

# Breeding Dragons From Today

## Chapter 181: Remember My Name, the Boiling Eternal City

Bang!

Everyone felt the ground under their feet shake.

Pryce was directly smashed into the ground, creating a huge pit. It was unknown if he was alive or dead.

The angel's heart was thrown out by the scattered power and fell into a pair of hands. The light dimmed quite a bit.

Everyone was dumbfounded.

Joelson.

He actually shattered the protection of the holy light?!

His knight's strength was stronger than magic!

Was he a giant dragon in human skin?!

Even the saint-level powerhouses were stunned.

There were no words to describe the shock in their hearts at this moment.

Dewitt and the other saint-level disciples looked horrified. When they saw Pryce in the big pit, their faces twitched slightly.

It was too tragic.

They were suddenly glad that they were not strong enough to force out the side of the Joelson knight.

Thud.

With a soft sound, a miserable figure with a swollen face crawled out of the pit with great difficulty.

Pryce.

A magic item on his chest was emitting a faint white light and quickly healed his injuries.

Pryce stared at Joelson and asked while panting heavily, "You! Who are you?!"

Countless gazes were focused on Joelson, and only then everyone realized.

Until now, they did not even know Joelson's name.

Joelson hovered in mid-air, looking down at Pryce coldly.

The tip of his sword hung low, and a small but calm voice reverberated throughout the entire Empire Square.

"Remember my name."

"Joelson Edward!"

The entire place fell into a strange silence.

He had crushed five saint-level disciples, including Dewitt, and destroyed the silver hand. He had simultaneously cultivated three types of magic and was also a ninth-tier knight.

Everyone looked at the handsome youth holding the sword in the sky, and they could no longer describe the shock in their hearts with words.

Joelson Edward.

After today, this name would definitely spread throughout the Imperial City and even the entire Inmotati Empire.

Stepping on the stepping stones of the silver hand and the many saint-level disciples, he rose like a comet, dazzling like the Sun.

Under everyone's gaze, a new legend rose.

Everyone seemed to see the glory of the violet blade replay itself. Franklin had also risen abruptly like this and then suppressed geniuses of the same age to lose all their glory. Only a few people could mention it with him.

The people of the Church of Light rushed up to help Pryce down.

Pryce looked miserable. More than ten healing spells were cast on him at the same time. Only then did his injuries slowly recover.

Most importantly, under the gazes of everyone in the king's city, Pryce's reputation as the silver hand was completely lost.

Pryce's face was burning. His handsome face was also extremely ugly due to his wounds. He no longer looked as handsome as the silver hand before.

His gaze was sinister as he stared at Joelson as if he wanted to swallow him alive.

"No wonder this guy can only submit to the authority of God. Not to mention talent, just this ungentlemanly performance is enough to disappoint people."

Many of the girls who originally admired Pryce turned to face Joelson with red faces and beating hearts.

Because Joelson was stronger than Pryce.

He was more powerful, more talented, and more handsome.

Joelson completely ignored Pryce's hateful gaze. A defeated opponent was not worth his attention.

He stepped on the void and walked down from the air step by step. Halfway through, he casually put away his longsword. Each of his movements showed the strength and tyranny of a knight. There was an indescribable charm to it.

Joelson walked towards Isabelle.

Everyone's eyes lit up.

Yes, Joelson's appearance and attack were all because of the violet flower.

Was he going to confess to the princess with the posture of a victor?

Joelson walked to Isabelle and looked into her eyes.

The proud Isabelle could not help but feel a little shy at this moment. The violet flower opened its mouth and was about to say something.

However, Joelson looked down and gently took the dim angel's heart from her hand. Then, a satisfied expression appeared on his face.

As for the violet flower.

This was no joke. This was his goal from the very beginning.

An angel's heart that could be exchanged for a light-type dragon egg fragment.

"If you still want it, ask him for it."

Joelson looked at Pryce in the distance and said to Isabelle, "This is my spoils of war."

Isabelle was stunned.

Everyone was stunned.

They blinked, and a strange expression appeared on their faces.

So, all of Joelson's actions were for the sake of the heart of an angel?!

The violet flower, which was famous for its beauty on the continent, could not be compared to an angel's heart?!

As expected, the thoughts of geniuses were always confusing.

Below the stage, the female thief Elin was laughing so hard that she could not straighten her back.

Isabelle's face was filled with shame and anger, but Joelson didn't give her a chance to speak and turned around to leave.

In fact, Joelson was quite glad that Pryce had acted.

If he hadn't shamelessly taken back the angel's heart and used the secret technique of the Church of Light, he wouldn't have had the cheek to take the angel's heart away from Isabelle.

If he gave it away, it would be Isabelle's thing.

After Pryce took it back, Joelson could take it away as a trophy.

Nicholas whispered a few words to the people around him, and a waiter quickly rushed up to stop Joelson.

"Honorable Sir Joelson, his Majesty wants to invite you to tonight's dinner."

There was a commotion.

Was the royal family going to offer an olive branch to Joelson so soon?

It was really enviable to be able to win the favor of Nicholas the Great.

Joelson looked up and happened to meet Nicholas' eyes.

The Emperor, who was a saint-level master himself, was obviously full of admiration for Joelson. He smiled and nodded at him.

However, Joelson quickly withdrew his gaze and shook his head. "Next time. I don't have time today."

The atmosphere in the audience was strangely silent.

I don't have time today.

Just like that, I casually dismissed the invitation from Nicholas the Great.

Not giving face to the princess and the emperor consecutively, Joelson was too arrogant.

Nicholas' expression was also a little awkward, but he helplessly waved his hand.

The group of saint-level powerhouses smiled bitterly and said, "I don't know which old monster taught this Joelson to be a genius. His character is even prouder than Franklin's."

Frederick and Elin followed behind Joelson and left in a hurry.

Joelson really did not have time. He needed some time to digest the understanding of this battle.

However, he would definitely meet Nicholas later. He still needed to borrow the magic teleportation formation from the royal family.

... On this day, tens of thousands of people left Imperial Square.

The news of the great battle in the Imperial Square spread like a whirlwind throughout the entire imperial city. The entire immortal city was in an uproar.

Countless people were discussing Joelson's name. They were even gradually discussing him together with the names of the violet blade and the Golden Lion.

The departure of the merchant caravans in the imperial city spread the news of the battle very quickly.

The name of Joelson Edward began to spread to the surrounding provinces.

At an astonishing speed.

## Chapter 182: Light Dragon Egg Fragment, Four Elements Fusion Magic

At the Elven Inn where Joelson stayed, the carriages that came to visit lined up from the entrance to the end of the street.

The elven proprietress of the inn could not stop laughing. She even specially hired a bard to recount the process of the battle in the Inn's lobby.

Even though he was not watching the battle from the side at all.

But the invitation of the Silver Hand, the first disciple of the Lion Grand Swordmaster, the disciple of the black light grand swordmaster, and Nicholas the Great.

Just these few words were enough to make people excited.

In the room, Elin saw the bustling crowd on the street from the window. She pulled a face and sighed. "There are people outside. How are we going to get out now?"

Frederick laughed and teased, "Are you afraid that the identity of the wanted criminal will be exposed? Don't worry. As long as you stay by master's side, even if you are recognized, no one will dare to do anything to you."

Elin waved her small fist at Frederick unhappily.

"Oh right."

Elin looked at the room in confusion and asked, "Where is Joelson? Where did he go?"

The smile on Frederick's face disappeared and he said calmly, "Master is in seclusion."

"Where is he in seclusion? I haven't seen him in the entire hotel."

"That's not your concern."

"Hmph!"

..

Within the space of the Dragon God Ranch.

"Congratulations to host for obtaining: Light dragon egg fragment \* 1"

Joelson let out a sigh of relief.

Fortunately, the angel's heart, which had used up most of its energy, could still be exchanged for the dragon egg fragment.

Joelson turned his gaze to his own hand.

A transparent flame rose from his hand.

After witnessing the power of the fusion of three types of magic, Joelson's ambition slowly swelled.

Water, fire, and air. The three types of magic elements were controlled by Joelson with one hand. They were separated from each other but merged with each other. It was a very wonderful scene.

In the translucent flames, there was an extremely terrifying power.

The power of the fusion of water and fire elements was more than twice that of ordinary magic. After adding air elements, it directly increased to four times, almost five times.

Joelson tasted the sweetness.

He had mastered more than three types of magic elemental power.

Electric element, metal element, undead element.

If he could do four, five, or even more elements, how terrifying would that be?

Perhaps even the level-one fireball that he casually threw could be comparable to the power of an average mage's level-four or five spells.

Joelson tried to add one element to the three types of magic elements.

Electric element.

Needless to say, it was the best choice.

A transparent flame in one hand and purple lightning in the other.

Joelson slowly injected the purple lightning into the semi-transparent flame, which was immediately dyed with a trace of noble purple.

The flame started to sway and tremble violently.

Joelson's expression changed slightly, and he quickly threw the flame in his hand out.

Boom!

A huge hole was blasted in the grassland of the pasture space. Flames and lightning jumped around the edge of the hole.

He had failed.

A bitter smile appeared on the corner of his mouth.

The electric element was already very active. It was even more violent than the fire element.

After injecting it, the harmonious situation between the three elements was immediately broken and became unstable.

The fusion of the four elements was still too much for the current him.

Perhaps it would be helpful after he obtained the electric element magic inheritance.

A glint flashed in Joelson's eyes.

He needed to head to the land of heritage as soon as possible.

A purple light flashed across the sky, and the figure of lightning appeared in front of Joelson.

Tier 8 lightning.

Its body was malevolent and slender, and lightning spewed out of its mouth and nose, giving off an explosive and dignified feeling of oppression.

After Du Lu and the steel dragon had both become sage-level, the resources in the entire space of the ranch were tilted towards the lightning.

Within a short period of time, it had advanced all the way to level-8.

Du Lu and the steel dragon had entered the ancient ruins of the Dragon God three days ago. Currently, the strongest thing in the entire space was lightning.

The death dragon, Hades, would also return frequently.

Its growth rate had exceeded Joelson's expectations. Even without the farm crops to feed it, Hades had already reached level-6, not much slower than lightning.

After communicating with Hades' consciousness, Joelson vaguely knew that it was the dark knights who took care of it in the underworld.



The dark knights seemed to be in a war all the time, so Hades had enough soul flames to eat.

The room at the end of the corridor of the hotel opened, and Joelson, who was wearing a mage robe, walked out.

In order to prevent others from finding out the secret of the Dragon God's Ranch, he specially let Frederick open an extra room.

"Master."

Upon entering the door, Frederick immediately came up to greet him.

"The messenger of the royal family has just left. Emperor Nicholas has invited you to a banquet tonight."

Joelson nodded. This was exactly what he wanted.

The royal carriage was just outside the inn, and it was already surrounded by people.

Everyone knew that Nicholas had once again sent an invitation to Joelson.

A second time!

With such an honor, there were probably only a few people in the entire Inmotati Empire.

"Don't look at me. I definitely won't go with you."

Elin saw that the two of them were about to go to the banquet and quickly said.

Joelson frowned and looked at her strangely. "Did I say that I would bring you?"

Elin was ashamed and angry.

"If you don't want to be discovered, then hide carefully."

Joelson said indifferently and walked out of the room with Frederick.

Elin waved her small fists at Joelson's back like an enraged little lion.

"What a bastard! Humph!"

Under the admiration, admiration, and surprise of countless people, Joelson boarded the royal carriage, and the crowd automatically opened up a path.

The noble waiters of the king's city stood on both sides of the road with invitations and gifts in their hands, watching Joelson leave with their eyes wide open.

Everyone was worried about how they could establish a relationship with Joelson, the rising star of the Empire.

The Divine Hall of light.

Pryce sat on the bishop's seat with a gloomy expression.

The red-robed bishop stood respectfully below him, his posture humble like a servant.

"Lord Pryce, I'm afraid I can't agree to your request."

The red-robed bishop's heart was filled with anxiety and nervousness. He swallowed with difficulty and said these words.

The atmosphere in the room suddenly became oppressive. The red-robed bishop felt as if he could not breathe.

The silver hand that had inherited the light had now hidden most of his body in the darkness.

"I am the Silver Hand."

Pryce slowly opened his mouth and said, "But you don't even have the authority to mobilize a few saint level believers?!"

His voice suddenly turned cold.

Cold sweat broke out on the red-robed bishop's forehead.

"It was the authority of God who personally rejected it. He said that Joelson was not an enemy of the Holy See. Sir, you... You should be merciful in your heart. You shouldn't use the authority of the Holy See to take revenge for yourself."

"Bastard!"

Pryce smashed the armrest of the stone chair and stood up. His handsome face was full of gloom.

Pryce's chest heaved with anger.

The humiliation of being defeated by Joelson tortured him every minute.

## Chapter 183: Judgement Order of the Light

From the moment he entered the Church of Light, Pryce had always regarded himself as the most outstanding genius.

Whether it was combat aura, martial techniques, or the cultivation of various secret techniques, he was far superior to his peers.

There was also that cold man who had always taken special care of him, Pryce's absolute super genius.

But his pride and dignity had been crushed by Joelson on the dueling platform three days ago.

The furious Pryce immediately asked the red-robed bishop to send a message back to the Holy See, wanting to enlist a few saint-level believers to help him vent his anger.

But the result was rejected!

It was personally rejected by that bastard, Chesterton.

The authority of God, Chesterton.

"Actually, there's still a way."

The red-robed assistant said carefully.

"What?!"

Pryce turned his head abruptly and stared at him.

The red-robed bishop lowered his head and said quickly, "I've sent people to investigate the origins of Joelson. He seems to be a tourist from another continent who doesn't have any background. Moreover, the servant behind him is an evil necromancer. Twenty years ago, he massacred the residents of a border town, was judged by the Holy See, and hid in the undead swamp. With this excuse, I think the lord of the authority of God should have no reason to refuse."

Pryce's eyes lit up, and his sinister smile became more and more wanton.

"Idiot! Then what are you waiting for? Go again immediately. No, this time I will personally apply to the Pope and request him to issue an order."

..

In the palace of the violet royal family.

It was more than ten times more luxurious than the Alcott royal family, and there were beautiful and precious decorations everywhere.

Joelson did not attend any noble's banquet, but directly requested to meet Nicholas.

"You want to borrow the royal family's magic teleportation array to head to the Land of Heritage?"

Nicholas heard Joelson's request, and a strange look appeared in his eyes.

It was too unbelievable. Such a stunning super genius like Joelson had not even been to the land of heritage once.

If he came out of the land of heritage, would the star pillar have another name, and would the Inmotati Empire have another violet blade?!

"Yes!" Nicholas agreed readily.

"When do you plan to go?"

Joelson said seriously, "The sooner the better."

..

In the royal carriage that had returned, Joelson played with a purple-gold badge that was emitting faint magical waves.

The front of the badge was engraved with a delicate violet.

This was something that Nicholas had given him.

With the badge, Joelson could go to the Imperial Mage Union at will and activate the magic teleportation array.

After returning to the inn and tidying up a little, Joelson immediately rushed to the Imperial Mage Union.

He had originally not planned to bring Elin along.

But this female thief put on a pitiful look in front of Joelson and strongly requested to leave the king's city with him.

Joelson glanced at the crowd that filled the entire street at the entrance. He felt that if he did not bring Elin along, she might not be able to escape from the hotel for a few weeks.

Thus, he reluctantly agreed.

The Imperial Mage Union was located on the east side of the king's city. It was a majestic gray tower.

It looked like the Mage Tower in the Tulip Academy, but it was taller.

It was the first time that Joelson had seen the central continent's Mage Union.

There were many mages in mage robes standing in the hall. Some were discussing something intensely, some were in a hurry, and some were squatting in a corner, thinking about something anxiously.

Seventh and eighth rank mages were everywhere.

The appearance of Joelson's group did not attract anyone's attention. Everyone was immersed in their own world.

Joelson walked to the counter of the union and knocked on the thick oak long table.

A middle-aged mage with light gray hair raised his head and looked at him in confusion.

"May I help you?"

Joelson showed the purple-gold badge and said, "I want to borrow the magic teleportation array of the Mage Union."

"The teleportation quota is full this time. Please wait a little longer, huh?!"

The middle-aged mage was about to reject the offer, but he suddenly saw the badge in Joelson's hand and stood up.

"Violet badge?!"

The middle-aged mage shouted in a low voice, as if he had seen something amazing. He looked at Joelson carefully, and his eyes slowly widened.

"You are?"

The middle-aged mage could not help but shout.

"Joelson Edward?!"

This exclamation suddenly sounded in the union hall.

"Oh God of Magic! He is Joelson Edward!"

"The genius mage who defeated the Silver Hand!"

"Even the five saint level disciples admitted defeat miserably under his magic."

"It is said that he is also a powerful ninth level knight!"

Discussions continued to ring out.

The mages surrounded Joelson, constantly exclaiming in surprise and admiration, sizing him up with curious gazes.

The middle-aged mage was even more excited, showing a hint of respect on his face.

"Sir Joelson, please follow me."

The middle-aged mage led the three of them towards the interior.

"I almost forgot."

On the way, the middle-aged mage took out a golden magic badge and handed it to Joelson.

"This is the certificate of a ninth-rank mage. Please keep it well, Sir Joelson."

The criteria for judging a mage's rank in the central continent was more casual.

A first-to third-rank mage would have a bronze badge, a fourth-to sixth-rank mage would have a silver badge, and a seventh-rank mage would have a gold badge.

Joelson was a little surprised.

"This is for me?"

"Yes."

The middle-aged mage replied, "The Knight's Union has already prepared the same ninth-rank badge. You can pick it up at any time."

Joelson understood that this was the benefit of Fame.

A few minutes later, the three of them followed the middle-aged mage to a spacious room.

There was nothing in the room. More than a dozen people were sitting cross-legged on the ground. In the middle of the room was an abstruse magic array that emitted a faint silver glow, lighting up the entire space in place of magic lamps.

This should be the legendary magic teleportation array.

The appearance of the few people made the dozen mages on the ground quit their meditation and slowly opened their eyes.

The middle-aged mage walked forward, whispered a few words to one of the mages, and then walked back quickly.

"Sir Joelson, the teleportation circle is ready. You can use it at any time."

"Okay."

Joelson nodded and said, "Then let's do it now."

The middle-aged mage quickly made the arrangements.

A few mages stood up and encircled the teleportation array to inlay pieces of translucent magic crystals into it, preparing for the teleportation.

The other mages in the room all looked excited and stood up one after another.

Seeing that Joelson was looking at the magic teleportation array with great interest, Frederick whispered in his ear and explained, "This was the teleportation array built during the planar war back then, leading to the battlefield of the land of heritage. The purpose was only to teleport warriors. After the war ended, it has been kept intact until now."

At this moment, there was a faint sound of an argument.

## **Chapter 184: Strength and Talent Were the Greatest Fairness**

Joelson looked to the side. It was the middle-aged mage who was arguing with the others.

"What's going on? We've been waiting here for almost half a month. Why are we giving the quota to someone else?!"

"That's right! Are you asking us to wait for another half a month?!"

A few mages looked angry and unconvinced.

"We have all paid magic crystal coins!"

The middle-aged mage replied coldly, "The Mage Union will soon return all your magic crystal coins. Wait for the next batch."

"This is not fair!"

The middle-aged mage could not be bothered with them. He shook them off and walked in front of Joelson. He said respectfully, "Sir Joelson, that's enough."

Joelson nodded. He glanced at the group of mages whose eyes were filled with jealousy, dissatisfaction, and anger. He, Frederick, and Elin walked into the teleportation array and disappeared in a flash of silver light.

The mages who had been forced to cut the line were still making noise.

The middle-aged mage frowned. He did not want to bother with them at first, but he could not help but want to say a few more words.

"Do you know who just entered?"

The few mages were stunned.

"Oh, right. You've been here for half a month and you still don't know what has happened in the capital recently."

"Let me tell you. Three days ago, the silver hand of the Church of Light came to the capital to challenge all the young experts in the city. After that, someone defeated the Lion Grand Swordmaster, the Black Light Grand Swordmaster, the five proud saint-level disciples, and the silver hand on the dueling platform by himself. And that person."

The middle-aged mage sneered and said indifferently, "His name is Joelson Edward, a ninth-level three-elemental mage and a peak ninth-level knight. He's the one who forcibly occupied all your spots."

"Fair? In this world, identity, strength, and talent are the greatest fairness."

The middle-aged mage shook his head and said coldly, "Unfortunately, you don't have any of these."

After saying that, he left without looking back.

The rest of the mages stood rooted to the ground.

Their expressions kept changing, from the initial humiliation and unwillingness to shock and astonishment.

Looking at the magic array, he whispered, "How is this possible? He looks so young."



..

In the gorgeous room, the floor was covered with a thick velvet carpet, and the walls were hung with all kinds of expensive decorations.

A magic crystal the size of a human head was hanging on the ceiling. It acted as a magic lamp, emitting a soft light.

Nicholas slowly walked into the room.

The beautiful violet flower turned around and called out in surprise, "Father."

Soon, she asked again, "Edward, didn't he come?"

Nicholas replied, "He came. He should have arrived at the Land of Heritage by now."

Isabelle's expression quickly fell, and a hint of dissatisfaction and anger appeared on her face. She casually swiped the crystal necklace on her hand onto the ground.

"He actually doesn't want to see me."

Nicholas frowned slightly and said, "Isabelle."

"I'm fine, Father."

Isabelle shook her head, and her face returned to its usual noble and cold look.

"When will Franklin be back?"

Nicholas whispered, "Franklin's first trip to the sanctum will probably take at least half a year."

"Yes, Father," Isabelle responded and turned around to get dressed in front of the mirror.

Nicholas thought for a moment and couldn't help but say, "Isabelle, beauty is a gift from God. You shouldn't rely on it."

"Isn't this what you want to see, Father?"

Isabelle looked at herself in the mirror and said in a low voice, "The Violet Blade, the Golden Lion, the authority of God, and now there's another Jonathan Edward. Father, which one do you like better?"

Isabelle turned around and sneered, "Do you want them all to be my subjects?"

Nicholas could not help but frown, "Isabelle, you are going too far!"

Isabelle lifted a strand of purple hair on her shoulder and sighed, "This is my fate. Unlike her, who can escape from this annoying place without any scruples."

Isabelle's eyes revealed deep envy and disgust.

Nicholas fell silent.

After a long time, he turned around and left.

"I will get her back as soon as possible."

..

Joelson felt countless colors, countless rays of light flashing before his eyes.

His body seemed to be weightless. After an extremely long and seemingly short period of time, the ground beneath his feet felt hard again.

"New elemental energy detected."

The system's voice sounded in his mind, and Joelson blinked.

"The top prize pool is opening."

"Space dragon, time dragon, join the prize pool."

Joelson's heart was beating wildly, and he wanted nothing more than to return to the space of the Dragon God Ranch immediately.

But there was no expression on his face, and his eyes were sizing up the scene in front of him.

It was also a room of similar size.

A young mage with a silver magic badge on his chest looked at the few of them in surprise. He asked in surprise, "Eh? Why are there only three people teleported this time?"

The young mage was puzzled, but he immediately felt relieved after the young mage took out Nicholas' purple-gold badge.

"Sir, please follow me."

This was a branch of the Imperial Mage Union. When they went out, a vast and shocking scene appeared in front of the young mage.

The red sky was high and vast.

The sun seemed to be very far away, hidden in the dusky clouds.

At a glance, it was an extremely vast Gobi plain, with almost no end in sight.

What occupied Joelson's field of vision was an extremely tall stone pillar.

It was so thick that hundreds of people could not even wrap their arms around it, and the top of it sank into the clouds.

A faint light enveloped the entire stone pillar, making it very spectacular.

"This! This is the pillar of stars."

The young mage introduced the Pillar of stars to Joelson in a slightly proud tone.

Joelson narrowed his eyes and looked over carefully.

He only saw countless rays of starlight surrounding the entire stone pillar. They swirled slightly, and they were of different sizes.

The higher they went, the brighter the rays of starlight became.

"The pillar of stars has been engraved with all the geniuses of the various races on the continent for nearly five thousand years. Every person who can manifest a star on the pillar of Stars is a super-genius that has been recognized by the Pillar of Stars."

"No one knows how high the star pillar is, but the stronger the radiance of the stars and the higher the position on the star pillar, it means that his talent is also stronger."

The young mage pointed at a few more eye-catching stars on the star pillar, using a tone of worship and admiration, he said, "Do you see? "They represent Lord Franklin of the Violet Blade, Oswede of the Golden Lion, and Chesterton of the Authority of God. Their stars have similar radiance. Even in the long history, they are also extremely outstanding geniuses."

## **Chapter 185: The Legendary Four Geniuses Entered the Land of Heritage**

Joelson glanced at the height of the stars. They were roughly above the middle of the star pillar.

Above them, Joelson's gaze stopped. He asked, "What about those?"

At the top of the star pillar, the four moon-like rays of morning starlight fell on the four sides of the star pillar. Compared to these stars, the stars below appeared very dim.

The young mage was stunned. He blinked.

"That's the Brightmoon."

"Four legendary super-geniuses have all formed the divine realm. However, three of them died in that great battle five thousand years ago."

"What about the other one?" Joelson could not help but ask.

The young mage hesitated for a moment before saying in a low voice, "I'm not too sure either. However, it's said that that existence is currently located in a mysterious place, overlooking the entire continent."

Joelson nodded.

To him, a god-domain powerhouse seemed to be a little distant.

"How should I enter the land of legacy to undergo the trial?"

Joelson asked the most important question. He had come for the trial.

"Anytime."

As the young mage spoke, a brilliant light descended from the star pillar, enveloping the thousands of people below the star pillar before disappearing.

Soon, the pillar of stars 'spat' out another few thousand people.

"When the number of people who are prepared to accept the trial reaches a certain level, the pillar of stars will take the initiative to teleport the trial-takers into the true Land of Heritage."

The young mage kindly explained for Joelson.

"Then, what is the content of the trial?"

"I don't know either."

The young mage shook his head with a red face and said embarrassedly, "I entered the Land of Heritage a few times and was teleported out in a few seconds. However, I know one thing, death in the Land of Heritage does not mean true death."

Joelson laughed helplessly.

He turned to look at Frederick and Elin, who had been following him silently, and looked at them inquiringly.

Frederick was naturally waiting for Joelson outside.

As a lich, he had lost his body, and this body had forcibly taken possession of some unlucky necromancer. He was not qualified to enter the Land of Heritage at all.

As for Elin.

"Of course I am. Go... Go in and take a look!"

Elin was a little nervous and unwilling to admit defeat. She braced herself and spoke.

Joelson glanced at her and said indifferently, "Don't waste all the good things you have on you in the Land of Heritage."

Elin rolled her eyes at Joelson and said, "It's none of your business!"

The second wave of trial-takers quickly gathered under the star pillar.

Joelson and Elin quickly joined in and waited for the Pillar of stars to shine.

..

"Damn it! Kane, you idiot, don't let that abyss spider run into the mage group!"

"Captain! We can't stop it at all!"

"Bastard! Don't let them run! Damn it!"

As if experiencing a long period of darkness, Joelson was awakened by the roars, howls, and violent explosions that rang in his ears.

A pair of strong hands grabbed his collar. He was puzzled and subconsciously wanted to break free.

Opening his eyes, he saw a pair of bloodshot and tired eyes staring at him angrily.

"Idiot! If you're afraid, then quickly hide behind, and not wait for death here with your eyes closed! Otherwise, I swear I'll definitely be one step ahead of those disgusting and ugly monsters and rip off your head!"

Being pushed hard by someone, Joelson pushed the panic-stricken mages back.

When he hid well beside a mottled city wall, he finally had the time to look at everything around him.

The burning sky, the smell of iron and blood, the knights who raised their longswords and roared on the city wall, as well as the ferocious and terrifying monsters from other planes. Every moment, there were people dying, and there were also monsters howling and falling to the ground.

Similar battlefields extended to both sides to an extremely far place.

This was a difficult and long battle line.

There was a deep shock in Joelson's eyes. He finally understood.

The light of the star pillar pulled him back to the planar war five thousand years ago.

This was the so-called legacy trial!

Beside Joelson were mages wearing white mage robes. Everyone was in a sorry state, and their faces were pale as they looked forward.

"Be careful! The abyss spider is coming around!" Someone cried out in alarm.

Turning around, they saw a shadow quickly drifting over from a corner of the city wall.

Joelson saw a pale and twisted human face with a cruel and evil smile.

The shadow quickly expanded, and a bloated body appeared under the human face, along with dozens of spider legs covered in sharp, thin, and long fur.

The abyssal spider was too fast. Before Joelson could react, it had already charged into the crowd.

The long, narrow spider legs slashed through the air like scythes. The magic shields on the mages' bodies were as fragile as paper under the spider legs, Joelson watched helplessly as a few mages who were around tier 7 were pierced through by a spider leg.

Painful screams.

The strange face of the abyss spider suddenly widened, the corners of its mouth split open to the back of its head, revealing the dense, sharp teeth inside.

Two mages were eaten alive, while the other mage turned into a white light and disappeared.

No one at the scene showed any surprise, as if they could not see the Mage's strange disappearance at all.

Joelson suddenly understood.

That should be a trial-taker like him.

Boom!

A ray of light descended from the sky, and the intense combat aura repelled the abyss spider.

The burly body blocked in front of all the mages, holding an exceptionally huge knight's longsword in his hand, and his aura was powerful.

Saint-level!

"A bunch of idiots! Hurry up and run!"

This saint-level powerhouse who had descended from the sky turned his head around, and only then did Joelson realize that it was the knight who had shouted at him earlier.

The mages retreated in panic.

Joelson took a few steps back, but his brows were tightly furrowed.

He could feel that although this saint-level Knight's aura was strong, it was very unstable, as if he was injured.

The abyss spider stared at the saint-level knight coldly.

The knight snorted coldly, raised his long sword, and charged forward.

The abyss spider's dozens of long legs shot up like arrows.

The warrior power collided with the legs of the spider, making the sound of metal clashing.

The situation became tense.

Suddenly, the aura of the knight stopped, and his movements slowed down a little. His arms and thighs were immediately pierced by the legs of the spider.

His face twitched in pain, and he could no longer hold the longsword in his hand.

A trace of cruelty and excitement appeared in the dozens of eyes of the abyss spider. It opened its mouth, and countless grey-white spider silk spurted out, binding the remaining arms and legs of the knight.

"Damn it!"

The knight shouted in a low voice. His combat aura gushed out like a tide, but the spider silk of the abyss spider was abnormally tough and could not be broken at all.

"Am I finally going to die here?"

The knight's eyes revealed a trace of sadness, despair, and unwillingness.

"I'm unwilling! To die in the stomach of such a disgusting monster!"

The abyss spider had already opened its mouth wide and drooled as it approached greedily.

Just then, a transparent flame poured down like a waterfall.

## **Chapter 186: Title Capitalization Tool - Capitalize My Title - Title Case Tool**

The spider silk quickly broke under this strange flame.

Another golden-red flame descended from the sky, drawing a beautiful trajectory.

The spider silk binding the saint-level knight was instantly cut off.

The sword tip turned again, changing from chopping to piercing. It ruthlessly stabbed into the abyss spider's big mouth, then forcefully stirred it.

"Ah!"

With an extremely shrill scream, the abyss spider quickly retreated. Its eyes were filled with hatred.

The saint-level knight was stunned.



A cold voice came from behind that figure.

"Don't let it run away."

The saint-level knight came back to his senses and became spirited.

"Ugly thing, I'm going to dig out your intestines!"

The saint-level knight's body burst out with the light of battle spirit and quickly rushed forward.

This time, the figure did not chase after him. Instead, he took out a magic staff and raised his hand slightly.

The transparent flames condensed into a huge net and fell down gently.

After a while, the saint-level knight pulled out his long sword from the body of the abyss spider and chopped off its head.

He turned around with a complicated expression.

Joelson looked at him calmly. He held the sword in one hand and the magic staff in the other. His appearance was a little strange.

"Kid, you saved my life."

The saint-level knight shook the head of the abyss spider in his hand and shouted, "Half of the 1,000 meritorious deeds are yours."

Joelson's expression changed, but he did not say anything.

"You're very good."

The saint-level knight walked in front of Joelson and patted his shoulder with admiration. He said, "Tell me your name."

"Joelson Edward."

"Joelson Edward."

The holy knight's expression suddenly became serious. He said seriously, "I will recommend you to be the captain of a small team. You have enough strength and courage to be qualified for this position."

The fierce battle continued until the next day when the monster army finally retreated slowly.

Joelson followed the army and retreated down the city wall. Only then did he realize that the huge gully he had seen on the map was under his feet.

After two days of battle, he finally understood some of the true contents of the trial in the Land of Heritage.

It was very simple.

Survive.

During the planar war five thousand years ago, he fought as a human and survived.

And the achievement points he obtained from killing monsters should be the proof that he could finally obtain the inheritance.

Even now, he was still amazed at how magical all of this was.

It was as if he had really returned to five thousand years ago. Everyone around him was alive.

However, after being injured in a few battles, he felt pain and pain. However, there was no blood flowing out of the wound. This told him that all of this was not real.

It was just a replay of the war from five thousand years ago.

However, the people who lived in the replay could communicate with him. They were like NPCs in the online games of his previous life. The trial-takers were gamers.

This feeling was very strange.

Joelson vaguely understood that this might be the power of space and time, but it was not what he could understand at the moment.

Behind the city wall was the military camps of the various races on the continent. The most eye-catching thing was a huge magical light screen.

The light screen recorded the names of the young powerhouses from different races, the merit points obtained, and their rankings in the entire continent.

"Yassendu, Treant clan, merit points 6324, rank 23328."

"Di Youli, sea monster clan, merit points 13483, rank 13628."

Treant clan, Elf clan, sea monster clan...

Joelson saw many races that he had never heard of before. Later on, these races were all annihilated in the long river of history.

The magic light screen was jumping rapidly every moment. Some People's rankings rose while others fell.

Some names were shining brightly, while others were completely dimmed and were removed from the list.

"Those are the compatriots who have been confirmed to have fallen."

A low voice sounded faintly in Joelson's ear.

The holy-level knight who had fought together with Joelson for two days walked up from behind him.

His name was Jack Meier.

"The merit list is a list that encourages all the races on the continent to resist the monsters and shows the results of the prodigies of all the races. Edward, I believe that one day, you will be able to leave your own name on it."

During these two days, Joelson had given Jack Meier too many surprises.

He was very young, and his path of mages and knights had reached the level of tier 9. Moreover, his battle awareness was extremely strong. He was an absolute genius.

However, he was only surprised.

The battlefields of all the races on the continent had gathered, and there were too many geniuses emerging every day.

Geniuses were born or died every day. Only those who lived and grew up were true geniuses.

Joelson tried to find his ranking on the list.

Jack Meier had just helped him report all the merit points he had earned in the past two days.

More than 3,000 merit points, ranking outside of 50,000.

The list only included geniuses from various races below the age of 100. If the powerful and experienced powerhouses were included, Joelson's ranking would be pushed further behind.

The flickering light screen showed that the top ten or so names were very stable. The rankings hardly moved, only the merit points behind the names would jump from time to time.

Suddenly, there was a cry of surprise.

"Look, Frank's merit points!"

"He's back!"

"The God of Magic!"

Joelson saw with his own eyes that the first ranked on the light screen, the winged human genius named Frank, had gained a total of 100,000 merit points at one go!

In an instant, the gap between him and the second-ranked was widened. They were completely in the lead.

The top three geniuses on the light screen all had a total of more than 500,000 merit points.

"It's just a temporary lead."

Jack Meier sighed and said, "A super-genius like Frank has already taken the initiative to go deep into the Monster Army to hunt. Every time he returns, he brings a mountain of monster corpses. It's normal for his merit points to soar."

The winged human race.

Joelson muttered.

It was said that the people of this race were natural-born wind riders. Their understanding of wind magic and combat aura far exceeded that of ordinary people.

After Frank, the two geniuses ranked second and third were called Clare and Nahum. They came from the Elf race and the barbarian race respectively.

When Joelson recalled the four moons on the star pillar, it seemed that these were three of them.

Jack Meier saw that Joelson had been staring at the top ten on the merit list, he could not help but sigh. "Compared to these foreign races that are born with special talents, humans are indeed much weaker. However, we also occupy a few spots for top-tier god-domain experts."

In the top ten of the light curtain, there was not a single human genius.

Joelson frowned slightly. Wasn't the fourth Bright Moon a human genius? Why couldn't they be found on the light curtain?

Not only that, Joelson also could not find the names of Franklin and the Violet Blade.

Could it be that every batch of trial-takers who entered the Land of Heritage were not in the same situation?

Thinking about it, it made sense.

The intensity of the later phase of the planar war was far more intense than the earlier phase.

"See you later, Edward."

Jack Meier greeted Joelson, turned around and returned to the military camp, saying, "The monsters will definitely come back in three days. Rest well. This battle is going to be worth fighting."

Jack Meier was a saint-level powerhouse, but he only held the position of a squadron leader.

Almost all of his men were dead, so he attached great importance to Joelson.

## **Chapter 187: Descended from the Light of the Morning Star**

As he walked around the camp, he saw many different races.

There were disciples of the Church of Light dressed in white priest robes who loudly proclaimed their teachings in the crowd and used divine spells to heal the injured warriors.

At this time, the strength of the Church of Light was far less than it was now.

At least, Joelson had seen many more followers of the nature God religion and the Fire God religion than the white-robed priests.

Five thousand years ago, the central continent was completely different.

Joelson found a quiet corner and tried to meditate.

Countless magic elements surged into his body. Joelson felt that his magic power was growing rapidly.

He opened his eyes suddenly, full of surprise.

The effect of meditation was more than ten times better than usual.

He opened his personal attribute panel, and his experience points also increased a little.

The density of magical elements in the Land of Heritage was actually the same as it was five thousand years ago?!

In that case, perhaps he could use this opportunity to successfully advance to saint-level!

Having long cleared the path to saint-level, all that was left was the process of accumulating magic power.

Then, he would try to enter the space of the ranch, and the dragons would be able to summon him successfully.

Joelson stared at the names at the top of the magic screen, his eyes getting brighter and brighter.

Perhaps, he could replace them!

..

"Aiya!"

With a flash of light, Elin's figure appeared under the pillar of stars.

She panted heavily and patted her chest. Elin's face was filled with panic.

Frederick slowly walked over.

"You were eliminated in less than half a day?"

"Half a day?!"

Elin cried out in alarm, "Impossible! I've been in there for at least a month!"

As she spoke, Elin hurriedly looked at the pillar of stars as if she was looking for something.

"Did I go up the pillar of stars? Did I go up?!"

Frederick sneered and shook his head.

"The flow of time in the Land of Heritage is different from the outside world. It takes at least a year to gather stars and be engraved on the pillar of stars."

Frederick pointed at the pillar of stars and said to Elin, "If you were really engraved on the pillar of stars, it would have shaken the entire Land of Heritage, and you should have come out from the light of the Stars."

Elin pouted in dissatisfaction and hurriedly asked, "Well, what about Joelson? Has he come out yet?!"

Frederick glanced at her from the corner of his eyes with disdain. He said in a confident and serious tone, "Master, naturally, he will come out from the starlight. Just wait and see."

..

In the space of the Dragon God Ranch.

The steel dragon and Du Lu were lying on the ground listlessly. Their huge bodies were full of wounds.

Especially the steel dragon. A deep wound almost cut off its tail. It was hard to imagine what it had experienced in the ancient ruins of the Dragon God.

There was a look of heartache in Joelson's eyes.

The farm crops were crazily fed to the steel dragon like they were free.

The growl became louder and louder.

The steel dragon was the first to recover. It rushed into the sky. It waved its claws and tail as if the void was about to be torn apart.

Joelson saw a profound rune engraved on its abdomen shining.

The steel dragon's dark golden body was like a huge sword in the sky.

If it was originally hard and oppressive, now it had a sharp aura.

It was like a thick and heavy huge sword that had been sharpened.

Joelson looked at the steel dragon's attribute panel. Compared to before it entered the ancient ruins of the Dragon God, its combat strength was two thousand points higher.

Just like Du Lu, it was brought by that mysterious rune.

Du Lu also gained something.

The broken rune on the scales seemed to have become more complete.

The golden color in the dragon flame's breath also became denser, and its combat power increased by 1,000 points. It still suppressed the steel dragon steadily.

With the return of the steel dragon and Du Lu, lightning, who had been used to being arrogant in this space, obediently hid in a corner, becoming much more obedient.

Lightning was also about to break through to the 9th rank, and Joelson still had one more chance to draw a new dragon egg.

Every dragon that reached level 6 would get one chance to draw in the ordinary pool.

He opened the system's lottery interface, the ordinary pool and the treasure pool.

His gaze moved to the top, and his gaze instantly became fiery.

The top-tier pool!

Every dragon egg in the top-tier pool made it hard for him to suppress his excitement.

Time dragon, space dragon, fate dragon, life dragon, destruction dragon.

Compared to the light dragon and the dark magic dragon, dragons were more precious and valuable.

"If you raise ten dragons to the saint-level, you can get a chance to draw the top prize pool once."

When Joelson passed through the magic teleportation array, the top prize pool opened.

When he entered the space for the second time and saw the dragons in the top prize pool and the conditions to get a chance to draw, he directly increased the number of farmland by five.

The speed of nurturing dragons was still too slow!

Joelson was particularly reluctant as he withdrew his gaze from the top prize pool and chose to draw.

An earthy brown dragon egg appeared in front of Joelson.

An earth elemental dragon egg.



As usual, it hatched, and an honest and cute earth elemental dragon whelp drilled out.

"From now on, I'll call you Benedict."

Joelson named the baby earth elemental dragon.

The baby earth-elemental dragon stared at Joelson with its confused eyes and shook its big head slightly.

It casually fed the earth-elemental dragon and arranged for Enny to take care of it. Joelson was ready to leave.

"I wonder if that guy has left?" Joelson said to himself in a low voice.

It was already the third month since he entered the Land of Heritage.

After going back and forth between the space and the Land of Heritage many times, Joelson found that the time flow in the Land of Heritage was much faster than the time flow in the space of the Dragon God Ranch.

The time flow in the space of the Dragon God Ranch had always been the same as the time flow in the outside world. However, on one occasion, Joelson stayed in the space of the Dragon Body Ranch for a short while and then went out to find the Land of Heritage several days later. Only then did he understand the mystery behind this.

He slowly figured out that the time flow ratio between the two was about one to twenty-five.

Staying in the space of the Dragon Body Ranch for a day was close to a month outside.

That was why Joelson rarely stayed in the ranch for too long.

This time, apart from the steel dragon and Du Lu returning, there was also the reason.

Joelson had no choice but to hide in the ranch.

The three monsters known as the Hellhounds of fear by the continent's races should all be above the saint rank.

If it wasn't for Joelson's quick reaction, he would have been eliminated from the inheritance trial by now.

Joelson's mind was tense as he stepped out of the space.

The ground was full of corpses and was filled with a murderous aura.

He was lucky. It was the time when the monsters had temporarily retreated.

There was still some distance between the position where Joelson appeared and the city wall. He slowly flew towards the position of the city wall.

He felt a little regretful. The monsters that he killed in the Land of Heritage did not actually exist. He could not bring them into the space of the ranch. He had lost a part of his achievement points.

However.

Joelson's eyes narrowed slightly. From today onwards, it would be a different scene.

Du Lu and the steel dragon had returned. It was time to harvest.

## **Chapter 188: The New Stars**

On the second day.

The black hole in the sky was like a disgusting giant mouth, spewing out all kinds of ugly monsters.

"Hold your swords tight and kill them all!"

Ten knights and Mages, whose strength was around tier 7 to tier 8, followed closely behind Joelson. Above their heads, a monster with wings, a human body, and a scorpion tail fell like raindrops.

Humans and monsters fought in a melee, occasionally bursting out with the power of a saint-tier.

With the meteor sword in his hand, Joelson could kill several monsters with each swing. Occasionally, he would stop and cast one or two three-elemental fusion spells at places where there were many monsters in the distance.

On this battle line, other than the saint-tier knight, Jack Meier, his performance was the most eye-catching.

The people behind him looked at the back of Joelson with admiration.

Having such a powerful and outstanding captain was also a guarantee of their lives.

"Damn it! Another Hellhound!"

Jack Meier, who was casually hacking away, suddenly looked into the distance with an ugly expression.

A few ferocious figures were rapidly approaching the monster army that was like a gray tide.

They looked like vicious dogs, but they had three heads. Each of their heads spat out black flames and lightning river frost. They looked ferocious.

The faces of the people on the city wall turned pale.

They clearly remembered that a few days ago, it was this kind of terrifying monster that rushed into the crowd and killed many of them. Even a saint-level powerhouse was killed.

"Retreat! You guys retreat first!"

Jack Meier roared with all his might, commanding the warriors to retreat.

"Edward, I'll get the commander-in-chief to come over and support. You bring them... Edward! You're Crazy!"

Jack Meier suddenly roared. He saw that not only did Joelson not retreat, he even took the initiative to charge towards the direction of the Hellhounds.

Joelson seemed to have not heard Jack Meier's roar. His eyes stared at the three Hellhounds; his gaze cold.

They came at the right time. Three saint-tier chieftain-tier monsters, at least three thousand merit points.

Jackson dragged his sword and trotted on the city wall, facing the monster tide.

At this moment, many people subconsciously looked over.

Like a moth pouncing on a black flame to its death, Jackson's thin figure formed a strong contrast with the monster tide that blocked the sun.

"It's over!"

Jack Meier's face was pale, and he subconsciously said.

In the next moment, his eyes suddenly widened.

He only saw Joelson stomp hard on the city wall, and his whole body jumped up like a cannonball as if waiting to eat Joelson.

Just when Joelson was about to fall into the Hellhound's mouth.

The gap between the two suddenly bloomed with a dark golden color.

A domineering, steady, and powerful body rushed out from the void, and its sharp claws and teeth slashed across the Hellhound's neck.

Three ugly heads were raised high, and the meteor sword drew a beautiful line in the sky. It just happened to catch the three heads, and then landed steadily on the steel dragon's back.

With the meteor sword in his hand, Joelson stood on the huge steel dragon's body. His expression was cold, and his fighting spirit was high.

This scene stunned everyone on the battlefield of the city wall.

In an instant, there was a strange silence in the noisy battle.

..

Outside the Land of Heritage.

The towering star pillar stood quietly. Countless stars flickered as if they were echoing with the stars in the night sky.

The starlight sprinkled down. Even at night, the Land of Heritage was as bright as day.

Two figures appeared under the pillar of stars.

"Joelson Edward, how long have you been in there?"

A voice sounded.

"Seven days."

The person beside him answered respectfully.

Pryce narrowed his eyes and stared at the mysterious object of heritage that had been passed down since ancient times.

Pryce suddenly said, "Guess if Joelson Edward can light up the stars?"

The red-robed bishop said without hesitation, "Of course not."

Pryce turned his head and looked at him with a strange expression. "Your consciousness is saying that the person who can defeat me is not even qualified to be inscribed with the star pillar, right? Then what am I?"

The red-robed bishop was shocked and cold sweat rolled down his back. He quickly shut his mouth.

Pryce snorted coldly and said as if he had thought of something, "With his talent, he will definitely be able to light up the stars. It's just a matter of time."

"That guy, Chesterton, stayed in the Land of Heritage for less than two years before he was carved by the star pillar. After that, he rose to his current position."

"Franklin is about the same. In just two years, that guy, Oswede, is more outstanding than the two of them. He lit up the stars in a year and a half."

Pryce said in a low voice, "With his rank 9 strength, it will take him at least three years or even five years to be able to light up the stars. That's about two months."

The red-robed cardinal immediately flattered, "When the silver hand ascends to the saint-rank and enters the Land of Heritage, he will definitely be able to light up the stars within a year."

Pryce pursed his lips but did not reply. However, his eyes were filled with satisfaction.

It seemed that he was very pleased with the red-robed cardinal's compliment.

Only those idiots from the countryside who did not understand would be in a hurry to enter the Land of Heritage for the trial.

People like Pryce, who originally had an extremely good background, knew that the trial process of each person entering the Land of Heritage for the first time was the most important.

If they were unable to light up the stars the first time and were inscribed by the star pillar, it was basically impossible after that.

Moreover, the longer they could stay in the Land of Heritage, the more benefits they would receive.

That was why many geniuses would choose to be at level-9, and those with better talent would wait until they reached sage-level before entering the trial. This was a little secret that many people did not know.

"Sir, should we capture the two companions who followed Joelson Edward now?"

The red-robed bishop said somewhat worriedly, "After all, there is an evil necromancer among them."

Pryce smiled coldly, shook his head and said, "Let's wait a little longer. I want to wait until Joelson lights up the stars and is at his happiest moment. Then, I will give him a heavy blow!"

The red-robed bishop nodded silently.

Just as the two of them were about to leave, at this moment...

The huge pillar of stars suddenly shone brightly, and all the stars began to sway.

Pryce and the red-robed bishop turned around abruptly, looking at the pillar of stars in shock.

At the same time, countless people came from all over, staring blankly at the sudden change in the pillar of stars.

"The pillar of stars is being carved, condensing a new star!"

"A new genius has been born!"

Someone shouted excitedly.

At the bottom of the Pillar of stars, a bright star was rapidly condensing, rising for a short distance, stopping at the bottom of the Pillar of stars.

Everyone stared at a brand-new star.

## **Chapter 189: The Broken Magic Inheritance**

After a long time, they finally stopped moving.

After a short silence, there were even more enthusiastic cheers and discussions.

"Surpassing the three great geniuses!"

"The new super genius!"

Pryce's eyes were fixed on the dazzling light of the morning star. He gritted his teeth and could not say a word.

The red-robed bishop's mouth was subconsciously agape. His expression was dull.

Many people were the same as him.

"Who is it?!"

"Does anyone know who is engraved on this star?!"

"Don't worry, the person should be out soon."

Everyone's eyes were fixed on the resplendent star. They were looking forward to a figure walking out from it.

However.

After waiting for a long time, there was no movement.

Everyone was stunned.

This meant that the trial-taker represented by this star.

Still had potential!

Crushing the Golden Lion was not his end.

He might be able to reach.

A height that he had never reached before!

..

In the Land of Heritage.

The Monster Army retreated, leaving only a mess.

The warriors of various races used the rare time to rest, heal, and count the merits of the last battle.

Many people watched the magic screen in the sky. Every time a name lit up and merit points jumped up, it would cause waves of exclamations and exclamations.

And when a name dimmed and disappeared, it was a deep sigh.

A slender figure streaked across the sky.

Someone looked over and cried out in surprise.

"It's Claire!"

All eyes on the field gathered over, and that figure gradually approached.

An extremely handsome young man stepped on the void and slowly walked down. A strange bow made of tree branches hung on his back.

There were a few green leaves on both ends of the bow, as if it was still alive.

Claire, ranked second on the merit list.

Her appearance attracted the attention of many people.

"Count my merit points for me." Claire said calmly. The interspatial ring on her right middle finger flashed, and countless monster corpses rolled down.

There was a burst of exclamations on the field.

"Too strong. How many chieftain-level monsters did Claire kill in this hunt? She must have at least 20,000 merit points!"

"Definitely more than that!"

"The king of knights! A chieftain-level monster!"

An exceptionally large and ferocious head was thrown out of Claire's hand, causing a tremor on the ground.

Merit points were quickly calculated.

"36,000 merit points!"

Everyone subconsciously looked at the magic screen, only to see that the merit points had jumped to 560,000 after the name that belonged to Claire.

A terrifying number.

It was still second, but there was only a difference of more than 3,000 points between Frank and the first place.

Claire frowned slightly, as if she was somewhat dissatisfied with the result.

If she had known earlier, she would have killed a few more chieftain-level monsters. That way, she would have been able to temporarily suppress Frank's momentum.

After calculating her merit points, Claire was about to leave when a series of exclamations suddenly sounded on the field.



"Look, what's that?!"

Everyone looked in the direction of the voice.

They only saw two huge figures getting closer and closer in the sky.

It was a giant dragon!

A saint-level giant dragon!

Before they even got close, everyone could already feel a powerful aura.

"Is it an enemy?!"

Someone subconsciously wanted to grab their weapons, but was interrupted by a sneer from the side.

"Don't be silly, that's a human genius!"

"The Dragon Rider is here!"

"It's said that he hasn't stepped into the saint-level yet. I can't imagine how he tamed such a terrifying two saint-level giant dragons."

"I wonder how many points the Dragon Rider will bring back this time?"

Everyone was looking forward to it.

Even Claire stopped in her tracks temporarily and waited with some interest.

The intense hurricane pressure made everyone unable to open their eyes, and its might shook the entire area.

Two extremely terrifying legendary creatures landed on the ground. Their full appearances couldn't be seen, and only two huge shadows that covered the sky could be seen.

A youth jumped down from the back of the dragon. The mage robe on his body was still brand new, without even a single wrinkle.

It was as if he had not returned from the battlefield, but was a noble who had just finished playing.

"Dragon Rider, Sir Joelson Edward."

Joelson looked around the entire place, his gaze resting on Claire for a moment.

This person was very strong.

Joelson thought to himself, but he had seen many similar young powerhouses recently. He had even seen Frank, who was ranked first on the merit list A few days ago.

He did not take it to heart.

Everyone looked at the two shadows above their heads and had a terrifying feeling.

It was not that they had never seen dragons on the battlefield.

On the contrary, there were many dragons who had fallen in this battle.

Compared to the monsters from other planes, even dragons that were at the top of the pyramid no longer had the advantage.

It took too long for a dragon to grow up.

Moreover, not all dragons could advance to saint-level.

The dragon race was also famous for its scarcity.

Other than a few elemental dragon kings who were famous, there were no outstanding geniuses among the younger generation of the dragon race.

Compared to the other races that constantly produced geniuses, the dragon race was not that terrifying.

However, these few dragons of Joelson's broke everyone's common sense.

Saint-tier!

And it was not an ordinary saint-tier, it was at least mid-stage saint-tier!

A mid-stage saint-tier dragon was even stronger than an ordinary dragon elder.

How could it listen to a human whose strength was only at level nine?!

It was too unbelievable.

From the moment that Joelson appeared, he had brought too much mystery and surprise to everyone.

"Please help me calculate my merit points."

Joelson glanced at Du Lu beside him.

Then, everyone saw that the ancient fire-type dragon, whose entire body was emitting a blazing aura, shook its shoulders.

Instantly.

Everyone was stunned.

The heads of the monsters kept falling down.

Soon, a small hill was formed in front of everyone.

Everyone's eyes were wide open, their mouths slightly agape, their eyes filled with disbelief.

Wasn't this too much?!

Claire's victory was placed on the ground, but compared to Joelson, it was not even half of his.

The key point was that at the top of the small hill, a few particularly ferocious and terrifying heads were very eye-catching.

"These are the heads of commander-level monsters?!"

Someone cried out in surprise.

"There's more than one?!"

"The God of Magic!"

Everyone's gaze instantly focused on Joelson.

Shock, shock.

The scene was deathly silent.

Even Claire's pupils constricted. His right hand gripped the longbow tightly, showing that his current mood was not calm at all.

"Please help me calculate my merit points." Joelson spoke calmly.

He frowned slightly and could not help but repeat it again.

"Oh, oh, okay. Please wait a moment, respected dragon rider."

The person in charge of calculating the merit points only recovered from the shock at this time and hurriedly nodded.

He carefully counted the monster's head in front of him, his expression still somewhat dull.

The people around him were like the people who counted their achievements. They were deeply shocked by the scene in front of them, and they were still in a daze.

## **Chapter 190: Reinforce Frank**

Joelson raised his staff high, and a stream of hot dark gold metal shot out from the tip of the staff, cutting the low-level monster cannon fodder at the front into charred pieces.

Flaming meteorites and frost meteorites fell from the sky. This small section of the defense line was immediately cleared of a large area, and the ground was covered with the corpses of monsters.

The air was filled with the smell of blood and charred corpses, and it always made Joelson feel an inexplicable sense of absent-mindedness.

It was as if he had really returned to five thousand years ago, participating in the Planar War that concerned the life and death of his race.

Two months ago, the holy knight, Jack Meier, died in battle on the city wall. He was also injured when he was ambushed by an abyss spider.

Then, Joelson took over Jack Meier's position and carried the defensive flag of this battle line.

Joelson suddenly understood the moment Jack Meier died.

All of this had already happened.

5,000 years ago, there was indeed a saint-level human knight named Jack Meier. He was destined to die in battle.

This was his fate. Joelson could save him once, but he could not change the ending.

The trial was just a trial. It was an illusory torrent of time.

Although Joelson entered, what he did could not change the outcome of anything. In the end, he was just a witness.

With Joelson's presence, this defensive line was very stable.

Joelson used magic to kill most of the monsters, while the others were responsible for taking care of the monsters that were left out.

The Monster Army was showing signs of decline, and Joelson felt that it was almost time.

Putting away his staff, the meteor sword appeared in his hand.

He turned around and charged at the Monster Army as a knight.

"Firm spell! Sharp spell!"

A golden luster suddenly flashed on the meteor sword, and its power became more and more terrifying.

Golden-red blazing combat aura was spread out, with the effect of metal splashing, quickly harvesting the lives of the monsters as if they were wheat.

Soon, they reached the edge of the city wall, and Joelson jumped high.

The others immediately looked at him, their eyes filled with excitement, as if they were looking forward to something.

"Roar!"

A dark golden body appeared under Joelson's feet, and he rode the steel dragon, charging toward the monster army.

"It's here! A saint-level dragon!"

"It's the Dragon Rider! Lord Joelson Edward!"

"Kill them! These disgusting monsters!"

The city walls were filled with cheers. The sight of Joelson riding the steel dragon to fight in the monster army had greatly boosted the morale of many people.

Joelson killed this part of the battle line twice before flying towards the depths of the monster army as usual.

Joelson's gaze fell on a very huge giant that looked like it was made of lava.

It was a saint-tier chieftain-level monster, the lava giant. It was worth 1,000 achievement points.

"Go!"

Joelson said in a low voice in the air. The steel dragon responded in a low voice and quickly pounced on the lava giant.

The seemingly powerful lava giant was as fragile as a tissue under the attack of the steel dragon. Its clumsy body had no ability to resist at all.

A burning lava heart was dug out by the steel dragon and fell into Joelson's hand.

The drop of lava-like blood only felt slightly warm on Joelson's hand.

Joelson sighed softly.

It would be great if it was true. The heart of the lava giant could forge a legendary staff that was even more powerful than the one in his hand.

Now, Joelson had a general understanding that the gap between them was huge, even for the saint-tier.

For example, saint-level monsters were divided into chief-level, commander-level, and general-level monsters.

The corresponding human strength was early-stage saint-level, middle-stage, and peak late-stage saint-level.

Joelson secretly divided the battle strength into 15,000 combat strength and below, which were called early-stage.

For example, the steel dragon and Du Lu had more than 30,000 combat strength, which was equivalent to the strength of a commander-level.

Above that.

They had never seen a late-stage saint-rank monster or a general-rank monster, so they had no way to judge.

The battle line of the Planar War was very long, and Joelson's position could only be considered to be at the edge.

There were not many saint-rank monsters. The battle groups that could truly decide the direction of the war were all at the center.

Looking up, the sky at the very center was very dark. Lightning, fire, and dense black gas stirred like boiling water, giving people the deepest feeling of shock.

That was the battlefield of the champions of God's domain. It was said that the game between gods had been going on for many years.

Joelson retracted his gaze. His gaze became firm. He turned his direction and slowly approached the central battlefield for the first time.

There were more and more chieftain-level monsters. Sometimes, they would even encounter more than a few of them.

Joelson clung tightly to the back of the steel dragon. The steel dragon was fighting three chieftain-level monsters at the same time.

Legendary monsters fenrir, abyss spiders, and a scorpion-tailed monster with wings.

After coming out of the ancient ruins, the steel dragon's attack power had increased by more than a little.

Every attack from the dragon's claws and tail was like a legendary longsword slashing across, leaving deep marks on the bodies of a few monsters.

Joelson was still frantically casting spells such as firm spell and sharp spell on the steel dragon.

The metal-type magic worked perfectly with the steel dragon. The steel dragon was even more careless and continued to suppress the three monsters.

A moment later, Joelson received another three thousand merit points.

Before he could catch his breath, a few leader-level monsters in the distance discovered the tracks of a man and a dragon and quickly rushed over.

Joelson simply summoned Du Lu.

The pressure immediately lessened.

Riding two saint-tier dragons, he had become a bulldozer-like existence on the monster battlefield.

Go deeper.

After an unknown amount of time, there was no difference between day and night in the Land of Heritage.

The heads of the commander-tier monsters were almost piled into a small hill. Joelson considered turning back.

At this moment, the sudden eruption of a battle in the distance caught his attention.

The air element spread out, carrying Joelson's spiritual power and sensing everything.

Joelson saw two terrifying monsters raise their heads and roar at the sky.

Commander-level!

Joelson was shocked. What surprised him even more was that the two commander-level monsters were attacking the same target.

A handsome, cold-looking young man with wings on his back.

He had a slender body and long green hair. He nimbly dodged between the two commander-level monsters. Although he kept retreating, he was not hurt at all.

So powerful!

He was at least at the middle stage of the saint rank.

The winged humans.

A light flashed in Joelson's eyes. He knew who this was.

Frank.

The super genius who firmly occupied the first place on the merit list.

"Du Lu, let's Go!"

Without the slightest hesitation, Joelson commanded Du Lu and the steel dragon to charge towards the distant battle group.

Frank's situation was quite bad.

He was a little arrogant. He had ventured too far into the Monster Army and was actually targeted by two commander-level monsters at the same time when his luck was bad.

## **Chapter 191: The Stars That Rose Once Again Suppressed the Three Great Geniuses**

These two monsters were very cunning. They had been tightly pestering Frank and not letting him leave. It was obvious that they were planning to exhaust him to death here.



Did they have to use that move?

Frank's face had a hint of unwillingness.

Using the secret technique of the winged humans' inheritance, he would need at least a few months to fully recover.

A few months was enough for him to fall from first place on the achievement list. The other two monsters had been chasing him very closely.

The commander-tier monster seemed to have noticed Frank's predicament, and its attacks became more and more fierce.

Frank's body swayed, and he temporarily escaped from the encirclement of the two commander-tier monsters as if he had teleported.

There was no other way.

This was the only way.

The wind elements in the void gathered crazily towards Frank as if they had been plundered, and his body revealed an extremely dangerous aura.

Frank's expression was cold as he said indifferently, "Wind..."

Suddenly!

The gathering wind stopped.

Frank's gaze froze as he saw two huge red and dark golden figures suddenly descend from the sky, slapping the two commander-tier monsters away.

'They're here to help?!'

Frank was a little stunned.

An indifferent voice sounded in his ear.

"How about one each?"

Frank suddenly turned his head and saw a handsome young man floating in mid-air, holding a meteor sword, looking at him indifferently.

Frank was even more shocked.

If he was not mistaken, this young man's strength was only at rank 9, but...

Two saint-level dragons whose strength had steadily surpassed commander-level were clearly following his orders!

This was simply too unbelievable!

However, now was obviously not the time to be surprised. Frank nodded and agreed without hesitation, "Alright!"

With the help of the two saint-tier dragons, the situation instantly turned around.

Du Lu and the steel dragon surrounded one of the commander-tier monsters while Frank fought the other one alone.

Frank fought while observing the helper who had descended from the sky.

The mysterious human youth had been floating in the air since the beginning, and he did not participate in the fight.

He only occasionally released a powerful elemental attack to clean up the monsters around him.

He was actually a mage?!

Frank was surprised, and so was Joelson.

Frank was too strong.

It was the first time that Joelson realized that wind magic was so strong.

Frank's wings could shoot out dark green wind blades. It looked normal, but its power was shocking.

The wind blades cut across the sky, leaving black marks in the air. Even the space was almost torn apart.

Frank's combat strength was at least thirty-five thousand. Even Du Lu and the steel dragon could not compare to him.

After the battle ended, Frank took the mana core of one of the commander-level monsters and said to Joelson hesitantly, "Thank you."

Then, he quickly disappeared into the sky.

If anyone else saw this scene, they would definitely be shocked to death.

A prideful top genius of the winged human race, ranked first on the merit list, actually thanked a tier-9 mage.

It was too unbelievable.

Looking at Frank's back as he left, the thought of advancing to the saint-level became more and more urgent.

Suddenly, a trance appeared in front of Joelson's eyes.

Scenes flashed past his eyes.

Frank used a secret technique to escape from danger and escaped all the way back to the camp. He was seriously injured.

A month later, Frank, who had fallen to the third place on the merit list, returned to the battlefield with a pale face.

Because of his pride, Frank, who had not fully recovered, entered the battle too early and died in a battle.

The scene disappeared and Joelson was stunned for a moment before he suddenly came to his senses.

This was the fate of Frank in history, but because of his actions, it changed everything.

Although it was only an illusion.

Joelson shook his head and smiled helplessly.

So, what if it changed?

It did not seem to be of any benefit to him.

Joelson commanded the two dragons to fly into the distance.

What he did not know was that, at this moment, outside the Land of Heritage, on the star pillar, a star was blooming with a brilliant light.

Ever since the star pillar condensed a new star, there had been people guarding it.

The teleportation array was flashing with light, and people were constantly rushing over from the continent.

"It's said that a new genius has been born? I really don't know who it will be."

"In the past hundred years, there hasn't been an existence that can surpass the golden lion, violet blade, and the others. I wonder if the genius this time can do it?"

"It's unlikely. If there is, there should be some signs."

Young adventurers rushed over from all over, discussing with great interest.

Although it was night, it was still lively under the star pillar.

During this period of time, even the number of people entering the Land of Heritage's trial had decreased.

Everyone was looking forward to it.

A new legend had been born.

However, ever since the last time the star condensed, it had been hovering at the bottom of the star pillar, never rising even a little bit.

"This guy's potential should have been exhausted. If he continues to live on the battlefield for a period of time, he should be coming out soon."

Pryce stared at the pillar of stars, the corners of his mouth rising. His face was no longer as nervous as it had been a few days ago.

"Have the saints arrived yet?"

The red-robed bishop nodded vigorously and said quickly, "Three saints have already arrived. Lord Chesterton is also on his way."

Pryce's eyelids twitched, and he smiled again.

"Chesterton is also here? That's good. Although this guy is annoying, his devotion to the God of light is incomparable. Among the pagans, he has always been known as the executioner."

The red-robed bishop nodded.

He could not casually comment on a big figure like the authority of God.

Pryce casually glanced at the pillar of stars and said calmly, "In these two days or so, Joelson should be coming out. Find an opportunity to give that necromancer, eh?!"

Pryce suddenly widened his eyes. His face was full of disbelief as if he had seen an extremely shocking scene.

The cardinal lowered his head and waited for Pryce's order. He did not hear the rest for a long time, but he heard waves of excited exclamations.

He raised his head doubtfully. An intense light shone on his face, and his expression became dull.

"It's rising! The morning star has risen!"

The motionless star suddenly emitted an intense light, as if it had been silent for a long time. As if it had slept enough, it stretched its long lazy waist and began to climb.

Countless pairs of eyes stared at the star, watching it climb past the stars that had existed for a long time.

It continued to climb upwards.

"It's close to the middle!"

"The god's authority and the violet blade are in front!"

"It's level!"

"God of Magic!"

The star easily climbed to the position of the star that everyone knew represented Franklin and Chesterton, emitting a strong light.

However, its rising momentum did not seem to have stopped.

The star was still rising.

The star that symbolized the golden lion, Oswede, was right in front of them, moving up.

Level!

"Not weaker than the golden lion!"

The entire Land of Heritage was almost boiling.

At this time, the star was still not satisfied with its current position and gently jumped up.

It firmly pressed the golden lion down below.

The scene is quiet.

## Chapter 192: Counting the Merit Points, Shocked Everyone

Everyone stared at the star in a daze.

After a long time, they finally stopped moving.

After a short silence, there were even more enthusiastic cheers and discussions.

"Surpassing the three great geniuses!"

"The new super genius!"

Pryce's eyes were fixed on the dazzling light of the morning star. He gritted his teeth and could not say a word.

The red-robed bishop's mouth was subconsciously agape. His expression was dull.

Many people were the same as him.

"Who is it?!"

"Does anyone know who is engraved on this star?!"

"Don't worry, the person should be out soon."

Everyone's eyes were fixed on the resplendent star. They were looking forward to a figure walking out from it.

However.

After waiting for a long time, there was no movement.

Everyone was stunned.

This meant that the trial-taker represented by this star.

Still had potential!

Crushing the Golden Lion was not his end.

He might be able to reach.

A height that he had never reached before!

..

In the Land of Heritage.

The Monster Army retreated, leaving only a mess.

The warriors of various races used the rare time to rest, heal, and count the merits of the last battle.

Many people watched the magic screen in the sky. Every time a name lit up and merit points jumped up, it would cause waves of exclamations and exclamations.

And when a name dimmed and disappeared, it was a deep sigh.

A slender figure streaked across the sky.

Someone looked over and cried out in surprise.

"It's Claire!"

All eyes on the field gathered over, and that figure gradually approached.

An extremely handsome young man stepped on the void and slowly walked down. A strange bow made of tree branches hung on his back.

There were a few green leaves on both ends of the bow, as if it was still alive.

Claire, ranked second on the merit list.

Her appearance attracted the attention of many people.

"Count my merit points for me." Claire said calmly. The interspatial ring on her right middle finger flashed, and countless monster corpses rolled down.

There was a burst of exclamations on the field.

"Too strong. How many chieftain-level monsters did Claire kill in this hunt? She must have at least 20,000 merit points!"

"Definitely more than that!"

"The king of knights! A chieftain-level monster!"

An exceptionally large and ferocious head was thrown out of Claire's hand, causing a tremor on the ground.

Merit points were quickly calculated.

"36,000 merit points!"

Everyone subconsciously looked at the magic screen, only to see that the merit points had jumped to 560,000 after the name that belonged to Claire.

A terrifying number.

It was still second, but there was only a difference of more than 3,000 points between Frank and the first place.

Claire frowned slightly, as if she was somewhat dissatisfied with the result.

If she had known earlier, she would have killed a few more chieftain-level monsters. That way, she would have been able to temporarily suppress Frank's momentum.

After calculating her merit points, Claire was about to leave when a series of exclamations suddenly sounded on the field.

"Look, what's that?!"

Everyone looked in the direction of the voice.

They only saw two huge figures getting closer and closer in the sky.

It was a giant dragon!

A saint-level giant dragon!

Before they even got close, everyone could already feel a powerful aura.

"Is it an enemy?!"

Someone subconsciously wanted to grab their weapons, but was interrupted by a sneer from the side.

"Don't be silly, that's a human genius!"

"The Dragon Rider is here!"

"It's said that he hasn't stepped into the saint-level yet. I can't imagine how he tamed such a terrifying two saint-level giant dragons."

"I wonder how many points the Dragon Rider will bring back this time?"



Everyone was looking forward to it.

Even Claire stopped in her tracks temporarily and waited with some interest.

The intense hurricane pressure made everyone unable to open their eyes, and its might shook the entire area.

Two extremely terrifying legendary creatures landed on the ground. Their full appearances couldn't be seen, and only two huge shadows that covered the sky could be seen.

A youth jumped down from the back of the dragon. The mage robe on his body was still brand new, without even a single wrinkle.

It was as if he had not returned from the battlefield, but was a noble who had just finished playing.

"Dragon Rider, Sir Joelson Edward."

Joelson looked around the entire place, his gaze resting on Claire for a moment.

This person was very strong.

Joelson thought to himself, but he had seen many similar young powerhouses recently. He had even seen Frank, who was ranked first on the merit list A few days ago.

He did not take it to heart.

Everyone looked at the two shadows above their heads and had a terrifying feeling.

It was not that they had never seen dragons on the battlefield.

On the contrary, there were many dragons who had fallen in this battle.

Compared to the monsters from other planes, even dragons that were at the top of the pyramid no longer had the advantage.

It took too long for a dragon to grow up.

Moreover, not all dragons could advance to saint-level.

The dragon race was also famous for its scarcity.

Other than a few elemental dragon kings who were famous, there were no outstanding geniuses among the younger generation of the dragon race.

Compared to the other races that constantly produced geniuses, the dragon race was not that terrifying.

However, these few dragons of Joelson's broke everyone's common sense.

Saint-tier!

And it was not an ordinary saint-tier, it was at least mid-stage saint-tier!

A mid-stage saint-tier dragon was even stronger than an ordinary dragon elder.

How could it listen to a human whose strength was only at level nine?!

It was too unbelievable.

From the moment that Joelson appeared, he had brought too much mystery and surprise to everyone.

"Please help me calculate my merit points."

Joelson glanced at Du Lu beside him.

Then, everyone saw that the ancient fire-type dragon, whose entire body was emitting a blazing aura, shook its shoulders.

Instantly.

Everyone was stunned.

The heads of the monsters kept falling down.

Soon, a small hill was formed in front of everyone.

Everyone's eyes were wide open, their mouths slightly agape, their eyes filled with disbelief.

Wasn't this too much?!

Claire's victory was placed on the ground, but compared to Joelson, it was not even half of his.

The key point was that at the top of the small hill, a few particularly ferocious and terrifying heads were very eye-catching.

"These are the heads of commander-level monsters?!"

Someone cried out in surprise.

"There's more than one?!"

"The God of Magic!"

Everyone's gaze instantly focused on Joelson.

Shock, shock.

The scene was deathly silent.

Even Claire's pupils constricted. His right hand gripped the longbow tightly, showing that his current mood was not calm at all.

"Please help me calculate my merit points." Joelson spoke calmly.

He frowned slightly and could not help but repeat it again.

"Oh, Oh, okay. Please wait a moment, respected dragon rider."

The person in charge of calculating the merit points only recovered from the shock at this time and hurriedly nodded.

He carefully counted the monster's head in front of him, his expression still somewhat dull.

The people around him were like the people who counted their achievements. They were deeply shocked by the scene in front of them, and they were still in a daze.

## **- Chapter 193: 80,000 Merit Points, Ascended to Saint-Tiera**

### **Chapter 193: 80,000 Merit Points, Ascended to Saint-Tiera**

It was as if Joelson did not see everyone's reaction.

It was normal to have such a result.

On the edge of the battlefield, Du Lu and the steel dragon were no match for each other.

Rather than a battlefield, it was more like his hunting ground.

In fact, he had also abandoned a large portion of the heads of seventh and eighth tier daemons, because they could not be stored in the Land of Heritage.

Du Lu was not willing to carry so much useless trash.

The merit points were calculated.

The person who calculated the merit points came up with a number. His face twitched a few times as if he could not believe it.

After checking it a few times, he finally stammered under everyone's expectant gazes, "A total of... 80,000... 89,600 merit points!"

Many people swallowed their saliva at the same time.

Even Claire's Adam's apple moved with difficulty.

Close to 90,000 merit points!

Crazy!

Everyone clearly remembered that the record for the highest merit points submitted was maintained by Frank, who was ranked first on the merit list.

53,000 merit points.

At that time, the entire camp was in an uproar.

And now, Joelson's battle record was...

90,000!

It was a total of 40,000 merit points higher than Frank's!

Everyone looked up and finally realized that the two legendary creatures beside Joelson were as docile as big dogs to him.

It was much more terrifying than everyone had imagined!

A light flashed on the magic screen and jumped fiercely.

A name shot up like a comet and instantly soared to...

Eighth Place!

Joelson Edward, human, 186,000 merit points!

The entire camp was silent for a few seconds.

In the next moment, countless cheers flooded in like a tide.

"Human!"

"We humans finally have a super genius who has entered the top ten!"

"It's the Dragon Rider!"

That dazzling name made the geniuses and powerhouses of countless races gasp in surprise.

Too fast.

In less than a year, he had gone from 70,000 to the top 10.

He had risen to power.

Was this guy a monster?!

Many people did not know that Joelson's strength was only at the Type 9 realm. Otherwise, they would be even more shocked.

Claire felt an unknown sense of danger. He took a deep look at Joelson and left quickly.

Joelson did not notice Claire's gaze. His gaze was fixed on the three names at the top of the light screen.

"The gap of 400,000 achievement points should be caught up soon." Joelson said in a low voice.

..

The bright star on the pillar of stars had already caused countless people to exclaim and be shocked during this period of time.

People came from far away every day. Under the pillar of stars, regardless of day or night, there was a bustling crowd.

Except for a few people, everyone was guessing who the genius who suppressed the three great geniuses, even the Golden Lion, was.

Elin raised her head to look at the Pillar of stars. Her small mouth had not closed since the beginning.

"Who is it?"

Elin whispered, "Are you sure that the morning star was really lit by Joelson?"

Frederick's gaze was complicated, but his tone was exceptionally confident. "Yes, except for master, no one else can do this."

Elin didn't say anything.

She still couldn't believe that she would randomly hide in a room and meet a genius who was even more powerful than the golden lion and the violet blade?!

Even a bard wouldn't dare to make up such a story!

As she was thinking, the star in her eyes suddenly trembled.

Elin thought her eyes were playing tricks on her. She rubbed her eyes and looked over again.

That's right, the star started to rise again!

"It's moving, it's moving!"

Elin unconsciously pointed at the pillar of stars and shouted.

She was not the only one who noticed it. Many people started to shout excitedly.

Under the countless gazes, the star that had just fallen silent started to rise again.

This time, it was even faster.

Its radiance was rapidly becoming stronger and stronger, and it was also getting bigger and bigger.

The number of stars at the top of the pillar of stars had decreased by a lot, and this rising star was particularly eye-catching.

The momentum gradually slowed down and stopped.

Finally, it stopped at the top of the pillar of stars.

Looking Up, there were only a few dozen stars above it, and...

There were also four bright moons!

And...

There was still no one descending.

There was no need to climb up the potential!

The entire Land of Heritage was completely boiling!

This news was quickly spread by countless people in all sorts of ways.

A terrifying genius that had never existed before was about to be born!

In a certain corner of the Land of Heritage.

Pryce's fists were tightly clenched, and his nails dug into his palms, almost squeezing out blood. His face was terrifyingly gloomy.

When countless people in the Land of Heritage exclaimed and discussed the name of "Dragon Rider" Joelson Edward, the geniuses of various races felt a strong sense of urgency in their hearts.

At this moment, Joelson was hiding in a quiet corner. His eyes were tightly shut, as if he was meditating.

Having just entered the space of the Dragon God's Ranch and harvested the latest batch of crops, coupled with the experience accumulated from farming and other operations during this period of time, Joelson had finally reached the level of advancement.

The magic power in his body was like water filled with water.

Saint-level was right in front of him.

Joelson did not choose to level up in the space of the pasture.

Because he was worried about the flow of time, there was an accident during the trial.

The experience value on his personal attribute panel had already exceeded it. Joelson gently tapped on the level up button.

A ray of light bloomed from the darkness in front of him.

In the dim sky of the Land of Heritage, thick clouds stirred over and gradually formed a funnel-like shape.

A large amount of fire elements gathered and dyed the sky blood red.

Many people raised their heads and looked in their direction with envious expressions.

"The phenomenon of the sage level has appeared. Another genius has advanced!"

"It's fire element magic!"

A huge fire door appeared in front of Joelson.

The burning flames wrapped around the door frame, and a faint red light shone through the door.

It was as if it was waiting for Joelson to come forward and push it away.

A surge of excitement and joy surged out of Joelson's heart.

He stretched out his hand, and the flame fell on his hand. It was gentle and kind.

The door was pushed open.

The light shone brightly.

In an instant, the intensely burning flame surrounded Joelson. The flame seemed to be cheering around him, welcoming his arrival.

Joelson stepped into the door.

It was a completely different world.

Before the saint-level, mages used the accumulated magic power in their bodies to trigger the fire elements in the world to release magic.

After the saint-level, Joelson felt as if he had become a part of the world. He did not need to be guided by any spells or magic power. With a thought, he could mobilize or gather the elements to form a powerful magic.

Casting a level-9 spell took almost the same time as casting a level-1 spell.

This was the most superficial improvement in his strength. Joelson was about to experience more.

Suddenly.

A blue light in the distance attracted his gaze. He walked over.

A gate similar to the one before was made of flowing water.

Could it be pushed open?



Joelson was stunned for a moment, then went forward.

The gate of water was also wide open.

This time, Joelson was not in a hurry to go in. He turned his head and looked around.

He was surprised to find.

Not far from him, there were many gates.

The gate of lightning, the gate of steel, the gate of rock and earth, the gate of plants, the gate of clouds.

Each gate seemed to be moving in a stream of light, calling out to him to open them one by one.

## **Chapter 194: The Terrifying Scene of Johnson Advancing to Saint-Level**

In the Land of Heritage, there were already many people gathered in the camp where Joelson was.

After all, the blazing fire cloud in the sky was too eye-catching.

"Such a shocking phenomenon, the fire-type talent of the person who advanced is too strong. I'm afraid that he's another genius from ten thousand years ago!"

"The more such geniuses there are, the more likely he is to win this war!"

"I wonder how many fire elemental laws he will be able to comprehend for the first time?"

"At least three."

Everyone was discussing and watching.

Seeing that the sky was gradually condensing into a red light, which was the embryonic form of the law power, suddenly, a blue light entered everyone's field of vision.

Everyone was stunned for a moment and quickly reacted.

"Water element!"

"This is the advancement of a dual-element magic genius!"

Everyone's emotions suddenly became excited.

A single-element saint-level mage and a dual-element saint-level mage was not the same concept.

The difficulty of both elements simultaneously training to advance to the saint-level was several times higher than that of a single element.

Many people who had dual-element magic talent, after reaching the high-level, would often completely give up on one element of magic training, just to smoothly advance to the saint-level.

Those who dared to challenge dual-element to advance to the saint-level were all geniuses who had great confidence in themselves.

The person in front of them obviously was.

He cultivated both water and fire elements at the same time!

To be able to cultivate two opposing magic elements to the saint-level was simply a miracle!

The shock in everyone's eyes had yet to fade away, but an even greater shock was revealed.

Their eyes suddenly widened.

It wasn't over yet!

Purple jumping lightning!

This was the lightning element!

There was also a dull and heavy dark golden cloud!

Metal element talent!

How was this possible?!

Everyone's mouth was wide open and they were stunned, unable to believe their eyes.

There were even more magic elements rapidly surging over.

Brown earth elements, fog-like air elements, green plant element magic elements.

Just how many elemental spells did this guy practice at the same time?!

Just how many elemental spells did he plan to use to advance to saint-rank at the same time?!

This phenomenon could no longer be described as shocking. It should be described as terrifying!

Countless people from various races quickly rushed over.

A green stream of light flashed past. It was the winged Frank.

There was also the slender and handsome elf genius, Claire, who carried a longbow on her back.

A ten-foot-tall, burly man who was as strong as a magical beast strode over.

Every step he took shook the earth as if it was shaking.

"It's Nehm from the barbarian race! Even he's here!" Someone shouted in surprise.

Many people said that among the top three super geniuses on the merit list, Nehm was the strongest one.

However, because of his huge size, his movements were far less agile than the other two, so he couldn't go too deep into the monster army. He also suffered a lot from hunting merit points.

More than half of the geniuses from the various races who ranked at the top of the merit list had come. Everyone looked solemnly at the direction where the strange phenomenon was hanging in the sky.

Who was it? What kind of race was it?

How could someone who had advanced to the saint-tier create such a terrifying scene?!

Frank frowned and stared at the end of the seven-colored clouds. A tall and straight figure standing on the back of a giant dragon inexplicably flashed in his mind.

The last time he saw him, he seemed to be at the same level as the peak of tier 9.

He quickly shook his head and dismissed the thought.

How could it be him?

That was just a lucky kid with the talent of dragon taming.

The phenomenon was still going on. This time, it was a strange, oppressive black cloud.

Undead!

Everyone counted carefully and could not help but gasp.

There was a total of eight magic talents!

Was this true?!

Everyone could not help but suspect that there could not be several tier 9 players who had advanced at the same time and caused the abnormal phenomenon, right?

If it was caused by the same person...

Was that still human?!

A monster!

The illegitimate son of the God of Magic!

Joelson did not know how much of a sensation he had caused.

He had just used all his strength to push open the last undead door made of white bones.

The light door began to spin, and eight large doors surrounded him.

"The power of the law is beginning to reveal itself!"

Joelson stood at the center of the eight light doors, hesitating to enter the light door first.

In the end, he still chose the door of flames that he was most familiar with.

It was still a world of flames.

The burning flames swayed and jumped, transforming into naughty little people that ran around Joelson like elves.

Joelson tried to catch them.

However, he found that he seemed to have returned to the youth who wanted to meditate for the first time with apprehension, curiosity, and awe.

Catching magic elements.

This time, it was catching elemental elves.

Spiritual power materialized.

The spirit tree with eight branches was like a giant hand of God, slowly drawing across the void.

Two or three fire elemental elves "ran in panic", but they had nowhere to run. They could only obediently fall into Joelson's "palm".

They quickly melted into it.

Joelson felt as if there was something extra in his body. A sense of satisfaction that he had never felt before rose from the bottom of his heart, driving him to capture more fire elemental elves.

Outside the Land of Heritage, countless pairs of eyes were staring at the sky.

The gorgeous flaming clouds were undergoing changes, slowly revealing the embryonic form of a red chain.

"It's the fire elemental law! It's starting!"

Someone shouted excitedly.

"Advancing to the saint-level is the greatest opportunity in most people's lives. The great power of heaven and earth has been fully revealed, and the door to the treasure of laws has been opened. Unfortunately, my strength was not enough at that time, and I could only comprehend the power of four laws."

Someone sighed regretfully.

The path of advancement after the saint-rank was to continuously comprehend elemental laws. The more one comprehended, the stronger one's strength would be.

When the amount of power of laws reached a certain level, one could try to construct their own elemental domain.

This was the realm of God.

Back then, Harriet Terrence and Ulysses had made a bet for a magic stone. That magic stone contained Earth elemental laws that he had never comprehended before.

Other than collecting the rare magic materials that contained the power of law to comprehend, everyone had a chance to plunder the law wantonly once in their lives.

It was the moment when they advanced to the saint-level and communicated with the heaven and earth.

The treasure of law was open to everyone. How much they could take would depend on their own abilities.

The first gap between the sage-level and the saint-level was pulled open like this.

There were many veteran sage-level experts who had stayed at sage-level for many years, but their strength couldn't compare to geniuses who had just advanced. This was the reason.

## **Chapter 195: 99 Laws of Power, a Talent That Made People Despair**

"The first time you can comprehend more than five laws of power, you can be called outstanding. Above ten laws is a genius, and 20 laws is a super genius. I remember."

Someone looked in Frank's direction, with deep admiration and fear, he said, "Back then, when Frank advanced, he manifested 67 laws, right? Once he advanced, he almost stepped into the middle stage of the saint level. Such talent is too terrifying!"

"It's said that Claire's advancement is also above 50 laws."

"These super-geniuses who can be ranked at the top of the merit list are existences that we look up to!"

"Who knows how many laws this person can comprehend during his first advancement?"

"Eight-elemental talent will appear to be at a disadvantage because of being distracted. However, if he can comprehend more than 10 laws of each element, he can even crush Frank!"

"That's not possible."

Someone could not help but shake his head. Before he could finish his sentence, his eyes suddenly widened as he looked at the sky in shock.

"There are already ten of them. How can he be so fast?! How is this possible?!"

Joelson felt that he was starting to like this game.

He was like a child, running around in this red world, curious about everything around him.

The only thing that made him slightly dissatisfied was that his spiritual power "big hand" was too inefficient in capturing elemental spirits.

He could only capture two or three at a time, and if he was lucky, he could only capture four or five.

On average, every three fire elemental spirits fused into his body, a profound and exquisite red pattern would condense on his chest.

Three fire elemental spirits were "eaten" by Joelson, and another pattern condensed on his chest.

Joelson could not stand this slow speed and began to think of a more efficient method.

If the onlookers outside knew what Joelson was thinking, they would be so angry that they would vomit blood.

It was such a terrifying efficiency to capture more than three elemental elves at a time.

It was obvious that Joelson had neglected the difference between his spirit tree and the others.

The average person's spirit tree did not have any forks, so it was impossible for it to transform into a "big hand" like him.

He could only use his bare tentacles to drive it away and capture it by rolling up the elves. The efficiency was far inferior to Joelson's.

Joelson tried to transform his spirit "big hand" into other shapes.

The big hand contracted and formed an irregular wriggling mass, then transformed into a shape.

Wings, head, and body.

It was the appearance of the dragon that Joelson was most familiar with!

Once the spirit dragon appeared, its terrifying might intimidated the elemental elves, causing them to tremble all over. They no longer had their previous lively appearance, lying on the ground and not moving at all.

The spirit dragon flew over slowly, opening its huge mouth and taking a deep breath.

More than ten fire elemental elves were eaten by the spirit dragon.

The spirit dragon gave a satisfied burp, and another four red lines condensed on Joelson's chest.

The onlookers were almost dumbfounded.

"How is this possible?!"

Similar exclamations sounded continuously on the field.

It was not just ordinary people. Even super-geniuses like Frank, Claire, and Nehm had shocked expressions on their faces.

Too Fast!

The speed at which this mysterious evolver comprehended the laws was too fast!

Especially since the beginning, there were several law chains appearing at the same time every time. It was really hard to figure out how he did it.

At this time, there were already nearly thirty law chains displayed in the strange phenomenon belonging to the fire element.

And this number was still increasing rapidly.

35,39,46,50.

Claire's eyes suddenly widened, and the hand holding the longbow was clenched so tightly that it turned pale.

It had already surpassed his score at that time.

60.

Thinking of Frank's record impact.

68.

Everyone instantly relaxed, because they were powerless.

Frank had also been surpassed, and the next thing to do was just to see.

To see how far this promoted person could go.

Seventy laws, eighty laws.

Ninety!



When the number of laws reached ninety-nine, finally.

It did not continue to increase.

The blue color surged, and a brand-new water elemental law chain appeared. This was the beginning of comprehending the power of the water elemental law.

The entire place was silent. No one could speak.

Shock, shock.

It was hard to describe what they were feeling at the moment.

Ninety-nine red chains stretched across the sky like a huge net. It made everyone feel a sense of despair.

It was a feeling of despair.

Five laws were excellent. Ten laws could be called geniuses.

What about ninety-nine laws?

No one knew.

The gap was too big.

Even super-geniuses like Frank, Claire, and Nehm felt powerless.

Joelson did not know how many elemental elves he had "eaten". He only knew that he would eat until the spirit dragon could not "eat" anymore.

The red patterns on his chest were also very dense. Without counting carefully, they formed the shape of a ball of fire.

Joelson walked into the next light door.

The world of water elemental laws.

The dragon that had "eaten" enough fire elements seemed to suddenly become spirited.

It took the initiative to fly forward and began to hunt wantonly.

Blue patterns began to condense.

The water elemental elves were in a panic.

"Ten, twenty."

In the camp, countless people looked at the strange phenomenon in the sky and counted in low voices.

They were almost numb.

The blue law chains were not slower than the red chains at all.

Similarly, four or five appeared at the same time and suddenly spread across the sky.

Such a shocking scene attracted everyone's attention.

Even the most attention-grabbing achievement board magic light screen did not turn around to take a look.

Right now, everyone only wanted to know.

Who was this person who had advanced!

Frank's expression was solemn as he said slowly, "Ninety-nine, water elemental law."

He took a deep breath, the shock in his eyes did not disappear for a long time.

Turning around, the other geniuses had the same expression.

Ordinary people might only feel shocked, but only people at Frank's level knew what this meant.

He had already begun to come into contact with the domain of God.

He was attempting to use wind-type laws to construct his own wind domain.

Experts at the domain level would compare the strength of their own domains.

The more laws they used to construct their domains, the more stable their domains would be, and the stronger they would be.

For example, if Frank advanced to God's domain, other than the wind element, all the other magic elements in his wind domain would be tyrannically isolated. Moreover, all the wind element magic elements would be under his control.

Even if he was a saint-rank, his strength would be greatly reduced.

Wind mages would even directly become mortals.

Within the domain, he was the ruler of the wind.

And this mysterious person who advanced was even more terrifying.

Eight elemental laws.

Once he advanced to God's domain, the stability of the domain constructed by the eight elemental laws would reach an extremely terrifying degree.

Moreover, there were no flaws!

His domain would isolate the power of most mages.

Only...

Such a domain would be dozens of times more difficult to construct than the average person.

It might take a lifetime to accomplish.

But now it was terrifying enough.

## **Chapter 196: Fusion of Laws, Dragon Rider!**

After the water elemental law chains reached 99, the dark golden clouds representing the metal element also began to churn.

Metal elemental law power condensed.

This time, it was less.

80 law power chains.

Next was the air element, also 80.

Electric element.

The plant element.

The undead element.

It started to decrease gradually.

Finally, there were only 50 earth elemental laws left.

Everyone understood. It seemed that this person who advanced was not proficient in all eight elements.

However...

It was already shocking enough.

There were even 50 earth elemental laws that were the worst.

He was almost on par with Claire's results. He was much stronger than almost everyone on the field.

Terrifying!

Everyone was looking forward to the end of the promotion.

They were really curious, who was this super genius that had never crushed Frank and Claire before.

Was it a familiar name on the merit list?

The thick brown clouds dispersed, followed by the black aura of the undead and purple lightning.

The promotion was about to end?!

Everyone was excited, looking forward to the moment when the person who had been promoted showed up.

But when the law phenomenon in the sky dissipated to only the water and fire elements, the change happened again.

"My God of Magic!"

Someone cried out in shock as if they had seen the most unbelievable scene in the world.

Frank's body trembled violently.

Claire's proud and cold face twitched even more.

What did they see?

In the sky.

The red and blue law chains moved and intersected. They actually began to slowly intertwine!

Law fusion?!

Everyone's pupils constricted in shock.

Was this person who had advanced really a monster?!

Would he let others live or not?!

Joelson discovered an unpleasant phenomenon.

When it was "hunting" other elemental spirits, the spirit dragon's appetite was obviously not very good.

It quickly reached the 'barbarian, full stomach' state.

He thought for a moment, and it seemed to be related to his ability to control.

Other than learning some earth magic from Harriet, he had almost never used it.

He had only shared Benedict's magic talent.

As for the water and fire elements, they had followed him from the weak to the strong step by step, and he was very proficient in them. He had also personally opened the path to the saint-level, so there were naturally differences.

Joelson could not help but sigh.

No wonder the giant dragon was known as the race at the top of the pyramid.

It was truly envious that it was born with the talent to grasp fifty elemental laws.

At this moment, his body was completely covered by various colored patterns, as if he was wearing a gorgeous long robe.

The spirit dragon "ate" the eight light doors and originally thought that everything was going to end.

But at this time, the fire gate and the water gate actually started to get closer to each other and gradually fused together.

The fire and water intertwined, red and blue intertwined, forming an even more magnificent and magnificent gate.

Was it because he had comprehended water and fire element fusion magic early on?

Joelson guessed.

But why didn't the aura magic gate join in?

Joelson tried to control the air-type light door with his mind to participate in the fusion, but a faint repulsive force was produced.

The light door that controlled other attributes had a stronger repulsive force.

It was not for this reason.

Joelson frowned.

Then what was the reason?

He had a vague feeling in his heart. This might be the key to whether he could have the same overwhelming strength after becoming a saint-level.

At this moment, the light door of the water and fire elements had completely fused into one. Behind the light door was flowing flames.

New elemental spirits appeared again, but the number was much less than before.

These were the powers he truly grasped.

In the sky of the Land of Heritage, red and blue chains intertwined, exuding an extremely terrifying aura. Just looking at it made one's heart palpitate.

Under this strange phenomenon, the small cabin in the camp was shattered by a powerful force, and a figure appeared.

Appeared?!

Everyone's eyes involuntarily widened.

Who was it?!

A youth wearing a brand-new mage robe, tall and slender, his handsome face was full of calmness and indifference, and his body exuded a unique temperament that was hard to forget with just a glance.

"It's actually him?!"

Frank subconsciously took a few steps forward, his face filled with shock.

His premonition was not wrong. It really was the youth who rode a dragon and saved him once in the Monster Army.

Claire's face was pale, and the large hand holding the Longbow drooped down dejectedly.

The others were even more excited and shocked to the point of trembling.

Finally, someone could not help but shout.

"It's the Dragon Rider! It's Lord Joelson Edward, ranked eighth on the merit list!"

Dragon Rider!

There were once people who ridiculed him for relying on two saint-level dragons to show off his might. In terms of strength, he might not even be ranked in the top 10,000 on the merit list.

But now, Joelson used facts to ruthlessly slap those people in the face.

Compared to the two saint-level dragons, what was even more terrifying was that he himself did not have a talent that could be compared to others.

He was a super genius that suppressed all the historical figures of the various races.

A true genius!

Even people like Frank and Claire would definitely lose their luster under his brilliance!

Excitement, shock, jealousy, and then ecstasy.

With such a super genius in the human race, this Planar War...

How could they lose?!

Looking at Joelson, a thought flashed through the minds of the majority of the people present.

The first place on the merit list would probably have to be replaced.

Joelson was slightly surprised. He did not expect that there would be so many people gathered outside when he was promoted.

He turned his head and saw the strange phenomenon that was slowly dissipating in the sky. Only then did he understand.

At this moment, Joelson felt that this world was completely different from before when he looked at it again.

The magic elements of each element were distinct, and they moved according to his will.

As long as he wanted to, he could summon a sea of fire, huge waves, lightning, and a torrent of metal around him at any time!

Fire-type forbidden spells, water-type forbidden spells, electricity-type forbidden spells, metal-type ultimate alchemy..

Joelson could not help but feel like he wanted to find someone to try it out with.

His gaze naturally fell on Frank, Claire, and an exceptionally strong man.

The battle intent on Joelson's body continued to rise. Blazing flames ignited in his eyes, and his eyes became brighter and brighter.

The onlookers were shocked.

Dragon Rider, was he planning to challenge the positions of the three great geniuses after advancing?!

With the pride of Frank and the other two, they naturally had no chance of retreating in the face of Joelson's attitude.

They flapped their wings, and the wind circled around Frank's body, slowly levitating his body.

Claire gripped her longbow tightly.

The barbarian warrior, Nahum, panted violently like a magical beast. His terrifying aura made the surrounding people hurriedly dodge away from him.

The great battle was about to begin.

However, no one was willing to be the first to make a move.

That meant that he admitted that he was inferior to the other party.

Four auras shot straight into the sky, stirring up the originally cloudy sky into a paste.



## Chapter 197: The Counterattack Horn That Sounded Ten Years in Advance

Everyone was surprised to find that although Joelson had just been promoted, his momentum was not inferior to the other three geniuses.

He even had a faint feeling that he had surpassed the three of them.

It was too terrifying.

None of them were willing to make the first move!

Joelson took a light step forward.

'Then I'll do it.'

He planned to pull the three of them into his battlefield as he did in the king's city.

One against three!

Suddenly, a vast horn sounded.

Everyone turned their heads at the same time. On the horizon in the distance, a streak of black quickly spread over.

The sky in that area was also very dark due to the demonic aura from the other plane.

"The Monster Army is here!"

Joelson stopped.

Frank and the other two also stopped. Four gazes crossed each other in the air.

Joelson chuckled and flew into the air.

This time, he did not rely on the air-type flying spell. Instead, he relied on the power of the saint-level to fly into the air.

This feeling was completely different.

Joelson quickly rushed in the direction of the Monster Army. Frank snorted and followed closely.

Claire also raised her longbow, and bright light gathered on the arrowhead.

Nahum raised his head and roared. A few giant axes the size of adults appeared in his hands as he ran forward.

The four of them reached a consensus without saying anything.

They would compare their strengths based on the merit points obtained during the surprise attack of the Monster Army.

Joelson rushed at the front, and his mage robe fluttered in the wind.

His eyes were as bright as two stars.

The meteor sword appeared in his right hand. A streak of light streaked across, and the meteor sword lit up with brilliant blue flames.

He waved his hand and slashed.

On the mottled ground, a blue wall of fire that was two to three hundred yards high lit up out of thin air. It was like a huge wave in the ocean, rolling toward the Monster Army.

Boom!

The Monster Army in this section was blocked by Joelson alone.

Countless daemons were burned into ashes in the blue flames before they could even scream.

A chieftain-level daemon roared at Joelson. The blue flames condensed into the shape of a chain. The terrifying aura made the daemon stop in its tracks. Its eyes were filled with fear.

However, the flame chain did not let it escape easily. It quickly wrapped around it.

The commander-tier monster was wailing.

In the next second, a huge head rolled down as Joelson's figure flashed past.

Commander-tier monster.

Dead!

Killed a saint-tier in an instant!

Joelson's strength had steadily stepped into the middle stage of the saint-tier. According to his estimation, the combat strength that he could unleash should be close to forty thousand!

Joelson's thin figure was like an insurmountable gap. The blue flames blocked the Monster Army a thousand yards away from the city wall.

The warriors on the wall were at a loss. There were no monsters for them to resist. They could only look at a figure in front of them, their eyes filled with deep respect and admiration.

Frank and the other two were doing the same thing.

Frank gave up his advantage in speed. He spread his wings and released a waterfall-like green wind blade, easily cutting off the body of the leader-tier monster.

The ordinary daemons could not even resist. They were all cut into countless pieces in the wind blade waterfall.

Claire pulled her longbow, and silver arrows fell like meteors on the Daemons' army. Each strike could blow away countless daemons.

Nahum was like a bulldozer ramming around in the Daemons' army. Wherever his footsteps passed, countless daemons were crushed into pieces.

The people on the city wall looked at the backs of the four gods with great excitement.

They could not wait to raise their heads and cheer.

This was the genius of our plane!

Gradually, Joelson did not seem to be satisfied with the current situation.

"Roar!"

The figures of Du Lu and the steel dragon appeared on the battlefield. Joelson stepped on the red and blue waves of flames and continued to move forward.

Du Lu and the steel dragon acted as the strongest shields to protect him on both sides.

The three of them formed a triangular formation, like a sharp sword that stabbed into the Monster Army and kept going deeper.

Frank and the other two were also stimulated. They followed the example of Joelson and carried countless monsters forward.

If one looked down from the sky, one would see an extremely shocking scene.

On this battlefield, four figures were moving against the tide of the endless Monster Army. Behind them were countless corpses and empty spaces.

And Joelson was at the forefront!

The sounds of fighting gradually turned into cheers, and the morale of the warriors of various races was strong.

The first person jumped off the city wall, and soon there was a second, a third...

Countless people followed the footsteps of the four geniuses and blew the horn of counterattack.

This was the first time they had been passively defending against the invasion of the Monster Army.

All the races on the continent had taken the initiative to counterattack!

And all of this was only brought about by four people. More accurately, it was brought about by Joelson alone.

Using the power of one person to save the situation!

What Joelson did not know was that outside the Land of Heritage, under the star pillar, there was another group of people cheering for him.

The star that represented him was now dazzling. The light almost suppressed the four bright moons at the top!

Scenes of fighting quickly flashed past Joelson's eyes.

He suddenly understood.

Because of his appearance, the continent's counterattack had been brought forward by ten years!

Level-10 forbidden spell, purgatory catastrophe. Raging heavenly flames descended from the sky, and countless monsters were turned into charcoal.

The level-10 forbidden spell, the ultimate alchemy, and the monsters that were swept by the dark golden light were all frozen in place, turning into malevolent metal statues.

The level-10 forbidden spell, the frozen land...

Using the knights longsword as a medium, the level-10 forbidden spells of various elements were casually waved out, and large groups of monsters fell to the ground and died like wheat being cut.

"Roar!"

A roar that resounded throughout the world!

The space split open, and a monster shrouded in thick black gas descended onto the battlefield. Everyone's breathing stopped.

A trace of solemnity flashed across Frank and the other two's faces.

Countless people's eyes revealed panic and fear.

A general-level monster!

Retreat?

Joelson laughed in a low voice.

Raising his longsword high!

Blue flames burned!

Du Lu and the steel dragon circled behind him and roared!

He had killed many commander-level monsters, general-level monsters.

This was the first time.

Joelson rode the two dragons and charged forward ferociously!

Frank and the other two men's eyes suddenly shot out a strong light. They were silent for a few seconds and charged forward together.

This was a monster that was as big as a giant wolf, but had cow hooves under its feet, a black horn on its head, and scarlet eyes.

Compared to it, the leader-tier wolf Fenrir that Joelson had seen before could even be called docile.

"It's a nightmare," Frank said in a low voice with a serious expression.

It was a terrifying monster that hid in the deepest darkness and gave people endless nightmares.

The nightmare beast stepped on the void, leaving black footprints wherever it went. Even if a monster stepped on it, it would be corroded into a pool of black water in a few seconds.

There was a trace of fear in the eyes of the warriors of all races as if they were rushing to avoid the nightmare beast.

Not only were the warriors of all races afraid of it, but even the Monster Army was the same. They all avoided it.

## **Chapter 198: 230,000 Achievement Points**

Joelson's eyes were bright and his fighting spirit was high, but his heart was extremely calm.

Blue flames rose from under his feet and condensed into dozens of thick and long chains, shooting towards the nightmare beast at high speed.

The Nightmare Beast didn't seem to have any intention of escaping, allowing the blue chains to bind it tightly.

Joelson jumped up high, holding the meteor sword in his hand. His whole body fell like a meteor, leaving a long, beautiful trail of flames.

"Du Lu," Joelson called out in a low voice.

Du Lu and the steel dragon pounced at the Nightmare Beast from two directions at the same time.

The Nightmare Beast let out a low growl and suddenly raised its head. A powerful aura burst out.

The blue chains cracked.

It raised its claws.

Du Lu and the steel dragon's huge bodies were sent flying like scarecrows.

Joelson's pupils suddenly contracted.

The gap was too big.

The Nightmare Beast's strength was at least 60,000 combat power.

A general-level monster was actually so terrifying!

It forcibly stopped its falling body, but the Nightmare Beast had no intention of letting it go. Its ferocious body suddenly disappeared.

In the next moment, it appeared in front of Joelson.

A lump of stinky black water spurted out of its mouth.

Joelson subconsciously waved his sword, and the blue flame soared.

The powerful fusion power of the two elemental laws melted like ice and snow in front of black.

Only half of the black water was destroyed, and the remaining power was still pouring toward Joelson.

"Dark gold fortress!" Joelson shouted in a low voice, and the metal magic elements rushed towards him crazily, forming a thick, rhombus-shaped shield in front of him.

But even the solid metal fortress was quickly decaying under the corrosion of the black water.

Joelson retreated quickly, blocking one shield after another.

Corrosion, resist, resist again, resist again.

The black water was continuously destroyed, finally disappearing completely.

Just as Joelson heaved a sigh of relief, the Nightmare Beast's body filled his entire field of vision, and a huge cow's hoof stepped over his head.

"Whoosh!"

A swift wind blew past, and Joelson's body suddenly sped up, narrowly avoiding the attack.

The silver meteor fell, striking the Nightmare Beast's cheek. The latter turned its head in anger, and Claire was slowly drawing her bow.

Joelson turned around. Frank stood behind him and said coldly, "This is not something you can deal with alone."

He paused for a moment and added, "Together."

The corner of Joelson's mouth rose slightly.

A rude figure rushed over and forcefully pushed the nightmare beast away by a long distance.

It was Nehm of the barbarian race.

His pure physical strength seemed to be even stronger than a saint-level dragon.

The three great prodigies had all arrived.

Joelson twisted his neck and tightened his grip on his longsword again. He laughed softly. "Again."

Blue flames burst forth once again.

Du Lu, the steel dragon, and Nehm were tightly entangled with the nightmare beast. Meanwhile, Joelson, Frank, and Claire were attacking it crazily.

The Nightmare Beast was also in a sorry state.

The warriors of all races were extremely excited and excited when they saw it.

So, what if it was a general-level monster?

It was still being beaten up by the Dragon Rider and the geniuses of all races!

The morale soared.

With this section of the city wall as the center, a huge circle continued to spread.

That was the defeated and defeated Monster Army. It was supposed to be the most ferocious time, but it was like a receding tide.

Joelson deeply felt that after the saint-level, the gap between each stage was like a huge chasm.

For example, killing a commander-level monster was as easy as killing a mosquito. The Nightmare Beast felt the same when it looked at him.

The pressure was too great.

Commander-level and commander-level were completely different worlds.

This was supposed to be a monster that existed on the central battlefield.

The Nightmare Beast was like a lion that was being played by a pack of wolves. It finally could not hold back its anger.

It shook off the two dragons and one man as if it had gone mad. It stared at Claire, who was shooting arrows in the distance.

This little bug kept using arrows to harass it, which made him feel very uncomfortable.



The Nightmare Beast's black figure disappeared quickly as if it had faded and disappeared into the air.

Frank's expression changed drastically and he shouted loudly.

"Be careful!"

Before he could finish his words, the space behind Claire Cracked Open. The Nightmare Beast jumped out from within and bit at him fiercely.

Joelson desperately tried to save him, frantically adding various magic barriers to him, but to no avail.

The elves were famous for their archery, but their defense and speed were weak.

Claire's face was pale, and he watched as the distance between the Nightmare Beast's mouth and his was getting closer and closer.

At this time, another space crack appeared.

A great sword that was emitting golden light slashed out from within, just right between the Nightmare Beast and Claire, blocking the Nightmare Beast's mouth. The golden light that shot out caused the nightmare beast to roll out in a sorry state.

A knight covered in golden light stepped out from the void.

Claire, who had escaped death, shouted in surprise, "Lord Dylan!"

Frank and Nehm also showed faint excitement and respect on their faces.

Joelson could not see the face of the knight clearly. He could only see a pair of eyes that were full of dignity as if they had stopped on him for a moment.

The knight said in a low voice, "It is not something that you can deal with right now. You are the hope of the continent."

With that said, the beautiful longsword that was filled with countless traces was raised high up. A golden light that was as dazzling as the sun shot out.

Joelson could not help but close his eyes. When he opened them again, the knight and the magical beast had disappeared.

"Lord Dylan has driven the Nightmare Beast back to the central battlefield," Frank said in a low voice.

Joelson was shocked. Such a terrifying power.

God's domain?!

And it was at the peak of the sage-level?!

The great battle came to an end after two days.

This was a victory that had never been seen before.

For the first time, all the races on the continent came out of their stifled resistance and took the initiative to kill the Monster Army back to their own nest.

Joelson did not know how many daemons he had killed in this battle.

There were dozens of commander-level monsters and dozens of commander-level monsters.

In the end, the monsters above saint-level had been killed by them until they were scared. They hid in the back and did not appear. Instead, they let the low-level monsters come up and die.

With the protection of two commander-level dragons and the means of a mage, Joelson was really too powerful.

He was like a moving meat grinder on the battlefield. Wherever he went, he would be emptied.

Frank and the other two looked at him with a complicated expression. The person who cleaned up the battlefield and counted the merit points had not returned yet.

However, they knew that they had already lost.

Their killing efficiency could not be compared to Joelson's. They could not compete with him even if they fought for monsters.

His own strength was not inferior to theirs. Moreover, he had the identity of a dragon rider. His overall strength was already firmly superior to theirs.

Countless people on the city wall looked at them with eyes full of respect.

This battle, many people would never forget.

Someone ran over and shouted loudly.

"I've roughly calculated the merit points!"

"Lord Frank, 86,000 Merit Points!"

"Lord Claire, 69,000 merit points!"

"Nehm Darren, 94,000 merit points!"

"Dragon Rider, Joelson Edward!"

The liquidator paused and gulped. He was excited and trembling as he shouted.

"230,000 merit points!"

The entire battlefield fell silent. Countless gazes instantly focused on Joelson.

## **Chapter 199: The Trial Ends. Summon the Dark Magic Dragon**

A total of 230,000 merit points.

It was more than twice the total of the others' merit points. It was more than twice that of Nehm, three times that of Frank, and four times that of Claire!

The magic light danced crazily, and all the geniuses below Claire moved down a position.

Joelson Edward, who ranked fourth, had a total of 400,000 merit points!

After a short silence, the field was filled with enthusiastic cheers.

It was the voice of the human warriors.

The name of the dragon rider resounded in the sky above the battlefield and continued to extend along the battle line.

Everyone knew.

This was not the end, but the beginning.

Very soon.

Joelson would definitely surpass Frank and the other two and reach the top!

Three months after this battle, Joelson surpassed Claire with 700,000 total merit points and was ranked third on the merit list.

Four months after the battle, Joelson surpassed the number one genius of the Barbarians, Nehm, and was ranked second on the merit list.

Six months after the battle, Joelson, who had disappeared for two whole months, reappeared with an indifferent expression and wounds all over his body.

The dragon flapped its wings, and the heads of dozens of commander-level monsters and dozens of commander-level monsters rolled down. The smell of blood soared into the sky.

On that day, Joelson had brought a million merit points and reached the top of the merit list. Frank, who was ranked second, was two hundred thousand merit points behind him. Only after three days did his talent pale in comparison.

On that day, the human race was in an uproar. The other races looked at the person on the dragon's back in silence.

On that day, the name of the Dragon Rider, Joelson Edward, spread throughout the entire battlefield. More than five God's domain experts had arrived at the edge of the battlefield and personally acknowledged Joelson as a "genius."

On that day, the dragon's roar echoed throughout the battlefield.

Joelson turned around and approached the central battlefield.

However, since that day, every time Joelson returned from hunting, he was covered in wounds. His dragon had disappeared.

It was said that a general-level monster had started targeting Joelson, trying to kill him before he ascended to God's domain.

Joelson's dragon had died at the hands of a general-level monster.

The situation was getting more and more serious. Joelson did not shrink back as many people thought. On the contrary, he hunted more frequently and even appeared on the central battlefield many times.

Three months after Joelson reached the top of the merit list, he had died unexpectedly.

The strongest genius of all races had died. The legend of the Dragon Rider was no longer there.

He streaked across the night sky like a meteor. After a brief moment of glory, he quickly vanished.

Countless people lamented for it.

Joelson slowly opened his eyes. He had died under the siege of two general-level monsters, including the Nightmare Beast that he had fought before.

Du Lu and the steel dragon had been "killed" during the previous two attacks of the general-level monsters. Their true injuries were not serious, but they could not be summoned again. It seemed that they had lost the right to "accompany the trial".

After that, Joelson hunted alone, and he was even more "crazy".

Because he knew that he had almost "cleared" the trial, and there was no need for him to continue.

He might as well keep approaching the central battlefield, and see higher-level battles before he left.

It was within his expectations that a general-level monster would target him. He also needed to announce his exit in such a heroic way.

Light blossomed in Joelson's eyes as scenes flashed past.

Joelson saw that after he "fell," Frank, Claire, and Nehm began to hide under the protection of God's domain powerhouses.

It seemed that he had attracted most of the monster's attention. In history, Frank, Claire, and Nehm, who should have fallen one after another, gradually ascended to God's domain twenty years later.

On the merit list, the number of people with millions of merit points was increasing, but his name had always existed.

It had never fallen, it had never dimmed, and it had never been erased.

Fifty years later, the various races of the continent drove the monsters back to the other plane, and the protracted planar war ended.

The remaining divine realm and saint-level powerhouses established the "Divine realm" at the entrance of the passage leading to the other plane, working together to guard the spatial rift and prevent the monsters from attacking again.

The star pillar was pulled up from the ground. The weapons and legacies of the warriors who died in the war were sent to the star pillar as a place for the juniors to train.

The Middle Road was redivided by the various races. The powerful races established their own countries one after another.

The human race no longer unified the continent. The Inmotati Empire was located in a corner.

The legend of the Dragon Rider would be spread among the various races from time to time. Especially those veterans who survived the plane war. They would often think of the meteor-like genius of the human race.

Because of the appearance of Joelson, the course of history was completely changed.

Then, everything ended.

Taking back his gaze, Joelson's expression was absent-minded, as if he had just woken up from a great dream.

He sighed softly, but it was a pity that everything was fake.

At this moment, the things that appeared in front of him seemed to be confirming this point.

Countless broken weapons were left behind by the warriors of the various races who had died in the planar wars.

Knight swords, staffs, spears...

Many of them were still flowing with a faint purple legendary light, and there were even remnants of epic light. Unfortunately, they were all broken pieces of weapons.

At a glance, Joelson saw a legendary longbow that had been broken in two. The green leaves on both ends had withered and dimmed.

It was Claire's longbow. He had not become the new elven king and established the Elven kingdom.

He was dead.

There was also the giant axe of the barbarian tribe, Nehm. Even the blade of the axe had curled up.

The war five thousand years ago was far more tragic than what Joelson had experienced.

Joelson walked forward and strolled through the ruins of the battlefield. The sounds of battle seemed to echo in his ears again.

This was his reward after the trial.

Saint-level magic beast essence crystals, giant dragon bones.

Any one of them was enough to make the people outside go crazy.

As long as Joelson was willing, he could take them all.

Suddenly, his expression changed, and a large amount of evil and dark aura appeared in front of him.

It was the corpses and cores of the otherworld monsters.

They piled up into a small mountain.

At a glance, many of them were above the saint-level.

A wave of excitement rose in Joelson's heart. He did not forget the real purpose of coming to the Land of Heritage.

The dark magic dragon.

Joelson could not wait any longer. He stored all the magical beast essence crystals into the Dragon God Ranch.

The system's voice rang out.

"Do you wish to exchange for the dark magic dragon egg fragment?"

"Yes."

With a large number of magical beast essence crystals, Joelson decided to directly summon an adult dark magic dragon.

"Summoning."

"The sleeping dark magic dragon."

Within the space of the Dragon God Ranch.

The bright sky suddenly became very dark. Dark clouds condensed into a vortex, and dark purple lightning danced in the clouds.

An extremely terrifying aura was revealed from the vortex.

All the giant dragons in the ranch let out uneasy roars. Du Lu and the steel dragon circled in the sky, growling at the vortex vigilantly.

Two scarlet light pillars fell, bringing endless fear.

Joelson's pupils contracted, only to see a magic dragon that was darker than the night falling slowly.

The terrifying aura seemed to freeze the air, making it hard to breathe.

Du Lu and the steel dragon were restless.

This dark magic dragon gave them a feeling that was even more oppressive than a general-level monster.

## **Chapter 200: The Power of God, Chesterton**

Joelson was starting to regret it.

If he had known that he would only exchange for the eggs of the dark demon dragon, the mature dark demon dragon would have been filled with too many uncertainties.

Fortunately, the mysterious power of the Dragon God's Ranch was suppressing it.

Although the terrifying dark demon dragon looked scary, it didn't do anything that would harm Joelson and the other dragons.

The dark magic dragon directly occupied half of the space of the ranch. Joelson had no choice but to expand the ranch again.

The dark magic aura emitted from the latter's body infected the space into the abyssal magic region in a short period of time. No one dared to approach it.

The dark magic dragon's scarlet eyes swept over Joelson and the other dragons. Then, it slowly closed its eyes as if it was in a deep sleep.

'Before the rancher's intimacy with the dark magic dragon reaches 60, I can't casually summon the dragon to fight for myself

'I can choose to feed the dragon to increase the intimacy...

'Or I can offer a sacrifice to exchange for the magic dragon's attack times \* 1.

'Current intimacy with the Dragon: 10.

'Feeding the magic dragon to increase the intimacy.



Joelson felt a headache coming on. He should exchange for the dark magic dragon's egg.

Before the intimacy level reached 60 points, he could not casually summon the dark dragon to battle. He could not share the dark dragon's talent.

The latter had almost become a decoration.

The system suggested that he could exchange the dark dragon's attacks with sacrifices, but what were the sacrifices?

There were still many magic crystal cores left. Joelson took a few and slowly walked towards the dark dragon.

Only when he stood in front of this evil creature did he realize how terrifying it was. It was as if he was facing the abyss.

Even though he knew that the dark dragon would not do any harm to him, Joelson could not help but break out in cold sweat.

He placed the monster cores in front of the dark dragon.

The sound of his breathing was like a hurricane passing through the canyon.

The dark dragon did not even lift his eyelids.

Joelson took out a few more monster cores that were all commander-level and above.

There was still no reaction from the dark dragon.

It continued to increase.

When the number of monster cores in front of the dark dragon reached 20, the dark dragon finally opened its eyes.

Its scarlet eyes were like fresh blood, cold and cruel.

It inhaled slightly, and a stream of air swallowed all the monster cores into its mouth.

The dark dragon closed its eyes again.

He checked the system interface and found that the intimacy level had increased by 1 point!

He could not help but smile bitterly.

Although the adult dark dragon was powerful, it was also a bottomless pit.

He did not know if he could increase the intimacy level to 60 points by feeding all the monster cores to it.

Before that, the dark dragon was just a decoration.

After leaving the Land of Heritage, he felt the surging magic power in his body like a tidal wave. He was slightly satisfied.

Regardless of whether what he experienced in the Land of Heritage was illusory or not, the power of a saint-level was real.

That was enough.

Light shone from the outside in front of him. He tidied up his mage robe and walked out calmly.

Outside the star pillar, everyone was looking forward to it.

Since half a month ago, the star that everyone was paying attention to suddenly released a strong light.

And at a steady and determined speed, it climbed up step by step.

The entire Land of Heritage was completely boiling.

The news kept spreading to the outside world. Not only the humans but even the dwarves and elves had tourists rushing over.

Even the Anglo-motadi royal family had sent people over.

It was completely beyond everyone's imagination.

The light of the stars was still increasing. At this time, it had already surpassed all the stars on the pillar of stars and was infinitely close to the four bright moons at the top.

Could it be that another bright moon-level genius was about to be born?!

The fifth bright moon?!

No one knew. Everyone was looking forward to it.

Many people had not even rested for nearly half a month, just so that they would not miss the moment when the genius descended.

Pryce was one of them.

The development of the matter was gradually getting out of his control.

Pryce's expression was very ugly. He regretted it.

The Three Saints had arrived a long time ago. What if the genius that everyone was looking forward to was really Joelson?

Would the Holy See start a war against Joelson for the sake of a mere necromancer slave?

Don't be silly.

If they knew that he was the one who instigated it, perhaps even the title of Silver Hand would be taken away.

The red-robed bishop did not dare to make a sound. He had a vague feeling that something was not right.

Lord Pryce of silver hand seemed to have caused a huge disaster. Oh, no, he was on the way to causing a huge disaster.

The red-robed bishop looked up at the star that was so bright that it almost covered the moon. He felt a deep shock in his heart. All that was left was to pray.

The almighty God of light, such a terrifying genius, must not be an enemy of the Church of Light.

A white streak of light streaked across the sky, and everyone raised their heads to look.

The red-robed bishop was stunned for a moment, then shouted in surprise, "It's Lord Chesterton!"

In the distance, a handsome young man wearing a pure white priest robe with golden edges could be seen sitting on an extremely mystical saint-level unicorn.

The unicorn's fur was as white as snow, and it had a sky-blue horn on its head. It had two wings on its back, and its entire body was emitting a faint holy white light.

The others also recognized his identity.

"It's Chesterton from the Church of Light!"

"The authority of God! I didn't expect him to come as well!"

"Is he planning to recruit this genius that has never appeared before?"

The three figures quickly abandoned themselves and went up to the handsome young man.

They were the three light saints who had already arrived at the Land of Heritage.

Pryce sneered when he saw this.

"These people who cling to power."

Chesterton landed on the ground. The first thing he saw was the strange scene on the pillar of stars. There was a hint of shock and surprise in his eyes. He quickly retracted his gaze.

He looked at Pryce indifferently and said, "Where is the necromancer you mentioned?"

Pryce had the urge to point at the pillar of stars, but he gave up on that idea in the end. He said coldly, "He's in the crowd. Someone has made such a big scene. I can't find his position anymore."

Chesterton did not look at him. A golden scepter appeared in his hand and he chanted in a low voice, "As far as the eyes of God can see, darkness has no place to hide. Eye of judgement!"

A thick white light surged out of his body and gathered in the air to form a huge golden eye.

The huge eye revealed an indescribable dignity and coldness. It shot out a golden light and swept across the field.

Waves of exclamations sounded.

"What is Chesterton trying to do? is he going to hunt down the heretics?!"

"The holy church's methods are too overbearing!"

The golden light from the eye of judgement swept across the crowd, and many people revealed disgruntled expressions.

Chesterton's expression was indifferent. He did not care about what these people thought.

With a few saint-level masters present, no matter how angry they were, they did not dare to say it out loud.

Suddenly, a few figures jumped out of the crowd and rushed in several directions.

Chesterton snorted coldly. "It's those rats hiding in the darkness again."

It was the people of the Dark Church.

Without waiting for Chesterton to make a move, a few followers of the Church of light had already flown up.

## **Chapter 201: The Sun-Level Genius Who Surpassed the Bright Moon**

Not long after, the three saints returned with a few figures that looked like corpses.

All the bones in their bodies had been broken, but they were still alive. They would be sent back to the Holy See to be judged.

Elin's expression also became nervous.

"Are they looking for you?"

She subconsciously turned her head to look at Frederick, who also had a slightly solemn expression on his face.

"I hope not."

Elin knew Frederick's true identity.

A necromancer.

However, during this period of time, Frederick did not show any of the evil and cruelty that was rumored to be a necromancer. She subconsciously regarded him as her companion, almost forgetting that she was held hostage by Johnson and the others.

The probing light from the eye of judgement swept over. Elin was even more nervous than Frederick, and her heart was pounding rapidly.

Frederick lowered his head so deep that his expression could not be seen clearly.

The golden light swept over.

Nothing happened.

Elin heaved a sigh of relief.

Suddenly, the golden light that had been transferred over, turned back.

A hint of a smile appeared on Chesterton's face.

"I was almost fooled by you."

The golden light instantly expanded, and a thick aura of death burst out from Frederick's body. The evil aura made the people around him cry out in surprise.

"Necromancer!"

Chesterton's eyes turned cold. "It's more surprising than I thought. An evil soul that has lived for who knows how long."

Even Pryce and the red-robed bishop were stunned.

Was it not just a level eight necromancer?

Chesterton slowly floated up, and a pure white sound and light blossomed. The might of a saint-level necromancer, Frederick, rushed over.

The three light saints flew up as well.

Frederick's body emitted a grayish-white evil aura that drew people's attention.

Elin covered her mouth tightly.

I've been discovered!

What should I do?!

At this moment, Fredrick raised his head and looked at her. There was no trace of panic on his face.

"Stay far away, little girl."

Elin felt that there was even a hint of joy in Fredrick's eyes. In her daze, she seemed to see Fredrick's sinister smile.

Fredrick said in a low voice, "Holy Church of Light, you're finished now. I've been chased by you like a rat for hundreds of years. The situation is different now."

Frederick suddenly jumped out.

Chesterton sneered, and the white holy light turned into a huge cross and smashed down heavily.

Frederick didn't dodge at all. His chest caved in from the impact of the cross, and he vomited blood wildly.

The smile on his face seemed to bloom even more passionately.

Chesterton was slightly stunned, and the others were also stunned.

He had no intention of resisting at all.

Was this necromancer planning to commit suicide?!

Frederick's gaze was fixed in one direction, and the smile on his face grew stronger and stronger.

Everyone followed his gaze, and their eyes widened in their dreams.

They only saw that the star on the pillar of stars was bursting with the most dazzling light in history, devouring the Bright Moon.

Countless people had wondered if the fifth Bright Moon would appear on the pillar of stars.

This moment was happening.

The star that had been silent for a long time seemed to finally not be satisfied with its current position, and once again revealed a climbing posture.

The blooming light was more dazzling than the moon.

It gradually spread out, as if it wanted to devour the four Bright Moons above their heads.

Countless people widened their eyes, watching the star climb up bit by bit. It was unstoppable, forcibly squeezing out a spot among the four Bright Moons.

It became even more full and resplendent.

The fifth moon.

It appeared!

Even Chesterton was stunned.

As the current God's authority, the younger generation of the Church of Light was, no, the most outstanding genius in the entire middle continent.

At this moment, waves of shock rose in their hearts.

The others were so excited that they could not suppress it. Their bodies began to tremble.

They had personally witnessed the birth of a Bright Moon-level genius. Compared to the violet blade, the God's authority, and the golden lion, it was even more shocking and admirable.

The assassin's fifth Bright Moon had already completely formed. It even slightly suppressed the rest of the Bright Moons.

However, it seemed to feel that this position was still a little crowded. It moved its body and went up.

It still wanted to go up!

"God of light!"

Some people exclaimed in disbelief. Their voices were trembling. "Is it going to... surpass the Bright Moon?!"

The others were also stunned.

They blinked; their eyes filled with confusion.

Above the Bright Moon.

It was already beyond their comprehension.

At the top of the star pillar, there was the void.

Did it want to jump out?!

The light became more and more dazzling, almost making people unable to open their eyes.

It was much stronger than the radiance of the four Bright Moons.

Countless people struggled to open their eyes. Even though tears kept flowing out, they did not want to miss a single detail.

The fifth Bright Moon rose higher and higher. The restriction of the pillar of stars made it feel very uncomfortable.

It broke free.



The entire Land of Heritage lit up.

It was as if two suns had appeared in the sky!

It hung in the sky like a blazing sun.

At this moment, all the stars on the star pillar and the four Bright Moons dimmed.

Everyone was bathed in its light.

In the next second, the star pillar's light increased greatly. The stars and the Bright Moon shone together and resonated.

It was as if they were resonating with each other, cheering and worshipping an existence that had never appeared before.

"Sun radiance!"

Someone shouted excitedly, "This should be considered a sun radiance level genius!"

Everyone's eyes could not move away.

Countless people had a strong premonition in their hearts.

Perhaps, this would definitely be the beginning of someone's era!

As witnesses, they would never forget this scene in their entire lives.

Chesterton stared blankly at the blazing sun, forgetting the holy light in his hands.

The stars were as bright as the blazing sun. If it was night now, it would definitely be as bright as day.

Gradually, someone noticed a figure faintly appearing in the sun and stars.

"He's Out!"

Everyone subconsciously clenched their fists. They were extremely excited as they stared at the blazing sun, unwilling to blink even in death.

The figure gradually became clearer. It was slender and well-proportioned.

It was the appearance of a youth.

When he appeared completely clear in everyone's eyes.

The pillar of stars was completely transparent, and emotions that had been suppressed to the limit burst out from everyone's mouth.

Someone suddenly widened his eyes and shouted crazily, "It's him! I know him! Not long ago, he defeated the Silver Hand and joined forces with a few tier 9 geniuses in the Inmotati Capital!"

"Johnson Edward!"

The surprised and praising voices flooded in like a tide.

Elin covered her small mouth and her beautiful big eyes widened. Looking at the familiar yet unfamiliar figure that was backlit by the brilliance of the Sun, her mind was completely blank.

Although she had already expected it, she could still clearly see Johnson walking out from within.

She would still repeatedly exclaim, "It's really him, it's really this cold and evil guy!" How is he so awesome!

## **Chapter 202: The Crowd Was so Shocked That They Could Not Even Take a Single Blow**

Pryce seemed to have lost all his strength at this moment. His head, which had been held high, hung down deeply. His tall and straight back seemed to have become stooped.

His fingernails sank deep into his palm, and blood dripped down.

A deep sense of powerlessness and despair spread out from his heart, devouring his remaining pride.

He could not compare to him. He could not compare to Joelson for the rest of his life.

He had been defeated once. After silver, he might not even be able to catch up to Joelson in the future.

The red-robed bishop was also dumbfounded. He whispered, "God of light, God of light, how could it be him?"

The red-robed Bishop's face was full of bitterness. He secretly glanced at Pryce.

He had a bad premonition.

This time, he had really gotten himself into big trouble.

However, it wasn't just Pryce. There was also Lord Chesterton.

Chesterton retracted his shocked and jealous gaze.

His good mood of capturing an evil lich was instantly ruined.

He lowered his head and discovered that the strange and Foolish Lich was still laughing, full of mockery and provocation.

Chesterton couldn't help but frown and suppress the Holy Light.

When the holy light touched the aura of the undead on Frederick's body, it let out a sound like flesh burning.

"Ah!" Frederick cried out miserably.

It was particularly ear-piercing in the midst of the cheers, and many people turned their heads to look in this direction.

The person in the brilliance of the sun seemed to be looking over as well.

Frederick cried out even more cheerfully.

His entire face was twisted into a ball, and he looked extremely miserable.

Chesterton felt a little irritated.

It was only the burning of the holy light, and the trial hadn't even begun. As a lich, was there a need to be so exaggerated?

Chesterton even thought that the bones of many low-level followers of the dark cult were much harder than this guy's.

At this moment, Pryce suddenly walked over and said with a gloomy expression, "Let him go!"

Chesterton looked at Pryce coldly. "Are you joking?"

The three saints were also full of doubts.

Pryce was the one who issued the decree of judgement of the light, and the one who summoned them was also Pryce. But now, he took the initiative to ask to let him go.

Was Pryce crazy?!

"Chesterton, if you don't want to get into trouble and don't want to cause trouble for the Church of Light, I suggest you release him now!"

Pryce's tone was serious, and his entire person seemed to have changed. He seemed to have thought of something and was extremely calm.

"Lord God's authority."

The red-robed bishop carefully interrupted, "I implore you to listen to Lord Pryce's suggestion this time."

Chesterton laughed out of anger. The holy light was even more intense, and Frederick's screams were even louder.

"Are you guys ready to abandon the faith of the light? Pryce, you disappoint me."

Chesterton had not finished speaking when he suddenly noticed Pryce's expression was unsightly. He quickly retreated.

The light saint's low voice rang in his ears, "Lord, be careful!"

Chesterton felt his heart palpitate, as if he was being targeted by a terrifying existence.

He subconsciously turned around, only to see a dark golden dragon flying down like a meteorite, accompanied by endless blue flames, crashing towards him.

Chesterton's pupils constricted.

Surging holy light rose from his body, and the golden scepter was raised high, draping over his body along with the three light saints.

"The protection of the God of light, you can't... pfft!"

Boom!

A huge explosion sounded, and the earth shook violently.

Chesterton and the three light saints were thrown out like Ragdolls.

Chesterton fell to the ground. His white priest robe with golden edges was covered in dust, and blood oozed out of the corner of his mouth. He looked very pathetic.

Who was it?!

Before the anger in his eyes could rise, he saw it.

On the back of the huge dragon that covered the sky, a slender figure walked down step by step.

The indifferent eyes looked down at him from the sky and said coldly, "Do you want to die?"

The whole place was silent.

Everyone stared blankly at what had happened, and their minds were still in a daze.

After a short period of blankness, there was an even greater shock.

God's authority, saint-level Chesterton, and three other disciples of light who were also saint-level.

Yet, they weren't even able to take a single strike from Joelson?!

Wasn't Joelson Edward still a ninth-level before this?!

Although there was a sudden attack that caused Chesterton to be unable to react, it was still enough to shock everyone.

Wasn't Joelson's strength too strong?!

How old was he?

He looked even younger than the Silver Hand.

What was even more shocking was...

The huge creature under Joelson's feet.

A dragon.

Its entire body was emitting a dark golden metallic luster, and its aura was extremely terrifying.

A metal-type dragon!

Many people didn't even know what a metal-type dragon was.

Someone explained with a serious expression, "That's an existence even more terrifying than an elemental dragon."

Everyone was shocked!

Was that Joelson's battle partner?!

It seemed like.

He was also a saint-level!

Everyone was almost unable to find words to describe their feelings at this moment.

The feeling of looking up to the extreme, a deep sense of powerlessness.

The radiance of the Sun was still hanging high in the sky.

Only then did everyone understand that Joelson could become a sun-level genius that they had never seen before, a super genius.

That made sense.

Joelson looked down at Chesterton coldly, a terrifying aura emanating from his body.

In the Land of Heritage, he had slaughtered countless monsters, including nearly a hundred saint-level killing intent, causing him to give off a frost-like coldness.

The air seemed to freeze.

"Tell me."

Joelson narrowed his eyes and took another step forward. He glanced at Pryce, who was hiding in a corner with a pale face, and said coldly, "Do you people of the Church of Light want to die?"

Do you want to die?

Pryce's face was extremely ugly.

As the authority of God of the Holy See, he was a top genius in the central continent.

He was respected and praised everywhere. Flowers and praise were his fans.

When had he ever been humiliated like this?

Being stepped on and questioned.

But Chesterton actually felt a sense of humiliation and fear.

He felt the terrifying aura of Joelson and the cold killing intent that was like a sword pressed against his throat.

He felt that he might really die.

He inadvertently caught a glimpse of the evil lich who had looked miserable just a moment ago. At this moment, he was smiling at himself proudly.

Then, he quickly put on a miserable expression and stumbled to Joelson's feet. He immediately knelt down and called out in a low voice.

"Master."

Chesterton finally understood.

Why did Pryce let him go? It turned out; the lich was the servant of the man in front of him.

Chesterton felt that he had been deceived and played.

## **Chapter 203: Beating up Chesterton and Tearing off His Arm**

Chesterton's face was red from anger and humiliation. He stood up and stared at Joelson.

Three light saints walked over and looked at Joelson with fear and respect. They were ready to fight, but their mouths were full of bitterness.

A sun level genius and a saint level dragon.

How could they fight?

Those who could become light saints were all fighters instilled by the Holy See using secret techniques.

Whether it was in terms of combat strength or talent, they were all at the bottom of the saint-level. There was no way for them to advance.

Even if there were three of them now, with the authority of God, they still didn't have any confidence.

Chesterton's eyes were bloodshot. He raised his golden scepter and shouted at Joelson, "Do you want to start a war with the Holy See?"

However, he felt a sense of guilt.

The others were slightly disappointed.

The three geniuses of the Inmotati Empire.

Chesterton was afraid.

Otherwise, he would have retaliated instead of bringing out the Holy See's background.

Joelson ignored Chesterton and said softly, "Get lost."

Everyone was stunned.

Joelson said get lost to the authority of God?!

Arrogance, egotism, and absolute tyranny.

This had always been the attitude of the Holy See towards others, but now it was being returned in the same way.

Many people had strange expressions, but they felt an indescribable joy in their hearts.

This was the attitude of a sun radiance level genius!

Chesterton's face was red, and because of shame and anger, his body started to tremble.

"Speak, God!"

Chesterton suddenly shouted loudly. A dazzling holy light bloomed from his body.

The white gemstone on the golden authority suddenly cracked, and a thick white light enveloped him.

"You walk in the world on my behalf. You must have the power to control everything."

Chesterton's body actually expanded several times in a few seconds. It was as if he himself had become a blazing sun.

Two pairs of golden wings of light spread out from his back, and a blazing sword of light extended from the broken end of the golden authority.

He seemed to be a god who had descended from heaven.

Honorable, cold, and powerful.



The shame and anger on Chesterton's face disappeared completely, and his eyes turned golden, without a hint of human emotion.

The saint-level unicorn received the call and ran over, carrying him up to a higher position than Joelson, looking down at him from high up in the sky.

"Blasphemer of the light, die!" Chesterton said coldly.

Joelson looked at him without any expression. There was no need for him to say anything.

The steel dragon had already rushed out with a furious roar.

The dark gold and white collided, and a powerful force shot out, forming a hurricane. Many people around could not help but retreat.

Joelson stood under the battle, his mage robe fluttering in the wind.

His cold gaze fell on the three light saints.

He changed his form from Chesterton to the form of a four-winged angel.

The three light saints put everything aside. Their faces were full of determination and piety. They formed a triangular formation and charged at Joelson.

Joelson held the meteor sword in his right hand. Blue Flames rose in his left hand.

Soon, the tip of his sword hung low.

Under his feet were three light saints who looked like dead dogs.

All the bones in their bodies had been broken and they were about to die.

If it weren't for the fact that Joelson had specially left them alive, these three people would have already died.

Saint-level. Joelson had killed many.

Looking up, the battle between the steel dragon and Chesterton was still burning.

With a saint-level unicorn around, Chesterton's figure was too nimble, and the steel dragon appeared to be very irritated.

Intense blue flames ignited on Joelson's sword.

The thick and long flame chains condensed, extending out for hundreds of yards.

The power of the fusion of water and fire laws emitted a terrifying power.

Joelson held his sword with both hands and swung it up!

Everyone's eyes widened, and an extremely thick and long blue flame chain reflected in their eyes. It was like a thick and strong python in the sky.

It was as if space was about to be torn apart by this power.

The steel dragon, who had a tacit understanding with Joelson, swung out its draconic tail and quickly retreated.

Chesterton had barely managed to receive this move and did not have the time to react.

The blue flame chain contained a terrifying power as it lashed out fiercely.

"Hiss!"

The holy light unicorn let out a mournful cry.

It had been struck by the chain from the front and had been cut in half from the abdomen.

The blue flame chain continued to attack, striking heavily at Chesterton's chest.

Chesterton's chest caved in, and he spat out a mouthful of golden blood.

The blue flame chain wrapped around his entire body.

Shrink!

The blue flame burned the Holy Light, making a burning sound.

Chesterton was like a chicken that had been bound. His bones were cracking, and he looked miserable.

Joelson looked up at him, raised his long sword, and walked toward Chesterton in the void.

For the first time, Chesterton's eyes showed genuine fear.

The killing intent in Joelson's body was overflowing. Chesterton had been temporarily wiped out of most of his human emotions by the angel power several times, but at this moment, he could not help but feel fear.

He did not want to die!

Fortunately.

He did not want to kill him.

Chesterton noticed that he was looking at him with a regretful and disappointed look.

That look made him feel humiliated like he had never felt before.

It was as if a beautiful robe was draped over a dirty and lowly beggar.

And he was that beggar.

He was regretting the angel heart that Chesterton had crushed and embedded in the golden authority.

It was even more precious than the one he got from Pryce.

A dark golden light bloomed in Joelson's hand. Chesterton's pupils contracted. Before he could react, he felt an irreversible pain in his right hand.

He watched as a dark golden color began to spread from his palm.

The area covered by the dark golden color flashed with a metallic luster. He did not feel anything, as if he was a statue.

Ultimate alchemy.

The dark gold extended all the way to Chesterton's shoulder. A white and powerful hand grabbed his arm.

Chesterton let out a shrill scream.

His metal arm was torn off by Joelson.

The onlookers were stunned.

Chesterton's face was pale due to the pain. Cold sweat kept flowing down his head, and he kept struggling.

However, he was tightly bound by the blue flame chains and could not move at all. His appearance was extremely miserable.

Pryce, who was watching from afar, could not help but tremble due to fear.

The man who had always been on top of him in the Church of Light, who was more outstanding, stronger, and prouder than him, had his arm torn off without any ability to resist.

"I want it back," Joelson grabbed Chesterton's metal arm and glanced at him indifferently.

"I want to exchange ten angel hearts for it."

## **Chapter 204: The Eye of the Abyss**

As soon as the words left Joelson's mouth, the atmosphere froze.

Chesterton stared at Joelson; his eyes filled with hatred like a poisonous snake. There was no trace of the dignity and elegance of the authority of God.

The blue flame chains loosened, and Chesterton, who had broken his arm, fell to the ground weakly.

Joelson stepped on the back of the steel dragon. The latter raised its wings, and the violent wind pressure swept across the entire area.

Everyone subconsciously took a few steps back.

Pryce noticed that the terrifying metal monster was heading towards him. Being stared at by the cold dark golden eyes, he felt as if he would be swallowed at any moment.

Joelson stood at a high place and looked at Pryce indifferently.

If he used his brain a little, he would be able to guess that it must be because of Pryce.

He raised his hand casually.

Bang!

Pryce seemed to have suffered a heavy blow. He was sent flying like a kite with a broken string by an invisible force.

He crawled up in a sorry state. Half of his face was swollen, and there was a clear palm print on it.

"Next time, I want your head."

After saying that, without even looking at Pryce, Joelson rode the steel dragon and flew into the distance.

Everyone stared at his back in a daze. Suddenly, a voice cried out.

"Master!"

Frederick frantically chased after Joelson's back.

The sunlight that was suspended at the top of the pillar of stars was still dazzling. The entire place was silent.

Looking at Pryce, who was kneeling on the ground, the three remaining light saints, and Chesterton who was struggling to get up, the holy light unicorn whined in a low voice before it died.

They had not yet recovered from the great shock.

A series of events made everyone's minds dull as if everything in front of them was happening in a dream.

In a short time.

They witnessed the second sun hanging high in the sky.

Someone walked out of the sun.

Beating the light saints.

Tearing the power of God.

Slapping the silver hand.

Without any scruples, extremely overbearing.

After the silence, there was a heated discussion like a volcano eruption.

Some people said that Joelson stepped on the violet blade and the bones of the golden lion to create an era that belonged to him.

Some people guessed that the Church of Light would definitely be furious and might declare war on Joelson.

Some people lamented that the human race would have another god-level powerhouse.

No matter what people discussed, they could not avoid the name of a person.

Joelson Edward.

The first sun-tier genius in five thousand years.

The magic array was abnormally busy. Countless people were not in a hurry to leave the Land of Heritage and spread the news of what had happened here.

Elin stared in the direction where Joelson had disappeared and bit her lip tightly. Her face was filled with grievance and anger.

Although they had not known each other for long, that guy had left without even saying goodbye to her. It was really infuriating.

Elin was conflicted about whether she should catch up with Joelson or go somewhere else.

After she suddenly found out how to sneak out, she did not seem to know where to go at all.

It was better to sneak out first.

Elin blended into the crowd, grabbed a bunch of magic crystal coins and stuffed them into the mages' hands, trying to run into the teleportation array.

Two figures suddenly floated in front of her.

Elin saw their faces clearly, and her expression changed. She subconsciously wanted to turn around and run away.

But her body froze on the spot, unable to move.

"Let go of me, bastard!" Elin shouted angrily.

The gray-haired mage among the two bowed respectfully to Elin.

"Your highness, his majesty asked us to invite you back."

"I'm not a princess, you bunch of idiots. The violet flower is in the capital, you've got the wrong person! Woo woo!"

The magic staff was tapped lightly, and Elin could not even make a sound. She only stared with her big eyes.

The two of them quickly brought her to the magic teleportation array and disappeared with a ray of light.

..

At this moment, Joelson was in a wasteland.

Five thousand years had almost covered up all traces of the battle. Only the dry and cracked land seemed to be telling the tragic story of the battle.

The soil that was soaked in the blood of the Otherworld monsters could not grow anything.

Joelson stopped at a pit, and the steel dragon let out a low roar.

This was the place where he "died" in battle, in the trial.

Looking up, the sky in the distance was dark and gloomy. That was the direction of the central battlefield.

"Master! Master!"

A flattering voice sounded from behind.

Joelson did not have any expression, and he turned his head around coldly.

Frederick knelt on the ground humbly, looking at him in a flattering manner.

Joelson snorted coldly.

The steel dragon suddenly stretched out its claws, and Frederick was crushed into a bloody mist before he could even let out a scream.

The green flexible flame slowly floated in front of Joelson, forming Frederick's terrified face.

"Master, I was wrong!"

Joelson looked at him indifferently.

"There won't be a next time."

Frederick nodded desperately. When he faced Joelson again, he often had a feeling of fear.

He did not feel this way when he faced a few giant dragons several times.

Frederick did not know.

During the years of trials and countless battles, Joelson's heart was many times colder than before, and his methods were much more ruthless.

Fredrick's little tricks were clearly seen by Joelson.

However, Joelson did not really care.

In fact, he already had some thoughts of becoming enemies with the Holy See.

If he wanted to exchange for a radiant dragon egg, he could only do so from the radiant church.

Joelson rode the steel dragon and approached the central battlefield.

During the trial, the divine domain and even the power of the gods interweaved. He did not have the right to approach.

Joelson felt that he had obtained the greatest benefits during the trial in the Land of Heritage.

In fact, it was not because of his magic inheritance or his strength or battle experience.

Instead, it was because he had the chance to see some secrets of the battle five thousand years ago.

The closer he got to the center, the stranger the color of the sky became.

The dark clouds completely blocked out the sunlight, and the blood-red lightning flashed in the clouds.

The steel dragon's body kept rising.

Joelson saw an extremely shocking scene.

A huge crack, a sinkhole.

In the Dark Abyss, a cold wind blew from the bottom, and there was an inexplicable coldness and blood on his face.

Blood-red lightning flashed in the darkness like a snake.

It was as if there was an extremely terrifying monster hiding under the ground, and it opened its eyes inadvertently.

It rose higher and higher.



Joelson's pupils constricted.

Looking down from this position, one could see.

The outline of the crack was too strange.

It was very much like the end of a long sword, the end of a scepter, or the edge of an axe cutting deeply into the ground and then pulling it out ruthlessly.

If that was really the case...

Then how big would this weapon be.

Unbelievable.

The power of a God?

What Joelson didn't know was that the gods were still too far away from him.

The saint-level was just the beginning.

Suddenly, Joelson narrowed his eyes.

He saw that there seemed to be a few black figures running at the edge of the crater, but they were too far away.

The figures were so small that they were like ants. It was impossible to see them clearly.

## **Chapter 205: The Secrets of the Planar Wars, the Glory of the Violets**

Joelson considered whether or not he should go over and investigate, but his expression suddenly changed.

Blue flames rose, condensing into a few thick and long chains that swept backwards along with the steel dragon's tail.

Joelson felt as if his power had sunk into a quagmire. Although this quagmire was constantly being extinguished, it still made Joelson feel very uncomfortable.

The steel dragon seemed to have hit something.

A muffled groan sounded in the air.

A black fog streaked across in front of Joelson. It dissipated in the air a few hundred meters away, revealing the figure within.

The dark griffin had three heads. One of the heads drooped listlessly. It seemed that the steel dragon had hit this head.

Four pairs of small blood-red eyes were full of resentment. They stared at the steel dragon and Joelson, but the greater fear made it cower.

Joelson's gaze fell on the figure on the back of the dark griffin.

It was a handsome young man in a luxurious black and gold robe. He had long black hair, but his eyes were scarlet, looking extremely strange and evil.

There was a gentle smile on his face, but it made people feel inexplicably uncomfortable.

It was as if he was targeted by a poisonous snake hidden in the darkness.

When Joelson saw him, he had a feeling that he had seen him before.

He suddenly realized that he had seen such a temperament on a person before.

Ulysses.

The Dark Church.

Saint-level, a young powerhouse who was not inferior to Chesterton.

The handsome young man bowed to Joelson and said, "You can call me the Dark Saint or Webster."

"Nice to meet you, Sir Joelson Edward."

The Dark Saint.

Joelson's eyes focused.

If he remembered correctly, Webster had the meaning of the dragon in the ancient continent language.

"Sir Joelson seems to be very interested in the Eye of the Abyss?"

Webster looked down and said to Joelson in the tone of a good friend for many years.

"The Eye of the Abyss?"

Joelson frowned slightly.

"You don't know?"

A slightly surprised expression appeared on Webster's face, he patiently and gently explained, "It's this big pit under our feet. It's said that it was caused by the battle between the gods that guarded the central continent and the gods of the other planes. The monsters that sealed the people below didn't die."

"Isn't the dimensional rift guarded by the sanctum? Haven't the monsters from other planes all retreated?"

"No, no, no."

Webster shook his head and said, "60% of the monsters have indeed been driven back to their hometown, but there are still some monsters that are clearly unwilling to accept this, and..."

Webster helplessly spread his hands and said, "The Planar War that has lasted for hundreds of years, you can't really think that the monsters are just standing at this entrance and not going any further, right?"

"Knight, what is more troublesome than the war is the cleaning work after the war."

"Our plane is a sweet and delicious cake. The monsters are like flies. A few hundred years is enough for them to stare at the whole cake."

"The heroes spent a whole hundred years to sort out these disgusting things. Some of them even have their own descendants on the continent. How to deal with these poor mixed-blood hybrids between the two planes is really a headache."

"Later, someone suggested throwing them all into the Eye of the Abyss."

Webster chuckled and said, "Now all the problems have been solved. Those bastards have either rotted or stubbornly survived like maggots in the Eye of the Abyss. None of it has anything to do with us. Five thousand years is enough for us to forget the pain caused by that war, leaving only the glory and pride of victory."

Webster slowly conversed with Joelson. His expression alternated between sadness and joy, as if he was a crazy person.

Joelson could not help but interrupt him and said calmly, "The story is good, but I should go."

Webster's face showed shock. "You actually think this is just a story?"

Joelson could not be bothered with him anymore. He rode the steel dragon and was about to fly down.

Webster hurriedly said, "Alright, alright. Forgive me for leaving a bad impression on you."

A sincere smile appeared on Webster's face. He actually had the feeling of a shy youth.

"Actually, I just came specially to convey the intentions of our Dark Church to you. I want to make friends with you. As far as I know, you don't like the Church of Light, right?"

Webster chuckled. "We don't like them either."

Joelson looked at him coldly and said, "Yes, I don't like the Church of Light, but I hate the Dark Church even more."

With that, the steel dragon flapped its wings and turned into a dark golden light that disappeared into the clouds.

Webster's smile froze and gradually disappeared.

Then, the corners of his mouth curled up again, and the corners of his mouth became wider and wider. The side of his handsome face was completely distorted.

A scarlet light blossomed in his eyes, and an extremely evil aura was emitted from his body. Even the dark griffin could not help but tremble.

"A sun-tier genius that has been unmatched for five thousand years? Hehe, how interesting."

..

Joelson did not stay in the Land of Heritage for long.

He left the Land of Heritage through a magic array the next day.

His destination was still the Inmotati Capital.

A short space teleportation.

When Joelson opened his eyes, he was surprised to find that the room in front of him was full of people.

There were mages from the Mage Union and many people wearing royal badges on their chests.

Everyone looked at him respectfully.

Seeing him come out, someone stepped forward and bowed to him, saying respectfully, "Welcome back."

"The glory of the Violets, Sir Joelson Edward!"

The glory of the violets?!

A hint of astonishment appeared in Joelson's eyes.

Was this a way of addressing me?

The palace butler in front of him, who was dressed in luxurious clothes and had curly chestnut hair, guessed Joelson's doubts, he explained respectfully, "His Majesty Nicholas announced yesterday that he will bestow the title of 'The Glory of the Violets' on Sir Joelson. The bestowing ceremony will be held in the Empire Square three days later."

"His Majesty told us to wait here yesterday. Sir Joelson returned earlier than we expected."

Joelson was silent.

Whether it was the ruler of the kingdom or the empire, they were indeed best at this kind of method.

Using the so-called honor or nobility title to rope in the genius powerhouses.

"Lead the way."

Joelson nodded slightly to the palace butler.

No matter what, he still had to meet Nicholas.

The palace butler led the way, and dozens of attendants followed beside Joelson, escorting him out of the Mage Union.

Along the way, almost all the mages in the Mage Union had run out.

The magic research that had previously intoxicated them was now abandoned without hesitation.

It was all because of one person.

Joelson.

What had happened in the Land of Heritage had long been spread by busybodies at the fastest speed.

The Inmotati King was the first to be shocked.

In the past five thousand years, there had never been a sun-level genius.

And he came from the human race!

Surprise, shock, admiration, approval, countless gazes surrounded Joelson.

## **Chapter 206: The Second Flower of the Immortal Kingdom, the Red Rose**

When Joelson walked out of the Mage Union, he found that more people were gathered at the entrance.

The crowd automatically opened up a path, and their gazes followed Joelson as he strolled.

Compared to the previous time when the Silver Hand Pryce arrived, the crowd was even bigger. More than half of the commoners in the capital had rushed over.

Both sides of the streets were packed, and even the roofs were filled with people.

"He's the glory of the violet orchid?! The super genius who defeated the Silver Hand and the authority of God!"

"He's even younger and more handsome than I imagined!"

Countless girls in the capital admired him, and pairs of beautiful eyes roamed around Joelson's body.

Most people were excited.

After the violet flower and the violet blade, there was a third existence that could make the people of the immortal empire proud.

The glory of the violet.

The light was like a blazing sun, shining over the territory of the Immortal Empire, illuminating the entire continent.

When Joelson's figure disappeared into the palace, the surrounding onlookers reluctantly dispersed.

There were already bards who had compiled a story about Joelson's deeds, packed their bags, and prepared to leave the territories of other races to spread this new legend.

In the near future, there would be more bards who would chant the name -- Joelson Edward.

The court butler led Joelson to a drawing room and respectfully left.

Joelson walked in.

Nicholas was standing with his back to him as if looking at a painting of a knight on the wall.

Nicholas sensed Joelson's arrival and turned around, his face full of joy, excitement, appreciation, and a hint of respect.

Joelson bowed slightly to Nicholas, showing the greatest respect to the ruler of the empire.

"Joelson Edward."

Nicholas strode towards him. "You've given me too many surprises."

"I'm really curious."

Nicholas sighed. "Where exactly are you from, and who is your teacher?"

Nicholas really could not think of anyone who could teach a genius like Joelson.

In the past five thousand years, no one had been able to match up to his talent. Even Franklin could not compare to him.

Yet, as if he had appeared out of thin air, he suddenly rose up and suppressed all the geniuses of the same level on the entire continent.

Joelson said in a deep voice, "I come from the other side of the sea, the southern region. My teacher is only an ordinary saint-level."

Nicholas was stunned for a moment, and his expression turned unexpectedly serious.

Joelson felt puzzled and could not help frowning slightly.

"Your Majesty seems disappointed?"

"I'm just worried."

Nicholas shook his head and said, "Edward, you are talented enough to raise eyebrows, but you have done enough damage in the Land of Heritage."

"You tore an arm off of Chesterton, slapped the Silver Hand, and nearly killed all three of the Saints of Light."

Nicholas could not help but smile bitterly. "You don't know how shocked I was when I first heard this news. Everything you did was equivalent to slapping the face of the Holy See, even though..."

Nicholas paused for a moment and said in a deep voice, "I don't like those guys who are always arrogant, but the consequences of this matter are really serious."

Nicholas felt some regret in his heart.

He had originally guessed that Joelson might have come from the place that Franklin had gone to a year ago -- the holy region.

He was a disciple of a peak-stage saint-level or even a god-level powerhouse.

He had someone backing him, which was why he dared to be so arrogant. He didn't put the people of the Church of Light in his eyes at all.

Therefore, after he learned about the matter of the Land of Heritage, he immediately bestowed the title of "Violet Glory" on Joelson.

Originally, he wanted to rope in this genius with an immeasurable future, and at the same time, he also wanted to befriend some important figure behind him.

In the end, Nicholas felt a headache coming, but as the monarch of the Inmotati Empire, he also had his own pride.

Since he had already made a choice between Joelson and the Church of Light, he could only continue to stand firmly on Joelson's side.

"The Church of Light is much stronger than you think. The radiant temple has at least one peak-stage saint-level powerhouse guarding it, and there are many other mid-stage saint-level powerhouses as well. These guys have secret techniques that can connect to the heaven realm and receive the divine power of light, such as the heart of an angel."



Ordinary people would not be able to advance to the saint-level even if they worked hard for hundreds of years. However, to them, they were capable of mass-producing thugs, although the price was high.

It was also because of this that the Dark Church was suppressed by them and could not turn the tables.

Nicholas said with a serious expression, "Chesterton is the authority of the God of this generation. He carries the will of the light and is equivalent to the face of the Church of Light. If you were to defeat him in a competition, it would not matter. However, if you tear off one of his arms, the Church of Light will definitely take revenge."

"Edward, there are only two paths in front of you now. Leave the central continent, or..."

Nicholas said in a deep voice, "It is to join the Inmotati Empire and receive the protection of the Violets."

The continuation of the Violets Royal Family also needed to be constantly injected with new blood. What Nicholas meant was that he intended to tie Joelson firmly to the royal family.

When Joelson truly grew up, the royal family would have one more guardian.

Joelson was silent for a moment, then said, "This is what his majesty really wants to say, isn't it?"

Nicholas shook his head and said, "I don't want to bind you. You can choose for yourself."

Joelson said calmly, "What does his majesty want me to do?"

Nicholas looked directly into Joelson's eyes and said seriously, "Marry the violet flower and become one of the true members of the Royal Family!"

Joelson's eyes flickered slightly.

"As long as you can do it, I can get the experts of the sanctum of sages to plead for you. No matter how unwilling the Church of Light is, they will still give the sanctum of sages some face."

Joelson laughed softly, raised his head, and shook his head calmly.

"I'm sorry, but I refuse."

Nicholas frowned slightly, but he seemed to have expected that Joelson would give such an answer.

"Edward."

Nicholas said in a low voice, "Perhaps you should meet them before answering this question."

Joelson was stunned.

They?

Nicholas took Joelson to the palace garden.

Joelson saw violets all over the place, swaying gently in the breeze, and smelled the fragrance.

Isabelle was sitting in a patch of violets.

She was sitting upright, her graceful swan neck slightly raised, her perfect side profile.

She was more elegant and graceful than the violets beside her.

Of course, she was also more tired.

He quickly withdrew his gaze.

Isabelle was very beautiful, but he did not like her.

At this time, there was suddenly a gentle singing voice drifting from the wind.

An unknown song, it was the voice of a young girl, mixed with a touch of sorrow.

Nicholas led Joelson around the violet flowers.

One after another, brilliant red roses spread in front of his eyes.

On the swing that was covered with vines, a girl in a red dress was singing in a low voice.

Larks and nightingales were attracted by the singing and flew over to comfort her depressed mood.

Joelson was shocked. This girl in a red dress was actually the female thief, Elin, who had parted ways in the Land of Heritage!

## Chapter 207: Star Runes, a Shortcut to Rapid Advancement

"Very few people know that there are actually two flowers in the empire, the violet and the red rose."

Nicholas looked at the girl in the red dress from afar, his gaze gentle as he said, "Elin is as beautiful as her mother when she was young, and she yearns for freedom as well. One hates being a princess, and the other hates being a queen, Hehe."

Nicholas turned his head to look at Joelson deeply and said, "As far as I know, Elin left the king's city with you. The two of you stayed together for at least a month."

Elson frowned slightly and tried to explain, but Nicholas waved his hand.

"Think about it carefully, Edward. Your medal ceremony will be held in three days. I hope to hear your answer in front of the entire immortal city."

Joelson was silent.

"Actually, Master, you can think about it. That little girl, Elin, is pretty good. I didn't expect her to be a princess."

Frederick's voice rang in Joelson's ear. Joelson said in a cold and low voice, "Shut up."

Frederick immediately shut his mouth and did not speak anymore.

Nicholas had arranged a residence for Joelson in a royal palace. For the time being, Joelson would stay here.

In the space of the Dragon God's Ranch.

The atmosphere of the ranch was tenser than before.

30% of the area was occupied by the terrifying dark magic dragon.

Although the dragon was sleeping, the other dragons were nervous because they had him around.

The lightning dragon and the water dragon, Enny, had both reached level 9.

After such a long time, the cloud dragon had also grown up and was gradually advancing from level eight to level nine.

The plant dragon, Curtis had also reached level nine. The inheritance given by the Prophet had reached the final stage. It had been sleeping for several months.

When it woke up, it should be at the saint level, completely becoming another prophet, according to Joelson's estimation.

At present, the lowest level was the earth-type dragon, Benedict.

Because Joelson was focusing on cultivating lightning, Benedict could only get a pitifully small amount of farm crops, and he was still at level five.

The big dragons ran amok on the farm, and it could only hide in a corner.

The last time the undead dragon, Hades, came was when it was at level eight. According to it, the dark knight seemed to have met with some trouble recently, and it had been in the middle of a battle. It was also helping.

At that time, Joelson was not worried about Hades' safety. It could freely travel between the underworld and the space of the ranch. If there was any danger, it could escape back at any time.

Joelson was now thinking about his own problem.

After becoming a saint-tier, the main way to increase one's strength was to comprehend new elemental laws.

Joelson had tried it before, but the effect was very weak and the progress was slow.

If he were to completely rely on meditation and comprehension, he might not even be able to comprehend a few new elemental laws in a year.

If he wanted to increase his strength as quickly as possible, he could only do so through the fusion of laws.

The fusion of fire and water elemental laws allowed him to have the strength to look down on the mid-stage saint-tier once he advanced. If he could fuse three elemental laws or four elemental laws, would he be able to challenge the peak of the Saint-tier?!

However, the fusion of laws was too difficult.

Even though Joelson had managed to fuse three elemental laws when he was at the ninth rank, the difficulty of fusing laws was still unimaginable.

Not to mention the three types, even if he were to fuse the other two types of laws now, he would not be able to do it.

Then how did he manage to fuse the laws of water and Fire?

No matter how hard he tried, he could not understand this point.

"Roar!"

The steel dragon growled at him, and Du Lu was also flying around in the air in annoyance.

They wanted to enter the ancient ruins of the Dragon God once again.

The dark demon dragon had given them too much pressure. They were used to being the boss of the Dragon God's Ranch, and now that there was a dragon above their heads, anyone would feel uncomfortable.

"The ancient ruins of the Dragon God."

Joelson looked at the entrance that looked like a whirlpool of stars, and his eyes flickered. "This time, I'll go with you."

After passing through the entrance, they saw a completely different world.

On the vast and barren land, there was a naked starry sky above their heads. They were very close to each other as if they could pluck the stars with just a stretch of their hands.

Upon closer inspection, they suddenly realized that the color of a beautiful star was different. It was extremely magical.

Joelson felt the void.

The magical elements were thin, about 20% of that of the Inmotati Empire.

He raised his head and looked around. He did not see any living creatures. There was a sense of desolation and dead silence.

Joelson climbed up to the back of Du Lu, and the two dragons carried him slowly forward.

Both of them were very careful.

Although they couldn't see any danger around them at this time.

Joelson guessed that each time Du Lu and the steel dragon entered the ruins, the position of the entrance was different.

It seemed that they were not familiar with this place.

But soon Du Lu's speed increased.

The steel dragon flew to the side.

They seemed to be looking for something.

Joelson's eyes were puzzled.

Suddenly, the steel dragon's roar sounded in the distance.

Du Lu heard its call and turned around to fly in its direction.

A red color appeared in front of Joelson's eyes.

It was a fiercely burning fireball. In the fireball was a red glowing rune.

From afar, it looked like a falling meteor.

Joelson suddenly understood and looked up.

The stars in the sky were shining with different colors.

Could they all be runes left behind from ancient times?!

The steel dragon hovered around the red rune, waiting for Du Lu and Joelson's arrival.

Du Lu looked at the rune and a disappointed expression appeared in his eyes.

He shook his head. This was not what he wanted.

However, Joelson was somewhat interested in this rune.

He tried to shoot out a stream of molten metal towards the red rune.

The red rune suddenly shone brightly, and scorching flames gushed out, giving off a ferocious aura.

Du Lu flew forward, opened his mouth, and swallowed all the flames. He lifted his dragon claw and directly took off the red rune.

He handed it to Joelson, shook his head, and there was a bit of disdain in his eyes.

It was as if he was saying, "Even I don't like runes of this level. Master, do you have to go through so much trouble?"

Feeling helpless, he took the rune.

It was the size of a palm in his hand.

The material was like a stone and it was warm. There were red lights flashing on both sides of the stone. It looked rather magical.

After rubbing it for a while, his expression suddenly changed.

He used force and crushed the runestone. A few red lights twisted and appeared. They fled in all directions like living creatures.

Joelson stretched out his hand and used magic power to restrain it. After thinking for a moment, he swallowed it in one gulp.

The fire elements in his body immediately surged up, and a red light faintly appeared on Joelson's body.

When he opened his eyes again, his eyes were frighteningly bright, and his face was filled with faint joy.

After swallowing these few runes, his fire elemental law power directly increased by two rays.

Blue flames rose from his hands. The color of the flames seemed to have become slightly darker, and the might of the flames also increased by a few folds.

His combat power might have increased by a few hundred.

Joelson was somewhat excited. This was much faster than sitting idly and meditating.

He cultivated many different elements at the same time. Although he had a huge advantage in the saint-rank, the divine realm was much more difficult for him compared to ordinary people.

Because he had comprehended so many laws at the same time, he could not cultivate step by step until he died.

But now.

He found a shortcut to complete it quickly.

Looking up at the land of runes, it seemed to him that it had become a treasure trove of gold.

## Chapter 208: The Aborigines of the Land of Runes

Joelson couldn't wait to drive Du Lu to explore further.

"Let's Go!"

The steel dragon still acted alone, but it wasn't too far away, so it was kept within the range that could be met at any time.

Joelson didn't relax either.

He had personally seen the steel dragon and du Lu escape from the ruins with wounds all over their bodies.

There must be an unimaginable danger hidden under the treasure.

In the following time, Joelson and Du Lu obtained three fire runes, two water runes, and one plant rune.

The steel dragon also obtained several fire and earth runes for Joelson.

Joelson's various elemental laws had grown, and the power of the fire elemental laws had increased by more than a dozen.

If this rate of improvement were to spread out, many experts who had stayed at the saint-level for half their lives might be so ashamed that they would commit suicide.

Joelson had also gradually figured out the pattern.

The runes in the ruins were of different quality.

The most common ones were made of stone and wood. Wood was even worse, and each time he devoured it, he could only add one or even half a law to it.

And the highest stone rune that he had ever encountered contained three laws.

He did not know how much law power was contained in the magic stone that Harriet Terrence had obtained.

But he knew that any wooden rune here could make most saint-level powerhouses go crazy over it.

It was not an exaggeration to say that it was a land of treasures.



At the same time, as the quality of the rune increased, the counter-attack power it received when it obtained the rune became stronger.

It was a kind of restriction power similar to the self-protection of runes.

The restriction power of the stone rune was very easy for Joelson. He was very curious about the quality of the broken rune that Du Lu had obtained when he had just advanced to the saint-level and entered the ruins.

It had actually injured it to the point of dying. After that, the increase in its combat power was also very significant.

"Roar!"

An urgent roar came from the steel dragon's side.

It carried excitement and a faint excitement.

Joelson hurriedly rode Du Lu over.

The steel dragon was circling around a dark golden rune somewhat anxiously.

It could be seen that this rune was very important to it.

Joelson raised his head and looked over. It was similar to other runes, but the surface of the rune had a metallic luster.

It was a rune of a higher level than stone runes.

Seeing Joelson and du Lu rushing over, the steel dragon could not hold back anymore and rushed forward.

Joelson hurriedly cast a few sharp and sturdy spells on it.

The steel dragon's intrusion caused the dark golden runes to vibrate, just like a rash predator that suddenly barged into a quiet school of fish.

The metal magic elements in the void were boiling. Sharp metal spikes condensed and shot toward the steel dragon.

The steel dragon did not care at all.

The sharp metal spikes hit its body and made a metallic sound. There was not even a trace left behind.

Its defense was too strong.

However, as the steel dragon got closer to the main body of the rune, there were more metal spikes in the void, and the frequency of its attacks was also higher.

Looking from Joelson's angle, the steel dragon seemed to be wrapped by countless longswords into a huge ball.

The steel dragon gradually felt pain.

"Roar!"

It was enraged. Its dark golden body suddenly expanded and turned into a dazzling golden light.

A dazzling robe!

Joelson's eyes lit up. The steel dragon added a layer of "metal armor" to itself.

The dragon's tail fiercely slapped the air, creating a crisp sound. The steel dragon flew forward and swallowed the dark golden runes in one gulp.

The metal spikes in the sky suddenly stopped and disintegrated, turning back into metal magic elements and dissipating in the void.

Joelson saw another profound rune mark appear on the steel dragon's abdomen. It became harder, heavier, and full of pressure.

The steel dragon's combat strength instantly increased by nearly a thousand points.

Du Lu, however, had a very disdainful look.

Joelson smiled and patted its head. "You have very high standards. What kind of runes are you interested in?"

Du Lu raised its head and growled in a certain direction.

"Over there?"

Joelson's eyes lit up. He called out to the steel dragon, "Let's go over and take a look."

With Joelson's permission, Du Lu spread its wings and turned into a fiery red shadow as it flew forward quickly.

On the way, Joelson tasted a lot of runes of other attributes.

It felt very good to have a steady increase in strength.

The power of the water and fire elemental laws had increased by about twenty, and the color of the flames gradually changed from sky blue to more profound.

Joelson even felt that with the power of the current fusion of the water and fire elemental laws, he might be able to burn Chester alive.

The land of runes seemed to have no difference between day and night.

Du Lu continuously adjusted his direction. After flying for an unknown period of time, a bright golden-red light rose from the bottom of Joelson's eyes.

Joelson widened his eyes.

He saw a star slowly falling.

In the center of the star, there was a twisting runic shadow, which seemed to be the same as the runes on Du Lu's scales.

Du Lu also roared in anticipation.

Although it was far away from the runes, a scorching heatwave had already blown over. Accompanied by the powerful pressure of the falling star, it was extremely shocking.

A trace of solemnity appeared in front of Joelson's eyes. Suddenly, he saw.

There seemed to be someone at the place where the runic star fell?

"Don't go yet." Joelson patted Du Lu's head and spoke.

Du Lu and the steel dragon obediently lowered their bodies and stopped between the barren rocks in the land of runes.

Joelson looked up.

Five or six men and women were emitting different colors of light.

Their powers were very strange, different from magic or combat aura.

They were all emitted from their foreheads. A rune-like mark formed a light barrier that wrapped them within, preventing them from being hurt by the scorching aura.

This group of people seemed to be extremely agitated. They looked up at the falling runes in the sky and shouted loudly in a language that Joelson could not understand.

In Joelson's eyes, these people's actions were simply courting death.

As the runes fell, the power that spread out became stronger and stronger. Even the ground had some scorched marks.

Without a saint-level, it was impossible for them to stay in this place.

And those people were still in the center of the falling runes. The temperature was the highest.

Except for one person whose aura had barely reached the saint-level, none of the others would survive.

Sure enough, not long after, a person's light barrier suddenly broke. He screamed and turned into a ball of burning flames, instantly turning into ashes.

Then, a small flickering rune rose from the pile of ashes. As soon as it appeared, it was pulled by some unknown force. It quickly jumped toward the falling runes in the sky and disappeared into them.

The rune swords devoured each other.

Joelson blinked his eyes.

The death of his companion woke the others up from their ecstasy and they hurriedly retreated.

At this time, the speed of the falling rune was getting faster and faster. The hot aura was getting thicker and thicker, and the surrounding area was almost turned into a sea of fire.

Another person died while retreating. The fate was the same as the previous person.

## **Chapter 209: The Dead Golden-Red Rune**

This group of people seemed to have finally realized that this powerful and precious rune was not something they could obtain.

The strange people retreated to a safe position. Looking at the falling rune, they began to wave their hands and stomp their feet. They cried out regretfully and then began to quarrel. It was obvious that they were unwilling to accept this.

The strongest person seemed to be angry. After shouting a few words, the few of them calmed down.

When Joelson saw that one of the groups had left quickly, the others stayed where they were.

'Did he go back and ask for help?'

Joelson raised his eyebrows and stood up.

"Du Lu, go."

Du Lu, who had been unable to wait any longer, suddenly jumped up and roared. The dragon's roar resounded through the sky.

The steel dragon also flew up.

The sudden appearance of Joelson and the two dragons made the few freaks' expressions change drastically. When they saw clearly, their expressions became dull.

They became even more excited, especially that freak whose strength was close to saint-level. He could not help but rush forward.

Joelson directly shot out a brilliant blue flame.

The light barrier on the freak's body was only able to hold on for a moment before it shattered. Then, he retreated in a panic.

The blue flame ploughed a deep mark on the hard ground.

"Take another step forward and die!" Joelson said coldly.

The strange people were all stunned, their eyes showing fear.

Although they didn't understand what Joelson said, they could still feel the real killing intent. They immediately stood still and didn't dare to move.

Joelson no longer paid attention to them. He asked the steel dragon to stay on guard and pounced on the golden-red rune with Du Lu.

The fire element was terrifyingly dense. The closer they got to the rune, the higher the temperature.

Even Joelson felt uncomfortable.

He barely mobilized the water elemental law and transformed into a water-blue light shield to protect himself and Du Lu. Only then did he feel slightly better.

When they were within ten meters of the rune, the water-blue light shield broke.

There was no other way. In this space filled with flames, the water element was pitifully thin.

Joelson heard waves of cheers coming from behind him. It was the cheers of the freaks.

They did not want to see Joelson successfully take away the runes.

However, the steel dragon's roar immediately followed, and these sounds immediately disappeared.

Joelson felt that it was a little funny.

The blue flames rose and forcefully pushed aside the scorching flames around him.

Du Lu seemed to have gone crazy. Relying on his fire-type giant dragon's physique, he dashed forward recklessly.

It was exactly the same as when the steel dragon saw the metal rune.

However, the surrounding high temperature and flames really couldn't do any harm to it.

The golden rune on the scales on its neck was also shining as if it was responding to the falling rune.

Joelson felt that it was a bit strange.

It was too smooth.

The quality of this rune was obviously very high, but until now, they hadn't received any resistance other than the burning heat brought by the rune itself.

It was right in front of them.

Joelson carefully examined the golden-red rune in front of him.

It was translucent, and the light was flowing. It was a hundred times more beautiful than any pearl or gem in the world.

He reached out and grabbed it in his hand, and it was scorching hot.

Joelson suddenly realized that this rune was already.

Dead.

No wonder it did not attack them.

Du Lu was like an anxious big dog, twisting his neck and continuously growling at Joelson, his eyes staring straight at the rune in his hand.

Joel smiled and shook his head, then casually pressed the rune on Du Lu's scale.

A violent aura suddenly burst out.

"Ah!"

Even the strange people in the distance cried out in surprise.

Du Lu and Joelson were bathed in fierce flames together.

Du Lu's aura began to rise crazily, and its combat strength soared by 2,000 points.

The golden rune on its scale seemed to have become more complete.

"Roar!"

Du Lu let out a roar, and a terrifying pressure enveloped the entire area. The flames in the surroundings immediately soared.

The intensely burning flames, the evil dragon entrenched in the sky, and the man on the dragon's back who had a pair of god-like cold eyes.

This scene caused the surrounding strange people who were watching to be stupefied. They opened their mouths wide, unable to say a single word.

Joelson glanced at them and quickly disappeared into the horizon along with the steel dragon.

After an unknown amount of time, a brilliant red light streaked across the sky.

A dignified-looking man walked out from the light.

The Weirdos immediately knelt on the ground.

The runes on the man's forehead were far shinier and more complex than those on the field. His aura was extremely powerful.

The man opened his mouth and said a few words in a questioning tone.

The strange man, whose strength was close to saint-rank, carefully explained.

The man's hand lit up with a ray of light and sent the strange man flying. The others immediately began to tremble.

The man looked in the direction where Joelson had disappeared. His eyes flickered, and no one knew what he was thinking.

Joelson stayed in the land of runes for a while more. He felt that it was about the same, so he returned to the space of the ranch.

He now understood that the so-called ancient ruins of the Dragon God were just an entrance to a different plane. To him, it was a land of treasures.

Perhaps, he could try to come into contact with those aborigines in the future.

The Imperial Square.

The bell rang again in the square, and countless people gathered here.

Everyone was filled with excitement. They knew what day it was.

It was the day of the glory of the violets, Joelson Edward.

Elin rested her elbow on the windowsill and rested her chin on her hand. She looked at the bustling Empire Square with a bored and disappointed expression.

Her current position was a bell tower that overlooked more than half of the Immortal City.

This time, the bell-ringer had already been chased away by her. She was the only person on the top of the empty bell tower.

"She's going to marry that person. I've been hoping that she would get married off as soon as possible and leave the palace. This way, I can plant roses all over the garden. The day is finally coming."

Elin sighed lightly and tapped her face with her fingers. "But why can't I be happy?"

Elin imagined how that person would appear.

Right, he had a dragon, he must have come on a dragon.

A sun radiance grade genius riding on a dragon descended in front of everyone's eyes, receiving the 'Violet Glory'. Then, with a halo around him, he made an engagement with the Princess of the Empire.

She must be very happy, wasn't this what she had always dreamed of?

Even Elin could not help but feel a trace of jealousy.



It was not because of how grand the engagement was, but because of the person who was engaged.

After all, they were companions who had stayed together for a month, but they did not even say hello when they left.

Thinking of this, Elin gnashed her teeth in anger.

Isabelle sat quietly, maintaining her most noble and beautiful posture, waiting for the arrival of that person.

He was ready to be engaged to Joelson.

In Isabelle's view, Joelson had absolutely no reason to reject Nicholas' proposal.

The blessing of the royal family, and the most beautiful woman on the entire continent.

Wasn't this what every man dreamed of?

Everything that Joelson showed also satisfied Isabelle.

No one could match his talent, his strength, and everything was perfect except his humble origins.

## **Chapter 210: Franklin Returns and Challenges!**

Isabelle raised her head and saw the tiny figure on the clock tower. It was Elin.

Isabelle could recognize her red hair. It was not an orthodox violet bloodline.

If it were not for Nicholas' favor, she would not be qualified to be called a princess.

Isabelle knew that Elin must be looking at her with envy at this moment.

She had always been like this since she was young. She could not compete with her, but she always put on a disdainful look.

Just like her strange dead mother, she always wanted to escape from the palace.

Isabelle really did not know what was so interesting about those dirty streets that would cover her crystal shoes with dust.

She preferred to be surrounded by admiration and praise, and let those so-called geniuses fight for her. This was the princess' pleasure.

So now, the whole continent knew that the violet flower was her, Isabelle.

It was not a wild rose in the corner of the wall.

A stream of light streaked across the sky, and everyone's eyes lit up.

"It's coming!"

No?!

That wasn't Joelson.

Someone saw the figure in the streak of light clearly and shouted loudly.

"It's Franklin! Franklin is back!"

The square was in an uproar.

Countless people watched as a figure appeared in the light green light.

It wasn't very handsome, but it had a tenacious and persistent charm.

Franklin?!

Isabelle's eyes lit up, but they quickly became dignified.

A year ago, Franklin could still attract her attention, but now...

Joelson had even defeated the authority of God.

"You're back."

Nicholas smiled at Franklin.

The Violet Blade.

Before Joelson showed his talent, he was the young man that Nicholas valued the most.

Franklin nodded and greeted his majesty respectfully, then all his eyes were on Isabelle.

"Your Highness."

Franklin walked over and bowed to Isabelle.

Isabelle nodded in a reserved manner. Then, she stopped looking at him.

Franklin frowned slightly and stepped aside.

He obviously did not know what was happening.

Someone walked up quickly and whispered in Franklin's ear.

Franklin's expression became more and more unsightly. He wanted to walk out a few times, but he retreated under Isabelle's cold gaze.

Time gradually passed, but Joelson still did not appear.

The square was already filled with discussions.

"Forget it."

Nicholas' expression was somewhat heavy, his eyes carrying a faint disappointment and anger. He slowly said, "Maybe he's meditating and forgot the time. Let's change the ceremony to another day."

The discussions in the square became louder.

This was not the first time that Joelson had not given face to the royal family.

Even if he was a genius, he was too arrogant.

Countless gazes fell on Isabelle.

Pity, laughter...

The news that Emperor Nicholas intended to marry the Violet Flower to Joelson had long spread in the palace. Many people knew but did not say it out loud.

They had thought that it would be a grand event, but it turned out to be a huge joke.

Was this a disguised rejection from Joelson?

It was unbelievable that someone would reject the favor of the Violet Flower.

Isabelle was surrounded by those gazes, and she felt very uncomfortable sitting there. A sense of humiliation and anger that she had never experienced before enveloped her.

Someone stood out.

"Your Majesty!"

Franklin retracted his gaze that had been on Isabelle all this time and said in a deep voice, "I want to propose to the beautiful and noble Princess Isabelle. I'm willing to give up everything for her."

The whole place was in an uproar.

It was too shocking!

Everyone knew that Franklin loved Isabelle, but they didn't expect her to say it on such an occasion. proposing...

Isabelle's expression became even uglier.

Her self-esteem was greatly hurt.

A pair of big eyes stared fiercely at Franklin.

Was this pitiful?

She didn't need it.

Isabelle lifted the hem of her skirt and left quickly. Nicholas' expression was also somewhat helpless.

"Franklin, let's talk about this matter next time. It's mainly up to Isabelle."

Everyone discussed animatedly, and all sorts of voices were emitted.

Franklin stood in place expressionlessly. After all the members of the royal family had left, he was still standing alone in the square.

Elin, who was on the clock tower, sighed softly. She suddenly felt sorry for these people.

Everyone had their own wants, but they could not get them. In the end, a farce was staged in front of countless people.

It was still that person who was free and easy.

If he could not come, he would not come. He would not give a face to anyone.

Elin suddenly forgave Joelson's behavior of leaving without saying a word in the Land of Heritage.

He was that kind of person.

No one could force him.

Elin thought.

Things were far from over.

The aftermath of the day of honours continued to ferment.

The Violet Blade Franklin, after returning, challenged the Lion Grand Swordmaster and the Black Light Grand Swordmaster.

All the famous powerhouses in the Immortal City.

The result was no exception.

A complete victory.

And all of them only used one move.

The entire city was shocked.

A year had passed, and Franklin's strength had undergone a huge change.

The defeated Lion Grand Swordmaster once said, "Franklin has already advanced to the late-stage Saint-level. Whatever God's authority, it has long been left behind by him."

Everyone could see that Franklin seemed to be trying to prove something to Princess Isabelle and Nicholas the Great.

Sure enough, after defeating the last saint-level powerhouse of the Immortal City.

Franklin issued a challenge to the Violet Glory, Joelson Edward.

Everyone was looking forward to it.

..

"Franklin is back? You still want to challenge me?"

Joelson narrowed his eyes and sized up the letter in his hand.

To be precise, it was a letter of challenge.

It was signed by Franklin.

Frederick stood respectfully in front of Joelson.

He had obtained a new body, a thin and pale middle-aged man.

To a lich, a body was like clothes that could be discarded and changed at any time.

In order to avoid the trouble from last time, this body was a civilian who had died of illness.

There were many similar bodies in the empire's slums.

"Right now, people outside have been talking about it. There are all kinds of rumors."

Joelson smiled.

After he came out of the ancient ruins, he realized that almost a week had passed.

Not only did he miss the medal ceremony that Nicholas had specially prepared for him, but he also disguised himself as "avoiding the fight" for many days.

It was said that Franklin had already waited for Joelson on the dueling platform in the Empire Square for two days. Today was the third day, and many people said that Joelson was afraid.

"Franklin challenged several saint-level masters in a few days, and he defeated them all with one sword."

Frederick explained for Joelson, "I have watched every match. He used a very strange wind-type combat aura, and his strength should have just broken through to the late stage of the saint-level."

"Late stage of the saint-level?"

Joelson muttered to himself in a low voice. He suddenly stood up and smoothed the wrinkles on his mage robe.

"Let's go."