

Breeding Dragons From Today

Chapter 151: Chapter 151, star pillar, desert lizard

"True super-geniuses, their names will forever be engraved on the Star Pillar of the land of heritage, and their light will shine throughout the entire Inmotati Empire."

Darlene said faintly.

"For example, the Violet Blade, the Golden Lion, and the others, right?"

Hewlett revealed a self-deprecating smile and said, "That's too far away from us."

Joelson's eyes flickered slightly.

"Most people can already judge the vast majority of potential in the Land of Heritage the first time. The second time is just because they are unwilling to go. After that, they will encounter a bottleneck in their cultivation and go to the Land of Heritage to try their luck."

Hewlett looked at Joelson, he said in an envious tone, "Joelson, actually, it's best if you go now, your strength is not weak, and you can go further in the Land of Heritage. You're not thirty years old this year, and your talent is also very high. Maybe."

Hewlett sighed and said, "Who knows? You might even be able to make your name appear at the low end of the Star Pillar."

"Hehe!"

A laugh.

It came from Alvin's mouth.

"Stop fooling around, Commander. If you can engrave your name on the Star Pillar, you'll be an existence that has the possibility of stepping into God's domain in the future. Do you think that he... Cough cough?"

Alvin coughed and suddenly changed his tone. "Do you think that our Sword and Rose mercenary group can produce an expert in God's domain?!"

Hewlett smiled and shook his head. The others also laughed a few times. Clearly, they did not think that Joelson could do it.

Joelson's talent was very high.

Although there were not many people who could reach his level of strength before the age of thirty, there were still a few thousand of the hundreds of races in the entire central continent.

How many God's domain experts were there in the entire continent?

One could count them with a snap of one's fingers!

It was ridiculous to say that Joelson could become a God's domain in the future.

It was simply too laughable.

Regardless of whether it was a knight or a mage, after years of cultivation, their appearance would be even younger than the average person.

They had clearly misjudged Joelson's age.

If they knew that Joelson was only 17 this year, they might have a different attitude.

Of course, Joelson had no desire to explain himself.

Land of Heritage, Star Pillar, a god-domain-level powerhouse.

Very interesting.

Joelson silently thought to himself.

...

"We're about to enter the Akenshi tribe's territory."

Hewlett rode on his horse and pointed to a patch of green ahead as he spoke.

Joelson looked over.

This was a desolate Gobi Desert. There was only yellow sand, strong winds, and fire-type earth-type magical beasts of all ranks.

The direction Hewlett was pointing at was an oasis in the desert. It was like a pearl embellishing the desert.

Joelson's expression was indifferent. If one looked carefully, one would discover that there was still a hint of worry hidden in his eyes.

It was already the twelfth day since they left the port.

Du Lu had not returned yet.

Joelson suddenly regretted letting du Lu enter the ancient ruins of the Dragon God. When he advanced to tier 9, perhaps entering together with Du Lu would be the best decision.

Bang!

Sand suddenly exploded in the sand, and a black figure shot towards Joelson's head like an arrow.

Whoosh!

But it was intercepted by another arrow midway.

A lizard with a sharp and long mouth and small blood-red eyes full of savagery was firmly nailed to the sand, still struggling.

Darlene slowly put away her longbow, glanced at Joelson, and said indifferently, "Although this desert lizard is only a tier 4 magic beast, if you don't pay attention, even a high-level knight might die under its claws."

Joelson did not say anything. He did not pay attention, but even if Darlene did not shoot that arrow, Joelson was absolutely confident that he would be able to dodge it in time.

"Eighth-tier mages are indeed very strong, but there are many eighth-tier mages who have died on the road to adventure. Hehe."

Assassin Alvin seemed to speak carelessly, but there was a hint of mockery in his words.

He seemed to be dissatisfied with Joelson and would often say some sarcastic words.

It was because Joelson was stronger than him and more talented than when he was younger. It was also possible that Joelson's appearance had taken away a part of Darlene's attention.

Joelson frowned. He was already a little irritated because he was worried about Du Lu. He even had the impulse to attack.

But in the end, he held it in.

"Shut up, Alvin."

Hewlett came up and scolded him in a low voice, "Joelson just became a mercenary not too long ago."

Alvin replied unwillingly, "I'm just teaching him that as a mercenary, he should be vigilant at all times. Moreover."

Alvin deliberately lowered his voice, but it was just enough for everyone to hear.

"Leader, are you sure that he really has the strength of a rank 8? There are some small areas where the strength evaluation criteria are different."

Everyone's expression became a little strange as they subconsciously looked at Joelson.

Indeed, Joelson had not made any moves during this journey.

Other than the reason why the journey was smooth, it also had to do with the strength of the sword and rose mercenary group.

Hewlett, who was wielding his metal combat aura, stood in front of the group like a human bulldozer. Most of the threats were cleared by him alone. With the cooperation of the others, Joelson had almost no chance to make a move.

Apart from competing with Amberg, Joelson had never shown his strength.

After the initial shock, the mercenaries slowly came back to their senses.

A tough magic shield did not mean that he was strong.

Perhaps he had some powerful magic tools on him.

The most fundamental reason was that as a Midlander, he had a natural sense of superiority. subconsciously, he did not think that outsiders could be so much better than them.

As he looked at the doubtful gazes of the crowd, he suddenly thought of something.

When you are silent, there will always be some clowns who will jump in front of you and make a ridiculous noise.

Joelson raised his finger slightly, and a faint magical wave spread out around him.

At this moment, the ground started to tremble slightly.

"Not good!"

Everyone instantly entered into battle mode and looked around vigilantly.

They only saw the surrounding sand suddenly stand up with huge bulges, which were all around them, moving quickly toward them.

Boom! Boom!

The bulges exploded one after another, and huge and ferocious desert lizards emerged from the ground.

Each of them was more than twenty feet long and seven to eight feet tall, exuding the dangerous aura of a tier 7 magical beast.

The desert lizards kept growling, and at a glance, there were at least dozens of them.

The mercenaries' faces turned pale, and even Hewlett's face turned ugly.

The desert lizard at the front quickly pounced on them, its claws and teeth flashing with sharp light.

A few mercenaries were pushed to the ground in an instant, rolling on the ground in a sorry state as they dodged. Their bodies were already left with deep wounds that could be seen through their bones.

"Fight!"

Hewlett shouted, and a dark golden aura burst out from his body.

Chapter 152: Air-Type Fire-Type Fusion Magic, Akenshi

Hewlett shot out like a cannonball, colliding with a desert lizard. On the contrary, the latter's huge body rolled out.

The situation was extremely bad in an instant.

The mercenaries had already dispersed.

One against one, Hewlett could easily repel a desert lizard. However, once he was targeted by a few at the same time, he could only barely cope.

With Darlene as the center, sharp arrows shot out like blooming flowers. The arrowheads were attached with white battle qi, which could pierce through the desert lizard's body, but they didn't seem to care about such minor injuries.

The desert lizard that occasionally shot its eyeballs through its head would whine and fall to the ground.

The most awkward one was Alvin. As an assassin, he held two daggers in his hands and acted like a scout in the team.

In this kind of head-on battle, he was practically useless. His strength was not enough to break through the desert lizard's defense, and there were many of them.

"Magister, it's time for you to perform. What are you waiting for?"

Alvin's expression was unsightly as he shouted at Joelson, who was at the center of the team.

Joelson looked at him indifferently.

His cold and deep pupils made Alvin Tremble subconsciously.

For a moment, he even thought that he was being targeted by a terrifying high-level magic beast.

Damn it, how could a mage have such a terrifying gaze.

Joelson flipped his wrist, and a tungsten wood staff appeared in his hand.

The eighth-tier magic beast core at the top of the staff had long been replaced by the ninth-tier flame lion core.

Fire elementals gathered towards Joelson.

In this Gobi Desert environment, fire magic was clearly the best choice.

"Flowing fire."

Joelson said in a low voice. A blazing flame condensed into a fiery red blade and shot forward.

Hewlett, who was in an extremely dangerous situation with four or five desert lizards, only saw a fiery red flash before his eyes.

A fire blade quickly flashed past the body of a desert lizard in front of him, and the latter immediately let out a painful roar.

Sizzle sizzle sizzle...

The flames burned the skin and flesh, accompanied by the sound of a blunt blade sawing back and forth.

The huge desert lizard was cut in half from the middle, and the cut was smooth and charred.

Hewlett turned back to look at Joelson, and his eyes revealed an exciting look. he shouted loudly, "Joelson, save the others first!"

Joelson did not answer. He waved his staff gently, his movements calm and elegant.

In the next moment, dozens of huge, burning fire blades emerged from the ground and spread out in all directions.

"Fire, bloom."

The temperature in the air instantly increased by several times. Everyone subconsciously looked at Joelson, their hands moving slower.

A few terrified cries sounded.

It was the mercenaries who happened to block the path of the giant flame blade.

But when the giant flame blade arrived in front of them, it made a light turn, bypassed them, and continued to rush towards the desert lizard.

"Roar!"

More than ten low roars sounded, and more than ten huge bodies fell heavily into the sand.

The air was filled with the smell of burning.

In front of this powerful giant flaming blade, the hard shell of the desert lizard was easily cut open like a piece of paper.

After completely cutting open one of the desert lizards, the giant flaming blade dimmed slightly and continued forward until the second one was killed before it completely disappeared.

In an instant, Joelson solved everyone's crisis.

Silence.

Everyone was stunned and looked at Joelson in a daze.

Was this the power of an eighth-tier mage?!

Was an eighth-tier fire spell that powerful?!

Alvin was completely stunned and looked at Joelson.

It just so happened that Joelson was also looking at him.

A huge wave of flames rose behind him like a sea wave. It was as if Joelson was carrying flames on his back as he looked down at him coldly from above.

Alvin lowered his head in fear.

It was terrifyingly powerful, and it was extremely precise.

No matter which one it was, it was not something a tier 8 mage could do.

Joelson raised one hand, and the flames behind him surged like waves.

At this moment, it was as if he was the god of fire that had descended from ancient times.

With all the mercenaries as the center, a red ring appeared on the sand.

The flames behind Joelson flowed down and rose up along the ring, forming a wall of fire that blocked the desert lizard outside.

Hewlett looked at Joelson in shock, the knight's sword in his hand hovering in the air.

Darlene looked at Joelson with a strange look in her big eyes.

The other mercenaries were also stunned, and then they showed great surprise.

Only Alvin's face was very ugly.

When Joelson attacked, it was as if there were countless hands slapping his face.

The barbarian warrior Amberg beat his chest excitedly, carrying his double-edged battle-axe and trying to break through the wall of fire.

Joelson was slightly satisfied.

With the experience of combining water and air elements, the fusion of fire and air elements was also very smooth.

Its power was even greater than the fusion of air and water elements.

Fire elements were already explosive and violent. The addition of air elements was like a catalyst, making the destructive power even stronger.

Joelson pressed down with his right hand.

The wall of fire spread out in all directions. The Flames swept up hot sand, forcing the remaining desert lizards to retreat.

A life-or-death crisis, which Joelson defused with ease.

"Whoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo!"

Strange cries rang out.

The crowd looked over, desert lizards behind a jump out of a tall, gray-skinned people.

They were dressed in animal skins, showing strong muscles, and their long hair was tied up on their heads.

Hewlett said in a low voice, with a heavy look in his eyes, "Akenshi."

"The Akenshi wanted to be nice and warm and very friendly to the adventurers who passed by, so I went up and explained it to them."

Hewlett went up and a spear shot at him.

Hewlett dodged nimbly, holding the spear firmly in his hand.

"Nothing!"

Seeing that the mercenaries were ready to fight again, Hewlett quickly raised his hand to signal everyone to stay put.

"Woo woo woo woo woo woo woo woo!"

Hewlett shouted in the same strange voice.

The leader of the Akenshi people walked out and gestured with Hewlett.

Finally, they gradually let down their guard, but there was still doubt and vigilance on their faces.

"Alright, it's clear."

Hewlett gestured for everyone to put away their weapons.

The Akenshi people slowly approached.

The leader of the Akenshi people looked at the scattered pieces of the desert lizards on the ground and pointed at Joelson. No one knew what he was talking about.

His face was filled with anger and fear.

Joelson frowned slightly and asked, "What are they talking about?"

Hewlett smiled bitterly and said, "He is saying that you are a devil. You killed many of the war beasts in their tribe. It will take them a lot of energy and time to tame a desert lizard."

After this battle, the status of Joelson in the eyes of the mercenaries was completely different. He was the strongest person who had surpassed Hewlett.

Chapter 153: Chapter 153, the prophecy of the Akenshi Grand Elder

The group of people followed the Akenshi people to the oasis. Along the way, Hewlett was communicating with their leader in a special language.

"They seem to have encountered some trouble."

Hewlett returned with a frown and said to everyone, "Recently, the Akenshi Tribe often has people missing. They suspect that it was an adventurer passing by who did this, which is why they are so hostile to us."

"It's impossible to get the Akenshi Tribe's hospitality today, but they are willing to give us some dry food and water."

Many mercenaries looked regretful.

The Akenshi people were famous for their fine wine. Other than the good wine of the dwarves, the Akenshi People's wine was the most delicious.

There were also passionate and beautiful Akenshi girls who would often let the adventurers passing by have a wonderful night.

The members of the Sword and Rose mercenary group stopped outside a small tribe near the oasis.

Some Akenshi people left in a hurry, carrying roasted magical beast meat and several large sacks of water.

Of course, Hewlett also gave them some gold coins to make a deal.

At night, the extinguished bonfire flickered with faint sparks, and all the mercenaries fell into a deep sleep.

A thin figure quietly got up and blended into the night. Without making any sound, he quickly sped off into the distance.

When he reached a certain place, the figure stopped. There was already another person waiting for him there.

"My army is about to take shape. We will take action tomorrow."

"No! The newly joined mage is very powerful. We should wait for the undead swamp to find an opportunity!"

The crow's voice was hoarse and unpleasant.

"Saint-level?"

"No, not saint-level, but at least level eight, or even level nine."

"Hehe, no one below level nine can compete with me, even if I haven't recovered 30% of my strength yet."

"But."

"No buts. If I take back that thing, even if it's a saint-level, it will become a skeleton under my feet!"

The figure was silent for a moment, and then he left as quietly as he came.

The next day, the people of the Sword and Rose mercenary group had ugly expressions as they looked at the Akenshi tribesmen who surrounded them.

Each of them carried a spear and a long knife, and their attitude was even worse than yesterday.

"Didn't they say that they had already explained it? What do they mean by this?"

Hewlett shook his head and went forward to negotiate. After he returned, he said helplessly, "The Akenshi tribe's great elder invited us over."

"Invited?!"

The dark elf Darlene slightly raised her eyebrows. The longbow in her hand did not relax in the slightest.

Everyone subconsciously looked at Joelson, as if at this moment, he was the leader of the team.

Jolson ignited a flame with one hand.

But with this action, the surrounding Akenshi people instantly spread out in a large circle, their faces filled with displeasure and fear.

Yesterday, Jolson's terrifying power had already left an indelible impression in their hearts.

"I can bring you out."

Jolson said calmly, but the others could hear a hint of coldness in his words.

"Forget it, forget it."

Hewlett quickly shook his head.

"First Elder Akenshi is a very powerful person. In their territory, it's best not to anger the other party."

The mercenaries were "escorted" into the tribe by Akenshi people.

In the tribe, every Akenshi person looked hurried, with indescribable nervousness and fear on their faces.

"Looks like they really encountered something."

The group entered a small hut made of wood and mud and waited for a while.

A few Akenshi walked in with large strides.

The person in front was an exceptionally tall man. He exuded a wild aura and was slightly stronger than Hewlett.

"WUUUUUUU!"

"The great elder wants to see us."

Hewlett translated to everyone in a low voice.

A few minutes later, everyone finally saw the great elder Akenshi.

An old man who was as thin as a tree branch and had deep sunken eyes.

The strong Akenshi people greeted the thin old man.

The old man seemed to have woken up from a long sleep. He raised his head slightly, and his empty eyes swept over everyone in the mercenary group.

Being stared at by those eyes without any eyeballs, everyone felt a chill in their hearts.

The thin old man's final gaze stopped on Joelson, and then he opened his mouth to say something.

Hewlett's expression was unsightly, he said to everyone, "Grand Elder Akenshi said that there's a powerful evil spirit occupying the Akenshi tribe. It's looking for something, and it's abducting Akenshi's tribesmen. Only we can help Akenshi tide over this disaster."

"Is he joking?"

Someone could not help but cry out, "An evil spirit that has left the entire Akenshi tribe helpless, how can we deal with it with just the strength of a few of us? is he forcing us to stay to help them fight?"

Hewlett sighed, "I think so too."

Hewlett turned his head and communicated with the old man in the Akenshi tribe language.

His expression became more and more strange as he kept looking back at Joelson.

The old man's hollow eye sockets had been in Joelson's direction since the beginning.

The others couldn't wait to ask, "Leader, what did the first elder say?"

Hewlett raised his head and said, "The first elder said that this disaster was brought about by us. For this, he even paid the price of two eyes."

"We brought them? What does that mean?!"

Everyone's faces were blank.

Hewlett turned his gaze to Joelson and said in a low voice, "He said that the person who can save Akenshi is among us."

Everyone noticed Hewlett's gaze and said in surprise, "Joelson?!"

"Yes, Grand Elder Akenshi has the mysterious power to foresee fate. He has the status of a prophet in the Akenshi tribe. Moreover,"

Hewlett paused for a moment and his expression became strange. He looked at Joelson in disbelief.

"First elder Akenshi said that he tried to foresee Joelson's fate, but he blinded his eyes because of it."

"What?!"

Everyone could not help but shout. They looked at Joelson in shock. Their faces were filled with disbelief.

"The Sun, the Moon, and the stars have fallen. The dragon wings that fill the sky cover the sky. Thunder and flames interweave. Standing on a mountain of bones that flows with the blood of God, holding light and darkness in one hand, the world has fallen behind."

Hewlett slowly said something and then said, "This is what grand elder Akenshi said. It probably means this."

Everyone looked at Joelson in a daze. They did not know what words to use to express the shock in their hearts.

What did this mean?

What was Joelson's identity?!

In an instant, the image of Joelson in their hearts became even more mysterious.

"Hehe, do you really believe this old man's words? He looks just like an ordinary old man, and he's about to die."

Alvin suddenly broke the silence and said mockingly.

Chapter 154: The Undead Attacked and Stabbed the Traitor to Death

"Alvin," Hewlett whispered.

Although the Akenshi people didn't understand their words, it was disrespectful to comment on the Akenshi grand elder like this.

"Leader, how about this?"

Alvin's face revealed a crafty look as he said in a low voice, "Let's agree first and sneak out tonight. After all, the Akenshi tribe don't have many experts."

Hewlett only frowned and didn't say anything, but he seemed to be considering it.

At this time, the great elder of Akenshi said a few more words. Hewlett suddenly turned his head and seemed to be very shocked.

"What did he say again?"

Hewlett shook his head and didn't speak again. He only glanced at Alvin with a complicated gaze.

The group temporarily stayed in the Akenshi tribe.

Other than a few more people watching them, the Akenshi tribe treated them with more respect.

A few slim, wheat-colored Akenshi girls with a wild beauty presented food to the group.

The Akenshi tribe's unique fine wine and roasted magical beast meat were very fragrant.

After eating, everyone rested.

Regardless of whether they had to carry out the escape plan as Alvin had said, maintaining sufficient physical strength and mental state at all times was the basic quality of a qualified mercenary.

The night gradually deepened.

The sound of footsteps, along with the shouts of the Akenshi, was suddenly heard outside the small house where everyone was resting. It was accompanied by cries and screams.

Everyone woke up one after another and walked out of the small house. They only saw that there were flames everywhere outside, and there were Akenshi people running around everywhere.

Everyone's faces were filled with fear and nervousness.

There was only one voice echoing in the scene.

Joelson frowned slightly and asked Hewlett, "What are they shouting for?"

Hewlett's expression was solemn as he said in a low voice, "They are shouting. Evil spirits are coming."

Everyone was shocked.

The Undead!

So, it was the undead!

When everyone walked to the center of the field, they finally saw the cause of the disturbance caused by the Akenshi people.

A thick fog appeared on the Gobi Desert, blocking out the moonlight.

A series of dragging figures walked out from the thick fog. There were people, magical beasts, and many skeletons.

Each of them was a corpse that had died a long time ago. Among them were the missing Akenshi people, but they were all dead now.

"It's necromancy!"

Hewlett's face was ugly, and he gritted his teeth and said, "There's a necromancer nearby, everyone be careful!"

"They must be coming for that thing" Darlene, the dark elf, said in a low voice.

"Oh no!"

Alvin's face changed drastically, and he shouted, "Leader, the carriage!"

Hewlett immediately reacted and rushed in the direction of the carriage.

Joelson's eyes were filled with confusion. What exactly was the thing Hewlett and the others were escorting that could attract a necromancer?

As Joelson approached Hewlett, he threw spells at the approaching undead.

Most of the undead were not strong. They were only at tier-3 to tier-4. They could even deal with ordinary Akenshi people.

However...

There were simply too many of them.

Countless figures appeared in the thick fog as if endless undead were constantly appearing.

An army of the undead.

No, it should be called an ocean of the undead!

No matter how brave the Akenshi were, no matter how fierce the desert lizards were, they would still have the time to use up their strength.

When that happened, the clumsy undead would rush forward together and dismember them alive.

Joelson threw out one powerful fire spell after another, exploding among the undead.

His magic was thrown into the undead, like boiling water splashing on the snow, quickly melting it.

The Akenshi people cheered, and their eyes turned from fear and vigilance to admiration.

The people of the Sword and Rose mercenary group quickly joined the battle.

Amberg waved his double-edged battle-axe and rushed into the undead horde like a war chariot. Each swing of his axe brought with it a large number of corpses.

The same thing happened to Darlene's arrows with white light.

The situation slowly stabilized.

At this time, Hewlett had already run back with a box. It was the mission item they were supposed to escort.

"Leader, give it to me!" Alvin shouted anxiously at Hewlett, "They need your strength. I'll take care of it for you!"

"Okay!"

Hewlett threw the box to Alvin without hesitation.

Alvin looked at the box that was thrown at him. His face revealed a look of ecstasy and a smug mocking expression.

The box landed steadily in Alvin's arms.

Alvin's expression froze for a moment.

It was too light.

The box was too light, and it was completely empty.

Clang!

The sound of sharp blades piercing through the wooden box.

A knight's longsword pierced through the box and directly into Alvin's chest.

Alvin's eyes widened, and his eyes were filled with disbelief.

Blood dripped onto the ground. Alvin looked up, and Hewlett's complicated face appeared behind the box.

Everyone who looked at the mercenary group was also stunned.

"Leader killed Alvin?!"

"Leader, are you crazy!"

"Shut up!" Hewlett cursed harshly and said in a low voice while looking at Alvin.

"I know you were the one who lured the necromancer here."

"You've been secretly communicating with him ever since you came out of the Ashes Forest, right? I've long smelled the rotten stench on your body that can't be washed away!"

"You were also the one who killed the previous magician."

Alvin opened his mouth but couldn't say a word.

Hewlett exerted a little bit of strength, and the tip of the long sword slowly pierced out from Alvin's back.

"I'll tell you one last piece of news. The meaning of the words that Grand Elder Akenshi said to me was..."

Hewlett was only Alvin's eyes. He said with a complicated expression, "You will die, and you will definitely die under my sword."

"Now, the Great Elder's prophecy has come true."

Alvin fell down unwillingly. Before he died, he was still holding the broken empty box.

It turned out that the mission item in the carriage had always been a pretense. The real thing was hidden somewhere by Hewlett.

Hewlett looked at Alvin's corpse and was silent for a while.

He raised his head and raised his longsword high. There seemed to be tears flashing in his eyes.

"Damned necromancer! The thing is with me. If you have the ability, come out and take it!"

Hewlett rushed into the pile of undead like he had gone mad. He brandished his Knight's sword with all his might, and the undead fell one by one like a farmer harvesting wheat.

"No."

Joelson frowned.

The walls of the Akenshi tribe had already been flattened by more than half of the surging undead tide, and the encirclement was gradually shrinking.

Although they had the help of the mercenaries, the Akenshi people continued to die.

The dead people quickly stood up again, but this time, they aimed their weapons at their companions.

The Akenshi people protected the elderly, women, and children in the middle. The strong men and their desert lizards stood at the front.

Chapter 155: Undead Bone Dragon

"Flowing fire, bloom."

The gigantic flaming light blade man bloomed like a flower among the undead, instantly clearing a large area.

But within a few dozen seconds, it was filled with even more new undead.

Joelson's face was slightly pale, and he panted heavily.

This was already the tenth fusion spell he had cast, and with the addition of other spells, even he was somewhat exhausted.

Joelson was playing a controlling role on the battlefield. Whenever there was danger, he would cast a spell.

Therefore, his consumption was the greatest.

The other members of the mercenary group were even more exhausted.

Amberg was someone who had lost the ability to fight.

He was having a good time killing the undead and accidentally triggered berserk. After clearing out countless undead, he fainted on the ground.

If it weren't for Joelson's timely rescue, he would have become a member of the undead army by now.

Darlene's face was pale. It would take a long time before she could shoot an arrow, and the white light on the arrowhead dimmed.

The hand that pulled the bowstring trembled slightly, but she still stubbornly bit her lip and continued to shoot arrows.

Hewlett also panted heavily and temporarily retreated to the encirclement to recover his strength.

Not to mention the Akenshi people, even the Sword and Rose mercenary group had lost three members.

But the undead tide was still pouring out, and even the level of the undead was still increasing.

The Necromancer behind the scenes intended to tire them to death.

This was one of the vilest and terrifying professions in the entire continent, the terror of the Necromancer.

As long as there were enough corpses, they could even kill gods.

"Joelson!" Hewlett suddenly shouted.

Everyone's eyes instantly focused on Joelson.

That's right, they almost forgot.

The gray eyes lit up with hope again.

Until now, all the prophecies that the first elder had said had come true one by one. If all of this was true...

Then...

Joelson was the saviour who could end this calamity.

"If this goes on, all of us will die."

Joelson said calmly, "We can only think of a way to find the Necromancer and kill him."

Everyone's spirits were instantly lifted.

Joelson was right. The Necromancer who was hiding in the darkness and controlling everything was the key.

After dealing with the Necromancer, the undead army would collapse on their own.

"Are you looking for me?"

An unpleasant voice came from the thick fog.

A gust of strong wind stirred up the thick fog, and a huge shadow slowly flew out from the fog.

Everyone saw the shadow clearly, and the eyes that had just been lit up with hope instantly fell into despair.

"Tier 9, undead dragon!"

Someone said with a trembling voice.

In the night sky, there was a huge skeleton of a dragon floating quietly, and its empty eye sockets were burning with strange green flames.

An evil and dark aura instantly filled the entire area.

A figure covered in a black robe was standing on top of the Undead Dragon's head.

Hewlett stared at the undead mage on top of the undead Dragon's head, gritted his teeth, and said his name with a hint of fear.

"Frederick!"

"Yes, it's me. I'm so glad that someone can still remember my name."

Frederick bowed slightly as if he wanted to perform an elegant magician's etiquette.

However, with his current figure and the undead bone dragon under his feet, it could only make people feel that it was indescribably strange and ugly.

Frederick looked down at the people struggling in the sea of undead, he spoke with contempt and anger, "You shameless thieves! When I get my things back, I will make every single one of you wail in pain for 100 years!"

Joelson looked at Hewlett with a solemn gaze.

Hewlett laughed bitterly at him, explaining, "We insulted the forbidden land that sealed Frederick in the Ash Forest and took something from him. However, we inadvertently woke him up."

It was only now that Joelson understood why Hewlett, as a tier 8 powerhouse, had to seek help from others for a simple escort mission.

Why was the level of the mission double-A?

Judging from the current situation, the difficulty of this mission was probably more than S grade.

"Frederick!" Hewlett suddenly shouted at the figure on the skeletal dragon.

"Let us all go, and I'll return the thing to you."

Hewlett had originally planned to send this important thing to the guild master of the Mage Union in the King's City for safekeeping, in case the evil undead mages recovered their strength and once again wreaked havoc on the continent.

But under the crisis of life and death, his sense of responsibility was temporarily abandoned.

Living was the most important thing.

Frederick let out a strange laugh and suddenly raised his hand.

Hewlett's heart palpitated. Before he could react, a light flashed.

A sharp pain came from his hand. One of his palms had been cut off and fell to the ground.

There was a dim silver ring on the middle finger of the broken hand.

Joelson's pupils contracted slightly.

It was an interspatial ring!

Someone picked up the broken hand and looked at the crowd without any expression.

Hewlett screamed in disbelief, "Alvin?!"

Wasn't he already dead?!

Hewlett was very regretful. He had forgotten one important point. Frederick was a Necromancer and could control corpses!

The broken hand landed lightly on Frederick's hand.

He casually took off the interspatial ring on the broken hand, as if everything was under his control.

Everyone felt a strong sense of despair from the bottom of their hearts.

An old monster that had lived for thousands of years, whether it was strength or intelligence, was not something they could contend against.

Frederick took out a black-green object from the interspatial ring.

It was like an ancient and ugly old tree root.

"The lich's heart, my heart."

Frederick whispered its name happily.

Then, he tore off the black robe on his body.

At this time, everyone could see his appearance clearly.

In fact, he was a dried corpse that could be weathered at any time.

Frederick tore open his chest and pressed the ugly lich's heart into it.

Instantly, his mouth, nose, and eyes emitted a strange green light.

All the aura of the undead in the surroundings gathered toward him, forming a gray vortex visible to the naked eye under the night sky, blocking out the moonlight and starlight.

Frederick absorbed all the aura of the undead like a blue whale sucking in water. The army of the undead under him fell like straw, leaving only a decaying body.

But at this time, he no longer needed to rely on these things.

The aura of the undead bone dragon was also rising.

In the blink of an eye, the aura of a saint-level was emitted.

Some people sat on the ground, no longer having the strength to hold their longswords. They looked at Frederick, who had a terrifying aura under the night sky, and said in despair, "It's over!"

At this time, a large amount of blazing aura suddenly gathered.

Everyone was immediately shocked. They looked toward the center where the fire elements gathered, and a hint of hope suddenly burst out in their eyes.

It was Joelson!

"He! He's breaking through!"

Chapter 156: Return of Du Lu!

Hewlett covered his broken hand. His head was covered in a cold sweat due to the excruciating pain, but his face revealed a trace of joy.

"He broke through just like that?"

The others were initially surprised, but the tip of their swords became incredulous and almost dull.

Could a mage also break through in battle?!

Sure enough, even after living for decades, he still could not understand this world.

However, Joelson was not at ease at all.

Facing the mysterious and powerful saint-level Necromancer, he could only choose to "Level up".

Tier 9.

He had finally advanced to tier 9.

Joelson was only seventeen years old this year!

If this news were to spread, it might scare a bunch of people.

"Meteor shower!"

Joelson immediately cast his first spell after advancing to tier 9.

Level-6 meteor shower, tier 9 meteor shower.

It summoned a meteor fragment that fell from the sky.

A few dazzling lights lit up in the pitch-black night sky and quickly grew in size. In the blink of an eye, it flew in front of him.

It was a meteor fireball that was burning intensely.

"Tier 9! Joelson has really advanced to tier 9!"

Everyone recognized this spell and shouted excitedly.

The green flames in Frederick's eyes flickered, and he was a little surprised.

He seemed to have no time to react before he was completely submerged by dozens of huge fireballs.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

A fierce explosion sounded, and the ground under his feet trembled.

The hot wind blew so hard that everyone on the field could not open their eyes.

The Akenshi tribesmen knelt on the ground in fear, looked at Joelson in awe and worship, and shouted strange words.

"What are they shouting?"

Darlene could not help but ask Hewlett.

Hewlett was holding his broken hand and trying to recover under the healing spell of the priest, Kath. He smiled bitterly and said, "It probably means a God, a savior, or something like that."

A Tier-9 mage could easily control the power of heaven and earth.

In the eyes of the Akenshi tribesmen, it was indeed a bit like a god.

However, the expression on Joelson's face became more and more serious. He waited until the flames and the smoke from the explosion had reached zone three.

He sighed softly and said, "As expected, it still doesn't work."

His level-9 meteor shower spell, even a saint-level wouldn't dare to take it head-on.

However, Frederick used some strange method. It was completely undamaged as if he wasn't affected at all.

"Is that all you have?"

Frederick yawned. His eyes, which were floating with strange green flames, stared at Joelson and said with admiration, "Your body is still full of the smell of youth. What an amazing talent."

Halfway through his words, he suddenly changed his tone and became very sinister and cruel. "It just so happens that my favorite thing is to torture and kill geniuses with extraordinary talents like you. Extinguishing the flames that could have become the sun is really very pleasant."

There was no expression on Joelson's face. He did not take Frederick's threat to heart at all.

He was thinking, if he summoned the steel dragon, what were the chances of winning against Frederick together?

It seemed to be a little strenuous.

A Necromancer who had lived for thousands of years had countless strange tricks up his sleeves. Moreover, there was a huge gap between them, which seemed to be insurmountable.

Could it be that he had abandoned everyone here and escaped by himself?

Joelson was absolutely confident that he would be able to escape safely. Even if Frederick was a saint-level mage, there was no way that he would be able to stop him.

Just as Joelson was hesitating, his expression suddenly changed. Huge excitement and joy shot out from his eyes.

"Hewlett!" Joelson hurriedly shouted.

"Ah?!"

Hewlett was stunned, unable to react.

"Buy me a few minutes, I'll be back soon."

Joelson turned his head, pointed at Frederick, and said calmly and confidently, "Get rid of this pair of ugly skeletons."

Hewlett subconsciously nodded and said, "Oh, okay."

Frederick burst out laughing at Joelson's words.

"Kid, are you kidding me? Huh?!"

Halfway through his words, Frederick suddenly showed a very surprised expression.

Joelson disappeared?!

Just like that, he disappeared into the air without any warning.

Even his spiritual power as a saint-level mage didn't notice when he disappeared? Where was he hiding?

"Damn it!" Frederick cursed in a low voice, looking a little angry.

Instead, he directed his anger at the dull members of the mercenary group and the Akenshi people on the field.

"Your saviour has abandoned you all. Give me your souls!"

"Okay."

Frederick's words were interrupted again.

The people on the field were dumbfounded again.

Joelson reappeared.

He was still in the same place, not moving at all.

The moment he disappeared just now was like a dream.

"It's faster than I thought," Joelson said to himself in a relaxed manner.

He had completely changed his appearance compared to before. His expression was relaxed and happy.

He did not take the threat of the angry saint-level Necromancer Frederick to heart at all.

"Damn that guy!"

Fredrick did not want to threaten him anymore. He only wanted to get rid of this strange kid, Joelson, as soon as possible.

The eye sockets of the undead bone dragon emitted a green light. It was eerie and terrifying. It let out a strange low roar and set off a hurricane that quickly charged toward Joelson.

The aura of the saint-level undead bone dragon made everyone feel as if they were suffocating.

However, Joelson pretended not to see the horror that was coming at him. He looked at Frederick indifferently.

In the next moment.

The swift figure of the undead bone dragon seemed to have crashed into a hard wall.

Invisible void.

Crack!

The crisp sound of bones breaking.

The undead bone dragon stopped and was pushed back bit by bit by an even more powerful force.

Everyone stared blankly at that spot in the void.

An indescribably terrifying explosive aura erupted from the void like countless volcanoes erupting at the same time.

The blazing airflow blew away the gloomy aura of the undead above everyone's heads, revealing the bright starry sky behind them.

A red dragon.

Drilled out.

Everyone had never seen such a terrifying dragon before.

Its body was nearly five times larger than the undead skeleton dragon beneath Frederick.

It might have some relation to the bone of the undead bone dragon, but the difference was too great.

Its aura was explosive and hot, like a moving active volcano.

Its entire body was burning with golden-red flames, as if it was covered in a layer of gorgeous armor, appearing luxurious and ferocious.

When it entrenched itself in the night sky, everyone's breathing stopped. An indescribable feeling of oppression rose in their hearts as if just looking at this terrifying legendary creature would cause their blood to freeze.

Joelson looked at the dragon's back, his eyes blossoming with a strange gaze.

The corners of his mouth curled up into a slight smile.

Du Lu, you're back!

Chapter 157: Crushing and Slapping to Death

Frederick stood on the back of the undead bone dragon. Even though he was undead, he could feel a trace of heat.

Frederick looked at the giant dragon that was staring at him coldly and cursed in his heart, "Damn it! Where did this giant dragon come from?! Such terrifying power, he must be an elder of the dragon race."

Frederick swore that if he were a human now, his calves would be trembling with fear.

Fight with this dragon?

Don't be silly.

Frederick didn't even think about it.

The advantage of a necromancer wasn't in a head-on battle but in a sea of people!

As a lich, his advantage wasn't magic, but a long lifespan that was almost eternal!

Although the undead bone dragon he was sitting on was powerful, its combat strength was not even half of that of an ordinary saint-level dragon.

Even the dragon bones were gathered by him.

Frederick now regretted not getting rid of this kid who used fire magic in the first place. Who knew that he had such a big backer behind him?

In the end, Frederick decided to use what he was best at, wisdom and eloquence.

"Sir, this is actually a misunderstanding."

If Frederick was still in his human body, he would be a wretched old man who was rubbing his hands and showing a flattering smile.

Unfortunately.

Du Lu didn't have any intention of listening to his nonsense. He raised his head and roared. His huge dragon tail, which was burning with golden-red flames, was raised high and then slammed down heavily.

The green flames in Frederick's empty eye sockets throbbed violently.

The next moment.

Bang!

A scene that was even more shocking than the meteor shower that Joelson had summoned earlier appeared.

The Earth was shaking as if the earth was cracking and the mountains were falling.

Frederick's fragile lich body was instantly smashed into powder. Then, the undead bone dragon under him let out a painful cry.

The bones in his body cracked and fell to the ground.

Bang! Bang!

Du Lu slapped him several times.

Finally, there was only a pile of bones in front of him.

It seemed that he still couldn't vent his anger.

Du Lu opened his huge mouth and spat out golden-red flames, sweeping around the Akenshi tribe.

All the undead bones were burned into ashes.

The starry sky, the giant dragon, and the burning flames.

This scene was deeply imprinted in everyone's memories, and they would probably never forget it for the rest of their lives.

Joelson flew over and quickly put away something.

Du Lu spread his wings and flew towards the night sky, quickly disappearing.

This was what Joelson and Du Lu had discussed.

The appearance of the giant dragon could still be explained, but its sudden disappearance would inevitably arouse everyone's suspicion.

When Joelson turned his head, everyone still had blank expressions on their faces, not recovering from the huge shock just now.

Thousands of years ago, the evil lich, Frederick, who was very well-known and hated in the central continent, died just like that?!

He was slapped to death?!

It was too hard to accept. They needed time to properly digest this truth.

Joelson secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

Fortunately, Du Lu had just returned from the ancient ruins.

His body was full of scars, but his aura was much stronger.

Du Lu had obtained a broken golden rune from the ancient ruins. This rune was deeply engraved on its scales, dyeing its flames with a trace of gold. Its power was more than twice as strong.

At the first moment, Joelson brought Du Lu to the Dragon God Arena. He used the +30% recovery ability of all dragons in the arena, as well as the crazy feeding of farm crops for free.

In exchange, Du Lu made an extremely domineering appearance.

What Joelson had just collected was Frederick's soul and the remains of the undead bone dragon.

The system had triggered a new thing. It was an unexpected surprise, and Joelson could not help but feel happier.

After a long silence.

Someone could not help but shout excitedly, "The prophecy of the Great Elder has come true! Joelson! Joelson has saved all of us!"

The people of the Akenshi tribe kneeled down in unison, shouting the words they had shouted before.

Countless gazes gathered on Joelson, filled with fanaticism, reverence, and worship.

"The Akenshi people will not wallow in the sorrow of the past. They will build a stronger wall on the land that is mixed with the blood and flesh of their people."

Hewlett looked at the Akenshi people who were undergoing post-war reconstruction and said to Joelson with a sigh.

The mercenaries of the Sword and Rose mercenary group also joined in and helped the Akenshi people rebuild their homes.

After all, they were the ones who attracted Frederick, so they couldn't help but feel a little guilty.

Every Akenshi person who passed by Joelson would put down the tools in their hands, kneel respectfully in front of him, and bow before leaving.

Even though Joelson had asked Hewlett to tell the Akenshi people many times that they didn't need to do this, they still did it.

Hewlett said, "You have become the God of all Akenshi people. In the future, even if you let them die for you, there will be countless people willing to follow you."

Joelson expressed his helplessness.

There was also the great elder of Akenshi. He was also very respectful. Every time he saw him, the old man was very excited. He shouted all kinds of strange words and was so excited that he almost jumped up.

At night, the Akenshi people lit a bright bonfire in the open space at the center of the tribe. They took out the magical beast meat that they had hunted during the day and barbecued it. They also brought out the fine wine that they had brewed.

Everyone was reveling beside the bonfire.

Joelson also tried the Akenshi wine that everyone admired. It was brewed from the fruit that was unique to the next room. Beast blood herbs and many other things were added to it.

It was like a flame burning in the mouth. It was a different taste compared to the raspberry red wine of the Alcott Empire.

Even though Joelson had the strength of a Tier 9 knight and had the blessing of dragon blood, he felt a little dizzy after drinking a few more cups.

Joelson walked back to the small room alone to rest. He had just sat down not long ago.

A dozen or so young Akenshi girls who were full of exotic feelings walked in one after another and smiled gently at Joelson.

Then, they started to take off their clothes together.

Joelson was instantly stunned.

He suddenly remembered something that Hewlett had once told him.

There were very few Akenshi tribesmen, so many girls would look for admirers among the adventurers passing by and offer themselves to them, just for a few nights of pleasure.

It could be considered a strange custom for the strong to leave behind their children.

"Get out. Who let you in?" Joelson said in surprise.

This was the first time he had fallen into such a situation.

The girls took the initiative to stick close to him, wanting to help him take off his clothes.

Joelson subconsciously released a powerful magic power and pushed the few of them away.

Under the terrifying pressure of a tier 9 mage, the girls half-knelt on the ground and trembled, thinking that they had angered Joelson.

Chapter 158: Young Girl's Sacrifice, Little Undead Dragon

"Fire Dragon God... My Lord." An Akenshi young girl said with a trembling voice.

Joelson was a little surprised. He didn't expect that one of them could speak the common language of the continent.

Then, he revealed a helpless smile.

Fire Dragon God. He didn't know who came up with such an unpleasant name for him.

"We are here voluntarily to serve you, sir."

All the girls raised their heads and looked at Joelson with worship and admiration.

Joelson had saved the entire Akenshi tribe. He was powerful and was the savior of Akenshi prophesied by the Great Elder. Moreover, he was handsome and young. He was truly a perfect man.

These girls had been selected after many layers of selection.

Each of them was very beautiful.

To them, Joelson was the Fire Dragon God. It was their greatest honor to be able to serve him for one night.

Joelson shook his head with a bitter smile and said, "You guys can go out. I don't need anyone to serve me."

The girls' faces immediately revealed a troubled look. They kept begging Joelson to let them stay.

However, Joelson's attitude was unusually firm. They could only walk out of the hut in disappointment.

Joelson heaved a sigh of relief. Just as he sat down, another person jumped in from outside.

"I've already said that I don't need your services."

Joelson thought that the girls had returned after leaving, and his tone could not help but carry a trace of anger.

But when he raised his head, he was stunned.

A slender and graceful figure stood at the door.

"Why is it you?"

Darlene walked in under the moonlight, looking indescribably charming.

"Don't you like them?"

Darlene looked at Joelson and asked.

Joelson didn't say anything. He just shook his head.

Darlene leaned on him softly like a kitten and gently hugged his neck. A strange light flashed in her eyes.

"Then how about I accompany you, Lord Fire Dragon God?" Darlene said in a low voice and blinked her eyes playfully.

Joelson was touched.

Under the light of the fire, the two figures intertwined tightly.

...

In the space of the Dragon God's ranch.

Frederick was floating in the air in the state of his soul.

Only a ball of green light was left. Frederick looked at everything around him in a daze.

If he had not entered this space, he would have been imprisoned by a mysterious force.

He couldn't move, recover, or die.

He was afraid that he would be so shocked that his soul would collapse.

Where was this?

What was that next to him?!

Dragon? Dragon?!

Frederick's eyes were about to pop out of their sockets. Of course, that was if he still had eyes.

And there was more than one dragon!

He saw the terrifying fire-type dragon that had killed him with one claw resting on an active volcano.

Next to the volcano was a lake with sparkling water. A blue water dragon and a strange dragon that he had never seen before were playing happily.

Further away was a rainforest with sleeping plant dragons.

There was also an empty space filled with steel.

The steel dragon suddenly opened its eyes, and its dark golden pupils looked coldly at Frederick.

Frederick couldn't help but tremble.

Steel dragons?!

Weren't these dragons extinct in ancient times?

Buzz buzz buzz...

Purple lightning flashed past, and Frederick found a mischievous figure in front of him.

The lightning dragon's eyes were wide open as it looked curiously at the green light.

Frederick was so shocked that he was almost numb.

All he wanted to know now was where exactly was this place?!

How could there be so many giant dragons?!

What the hell!

As he was thinking, Frederick suddenly felt a sharp pain and numbness that made his soul tremble.

He looked up and saw that it was the lightning dragon. It was shooting out bluish-purple bolts of lightning to attack him.

"No, don't!"

Frederick couldn't do anything. He could only send a frightened and begging consciousness wave to the dragon.

The electric dragon laughed happily, and the lightning on its body became more intense.

Frederick was in so much pain that he almost died. There was only one thought left in his mind.

"Damn it! Does it think I'm a toy?!"

When Joelson came in, Frederick was already close to death.

The strange energy in the space of the ranch protected him so that his soul wouldn't dissipate. However, the pain of his soul being attacked by the lightning didn't lessen at all.

Moreover, when the lightning dragon discovered that he would not die no matter how much electricity he used, it became even more excited.

Frederick had suffered the most terrifying torture of his thousands of years of life. Right now, he only wanted to plead with the God of the Dead to quickly lower his divine power so that his consciousness would disappear and he would be freed as soon as possible.

However, when Joelson was about to fulfill his wish, Frederick cried out in panic.

"My Lord, please spare me. I am willing to be your most loyal and capable servant!"

Joelson looked at him indifferently. After thinking for a while, he temporarily put down the idea of letting the ranch space erase Frederick's consciousness.

An old lich like Frederick, who had lived for thousands of years, was smarter than demons. He knew too many things, so he might be able to use them if he kept them.

At the very least, the undead magic that he had mastered could be considered a treasure.

The reason why Joelson entered the space of the ranch was for a new dragon.

After Du Lu killed Frederick, when Joelson put a pile of fragments of Frederick into the space of the ranch, the system triggered a random quest.

"Random Quest: hand over the lich's heart."

"Quest Reward: Undead Dragon Egg *1."

Joelson handed Frederick's shattered lich's heart to the system. A ray of light descended, and a gray dragon egg surrounded by a thick aura of death appeared before his eyes.

Undead dragon egg?

The undead dragon was actually hatched from a dragon egg?!

Joelson felt very amazed.

But he still hatched the undead dragon egg in the same way as before.

Crack!

The eggshell shattered, and an oval-shaped bone head drilled out.

It was completely a small bone frame, and there were two small wing bones on its back.

Scarlet light shone from its eye sockets.

When the little undead dragon walked, it made a "crack crack crack" sound. It didn't look scary at all, but rather somewhat cute.

Frederick watched the entire process of the little undead dragon hatching, and he was completely dumbfounded.

What was this?

Undead dragon?!

The undead dragon was born from a dragon egg?!

Frederick's mind was a little confused.

In fact, he had never known how a real undead dragon was born.

The undead dragon that Frederick had had was pieced together by collecting a part of the dragon bones and a large number of saint-level magical beast bones over hundreds of years.

Then he used undead magic to control it.

More accurately, it was more like an alchemy product, or a magic tool.

Chapter 159: Hades, The Underworld

Frederick's undead bone dragon had no self-awareness. It was just a battle puppet with low intelligence and was very stupid.

The undead dragon in front of Frederick clearly had high intelligence. It would even run into the arms of that terrifying magic kid and act coquettishly.

Frederick had no way to describe what he was feeling now. He even suspected that his soul had long been destroyed. What he was experiencing now was just an illusion after death.

The main thing was that what he saw was too unbelievable.

Fire dragons, water dragons, plant dragons, metal dragons, electric dragons, and now, there was even an undead bone dragon.

The dragons of all elements lived together harmoniously, and each had its own nest to live in.

How was this possible?!

What surprised Frederick the most was the space itself.

A plane fragment? A world seed?

Frederick didn't know what this space was, but it was obviously a priceless treasure that even the Gods would covet.

And all of this seemed to be in the hands of that young magician with terrifying talent.

He could freely enter and exit this space.

So the saint-level dragon wasn't his backer, but his pet?!

What was his identity?!

Frederick looked at the back of Joelson in a daze. He was so shocked that his soul was about to collapse.

Everything in this space was challenging his knowledge for thousands of years!

The body of the undead dragon was hard and cold. There was a strong aura of death around its body.

Joelson named it "Hades", a name that Joelson had high hopes for. It was the name of the Lord of the Underworld.

Like the birth of other dragons, Joelson first fed Hades an eggshell.

After eating the eggshell, the red light in Hades' empty eye sockets became brighter, but his body did not change much.

Hades did not fall into a deep sleep. His upper and lower jaw knocked with a "ka ka ka" sound, and he walked step by step to a pile of bones with a somewhat comical big head.

It was the remains of Frederick's undead bone dragon, as well as the bones of the legendary monster Fenrir.

They were all piled together by Joelson.

The corpses with a strong aura of death attracted Hades' great interest. He walked to the pile of bones and looked at it with his head for a while.

Soon, he opened his mouth wide at the pile of bones.

In the next moment, the aura of death from the pile of bones gathered together and drilled into Hades' mouth.

Hades' mouth was like a bottomless black hole, greedily devouring the "delicious and nutritious" aura of death.

This process continued for a long time.

When Hades closed his mouth, the pile of bones that originally gave off a gloomy aura of death had now become a pile of ordinary bones, losing any repulsive aura.

"Burp."

Hades burped, looking very satisfied.

The red light in its eye sockets became stronger and stronger. The entire dragon swayed like it was drunk. It could not even stand properly.

Finally, it fell into Joelson's arms and fell asleep.

Joelson was helpless and did not know what to say.

Hades looked like a child who had eaten too much.

He opened the system interface and wanted to build an undead dragon nest for Hades.

However, he couldn't find the existence of the undead dragon nest.

What was going on?!

At this moment, Joelson felt a weight on his chest. He looked down and his eyes were filled with shock.

He only saw the sleeping Hades. His body was turning into an illusion as if he was going to disappear.

He had really disappeared.

Joelson was immediately shocked.

Who on Earth could steal his dragon in front of him, under his eyes, in the space of the ranch?!

Joelson's face was gloomy, and his eyes were flickering.

A sharp voice sounded.

"It went to the Underworld."

Joelson turned his head and saw the green soul fire representing Frederick.

"The Underworld?"

Joelson frowned slightly.

"Yes."

Frederick explained in an envious tone, "The Underworld is the holy land, hotbed, and battlefield of the undead. Only the pure-blooded and talented undead creatures can sense the summoning of the underworld. It's really amazing that they can teleport to the underworld when they're just born."

It was more than amazing. Frederick had never seen such an extraordinary existence.

The principle of necromancy was that necromancers communicated with the underworld through their spiritual power, constructing a passage in the underworld, and summoning the underworld creatures to help in battle.

As the Necromancer's strength increased, the passage would become more stable, the exit would be larger, and the helpers summoned would be more powerful.

From the beginning, the skeleton warrior would slowly become the skeleton leader, the skeleton dragon, and even the skeleton king.

The summoned creature was uncertain. The Necromancer would need to use his consciousness to descend to the underworld to communicate with the appropriate summoned creature and reach a contract.

Theoretically speaking, if one was lucky enough, a tier 1 Necromancer could also summon the skeleton king.

Of course, a tier 1 Necromancer could not construct a magic channel that would allow the skeleton king to descend smoothly.

It was also possible that a Necromancer who could not gain the favor of any powerful undead creature would only be able to summon a bunch of trash skeleton soldiers even if he reached the saint-level.

Frederick was a necromancer who was not very lucky.

Although he was a saint-level, he could not find any saint-level undead creature that was willing to form an alliance with him. That was why he chose to refine the undead bone dragon himself. His strength was much weaker than the real undead dragon in the underworld, however, he could finally use it to support the situation.

The reason why Frederick envied Joelson was that if Joelson became a necromancer, he would not have the worries of other necromancers.

He already had a real undead dragon that could grow with him and descend from the underworld at any time.

It was such good luck that even thousands of old liches would be jealous of it.

After Frederick's explanation, Joelson finally understood.

It was different from other dragons. It didn't need a dragon's nest. Its destination was in the underworld.

Frederick used his rich knowledge of the thousand-year-old liches to answer a question for Joelson. Just as he wanted to get closer to Joelson, Joelson ignored him and directly left the space of the Dragon God's ranch.

When he woke up from the cabin, Joelson walked out and met the Dark Elf Darlene who was walking toward him.

Darlene's admiration and willingness to offer herself made the relationship between the two extremely close.

Dark Elves were completely different from ordinary elves in their shyness and conservatism. Their cold and arrogant bodies hid a hot and bold heart.

Darlene saw Joelson and her eyes showed joy. She came up to him and hugged his neck and kissed his cheek.

He caressed her dark purple hair and said, "I'm going to leave."

Chapter 160: Undead Swamp

When Joelson expressed his intention to leave, the members of the Sword and Rose mercenary group chose to remain silent.

"I'm sorry, Joelson. We don't intend to leave."

A bitter smile appeared on Hewlett's face.

The others also had the same thoughts.

Frederick was already dead, and the Sword and Rose mercenary group's mission had been completed. There was indeed no need for them to continue.

This time, Alvin was dead.

There were also a few companions who had died in the attack of the Undead Army.

Hewlett and the others wanted to stay.

Other than being tired of risking their lives every day and wanting to settle down, they also wanted to stay and help the Akenshi tribe build a new home because of the disaster they had brought to the tribe.

Joelson also felt that it was possible.

The Akenshi tribe was too weak. The tribe lacked high-level experts. If Hewlett and the rest stayed here, the tribe would have more security.

"These two days, I found a child with good knight talent. Perhaps he can accept my knight inheritance."

Next to Hewlett stood a healthy-skinned Akenshi boy with round and bright eyes. His words were filled with expectations. It seemed like he wanted to pass on his legacy.

However, this Akenshi boy's eyes were fixed on Joelson, full of worship and desire.

Compared to becoming Hewlett's personal disciple, he seemed to want to receive the teachings of the great "Fire Dragon God" more.

Hewlett gave Joelson a new map, which was more detailed than Clayton's.

In addition to the route to the King's city of Inmotati, it also marked most of the dangerous areas along the way.

This was a map sold by the Mercenary Union. Only mercenaries above grade B were eligible to buy it.

It was of great use to Joelson.

The next day, all the Akenshi gathered outside the tribe and reluctantly bid farewell to their "Fire Dragon God".

During this period of time, they had already begun to carve Joelson's stone statue with rocks and placed it together with the tribal totem. However, they were only halfway done.

Joelson was riding on a desert lizard. This was prepared for him by the Akenshi people. It was the best mount to travel on the Gobi Desert.

"I'm leaving."

Joelson calmly looked at the mercenary group and bid them farewell.

Finally, his gaze fell on Darlene. This arrogant and stubborn dark elf girl originally wanted to leave with Joelson, but was rejected by Joelson.

Joelson promised her that he would return soon.

Darlene carried the black wooden longbow on her back and stared at Joelson with a resentful gaze. Suddenly, she took out a dagger.

Swoosh!

Darlene cut off a small strand of dark purple hair and handed it to Joelson.

"If you betray me, I will follow its guidance and find you anywhere."

Darlene's tone was exceptionally resolute.

Joelson silently tucked Daliana's hair away and took a deep look at the Akenshi tribe, which was gradually returning to its previous state. Then, he rode on the desert lizard and left quickly.

Behind him were Akenshi people kneeling on the ground, and there were also shouts of unknown significance.

...

The Undead Swamp.

The blade was covered in gray weapons, and the ground beneath his feet was filled with mud filled with leaves and rotten corpses of animals. From time to time, a few dirty blisters would pop out, giving off an unpleasant smell.

Joelson's expression was indifferent, and the mage robe on his body was not stained by any dust. In such a strange environment, it was as if he was strolling in the back garden of the palace, leisurely and elegant.

If one observed carefully, one would find that his feet had always maintained a certain distance from the ground, and he was floating on the ground.

This was a small use of air magic.

After leaving the Akhenshi Gobi Desert, Joelson released the desert lizard and moved forward alone.

"More than three thousand years ago, the swamp of the dead was still a dense forest full of life. It is said that the aura of death from the Underworld leaked out and formed this area of death."

"Many necromancers who secretly practice necromancy are hiding in the swamp of the dead. However, most of them are weak and do not pose any threat to master."

A flattering voice kept ringing in Joelson's ears.

It was from Frederick.

Three days ago, Joelson finally had time to think about how to deal with Frederick, the old lich who had lived for thousands of years.

Without waiting for Joelson to say anything, Frederick quickly expressed his loyalty to him and took the initiative to offer his soul imprint to sign the most unequal master-servant contract with Joelson.

For a necromancer with super power like a lich, in order to embrace an immortal life, he could even abandon his body as a human, let alone his dignity as a human.

As long as his soul was not destroyed, his body was just a vessel for the lich.

Moreover, Frederick had his own considerations.

Having seen the Dragon God's Ranch, he knew very well how terrifying the potential that Joelson had.

Not to mention Joelson's own magic talent, the dragons in the ranch alone gave him the ability to fight against the Gods in the future.

With such a dazzling backer, Frederick naturally had to shamelessly stick to him.

In the future, if Joelson really became a god, he might be able to go one step further.

It wasn't that he wasn't worried, but after entering the Dragon God Ranch, Frederick's soul had been branded by the mysterious power of space. Even without the master-servant contract, he could easily control his life and death.

Thousands of years of Frederick's wisdom and knowledge were still something that he valued.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

A ten-foot-long, four-foot-tall undead dragon with scarlet eyes appeared in front of Joelson.

Hades.

After the first hibernation, when it appeared in front of Joelson again, Hades had already grown to rank 3.

Its body was far from the size of other dragons, but the gray skeleton began to glow with a strange luster, making it seem very mysterious.

Hades ran quickly in the undead swamp, very happy.

Before advancing to the saint-level, the undead dragons could not fly like other dragons.

Compared to the Underworld, Hades seemed to prefer to stay by Joelson's side.

A slow figure appeared in the gray fog, gradually revealing itself. It was an undead.

It was wearing a tattered leather armor and holding a broken and rusty iron sword.

This was an adventurer who had unfortunately died in the Undead Swamp. He had been infected by the aura of death and became an undead.

Hades noticed the appearance of the adventurer's undead. A red light flashed in his eye sockets, and he seemed to be very excited.

He pounced on the adventurer's undead like an ostrich. The adventurer's undead did not have time to react to any attacks.

Hades bit off the skull of the adventurer's head.

Hades chewed the skull like a piece of fruit, sucking in a whiff of gray gas and making a "ka-ka" sound of satisfaction.

- Chapter 161: Consciousness Descends into the Underworld

Chapter 161: Consciousness Descends into the Underworld

Frederick's heart ached when he saw this.

He was still in his soul state. He had secretly hinted to Joelson that he wanted to have a new body.

Joelson nodded and agreed.

However, because of Hades' existence, Frederick still hadn't obtained even the most tattered skeleton.

As soon as an undead appeared, Hades would immediately rush forward and suck on the undead's soul consciousness. Then, he would tear the undead's body into pieces like a toy.

Frederick really wanted to cry.

"Hades, come back."

Joelson waved at the little undead dragon. The little undead dragon flew back and turned its head intimately in front of Joelson.

Then he shot out like an arrow and disappeared into the mist.

He looked like a child who hadn't grown up yet.

Joelson shook his head with a smile, turned his attention to Frederick, and said in a low voice, "You can continue to talk about the necromancy you mentioned last time."

Frederick quickly pulled himself together and focused on teaching Joelson about necromancy.

In another fog in the swamp of the dead.

A group of adventurers was experiencing a fear that they had never experienced before.

The slow-witted undead walked out of the fog, and the knight's longsword in the tier 7 adventurer's hand burst out with a rich aura of light.

Each swing could chop an undead into bone fragments.

However, his pale face did not relax at all. Instead, it was mixed with a trace of fear.

There seemed to be something extremely terrifying hidden in the surrounding fog, causing him to look around in fear.

"Ah!"

His companion's scream came from behind him.

The adventurer's face was even paler. He could no longer care about anything else. He randomly split open the low-level undead blocking his way and hurriedly ran forward.

Suddenly, his footsteps stopped.

A strange and ferocious figure slowly appeared in the fog.

He turned around and saw the same thing behind him.

A pale-faced middle-aged man with sunken cheeks walked up to him.

Beside the man were tall and ugly ape spirits.

They were refined from the corpses of eighth-tier mountain gorilla magical beasts. Under the corrosion of the aura of death, their skeletons became even harder, retaining strength comparable to that of an eighth-tier.

It was unknown where the Necromancer came from, but he actually had four gorilla wraiths.

The fear in the seventh-tier adventurer's heart had already accumulated to the limit.

He shouted loudly, mustering all his courage, and raised his long sword high up to break through in the direction of the man.

The Necromancer raised his hand without any expression on his face.

The adventurer's vision went black.

It was the blindness spell.

He was panicking when he suddenly heard the sound of a huge gust of wind.

His limbs were grabbed by strong hands.

Rip!

The poor adventurer was torn into pieces by a few ape spirits.

The Necromancer had a cruel and satisfied expression on his face.

He walked forward and his hand emitted a black light. A shadow slowly rose from the adventurer's body, revealing a face with a frightened expression.

This was the soul of a living being.

It was the best delicacy for the necromancer.

Before this, he had already eaten the souls of several tier 6 and tier 7 adventurers.

This was the last dessert of the feast.

Crack crack crack!

The Necromancer was suddenly shocked, and he suddenly turned his head to look.

He only saw a strange undead creature looking at everything curiously from afar.

The Necromancer and the undead creature looked at each other for a long time.

He suddenly realized.

It seemed to be a death dragon!

The more he looked at it, the more it looked like one.

The Necromancer's eyes shone with surprise, and he was so excited that he almost trembled.

Death dragon!

To the Necromancer, it was like a giant dragon being a pet to an ordinary mage.

If he could have a death dragon as his summoned creature, he would definitely become the greatest Necromancer in the history of the central continent!

"Catch him!"

The undead mage did not even enjoy the soul of the level-7 adventurer he had just extracted. He hurriedly gave the gorilla spirit the order to capture the undead dragon.

The giant gorilla spirit quickly rushed towards Hades.

Hades was shocked and immediately turned into a gray light to escape.

"The first step is to use your consciousness to connect to the Underworld. Then, find the undead creature that is willing to form a contract with you and summon it."

"Soul waves are very important. If your soul waves happen to be very compatible with an undead creature, you can easily gain its favor and summon it without any effort. It is rumored that there is a tier 1 Necromancer who summoned the Skeleton King because the lucky tier 1 Necromancer's soul waves happen to be compatible with the Skeleton King."

"If there is no way to find such undead creatures, we can use our spiritual power to make them submit. However, usually, undead creatures that use this method to form a contract will not be too strong."

"Because our consciousness passes through the Underworld, our spiritual power will be greatly weakened. Saint-level mages in the Underworld may only have the spiritual power of a tier 9 or even tier 8 mage. The stronger the undead, the stronger their soul flames will be. Therefore, they will not be easily subdued."

"Master is a tier 9 mage. His spiritual power should only be at tier 6 to tier 7 after passing through the Underworld. As long as he summons a tier 6 skeleton soldier leader for the first time, he will be considered very impressive."

Frederick explained the method of summoning undead creatures to Joelson while flattering him without leaving any traces.

Joelson nodded and tried the method taught by Frederick.

The first step was to sense the existence of the Underworld.

Perhaps because of Hades, Joelson could easily do this.

The Underworld was a special plane between the illusory and the real.

It floated between countless universe planes, taking in the wandering souls without masters.

Joelson closed his eyes as if he had come to a gray world.

The sky was always filled with dense dark clouds, without the existence of the Sun, Moon, and stars.

His consciousness was high in the Underworld, overlooking the land of the Underworld. Everywhere was gray land and swamps, and every place was filled with the aura of death. There were endless mountains of bones.

There were countless skeletons and undead on the ground. They walked slowly, heading in the same direction for eternity.

Joelson controlled his body to float down slowly.

He focused his consciousness on a thin skeleton soldier. This was the lowest level of existence in the Underworld.

The green soul flame in the skeleton soldier's eye sockets flickered when he injected his spiritual power into it. Soon, he connected with Joelson.

As long as Joelson was willing, he could summon this skeleton soldier to the central continent at any time.

But he was not satisfied.

He cut off the link with the skeleton soldier and flew on.

Chapter 162: Contract, Dark Knight

In the Underworld, Joelson's consciousness was no longer restricted by his body, and he could fly at a very fast speed.

Below him, countless undead creatures on the ground continued to move forward as if they were on a pilgrimage.

Joelson saw a particularly tall skeleton soldier. Its strength was between rank 6 and rank 7, and the soul flames in its skull were several times more than that of ordinary skeleton soldiers.

This should be the leader of the skeleton soldiers Fredrick had mentioned.

Behind the leader of the skeleton soldiers were more than a dozen ordinary skeleton soldiers.

Joelson's consciousness descended.

The leader of the skeleton soldiers stopped, and the soul flame in its skull flickered continuously.

Joelson felt a strong resistance. It was the consciousness of the leader of the skeleton soldiers resisting him.

However, this resistance was not too strong for Joelson. He spent a little effort to subdue the skeleton soldier leader just like the previous skeleton soldier.

A weak connection was formed.

Joelson felt that the dozen or so ordinary skeleton soldiers behind the skeleton soldiers also showed a sense of subservience to him.

He suddenly had an epiphany in his heart.

If he could subdue a powerful undead king, wouldn't that be equivalent to having a huge undead army?

No wonder the undead mages were so powerful.

That was how the sea of people tactic came about.

He felt that the leader of the skeleton soldiers was not his limit either. This time, Joelson did not cut off the connection with it. Instead, he temporarily left it aside and continued to move forward.

After that, he met a few of the leaders of the skeleton soldiers. He established a connection with them, but he never found an undead creature that he was truly satisfied with.

As for the soul fluctuation that Fredrick said was particularly compatible, he had never felt it before.

His spiritual power already had a faint sense of fatigue. This was a sign that his summoned creature had reached its limit.

Joelson considered returning.

At this moment, a battle between undead creatures not far away caught his attention.

A powerful undead ghoul.

Its face was withered and hideous. Its body, which was nearly ten feet tall, was wrapped in thick black gas.

A tier-9 ghoul.

It was also leading countless low-level undead behind it. It was very dense. At a glance, there were at least tens of thousands of them.

The undead corpse demon's opponent seemed to be even stronger than it.

It was a knight riding a warhorse.

The skeletal warhorse was tall and ferocious. Black Flames were burning on its bones and four hooves.

The knight was wearing black heavy armor that was covered in rust. Its entire body was covered, and its appearance could not be seen clearly. Only a pair of eyes that were emitting a strange red light could be seen through the mask.

The black-armored knight rode on the undead skeletal horse. He held a heavy knight's spear in his hand as he charged recklessly in the midst of the undead horde.

Every time the black-armored knight charged, a large number of low-level undead skeletons would be trampled by the skeletal warhorses and the knight's spear. They would be crushed into pieces.

Green soul flames splashed everywhere. Many of the skeleton soldiers on the battlefield received a boost during this process. They grew into skeletons that were one level higher and continued to fight.

The undead ghoul roared, and its stiff body jumped up high, blocking the black-armored knight's wanton charge.

Countless skeleton soldiers surged up like a tide.

The situation was tilted in the direction that was disadvantageous to the black-armored knight.

Joelson hovered in the air, quietly watching.

The tier 9 undead demon and the black-armored knight seemed to have noticed his special existence.

They raised their heads to look at him more than once.

The black armored knight's gaze was indifferent, while the undead ghoul was filled with fear and hostility towards Joelson.

With a thought, Joelson moved.

Dozens of skeleton leaders that had surrendered along the way, as well as the skeleton lords, moved at the same time.

When they heard Joelson's call, they led their subordinates and rushed in this direction.

The black armored knight gradually showed signs of failing.

The low-level skeleton soldiers had consumed a lot of its energy, and the corpse demon was not much weaker than it.

It had already been hit by the undead corpse demon several times.

A slightly dented palm print appeared on the chest of the black heavy armor.

Joelson suddenly dived down and drilled into the corpse demon's head, trying to subdue its consciousness.

This was the most intense resistance that Joelson had encountered since he arrived in the Underworld.

A brutal and cruel consciousness was engaged in a fierce battle with him, and he kept retreating.

But his goal was never to subdue the undead.

Because of the disturbance of his consciousness, the ghoul had to devote more than half of his spiritual power to fight him.

The black armored knight seized the opportunity and saw it. He drew a black track with his lance and stabbed into the heart of the ghoul, stirring it vigorously.

The ghoul roared angrily.

The situation instantly reversed.

The ghoul kept retreating and was pierced by the black-armored knight one hole after another.

Soon, the skeleton soldiers summoned by Joelson arrived and fought with the ghoul's skeleton soldiers.

The black-armored knight lowered his body slightly. The undead skeletal horse spat out black flames from its mouth and nose. Its hooves dug into the ground, ready to charge at any time.

The two seemed to be a single entity, shooting out like a black arrow.

Joelson instantly left the body of the undead corpse demon.

A knight's spear wrapped in black flames stabbed into the corpse demon's head, shattering it into pieces.

Intense green flames floated out, and the black-armored knight grabbed it in his hand, bringing it close to his mouth and absorbing it completely.

The black light on its body seemed to be stronger.

All the skeleton soldiers stopped fighting.

The undead demon was dead, and a new leader was born.

In the Underworld, there was no so-called loyalty and betrayal. Strength was everything.

The black armored knight rode on his warhorse and jumped onto the bone mountain. His scarlet eyes looked directly at Joelson.

Joelson seemed to understand the meaning of this gaze and descended.

It was very smooth. Without any resistance, the magical connection was formed.

He helped the black-armored knight win the battle and gain the other party's approval.

Crack crack crack!

Hades jumped back to Joelson's side and hid behind him in panic.

The figure of the ape spirit appeared in the gray fog. The Necromancer was riding on the head of one of the ape spirits and quickly chased after him.

"Someone's here?!"

The Necromancer's face revealed a wary expression the moment he saw Joelson.

He did not expect the undead dragon to have a master.

It seemed like he had met someone who was traveling with him.

The Necromancer was jealous. His eyes were filled with greed and unwillingness as he looked at the undead dragon.

Suddenly, he noticed that Joelson had been closing his eyes tightly as if he was meditating.

His eyes gradually lit up.

After killing this idiot, the undead dragon would be mine, hahaha!

"Master! Master!"

Frederick called out anxiously in Joelson's ear.

He did not expect that it would take so long for Joelson to complete the first step of the undead summoning.

Normally, it would only take a few minutes.

Would it be so difficult to subdue a tier 6 or 7 skull?

Chapter 163: The Undead Dragon and the Dark Knight

The undead dragon had brought back a powerful Necromancer with him. If Joelson could not wake up in time...

Frederick really wanted to cry. If Joelson died, he would die with him!

"Go to hell!"

The Necromancer controlled the ape spirit to pounce on Joelson, his eyes flashing with excitement and madness.

At this moment.

Joelson suddenly opened his eyes.

There was not a hint of human emotion in Joelson's eyes. He looked at the Necromancer coldly, and the latter's heart trembled violently.

The Necromancer was almost scared back by the look in his eyes.

This was a side effect of the return of the consciousness from the Underworld. If one stayed in the Underworld for too long, they would gradually be assimilated by the Underworld. They would lose their feelings and memories as human beings, and they would forever be lost in that world.

Therefore, necromancers would not stay in the Underworld for too long in order to find an opportunity to avoid becoming undead.

The Necromancer cursed in a low voice in embarrassment and under his command.

The four ape-like undead ferociously rushed forward. A thick aura of death enveloped Joelson as if they wanted to dismember him alive as they did to the adventurer before.

There was no expression on Joelson's face, nor was there any hint of panic.

"Spirits of the dead that wander around the kingdom of the dead, heed my call and descend."

The Necromancer's face twitched slightly, revealing a ferocious smile.

What kind of joke was this? Only summoning spirits now?!

Was there enough time?

Moreover, he did not think that the spirits of the dead that Joelson had summoned from the Underworld could defeat his level eight orangutan spirits.

The only way he could summon a level eight undead was if his strength had already reached level nine or even higher.

Even if that was the case, he had four undead gorillas, so he would definitely be able to win.

He was definitely going to get the undead dragon today!

"Take the initiative to break the contract with the undead dragon. I might be able to spare your life," The Necromancer said with a smile. His smile was ferocious and smug.

Joelson narrowed his eyes and looked at him with a hint of contempt in his eyes.

Joelson's body retreated, but he was not running away. He could kill such a creature with a wave of his hand, but he was just leaving the stage for others to perform.

The void above his head suddenly cracked open, and a trace of dark aura leaked out. A thick figure riding a skeletal warhorse stepped out of the void.

The black heavy armor gave off a heavy pressure, and the scarlet eyes in the black aura brought endless killing intent, cruelty, and fighting will.

The Necromancer's expression was dull, and his eyes were wide open.

Joelson heard Frederick's ear-piercing scream.

"A dark knight at the peak of tier 9?! This is impossible!"

The skeletal warhorse raised its head and let out a soundless neigh. Black flames rose and burned, and it charged out at high speed.

The dark knight turned into a black shadow in the air, shuttling back and forth in the field like lightning.

In an instant, the four tier-8 Ape spirits collapsed like melting snow.

The hard bones were corroded by something, and they were as fragile as mud.

The Necromancer looked at everything in disbelief. His face was pale, and he could not help but tremble slightly.

The dark knight held the reins and drove the skeletal warhorse to the necromancer. He reached out his right hand and covered the Necromancer's face.

The Necromancer's eyes revealed great fear and despair.

"No!"

An illusory shadow was pulled out of the Necromancer's body by the dark knight. The Necromancer instantly lost all signs of life and fell to the ground.

The loser of the battle had to offer his soul. This was the dark knight's creed.

He walked back slowly like a victorious general. He exchanged a glance with Joelson before walking back into the spatial passage and disappearing.

Joelson seemed to have thought of something.

The contract between him and the dark knight was similar to an alliance, but it was more like a transaction.

Joelson had helped the other party once, so when he tried to summon the dark knight, it was very successful.

The dark knight killed Joelson's enemy and took away his spoils of war.

Undead creatures that had reached the level of dark knights were no longer existences that could be easily subdued.

The strong all had the dignity and pride of the strong.

Joelson felt that this was quite good. With an ally in the Underworld, when the dark knight grew to a certain level, he could easily pull out an army of the undead.

"Dark knight, it's actually a dark knight!"

Frederick kept repeating these words as if he had gone mad.

"To be able to summon a dark knight on the first summoning, what a terrifying talent!"

Frederick felt a sense of bitterness in his heart. As a saint-level undead lich that had lived for thousands of years, he had been to the Underworld countless times.

Not a single rank 9 undead took a fancy to him and was willing to enter into a contract with him.

However, it was better for Joelson to enter into a contract with a terrifying dark knight on his first try.

Compared to him, it was really heartbreaking.

"Knights with firm beliefs die in anger and deceit. After death, they will carry their beliefs and become dark knights. They have great potential and are the reserve forces of the undead kings. They are born with powerful powers such as curses and conquests."

Frederick said to Joelson in a very envious tone, "Other than the undead dragons, dark knights are the best undead summoned creatures. and master already has a pure-bred undead dragon."

If the undead temple could become glorious again, Frederick felt that Joelson would definitely become the son of God in the undead temple.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Hades trotted in the field. One by one, it ate up all the dead breath of the ape-spirits, then burped happily.

Joelson patted Hades' hard and cold head, and Hades'body gradually became illusory.

It was going to leave again and go to the Underworld to digest its gains.

Hades was the dragon that saved Joelson the most worry. Joelson didn't need to worry about food and shelter.

In the Underworld.

A small undead dragon was summoned from the continuously enlarging space passage.

Hades could not control his power well and fell to the ground.

It stood up, shook off the soil on its body, and looked at the cold and strange world in a daze.

There was no color and no master. Other than the aura that made him feel comfortable, Hades preferred to stay by his master's side.

A low roar sounded.

A sense of crisis struck Hades, and he nimbly dodged.

Bang!

A huge axe made of bones heavily struck the ground, leaving deep marks on the hard ground.

It was a tall skeleton soldier leader, carrying a huge axe on his shoulder. Hades was completely unable to resist the strength of a rank 8.

Chapter 164: The Second Saint-Level Dragon Charged into the Ancient Ruins

As a pure-bred undead dragon, Hades' soul flames were quite attractive to ordinary undead creatures, so it was often blocked by some skeleton soldiers who were quite strong.

Hades shook its tail and prepared to run away.

It was the same last time it came. It ran and dodged all the way. When the death aura in its body was almost fully digested, and its body had grown, it could return to its master's side.

A black shadow flashed by in an instant, and the roar of the undead horse could be heard.

Hades slowly raised his head and met the cold eyes of the dark knight.

The dark knight slowly pulled out the knight's spear that was stuck in the skull of the skeleton soldier lord.

Hades let out a joyful sound and ran up to eat it.

After it finished eating the soul flames of the skeleton soldier, the dark knight gave it a deep look, then turned around and walked forward.

Hades was stunned. The scarlet light in its eyes flickered a few times, and it soon followed behind.

It felt that it did not need to run away in the underworld anymore.

...

"How is this body?"

Frederick moved his limbs in satisfaction and answered respectfully, "Very good. There is still the aura of death in the body. I am very satisfied."

His current body was the corpse of a necromancer whose soul had been taken away by the dark knights. At last, he had a body that could be used as a walking human.

Looking at the aura of death all over his body, Joelson frowned and said, "Is this okay?"

Frederick laughed embarrassedly. The aura of death on his body quickly disappeared and was not revealed at all.

Looking at him again, he looked like an ordinary mage with a pale face and a gloomy expression.

Many mages who were obsessed with magic research had strange personalities. However, a mage like Frederick did not seem so strange.

"As a Necromancer, how to perfectly hide yourself is the most important thing. If you can only stay like a mouse in the swamp of the dead, where the sun cannot be seen, eternal life will not be fun at all."

Frederick's face had the indifference of a thousand-year-old lich.

Joelson took out a magic map and looked at it briefly.

"There are a few days left before we can walk out of the swamp of the dead. After passing through the Dwarven Kingdom, we will soon arrive at the king's City of Inmotati."

The map marked the area of the Mountain Dwarven Kingdom, which was in the shape of a hammer.

"The mountainous dwarves have the most outstanding master forger in the entire continent. It is said that during the planar war, they used their entire clan's strength to forge weapons that could kill gods."

"I think master still lacks a suitable staff. Don't miss this opportunity," Frederick said.

Having an old lich by your side only had this bit of benefit. His rich knowledge could always give you advice.

Joelson took out the tungsten wood magic staff inlaid with a tier 9 magic beast core and frowned. "Can't I use this magic staff?"

Frederick chuckled. "If the mountain dwarves see this piece of trash, cough, cough, they'll jump on your nose and curse. This is a waste of good materials."

Even an exquisite dwarf blacksmith could use the same material to forge a weapon several times better than this magic staff.

'With a tier 9 magic beast core and good materials, I could theoretically forge a legendary staff. If my master had a legendary staff, I might not need to summon a dragon in the last battle in the Akenshi tribe, and I would have no choice but to retreat.'

Joelson had some thoughts.

He had never paid much attention to these aspects.

Because the magic staff gave him the value of casting speed. For an existence like Joelson who could cast any magic at will, it didn't mean much.

But according to Frederick, he really should change his weapon.

He had a lot of precious materials on him.

In the space of the Dragon God's Ranch.

Accompanied by a dragon's roar, the dragon flag that flickered with a metallic luster fell, and the fifth victory symbol was imprinted on the dragon flag.

The steel dragon's momentum of victory was strong. It looked down at the entire field, its dark golden eyes staring at Du Lu.

Both sides had a strong fighting spirit in their eyes as if they wanted to have a fight.

However, the first thing that Joelson paid attention to was the lottery roulette in the Dragon God Arena.

The winning points had once again accumulated to five points, and he could proceed to the next lottery draw.

A satisfied smile appeared on Joelson's face.

The result did not disappoint him.

Holy Dragon Fruit: Growth Value + 20,000.

After the steel dragon swallowed the fruit, Joelson would have a second holy-level dragon.

The holy dragon fruit appeared in Joelson's hand. It was a strange fruit the size of a human head.

The fruit was golden in color, and its skin was like dragon scales.

The steel dragon stared at the fruit in Joelson's hand, and its usually cold eyes showed a trace of desire.

It was desire.

Joelson threw the holy dragon fruit to the steel dragon. The steel dragon growled and caught it steadily.

The holy dragon fruit turned into a golden light and merged into its body.

The growth value on the steel dragon's stats window instantly increased by 20,000 points.

In the next moment, the steel dragon's body, which was as heavy as steel, began to shine with a dazzling light.

It slowly rose into the air and stretched its body, bursting out with a shocking dragon roar.

The steel dragon's body began to gradually expand, being dyed in a dark golden color bit by bit.

Until all the changes were over, the steel dragon advanced.

Combat Power: 28,800

The steel dragon's body had completely turned dark gold like its pupils, giving off an indescribable sense of nobility.

Crouching in the air, it was like a steel fortress.

Just like Du Lu, the steel dragon's combat power had also soared to more than twice that of an ordinary saint-level.

Joelson estimated that even if the steel dragon received his meteor shower head-on, it would still be unharmed.

"Roar!"

A red and a golden light intertwined.

Joelson felt a headache coming on.

These two guys couldn't wait to have a big fight since they had just advanced.

It was a pity.

This time, there was still no suspense.

After returning from the ancient ruins, Du Lu's combat strength had already exceeded 30,000.

The temperature of the flames it spat out was frighteningly high, as if even the steel dragon's metal body could melt.

The steel dragon kept retreating.

As a metal dragon, being bullied by an elemental dragon of the same level caused its pride to suffer a setback.

Du Lu's attack hit the steel dragon hard on the ground.

It spread its wings and let out a high-pitched dragon roar. It already had the demeanor of a Dragon King.

The steel dragon let out a low roar. Its dark golden eyes were filled with unwillingness. Before Joelson could react, it had already transformed into a flash of light and charged into the whirlpool of the ancient ruins.

"Damn it."

Joelson could not help but curse in a low voice.

The steel dragon had just finished its battle with Du Lu. It had not even fully recovered from its injuries when it directly entered the ancient ruins.

When Du Lu came back last time, he was covered in wounds. Joelson still remembered that the steel dragon was courting death by rushing in like that!

The dragon race was really too proud.

Chapter 165: Thor's Hammer, the Work of a Master

Du Lu walked to the entrance of the ancient ruins and growled at Joelson.

It was as if he was saying to Joelson, "Master, don't worry. I'll go and catch that disobedient boy for you."

Joelson smiled bitterly and nodded slightly.

Du Lu also entered the ancient ruins.

With the help of Du Lu, who had entered the ancient ruins once, he could be at ease.

Lightning rushed over instantly and pounced into Joelson's arms.

Joelson fed a few farm crops to Lightning. He stroked Lightning's head and fell into deep thought.

"Master, we will enter the Mountain Dwarf Kingdom in front. That is the dwarven market."

Frederick pointed ahead and explained to Joelson.

At a glance, Joelson saw that it was much livelier than he had imagined.

Many human caravans kept coming in and out, and all of them came out with full carriages.

Human salt, silk, spices, and exquisite handicrafts were all very popular commodities among the dwarves.

Similarly, armor and weapons made by dwarven blacksmiths were also sought after by countless people in human society.

Many adventurers would take pride in having a weapon made by dwarves on them.

They walked into the bustling dwarven market.

The rhythmic knocking sound kept echoing in their ears.

Blacksmiths were everywhere. The strong dwarves stood beside the burning stove with iron hammers in their hands and knocked hard on the red-hot iron block on the anvil platform.

As for the female dwarves, they stood in the weapons shop in front of the blacksmiths and negotiated prices with the humans.

It was the first time that Joelson had seen a race of dwarves, and it was a little strange.

Every dwarf was between three feet and four and a half feet tall.

With a height of nearly five feet, they were considered tall among the dwarves.

They had rough looks, were strong and fierce, had a bold personality, and were hard-working, stubborn, and loyal. They were famous for their superb skills in mining ores and forging weapons. There were also many masters in making jewelry, which was often from the dwarves.

These were all things that Joelson had read in the magic books.

It was said that there had been dwarves in the southern region. However, they had long disappeared under the influence of time.

"The most famous forging master of the Dwarves is Colridge. He once forged more than a dozen legendary weapons and an epic weapon. Before I became a lich, he even made me a staff. What a pity."

Frederick sighed.

Joelson glanced at him and asked faintly, "Where can I find this master dwarf?"

Frederick laughed and said respectfully, "Master, please follow me."

Joelson followed Frederick inside.

Frederick took Joelson away from the market and walked to a remote alley.

"If I remember correctly, it should be here."

Frederick's eyes lit up, and he said happily, "Yes, it's this one!"

Almost no one could be seen anymore.

The dilapidated street.

For the rough dwarves, this was a very common thing.

They could not bathe for a month, but they could make the most exquisite and clean jewelry in the whole continent.

It was a strange and extreme race.

In front of Joelson was a very simple blacksmith shop.

There were only two broken wooden boards blocking the door, and the sound of knocking could be heard from inside.

A piece of broken iron sheet was nailed at the door of the blacksmith shop. On it was twisted dwarven languages, the common language of the continent, elf languages, and many languages that Joelson did not know Thor's hammer.

"Get out! Thor's hammer does not welcome you!"

The knocking sounds in the blacksmith's shop stopped, and there was a burst of angry curses.

"Damn it, ugly dwarf, I really want to kick his ass!"

"Thirty thousand gold coins, he really wants money so much!"

"It's okay, such good weapons are all over the street. Don't forget, this is the Dwarven Kingdom!"

It was a group of young adventurers. There were knights and mages.

One of the handsome young knights sighed regretfully and said helplessly, "But that two-handed longsword is really great. I've never seen a longsword better than it."

"So What?" His companion comforted him. "We can't afford it."

"Okay."

The adventurers saw Joelson and Frederick standing at the door and didn't forget to remind them, "Friends, you have to be careful. This is a black shop!"

Frederick laughed disdainfully. Joelson walked in without any expression on his face.

"What's wrong with this person?"

The adventurer who spoke was so angry by their behavior that he clenched his teeth and couldn't help but want to make a move. The others quickly stopped him.

"I don't believe that they're willing to be blackmailed by that old dwarf!"

The adventurers looked at each other and quietly followed. They wanted to see the scene of Joelson and Frederick being so angry that they slammed the door and came out.

The blacksmith shop looked even more dilapidated than the outside.

Joelson didn't care about this. His eyes were instantly attracted to the weapons hanging on the wall.

The most eye-catching one was a knight's longsword. It was about seven to eight feet long and eight inches wide.

The blade of the sword was as smooth as a mirror, but it had beautiful rhombus-shaped sections like fish scales.

This was an effect that could only be achieved after at least tens of thousands of forging.

Joelson turned his head. The adventurer who had been dissuaded by the price earlier was staring at him with a fiery gaze.

"Get lost!" A burly dwarf walked over, his entire body reeking of alcohol.

"Thirty thousand gold coins. If you can't afford it, get lost!"

The adventurers had a mocking look in their eyes, and they all stared at Joelson and Frederick as they angrily slammed the door and walked out.

An ordinary fine-grade two-handed knight longsword only cost a few dozen gold coins in a weapons shop.

Even if it was produced by a dwarf, it would only be worth a few thousand gold coins at most.

After all, it was only a knight's weapon, not a mage's staff or something like that.

"Only thirty thousand?"

Joelson casually threw out a small black cloth bag, and it landed on the ground with a crisp sound of coins colliding.

A few strange black coins jumped out of the bag and rolled to the feet of the dwarf.

"Magic crystal coins?!"

"This guy really bought them?!"

"Oh my God of Magic!"

The adventurers who were waiting to see the joke were so shocked that their eyeballs almost popped out.

Three hundred magic crystal coins, that was 30,000 gold coins!

Without even blinking his eyes, Joelson threw out three hundred copper coins casually.

"What an idiot!" Someone said jealously.

Frederick shook his head with a sneer and said to Joelson, "Master, you've made a fortune."

Frederick's withered fingers tapped lightly on the knight's longsword, making a dull sound.

The adventurer outside the door laughed out loud when he heard Frederick's words.

Chapter 166: Master-Level Blacksmith, Low Forging Fees

"Dwarven metal that has been forged over a thousand times is ten times harder than an ordinary two-handed longsword. Chopping it is as easy as chopping vegetables. Just this alone is worth more than 30,000 gold coins. Moreover, it is also mixed with magic mithril and star fragments, which can increase combat aura by more than 30%. If it is thrown into the auction house."

Frederick deliberately glanced at the adventurers behind him who had stopped laughing and whose faces were getting uglier and uglier. He said lightly, "The price should be 100,000 gold coins. After all."

Frederick said in a more serious tone, "This is the work of a master."

The Dwarf's eyes instantly lit up and stared at Frederick.

"Nonsense, this... this is only a fine-grade two-handed longsword! How can it be worth 100,000 gold coins?!"

The adventurer shouted indignantly.

"Idiots! A bunch of money-less idiots! I've already told you, get out of here, get out of the Thor's Hammer!"

The irritable dwarf would not allow others to insult his work again and again. He waved his fist and chased the group of adventurers out of the blacksmith shop.

When Joelson heard Frederick's explanation, he was also a little surprised. He only saw that the blade was mixed with magic mithril and was completely worth 30,000 gold coins, so he bought it casually.

After all, he did lack a suitable knight weapon.

But he didn't expect that this big sword was better and more amazing than he had imagined.

"You are really good friends. Tell me, what else do you want? Old Deaver will give you the best discount," The dwarf said loudly.

Frederick said, "We want to ask the Master of Kerridge to forge a magic staff."

The dwarf narrowed his eyes and looked at the two of them strangely. Suddenly, he cursed, "Damn it! Are you here to make fun of my mother? Who doesn't know that Master Kerridge has been dead for almost three hundred years!"

Frederick was stunned.

After a while, he smiled at Joelson in embarrassment and said, "I'm sorry, Master. I forgot. I've been sealed for more than five hundred years."

"If there's no master blacksmith, then does this place harm the best blacksmith shop in the entire Mountain Dwarf Kingdom?" Joelson whispered to himself.

This sentence seemed to touch a certain place in the heart of the dwarf Deaver.

Deaver suddenly jumped up and shouted with a red face, "What do you mean?! Thor's Hammer is the best blacksmith shop in the entire dwarf kingdom, no, it's the best blacksmith shop in the entire continent! You can't find a better blacksmith shop than Thor's Hammer!"

Joelson didn't say anything, but Frederick pointed at the various kinds of swords hanging on the wall of the weapon shop and said lightly, "Although these weapons are good, they are far better than the standard of ordinary dwarf blacksmiths."

Deaver's face showed a hint of pride, but he heard Frederick continue, "But it's not the standard of a master. Only the two-handed knight longsword just now can barely be called a master's work."

"Because, because..."

Deaver's tanned face turned red, and he stuttered, "Because, these are all forged by me."

"What do you mean?"

Deaver seemed to be very embarrassed and didn't want to admit it, "I've never said that I'm a master."

The eyes of Joelson and Frederick lit up.

"There are other master-level blacksmiths in Thor's Hammer?!"

"Of course! The light of Thor will never be extinguished!"

Deaver took a sip of wine and said, "Come in with me."

The real blacksmith shop was behind the weapons shop.

The furnace was lit, and some half-finished weapons were scattered on the ground.

But Deaver didn't stop but continued to move forward.

When he came to a wall, Deaver used his short legs and tried hard to turn an extinguished wall lamp on the wall.

Crack crack crack!

The wall split apart, and a gust of hot air blew toward his face.

Bang!

Bang!

A dull knocking sound, as if it was hitting a person's heart.

A bigger and more imposing blacksmith's furnace.

Joelson strode in and saw a furnace that occupied more than half of the room burning fiercely.

Magic runes flickered on the furnace. The high temperature brought about by the use of magic arrays made the entire room seem as if it was built on top of a volcano.

An ordinary person would be tormented for even a second.

A dwarf who was burlier than Deaver was swinging his hammer hard, and sweat dripped down like raindrops.

"Deaver!"

The dwarf saw the door open and asked loudly, "Why did you bring an outsider in?"

Deaver explained, "It's a guest, a guest!"

The dwarf frowned and didn't say anything more. Instead, he threw down the hammer and stretched out a rough hand toward Deaver, saying, "Give me the wine, Deaver!"

Deaver quickly handed over the wine pot in his hand.

The burly dwarf raised his head and drank.

The wine flowed down his thick beard, and his bald head shone under the light of the fire.

After drinking, the burly dwarf threw away the wine pot and began to swing the hammer vigorously.

Deaver turned his head and proudly introduced to Joelson and Frederick. "See? This is the master blacksmith of Thor's Hammer, Wiblon's copper hammer!"

"Oh, I forgot to say something."

Deaver said shyly, "She's also my wife."

Joelson and Frederick were instantly shocked.

The two of them looked at the bald dwarf who was stronger than Deaver, with thicker hair and more developed muscles and fell into deep thought.

"Dwarf."

Frederick let out a few awkward laughs and said in a low voice, "What a magical race."

Deaver sighed, regretfully, he said, "Because Wiblon is a woman, many dwarves don't recognize her master level. Even if Wiblon forged a legendary weapon, they still think that it's defective."

Saying this, Deaver's face showed anger.

"Deaver, don't tell outsiders everything!"

A rough voice rang out amidst the knocking sounds.

Deaver hurriedly shut his mouth.

It seemed that Deaver was still afraid of his wife. A hint of a smile appeared on Joelson's face.

Crack!

Wilbon dipped the weapon he was forging into the water tank to quench it, then slowly walked out.

"Deaver, tell them our price."

Deaver hurriedly said, "Wilbon only accepts weapons of superior grade and above. Superior grade weapons cost 100,000 gold coins to forge. Legendary weapons don't guarantee an absolute success rate. They require more than one million gold coins. The main materials of the weapons need to be provided by you."

1,000,000 gold coins?!

Frederick moved closer to Joelson and said in a low voice, "It's a very cheap price. When I asked the master blacksmith of Colridge to forge it, it cost me 80,000 magic crystal coins, and I failed once."

80,000 magic crystal coins meant 8,000,000 gold coins. In other words, the forging cost of Wilbon was indeed very low.

From this, it could be seen that the title of Wilbon's master blacksmith was indeed not recognized by the dwarves.

Otherwise, a two-handed longsword worth 100,000 gold coins would not only be priced at 30,000 gold coins.

Chapter 167: It Was Comparable to an Epic Material

"Sure."

Without hesitation, Joelson agreed.

"Then what weapon do you need to forge?"

Joelson thought for a while and said, "A few inner armors, a staff, and a single-handed knight longsword."

"If it's possible."

"I want all of them at the legendary grade!" Joelson said seriously

A doubtful look appeared in Wilbon's eyes as he said, "Show me what kind of material it is first."

Joelson nodded and looked around. He frowned and said, "The space is a little small."

Everyone was stunned.

In the next second, a huge monster's corpse appeared in front of Joelson.

"Tier-9 flame lion!"

Light shot out of Wilbon's eyes, and his tone was slightly excited.

Then, there was the corpse of another huge wolf.

"Tier 9 dark moon demonic wolf!"

"Tier 9 thunderclap demonic eagle!"

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The corpses of four to five tier 9 magical beasts filled the entire blacksmith shop.

Deaver's mouth was wide open. His face was filled with disbelief as he said in a low voice, "Oh God of forging!"

These tier 9 magical beasts were all captured by Joelson during the trial in the magical beast forest. They were all well-preserved. Some of them had not even dug out the magical beast essence crystals in their brains.

As if seeing a treasure, Wilbon circled around the corpses of a few magical beasts, her eyes shining.

After a while, she walked back, shook her head and said, "They are indeed very good materials, but it is still a little difficult to reach the legendary grade. Legendary weapons require at least saint-tier materials."

Joelson thought for a while and threw out another pile of things.

Compared to the corpses of a few magical beasts, these things looked a little tattered.

But Wilbon's face showed an excited expression.

She squatted down, grabbed a palm-sized scale, and said excitedly, "This is? The scale armor of a saint-grade dragon?! No, it's a dragon elder, a dragon scale comparable to a Dragon King!"

Deaver stared at the scattered things on the ground, completely dumbfounded.

Poor DDarf, he had never seen such a precious thing in hundreds of years.

Dragon scales, dragon teeth...

Most of the dragon scales were broken, and the edges were irregular.

But the complete dragon scales were as big as a washbasin. Even if they were broken, they were much bigger than the scales of normal magical beasts.

These.

Were all from Du Lu, who was after the saint-level.

Of course, it was not Joelson who forced Du Lu to injure himself to obtain these materials.

It was Du Lu who had collected them from his injuries when he first returned from the ancient ruins of the Dragon God.

Before the saint-level, every time Du Lu ended the battle in the Dragon God Arena, he would be able to obtain a lot of broken dragon scales and dragon teeth.

However, those were far from being comparable to the parts in front of Joelson.

"Are these enough?" Joelson asked.

"Absolutely!"

Wilbon touched every dragon scale and every dragon tooth with joy and exclaimed, "It's enough to forge an epic-level weapon!"

"This can be considered an epic-level material?"

Joelson was a little surprised.

"Of course."

Wilbon looked at him strangely and said, "Otherwise, what do you think an epic-level weapon needs to be forged?"? Saint-level dragon king-level dragon scales and dragon

teeth were already very rare materials. Any higher and there would be god-level materials. That was not something we could hope for."

Joelson understood. He suddenly felt that he had underestimated these scraps that had fallen from Du Lu's body.

Joelson had overlooked one point.

Not everyone could own a saint-level ancient fire dragon as a pet.

Most people on this continent had never seen a creature like a dragon.

Dragons were extremely mysterious existences.

"Although these dragon scales are damaged to a certain extent, they can be made into light armor at 30. If they only protect the chest and other key parts, they can probably be made into eight pieces."

Wilbon had already thought of how to create her work in his mind.

Joelson was slightly surprised and asked, "Eight pieces? Are you sure?"

Wilbon looked at him and said, "Oh, I almost forgot. It's not forged according to the specifications of the dwarves."

"Then I can make three pieces."

Joelson thought for a moment and said, "What if two of them are made into women's inner armor?"

"That's enough."

Joelson planned to wear one for himself, and the other two could be given to his woman.

For example, Dayshannon didn't have much ability to protect herself, so she really needed such a defensive tool.

"The dragon tooth is used to make a sword hilt and a magic staff. What kind of mage are you?"

"Fire." Joelson answered.

"That's perfect. This is also the dragon tooth of the fire-type Dragon King. If it can be paired with a fire-type saint-level magic beast core, it would almost be the official legendary magic staff."

Unfortunately, Joelson did not have a saint-level magic beast core, unless he dug out the one in Du Lu's head.

"If it's a knight's longsword."

Wilbon fell into deep thought and recalled, "Father once left behind a very precious material to pair with a fire-type dragon tooth. What a pity, sigh."

"Forget it. Let's make light armor and a magic staff first."

Wilbon had Joelson collect all the tier 9 magical beast carcasses on the ground, leaving behind only the flaming demonic lion's magical beast core.

According to her, she didn't care about these pieces of trash, given that there were epic-grade materials.

"Give me seven days. Come back after seven days."

Wilbon left these words and had Deaver send the two of them out, hurriedly shutting down the blacksmith furnace.

"Master."

Frederick looked at the tattered and tightly shut Thor's hammer and said in a low voice, "Aren't you afraid that they'll take your materials?"

"Don't worry."

"If that's the case, I'll find the entire dwarven race to pay for it," said Joelson lightly

After saying that, Joelson left without looking back.

Frederick recalled a certain terrifying dragon that smashed him into pieces. He didn't doubt the authenticity of what Joelson said at all.

He trembled slightly and hurriedly followed Joelson's footsteps.

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Seven days later.

After knocking on the door of the Thor's Hammer, the tired face of Deaver was revealed behind the broken wooden door.

"Come in."

Deaver yawned. It seemed that he had been busy for the past few days.

Beside the blacksmith's furnace, Wilbon was putting on the last lock for the last dragon scale inner armor.

"It's done."

Wilbon's bald head revealed a satisfied smile.

Three pieces of black inner armor and an ugly poker made Joelson frown.

"This is the finished product?!"

If that was really the case, Joelson felt that he might not be able to resist killing the two dwarfs.

"Of course not."

Wilbon looked at him with a proud look as if he was a layman. He said casually, "There is still one more step to go before the quenching process. This is the key to determining the final quality of a piece of equipment."

"I specifically waited for you to come over, so I stopped at this last step."

Chapter 168: Four Streaks of Legendary Light

Wilbon picked up the first-forged staff and was about to throw it into a bucket filled with some unknown murky liquid.

"Wait."

Joelson suddenly called out to her.

"What is this?"

"It's the secret quenching liquid of the copper hammer family. There's a chance to increase the quality of the equipment by 20%," Wilbon said proudly.

Joelson thought for a while and asked, "What is the best thing to quench?"

Wilbon looked at him with a strange look. He did not understand why Joelson would ask this question, but he still answered after thinking for a while.

"Is there a need to ask? Of course, it is the blood of powerful magical beasts. Dragon blood is the best. Of course, it has to be a living magical beast. Thinking about the blood of those tier 9 magical beasts that have been dead for God knows how long, it does not have any effect at all. Instead, it will reduce the quality of the equipment."

"Okay."

Joelson nodded, and then said, "Wait for me for a while. Don't be in a hurry to quench it."

After saying that, Joelson strode out of the blacksmith shop.

Wilbon and Deaver were both confused. They didn't know what Joelson wanted to do.

Only Frederick understood, and his eyes were full of envy.

Soon, Joelson strode back.

He kicked Wilbon's quenching barrel over, and the quenching liquid spilt all over the ground.

"You lunatic! Do you know how expensive these quenching liquids are?!"

Wilbon was so excited that he wanted to curse loudly, but suddenly his neck seemed to be strangled by someone. His eyes widened as he stared at Joelson's hand.

A large amount of boiling, hot, and golden-red blood flowed out of Joelson's sleeve and fell on the iron bell, burning the entire iron barrel red.

"You want dragon blood?"

Joelson said calmly, "Alive."

Wilbon and Deaver were stunned, unable to believe their eyes.

But what they saw, smelled, felt, everything was telling them.

This was indeed the blood of a living dragon!

And it was the blood of a saint-level dragon, the blood of a saint-level Dragon King!

"What are you waiting for?" Joelson shouted in a low voice.

Wilbon woke up from her shock and quickly threw the magic staff into the quenching barrel.

The boiling dragon blood drowned the magic staff and made a boiling sound. In the next moment, a strange light pierced through the blood and completely burst out.

Clang!

A pleasant and mysterious sound.

The purple light was extremely strong. It pierced through the roof of the Thor's Hammer and shot up into the sky.

It formed a purple pillar of light that shot straight into the sky. The entire dwarf kingdom could see it.

All the dwarves and humans who were forging, negotiating, walking, and talking stopped at this moment.

Countless gazes looked in the direction of the purple pillar of light. The noisy dwarf market instantly fell silent.

In the next moment, the dwarf kingdom was completely in an uproar.

"God of forging! It's the legendary light!"

"Another legendary piece of equipment has been born!"

"Master! Which master blacksmith's work is it?!"

Every dwarf's face revealed an excited and excited expression.

Especially those dwarven blacksmiths who were hammering red-hot iron blocks, they even ran out with hammers to observe.

Forging was the life of the dwarves, to be able to witness the birth of legendary equipment was the greatest honor.

The human merchants and adventurers were constantly amazed.

They had long heard that legendary equipment would have a gorgeous purple glow when it was born, but they did not expect it to be true. It was the first time they had seen it with their own eyes.

They all asked which forging master it was.

"Look in that direction."

A dwarf said hesitantly, "It seems to be the position of the Thor's Hammer."

"Is it Wilbon again?"

"A woman."

The dwarves had complicated expressions on their faces, and the joy in their hearts disappeared in an instant.

In Thor's Hammer, Joelson looked at the magic staff that was still emitting a strange purple light in his hand, and his eyes were filled with slight amazement.

The magic staff was almost one meter in length, as thick as a fist, and of moderate weight.

The magic staff was made of countless edges, and it was as bright as a mirror.

It was forged from dragon scales and dwarven iron, and its hardness far exceeded that of the tungsten wood magic staff from before.

Moreover, the magic staff also had a certain level of magic and physical resistance.

At the top of the magic staff, three small dragon teeth were firmly holding the flame lion's magic beast core, looking like a dragon claw holding a burning fireball.

Because it had been soaked in dragon blood, the flame lion's magic beast core had broken through the ninth-tier shackles. It was dyed with a hint of gold, faintly revealing the aura of a saint-level.

The entire magic staff appeared noble and gorgeous. Holding it in his hand, it showed the grace and nobility of a mage.

Joelson tried to cast a spell. The power of a single spell was increased by about 30%, and the casting speed was at least twice as fast.

Of course, the latter did not have much effect on Joelson. His casting speed was already very fast.

Satisfied.

Then came the quenching of the three inner armors.

Hot golden dragon blood was still gushing out.

Wilbon trembled as he threw the three inner armors into the quenching barrel one after another.

The dragon blood submerged the inner armors. As before, a brilliant purple light bloomed and shot into the sky.

Dwarven market.

The dwarves and humans who had just recovered from the shock of the legendary light were discussing excitedly.

Suddenly.

Clang!

A crisp sound appeared again.

Another legendary light.

Everyone was stunned.

Clang!

Clang!

Immediately after, the second and third lights.

Looking in the direction where the legend was born, everyone was dumbfounded.

Three rays of purple light, and the first ray of purple light that had not completely dissipated.

Four rays of legend light interweaved with each other.

Strange, noble, mysterious, dreamy colors.

"Four... four pieces of legendary equipment!"

Someone said with a trembling voice.

"Four legends were born in a row!"

The dwarves were going crazy.

The human adventurers and merchants also opened their mouths wide and stared blankly at the sky.

This scene was beyond their imagination.

Who had ever seen four legendary lights coexisting?!

They had never even thought about it.

The entire dwarf kingdom was shocked.

Master!

A true master blacksmith!

"The master blacksmith of Colridge once forged two legendary equipment in one go. Then, with the help of the elven king, he created another epic-level equipment and advanced to master blacksmith!"

"Could it be that our dwarven race is going to give birth to another master craftsman?!"

Some elderly dwarven elders recalled the glory that Colridge had brought to the dwarven race, and they were excited.

"Thor's Hammer will restore the glory of the Dwarven Master Craftsman!"

The dwarves threw away the forging hammers in their hands and rushed towards the same direction, where Thor's Hammer was.

There were also a large number of human adventurers and merchants.

If it was really forged by Wilbon, then at this moment, no dwarves would question her identity as a woman.

Strength proved everything.

Countless people rushed to the door of the Thor's Hammer; the door was closed.

As everyone expected, the legendary light came from the roof of the Thor's Hammer.

There was no sound.

Chapter 169: Meteor Stone, Dragon Breath Flame

Inside the Thor's Hammer house.

Wilbon's face was already filled with tears.

Deaver's eyes were also red as he said in a low voice, "Damn it, let's see what these old guys dare to say this time!"

At this moment, Joelson's gaze was completely attracted by the three inner armors in front of him.

The originally black dragon scale inner armor had been baptized by the saint-level dragon blood. It shed off the dust and bloomed with an extremely gorgeous color.

The golden-red light flowed freely on the inner armor. Between each of the dragon scales, Wilbon was wrapped in golden threads and carved with complicated and gorgeous patterns.

Joelson immediately put on the man's armor.

It was especially fitting.

Although it was an inner armor, it was actually similar to light armor. It was completely fine even if he wore it alone.

The dragon scales had a very good magic ductility. The fire elements in the air automatically gathered toward Joelson.

Joelson felt that his mana recovery speed had increased by a lot.

His defense had not been tested perfectly yet.

However, Wilbon, who had the strength of a tier 8 knight, slashed at him with the two-handed longsword that Joelson had bought previously. There was not even a scratch on the inner armor of the dragon scale.

Joelson did not feel too much impact, and the effect was surprisingly good.

Joelson estimated that with this dragon scale inner armor, coupled with the magic shield, and his own powerful dragon-blood body, he would probably be able to survive.

Even if he took a direct attack from a saint-tier, he would not suffer any damage.

The two women's inner armors were equally beautiful.

Although it was hard to praise Wilbon's looks, his craftsmanship was indeed very exquisite.

Even without the powerful defensive power of the dragon scale, just by looking at it, women would fall in love with it at a glance.

Four pieces of legendary equipment.

Such an outcome had far exceeded Joelson's expectations.

Now, there was only one single-handed knight longsword left unforged.

Wilbon was silent for a moment. Then, she rummaged through the messy corner of the blacksmith's shop to find a black ugly piece of iron.

"This is a precious forging material that my father accidentally obtained. He had once intended to use this material to strive for epic equipment, but later, with the help of the elven King, he became an epic equipment one step ahead, so he hasn't been able to use it."

Wilbon wiped the dust off the iron block.

The black iron block was scattered with a little silver, like the night sky dotted with stars. It was exceptionally gorgeous.

Frederick widened his eyes and cried out in surprise, "Meteor goldstone?!"

Wilbon looked at him strangely, nodding, he said, "That's right, it's meteor goldstone. It's a magical material that descended from the stars. It's said to be formed from the body of a fallen god. Its hardness is more than ten times that of Dwarven iron, and the malleability of magic and combat aura far surpasses that of magic mithril. Moreover, it has a great increase in the metal element and is extremely sharp. It's the best forging material."

"You're willing to sell it to me?" Asked Joelson

"I need you to quench it with dragon blood in exchange," said Wilbon

"Sure."

Joelson agreed without hesitation.

Wilbon was delighted, but he soon hesitated.

"What's wrong?"

Wilbon said hesitantly, "There's something you need to figure out on your own."

"What?" Joelson asked.

"Up until now, we haven't found a way to melt the meteor stone. My father had been troubled by this problem when he was still alive."

"The dwarf kingdom couldn't find a flame that could melt it."

..

The crimson flame fell on the meteor stone, and it lasted for five minutes.

Joelson dispersed his magic, and his pupils contracted slightly.

The meteor stone was not damaged at all, and there was no sign of melting at all.

Touching it with his hand, the surface of the stone was still cold, and even the temperature had not changed at all.

Wilbon sighed and said, "Don't waste your energy. Even the fire-type forbidden spell of a saint-level mage couldn't melt it. My father had thought of many ways, but he couldn't deal with this stubborn stone. Sigh!"

Joelson stared at the meteor stone and frowned.

No, there should be a way.

When he cast the fire magic to burn the stone, he clearly felt that part of the fire element energy was absorbed by the stone, but it didn't completely disappear.

According to the saying in his previous life, the meteor stone didn't melt, but the temperature of the fire didn't reach its melting point.

"What if it's the breath of a saint-level fire element dragon?"

Joelson suddenly said, looking directly at Wilbon, "Can you melt it?"

Wilbon was stunned.

The breath of a saint-level fire element dragon.

It should be more powerful than the forbidden spell of a saint-level fire element mage.

But where could he find a saint-level fire element dragon to help.

Wait!

Wilbon thought of something and looked at the still-hot dragon blood in the quenching barrel under his feet, as well as the dragon scales and dragon teeth that Joelson took out.

She widened her eyes and said in surprise, "Could it be..."

Joelson nodded.

In fact, after Du Lu had advanced to the saint-level, he did not care that Du Lu would be discovered from time to time.

Usually, he hid Du Lu in the Dragon God's Ranch just to reduce some unnecessary trouble. Moreover, du Lu was more willing to stay in the Dragon God's Ranch, which was a space specially set up for the dragon race.

Frederick showed a proud expression. He bent down and introduced to Wilbon and Deaver, "My master is a great dragon-controlling mage!"

In the next moment, a huge fire dragon appeared in the blacksmith shop.

Although the furnace of Thor's Hammer was big enough, it was still too narrow for Du Lu. It tried its best to curl up, but it still broke the roof of Thor's Hammer.

Wilbon and Deaver were stunned.

Their eyes were wide open, and their mouths were wide open.

Du Lu looked at them coldly, and the two dwarfs immediately hugged each other in fear.

A dragon!

And it was not an ordinary dragon!

A saint-level dragon, a dragon comparable to a Dragon King!

Wilbon noticed that there was a small wound on one of the toes of the terrifying dragon's left front claw as if it had bitten itself.

What shocked Wilbon the most was that such a terrifying dragon, standing in front of Joelson, was as docile as a big dog.

The Way Wilbon looked at Joelson had completely changed.

Who was this person?!

Under Joelson's signal, Du Lu reached out two claws and picked up the meteor stone. Then he took a deep breath.

A fierce 76 wind blew in the blacksmith's furnace, and even the burning flame started to shake.

"Roar!"

The golden-red flame spat out and swallowed the meteor stone.

The blazing aura made Wilbon and the others take a few steps back.

They could only use this method.

Du Lu's dragon breath flame was too hot. In just a moment, the steel would melt into molten iron and quickly evaporate.

Only its own body could withstand the dragon breath's spit.

Chapter 170: The Light of Epic! The Birth of the Master Craftsman

The few of them stared at the meteor stone in the flames.

Joelson noticed that a golden-red rune on the scale on Du Lu's neck was shining with a strange light. This was what he had gained from the ancient ruins of the Dragon God.

The second time he chased after the steel dragon, the two dragons quickly came out.

The steel dragon did not have any temper. It seemed that it was frightened by the terrifying scene in the ancient ruins and temporarily gave up the idea of entering.

It was still unhappy all day long.

The meteor gold stone did not change in the flame at all. It lasted for a long time and did not change at all.

Wilbon's expression slowly changed from shock at the beginning to confusion, and then to disappointment.

"As expected, even the breath of the Fire Dragon King can't melt the meteor gold stone?"

"Forget it. I can mix dwarf iron with magic mithril and star stone, use dragon teeth as the hilt of the sword, and quench it with dragon blood. I can also forge a legendary knight longsword."

"No!"

Joelson's eyes were frighteningly bright. He said in a low voice, "It can be melted. It just needs a little time."

Now was not the limit of Du Lu. The temperature of the flame could slowly rise. As the heat accumulated, more and more fire elements were attached to the surface of the meteor stone. Sooner or later, it would reach its melting point.

This was a very simple physical common sense.

Joelson could not explain it to Wilbon, but he firmly believed that it could be done.

The dragon's breath burned for a very long time.

Once Du Lu ran out of strength, Joelson immediately took out the ranch crop and fed it to replenish Du Lu's strength.

The goal was to not let the flame be interrupted for a long time, or else the fire elements on the surface of the meteor stone would quickly run out again.

It lasted for a whole three days.

Wilbon and Deaver's eyes were dry. They tried to persuade Joelson to give up a few times, but they were too embarrassed to say anything when they saw his persistence.

"It's Done!" Joelson suddenly said.

Wilbon and Deaver were shocked and subconsciously looked up.

They only saw that the shape of the meteor stone had changed a little, and the color had also changed. It was initially black, but now it was more covered by silver.

It was slowly melting.

At this moment, the temperature in the blacksmith furnace was frighteningly high. A Day ago, Joelson had to release a magic shield to protect the few of them.

Most of the materials in the blacksmith furnace had melted completely.

Fortunately, the meteor stone had finally melted.

Once the melting point was reached, the melting speed would be very fast.

Only a small part of the large meteor stone was left. Most of the impurities were evaporating with the high temperature, and the rest was silver in color, rolling in the air like mercury.

Du Lu shut his mouth, and the whole dragon became very dispirited.

The continuous breathing for three days and three nights had consumed a lot of its energy.

Joelson controlled the meteor stone with his magic power and shouted in a low voice, "Wilbon!"

Wilbon quickly picked up the hammer, then put it down and said, "Pour it directly into the mold. The meteor stone doesn't need to be tempered."

The liquid meteor stones flowed into the weapon mold, and the mold instantly began to melt and evaporate.

Du Lu, who was standing next to him, had consciously bitten a dragon claw again, and hot dragon blood gushed out.

Joelson threw the mold in.

Sizzle! Sizzle! Sizzle!

In an instant, the dragon blood evaporated into a blood mist that spread out, covering the entire blacksmith shop.

Du Lu felt his heart ache when he saw it.

"This is a rare opportunity!"

Frederick, the cunning lich, would not let go of this rare opportunity. He desperately absorbed the bloody mist in the air, and his weak body quickly became stronger.

"Dragon tooth sword hilt."

Wilbon grabbed the long sword that had already taken shape in the bloody water. He wanted to press the hilt on the blade of the sword but was scalded by the high temperature that had not dissipated yet.

Joelson took the hilt and installed it himself.

The high temperature burned Joelson's hands, but his expression didn't change at all.

The hilt perfectly matched the blade.

Wiping the blood off the sword, a bright light shot out.

Clang!

A huge orange light rose from the sword and shot into the sky. It was more than ten times more magnificent than the legendary purple light.

The orange light pillar connected heaven and earth.

Wilbon and Deaver looked at the sky in a daze and whispered, "Epic light!"

Some of the people who had gathered here three days ago because of the legendary light had not dispersed outside Thor's hammer.

Dragon roars kept coming from the closed door of the Thor's Hammer, making them panic and confused. They did not know what was going on inside.

Moreover, the temperature inside was frighteningly high. The entire Mjolnir was like a huge furnace, making it difficult to get close.

"It's too hot. The blacksmith furnace of Mjolnir is about to melt."

The old dwarf wiped the sweat off her face and spoke. "Four pieces of legendary equipment appeared consecutively. If Colridge found out in the grave, he would jump with joy."

"I've already said that that little girl, Wilbon, would become a master blacksmith sooner or later after receiving the legacy of Colridge's forging skills!"

"Come on, Wilbon has already forged legendary war hammers before. It's just that you old guys aren't willing to admit it."

"In another two hundred years, Wilbon will probably become the next master blacksmith in the Dwarf Kingdom!"

A dwarf could not help but sigh.

The dwarf beside him said disdainfully, "Do you think that a master craftsman is just playing around? Without the strength of a saint knight, who would be able to swing a hammer and knock on an epic-level material, leaving behind a mark? The copper hammer plus the fact that if they wanted to produce another master craftsman, they would have to be bestowed with grace by the god of forging! Oh! That is?! The God of forging!"

The dwarf who spoke suddenly cried out in surprise, and then he was stunned. His eyes stared blankly at the sky above the Thor's Hammer, unable to say a single word.

The others followed his gaze and were instantly stunned as well.

They only saw a brilliant orange light pierce through the haze above the Dwarf Kingdom. Even the sunlight that penetrated through could not compare to its brilliance.

"Epic! Epic equipment has appeared!"

Some humans were so excited that they could not help but shout, "It's the epic light! Another epic equipment has been born!"

At this moment, countless people noticed this orange light.

The entire Dwarf Kingdom was in an uproar.

The dwarves threw away the iron hammers in their hands and did not care about anything else. They faced this direction, their lips trembling.

"Master craftsman?! Another master craftsman appeared in the dwarves?!"

"Oh, great God of forging!"

The eyes of countless dwarves were filled with tears of excitement. The dwarves who had lived since the age of the master craftsman in Colridge were now filled with tears.

No one knew who was the first to kneel on the ground. The Dwarves faced the direction of the orange light of epic-level and knelt down one by one.

Their faces were full of piety and fanaticism.

Someone was singing an ancient ballad.

Countless deep and deep voices were mixed together, and the ancient tone reverberated in the sky above the mountain Dwarf Kingdom.

It was like a pilgrimage.

Chapter 171: Meteor Sword, Where Is the Master Blacksmith?

No one could understand the significance of the master blacksmith to the entire dwarven race.

The Dwarven race without the existence of the Master Blacksmith was lonely and declining. The Master Blacksmith was the religion of the dwarven race, the proof that the god of forging had not abandoned the dwarven race.

The beloved King Babbitt Ironbeard, was so excited that he kicked over a dozen wine jars and jumped excitedly on his forging table like a child.

Not only the dwarves, but the humans present were also extremely shocked.

In just three days, they had witnessed the birth of four legends and an epic.

The master craftsman was wielding the Thor's Hammer, less than a hundred meters away from them.

Inside the Thor's Hammer.

Joelson raised the epic knight's longsword, which was emitting silver light and was shrouded in orange light, and a strange light shone in his eyes.

As the orange glow enveloped him, he felt an endless amount of power descending from the sky.

The strength of his arm was increasing at a terrifying speed.

The epic-ranked longsword that was forged from Meteor Goldstone was originally very heavy, but it soon became light and light.

"It's the blessing of the God of forging, the blessing of the Master Craftsman!"

Wilbon shouted excitedly, his eyes filled with uncontrollable envy.

From the beginning to the end, this epic longsword was actually forged by Joelson.

Molten iron, forged, quenched.

Wilbon did not help with any of the steps.

Even the God of forging acknowledged this point and blessed Joelson with divine light, not Wilbon.

Joelson.

Was a true master blacksmith!

Arm strength was the most important foundation for blacksmiths. Only those with strong arm strength could wield a hammer.

After withstanding the sharpness of the dragon's blood, Joelson's strength had already surpassed that of an ordinary knight.

Under the baptism of this blessed divine light, Joelson's arm strength had increased tenfold compared to before.

It had reached a terrifying level.

Joelson even felt that if he was given a hammer that was hard enough, he would be able to smash the dragon's head.

"I'll call you from now on."

Joelson stared at the epic longsword in his hand and said in a low voice, "Meteor, how is it?"

The blade was pure black, dotted with silver light that was like the stars in the sky. The hard dragon teeth held the blade as a handle, giving it natural, ferocious beauty.

The silver light flickered as if it was responding to Joelson's words.

A look of joy appeared on Joelson's face. This longsword that he had personally forged seemed to be connected to his mind and could understand his words.

With a gentle wave of the long sword, it easily cut into the floor made of pure steel.

Wearing light armor of dragon scales, Joelson held the meteor sword in his hand and activated his battle spirit.

Golden-red flames instantly ignited on the long sword. Compared to the original fire-type battle spirit, its power was much stronger.

Wilbon and Deaver's eyes were filled with amazement and praise.

"If master specializes in the way of knights, he would definitely be able to suppress all the knight geniuses in the middle continent and make them lose their luster," Frederick said sincerely.

At this moment, Joelson's appearance was indeed extremely dazzling.

His gorgeous light armor and longsword, his handsome and cold face, and his tall and straight figure, even the most valiant Holy Knight of the Church of Light in the entire continent might not be able to compare to his appearance and temperament.

"Not bad." Joelson nodded his head in satisfaction.

Putting away his longsword and putting on his mage robe over the light armor, Du Lu returned to the Dragon God Ranch.

Wilbon and Deaver stared straight at him.

Joelson chuckled and waved his hand.

Countless magic crystal coins fell like rain, almost drowning the two dwarves.

"This is your reward, one hundred thousand magic crystal coins."

Joelson pointed at the dragon tooth and other materials on the ground, then said, "These are additional thanks."

"May the God of forging bless you forever, generous guest!" Deaver shouted in a low voice, extremely happy.

Wilbon was also very happy. Compared to magic crystal coins, she cared more about the materials Joelson gave her.

Those were truly priceless treasures.

"As for the dragon's blood, you can come and find me whenever you need it."

Wilbon was a little embarrassed when she heard that.

She had not been of any help in the process of forging the meteor, and she had taken so many things for free. The rarest thing was that she had witnessed the birth of an epic knight's longsword.

It had also been of great help to her on the path of forging.

The dwarves were not good at expressing their gratitude, so Wilbon kept this friendship in mind.

After not taking a break for several days, Deaver was so tired that he felt dizzy.

But it was too hot in Thor's Hammer that he had to open the door to get some fresh air.

As soon as he opened the door, Deaver was shocked by the scene outside.

Deaver saw that the dilapidated street in front of Thor's Hammer was full of people.

There were dwarves and humans, all looking at him with excitement.

Deaver was shocked.

When he saw the face of the person standing at the front, he almost jumped up.

He was almost 1.5 meters tall, strong, and his body was full of explosive muscles that supported his armor.

His face was rough, and his hard beard was very thick. There was a hint of majesty in his eyes.

"Dwarf King!"

Babbitt Ironbeard suddenly took a step forward, grabbed Deaver's shoulder, and asked loudly, "Where's the Master Craftsman? Where's the Master Craftsman?!"

Deaver was stunned and could not speak.

"Deaver, who are you talking to?"

Wilbon walked out of the room.

In an instant, everyone was in an uproar.

"It's Wilbon! The daughter of the Master Craftsman Colridge. Now she's also a Master Craftsman!"

"Oh! It's the honor of the Copper Hammer family. This is simply the blessing of the God of forging!"

"Look at her strong and powerful arms. Only such powerful arms can forge an epic!"

Surprise, admiration, respect, and approval.

All kinds of gazes surrounded Wilbon. She was also shocked, but she quickly calmed down and greeted the Dwarf King.

"You are the pride of our dwarven race!"

Babbitt stared at Wilbon eagerly, his eyes filled with excitement and joy.

He carefully looked at a lot of Wilbon.

Indeed, she was much stronger than most dwarven girls

Although she looked ordinary, she had the aura of a master, which made Wilbon look very charming.

He had a shiny bald head and a thick beard.

Babbitt felt regretful. If Wilbon hadn't gotten married, he would have wanted to marry her as his queen.

"Respected Wilbon master, can you show us the epic equipment you made?"

Babbitt said to Wilbon expectantly.

The others were the same.

Epic!

Everyone was present, the dwarves who had lived for hundreds of years, had never seen a piece of epic equipment. Even legends were rarely seen.

How could they not be excited when they had such an opportunity.

But Wilbon blinked and replied, "The epic equipment is not with me."

Everyone was stunned.

"Its forger has already left with it."

"What?!"

Chapter 172: The Master Craftsman Was Actually a Human? They Arrived at the Eternal City

"What?!"

Everyone was shocked, and their faces were filled with disbelief.

"So, that epic equipment wasn't forged by you?" Babbitt cried out in surprise.

"Yes."

Wilbon nodded and said, "The four legendary items did come from me, but epic equipment."

Wilbon shook her head and sighed, "I don't have that terrifying strength yet."

"God of forging!"

The crowd immediately started discussing.

The person who made the epic equipment wasn't Wilbon, but someone else?

"Is that Master Blacksmith a dwarf?" Babbitt asked urgently.

Wilbon's expression was complicated. She shook her head and denied, "No, he's not a dwarf. He's a human, a very young and amazing human."

There was no more shocking news than this.

The epic master that had not appeared for hundreds of years was not from the dwarves, but a human!

The eyes of all the humans on the field shone with ecstasy.

At this moment, they felt a sense of glory.

They were very eager to spread this news to the human society. They believed that it would definitely cause a shock to countless people.

A human master!

Something that had never happened before!

With a step forward, he used his longsword to plough a long trail in the meadow.

In front of him was the steel dragon that was waiting to attack.

It was obvious that he had treated it as his sparring partner.

With an epic longsword, he even had the urge to throw away his staff and focus on training as a knight.

The feeling of holding a meteor was simply too good.

Just like the netizens in his previous life, many people would switch classes for a top-grade weapon, and Joelson's current state was about the same.

The meteor's enhancement to the fire-type battle spirit had reached a terrifying level.

The meteor goldstone had absorbed Du Lu's continuous flame breath for three whole days. In addition to the dragon blood quenching, the meteor goldstone itself had excellent battle spirit malleability.

It allowed Joelson's battle spirit to directly reach the level of having a physical appearance, transforming into a blazing solid flame.

It even carried a part of the characteristics of Du Lu's breath. The flame was golden-red in color, much stronger than the power of ordinary flames.

"Again!"

Joelson raised his eyebrows. His fair and handsome face was filled with the heroic temperament of a knight. He was wearing a light armor of dragon scales.

If this attire was revealed, it would be enough to make any girl in this world scream.

Joelson seemed to have run into the air. He raised his longsword high and a blazing golden-red flame appeared on the body of the meteor sword.

"Slash!"

The dark golden tail of the steel dragon lashed out like a steel whip. A terrifying power surged out and sent Joelson flying in a sorry state.

He landed steadily. Other than a surge of energy in his chest, he was not injured at all.

His defense was terrifying.

Joelson estimated that his current knight combat strength should be able to break through 10,000 and barely reach the threshold of saint-tier.

It was all due to the amplification provided by the legendary light armor and the epic longsword.

With the support of the legendary staff, the power of his level-9 magic was comparable to a forbidden spell.

Joelson felt that the two paths of magic and knights were like two powerful legs, supporting him to climb to a higher realm quickly.

It was not like what Harriet had once said, which would cause him to be distracted.

Of course, it could also be related to his cheating-like promotion method.

After the battle with the steel dragon and sweating all over, Joelson jumped into the lake to wash. He changed into a clean mage robe and returned to the elegant and calm mage, Joelson.

After leaving the Dragon God Ranch, he opened his eyes and saw a carriage.

"Frederick," He said in a low voice.

Frederick's respectful voice came from outside the carriage.

"Master."

"How long until we arrive at the King's City?"

Frederick said with a relaxed smile, "We're almost there, master. The glorious city of violets, The Immortal City! It's right in front of us."

The king's city, the immortal city.

It was bigger and more magnificent than any city that Joelson had ever been to.

The city gate alone was more than five times the size of the capital city of Alcott.

The city wall that was more than 100 yards tall was like a mountain standing there.

Griffin knights patrolled the sky, while silver-armored knights entered and left the city gate.

"Five thousand years ago, this was the last line of defense for the humans of the central continent against the alien races. During this process, the city wall kept increasing in height and thickness, and every brick and stone was soaked with the blood of humans and alien races

"We won that plane war. That's why the Inmotati Empire once again established the capital, calling it an eternal city."

Frederick used a yearning tone to tell Joelson about the origins of the Eternal City.

The eight city gates of the Eternal City were opened at the same time. Cars and travelers came and went, never stopping.

Joelson saw a strange race of tall people with thick body hair, but a human body with the head of a wolf and the head of a cow, entering the capital. The others didn't look strange at all.

"That's the orc race. They're usually low-level warriors and laborers."

Frederick's face revealed a trace of mockery as he said, "When the planar war ended, the immortal city wasn't a human capital at all. Countless races coexisted here as equals. However, after that, many smaller races were massacred. The orcs barely managed to survive for a long time."

Joelson remained silent.

After entering the capital, Frederick found a hotel and settled down.

The owner of the hotel was a beautiful elf, and most of the guests in the hotel were dwarves, orcs, and elves.

"I want to borrow the magic teleportation array in the king's city of immortality to go to the Land of Heritage. Do you have any ideas?"

Joelson asked calmly.

Frederick laughed and said, "This is really simple for you, master. As long as you show the empire your current strength, I believe they will be very willing to lend you the magic array. Master's strength is at rank 9, and he should not be thirty years old this year."

Joelson nodded, "Seventeen."

"Oh, sure enough, only seventeen years old. What?! Master is only seventeen years old?!"

Frederick showed a smug expression as if he had guessed correctly. When he came back to his senses, his expression immediately turned into one of shock and surprise.

"Seventeen, seventeen."

Frederick kept whispering, and a bitter smile appeared on his face.

"It's too unbelievable."

Frederick could be considered to have some understanding of Joelson, and he carefully counted Joelson's methods.

The ranch space, two saint-level dragons, undead dragons, dark knights, and his own power as a tier 9 mage.

Oh right, he had almost forgotten that Joelson was also a powerful knight.

And all of this, coupled with the fact that he was only seventeen years old, was even more shocking.

Frederick even had some doubts in his heart.

Could Joelson be the reincarnation of some God?

Chapter 173: Silver Hand, Little Thief

Frederick smiled bitterly and sighed. "A seventeen-year-old, tier 9 existence is almost certain to step into God's domain. Compared to Master, the violet blade and the golden lion really aren't even trash."

Although there was some flattery involved, after hearing Frederick's words, Joelson relaxed slightly.

It seemed that borrowing the magic array shouldn't be a problem.

Knock knock knock!

There was a knock on the door.

Frederick went forward to open the door, and the elven attendant of the hotel stood at the door with a smile.

"Two distinguished guests, Pryce of the Holy Church of Light has come to the king's city. Many people have gone to admire the elegance of the silver hand."

The elven attendant made a routine announcement and left after saying that.

Frederick glanced at Joelson, who stood up and nodded lightly. "Let's go and take a look."

What exactly was the so-called super genius of the central continent like.

The spacious and straight Violet Avenue ran through the immortal city and could accommodate eight carriages passing through at the same time.

But now, it was so crowded that not even a mosquito could fly in.

Joelson and Frederick found a bell tower and flew to the top so that they could see what was happening below.

They only saw a mighty team walking into the city gate.

All of them were light unicorns as mounts.

This kind of gentle and powerful light-type magical beast had always been favored by the people of the Holy See.

Holy knights in beautiful white armor walked in the front, followed by hundreds of priests in white robes.

Joelson had seen the Holy Church of Light travel in the southern region before, but now it was dozens of times more spectacular than when the archbishop and the Holy Son of Light went out.

Golden holy light fell like rain, and white petals spread on the ground. The blessed and holy aura was like an angel descending into the human world. In terms of extravagance, it was absolutely excellent.

People on both sides of the street would exclaim from time to time. Many of them were devout believers of the holy church, kneeling on the ground and shouting loudly, "God of light!".

The leader of the group was the most beautiful.

A young knight with a head full of brilliant golden hair and golden armor had a confident smile on his handsome face.

"Lord Pryce!"

"Silver hand!"

"Messenger of the God of light!"

Countless people shouted the name of Pryce. Countless girls in the king's city blushed. Their eyes were filled with admiration and worship. They threw lilies that they had just picked at Pryce.

Pryce seemed to enjoy the feeling of being the center of attention. As he rode on the back of the beautiful unicorn of light, his radiance couldn't help but cause people to cast sidelong glances at him.

Joelson looked at this young expert from the Church of Light and said in a low voice, "Rank 9."

"That's right."

Frederick nodded and said with a complicated tone, "The Church of Light is the biggest winner after the planar war. The God of light has repeatedly performed miracles, and there are countless experts under his command."

Frederick had been hiding for thousands of years, and most of them had been hunted by the people of the Church of light. He really had a lot of feelings.

"This Pryce is not the number one genius of the Church of Light. According to convention, the Silver Hand also has the authority of God. These two are the two commanders appointed by the Holy Knights of the Church of Light."

"But I just heard some interesting secrets."

Frederick laughed and said in a low voice, "Some people say that Pryce is the illegitimate son of the current Pope of light, so he is more valued and looked forward to by the Pope than the authority of God."

Joelson was not interested in these gossips. After watching for a while, he brought Frederick back to the hotel.

After entering the door, Joelson's expression suddenly changed and he glanced at Frederick.

Frederick was as smart as a devil, so how could he not know what it meant? He laughed ferociously and stretched out his skinny hand to grab a corner of the room.

A thick aura of death spread out.

The aura of death transformed into a huge skeleton handprint and grabbed at a corner of the room.

The transparent void rippled with an invisible ripple.

"Ah!" A panicked cry sounded.

A figure rolled out from the corner in a sorry state, and his first reaction was to pounce towards the window.

Frederick's huge hand of the aura of death had already arrived in front of her, but she completely ignored it.

A burst of strong light burst out from her body, completely cancelling out the hand seal of the aura of death.

"Eh?"

There was a faint look of puzzlement in Joelson's eyes.

Frederick was a saint-level mage. Although this was just a casual attack and he did not use his full strength, it still had the power of a tier 8 to tier 9 mage.

However, it was easily canceled out by a magic tool on this person's body. It was really surprising.

The figure broke through the window and jumped out.

Joelson's figure flashed.

After a while, he walked in from the window with a struggling girl in his hand.

"Let go of me!"

The girl widened her eyes and glared at Joelson and Frederick. She threatened, "How dare the Necromancer hide in the king's city. If I tell the law enforcement team of the king's city, the two of you will be finished!"

Joelson glanced at her and ignored her. He said to Frederick, "In that case, Frederick, turn her into a skeleton."

"Yes, Master."

Frederick showed a ferocious and cruel smile.

"Don't kill me! Don't kill me!"

The girl screamed and retreated desperately.

Joelson nodded slightly, and Frederick retreated respectfully.

The girl was slightly relieved, but she looked at Joelson in surprise.

A necromancer who was at least level eight or even level nine actually listened to a young man who was much younger than her. Weren't necromancers an extremely proud existence?!

Joelson casually set up a soundproof magic circle and sat down on a chair in the room, looking down at the girl.

"Tell me, who are you?"

He carefully looked at the girl. She was wearing a man's outfit. Her legs were long and slender, her facial features were delicate and fair, and her long, rose-red hair was exceptionally beautiful.

The girl looked at Joelson warily and said, "Why should I tell you?"

Joelson laughed, shook his head and said, "Then let's change the question. What's your name?"

"I can't tell you that."

Joelson turned to look at Frederick. Frederick nodded, and a strong aura of death emerged from his hand again.

The girl was so scared that she quickly shouted, "I'll tell you, I'll tell you!"

"My name is."

The girl's eyes darted around, and she answered, "Elin, my name is Elin."

Joelson frowned slightly and was about to continue asking when there was an urgent knock on the door.

Joelson cast a spell on the girl and Frederick went to open the door.

Outside the door.

The elven attendant of the inn smiled embarrassedly as he stood at the door, followed by the fully armed guards of the king's city.

Chapter 174: Royal Guards. Who Are You Challenging?

"Sorry to disturb the two guests. The Lord Guard said that he saw someone enter your room."

A guard pushed the elf attendant aside and walked up to look at Joelson.

Joelson nodded lightly and said, "Yes, someone did enter."

"You!"

Elin hid in the corner of the room and was so angry that she almost screamed. However, she suddenly realized that she could not make any sound.

"Where is that person now?"

The guard's expression instantly became anxious and nervous.

Joelson pointed at the window of his room, shook his head and said, "I'm not sure. When we came in, she just ran away and broke the window."

The guards all rushed in and searched every corner of the room.

Elin covered her mouth tightly, scared to death.

But she found that the guards seemed to be blind. She was right in front of them, but they could not see her at all.

"That person did come."

The head guard only frowned and stared at the broken window a few times. He said anxiously, "Go after her! Don't let her escape."

A group of guards wearing armor and long swords quickly walked out again.

"I'm sorry."

The elven attendant apologized to the two of them, closed the door, and left.

Joelson turned to look at Elin. With a slight movement of his fingers, Elin's figure was once again exposed in the air.

Being able to speak again, Elin cried out anxiously, "You're also an air magician?!"

Her beautiful eyes widened as she looked at Joelson in surprise.

Indeed, Joelson had just cast an invisibility spell on Elin.

Elin knew about it because she was hiding in the room using the magic item she was wearing. The invisibility cloak also had an invisibility spell attached to it.

However, her strength was too weak. Under the powerful spiritual power of Joelson and Frederick, she was easily discovered.

"I didn't expect you to be a wanted criminal of the Empire."

Joelson glanced at her and said with a smile.

Elin said stubbornly, "So what? Aren't the two of you also necromancers? If you are discovered, your end will be even more miserable than mine!"

Joelson laughed and said, "That's why I said that refining you into a skeleton is the safest decision."

Elin's face was pale as she stepped back. She waved her hand and said, "Don't! If you don't betray me, I won't betray you!"

Joelson shook his head and said, "I'm still worried."

Elin's eyes showed hesitation and struggle. She gritted her teeth.

Suddenly, a huge pile of things poured out of thin air.

High-level magic beast essence crystals, a large number of magic crystal coins, magic gems, and many strange and strange magic tools.

Joelson and Frederick were both stunned, and they looked at each other.

Elin said with a heartache, "I stole these from the palace. You can pick any of them, and it will be your hush money."

Joelson had a strange look on his face. Now he finally knew why Elin was being chased by the imperial guards. It turned out that she was a female thief.

It was very impressive to be able to steal things in the Imperial Palace of the Inmotati Empire.

Joelson looked at the things on the ground and said after a moment of consideration, "Before we leave the Imperial City, you should follow us first."

He wanted to make sure that Elin would not reveal Frederick's identity as a necromancer. Otherwise, it would attract a lot of unnecessary trouble.

Elin wanted to speak, but Joelson's words stopped her.

"Otherwise, you'll turn into a skeleton. Your choice."

Elin clenched her teeth and waited for Joelson. She stomped her feet and nodded helplessly. "Okay."

Joelson did not bother with her anymore. He discussed with Frederick how to show his strength and attract the attention of the empire. Instead, he smoothly used the magic teleportation array.

"Challenges are the simplest and most direct way. Master, just find a few famous experts from the Imperial City and defeat them. You'll naturally gain a lot of fame," Frederick suggested.

Joelson felt that it was possible.

"Any good candidates?"

Frederick said in a deep voice, "I just heard that the eldest disciple of the saint-level knight, the Lion Grand Swordmaster, Dewitt, is a ninth-level knight. Many people think that he will be able to advance to the saint-level before the age of thirty. His fame and strength are more suitable."

Just as Joelson was about to speak, a voice suddenly came over.

"Who is Dewitt? Didn't a more suitable candidate come today? Beat up the silver hand of the Church of Light. I swear, not to mention the magic array, even his majesty, the Emperor, would be willing to marry his daughter to you."

Elin's eyes were shining as she waved her fists, looking particularly excited.

Silver hand Pryce?!

Joelson seemed to be thinking.

Frederick carefully suggested, "Master, what she said is right. The silver hand is indeed the best step."

Joelson nodded slightly and said, "We can consider it."

"Pfft!"

Elin suddenly laughed out loud, pointing at Joelson and Frederick, she said, "Don't tell me you really want to challenge Pryce? "Hahaha, do you know how strong he is?"? "It is said that Pryce once defeated the siege of five rank 9 templars. Even Dewitt might not be his match."

Elin looked at Joelson with a mocking gaze and said with a smile, "Are you sure you can defeat Dewitt?"

Joelson's face was cold.

Elin was shocked and subconsciously covered her chest. She took a few steps back and said in a panic, "What do you want? I'm telling the truth."

Joelson waved his hand.

"You talk too much nonsense."

"mmm."

Elin could not speak again. This time, she could not even move. It was as if she was bound by an invisible rope. Her face was full of anger as she struggled.

The next day.

Joelson strolled along Violet Avenue. Frederick was a few steps behind him, and then Elin, who had a dissatisfied look on her face.

The latter rolled her eyes at Joelson's back, saying something in a low voice.

"Bad guy!"

"Arrogant!"

"Rubbish magician!"

Joelson could not be bothered to argue with her. They were heading towards the Lion Grand Swordmaster's mansion, where Dewitt lived.

"Every year, there are many adventurers who come to challenge the lion grand swordmaster, but most of the challenges are accepted by Dewitt. He has defeated many experts of the younger generation, and his fame has only been built up in recent years."

The Lion Grand Swordmaster seemed to see this as a form of training for Dewitt, so if his master came to challenge him, he would definitely accept it.

Frederick whispered in Joelson's ear.

Joelson's expression was calm as if he did not care about this challenge at all.

Clang!

A magnificent sound echoed in the sky above the immortal city.

Joelson raised his head.

Everyone on the street stopped in their tracks and looked in the same direction.

"It's the chimes of the Empire Square."

Elin whispered, "What happened?!"

Joelson saw the pedestrians and carriages begin to change directions, all rushing towards the center of the capital.

Chapter 175: The Heart of an Angel. I Want It

"There's no need to look for Dewitt."

Elin said solemnly, "If nothing goes wrong, he will also rush to the Empire Square."

The chimes of the Empire Square represented the will of the King. It was a call to the people of the Inmotati Empire. Unless there was a major incident, they would not ring the bell so easily.

When Joelson and the rest arrived at the origin of the chimes, the huge Empire Square was already packed with people.

It looked like there were at least tens of thousands of people.

Looking towards the middle, they saw the Church of Light. There was also a portion of the royal family standing there as if they were waiting for something.

A few streaks of light flashed across the sky.

The crowd was in chaos.

"It's a saint-level powerhouse!"

There were only a few saint-level powerhouses in the entire southern region. At this moment, four saint-level powerhouses had come from the Inmotati capital alone.

Elin squeezed to Joelson's side and pointed at an old man who carried a fiery red longsword on his back. His beard and hair were like that of a lion. She whispered, "That's the lion sword saint."

Joelson looked at him a few more times. His gaze landed on a young man with a determined look behind the lion sword saint.

Dewitt.

He muttered in his heart.

The saint-level powerhouse obviously did not know what was going on either. He frowned and looked around.

A fat priest in a red robe walked out from the Church of Light. He chatted with them for a while before the few of them found their seats and sat down.

A moment later, the carriage of the royal family arrived in a hurry.

A tall and strong man stepped out of the gorgeous carriage engraved with golden violets. He wore a ruby crown on his head and looked extremely noble.

"That's Emperor Nicholas!"

The ruler of the immortal kingdom, a talented and ambitious conqueror.

He was also a holy knight.

"What exactly happened?"

Nicholas' majestic voice spread through the entire Empire Square through his combat aura. Everyone quieted down.

The red-robed bishop walked up to him with a smile on his face and said, "It's Lord Pryce's idea. He has something to say to his majesty."

The red-robed bishop was a missionary sent by the Holy See to the imperial city.

Although the Inmotati Empire allowed the Holy See to spread their religion within the empire, they had always believed that royal authority was higher than divine authority. Therefore, he felt very sullen as a bishop.

This time, with the support of Silver Hand Pryce, he personally rang the bell on the Imperial Square. He felt a sense of relief.

Nicholas frowned and looked at Pryce. The latter smiled and looked into the eyes of the emperor. There was no sign of fear on his face.

The grace of Pryce, who was covered in holy light at this moment, made many young girls in the capital scream.

"Your Majesty."

Pryce performed a knight's salute to Nicholas and said loudly, "I have a gift that I want to present to her highness Princess Isabelle."

Pryce looked at the carriage behind Nicholas and said with a burning gaze, "I wonder if the princess is present?"

Countless gazes turned to the royal carriage. After a few seconds of silence, the door of the carriage opened and a beautiful figure slowly appeared.

Her long purple hair fell like a waterfall, like a gorgeous dress covered in star fragments. Her skin was like snow, and her face was like a work of art carved by a god. She was very beautiful.

When Isabelle appeared on the field, it was as if all the light in the world had gathered on her.

Words could not describe this shocking beauty.

Joelson was also stunned for a few seconds.

For a moment, he felt as if he had returned to the first time he met Dayshannon.

Dayshannon's appearance was not inferior to Isabelle's, but the noble temperament on her body was not just a little inferior.

After all, one was the princess of a kingdom, and the other was the pearl of the most powerful empire in the entire middle continent.

"The violet flower, isn't it beautiful?"

Elin's voice rang in Joelson's ear again, and she said with a bit of heartache, "So it's not wrong to listen to me. Beat Pryce down, and the violet flower will be yours."

Joelson looked at Elin somewhat helplessly, and could not be bothered with her.

While everyone was amazed by Isabelle's beauty, Pryce's eyes carried a hint of infatuation as he quickly took a few steps forward.

"Please allow me to present this gift to Princess Isabelle," Pryce said loudly.

The next moment, his hand blossomed with a dazzling white light, and a holy and bright aura filled the entire area.

The golden holy light turned into flower petals that scattered down from the sky, enveloping Pryce.

Pryce slowly released his hand, and a ball of dazzling light quietly floated in the air.

"God of light!"

A large number of people immediately knelt down in the square, all of them devout believers of the light religion.

The red-robed bishop was so excited that he could not suppress it, and even his voice began to tremble.

"This is... the heart of an angel!"

The moment the ball of light appeared.

Joelson's eyes were frighteningly bright!

The heart of an angel.

Not only the red-robed bishop, but even the saint-level and Emperor Nicholas' faces, were slightly moved.

After an angel died, they gave up the chance to return to the heavenly reincarnation pool. They could gather all the energy in their bodies into a ball and form the heart of an angel.

This was a supreme holy item for those who cultivated the light element.

Of course, it was also extremely valuable to those who cultivated other elements.

The powerful healing ability could dispel all negative effects and easily defend against saint-level attacks.

Pryce's face was filled with faint confidence as he stared into Isabelle's amber-like eyes. He said gently, "Only such a holy gift is worthy of your purity and nobility, your highness."

The crowd was in a heated discussion.

Frederick sneered and said, "The Church of Light is really generous this time. If Pryce can chase after the violet flower, after Nicholas abdicates, the Church of Light will be able to wantonly develop believers in any corner of the empire. An angel's heart. This deal is indeed worth it."

"In his dreams!" Elin suddenly cursed angrily.

Frederick looked at Elin strangely, not understanding why this female bandit had such a big reaction.

A trace of panic flashed in Elin's eyes, and she hurriedly said, "See, the princess will never accept his gift."

Before Elin could finish her words, the noble and cold Isabelle said faintly, "I accept your gift."

Pryce showed a confident and proud smile.

Nicholas frowned.

"Ah?! How can she do this?! I'm so angry! I'm so angry!"

Elin went crazy.

Joelson, who had been silent for a long time, suddenly opened his mouth.

"I want that."

"What?!"

Elin and Frederick looked at him in confusion.

Joelson reached out his hand and pointed at the ball of light floating above Pryce's head. He said in a firm voice, "I want that, the heart of an angel."

"Are you crazy?"

Elin shook her head helplessly.

Pryce seemed to be in a very good mood. He turned around to look at the crowd around him and said loudly, "This time, I have another purpose. I want to represent the Church of Light and challenge all the powerhouses of the younger generation in the Immortal City!"

Pryce raised his right hand and lifted the heart of an angel. Holy light enveloped him, making him look dazzling.

Chapter 176: Issued a Challenge to Everyone

"In the name of the silver hand, I hereby issue a challenge to everyone."

There was an uproar as countless people discussed.

The screams of the young girls continued to ring out.

However, there were still quite a number of people who revealed dissatisfied expressions.

Elin was one of them.

"This kid is too shameless. He knew that Franklin wasn't in the capital, so he dared to come over and say something like challenging all the geniuses of the younger generation."

"Who is Franklin?" Joelson asked subconsciously.

"Violet Blade."

Elin's gaze was far-reaching as if she was recalling something.

"Franklin is the empire's top genius powerhouse. His opponent is only the authority of God and the Golden Lion. I think he doesn't put second-rate trash like Pryce in his eyes."

Joelson couldn't help but think in his heart.

He had heard people mention these names in awe more than once.

What kind of people were they?

Even the tier 9 silver hand Pryce had become a second-rate character in front of them.

"Pryce!"

A figure leapt into the arena from behind a saint-level powerhouse, looking straight at Pryce with an ugly expression.

"You're too arrogant!"

Pryce's actions were indeed too arrogant in the eyes of some people.

The ringing of the bell in the Empire Square gathered everyone to watch him put on a show of fawning over the princess and then challenging all the geniuses of the capital with a contemptuous attitude.

Naturally, there were people who could not help but want to teach him a good lesson.

"Disciple of the black light grand swordmaster."

Pryce made a thoughtful gesture and then said with an expression of remembering, "I remember now. Your name is Linke, right?"

Linke was a strong young man. His face was filled with anger.

As the disciple of the black light grand swordmaster, a level-9 powerhouse, Pryce couldn't even remember his name.

This was definitely a humiliation to him.

"Attack!"

Link shouted in a low voice and slowly pulled out a huge black sword from his back.

This huge sword was slightly different from an ordinary knight's longsword.

The thickness of the blade was astonishing, and it didn't even have a blade!

Pryce smiled politely, but a hint of contempt flashed in his eyes.

The aura of a level-9 knight erupted from both of them at the same time, forcing the surrounding crowd to retreat.

Under the orders of Emperor Nicholas, a few palace magicians hurriedly set up a defensive magic circle. When the two of them fought, the battle aura they emitted hurt the ordinary people.

"This Linke's combat aura is very interesting."

Joelson's eyes were as bright as the stars as he stared at the battle on the stage.

"The black light grand swordmaster is said to have the best defense under God's domain. The disciples he has taught are naturally not simple." Elin spoke with a hint of pride.

Joelson casually glanced at her and asked indifferently, "How do you know so much?"

Elin felt a sense of panic in her heart. She quickly stuck out her tongue and said stubbornly, "Everyone in the capital knows."

Linke's combat aura was of the Earth attribute. Its color was a dark grayish-brown. Together with his strange black longsword, when he brandished it, it actually felt as heavy as the earth.

His defense was astonishing.

However, Pryce's strength was even more terrifying.

He held a golden longsword in his hand. Every time he raised his hand, rays of holy light would shoot out. The destructive power was astonishing.

From the beginning to the end, Link did not have any chance to fight back. He just kept retreating.

"Linke is going to lose."

Joelson shook his head regretfully and said, "Actually, from the fact that he was the first to jump out, we can see that the most important thing for a knight who cultivates the Earth attribute combat aura is to have a steady character. He should be the last to go on stage."

Indeed, even the black light grand swordmaster on the side of the field suddenly frowned. There was a little disappointment and dissatisfaction in his eyes.

"Although Pryce is only a second-rate character, he is still very strong compared to a genius of the level of the violet blade. His holy combat aura is known as the most powerful type of light-attribute combat aura. He is a level above Linke by nature."

As he spoke, the brown dou qi barrier that Linke had set up with his black longsword was broken by an exceptionally powerful holy light.

His body flew backwards and blood seeped out from the corner of his mouth. He knelt on the ground with an unwilling expression.

"I lost."

A smile appeared on Pryce's face.

Most of the people outside the arena were girls. Pryce was handsome, powerful, and had a high position in the radiant church. He was truly the perfect prince charming.

"Next."

Pryce pointed his long sword at the disciples of the saint-level powerhouses. His expression was calm, but there was an unspeakable arrogance.

A few people showed faint anger on their faces.

In the crowd, Joelson frowned.

"One at a time? How long do we have to wait?"

Elin curiously poked her head over and asked, "What did you say?"

Joelson ignored her and muttered to himself, "Forget it, I don't have that much patience."

Joelson strode forward.

The dark crowd in the square was separated by an invisible force like a tide, and cries of surprise rang out one after another.

The crowd kept retreating to both sides, and a path leading to the dueling platform was formed, which was particularly eye-catching.

Joelson walked along the center of the black tide, stepping on the exclamations and curses as he walked step by step to the stage.

His expression was calm, calm and composed as if he was not walking through the crowd, but strolling in the garden of the royal court.

Countless pairs of eyes were focused on Joelson, not knowing what he was trying to do.

On the sidelines, a few saint-level powerhouses' disciples who had wanted to go up to the stage to fight Pryce stopped in their tracks.

Pryce looked at Joelson, and his face revealed an expression that seemed to be smiling but not smiling. He seemed to find it very interesting.

"You also want to challenge me?"

Before Pryce could finish speaking, his gaze suddenly froze.

Joelson had been walking slowly towards the stage like he was taking a stroll, but his figure started to flicker.

He suddenly disappeared and then suddenly appeared.

With each flicker, the distance between him and Pryce would be shortened by a lot, and his speed was astonishingly fast.

The onlookers thought that their eyes were playing tricks on them, and they rubbed their eyes hard.

In just a few seconds, Joelson had already arrived on the stage, but he bypassed Pryce and faced Isabelle's direction.

"You're courting death!"

Pryce snorted coldly, and the golden holy sword in his hand raised a holy light and slashed down at Joelson.

Joelson's back was facing Pryce. He did not even turn his head.

A gorgeous fiery red staff appeared in his hand and he waved it gently.

The next moment, the sky was dyed red.

"God of light!"

Someone cried out in surprise.

Dozens of fiercely burning fireballs appeared in the sky and were rapidly falling in this direction.

The crowd subconsciously wanted to spread out crazily. Even a few saint-level powerhouses had a flash in their eyes. They had a faint impulse to attack.

Pryce's expression completely changed.

He stood at the point where the fireball fell and was firmly locked onto by a terrifying aura.

In his silver pupils, a huge fireball was rapidly expanding.

Pryce was forced to raise his holy sword.

"This is impossible?!" Someone on the sidelines cried out in surprise.

Chapter 177: Happened to Come at the Same Time, Saving Them a Lot of Trouble

Everyone stared at the falling fireballs with their eyes wide open. Their eyes were filled with disbelief.

"The level-9 meteor shower is correct, but why is it in a row?!"

"Isn't it too fast?!"

"How did he do it?"

They could only see the approaching fireballs in a regular line in the sky, falling one after another. It was extremely shocking.

Boom boom boom!

Successive explosions sounded, and the ground under everyone's feet trembled slightly.

The mages on the field were all stunned, their eyes filled with shock.

The nine fireballs landed precisely at the same spot where Pryce was standing at every moment.

The defensive magic array on the duel platform was shattered at the first moment.

Pryce was drowned in the falling meteor rain of fire.

Only then did the onlookers realize that their previous retreat was completely unnecessary. Although the falling fireball was terrifying, the area where the magic power was wreaking havoc was controlled in a non-attacking area, so it couldn't affect them at all.

On the sidelines, Elin widened her beautiful eyes and stared at the back of Joelson with her mouth wide open. She whispered in disbelief, "This bad guy is so strong!"

Frederick chuckled lightly with a look of "of course it's like this" on his face.

Among the few saint-level masters in the stands, a beautiful and mature female mage who was wearing a black mage robe with gold rims said in a serious tone, "She can cast a level-nine spell instantaneously, and the fireballs that can fall are arranged in a row and accurately fall at the same point. In the younger generation, I have never seen an existence more outstanding than him in magic attainments and magic control."

The other saint-level masters' expressions changed. Nicholas' eyes lit up as he stared at Joelson.

The saint-level Masters' disciples turned their attention to Joelson.

Without Pryce's help, Joelson arrived in front of Isabelle.

From the beginning to the end, his expression and speed did not change.

When the noble and cold Isabelle saw Joelson, her expression also changed slightly, and she subconsciously wanted to retreat.

Joelson narrowed his eyes and stretched out a hand toward Isabelle.

"How dare you!"

A few shouts sounded.

To dare to make such a blasphemous move toward the violet flower, Isabelle's fans wanted nothing more than to tear Joelson into pieces.

"Whoosh!"

The fiery red combat aura created a deep ravine on the ground between Joelson and Isabelle.

A figure flashed past. A young man with a resolute face held a long sword and blocked Isabelle's path. He said coldly to Joelson, "Back off!"

It was the first disciple of the Lion Grand Swordmaster, Dewitt.

Joelson's target was the heart of an angel.

However, the heart of an angel had always been hovering above Isabelle's head. The light enveloped her, so Joelson's actions did seem a little disrespectful to the princess.

"Get out of the way."

Joelson frowned.

Dewitt did not say a word.

Instead, a few figures leaped into the field and surrounded Joelson.

There were mages and knights. Each of them was young and ostentatious, and their auras were extraordinary.

They were the disciples of the other saint-level masters.

Joelson was surrounded.

"Good, very good."

A cold voice sounded behind him.

Pryce. Only then did people remember his existence.

The smoke and dust from the meteor shower dispersed, revealing Pryce's disheveled figure.

Pryce did not receive any damage. Even the bombardment of a level-9 spell did not pose much of a threat to him.

However, his beautiful armor and handsome face were stained with some dust. This was an unforgivable sin for Pryce.

Pryce stared at Joelson, his handsome face showing a hint of gloominess.

"You will pay a heavy price for your blasphemy against the princess and your disrespect towards the Church of Light."

Pryce pointed his longsword at Joelson and announced loudly.

Dewitt and a few saint level disciples also looked at him coldly, blocking every possible escape route.

At this moment, Joelson became the target of everyone's hostility.

Like a trapped beast in a cage, the situation was extremely bad.

"It's over."

Elin, who was below the stage, patted her forehead weakly and sighed, "This idiot."

Frederick did not look worried at all. Instead, he was slightly excited.

He was very much looking forward to the moment when Joelson would reveal his true strength and talent.

Many people's eyes were filled with regret. If such a genius mage had challenged Pryce in a normal way, even if he could not win, he would still be famous in the capital today.

But now, he would definitely end up in a tragic defeat.

Nicholas' eyes revealed a hint of admiration. He had planned to protect Joelson from the Church of Light after this.

There were not many such outstanding magic geniuses in the Immotardi Empire.

There was not a trace of panic on the face of Joelson, who was surrounded by Tier-9 geniuses. He was still calm.

He raised his head and looked at everyone around him.

Dewitt, who was closest to him, frowned slightly. He seemed to have heard Joelson mumbling to himself.

"Just in time. Let's attack together. We don't have to deal with them one by one."

Dewitt thought that he had heard wrongly.

A hint of viciousness flashed in Pryce's eyes. The golden longsword emitted a dazzling holy light as it rushed towards Joelson.

Right now, he only wanted to teach Joelson a good lesson. He wanted to redeem the face that he had lost previously.

The saint-level disciples subconsciously stepped aside and headed toward Isabelle's direction, intending to leave the battle to Joelson and Pryce.

Joelson turned around and glanced at Pryce indifferently.

The legendary staff emitted a dazzling red light.

Flames rose and quickly condensed into a huge crescent-shaped blade, shooting toward Pryce with a violent aura.

Pryce raised his hand, and holy light burst out.

He had thought that he could easily break the flaming blade.

However, the power of the blade was beyond his imagination. It was in a stalemate with the Holy Light for a while, and then it shattered into flames that filled the sky.

The spreading heat forced Pryce to take a few steps back.

So Fast!

The eyelids of the onlookers twitched violently.

Instant cast again?!

How did this guy who suddenly appeared do it?

When Joelson raised his staff again, everyone thought that he would attack Pryce again, but Joelson summoned a sea of fire.

He pressed down on Dewitt and the others!

Everyone's eyes widened in disbelief.

While Joelson was fighting Pryce, he also wanted to provoke the other tier 9 geniuses?!

Was he crazy?!

Not just an ordinary person, even the saint-level experts outside the arena raised their eyebrows. A ray of light burst out of Nicholas' eyes, and the corners of his mouth slowly rose.

He really admired this guy's arrogance.

Chapter 178: Three Elements Fusion Spell, Transparent Flame

The sea of fire was shattered by the combined efforts of Dewitt and the others.

The tier 9 geniuses all had ugly expressions on their faces.

What was the meaning of this?

Were they looking down on them? They even wanted to challenge everyone at the same time.

They were too arrogant!

However, they did not join the battle.

As saint level disciples and tier 9 geniuses, Dewitt and the others all had their own pride.

"Hehe," Pryce laughed out loud in anger.

It was a great insult for Joelson to still have the energy to attack others in the face of his attack.

"Holy light thorn!"

Pryce shouted loudly. The holy light rose like a tide, condensing into pure white spikes that grew rapidly.

Pryce's attack was like forcefully splitting open a white thorny bush.

Every single white thorny spike shone with a golden light, giving off the feeling of being scorched by the scorching sun.

Joelson swung his flaming blade down again.

The blade made contact with the white economy, producing a crisp explosion sound. Then, the flaming blade was quickly worn out by the white light.

Someone shouted in surprise, "It's a battle technique of the Judgement Department of the Holy See!"

The Holy Church's divine spells and battle techniques were divided into three categories: healing, purification, and judgement.

The judgement element represented the will of the light, and it was very powerful.

As a silver hand, Pryce had high hopes, so he naturally grasped the power of judgement.

Pryce pointed his sword at Joelson and kept raising it up. The white thorns grew like spikes.

Joelson's expression did not change, and his body floated up.

"Levitation spell?!"

"He also cultivates wind magic?!"

Joelson raised his staff and the water and fire magic elements started to gather towards him.

A light pillar formed from blue and red formed in his hand. It was like a holy sword that stabbed towards the white thorn bushes below him.

A series of explosions sounded continuously.

The pillar of light tore through the white thorn bushes and continued forward.

Pryce's expression changed slightly, and he activated his combat aura even more crazily.

"This!"

The saint-level female mage on the stage suddenly stood up, and her eyes revealed a look of disbelief.

"Water-type and fire-type earth-type fusion magic?!"

"Oh God of light! And wind-type, just how many elements does this guy practice at the same time?!"

Exclamations kept ringing out. People thought that Joelson's air-element flying spell was a wind-element spell.

But it was enough to shock people.

It was not over yet.

In the next moment, everyone's eyes widened.

They saw that Joelson's left hand, which was free, had also gathered a red and blue light beam, which was aimed at Dewitt!

Boom!

The sword of Dewitt exploded with blazing flame combat aura, blocking the attack.

With an indifferent expression, Joelson continued to control the light pillar.

Boom boom boom!

Not only Dewitt, but every tier 9 genius was also attacked by him.

Joelson was in a high position. With one hand, he blocked Pryce, and with the other hand, he held the light pillar and wantonly beat all the saint-level disciples.

His calm, indifferent, arrogant and arrogant attitude shocked everyone.

Has this guy really gone mad?!

Everyone subconsciously said this.

Did he really have to challenge all the geniuses alone?!

No matter how good-tempered the next tier-9 geniuses were, no matter how arrogant and reserved they were, they could not stand it anymore.

"Hmph!"

A knight activated his combat aura and shot towards Joelson, then the next one.

The mage was chanting a spell.

"Your highness, please step back."

Dewitt politely said to Isabelle. A violent aura erupted from his body as he pointed his sword at Joelson.

Isabelle was protected by the heart of an angel, so she was not affected at all. However, there was a strange look in her eyes when she looked at Joelson.

Joelson was very domineering as he surrounded everyone in his own challenge.

There were people who kept trying to get close to him and try to pull him down from the sky. However, Joelson would always cast a spell first to force him back.

He casually cast all levels of dual-element spells with an indescribable calmness and elegance.

This scene was too shocking.

Everyone stared at the dueling platform in a daze, only one thought left in their minds.

Mage? Is this the power of a mage?!

Clever control, perfect casting timing, and terrifying battle awareness.

A few genius knights, who were also tier 9, were forced to lower their heads by Joelson.

It was too terrifying.

No matter what the outcome of this battle was, Joelson's name would resound throughout the entire Inmotati Capital!

Pryce's expression was extremely ugly.

Joelson, who was floating in the air, kept bombarding him with fusion magic. It made him feel like he had strength but no place to use it.

It was originally his solo show, but now it had become Joelson's performance.

Pryce could not stand it.

"Damn it!"

Pryce gave up attacking and suddenly stabbed the long sword in his hand into the ground.

"Attack together, he can't stop us!"

Dewitt shouted in a low voice, and the other tier 9 geniuses followed his footsteps in tacit understanding.

A beautiful mage girl threw out a light screen, protecting the few people inside.

All kinds of combat aura burst out suddenly.

Joelson felt a pressure he had never felt before.

His spiritual power had been pushed to the limit, throwing out one level-9 spell after another.

The magic light screen shattered.

A knight who was not strong enough was forced to retreat.

Second place.

Third place.

A fierce flame combat aura finally rushed to the front of Joelson.

Joelson's pupils contracted, reflecting Dewitt's determined face.

Water and fire elements gathered crazily.

Air elements quickly joined in.

Three-elemental fusion!

Joelson suddenly relaxed. The three-elemental fusion magic that he had not been able to do appeared naturally at this moment.

Soundless magic flames flowed out from Joelson's back.

It was different from the red and blue colors from before.

This time, it was a nearly transparent color.

Dewitt's fierce long sword paused for a moment.

He felt that the tip of the sword seemed to be under a huge resistance. It was difficult for him to move forward, and his eyes suddenly widened.

A never-before-seen terrifying aura rose from the mysterious mage in front of him.

He saw Joelson's cold eyes. He extended a fair and slender finger towards him, and his lips slightly opened.

"Retreat."

An unbelievable and terrifying power burst out, and Dewitt's body flew backwards like a ragdoll.

Bang!

A loud sound was heard.

Dewitt flew backwards without any resistance and crashed onto the ground. He stood up in a sorry state, and his eyes were filled with shock and shock as he looked at Joelson.

Almost transparent magic flames circulated around Joelson, changing into various shapes. It was as if Joelson was wearing a gorgeous cloak.

He was floating in the air with a magic staff in his hand. His expression was cold and domineering as if he was a legendary God of magic who had descended from ancient times.

At this moment, countless girls from the king's city looked at Joelson, and their hearts beat faster.

Isabelle's eyes were fixed on Joelson, and no one knew what she was thinking under her proud body.

Below the stage, the female thief Elin stared blankly at Joelson's silhouette, and said unconsciously, "This guy looks quite handsome."

Chapter 179: Crushing Everyone. Was Johnson Defeated?

Joelson slowly lowered his head and looked down.

The tier 9 geniuses who were locked onto by his gaze all had a drastic change in expression. They subconsciously raised their longswords.

Joelson stretched out his right hand and pressed down. Transparent flames crashed down and the tier 9 knights were easily swept away one by one.

Crushing!

Crushing without any suspense!

Each of them was in a sorry state, rolling around on the ground again and again.

The only mage girl, whose relief defensive magic was broken like a piece of paper, was pushed out of the arena with a pale face. Joelson did not pursue her.

Dewitt and the tier-9 geniuses had ugly expressions.

Their eyes were filled with shock, humiliation, and unwillingness.

As the disciples of a saint-level powerhouse, they were definitely top-tier existences within the same level. Yet, they were being suppressed by a person of the same age... No, it wasn't right. Joelson seemed to be much younger than them.

He was being suppressed by a young man who was so much younger than them!

Furthermore, not one by one, he was being suppressed by all of them while they were besieging each other.

It was an unbelievable and unacceptable result.

Was this guy a monster?!

Under the transparent flames, the feeling of helplessness rose in his heart. He felt like he was facing his own teacher and Franklin, the violet blade.

A super-genius who was comparable to Franklin was born?!

"What kind of magic is he indicating?!"

His own disciple failed, and the saint-level masters on the stage had ugly expressions on their faces.

The saint-level mage frowned slightly and said solemnly, "At least it's the power produced by the fusion of three elements. If I'm not wrong, his third element should be an air-element spell."

The saint-level masters' bodies trembled.

The fusion of three elements?!

Everyone knew how difficult it was to cultivate multiple elements together, but the advantage was also huge.

Especially for skills that could comprehend elemental fusion, the power that erupted was often several times or even more than ten times that of those of the same rank.

Moreover, once a genius who grasped this kind of power advanced to the saint rank, the terrifying degree would increase exponentially.

The power of the fusion of laws was unimaginable.

Even if one couldn't achieve the fusion of laws, the difference in strength between a saint rank who grasped multiple elemental laws and a saint rank who grasped one elemental law was so great that it was impossible to calculate.

This terrifying brat in front of him might be able to become a top-notch saint-level expert just by advancing to the saint-level.

For example...

The violet blade, the golden lion, and the others.

After clearing all the obstacles, Joelson's gaze once again landed on Isabelle.

The angel's heart was still quietly floating above her head.

Seeing that Joelson was looking over, Isabelle was unexpectedly not afraid. Instead, she bravely faced him.

Just as Joelson was about to descend and take the angel's heart away, a large hand suddenly covered it.

"May the holy light grant me strength."

Pryce stared at Joelson and said in a deep voice. His voice was pious and slow, but his eyes were as ferocious as a beast.

His appearance had undergone a huge change.

His entire body was wrapped in a dense holy light. After he took the angel's heart, the holy light became even more powerful.

Pryce stretched out his white wings and slowly floated up. His aura continued to rise.

Joelson could not help but frown slightly.

He had seen the holy son of the Holy See, Louis, perform a similar secret technique in the southern region.

Sacrificing the life of a priest, his strength rose from the peak of the 8th rank to the saint rank for a short period of time.

Obviously, the secret technique Pryce was using was much more advanced.

Joelson stretched out his hand, and transparent flames condensed into a pillar of fire that charged towards Pryce.

The terrifying three-elemental fusion spell was blocked by a thick layer of the white light shield on the surface of Pryce's body.

The light shield trembled violently, and a hint of nervousness appeared on Pryce's face.

However, the white holy light repaired the light shield at an even faster speed, and it quickly stabilized.

Pryce's expression was completely relaxed, and a smile appeared on his face.

"To be able to shake the holy light's protection, which is immune to all earth magic elemental attacks below the saint-level, is really amazing."

Joelson's eyes slowly narrowed.

There was an uproar below the stage.

Immune to magic attacks, how could the mage, Joelson, still fight?!

Elin's face was full of anger, and she waved her fist at Pryce.

"This guy is too shameless. The angel's heart has already been given away as a gift, but he still has the face to take it back and use it for himself."

Frederick sneered and said indifferently, "I think the Holy See is like this."

Elin frowned at him and said, "Aren't you worried that Joelson is going to lose?"

"Lose?!"

Frederick seemed to have heard the funniest digestion in the world. He smiled strangely and said, "Keep watching, master. You won't lose easily."

Elin was stunned.

Joelson threw transparent magic flames at Pryce.

But they couldn't do any harm to him.

Joelson never believed that there would be an absolute defense in this world.

The holy light only used the massive amount of light energy contained in the angel's heart to quickly cancel out the three elements when they attacked.

This was the so-called magic immunity.

If his magic power was stronger, or if he used up all the energy in the angel's heart, the holy light blessing could be broken.

However...

No matter which method he used, it was not something he could do now.

Pryce was full of confidence in his victory. He had a faint smile on his face, and the aura on his body had long risen to saint-level with the help of the angel's heart.

"Now, it's my turn."

Pryce had just finished speaking.

Joelson suddenly lost sight of him. When he reappeared, he was already in front of him.

It was too fast!

Joelson could not capture the speed of a Holy Knight.

Boom!

Under the bright holy light, Joelson fell from the sky in a sorry state.

Pryce's figure flashed again, and Joelson was once again sent flying.

Joelson seemed to have become a rubber ball, being wantonly trampled by Pryce.

The crowd outside the field sighed with regret.

"It's a pity that the mage's ability is countered by the silver hand. Otherwise, a new legend would have been born today."

"This young man is also proud enough to crush the disciple of an extremely saint-level powerhouse. Before the silver hand erupted, he was also suppressed and beaten by him. His strength is indeed formidable."

The smile on Pryce's face grew bigger and bigger, and his expression was very carefree.

This feeling was too wonderful.

Recalling the humiliation he had suffered from being oppressed by Joelson, he wanted this process to last a little longer.

Bang!

The magic shield on Joelson's body was finally broken. Pryce slashed his chest fiercely, and his entire body was sent flying. He smashed a large pit on the ground, and smoke and dust rose.

Many people had expressions of pity on their faces.

Including Dewitt and the others.

Although they were very unhappy about being suppressed by Joelson, they still admired his strength. Compared to Joelson, Pryce was much weaker.

He was just a weakling who relied on external items.

"Send someone to tell the people of the Holy See."

Emperor Nicholas frowned and ordered in a low voice, "Tell the silver hand to stop!"

"Yes!"

Before the attendant could walk to the Holy See, there was a cry of surprise from the side of the arena.

After the dust had cleared, a figure slowly stood up from the pit on the ground. His body was still as straight as when he had just stepped onto the dueling platform.

Chapter 180: A Mage or a Knight?

Compared to the elegance of a mage that Joelson had always displayed, he was now in a slightly pathetic state.

The mage's robe was a little tattered and covered in dust.

However, his expression was very calm from the start.

Most importantly...

The corner of his mouth was very clean, and his expression was normal.

"How is this possible?!"

Pryce hovered in mid-air; his eyes filled with shock.

"Using his body to withstand a saint-level attack, and he's not injured?!"

Everyone looked at Joelson in shock.

Even the saint-level powerhouse on the stage revealed a look of confusion.

Pryce's sword had indeed struck Joelson's chest, and everyone had seen it.

That terrifying holy light, even a knight at the peak of the 9th rank like Dewitt did not have the confidence to withstand it.

But Joelson...was not injured at all.

"What is that?!"

Someone shouted in shock.

People noticed that the mage robe on Joelson's chest, which had been torn by the sword, seemed to have a faint metallic luster.

"It's a legendary armor!" A voice sounded.

The Lion Grand Swordmaster said in a low voice, "Only a legendary armor can be undamaged by a saint-level attack."

"That's not right."

Someone quickly refuted. The saint-level mage shook his head and said, "Lion Grand Swordmaster, you forgot that only knights can do that. A mage's body is not that strong."

"Unless it is."

"Epic?!"

The saint-level powerhouses looked horrified.

If Joelson really wore an epic-level defensive equipment, combined with his talent, what kind of background did Joelson have?!

Countless gazes were looking at Joelson.

Joelson's expression was calm. Suddenly, he put away the staff in his hand.

Everyone's eyes froze.

What did Joelson want to do?

Admit defeat?

Did he give up resisting?

A proud smile appeared on Pryce's face, but it froze before it fully bloomed, and his pupils constricted.

Everyone's eyes widened.

They only saw Joelson make a move that they would never have thought of.

Joelson casually pulled down the mage robe on his body, revealing a black light armor.

The prismatic scales formed a complex pattern, and a wisp of flame circulated on it. It looked noble and beautiful.

"As expected, it's a legendary armor."

On the stands, the Lion Grand Swordmaster sighed. Suddenly, he reacted.

"A legendary armor. If a mage wants to be unharmed by a sage-level attack, they must wear an epic armor. Does that mean?"

The sage-level mages looked at each other in shock.

Could it be that Joelson had also learned the way of the knight?!

"So, you're wearing a legendary armor."

Pryce curled his lips and waved the holy sword in his hand casually. He said slowly, "But you're just a turtle that can only be beaten passively."

"Is that so?" Joelson said in a low voice.

Bang!

A huge hole suddenly exploded under Joelson's feet, and his body rushed into the sky like a cannonball.

Everyone sucked in a breath of cold air and looked at the big hole on the stage in horror.

"This time, it's not magic, but purely physical strength!"

"Is Joelson a knight?!"

"I can't believe it!"

Joelson turned into a black lightning bolt in the air. The black lightning bolt had a red tail flame on it and streaked across the sky like a shooting star.

Before prissy could react, he was hit by a violent force and was sent flying.

Joelson stood where prissy had been, hovering in the air with an indifferent expression.

Only then did everyone see clearly that Joelson was holding a ferocious-looking knight's longsword in his hand.

The longsword was like the starry night sky, exuding a strange radiance. The golden-red flames flowed on the sword like water, looking exceptionally brilliant.

Joelson held the meteor longsword in his hand. The light armor of his dragon scales accentuated his slender and tall figure. His handsome face was indifferent, but his eyes were as bright as the stars.

Elin looked up at Joelson in the sky. Her mouth was wide open, as if she had just met him.

Isabelle looked at the profile of Joelson, her beautiful eyes flashing with a strange color.

From a calm and elegant mage to a cold and determined knight, which side was the real Joelson?

Pryce had not recovered from Joelson's attack. He could not figure out why a genius mage, who was holding a staff one second ago, suddenly threw it away and swung his sword to chop people.

Joelson looked at him coldly, and his figure suddenly disappeared.

In the next moment, he appeared in front of Pryce.

Pryce subconsciously raised his holy sword. The Bright Holy Light touched the golden-red flame on the meteor sword and melted quickly like ice and snow.

A trace of panic finally flashed across Pryce's face.

After receiving the blessing of the god of forging, the strength of his arm was more than ten times stronger. With the addition of his combat aura and dragon blood, the strength of Joelson's physical body had reached a terrifying level.

Bang!

The white shield of light sank deep into the ground. Pryce opened his eyes wide.

The popular longsword stabbed into Pryce's lower abdomen fiercely, turning him into a shrimp.

The blessing of holy light had an extremely strong defensive ability against elemental attacks. Even Joelson's combat aura was unable to break through the white shield of light.

However, he forcefully relied on his physical strength to attack Pryce through the shield of light!

Everyone's expression was dull. They opened their mouths wide and stared blankly at what was happening on the stage.

The white light shield protected by the holy light was continuously struck by Joelson, making one dent after another. Pryce, who was hiding within, looked extremely miserable.

Joelson was like a human-shaped magical beast. Every strike of his had a surge of power that surged like a tsunami.

With the first strike, his longsword was broken.

With the second strike, his ribs were broken.

Pryce had become a real ball. He was beaten up by Joelson from the sky to the ground.

Joelson's knight's strength was comparable to a saint-level knight. It could be said that his pure physical strength was even stronger than an ordinary saint-level knight.

Although Pryce was also a saint-level knight, he had the protection of the holy light. He had always been arrogant and arrogant. Later on, he was directly hit by Joelson's explosion. He had no strength left to resist.

Gradually, Joelson frowned.

He did not seem to be satisfied with the feeling of being struck by a layer of light shield.

Golden-red flames soared and covered half of the sky.

A ray of light flashed in Joelson's eyes, and he fiercely raised his meteor sword.

Pryce flew up like a puppet that had been played with. Joelson caught up and mobilized all the strength in his body.

A powerful arm force that was strong enough to swing an epic-level hammer struck down ruthlessly!

The light shield under the protection of the holy light caved into the extreme, and Pryce's eyeballs were about to pop out.

His strength was compressed to a point and suddenly exploded.

Pop!

As if a bubble had been poked, the white light shield burst.