people look at her like that."

Joelson nodded.

Only then did he realize that he was in the central continent and not the southern region.

Elves, orcs, dwarves, and many other races, like humans, were the common owners of this continent.

Unlike the southern region, there were only humans.

"Guys, look who I brought."

Hewlett clapped his hands and attracted the attention of the people sitting in the hall. He pointed at Joelson and said, "A noble magician!"

Obviously, the new companions of Joelson were not very friendly to him. Except for a beautiful girl who smiled gently at him, the others all looked at him coldly.

Joelson was also looking at the people.

Seventh, seventh, sixth, eighth.

Chapter 147: Dizzy the Barbarian Warrior

The strength of the Sword and Rose mercenary group was not bad. In addition to Hewlett, there was another level-8, Darlene, the dark elf.

The girl who smiled at Joelson was the only level-6, but she was emitting an extremely dense holy aura. She looked like a priestess or something.

"Hewlett, can this guy do it? Don't just find someone who can create fireballs to replace the previous mage."

A slightly provocative voice sounded.

Joelson followed the voice and looked over. It was a handsome young man with the strength of a tier 7 mage.

He was wearing black light armor and was playing with a sharp dagger in his hand. He looked like an assassin.

Hewlett's face was slightly gloomy as he said in a low voice, "Alvin, don't go too far."

The man called Alvin laughed lightly and winked at the side.

Instantly, a man who was taller than Hewlett stood up. He was very strong.

He shouted loudly, "Weaklings are not qualified to be Amberg's partner!"

A strong hostility was firmly locked onto Joelson.

This burly man who suddenly stood up had a fierce and rough appearance. His entire body was furry, and he looked like a gorilla.

"Amberg is a barbarian warrior, and his strength is greater than mine. You have to be careful."

Hewlett whispered as if he was saying to Joelson.

But his body quickly dodged to the side, obviously wanting to take the opportunity to see how strong Joelson was.

Amberg's arm was as thick as Joelson's thigh, and his muscles bulged as if they were exploding. Blood vessels snaked around his arm like earthworms, containing great power.

Amberg grabbed a heavy, huge, double-edged battle-axe.

This weapon was usually only used by barbarian warriors who were born with great strength. It was difficult for ordinary knights to even swing it, let alone use it.

Like a bull, Amberg spat out hot air from his nostrils. He stared at Joelson with his big eyes and said loudly, "I'm afraid that Amberg will beat you to death later."

Joelson narrowed his eyes and looked at him.

This was the first time he saw barbarian warriors.

It was said that this race with human-like bloodlines lived in deep mountain tribes. Every one of them was born to show off. Even if they did not practice, they could tear apart wild beasts with their bare hands when they reached adulthood.

Moreover, their race had an extremely enviable ability, berserk.

Once they entered the berserk state, the barbarian warriors could instantly burst out with strength several times stronger than usual.

"How about this?"

Joelson stared at Amberg and said calmly, "If you can make me move one step, then I will lose."

What?!

Everyone's bodies trembled, and their eyes were filled with shock as they looked at Joelson.

Was this guy's brain-damaged?!

A mage who did not put distance between himself and a close-combat knight, but wanted to fight him head-on instead?!

Moreover, it was an extremely terrifying display by the barbarians among the knights.

He might even have his intestines punched out by Amberg!

Everyone's faces were filled with ridicule.

Hewlett shook his head vigorously.

In his opinion, Joelson was in another continent, his small place was called a genius or something, and was used to being praised.

He had developed this arrogant character of looking down on others.

He thought that the central continent was the same as his small place.

He was afraid that he didn't even know what a barbarian warrior was.

Hewlett didn't stop him if his partner was such a fool.

Instead of waiting for him to drag the team down in the future, he might as well die under Amberg's hands now.

Amberg's mind was a little paranoid. He angrily asked, "What did you say?!"

"I said, you can attack however you want. As long as you can make me move one step, I will lose."

Joelson repeated it again and said with a calm smile on his face, "However, if you lose, you have to kneel down and kowtow to me to apologize."

"What?!"

Amberg's eyes turned red.

He was like an angry bull, panting heavily.

"Idiot!"

At this moment, almost everyone made this evaluation for Joelson in their hearts.

Joelson raised his chin slightly and looked at Amberg with an extremely disdainful look.

Amberg was completely enraged. He raised his head and roared, and a thick white battle aura burst out from his body. He raised the double-edged battle-axe in his hand high and chopped down fiercely at Joelson's head.

This stance was as if he wanted to split Joelson in half.

The priestess girl couldn't bear to turn her head away. Darlene, the dark elf, had an indifferent expression. Alvin, on the other hand, was very excited. He licked the dagger in his hand nervously, looking forward to what would happen next.

However, in the next moment...

Everyone's eyes were blank.

They only saw the double-edged axe, which had gathered all of Amberg's strength, cleaving down on Joelson's head.

However, it was blocked by a light blue barrier.

This barrier was like a bubble. It was very elastic and astonishingly tough.

When the double-edged axe struck the bubble, it was as if it had sunk into a deep swamp.

Amber's face was red. He only made a slight dent on the bubble.

As for Joelson, he did not even blink his eyes. He had been looking at him calmly from the very beginning.

Bang!

The bubble suddenly rebounded. Amberg felt a terrifying force in his hand being transmitted back through the handle of the battle axe. The space between his thumb and forefinger was instantly split open. The double-edged battle-axe broke free from his hands and flew out, even his tall body was sent flying backwards like a kite with a broken string, crashing into a large number of tables and chairs.

"Roar!"

Amberg rolled a few times on the ground before getting up again.

His eyes were completely bloodshot as he roared angrily.

"Amberg has gone berserk!"

Hewlett could not help but shout in a low voice.

Joelson's eyes lit up slightly, revealing an interesting expression as if he was waiting for this moment.

Amberg charged straight at him like an angry bull. The tables and chairs in front of him were all smashed into pieces by him.

His momentum was unstoppable as if he wanted to smash Joelson into minced meat.

But he crashed into the deep blue barrier of Joelson and broke his head open, causing bright red blood to flow out.

The successive injuries made Amberg go crazy. He punched at Joelson like crazy.

The huge fists hit the blue barrier one after another, creating ripples.

Ten minutes later, Amberg knelt down heavily on the ground. His huge body fell to the ground and he fainted.

The surrounding members of the Sword and Rose mercenary group were completely stunned.

They were all dumbfounded.

"This is... a magic shield?!"

Someone stammered.

A level-7 barbarian warrior with a heavy weapon and the strength of a level-8 knight after going berserk.

He was so tired that he fainted, yet he did not even break a mage's magic shield?!

Lord Knight, are we dreaming?!

Chapter 148: Everyone's Doubts. Du Lu Had Advanced to the Saint-Level!

Everyone in the Sword and Rose mercenary group looked at Joelson as if they had seen a monster. They were very shocked.

It was too terrifying!

Just like what Joelson had said, he had been standing in the same place from the beginning until now. His feet had not moved a single step.

No, it should be said that he had not even moved his fingers.

His expression didn't change at all. He looked calm.

It was absolute confidence in his own strength that he couldn't believe.

"I'm afraid that what he said before was to infuriate Amber and triggered him into a berserk state," Hewlett said in a low voice.

At this time, the image of Joelson in the hearts of everyone in the Sword and Rose mercenary group continued to grow.

Everyone felt a deep sense of awe in their hearts.

Just the magic shield alone could have such a terrifying defense. Even the berserk state of Amber was unable to break it. How terrifying was Joelson's strength?!

Tier 8, tier 9?

Even saint tier!

He was shocked by his own guess.

Hewlett swallowed hard, feeling very ashamed.

Only now did he know how ridiculous his previous thought was.

He was a genius, and a genius with terrifying talent.

"Sir."

Hewlett thought for a long time and shouted out such a name.

Joelson shook his head lightly and explained, "Actually, I'm not as strong as you think. It's just a little trick."

Everyone secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

No matter what, they believed it.

Because the fact that it was beyond their imagination was really hard to accept.

But even so, Joelson's performance was still shocking enough.

The girl who looked like a priest walked up and placed her hand on the top of Amber's head. Her hand emitted a white light.

After being soaked by the saint-level white light, Amberg's body slowly relaxed. The red and swollen wounds on his body were also slowly recovering.

"Kath is a sixth-rank priest of the Church of Light. She has a powerful healing ability."

Hewlett explained to Joelson.

Joelson had used his strength in exchange for the respect of the Sword and Rose mercenary group.

Hewlett was both shocked and secretly delighted.

If there was a powerful mage like Joelson, this mission would be even more secure.

Amberg got up from the ground and shook his head. He was still a little dizzy.

When he saw what was in front of him, he immediately stood up and walked toward Joelson with his double-edged axe.

"Amberg!" Hewlett shouted.

Barbarians were very persistent. Amberg had lost to Joelson. It seemed that he would fight with him to the end today.

Amberg ignored Hewlett and was full of vigor.

Joelson looked at him calmly.

Since he had the ability to make Amberg fall once, he could make him fall a second time. And this time, he would never get up again.

Just when everyone thought that Amberg wanted to fight again, the boorish man knelt down in front of Joelson.

Bang!

He knocked his head hard.

Even the green brick floor was smashed into a small pit.

Everyone was stunned.

Amberg raised the double-edged axe above his head and shouted, "Amberg lost. According to the agreement, Amberg's weapon is yours."

Although the barbarian warriors were stubborn, fierce, and warlike, they also admired the strong.

Once they recognized you, they would admire you from the bottom of their hearts.

Obviously, Joelson used the simplest and most direct method to do this. He ruthlessly crushed the barbarian warriors in their best field.

At this moment, Joelson was officially accepted by the Sword and Rose mercenary group.

"Since I have become a member of the mercenary group, there are some things that I should know."

Joelson looked at Hewlett and asked, "What exactly is this mission to escort?"

Hewlett said vaguely, "It is a relatively precious magic material. It is a commission from the Mage Union. Now that we have completed it, we need to deliver it back as soon as possible."

"Oh."

Joelson pretended to be surprised and said, "So you have the ability to get the material, but you don't have the confidence to send it to the King's City?"

"Well, it's just to be safer."

Hewlett's answer was full of loopholes, which made Joelson frown.

A group of elite mercenaries whose average strength was at tier-7 and tier-8 needed to seek help from others to escort an item.

They even shared the mission and paid extra for it.

What kind of magic material was so precious? Or rather, what would the item in Hewlett's hands attract? They had no choice but to be cautious, even fearful.

Hewlett had been hiding it all along, and there was nothing Joelson could do about it.

He might as well not ask.

In any case, he just wanted to head to the king's city along the way. As long as it did not affect him, everything would be fine.

"Tomorrow morning, when the sun rises, we will officially set off," Hewlett announced.

Joelson nodded and went upstairs to his room.

A few pairs of eyes stared at his back. When Joelson's back completely disappeared, the members of the mercenary group began to discuss.

"Leader, where did you find this guy? He's terrifyingly strong!"

"Yeah, this is the first time I've seen a mage who can use a magic shield to fight against Amberg's battle-axe."

"That mage kid from before didn't even have the right to carry his shoes!"

Hewlett listened to his companions' exclamations, and his expression was slightly smug.

Clayton actually gave him a big gift this time.

A sinister voice sounded.

"I'm just afraid that he has other motives. A mage with at least level-8 strength can become a core force even in a large mercenary group. Why does he have to come here? I suspect that he's here for that thing."

The one who spoke was the assassin, Alvin.

Darlene, the dark elf, also nodded slightly and said, "I think what Alvin said makes sense. Hewlett, are you sure that there's nothing wrong with him?"

Hewlett's expression became doubtful and serious. After thinking for a while, he said, "I'm not sure either. Let him follow for the time being. Just be careful of him on the way."

"Okay."

...

At this moment, Joelson was already in the Dragon God Ranch.

Today was an especially important day. Joelson was even a little excited.

Du Lu was about to advance to saint-level!

After a few months, almost half a year, Joelson had fed most of the farm crops to Du Lu, and finally accumulated enough growth value for Du Lu to advance.

After harvesting a new batch of mature dragon tooth grass, Du Lu opened his mouth and swallowed all of it without hesitation.

All the dragons on the farm gathered around to witness the birth of a saint-level dragon.

After Du Lu ate the crops, the last bit of growth value was filled.

It raised its head and roared. An extremely terrifying aura erupted from its body.

Flames.

Intense flames ignited in the void and quickly spread into a sea of fire.

Chapter 149: 30,000 Combat Power, Ancient Ruins

More than half of the sky of the ranch was scorched red as if even the air was twisting and burning under the high temperature.

Du Lu's body continued to expand.

His dragon teeth, claws, and wings became longer and sharper, emitting a dangerous aura.

Every dragon scale on Du Lu's body flickered with a strange light, like pieces of gemstones.

Looking at the system interface, Joelson saw Du Lu's combat power jumping up crazily like a rocket.

Finally, it stopped at 28,900!

His combat power was close to 30,000, and his strength was close to three times that of a 9th rank.

If Joelson's estimation was not wrong, the average saint-rank's combat power was above 10,000.

Most of them were below 15,000, and close to 15,000 were already very powerful saint-rank powerhouses.

Cliff of the Dark Church should only have a little more than 10,000 combat power.

Harriet's combat power should be around 13,000.

The legendary monster Fenrir's combat power was also close to 13,000.

And now, Du Lu had just advanced to the saint-tier, and his combat power had soared to nearly 30,000.

It was twice that of an ordinary saint-tier.

Joelson suddenly felt particularly happy, and the Damocles swords hanging above his head disappeared.

Even if he returned to the southern region now, he would still be invincible with Du Lu!

"Roar!"

A low roar sounded.

A dark figure pounced towards Du Lu in the sky.

It was the steel dragon.

Although it was cold, it was extremely proud.

It and Du Lu had always been competing with each other. Now That Du Lu had advanced to the saint-level, the steel dragon could not hold back anymore. It wanted to see how big the gap was between itself and Du Lu.

Du Lu's body was originally one size bigger than the steel dragon's.

After advancing, it was more than three times the size of the steel dragon.

However, Du Lu and the steel dragon's combat strength were similar. If the steel dragon won the fifth battle, it could still firmly suppress Du Lu.

But now...

Facing the steel dragon's attack, Du Lu's dragon claw, which was attached to the flames, fiercely slapped the steel dragon's body.

It easily sent the steel dragon flying.

Moreover, the flames remained on the steel dragon's body and were still burning. The steel dragon's metal body seemed to be on the verge of melting.

The difference was too big.

Du Lu, who was after the saint level, could no longer control the flames that the steel dragon could resist.

The steel dragon's personality was even more arrogant than Du Lu's. It wanted to charge forward but was stopped by Joelson.

Du Lu was very proud. He looked down at the steel dragon with contempt as if to say, "See, I'm still the strongest dragon under Master!"

The steel dragon growled a few times, its dark golden eyes filled with unwillingness.

Joelson caressed its cold body and said with a smile, "Don't worry, you will have such a day soon."

Joelson expanded six more farms and upgraded half of them to advanced level. Above that was the farm.

Next, Joelson would feed most of the farm crops to the steel dragon so that the steel dragon could be promoted to saint-level as soon as possible.

The cultivation of electric dragons and lightning should also be promoted as soon as possible.

The terrifying destructive power of the Lightning was destined to be one of Joelson's powerful helpers in the future.

Du Lu descended from the sky, and Enny and the cloud dragon quickly went up to meet him.

Enny's eyes were gentle, and the cloud dragon worshipped Du Lu.

Du Lu was now the most powerful character in its heart besides Joelson.

After advancing to saint-level, Du Lu no longer produced gold coins, but magic crystal coins.

It produced 50 magic crystal coins per minute.

The maximum daily magic crystal coins output of a large fire-type dragon nest was 10,000 magic crystal coins.

The income was many times more than before.

Looking at Du Lu's huge body, the volcano that had already upgraded to a large fire-type dragon nest seemed to be unable to contain it.

He was considering whether he should give Du Lu a bigger home.

After inquiring about the price of upgrading the super large dragon nest, he immediately dismissed this idea.

A full million magic crystal coins!

Converted into gold coins, it was 100 million.

And it was far more than that because very few people would use even more precious magic crystal coins to exchange for gold coins.

Even for the current Joelson, it was an astronomical figure.

The super-large fire-type dragon nest could no longer be described as a nest. According to the system's introduction, if it was a fire-type dragon nest, the super-large dragon nest would form a chain of volcanoes.

Even if Joelson was rich, the area of the ranch was not big enough.

"It's time to expand the ranch," Joelson said to himself.

The first expansion of the ranch did not require much money. It only required 100,000 gold coins.

Joelson clicked on the expansion.

The next moment, a dazzling light fell from the sky.

The clouds that lingered on the side of the floating island quickly dissipated. Countless amounts of soil appeared out of thin air from below, connecting to the edge of the original floating island.

Half a minute later, the floating island was at least 30% larger than before.

It was an extremely magical scene. Every time the ranch was built, Joelson could not help but exclaim.

The constructed soil, water, and metal seemed to appear out of thin air. It was very magical.

The expanded floating island immediately became spacious again.

"Congratulations to the rancher for successfully expanding the ranch. Obtained 5000 experience points."

With the experience gained from Du Lu's advancement, Joelson could already be promoted to a tier 9 mage.

Joelson was overjoyed. At this moment, the system's voice sounded again.

"The rancher has a saint-level dragon. The ancient ruins have been unlocked."

Joelson was stunned and had yet to react.

Next to the Dragon God Colosseum, there was a loud noise from the ground, and two black stone pillars slowly rose from the ground.

The black stone pillars rose to a height of more than twenty yards and stopped, and complex and profound golden runes lit up on the stone pillars.

The space in the middle of the stone pillars quickly collapsed, and a dark blue vortex formed in front of Joelson.

At the entrance of the ancient ruins.

"Ancient ruins?!"

Joelson blinked his eyes and asked, "What's inside the ruins?"

"The precious runes that help the rancher's dragon to truly restore the glory of the ancient dragon race." The system explained.

Joelson turned around, and Du Lu, who had grown in strength, stared at the entrance, his eyes filled with eagerness.

Du Lu was very strong now, and he was very confident in his own strength.

Joelson hesitated for a while, before asking, "Then can we enter now?"

The system replied in a cold and emotionless voice, "The rancher's strength has been detected to be on the low side. It is not recommended to follow him in. It is recommended that the dragons explore on their own."

"So, I can enter as well."

A level 8 strength was actually judged to be low by the system. Just how dangerous was this ancient ruin?

Joelson suddenly realized something and asked, "If one were to be injured or die in the ancient ruin, would it be..."

"Yes."

Hearing the system's affirmative answer, Joelson's heart sank.

It was not like the Dragon God Arena. If he could not win, he would admit defeat, and the ancient Dragon Soul would not take the initiative to attack again.

Did this mean that after the saint-level, the giant dragon needed to leave the hotbed and enter the cruel and bloody training field?

Chapter 150: Entering the Ancient Ruins, One Must Go to the Land of Heritage Three Times in One's Life

Joelson looked at Du Lu worriedly.

Du Lu approached Joelson and lowered his head, his amber eyes full of desire.

'Let me go, Master!'

Du Lu's mind was very simple.

Joelson was destined to have more precious and powerful dragons in the future.

As an ordinary fire dragon, even if it had the bloodline of an ordinary ancient dragon, Du Lu had no advantage.

It was Joelson's first dragon, and it had been with him for the longest time.

It also had the deepest feelings for Joelson.

Just like secretly competing with the steel dragon, Du Lu didn't want to be left behind.

It didn't want to hold back Joelson.

Therefore, it had to cherish every opportunity to become stronger and always be one of Joelson's most powerful helpers.

Joelson stared into Du Lu's eyes.

Du Lu seemed to be a child, calling out in a low voice, as if it was acting coquettishly with him.

There was a long silence.

Joelson nodded silently and said, "Then go."

Du Lu flew in joy, its huge body circling in the sky, and flames were burning around it.

"What's going on?" Joelson asked the system in detail, and his heart relaxed a little.

If the giant dragon encountered danger in the ruins, it could still ask to return and be quickly transported to the ranch.

Du Lu's wide wings covered Enny and the cloud dragon, and it still played the role of a father.

Then it turned back to give the steel dragon a slightly provocative look and rushed into the dark blue whirlpool.

Joelson was also a little worried.

He didn't know what Du Lu would encounter and when he would return.

...

When the first ray of sunlight shone into the harbor from sea level, the members of the sword and rose mercenary group were already neatly equipped and waiting at the entrance of the hotel.

When Joelson went downstairs, Hewlett slightly nodded at him as a greeting.

The others looked at him in awe, but their attitude became more distant.

On the contrary, the barbarian warrior, Amberg, walked up and stuffed two pieces of hard rye bread into Joelson's hands. He said loudly, "Amberg left these for you."

Joelson found it funny, but he had a good impression of this stubborn barbarian warrior.

Every member of the Sword and Rose mercenary group was equipped with a warhorse, and they even rented a carriage to store the escort items.

Joelson finally saw the mysterious escort item.

It was an exquisite chest engraved with gold and silver patterns, which was carefully put into the carriage by Hewlett.

"Let's Go!"

The group left the city in the opposite direction of the port, heading north.

The first day passed peacefully.

Joelson was very satisfied with the speed of the mercenary group's advance. They only rested twice a day, and each time was no more than half an hour.

This way, they would not waste too much time on the road.

Of course, Joelson could also drive the dragon to the Inmotati capital, or even directly go to the land of heritage, but Joelson did not want to do that.

He did not come to the central continent just for the legacy of magic.

The central continent itself was full of magic for him.

"Land of Heritage."

At night, the mercenaries sitting around the bonfire chatted to ease the tiredness accumulated throughout the day.

Joelson naturally asked Hewlett about the land of heritage.

"I now completely believe that you are a traveler from another continent."

Hewlett was obviously secretly relieved, and his vigilance towards Joelson had also decreased significantly.

The others were the same, looking at Joelson with an extremely curious gaze.

This gaze reminded Joelson of the first time he entered the capital of the Alcott Empire. The nobles looked at him as if they were looking at a country bumpkin.

Hewlett casually threw a few dried branches into the fire and said with a smile, "There has always been a saying about the Land of Heritage on the continent."

"Every knight or mage will go to the Land of Heritage at least three times in their lifetime."

Hewlett raised three fingers to Joelson and explained, "The first time is because they have a dream, the second time is because they are unwilling, and the third time is because they are determined to die."

Joelson was slightly stunned.

"No matter what race the young people are, after being tested to have the talent for cultivation, the first thing they should do is to go to the Land of Heritage to find their own inheritance."

A cold voice sounded from the side, followed by Hewlett's words.

Darlene, the dark elf, was slowly wiping the black iron longbow in her hand. Her dark purple hair blended into the night sky, giving off a strange charm under the light of the fire.

"Your own inheritance."

"Yes."

Hewlett raised his knight's longsword and waved it twice in the air, he said to Joelson, "Actually, my talent is very poor. No matter how hard I work, I can only reach rank 6 at most in this life. Rank 7 is the end. However, I'm only 50 years old, and I'm already a rank 8 knight."

Hewlett's face revealed a hint of pride. The others also looked at him with envy and jealousy.

A dark golden light appeared on Hewlett's face, and his sharp aura stimulated the flames.

A light flashed in Joelson's eyes, and he said in a low voice, "Metal-type combat aura."

"That's right!"

Hewlett said, "Metal-type combat aura, which has the highest single-target attack under the saint-rank, has almost been cut off. But I'm lucky, Hehe."

Hewlett smiled bitterly, he said, "If not for my terrible talent as a knight, I would have been able to enter the violet royal knights by relying on my talent in training metal-type combat aura. By this time, I might have become a captain or something."

"You could have gone," Darlene, the dark elf, suddenly said.

Hewlett replied calmly, "Then I can only reach rank 6 at most."

Hewlett seemed to be a person with a story.

Joelson did not delve into this matter. Instead, he asked, "So, this is all brought by the Land of Heritage."

"Yes."

Hewlett nodded seriously and said, "Everyone here has been to the Land of Heritage at least twice. The Land of Heritage is a gift left behind by the gods and the ancient powerhouses. Anyone can find their own path of powerhouses there."

"That's too exaggerated, commander."

The assassin, Alvin, said disdainfully, "Not everyone can be as lucky as you. Most mediocre people go in, but come out as mediocre."

Hewlett laughed and didn't say anything.

Joelson looked at everyone who didn't say anything. It seemed that Hewlett's fortuitous encounter made everyone very envious.

Moreover, according to their analysis, whether or not one could improve after entering the Land of Heritage would depend on the situation of each person. It wasn't certain that one would obtain a suitable legacy after entering.

The first time was because one had a dream, the second time was because one was unwilling, and the third time was because one was determined to die.

So, it seems that most people can't get the inheritance to transform themselves in the Land of Heritage.