

Breeding Dragons From Today

Chapter 241: The Forbidden Name

"Give me a cup of flame dance."

Oswede said to the waiter, then turned to look at Joelson and said, "This wine is very good. You can try it too."

Joelson nodded. "Then I'll get the same as him."

The waitress nodded and asked the two to wait for a moment. Before she left, she looked at Joelson twice more.

This was because it was rare to see such a young saint-level, even in the Saint Realm.

The wine was quickly served. In the transparent crystal cup, the pale red wine swayed slightly. A wisp of flame danced in the wine cup. There was also a flame burning on the edge, like a fire elf dancing.

"It's best to drink this wine in one gulp. It's the most refreshing way."

Oswede used his own experience to suggest to Joelson. Then, his body emitted a faint light of battle spirit and he drank the wine in the cup in one go.

After drinking the wine, Oswede's handsome face turned red, like a cooked lobster. There was a mist rising above his head.

After a while, the strange phenomenon slowly disappeared.

However, Oswede revealed an expression of extreme enjoyment and praised, "A top-grade wine brewed from a special crop that cannot be tasted without the strength of a saint-level. It is also good for the comprehension of fire-type laws."

Seeing that he looked very respectful, Joelson also raised his glass and drank it in one gulp.

Oswede waited with great interest to see Joelson turn into "a lobster" but he found that Joelson only frowned slightly.

There was no change on his fair and handsome face. There was no steam coming out of his body.

"Is this glass of wine fake?"

Oswede couldn't help but scream. He looked at Joelson as if he was looking at a monster.

Even he had to use his combat aura to suppress the top-grade liquor so he could digest it. Joelson's face didn't even change when he drank it. Was the gap between him and Joelson really that big!

Oswede was once again struck by the cruel blow from Joelson.

What he did not know was that Joelson, who had been watered by Du Lu's blood, was now like a hot stove inside his body.

Pouring a cup of magma into clear water might cause a violent reaction but pouring a cup of magma into the magma lake, of course, would not change anything.

Joelson, on the other hand, felt that the taste of this "flame dance" was indeed good.

When he swallowed it, it was as if he had swallowed a large piece of red-hot charcoal. After drinking it, he felt a pleasant feeling.

Just as he was considering whether he should have a few more drinks, he suddenly heard someone mention his name not far away.

"Joelson Edward has even defeated the Holy Zither. I'm afraid he will become the number one person under the throne."

"Hehe, have you forgotten that person from the Dragon Blood Clan? He is even stronger than the Holy Zither. After all, he has a dragon companion."

"It's said that Joelson also has a dragon companion and it's not just one. Even the Black Dragon King, Kokonoro, died at his hands."

"The one who signed the contract with the Dragon Blood Clan is the Dragon King's son!"

"They're talking about you."

Oswede, to Joelson, looked like he was gulping down cup after cup of "flame dance." He did not have Joelson's strength, so he did not have time to digest the rich heat in his body. As it spread out, his entire body turned red.

Joelson picked up his wine cup and casually asked, "I've heard someone mention that person from the Dragon Blood Clan. Who exactly is he?"

Oswede was drunk. He rubbed his eyes and said, "A taboo name."

Oswede lowered his voice and said that name.

"Archibald."

"Since the establishment of the Saint Realm, he's the first person who dares to kill in the Saint Realm."

Joelson raised his eyebrows.

"An existence who tramples on the rules of the Saint Realm?"

Oswede chuckled and said, "Because he's already extremely powerful and he has the Flame Throne protecting him. Not only that, the Dragon King's son is the one who signed the contract with him. With two divine-level experts backing him up, no one can do anything to him."

"However, when Archibald killed three saint-level experts, he received a very heavy punishment. Now, he will still wantonly attack people in the Saint Realm but at least he doesn't dare to take their lives."

"Archibald."

Joelson read the name silently, then said in a low voice, "Dragon Attendant. Lowlife?"

"Yes!"

Oswede's expression suddenly became excited, he said, "It's said that the name Archibald means something very bad in the dragon language. It's also because of this that he often hurts people, to the point that no one dares to call him by his name. You actually know dragon language? Oh, right, I almost forgot."

Oswede looked at Joelson with an extremely envious gaze. "Archibald isn't the only one who has a dragon companion."

Someone who was already very talented and had a powerful dragon companion—some people's luck was so enviable.

"I despise my own identity but I have to borrow the strength of a dragon. Hehe."

Boom!

A loud sound came from outside the door. Joelson's expression changed.

The others also looked out of the door.

"What happened?"

Joelson walked out of the tavern with the others, only to see a figure fall from the sky and fall heavily to the ground.

Many saint-level masters in the town gathered around and watched this scene in surprise.

The dust dispersed, and a burly man with blood seeping out of the corner of his mouth looked at the sky with fear on his face. He shouted loudly, "Archibald, this is the Saint Realm. You're too arrogant!"

"Saint Realm?"

A cold voice came from the sky and echoed in everyone's ears.

"Do you think I won't dare to kill you in the Saint Realm!"

In the next second, a strong and ferocious figure appeared in everyone's field of vision.

He had short red hair, scarlet eyes, and his body was filled with a violent aura.

When this person appeared, many Saint Realm masters subconsciously took a few steps back.

The red figure fell to the ground like a meteor. The burly man's eyes were filled with deep fear. He wanted to dodge but the red figure was too fast.

His body flew out like a rag doll.

Blood kept spurting out of his mouth. It was obvious that he was seriously injured.

"Archibald!"

The burly man stared at the red figure and said with difficulty, "Don't force me to reveal that secret!"

Archibald's eyes turned extremely cold and killing intent surged out. His body left afterimages in the air.

Despair and disbelief appeared in the burly man's eyes. He opened his mouth and shouted, "I found an ancient..."

A violent aura had already spread to his eyes. A ferocious giant claw stretched out from the red fog, like the claw of a giant dragon.

Seeing that the burly man was about to be torn apart, the onlookers had already let out a series of exclamations.

"Archibald really wants to kill someone!"

The burly man had already smelled the breath of death blowing onto his face. It was not difficult for him to imagine his end. His head would explode like a watermelon but Archibald would only receive some punishment. This secret would also be buried in the ground with his death.

But the pain he had anticipated did not come.

There were gasps of disbelief.

Chapter 242: No One Can Kill You With Me Here

The burly man opened his eyes and the first thing he saw was Archibald's bloodshot eyes. Then he saw the terrifying claws that were less than a finger away from him.

But the claws stopped right in front of him and he didn't take another step forward.

It wasn't because Archibald was afraid, or that he had suddenly changed his mind.

But...

There was a hand.

A long and powerful hand was tightly grasping Archibald's dragon claw.

The difference between the two was too great. One was ugly and ferocious, the giant claw of a magical beast, and the other was fair and noble.

However, the strength of the latter was much greater than the former. It forcibly blocked the dragon claw in midair, unable to advance in the slightest.

The burly man saw the owner of this hand, a handsome and calm youth.

Archibald's scarlet eyes stared at him, his killing intent surging like a tide.

The youth did not look at him in the slightest. He said seriously, "I want to hear him out."

The entire place fell into a strange deathly silence.

Countless pairs of eyes gathered on the youth. Some were saint-level powerhouses, and some were ordinary people.

Shock, awe, surprise, and disbelief.

All sorts of emotions were mixed within the small space.

Archibald's reputation in the Saint Realm was very bad. Many people recognized him and knew of his terrifying strength and background.

Thus, seeing that the burly man was about to die at his hands, no one dared to step out and stop him.

No, even if they had the courage to stop him, they didn't have the strength to do so.

But an ordinary youth actually blocked Archibald's attack.

And it was with one hand!

He didn't use any magic or combat aura!

He relied purely on his physical strength.

There was someone who purely relied on his physical strength to surpass Archibald?

How was this possible!

"It's him!"

Finally, someone shouted excitedly, "Joelson Edward! It's him, he's come to the Saint Realm!"

The atmosphere instantly became heated.

Everyone was talking about the legendary deeds of Joelson.

"The glory of violet, the first radiant-level genius in five thousand years!"

"It's said that he killed more than twenty saint-level powerhouses of the Church of Light. Even the former leader of the judicial group, Stanley, died at his hands!"

"I saw with my own eyes that he walked up the 47th step of the stairway of the gods. Holy Zither was also defeated by him!"

"He also had two saint-level dragon companions. The Black Dragon King of the Giant Dragon race was also slaughtered by him!"

Someone whispered the name of Joelson.

"Enemy of Light!"

"Dragon Slayer!"

At this moment, people suddenly realized that the handsome and elegant young man in front of them was actually a super genius that was not inferior to Archibald.

He was also famous and fierce!

"You are Joelson Edward?"

Archibald stared at Joelson, revealing a mouth full of ferocious teeth with a cruel expression.

Archibald exerted force with his hands and a violent aura surged up.

Joelson had already appeared dozens of meters away with the burly man.

Joelson glanced at Archibald indifferently, looked at the seriously injured man in front of him, and said, "What do you want to say? You can continue now."

The burly man nervously glanced at Archibald not far away. Just as he was about to open his mouth, the figure that terrified him suddenly disappeared.

Clang!

The sound of metal colliding rang out.

A platinum light flashed in the air. The onlookers had not seen what had happened yet.

They saw Joelson slowly withdraw his hand. Archibald stood not far away with an ugly expression.

There was a deep wound on Archibald's lower abdomen and dark red blood was continuously flowing out.

"Don't worry."

Joelson looked at Archibald, whose aura was constantly rising. His calm tone revealed extremely powerful confidence, and his indifferent gaze swept across the entire scene.

"With me here, no one can kill you."

The entire scene fell into silence once again.

A thick red mist was emitted from Archibald's body.

The air was filled with a thick smell of blood. Even a saint-level would feel dizzy and uncomfortable when smelling it.

This was a powerful combat aura formed after Archibald's combat aura and dragon aura merged.

Archibald's other arm also began to expand, turning into a ferocious dragon claw.

His current appearance was a little strange and ugly but his strength had become much stronger.

"Partial dragonification!"

"Among the descendants of the Dragon Blood Clan, I'm afraid only Archibald can do this."

The burly man's face also revealed a fearful expression.

No matter what, he was still at the saint-level strength but Archibald had only dragonized one hand and almost killed him. The gap between the two was very huge.

"Be careful!"

He couldn't help but remind Joelson.

Joelson glanced at him as if he didn't care about Archibald at all. He said lightly, "Think about what you want to say. I'll send him away and come back soon."

Many people around heard this.

Their expressions were a bit dull.

What Joelson was facing was the super genius of the Dragon Blood Clan, an existence that was known as the Saint Twin Stars along with the Holy Zither.

Send him away? Come back soon?

That was too arrogant!

However, it seemed that Joelson really had the qualifications.

Not long ago, the Holy Zither had been defeated by Joelson.

Archibald clearly heard this sentence, laughed malevolently, and his figure suddenly disappeared.

There was no expression on Joelson's face and he seemed very calm. He stretched out a hand, clenched his fist, and struck somewhere in front of him.

Bang!

A loud sound!

Joelson's right fist met with a huge dragon claw.

Joelson seemed to have known that Archibald would appear at this location.

The terrifying pressure caused by the collision of pure power caused the surrounding void to ripple like the surface of water.

The surrounding saint-level powerhouses were forced to take a few steps back.

Archibald's expression was ugly. He had already partially dragonized.

His pure strength was even stronger than a peak-stage saint-level knight powerhouse. However, this seemingly skinny youth in front of him was actually able to block it with one hand.

Moreover...

His feet didn't move a single step. Not even the corner of his clothes swayed.

The terrifying power of Archibald's attack seemed to have hit a black hole. It was completely swallowed up and didn't have any effect.

Again!

Archibald's figure disappeared again. Another attack.

His movements were too fast, leaving afterimages in the air.

The ferocious dragon claws attacked Joelson from all kinds of tricky angles.

From the perspective of the surrounding saint-level powerhouses, it seemed like Joelson was fighting against countless Archibald at the same time.

Joelson was not in a hurry. Everyone could see it clearly every time he raised his hand, waved his fist, and blocked.

But he just had to block every attack of Archibald. The latter looked much more miserable.

An extremely terrifying thought emerged in the hearts of the surrounding saint-level masters.

There was only one possibility that could cause such a situation.

That was, the gap between the two was too big.

It was like a battle between a baby and a giant. They were not on the same level at all.

No wonder the Holy Zither was defeated.

Everyone's eyes were filled with shock.

Joelson was too powerful!

Chapter 243: The Appearance of the Ancient Ruins

Archibald suddenly stopped and his expression became even more unsightly.

He had also felt this.

It was just that he, who had dragonized both hands, was not a match for Joelson at all.

Joelson's horror was even more terrifying than he had expected.

"Roar!"

Archibald let out waves of dragon roars and his body began to expand.

His legs. Dragon horns. And a thick, silver-white dragon tail.

A complete half-dragonification!

Archibald was starting to get serious!

Joelson's eyes lit up, and his right hand stretched out like a knife, slashing down directly at Archibald.

A dazzling platinum light blossomed from his hand, and everyone who looked directly at this light felt a piercing pain in their eyes.

Sharp! Powerful!

This was what everyone was thinking.

Archibald's eyes suddenly widened. Red dragon energy gushed out and he crossed his hands in front of him to block.

He had been slashed by this white-gold light once before, so he knew how sharp it was.

The white-gold sword light tore through the void, leaving a black mark that did not disappear for a long time. It slashed down at Archibald like lightning.

The red dragon energy was constantly annihilated. Archibald's body retreated and his feet drew a deep ravine on the ground.

Everyone felt a tremor under their feet. Even the magic array that stabilized the ground shook.

How terrifying was this power!

The platinum sword light slowly and firmly slashed into Archibald's arms.

"Roar!"

As he retreated, Archibald kept roaring, and his body was undergoing more changes.

Dragon scales covered his body and his back became hunched. His body became larger.

He was approaching the giant dragon.

"Perfect Dragonification!"

Someone exclaimed.

"In the Dragon Blood Clan, a person who has a dragonification degree of more than 50% can be called a genius. Archibald, who has a dragonification degree of more than 80% is too terrifying!"

"But."

Someone hesitated and slowly said a truth in an extremely shocked tone, "Even if he has a perfect dragonification degree, he can't seem to resist Joelson."

Everyone fell silent again.

Archibald roared crazily and a pair of silver-white dragon wings broke free from his back. The terrifying dragon energy tore the platinum sword light into pieces.

The terrifying dragon might enveloped the entire area. Those ordinary people below the saint-level all knelt down with pale faces.

The pressure of a peak-stage saint-level dragon perfectly reappeared on Archibald's body.

Everyone looked at Archibald in horror.

Memories of the past appeared.

The last time Archibald killed three saint-level masters in the Saint Realm with a look on his face was when he was in his perfect dragon form.

In this state, Archibald's combat strength had soared. At the same time, he had been eroded by the brutal killing intent by more than half and had completely lost his reason.

Joelson raised his head to look at him. He frowned slightly and said to Archibald with an extremely disdainful expectation, "I originally did not think that someone who was as famous as the Holy Zither would turn out to be trash like you. I'm very disappointed."

"The Holy Zither has at least figured out the embryonic form of the domain. As for you..."

Joelson said disdainfully and coldly, "It's just a monster that's half-human and half-dragon."

Although Archibald had lost his mind, his wisdom was still there. He could understand what Joelson meant.

Blood red instantly covered his eyes. He pounced down fiercely.

The onlookers were all dumbfounded.

A monster that was half-human and half-dragon?

To dare to say such words to Archibald, who was in a berserk state, Joelson could be considered the number one person under the throne.

This was not the end.

Joelson looked directly at Archibald, who was very ferocious in both appearance and state, and the gorgeous meteor sword appeared in his hand.

A ray of light shot out from his eyes as Joelson rushed forward with the sword in his hand and said.

"Do you think you can match up to a true peak-stage saint-level dragon? You're courting death!"

Only then did the onlookers react.

"I almost forgot that even a peak-stage saint-level black dragon king was slaughtered by him! No matter how powerful Archibald is, can he match up to the Black Dragon King, Kokonoro? !"

With each step he took, the void beneath his feet rose. The meteor sword emitted a dazzling white-gold light.

The dragon that Archibald had turned into was silver-white in color but it was surrounded by a thick red mist. It looked exceptionally brutal.

Joelson slashed out with his sword, cutting through the layers of red mist on Archibald's body.

He left a deep wound on his flesh that exposed his bones.

When the platinum power burst out at full force, even the dragon scales of a peak saint-level dragon could not withstand it.

Archibald felt the pain and his blood-red color became even more vibrant.

However, he had no way to deal with Joelson. In his eyes, Joelson, who was bursting with platinum light, was like a hedgehog. Not to mention fighting with him, even if he just got close, he would be injured.

The difference in size between Joelson and Archibald was very big but he had to use his human body to suppress a terrifying dragon so that it could not raise its head.

This scene was too shocking in the eyes of the crowd.

Dragon blood rained down, accompanied by a white-gold sword light.

The surrounding saint-level powerhouses kept retreating, not daring to get close to the place where the two were fighting.

There was a late-stage saint-level powerhouse who thought that his strength was not bad. But he was proud and unwilling to retreat.

The white-gold sword light slashed across his body. His combat aura, armor, and the powerful physique of a saint-level knight were as fragile as paper.

Pa!

A strong arm fell to the ground. If someone had not pulled him from the side...

His body would have been cut open by now.

The saint-level powerhouse covered the wound on his broken arm. His face was full of pain and fear.

The others also showed fear in their eyes. Only now did they understand.

It was not that Archibald had become weaker but it was Joelson.

He was too strong!

When the golden flames ignited in Joelson's eyes, the battle situation completely collapsed.

Archibald's mouth continuously let out a roar filled with pain and anger. His body was covered in dense wounds.

He looked extremely miserable.

He had inherited the powerful self-healing ability of the Dragon Clan but it had no effect on these wounds. The residual platinum sword light in the wounds was still desperately drilling into the wounds like a living creature.

Just as Joelson was about to cut off one of Archibald's claws and end the battle, an extremely powerful aura suddenly burst out from the distance.

Light Pillars of ten colors appeared from an extremely distant place, extending from the ground to the sky that couldn't be seen from the top.

The light pillars clearly exploded outside of the Saint Realm, but the invisible ripples spread all the way to the front of everyone.

Everyone was stunned as they looked in that direction.

Joelson also subconsciously stopped what he was doing.

The burly man who had been hiding in a corner to recover shouted excitedly, "It's there, the ancient ruins! I discovered it! Archibald wanted to kill me because of this!"

In an instant, every saint-level powerhouse's eyes exploded with intense light.

Excitement. Ecstasy. Shock.

What did the ancient ruins mean?

Precious materials. Opportunities for breakthroughs. Powerful inheritances. All kinds of unimaginable benefits!

Chapter 244: The First Under the Thrones

"Roar!"

The dragon's roar sounded.

Joelson frowned and turned around. He found that Archibald's figure had retreated far away.

Covered in wounds, he glared at Joelson fiercely and left without looking back.

Since the matter of the ruins had been exposed, there was no need for him to continue fighting with Joelson.

The spectating saint-level masters lost their interest in watching the battle between the two of them. Streams of light streaked across the sky like a meteor shower.

They were many saint-level masters rushing towards the ruins.

"Let's go and take a look!"

Oswede quickly rushed to his side and said anxiously.

Joelson nodded and flew in that direction with him.

On the way, Oswede explained to Joelson.

"The location of the Saint Realm was on the rift that was torn apart by the Otherworld's daemons. Although there are four thrones guarding it, the spatial rift will still fluctuate from time to time. Every time it fluctuates, it is possible to shake out those small worlds hidden in the cracks between the planes."

"In these types of ancient ruins, some are formed by powerful spatial magic devices, and some are even small worlds created by the ancient experts themselves."

Joelson's heart trembled. "Creating small worlds with their own strength?"

"Yes."

How could there still be a hint of drunkenness on Oswede's face, "For example, the Silver Throne created a portable space, which is much larger than an ordinary spatial

storage magic device. However, in order to create small worlds, one must at least reach the strength of a god."

"The laws in these small worlds opened by a god may be somewhat different from those in the outside world. The power of magic elements is also incomplete but they can still survive. I heard the Silver Throne mention that this is the power of a god."

Speaking up to this point, Oswede only had eyes on Joelson. He said solemnly, "Belief in the divine kingdom!"

"They came to cultivate believers, collect the power of belief, and condense divine sparks!"

"And once a god dies, the divine power attached to the small world can still maintain its existence for a long time."

"Generally speaking, the divine kingdom can also judge the strength of a god."

Oswede pointed at the ten-colored pillars of light in the distance, he explained, "Each color represents the existence of a type of law. The more law power the divine kingdom contains, the more stable the small world is. This small world contains all ten types of law power."

Joelson's eyes revealed a hint of shock. He sighed and said, "Even among the gods, it is an extremely amazing existence."

Joelson's eyes flickered. He felt that the world in front of him had become much wider.

The road ahead of him was much higher than he had imagined.

More than half of the saint-level powerhouses of the Saint Realm had appeared. Even the Four Great Thrones had appeared.

Fortunately, the place where the ten-colored pillars of light appeared was very far from the human towns. Other than some wandering adventurers, not many people had seen them.

The saint-level mages who had rushed there at the first moment had already covered up the strange phenomenon of the pillars of light. Even those who had seen them would only wonder if their eyes were playing tricks on them.

Many saint-level mages had already gathered there. No one dared to approach them, and all of them were far away from the pillars of light.

Joelson saw Archibald, who had already returned to his human form, standing in the middle of a group of burly people. He was staring at him with hatred.

His current appearance could be called terrifying.

His entire body was covered in wounds with his skin and flesh curled up. Blood was dripping all over his body.

Archibald's miserable appearance naturally attracted the curiosity and attention of many people. The saint-level masters who were watching earlier whispered about it and spread the news of the battle.

Instantly, countless shocked, shocked, and amazed gazes surrounded Joelson.

Joelson sensed a certain gaze and looked over.

Holy Zither was slowly turning her head.

"He's Joelson Edward? He looks too young!"

"He hasn't even entered the Saint Realm for three days and has already defeated Holy Zither and Archibald. It's unbelievable!"

"Joelson can be said to be the number one person under the thrones!"

"This is too terrifying!"

The discussions around Joelson continued.

When the light in the sky became brighter, it suddenly stopped.

The entire sky suddenly lit up. The holy light even covered the sun.

An unimaginable pressure poured down from the sky and Joelson's body suddenly trembled.

He felt as if he was carrying a huge mountain on his back and the terrible pressure wanted to force him to kneel down.

Joelson turned his head with difficulty and found that everyone was looking up at the sky, with only admiration and awe on their faces.

Only he could feel this pressure.

Joelson's eyes gradually turned golden and he straightened his back bit by bit.

He silently chanted a name in his heart.

The Light Throne!

As the light in the sky continued to increase, the pressure on his back also increased, and just when he was about to break down...

In a corner of the sky, the white light dissipated and became transparent.

The clear sky was like a clear water surface.

Joelson knew that it was the Silver Throne, Archer, who had come.

He let out a sigh of relief, and Joelson's eyes became even more determined.

It was only then that Oswede noticed that Joelson's face was pale. He was in a worse state than he had been after the battle with Archibald.

"What's wrong with you?"

Joelson shook his head and did not answer.

A cry of surprise rang out.

Another corner of the sky that was covered by white light was occupied by darkness.

It was even darker than black. When one stared at that darkness, despair would rise in one's heart.

Three figures appeared in the sky. They were respectively covered by light. One could only feel their powerful aura, but one could not see their faces clearly.

At this moment, the sky that was divided by the three colors was forcefully squeezed into a red color.

It burned the sky, and a large area of burning clouds covered a corner of the sky. It was extremely gorgeous.

Two figures rushed over at the same time. One was like a leaping flame, while the other was dressed in a silver-white robe.

The aura of the two overpowered any of the other three.

The Four Great Thrones and the Dragon King had all come.

This was the first time that Joelson had experienced the power of the divine realm directly.

Powerless.

Right now, he would probably be killed by a casual blow in front of the experts of the divine realm.

If his various elemental laws reached perfection and his physical strength reached the limit, perhaps he would have a chance to face the throne head-on.

The Four Thrones and the Dragon King seemed to have communicated for a while before they transformed into five streaks of light and charged into the ten-colored light pillar.

"What are we going to do?"

Joelson's gaze stopped on the light pillar and could not help but ask Oswede.

"Wait!"

Oswede said, "When the Four Thrones obtain enough benefits in the ruins, that's when we enter."

Joelson frowned slightly.

Oswede smiled bitterly and said, "Don't feel dissatisfied. There are some opportunities that can not be obtained without sufficient strength. Moreover, without the thrones to clear most of the restrictions and dangers for us, we'd lose at least 30% of the people present."

Oswede scanned his surroundings. "At least 30%."

"Even the things that were left behind by the thrones are extremely precious to us saint-level existences."

"Moreover, compared to the treasures in the ruins, this small world itself is actually the thing that the thrones value the most."

"Divine-realm experts also want to strive for the gods."

Joelson nodded silently.

Chapter 245: Divinity in the Small World

The other saint-level masters around the ruins clearly knew what they needed to do now, so they dispersed.

In the ten-colored light pillar level of the divine kingdom ruins, the thrones would have to stay inside for at least half a month or more. They could use this time to make some preparations.

Oswede said that he would stand guard in front of the light pillar and notify Joelson as soon as he could enter.

Joelson simply found a secret location and entered the space of the ranch.

...

"Congratulations, Rancher, for clearing the tenth farmland. Unlocked the building: Farm."

Joelson was a little surprised.

He did not expect that, after clearing the tenth farmland, it would automatically upgrade to a farm. In addition to shortening the maturity period of crops and planting higher-level crops, the farm could also receive a holy dragon fruit every month.

A holy dragon fruit that increased growth value by 20,000 at one time.

Most of the dragons in the farm had already advanced to tier 9, but the growth value needed to advance from tier 9 to saint-level was too huge, so they were stuck at this stage.

With this farm benefit, it meant that from now on, every month, Joelson could successfully advance one dragon to saint-level.

Every month, he could have one more saint-level dragon.

The saint-level dragon army did not seem to be too far away.

Moreover, if he raised ten saint-level dragons, he would be able to obtain a top-tier dragon pool lottery.

Time dragons, space dragons, fate dragons, destruction dragons...

Joelson did not forget these top-tier dragons that he had coveted for a long time.

He fed this saint-level dragon fruit to Lightning. The Lightning that had been stuck at the ninth level for a long time roared and turned into a huge purple Lightning, jumping crazily in the space above the ranch.

The other ninth-level dragons cast envious looks at him.

It had always been their biggest dream to be able to fight together with Joelson.

Joelson smiled at the dragon and comforted him, "Don't worry, that day will soon come."

The Lightning was so noisy that it disturbed a certain dark magic dragon who had been sleeping. It glanced at it indifferently, and Lightning immediately wilted.

It flew back obediently and hid beside Joelson, not daring to make any more noise.

Joelson was helpless and did not know what to say.

The eyes of Kokonoro, who had been watching the whole process of the Lightning's advancement, were red.

Holy dragon fruit!

A holy item that had not appeared in the Dragon Clan for ten thousand years had actually become something that could be mass-produced in Joelson's place.

If there was a holy dragon fruit in front of Kokonoro now, even if it was to sign a master-servant contract with Joelson, Kokonoro would not hesitate to agree to it.

What was the dignity and pride of the Dragon Race?

Was strength important?

He secretly made up his mind. From today onwards, he would work even harder to train Connie and curry favor with him.

Perhaps one day, when all the dragons had advanced, he would be in a good mood and perhaps he would give it a try.

After advancing to saint-level, Lightning became arrogant. It was originally lively but, this time, it became even more arrogant.

After Lightning advanced, the first thing it did was to ask Joelson to take it around the rune land.

The last time it saw so many delicious electric runes, it could not eat them. It was really uncomfortable.

Joelson considered that he would soon enter the ruins of the ten-colored light pillar, so he refused Lightning's request, but he allowed it to go by itself.

Lightning was instantly discouraged.

Without Joelson, Boss Du Lu, and Steel Dragon backing it up, it felt a little insecure.

At this time, Connie suddenly stood up, she also wanted to go back.

The purpose was to collect more runes for Joelson.

Of course, Kokonoro would not let go of this opportunity.

He had heard Connie mention the wonders of the runic land, he wanted to see the opportunity to seek a breakthrough, and also to please Joelson.

With Kokonoro, a black dragon at the peak of sage level, protecting it, Joelson was much more assured.

The two dragons disappeared into the entrance of the runic land alone.

Joelson soon received news from Oswede.

The ten-colored pillar of light had been opened!

By the time Joelson arrived, Oswede was already waiting here.

Joelson saw that the ten-colored pillar of light had become much thicker, and the door was wide open.

"Have the thrones finished exploring the ruins of the divine kingdom?"

Joelson couldn't help but frown and ask.

It had only been less than a week since the ruins were born. This was too fast.

"No, the thrones haven't come out yet."

Oswede shook his head. His expression was slightly solemn, and at the same time, there was some excitement and joy in his eyes.

"But yesterday, the Dark Throne sent a message from the ruins, ordering us to enter directly. They said that this is a ruin worth exploring with the power of the entire Saint Realm."

Oswede's eyes flashed with a strange light. He approached Joelson and said in a low voice, "Edward, I suspect that there might be divine sparks left in these ruins!"

Joelson's heart trembled and he looked at Oswede in disbelief.

"Divine sparks?"

"Yes!"

Oswede's eyes were fervent and he analyzed excitedly, "Think about it. The Four Thrones haven't come out yet but they're in a hurry to let us in. They're obviously in a hurry to go deeper and they don't have the patience to help us sort out the dangers ahead. They want us to explore by ourselves."

"And the only thing that can make the thrones so eager is the divine spark!"

Divine spark. The power and qualifications of a god.

With a divine spark, one would be able to completely inherit everything that a god had when he was alive and become a new god.

This represented the chance to become a god!

Joelson was moved but he calmed down after a few seconds. He shook his head and said, "Even if there really is a divine spark in the ruins, it's not something we can covet."

Oswede sighed and said dejectedly, "Of course I know but. in the face of such a huge opportunity, I can't help but have some unrealistic fantasies."

At this time, Joelson saw that there were already scattered saint-level masters flying into the ten-colored light pillar. Most of them chose to enter in a team. And a few who were confident in their abilities chose to enter alone.

Both methods had their own advantages. It was safer to enter in groups but the gains would be split equally. If they encountered a huge opportunity, they might even die at the hands of their own people.

The desires and greed of saint-level powerhouses were even greater than that of ordinary people. Otherwise, they would not be able to reach the saint-level step by step.

In the Saint Realm, there were still the rules set by the Four Great Thrones. Once they entered the ruins, all the grudges could be settled together.

For example.

Joelson had long felt a gaze of hatred staring at him.

Archibald did not hide his killing intent towards Joelson at all. He entered the ten-colored pillar of light under the escort of a group of people.

Holy Zither also glanced at him from afar.

Compared to Archibald, although Joelson had a bigger grudge with the Church of Light, Holy Zither was more interested in winning than hatred towards him.

Joelson guessed that Holy Zither's indifferent personality might have something to do with it, and she probably didn't have much affection for the Church of Light.

Chapter 246: The Daemon Undead Tide

Joelson and Oswede also chose to enter.

Oswede could be considered half a saint-level leader. He had a straightforward personality, which was more in line with Joelson's personality.

Moreover, his strength was not bad and he was within Joelson's control. Even if he had any bad thoughts, he could easily suppress them.

When the majority of saint-level cultivators gradually disappeared into the ten-colored light pillar, a few black figures appeared outside the light pillar.

The leader was a black-haired man wearing a black-and-gold robe.

If Joelson was here, he would be able to recognize this person as the Dark Saint, Webster, whom he had met once.

Webster had an evil smile on his face as he looked at the ten-colored light pillar. He turned to the person behind him and said in a low voice, "How are the preparations for the seal going?"

"It's already being broken at full speed. Based on the current progress, it might take three years or even longer."

Webster chuckled and said, "There's no rush. As long as the Four Great Thrones and the Dragon King aren't around, we'll have plenty of time. However, should I go in and have some fun?"

Webster stroked his smooth chin and made a thoughtful gesture.

"Let's wait until everything is set in stone, hehe."

Webster's figure disappeared into the void.

It was a little different from the feeling when he had used the spatial teleportation array before. This time, he had really entered from one world to another.

When he opened his eyes, he saw a dense green forest with no end in sight. He could not see where the edge of the world was at all.

It was so big.

A hint of shock appeared in Joelson's eyes. Compared to the space of the ranch, this small world was much bigger.

A white-gold light blossomed in Joelson's hand and streaked across the air. The void shattered like a mirror.

The strength of space was even weaker than that of the midland realm. This was far inferior to the space of the ranch.

A thought suddenly appeared in Joelson's mind. Could the plane where the midland realm was also a world created by a powerful existence?

"There were so many people when we came in, why isn't there any of them now?"

Oswede asked in puzzlement.

"Maybe there's a teleportation array or something like that at the entrance."

Joelson replied casually, then turned around and flew into the dense forest. Oswede followed carefully behind him.

After stepping into the dense forest and walking for less than ten minutes, Joelson felt that something was wrong.

It was too quiet.

He did not see any creatures, birds, animals, or insects.

There was not even wind.

Huge ancient trees stood beside him but they gave people a feeling of death. It was as if they had not entered a lush forest but a grave.

The plant and air laws were activated, and the power of perception spread in all directions.

With his current strength, everything within a hundred miles would be detected. If the requirements were lowered, it could even be expanded to a thousand miles.

A hundred miles. A thousand miles, Not a single living thing could be found.

Joelson took a deep breath and said to Oswede, "Be careful, there's something wrong here."

Oswede nodded. He had also noticed something.

Just as Joelson was about to move forward, not far behind him, the ground melted like the surface of water and a strong and fierce black panther quietly appeared.

It moved like a ghost. Its sharp claws cutting through the void and stealthily clawing toward Oswede's back.

A dazzling platinum light flashed, and the black panther was cut in half from its waist.

However, it didn't seem to feel any pain. The first half of its body continued to attack, and more white-gold light flashed.

The void and the black panther were cut into countless pieces and, finally, they were all dead.

After the light, the calm face of Joelson was revealed.

Oswede's face was pale and his face was full of fear.

"Saint-level magical beast! But why does it look like a zombie?"

Oswede said in a low voice.

Joelson stared at the remains of the black panther on the ground. His eyes flashed as he said calmly, "Undead."

Oswede was shocked.

Joelson's brows slowly furrowed.

This forest was too strange. It seemed peaceful but, in fact, there were dangers everywhere.

If he had only used the plant law to sense the surroundings, the appearance of the black panther would have fooled his senses.

Fortunately, the air-type laws sensed its appearance and he killed it first.

The power of the laws here seemed to have been distorted. The plant-type laws were mixed with the aura of the undead laws!

This was indeed a tomb!

Joelson's expression changed and he whispered to Oswede, "Let's go."

In his perception, countless saint-level magical beasts and undead were quickly recovering from the underground and rushing towards them.

Joelson wanted to fly out from the sky above the forest.

Countless thick black-green vines appeared out of nowhere and swept over like pythons.

His hand gave off a white-gold light like sharp blades and cut the vines in front of him into pieces. A foul-smelling green liquid flowed out of the broken parts.

Joelson felt a slight sense of obstruction. The tenacity of these vines was somewhat beyond his expectations.

"Huh?"

A muffled groan.

Joelson turned his head and saw that Oswede had already been entangled by the vines.

The Golden Lion was like a golden lion at this moment. His entire body was burning with golden-yellow battle spirit flames and the longsword in his hand was brandished.

However, his attack was far less sharp than Joelson's. There were many vines and he quickly fell into them.

Joelson had no choice but to turn around. The white-gold light was released wantonly, helping Oswede break free from the vines.

At this time, countless magical beasts appeared around the two of them.

Each of them was like the black panther from before. Their eyes were gray and lifeless. They looked like zombies.

They were weaker than ordinary saint-level monsters but there were too many of them. There were no less than a hundred of them.

At a glance, they were so dense that they made one's scalp tingle.

The magical beasts instantly pounced on them.

Those that could fly into the sky blocked the path in the sky.

Rays of platinum light rose from behind Joelson and hovered in the air. Joelson stretched out his hand.

The platinum light fell like a curtain and shot out in all directions. One after another, the saint-level magical beasts were dismembered and their corpses fell to the ground.

The space in this area was filled with black cracks, and it was constantly being broken and healed.

This was still too slow.

The people of Joelson could not help but frown.

Oswede unleashed a golden battle energy flame and spread it out, igniting the trees that were filled with the aura of death. Although it was quickly extinguished by the aura of death from the saint-level daemons, the power was not small.

Seeing this scene, Joelson decided not to sprinkle the white-gold light anymore.

A faint purple flame appeared at his fingertip.

"Get out of the way."

Joelson calmly said to Oswede.

Oswede was stunned for a moment and quickly ran to his side. Joelson casually threw the flame at the magical beasts below.

Chapter 247: How Many More Dragons are There!

A small flame was blown by the wind and rapidly expanded. In a few seconds, it had expanded into a sea of fire.

The flickering and dancing flames were beautiful and magnificent. It gave off a cold feeling but, when it came into contact with saint-level magical beasts, it exploded into a blazing wave of fire.

The surrounding trees were instantly ignited and the pale purple flames quickly spread out.

Dozens of saint-level magic beasts were turned into ashes in the flames.

Joelson looked carefully and not a single magic beast left a magic beast core. It was very strange.

Seeing this scene, Oswede's mouth was wide open and his face was full of shock.

This was the first time he had seen Joelson use a power other than the platinum light. It was similar to the flame law but its power was too powerful.

A large-scale fire spell that surpassed a forbidden spell?

Oswede did not know. He was also a fire element law major, but compared to Joelson, the latter was much stronger.

The golden flames that looked fierce and powerful were many times weaker in appearance and power.

"Let's go!"

Joelson's low voice sounded in his ear and Oswede quickly caught up.

The two of them stepped on the flames as they moved forward.

The pale purple flames formed a moving fire tornado around Joelson and the two of them were in the center of the fire tornado.

The terrifying power of the flames protected the two of them, firmly blocking the saint-level magical beasts that were charging at them like a tidal wave.

Looking down from the sky, this scene was extremely shocking.

Joelson gradually felt that he was struggling.

The use of such a high-intensity water and fire elemental fusion law power, fighting against countless saint-level magical beasts, even he could not withstand it.

Most importantly, he did not know where the road ahead was?

Where should he go?

If he moved forward recklessly, he and Oswede would be exhausted to death sooner or later.

"Roar!"

Two low roars sounded.

Under Oswede's shocked gaze, Du Lu and the steel dragon slowly swam out from the void.

Joelson jumped on Du Lu's back, grabbed Oswede, and threw him onto the steel dragon's back.

The steel dragon seemed to be a little unwilling to carry this fellow on its back. It shook its body but it still endured under Joelson's warning gaze.

The moment Du Lu appeared, he saw the saint-tier daemons and undead swarming around him. He took a deep breath and spat out a mouthful of air.

The golden-red flames were completely different from the pale purple flames of Joelson.

It was even more overbearing, explosive, and hot. Du Lu looked around and saw that all the daemons and trees around him had been cleared out.

Oswede was stunned.

He now knew how terrifying Joelson's hidden power was.

The giant dragon that Archibald dragon had transformed into was already extremely terrifying in Oswede's eyes but compared to this giant dragon in front of him...

He finally understood why Joelson ridiculed Archibald as a half-dragon, half-human monster.

There was no comparison between the two.

The dragon in front of him was filled with the fusion of power and beauty, while Archibald was really just a strong and deformed monster.

It was not inferior to Joelson at all. Even in this scene, this dragon had more destructive power than Joelson.

In addition, the metal dragon under him had also reached the peak of the intermediate stage of saint level.

It was true that he was called the first person under the throne!

Unfortunately, no one saw it now.

Oswede was about to sigh when he saw Joelson wave again.

A plant-type dragon slightly smaller than the two dragons flew out.

Oswede's eyes were about to pop out.

And!

Just how many dragons did Joelson raise?

"Father."

Curtis greeted him respectfully and yawned, looking as if he had not woken up.

Curtis had completely absorbed the power of the prophet and his strength had also broken through to the saint-level. However, his sleeping habit had not changed and it seemed that he would not be able to change it in the future.

Joelson told Curtis about the situation in front of him.

He could feel that there were more saint-level daemons and undead coming from the distance.

There were even existences that had reached the intermediate and late stages of their strength.

He did not know where so many saint-level daemons' corpses had come from.

Joelson thought to himself, it was him. If it was any other saint-level powerhouse who entered this forest, they would have died countless times.

Curtis understood the urgency of the situation and the sleepiness in his eyes also subsided.

"Father, please wait a moment."

Curtis closed his eyes.

The purpose of Joelson handing Curtis over was to use his plant dragon's keen perception of the plant-type laws to find a breakthrough in this forest.

Although he had also grasped a part of the plant-type laws, it was far from being comparable to Curtis's top-tier talent.

Du Lu and the steel dragon's roars were incessant. Together with Joelson, they had the power to resist the saint-level magical beasts that surged like a tide.

Not far away, there were a few exceptionally tall magical beasts that were almost taller than the top of the ancient tree. They were roaring as they walked over.

Their eyeballs were murky and dark, and their knights were terrifying. They were actually the peak-stage saint-level magical beast undead.

Joelson felt that the undead tide was coming in wave after wave, and their strength was also continuously increasing.

After a period of time, would there be any divine domain-level magical beast undead? !

He did not dare to imagine.

"I've found it."

Curtis opened his eyes, flapped his wings, and flew in a certain direction.

"Over there, a large number of plant-type laws are entangled together. We can go over and take a look."

A hint of surprise flashed across Joelson's eyes. He hurriedly commanded Du Lu and the steel dragon to follow Curtis closely.

Compared to passive defense, it was much easier to break out of the encirclement in one direction.

Joelson switched to Curtis's back and acted as the sharpest arrowhead with Du Lu, the steel dragon, and Oswede as escorts.

Curtis was not strong, and it was the position of the think tank under Joelson, so Joelson needed to protect it.

A magic bear that was as big as a mountain appeared in front of them. Its strength had reached the peak of saint-level but, unfortunately, it had been infected by the aura of death and its fur had turned gray.

Joelson half-clenched his right hand and the intensely burning pale-purple flames wrapped around the undead bear, turning it into an extremely dazzling pillar of fire.

"Die!" Du Lu and the steel dragon roared and rushed forward.

Not long after, the undead bear collapsed powerlessly, crushing countless ancient trees.

The two-man team of three-headed dragons advanced quickly.

Soon, they arrived at a rotten wilderness.

Just as they flew into the sky above the wilderness, the ground trembled and the soil churned.

A huge rotten man-eating flower scuttled up from the ground and shot toward the few of them.

A glint flashed across Joelson's eyes. The platinum power interweaved into a large net around him and quickly rolled down.

Many man-eating flowers were cut into fist-sized pieces.

Du Lu's dragon breath spat out and the wilderness turned into a sea of charred fire.

After an unknown amount of time, countless saint-level magical beasts had died at the hands of Joelson. Even he felt a little tired.

Finally, Curtis cried out in joy, "We're here!"

Joelson raised his head and looked up. There was an empty void. It seemed that the aura of plant and undead laws was circulating.

Chapter 248: Devouring the Law Crystal

Curtis spat out a green pillar of light at a certain spot in the void.

The void rippled and a huge and strange thing was revealed.

Green and gray intertwined and expanded in an irregular shape, like a disgusting fruit or an ugly heart that was squirming.

"What is this?"

There was a hint of surprise and doubt in Joelson's eyes.

Oswede's face was filled with confusion and shock.

"It's the origin power of the small world."

Curtis's voice came from below. Having inherited the vast knowledge of the prophet, it had become a walking encyclopedia.

"However, this is only the origin power of this layer of space. Or rather, a law crystal. Master, the Prophet's memories tell me that this seems to be very important to me."

For the first time, Joelson saw a look of desire in Curtis's eyes.

It could be seen that it really wanted this so-called crystallization of laws.

Joelson asked, "What should I do?"

Curtis carefully looked at the huge "heart" in the air. It said awkwardly, "If it was just the crystallization of plant-type laws, I could devour it right now but there are a lot of undead-type laws mixed in. It's like a delicious fruit that has rotted half."

Joelson thought for a while and said, "So, does someone need to extract the undead law from it?"

"Yes."

Curtis nodded his huge head. "In fact, the half-rotten fruit is also a very nutritious good thing. It's just that it doesn't match my attributes."

Du Lu and the steel dragon growled twice and gave Curtis a helpless look as if saying, "Can't you use a different metaphor?"

"Let me try."

Joelson took a step forward and the aura on his body changed, from being overbearing and sharp to gloomy and cold.

Oswede, who was beside him, blinked, unable to think straight.

Joelson also practiced necromancy?

Joelson used his actual actions to confirm his guess. The necromancy law condensed into a black chain, shooting like an arrow into the half of the "fruit" that was rotting in the air.

Joelson tried to pull it but he found that the undead chain seemed to have sunk into a stubborn swamp. Not only did the 'fruit' not show any signs of moving, but the chain in his hand seemed to be pulled over.

"No."

Joelson shook his head. "My undead law cultivation is not enough."

"Father, you can let that wretched old man in the dimension try it."

Curtis suggested from the side.

Wretched old man?

Joelson was stunned for a moment. He understood who Curtis was talking about.

Frederick had not appeared for a long time.

With a flash of light, a pale-faced middle-aged man appeared in front of everyone.

After the initial shock, Frederick immediately greeted Joelson respectfully, "Master."

Joelson pointed at the law crystal and said to Frederick, "Try it. It's your chance."

Frederick looked up at the sky and his eyes were full of surprise and greed.

"Law crystal?"

Without needing much from Joelson, Frederick quickly moved.

However, he was even worse than Joelson. He tried many times but he couldn't do anything.

Frederick looked very unwilling, just like a poor beggar who suddenly found a mountain of gold in front of him. After trying for a long time, he found that he had no ability to move even a piece of gold.

"Is there no other way?"

Joelson asked.

"No, Master."

Frederick said respectfully, "You forgot that you have a powerful dragon who is longing for these things."

A name popped up in Joelson's mind.

Hades.

Hades, the undead dragon!

Joelson pulled the secret connection between him and the catastrophe.

In the next second, space was shattered, and the giant skeleton dragon slowly flew out.

Its body was covered in bone spikes and its eyes were burning with cold soul flames. Its whole body gave off a ferocious and powerful feeling.

"Roar!"

Soundless waves spread out from the void and reverberated in everyone's minds.

Oswede was almost dumbfounded.

Like a summoner, Joelson kept pulling out all kinds of people and dragons from the void.

Oswede had never felt such an impact before.

Could humans also be summoned?

And then there was this powerful undead dragon.

It was the Knight-King!

Just how many trump cards did Joelson have that others did not know about!

Hades wagged its bone-like tail and acted coquettishly with Joelson. Joelson doted on it for a while, then pointed at the law crystal.

Curtis communicated with this gloomy-looking companion for a while and Hades understood in its heart.

After Hades became serious, the entire dragon revealed an indescribable sense of majesty, faintly revealing the temperament of a king.

Joelson was shocked. Hades's strength had increased rapidly, almost catching up with the steel dragon. It could be seen that he had gained a lot of benefits in the underworld during this period of time.

A domineering and silent black figure flashed through Joelson's mind.

Dark Knight.

He did not know what kind of situation his ally in the underworld was in now.

Hades and Curtis flew to the law crystal and opened their mouths.

Two beams of gray and green light from the ugly "fruit" were sucked into the mouths of the two dragons. The law energy was devoured by the mouths of the two dragons.

The aura of Curtis and Hades kept rising.

The other dragons and Frederick below all had envious looks in their eyes.

Joelson's heart moved. He suddenly turned around and saw countless monsters and undead swarming over from all directions like a tide.

Oswede's eyes were filled with despair and depression.

When the undead creatures were about to approach, the two dragons finally finished devouring the entire law crystal.

The space in front of them shattered like a mirror and a huge vortex appeared before them.

They stepped in and disappeared amidst the undead creatures.

..

On the red, cracked ground, gray-white flames burned quietly.

An intense battle was going on.

On one side was a saint-level powerhouse from the Saint Realm, led by two late-stage saint-level powerhouses. They were quite powerful.

On the other side were giants made of rocks and lava, similar to lava giants in fire magic. However, the flames flowing on their bodies were also gray-white and there was a hint of coldness in the explosions.

"Although the lava cores in these lava giants' bodies have been infected by the aura of death, they are still very rare materials."

"Kill them all, then we'll go to the next place!"

The battle intent of this pair of saint-level powerhouses was high.

After entering this strange world of flames, a few of them were quickly attacked by the lava giants.

The lava giants' strength seemed to be at the early stage of the saint-level. When someone killed one, they were surprised to find that the lava cores in their bodies actually had intact fire laws.

These were rare and precious materials.

As a result, these lava giants became treasures in their eyes and were hunted down by all the saint-level powerhouses.

Chapter 249: Your End is Here

A burly man chopped off the lava giant's head with his sword and smashed its body into pieces. He eagerly dug out a scorching hot gray heart from its chest.

Before the joy on his face could be fully displayed, he suddenly caught a glimpse of a silver-white light rushing toward him from afar.

The man looked over in confusion. When he got closer to the white light, his expression suddenly became unsightly.

"It's Archibald!"

The others also turned their heads over.

The burly man was about to escape when the leading late-stage saint-level powerhouse pulled him back and said in a low voice, "Mullen, there's no need to be afraid of him. Everyone knows about the ruins. He won't make things difficult for you. Moreover, we might not be afraid of him."

The man called Mullen had a hesitant look on his face. He didn't want to leave the team either. This would greatly increase the danger in the ruins.

After thinking for a moment, he finally chose to stay.

He was the man who was chased by Archibald and saved by Joelson.

The silvery-white light soon arrived in front of everyone. It was an elegant, silvery-white giant dragon. Next to the giant dragon was Archibald, who had no expression on his face.

In a short while, another seven or eight figures arrived. They were all the elites of the Dragon Blood Clan.

Everyone could not help but feel nervous.

Archibald's gaze swept over the corpse of the lava giant on the ground, then casually swept over everyone.

"Archibald, why are you wasting your time on these trash? Hurry up and leave!"

A crisp voice came out of the silver dragon's mouth. It was filled with thick impatience and undisguised arrogance. It treated Archibald as if he was a servant.

Archibald did not look angry at all. He nodded and was about to leave.

Suddenly.

Archibald's gaze stopped.

It was locked firmly on a person.

Mullen.

Large drops of cold sweat appeared on the latter's forehead and his face began to look pale.

Archibald revealed a strange smile on his face and slowly said, "Wait a moment, I need to deal with something first."

The silver dragon snorted coldly and didn't say anything.

Archibald's aura became icy cold and his killing intent gradually surged.

Mullen, who was under tremendous pressure, finally broke down. He roared and turned around to flee.

Archibald sneered and didn't say or do anything.

However, someone from the Dragon Blood Clan behind him quickly rushed out and caught up with Mullen. In just a moment, Mullen became dispirited and was dragged back.

He was thrown to the ground like a dead dog.

"Don't let him die too easily."

Archibald spoke calmly, his tone was as relaxed as crushing an ant.

Mullen's eyes were filled with terror and despair. Gritting his teeth, he glared at Archibald.

The other saint-level experts had ugly looks on their faces. The late-stage saint-level expert who had advised Mullen to stay couldn't help but call out, "Archie."

Archibald's face was ice-cold.

He forcibly changed his words. "Milord, let Mullen off this time. We are all saint-level experts."

"Alright."

Archibald readily agreed.

Before the others could breathe a sigh of relief, they heard Archibald say, "Then you will die in his place."

His ice-cold tone caused the others to shudder. They immediately shut their mouths, no longer speaking.

A few members of the Dragon Blood Clan walked up and walked towards Mullen coldly.

Mullen was completely in despair. He glared at Archibald with a venomous gaze and shouted loudly, "Archibald, I curse you to die miserably in endless pain!"

Pfft!

Before he could finish speaking, a fist had already struck his face and knocked out a large chunk of his teeth.

Archibald's expression was extremely cold.

Seeing Mullen being beaten up by the Dragon Blood Clan's people, he continuously let out miserable cries.

The saint-level powerhouses' eyes revealed sympathy and dissatisfaction but they didn't dare to say anything.

Archibald wanted to beat Mullen to death.

"What a waste of time."

The silver dragon frowned as he watched this scene, saying, "For an ant."

Archibald didn't seem to hear it, and his eyes became even more brutal.

Just as Mullen was about to die, the space above them suddenly ruptured.

A few violent auras rushed in first, mixing into a terrifying power and crashing down.

Everyone's faces became ugly and Archibald and the silver dragon's expressions became very nervous.

What happened?

Under dozens of gazes, they only saw a huge red figure charging out from the spatial rift, followed by a similarly tyrannical and terrifying dark golden body and green body.

Dragons?

Everyone was stunned.

A huge dragon. And not just one. There were three huge dragons!

A burly figure sat cross-legged on the back of the dark golden dragon, his expression slightly nervous.

"It's the Golden Lion! Oswede!"

Someone shouted in a low voice.

Archibald could not help but frown.

He had heard of the Golden Lion's name before but, when he saw that the other party was only at the late stage of the sage level, he became even more confused.

How did he get mixed up with so many terrifying dragons?

Was he enslaved?

The answer was soon revealed.

Archibald's eyes widened abruptly, his face filled with disbelief.

In the spatial rift that was about to close, a hideous and horrifying pale figure swam out.

The empty eye sockets were burning with intense soul flames, bringing him endless coldness.

What truly terrified him was the figure standing on the back of the undead dragon.

Slender, sharp, and domineering, but it also blended with the calm and grace of a mage. As long as anyone saw this person, they would not forget him.

"Joelson Edward!"

Archibald gritted his teeth and uttered his name.

The crowd was in an uproar.

It was Joelson.

The number one person under the throne!

How did he appear here!

What was going on with these giant dragons?

They were all his battle companions?

Everyone's brains were not enough. They were all stunned.

The moment the dying Mullen saw Joelson appear, his eyes suddenly shone with a bright light. He used his last breath to laugh out loud.

The mournful voice was like a crow's hiss, echoing in the night sky, repeating the curse.

"Archibald, I've said it long ago, your end is coming!"

After saying this, Mullen's eyes completely dimmed, and he died.

Joelson stood on Hades' back and looked over coldly.

When he saw Archibald's figure, killing intent surged. He narrowed his eyes and said indifferently, "I let you escape last time. It was a huge mistake."

As soon as he said that, Archibald's expression turned extremely ugly.

A voice sounded.

"Archibald, you idiot. I told you not to waste your time on an ant!"

Joelson looked over coldly. The huge silver dragon was so frightened by his casual glance that it shut its mouth. It took a few steps back and its eyes were somewhat horrified.

The reason was that the aura that Joelson brought with him when he broke through space with four saint-level dragons was too horrifying. Anyone who saw it would feel terrified.

Chapter 250: There Might Still Be Gods in This World!

The silver dragon.

Joelson narrowed his eyes.

The appearance of the silver dragon was very similar to that of the giant light dragon.

At present, with almost all of the precious dragon clans in the central continent extinct, they were the most honorable of the dragon clans.

The ruler of the Giant Dragon Clan was the Silver Dragon King.

Joelson had once heard that the one who signed the contract with Archibald was the heir of the Silver Dragon King.

It seemed like he was leading one of them but no matter which angle one looked at it...

It seemed to be a female silver dragon!

A Silver Dragon Princess?

The members of the Dragon Blood Clan looked at Joelson nervously.

The incident where Archibald was beaten up by Joelson happened not long ago. Many people had seen Archibald's horrifying wounds.

It was the man who stood on the back of the dragon and looked down on them.

What should they do?

Should they escape?

This thought flashed through the minds of more than one person. However, they did not dare to escape without Archibald's orders.

Moreover, if they chose to escape, the reputation of the Dragon Blood Clan would be completely lost.

Archibald's gaze was fixed on Joelson.

He was very clear of Joelson's terrifying strength, not to mention that there were four terrifying saint-level dragons coiled around him.

There was absolutely no possibility of fighting back.

"Roar!"

Archibald roared.

Perfect dragonification.

A silver dragon wrapped in red mist appeared in front of everyone.

"Damn it, I've said it long ago, don't transform into your ugly form in front of me! You'll only bring shame to our Silver Dragon Clan!"

Before Joelson could say anything, Archibald's dragon companion had already started cursing in anger.

It was like a spoiled, ruthless, and overbearing noble lady.

Without Joelson's instructions, Du Lu and the steel dragon had already raised their heads and roared.

Their eyes were filled with contempt and disdain for Archibald.

This kind of ugly monster was simply an insult to the existence of the giant dragon.

The terrifying dragon pressure made everyone on the field tremble. Archibald, who was being taken care of, couldn't even straighten his body.

Now, in everyone's eyes, Archibald's perfect dragon form of a silver dragon was like a ridiculous, deformed counterfeit.

Archibald's scarlet eyes stared fixedly at Joelson. And then, he didn't hesitate at all.

He turned around and ran.

His body drew a faint red stream of light in the air and he instantly flew far away.

Everyone was stunned.

Including Archibald's silver dragon companion.

No matter what, he was the number one genius of the Dragon Blood Clan, a peak saint-level powerhouse. And he actually didn't even have the courage to attack Joelson.

Perfect dragonification just to escape?

After being shocked, the surrounding saint-level powerhouses had strange expressions. The faces of the Dragon Blood Clan's people turned red and shame enveloped them.

The silver dragon immediately opened its mouth and started cursing.

"Archibald, you coward. Coward, you've insulted the dignity of the Dragon Clan. I swear that I'll break off the contract with you when I go back!"

"We'll talk about it when you return alive."

A calm voice slowly sounded in the silver dragon's ear.

The silver dragon's beautiful eyes stared at Joelson. It said in disbelief, "You're not trying to kill me, are you! Do you know who I am? I'm Tiffany, the daughter of the Silver Dragon King, the most perfect and noble member of the Giant Dragon Clan."

"Humph!"

Joelson snorted coldly and could not be bothered to listen to its nonsense anymore.

Du Lu took the lead and rushed forward. A ferocious body that was several times larger than Tiffany's was placed in front of it. Dragon power was released.

Without even needing to make a move, this delicate dragon princess was already scared out of her wits.

Although Tiffany also had the strength of a saint-level, she was only good at bullying enemies that were weaker than her. She did not have the slightest will to fight.

The laws of water and fire were condensed in Joelson's hands. They condensed into a thick and long purple chain and shot out, wrapping around the silver dragon's slender neck.

Joelson casually pulled and Tiffany's beautiful silver dragon scales were burned by the flames. She cried out in pain, "Bastard! It hurts! My dragon scales! I'll let Father kill you! Together with that coward, I'll kill you!"

Joelson pulled the chain and Tiffany was dragged around by him like a big dog.

"You have a contractual relationship with Archibald. I know you can find him. Bring me to him and I'll let you go."

Tiffany's eyes widened in anger. She wanted to say something but Du Lu snorted and spat out a blazing dragon breath. It immediately lowered its head.

"Bastards! Sooner or later, I'll let Father tear you all apart! And you guys, as a giant dragon, you actually helped a human bully me. It's a disgrace to the Dragon Clan! You're even more detestable than that bastard Archibald!"

Tiffany cursed as she flew in a direction.

Joelson glanced at the members of the Dragon Blood Clan in the field and suddenly threw out a few rays of platinum light.

Puff!

A few human heads flew high into the air. A pillar of blood shot out a few meters high and landed on Mullen's corpse.

These were the people who had beaten Mullen to death previously.

The remaining Dragon Blood clansmen trembled and lowered their heads, not daring to meet Joelson's gaze.

"An iron law of the Saint Realm. Anyone who kills a saint-level member of the same clan with malice will be punished with death!"

Joelson spoke coldly and quickly withdrew his gaze. He commanded a few giant dragons to follow Tiffany closely.

The members of the Dragon Blood Clan stared at the back of Joelson as he left. Their eyes flickered as someone said in a low voice, "Go!"

The eyes of the other saint-level masters were filled with reverence and worship.

This was the demeanor of the number one person under the throne!

Archibald was very fast after transforming into a dragon. However, with Tiffany in his hands, Joelson was not worried that he would not be able to find him.

Unless he found a way to enter another dimension.

"The dense power of the fire elemental laws, as well as the aura of the undead laws."

Joelson stood on Hades's back, his brows tightly furrowed as he muttered to himself.

If anyone saw his current appearance, they would definitely be shocked to the ground.

With the purple chains in his hands, he commanded five saint-level dragons.

The dragon army that Joelson had always wanted had already begun to take shape.

Curtis and Hades had benefited a lot from the previous level.

Curtis had directly advanced to the middle stage of the saint-level. Hades's current strength had even suppressed the steel dragon, becoming the second most powerful dragon under Joelson.

"Joelson, what are you thinking about?"

Oswede couldn't help but ask.

Joelson said in a low voice, "Don't you feel that the upper level is somewhat like the god's back garden. And here."

Joelson raised his head and looked at the endless Gobi Desert, as well as the lava giants walking on the Gobi Desert.

"It's very much like a kitchen? Or a hunting ground!"

"The aura of death of the undead has invaded every corner of the divine kingdom. I don't know if it's the aura of death that pervades the divine kingdom after the death of the god, or..."

Joelson raised his head, his eyes flashing. "Or did this powerful god die at the hands of a certain undead god? After his death, even the divine kingdom was eroded by the power of the undead laws."

Oswede frowned and suddenly shouted, "What do you mean?"

"That's right."

Joelson nodded, his expression ever so solemn. "In the divine kingdom, it is possible that there are still living gods!"

Chapter 251: Divine Domain-Level Magical Creature Lava Tyrant

This conjecture was too shocking.

Even Joelson did not dare to believe it.

If there really was a god that had not died in the divine kingdom, then the danger level of this journey would definitely be greatly increased.

Even.

The thrones might fall!

Even Joelson himself was shocked. Very quickly, he shook his head and tossed out this idea. A bitter smile appeared on his face.

How could the thrones not have thought of the conclusion that even he could come up with?

Since the thrones could continue to go deeper and let the saint-level masters come in to explore, it was obviously not as bad as he had imagined.

As Joelson was frowning and thinking, he suddenly heard Tiffany's angry voice.

"That coward is right in front!"

To Tiffany, Archibald, a coward who didn't even dare to make a move, was even more hateful than Joelson!

Tiffany was angry just thinking about it. How could she, a noble and perfect silver dragon princess, sign a contract with such a person!

Without waiting for Joelson to urge her, she took the initiative to speed up and flew forward.

"What is that?"

Oswede suddenly pointed to the distance and cried out in surprise.

Joelson also saw a huge lava lake in front of them. There seemed to be protruding rocks and land on the surface of the lake.

The lakeside was filled with lava giants. Archibald was currently being besieged by the lava giants. It was difficult for him to break free.

Although his strength was much stronger than these lava giants who were only at the initial stage of the saint-level. Every time his dragon claws clawed and his dragon tail lashed out, he would be able to disperse a group of lava giants. However, there were simply too many of the latter.

Moreover, the path ahead was a lava lake. Archibald simply could not cross it.

He was not a fire-elemental dragon.

"Let go of me! Let me go up and bite him to death!"

Tiffany said angrily.

Joelson took the opportunity to retrieve the purple flame chains. Tiffany really charged forward.

She rammed a few of the sluggish lava giants away in an overbearing manner and pounced in front of Archibald.

"Idiot! Idiot! Coward! A bastard who has disgraced the Dragon Bloodline!"

Tiffany bit Archibald like a missy who had lost her temper. Judging from the proficiency of her movements, it seemed that this was not the first time she had treated Archibald like this.

Compared to the relationship between Joelson and the few dragon battle partners—like father and son—Tiffany treated Archibald more as a slave and a disgrace.

At first, Joelson saw that Archibald was still patient and would even help Tiffany block the attacks of the lava giants. But soon, the blood-red light in his eyes became stronger and stronger. A brutal and cruel aura surged in his eyes.

"Roar!"

Archibald finally couldn't stand it anymore. He roared and a blood-red light emerged from his body. A profound and dignified rune suddenly burst out from his body.

A cold and brutal killing intent gushed out. Archibald's huge tail was raised high like a steel whip and swung out.

Bang!

Tiffany was caught off guard and was directly whipped out. Her silver dragon scales were broken and she kept wailing.

She looked at Archibald in a daze. Her eyes were full of fear and disbelief.

"Enough! I've had enough of you. The contract is torn. Go to hell!"

Archibald's eyes revealed a cruel and crazy look as he once again charged towards Tiffany.

Bang!

Archibald was flying halfway when he was intercepted by an even larger red body and sent flying to the side.

Du Lu and the steel dragon rushed forward and the three dragons started to bite.

Joelson coldly watched this scene.

Oswede's eyes revealed a pitiful and sorrowful look as he sighed, "Who would have thought that the number one genius of the Dragon Blood Clan, Archibald, would live such a pitiful life. He's simply like a dog."

Joelson was silent.

Archibald deserved such an ending. Of course, it had something to do with Tiffany.

Using one's dignity as a human to exchange for the power of the Dragon Clan. It was better to not have such power.

Not everyone was a Fire Throne.

Under the encirclement of Du Lu and the steel dragon, Archibald had almost no ability to resist. He could only take the beating passively.

The dragon scales shattered and even his roars became weaker and weaker.

Finally, Archibald could no longer maintain his dragon form. He reverted to his human form and was grabbed tightly by Du Lu's claw.

Archibald no longer had the strength to resist. He could only stare at Joelson and Tiffany with a pair of bloodshot and resentful eyes.

Tiffany was swept by Archibald's resentful gaze. Her body trembled and she did not dare to look him in the eye.

Joelson was still calm. Archibald was gloomy and cruel. He wouldn't let go of this opportunity to get rid of him.

Tiffany, who had been standing aside, suddenly shouted, "Wait!"

Tiffany looked at Joelson with a complicated expression, "Please hand him over to me. If you kill him, the Flame Throne will find trouble with you. It's better to let him go back with me to receive the Dragon Clan's judgment."

Tiffany had a rare pleading look on her face.

Joelson was silent for a while and said coldly, "Then you have to leave now."

"Yes."

Tiffany quickly nodded.

Du Lu reluctantly let Archibald go. Archibald also looked a little lost.

In the next second, he suddenly jumped up and flew toward the lava lake.

"When I come back, I will tear you all into pieces!"

A voice filled with endless hatred was heard.

A light flashed in Joelson's eyes. Just as he was about to command Du Lu to chase after him, the calm magma lake suddenly began to boil violently.

A wave rose on the surface of the lake and the boiling magma set off huge waves that were hundreds of yards high.

Archibald's body stopped abruptly, his face full of shock and doubt.

Beneath him, something terrifying broke through the surface of the magma lake and grabbed Archibald tightly.

It was a huge hand formed from magma and flames.

"Ah!"

Archibald screamed helplessly.

Immediately after, the entire magma lake shook and the rocks and land on the lake shook.

Under everyone's shocked gazes, a super giant that was several thousand yards tall slowly stood up from the magma lake.

It was an extremely huge lava giant. As it turned out, the only thing that was exposed to the lava lake was its body.

It was lying flat on the ground. Now, it had woken up from the scene.

The lava giant's entire body was flowing with hot lava. The flames were burning on its body but its empty eye sockets were grayish-white.

With a silent roar and the strength of his hands, Archibald was crushed into a lump of meat paste and died completely.

"This is?"

With a solemn expression, Joelson whispered, "Lava tyrant!"

A terrifying magical creature at the level of a divine domain.

An existence comparable to a throne!

"Go!"

Joelson shouted in a low voice. Hades did not hesitate to turn around, while Du Lu and the steel dragon followed closely behind. Tiffany was completely scared silly.

A green figure flew to its side and pulled it fiercely.

"Run!"

It was Curtis.

Tiffany flapped her wings in horror.

Chapter 252: Platinum Sword Slashes the Lava Tyrant

The lava tyrant walked out of the lava lake. Every step it took left a burning crater in the ground and the earth trembled.

It chased after the group of people.

"Damn it!"

Joelson frowned.

He could already feel that the lava tyrant's body contained the law crystals of this space.

If he wanted to enter the next dimension, he would have to kill the lava tyrant, or else he would have to retreat!

The lava tyrant's body was huge. It seemed to be moving slowly, but in reality, the distance between it and Joelson and the others was constantly shrinking.

They would be caught up soon.

"Zero degrees ice seal!"

Joelson stood on Hades's back and shouted in a low voice.

Endless icy blue bloomed on the tip of the staff in his hand. On the ground that Hades rapidly swept past, the ice was rapidly spreading and, soon, it climbed onto the lava tyrant's legs.

The lava tyrant's reduction of the power of fire-type laws was too high, so it could not cause too much damage to it. Therefore, Joelson chose the water-type forbidden spell.

The lava tyrant's movements slowed down a little.

Before Joelson could relax his eyes, he heard it roar and stomp its feet fiercely.

Endless flames surged out from the ground.

The ice and snow quickly melted, turning into snow and water that was evaporated into vapor.

It quickly caught up.

"Earth's grasp!"

Earth-type forbidden spell.

The grace that it had displayed from Harriet Terrence's hands was now displayed in the hands of Joelson.

Even if it was not major in earth-type laws, this attack of Joelson's was still many times more powerful than Harriet Terrence's.

A pair of earth-type hands that were the size of the lava tyrant's legs came out from the ground and grabbed its ankles tightly.

The lava tyrant was tripped and almost fell.

It became even angrier and swung its legs crazily.

The grip of the earth only lasted for a few seconds before it was torn apart like glass.

"Imprison the forest!"

Countless vines grew crazily and climbed onto the lava tyrant's body but the plant-type forbidden spell was even more unbearable. Before it could be fully cast, it was burned off by the flames attached to the lava tyrant's body.

"Undead calamity!"

..

No!

Could it be that there was really no way?

Joelson's brows were tightly knitted together. The forbidden spells of various attributes were cast one after another in his hands.

Oswede, who was sitting on the steel dragon's back, was dumbfounded.

Just how many laws had Joelson cultivated at the same time?

Was he casually casting forbidden spells like a low-level spell?

But now was obviously not the time to be surprised.

The lava tyrant was getting closer and closer. As the king of the lava giants.

When it appeared on this land, all the lava giants within a thousand miles were summoned by it and gathered in the direction of Joelson and the others.

They formed a gradually shrinking circle.

Du Lu, who acted as an arrow, was also responsible for clearing the lava giants in front of them.

Although he was not a threat to them, his speed was slowed down a little.

If this continued, the lava tyrant would catch up to them sooner or later.

"Stop!"

Joelson shouted in a low voice and all the Dragons stopped obediently.

Tiffany widened her beautiful eyes and cried out in disbelief, "What do you want to do? Do you not want to run and instead wait for death!"

"Running is waiting for death."

Without further explanation, Joelson's body slowly floated in the air.

His face returned to its usual calm look. His eyes were as bright as the stars as he stared at the approaching figure of the lava tyrant.

"Lightning."

Joelson whispered.

He raised both of his hands and the sky instantly changed. Thick dark clouds quickly gathered in the originally red sky.

Bluish-purple lightning rolled and roared in the dark clouds.

Lightning struck down from the clouds and was held in Joelson's hands.

His mage robe was blown up by the wind. A violent, overbearing, and majestic aura emerged from his body. He was like a thunder god who had descended from ancient times.

"And steel."

As Joelson spoke again in a low voice.

The ground trembled, and the hard earth cracked. The soil churned, and the metal lava gathered into a giant python that writhed on the ground. It jumped up and circled around Joelson.

The lava tyrant was getting closer and closer.

Joelson's eyes shone brightly and he spread his arms. His calm voice echoed in everyone's ears like thunder.

At this moment, his figure seemed to have risen infinitely. His aura continued to soar into the sky.

Thunder and steel.

"Forge the platinum sword!"

Joelson clasped his hands together and the molten metal and purple lightning power converged above his head, forming a dazzling platinum giant sword.

A sharp and explosive aura filled the entire land. The dragon growled, Oswede's face was filled with shock and Tiffany could not help but tremble.

Only now did it know how terrifying this human who disrespected it was!

The fusion of metal and electric laws, the platinum power erupted with full power!

It was the first time that Joelson had attacked so cautiously.

"Roar!"

The lava tyrant had already approached.

Joelson raised his eyebrows and slashed down with the platinum sword in his hand.

Hiss!

Space was torn apart like a piece of paper under this power. The platinum giant sword carried a terrifying aura and sharpness as it slashed down heavily on the lava tyrant's chest.

A hard sound rang out.

The platinum giant sword slashed down bit by bit. The lava tyrant suffered a heavy blow and retreated for the first time.

It resisted and roared, but it had no choice but to fall back.

Large areas of lava giants were crushed into pieces by it. When the platinum greatsword completely disappeared, a huge terrifying wound appeared on its hard and thick chest.

A pale and scalding lava heart was revealed inside.

The cost of using this move was huge. Joelson's face was slightly pale but the light in his eyes soared at this moment. He stared at the lava tyrant's chest and shouted in a low voice, "Lava heart! Law crystal!"

Du Lu and Hades also let out excited roars.

The Lava Tyrant's aura instantly weakened a lot, but it still exploded.

It was enraged. It waved its fist that was the size of a small hill and pounced at Joelson.

"Hahaha!"

Joelson instead laughed loudly. "It's not a god domain! Its lava heart has already been corroded by the undead laws and has already fallen to the god domain level. We were scared by it. It shouldn't be us who should run away."

Joelson's gaze was burning as he said, "It should be it!"

Joelson instantly flew up and shot towards the lava tyrant like an arrow.

This scene was just like Joelson taking the initiative to use his body to meet the fist of the lava tyrant, causing Tiffany to scream in fear.

There were also three other figures, Du Lu, Hades, and the steel dragon.

Their natural tacit understanding with Joelson allowed them to know what they should do at this moment.

Du Lu, who was the most powerful, used his body to smash into the Fist of the lava tyrant. The huge force made the lava tyrant's body tremble violently. The fist tilted and Joelson drilled into its chest.

Hades followed closely behind.

Du Lu and the steel dragon kept roaring, attracting the attention of the lava tyrant. They kept attacking, making it unable to pay attention to Joelson's movements.

The pale and blazing lava heart was right in front of Joelson.

Golden flames rose from Joelson's eye, and the aura on his body increased by several times.

He sneered and held the meteor sword in his hand. He aimed at the lava tyrant's heart and slashed down ruthlessly!

Chapter 253: The God of the Divine Kingdom of the Ruins Awakens

"Roar!"

The lava tyrant roared crazily and, with a wave of its hand, it sent Du Lu and the steel dragon flying.

The difference in size left the two dragons helpless.

However, Joelson did not stop. Sword after sword swing, he hacked at the lava heart until it trembled violently, and a crack slowly grew bigger.

When the lava tyrant's hand reached in, Joelson frowned, and he simply drilled into the lava tyrant's heart.

Hades also dodged nimbly. The soul flames in his eye sockets flickered and he spat out a thick aura of death from the undead, enveloping the entire lava heart.

Oswede, Tiffany, and Curtis looked at the spot where Joelson had disappeared worriedly. As well as the lava tyrant, which had fallen into a state of madness and made Du Lu and the steel dragon not dare to get close.

The lava tyrant was so stimulated by the pain that it completely lost its mind. Flames gushed out and a large number of lava giants died.

Suddenly, its movements froze.

Everyone blinked their eyes and before they could react, they saw the lava tyrant's body that was thousands of yards tall disintegrate in an instant.

The pale flame was extinguished into ashes and it collapsed like a mountain, raising waves of dust.

When the smoke in front of them dispersed, everyone was shocked to find a huge gray heart floating in the air. It was lifted by the undead dragon Hades.

Although the light was dim, it seemed to be still beating.

Bang!

The lava heart suddenly exploded and Joelson's figure appeared in front of everyone.

Joelson's head was lowered, his eyes were tightly shut, and his entire body was burning with pale flames.

Hades faced him, opened his mouth, and wisps of gray aura floated down from Joelson's body and was swallowed by it.

The pale color in the flames gradually faded.

When the flames turned completely red, Joelson seemed to tremble.

The flames all over his body were absorbed into his mouth and nose like flowing water.

His eyelashes trembled, and Joelson suddenly opened his eyes.

A blazing light seemed to light up in the void, flashing for a moment before disappearing.

Joelson's eyes rapidly changed from purple to dark gold, and then returned to a deep pitch-black color.

Everyone could feel that Joelson's aura had become even stronger.

Joelson raised his hand and a wisp of flame appeared on his fair fingertip. It was a beautiful purple color.

It was as if the original light purple flame had been mixed with more red.

"Six hundred strands of fire elemental law power, four hundred strands of water elemental law power."

Joelson muttered.

Devouring the lava heart was too beneficial to him.

Although a portion of his power had been lost, Joelson's fire elemental law energy had still increased by 200 streams. The undead law he had shared with Hades had also increased by quite a bit.

Currently, the fusion power of water and fire elemental laws had increased by several times. However, the difference in quantity between the two was too great and the fusion was somewhat unstable.

At this moment, Joelson was somewhat puzzled.

An ordinary saint-rank could already reach the peak if they could comprehend more than 400 laws. They could attempt to construct their own domain and advance towards the god-domain level.

Of course, the better one's talent was, the higher this upper limit would be.

For example, Holy Zither, who was also at the peak of the saint-rank, Joelson guessed that she had comprehended at least 500 light elemental laws, which was why she could be so tyrannical.

However, Joelson clearly felt that he had comprehended 600 fire-type maxim powers, but he did not feel like he was saturated at all.

There seemed to be a long way to go before he reached perfection.

He also did not have any clue about his domain.

If that was the case, when would he be able to reach the limit of saint-level and breakthrough to God's domain?

Joelson frowned. He was both happy and worried.

Hades let out a small burp and his aura rose a few steps higher.

He had obtained the most benefits.

After absorbing the law crystals twice, his strength had increased by leaps and bounds.

If this continued, he might very soon surpass Du Lu and become the strongest dragon under Joelson's command.

This made the other dragons extremely envious.

Oswede's gaze towards Joelson was also filled with envy.

It was the divine domain-level lava tyrant's lava heart!

It was a fire-type supreme treasure. How much benefit would Joelson receive after devouring it?

He couldn't believe it.

Oswede lowered his head and looked around. Suddenly, he charged down and wandered on the ground.

He was extremely happy to dig out the hearts of the lava giants that had died in the previous battle.

He couldn't have come here for nothing, right.

..

In the pitch-black night, on the desolate land.

There was a light shining and the group was moving forward slowly.

The light wings on their backs spread out, and the Holy Zither that held the holy sword flew at the front of the group.

The perfect face frowned slightly and, from time to time, there was a look of disgust on her face.

The death aura of the undead was everywhere and it really made her feel uncomfortable.

Many tall skeleton warriors walked out of the darkness, their bones shining with a black luster. Each of them had the strength of a saint-level.

The holy sword in the Holy Zither's hand was raised high and it was casually waved out. The dazzling holy light hacked the skeleton warriors into pieces of bones.

The followers of the will of light were ten times more eye-catching than the most dazzling torch in the undead wasteland.

Along the way, Holy Zither had killed countless undead creatures.

The team headed straight in one direction because the evil undead aura in that direction was particularly strong. If nothing went wrong, the exit to the next level was there.

Based on their previous experience, before the exit appeared, they would definitely have to defeat an existence similar to the guardian of the exit.

With the Holy Zither, they were not afraid.

The closer they got, the more densely packed the undead creatures around them became.

Everyone felt exhausted and began to suffer casualties.

The Holy Zither seemed to never know fatigue as it swung its holy sword, leading the team forward slowly but firmly.

In a corner of the undead wasteland, a huge mountain made of white bones suddenly trembled.

The white bones poured down like rain, and a huge crack appeared in the middle of the mountain of white bones. A pale hand bone suddenly emerged from the crack, grabbing the edge and slowly climbing up.

A huge skeleton more than ten meters tall, its empty eye sockets extremely dim.

A wisp of green light lit up, and the aura of the undead in the entire undead wasteland was instantly attracted, crazily surging towards the skeleton, forming a black funnel-shaped vortex in the pitch-black sky.

The soul flame in the skeleton's eyes grew stronger and stronger and its aura rapidly rose to an extremely terrifying degree. It was as if even space could not withstand it and it was about to break apart.

Its pale skeleton body then blossomed with a sparkling diamond-like luster.

The skeleton's jawbones swayed and the diamond bone struck out with a clear sound.

"Who am I!"

The sound was like thunder.

The soul flame burned to the extreme in an instant and the diamond skeleton's consciousness became clear.

"I remember now. I am the God of Alchemy, Priestley, and I am also the King of Bones, Angus Dubin!"

Chapter 254: Power of the Archangel; A Strange Ocean

The diamond skeleton sensed the thin power in its body. It raised its head and roared, "I want to get back the power I lost!"

Suddenly, a blinding white light lit up on a pitch-black plain.

The soul flame in the diamond skeleton's eye sockets flickered for a moment and became cold.

"Light is the most annoying aura of light. Those bastards with wings are really annoying!"

As it spoke, it took a step forward.

Holy Zither had just swept away the undead in front of her with her sword when she realized that there was a strange skeleton in front of her.

It was as if it had appeared in front of her out of thin air.

The skeleton looked at her quietly. There was no aura coming out of its body but Holy Zither's heart was palpitating.

An inexplicable sense of danger.

She actually smelled the aura of death.

At this moment, the skeleton slowly struck out a palm at her.

In an instant, the entire space froze.

Then, it suddenly shattered.

It was as if even time had stopped. Space shattered into pieces like a mirror. Underneath the poignant beauty was an extremely terrifying killing intent.

Holy Zither's beautiful eyes widened in shock.

Divine-ranked!

This was the power of divine-level!

She could not move. She could only watch as her companions shattered into pieces along with space itself. They died without a sound.

Holy Zither activated all the power in her body. An intense white light shot out from her body.

She flashed into the void and disappeared.

The diamond skeleton looked in the direction where Holy Zither had escaped and muttered to himself, "The aura of an archangel. Interesting."

He then took a step forward.

Joelson rode on the back of the steel dragon while Du Lu and Hades were escorting him from left and right. The three dragons were swimming slowly on a piece of water.

This was a world of water. There was no land or vegetation.

His eyes were all gray-blue, the color of blue where all life had faded. The water surface was calm and there were no waves at all. The sea was like stagnant water and it seemed that he could still smell the briny smell.

At this moment, he was the only one left.

Oswede chose to stay on the upper level.

After the lava tyrant was killed by Joelon, there was no longer any threat to him in the upper level.

And the heart of the lava giant was very beneficial to Oswede, so he simply stayed and continued to collect the lava hearts.

The Silver Dragon Princess Tiffany was also handed over to Oswede to take care of.

The bigger reason was that Oswede deeply felt that he had already become a burden to Joelson.

Although late-stage saint-level strength was not weak, it was still not enough to look at the lost divine kingdom that was everywhere in this Saint Realm.

Any magic creature that was close to the divine realms's domain would be able to shock Oswede. It was like walking on a tightrope in the sky above the abyss.

In the end, he had entered the ruins for the sake of benefits. There was no need for Oswede to continue taking risks.

Joelson had been traveling in the dead water domain for a very long time but he had never encountered any danger.

However, this strange and deathly silent environment still made him not dare to relax easily. His mind had always been in a state of high alert.

The sensing power of the air-type law covered an area of a hundred miles around him. It was difficult for him to go any further down.

The dead water was also filled with the aura of the undead, so he could not sense it. He could only rely on the power of the water law to vaguely sense it.

Splash!

The water waves quietly parted and a black shadow suddenly jumped out from the bottom of the water and shot toward Joelson like an arrow.

Joelson's eyes were calm and his hands did not move at all.

Hades moved to the side like a ghost and his bone claws, which were wrapped in faint black flames, quietly swept past. The black shadow was torn into two pieces before it could get close.

Two ugly bodies fell on the water.

It was a very big and strange fish. Half of its cut abdomen had rotted away, revealing its white bones. Sharp long teeth grew out of the mouth of the fish head. It looked ferocious and terrifying.

The appearance of this strange fish seemed to have lit a fuse. In the following period of time, similar strange fish kept jumping out from under the water.

Some had long mouths like tuna, some had fins as sharp as a knife, and some would rush up and self-destruct. The stinky black liquid produced by self-destruction was extremely corrosive. Even combat aura would be corroded.

However, with the presence of Du Lu, Hades, and the steel dragon—as well as the powerful strength of Joelson himself—it did not cause much trouble for him.

"Ah!"

A shrill scream came from afar.

Joelson's expression changed. It was the scream of a human.

He subconsciously commanded the steel dragon to fly over.

From afar, only a few figures could be seen flying in the air. On the surface of the sea below them, more than ten thick and long black tentacles were waving wildly.

The strength of these tentacles was astonishing. With a casual strike, they could make a saint-level knight's chest cave in and violently spit out blood.

Once he was entangled and dragged into the water, there was no possibility of him coming out.

"Humph!"

A knight who was emitting a green combat aura shook off the tentacles and dodged an attack in a sorry state. When he suddenly saw the figure of Joelson, he did not have time to be surprised and immediately shouted, "Sir, please help me!"

As he was saying this, several tentacles suddenly attacked him at the same time. The knight's face was filled with shock.

He managed to cut off one tentacle but the second one had already taken the opportunity to knock down the longsword in his hand. The third and fourth tentacles seized the opportunity to wrap around his body and drag him down.

Thinking of the previous encounter of his companions, his face revealed a terrified expression. He struggled with all his might but to no avail. His eyes became desperate.

At this moment, a platinum light flashed across the knight's eyes.

His body suddenly became light, waiting for him to come back to his senses.

He was surprised to find that the few black attacks that could not even break the tenacity of a saint-level warrior power had been neatly cut in the middle.

The cut was smooth as if it had been cut off by an extremely sharp weapon.

The knight was shocked. How powerful was this person!

In an instant, Joelson came in front of the knight. He waved his white-gold power and, in a few seconds, all the dancing tentacles on the surface of the sea were completely cut off by him.

Hades quietly dived to the bottom of the sea. The surface of the water began to stir crazily as if it was boiling.

Soon, Hades flapped the dragon wings formed from the bones and flew up. Under his claws was a huge black octopus monster.

It was the strength of a late-stage saint-level.

Hades suddenly exerted force, and the bone claws that were surrounded by black aura pierced into the smooth skin of the octopus monster, forcefully tearing it apart.

Immediately, a fishy smell filled the air, and black liquid splashed everywhere. Hades dug out a blue-gray crystal from its brain and threw the octopus monster's body down.

Du Lu opened his mouth and spat out golden-red flames. The octopus monster started to burn and this large area of the sea was immediately set ablaze. It did not extinguish for a long time.

From the time that Joelson appeared, to Hades and Du Lu's cooperation to kill the octopus monster, it seemed like a long time. But, in fact, it did not even take a minute.

The few surviving saint-level powerhouses opened their eyes and saw that the terrifying monster that had almost wiped them out was killed in just a few hits. Not even its corpse was left behind.

They were extremely shocked as they looked at the few dragons and Joelson in shock.

They felt as if they had just escaped from a dangerous situation and had fallen into an even more terrifying one.

Chapter 255: Terrifying Divine-Level; Escape!

Someone stared at Joelson for a long time before suddenly calling out in surprise. His face revealed an excited expression.

"You're Lord Joelson Edward?"

At this moment, Joelson was toying with the blue-gray crystal that Hades had dug out from the octopus monster's brain.

It contained quite a bit of the power of water elemental laws and a portion of the aura of the undead.

However, this was not a problem for him. He could absorb both types of power.

This was a good place. He could use this opportunity to increase the power of his water elemental law and try to reach the balance between water and fire.

Joelson casually crushed the blue-gray crystal and absorbed all the water and undead law power. He felt that the two types of law power in his body had increased a little, and a satisfied expression appeared on his face.

Only then did he turn his head to look at the people in front of him and ask, "Do you know me?"

"Of course!"

The saint-level experts were delighted and excited as they spoke with slight reverence "We all witnessed the battle between you and Archibald of the Dragon Blood family. Archibald's personality is violent and very arrogant. Ordinary saint-level experts like us who have average strength and don't have any background have long been dissatisfied with him. Many people respect you for being able to stand up for us, sir."

Joelson nodded slightly and didn't mind.

The few of them glanced at the terrifying dragons beside Joelson, which were either ferocious or gloomy, and were even more shocked.

Their respect for Joelson also became stronger. As expected of the rumored number one person under the throne, his strength was powerful to such an extent.

"Sir Joelson, please allow us to follow you for the time being. This place is too strange. When we came here, we had more than twenty companions. Now, only a few people are left."

A few saint-level masters gathered together and discussed in a low voice before pleading with Joelson.

Joelson could not help but frown. Just as he was about to refuse, the space above the water suddenly ruptured. A perfectly proportioned figure fell in a panic and pounced directly in Joelson's direction.

The sudden appearance of the figure gave everyone on the scene a fright.

Joelson felt a familiar aura but he did not have time to see it clearly because the former was rapidly falling toward him. The aura was weak.

He wanted to slap her away with his palm but he suddenly changed his mind and caught her.

His hands touched a patch of softness, and Joelson felt strange.

At this moment, he finally saw the perfect face clearly. It was facing a pair of pale golden eyes that had no emotion at all. However, when her entire body was in Joelson's embrace, a hint of shame and anger could not help but appear in her eyes.

Holy Zither!

Joelson raised his eyebrows and pushed her away without any hesitation.

Holy Zither had paid a great price to break free from the diamond skeleton's domain. Before she could catch her breath, she fell into the hands of her sworn enemy, Joelson. Then, she was slapped away again.

Shame, anger, all kinds of emotions that she had never experienced before instantly surged into her heart. They affected her injuries and she spat out a mouthful of blood.

The dim light wings barely managed to keep her body from falling. A pair of beautiful eyes stared fixedly at Joelson, wishing that she could swallow him whole.

Joelson felt a little awkward in his heart.

Although the enmity between him and the Church of Light had always existed, he seemed to have beaten up the Holy Zither twice in a row. He had even taken advantage of her just now.

Although he felt a little awkward, he still maintained a cold expression on his face.

The three-headed dragon Do Lu was already staring at the Holy Zither with hostility, ready to pounce on her and tear her apart at any moment.

This was clearly a great opportunity.

Once the Holy Zither died, the Church of Light would lose another arm.

However, the current state of the Holy Zither made Joelson feel a little uneasy.

To be able to injure the Holy Zither to such an extent, just what kind of danger was it?

Or rather, what kind of enemy could do it?

The divine rank?

The saint-ranked experts who had been saved by Joelson were all embarrassed.

Everyone knew about the enmity between Joelson and the Church of Light. He was also known as the enemy of the light.

Now that Holy Zither, the number one genius of the Church of Light, was seriously injured in front of him, perhaps Joelson would take this opportunity to kill Holy Zither.

As witnesses...

Would they be silenced?

Although Joelson's reputation was not bad, how could someone who could kill dozens of saint-level experts of the Church of Light, step by step from the lowest level to the position of the number one person under the throne, be a benevolent person.

Such a person's feet were filled with the corpses of enemies.

They did not want to die for nothing.

"Sir Joelson."

A saint-level expert in front spoke, "Many thanks for saving us before. We will leave first to search for the exit to the next level."

Joelson nodded lightly.

The few of them heaved a sigh of relief and flew off into the distance.

Just as Joelson was considering how to deal with the Holy Zither, at this moment...

His heart palpitated, and a huge pressure descended from the void.

He watched as the few saint-level powerhouses gradually disappeared into the distance. The space around them suddenly cracked like a mirror.

The few of them did not even have time to react before they turned into pieces along with the space and disappeared on the spot.

From the pitch-black crack in the space, a white skeleton that was more than ten yards tall walked out. The skeleton emitted a diamond-like luster.

Its aura was so powerful that it had never been seen before. The dense aura of the undead lingered around it, and it was countless times denser than Hades.

The level of a god!

Joelson's pupils constricted.

This skeleton gave him a sense of danger that was several times stronger than the lava tyrant from before. It was a true divine-level existence.

What was even more terrifying was that its aura was still growing rapidly.

Joelson subconsciously glanced at Holy Zither. The latter's expression was grave. Clearly, this divine-level skeleton was the one who had severely injured Holy Zither.

The diamond skeleton's empty eye sockets shifted to Joelson's body. Its soul flames danced, emitting ripples of unknown intent.

"You also have the aura of light on your body."

Holy Zither was stunned. She looked at Joelson in disbelief.

The diamond skeleton moved to Joelson's side and finally landed on Hades.

"Not bad little guy. Come, I am the most suitable person for you."

Joelson's expression was ugly. It was impossible to escape easily now. The diamond skeleton was obviously targeting him.

Platinum power condensed in Joelson's hand. The dazzling platinum light cut through the sky like lightning and hacked at the diamond skeleton.

Clang!

The sound of metal colliding.

After seeing the diamond skeleton's condition clearly, Joelson took a deep breath.

The skeleton's bones were still very smooth. Not even a trace was left behind.

The first time.

This was the first time that Johnson had not caused any damage to the enemy since he had fused the metal and electric laws.

There was no possibility of resistance at all.

Without hesitation, he turned and ran.

Chapter 256: Final Trump Card; The Dark Magic Dragon

In an instant, Steel Dragon and Hades were taken into the space of the Dragon God's ranch, leaving only Du Lu—who was the fastest—to carry him as he fled frantically.

When Holy Zither saw this scene, she was stunned. She had never thought that Joelson truly would be so decisive.

"I'll take care of you now."

The diamond skeleton muttered to himself and his attention returned to Holy Zither.

It had come to kill the Holy Zither in the first place.

The Holy Zither wanted to turn around and escape but she realized that the space around her had been frozen again. The diamond skeleton's hand slowly fell down like a cleaver.

Was she going to die here?

The Holy Zither widened her eyes. There was no fear or fear on her face. There was only a thick sense of unwillingness and despair.

Suddenly, the sound of a hot knife cutting through butter rang in her ears.

A chain made of purple flames barely broke through the space seal. It wrapped around Holy Zither's slender waist and pulled her back.

At this moment, the diamond skeleton's hand bones fell, and space was torn apart like a piece of paper.

Holy Zither looked at the black space tear and her heart palpitated. If she had been a moment slower, her body would have been torn into two like space.

Her body was pulled uncontrollably onto a broad, thick, and hard body. Joelson looked at her with a cold and slightly helpless gaze.

"If you want to live, then behave yourself."

The Holy Zither seemed to have been pushed away by Joelson previously and she seemed to have been pushed away from his chest. The atmosphere in her heart was tense and she wanted to raise her sword to slash at Joelson's head. However, she remembered that she had been saved by Joelson, and she suddenly stopped what she was doing. However, it affected her injuries and she gave a muffled groan.

Joelson could not be bothered with her.

Initially, he did not want to save her. However, he thought that with one more person, the diamond skeleton would have another target to chase after. At the critical moment, he might be able to throw the Holy Zither as a shield. Hence, he changed his mind and saved her.

If the Holy Zither knew the true purpose of Joelson saving her, she might be so angry that she would spit out another mouthful of blood.

"Du Lu, go that way!"

With his sensitivity to water laws, Joelson roughly found out the location where the water element was most concentrated and urged Du Lu to fly forward.

Du Lu, who was at the peak of saint-level, was as fast as a bolt of lightning. Every time he flapped his wings, he would cover a distance of dozens of miles.

However, when Joelson inadvertently looked back, he was surprised to find that the diamond skeleton was actually following behind them slowly.

The diamond skeleton shuttled through the void.

With a single step, space shattered. When it walked out of another space, it would disappear from a distance of nearly a hundred miles.

The means of the divine-ranked!

Joelson attempted to throw various types of forbidden spells at the diamond skeleton. He wanted to use the same strategy he had used against the lava tyrant previously.

However, no matter what kind of spell it was, the diamond skeleton could destroy it with a wave of its hand. There was simply no way to hinder it in the slightest.

The only good news at the moment was that it did not seem to be in a hurry to kill the two of them immediately. Instead, it was like a cat catching a mouse, slowly following behind them.

Joelson's gaze was solemn as he pondered in his mind.

What other method was there?

What other method could he use to deal with this terrifying skeleton at the level of the divine-ranked?

It seemed like there was only one method left.

A sleeping, pitch-black body that was as large as the night flashed through Joelson's mind.

Summoning the Dark Demon Dragon to attack!

Joelson's eyes flickered, his eyes filled with hesitation.

He did not know how powerful the Dark Demon Dragon was. However, at least divine-level, it might be able to deal with the diamond skeleton.

However, the price of summoning the Dark Demon Dragon to attack was extremely high.

Before his intimacy reached 60 points, he had to offer a sacrifice that could tempt the dark dragon.

He had asked the system before.

In the list of sacrifices provided by the system, there was only one item that he could offer.

Lifespan!

If he offered half of his lifespan to the dark dragon, he would be able to summon the dark dragon once.

When an ordinary person reached saint-rank, they would be able to extend their lifespan by 500 to 600 years, which was more than four times that of an ordinary human.

For example, at the peak of saint-rank, Joelson's lifespan could reach 1,000 years.

If he broke through to the divine realm, his lifespan could exceed 10,000 years.

Now, half of his lifespan was 500 years.

Joelson was only 18 years old this year. He did not even live to a fraction of his 1,000-year lifespan.

Five hundred years did not seem to be unacceptable.

What Joelson was hesitant about was whether he could ensure that he could advance to the divine level within five hundred years.

His path was very special. The upper limit of perfection of laws far exceeded that of an ordinary person. Moreover, he had cultivated many types of laws at the same time. It would take an extremely long time to reach perfection.

Moreover, if he were to encounter an unstoppable divine-level pursuer in the future, what would he do if he were to throw this final trump card out now?

As for returning to the Dragon God Ranch, divine-ranked experts all had the ability to seal off space. Although divine-ranked experts might not be able to seal off the Dragon God's space, they might very well be slapped to death the moment they entered the space, or, they might be torn into countless pieces by the shattered space fragments, just like how those people he had seen before died. They would shatter into pieces like mirrors.

Unless it was the last moment, Joelson would not do that.

Just as Joelson was crazily thinking of countermeasures, he had already arrived at the end of the water.

At the edge of the small world, the water extended to the edge as if it was forcefully cut off. It looked as if there was no way forward.

"The entrance to the next level of space!"

A clear and pleasant voice sounded.

Joelson turned his head and saw that Holy Zither's eyes were firmly fixed on a certain spot under the water. She whispered, "I have a way to stop it wherever I go!"

Holy Zither seemed to have put herself and Joelson on the same side during the short escape just now. There was no other way. If Joelson died, she would not live either.

Joelson did not know where this woman's confidence came from but, whether what she said was true or not, whether they could enter the next level was a big problem.

The diamond skeleton slowly caught up. In a few seconds at most, he would slap both of them. At that time, it would be up to luck whether Joelson or Holy Zither would die first.

At this moment, a huge shadow was slowly rising from the entrance that Holy Zither had mentioned.

The surface of the water within dozens of miles was churning. The stagnant water was stirred.

In the next second, a huge hole appeared in the center of the water and all the seawater sank into the center.

Joelson and Holy Zither opened their eyes wide and saw a terrifying black hole slowly rising from the water. The two of them were within the range of the black hole.

It was a mouth.

The mouth of a certain sea monster. If they were not wrong, it should be the guardian of the entrance.

Its aura was not very strong, only at the peak of saint-level. However, this aura that seemed like it wanted to devour the entire ocean was extremely shocking.

Joelson turned around and saw the diamond skeleton that was already approaching. He was shocked.

He grabbed Holy Zither's hand and shouted in a low voice, "Go!"

