

Breeding Dragons From Today

Chapter 211: You're Still a Long Way Off

Empire Square.

Franklin stood quietly.

Countless people gathered around the dueling platform.

During these three days, Franklin used the sword in his hand to tell everyone.

Violet Blade.

What did this title mean?

He defeated all famous powerhouses, late-stage sage level.

Those sage level powerhouses who were defeated by him were also present. They all looked at him with a complicated and respectful gaze.

Franklin was not even forty years old.

His talent was unbelievable.

He could not help but think of the various legends that Franklin had left behind in the Immortal City.

The shock that Joelson had brought before also became dull with Franklin's forceful attack.

The most important thing was that most of the people in the Inmotati capital had never witnessed what Joelson had done in the Land of Heritage.

They did not know how terrifying Joelson was.

What happened before their eyes was more shocking than what they had heard.

"It seems that Joelson Edward won't be coming today."

"Maybe he's afraid. That's right. Joelson is not even thirty years old this year. His talent is stronger than Franklin's. Now that he knows that his strength is not as good as Franklin's, of course he won't come to be humiliated."

"He's here! Joelson is here!"

The discussions below the stage suddenly turned into exclamations.

A figure passed through the crowd and walked towards the duel stage.

Franklin raised his head and sized up this legendary sun-level genius who had one arm that could tear apart the authority of God and slapped Silver Hand.

He was even younger than Franklin had imagined. He looked like a handsome and elegant young noble.

However, Joelson's calm temperament made him look extremely extraordinary.

However, Joelson felt that Franklin was as he had expected.

He was tenacious and persistent. This alone was much better than Chesterton.

When Joelson walked into the duel, the people on the sidelines were excited.

The clash between the two great geniuses of the Immortal City, and both had the title of Violet.

It was even more exciting than the last time silver hand challenged the entire arena.

After all, this was a saint-level battle.

Even the lion sword saint and the others could not help but look forward to it.

A few saint-level mages personally made a move and set up a saint-level magic array around the dueling platform, which could resist the dissipation of energy below the mid-stage of the saint-level.

Joelson smiled and nodded at Franklin. He said, "I've seen your challenge."

Franklin didn't say anything. Instead, he turned his head and looked at a place.

There was a carriage parked there. The symbol of violet was engraved on the carriage.

Everyone knew who was sitting in the royal carriage.

The Violet Flower, Her Royal Highness Princess Isabelle. Everything that Franklin did was for her.

"Let's begin."

Franklin didn't say much nonsense. He took out a thin and long sword in his hand.

With a casual expression, Joelson took out his legendary staff from the void.

At this time, the battle between a holy knight and a holy mage was even more exciting.

"Be careful," Franklin whispered to Joelson, and a light shot out of his eyes.

In the next second, he suddenly disappeared.

"This is the move!"

A few holy knights on the sidelines laughed bitterly and discussed, "Franklin's speed is too fast. I can't see where he is at all, so I lost."

"I wonder how Joelson will react?"

"If he's a mage, he'll probably feel even worse."

"He's not just a mage."

Joelson's expression did not change. His powerful spiritual power spread out like a spider web in all directions, instantly enveloping the entire field.

Even with Joelson's spiritual perception, he could not see Franklin's figure clearly. He could only catch a faint figure flashing around him, quickly approaching.

Joelson raised the magic staff in his hand, and a blue light bloomed on the tip of the staff.

In an instant, it was even more dazzling than the Sun in the sky.

Endless dark blue flames burned fiercely with Joelson at the center.

The magic barrier beside the duel platform emitted a crisp sound of being burned, as if it would break at any moment.

"What kind of fire magic is this? The power is too strong!"

A saint-level mage said in astonishment, "Even the magic barrier that we set up together can't withstand this kind of power?!"

The Lion Grand Swordmaster's eyes revealed a look of admiration. "Joelson is very smart. I really can't believe that he has such a powerful battle awareness at such a young age?!"

That's right. Joelson couldn't find Franklin's exact location, so he simply let the entire dueling platform be under his attack, so that Franklin had nowhere to dodge.

After swallowing dozens of water and fire elemental laws in the ruins' runic land, the power of the blue flames that Joelson released had increased by nearly half. Compared to half a month ago, it was even more terrifying. It was very close to the power of a late-stage saint-level.

"Hmph!"

A cold snort sounded.

On the left.

Joelson suddenly turned around and calmly raised his staff. The dark blue flames in the arena quickly gathered, and at the same time, his figure also retreated rapidly.

A blurry figure gradually appeared in the dark blue flames.

A green light suddenly erupted, and the dark blue flames shattered.

Franklin's figure rushed out, holding a long sword in his hand, and his aura surged.

He forcefully broke out of Joelson's sea of flames.

After all, he was at the late stage of the saint-level, and Joelson's blue flames could not stop him.

There was a wind blowing in the field, blowing the clothes and hair of the onlookers into a mess.

The wind gathered towards the longsword in Franklin's hand. The light green combat aura became more and more dense, and Franklin's aura also continued to rise.

"Joelson is going to lose."

The lion sword saint could not help but shake his head. He sighed and said, "This move is not something that a mid-stage saint-level could withstand. Joelson's magic shield can't block it."

Someone said in a low voice, "Not necessarily."

The Lion Grand Swordmaster's expression froze. He looked towards the stage and soon revealed a shocked expression.

He only saw the dark green battle-qi light blade leave the long sword and shoot towards Joelson.

However, Joelson did not panic. Blue flames rose and gathered into a thick flame shield in front of him.

At the same time, his staff kept tapping lightly.

The dark blue combat aura light blade easily shattered the blue flame shield into a sky full of sparks, and the light seemed to dim a little.

At this time, Joelson had already levitated a metal shield that was actually solid and thick. Under the sunlight, it flickered with a dark golden light.

Franklin's gaze focused, and the other saint-level powerhouses immediately cried out in surprise.

"This is impossible!"

"Joelson is a metal magician?!"

"This is too shocking!"

The dark green light blade broke through the eight metal shields and left a deep mark on the ninth metal shield, but it eventually dissipated powerlessly.

Franklin's fatal attack was blocked by Joelson just like that.

Even Franklin was shocked and stopped in mid-air for a moment, unable to speak.

Joelson looked at Franklin and said calmly, "I once met a man who also cultivated wind attribute power, but..."

Joelson shook his head and sighed, "His wind blades are much sharper than yours. They can even tear space apart."

"Compared to him, you're still lacking."

Franklin was stunned.

Chapter 212: The Violet Blade was Broken

Joelson was also a metal magician?!

And judging from the dozens of metal shields in front of him that easily blocked Franklin's strongest attack, it seemed that his attainments were not low.

This was too shocking.

Young man.

Knight and Mage.

Four elemental magic.

Saint rank.

These few words combined to form an extremely bright halo behind Joelson.

Super genius?!

Monster?!

He could not find a suitable word to describe him.

"I can see that you haven't been in the late stage of the saint-level for a long time."

Joelson said to Franklin, "Your speed can be faster, and your wind blades can be sharper."

Franklin could not help but frown and said coldly, "Isn't it too early to say this? You haven't won yet."

The saint-level powerhouse at the side of the field analyzed, "The biggest possibility for this match is a draw. Franklin can continue to tangle with him. When Joelson's mana or spiritual power is exhausted to a certain extent, he might be able to defeat him."

"But that kind of victory is not as honorable as a draw."

Their eyes revealed deep shock and amazement. "Joelson is really too strong. I really can't imagine how he could do this at such a young age."

Franklin snorted and disappeared from the field again.

The voice came from all directions.

"I can't break your defense, but you can't catch my figure either. The outcome of this battle is still uncertain."

Joelson laughed lightly with a hint of mockery.

"Can't catch you?"

He muttered to himself and raised his head again. There was a calmness and confidence in his expression that showed that he was in control of the entire field.

Blue flames rose and condensed into a thick, long, dark blue chain. It danced in the air like a giant python, giving off a strong sense of awe.

Joelson closed his eyes.

Everyone could feel an inexplicable aura spreading from his body.

It was like a circle of ripples in the air.

"It's an air magic?!"

A holy mage on the side of the field was so excited that he stood up immediately. "I know. Joelson has obtained an air magic inheritance in the land of heritage. It's the perception power of air magic!"

Everyone widened their eyes. They only saw the dark blue chains in the air quickly moving towards a certain spot on the stage.

Through Joelson's sensing, Franklin's position was clearly displayed in front of him. There was no place to hide.

If it was not a battle, Franklin might have been able to create some trouble for him by keeping a distance from him.

However, the dueling ring was only so big. No matter how fast Franklin was, he couldn't escape from a few fixed positions.

Moreover, it was because the venue was narrow.

Franklin was in an exceptionally sorry state under the pursuit of the dark blue chains. He couldn't escape any further.

A light flashed in Franklin's eyes, and he simply shot directly at Joelson.

Joelson could not help but frown and whisper, "Garbage time."

Franklin seemed to hear this and was slightly stunned, not understanding what Joelson meant.

He leaned close to Joelson's body, and countless metal spikes suddenly burst out.

They surrounded Joelson like a hedgehog.

Franklin had no choice but to retreat.

He was bound by the dark blue chains.

Franklin roared in anger, and his combat aura shook to break free from the dark blue chains.

He wanted to do it again.

However, Joelson only glanced at him, and an extremely terrifying dark golden giant beast suddenly emerged from the void behind him.

It had a very ferocious outline, and its body was filled with a sense of oppression. It was like a steel fortress entrenched in the sky.

Its power poured down with a low roar.

The magic barrier could no longer withstand it. It suddenly broke, and a large portion of the spectators at the side collapsed under the terrifying Dragon's power.

Their faces were filled with terror and fear.

Franklin's figure instantly froze, and he stood in place in a daze.

That pair of cold dark golden eyes landed on him, and it made him feel as if the blood in his entire body had frozen.

Joelson walked up to him step by step and said indifferently, "Are we still going to fight?"

Franklin instantly lost all his strength. He lowered his proud head and said in a low voice, "I admit defeat."

The whole place fell into a dead silence.

Someone smiled bitterly and sighed, "Yeah, we actually forgot that Joelson still has a terrifying saint-level dragon."

A battle partner was a part of one's strength.

Especially a mage. Magic pets were extremely important to a mage.

Everyone sighed enough and suddenly came to their senses. They stared blankly at the stage.

Joelson stood in front of the dragon and looked down at Franklin. The disappointed Franklin had already thrown away his long sword.

In this battle, Franklin lost.

Loud cheers erupted.

The battle between the two saint-level geniuses finally ended with Joelson's complete victory.

Franklin was at the late stage of the saint-level, and he was defeated by Joelson.

Was it really as easy as eating and drinking for Joelson to challenge someone of a higher level?

It could only be said that it was indeed the glory of the violets. Any genius could only be dimmed in front of him.

In the distant bell tower, a pretty figure suddenly jumped up and cheered excitedly.

The royal carriage that was parked at the side of the field quietly left without any reluctance.

This made Franklin's face turn even paler.

Joelson glanced at the back of the departing carriage and said to the dejected Franklin, "You're carrying too many unnecessary things on your sword, so it's not fast enough."

Franklin seemed to have been struck by lightning. He was completely stunned. He was mumbling something and no one knew what he was thinking.

A figure suddenly appeared in the air. A dignified and noble aura was emitted.

"Edward," Nicholas said in a low voice.

Joelson looked at Nicholas and was about to speak.

The sky outside the immortal city suddenly shone brightly. The dazzling golden light almost covered the Sun.

A deep voice seemed to come from the sky.

"Joelson Edward, who harbors evil undead believers, deserves to be punished by the divine."

Everyone was stunned. They looked at the western sky. There were a few golden lights shooting over.

It was the Holy Judgement Group of the Holy Church of light.

They were here for Joelson.

Nicholas' expression was complicated. He said, "Edward, it's not too late for you to make a choice now."

Joelson retracted his gaze from the other side. There was not a trace of panic, nervousness, or fear on his face.

He was still as calm and elegant as before.

He even bowed slightly to Nicholas. "Thank you for your kind intentions, your majesty, but..."

Joelson smiled and said softly, "I still plan to try it out myself."

"Is the Church of Light as powerful as the rumors say?"

After saying that, Joelson lightly flew onto the back of the steel dragon.

The latter let out a low roar, and the dragon wings stirred up a hurricane, crushing countless people to the ground.

Chapter 213: Holy Inquisition, Crushing

"Edward."

Nicholas shouted at the back of Joelson, "Sanctum, that's the only place you can go."

Joelson turned his head and looked at him deeply as if he had inadvertently glanced at a bell tower.

Then, without turning his head, he flew in the opposite direction of the Church of Light and left the Immortal City.

On the clock tower, Elin stared blankly at the back of the dragon that was driven away by Joelson. Her heart was empty, and no one knew what she was thinking.

Joelson flew in the air, and the wind blew past his ears.

Several streams of light followed closely behind him.

Because of its heavy body, the steel dragon was not very fast among the dragons, and the distance between the two was shrinking.

In fact, Joelson had no intention of running away.

Sanctum.

Nicholas' words reminded him before he left.

Sanctum was indeed his best choice.

There were many experts of various races in the sanctum. It was forbidden for saint-level experts to fight.

In addition, Joelson's talent was extraordinary. If he entered sanctum, he would definitely be protected. The Church of Light would be unable to pursue and kill him.

In the trial in the Land of Heritage, he had witnessed the establishment of the sanctum and knew where it was.

In the sky.

Next to the bitwall and the spatial rift.

If he wanted to enter the sanctum, he needed someone to guide him.

If he had developed normally, the rest would have sent someone to contact him soon to guide him into the sanctum.

But now...

He knew of another secret entrance.

After the victory, some experts had defected from the sanctum due to conflicts of interest, leaving a gap behind.

In the Misty Mountains.

West of the Immortal City, where the sun fell.

But...

He felt the saint-level aura getting closer and closer behind him, and his eyes flashed.

It was still too early to go to the sanctum.

A light arrow condensed from holy light shot out from behind him.

The steel dragon nimbly dodged, but it also stopped completely.

Joelson turned his head and looked calmly at the four people in front of him.

"Joelson Edward."

Someone gritted his teeth and read out Joelson's name.

It was Chesterton.

The arm that had been torn off by Joelson had completely grown back, and the Holy Church's Healing Divine Arts were still powerful.

Chesterton stared at Joelson, his eyes filled with anger, hatred, and resentment.

A broken arm could be reborn, but the humiliation Joelson had brought to him was hard to wash away.

Joelson's eyes lit up when he saw the Golden Authority that Chesterton held in his hand was inlaid with a new angel's heart.

Three people followed Chesterton.

A young and strong knight, a middle-aged man in a burlap robe, and a beautiful female priest with no expression on her face.

They were the Holy Inquisition of the Holy Church of light.

The knight took a step forward, looked at Joelson, and said in a low voice, "Hand over the evil necromancers."

Joelson shook his head and said, "Then I'm afraid you'll be disappointed, Necromancers."

Joelson's eyes swept past them. "Behind you, you've gone too far."

The few of them subconsciously turned around. A pale-faced middle-aged man was flying toward them, giving them a sinister smile.

Frederick was chasing after Joelson.

Frederick flew in front of the few of them and bowed respectfully to Joelson. "Master."

Without even looking at Frederick, Joelson said to the members of the jury, "The man is here. Take him away if you want him."

Looking at Frederick again, he bent down obediently without any intention of resisting.

Both the jury and Chesterton were stunned.

What did Joelson mean?!

A complicated look appeared on their faces.

The knight took a step forward and said in a tough tone, "You must come with us. The Holy Light will give you a fair trial."

"Hehe."

Joelson chuckled and shook his head in disappointment.

"The holy church has completely fallen."

He still remembered that during the trial in the Land of Heritage, the priests of light ran around the battlefield to cast healing divine spells on the seriously injured and even fainted because they exhausted their magic power.

Unfortunately, now, only a group of arrogant and unreasonable false believers were left.

"Why are you still talking nonsense with him?!" Chesterton said coldly, "His Holiness, the Pope, said to bring him back. Death to the undead cult!"

The knight slowly pulled out the greatsword on his back. The man in the linen robe took a step forward, and the female priest's body emitted a faint white light.

Joelson's gaze was calm, and dark blue flames quietly rose from behind him.

Frederick also smiled evilly. He stretched out his claw-like palm and sprinkled a large amount of ash fog of the undead.

These three members of the court were all at the middle stage of the Saint Rank. With the addition of the powerful Chesterton, the Holy See's pursuit of Joelson could be considered a sure-kill attack.

The dark blue flames soared against the wind and instantly turned this area into a hell of flames.

White light shields appeared on the bodies of the few of them to resist the burning of the blue flames.

The steel dragon darted out from under Joelson's feet, and a terrifying power enveloped the four of them.

The man in the linen robe in the panel of judges took a step forward and pulled out a dazzling golden light with both hands, forming a weapon that looked like a long stick.

He forcefully blocked the steel dragon's violent attack.

His face was cold, and his eyes were as firm as a rock.

The ascetic monks of the Holy See had an astonishing combat strength.

The knights of the panel of judges were enveloped in a dazzling white light, and they held their longswords as they pounced at Joelson.

Joelson's expression did not change. He raised both of his hands, and surging blue flames gathered toward the knight, forming a powerful flaming tornado.

The flaming tornado stirred up the sky, and the powerful attraction kept pulling the knight back.

He was pulled into the center of the tornado. A violent and scorching aura burned on his body, and the white light shield trembled violently.

The female priest quickly chanted, and Joelson looked at her coldly.

Before the latter could react, a thick, long, sharp metal spike suddenly appeared in front of her.

The magic shield was instantly pierced like a piece of paper, and the spike at the top was only an extreme distance from the female priest's chest.

The female priest's face was pale, and she retreated in panic, looking at Joelson.

She saw a deep warning and cold killing intent in Joelson's eyes.

The female priest naively wanted to do something, but she saw a dark gold color coming out of his eyes.

The flowing metal kept clinging to her feet, and her hands and feet seemed to have become cold and stiff.

Ultimate alchemy.

The female priest did not have enough energy to care about others, so she could only use her holy light to resist the power of ultimate alchemy.

After a few moves, almost all three members of the jury were at a disadvantage.

Chesterton's face turned ugly. He was about to raise the golden authority in his hand when suddenly...

Bang!

Chesterton was hit hard in the chest and flew backwards. The Golden Authority slipped out of his hand and was firmly caught by another fair and slender hand.

Chapter 214: He Still Had a Dragon

Joelson took a look at the golden authority in his hand and easily took off the top of the angel's heart. He looked at Chesterton indifferently.

He spat out, "What a waste."

Chesterton's face was red. His eyes were filled with humiliation and anger.

There was also deep fear.

Compared to the last time, the feeling that Joelson gave him was even more terrifying.

In front of Joelson, without relying on the power of the angel's heart, he actually did not even have the qualifications to make a move.

Despair.

"Pu!"

At this time, the burlap-robed man, who had endured the steel dragon's attack for a while, finally could not hold on any longer.

He was whipped by the steel dragon's tail and torn apart by the dragon's claws. He was thrown out, spurting blood in the air. There was a huge wound on his chest that was so deep that one could see his bones.

Looking at the knight who was still struggling in the flaming tornado, Joelson decided to end his pain.

He pressed down with his palm, and the power of the flaming tornado was more than doubled. The flames at the top of the tornado suddenly poured down and completely drowned the knight.

After the flames dispersed, a charred figure fell down. From time to time, there would be a flash of white light, which proved that he was still alive.

The female priest was still fighting against the ultimate alchemy. She had already gained the upper hand.

However, when she saw that Joelson was completely free, she panicked and fell into the metal swamp again.

A dark blue flame jumped out of Joelson's hand and condensed into the shape of a chain.

The python-like chain flew out and wrapped around Chesterton's neck.

Then, Joelson jumped onto the back of the steel dragon. Chesterton was casually held in his hand like prey and hung at the foot of the steel dragon.

This battle lasted less than ten minutes. The Holy Church's judicial group, which had come with strong momentum, was easily defeated by Joelson.

The few of them looked at Joelson with shock and horror in their eyes.

Was this the strength of the legendary sun radiance level genius?

Too strong!

Joelson glanced at the few of them and said indifferently, "Do you want to save your God's authority? Exchange it with the heart of an angel, or..."

"Just a few more people."

Joelson left without looking back.

Frederick smiled evilly at them and quickly chased after them.

Not long after, five or six figures descended from the sky.

Looking at the messy battlefield, the ground was left with deep marks and scorched black soil, as if it had been ravaged by a terrifying beast.

A beautiful female priest was placing her hands on the two men beside her, and white holy light continuously surged toward them.

Due to the exhaustion, the female priest's face was pale. When she saw them, she collapsed to the ground.

"Nancy."

Someone quickly walked forward and held her shoulders.

"I'm fine."

The female priest shook her head and said worriedly, "Save them first."

The holy light of healing shone continuously. The aura of the injured knights and ascetics calmed down.

The person looked around and could not help but frown. "Where's Chesterton? Where is he?"

The female priest said in shame, "He was taken away by Joelson."

The person's expression froze and asked in shock, "Did Joelson do all this?"

The female priest nodded. "He's too strong. He even has practiced metal magic and a dragon."

At this point, a hint of fear appeared in the female priest's eyes.

The strongest ascetic among the three, a mid-stage saint-level, was beaten to death by the steel dragon in less than ten minutes.

The person who came slowly stood up with a grave expression.

"The pope will be very angry when he hears this news. Chesterton cannot be in trouble. We must capture Joelson Edward."

The female priest said hesitantly, "Joelson Edward said that he wants us to use the heart of an angel to exchange for Chesterton."

"Arrogant brat!"

The person who came had a faint look of anger on his face. With a cold snort, the rest of the people quickly walked over.

"Be careful."

The female priest could not help but whisper.

"There are five of us. With the support of the Angel Battle Formation, it will be enough to deal with two late-stage saint-level cultivators."

He looked at the sky in the distance, his eyes flashing with coldness. "Those who insult the holy light will pay a heavy price!"

The ascetic and the knight's injuries had stabilized. They did not stay for long and chased in the direction of Joelson.

With Chesterton in Joelson's hands, they could easily find traces of Joelson through the secret method.

The female priest spent some time recovering the magic power she had used up.

The process of fighting against the ultimate alchemy had consumed most of her physical strength. After that, she healed both of them at the same time. Until now, her physical strength was almost exhausted.

There was a slight sound beside her. The ascetic sat up from the ground. After consuming holy healing water that was unique to the holy church and the tenacious vitality of a saint-level powerhouse, he could barely move.

On the other hand, the knight who was burned by the blue flames was still unconscious. He could still smell the faint burnt smell coming from his body.

The female priest said to the ascetic, "Lord Kendis came."

The ascetic's expression relaxed as if hearing this name made him feel at ease.

"With Lord Kendis' strength at the late stage of the saint-level, no matter how strong Joelson is, he can't escape."

The female priest didn't say anything else and fell silent.

After a long time, the ascetic stood up.

"I can barely hold on and fly. Take him back. Wait for the good news from Lord Kendis and the others in the temple."

The ascetic said.

The female priest didn't have any objections. She used her strength to carefully lift up the knight's body. Just as she was about to leave, suddenly...

Three streaks of light flew over from the distant sky.

It was the aura of a saint-level powerhouse from the radiant church.

However, for some reason, these three streaks of light seemed to be drunk and kept swaying. Their speed was also very slow.

The female priest and the ascetic looked at each other. They could see the puzzled expressions in each other's eyes.

When they were close enough to see the figures in the streaks of light, their eyes instantly widened.

The three figures with wounds all over their bodies could no longer hold on. They fell straight down from the sky and fell to the ground.

A figure rolled down from one of their backs.

When they looked over, there was no sign of life at all. They had already become dead bodies.

"What happened?!"

"Where is Lord Kendis?!"

The ascetic could not help but take a step forward and asked in a low voice.

A knight with a sorrowful face raised his head. His eyes were filled with fear and horror that could not be dispelled. He whispered in panic, "Lord Kendis is..."

"Dead!"

"He was killed by Joelson Edward!"

The ascetic and the female priest trembled violently and cried out in disbelief.

"What did you say?!"

"How is this possible?!"

"Lord Kendis is at the late stage of the sage level, and you have the Angel Battle Formation!"

The knight seemed to have recalled something very terrifying. He swallowed hard and said in fear, "Joelson Edward, he has... has two dragons!"

Chapter 215: The Enemy of Light, the Black Dragon, Kokonoro

Looking at the Knight's terrified expression, the ascetic and the female priest were completely stunned.

Two Dragons.

Even the angel battle formation led by the late-stage saint-level, Master Kendis, was torn to shreds.

Just how strong was Joelson Edward?!

How many trump cards did he still have in his hands?!

"Joelson Edward also said."

"Since the people of the Holy Church of Light are here, please be prepared to die!"

Both of their faces instantly turned pale. The ascetic's injuries surged up, and he spat out a mouthful of hot blood as he half-knelt on the ground.

The female priest subconsciously wanted to help him up, but she heard what he kept saying.

"Enemy of light, enemy of light!"

..

In the year 4396 of the light calendar, the leader of the Holy Inquisition, Kendis, died at the hands of the sun-level genius, the Glory of Violet, Joelson.

It was said that the authority of God, Chesterton, was also captured by Joelson.

The Holy Inquisition suffered heavy losses.

The entire continent was shaken.

The Pope of light was furious and issued a decree of light judgment on Joelson. Joelson was hunted down by the entire Holy See.

In a small town, in a shabby tavern, cheap beer and dancers dancing in the middle of the tavern made it a favorite place for mercenaries, adventurers, and traders to pass by.

Tobacco, alcohol, and the stench of sweat filled the tavern, making the air very cloudy. However, this did not affect the people's interest in the lively conversation.

"I watched the entire battle a month ago. Joelson Edward stood on the back of two terrifying dragons. His dragon wings covered the sky and even the sun. The holy-level

powerhouses of the Church of Light were like a few sheep under Joelson's hands. They could only flee in panic!"

A red-faced old man with a rosacea nose spoke very excitedly and unexpectedly became the center of the conversation. The people beside him let out waves of exclamations following his words.

Someone laughed and shouted, "Old Jack, stop bragging. Let's not talk about watching the holy-level battle. I'm afraid that if the Glory of Violet takes one look at you, you'll be so scared that you'll pee your pants!"

"Hahaha!"

Waves of laughter instantly rang out in the small tavern.

The old man known as Old Jack's nose was even bigger and redder due to his embarrassment. He wanted to defend himself, but he realized that he had no way to refute. He could only gulp down two mouthfuls of wine.

"Glory of Violet seems to have been slapping the face of the Church of Light since its rise. This time, it's even more amazing. It even killed several saint-level powerhouses of the Church of Light."

"Joelson Edward is really too strong. As expected of the most powerful sun-level genius in history!"

"Those old donkeys of the Church of Light, I think they're used to being arrogant. They don't see anyone in their eyes. Joelson taught them a lesson really well!"

"Haha, it's been almost three months since the light judgement order was issued. Many of the Church of Light's own saint-level powerhouses have died. This joke will definitely go down in history!"

The wine glass in the hand of someone in the corner of the tavern trembled violently, and a powerful battle spirit was about to burst out.

"There's no need."

A hand reached out from the side and pressed on the arm of the irascible man. He said indifferently, "From today onwards, all the shame of the holy church will be washed away."

"There is no Joelson Edward in the world anymore!"

The irascible man who was about to flare up slowly nodded and suppressed the anger in his heart.

Both of them were wearing linen cloaks and their faces could not be seen clearly.

In the noisy tavern, the two of them did not seem to get along with everything around them.

"Roar!"

A terrifying roar sounded and shook the eaves of the shabby tavern, causing the dust to continuously fall, landing on the heads, faces, and wine glasses of many people.

However, no one was angry.

The noisy tavern instantly became extremely quiet, and everyone was stunned on the spot.

"Dragon, it's the roar of a dragon!"

Someone cried out in alarm.

"It's Joelson, Joelson Edward is here!"

Excited shouts rang out.

The person in the cape in the corner trembled, but another person silently shook his head.

Bang!

The tavern's door was blasted open by a tremendous force, and sunlight shone in from the outside, casting a cold shadow.

Everyone looked at the door excitedly.

It was a handsome and cold middle-aged man wearing a black robe. His face was filled with disgust and disdain, and his pupils were golden.

Even if no one here had seen the legendary Glory of Violet, they knew that this person was definitely not Joelson.

Because everyone knew that Glory of Violet was a handsome youth, not so old.

Since it wasn't a visit from a legend, some of the hot-tempered mercenaries weren't as friendly.

"Bastard!"

A robust bearded man stood up angrily and strode towards the man. It seemed like he wanted to teach him a good lesson.

The handsome man waved his hand in disgust as if he was chasing away an annoying fly.

The bearded man flew backwards and knocked over a large number of tables and chairs as well as guests who were drinking, causing waves of exclamations.

Looking at him again, his chest was deeply sunken, and blood mixed with internal organs kept oozing out of his mouth and nose. It seemed that he was about to die.

The tavern was instantly silent.

Everyone looked at this man in horror and did not dare to say another word.

"Let's go."

The man wearing a cloak in the corner stood up and strode out of the tavern.

The handsome man glanced at them and also turned to leave.

It seemed that he was looking for these two people.

After the handsome man completely disappeared from the tavern's entrance, the people inside quickly ran out and looked up into the sky.

But to their astonishment, they did not see the figure of the dragon they had imagined. The dragon's roar just now seemed to be an illusion.

"His Holiness the Pope asked me to send his regards to Lord Kokonoro on his behalf."

The two cloaked people took off their hoods, revealing an old and young face.

The black-robed handsome man coldly snorted.

"When that person arrives, I will come on my own. Do not disturb me before then."

With that, the handsome man's body merged into the shadows and disappeared.

The cloaked young man revealed a displeased expression. "This person is too rude!"

The old man whose face was full of gullies said indifferently, "They are just some arrogant, pitiful worms who can only live under the glory of the past."

The old man's face hid some disdain, but he continued to say, "However, as the Black Dragon Clan's clan leader, the strength of a peak saint-level cannot be underestimated. He is a great help to us this time."

"Teacher, this Kokonoro is here for the two saint-level dragons of Joelson?"

"That's right."

The old man nodded, he explained, "In the past few thousand years, other than having some interactions with the Dragon Blood Clan of the saint-level, the Dragon Clan has never come into contact with anyone. This time, when they heard the news, two of their juniors actually signed a contract with a human, and it was the same human. Even the Dragon King was alarmed, so he sent Kakunoro here personally."

The young man nodded and could not help but ask, "Then what will happen to them?"

"After the contract is canceled, the Dragon King will probably personally erase their memories from the past decades. The dragon race is really lucky."

The old man revealed a hint of envy and sighed, "There are two more powerful warriors with bright futures, especially the metal-type giant dragons. They have almost been cut off."

"Unfortunately, I can't fight against the enemy of light."

Chapter 216: Peak Saint-Level, Stanley

The dragon had signed a contract with the humans. The only way to break the contract was to kill one of them. It was easy to imagine what would happen to Joelson. The young man revealed a regretful expression.

The old man looked at him and said with relief, "There are countless geniuses in the saint-level. There are many young experts who are even more talented than Joelson Edward. Ai Newman. There's no need to feel sorry for an enemy of the light."

"Yes, teacher."

The young man known as Ai Newman nodded solemnly.

At this moment, the old man's expression changed, and he said calmly, "They're here."

Ai Newman subconsciously looked into the distance.

This small town that was isolated in the wilderness was surrounded by flat land. Many people saw it as well, and gasps rang out.

They could only see that from the mist of the wilderness, a malevolent, enormous figure was flying towards them.

They were getting closer.

Everyone saw it.

It was a terrifying dark golden dragon.

On the back of the dragon stood a handsome young man. He had an unspeakable calmness and confidence.

The young man was holding a thick chain made of dark blue flames. The chain hung down and bound a dispirited young man.

The people in the small town cheered excitedly.

"It's the Violet Glory!"

"Joelson Edward! It's really him! I didn't expect him to pass by here!"

"That chicken-like kid is the authority of God, right? Haha! How delightful!"

Most of the Rangers, mercenaries, and adventurers were naturally unhappy with the arrogant Holy See and the believers.

Joelson went against the holy church in front of the entire continent and ruthlessly slapped the Holy Church's face. Naturally, he was regarded as a legend and hero by these people.

"Trash!"

Ai Newman cursed in a low voice and said unhappily, "Since you've already humiliated the Holy Light, you might as well die bravely!"

The old man walked forward quickly and said indifferently, "Ai Newman, get ready to act."

"Yes, teacher!"

Joelson looked at the small town that had suddenly appeared in front of him and was slightly surprised.

"I didn't expect there to be people here."

Joelson pulled the chain in his hand out of boredom. The blue flames roasted Chesterton and made him scream in pain.

The holy light on his body was so thin that it was almost invisible. He had been tortured by Joelson many times along the way and had become a toy for Joelson to kill time.

Joelson did not need to guess to know that there must be people from the Church of Light hiding in this town.

His route was direct to the Misty Mountains. The people of the Church of Light were not fools. They would definitely be able to see through it.

"There should be someone at the peak of the sage-level this time, right?"

Joelson whispered, his eyes slightly shining.

The peak of the sage-level was equivalent to a general-level monster.

During this period of time, Joelson had been playing cat and mouse with the Church of Light while occasionally going to the runic land. His power of law had increased quite a bit.

He really wanted to know if he, together with Du Lu and the steel dragon whose combat strength had also increased, could defeat the peak of the Saint-tier.

"I have a feeling that you'll definitely die under the judgement of the holy light this time!"

Chesterton let out a furious roar and a vicious curse towards Joelson.

Joelson laughed lightly and said, "You have said this sentence more than five times. To be honest, I really feel sad for you."

Joelson's tone was slightly mocking.

"As the authority of God of the Church of Light, there is actually no one who really wants to save you. The heart of an angel, isn't that a lot to you? In fact, the person they want to kill the most right now is not me, but you, right?"

"The shame of the Church of Light."

Joelson's words pierced into Chesterton's heart like a sharp blade. His face was pale, and for the first time, his eyes revealed a greater fear than when he was facing death.

"In the name of the Holy Light."

A dignified voice suddenly came from the surrounding wilderness. A dazzling golden light pierced through the dark sky, and an extremely resplendent golden light sword descended from the sky.

It was aimed at Joelson as if the God of light was brandishing his sword.

Joelson's eyes lit up, and he said in a low voice, "It really came."

The Golden Holy Light Sword descended like a punishment from God.

It was far more powerful than any of the powerful figures of the Church of Light that Joelson had seen before.

The steel dragon quickly bent down and brought Joelson to quickly dodge.

The Golden Holy Sword landed on the ground, and it seemed as if even the earth trembled, creating an extremely large crater.

Joelson saw someone in the sky coldly staring at him.

It was an ordinary-looking old man with a slightly hunched body.

However, in stark contrast to his skinny body was the huge sword in his hand that was the size of a door.

A powerful aura rose from his body and shot straight through the dark clouds in the sky. The sun shone down, coating him with a faint layer of golden light.

Like a god.

Said Joelson softly, with his eyes fixed.

"The pinnacle of the sage class."

The Holy See is finally willing to send out their most powerful men.

"Lord Stanley!"

Chesterton's excited exclamation came from beneath his feet.

"Ha Ha Ha!"

Chesterton let out a laugh of relief and ecstasy.

"Joelson Edward! You're dead today!"

"Really?"

Joelson curled his lips.

At this time, Stanley swung his sword at him again.

Joelson raised the chain in his hand and threw Chesterton toward the sword light.

Stanley did not have any expression. He was as cold as an iceberg.

Chesterton's appearance could not make his sword-light deviate at all.

Chesterton's expression changed from excitement and ecstasy to fear and despair in an instant.

"No!"

The sword light flashed.

Chesterton was split into two halves in mid-air.

Even until his death, his face still had a look of disbelief.

Chesterton, the supreme genius of the Church of Light and the authority of God, had died so easily at the hands of his own people.

A hint of pity appeared in Joelson's eyes.

"I've said it before, the people who want you dead the most are them."

Joelson had originally captured Chesterton to use him as a hostage to threaten the Holy See. However, after this period of time, he realized that Chesterton had no value at all.

The Holy See didn't care about this so-called God's authority at all. If he kept it, it would only be a burden.

Joelson even felt a little pity for this guy.

In the end, it was just a tool of the Holy See. After it lost its function, it was discarded without hesitation.

Stanley slashed down with his third sword.

His power became stronger and stronger. It was truly like Holy Light. It did not deviate at all, giving Joelson a feeling that he could not avoid it.

Flames rose up from the void around Joelson.

At this moment, the color of Joelson's flames was even deeper than a few months ago. The center of the Dark Blue Flames even had a hint of a demonic purple color.

He knew.

When the color of the flame completely changed to purple, it was time for him to step into the pinnacle of the sage level.

Chapter 217: The Mountain of Life, a Shortcut to the Fusion of Laws

The Dark Blue Flames were as deep as the ocean, giving people a cold and gloomy feeling. In fact, it was extremely hot.

The Flames surged up crazily, like a surging ocean tide.

The golden sword light hacked into the fire wave. It was powerful, but at the same time, the sword light was becoming dimmer.

When the sword light completely rushed out of the fire wave, it was only half of its original size and light, but it was still powerful.

At this time, more than ten metal barriers had already formed in front of Johnson.

The metal barriers were broken through by the sword light like paper.

The sword light shrank by half again.

At this time, there were many gorgeous longswords in Johnson's hands. They steadily blocked the holy light, and his figure kept retreating in the void.

Finally, he completely blocked the sword light.

Johnson blinked his eyes. His expression was slightly solemn, but it was more excited.

He barely managed to block Stanley's sword with all his methods. The peak of the sage-level was indeed powerful.

However, it also proved that his improvement speed was very fast.

Before this, a general-level monster could easily send him flying with a palm strike.

Even Stanley had a faint look of praise on his face.

"In the middle stage of the saint-level, you're the only one who can withstand my sword."

Johnson was silent as he stepped on the void and rushed towards Stanley.

Accompanied by a deafening dragon's roar, a fiery red figure rose from behind Johnson.

Together with the steel dragon, they pounced towards Stanley in tacit cooperation.

Johnson decisively summoned du Lu.

With the power of Du Lu and the steel dragon, he had the confidence to fight Stanley.

Johnson exhaled lightly, his eyes shining.

Even, keep him!

Stanley felt a great pressure that he had never felt before.

Two saint-level dragons.

Each of them was much more powerful than the dragons that Stanley had faced before.

They did not seem to have the power of a mid-stage saint-level dragon at all.

Steel Dragons were not a big deal. After all, they were precious dragons.

But that ordinary fire dragon was still vaguely displaying the posture of a Dragon King.

It was unbelievable.

The two dragons seemed to have experienced many battles together. The level of mutual understanding between them was frighteningly high.

In addition, there was also the troublesome Johnson who kept casting spells on the side. Stanley slowly became at a disadvantage.

Stanley mustered all the combat aura in his body and forced the steel dragon to retreat with a swing of his sword. He could not help but shout loudly, "Caponoro!"

Johnson was stunned. There were still enemies? !

In the next second, a sense of horror suddenly rose in his heart.

His intuition forced him to move to the side.

The space where he was just now suddenly broke, and a huge black figure flew over.

Yorson's pupils suddenly contracted, and he raised his head to look at this ferocious beast that had suddenly appeared.

His ice-cold body, claws and teeth that were as sharp as blades, and golden pupils stared coldly at Yorson, causing a sense of danger to arise in his heart.

Black Dragon!

An extremely huge black dragon!

Its body was much larger than du Lu and the steel dragon.

The Aura that this black dragon emitted was even more terrifying than Stanley's.

It was also at the peak of sage-level. It was only one last step away from God's domain.

The Steel Dragon and du Lu instantly retreated and stood guard beside Jorson.

They glared at the black dragon and growled angrily.

"Damn it!"

The Black Dragon opened its mouth. The Dragon's roar reverberated in the sky like thunder.

"You have completely abandoned the dignity and pride of the Dragon Race. Look at the state you are in now. You're like two tamed hunting dogs!"

Caponoro was extremely furious.

The Steel Dragon and du Lu ignored his words. They were even more hostile towards him than they were towards Stanley.

The Black Dragon's regretful and disappointed gaze lingered on du Lu and the steel dragon for a long time before it turned to look at Jorson.

"Lowly human, you will pay the price for your actions that defiled the Dragon Race!"

In Kokonoro's eyes, Johnson was the one who deserved to die the most.

Stanley and Kokonoro's imposing manner completely sealed off this space. The two dragons, Johnson and Dulu, were like beasts trapped in this cage, waiting to die obediently.

Kokonoro waved his dragon claws, and the terrifying power tore through the air with a burst of explosions.

The space trembled, and there were signs of cracks.

The black dragon was a natural anti-magic.

But it was the strongest of all the dragons with the strongest physical strength.

It unleashed the power of the dragon's body to the extreme.

The metal-type giant dragon's greater advantage was its defense, as well as its astonishing destructive power.

At this moment, pure power displayed a terrifying destructive power in front of Jorsson.

Jorsson did not doubt that if he was hit by such a palm, he would instantly turn into a pile of meat paste.

Seeing that this attack was about to land, du Lu and steel dragon wanted to pounce forward to block it for him.

However, there was a hint of helplessness on Johnson's face.

"Are we going to use this move again?"

Before he could finish his sentence.

He saw the figure of a person and two dragons suddenly disappear.

Did Caponoro's sure-kill attack miss?

Stanley and Caponoro were both stunned and looked at each other.

"What's going on? ! Bastard, where's that hateful bug? !"

Calcanoro's roar echoed in the air above the wilderness.

..

Was there any way to break through the encirclement of two peak-stage saint-level powerhouses?

Yorson had been thinking about this question.

He was currently in the space of the Dragon God Ranch.

He had used this last trump card many times during the trials in the land of heritage. He was extremely proficient in using it.

He had provoked the Holy See and was hunted down by the entire Holy See.

Many people thought that Johnson was crazy. This action was tantamount to courting death.

But in fact, from the beginning, Johnson was not worried.

With the Dragon God Ranch, even if the Holy See sent more powerful people to hunt him down,.

He could easily escape.

But Johnson was also limited to a position. If he left the space of the ranch, he would appear at the place where he disappeared last time.

Perhaps Stanley and Carcanoro had already set up an ambush outside, waiting for him to appear.

At the very least, before he had the ability to protect himself, Yorson had no way of leaving.

Thinking of this, Yorson subconsciously glanced at the dark demon dragon in the distance.

If the Dark Demon Dragon could attack at will, there was probably no place in the entire continent that Yorson could not go. There was no one that he could not provoke.

Even among the ancient dragon clans, the Dark Demon Dragon clan was at the monarch level. They were born with the strength of Tier 9. When they reached adulthood, they would have the strength of a peak saint-level. The outstanding ones could even take another step forward and break through the divine realm.

If they went any higher, even the gods would tremble.

However...

A bitter smile appeared on the corner of Johnson's mouth.

He had already used up a small portion of the magic crystal core that he had obtained from the trial in the land of heritage.

However, the intimacy between Yorson and the Dark Dragon had just reached 25 points.

Moreover, the dark dragon boss seemed to be a little tired of eating monster cores. The more monster cores he fed, the less the intimacy increased.

At this time, a blazing light darted into Yorson's arms.

Chapter 218: The Mountain of Life, a Shortcut to the Fusion of Laws

The round little head of the figure arched in Joelson's arms. He raised his head, and a pair of eyes that were clearer than crystals stared at him.

Joelson felt as if he was hugging a ball of light. His entire body felt warm, and his heart was filled with peace and tranquility.

The light dragon.

It was not like there were no gains along the way.

No matter how many saint-level powerhouses of the Church of Light chased after him, Joelson had killed quite a number of them. He had also obtained a few angel hearts. Very smoothly, he summoned the light dragon egg.

The little fellow's entire body was pure white, and its dragon scales were like gemstones.

It had just been born and already had the strength of a ninth-level.

Even the electric dragon, lightning, could not do anything to it.

It had already become a small overlord in the space of the ranch. Other than a certain big shot who had been taking a nap, there was no existence that it did not dare to provoke.

Joelson named it Holy.

'Didn't the people of the Holy See often talk about Holy?'

A teasing smile appeared on the corner of Joelson's mouth.

'Now, Holy is in my arms.'

However, Holy is like the dark magic dragon. His appetite is very tricky, and he does not eat ordinary things.

Joelson had tried to feed holy with ranching crops, but its growth value had barely increased.

A dragon born from eating light and a dragon born from eating darkness were too harsh. No wonder there were so few races.

Little Holy looked at Joelson with its eyes wide open. It kept making sounds like it was acting coquettishly.

Joelson had a helpless look on his face. He grabbed an angel's heart that was emitting holy light.

Little Holy's eyes immediately lit up. It snatched the angel's heart from Joelson's hand and bit it.

Not long after, the angel's heart was completely eaten by it.

"Burp."

Little Holy ground burped in satisfaction and lay down comfortably in Joelson's arms with its small belly.

Joelson shook his head helplessly, not knowing what to say.

If those guys from the Church of Light saw little Holy eating the angel's heart like it was candy, they would be so scared that their eyeballs would pop out.

"It's the last one. I really don't have it anymore."

Joelson sent little divine back to the light-type dragon nest. He stood up and his expression gradually became serious.

Outside the Dragon God Ranch, Stanley and Kokonoro were still the Damocles' swords hanging above his head. He had to increase his strength as soon as possible.

Currently, there were only two ways to become stronger.

One was to continue to head to the rune land and devour more power of laws, raising the fusion of water and fire laws to the late-stage saint-level. That would require the number of two laws to reach at least 200.

The second was the fusion of laws.

However, it seemed like Joelson only had the first choice.

He had no clue about the fusion of laws at the moment.

Just as he was about to lead du Lu and the steel dragon into the ancient ruins of the Dragon God, Joelson suddenly remembered something. He flipped through the system interface, and his eyes gradually lit up.

A certain building in the space of the ranch had reached the level where it could be upgraded again.

Dragon nurturing mountain.

It could be upgraded to Mountain of Life.

"Mountain of life: two types of dragons with different attributes enter the mountain of life (regardless of gender). With their bloodline, there is a chance to nurture a brand-new multi-attribute dragon clan or a precious mutated Dragon Clan."

Joelson blinked his eyes and did not hesitate to level up.

Ever since Du Lu and Enny combined, the breeding mountain, which had been silent, once again bloomed with light, and a new mountain rose next to the original mountain peak.

He did not know why.

None of the dragons that Joelson hatched after Enny were female.

Perhaps the system opened the function of the mountain of life to solve this dilemma of Joelson.

Now, even two male dragons could fuse their attributes.

After some consideration, Joelson tried to have the steel dragon and lightning fly towards the mountain of life.

There was no strange process. Two light pillars shot out from the mountain of life and shone on the steel dragon and lightning.

The two light pillars turned dark gold and purple respectively. Then, they retracted and gathered into a ball of light.

"The new dragon clan is being nurtured."

Joelson knew that he would need to wait for a certain amount of time.

But after a while, a surprised expression suddenly appeared on Joelson's face.

It gradually became excited, ecstatic, and in disbelief.

"Hahaha..."

Joelson could not help but laugh.

The giant dragons all cast strange gazes at him.

Even the dark demon dragon was alarmed. He raised his eyelids, gave him a disdainful look, and then continued to doze off.

Joelson could not hide the excitement in his heart.

He could feel that while the steel dragon and the Lightning bloodline were being nurtured, the metal and electric law powers in his body were also slowly merging.

It was completely spontaneous and active. It was extremely natural and there was no force at all.

Joelson suddenly understood.

Why was it that when he advanced to the saint-level, the laws of water and fire could quickly merge?

It was because he shared the talents of Du Lu and Enny, and Du Lu and Enny combined to give birth to the cloud dragon.

Although the cloud dragon belonged to the air element, in a sense, it was also born from the fusion of water and fire.

Joelson found this shortcut, a shortcut to the fusion of laws.

His body even trembled slightly from excitement.

With the Mountain of Life, he could fuse the two laws he wanted to fuse at will.

After the birth of the metal and electric dragons, he could fuse them with fire and water.

In this way, Joelson could fuse the laws of four, six, and even all elements.

At that time, how terrifying would the power of a random spell of his be?!

Even Joelson himself could not imagine.

..

Once again, he descended into the Land of Runes.

The purple lightning in Joelson's hand flickered, and there was also the metal lava that coiled around it.

The frequency of the use of electric magic was very low.

Because the power of the law of the electric element was not much, not to mention the power of the fusion of the laws of water and fire, even the power of metal magic could not compare to it. It was really redundant.

But now, the situation had changed.

If the law of the electric element could fuse with the power of the law of the metal element.

There was no doubt that it would replace the power of the fusion of water and fire laws as the strongest means of fighting against the enemy in Joelson's hands.

Joelson began to consciously search for metal and electric runes.

The number of metal laws was not small. It had already reached more than a hundred, second only to the water and fire laws.

With the steel dragon around, the efficiency was not low.

Joelson simply released the Lightning.

This was the first time the Lightning had come to the land of runes, the ancient ruins of the Dragon God.

The level nine lightning was a little nervous at first, but it soon discovered that it was actually not that scary.

Most of the attacks of the runic power could only exist within a certain range. As long as the lightning was fast enough, the runic attacks would not be able to catch up to it.

With the lightning, as expected, the efficiency of obtaining runes had increased by a lot.

Often, before the runes in front of his eyes could be obtained, the lightning in the distance had already transmitted an urging roar.

Joelson could hear the meaning behind the lightning roar: "Hurry up! Master, there's more here!"

Chapter 219: As if a God Had Descended

Joelson's strength was steadily increasing at a terrifying speed.

During this period, he encountered two metal-type runes of stone quality and above, which were swallowed by the steel dragon.

And Du Lu was still disdainful of runes of this quality. Joelson discovered that Du Lu and the steel dragon had walked on two completely different paths.

One was to win by quantity and was prepared to create a "rune armor" for himself, using a large number of medium-quality runes to build up a powerful and terrifying power.

The other was to win by quality. Other than the incomplete golden runes, he did not care about anything else.

Joelson also had no way to determine which path was better, but Du Lu's method made him feel gratified.

Du Lu clearly knew that its innate bloodline was not outstanding. If it wanted to closely follow in Joelson's footsteps, it could only constantly improve its foundation.

Foundation was potential.

Electric Light looked at Joelson and the two dragons devouring runes. It was "eating" happily, and it was also envious.

But so far, it could only withstand wooden runes. Slightly stronger stone runes were like a red-hot iron to it, burning it to the point that it kept roaring.

Joelson simply forbade the electric light to devour the runes.

He did not know how long he had walked.

There were more than 200 laws of water and fire and nearly 150 laws of metal and electricity.

Joelson considered whether he should return and make some repairs in the space of the ranch before coming back.

Suddenly, the sound of energy dissipating exploded in the distance, as if someone was fighting.

Joelson had the three-headed Du Lu dragon lower its body and slowly moved closer.

Ten miles away from Joelson, a woman was running wildly.

It was the group of strange people he met last time, the natives of the rune land.

A group of people were chasing after the woman, their faces fierce.

That group of people was obviously stronger than the woman.

Joelson judged from the intensity of the light of the rune power emitted from their bodies.

The woman was finally caught up and fought with the pursuers.

These battles that used the runic power to transform into various forms to attack each other were no different from a fight between children in the eyes of the current Joelson.

However, Joelson found it very interesting.

The runic power was very similar to magic and combat aura.

It was less powerful than magic, but its casting speed was faster.

It was stronger than combat aura, but it did not have the ability to nourish the body and strengthen the body.

In short, each had its own advantages.

The woman endured the siege of a group of people for a long time because she had a better-quality rune.

In the eyes of Joelson, it was just an ordinary stone rune.

But the people chasing the woman all looked at the rune with greedy and eager eyes. The stone rune seemed to be an extremely precious thing to them.

After the woman's strength was exhausted, a smug and sinister smile appeared on the face of the pursuer.

It looked like a good show was about to start, where they would rape and kill first, then kill and steal the treasure.

Joelson's expression changed, and he couldn't help but walk out.

"Connie, you dare to steal the Lord Castellan's stone rune and run away. You have a lot of guts!"

A fierce man with a scar on his face sneered.

The woman called Connie glared at them and cursed, "This was left to me by my father. Eugene, that bastard, will be killed by his greed and ambition sooner or later!"

"You should think about yourself first. The castellan has already said that you only need to bring back the stone runes. You can let us deal with it."

Evil looks appeared in their eyes. Their burning eyes wandered around Connie's tall and straight body.

Connie was extremely embarrassed and angry. The rune on her forehead floated up as she held it tightly in her hand.

"If you guys dare to come over, I'll destroy it!"

The burly man did not care at all as he sneered disdainfully, "With just you? Not to mention destroying the stone rune, you can't even use 30% of its power!"

Connie seemed to have put in a lot of effort, but her face suddenly turned pale.

The burly man smiled proudly and began to unbuckle his belt.

"Guys, I'm the first to come. You don't have any objections, right?"

"Don't come over! Bastard!"

Connie finally panicked and retreated in a panic.

The burly man approached step by step. Just as he was about to pounce over, someone suddenly tugged at the corner of his shirt.

"What?! Didn't we agree that I'll be the first?"

The burly man turned his head in dissatisfaction and said, "We agreed before we came. I must be the first!"

The companion tugging at the corner of his clothes did not answer. Instead, he stared blankly at a direction in the sky, his expression as if he had seen a ghost.

The burly man frowned and followed his gaze. He was also stunned.

His eyes suddenly widened. First, it was a shock, then surprise, and finally, it turned into extreme fear.

"Rune... rune beast?!"

Before she could finish her words, a flame poured down and burned all of them.

Some people subconsciously activated the rune power.

However, the light only flashed for a moment before it was completely submerged in the flame, leaving only a pile of charred ashes and a few broken runes.

Connie was also stunned.

She was facing a few people and could not see behind her.

From her perspective, she could only see the flames falling from the sky. After that, these people were all burned to death and turned into ashes!

The blazing flames seemed to have deliberately bypassed her and only circled around her once. However, Connie could still smell the smell of her hair being burnt.

What was going on?!

Connie turned her head around with a blank expression.

A pair of beautiful big eyes suddenly widened, and she was stunned again.

She only saw three ferocious and huge monsters crouching in the sky, each of them exuding an extremely terrifying aura. They were much stronger than anyone she had ever seen, even the strongest person she had ever seen, the city Lord Eugene.

And what shocked her the most was.

On the back of the most terrifying monster at the very front, there stood a slender figure.

It was a youth.

Handsome, powerful, noble, and elegant, his cold pupils projected down.

Connie couldn't help but blink.

Was this the descent of a God?!

Joelson casually sized up the native girl from the rune land that he had just saved.

The latter was kneeling on the ground, peeping at him with a gaze of worship, shock, and fear.

Joelson frowned slightly.

Communication was a problem.

Soon, Joelson found a solution to the problem of the language barrier.

There was a secret spell to read the soul's memory in necromancy. Frederick, an old monster who had lived for thousands of years, should know about it.

So Joelson left Du Lu to guard the native girl while he returned to the space of the ranch. After getting the secret spell from Frederick, he found its location through the connection with Du Lu.

Connie was so frightened by the strange scene that she screamed.

The God who was riding the monster and descending from the sky frowned and looked at himself for a while before suddenly disappearing.

He disappeared in front of Connie just like that, along with the two terrifying monsters.

This was completely beyond her comprehension.

Chapter 220: Rune Warrior, Meteor City

In Connie's eyes, the monster that had been left behind looked at her coldly. She was so scared that she did not dare to make a sound. She covered her mouth tightly.

The time alone with the monster was torture for Connie.

She had thought that she would be eaten as a snack by the monster, but she gradually realized that the monster did not seem to be interested in her.

Connie tried to stand up carefully and stay away from the monster.

The monster immediately opened its eyes and spat out a blazing flame that could easily burn the stone rune warrior to ashes. It threatened to vent around Connie.

Connie understood.

The monster was guarding her, waiting for the God to return.

On the third day, the handsome God returned.

Connie saw him stride to her and cover her head with his palm.

A sharp pain came, and Connie felt as if her head was about to split open.

Connie's last thought before she completely fainted was, 'It's over. The God has taken my life.'

When Connie woke up in a daze, Joelson was looking at her coldly.

"What's your name?"

'I'm not dead?!' Connie was stunned. She only reacted when Joelson snorted coldly.

"Respected sir."

Joelson used soul reading to easily grasp the language of the Rune Land's aborigines. He had only taken a small part of Connie's memory. If he had taken all of it, this woman would have been directly attacked by Joelson's powerful spiritual power and turned into an idiot.

Joelson asked, "Is there a human town nearby?"

"Meteorite City is 200 miles away. City Lord Eugene is a powerful Golden Rune Warrior."

When she mentioned Eugene, Connie's eyes could not help but show anger.

However, Joelson was interested in the word "Golden Rune Warrior" that Connie had mentioned.

"That's it."

Joelson spread out his hands. There were a few wooden runes in his hands, as well as Connie's own stone rune.

Connie was a little excited when she saw the stone rune, but she quickly restrained herself, she said respectfully, "Yes, the runes in the rune land are divided into the lowest level of wooden runes, followed by stone runes, golden runes, crystal runes, and above that, it is said that there are diamond runes, but those are all legendary, I have never seen them before."

Joelson nodded and threw the stone runes back to Connie, then casually crushed the remaining few wooden runes and devoured them.

Connie had yet to escape from the joy of the stone runes returning to her hands when she saw the scene of Joelson devouring the runic laws, and then her entire body trembled violently.

Seeing that Joelson simply devoured a few runes as if he was eating and drinking, Connie could not help but sigh in her heart.

It was so easy for him to swallow the power of the wooden runes. He did not even manifest his own rune power. At the very least, he should have the strength of a gold rune warrior.

Oh, that's not right.

Connie glanced at the giant dragons beside him.

Eugene, that bastard, did not have the ability to control such a terrifying monster.

Could it be that he was a Crystal Rune Master?!

Connie was shocked and secretly swallowed a mouthful of saliva.

Joelson asked Connie again and got most of the information he wanted.

The rune land was a place completely ruled by the power of runes.

Some of the natives here had special talents. They could fuse with runes and control the power of runes.

Upgrading by devouring runes of the same attribute.

For example, a wooden rune warrior could continuously devour runes to upgrade his rune level to stone level.

It was still very different from the power of a mage or a knight.

In Joelson's opinion, these people relied too much on external things.

No matter how powerful the rune power was, it was not their own power.

Unless they directly devoured the law as Joelson did.

"Do you have a lot of such runes in Meteor City?"

Joelson pointed at Connie's stone rune and said lightly.

Connie nodded, "My father is a rune hunter. He specializes in hunting runes and selling them to rich big shots."

Connie touched the rune in her hand and said sadly, "This is what he left for me."

Joelson nodded slightly.

If it was really as Connie said, it would save him a lot of time.

Someone would help him search for runes. Although the level was not very high, if there were enough of them, it would be much faster than him wandering around alone.

"Bring me there."

Joelson narrowed his eyes and said coldly, "Meteor City."

Connie hesitated for a moment. She had stolen her own runes from Eugene and was now wanted by the entire city.

"What is it?"

Joelson's indifferent voice sounded in her ear.

Connie reacted, "Oh, oh, yes, sir."

Connie wanted to knock her own head hard.

She was a fool. With such a powerful master by her side, why should she be afraid of Eugene?

Maybe.

Connie's heart was beating fast.

She could even take this opportunity to take revenge on her father.

Damn Eugene!

The so-called meteor city was much bigger than what Joelson had imagined.

It was the same as the cities in the central continent, but the architectural style was slightly different.

Before they came, Joelson had asked Lightning to return to the ranch, while Du Lu and the steel dragon were hiding outside the city.

Once a battle broke out, the two dragons could arrive at any time.

There were a lot of people coming and going in Meteor City. Most of them had runes of different shapes and colors engraved on their foreheads. They were hidden under their skin like tattoos, which looked a little strange.

"Meteor City is located to the west of the Land of Runes. It is the city closest to the rune wilderness, so most of the people in the city are rune hunters. In other cities in the Land of Runes, the number of ordinary people is still relatively high."

Joelson nodded, similar to the relationship between the mage knights and ordinary people in the middle continent.

However, the proportion of runic warriors was even higher.

Joelson saw Connie cover her beautiful face with a veil and said calmly, "Do you have enemies in the city?"

Connie nodded, she said in a low voice, "My father died while hunting a golden rune for the castellan Eugene. Not only did Eugene not make any compensation, but she also took my father's rune by force. I stole the rune and ran out. If I didn't meet the lord, I might have died by now."

Connie brushed the hair beside her ear. "In order not to cause unnecessary trouble for the Lord, it's better not to let others find me."

Joelson nodded.

Connie had a pure heart. Otherwise, he wouldn't have spared her life.

For some reason, Joelson suddenly remembered the few natives who were killed by the power of the golden rune when he helped Du Lu to seize the golden rune fragment.

He shook his head with a strange expression. It could not be such a coincidence, right?

When he walked into meteor city, everything was similar to the middle continent. However, there was no magic tool shop or magic potion shop. Instead, there was an existence like the rune shop.

He sized them up for a while and asked, "What is your currency?"

Chapter 221: I Want All of Them

Connie took out a few hexagonal coins from her pocket and explained to Joelson, "These are runic coins, similar to runestones. They are graded according to their value. These are the lowest grade wooden runic coins."

Joelson took the runic coins from Connie's hand and examined them carefully.

He wanted to use the scraps of broken runestones to polish them. The workmanship was very rough, and there was an extremely thin layer of runic power wrapped around them.

Joelson asked, "Do you have higher-level runic coins?"

Connie's face showed a faint embarrassment, and she said with a red face, "No."

"What's the price of the lowest-level wooden rune?"

Connie replied, "It's usually between 100 to 300 wooden runic coins. Stone runes are similar, but you need to pay with stone runic coins. The exchange ratio between stone and wooden coins is 1:100."

Joelson thought for a moment, then took out a few gold coins commonly used in the central continent and handed them to Connie.

"There's no such currency?"

Connie's eyes lit up when she saw the gold coins, and she whispered, "It's so beautiful!"

But soon, a puzzled look appeared in her eyes. "Why is this inferior metal made so delicately?"

"Inferior metal?"

Joelson was stunned.

"Yes."

Connie kept playing with the gold coin in her hand, she explained, "There are a lot of this metal beside high-level metal rune stones. It's the lowest-grade associated metal ore. Whether it's hardness or ductility, it's very poor. A wooden currency can be exchanged for a lot of it."

Connie looked at the gold coin with a regretful look and said, "If this kind of workmanship was placed on a high-level metal, it would still have a certain collection value. Unfortunately, no one would collect handicrafts made of inferior metals."

Only after understanding it did Joelson understand.

It turned out that gold was actually the lowest grade and most worthless metal in the land of runes. On the contrary, the value of steel that could be forged into weapons and equipment was even higher. As for magic materials such as magic mithril, their value was also equally precious.

Joelson could not help but have a strange expression on his face.

If an ordinary person from the central continent had the opportunity to come here, he would be able to make a fortune. However, right now, he had no interest in this path of earning gold.

A few black magic crystal coins appeared in Joelson's hands.

"Then, what about these?" Joelson looked at Connie and asked.

If the magic crystal coins lost their value, then he would have to consider giving up the method of purchasing them and using force to collect runestones.

That might increase a lot of unnecessary trouble, but for his own strength, he could only do so.

Contrary to Joelson's expectations, Connie's eyes widened the moment she saw the magic crystal coin and said, "At this time, the crystal rune coin?!"

Connie's current appearance was very interesting.

She stared at the magic crystal coin in Joelson's hand. That kind of feeling of wanting to touch it but being a little afraid made Joelson laugh.

"Crystal Rune Coin?"

Joelson looked at Connie. "Are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure!"

Connie's tone was firm, and she added in a low voice, "Actually, I've never seen a crystal rune before."

Joelson didn't know what to say, so he raised his hand and pretended to hit her.

Connie was so scared that she knelt on the ground. Her face was pale, and her body trembled as she replied, "Sir, although I've never seen a Crystal Rune Coin before, I know that the density of the rune power on a crystal rune coin is dozens of times more than that of a wooden currency."

Connie thought that Joelson was angry and wanted to kill her.

Joelson felt the runic power on the wooden currency. The magic power contained in the magic crystal coin was indeed dozens of times more than that of the wooden currency.

The so-called runic power was actually also composed of magic elements.

Joelson nodded lightly. "Get up."

Connie looked carefully at Joelson and slowly stood up. She stood respectfully to the side and did not dare to say another word.

Joelson looked at the magic crystal coins in his hand, his eyes shining.

If the value of the magic crystal coins was really as Connie had said, then his plan would obviously go much smoother.

In the space of the ranch, the magic crystal coins that the steel dragon and Du Lu produced every day had accumulated until now into a small mountain.

He randomly found a rune shop and walked in.

Joelson took a look and saw that there were dozens of rune stones arranged in different categories in the shop.

Most of them were wooden runestones, and a few of them were stone runestones.

As for golden runestones, it was impossible to have them.

In the entire meteor city, there were only a few people who had golden runestones, including the city Lord, Eugene.

The shop owner saw that Joelson was handsome, dressed luxuriously, and his temperament was much better than ordinary people.

His eyes immediately lit up and he quickly walked up to him.

"Dear customer."

The shop owner smiled and asked, "Do you need anything?"

Joelson withdrew his gaze from the runestone and said indifferently, "Do you only have these things in your shop?"

The shop owner thought that Joelson didn't care about the runestones in the shop and quickly said, "Customer, please wait a moment."

The shop owner walked in and soon came out with a box.

"Look at this."

The shop owner opened the box, and a sharp light immediately shot out.

Joelson easily crushed the box, which made the shop owner's heart tremble, and he became more excited.

This was a strong man, which also meant that he was a big customer with a big wallet.

"Metal-type top-grade rune stone."

The shop owner patted his chest and said proudly, "I can guarantee that you won't find a better stone rune than this in the entire Meteor City. In order to get it, more than ten rune hunters died."

Joelson was slightly satisfied.

This kind of rune stone contained at least three laws, and it was a precious metal type rune stone. It was indeed not bad.

Joelson retracted his gaze and said, "Do you have more?"

Still not satisfied?!

The shop owner was stunned for a moment and hesitated for a while before taking out another fire type rune stone with a scorching aura.

"It's similar to the previous one, but because it's a fire type rune stone, the price is slightly higher."

There were more fire-type runestones, so it was normal for the market price to be expensive.

Joelson nodded and asked again, "Are there any more?"

The shopkeeper was stunned, and a bitter smile appeared on his face as he said, "Honorable customer, the most valuable runestones in our shop are all here. If we go any higher, there will be golden runestones. We really don't have any."

Joelson shook his head. "What I mean is, there are runestones like this and these."

Joelson glanced at the runestones in the shop and said indifferently, "Take them all out. I want them all."

He wanted them all.

The shop owner was completely dumbfounded.

He thought he had heard wrong.

He stared at Joelson for a long time.

"Are you kidding me? Do you know how much you need to buy all the runestones here?"

Before the shop owner could finish his words, his eyes suddenly widened. The rest of his words were stuck in his throat like a duck whose neck was being pinched.

Joelson threw a few shiny magic crystal coins in front of him.

"Crystal... crystal runestone?!"

Chapter 222: Sweeping the Rune Shop

The shop owner picked up a magic crystal coin with a trembling hand and looked at it carefully for a long time. Then, he raised his head and looked at Joelson, his eyes full of shock.

He used a crystal rune coin to pay the bill.

Who Was this guy?!

Joelson couldn't help but frown. "Please hurry up."

The shop owner woke up from his shock and quickly put the magic crystal coins in his pocket as if he was afraid that someone else would snatch them away.

"Wait... Wait a moment."

A moment later, Joelson walked out of the rune shop with a bag full of runestones and Connie, who had yet to completely recover from her shock. Behind him, the rune shop owner kept bowing with a fawning face.

Dozens of wooden runes and dozens of stone runes only cost four magic crystal coins.

In this rune land.

A smile appeared on Joelson's face. It was really a huge treasure.

He glanced at Connie and asked indifferently, "Where's the next rune shop?"

Connie led Joelson there.

Not long after.

The owner of the rune shop looked at the magic crystal coins in his hand with shining eyes, then looked at Joelson's disappearing figure.

He sighed in his heart, "Where did this big shot come from? is he too rich to use crystal rune coins to buy low-level rune stones, or is there something wrong with his brain?"?

Looking back at the empty rune shop, the shop owner laughed out loud.

No matter what, he had made a lot of money.

In the next half a day, Joelson and Connie swept through more than half of the rune shops in Meteor city.

In the end, they obtained more than 160 wooden runes and more than 30 stone runes.

There were all kinds of elemental runes. The five elements were the most common, followed by the metal element and electric element, which were the more precious elemental rune stones.

If converted to the power of laws, there were more than 200 of them. If he could get rid of some of the elemental laws that Joelson could not use, for the time being, it would be enough for his strength to advance greatly.

Joelson was very satisfied.

However, he did not have such a big harvest for a long time.

There were no more than ten runestones in Meteor City, and half of them were directly emptied by Joelson.

The entire rune stone market in Meteor City was in a state of shortage.

One could imagine how much the price of an ordinary rune stone would rise in the next few days.

At this time, there might be many people secretly cursing Joelson for destroying the market.

Of course, Joelson didn't care, and the owners of the rune shops were also willing to make a fortune.

"Find a place to stay," Joelson ordered Connie.

Connie nodded respectfully.

Tomorrow, he would sweep the remaining shops again. Joelson had to concentrate on devouring the power of law.

..

"What?! One wooden rune cost twenty stone coins?! Are you crazy?!"

A rune warrior stared at the rune shop owner with wide eyes, his face full of disbelief.

The owner of the rune shop waved his hand impatiently, "If you don't want to buy it, then go out. If you don't want to buy it, then go out."

"Even if the price increases, it can't be ten times higher than before, right? This is too much!"

"There aren't many runestones in the entire Meteor City right now. It's the same price everywhere. These few rune stones have just arrived. If you can't afford them, then get lost!"

As he said this, the shopkeeper sneered, "Poor bastard!"

"You!"

The runic warrior was so angry that his face turned red. It was really too infuriating.

Originally, he had recently made a breakthrough in his strength and reached the boundary of advancement. He had happily come over to buy a few runestones to break through the runic warrior's level. He did not expect to encounter such a thing.

The runic warrior ultimately swallowed his anger and helplessly turned around to leave.

He even said with dissatisfaction, "One wooden runestone costs twenty stone coins. Then I might as well become a runic hunter. That would be a lot of money."

Similar scenes kept happening in front of all the runic shops in Meteor City.

All the runestones in Meteor city had been bought by Joelson. The price of runestones rose crazily. Moreover, even if one had money, one might not be able to buy them.

Many runestones would rather keep them in their hands than sell them.

If they sold them to ordinary people at the price of twenty stone coins, they might as well save up and sell them all to that rich customer. They could also exchange them for precious crystal runestone coins.

Crystal runestone coins.

Many people had never seen them in their lives.

This indirectly caused over 70% of the runestone warriors in Meteor City to rush out of the city and rush into the runestone wilderness.

The runestones in the wilderness were all money in their eyes.

Meteor City's, City Lord's mansion.

A tall man with a lightning-shaped golden tattoo on his forehead sat in the hall. His face was solemn and had an indescribable sense of dignity. However, his slightly narrow eyes made his temperament somewhat gloomy.

It was the city lord of Meteor City, Eugene.

At this moment, Eugene was focused on playing with a black crystal coin in his hand.

The edge of the coin was smooth, but there were no patterns on the two sides. It was just simply polished.

Someone respectfully stood beside Eugene and reported, "Recently, more than 90% of the runestones in Meteor City have been bought by the same person, and they were paid with this kind of crystal runestone."

Eugene pinched the magic crystal coin with two fingers, narrowed her eyes, and carefully looked at it. She slowly said, "The quality is much better than ordinary crystal runic coins, but there isn't any badge engraved on it."

The person next to her had a surprised expression. "Could the Lord have come from the center of the runic land..."

"It doesn't look like it."

Eugene shook her head, and a sinister light flashed in her eyes, she said in a low voice, "I think it looks like it's privately made. I've heard that some lucky people would occasionally find a crystal vein derived from high-level runes and secretly seal this information. They would mine it privately and produce runic coins. Then, they would send people to remote areas to exchange the runic coins for a large number of runic stones."

The people next to her exclaimed, "Won't we lose a lot of money like this?!"

Eugene narrowed his eyes and sneered, "Compared to our lives, losing a little is nothing. Besides..."

Eugene's eyes shot out an intense greedy gaze.

"You can't imagine how much a crystal rune ore vein is worth!"

Even the people next to him became excited.

"Sir, what do you mean?"

"It's just a guess."

Eugene's expression completely disappeared, she casually ordered, "Get someone to keep an eye on the guy who bought the runestones. I'm guessing that he must have a lot of crystal rune coins on him. If it's really as I've guessed, he's a fat sheep that was sent to his mouth!"

"The point is, even if we eat this fat sheep, its owner won't dare to make a sound! Hehe."

In the best hotel in Meteor City, Connie walked out of her room. Other than a pair of eyes, the rest of her body was completely hidden.

She glanced at the room next to her.

Joelson was inside. It had been a week.

Before he went into seclusion, Joelson had given her a portion of magic crystal coins and asked her to buy a batch of runestones for him every three days.

Chapter 223: A Conspiracy from the Castellan's Mansion

Connie had always remembered what Joelson had said.

Thinking of the heavy bag of crystal rune coins in her arms, Connie's heart raced.

The crystal rune coins in her arms were enough to buy half of Meteor City.

An unbelievable amount of money!

Sometimes, Connie would have the thought of running away with the rune coins, but she quickly extinguished it herself.

Where could she go?

Moreover, she couldn't even protect a single stone rune. How could she have the ability to protect so many crystal runic coins?

If she left Joelson's side, she was afraid that she would soon die somewhere.

Connie quickly left the hotel and shuttled through Meteor City.

She was careful enough. Every time she came out of a runic shop, she would change her clothes, afraid that she would be targeted.

However, Connie still forgot that the crystal rune coins she paid for were the biggest flaw.

Connie was holding a large bag of runestones in her hand. The sound of them colliding was crisp.

She had a gratified expression on her face. If the adults saw it, they would definitely be satisfied.

Although she did not know why Joelson collected low-level rune stones, Connie only wanted to obediently complete the task that Joelson had given her.

What Connie could not see was that there were a few pairs of eyes staring at her from behind.

When she went out to buy runestones for the second time, Connie was finally stopped by someone.

When Connie walked into a small alley, she was stopped by four or five men. Each of them had a gloomy expression, and the aura they emitted was comparable to that of stone rune warriors.

Connie was panicking, but she quickly calmed down.

"Who are you people?"

One of the men revealed a mocking smile and said, "Connie, there's no need to hide. I know you."

Connie was startled, and her eyes revealed some bitterness.

In the end, she was still discovered by the city Lord's people.

"You know her?"

"She stole a runestone from the city Lord and fled."

"That belongs to me!"

Connie glared at them; her eyes full of anger.

"Humph!"

The man snorted and said coldly, "You are so powerful, you killed Hoppes and the others!"

The man looked at Connie's pocket with the rune stone in her hand and said enviously, "You even got a big shot. It seems that your master is very satisfied with your skills! hahaha!"

The few of them all laughed evilly.

"Bastard!"

Connie was so angry that her whole body started to tremble.

However, their expressions became cold as they slowly approached her.

Connie hurriedly took a few steps back and pretended to be calm as she said, "Aren't you afraid of angering the Lord behind me by doing this?! Get lost!"

"The Lord of the city wants to be friends with the Lord behind you. We haven't been able to see him, so we can only invite you over first."

Their expressions became fierce.

Connie quietly crushed a magic crystal in her hand and said calmly, "Okay, I'll go with you."

Their expressions were a little strange, but they quickly walked up and subdued Connie.

"Boss."

Someone stared at Connie and the runestone in her hand with a burning gaze and swallowed a mouthful of saliva.

Pa!

A slap ruthlessly landed on his face.

"If you want to die, I won't stop you. Women and things are what the castellan wants!"

The latter immediately became obedient.

Connie heaved a sigh of relief, but her eyes were filled with shame and worry.

If the castellan knew that I ruined his business, he would definitely punish me.

Someone rushed over from the Castellan's residence, his face full of shock and ecstasy.

"My Lord!"

The person handed over the things in his hands. Eugene took a look, and even her breathing became heavy.

"So many?!"

Two pockets, one filled with runestones, most of which were made of wood and stone. Eugene didn't care about these.

But the other pocket.

Was full of shining magic crystal coins!

Eugene's eyes were almost dazzled.

At a glance, there were at least a few hundred of them!

Eugene's eyes were burning with greed, and he quickly pulled the bag full of magic crystal coins in front of him.

He casually grabbed a handful, and the magic crystal coins collided with a crisp sound, Eugene laughed loudly. "Even a servant has so many crystal rune coins on him. I can imagine how much wealth that guy has in his hands! He's really a big fat sheep!"

The people around them also smiled with joy.

After Eugene calmed down a little, he leaned forward and whispered, "Sir, the identity of that mysterious man's servant is a little special."

"Huh?"

Eugene frowned slightly.

"She's the daughter of Connecticut."

Eugene narrowed her eyes and asked coldly, "Is she the bitch who stole one of my runestones?"

"Yes."

"It seems that Hoppes and the others died at the hands of the person behind Connie. He could easily kill five stone rune warriors. He must be at least at the level of a gold rune. Otherwise, he wouldn't be so reckless."

Eugene frowned slightly. After thinking for a while, her face turned cold.

"Go to Spencer and tell him that there's a big deal. Ask him if he's interested."

The person next to him was stunned for a moment and said subconsciously, "Sir, you're giving Spencer half of such a big fortune?"

Eugene snorted coldly, "I'm afraid that I won't be able to eat it alone and will choke to death! Besides..."

Eugene's face revealed a strange expression that looked like he was smiling, but his eyes were terrifyingly cold.

"Who said that Spencer will be able to leave Meteor City alive after getting his half? Hehe."

When the people beside him saw Eugene's gaze, they were shocked.

As Eugene's trusted aide, he understood.

Eugene was planning to eat Spencer as well.

The castellan was truly vicious!

..

Joelson suddenly opened his eyes, his brows furrowed.

He casually threw away a runestone that had already been absorbed and turned into dust.

Beside him, there was already a pile of such powder.

He took out a magic crystal, which was crazily flashing with red light spots.

Joelson first gave Connie a communication magic crystal, telling her to inform him whenever there was an emergency.

Now it seemed that.

Something had happened.

It was within Joelson's expectations.

Such a large amount of magic crystal coins flowing into meteor city would definitely attract the attention of some people.

That was good.

Joelson stood up, and a powerful aura rose around him. His gaze was calm.

It had been a long time since he had moved.

Joelson had left his own magic imprint on Connie, a small trick of a mage.

The location of the imprint.

Joelson's gaze was cast in a direction, in the center of Meteor City.

He casually pulled a passer-by and asked indifferently, "What is that place?"

The passer-by who was pulled over by Joelson only felt that he was being pulled by a huge force, and there was no room for resistance at all.

Initially, he was a little dissatisfied, but when he met Joelson's indifferent eyes, his heart could not help but tremble. He answered honestly, "That is the mansion of the castellan."

Joelson's expression changed and he said, "Castellan."

He walked slowly in that direction.

The passers-by were still stunned on the spot. They looked at Joelson's back and said something in confusion and shock.

Chapter 224: Golden Rune Warrior? Kill him with one palm!

Meteor City, City Lord's mansion.

"Eugene!"

A man as strong as a lion strode in. His long golden hair fell down, and there was a touch of red on his forehead. His eyes were burning, and he had a powerful aura.

"What's the big deal? Why are you in such a hurry to get me here?"

Eugene showed a warm smile on her face and welcomed Spencer into the hall. She waved her hand, and two timid maids walked up quickly.

Her soft little hands pressed on Spencer's shoulders.

Sizzle sizzle...

One of the handmaidens cried out in pain. When his hand touched Spencer's shoulder, it was like touching a red-hot iron. His hand was instantly burned until it was covered in blisters of blood.

Eugene's eyes flashed with a sinister light. A bolt of lightning shot out from his hand and instantly burned the handmaiden into a charred corpse.

The other servant girl was so scared that her entire body started to tremble. Her face was pale as she continued to massage Spencer. Even though her hands were burnt until they festered, she endured the pain and didn't dare to make a sound.

Spencer seemed to be very used to this scene. There was no expression on his face as he continued to ask, "What exactly is it?"

Eugene grabbed a magic crystal coin and laughed in a low voice, "A big deal that's worth several thousand crystal runic coins. Are you interested?"

Spencer's eyes lit up. He stood up and said in a low voice, "Damn it, stop talking nonsense and tell me clearly!"

Eugene smiled and was about to say something when a loud explosion came from the door.

Eugene was shocked and her eyes turned cold. She sneered and said, "No need to say anything. They are already here."

..

When Eugene and Spencer arrived at the door, they found that the place had turned into a sea of blue-purple fire.

The towering fire was as turbulent as the waves of the sea. It looked deep and cold, but when they got closer, they felt an extremely hot air blowing on their faces as if it was going to burn everything.

In the sea of fire, a tall and slender figure was walking over.

It was a handsome young man. His face was calm, and his expression was natural as if he was taking a walk.

From time to time, he would raise his right hand and absorb the runes of the rune warriors who had been burned to ashes in the Sea of fire.

Eugene was so angry that he was about to die.

"Damn Kid!"

Purple lightning jumped on Eugene's forehead and quickly spread to his entire body. His entire body seemed to be wrapped by lightning as he pounced on Joelson.

Spencer also roared loudly. The red light on his forehead lit up and he transformed into a flaming war god. He followed Eugene's footsteps and pounced on him.

Did he come out?

Joelson glanced at Eugene and Spencer who had suddenly appeared.

The strength that surpassed the saint rank was probably between the initial stage of the saint rank to the middle stage of the saint rank.

Two little bugs.

Joelson's spiritual power circulated, and the blue-purple flames gathered with his will. The intensely burning flames condensed into an extremely huge palm.

It seemed like it was going to smash the entire city Lord's mansion into pieces with one palm.

"God of runes! Quickly look over there!"

"What is that?!"

The dazzling gigantic bluish-purple flaming palm hovered in mid-air, attracting the attention of quite a few people in Meteor City. Everyone looked in the direction of the City Lord's mansion in shock.

"Such terrifying power, could it be a crystal grade rune expert?!"

Quite a few people thought in shock.

As for those in the city Lord's mansion, those who were under the flaming palm were completely stunned.

They stared blankly at the huge hand that covered the sky above their heads. The terrifying hot pressure was continuously pressing down, and deep fear and despair rose in everyone's hearts.

In their eyes, Joelson's tall and slender figure seemed to be endlessly growing taller, becoming as majestic as a god.

Eugene, who was originally filled with anger and even greed and pride, ferociously pounced at Joelson. Following the appearance of the giant flaming palm, his figure continued to slow down.

In the end, he completely stopped and stared blankly at the terrifying scene above his head. His eyes revealed a look of disbelief and shock.

How was this possible?!

Spencer was also stunned. Then, he angrily shouted, "Eugene, you bastard! Who did you offend?! Drag me into the water with you!"

"I'm not playing with you anymore!"

Spencer did not hesitate to turn around and run away.

The giant flaming palm quickly slammed down. Eugene's pupils suddenly contracted. A bolt of lightning flashed past, and with the Lightning-type rune power, he barely dodged it.

However, Spencer was not so lucky.

Bang!

With a loud sound, the ground violently shook.

When the giant flaming palm was lifted up again, Spencer's original position was only left with a lump of slowly burning charcoal.

A gold-tier rune warrior had been killed by this youth in front of him with a casual palm?!

Eugene looked at Joelson in shock, and a voice roared in her heart: just what kind of existence had he offended?! How was this a fat sheep? This was clearly an evil dragon!

Eugene was scared to death. How would he dare to fight with Joelson? He immediately turned around and wanted to escape.

However, the big flaming hand sealed off all the space around Eugene. Before he could react, he was grabbed by the big hand.

"You can't kill me. I'm the city lord of Meteorite City. If you dare to kill me, you'll be in big trouble!" Eugene shouted in fear.

Joelson looked at him indifferently. The big flaming hand suddenly exerted force. Sparks exploded on Eugene's body. She was squeezed into a lump of meat paste before she was completely engulfed by the flames.

Joelson took the two runes left on Eugene and Spencer's bodies into his hand.

The golden runes that came out were exceptionally beautiful and extremely gentle.

This was a tamed runestone.

Joelson casually crushed it and swallowed the two runes.

His eyes suddenly lit up.

Eugene's runes contained more than twenty electric laws, and Spencer's runes also contained nearly twenty fire laws.

What a pleasant surprise!

Joelson suddenly felt that killing the powerful rune masters in the rune land was the fastest way to increase the power of the laws.

At present, the number of water and fire laws in Joelson's body was close to 300, the number of metal laws was more than 200, and the number of electric laws was more than 150.

Compared to before entering the rune land, his strength had nearly doubled.

And it had not even been a month!

If this rate of improvement were to be spread out, it would scare a group of people to death.

The power of the fusion of water and fire elemental laws had become much stronger, and half of the color of the flames had turned purple.

Joelson was confident that if he were to fight Stanley now, he would not be in such a sorry state like before without the help of Du Lu and the steel dragon.

Eugene and spindles were killed by Joelson in two hits, and more than half of the guards in the castellan's mansion were killed by him. The rest of the people had already fled in all directions.

Joelson followed the guidance of the magic imprint and rescued Connie from the water prison.

"Thank you, Sir!"

Connie knelt in front of Joelson in excitement. Apart from thanking him for saving her life for the second time, there was also another thing.

Eugene was dead, and Connie was avenged indirectly.

- Chapter 225: The Mysterious Parchment Map

Chapter 225: The Mysterious Parchment Map

A figure sneakily ran out of the Castellan's mansion.

Joelson looked in that direction, and the latter immediately felt as if an invisible hand was strangling his neck, forcefully dragging him in front of Joelson.

"Uh uh..."

It was a man with a pale face, carrying a huge bag on his back. If not for that, Joelson might not have noticed the shadow of such a small character.

The bag on the man's back fell to the ground and dropped a lot of things.

Joelson's eyes lit up.

Runestones, a huge pile of runestones.

All of them were made of stone, and there was even a golden runestone that was made of metal.

There were also runic coins.

The magic crystal coins that Joelson gave to Donna were mixed among them. There were also hundreds of orthodox crystal runic coins and a large number of stone runic coins from the land of runes.

Joelson looked at the man and smiled. "You've saved me a lot of time."

Killing him with a slap was a huge harvest.

Since Eugene had such a great benefit, the other gold-tier rune warrior must have a similar wealth.

Joelson asked Connie, "Do you know who Eugene is usually on good terms with?"

Connie thought for a moment and replied, "The person who has the most contact with Eugene is probably Spencer du from Flame City."

"Does he use fire-type runic power?"

"Yes, sir."

Connie nodded.

Joelson was slightly surprised. His eyes flashed with a strange light as he said, "Where is Flame City? Bring me there."

Soon.

The citizens of Meteor City, who were still in shock from Eugene's death, suddenly heard a deafening dragon roar from outside the city.

They looked up at the sky in horror and saw a shadow flying over their heads.

Two ferocious and terrifying bodies and a slender figure standing on them.

These people would probably never forget them.

Connie laid on Du Lu's back in a very awkward position and was very careful.

Du Lu's speed was very fast, and the wind blew past Connie's ears.

Thinking of the terrifying giant beast under her, she was very excited. Fear and shock mixed together.

"Sir!"

Connie suddenly thought of something and raised her head to shout at Joelson.

Joelson looked at her indifferently.

"Eugene and Spencer, the city lord of Flame City, were conferred the title of Archduke Isaac. If you kill them, there might be trouble."

After Connie finished speaking, she realized that Joelson did not seem to take it to heart. He only nodded and continued to look forward.

Connie thought about it and agreed.

For an existence at the level of the Lord, there was no need for her to worry about him.

Indeed, Joelson did not take Connie's words to heart.

He was just a passer-by to the runic land and would leave soon.

What would happen if he killed Eugene and spindles had nothing to do with him?

Meteor City was not far from Flame City, and it was even faster with the dragons.

From afar, they saw a city that was about the same size as Meteor City. This time, Joelson did not let Du Lu and the steel dragon hide. Instead, he directly rode the two dragons and flew over.

The people of Flame City were as usual. They suddenly realized that the bright sky was quickly darkening. When they raised their heads, they saw an extremely terrifying scene.

Two extremely huge ferocious beasts were entrenched in the sky above Flame City. Their spread wings were like dark clouds that covered the sky. The entire Flame City was trembling under their pressure.

"Damn it! What is this?!"

"Run!"

"Castellan! Go and report to Castellan!"

The streets of Flame City were filled with exclamations. Countless people were running around in panic like frightened flies. The entire city was in chaos.

Joelson waited in the sky above Flame City for a while. A few rays of light shot up from below.

"Who are you?!"

A few men who were covered by the power of runes looked at Joelson in horror and asked loudly.

Joelson sized them up. They were all close to saint-level strength, one level lower than Eugene and Spencer.

Joelson didn't say anything, but Du Lu directly moved.

With a wild roar, most of the clouds in the sky were scattered by this roar.

A scorching pillar of fire from Du Lu's mouth was spat out.

Of course, to them, it was a sea of fire.

The person closest to them did not even have time to dodge. He was directly sprayed into nothingness by Joelson's Earth element. Not even a single bone ash was left behind.

The other people were scared to death. They wanted to escape, but the steel dragon quickly pounced on them.

It swatted them all to death like mosquitoes.

The Flame City people watching the battle underground were all dumbfounded.

"Isn't that Lord Jim? The number one expert under Lord Spindler died just like that?!"

"Even the captain of the guards is dead!"

"That's too terrifying! Where's the governor? Why isn't he here yet?!"

"If the governor appears, he'll probably be slapped to death as well."

After killing a few rune warriors, no one dared to show their faces anymore.

Joelson had Du Lu and the steel dragon occupy the sky above Flame City. He stepped on the void and walked towards the direction of the governor's mansion.

It immediately caused waves of exclamations.

"There's someone on the monster's back?!"

Without spindles personally guarding the castellan's mansion, plus a few experts of Flame City were killed by Joelson, it was already chaotic.

Joelson walked into the castellan's mansion, but unexpectedly, he did not receive much resistance.

He only occasionally killed a few brainless warriors who rushed up.

"When the Castellan returns, you will definitely be nailed to the stake and burned alive!" Someone shouted at Joelson in horror.

Joelson casually threw a flame at him, and the other party was instantly reduced to ashes.

After killing several people in a row, Joelson finally knew where Spencer's secret chamber was.

This guy looked rough on the outside, but he was actually shrewder than Eugene.

The runestones and runic coins found in Spencer's secret chamber were twice as much as Eugene's, and there was also a box that was tightly sealed with runic power.

Joelson broke the runes on the outside of the box.

He opened it.

There was only a rolled-up piece of parchment inside.

There were curved lines drawn on the parchment, and the ink was new.

Joelson looked carefully and found that it was actually a map.

Flame City, Meteor city, and the destination pointed to an unknown place with a symbol of fire.

Joelson felt something.

To be able to walk on a map that Spencer had carefully preserved, the value would definitely not be low.

What could possibly exist in the land of runes?

Naturally, it was runes.

Could it be that Spencer had discovered a high-level fire attribute rune and was killed by him before he could collect it?

The more Joelson thought about it, the more he felt that it was possible. He decisively kept the map and strode out of the Castellan's mansion.

The panic outside continued. Under the shocked gazes of countless people, he rode away on his dragon.

Chapter 226: The Powerful Golden Rune That He Had Never Seen before, Du Lu's Advancement!

"This is it."

Without even looking at the map, Joelson knew that he had come to the right place.

From afar, he could already see the dazzling golden-red light, which almost lit up half of the sky in red.

A scorching hot breath blew on his face, and Du Lu became anxious and worried due to his excitement.

He was telling Joelson.

This rune was very important to him!

"My Lord," Connie called out in a low voice. Joelson lowered his head and realized that this woman was almost exhausted from the heatwave.

"You can stay here."

Joelson put Connie down and steered Du Lu and the steel dragon to continue moving forward.

The golden-red rune hovered in mid-air. The surrounding area of more than ten miles seemed to have turned into a flaming hell.

The hard ground was roasted into flowing lava, and from time to time, scorching pillars of fire would shoot out.

This was still the scene caused by the scattering of the power of the rune. Its power had not been fully exerted.

Only now did Joelson understand that it was not that Spencer did not have the time to collect this rune, but that he simply did not have the ability to collect it. Even if he was given another twenty years, he might not be able to collect this rune.

"Let's go!"

A fiery gaze shot out from Joelson's eyes. He had a strong premonition that if Du Lu obtained this rune, his strength would undergo a leap.

The moment it entered the range of the magma, the golden-red rune immediately trembled slightly. It was awakened by the intruders like Joelson.

The surrounding fire elemental energy immediately became violent. Terrifying waves of heat came one after another.

Golden-red waves of fire gushed out, turning into a blurry form of a magical beast, waiting fiercely for Joelson.

Joelson took a few more glances and realized that the form of the flames was clearly a giant dragon.

A giant fire dragon with wings.

Du Lu roared wildly, and without waiting for Joelson to give the order, he rushed forward impatiently.

The two figures tangled together, stirring up the magma lake until it boiled.

Gradually, Joelson's gaze became horrified.

Du Lu quickly fell into a disadvantageous position.

The fire dragon's power was too terrifying.

The golden-red flames seemed to be able to melt even the void. As a fire dragon, Du Lu, who had the strength of a mid-stage saint-level, could not resist the burning flames.

The steel dragon also pounced forward.

The golden runes spat out more flames, and another fire dragon appeared on the field.

The four dragon figures fought fiercely.

Joelson tried to release his bluish-purple flames into the battle, but he didn't expect to attract the attention of the golden rune.

He spat out another flame, the same dragon shape.

Not long after, Joelson, Du Lu, and the steel dragon were defeated in a slightly pathetic manner.

After seeing the power of this rune, Du Lu became even more irritable.

"Wait a little longer."

Joelson shook his head at it. Then, he took out the runestones that he had looted along the way and started to absorb them.

Most of the runestones that he got from spindles were fire-type rune stones because the rune power he controlled was fire-type.

With the part that he got from Eugene, Joelson's gains were too great.

After continuously devouring for three days, he finally finished devouring and slowly opened his eyes.

At this moment, his aura had reached a peak that he had never experienced before. Even space seemed to have frozen.

The power of the fire elemental laws that had soared to more than four hundred rays caused the flames to completely lose their blue color and turn into a beautiful light purple color.

The magma lake within the Golden Rune Domain quickly dimmed, and a hot aura gathered around him.

He began to fight with the golden rune for the fire element in this space.

The golden rune seemed to sense a strong sense of danger as well. The golden-red flames took on different forms, showing its irritable and restless mood.

With more than 400 fire elemental laws, the strength of this element alone was not weaker than an ordinary late-stage saint-level. With more than 300 water elemental laws, once combined, its power would definitely reach the peak of the saint-level.

Joelson floated in the air above the golden rune. His indifferent eyes stared coldly at the golden rune, looking down at the entire scene with a terrifying aura.

Joelson extended a finger towards the golden rune.

The light purple flame was immediately guided and expanded crazily, spreading towards the golden rune with the momentum of devouring everything.

"Roar!"

Du Lu, who could not wait any longer, let out a low roar and rushed forward. The steel dragon followed closely behind.

The golden rune spurted out a large amount of golden-red flame crazily. Before it could take the shape of a dragon, it was swallowed by the light purple flame.

Three blurry fire dragons roared and roared in the light purple flame. Their bodies quickly dimmed.

The purple flame of Joelson was devouring their power.

The same power of the flames was mercilessly crushed.

The golden runes became more and more anxious, and the golden-red flames burned the void into a blur.

The light purple flames were like a plague. They were far from being as violent as it was, but they were quietly devouring its territory step by step.

The golden runes' fire domain was continuously shrinking.

In the end, this sea of flames that had completely turned purple looked extremely magnificent and dreamy.

Du Lu took this opportunity to break through the golden-red Flame's defensive line with all his might. He fiercely darted to the side of the golden symbol and swallowed it in one bite.

The golden symbol sensed its impending fate and frantically resisted and trembled.

Du Lu firmly bit down, allowing the golden symbol to resist. No matter what, he wouldn't let go.

At this moment, the symbol on the scale on Du Lu's neck erupted with a resplendent light, seemingly resonating with the golden symbol.

The golden runes strangely calmed down and suddenly disintegrated.

"Roar!"

Countless flames enveloped Du Lu, forming a huge cocoon. The light was as dazzling as the stars in the sky.

Joelson stopped, his eyes slightly focused on Du Lu.

The cocoon formed by the flames lasted for an instant, and the surging flames flowed into Du Lu's body like a waterfall.

Du Lu's body expanded once again, and a profound and mysterious golden rune was flickering on the scales on his neck.

It was complete!

A breathtaking gaze burst out of Joelson's eyes, and he was indescribably happy.

Du Lu hovered and danced in the sky, surrounded by countless flames. It was as if he was bathing in flames.

Joelson felt that Du Lu's aura at this moment was no weaker than the saint-level black dragon that had forced them into the space of the ranch.

It was even more terrifying.

On Du Lu's personal interface, his combat power jumped crazily.

When it completely calmed down, it was shocked to 68,327!

General-level!

Joelson could not help but laugh out loud. It mixed with Du Lu's roar and echoed in the wilderness of the rune land.

Only the steel dragon was a little depressed. It was once again left behind by Du Lu by a big step.

Connie could feel the terrifying power that came from a distance dozens of miles away. She did not know what was happening there, but she could guess it from Joelson's laughter.

The lord seemed to be very happy.

Chapter 227: Platinum Dragon Whelp, Terrifying Platinum Power

"You want to go with me?"

Joelson frowned and looked at Connie who was kneeling on the ground.

Connie carefully raised her head and said with a surprisingly firm expression, "Yes! Please take me with you, sir. I will become your most loyal..."

Connie paused, thought for a moment, and said firmly, "Believer!"

This was usually used on gods, but to Connie, Joelson was her god.

Joelson thought for a moment, and his brows slowly relaxed. He nodded and said, "Okay."

Without him, Connie had no place to go.

After Eugene and Spencer died, if the powerhouses of the runic land were to investigate, Connie would probably be the first to be implicated.

There was no place in the runic land that could accommodate her.

After a moment of daze, she opened her eyes and saw that it was no longer the familiar world.

Connie's eyes gradually lit up.

Flowers, grass, lakes, and trees, everything looked so beautiful.

Connie had never seen such a beautiful scene in the runic land.

The sky in the runic land was always dark and always gave people a depressing and heavy feeling.

And here, Connie had never felt so relaxed.

Wait!

Connie's body suddenly froze.

She found a few pairs of huge eyes filled with curiosity in front of her.

Pure White, aqua blue, dark purple...

Connie was so scared that she started to tremble.

Monsters!

They were all monsters like the Du Lu and the steel dragon!

God of runes!

What was this place?!

After telling the dragons about Connie's existence, he ignored her and paid attention to the situation in the Mountain of Life.

The crystal that contained the steel dragon and the lightning bloodline had turned into a shining dragon egg.

Unlike the dark color of the steel dragon and the lightning, this dragon egg was bright and had a beautiful platinum color.

And the metal and electric laws in Joelson's body had also fused more than half of them.

Only the last step was needed to completely fuse them.

Incubation.

The dragon egg broke, and a cute little dragon that looked like it was carved out of platinum crawled out of the dragon egg clumsily.

"Yiya Yiya!"

The platinum baby dragon saw Joelson at first sight, and then it staggered towards him.

It jumped into his arms, heavy.

Tier 7!

Joelson's eyes lit up. He was born with the strength of tier 7, which meant that the platinum dragon's talent was not low.

Joelson seemed to have an aura that made the platinum dragon extremely close to him, even more so than the steel dragon and the lightning.

At this time, the metal and electric laws in Joelson's body had begun the final fusion.

The same platinum light blossomed from Joelson's body.

The platinum dragon cheered.

Joelson was enveloped by a ball of platinum light, emitting waves of power that made one's heart palpitate.

When he opened his eyes, terrifying platinum lightning flashed in the void, as if it was about to pierce through the void.

Joelson could feel the terrifying power in his body, and he couldn't help but release it.

A burst of violent power shot out.

The platinum-colored radiance was like the Sword of the gods. It was sharp, explosive, and had an extremely terrifying destructive power. It left a black mark in the air.

Its power had already surpassed the fusion power of water and fire laws!

Metal and electricity were already famous for their powerful offensive power, and after the fusion, they had increased exponentially.

The platinum power had become Joelson's most powerful technique.

Joelson's eyes sparkled. His gaze was frighteningly bright, and the corners of his mouth curled up.

He knew.

It was time for him to leave the space of the ranch.

It was time.

..

Ai Newman opened his eyes and looked at the empty wilderness. There was impatience in his eyes.

"Teacher."

Stanley slowly opened his eyes and glanced at him indifferently.

"Don't you have any patience?"

Ai Newman's face turned red and he explained in a low voice, "That Joelson has already disappeared for more than a month. Perhaps he has already been teleported to another place through the space scroll. If we just stay here and wait, can we really wait for him?"

Stanley shook his head and said, "It's not the space scroll. Otherwise, with the power of Kokonoro and I, we could easily seal him. Kokonoro and I could only watch him disappear without doing anything. There could only be one reason. He has entered an alternate dimension."

"Alternate dimension?!"

Ai Newman blinked his eyes in a daze.

Stanley looked at him deeply and said, "A small world fragment."

"What?!"

Ai Newman cried out in surprise and shut his mouth tightly.

Stanley glanced at a figure that was sitting cross-legged in the void like a rock, he snorted coldly and said, "Why else do you think Kokonoro waited here for so long? is it really for the sake of the two dragon juniors? "That won't be of any benefit to him. He's also waiting for Joelson to appear again and snatch the small world fragment from him."

Ai Newman's heart pounded rapidly, and his breathing became much heavier.

The small world fragment was something that even God's domain experts would fight over!

Such a treasure was actually hidden on Joelson's body. No wonder he had never been afraid of the Church of Light's pursuit.

'If I can get it...'

Emanuel tried his best to calm down and sit down.

His eyes stared at the space where Joelson disappeared, not daring to relax.

Another two days passed.

The void in front of Emanuel suddenly rippled, like the surface of the water suddenly cracked like a mirror. A tall and handsome young man walked out from it.

Neumann's eyes widened and he cried out in surprise, "Joelson, he's out!"

Someone had already rushed up before he could speak.

The moment the spatial ripple appeared, Stanley and Kokonoro turned into two streams of light, one black and one white.

Joelson seemed to be surprised for a moment and walked back.

Stanley and Kokonoro floated in the air with ugly expressions and cursed in a low voice, "This cunning kid!"

However, not long after, the void rippled once more, and spatial ripples appeared once more.

He still dared to return?!

Stanley's eyes lit up. Kokonoro transformed into his dragon form and slapped out with a vicious palm.

This time, he absolutely could not give Joelson another chance to escape!

Bang!

A huge collision sound rang out. The shockwaves caused by the collision of two terrifying forces caused the space to shatter even faster.

"Something's not right!"

Stanley suddenly shouted in a low voice.

A trace of surprise also appeared in Kokonoro's eyes.

The Red Dragon Claw, which was not inferior to Kokonoro's, blocked its attack. Golden flames rose up and forcibly pushed it back bit by bit.

A fire-type giant dragon that was overflowing with flames completely drilled out from the space and instantly occupied more than half of the sky. In a confrontation with Kokonoro, it was not at a disadvantage at all.

"This is impossible?!"

Kokonoro's eyes were filled with shock, and his deep voice echoed in the wilderness.

"Nothing is impossible."

A voice sounded, and Joelson walked out from the void once again. He looked calmly at Stanley and Kokonoro and said calmly.

"None of you will be able to leave today."

Chapter 228: Stanley, Die! Kokonoro, defeated!

"Hmph!"

Hearing Joelson's words, Stanley snorted coldly and slashed down with the Golden Sword of Holy Light.

Joelson's body suddenly rose up, and the steel dragon lifted him up from the ground.

Du Lu and Kokonoro tangled together. One red and one black, two huge figures stirred up the void.

White-gold light bloomed in Joelson's hand. It was brighter and more dazzling than Stanley's holy light.

Joelson waved his hand. The white-gold light slashed out and easily shattered the holy light. Then, it continued to slash at Stanley.

"Huh?!"

Stanley's eyes widened, and a look of disbelief appeared on his face. He raised his golden giant sword and forcibly blocked the white-gold light.

When the power of this attack had completely dissipated...

A deep scar appeared on the greatsword in Stanley's hand. It was almost completely cut off.

"How did you become so much stronger?!"

Stanley could no longer hold it in and cried out in shock.

Joelson did not answer. Instead, he looked at him coldly as the platinum light gathered wildly in his hand.

The light was so blinding that it was almost impossible to open one's eyes. It was as if a blazing sun had risen in the wilderness.

As he watched the battle, Emanuel felt as if a fierce hurricane had brushed past his face. It was as if there were countless sharp knives cutting through his skin, and it also felt numb.

He held the sword tightly in his hand, but he did not have the courage to make a move.

He was shocked.

Joelson was too powerful. A month ago, he and two dragons could only barely hold on under Stanley's hands.

A month later, he was able to suppress Stanley by himself.

How did he do it?!

Was the fragment of the small world really that powerful?!

Emanuel saw the "blazing sun" in Joelson's hand change into the shape of a sword. It was like the Sword of God, held high in the air.

The entire space trembled under the pressure.

Ai Newman's eyes revealed a deep fear. With this sword, he would definitely die!

Stanley, who was blocking in front of him, also sensed that something was wrong. An intense golden light erupted from his old body.

The old man growled and raised his golden greatsword.

At the same time, Joelson's platinum sword slowly descended.

A terrifying might instantly came crashing down.

The extremely sharp platinum sword left a black mark in the void. It was a sign that the space was about to shatter.

Stanley's body started to tremble, and he bent down bit by bit.

Under such a terrifying might, Ai Newman knelt down on the ground.

The words that he had wanted to fight with Joelson had become a joke at this moment. Not to mention fighting with him, he did not even have the right to stand in front of Joelson.

It was too terrifying.

"Ah!"

The golden greatsword met the platinum sword. The two of them were in a stalemate for a while before they suddenly broke apart.

A platinum light flashed in an instant.

The earth cracked, and a deep crack appeared under Stanley's feet.

Ai Newman blinked his eyes in a daze.

This sword, did it follow?

In the next moment, his eyes widened.

He only saw the greatsword in Stanley's hand break into two, and then Stanley's body.

Hiss!

After a deep sound.

The terrifying power that had been suppressed until now was torn into two halves.

Blood flew in the air, forming a rain of blood that fell on Ai Newman's face.

Blood flowed into his mouth, and the smell of blood filled the air. His heart was filled with a bone-deep chill.

Teacher.

A teacher at the pinnacle of the sage level.

He was cut into two halves by Joelson just like that?!

His body was not even left behind.

A huge wave of fear surged up, and Ai Newman's entire body began to tremble as if he was convulsing. He wanted to escape, but he realized that his legs could not move at all. He was completely powerless as he fell to the ground.

Joelson looked at him coldly and casually shot out a white-gold light.

A bright light reflected in Ai Newman's eyes. He could not help but shout loudly, "You can't kill me, I am..."

Hiss!

Another muffled sound.

Ai Newman's body was torn apart like a rag doll.

After killing two people in a row, the brutality in Joelson's heart rose as his cold gaze landed on Kokonoro.

This king of the Black Dragon race was being beaten back by Du Lu as he roared crazily.

Kokonoro was no longer a match for Du Lu.

As a black dragon, it was proud of its strong body and extremely strong defense.

It had dragon scales that could even resist a forbidden spell.

At this moment, under Du Lu's golden flames, it was as weak as a piece of paper.

Before obtaining the golden runes, even Du Lu, a fire-type dragon, would be injured by such flames, let alone Kokonoro.

Kokonoro kept retreating.

Every strike Du Lu made on its body was like a red-hot iron being fiercely imprinted on its body. The pain was unbearable.

Du Lu, whose entire body was burning with intense flames, was like a hedgehog to it. It had no place to attack.

It was an unequal battle.

Kokonoro's scales were broken, and its body was covered in scorched scars.

When Joelson joined the battle, its situation became even more difficult.

Between Joelson's hands, streaks of white-gold light shot out, more threatening than Du Lu's.

Is this kid a monster?!

Kokonoro roared in its heart.

Each of Joelson's attacks could easily tear apart its dragon scales, leaving deep wounds on its body.

Not only that, but there was also a strange power in the wound that was trying its best to drill into its body. A numbing sensation spread throughout its body, making its movements slower and clumsier.

The battle continued, and Kokonoro was finally afraid of category A.

The thought of retreating arose in its mind.

It wanted to escape.

Kokonoro took the blow from Du Lu and Joelson head-on. It ignored the blood flowing on its back, gathered all the strength in its body, and tore the space apart.

"Trying to run?"

Joelson snorted. The steel dragon took the opportunity to rush up and bite on Kokonoro's tail.

Kokonoro let out a painful roar.

He wanted to shake it off, but Du Lu followed up.

If anyone was there, they would be shocked by this scene.

A huge space hole opened behind Joelson. A red and dark gold color. Two giant dragons were biting on the tail of a black giant dragon, dragging it into the hole bit by bit.

Joelson wanted to drag Kokonoro into the space of the Dragon God Ranch!

In the space of the ranch.

Connie was washing the scales of the dragons with all her might, wiping the sweat off her forehead from time to time.

This was the way she finally found a way to please the Dragons, and also a way to prove her meager existence.

Thunder lay on the ground, his eyes showing a hint of satisfaction.

During this period of time, the relationship between Connie and the few dragons in the ranch had become good.

Connie was gradually getting used to the presence of these terrifying dragons by her side.

Just as Connie was "working" hard, a huge crack suddenly appeared in the sky.

The figures of the steel dragon and Du Lu appeared.

Lightning lazily raised his head.

These two powerful seniors had accompanied their boss back from the battle. They were really envious. They didn't know when they could help their boss.

Suddenly, a strange aura suddenly intruded.

Chapter 229: Is This the Back Garden of the Dragon God? !

Lightning suddenly stood up, and his expression became dignified as he growled at the sky.

Connie was shocked.

Then she saw all the dragons in the pasture stand up and growl angrily.

What happened?

As soon as this thought appeared in Connie's mind, she saw a huge black figure fall from the sky and fall heavily to the ground.

Du Lu and the steel dragon clearly did not want to let it go so easily. They pounced on it, tearing, biting, and beating it crazily.

Joelson's heart relaxed.

They entered the space of the ranch.

Even the gods had to follow his wishes.

When Kokonoro entered the space, all of his powers were restrained. Following that, Du Lu and the steel dragon beat him violently until he was only left with his last breath.

When the storm-like attack above its head gradually stopped, Kokonoro, whose body was covered in wounds, barely opened its eyes. There were several figures in front of it.

It carefully identified them, but when it saw them clearly, it was suddenly stunned.

It seemed to have forgotten the pain on its body.

Giant dragons.

So many giant dragons.

Besides the steel dragons and fire dragons that it had seen before, there were also electric dragons, water dragons, plant dragons, and earth dragons.

The clouds in the sky were also dragons.

The little dragon that was shining with a platinum luster was exactly the same as Joelson's strength.

And..

Kokonoro widened his eyes.

A little dragon that was wrapped in a holy light appeared in front of him.

Its small body seemed too small compared to Kokonoro's huge body, but the aura of a noble bloodline from its body made Kokonoro unconsciously lower its head.

Light dragon!

A pure and noble bloodline that even the Dragon King couldn't compare to!

He was shocked.

Out of the corner of his eye, he suddenly saw a dark and evil aura.

What was that?

It was the legendary dark demon dragon!

The king of the dark demon dragon!

Although he was in a deep sleep, the aura from his body was enough to shock him.

This guy could probably kill him with a sneeze.

He was completely dumbfounded.

His mind was in a mess. If not for the pain from the wounds on his body.

He must think that he was dreaming!

Where was this place?!

There weren't so many powerful dragons in the ten thousand dragon nest!

If any dragon walked out of this place, he would be an absolute genius among the dragon clans.

Kokonoro couldn't describe the feeling in his heart with words.

He had always prided himself to be noble. Regardless of his strength or his single-wheel bloodline, he had become the lowest and most lowly existence here.

When Kokonoro shifted his gaze away from the Dragons and looked at the other parts of this space, shock surged like a tidal wave.

Lakes, volcanoes, forests...

Everywhere was filled with the aura that was most suitable for the dragons to grow.

Kokonoro felt extremely comfortable and relaxed. This was the true heaven of the dragons!

Compared to this place, the cold caves filled with gold coins and gemstones in the nest of the ten thousand dragons were like a garbage dump.

Kokonoro finally saw the farm.

Plants that were emitting a strange light were gently swaying in the wind.

Kokonoro's eyes instantly became heated.

This was...

Dragonspine vine?! Dragontooth grass?!

So many?!

Kokonoro was completely stunned.

Dragonspine vines and dragontooth grass, which were known as top-tier treasures in the dragon clan, could only mature once every few hundred to a thousand years. They would only be rewarded to the most talented dragon clan geniuses.

However, there were large patches of them here, growing wantonly like weeds on the roadside.

The most shocking thing was that from time to time, Kokonoro would see giant dragons walking over. They would randomly pull off a few dragonspine vines and put them into their mouths to chew, as if they were eating snacks.

Kokonoro was going crazy!

"What is this place?"

Kokonoro's eyes were confused. He whispered, "The Dragon God's back garden?!"

"Hehe."

A sneer pulled the Dragon God back to reality.

He saw Joelson looking at him with mockery.

The other dragons also looked at him as if they were looking at a country bumpkin, their faces full of undisguised disdain.

It was as if they were saying, "A guy who hasn't seen the world is really a disgrace to the dragon race."

The Dragon God's face turned red, and he didn't know what to say.

Kokonoro lay on the ground like a puddle of mud. No one paid any attention to him.

Kokonoro licked his wounds silently as he looked around.

He saw the sacred and noble light dragon nestling in the arms of Joelson like a puppy. Joelson took out a few dragonspine vines.

The light dragon took a few bites and spat them out with a look of disgust.

It seemed to think that these vines were not delicious.

When Kokonoro saw this, his heart ached.

Dragonspine vines!

If he were to put such a large vine outside, the dragons would definitely go crazy over it.

Kokonoro had been stuck at the peak of sage-rank for several hundred years. If nothing went wrong, he would not be able to take another step forward when his lifespan ran out.

This was the shackle of his talent. Kokonoro's potential had already been exhausted. The peak of sage-rank was its end.

Although it seemed like he was only one step away from God's domain, the distance between him and God's domain was like an insurmountable chasm.

However, if he could consume a dragonspine vine, the situation would be completely different.

The shackle of talent on Kokonoro's body would be broken. God's domain would no longer be impossible.

As Kokonoro's mind was filled with fervent thoughts, his eyes suddenly widened.

Holy looked down on the crops in the pasture. After dawdling with Joelson for a long time, Joelson could only take out something that was shining with holy light.

Holy cheered in a low voice and quickly rushed to Joelson's chest. He stretched his neck and swallowed the ball of holy light, biting into it continuously.

"It's really the last one. There won't be any next time."

Joelson looked helpless, but holy blinked his eyes and looked at Joelson.

It was as if he was saying, "Every time you say it's the last one, you're lying. I won't believe you!!"

Kokonoro's eyes almost popped out from the distance.

Wasn't that the heart of an angel of the Church of Light?!

How could it be eaten like candy?!

By the lakeside, there were giant dragons lazily waiting for Connie to clean up their dragon scales one by one.

Kokonoro's face was full of envy. Although he was the leader of the Black Dragon Clan, he had never enjoyed such treatment.

Kokonoro's heart was deeply shocked, and he even had a thought that even he felt ridiculous: it would be great if he could stay here forever.

Joelson took holy to somewhere else to play.

Kokonoro's eyes lit up, and the saliva on his mouth could not stop flowing.

Dragonspine vines!

The dragonspine vines that had been bitten and thrown to the ground were now lying quietly on the grass not far from Kokonoro.

Kokonoro secretly looked around, as if no one had noticed him.

He had quietly eaten the dragonspine vines, so no one should have noticed.

Kokonoro was like a giant reptile, slowly moving his huge body toward the dragonspine vines.

Chapter 230: Dragon Blood Secret Technique and Dragon Blood Clan

"Still ten meters away."

"It's very close!"

A wave of shame rose in Kokonoro's heart. As the Black Dragon Clan's patriarch, a noble saint-ranked dragon expert, he actually wanted to eat something that other dragons had spat out. He had no choice but to sneak over.

He was truly too ashamed.

However, for the sake of God's domain, everything was worth it.

Kokonoro comforted himself in his heart.

Five meters.

Right before his eyes.

He could eat it with just one mouth.

Kokonoro's eyes shone with joy. Just as he was about to obtain the dragonspine vine...

A pair of feet slowly descended from the sky and floated in front of him.

When he raised his head, it was Joelson's face that was filled with ridicule.

Kokonoro was so ashamed that he wished he could just die.

Joelson casually waved his hand, and the dragonspine vine fell into his hand.

"You want to eat?"

Kokonoro's expression was serious. He sneered disdainfully and said, "I, the king of the Black Dragons, Kokonoro, ah!"

Before Kokonoro could finish speaking, Joelson had already stomped on his nose fiercely.

The pain made Kokonoro's tears flow.

"Speak properly."

Joelson glanced at him.

Humiliation, embarrassment, resentment, all sorts of emotions filled his heart.

As the leader of the Black Dragon tribe, he had never suffered such humiliation.

But in the end, all of it turned into a deep sense of powerlessness.

His heart was filled with sorrow, and he had to face reality.

What could he do?

Right now, he was just a trapped beast in a cage.

Kokonoro lowered his noble head and said in a low voice, "I am here. I am willing to sign a contract with you. You will receive the protection of the Black Dragon tribe."

This was the biggest concession Kokonoro could make.

But Joelson shook his head directly.

"Sorry, your current strength and talent are too poor."

Kokonoro felt ashamed and angry, but he couldn't refute Joelson's words.

Joelson was right. In terms of talent, he ranked last among all the dragons in the entire space of the ranch.

In terms of strength, not to mention that terrifying dark magic dragon that was sleeping, even that fire element dragon could crush it.

It really didn't have the right to be arrogant.

"Then what do you want?" Kokonoro said angrily.

Joelson snorted and said, "Let's see how valuable you are. If it can't surpass the materials you have on you."

Joelson's gaze swept over Kokonoro like he was looking at a chicken, causing it to tremble.

"Then I'd rather kill you."

Kokonoro trembled violently. He could tell from Joelson's cold gaze that this human was not joking.

If it were an ordinary mage knight, they would definitely be overjoyed to receive the favor of the Black Dragon King. They would definitely be willing to sign a master-servant contract with the Black Dragon King.

After all, the long lifespan of the dragon race was enough to make countless people envious.

But Joelson did not care.

He had many dragons.

Every one of them was a top-notch genius.

How many times did Kokonoro think jealously, could this guy be the illegitimate child of the Dragon God?!

With a small world fragment and so many dragons, just the lifespan shared by the dragons was enough for him to have a long lifespan comparable to that of a god.

Kokonoro was crazily thinking. Suddenly, his eyes lit up.

"I know a secret skill that will definitely be of great help to you!"

Joelson narrowed his eyes and said, "Tell me."

"Dragon blood secret technique!" Kokonoro said slowly! "It can give you a body as strong as a giant dragon and terrifying strength. The saint-level dragon blood clan relied on this secret technique to rise rapidly. For this, they paid a huge price to sign a contract with us, the Dragon Clan, and became the guardian of the Dragon Clan."

"Dragon blood secret technique?!" Joelson muttered in a low voice. For some reason, the first thing that flashed through his mind was the dragon blood potion that he had made and consumed.

"Dragon blood secret technique is a special modification. It uses dragon blood to modify oneself and cultivate unique dragon qi. Those with outstanding talent can even transform into a half-dragon-half-human dragon blood warrior with dragon power and dragon scales. Whether it's strength, recovery, defense, or combat aura strength, they are far more than half of the knights."

"A few hundred years ago, there was a genius of the dragon blood clan who defeated a peak-stage saint-level powerhouse with the strength of a mid-stage saint-level. You can imagine how terrifying his strength was, and all of this."

A faint look of arrogance appeared on Kokonoro's face.

"It was all brought to them by our Dragon Clan!"

Hearing this, Joelson was a little moved.

Ever since a mage advanced to the saint level, he had never paid attention to the path of the knight.

In fact, a powerful body could bring about a significant and comprehensive increase in Joelson's strength.

Joelson did not forget that when he was undergoing the trial in the land of heritage, the barbarian genius, Nahum.

He did not cultivate combat aura or magic. He only cultivated his physical strength.

He could fight against a general-level monster!

It was an unimaginable terror.

When he reached the level of Nahum, his physical strength would even surpass that of a dragon.

He could be said to be a humanoid monster.

If he could possess the pure physical strength of Nahum, coupled with the sharpness of platinum power and the meteor longsword in his hand, even a god-domain expert might not be unable to fight him, right?

Joelson's expression was calm, but his heart was burning with passion.

Seeing that Joelson was moved, Kokonoro hurriedly said, "I can give you the secret technique, but you must sign it with me."

Kokonoro seemed to be very reluctant as he said, "An equal contract."

"Impossible!"

Joelson decisively refused.

Although Joelson would not enslave the dragons like Du Lu, they still regarded Joelson as their master.

Subconsciously, Du Lu and the other dragons had never had any intention of resisting Joelson.

However, after signing an equal contract with Kokonoro, the latter could choose to reject some of Joelson's demands, and Joelson could not force it.

Because the fates of both sides were interconnected.

"Then I'd rather choose death!" Kokonoro gritted his teeth and said.

This was his last bit of pride as the Black Dragon King.

Joelson thought for a while and chose a compromise.

"We can sign an equal contract."

Kokonoro was pleasantly surprised, but he heard Joelson continue.

"But not with me, but with her."

Joelson pointed at Connie who was holding a brush in the distance, trying to wash the dragon scales for lightning and said lightly.

"Her?!"

Kokonoro was stunned.

He looked conflicted and hesitant. All kinds of complicated emotions flashed through his mind, but in the end, he chose to compromise.

"Okay."

Hearing the answer, Joelson nodded slightly and asked Connie to come over.

Connie carefully walked in front of Joelson, rolled up her sleeves, and her hands were full of water stains.

If her face was not beautiful, then she was no different from a laundress.

Kokonoro's face was filled with disgust and disappointment, but he had no choice but to sign a contract with Connie.

Even an ordinary person who shared the Black Dragon King's powerful talent would be able to make a difference.

Chapter 231: The Black Dragon's Heart, the Half-Dragon Connie

Kokonoro could only comfort himself in his heart.

"Relax."

Kokonoro's dignified and deep voice rang in Connie's ear.

Connie hurriedly closed her eyes and tried not to think about anything else.

She did not know what she was going to face next, but she trusted and worshipped Joelson wholeheartedly.

Even if he told her to give up her life, she would not hesitate to die.

The wonderful contract was achieved in an invisible way.

Joelson felt that when Connie and Kokonoro signed the equal contract, it seemed to be mixed with the mysterious power of the Dragon God Ranch space.

It was above the contract.

In short, Joelson was the real leader of both sides of the contract.

However, neither Connie nor Kokonoro noticed this.

After the contract was completed, Connie suddenly discovered that there was a magical connection between her and the terrifying black dragon in front of her.

It was as if the two had become one.

The immense ecstasy and excitement caused Connie to freeze on the spot, completely dumbfounded.

She actually had such a powerful companion?!

A terrifying power that even a gold-tier rune warrior could not withstand, and she obtained it so easily?!

"My Lord!"

Connie could not suppress her excitement, and she became even more loyal to Joelson.

Koknoro shook his head in disappointment, and then said, "I'll use a secret technique on her next."

Joelson nodded.

Connie stood on the spot, not knowing what to do. However, kokonoro spat out one strange syllable after another.

This was dragon language.

After a long dragon language, a trace of viciousness suddenly appeared in his eyes. He stretched out his sharp dragon claws and forcefully cut open his chest.

Black dragon blood gushed out like a fountain, drenching Connie's entire body in bright red.

Connie was completely stunned.

His eyes were filled with pain. In his cut open chest, one could see the beating heart.

"Come in!"

Kokonoro growled.

Come in? Come in where?

Connie was at a loss.

Joelson raised his hand. Powerful magic lifted Connie and pushed her towards Kokonoro's chest, sending her in.

If he did not have to guess wrongly, the so-called secret technique of dragon blood was to feed humans with the blood of dragons.

To achieve a higher level of ability sharing.

Of course.

Joelson's eyes flashed. This process was also extremely painful, especially the result of failure.

Connie cried out in surprise and was pressed into her own heart by Kokonoro.

Kokonoro's painful hobby caused all the dragons to look over curiously.

Kokonoro's heart beat fiercely and squirmed, completely enveloping Connie's body. Then, following a special rhythm, it beat up and down.

In the following time, whenever the wound on Kokonoro's chest was about to heal, he would forcefully tear it open.

Dragon blood gathered under Kokonoro's feet into a pool of water, looking extremely horrifying.

When the wound was torn open for the third time, Kokonoro finally couldn't help but look at Joelson.

It couldn't hold on any longer.

It was already injured, and now it was even more seriously injured.

Without any hesitation, Joelson threw a few dragonspine vines over.

He swallowed them in one gulp, and his spirits were instantly lifted.

Joelson knew that the dragonspine vines were also one of the important factors that made him agree to hand over the secret skill of dragon blood and sign a contract with Connie so readily.

This cunning guy knew that Joelson wouldn't let it go, so he simply made a big sacrifice.

There was no simple old monster that had lived for thousands of years.

The process of the secret skill of dragon blood lasted for an entire day and night, and the blood of Kokonoro almost dyed the grass red.

Although it ate a lot of dragonspine rattan and dragontooth grass, its spirit also became weak.

Finally.

Kokonoro controlled its heart to squeeze out a lump of a blood clot, and then lay down heavily on the ground, saying weakly, "It's done."

Joelson looked at the huge blood cocoon in front of him. He could not feel the presence of any life in it, so he could not help but frown.

He could use the farm crops to keep Kokonoro alive, but the pressure on the other side required Connie to bear alone. The possibility of failure was two-way.

Not only could the giant dragon not bear it, it was also possible for humans!

Could it be?

"Don't worry, the secret technique has already succeeded."

Kokonoro looked at Connie with a look of admiration in his eyes.

"I have a contract with her and know that she is still alive. I didn't expect that an ordinary human girl with low strength would be able to endure it. The heart and blood of the Dragons are as hot as molten iron. Even many human geniuses with decent strength have died in this process. I really can't believe it."

Joelson glanced at him and suddenly said, "Dragon blood family, you signed a master-servant contract with the Dragon family, right?"

Kokonoro nodded and said faintly, "Of course."

The dragon blood family, as the beneficiary of the secret skill, had to pay a higher price to make the dragon take such a big risk.

Connie was really lucky.

Crack!

At this moment, the blood cocoon on the ground made a cracking sound.

The blood cocoon broke, and a figure slowly crawled out.

Connie jumped into the lake to wash the blood off her body as if she had completely changed into a different person.

Connie's height had increased by a notch, and her originally weak figure had become tall and fit.

Her body was well-proportioned and slender, and her seemingly slender arms contained a powerful explosive force.

Joelson tested Connie's strength, and the result surprised him.

Whether it was strength, speed, recovery, or other aspects, she had surpassed a level 8 knight. Moreover, Connie's physical fitness was still rising. It was obvious that her potential had not been fully tapped.

It was so amazing that no one dared to imagine it.

One had to know that Connie was just an extremely ordinary girl, without any knight talent.

The secret technique of dragon blood had brought her great changes. It could be said that she had reached the end of many people's lives in one step.

However, when she remembered that the person who had cast the secret technique of dragon blood was the Black Dragon King, who was at the peak of saint-level, all of this seemed very reasonable.

"Can you achieve half-dragonification?"

Joelson looked at Connie with an encouraging gaze.

Under the guidance of Kokonoro, Connie tried to mobilize the magical power in her body.

"Ah!"

Connie cried out in surprise because of the pain. Black spikes pierced out from her body, and fine dragon scales appeared on the surface of her skin.

A thick and long black dragon tail grew out from the back of her tailbone, and a short and sharp dragon horn appeared on her forehead.

A faint pressure was emitted from her body.

Dragon pressure.

But it was still very weak.

Connie was shocked by herself. Her eyes instantly turned red, and she was about to cry.

How did she suddenly turn into a monster?!

But when she saw the satisfied look in Joelson's eyes, she calmed down again.

If Joelson wanted her to be like this, so what if she turned into a monster?

The constant pain in Kokonoro's heart depended on this belief in his heart to survive.

Must not let the adults down!

Chapter 232: Two Dragon Blood Secret Art Buffs

After half-dragonification, Connie's strength had increased by another large step, directly advancing to the rank of a 9th rank knight.

According to Kokonoro's words, even in the dragon blood family, if the first dragonification could achieve such an effect, Connie could also be considered a genius.

After experimenting with Connie, Joelson could be considered to have some confidence in the dragon blood secret art.

"Can the secret technique of dragon blood be used repeatedly? He asked Kokonoro.

Kokonoro's gaze was complicated as he said, "If it's a dragon with different attributes, it's theoretically possible, but no one has ever tried it before."

After all, no one could have as many dragons as he did.

"Okay."

He nodded and instructed Connie to feed the dragons the dragonspine rattan when necessary. Then, he calmly walked towards Du Lu.

Du Lu let out a long roar and tore open his chest with great force. Blood flowed freely.

..

The Church of Light.

The white-robed priest carefully wiped the silver lamps under the cross altar.

These silver lamps were exquisitely shaped. They were enveloped by white light and appeared extremely holy.

Each silver lamp represented a person in the Church of Light who had reached the saint-level. When the silver lamp was extinguished, it meant that a saint-level person had fallen.

In the past few hundred years, other than a few veteran experts whose lifespans had been exhausted and who had gone to the heavenly realm to serve the god of light, no accidents had happened in the Church of Light.

But recently, in just a short month, seven silver lamps had been extinguished in a row.

Recalling the horrifying scene of more than ten silver lamps trembling at the same time a few days ago, and then several of them being extinguished at the same time, the white-robed priest had an indescribable fear.

It was said that it was all because of the enemy of light.

Even the authority of God had been killed.

Right now, the Pope and the others were selecting a new authority of God, and Lord Stanley was leading his disciples to surround the enemy of light.

God of Light, I hope Lord Stanley can bring back good news.

As he was thinking, the white-robed priest subconsciously looked at Stanley's silver lamp.

The light that was slowly burning suddenly began to tremble violently, and the light quickly dimmed.

The white-robed priest's eyes widened, and he subconsciously rushed forward to protect the light. However, before he could reach the silver lamp, the light was completely extinguished.

Immediately after, the light next to Stanley that represented Newman also suddenly went out. It was so fast that it was as if it had been blown out by a naughty child.

The priest in the white robe stood rooted to the ground, unable to speak for a long time. He even thought that there was something wrong with the silver light.

When he woke up, his eyes were filled with great fear and shock. He staggered and ran to the door.

He ran to the church. Many people stood there, and a sense of grief filled the place.

The priest in the white robe saw two broken giant swords on the ground. They were Lord Stanley's swords.

Someone turned around and looked at him with a sad face. He said in a low voice, "Lord Stanley has fallen."

The white-robed priest's pupils contracted. He opened his mouth but did not wait for him to say anything.

A figure on the church's throne stood up. A cold gaze shot down from that dignified face. His eyes sparkled.

The pope's angry voice rang in everyone's ears. "The enemy of light, Joelson Edward. Damn it!"

In the year 4396 of the light calendar, following the heavy casualties of the Holy Church's judicial group, the Holy Church's peak saint-level powerhouse, the former commander of the Knights of Light, Stanley, had died at the hands of Joelson.

The Pope of Light was furious.

The continent was shaken, and the name of Joelson Edward, the glory of the violets, once again resounded throughout the entire continent.

Countless people were watching and hoping that this sun-level genius who had never been seen before would die like a meteor after being dazzling, or would he step on the bones of the Holy Church and step on the legendary throne that belonged to him.

..

Joelson still didn't know what was happening outside. Even if he knew, he wouldn't take it to heart.

Compared to taking the dragon blood potion before.

The pain of the dragon blood secret art was more than ten times stronger.

The scalding dragon blood splashed all over his body as if he was bathing in molten iron. The skin and flesh all over his body were scalded and then grew under the powerful vitality of the dragon blood. After that, he was scalded, again and again, repeating the cycle.

During this process, there were countless strange forces trying their best to burrow into Joelson's body.

Joelson could not help but admire Connie. Under such pain, she, an ordinary person, was able to withstand it. It was indeed remarkable.

Time passed by for an unknown amount of time. It was as long as a century.

When Joelson could no longer feel pain and the surface of his body was boiling hot, a force surged out from his back and sent him out.

The blood cocoon that wrapped Joelson broke in mid-air.

A perfect and strong body stretched out and landed steadily on the ground.

Joelson opened his eyes and golden light flashed in his pupils.

His body let out an explosive sound.

Joelson's body slowly floated up. He looked at his hands and felt that there was an unimaginable power surging in them.

Saint-level!

A saint-level knight was able to float in the air purely by relying on his physical body.

It was a powerful feeling that he had never felt before.

He casually threw a punch and a small vacuum appeared in the air, followed by a sharp air-piercing sound.

The speed of his punch exceeded the speed of sound and had already triggered a sonic boom. One could imagine how terrifying the instantaneous explosive power of Joelson was now.

The painstaking efforts of a saint-level pinnacle Du Lu, coupled with the fact that Joelson had once consumed the dragon blood potion and had a trace of the dragon bloodline power hidden in his body completely activated, brought about a change that Joelson did not dare to imagine.

"Again!" Joelson shouted in a deep voice and flew to the steel dragon.

The steel dragon did not hesitate. A sharp dark golden light flashed on its claws. It forcefully tore open its chest and allowed Joelson to squeeze in.

The steel dragon's blood was like molten metal, thick and heavy.

During the process, it was as if countless daggers had cut through Joelson's body. The pain was much greater than before.

Three days later, the steel dragon let out a muffled groan.

A dark golden light shot out from its chest and turned into Joelson's figure on the grass.

The steel dragon fell to the ground weakly.

Joelson walked straight to the farmland. With a wave of his hand, the crops in the farmland seemed to have been cut by invisible sharp blades and fell one after another.

Whether they were mature or not, Joelson grabbed them and strode to the steel dragon's side.

The Steel Dragon opened its mouth and swallowed the dragonspine rattan and dragontooth grass. Its eyes began to shine again.

When the steel dragon's condition was completely stable, Joelson heaved a sigh of relief.

Turning to look at Du Lu, Du Lu also looked much better.

Expending so much effort was also a big burden for a saint-level dragon.

Fortunately, both of them grew up eating farm crops, so their vitality was much stronger than ordinary dragons.

"Thank you," Joelson said to Du Lu and the steel dragon seriously.

Chapter 233: Saint Realm, the Stairway of the Gods

Joelson had always regarded the giant dragon as his partner. This time, using Du Lu and the steel dragon's hard work to increase his strength had almost touched Joelson's bottom line. He could not help but feel a little guilty.

Du Lu moved its big head closer and, like when it was young, it arched its head against Joelson's body. Its hot tongue licked his body and it acted coquettishly like a big dog.

The steel dragon also growled a few times. It had never been good at expressing its feelings.

When Kokonoro saw this scene, its eyes became a little complicated. It could see that the feelings between Joelson, Du Lu, and the steel dragon had gone beyond the bond of blood. They were willing to sacrifice everything for each other from the bottom of their hearts.

This was also the reason why Du Lu and the steel dragon did not hesitate to tear open their chests to let Joelson in.

This was the first time Connie had seen the gentle side of Joelson and she was very touched.

Joelson turned around to check his body. He had become much stronger.

Moreover, after being watered by the steel dragon's blood, there was an inexplicable sharp aura all over his body. He waved his hand as if he was unsheathing a sharp blade.

His skin was still white but there seemed to be dark golden light flowing under his skin. It was extremely tough. Connie could not leave any wounds on Joelson's body without dragonizing even with the meteor sword.

The legendary inner armor from before didn't matter to him anymore.

His strength, speed, and defense weren't inferior to the intermediate stage of the saint-level!

"Try dragonizing!"

Kokonoro said. It was looking forward to what level Joelson could reach in dragonizing.

Joelson nodded. He mobilized the inexplicable aura in his bloodline and a terrifying aura instantly rose from his body.

Connie knelt on the ground almost instantly with a horrified look on her face.

This was the subconscious display of the inferior against the superior. It was the suppression of the bloodline hierarchy.

The might of Joelson's dragon was much stronger than hers.

Joelson's body was still undergoing changes.

His body grew taller. His originally thin body became plump and robust, yet still slender and perfect.

Fine scales grew out of his elbows and cheeks, and the dragon horns on his forehead protruded slightly.

His pair of eyes, in particular, slowly turned from pitch-black to a deep golden color.

He appeared extremely noble, tyrannical, and cold.

Even Kokonoro looked into his eyes and a desire to submit arose in its heart.

The half-dragon transformation of Joelson did not change much. He did not even grow a dragon tail but the increase in his strength was still terrifying!

Peak-stage saint-level!

The meteor sword appeared in Joelson's hand, and his figure disappeared and reappeared as if he had teleported.

A brilliant platinum light flashed and a clear spatial crack appeared in the air. It lasted for a few seconds before it slowly disappeared.

Looking at Joelson's back, its eyes felt a piercing pain.

Too powerful.

Half-dragon transformation, Meteor Sword, and platinum power. Joelson felt that he could easily kill a peak-stage saint-level powerhouse.

Using the system interface to check his combat strength, after half-dragonification, he had reached more than 70,000!

An extremely terrifying number.

Moreover, Joelson still had a lot of room for improvement.

The strength of platinum power had not reached its limit. The power of his physical body could also be increased.

If he had platinum power that was formed from the fusion of more than 500 laws, with a peak-stage saint-level half-dragonification body, would he be able to kill one in the domain of a god?

Joelson was looking forward to it.

His pupils were dark gold and his cheeks were covered in dragon scales. The corners of his mouth curled up, revealing a ferocious and tyrannical handsome face.

Casually waving the long sword in his hand, he muttered to himself, "I really hope that those people from the Church of Light won't give up so easily."

..

Dozens of figures stood on the clouds, each of them emitting a powerful aura.

Saint-level. So many saint-level experts were gathered here.

Under their feet were bustling human towns as small as ants.

They were like gods, standing on the clouds overlooking the human world.

This was the saint-level, the kingdom of the top experts of the middle continent.

In the beginning, only saint-level experts could enter this place but, as the families of saint-level experts moved in, their descendants multiplied, and gradually developed into cities in the saint-level.

Until now, this place could almost be considered a small world.

Dozens of saint-level masters gathered together in a rare sight. In front of them was an extremely wide and endless staircase that extended upwards.

On the staircase, a few figures were climbing up with great difficulty.

They seemed to be burdened with great pressure. Every step forward required great effort.

"I wonder how many steps the Golden Lion can reach? The little guy named Franklin who was on par with him last time came here. When he left, he reached the 35th step. His strength has broken through to the late stage of the saint-level. He's not even 50 years old yet."

"Oswede's talent is even better than Franklin's. Even if he doesn't have much experience for the first time, he should be at least at the 30th step."

"I heard that recently, a sun radiance level genius appeared. Even the Church of Light's Stanley was killed by him. If that person were to come over, who knows how many more people would be able to go up?"

"Hehe, that person's talent isn't that great. It's just that he was lucky and signed a contract with a few powerful dragons. The Holy Zither of the Church of Light went out to hunt him two days ago. I'm afraid we can only see his head."

"Holy Zither."

At the mention of this name, the surrounding saint-level powerhouses revealed deep admiration and reverence on their faces. It was a kind of admiration that came from the bottom of their hearts.

At this time, a figure on the stairs suddenly let out an angry roar that was like a giant dragon. His body suddenly expanded.

The saint-level powerhouses immediately cried out in surprise.

"It's Malcolm from the Dragon Blood Clan. He's half-dragonized!"

The figure had completely turned into a ferocious monster. Not only did he grow dragon horns and tail but even his face had become long and narrow, like the head of a dragon.

"The higher the dragon-blood a warrior of the dragon-blood family turns into, the stronger his strength and talent are. Malcolm's dragon turn is probably over 50%. How terrifying!"

Someone said with shock on his face.

As if confirming what he said, the sinister figure on the stairs suddenly stomped on the ground. With a loud explosion, he actually climbed up three steps in a row.

Everyone sucked in a breath of cold air.

The sinister figure instantly pulled away from the others.

"Twenty-seventh step."

Someone sighed, "It's really amazing. The time it took for Malcolm to reach this position is half the time it took last time. Such an improvement speed is really too terrifying!"

"The Golden Lion has also started to exert his strength."

In their line of sight, a tall and sturdy figure was rising with golden flames. With a determined pace, he would climb up one step every once in a while, trying his best to catch up with the ferocious figure in front of him.

"I wonder who can walk higher?"

"It's definitely Malcolm. Although the Golden Lion's strength is not bad, Malcolm is still a member of the Dragon Blood Clan, after all. The advantage is too great. The Dragon Blood Clan, you know."

The spectators discussed animatedly. Some people sighed.

Chapter 234: The Mysterious Young Mage Who Had Stepped Onto the Stairway of the Gods

Standing in front of an ordinary shrub, Joelson calmly surveyed his surroundings.

At this moment, he had already entered the Misty Mountains. Following the scenes he had witnessed during the trials, he found the location of the entrance to the Saint Realm.

"If I'm not mistaken."

Joelson released his spiritual power and an invisible force spread out.

A ripple suddenly appeared before the bushes in front of him, like the ripples on the surface of the water.

An entrance with a faint golden light appeared in front of Joelson.

Joelson's eyes flickered. He hesitated for a moment before he calmly stepped into the entrance.

There was a golden passage with no end in sight.

Joelson kept moving forward.

The light in front of him became stronger and stronger, almost blinding.

In the end, even Joelson could not see clearly. He could only narrow his eyes.

Taking a random step, Joelson felt as if he had passed through a thin film. The light dissipated. A long flight of stairs then appeared in front of him.

Joelson was stunned for a moment and took his first step in confusion.

"Someone is coming down again!"

On the stairs, several saint-level powerhouses began to walk down.

As they walked down the stairs, every one of their faces was pale and covered in sweat.

Someone said with a bitter smile, "After the 30th step, it's too terrifying. I'm afraid that only gods can complete this god's staircase."

"Even the four great thrones can only pass the 80th step. Legend has it that those who can complete the stairs can obtain eternal life and the power of gods."

"Even Malcolm and the Golden Lion's speed has slowed down."

"Below the divine domain, only the Holy Zither and the member of the Dragon Blood Clan can pass 45 steps."

"The Holy Zither and Dragon Blood Clan member has never left the divine domain. If they enter the continent, I'm afraid that two more suns will appear on the star pillar."

While they were discussing, the Golden Lion and Malcolm had already reached the 34th step.

Both of them were sweating profusely as if they were under extremely terrifying pressure.

Malcolm had long since turned into a dragon. It was obvious that his potential had been exhausted and he was unable to continue forward.

On the other hand, although the Golden Lion Oswede was having a hard time walking, he still stood straight. He took a deep breath and slowly took the 35th step.

Malcolm was also making the same effort.

But the result was the opposite.

Oswede stood steadily on the 35th step, while Malcolm seemed to have suffered a heavy blow. His huge body was hit by a huge force and flew backward.

"Malcolm failed."

Everyone at the bottom of the step let out a regretful voice.

"But compared to the last time, he has improved a lot."

"Oswede is really unexpected."

"It's not unreasonable for him to place first amongst the three geniuses of the central continent."

"Wait! Look over there!"

Suddenly, someone shouted in surprise.

Everyone followed the voice and looked over. To their surprise, they found that there was another figure on the stairs not far away from Oswede.

It was a handsome youth wearing a mage's robe. He looked extremely young, not even thirty years old.

He was much weaker than Oswede. He had just stepped onto the tenth step but he looked relaxed and seemed to be quite powerful.

"Who is that! Do any of you know him?"

"When did he go up? We have been watching from here. Why didn't we see him?"

"Strange!"

Everyone exclaimed in surprise but they quickly retracted their gazes and continued to focus on Oswede.

Oswede paused on the 35th step for a long time, as if he was accumulating energy to attack the next step.

"The 36th step should be Oswede's limit. I just don't know if he will be pushed back by the 36th step or stop before the 37th step."

Everyone's eyes were fixed on Oswede. As for the figure who was climbing more than a dozen steps, they seemed to have ignored him.

They could not see behind them on the stairway of gods—only the front and the surroundings.

In other words, the top and bottom of the stairway were two different worlds.

Joelson did not know that he had already entered the sight of the people of Saint Realm. His attention was focused on what was in front of him.

He saw a tall figure walking up not far away.

Did someone else discover this entrance?

Joelson was puzzled.

But he had come this far and he had to keep going.

This stairway was interesting. At least that's what Joelson thought.

With every step he took, the pressure on him doubled.

When he had just walked up the first step, he could easily withstand the pressure of the ninth step.

But now at the fifteenth step, the ninth step would probably be crushed into meat paste.

He had already reached the limit of the initial phase of the saint-level.

He could not see the end of the stairs in front of him. He did not know how many more floors there were.

Joelson frowned slightly. If he had to walk all the steps to enter the saint-level, then the requirements of this secret entrance were too high.

Joelson took a step forward and the pressure on his body doubled again. He broke through the level that the initial phase of the saint-level could withstand.

However, it was still very easy for him to walk.

His body had just been strengthened by the dragon blood and it had improved tremendously. Even without using his own magic power and combat aura, he was still able to walk a long way.

"The 36th level!"

"The Golden Lion is indeed worthy of being called the Golden Lion. The land of heritage has made up for his lack of foundation. It's enough to compete with the geniuses of the saint-level!"

"The 37th step of the divine staircase. This result is already enough for him to be proud of!"

Just now, Oswede had finally taken another step forward.

Oswede's actions were filled with the demeanor of a king. Without sufficient confidence, he would not easily attempt it.

And, once he took a step forward, everyone knew that he would definitely be able to advance to the next level.

Malcolm of the Dragon Blood Clan sat at the side, adjusting his breathing. Looking at Oswede's back, his eyes revealed a faint admiration and unwillingness.

Next time, he would definitely surpass this lion!

"That person actually caught up!"

Suddenly, a saint-level powerhouse cried out in surprise.

The others turned their heads and found that the person who appeared out of nowhere had already passed the 20th step and was walking towards the 21st step.

The distance between him and Oswede was getting closer and closer.

"So fast!"

Someone exclaimed.

The others were also surprised.

It was indeed very fast. The mage-robed youth walked up step by step as if he was climbing an ordinary step. There was not a trace of difficulty on his face.

Oswede stopped in front of the 37th step for a long time. Just when everyone thought that he was going to continue the challenge, he suddenly turned around and retreated without hesitation.

"Oswede feels that his strength is not enough."

"What a pity."

"He has enough understanding of his own strength and will never do anything that he is not confident in. Such a person is the most terrifying!"

Everyone was shocked and regretful.

Gradually, the situation seemed to be a bit wrong.

The saint-level powerhouses' eyes slowly widened and a trace of shock appeared on their faces.

Chapter 235: Entering the 40th Level! Who is He?

The faces of the saint-level powerhouses revealed a look of disbelief.

As Oswede walked down, the young mage also continued to climb up.

And.

The speed of his ascent was even faster than Oswede's descent!

The two of them...

Were actually at the position of the 30th floor.

They met!

Staring at the pressure of the stairway of the gods, walking up ten steps was actually faster than the speed at which Oswede walked down five steps.

What kind of concept was this!

Everyone blinked their eyes in disbelief.

Among them was Oswede, who was currently on the steps.

This handsome young genius with a broad forehead and a generous temperament saw a young mage walking towards him with relaxed steps.

He was handsome but he looked very unfamiliar. Oswede had never seen him before.

Without waiting for Oswede to take a second look, the youth had already passed his position and walked up.

Oswede subconsciously wanted to turn back but a terrifying force came from the stairs and sent Oswede flying.

Oswede's lips curled into a bitter smile. He had forgotten.

On the stairway of the gods, if you gave up, you were not allowed to turn back.

Now, all they could see was the back of the young man in the mage robes.

There was only one thought left in Oswede's and the others' minds.

Who was this young man!

Joelson felt the pressure on his body become even greater. He estimated that the pressure had almost reached the late stage of the saint level.

His movements became slower as he walked.

This feeling became more obvious when Joelson reached the 34th step.

Joelson felt like he was carrying a mountain as he walked. If his body had not been modified by the secret technique of dragon's blood before he came in, he would have collapsed without using combat aura or magic.

No.

He could only use other powers.

Joelson thought to himself.

"I've reached the 34th step. The 35th step is right in front of me."

"Malcolm fell here. Can this mysterious youth pass through?"

"Oh, my Knight-King! He didn't even spend half the time as much as Oswede and Malcolm from the 10th to the 34th step!"

The saint-level powerhouses below the stairs kept exclaiming in surprise.

Oswede and the others who had failed the challenge and were about to leave also stayed behind. They stared at the figure on the stairs with serious expressions.

Especially Malcolm, who was very focused.

"Have you noticed?"

Suddenly, someone said, "Up until now, this young man has not shown any magic or combat aura. In other words, he has not used any magic or combat aura."

When the others heard this, their expressions became horrified.

"He has relied entirely on his physical strength to reach the 34th level!"

The entire place fell into a deathly silence.

This discovery was too shocking.

"I'm afraid that only the one from the Dragon Blood Clan can do this. He has not entered the dragonification state and reached the 35th level. What terrifying physical strength. He is simply a human-shaped magical beast!"

"Look!"

Someone exclaimed.

Everyone looked up and saw that the mysterious youth's hand was emitting a dazzling white-gold light. It was like a sharp blade cutting through the invisible space.

And he relied on this strength to step up several steps in a row!

The eyes of the people below the steps were about to pop out.

This was too terrifying!

The hearts of Oswede and Malcolm twitched violently.

The position that Joelson was standing at now was even higher than the thirty-seventh step, which had forced Oswede back and made him lose the confidence to advance.

The 38th step!

In an instant, he had crossed the 35th, 36th, and 37th steps in succession!

Oswede revealed a bitter smile. There were too many geniuses in the Saint Realm. He had almost reached the top among his peers in the central continent.

After entering the Saint Realm of saints, he had been constantly struck. Now, there was another one.

Joelson took a deep breath and calmed the surging blood in his body.

Relying on the sharpness of the platinum light, he cut through the invisible pressure in front of him and climbed up the thirty-eighth step in one breath.

The thirty-ninth step was even more terrifying. Even the platinum power felt blocked.

Joelson slightly stretched his body and his entire body emitted a burst of explosive sounds.

His gaze gradually became serious.

The platinum power condensed as if it had become solid and he fiercely slashed out.

Hiss!

The sound of cloth tearing sounded through the air.

Joelson took a step forward.

The pressure that was even more turbulent than before poured down like a tsunami.

Joelson's expression was calm. He forcefully stepped up. His body was like a nail firmly nailed to the 39th floor's steps, standing tall and straight on it.

Then, without stopping for a second, he struck out a second time!

The sword light condensed from platinum power cut through layers of invisible pressure and, finally, a crack was split open.

Following this crack, he took another step forward.

When he was completely standing on the 40th step, the immense pressure caused his body to shake uncontrollably.

But in the end...

He stood firm!

The sound of gasps could be heard from below the stairs.

Everyone's faces were filled with shock.

This mysterious youth who had suddenly appeared had forcefully ascended the 40th level, looking down on everyone present!

And up until now...

They actually still didn't know what this person's identity was!

"Up until now, he has only felt slightly exhausted. He hasn't reached his limit yet. He should still be able to climb up!"

A saint-level expert analyzed, his face filled with astonishment.

"Could it be that there will be another genius who can match the Holy Zither and the Dragon Blood Clan?"

"I don't know if he can match the Holy Zither but what he has done so far has already surpassed the vast majority of saint-level experts!"

"I can't believe it!"

Oswede, Malcolm, and the others' gazes were burning as they stared at the thin and tall figure on the steps. Their eyes were filled with the desire to catch up.

There were two peaks for a young saint to reach below the age of 100. Was the third peak about to rise as well?

Joelson tried to swing his sword again but he found that the platinum power was no longer enough to break through the pressure on the 41st floor.

This strange staircase had a threshold for every ten floors, and the pressure would suddenly rise by one level.

It was already impossible to do it as easily as before.

Joelson frowned slightly but soon relaxed.

It seemed.

He could only choose to dragonize.

Below the stairs, the saint-level powerhouses were discussing Joelson's talent and identity with great interest.

Suddenly, an inexplicable aura rose from the stairs.

They looked over in shock.

They saw the mysterious youth on the stairs. His thin body gradually became plump. His figure became taller. Golden-red dragon scales grew on his cheeks.

"He's a member of the Dragon Blood Clan?"

Someone exclaimed.

"Is it that one?"

"No! That one isn't that young!"

"Why is his dragonification level so low?"

A series of shocked exclamations rose from the bottom of the stairs.

Chapter 236: Surpassing the Two Great Geniuses of the Saint Realm!

Seeing the scene on the stage, Malcolm suddenly stood up and stared fixedly at the back of Joelson, as if trying to find some sense of familiarity.

He had never seen him before!

No one in the Dragon Blood Clan could match up to this youth in front of him.

But it was impossible that no one had ever heard of this youth's terrifying talent.

"It could be someone who was lucky enough to obtain a portion of the dragon's power after receiving the dragon's blood."

Someone analyzed, "Judging from the extent of his dragonification, it's obviously not high. Some of it seems unorthodox."

"In this world, other than the people from the Dragon Blood Clan, who else can obtain the favor of the dragon?"

Someone retorted.

Oswede pondered and suddenly said, "There's one more person. You might have forgotten."

Everyone frowned. Their faces were filled with confusion. Then, as if they had thought of something, their eyes widened.

"Could it be him?"

Before everyone could say that name.

The youth on the steps had already moved.

After half-dragonizing, Joelson's physical strength had already reached the peak of saint-level. He did not even need platinum power. He forcefully took the 41st step.

The pressure doubled compared to the pressure on the 40th step.

However, no matter how terrifying the pressure was, it was unable to make Joelson's back bend.

Joelson's pupils, which had already turned dark gold, appeared somewhat ferocious and cold. He frowned and his entire face appeared ferocious.

The platinum power covered Joelson's entire body.

Joelson suddenly rushed forward.

His entire body was like an extremely sharp blade, breaking through the pressure in front of him.

Forty-two, forty-three, forty-four, forty-five!

Compared to the terrifying aura from before, he actually reached the forty-fifth step in an instant.

The pressure was like a tsunami whistling, crashing down one wave after another.

His body swayed and fell back but he forced himself to straighten up bit by bit, standing on the steps against the pressure.

The saint-levels at the bottom of the steps were all stunned.

Their mouths were wide open, and their faces were full of shock.

"The 45th... The 45th step!"

"God of Magic! He has reached the same level as the Holy Zither and the one in the Dragon Blood Clan!"

"And he rushed up in one breath!"

"Could it really be him?"

Everyone looked at each other. In the end, someone said the name that they had guessed.

"Joelson Edward?"

"Joelson Edward, the pillar of stars suppression, the sun radiance level genius that has never been seen before?"

"It's said that he has two saint-level dragons. It's very possible that he could think of using dragon blood to irrigate himself."

"It's rumored that Joelson Edward is not even twenty years old and his looks are too young. This point can be matched."

"Not even 20 years old! Saint-level? Are you kidding me?"

Saint-level powerhouses discussed animatedly. They were all guessing Joelson's identity and...

They were looking forward to whether he could take another step forward.

Joelson could hear all the muscles and bones in his body making a slight sound of collision under the immense pressure as if they would collapse under the weight at any moment.

Joelson narrowed his eyes. He still wanted to take another step forward.

His current position was not his limit.

There was still a lot of dragon blood power remaining in his blood vessels and bone marrow.

It was a good opportunity to use it to its full potential.

Joelson took a deep breath.

"He's ready to ascend the 46th step!"

The saint-level masters below cried out in surprise.

That was a place that even the two geniuses of the saint-level, the Holy Zither and the member of the Dragon Blood Clan, who were publicly acknowledged by the saint-level, had never been able to ascend.

A mysterious youth with an unknown identity had actually reached this step on his first step on the stairway of the gods.

Was he trying to create a new legend?

Oswede and Malcolm stared at the back of Joelson, their eyes filled with complicated emotions.

They had just come down from the stairway of the gods. One was scared off by the pressure of the 37th floor, while the other was unable to withstand the pressure of the 35th floor.

The two of them knew how terrifying the pressure on the stairway of the gods was.

The pressure of the 36th floor had already reached a level that made them despair and fear. But the 46th floor...

How terrifying would the pressure be?

And a youth younger than them was currently challenging the level and reached heights that they could not look up to.

The huge difference made the two feel bitter.

The pressure on Joelson's back had changed from a small hill to the weight of a small mountain. When he stepped out with his right foot, he actually began to tremble unconsciously.

The pressure was too great.

Even after dragonification, it was somewhat difficult to bear.

The invisible pressure caused the surface of Joelson's muscles and skin to ripple like the surface of water.

A wild look shot out from his eyes.

He opened his mouth, revealing the teeth that had become somewhat long and sharp after he had turned into a half-dragon. He looked slightly ferocious.

He stepped out heavily and completely stood on the 46th step.

The pressure fell like an avalanche. Joelson's pupils constricted slightly and his body collapsed abruptly.

"Ah!"

A series of exclamations sounded from below the steps.

"No! He can't withstand the pressure of the 46th step. He's going to retreat!"

"Yeah, even the Holy Zither and the member of the Dragon-Blood Clan haven't reached that height. How could he do it?"

"If it's really Joelson Edward, then he should be proud enough. He's much younger than the Holy Zither and member of the Dragon-Blood Clan."

"Knight-King! Look!"

Suddenly, someone cried out in surprise.

Everyone widened their eyes. They only saw that Joelson, who was supposed to be unable to withstand the pressure, was actually lifting and straightening his back bit by bit.

On the side that no one could see, Joelson bit his lips tightly. Blood flowed down but his eyes were terrifyingly calm.

Joelson felt his bones burning. His body temperature was frighteningly high.

The remaining dragon blood power in his bloodline and bone marrow was quickly fusing into his body. The strength of his body was rapidly increasing in a short period of time.

On the contrary, Joelson's appearance gradually returned to normal.

The dragon scales and dragon horns all shrank back. Only his pair of eyes became more and more resplendent, like a burning golden flame.

Noble. Arrogant. And cold.

Joelson straightened his back completely. At this moment, other than a pair of golden eyes that were like stars, he was no different from an ordinary person.

The dragonification was the secret technique of dragon blood, in a sense. It represented the concentration of the dragon bloodline in his body.

The higher the concentration, the higher the degree of dragonification. The Dragon Blood Clan regarded this as a standard to assess the talent of their descendants.

However, Joelson walked on a completely different path from the dragon blood family.

He shattered the power of the dragon blood and fused it into his own bone marrow and blood. This was equivalent to creating a bloodline that only belonged to him!

Perhaps one day, the Edward family's bloodline would be even more powerful and noble than the dragon bloodline!

Joelson completely withstood the pressure of the 46th step. His seemingly thin body stood on the step.

Like a mountain peak, many saint-level masters looked up.

Each of their faces was filled with disbelief.

Suddenly, someone shouted excitedly, "No matter who he is, he has already surpassed the Holy Zither and the Dragon-Blood Clan!"

That's right!

Chapter 237: The Four Great Thrones of the Saint Realm

The rest of the people suddenly woke up, their eyes shining with admiration.

The records of the two great geniuses of the Saint Realm had been broken, and they had witnessed it with their own eyes.

This person in front of them was the true number one genius!

Joelson stood in front of the 47th step for a long time but he still didn't continue.

He had a strong premonition in his heart.

In the next step, he would probably be crushed into meat paste.

It might not be so serious but it would definitely be a serious injury.

A hint of helplessness appeared on Joelson's face. What kind of secret entrance was this? It was impossible to enter.

This requirement was too high.

Sure enough, it was impossible to enter the Saint Realm by taking a small path.

Joelson could only turn around and walk down the steps step by step.

"Quick, quick, have you found out?"

Looking at Joelson walking down the steps facing them, someone rushed him urgently.

The magic crystal image of Joelson's appearance was quickly sent over. The young and handsome youth in the magic crystal looked exactly the same as the mysterious youth in front of him.

The only difference was that the latter had an overbearing and cold temperament on top of the former's calm and elegant foundation.

"As expected!"

The eyes of the many saint-level masters lit up as they exclaimed one after another.

"It's really him!"

"He's not even twenty years old! This talent is simply unbelievable!"

"He has killed quite a number of people from the Church of Light. The Holy Zither will definitely come and find trouble with him!"

"He's out!"

Joelson originally thought that he would return to the golden passageway when he walked down the steps. However, he did not expect that what appeared in front of him was a huge square.

On Cloud Square, dozens of gazes were staring straight at him.

This was?

The Saint Realm!

Joelson was stunned for a moment before he suddenly understood.

It turned out that after he walked up the steps, he only needed to turn around and come down. He would be able to enter the Saint Realm easily.

However, he didn't know and thought that he had wasted a lot of time climbing up so many levels.

The dozens of people in front of him were all at the saint-level and above.

Most of them were at the early stage of the saint-level, and a few of them had reached the middle stage of the saint-level. The two strongest people were emitting the aura of the late stage of the saint-level.

As expected of the Saint Realm.

Joelson's eyes flickered slightly. It was rare to see saint-level powerhouses outside, but here, they were like weeds.

Joelson took two steps forward, only to find that these people were retreating.

He was stunned for a moment and was surprised to see the faces of these saint-level masters.

Shock, surprise, admiration, and a trace of fear.

When Joelson frowned slightly, this trace of fear became more and more intense.

Joelson simply stopped walking.

What he didn't know was that although his dragonification had been lifted, his golden pupils had returned to their original black color.

However, after fusing with the dragon bloodline, his body would unconsciously emit an overbearing and fierce aura. The sharpness of the platinum power would cause those saint-level masters who were not strong enough to get close to him to feel waves of piercing pain on their skin. It was as if countless sharp blades were pressed against their body.

Moreover.

The title of the enemy of light was still on Joelson's head. Even Stanley, who was at the peak of the saint-level, had been killed by him.

Ordinary saint-level masters would not dare to approach him.

"Joelson Edward?"

Finally, someone came up to Joelson and asked tentatively.

Joelson looked up. It was the tall man who had brushed shoulders with him on the steps. He was also one of the two late-stage saint-level masters.

Joelson nodded slightly and said, "You are?"

"Oswede, I think you've heard of my name before."

Oswede revealed a smile.

This sentence might sound arrogant when said by someone else, but it didn't make Joelson feel arrogant when said by Oswede. Oswede had a natural king's temperament that made people like him and trust him.

Just like his nickname.

"Golden Lion?"

Joelson asked back.

Oswede nodded, then glanced at the surrounding saint-level powerhouses who were discussing fervently, saying in a low voice, "We'd better talk somewhere else."

Saying that, Oswede quickly walked in a certain direction.

Joelson thought for a moment but ultimately chose to follow.

After leaving the crowd, Oswede directly flew up.

Joelson caught up with Oswede and explained to him, "If we continue to stay there, there might be trouble."

"Trouble?"

Joelson couldn't help but frown.

Oswede was about to explain when two extremely fast white lights suddenly shot out in front of them.

The two wore beautiful paladin armor and came at them with gloomy faces.

Both of them had reached the late stage of the saint-level.

Oswede's expression changed and he said in a low voice, "Trouble is coming."

He was about to pull out the sword at his waist when Joelson flew up first.

The platinum light streaked across the sky, dazzling to the eye.

The two saint-level powerhouses had ugly expressions. Just as they were about to say something, the platinum light had already streaked across their chests and the two figures fell down like stones.

Oswede's eyes were wide open and his mouth was slightly agape. It was obvious that he had yet to react.

Joelson calmly flew back and said indifferently, "This shouldn't be considered trouble."

Oswede opened his mouth, but couldn't say a word. He could only laugh bitterly helplessly.

"Yeah, I forgot that you're Joelson Edward."

Oswede looked at the two figures falling down with some worry and said, "Killing is forbidden in the Saint Realm."

"Don't worry," said Joelson, "They won't die."

Yes, Joelson held back by not directly killing the two holy knights of the Church of Light.

But a fall from such a high place, even if they were saint-level strong, one would be afraid to break all the bones.

"That's fine."

Oswede heaved a sigh of relief and said with a wry smile, "I suddenly regret being with an enemy of the light. If it were not for the Order of the Silver Throne, I would never have interfered in this matter."

Joelson frowned slightly. "Silver Throne?"

Oswede explained, "The four most powerful lords of the Saint Realm are known as the Four Great Thrones. The Silver Throne, the Flame Throne, the Light Throne, and the Dark Throne are all god-level powerhouses."

"A month ago, His Majesty Nicholas came to the Saint Realm to seek the protection of the Silver Throne. The Silver Throne once said that if you can step onto the 40th level of the stairway of the gods, he can take over the enmity with the Church of Light for you."

Joelson understood a little. "The person behind the Church of Light is the Light Throne?"

"Yes."

Oswede nodded and said "The Light Throne is also publicly acknowledged to be the most powerful of the Four Thrones. The reason why the Church of Light is able to spread its teachings throughout the entire central continent is also because of the support of the Light Throne. On the other hand, the Dark Throne has never cared about the matters of the Dark Church. The Dark Church has always been suppressed by the Church of Light, and it seems to have nothing to do with him. However, everyone knows that he has a conflict with the Light Throne."

Chapter 238: The Reincarnation of the Archangel, the Great Battle of the Holy Zither

Jeolson suddenly realized that the situation in the Saint Realm was much more complicated than he had imagined.

"The Silver Throne is the backing of the violet royal family. The Light Throne and the Dark Throne represent the Church of Light and the Dark Church respectively. Then what power is under the Blazing Flame Throne?"

Oswede looked at Jeolson calmly and said, "The Blazing Flame Throne is a member of the Dragon Blood Clan. He is also the most powerful one among the Four Thrones because he has signed an equal contract with the king of the Giant Dragon Clan, making him an enemy. At the same time, he has to be prepared to accept the wrath of the Giant Dragon Clan."

"Hasn't the Dragon Clan always signed a master-servant contract with the Dragon-Blood Clan?"

Oswede looked at Jeolson strangely and said, "You know a lot. But don't forget that in the face of great power, the proud dragon will also choose to compromise."

Jeolson understood, just like how Kokonoro had to sign an equal contract with Connie under his coercion.

It seemed that this great Blazing Throne had been recognized by the Dragon Clan.

"You've just reached the 46th step. Once this news spreads, it'll definitely shake the entire Saint Realm. It'll go far beyond the requirements of the Silver Throne."

Oswede smiled and said, "So it's only right for me to help you now. I'll take you to meet the Silver Throne first."

Jeolson nodded.

The two were about to continue forward when the entire sky suddenly brightened.

A tall woman with four light wings on her back and an extremely perfect face slowly descended from the sky. She held a golden holy sword in her hand and looked coldly at Jeolson.

Jeolson's gaze trembled slightly.

An angel had descended?

Oswede sighed in a low voice and said with a bitter smile, "This is really troublesome."

"The number one genius of the Church of Light, the Holy Zither."

Oswede looked at the woman and said seriously, "Compared to her, the Silver Hand and the Authority of God are all trash. She is the greatest hope of the Church of Light. The woman who has the potential to challenge the Throne!"

Oswede looked at Jeolson and said, "It is said that she is the reincarnation of the archangel in the heavenly realm, but I don't know if it is true or false."

The reincarnation of the archangel?

Jeolson's eyes flickered. He could not see any imperfection in the woman in front of him.

She seemed to be the creator's proudest work.

"Jeolson Edward?"

The sound of the Holy Zither seemed to come from the heavenly realm. It was extremely pleasant to hear but it did not contain any human emotions. It was indifferent to the extreme.

Jeolson did not say anything. The Holy Zither was his tacit agreement.

"Enemy of the light!"

These words were softly spat out from her plump lips. The sacred sword in the hands of the Holy Zither was raised high.

They were both golden holy lights but the power she displayed was far from what Stanley could compare to.

"Step back."

Jeolson spoke calmly.

Oswede knew that Jeolson was speaking to him. He felt a little aggrieved but there was nothing he could do.

This was the clash between the two great peaks of the Saint Realm. As a Golden Lion, he could only watch the battle.

The energy that the two of them casually released could probably injure him.

They were both geniuses but the gap was too big.

The holy light was like the sword of god, slashing down at Jeolson.

The meteor sword appeared in Jeolson's hand. The white-gold light blossomed, more explosive and sharp than any combat aura in the world.

Without backing down, he charged forward, slicing through layers of the Golden Sword of Holy Light, and shot toward the Holy Zither.

The Holy Zither's expression was calm, and the holy sword in her hand shone even more brightly. She casually shattered the white-gold light.

This was the first time that Jeolson had met an opponent who could block his own white-gold light without backing down.

The wings of light on the Holy Zither flapped gently and endless holy light poured down from the sky, making her aura continue to increase as if there was no end to it.

The terrifying holy light gathered into an ocean, pressing down on the space and making a squeezing sound, as if it was about to collapse at any moment.

Jeolson's expression also became slightly solemn.

His pitch-black eyes gradually dyed golden, as if golden flames were burning in his pupils.

Endless platinum light gathered on the meteor sword and the sharp aura of this epic longsword was forcefully dug out.

It was as if Jeolson was holding a platinum sun in his hand.

When he clashed with the Holy Zither, it was even more dazzling than the holy light!

The sea-like holy light poured to Jeolson's side and was cut open by the invisible and sharp aura of the platinum light.

It was as if there was a high peak isolated in the sea. It was still standing in the same place despite being attacked by waves and hurricanes.

Jeolson raised his hand.

Finally, there was a trace of fluctuation in the Holy Zither's eyes. She raised the Golden Holy Sword. The entire Sea of Holy Light was mobilized and slowly rolled down toward Jeolson.

Jeolson's golden eyes flickered, as brilliant as the stars.

He took a fierce step in the void, and a sharp explosion sounded in the air.

Jeolson's figure rushed forward and the platinum sword easily tore open the Sea of Holy Light, stepping on the waves.

The Holy Zither's eyes flickered. The holy sword waved and the Sea of Holy Light suddenly stopped.

Jeolson felt that the resistance he was facing suddenly increased by many times.

He had been walking in the water but now he felt like he was trapped in rock.

If he wanted to move forward, he had to split the mountain apart.

A word suddenly came to his mind.

Domain!

The holy light of the harp changed. It really looked like a legendary domain.

The holy light turned into an ocean. The ocean turned into rocks.

In the domain, I was a god.

However, the harp was only a prototype of a domain.

No, it couldn't even be considered as the embryonic form.

This was because Jeolson could still break through.

The platinum sword light suddenly blossomed and the air seemed to produce a loud shattering sound.

The solidified Sea of Holy Light was unable to stop Jeolson's footsteps.

The distance between the two continued to shrink.

Jeolson suddenly felt that the resistance in front of him immediately lessened. The solidified Sea of Holy Light disappeared, turning into countless white threads that twined around Jeolson.

The Holy Zither also rushed over with the sacred sword in her hand. She seemed like she wanted to strike Jeolson with her strongest attack.

Amazing!

Jeolson could not help but exclaim in his heart.

Just these few moves, the strength that the Holy Zither had displayed far surpassed the strength of an ordinary peak-stage saint-level.

She had already touched the realm of god and had begun to attempt to construct the embryonic form of her domain.

If it was an ordinary peak-stage saint-level, it would have long since been imprisoned in the Holy Zither's Sea of Holy Light, becoming a lamb waiting to be slaughtered.

With a wave of his hand, the platinum sword light sliced through the invisible threads formed by the Holy Light.

His gaze became calm. He did not advance any further. Instead, he looked directly at the approaching figure of the Holy Zither.

He lightly swung his sword.

The white-golden light was extremely resplendent and turned into a streak of sword light that shot out.

It broke through the void and—wherever it went—layers of space were shattered, leaving a black trail behind the white-golden light.

The Holy Zither's pupils suddenly contracted as endless holy light gathered towards her.

Chapter 239: The Holy Zither is defeated; The Spatial Throne

Boom!

A terrifying explosion sounded.

An invisible wave of air spread out in all directions, causing the robes of the magic caster, Joelson, to flutter in the wind.

A golden flame of combat aura rose from Oswede's body as he watched the battle. He had to use all his strength to resist the wave of air before he could barely stabilize his body.

Looking at the back of Joelson, who was standing like a lone mountain in front of him, his eyes were filled with shock.

He knew that the gap between him and the top geniuses like Joelson and Holy Zither would be huge, but he did not expect it to be this big.

The Golden Lion and the late-stage saint-level powerhouse could not even withstand the energy dissipation of the two of them.

Oswede's confidence took a huge blow.

After a while, when the clouds at the center of the explosion dispersed, Oswede's eyes slowly widened.

An even more intense shock appeared on his face.

He saw the Holy Zither floating in the air with a pale face, the light wings on her back dim, and the right hand holding the holy sword hanging weakly by her side.

A meandering stream of pale golden blood was slowly flowing down from her white arm.

Oswede could hardly believe his eyes.

The Holy Zither.

Had actually lost?

Not only was she defeated but he was also injured!

It was only a single strike from Joelson!

Without even a battle, he had injured Holy Zither with a single strike!

Oswede looked at Joelson's twilight with horror.

It was too terrifying.

As expected of a super genius who could step onto the 46th step of the stairway of the gods, a sun-level genius.

If those saints who had mocked Joelson for only relying on the power of the giant dragon knew the result of this battle, their jaws would probably drop.

Holy Zither took a deep look at Joelson, then flew away without looking back.

Joelson did not chase after him.

Because there was no need.

Killing was forbidden in the Saint Realm. He could not kill Holy Zither and it was not so easy to kill Holy Zither.

He only hoped that this battle would let this woman and the people of the Church of Light learn a lesson, and stop bothering him like flies.

He injured the Holy Zither with a sword and the Holy Zither was defeated.

Oswede's mind was still muddled.

The legend of the Holy Zither had been circulating in the Saint Realm for a long time.

She and the one from the Dragon Blood Clan were like two twin stars under the Four Great Thrones, illuminating the entire Saint Realm.

But he didn't expect that.

As soon as Joelson arrived, he directly chopped off one of the twin stars.

Oswald had a strong premonition in his heart.

The glorious era of the saint-level twin stars was about to pass.

When Joelson defeated the Dragon Blood Clan member, he would become a legend that belonged only to Joelson.

"As expected of the enemy of the light."

Oswede flew up and said with admiration and helplessness, "Even the Holy Zither was injured by you. The people of the Church of Light will hate you to death."

Joelson's expression was calm as if he wasn't worried about this problem at all.

"Let's go see the Silver Throne first."

When the figures of Joelson and Oswede had completely disappeared, the figures of saint-level powerhouses slowly appeared in the surrounding sky.

The battle between Joelson and the Holy Zither had caused such a huge commotion, how could it not attract the attention of others.

The faces of the saint-level powerhouses were all solemn, the shock and surprise in their eyes had not completely disappeared.

"Holy Zither actually lost?"

There were even people who whispered these words as if they had not yet accepted this fact.

"This time, the entire Saint Realm is going to be shaken!"

"As expected of the legendary sun saint-level genius, he has just entered the Saint Realm and already stirred up such a huge storm!"

"I really don't know what kind of scene will it be when this Joelson and that person from the Dragon Blood Clan face off?"

"Just wait and see. I have a feeling."

The eyes of an experienced saint-level expert flickered and he said in a low voice, "The Fifth Throne will be born from these three geniuses."

..

The palace of the Silver Throne.

A silver-gray palace stood in the clouds.

The residences of saint-level intermediate-saint-level experts were all built in the clouds.

It was as if they were to separate themselves from the ordinary people on the ground as if they were gods.

It was said that the ordinary people living in the Saint Realm also worshipped these powerful saint-level powerhouses as gods.

Each of the Four Great Thrones had a city under it and it was filled with their believers.

Joelson had a strange expression on his face. He always felt that this method was like deceiving himself.

The so-called god-level powerhouse was actually just a slightly stronger human.

He couldn't live forever, so how could he be called a god?

Oswald led Joelson into the silver-gray palace.

It was bigger than Joelson had imagined. After passing through an extremely long passage, a light suddenly lit up in front of him.

After taking a few more steps, a harmonious scene appeared in front of Joelson.

It was as if he had come to another world.

Lush green grass and flowers, and birds flying freely.

Joelson raised his head. There was still a sun hanging in the sky but he could not feel any temperature.

"That's an illusion."

Oswede explained to him, "This is actually a part of Lord Silver Throne's domain."

"What?"

Joelson was slightly shocked.

The power of a domain could evolve into a small world?

Wasn't this too exaggerated!

Oswede could see his surprise. He smiled and said, "The Silver Throne majored in spatial magic and his domain is also of the spatial attribute. Moreover, he once obtained a piece of spatial fragment and the two fused together to form this small world. Speaking of which, the Silver Throne is probably the most relaxed of the Four Great Thrones."

As Oswede was speaking to Joelson, the space behind him suddenly cracked like a canvas, swallowing him whole.

Then, everything returned to normal in an instant, as if nothing had happened.

Joelson was stunned.

This series of events happened in just a few seconds and, before he could react, Oswede had disappeared.

Fallen?

Joelson felt a wave of terror in his heart. He turned his head abruptly and suddenly saw a handsome silver-haired youth looking at him.

"I hate it when people whisper about me behind my back."

The silver-haired youth spoke calmly. His aura was calm as if he was an ordinary person but Joelson took a few steps back.

The silver-haired youth's aura had completely fused with the space behind him. He was clearly standing in front of Joelson but Joelson could not sense him.

If space was compared to the surface of water, then the silver-haired youth was like a shadow reflected on the surface of water.

Joelson looked around and said in a deep voice, "Silver Throne?"

The silver-haired youth revealed a surprised expression and praised, "A while ago, that kid Nicholas came to beg me to protect you. I didn't mind but now it seems that you do have a lot of interesting things."

"You're the first one to be able to recognize this spatial mirror clone of mine. I heard that on your way here, you even made that little girl from the Church of Light suffer a little loss? How amazing."

As the silver-haired youth spoke, a smile appeared on his face as his entire body shattered into many pieces like a mirror.

The peaceful scene around Joelson quickly faded away.

An empty hall appeared in front of him. The hall was made up of mirrors on all six sides, and countless Joelson appeared in it.

Chapter 240: Space Magic; Archer

In the middle of the hall, the silver-haired youth was sitting on a silver-gray throne.

This was...

The profundity of a domain-level space law?

Joelson's expression returned to normal. He bowed solemnly to the silver-haired youth. "Greetings, Lord Silver Throne."

This was the necessary respect for a domain-level expert.

The silver-haired youth stood up. He only took one step before walking up to Joelson.

Seeing that Joelson was in a daze, he chuckled and said, "It's just a small trick to fold space. If you have spatial magic talent, I really don't mind teaching you."

Joelson took a deep breath. This was his first time facing a god's domain. He had been shocked too much. He was a little dazed.

"Where's Oswede?"

The silver-haired youth smiled and said, "You should be more worried about him. This little lion that likes to talk nonsense should have received a small punishment a long time ago. Moreover, I wish to have a private chat with you. Oh, right. You can directly call me Archer."

"It's a name from a long time ago. I almost forgot about it."

The silver-haired young man's eyes revealed a look of reminiscence and his tone was filled with a faint sigh.

Archer's gaze returned to Joelson, and he suddenly said, "You've caused quite a lot of trouble this time. The Church of Light has lost twenty top saint-level knights at once and even the Light Throne is furious."

"More than twenty?"

Joelson's gaze focused. "Only seven of them died at my hands, including Stanley."

"I know."

Archer nodded and said, "In fact, you're still hunting down the Church of Light outside. The silver lamps in the Church of Light are extinguished several times a day, and you've also killed the Black Dragon Tribe's Kokonoro."

Archer's face revealed a look of surprise and he even clapped his hands exaggeratedly. "You really know how to cause trouble. You remind me of myself when I was young."

Archer looked at Joelson with an approving gaze and said, "You're really amazing."

This was the second time that Archer had praised Joelson in such a short period of time, even though Joelson really did not like this kind of praise.

"Someone is using my name to hunt down a saint-level powerhouse of the Church of Light?"

Joelson could not help but ask.

Archer snapped his fingers and replied, "That's right. Now, even if a small ant of the Church of Light dies, it would not hesitate to push it onto you. Tell me, is this trouble big?"

"I didn't kill Kokonoro either."

Joelson said to Archer but he could not say anything about the Dragon God's Ranch.

Archer nodded. "Did you imprison it somewhere? As long as Kokonoro is not dead, the dragon race will be easy to deal with. But the Church of Light..."

Archer touched his smooth chin, looking like he had a headache.

Just as Joelson was about to say something, Archer suddenly burst into a bright smile and said, "I almost forgot that you beat up that little girl, Holy Zither. The Church of Light can't do anything to you. Hahaha!"

Joelson frowned slightly and said, "What about the Light Throne?"

Archer patted Joelson's shoulder and said with a smile, "Don't worry. No matter how angry the Light Throne is, it will never personally attack a kid under a Throne."

Archer looked at Joelson with an encouraging look, his face full of excitement.

"With me here, you can beat up those guys from the Church of Light. As long as you don't kill too many, it's not a problem."

Don't kill too many? Did he mean that killing one or two wouldn't be a problem!

Joelson's expression was strange. He suddenly realized that the Silver Throne in front of him seemed to have a very bad impression of the Church of Light.

"I'm going to the Church of Light later. Hahaha, even the Holy Zither is no match for you. I'm really looking forward to seeing the ugly expression on the Light Throne's face."

After coming out of the Silver Palace, Joelson was surprised to find that Oswede was already waiting for him at the door.

Oswede didn't look too good. There were traces of injuries on his face and body, making him look very miserable.

"You came out?"

Oswede helplessly smiled bitterly at Joelson and said, "It seems that you and the Silver Throne had a good chat."

Joelson sized him up with a strange look.

Oswede's face turned slightly red. He coughed twice and shut his mouth.

Oswede took Joelson out of the silver-gray palace and flew down to the clouds below.

What appeared in front of him was a small town.

It was similar to an ordinary town, except that under his feet was a white cloud covered with magic arrays.

Except for a few saint-level powerhouses who only knew how to cultivate ascetically, most saint-level powerhouses were still keen on enjoying themselves.

They had more power and a longer lifespan than ordinary people. Moreover, they knew that there was no hope for them to take another step forward. Besides enjoying the various benefits brought by their own strength, what else could they do?

The town was bigger than what Joelson had imagined. It had all kinds of facilities, including taverns, restaurants, and hotels.

It looked ordinary but, in fact, the taverns sold the best dwarven wine. The dishes in the restaurants were cooked with ingredients from high-level magical beasts. The rooms in the hotels were even more luxurious than the palace. Even the prostitutes on the street corners were all top-notch beauties.

The people on the street were all powerhouses who exuded a holy aura but the shopkeepers were only some ordinary people who were quite powerful.

"I've been to many places on the continent but there's no place like this, Paradise Town."

Oswede sighed and introduced to Joelson, "This place can satisfy all your material requirements, as long as you can pay enough magic crystal coins."

Pointing at a lipstick mark, which showed a small house, Oswede bent down and whispered to Joelson "If you want a beautiful girl to accompany you, there are many princesses of kingdoms, elves, orcs, and even winged humans, which are almost extinct."

Oswede gave Joelson a strange look.

Joelson looked at Oswede and suddenly thought of something. He said, "The Golden Lion is not only a talkative lion but also a lecherous lion. It's really unexpected."

Oswede looked a little embarrassed. He laughed and said, "Then let's go drink!"

Joelson followed Oswede into a small tavern.

It was very spacious and the environment was not bad. A few saint-level masters gathered together and seemed to be discussing something loudly.

Soon, a waiter came up. It was a sweet-looking girl. Joelson could feel that her spiritual power had already reached the level of a seventh-rank mage.

A seventh-rank mage at this age, if placed in the Tulip Academy of the Southern Region, would definitely be a super genius that would cause a sensation.

But here, the waitresses were especially respectful and humble.