

Breeding Dragons From Today

- Chapter 257: I Am Willing to Sacrifice Half of My Life

Chapter 257: I Am Willing to Sacrifice Half of My Life

Instead of dodging, he took the initiative to rush into the sea monster's huge mouth.

Holy Zither allowed him to hold her small hand, her expression absent-minded. No one knew what she was thinking.

Joelson fell like a meteor and, in the process, Du Lu's figure disappeared.

Just as the two of them fell into the water, the diamond skeleton had already slowly arrived.

At this moment, the sea monster under the water jumped out of the water, revealing itself. It was a huge and terrifying whale.

Its eyeballs were gray as if they were dead. It slowly closed its mouth and fell heavily onto the water. It created a tsunami that was unknown how high it was. It turned around and was about to dive back into the deep sea.

The diamond skeleton's expression was calm. A terrifying aura of death gathered at the bones of its hand and slowly shot towards the giant whale.

The terrifying aura pressed down on the entire sea, causing it to sink. Space started to shatter. Before the bones of the hand could get close, the body of the giant whale started to shatter and collapse.

"Two little bugs, where else can they run to?"

As soon as he entered the water, a blue magic barrier lit up on his body. It protected him and Holy Zither as they quickly dived down.

The belly of the sea monster was like a completely different world. There was pitch-black seawater everywhere. Could it be that there were also strange fish swimming past?

The white-gold light flickered in the pitch-black darkness from time to time. With Holy Zither in his hand, Joelson ran in a direction.

The surroundings seemed to be shaking. Joelson turned around and looked, his eyes revealing a look of shock.

He saw that the darkness behind him had collapsed like a glass window. Light shone in and the seawater split apart, causing the space to collapse.

The diamond skeleton caught up and, with one strike, it pierced through the giant whale. That wave of energy that was mixed with destruction followed closely behind.

"Quick!"

The power of the water washing law was activated at full force. Joelson was like a fast fish swimming in the water.

Under the palm of the diamond skull, the huge whale disintegrated instantly like a collapsed building and it kept falling down.

The other side of its body was in front of Joelson. The platinum power was in the shape of a spiral drill. It spun and directly pierced into the whale, and the stinky and rotten flesh was separated.

The exit!

Both Joelson and Holy Zither's eyes were filled with surprise.

A whirlpool-like exit appeared in front of them.

"Do you want to leave?"

The diamond skeleton walked forward coldly and struck out with its palm again.

The entire sea was about to flip over as if it was going to capsize at any moment.

The seawater churned crazily and Joelson almost could not control his body.

An invisible fluctuation touched the blue light barrier behind Joelson and the light barrier disappeared in an instant. Joelson pulled Holy Zither into his arms.

Golden flames burned in his eyes. Joelson pulled his legs out of the water fiercely and his body shot out like a cannonball.

He barely stepped into the vortex when the wave from the diamond skeleton was about to touch him.

Even the vortex disintegrated.

The diamond skeleton stared at the spot where Joelson and Holy Zither had disappeared. He calmly walked forward, reached out his hands into the space turbulence, and tore at both sides.

It forcefully tore a huge hole in the space and took another step forward.

A world of light.

Dense light elements covered every inch of the light.

This was the first space that Joelson had seen so far that did not have the aura of death of the undead.

Holy Zither broke free from Joelson's embrace. Her indifferent face was slightly red, and there was a hint of shyness in her eyes that was difficult to detect.

"I'll do it."

Holy Zither said in a low voice.

The light wings on her back were completely unfurled and endless light gathered towards her. She was enveloped by the Holy Light and her aura was constantly rising. Her entire person seemed extremely holy, like an angel that had descended from heaven.

Crack!

The space split open, and the diamond skeleton's figure followed closely behind like a ghost.

Joelson looked at Holy Zither with a serious gaze. If this woman had no other choice, he could only choose to sacrifice his lifespan to summon the Demon Dragon, and then leave the ruins of the divine kingdom at the first possible moment.

At this moment, the third pair of wings of light began to stretch out from the back of the Holy Zither.

When the third pair of wings of light spread out from the Holy Zither, her entire aura underwent a huge change.

Joelson had a vague feeling that the sound of the shackles being unlocked was coming from the body of the Holy Zither.

She floated in midair and the light elements in the entire space were converging and cheering towards her.

She was the light. She was the messenger that descended from heaven.

"The aura is getting more and more annoying."

The Holy Zither's aura soared and it faintly felt like it was fighting against the diamond skeleton.

At the same time, the light elements in the entire space were also roaring at the diamond skeleton, as if they wanted to expel it.

But the diamond skeleton was still calm.

"In the name of God."

The Holy Zither's clear and solemn voice echoed in the space. It held the Holy Sword in front of her chest and her indifferent golden eyes looked down at the diamond skeleton.

At this moment, the Holy Zither, which was originally perfect like the masterpiece of the creator, seemed to have an irresistible charm.

The Holy Zither slowly hacked down the holy sword.

"I sentence you to the end of everything!"

Endless light gathered into a huge holy light sword, and huge and inexplicable pressure was emitted from the Holy Zither.

Space froze as if even time had been condensed by this power.

Joelson could clearly feel that the embryonic form of the Holy Zither's domain was constantly improving, maturing, and growing.

The diamond skeleton stood where it was as if it had been imprisoned and did not react to the huge holy light sword that was slowly rolling down.

The end of everything?

No.

When the huge holy light sword was about to land on the top of the diamond skeleton's head, it finally moved.

All the bones in its body emitted an extremely bright light and even the holy light could not cover it.

With the crisp sound of bones colliding, the diamond skull threw a punch.

Joelson's eyes widened.

Words could not describe the power of this punch.

It was as if nothing in the world could block this punch.

Nothing could restrain it.

Everything that stood in its way.

Holy Light. Domain.

Everything would be mercilessly destroyed!

It was too terrifying!

The huge sword of holy light shattered like a crystal, turning into a rain of light in the sky.

Holy Zither was also retreating, blocking her chest with the holy sword.

Crack!

The holy sword shattered.

This punch hit Holy Zither's chest hard. Her chest caved in, and golden blood spurted out of her mouth.

It was as if an angel with broken wings had fallen into the mortal world.

With a blank look on his face, Joelson reached out to catch Holy Zither's soft body.

Holy Zither's face was pale in his arms. She had never been so weak before.

At this moment, all the divinity in her body disappeared. She was just like an ordinary girl.

The soul flame in the diamond skull's eye sockets twitched slightly and its consciousness spread out.

"If your original body had descended, I might have been the one who escaped."

Before Joelson could understand what that sentence meant, the diamond skeleton had already swung its second punch.

The trajectory of this punch was reflected in Joelson's eyes. His body was stiff and unable to move, even if it was just a finger.

He roared in his heart.

"I'm willing to give up half of my life!"

Chapter 258: Unconscious Holy Zither. Linger in Dreams

Just as he was speaking in his heart, the Holy Zither struggled to get up. Her eyes were unusually determined and she reached out her hand as if she had crushed something.

A crisp sound.

The six light wings on her back shattered, turning into endless golden light. They fell like feathers, forming a huge light barrier that protected the two of them.

"You saved me once. Now we're even."

Holy Zither looked directly into Joelson's eyes and said these words. Then, she fainted completely.

Bang!

A loud sound shook the world. The golden light barrier trembled violently. The ripples on the light barrier surged but it managed to withstand it without breaking.

At the same time, the dense light elements in the surroundings quickly replenished and the light barrier stabilized again.

"How troublesome."

The diamond skeleton shook his head slightly and then threw a third punch.

Bang!

The fourth punch!

The diamond skeleton kept throwing punches and the light barrier trembled violently. The speed of repair could not keep up with the speed of the diamond skeleton's punches. It became dim and unstable.

Joelson was shocked but his eyes were fixed on the diamond skeleton.

Even he was not sure if the dark demon dragon could beat this terrifying skeleton.

However, when the light barrier broke, he had no choice but to do so.

This should be the biggest disaster that Joelson had encountered in his life, the one that was closest to death.

The light barrier was so thin that it was almost invisible. With just one punch, it would completely collapse.

And this punch was already brewing in the diamond skeleton's hand.

Just as he was about to throw his last punch, he suddenly raised his head, and his deep gaze seemed to project into the distance through this space.

"This group of thieves!"

The diamond skeleton uttered some difficult words. His last punch did not land.

He hesitated for a moment before he finally made up his mind.

This punch did not land on the light barrier in the end. Instead, it blasted open the spatial barrier. It stepped into the pitch-black spatial rift and did not look back.

Joelson was stunned for a moment. He did not expect such an outcome.

It seemed safe?

After waiting for a long time, the golden light barrier was restored to its best condition.

Joelson was finally relieved.

He gently placed the Holy Zither on the ground, his gaze complicated.

This woman should have been his mortal enemy but she sacrificed a lot to save his life. Of course, this was also because he had saved this woman's life. Moreover, in the situation just now, even if the two of them were to die, they would die together.

So, how should he get out now?

Joelson frowned as he watched more and more light elements gathering outside the golden light barrier. They had already formed a thick layer, wrapping the golden light barrier into a huge white light cocoon.

Joelson tried to break through but the sharpest platinum power hacked at the golden light barrier, yet it did not leave a trace.

That was true. Otherwise, how could it have withstood so many punches from the diamond skeleton?

Joelson was trapped.

Gradually, he found that the dense light elements seeped in from the outside, into the body of the Holy Zither and into his body.

The condition of the Holy Zither seemed to be gradually improving. Joelson almost forgot that he still had the talent of light magic.

"It should like this place."

Joelson's eyes lit up and a small figure appeared in front of him. The first thing it did was to crawl into his arms and play coquettishly with him.

Holy stared at Joelson with its big eyes and its mouth kept making muffled sounds. It was asking Joelson for the angel's heart as a snack.

Joelson smiled bitterly and touched Holy's small head. He pointed at the thick white cocoon of light outside and said, "See? These are all yours. Eat them."

Holy's eyes suddenly lit up, like two light bulbs.

It jumped onto the light shield with cheers and began to eat.

Not long after, the golden light shield was gnawed into a small gap.

Joelson's eyes lit up. He did not expect Holy to be able to eat. Perhaps the hope of escaping was on him.

However, before Joelson could be happy for long, Holy would burp and stagger back to lie on Joelson's body.

After eating, it wanted to sleep.

Sigh.

He sighed and decided not to rush.

He closed his eyes and took the initiative to absorb the almost endless light elements around him.

Slowly, he immersed himself in them.

It was as if he was swimming in a golden sea. His body and heart were exuding an indescribable joy and peace.

What he did not know was that his body was also wrapped in a thick layer of white light.

After an unknown amount of time, Holy woke up and its body seemed to have grown in size.

But it was hungry again.

Holy subconsciously wanted to continue eating the golden light shield but he noticed that Joelson and Holy Zither were almost connected by the white light shield.

It turned its eyes and pounced on Joelson, starting to eat the white light shield outside his body and then the Holy Zither.

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The warm and comfortable golden sea suddenly disappeared and the surroundings began to become cold.

Joelson desperately looked for warmth.

He was like a traveler looking for light on a snowy night.

Joelson felt that he had a long dream, in which there were falling petals and light rain, and there were holy angels.

For some reason, the face of Holy Zither kept appearing in his dream.

It was not Holy Zither's usual indifferent face but her frail appearance before she fainted.

Then, the faces of Leas, Dayshannon, Juliana, Catherine, and the Dark Elf Darlene kept flashing in front of his eyes.

It was as if he was having an intimate moment with each and every one of them in his dreams.

Along the way, from the Immortal City to the lost Divine Kingdom, and the training ground that he had experienced for nearly three years along the way, Joelson's tensed heart slowly relaxed. He had never felt so relaxed before.

Countless rays of golden light entered his body. Joelson was like a feather floating in the air, bathing in the golden sunlight.

After an unknown amount of time, Joelson woke up.

His first reaction was to be shocked by the light attribute energy that was filled to the extreme in his body.

More than 300 rays of light elemental law energy seemed to appear out of thin air.

Then, the sound of chewing could be heard.

It seemed to be a little crowded.

Joelson turned his head and saw that Holy was still chewing on the golden light barrier. The effect was not bad. A huge hole had been created on the golden light barrier and the speed of recovery was not as fast as Holy's chewing speed.

Saint-level?

Joelson was slightly surprised.

Holy had already reached saint-level. Its body size seemed to have increased by a notch but it did not grow much. Instead, it had become much fatter.

It was originally chubby and now it had almost become a ball. It looked extremely honest and cute.

When Holy heard the sound of Joelson waking up, it turned its head.

"Yiya!"

It even cried out as if it had just been born. It covered its eyes with its two round little claws and secretly opened a gap to peek. Its gaze seemed to say, "Aren't you embarrassed?"

Joelson was confused.

Then he felt something in his arms.

A delicate and soft body!

Joelson was shocked. He looked down and saw that the perfect face of Holy Zither, which looked like the masterpiece of the creator, who was lying in his arms like a baby.

He and Holy Zither were naked!

Chapter 259: Two Divine Sparks!

Joelson's mind went blank.

He didn't know what had happened but everything in his dream came flooding back.

After a while, Joelson seemed to understand.

He smiled bitterly.

He seemed to have done everything he could.

What was this?

Lingering for a long time with a mortal enemy who was desperately trying to save him?

This relationship seemed to be a little complicated.

Joelson could not help but frown. He had comprehended the power of light-type laws, so why did the clothes on his body disappear for no reason?

The Holy Zither had been in a coma. There was only himself, the Holy Zither, and...

That's right!

Joelson suddenly came to his senses and looked at Holy.

Holy saw that Joelson was looking at it, so it immediately turned its head to the side and continued to gnaw at the golden light shield with all his might.

It's over. It's over! His father found out!

It must be Holy's doing. Joelson glared at it fiercely and reached out to grab Holy.

But the commotion was too big and it alarmed the Holy Zither in his arms.

This was the most perfect girl in the world as if she was carved out of crystal. Her eyelashes trembled slightly as she slowly opened her eyes.

A pair of pale golden eyes stared straight at Joelson, filled with confusion, befuddlement, and purity.

Joelson and Holy Zither stared at each other for more than ten seconds before Holy Zither finally came to her senses.

"Ah!"

She screamed.

Bang!

Joelson's face was filled with a bitter smile but it was not easy to block. He was sent flying like a sandbag.

What a good deed Holy had done. How should he end it now?

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An exceptionally wide space was filled with densely packed metal puppets. Some looked like wild beasts and some looked like giants.

There were also gigantic super war puppets that spanned dozens of miles. They were like a mountain range that sat quietly on the ground.

Surrounded by countless metal puppets was a towering steel city. The city walls were thousands of yards tall and, in the center was a black pyramid. At the top of the pyramid, there were two prismatic crystals floating.

One of them was shining with a metallic luster, while the other one was black. It was covered by a dense gray aura.

Five figures stood at the four corners of the sky. They were currently engaged in battle with a gigantic metallic giant.

The latter's body was made of flowing metal. Any magic or physical damage that struck its body would quickly heal.

A powerful aura that was not inferior to that of the divine-ranked radiated from its body. Its gemstone eyes flickered with light as it continuously roared in anger.

In the face of such a super magical creature that had an extremely powerful defense, self-healing, and attack power. It would never tire and even the ordinary divine-level would run away in a sorry state.

However, the metal giant was facing the combined attacks of the Four Great Thrones and the Dragon King at the same time. Its body was already covered in injuries and there were huge wounds all over its body. It did not even have the time to repair its super-strong self-healing ability.

The Four Thrones clearly didn't take it to heart. They weren't even in a hurry to kill it. Instead, they were slowly depleting the metal giant's strength.

Everyone divided at least half of their attention to the rhombus crystals at the top of the pyramid. While they worked together to kill the enemy, they were also on guard against each other snatching divine sparks.

That's right!

The rhombus crystals at the top of the pyramid were divine sparks!

And there were two of them!

The Four Great Thrones were excited.

From the size of the lost Divine Kingdom and the strength of the laws, it could be guessed that these two fallen gods were at least gods when they were alive.

However, it was precisely because the number of divine sparks was one more than expected that the distribution of divine sparks became a problem.

"If I'm not mistaken, these two divine sparks should be metal-type and undead-type respectively. They aren't suitable for any of us."

A deep voice came from the figure shrouded in flames.

The Flame Throne.

With the Dragon King's help, he had become the one with the most authority.

"That's right."

Archie's figure appeared in the void and said, "No one can take it all for themselves. Why don't you take it out and take turns to comprehend it? Whether or not you can comprehend the mystery of the divine spark will depend on your own ability."

The pitch-black figure said in a low voice, "I have no objections. However, the necromancy divine spark must be handed over to me for safekeeping for a thousand years!"

"You're too greedy!"

The Light Throne snorted coldly. "Anyone can be the first to comprehend the necromancy divine spark. Only you can't do it!"

The eyes of the others flickered. It was obvious that they agreed with the Light Throne's statement.

Only the Dark Throne's law power was most compatible with the undead divine spark. Perhaps he would be able to successfully breakthrough to the divine level after keeping the divine spark in his hands for a thousand years.

At that time, who else in the entire middle continent would be his match?

"I say, we'll talk about how to distribute it later. It's better to get the divine spark first."

The Silver Dragon King spoke in a low voice.

The Four Thrones nodded silently. The strength of the attacks in their hands suddenly increased significantly.

The metal giant, who was being besieged, roared incessantly. It was no longer able to defend against the attacks of the five divine-level super experts.

The metal giant had lost an arm and a leg. It half-knelt on the ground, giving off an extremely desolate feeling.

However, it still stubbornly stood in front of the pyramid. It would not allow anyone to approach the divine sparks before it was completely dead.

"Your life. End."

The Light Throne coldly declared judgment. Endless white holy light emerged from the body of the Light Throne, condensing into a sword of judgment that slowly descended.

The metal giant was about to be completely destroyed.

At this moment, the void suddenly shattered, and a skeleton with the luster of diamonds walked out from the rift of the void.

It blocked the sword of judgment and crushed the holy light. It was also pushed back by this power but this power just happened to push it to the vicinity of the pyramid.

It gently removed the undead divine spark that was wrapped in a gray aura and pressed it into the center of its skull's brow. An unimaginable terrifying aura rose from its body, instantly dispersing the aura of the domain of the Four Thrones.

The aura of death on the diamond skeleton became more than ten times denser. Its bones became harder and harder, and its color became darker. It turned from a diamond luster to a black gem.

The soul flames in its empty eye sockets burned as it commented on the four thrones. It slowly said, "A bunch of shameless thieves, you are courting death!"

A deep voice seemed to come from the abyss, carrying an extremely cold aura. Even the hearts of the Four Thrones and the Dragon King could not help but tremble.

"King!"

The metal giant, who was half-kneeling on the ground, shouted excitedly. It raised its huge ax with one hand as if welcoming the return of the skeleton.

"You did well."

The skeleton placed one hand on the head of the metal giant as if it was a king expressing his admiration for the knights under him.

The Four Great Thrones had solemn expressions. Seeing this scene and the skeleton's various actions, they could easily guess the other party's identity.

The Master of this Divine Kingdom, the fallen god!

"Quick! Kill him! We can't let him continue to recover his strength!"

The Flame Throne shouted loudly and took the lead to charge towards the skeleton. The other thrones also attacked at the same time, charging towards the skeleton.

The metal giant raised its huge ax with one hand and roared fearlessly as it charged towards the Four Thrones. However, under the power of the Four Thrones, it instantly melted into a sky full of molten metal.

Chapter 260: Metal Puppet Army

At this moment, the skeleton was trying to grab the remaining shimmering metal divine spark.

The divine spark was glowing and he felt a familiar aura from the skeleton. He wanted to return to his master's embrace but he could not get in.

"Damn it!"

The skeleton cursed in a low voice, "Angus Dubin's power is repelling it. No, I am Angus Dubin. I don't need it. I am the God of Alchemy, Priestley. It was originally my divine spark!"

The skeleton's consciousness fell into chaos. There seemed to be two souls fighting in his body.

"This guy is not a dead god!"

The Light Throne shouted, "It is an existence born from the fusion of the remnant thoughts after the owner of the two divine sparks fell. We still have a chance! Before he completely inherits the power of the divine spark!"

The eyes of the other three thrones and the Dragon King also shone. Everyone was preparing a terrifying full-strength attack.

"I am the King of Bones, Angus Dubin!" The soul flame in the skeleton's eye sockets jumped. It was obvious that it had taken the undead divinity first. The consciousness of the undead god in its mind had already gained the upper hand.

"I killed Priestley. I should have taken his power!"

The skeleton displayed a god-like majesty. It extended a finger bone and gently tapped on the shimmering metal divinity.

In the next moment, an invisible and mysterious ripple spread from the top of the pyramid to the entire space.

The Four Thrones suddenly stopped and looked around nervously and doubtfully.

Immediately after, the earth trembled.

"Awaken, my sleeping warriors!"

As the skeleton summoned, the divine spark's golden light bloomed like a dazzling sun rising. However, the divine spark's golden light was different from the sun's light. Instead, it had a metallic luster.

The light scattered throughout the entire space and landed on every metallic puppet. The metallic puppet's eyes flashed with a hint of light as it revived. It was as if it had woken up from its long slumber.

Crack! Crack!

The sound of metallic gears colliding rang out from one place before quickly spreading throughout the entire space.

Countless metallic puppets twisted their bodies and stood up from the ground. It was a dense and shocking scene.

Even the Four Thrones felt a sense of terror rise in their hearts. There were still many puppets that possessed a power that was not inferior to that of a divine-ranked.

The metal giants that they had killed earlier, the metal lava scattered on the ground, gathered together once more under the power of their divine sparks and appeared before the thrones in perfect condition.

"Thank you, Master, for resurrecting me." The metal giant respectfully half-knelt in front of the skeleton.

The skeleton ordered in a low voice, "My Commander, kill these despicable intruders!"

The metal giant respectfully accepted the order and turned to look at the four thrones. It raised its huge ax high, and all the metal puppets in the entire space responded to it. Killing intent filled the air.

The Four Thrones and the Dragon King had ugly expressions as they looked at each other.

The next moment, four people and a dragon were engaged in a fierce battle with the entire metal puppet army.

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"Enough!"

Joelson shouted in a low voice. The platinum light turned into two chains and sent the Holy Zither flying.

His face was gloomy. This woman had been chasing him for two hours since she woke up.

There was no expression on the Holy Zither's face. Two wings of light spread out from her back. The second pair of wings of light also barely materialized but the light was dim.

She had used a secret technique and her purity had been taken away by Joelson. Although she had recovered from her injuries, her strength had decreased a lot. She could barely maintain the strength of a late-stage saint-level. She was no match for Joelson at all.

But Holy Zither stubbornly wanted to go all out against Joelson.

A man who blasphemed the holy light!

Thinking of this, Holy Zither gritted her teeth in hatred.

All the shame, anger, and humiliation that had been abandoned by the divinity returned to her.

Joelson could do nothing but block the attack of the Holy Zither. He retreated far away and glared at Holy, who was hiding in the corner, nibbling at the light while watching the show.

Holy immediately turned its head and stuck out its round butt to nibble at the light elements.

It was as if it was saying, "Don't look at me. I don't know anything. It's none of my business. Carry on."

Joelson continued to fight with Holy Zither for a while.

If it was anyone else, he would have killed them.

However, in order to save him, Holy Zither's strength was greatly reduced and her virginity was taken away by him. Joelson felt guilty and was too embarrassed to fight back, so he had to let Holy Zither vent her anger first.

During this process, Joelson was surprised to find that the light elements in the entire space continuously surged into his body, forming a huge golden ring of light that floated behind him.

It made him look like a messenger of light who had descended from heaven.

At this moment, the light magic elements in his body were so full that they were almost overflowing. The power of the light magic laws had also increased to nearly 400.

If the people of the Church of Light saw this scene, they would definitely be shocked and want to worship him as the holy son.

The light magic talent that Joelson displayed had far surpassed the silver hand or the authority of god.

The abundant light element in the space was much thinner, and most of it was absorbed by Joelson, Holy Zither, and Holy.

When the light element magic element was thin to a certain extent, a white vortex appeared, which was the entrance to the next level of space.

Joelson was delighted and his figure suddenly disappeared in the void. In the next moment, he appeared beside Holy and picked it up.

In the blink of an eye, he was in front of the entrance again.

The speed of light-type nomological power was faster than any magic he had used before.

Holy Zither was about to catch up with him again with her sword but Joelson casually threw out a light-type imprisonment spell, locking her in place.

Holy Zither struggled with all her might.

Joelson said, "It's too dangerous here. You should leave as soon as possible."

With that, he stepped into the vortex.

The Holy Zither slashed at the vortex fiercely. The space trembled but Joelson's figure had long disappeared.

The Holy Zither's towering chest rose and fell violently due to anger. A cold expression appeared on her perfect face but her eyes flickered with shame and humiliation. She gritted her teeth and said, "Joelson Edward!"

Joelson stepped out of the entrance and a golden light hacked at his head.

Joelson's expression froze and he quickly dodged.

A huge golden sword smashed into the ground, creating a huge hole.

The clumsy and burly metal puppet was slowly pulling the huge sword out of the ground.

Joelson casually waved his hand, and a white-golden light hacked at the metal puppet, leaving a deep mark.

However, it quickly healed at a very fast speed.

These metal puppets seemed to have a life of their own. Joelson frowned slightly while a purple flame rose from his hand.

The power of the flame formed by more than 600 laws was unimaginably hot. It wrapped around the metal puppets' bodies and, in a few seconds, only a pool of boiling hot molten metal was left. Only then did Joelson have the time to look at this place.

It was full of chaos and there were chaotic battles everywhere.

Joelson saw countless metal puppets in the air surrounding and attacking five dazzling lights.

Chapter 261: Stealing Divine Sparks

Light, Dark, Space, Fire, and the Silver Dragon King that occupied the sky.

The Four Thrones and the Silver Dragon King versus the metal puppet armies that fought like a golden ocean were extremely shocking.

The golden holy light that the Light Throne casually threw out was like a sharp sword, tearing the metal puppets into pieces.

Black shadows spread out from the Dark Throne and the metal puppets that barged into the darkness all disappeared silently. When the shadows passed by, only rusted iron pieces were left on the ground.

Silver Throne Archer's attack was the most bizarre.

The folding and cutting power of space seemed to have countless Archers attacking at the same time. Each of them could unleash powerful attacks and it was impossible to find his real body.

There was also the cooperation of the Flame Throne and the Silver Dragon King.

The flames swept through the sky, even burning metal. Large swaths of metal puppets were swept away and not a single residue was left behind.

Although the Four Great Thrones were powerful, there were simply too many metal puppets.

Moreover, with the divine-level metal puppets led by the metal giant attacking, even the Four Great Thrones gradually found it difficult.

Was this the last space?

Joelson was puzzled. When he noticed the prism-shaped crystal at the top of the pyramid that was emitting a metallic luster, his eyes immediately shot out an excited gaze.

It was a divine spark!

Joelson stuffed the divine spark back into the space of the ranch.

He was not the first person to come to this space. There were also quite a number of saint-level combatants who had barged in.

The connection between the various dimensions of the lost Divine Kingdom was chaotic. Every entrance led to the next dimension at random.

These saint-ranked experts were currently being surrounded and attacked by the metal puppet army. They struggled with all their might, yet more and more people died.

Meanwhile, Joelson, who had temporarily hidden himself from the puppets' senses, revealed a trace of pity in his eyes.

In a divine domain-level battlefield, the battle for divine sparks would only result in these people becoming pathetic cannon fodder.

Joelson tried to approach the pyramid, his gaze fixed on the divine spark at the top of the pyramid.

Since he was here, there were some things that he had to strive for.

In the center of the intense battlefield, countless metal puppets continuously attacked the Four Great Thrones. The energy they released stirred up the entire space.

At the edge of the center, if one were to observe carefully, one would discover that a portion of the metal puppets' bodies suddenly burned with purple flames. Following this, they turned into golden molten metal.

These molten metals connected together like an invisible giant's path.

That was the path that Joelson took to get close to the pyramid.

It was less than ten miles away from the pyramid. For a saint-level powerhouse, it was almost a step away. Joelson originally wanted to get closer.

The skeleton that was looking in the direction of the Four Thrones suddenly looked in his direction. Joelson was shocked. He quickly entered the space of the ranch and completely disappeared into the void.

The green soul flame in the hollow eye sockets flickered slightly, and the skeleton was slightly puzzled.

He clearly sensed the aura of the kid who was with the archangel but he couldn't sense it in an instant. It was really strange.

"It's time to end this battle."

The skeleton muttered and his body immediately disappeared from the spot.

He suddenly appeared above the head of a silver-haired youth.

It was Archer.

Archer, who had countless mirror clones, suddenly revealed a shocked and panicked expression. The space behind him split open and he quickly retreated.

The skeleton lightly punched out, and the space was directly crushed. Archer froze in mid-air and a crack appeared on his shocked face, followed by a second crack.

All the mirror clones were shattered.

Another pale-faced Archer walked out from the void. His footsteps were unsteady and he spat out a mouthful of blood. He stared at the skeleton from afar with an ugly expression and cursed in a low voice, "Damn it! How did he find my real body!"

In just one move, the powerful Spatial King Archer, the Silver Throne of the Four Great Thrones, was heavily injured.

Although the skeleton had not yet stepped into the realm of god, it was much more terrifying compared to normal divine realms after taking back the death-type divine spark.

The other thrones immediately pushed aside the surrounding enemies and looked at each other tacitly.

"Let's work together to take care of it!"

The Four Thrones and the Silver Dragon King surrounded the skeleton and a terrifying domain power descended.

Light blossomed and darkness that was deeper than the night sky climbed up into the sky, dividing the entire sky into black and white.

Flames burned fiercely and a sun rose up in the strange two-colored sky.

Immediately after, the space around the skeleton became like a mirror. Countless Archers swam in the overlapping mirror surfaces.

The Silver Dragon King looked down at the skeleton. His roar sounded like thunder. The special dragon domain rolled down, pressing down on the space until it could not withstand the sound.

In an instant, the five experts of divine rank exploded with their most powerful strength, trying to kill the skeleton at the first possible moment.

The skeleton calmly swept its gaze over everything. The skeleton's head was calm and its body did not move at all.

It did not seem to take the power of the Four Great Thrones and the Silver Dragon King to heart at all.

It took a light step forward and a clear sound rang out beside it as if something had been broken.

"A weak and laughable domain."

The skeleton did not do much and Archer's spatial domain shattered.

Archer's expression was ugly as he quickly retreated. The Silver Dragon King roared as he charged forward. The skeleton calmly threw a punch at him.

The Silver Dragon King was like a shooting star as he quickly retreated.

He took a step forward and shattered Archer's domain.

He sent the divine realm Silver Dragon King flying with a punch.

Such terrifying power shocked even the Four Thrones.

"The power is infinitely close to that of a god."

A difficult voice came from the flames. The red flames covered the figure but, even if one could not see the face of the Flame Monarch, one could tell how ugly his expression was at the moment.

"Don't think about holding back and snatching the divine spark anymore. If you don't use your full strength, we will all die here today."

Light, darkness, and flames erupted almost at the same time. Light drowned the sky, and Archer and the Silver Dragon King flew back to join the battle.

The terrifying power shattered the sky and the collision generated a torrent of energy that swept everywhere. Large areas of metal puppets were annihilated within.

The battle between them and the skeleton caused the space to be like a mirror filled with cracks, constantly shattering and healing.

At this time, a figure slowly walked out from the void below.

Joelson raised his head to look at this scene and his gaze fell on the divine spark at the top of the pyramid.

His eyes were burning and his heart was beating fast.

He took a deep breath and his gaze finally became firm.

Joelson's figure disappeared. In the next second, he suddenly appeared beside the pyramid and reached out to grab the rhombus crystal that was shining with a strange metallic luster.

The six consciousnesses in the fierce battle in the sky descended at the same time and landed on Joelson.

A few shocked and furious voices sounded in his ears.

"You dare!"

"Who dares to do this!"

"Give it to me!"

Chapter 262: Dark Demon Dragon Appeared

As if he had not heard a word, only the light of a divine spark remained in his eyes. He reached out and grabbed the divine spark.

At this moment, several extremely terrifying energy attacks descended, aimed directly at Joelson.

If nothing unexpected happened, he would be completely reduced to dust under the combined attacks of several divine-level experts.

As he sensed the waves of strange energy in his hands, Joelson raised his head to look at the sky. He was facing the soul flames that were quietly burning in the hollow eye sockets of the skeleton and the Four Great Thrones.

With a calm expression, he said in a low voice that only he could hear, "Come out, Dark Demon Dragon. Sacrifice 500 years of life."

The golden greatsword of holy light, the dark energy, the flaming arrows, and even Archer shot some spatial blades at Joelson.

The skeleton did not react. It knew that the divine spark would not randomly look for an heir. These people were too anxious.

The attacks of the few great thrones could destroy Joelson with a single strike.

Under the powerful attacks of the divine domain, Joelson stood quietly with the divine spark crystal in his hand. It seemed that he had given up all thoughts of resisting.

Just as Joelson was about to be engulfed by this terrifying power...

Suddenly, the void in front of him quietly split open.

Darkness. Endless darkness quickly spread out along the void rift.

Accompanied by a long dragon's roar, a terrifying sound wave spread out.

Roar!

The sound wave tore apart a part of the attack and the remaining energy attack was swallowed by a terrifying mouth that drilled out from the darkness.

The attacks of the several thrones did not even have the right to make this terrifying existence burp.

It finally revealed its entire body.

Its body was darker than the night and its eyes were as deep as the abyss. Its wings spread out and covered the sky.

Just by quietly hovering in the air and looking at the few people, the several thrones could not help but feel an unspeakable fear rise in their hearts.

It was too terrifying.

Even the soul flames in the skull's eye sockets throbbed violently.

The Silver Dragon King's expression changed drastically as he shouted in disbelief, "Dark Demon Dragon? How is this possible!"

An adult dark demon dragon.

Why would such a dominant creature that lived in the Abyss suddenly appear in the lost Divine Kingdom!

Everyone had ugly expressions on their faces and their hearts were filled with doubt. However, this doubt quickly turned into thick astonishment.

After the Dark Demon Dragon appeared, it did not attack the crowd, nor did it leave. It only crouched beside Joelson like a guardian god.

An absurd thought arose in the hearts of the four thrones: this dark demon dragon was summoned by Joelson?

The thrones looked at each other.

"Archer, do you know the identity of this kid?"

"I've only met him once."

The appearance of the Dark Demon Dragon immediately added a layer of mystique in the hearts of the thrones, and his entire appearance became mysterious.

Soon, a difficult voice was heard, "Damn it, this kid is already receiving the inheritance of the divine spark!"

The four thrones looked over and saw that the divine spark crystal in Joelson's hand was emitting waves of strange metallic radiance, completely enveloping Joelson. Meanwhile, Joelson had already closed his eyes.

"How is this possible?"

A low, angry roar reached their ears. The four thrones suddenly realized that the skeleton, who had been very calm just now and did not have any reaction even after seeing Joelson snatch the divine spark and the appearance of the Dark Demon Dragon, was unexpectedly very excited at this moment.

It pounced on the skeleton as if it wanted to stop Joelson from accepting the inheritance but the Dark Demon Dragon waved its claws and struck it back.

The four thrones stood in the air, their faces extremely gloomy.

The five of them had not managed to snatch even one of the two divine sparks. They were really depressed.

"Damn it!"

The Flame Throne, which had the most violent temper, growled, "Break this skeleton first and snatch the divine spark from its body. As for this kid, we'll talk about it later!"

After saying that, the Flame Monarch turned into a flame and pounced on the skeleton together with the Silver Dragon King.

The other thrones also tacitly agreed with the Flame Monarch's decision.

None of them could snatch the divine spark unless they worked together. If they were separated, they would only be an ordinary divine-ranked. They would not be able to defeat the skeleton at all.

The skeleton had become extremely anxious from the moment that Joelson received the inheritance. Facing the entanglement of the four thrones, it no longer had the patience to slowly play with the others. It roared angrily, "Bastard! All of you enter the skeleton domain and become a part of my white bone throne!"

The skeleton's body emitted a dense aura of death from the undead. Space was shattering everywhere and a gray world appeared behind the space.

Before the Four Great Thrones and the Silver Dragon King could react, they were swallowed by the skeleton domain and disappeared with the skeleton.

The only ones left in the entire space were Joelson, who stood at the top of the black pyramid and was shrouded in golden light, as well as the Dark Demon Dragon that was as terrifying as the abyss beside him.

The metal giant, who was the commander of the metal puppet army, tried to charge towards the pyramid but was burnt to ashes by the Dark Demon Dragon's black flame breath. This time, it did not even have the chance to resurrect.

The other metal puppets were all smashed into discus by the Dark Demon Dragon.

The space became quiet. Only the light of the divine spark around Joelson was quietly flickering.

Joelson was in a strange space.

He saw the power of the metal and electric laws scattered around him like raindrops.

Joelson was delighted. No wonder this divine spark would fuse with him at the first moment. It was because Joelson's attributes were too compatible with it.

Joelson reached out his hand and gently touched a law beside him.

In an instant, countless mysteries surged like waves. All the law power in space gathered and surrounded Joelson layer by layer.

Joelson was like a greedy sponge, absorbing everything the divine spark had passed down.

He saw countless tiny golden light spots wandering and gathering in the soil and air, turning into a hard shield or a sharp sword.

It was cold, cruel, hot, and full of passion.

Then, the purple light dots gathered in the clouds and turned into thunder and lightning with magnificent power.

The most essential aspect of the power of metal and lightning was unreservedly displayed in front of him by the divine spark.

Then, the two laws kept interweaving and circulating in front of him, repeating this complicated and tedious process.

Joelson watched it countless times and suddenly realized.

This was the construction of a domain.

He had never had a clue and had been searching hard for the mysteries of the domain.

Joelson seemed to understand.

The laws were used as bricks. The construction of a domain was a small house, castle, and palace made of these bricks!

The strength of the builder, the number of laws, and the train of thought of the construction all determined the important factors of the power of the domain after it was formed.

If a small house was built, it would be the owner of the small house.

If a castle was built, it would be the lord of the castle.

If a palace was built, it would be the king!

Chapter 263: The Third Path; Law of Destruction

Joelson understood and was somewhat delighted. He used his own power of law to try to construct a domain.

Water, fire, electricity, metal...

The power of law that Joelson had mastered was many times more difficult than ordinary domain construction.

Joelson kept trying, trying to find the most stable domain structure.

He tried again and again but he was not satisfied.

After countless attempts, a perfect domain structure suddenly flashed through his mind.

He was both happy and confused. He looked at it a few times and felt that it was indescribably familiar.

Hm?

Isn't this the ranch space?

In an instant, his consciousness extended into the distant future.

He saw himself standing in the void like a god. With a wave of his hand, he brought powerful enemies into his domain.

Within the domain, lightning and flames interweaved, light and darkness split apart, and countless god-level dragons covered the sky. Any enemy would be annihilated under such great power.

Joelson saw his own path clearly.

Dragon god ranching space!

With the ranching space as a reference, Joelson's efficiency in constructing the domain increased by god knows how much.

It was like playing a puzzle.

The framework was in his mind. All he needed to do was to fill in their respective positions with the power of laws he had.

If others knew, they would probably die of jealousy.

Ordinary saint-level experts who had comprehended domains didn't know what to do.

Countless experts who had been stuck at the peak of the saint-level died because they didn't know how to take the first step.

Some extremely talented people had spent a long time trying to complete this step.

However, the vast majority of people were unable to do so. Perhaps, they had been in the wrong direction from the very beginning.

In the entire central continent, there were only five people who had reached the god realm.

Even Archibald, who was already dead, had not stepped into this step with the guidance of the Flame Throne.

Only Holy Zither, which possessed the memories of the archangel's reincarnation, had been able to construct the embryonic form of the domain early on.

As for Joelson, it was equivalent to someone drawing the most perfect blueprint for him.

As long as he took one step at a time, sooner or later, he would be able to possess a super domain that was even more magnificent than the palace.

Dragon God Palace.

He was the monarch of the palace.

Joelson's starting point was much higher than that of countless people.

Similarly, he needed a lot more power of laws.

The power of laws that Joelson possessed was quickly depleted but he was still far from completing the embryonic form of the domain.

Now he finally understood why the limit of his power of law was so much higher than the average person's.

When he bound the ranch space, his path had already been planned.

His limit of law was the number of laws of various elements that the Dragon God Ranch needed.

Fortunately, at this time, the divine personality provided him with a large amount of power of law.

Metal and electric laws.

This was the divine spark of the God of Alchemy, Priestley.

In the process of receiving the inheritance of the divine spark, Joelson saw the life of the divine spark's owner.

An ordinary youth was born in one of the four higher planes, the plane of fate.

Joelson saw a vast world. Ordinary people were born with the power of the sixth rank or above and some super geniuses were even born at the saint rank.

The divine realm was the starting point and only gods were qualified to walk the continent.

Gods could be called experts, and high gods were top-notch experts.

It was said that above high gods, there were even sovereigns who looked down on all living things.

Priestley's talent wasn't bad and, by coincidence, he became the disciple of a metal-type lesser god.

Later, the lesser god died and Priestley inherited all of his mantles.

Later, he accidentally discovered the hidden talent of electricity in his body and thus entered the door of another divinity.

A few thousand years later, he became a god.

That day, thunder filled the sky, and metal gathered into a mountain range.

Priestley knew his path.

The path of alchemy.

Through the collision of metal and lightning, he obtained the power to awaken the consciousness of the metal puppet.

His teacher was gratified to say that he might have a chance to see one of the supreme laws, the law of life.

Priestley later traveled around as the God of Alchemy, becoming quite famous.

If nothing unexpected happened, tens of thousands or hundreds of thousands of years later, he would be able to smoothly become a god, comprehend the law of life, and become a god even more powerful than his teacher.

But at this time, the death plane invaded, and the two supreme planes collided.

Priestley had joined the battle and, in one battle, he had been ambushed by the undead god, Angus Dubin.

Priestley, who was at the peak of the demigod rank, had made a temporary breakthrough. In the end, he had no choice but to perish together with Angus Dubin and his divine kingdom had been corroded by the aura of death.

This was what Joelson had seen earlier. The small worlds in the lost Divine Kingdom were filled with a thick aura of death.

The skeleton that was chasing after Joelson and Holy Zither was Priestley's skeleton. The newly born consciousness in the skeleton was the combination of the remnant thoughts of the two of them.

After the skeleton obtained the undead-type divine spark, Angus Dubin's remnant thoughts gained the upper hand.

The power in the alchemy divine spark was absorbed by Joelson.

The power of the metal and electric-type laws grew rapidly. The embryonic form of the domain was also displayed quickly.

Because the power of the metal and electric laws were the most powerful, the embryonic form of the domain was filled with an explosive and sharp feeling.

Joelson discovered that his metal and electric laws had reached more than 1,500.

He felt somewhat satisfied.

"Accept my power and inherit my will!"

A vast voice echoed in Joelson's mind, filled with majesty and firmness.

It was Priestley's will. He was attempting to control Joelson, becoming an existence similar to a skeleton.

Priestley's will continued to evolve into the power of the path of alchemy in front of Joelson.

He saw an army of metallic puppets filling the sky. They were countless times more powerful than what he had seen outside.

Every single puppet had the power of a divine domain, a commander, or even a demigod.

Even though Joelson wanted to refuse, the domain he had just constructed seemed to be on the verge of collapse.

The metal and electric laws he had obtained from the divine spark began to break free from his control.

Priestley forcibly placed two paths in front of Joelson.

Either he accepted his legacy and embarked on what Priestley believed to be the most powerful path, the path of alchemy!

Or he could refuse and give up his divine spark. Everything that had happened just now had turned into an illusion.

Joelson paced back and forth between the two paths.

Priestley's consciousness became more and more urgent. Countless voices echoed and roared in his mind.

"Accept my power and inherit my will!"

Joelson's consciousness was blurry. It was as if he could vaguely see a bolt of lightning falling from the sky. Wherever it passed, life was cut off.

A platinum light blossomed from Joelson's eyes, and his gaze became firm.

He chose the third path!

The metal and electricity laws that were out of his control returned to their original positions and the embryonic form of his domain stabilized once more.

Priestley's will was extremely furious but it was destroyed by a platinum light and vanished into nothingness.

Joelson spoke as if he was talking to the God of Alchemy but also as if he was talking to himself.

"Metal and lightning, apart from giving birth to life, also represents destruction!"

A trace of unspeakable and terrifying power spread out from Joelson's body.

The seed of the Law of Destruction.

In the end, Joelson chose a path that was opposite to Priestley.

Platinum power, the Law of Destruction!

This was the power he wanted to grasp!

Chapter 264: Five Years passed. The Continent Underwent Drastic Change. The Demonic Disaster Reappeared

Oswede pulled his longsword out of the chest of a humanoid monster.

Black blood flowed on the longsword and it gave off an iron tang that made him feel disgusted.

The lifeless corpse of the monster under his feet had four sharp limbs. Its body was like a leopard and its face was ugly and savage.

Looking up, the ground was filled with the corpses of such monsters, as well as the mutilated corpses of ordinary humans.

This place was originally a village but it was completely destroyed by the monsters.

Oswede's expression was gloomy and there was a scar on his face that extended from the corner of his eye to the corner of his mouth. It was a painful scar left by a saint-level monster. That time, it had almost dug out its entire left eye.

He had become mature and much stronger.

After all, five years had passed.

In the half a year since he came out from the lost Divine Kingdom, the entire continent had undergone great changes.

In one night, countless monsters that looked half human and half monster appeared in the eye of the Abyss in the inherited lands.

They were like locusts. They fed on all living things. Their nature was brutal and they loved to kill.

These demons that were infected by monsters and had the bloodlines of the other races of the continent in their bodies were abandoned and exiled by the other races of the continent. With the resentment accumulated over thousands of years, they killed their way up from the Abyss and destroyed everything in front of them.

The other half of the monster bloodline allowed them to have a physique, strength, and speed that was even stronger than that of the monsters. At the same level, ordinary warriors were no match for them at all.

Ordinary humans were even reduced to food.

In less than three months, the entire west side of the Inmotati Empire had fallen.

It had become the territory of the demi-demons.

Some people called it the second demonic disaster.

Emperor Nicholas the Great had no choice but to seek help from the Saint Realm.

However, due to the loss of the Divine Kingdom, more than 30% of the saint-level powerhouses who were in the process of being born had been lost. Another 30% had been lost in the divine kingdom and had not come out.

This included the Four Great Thrones and the Silver Dragon King.

The remaining saint-tier experts of the Saint Realm had thrown all their efforts into the battlefield but they were only barely able to keep the demi-demons from continuing to expand.

However, the number of demi-demons that had surged out of the center of the Abyss continued to increase. After thousands of years of accumulation, no one knew just how many demi-demons had spawned in the Abyss's eye.

They had survived in the harshest of environments, killing each other and even giving birth to a divine-level demi-demon.

When the divine-domain ranked demi-demon appeared on the battlefield, the army of the immortal nation was completely defeated.

Up until now, more than half of the immortal nation's territory had been occupied by demi-demons.

During the process of fighting the demonic disaster, some people had been forgotten, while some names had become dazzling.

Franklin, the Violet Blade, had fought against three saint-ranked demi-demons in a single battle. He had used his strength alone to defend the entire city. For a time, he had become famous.

Silver Hand Pryce, the former genius of the Church of Light who had been defeated by Joelson and had remained silent for a long time after the death of God's Authority, Chesterton.

After the third year of the demonic disaster, Pryce had returned with saint-ranked strength and killed a mid-stage saint-ranked demi-demon in one fell swoop.

There was also Oswede himself. The name of the Golden Lion had long since spread throughout the entire continent, earning the respect of countless people and saint-ranked powerhouses.

Of course, the most dazzling one was still Holy Zither of the Church of Light. She had once fought against a divine-level demi-demon. Although he could not defeat the demi-demon in the end, she was publicly acknowledged by countless people as the number one person below the divine domain.

Thinking up to this point, Oswede could not help but sigh. A figure flashed through his mind.

The title of the number one person under the throne once belonged to that person.

Even the Holy Zither was defeated by him.

And now, almost no one remembered the youth who suppressed the young geniuses of the entire continent and made them lose their glory.

His name was Joelson Edward.

In the first year of the demonic disaster, there were still people who often called Joelson's name, hoping that he would appear and change the battle situation.

But gradually, more and more people were disappointed, believing that Joelson died in the lost Divine Kingdom.

Even after five years, the news of the fall of the Four Great Thrones began to spread.

Many people fell into fear.

The Dark Church had completely stood on the opposite side of the continent, mingling with the demi-demons.

An evil genius appeared in people's sight.

The Dark Saint, Webster.

Thinking of this name, Oswede's burly body could not help but tremble slightly.

He had once exchanged blows with Webster but he had been casually struck until he vomited blood. If he had not used a secret technique to escape, there might not have been any golden lions left in this world.

It was too terrifying.

Webster had not reached the divine-ranked level either.

However, he was as powerful as Holy Zither—as well as Joelson, who had stood at the peak and overlooked all geniuses five years ago.

"Lord Oswede!"

Oswede collected his thoughts and asked calmly, "What's the matter?"

"We found a survivor."

A little girl was brought up. Her face was pale and her bright blue eyes were filled with nervousness and fear.

"She was hidden in the storage room and her parents were eaten by the demons."

Oswede's heart felt like it had been pricked by a needle. After a moment of silence, he said, "Take her away."

"Yes!"

Oswede looked at the little girl and his gaze became gentle. Just as he was about to say something to her, he suddenly realized that the little girl's eyes were filled with fear. She suddenly burst into tears.

"They're here! Those monsters are back!"

The little girl pointed behind Oswede and burst into tears.

Oswede turned his head to look. The sky was pitch black. It was filled with cruel and bloodthirsty demons with wings on their backs.

His heart sank.

...

Joelson slowly woke up. His eyes were as clear as a lake. The color of his pupils had completely turned into a faint golden color.

His aura had changed a little. If the original Joelson was an unsheathed legendary greatsword, then the current him was a silent longsword. Once it was unsheathed, it would definitely shine with an epic-like radiance.

The Dark Demon Dragon remained crouching beside him. When it saw him awaken, it let out a long yawn. It was as if it was very dissatisfied with this transaction, using 500 years of its lifespan in exchange for five years of protection.

Shaking its massive body, the Dark Demon Dragon slowly returned to the ranching space.

Joelson noticed that the few golden discuses that the Dark Demon Dragon had left behind were slowly recovering.

After looking at them for a while, he suddenly understood that these were the divine-domain-level puppets from the metal puppet army. They had been used as toys by the Dark Demon Dragon and had been tortured for five years.

During these five years, the Dark Demon Dragon had used them to pass the time of boredom.

Joelson was slightly shocked.

After summoning the Dark Demon Dragon, he had immediately fallen into the inheritance of the divine spark. He had not seen the Dark Demon Dragon make a move.

The four thrones and the undead skeleton, Angus Dubin, were gone. One could imagine how terrifying the Dark Demon Dragon's strength was.

Chapter 265: Assassinate Silver Throne Archer

Unfortunately, the next time he summoned it, he might have to reach the divine realm.

At this stage of the game, Joelson did not have that much lifespan to continue squandering.

The metal puppet army was still there but they were all motionless.

These ordinary puppet warriors lost the ability to move after the power of their divine sparks faded.

Joelson was thinking about where he should go next?

At this moment, the space in front of him suddenly cracked and a figure quickly came out.

It was a silver-haired handsome young man.

It was the Space Throne, Archer.

Archer's figure was in a sorry state. He looked surprised when he saw Joelson.

"Joelson? You are still here!"

Archer quickly scanned his surroundings and asked anxiously, "Where's the Dark Demon Dragon?"

Joelson hesitated for a moment and said, "It left a long time ago."

Archer let out a long sigh of regret. His expression quickly turned ugly as he said anxiously, "Then hurry up and follow me. During the battle with us, the undead skeleton has completely fused with the power of the divine spark. Now that they have become gods, hurry up and leave the Divine Kingdom!"

Before Archer could finish his words, the aura of death of the undead surged out from the shattered space. A few figures were flung out like arrows.

It was the other three thrones and the Silver Dragon King. They seemed to have been sent flying by a huge force.

Five years had passed. Other than their auras weakening a little, there were almost no changes to the other thrones.

After the thick death aura of the undead, Angus Dubin's furious roars could be faintly heard. A terrifying divine-level pressure was being transmitted over, crushing this Divine Kingdom.

The four thrones' expressions became unsightly.

"Let's go!"

Archer conveniently brought Joelson along.

The four thrones shattered the void at the same time.

A black figure flew over towards Joelson.

Archer's expression was unsightly. He brought Joelson through different spatial angles as he cursed under his breath, "Damned Dark Throne. They're still thinking about divine sparks at this point in time!"

Joelson's expression was calm. Not only was he not panicking but he even had the urge to give it a try.

Even he himself did not know how powerful he was right now. He needed a domain-level divine spark to give it a try.

As if he had thought of something, Archer came to his senses and asked Joelson, "Where's the divine spark you obtained?"

Joelson did not reply. He suddenly took a step forward and broke free from Archer's palm. He stood outside the space and looked at him calmly.

Everything was obvious.

Archer stood rooted to the spot. His expression instantly became extremely complicated.

From Archer's gaze, Joelson could see occasional flashes of killing intent but, in the end, he still suppressed it.

"Hah. Forget it."

Archer let out a long sigh and said with a bitter smile, "The thing that we, the five great divine-ranked, have spent so much effort to obtain... I never thought that it would end up in your hands."

"Oh, right!"

Archer suddenly became puzzled and asked in surprise, "Since you've received the divine spark inheritance, why haven't you advanced to divine-ranked?"

Joelson pondered for a moment and explained, "My domain is a little special."

Archer nodded and didn't ask any more questions. He looked at Joelson with envious eyes and sighed, "It seems that it won't be long before another throne will appear in the Saint Realm."

The two came out of the lost Divine Kingdom and let out a sigh of relief.

"Before Angus Dubin completely inherits the Divine Kingdom, he shouldn't come out. But after that..."

Archer glanced at Joelson and said, "You have to be careful."

"I know."

Joelson nodded.

Angus Dubin still had a part of Priestley in his mind. He didn't want to give up on Priestley's divine personality and, sooner or later, he would come looking for him.

Of course, Joelson also had thoughts about Angus Dubin's undead divine personality.

When the time came, it would depend on who would be the final winner.

When the two of them appeared in the Saint Realm, they were surprised to find that their surroundings were very empty. There were not many people in such a large Saint Realm and the few people in the Saint Realm were seriously injured, as if they were hiding here to recuperate.

Archer was the fastest among the Four Great Thrones. When they saw him appear, the few people in the Saint Realm who were recuperating immediately revealed excited and ecstatic expressions.

"It's the thrones! The thrones are back!"

Joelson and Archer looked at each other in puzzlement. Only then did they know what had happened.

"Five years?"

Archer's face revealed an astonished expression, he said in a low voice, "I almost forgot that the flow of time in the domain of the gods is different from the outside world. We lost the divine kingdom because the master of the Divine Kingdom, Priestley, has already died, so the flow of time hasn't changed. We've only been in the undead bone region for less than a year."

From the saint-level's description, the two realized just how much the so-called demonic disaster was in their eyes.

"The Dark Church actually betrayed the continent? They released the demi-demons imprisoned in the eye of the Abyss?"

"Doesn't that mean?"

Archer's expression was horrified as he said in astonishment, "The Dark Throne?"

Before he could finish his words, the shadow behind Archer suddenly expanded and a black figure walked out from the shadow.

Archer's expression changed and he subconsciously wanted to drill into the void but the shadow under him was like a nail that firmly nailed his body to the ground.

The pitch-black dagger quietly reached out, pointing straight at Archer's head.

Archer's pupils contracted and, in an instant, countless spatial blades shot out from his hand but they all seemed to disappear, shooting into the shadow without any reaction.

Just as the pitch-black dagger was about to pierce into Archer's forehead, a hand suddenly shot out from the side, grabbed Archer, and pulled him back.

The dagger was still some distance away from Archer's head, so it could only cut down rapidly, leaving a long wound on his chest.

"Damn it!"

Having escaped death, Archer stared at the figure walking out of the shadows, his face pale.

Black blood kept flowing out of his chest. Although the knife didn't kill him, it still heavily injured him.

"You even use poison!"

Archer cursed.

The Dark Throne coldly put away the black dagger.

Beside him, the Light Throne and the Flame Throne walked out. The Silver Dragon King followed them.

The three of them stared at Archer without any expression.

Archer's face showed a look of disbelief. "You want to kill me?"

"No, we don't want to kill you."

The Light Throne shook his head, extended a finger, and pointed at Joelson behind Archer. He said faintly, "We just want him."

"He has a second divinity."

The Flame Monarch added, "Archer, you ran too fast and protected him. The Dark can only give you a small warning."

"Idiot!"

Siegel pointed at the Dark Throne and shouted passionately, "This guy allied with the demi-humans to invade the continent and you still chose to cooperate with him?"

Chapter 266: Golden Lion's Near Death. Scheme of the Demi-Demons

The Dark Throne was not nervous. Instead, it calmly explained, "I don't know. Someone in the Dark Church has betrayed me. I will make those traitors pay the price."

"The demi-demons only came out to poison the continent when we were not here. When we return, we can still suppress them again, just like five thousand years of money. Now, the most important thing is the divine personality."

The Flame Throne opened its mouth to speak.

Archer was speechless by the words of the others. His eyes were complicated, and his expression kept changing.

The three thrones had made the right choice. If it were him, he would definitely agree with this decision, but it was Joelson.

"Archer."

A cold voice sounded in his ear. Archer turned his head and found that Joelson was looking at him coldly.

"One for each of us. We're even."

Joelson said to him indifferently. Then he turned to the three thrones and said mockingly, "Do you want the divine spark? Are you sure you're ready to face the Dark Demon Dragon head-on?"

The three thrones were stunned.

Suddenly, the Flame Monarch's expression changed drastically. He shouted in a low voice, "Damn it, we've been tricked by this kid. He wants to run away!"

The three thrones immediately reacted and sealed the void at the same time. However, Joelson's figure was becoming dimmer and dimmer as he disappeared in front of them with a mocking look on his face.

"Chase!"

..

There were demi-demons everywhere.

Moreover, this batch of demi-demons had the bloodline of winged humans mixed in. Not only could they fly but their bodies were also extremely agile and their attacks were fierce. Oswede heard his companions dying amidst the screams of pain.

"Damn it!"

Oswede only protected the little girl in his arms. He waved the longsword in his hand and, every time he attacked, he could release powerful golden flames and kill a large number of demi-demons.

He could not care about anyone else. He could only take the little girl and escape to the south.

This place was not far from the battle line. Perhaps they would encounter reinforcements.

"Don't worry, it'll be fine."

Oswede flew in the air and gently comforted the little girl in his arms. The little girl stared at him with her eyes wide open. She had already forgotten about her fear.

Oswede turned around and looked at the sub-demons that were getting further and further away. He secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

At this moment, a soft laugh suddenly sounded in his ears. It was as if someone was clapping their hands gently.

"It's the Golden Lion again. You managed to escape the last time. You won't be so lucky this time."

A handsome and elegant young man in a black-and-gold robe appeared in front of Oswede. He was looking at him with a smile.

The moment he saw this person, a chill rose from the bottom of Oswede's heart and spread throughout his body.

His gaze gradually became solemn as he read out his name with difficulty.

"Child of Darkness, Webster."

Oswede subconsciously hugged the little girl in his arms tightly. He took a deep breath and held the longsword with one hand.

"Still want to resist?"

Webster yawned out of boredom.

Oswede took advantage of the moment when he was most relaxed and thrust his sword forward.

The golden flame combat aura turned into a huge light blade, rippling in the air with terrifying momentum.

But Webster just casually slapped it, as if he was driving away an annoying fly.

Oswede's full-strength attack was easily shattered by him.

The two of them were not on the same level at all.

Oswede's heart sank completely. His face was bitter and he almost could not hold his sword.

Powerlessness, despair. This was a feeling that was even more painful than death.

A cold little hand slowly caressed Oswede's cheek.

Oswede was stunned. He lowered his head and saw the little girl quietly looking at him.

"I'm not afraid."

She said softly.

Oswede almost cried. A wave of courage rose from the bottom of his heart and his gaze gradually became firm.

He could die but the little girl in his arms could not die here!

A powerful aura suddenly rose from Oswede's body.

The golden flame rose sharply, quickly rising to a realm comparable to Webster's.

"Amazing."

Webster's face revealed a slight surprise and he praised, "He actually burned his combat aura origin. Truly amazing. As expected of the Golden Lion."

"Scum!"

Oswede cursed in a low voice and slashed out with his sword.

Webster did not dare to take it head-on. He temporarily dodged but he took this opportunity to quickly escape. His speed was more than twice as fast as before.

Webster shook his head in disappointment. "So you're still a coward, hehe."

Webster's figure disappeared into the air.

...

Oswede's face was pale and blood kept oozing out of the corner of his mouth. The armor on his back was almost completely shattered.

He took Webster's attack head-on and, in order to protect the little girl in his arms, he could feel that his internal organs had been shattered.

He did not know how much longer he could hold on.

The little girl in his arms desperately used her hands to wipe away the blood that spurted out of his mouth, as if this would prevent his injuries from becoming more serious.

Oswede's figure swayed in the air.

Webster followed behind him leisurely, enjoying this cat-and-mouse game.

"The Golden Lion is indeed worthy of being called the Golden Lion. Ten minutes ago, I thought you were going to die."

Heartfelt praise came from behind him. Oswede's advance was already blurred.

Was he going to reach it?

Oswede himself did not know where his destination was. It was only an obsession that kept him moving forward.

At least...

He could not watch her die with his own eyes.

A bitter smile appeared on Oswede's face. Power was continuously flowing out of his body. He was like a bird with broken wings, slowly falling down.

'I can't do it. I really have no strength left.'

Oswede looked at the little girl crying in front of him. His lips trembled. He wanted to say something but he couldn't make a sound.

He saw Webster slowly raise his right hand and black light gathered in his palm.

"Since you want to protect her, then die with her."

Webster looked at him with pity.

Suddenly, a dazzling white light rose like a comet and quickly slashed toward Webster.

The warm white light enveloped Oswede and his life force returned to his body.

A great healing spell?

Oswede opened his eyes with difficulty. He saw a woman with six light wings on her back and an extremely perfect face descending from the sky.

She was followed by dozens of saint-level masters.

It was her!

A ray of hope shot out of Oswede's eyes.

Holy Zither.

It was saved.

The little girl hugged Oswede tightly. The two of them lay on the ground, leaning against each other. Someone was constantly casting healing spells on their bodies and the injuries in their bodies were getting better.

Turning to look at Webster, Oswede's face revealed a smile that belonged to the victor.

In the end, he survived, along with the people he wanted to protect.

'Now, the one who should escape was you.'

What was surprising was that Webster did not show any signs of panic when seeing Holy Zither and the many saint-level masters. Instead, he revealed a smug smile.

"It's alright."

Webster patted his chest and sighed, "I'm really afraid that this guy won't be able to attract you even if he dies."

Huh?

Chapter 267: Vanquishing the Demonic Disaster with a Wave of the Hand

Everyone's expressions froze.

In the next moment, the azure blue sky suddenly split open and countless amounts of demonic energy surged out. An evil consciousness descended.

A strong man with a human upper body and a scorpion tail on his lower body walked out from the void.

Demi-demon king!

A divine-level powerhouse!

Following this, countless demi-demons appeared out of nowhere, surrounding this entire space and preventing even a fly from escaping.

Everyone's expression changed drastically and a chill rose in their hearts for no reason.

All of this was actually a trap. Using Oswede as bait, the real target was...

The Holy Zither!

Webster laughed complacently, his handsome face contorted.

He stared at the Holy Zither and said fiercely, "I'll see who can save you today!"

Before he could finish his words.

In the encirclement, a "big bump" suddenly protruded out of the void, as if something was about to drill out.

Hiss!

With a sound, the void was easily torn apart like a piece of paper.

A tall and handsome young man walked out from the void rift.

Seeing the dense crowd and formation, he was obviously stunned for a moment and looked around in confusion.

Everyone on the field was stunned.

When she saw this person's face clearly, Holy Zither's eyes trembled violently.

Someone cried out in surprise, "Joelson! It's actually Joelson Edward! He's not dead?"

Oswede's eyes were also filled with ecstasy.

After a short moment of excitement, everyone suddenly came to a realization.

They were still in a dangerous situation. Webster and the divine-level demon king were still waiting to surround and kill them.

Joelson had appeared at the wrong time.

After rubbing his forehead, Webster revealed an expression of heartfelt joy. He clapped his hands and said, "It seems that the gods are on our side. Another big surprise has arrived."

A chill suddenly surged out of his eyes. His ice-cold gaze was like a venomous snake.

"All of you will die today!"

After a short moment of shock, Joelson instantly understood.

It seemed that he had directly charged into the demon king's encirclement of the continent's saint-ranked experts?

"Let's start with you first!"

Webster laughed maniacally and pointed at Joelson.

The demi-demon raised its head and roared loudly. A domain that was filled with violence, cruelty, and evil energy enveloped the entire area.

All the saint-tier masters froze on the spot. They were horrified to find that they could not even move a single finger.

At this moment, a platinum light suddenly bloomed from the domain.

At first, it was just a dot, like a spark. Then, it was tamed and expanded, like the sun rising into the sky.

It was extremely sharp and carried a trace of a terrifying power that made everyone tremble for no reason. It was as if even their souls were about to be frozen.

It squeezed out from the domain of the demi-demon king.

Everyone seemed to hear the sound of the demi-demon king's domain shattering.

The dazzling white-gold light was so dazzling that they could hardly open their eyes. The last thing they saw was...

It was Joelson slowly swinging his sword in the direction of the demi-demon king.

The light disappeared.

As if nothing had happened, Joelson calmly stood where he was.

In the next moment, the demi-demon king, who stood in the void like a demon god, suddenly let out a low roar. A clear white line appeared on his waist, separating from his upper and lower body.

The majestic and terrifying body of the demi-demon king collapsed like an avalanche. In an instant, he turned into ashes as if he was in the sky.

Together with him were the countless middle-tier high-tier demi-demons behind the demi-demon king.

Just like that, they quietly split apart and disappeared.

In the sky behind him, a deep and long spatial crack lay there, unable to heal for a long time.

Webster's smug expression froze. He was like a duck whose neck was stuck. He could not say a single word.

The entire stadium was silent.

A domain-level demi-demon king had died with a single strike?

It was not just the saint-ranked humans. Even the demi-demons were stunned.

Their king.

When he was powerful, he was an all-powerful king.

He had actually fallen under the attack of a human?

This scene was like a dream.

After a long time, not a single sound could be heard.

Oswede opened his mouth and looked at the familiar yet unfamiliar figure in the air.

Five years.

Everyone thought that he had fallen.

And he had only used five years...

To reach a height that Oswede could not imagine.

Using the fall of a divine-level domain to announce the powerful return of the number one person under the throne!

But now, he was no longer under the throne.

Everyone was stunned for a moment before they suddenly reacted.

This demonic disaster, which had lasted for five years and was extremely difficult to deal with, seemed to have disappeared just like that under a light sword strike from Joelson.

It disappeared just like that.

The light from this strike was like a ray of dawn, shooting down from the clouds and dispersing the thick haze that covered the entire continent.

For a moment, everyone felt that it was somewhat absurd.

The demonic disaster had ended just like that?

Webster fell from the clouds into the Abyss and stared blankly at Joelson for a long time.

From the confidence and calmness that he had when he first controlled the overall situation, he had now become a comical clown.

"This is impossible, this is impossible."

He repeated it over and over again as if he was dumbfounded.

Joelson frowned slightly and casually swung his sword.

The platinum domain was activated once again. A sharp and terrifying pressure descended.

Extreme despair and fear appeared in Webster's eyes. With a scream, his body suddenly changed.

His handsome face instantly became twisted and ferocious, and his four limbs also changed in the direction of the monsters. His aura had more than doubled.

But still, under Joelson's sword, he disappeared in an instant.

Absolute strength was so overbearing and unreasonable.

Only then did everyone realize that the so-called Dark Saint was also a demi-demon.

The platinum sword light circled once and swept through the entire space.

A few seconds later, all the demi-demons were killed.

The sky became clear again.

Even Joelson himself was a little surprised. The power of the metal and point laws had increased to more than 1,500, and the embryonic form of the domain had succeeded.

His strength had actually expanded to this extent.

If that was the case...

Joelson turned around and faced the void behind him with a calm expression.

Then there was no need to run anymore.

The saint-level on the field had yet to regain their senses when the void shattered once again.

Everyone's eyes suddenly shot toward the light.

It was the thrones!

They didn't fall!

They were ecstatic.

But very quickly, the change in the situation exceeded their imagination.

"Joelson Edward, hand over your divine spark. You are still the number one genius of the Saint Realm."

The Flaming Throne's majestic voice came from the sky.

"The enmity between you and the Church of Light can also be settled."

The Light Throne said calmly.

The Dark Throne sensed the presence of the demi-demon that had yet to dissipate. His consciousness seemed to fluctuate for a moment but he didn't say anything.

Joelson looked at the three thrones and the Silver Dragon King with a fierce gaze.

He took a step forward.

"The divine spark is here."

Joelson pointed at his chest and said calmly, "Come and get it yourself."

Red flames rose abruptly. The blazing aura made even saint-tier beings feel unbearable.

Was this the power of the thrones?

Chapter 268: From Today Onwards, I Shall Be the Platinum Throne

"Hmph!"

"You brat who's in a hurry to die!"

The Blazing Flame Throne snorted coldly. The flames expanded like an ocean and covered the entire sky.

It crashed down fiercely.

The domain power belonging to the Blazing Flame Throne enveloped the entire area.

Everyone had the same feeling.

Heat!

The unbearable heat made their bodies feel like they were about to burn!

And they were only affected by it. It was hard to imagine how Joelson, who was at the center of the domain, felt.

Joelson's expression was calm. His handsome face was still fair. As if he did not feel the heat at all.

Deep in his calm right hand, a wisp of purple flame appeared and instantly turned into a sea of purple flames.

Under the support of Joelson's domain power.

The purple flame rose higher and higher, confronting the Flame Monarch's flame.

"How is this possible?"

The red flame fluctuated violently, emitting the Flame Monarch's voice of disbelief.

Joelson snorted lightly, releasing a platinum light from his hand, slashing upwards.

A trace of terrifying power rippled out and, in an instant, even the hearts of the several thrones present couldn't help but tremble violently.

Although the power of destruction laws was only in its embryonic form, its power far surpassed that of divine-ranked.

The red flames that filled the sky were cleanly cut open and the platinum power continued to rise.

"Die!" The Flame Monarch roared angrily. Its domain immediately contracted, desperately squeezing inward.

However, even the flame domain, which had been compressed to the extreme, was unable to block this attack of Joelson's.

The flame domain was easily shattered like a bubble. The Flame Monarch continuously retreated, the layers of colored flames surrounding its body shattering, revealing its burly body.

Its body was still changing, growing dragon scales, dragon horns, and dragon tail.

Divine Domain Dragonification.

The platinum power ruthlessly slashed at its chest.

It was like a heavy stone, weightily falling into the void behind it. A faint roar sounded.

Everyone, including the other thrones, was stunned.

With one strike, the Blazing Flame Throne's domain forced him out of his dragonification state, and even hacked him into space.

Were they dreaming?

Looking again, it was clear that Joelson had not advanced to the divine realm. He had only comprehended the embryonic form of the domain.

Receiving the inheritance of the divine spark, it was not strange that he could comprehend the embryonic form of the domain.

However, wasn't such domain power too terrifying?

If the domain was perfected, how terrifying would it be if Joelson advanced to the divine realm?

It was unimaginable!

The other thrones could not help but reveal looks of fear.

Joelson's body did not stop. Another platinum light containing destructive power slashed out.

The Silver Dragon King roared and rolled out. He fell into the void and went to accompany the Flame Monarch.

Then another one.

The Dark Throne's body trembled. His body disappeared into the darkness and kept changing his form in the sky.

But the platinum power followed closely.

The darkness was constantly broken.

Space was poked like a broken sack.

The platinum light finally caught up with the Dark Throne, and it struck the shadow that covered his body, making him roll on the ground.

Joelson followed up with another sword strike, and the Dark Throne let out a terrified scream and suddenly drilled into the void.

A pale arm rolled out, accompanied by blood.

He took this opportunity to escape quickly.

Archer, who was clutching his chest, tore through space and chased after him, just in time to see this scene.

He was instantly stunned.

Joelson's figure rose higher, rising to a position higher than the thrones.

A platinum light appeared in his hand. and his domain power condensed into a sharp blade. The tip of the sword aimed at the Light Throne.

The latter unconsciously took a few steps back, his body slightly trembling.

Joelson looked down at the entire scene, coldly sweeping his gaze around, and calmly said,

"From today onwards.

"I am.

"Platinum Throne!"

Everyone was stunned.

One strike forced back the Flame Throne. One strike knocked down the Silver Dragon King.

Two swords cut off one arm of the Dark Throne.

Platinum Throne.

The entire middle continent was about to change!

..

Other than the fleeing Dark Throne, the other thrones all looked at Joelson with ugly expressions.

It was a great humiliation.

The throne that had always been at the top of the middle continent's powerhouse pyramid was actually cut down by a youth that was not older than the age of one sword and one person.

Moreover, they had no way.

More than that, they were deeply shocked.

Joelson.

Too powerful!

Only those who had fought him would know just how tyrannical his domain power was.

Not only was it extremely sharp but it was also firm and stable. Although it was only in its embryonic form, it was even firmer than their domain, which had matured a long time ago.

Compared to Joelson's domain, the domains of the thrones were as fragile as paper.

It was like the difference between a rusty copper block and an epic-tier sword.

Hence, even if Joelson had not advanced to divine-ranked, he was still strong enough to crush any of them.

Divine spark!

It must be because of divine sparks.

The thrones were so jealous that they were about to go crazy.

That should have belonged to them!

Two divine sparks.

In the end, one divine spark created the undead Skeleton God in the lost Divine Kingdom.

The other divine spark directly created an existence that had never existed under divine-ranked but was above the thrones.

The Platinum Throne!

The few great thrones no longer had the face to stay and left one after another.

Instead, it was Archer who came up to him and looked at him with a complicated expression.

"I thought that you would reach this height but I didn't expect that the time was actually 10,000 years earlier."

Archer sighed and said to him hesitantly after saying that.

"I'm sorry."

Joelson shook his head slightly. "There's no need. I've already said it. We're even."

Archer's expression was unsightly but he still nodded, turned around, and disappeared into the void.

Archer was referring to apologizing for his cowardice before.

When he came out of the lost Divine Kingdom, he had even helped Joelson. After that, he did not dare to continue protecting Joelson even after being threatened by the three thrones.

In order to prevent him from becoming the target of the thrones, Joelson drew a clear line with him.

To be honest, there was nothing wrong with Archer's behavior. He really did not have the ability to protect Joelson. He could not drag himself down for the sake of a junior.

For these thrones who had lived for tens of thousands of years, feelings were the thinnest thing.

However, Joelson wasn't able to do this yet. Archer's personality was too utilitarian and it wasn't worth getting close to.

He had even attacked Joelson in the lost Divine Kingdom.

Joelson cast aside these complicated thoughts and looked down at everyone present.

The first thing he saw was the Holy Zither.

The Holy Zither was much stronger than she had been five years ago. Her domain was even more mature, and she was one step closer to becoming a true divine-ranked.

Joelson even felt that Holy Zither would become a divine-ranked expert before him.

This was because his domain required far too much power from the various types of laws.

However, even if Holy Zither were to become a divine-ranked expert, she would definitely not be able to defeat him.

Holy Zither's gaze was very complicated. Her gaze flickered, and her fair, slender fingers tightened and loosened their grip on the sacred sword by her waist.

Over and over again, she did not dare to think that the fifth "unfaithful man" of the throne, Joelson, would make a move.

Chapter 269: He Had So Many Dragons

Joelson retracted his gaze from Holy Zither and turned to Oswede.

With a wave of his hand, Oswede and his figure disappeared.

It took a long time for the saint-level combatants to recover from the shock of this battle. They discussed excitedly.

They couldn't avoid the words "Platinum Throne," "Joelson Edward," and "the strongest saint-level combatant."

"Your situation is very bad."

Joelson used his spiritual energy to investigate Oswede. In a low voice, he said, "The combustion of your combat aura source has already damaged your foundation. Your body's calculations aren't too serious. However, I'm afraid that you won't have the chance to attempt to break through to the divine realm in the future."

Oswede could not help but reveal a hint of disappointment on his face. However, he quickly let out a laugh of relief. "This is already a very good result."

"At least I'm still holding on to it. Moreover, I've never felt that I can become a divine-domain expert."

As he spoke, Oswede's gaze tenderly turned towards the little girl in his embrace.

The little girl seemed to treat him as the person closest to her, unwilling to leave his embrace.

Joelson's gaze was complicated.

He felt that, in certain aspects, Oswede, who was able to ignite his combat aura source for an ordinary little girl, was much stronger than the so-called Silver Throne, Archer.

"Where are we going now?"

Perhaps it was because he knew that the road ahead was cut off, although Oswede was as respectful to Joelson as the others, his tone was much more casual. He treated him more as a friend.

Joelson looked ahead and said faintly, "To forge my Platinum Throne."

Oswede was stunned for a moment, a little confused and shocked.

However, he quickly understood.

Joelson brought him through space at high speed.

With the support of his domain power, he was able to break through the spatial barrier as casually as if he was eating or drinking.

At this moment, the speed of a divine-ranked powerhouse was many times faster than the speed of a saint-level powerhouse.

Joelson stepped through the void and appeared in the sky above a city with Oswede and the little girl.

An intense battle was breaking out here.

Countless demons were like black tides, crazily attacking the city walls.

At this time, in a town in the center of the Inmotadi Empire, there were hundreds of thousands of people.

Warriors clad in armor and holding sharp swords stood on the city walls, fighting against the demi-demons. There were also many young and tender faces. Even women.

In the sky, a saint-level was fighting against three demi-demons.

This scene seemed to be a replay of the planar war five thousand years ago.

Oswald watched with a serious expression. The little girl buried her head in his arms, as if she did not dare to watch any longer.

"If this city is breached, everyone will become food for the demi-demons. These monsters and demons are even more terrifying. Their hatred for humans is beyond imagination. They never leave anyone alive."

Joelson nodded slightly and a ray of light shot out from his hand.

Upton had only been in Red Leaf City for less than a month when he was attacked by the demi-demons.

The dark mass of demi-demons. Even though his strength had reached saint-level, he could not help but feel a sense of fear in his heart.

These humanoid monsters were not only fierce and brutal, but they also reproduced at an alarming rate. As long as they had enough food, their numbers would increase rapidly.

Upton was entangled by the three saint-level demi-demons.

"Damn it! There are three of them!"

Upton, who was only at the initial stage of the saint-level, was not a match for the three saint-level demi-demons at all. Soon, his body was covered in wounds.

The sharp claws of the demi-demons clawed at almost every part of his body.

Upton saw the three demi-demons staring at him with mocking and cruel eyes. They put the flesh that originally belonged to him in their claws into their mouths and chewed slowly.

Upton could not help but tremble.

He suddenly understood.

These three monsters were planning to toy with him like this and slowly eat him up!

Upton felt a deep sense of despair. The battle under his feet was almost over. The guards could not hold on any longer and the city gate was about to be broken through.

Was he really going to die here today?

No!

Even if he died, he would drag all of them down with him!

Upton gritted his teeth and was about to swing his sword and charge forward again. Suddenly, he had a feeling in his heart and looked up.

He saw a tall and slender figure standing quietly in the air.

His indifferent eyes projected a boundless grandeur as if he was a god walking in the human world.

Upton did not know who he was but he could recognize that it was a human!

"Sir!"

Upton shouted excitedly.

That person did not respond. Instead, he looked at him indifferently and then waved his hand casually.

A platinum light that was even more dazzling than the sun bloomed and disappeared in an instant.

Upton watched helplessly as the three saint-level demi-demons turned into countless pieces in an instant and died completely.

Then, that person raised his arm, and the purple flames that filled the sky fell like a storm.

A sea of flames spread out from the demi-demon horde below.

The purple flames were demonic and scorching but, in Upton's eyes, they were unexpectedly beautiful.

..

Under the guidance of Oswede, Joelson traversed across the entire territory of the Inmotati Empire in a few days.

On the central human's line of defense against the demi-demon, the brilliant purple flames connected to form a winding wall of flames.

Countless demi-humans died in the sea of fire, wailing and turning into ashes.

Countless people who were struggling at the edge of life and death saw a god-like existence descending onto the battlefield.

The platinum light in his hand was even more dazzling than the sun.

Regardless of whether it was an early-stage or peak-stage saint-level demi-demon, none of them could resist the white-gold light at all. They died easily.

Someone recognized that figure.

He shouted excitedly.

"It's Joelson Edward!"

"That sun-ranked genius who disappeared for five years!"

"Violet's glory! He's come to save us!"

"The number one person under the throne!"

"You're wrong! Now, we should call him His Majesty the Throne!"

Within a short period of time, Joelson Edward's name spread throughout the entire central continent.

The news of Joelson defeating the four thrones and killing a divine-domain-level demon king had also spread.

The central continent was in a complete uproar.

The fifth throne had been born!

The Platinum Throne!

Some people said that this would be the era of Joelson Edward!

In the next tens of thousands of years, the entire central continent would be shrouded in his glory!

Joelson had also released Du Lu, Steel Dragon, Curtis, Holy, and other dragons that had already reached the saint-level to hunt down the remaining demi-demons.

At this time, for the first time, Joelson summoned his dragons without any hesitation.

The continent was shocked again.

He...

..

The Holy Zither slashed a peak saint-level demon and forced it to retreat in a sorry state. She only needed one more strike to kill the demon.

At this time, a magnificent holy light descended from the sky and heavily hit the peak saint-level demon.

In an instant, the imp howled in the holy light and turned into ashes, disappearing without a trace.

Chapter 270: Promise of the Silver Dragon King

The Holy Order of the Church of Light was full of excitement. One after another, they shouted.

"Great Judgement!"

"Which Lord of the Church has come?"

"This strength is also at least sage level late-stage strength! Perhaps is not inferior to Lady Holy Zither!"

Everyone cheered and speculated, looking around for a big shot from the Church of Light that had suddenly made a move.

Only Holy Zither did not have any expression on her face as she stared in one direction.

There was a fat dragon that had just entered the void. Before it left, it even looked at her guiltily.

It was as if it was saying, "I didn't do it on purpose. Don't stare at me. Don't chase me."

Holy Zither was so angry that she gritted her teeth.

When she saw this fat dragon, she thought of that man.

He was a bastard just like him!

God of Light, how could such a person receive the favor of the Holy Light Dragon!

...

The huge and ferocious red dragon stood in the sky, spitting out golden-red flames as it swept in all directions.

The battlefield was filled with low-level demi-demons that were fleeing in panic, as well as the saint-level demi-demons that were roaring in panic. All of them were killed.

Du Lu curled his lips and spat out a mouthful of black smoke. His golden eyes coldly looked at the human warrior who was in a daze on the battlefield. He flapped his wings and flew into the clouds, disappearing.

The empty battlefield was silent for a few seconds. Suddenly, intense discussions broke out.

"What is that? Is that the Dragon Race's support? Is that the Fire Dragon King?"

"Idiot, would the Fire Dragon King especially come to save us ordinary people?"

"That's one of the Platinum Throne's giant dragons!"

"I've seen a green saint-level plant dragon and a dark gold saint-level metal dragon before. It's said that there's also a fat dragon that can instantly cast a light-type forbidden spell!"

"Lord Platinum Throne, you're too powerful!"

A man with a determined expression held a long sword in his hand as he looked in the direction where Du Lu had disappeared. His gaze was complicated.

The Violet Blade, Franklin.

He had fought against Joelson before and had seen this dragon before. At that time, it did not have such terrifying power.

When they recalled the time when Joelson was being hunted by the entire Church of Light, everyone thought that he would be like a shooting star. He would be dazzling for a short period of time before he would quickly fall.

However, they did not expect that within a short five years, he had already grown to such a height.

The throne!

A height that Franklin could only look up to.

A green dragon and a silver dragon were galloping among the demi-demon group.

The green dragon spat out green flames. The demi-demon that the flames landed on had a thick black expression on its face. It died in the process of festering.

Vines sprouted from their corpses and turned into green vegetation.

This was the earth element of the plant-type dragon race. It was filled with poison and contained life force.

The silver dragon used its wings to shoot out crescent-shaped light blades and cut the demi-demon into pieces.

On the city wall not far away, the human warriors waved their swords and shields as they cheered loudly for the "Platinum Throne."

Tiffany looked dissatisfied and said, "I'm the one who saved them. Why are they all talking about that?"

Tiffany paused subconsciously and looked around vigilantly. She lowered her voice and said, "The name of that person."

Curtis glanced at her and said, "Father saved the entire central continent. His name should be celebrated for thousands of years."

Tiffany snorted and did not refute. She frowned and looked at Curtis.

"As a giant dragon, why do you call a human father?"

Curtis looked at it strangely and said, "Father gave us life and everything we have now, including Du Lu and the Steel Dragon. Their power was also given by Father."

Tiffany looked dissatisfied.

"You should be one of us! Joining the Dragon's Nest is your best choice."

Curtis looked at it seriously and said, "I'll say it one last time. If you try to abduct me again. Well, it should be this word.

"If you try to abduct me again and go back to the Dragon's Nest with you, I'll immediately expel you."

Tiffany was so angry that she gritted her teeth but there was nothing she could do. She could only shut her mouth.

Even her father could not defeat that person. What could she do!

"Do you see those high-level demi-demons?"

Curtis suddenly pointed at the few saint-level demi-demons that flew over not far away and whispered to Tiffany,

"Later, I will use magic to restrain them. You prepare your strongest attack and finish them off. Then, we can go to the next place."

Tiffany nodded obediently.

She had a good impression of this dragon, who was the only one who showed kindness to her in the lost Divine Kingdom.

Moreover, the wise and cautious look of the latter always gave her an inexplicable sense of security.

Tiffany was willing to listen to it.

Curtis quickly moved forward. A large amount of plant magic elements in the void gathered toward it. When the saint-level demi-demons flew to a small bush, Curtis suddenly activated its power.

"Roar!"

The low bush grew rapidly. Countless thick vines flew into the sky, forming the shape of a cage and trapping a few saint-level demi-demons inside.

"Now!"

Tiffany flew up. The entire dragon turned into a huge crescent moon and slashed toward the demi-demons like a sharp blade.

Suddenly, the cage broke, and an extremely powerful demi-demon broke free from the cage and rose up.

"Not good!"

Curtis was shocked.

The strength of these demi-demons was beyond its expectations. Curtis and Tiffany could not deal with them at all. It had to get Du Lu and the others to come over.

Bang!

Tiffany whimpered and flew back.

The ferocious and twisted demi-demon followed closely behind. Its claws were overflowing with light as if it wanted to dig out Tiffany's heart.

Curtis was anxious, but it did not have the ability or ability to rush over to save Tiffany.

At that moment, a majestic dragon roar was heard.

"Roar!"

A huge silver dragon claw stretched out from the clouds and grabbed demi-demon's body, crushing it into a meat paste.

"Father!"

"Silver Dragon King."

Curtis said in a low voice. His eyes suddenly became serious and he took a few steps back carefully.

The Silver Dragon King casually crushed a few saint-level demi-demon and his majestic body descended from the clouds.

Tiffany quickly went up to meet him. The Silver Dragon King nodded slightly and a hint of indulgence appeared in his eyes. He quickly turned to Curtis and his gaze turned cold.

"Very pure plant dragon bloodline."

The Silver Dragon King's gaze was fixed on Curtis and his domain-level aura locked onto him. He slowly opened his mouth and said, "As long as you are willing to join the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest, I can give you the position of plant-type dragon king, or even..."

The Silver Dragon King turned to look at Tiffany before saying his next words.

"You have a chance to become the next Dragon King!"

"Father!"

Tiffany widened her eyes and shouted in disbelief.

She was angry and shy but there was a hint of inexplicable joy in her heart.

Curtis took a step back more cautiously and said in a low voice, "Thank you for your kindness, Silver Dragon King, but I'm not interested."

Chapter 271: Platinum Epic. The Legend of Joelson Edward

The Silver Dragon King's imposing manner slowly rose and his tone became dignified when he spoke.

"I really can't think of why you would refuse. You are still a dragon of the Platinum Throne and you can still obtain the support of the Dragon Race."

Curtis was silent for a moment and then said seriously, "The reason is probably best explained by an analogy."

"For example, if humans are used to living in the magnificent royal palace with the back garden of the royal palace full of strange flowers and plants, they would not want to go back to the slums to admire a dogtail grass by the ditch."

"Huh?"

The aura around the Silver Dragon King instantly surged like the sea. It was angry.

"You mean to say that the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest is a slum for you? The Dragon King's position is just a dogtail grass by the ditch?"

Curtis quickly took a few steps back, his face full of nervousness, but he still nodded and said, "That's more or less what I mean."

Curtis was the smartest and most intelligent of all the dragons of Joelson.

He was born in the space of the Ranch, and the dragons in the outside world did not even dare to think about the sacred fruit of the Dragon Clan. He ate it as a snack.

There was also the most suitable plant-type dragon nest for the plant-type dragons to live in.

Most importantly, by following beside Joelson, Curtis could see far into the future. It was not limited to the divine domain.

Compared to the space of the Ranch, what was the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest if not a slum?

"Roar!"

The Silver Dragon King roared angrily.

It had used the dignity of a divine-level dragon king to express goodwill to a small saint-level dragon. In the end, it was despised by the other party.

Even if it was that person's dragon, it had to teach Curtis a good lesson today.

The Silver Dragon King stretched out its huge silver dragon claws and quickly clawed at Curtis.

Tiffany cried out in surprise, "Father!"

The Silver Dragon King acted as if it had not heard anything. Its domain power had already firmly bound Curtis.

He wanted to see some panic and fear in Curtis'eyes.

However, he saw that the other party was also surprised and cried out in a low voice, "Father!"

An extremely bright platinum light fell from the sky and streaked across like a meteor.

"Roar!"

The Silver Dragon King roared in pain. Dragon blood flowed and a huge silver dragon claw was cut off by the platinum light.

A trace of fear appeared in the Silver Dragon King's eyes. He turned his head and saw a tall and handsome young man looking at him coldly.

"I'll cut off one of your claws this time. Next time..."

A cold killing intent spread, causing the Silver Dragon King's huge body to tremble. He avoided that person's cold gaze and heard the voice beside his ear.

"I'll take your life directly!"

The Silver Dragon King covered his bleeding wound, tore open a hole in the void, and rushed into the rift in panic. Before he left, he even dragged the screaming Tiffany away.

That person was too arrogant, too arrogant, and too terrifying.

Most importantly, he had yet to advance to the divine realm. No one knew how strong he would be after he advanced.

Joelson glanced indifferently in the direction where the Silver Dragon King had fled, then flew in front of Curtis.

"Father."

Curtis respectfully greeted Joelson, lowering his head to enjoy his caress.

"Let's go."

"Where are we going?"

Curtis blinked his emerald-like eyes.

"To find Du Lu and the rest. The demons have all been wiped out. It's time for us to leave," said Joelson calmly

Joelson looked into the distance as if he could see his homeland through the endless void.

The Southern Region.

Curtis nodded slightly, carried Joelson on his back, and roared as he burrowed into the clouds.

All that was left behind was the group of people who had witnessed with their own eyes how Joelson cut off the Silver Dragon King's dragon claw with one sword strike. Their eyes were dull as they could only keep mumbling a name.

"Platinum Throne. Is this the power of the Platinum Throne?"

The appearance of the few dragons from Du Lu had let the entire continent know.

The Platinum Throne, Joelson Edward, was not only the strongest among the five thrones but also the most talented. He was also the strongest in terms of overall strength.

He possessed no less than five saint-level dragons. And each of them had the strength of a dragon king of a certain element in the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest.

Once he grew up, he would truly be a force that would make the entire continent tremble.

In the five years of calamity that plagued the continent, countless people had been sacrificed during the demonic disaster.

Within a month of the appearance of Joelson, it was completely extinguished.

The entire continent was praising the greatness of the Platinum Throne.

All of Joelson's glorious achievements in the past were revealed one by one.

Every single one of them was enough to shock people when all the deeds were put together.

The dazzling light forged a true legend.

"The genius youth rode a giant dragon out of the mysterious land, defeated the terrifying devil, and saved the entire central continent. He held a staff in his hand and ascended the Platinum Throne. Beside him, violets and red roses swayed."

Joelson's deeds were compiled into a "platinum epic" by the bards. The bards strolled and chanted, spreading it to every corner of the entire continent.

Joelson's image was cast into a statue and placed in all the major mage and knight academies on the continent. He was worshipped by countless youths.

In the final paragraph of the epic, "violets and red roses swayed."

This was a decision made by Nicholas the Great.

Nicholas the Great announced to the entire continent that the violet flower, the Violet Isabelle, and Elin, would be married to the Platinum Throne, Lord Joelson Edward.

A grand wedding ceremony was also held.

Although Joelson did not appear that day, the entire continent now regarded the two princesses of the violet as the women of the Platinum Throne.

The Akenshi Tribe.

The setting sun's afterglow shone on this desolate desert oasis.

It made it look like a beautiful emerald sparkling.

The well-built dark elf sat on the top of the rock, looked at the setting sun, and played the melodious harp.

The sound of the harp carried a faint sorrow and longing as if calling for the return of the people in the distance.

"Big Sister Darlene is missing Lord Fire Dragon God again."

A few Akenshi children stood in a corner and whispered among themselves.

"Lord Fire Dragon God rode a dragon that could spit fire, defeated the evil necromancer, and saved the entire Akenshi Tribe!"

"When will I be able to see Lord Fire Dragon God with my own eyes!"

"I also want to touch that fire-spitting dragon."

The children were very interested in the discussion.

At this time, a burly figure walked over and scolded with a smile, "You bunch of kids, you're lazy again. Hurry up and cultivate!"

"Uncle Hewlett!"

"Uncle Hewlett is here! Everyone, run!"

The children seemed to have seen a terrifying monster. As soon as they saw the burly man, they immediately scattered in all directions.

Hewlett gave a helpless smile. He looked at Darlene's back and quietly stopped the sound of the harp for a while before walking forward.

The sound of the harp suddenly stopped.

Darlene put down the harp in her hand and looked at the sunset on the horizon in a daze.

Chapter 272: Arrival of the Fire Dragon God

"Do you think he will come back?" asked Darlene.

Hewlett did not know how to answer. After a long silence, he finally shook his head.

"I don't know."

"Last week, there was a bard who came to Bulo, reciting an epic, the legendary story of the Platinum Throne, the first sun-level genius on the pillar of stars, the youngest and most powerful throne in history, saving the entire continent from the devil disaster. Even the Silver Dragon King and the Dark Throne were cut off by him."

"That person's name is also called Joelson Edward."

Hewlett's eyes could not help but reveal a deep shock. He whispered, "I really don't know. Is it just the same name, or is it really him?"

Darlene did not seem to hear Hewlett's words. She said from the side, "I know. He will definitely come back."

Darlene stroked her long dark purple hair. She had once cut a strand of hair and given it to Joelson.

In her daze, Darlene seemed to see...

In the distance, the figure of a giant dragon was flying out from the sunset and approaching quickly.

Darlene thought her eyes were playing tricks on her. She looked carefully and came closer and closer.

More people noticed the giant dragon and all looked over in a daze.

Because of the existence of the Fire Dragon God, the Akenshi clansmen yearned for the giant dragon more than they feared it.

The giant dragon was too beautiful. Its red scales were flickering under the sunset's rays, like the finest rubies.

There was also its huge and slender body, combining power and beauty.

"It's Lord Fire Dragon God's giant dragon!"

Some children cried out in joy.

More children cheered, "Fire Dragon God, Lord Fire Dragon God is back!"

The dragon was closer and everyone could see it clearly.

On the back of the dragon, there was really a young figure.

Everyone was excited.

That figure really looked like the Fire Dragon God statue in the middle of the tribe!

Darlene's eyes became brighter and brighter, and a layer of mist gradually appeared.

Hewlett's eyes also widened. Finally, he couldn't help but shout, "It's Joelson. Oh, no, it's the Fire Dragon God. Lord Fire Dragon God has returned!"

The dragon flew to the sky above the Akenshi tribe and looked down.

The terrifying aura set off a huge wind pressure, blowing the dust on the ground.

After the shock, no one was afraid. Instead, they cheered and jumped happily.

This was probably the first time that Du Lu had met a 'bug' that was not afraid of him.

Joel slowly walked down from Du Lu's back.

Darlene looked at the man in front of her that she missed every day.

He stood tall and straight, his face was more handsome, and his back was wider. He had completely lost the last bit of his youth, and his entire body exuded the dignity of a superior.

However, Darlene did not care about this. She quickly rushed towards Joelson and pounced into his arms, as if she wanted to squeeze her entire body into his body.

Who said that dark elves were cold?

Joelson smiled bitterly but his eyes became gentle. He gently hugged Darlene's thin body and gently smelled the faint fragrance of flowers in her hair.

When he finally let go, Darlene's face was already full of tears. She glared at Joelson and said, "You're finally back. In another year, I would have hunt you down."

Joelson smiled and didn't say anything. He held her hand.

He turned his head and looked to his side. A large group of Akenshi tribesmen had already knelt down.

The blind Grand Elder was still alive. He was helped out and moved his empty eyes to Joelson. He said respectfully and joyfully, "What I saw is happening!"

The dragon's might of Du Lu, who was at the peak of the saint level, and the powerful aura of Joelson had been continuously and deeply shocking the people of the Akenshi tribe.

At this moment, the image of Joelson in their memories became more and more vivid.

It was deeply imprinted in their bones and they worshipped him as a god.

The children widened their pitch-black eyes and hid in a corner to look at Joelson.

Their eyes were filled with respect, admiration, and joy. They wanted to approach but were also afraid.

The Fire Dragon God!

It really was the Fire Dragon God!

The Fire Dragon God that they cheered for every day was now standing in front of them. It was like a dream.

Darlene was the same as five years ago but she seemed to have lost a lot of weight.

The elves had a long lifespan. It was difficult for time to leave too many traces on their bodies.

On the contrary, Hewlett, the leader of the Sword and Rose Mercenary Group, had experienced a lot of vicissitudes. He looked completely like a mature uncle.

After letting the Akenshi people go, Joelson and the former members of the mercenary group reminisced.

"Platinum epic."

Hewlett held a stack of parchment that he copied from the bard and asked curiously, "Are you the one I'm talking about, Joelson?"

The others also looked at him curiously.

Joelson nodded slightly. "Many things have happened in the past few years."

After being personally acknowledged by Joelson, everyone's bodies trembled, and the expressions on their faces became even more respectful.

The throne.

Such a distant existence was actually standing in front of them right now.

Holiness was already far enough for the middle-class people, not to mention the divine domain above the saint-rank.

Most people had never even heard of it.

However, they at least knew about the demonic calamity in the past few years. Who knew how many saint-rank powerhouses had fallen? Yet, Joelson had actually managed to turn the situation around by relying on his own strength.

It was too shocking.

Joelson swept a glance at everyone. Their strength had increased to different degrees.

Hewlett and Darlene had both broken through to the level of a ninth-rank knight. They were only one step away from reaching the saint-rank.

After thinking for a while, a few dozen magic crystals appeared in his hands.

"These are the combat aura and magic books I got from the land of heritage. They should be of help to you. The Akenshi Tribe needs these too."

Everyone looked excited.

Hewlett, in particular, had completely exhausted his potential. It was almost impossible for him to take another step forward. If there were no other opportunities, he would be stuck at tier-9 for the rest of his life.

Now, the opportunities were right in front of him.

"Also, the Spring of Life."

Joelson took out the remaining Spring of Life from the Elf Forest and gave it to everyone.

"The Spring of Life!"

Darlene's eyes were wide from surprise. She said in a low voice, "The holy relic of the Elf Clan, why do you have it?"

"This is the purpose of my return."

Joelson looked at Daliana and said seriously, "I want to take you back to my hometown, on the other side of the central continent."

After sacrificing his normal lifespan, Joelson found that the intimacy between him and the Dark Demon Dragon had increased a lot.

This discovery surprised him.

The Spring of Life could increase his lifespan and it could allow the elf prophet to live for more than two thousand years.

If he had a large amount of the Spring of Life, would he be able to quickly control the Dark Demon Dragon's power?

Then, he needed to return to the Southern Region as soon as possible.

Chapter 273: Nine Saint-Level Dragons. Dragon Nursery?

Ranching Space.

Enny, Cloud, and Benedict gathered around Joelson and stared at him.

These five years had starved them to death.

During the process of Joelson receiving the divine spark inheritance, the ranching space was left unattended, and the crops on the farm had never been harvested.

However, he had accumulated quite a number of holy dragon fruits. There were dozens of them.

Joelson fed one holy dragon fruit to each of the three dragons.

Three dragon roars sounded.

An astonishing phenomenon appeared in the space of the ranch. The earth shook, and clouds gathered and dispersed.

Water, air, and earth magic elements all gathered and surrounded them.

After a period of time, the three dragons' bodies inflated and their auras became stronger. They successfully advanced to the saint-level.

From then on, Joelson already had nine saint-level dragons under him.

"Mhm."

The little Platinum Dragon that was born from the fusion of the Steel Dragon and the Lightning bloodline nestled in Joelson's arms. Looking at the three dragons that had advanced, its eyes were filled with envy.

Its little head arched against Joelson's chest, looking very wronged.

Joelson stroked the Platinum's head and comforted it gently. A bitter smile appeared on his face.

If not for the fact that there had been almost no crop accumulation in the past five years, Platinum would have been one of the dragons that had advanced.

"Don't worry, it'll be quick. The delicious food in the next period will all be yours."

Platinum wrinkled its nose and its mood slowly improved.

Considering that a similar situation might occur in the future, Joelson simply used the magic crystal coins he had to exchange for a large number of crop seeds.

After the farm was upgraded, a portion of new crops appeared, suitable for consumption by saint-level dragons.

"Dragon Lotus: Delicious food for saint-level dragons. Can provide 10,000 growth points."

Then, he gave the authority to harvest crops and grow crops to Enny. Enny was the most meticulous and patient one under Joelson.

In fact, Frederick was more suitable. However, although this cunning old lich had followed Joelson for a long time, Joelson had not completely trusted him.

He was calculating in his heart when he would send this guy to Hades's side and use his conspiracy to help Hades fight.

Perhaps he would be an excellent strategist.

After leaving the Lost Kingdom, Hades immediately rushed back to the underworld. The battlefield of the dark knights needed it.

Every time Joelson communicated with it, it would tell him with great joy how vast their territory was and how many people they had.

Joelson thought about when he should go to the underworld and see the territory that Hades had conquered for him.

Benedict and Holy's growth had also brought him two lucky draws for the ordinary dragon pool.

Joelson simply used them all at once.

"Congratulations to the rancher for obtaining a wind elemental dragon egg (x1) and an ice elemental dragon egg (x1)."

After hatching, there were two more cute little dragons in the space of the ranch.

When the density of the Dark Demon Dragon reached 60, the 10 elemental magic talents of Joelson would be completed.

The two little dragons were named "Green Wind" and "Blue Frost" respectively.

The laws of wind and ice in the air became clearer.

Ice magic was a branch of water magic. Although the mages of the central continent divided it into an independent magic category, the two still had the same origin in the laws.

Unlike water magic, ice magic was more representative of "indifference and tenacity."

Wind and ice dragon nests rose from the ground and were directly upgraded to large dragon nests.

With nine saint-level dragons, the number of magic crystal coins that could be obtained every day was almost like a mountain. He did not care about this little consumption at all.

A new building appeared in the system store. "Dragon Nursery: A paradise for dragon whelps. By staying in it for a long time, you can increase the potential of the dragon whelps to a certain extent, and cultivate the rapport and intimacy between the dragon whelps."

The effect of dragon nursery made Joelson's eyes light up.

In fact, the rapport and intimacy between dragons were also very important, especially for a dragon rider like Joelson who had many dragons.

For example, the rapport between Du Lu and the Steel Dragon was very high, because the two dragons fought together with Joelson for the longest time.

The higher the rapport, the stronger the strength of the cooperation between the dragons would be.

Moreover, the intimacy was related to the pairing of the dragons when they reached adulthood.

Just like how Enny and Du Lu gave birth to clouds.

The closer the dragons were to each other, the greater the probability of them giving birth to rare dragons.

Joelson spent 50,000 magic crystal coins to unlock the dragon nursery.

A building filled with warmth was soon completed. It contained many exquisite and wonderful baby dragon toys that could develop the potential of baby dragons.

Green Wind, Blue Frost, and Platinum were attracted by the magical power of the nursery and happily rushed in to play.

Joelson found that he had another title: Dragon Nursery Director.

The effect was that all the baby dragons' natural affection for him increased by 50%.

Joelson didn't know what to say.

Connie, Lightning, and the Black Dragon, Kokonoro, were still in the runic lands.

They had come back several times in the past five years, and the runestones left behind in the ranching space were the best proof.

Curtis told Joelson that the three of them were doing well in the runic land.

With the help of Lightning and Kokonoro, Connie seemed to have become the lord of a major city in the runic land and was helping Joelson collect the runes he needed.

Joelson would let them go for now. With Kokonoro and Lightning's strength, there wouldn't be any danger in the runic land.

Even if there were, the three of them could return to the ranch space at any time.

After settling the miscellaneous matters that had accumulated over the past five years, Joelson's eyes flashed.

Now, it was time for him to officially prepare to return to the southern mountain range.

The Akenshi clansmen crowded together and knelt down.

Du Lu flapped his wings and slowly rose into the air.

Joelson held Darlene's hand and stood on Du Lu's back, looking down at the crowd.

These people shouted the name of the "Fire Dragon God" devoutly and fervently.

Joelson felt that there seemed to be a subtle connection between him and this small tribe.

In addition to leaving a portion of magic crystals, gold coins, and magic aura inheritance for the tribe, he also carved three platinum powers into the statue of the Fire Dragon God at the center of the tribe.

If the Akenshi tribe was in danger of being overthrown, he would pray sincerely. These three platinum powers would be summoned and explode, defending the Akenshi tribe against three life-and-death crises.

Since they believed in him, he should also protect them.

A hint of understanding rose in Joelson's heart. He seemed to have grasped onto something but he could not tell what it was.

"How are we going to go back?"

Darlene hugged him tightly. The dark elf entrusted everything to him, her eyes full of undisguised love.

Joelson looked ahead and said calmly, "Church of Light."

Chapter 274: Respectful Holy Church of Light

Joelson recalled the time he came to the central continent five years ago.

At that time, he had hired a merchant ship to cross the ocean. It had taken him a few months.

During that time, he had encountered some dangers. It was different now. Those small sea monsters posed no threat to him.

However, Joelson did not plan to take the ship. Using a magic teleportation array was obviously the best choice.

Only the Church of Light and the Dark Church had magic teleportation arrays in the Southern Region.

No one knew the position of the Dark Church, so he could only consider borrowing the teleportation array from the Church of Light.

Thinking about it, since he did not do the favor of killing the Light Thronelast time, the other party should not refuse this request.

..

The Church of Light.

The clergy in white robes and the followers of the Church of Light stood on both sides of the temple.

Almost everyone had arrived. As the core of the Church of Light, there were many eighth and ninth rank priests and knights.

Even more than twenty saint rank followers had come.

This was one of the biggest advantages of the Church of Light.

Although many saint ranks had been lost in the Lost Divine Kingdom and the demonic disaster. And under the hands of Joelson and the Dark Church, many saint ranks had been lost.

But as long as the heart of an angel was enough, the Church of Light could quickly send out a batch of saint rank followers.

All the believers were nervous as if they were facing the descent of a devil.

Even the Pope of the Church of Light had a solemn expression on his face as he stared intently at the sky.

All of this was because of a piece of news that the Church of Light had received a few days ago.

That person was coming.

And it was the Light Throne who had personally given the order.

Thinking about that person's terrifying strength, terrifying might, and his reputation on the continent...

Everyone subconsciously swallowed a mouthful of saliva.

Nervous.

The Pope of Light was also very nervous.

He remembered that he was the one who personally issued the decree of Judgment of Light to kill that person back then.

If that person still remembered it, he would take advantage of this opportunity to use the magic array to conveniently kill himself.

Even if he really died, it would be for nothing.

Even the Light Throne did not dare to stand up for him.

The throne was also afraid of death.

After waiting for a long time, from sunrise to sunset, finally, on the other side of the distant mountain range, in the sky...

A ferocious figure flew over quickly.

Everyone's heart tightened. They knew that it was that person.

The entire central continent knew.

The Platinum Throne's mount was a huge dragon at the peak of the saint level.

No! It should be said that there were many huge dragons!

Suddenly, everyone's eyes widened. They grew bigger and bigger until they almost popped out of their sockets.

After the shadow of the dragon, two more huge figures flew out and followed closely behind the two giant dragons in front.

Then there were two more.

Then there were four.

Almost one of them was seeing things.

The seven giant dragons lined up and flew toward the Divine Hall.

The shocking scene was unforgettable.

Was it not that person who came but the dragons who came to visit?

When the dragons flew above the temple...

The seven dragons flapped their wings and created a strong wind. It was as if someone had thrown a wind-type forbidden spell in the temple. Everyone was forced to bend their bodies.

It was as if they were bowing respectfully to the person on the dragon's back.

The shock in everyone's hearts was still deepening.

Saint-rank.

These seven giant dragons were all saint-rank!

Just what terrifying power did that person possess!

The giant dragons occupied the sky above the divine hall for over ten minutes.

The pressure of the seven saint-rank dragons and the terrifying aura of the person on the dragon's back mixed together, causing everyone present to turn pale and tremble. Their backs were drenched in a cold sweat.

It was too terrifying. It was as if the end of the world had arrived!

"Welcome."

The Pope of Light had no choice but to raise his scepter with an ugly expression. He was the first to shout, "Welcome, His Holiness the Platinum Throne, to the Divine Hall of Light!"

"Welcome, His Holiness the Platinum Throne, to the Divine Hall of Light!"

Everyone shouted in unison.

In the past thousand years, no one had been able to make the Church of Light display such a high level of etiquette to welcome them.

Darlene grabbed onto Joelson's hand and stepped down from the dragon's back under his support.

Beneath her were countless heads that bowed respectfully.

So many saint-level characters.

These people who were usually high and mighty now prostrated themselves at the feet of the man beside her.

Darlene only felt that her entire chest was filled with tension, shock, excitement, and joy.

She could not help but look at Joelson, looking at his handsome and cold side profile.

At this moment, she only wanted to announce to the entire continent that he was the Platinum Throne and that he was her man!

Joelson walked to the front of the Pope of Light expressionlessly and the latter immediately bowed respectfully to him.

"The teleportation array is ready. The Platinum Throne can be activated at any time."

Joelson nodded slightly. He turned around and waved his sleeve, causing the dragons in the sky to instantly disappear. Then, he followed the Pope of Light into the Divine Hall.

When Joelson's figure completely disappeared, only then did the sounds of relief ring out in the square. Many people directly collapsed to the ground.

Everyone looked at each other. Looking at each other's pale and fearful eyes, they revealed bitter smiles.

"That Lord is too terrifying. Whoever makes an enemy of him is the stupidest thing in the world!"

..

The Church of Light's magic teleportation array was slightly bigger than the magic array of the magic union in the king's city.

It was specially used for Joelson alone.

From the central continent to the southern region, this teleportation would consume at least a dozen space crystals and cost more than 200,000 magic crystal coins.

However, Joelson did not need to fork out a single copper coin. The Church of Light was willing to do so.

They were willing to use this opportunity to re-establish a good relationship with Joelson.

A tall and burly knight of light stood beside the magic array. His strength had reached the late-stage saint-level.

He was extremely respectful towards Joelson.

"Tockden will follow you to the southern region. With his power in the Southern Region, the Church of Light will be at your disposal."

The Church of Light was very thoughtful.

Joelson stepped into the magic teleportation array, together with Darlene and Tockden.

The magic teleportation array started to glow. Joelson raised his head and looked through the mysterious sky to the outside world.

He had been looking at the aura of the Light Throne.

Joelson smiled and the three of them disappeared.

..

"He left?"

"The Platinum Throne just left."

"Was he alone?"

"There's a female dark elf beside the throne."

"Okay, I got it."

Holy Zither slowly wiped the holy sword in her hand and nodded casually. "You can leave now."

The attendant left respectfully.

The space in the room instantly froze and a terrifying power surged out from Holy Zither's body, squeezing the surrounding walls until long cracks appeared.

The Holy Zither's gaze flickered and her entire body was like a volcano that was about to erupt.

The holy sword in her hand also slowly lit up with a faint light.

After a long time, her aura slowly withdrew.

The room returned to its usual calm. After a long time, a low curse sounded.

"Bastard."

Chapter 275: The Important Figure Was Actually Him?

Southern Region.

Scorching Sun Empire, Church of Light.

The archbishop dressed in a red robe and his shiny armor stood quietly by the magic array. His attitude was respectful as if he was waiting for someone to arrive.

"Louis, you have to make good use of this opportunity. If you take it, you might be able to make use of this opportunity to head to the central continent. With your talent, it would be a waste to stay in the small Southern Region."

The archbishop carefully reminded the holy-level knight of light beside him. With a solemn face, he nodded his head solemnly, indicating that he understood.

The red-robed archbishop looked at the increasingly bright magic array and could not help but feel excited and nervous.

This time, it was an important figure with an unimaginable status.

The Church of Light had repeatedly emphasized that they had to do their best to serve this person and fulfill all of his requests.

Even His Holiness the Pope placed great importance on him.

The archbishop still remembered the Pope's solemn tone in the message.

If he angered this person, he might bring about the destruction of the entire Church of Light.

The red-robed archbishop could not help but gasp when he thought of this.

What sort of existence could bring about the destruction of the Church of Light?

However, this was also an opportunity for him. If he could win the favor of this person, he and Louis might be able to leave this small place like the Southern Region.

The magic teleportation array shone brightly.

The archbishop's eyes lit up as he muttered to himself.

It's coming.

..

The light dissipated and three figures appeared in the magic teleportation array.

One of them walked out first.

The red-robed archbishop and Louis did not dare to raise their heads. They maintained a respectful posture.

The crisp sound of footsteps approached.

"My lord, we have arrived at the Southern Region."

"Mm, let's go out first."

A cold and indifferent voice sounded in their ears. The red-robed archbishop and Louis trembled.

This lord sounded even younger than they had imagined.

"My lord, this way please."

The red-robed archbishop hurriedly ran up to the few of them, intending to lead the way.

Suddenly, he heard a low cry.

"It's you?"

Turning his head, he saw Louis staring in the direction of the Lord with a stunned expression, as if he was completely dumbfounded.

The soul of the red-robed archbishop was so frightened that it was about to jump out of his body. He was extremely terrified.

Louis, this idiot!

How dare he offend His Excellency like this? He looked directly at His Excellency!

The red-robed archbishop hurriedly ran over and quickly explained, "I'm sorry, Your Excellency! Louis didn't mean to offend you!"

The red-robed archbishop suddenly stopped halfway through his explanation.

His entire body seemed to have been strangled by an invisible hand. His mouth was wide open and his eyes were wide open. His eyes were filled with disbelief and extreme shock. He could not say a single word.

He was even more exaggerated than Louis.

The God of Light, who did he see?

A young and handsome man. His eyes were as deep as the starry sky. He was wearing a mage's robe. His entire body was exuding a calm temperament and a powerful pressure that belonged to a superior.

He recognized this person!

His memory was quickly pulled back to a few years ago.

The trials of the four kingdoms were the most humiliating one for the Church of light and the Dark Church.

A confident mage youth held a staff in his hand and looked at them arrogantly.

Under the feet of that youth were rolling heads and countless magic beast essence crystals.

That was because that scene had a huge impact on the red-robed archbishop. No, it should be said that those who had gone through that trial had left a deep impression.

That was why the red-robed archbishop still remembered the name that shocked the four kingdoms.

Joelson Edward!

He was a disciple of Harriet Terrence from the Alcott Empire. He was a super genius who had reached the level of a level-nine magician at the age of 16!

His existence had caused all the young geniuses in the Southern Region to be unable to raise their heads.

Even Louis, who was the Holy Son of Light, appeared dim under his dazzling light.

It was said that Joelson Edward had gone to the central continent under the guidance of his teacher, Harriet Terrence.

But it had only been a few years and he had already become an important figure that even the Church of Light could not afford to offend?

What had he done in the central continent during these few years?

This was even more shocking than the God of Light revealing his divine skills.

Louis was the same, and even more shocked.

He stared blankly at Joelson. This opponent, who had given him a taste of defeat for the first time in the Southern Region, had always been firmly engraved in his heart.

He had thought that one day he would be able to fight again.

But now...

"How dare you!"

Tockden's face was cold as he took a step forward. His powerful aura—which belonged to the late stage of the saint level—burst forth, pressing down on Louis and the red-robed archbishop. Their faces were pale as they kept retreating.

Tockden's anger woke the red-robed archbishop up. He hurriedly bent down to apologize. Even his voice was trembling.

"Forget it."

Joelson glanced at Tockden. The latter immediately lowered his head respectfully.

"Let's go."

"Yes!"

The red-robed archbishop did not dare to think any further. He quickly led the way.

Louis was still in a daze. He had not recovered from the shock he had just experienced.

The powerful figure of the Church of Light who could suppress him to the point of suffocation with just his aura was respectful like a servant in front of Joelson.

What kind of height had Joelson reached?

"I wonder why you have come back this time, sir?"

Tockden asked Joelson carefully.

The red-robed archbishop and Louis did not know how they felt when they saw the cautious and nervous look on his face.

Joelson casually sat on the highest position in the Church of Light, with Darlene standing behind him.

"I want to head to Alcott immediately."

The red-robed archbishop hurriedly said, "The holy unicorn in the Church of Light is comparable to a saint-level. Sir, if you ride it, it will take less than half a month to arrive at Alcott from the Burning Sun Empire."

Joelson glanced at him indifferently and did not say a word.

However, Tockden's expression was ugly. His gaze was strange as he said coldly, "Sir naturally has his own mount. You don't have to worry about it."

The red-robed archbishop felt "wronged" and had to shut his mouth. He did not know what he had said wrong again.

"Alcott seems to be in a bit of trouble."

Louis suddenly spoke.

The gazes of the few of them instantly converged on him.

Joelson narrowed his eyes and slowly said, "What's wrong with Alcott?"

The aura of the throne was slightly released. Louis, Tockden, and the red-robed archbishop immediately bent their bodies, their faces pale.

It was as if there was a mountain on their bodies that was about to fall.

Louis took a deep breath, he quickly explained, "After Ulysses of the Dark Church advanced to the saint-level, he has been targeting the Alcott Empire. He even suggested splitting up the two empires with us. However, we haven't agreed to it yet. However, given Ulysses's personality, he should have already made a move against Alcott by now."

Joelson listened to him without any expression and suddenly stood up.

Louis and the other two only felt that as this figure stood up, the light in the hall became much dimmer.

Joelson casually waved his hand.

Boom!

The roof of the hall was overturned by a huge invisible force. An extremely terrifying red dragon that was hundreds of meters long appeared in the sky.

Joelson took Darlene's hand and suddenly appeared on the dragon's back. The dragon spread its wings and flew into the distance.

Chapter 276: The Situation Was Dire When the Two Empires Join Forces

The three people in the hall were still stunned for a moment.

The red-robed archbishop finally understood the meaning of what Tockden had just said.

"Sir has his own mount."

However, that terrifying dragon was enough to destroy the entire Southern Region dozens of times.

"Idiot!"

Tockden suddenly cursed in a low voice and said anxiously, "Bring all the saint-level cultivators in the Church of Light and rush to Alcott immediately!"

"Ah?"

The red-robed archbishop subconsciously asked, "With your strength, can't you solve the small problem of the Alcott Empire?"

At this time, Tockden had already flown into the sky, and his gaze was complicated as he forgot about them. He said worriedly, "You have no idea how terrifying this person is. If the scum of the Dark Church hurt your relatives or something like that, your excellency will be furious."

A deep fear appeared in Tockden's eyes, "The Dark Throne has been chased to god knows where. If the Dark Church is destroyed, it will be destroyed. If it affects the Church of Light, even the Light Throne will not be able to withstand his anger!"

With that, Tockden turned into a ray of light and chased after the direction where Joelson disappeared.

Only the red-robed archbishop and Louis were left. They looked at each other with a face full of confidence.

Throne?

What was that!

The city gates of the capital of Alcott were tightly shut. The originally bustling capital was now filled with solemnity.

The civilians near the city gates had been dispersed. The guards and the royal knights, who were clad in armor and holding long spears and swords, gathered here.

On the city wall, archers, guards, and the palace's group of mages were doing their best to resist an ugly and powerful monster outside the city.

Poison dragon!

Bows and arrows rained down like raindrops. The huge fireballs thrown by various spells and catapults only scratched the body of the poison dragon.

Although the poison dragon was only a sub-dragon with mixed bloodlines, its strength had broken through to the saint-level. It was still much more terrifying than ordinary magic beasts.

The continuous rain of arrows and spells made it feel a burst of pain, and it became angry.

His cold green eyes swept across the city wall and suddenly he spat out a large amount of thick poison from his mouth, which fell on the crowd on the city wall.

Along with the sound of the armor's skin and flesh being corroded, miserable screams sounded continuously.

In an instant, they suffered heavy losses.

"Mage! Protect the Mage Group! And where are the water-element mages? Heal them with magic!"

The leader of the knights shouted loudly.

A layer of water-blue light sprinkled down. The water elemental magic power nourished the injured guards and soothed their wounds. Many people were excited and looked in one direction happily.

"Her Highness the Princess is here!"

Her long purple hair fell on her shoulders like a waterfall. Her facial features were perfect, and her temperament was noble and elegant. She was the pearl of the empire that countless young people of the empire adored.

Her Royal Highness Princess Dayshannon.

Dayshannon was following an old man whose hair and beard was all white. Her beautiful face had a hint of solemnity.

"Lord Harriet Terrence is here too!"

"Damned Poison Dragon, have a good taste of Lord Fa Sheng's forbidden spell!"

As soon as Dayshannon arrived, she immediately cast several tier 7 spells consecutively to protect the lives of the heavily injured warriors.

Hawthorne stared at the poisonous dragon outside the city walls. A khaki-colored light bloomed on the tree root staff in his hand, and the Earth began to rumble.

A huge hand rose from the ground and grabbed at the poisonous dragon.

The dragon kept spitting out thick venom at the hand. The strong toxicity caused the surface of the hand to quickly corrode but it still grabbed onto it tightly.

"Roar!"

A smile appeared on Harriet Terrence's face but he did not wait for the cheers from the city walls to ring out.

A black figure suddenly appeared in the air and shot over like lightning.

Harriet Terrence's expression changed drastically. The battle aura light blade that belonged to the saint-level had already arrived in front of him.

Because he was controlling the forbidden spell, Harriet Terrence only had time to cast a tier 8 earth-type defensive spell on himself.

The combat aura light blade easily broke through the earth shield, forcing Harriet Terrence's magic shield to smash into his body.

Harriet Terrence was instantly sent flying and fell heavily to the ground. His face was pale and blood oozed from the corner of his mouth.

"Grandpa Harriet Terrence!"

Dayshannon cried out in surprise and quickly ran forward to support him.

"Clive!"

Harriet Terrence spoke out that person's name angrily.

A hunchbacked middle-aged man appeared in the sky. His ugly face was filled with smug and wild laughter.

"Hahaha! Harriet Terrence, I still remember that strike you gave me seven years ago."

At this moment, the poison dragon was also breaking away from the uncontrollable hand of the earth. Its huge body was like a cannonball as it rammed into the city gate. After a few hits, the city gate let out an unbearable sound.

It was going to shatter very soon.

"Damn it!"

The commander of the knights cursed in a low voice. He roared and raised his sword as he charged towards the poison dragon. He wanted to stop the poison dragon from ramming into the city gate.

"Hmph!"

Clive casually waved out a streak of black combat aura. The commander of the knights with the strength of a rank 8 was like a ragdoll as he was torn into pieces in mid-air.

Fresh blood and internal organs were scattered everywhere.

This extremely tragic scene caused everyone's faces to turn pale. Their eyes revealed despair.

"Clive!"

A loud shout came from afar.

Clive subconsciously turned his head, only to see that in the dim twilight, two extremely resplendent golden rays, crossed in a cross shape, were rapidly shooting towards him.

Clive's expression changed and he quickly dodged.

The golden cross combat aura slashed onto the poisonous dragon's back, causing green blood to splatter everywhere. It was so painful that it roared repeatedly, finally stopping its actions of charging towards the city gates.

A few figures were brought over by the golden light.

An old man was holding a long sword, surrounded by golden combat aura. His aura was powerful and he looked like a stubborn rock in the desert.

The saint-level powerhouse of the Yheng Empire, Sword Saint Fred.

There was a man and a woman behind Fred.

They were both Type 9 knights.

Don Quixote and Stephanie.

"Harriet Terrence."

Fred immediately landed beside Harriet Terrence, anxiously checking his injuries.

"It's alright."

Harriet Terrence shook his head with a bitter smile, saying weakly, "I'm not dead yet."

He added gratefully, "Thank you for coming, old friend."

Fred shook his head seriously and said in a low voice, "The Alcott Empire and the Yheng Empire can not exist alone in the Southern Region. We are allies on the same front."

Harriet Terrence's expression was ugly. He said softly, "I don't know if we can survive this time."

"We will."

Fred looked up at Clive. The aura of a saint-level rose again.

He rushed into the sky like a shooting star and tangled with Clive.

Fred's swordsmanship was fierce and full of an indomitable powerful aura. Clive was no match for him at all, screaming and constantly retreating.

Chapter 277: It's a Pity That I Can't Let Any of You Off

At this moment, the injured poisonous dragon that was about to go crazy began to attack the city wall again. It tried to vent its anger by torturing and killing ordinary people.

Dayshannon's face turned pale. She clenched her teeth and was about to step forward to fight.

Suddenly, two figures blocked in front of her.

"Let us do it!"

Stephanie said to Dayshannon softly. Her eyes were firm and complicated.

This must be that man's fiancée. She was really beautiful.

Don Quixote had already drawn his long sword and rushed toward the poisonous dragon.

With the will of a grand swordmaster, Don Quixote's combat aura swordsmanship was also fierce.

Although he was only at the ninth rank, he began to fight with the poisonous dragon with his agile body.

Stephanie was also using her battle aura to assist Don Quixote in his battle.

"Hehe."

A soft laugh came from the sky.

It was surprisingly familiar.

Don Quixote suddenly raised his head.

He saw a figure jumping down from the body of an ugly bat monster, falling like a meteor.

It was sharp and filled with a cold aura.

Don Quixote raised his sword, forcefully withstanding this attack.

The hard ground under his feet could not withstand such a terrifying impact and suddenly shattered.

The figure landed not far away from Don Quixote. His arrogant red hair fluttered in the wind. His appearance was still as arrogant as a few years ago.

Don Quixote looked at the person in front of him, and his gaze was solemn. He whispered his name, "Hawthorne."

It was Hawthorne, who had chosen to join the Dark Church after the trials of the four kingdoms a few years ago.

Now, he had also reached the level of a ninth-rank knight.

Hawthorne sized up Don Quixote, the corners of his mouth curling into a disdainful smile.

"The Kingdom of Dawn? Don Quixote, you really disappoint me," Hawthorne said.

At this time, Fred's angry voice came from the sky.

Fred had originally suppressed Clive to the point where he could only resist.

But at this time, a phantom-like shadow suddenly floated in the air and rushed toward Fred.

Fred retreated dozens of meters in the air, his face unsightly.

A deep wound appeared on his waist as if he had been slashed by a wide, sharp blade.

If Fred hadn't twisted his body at the critical moment, he would have been cut in half.

"Hehehe!"

A burst of ear-piercing laughter.

A tall and thin man wearing a black hood and black robe slowly appeared beside Fred. He held a strange weapon that looked like a huge sickle in his hand.

It was this weapon that had seriously injured Fred.

"Lord Chief Judge."

Clive bowed respectfully to the tall and thin man. He let out a sigh of relief.

"Grover."

The scythe in the hands of the Chief Judge of the Dark Church was the chief judge's scepter—the Blade of Slaughter.

Fred's expression was solemn as he quietly tightened his grip on the longsword in his hand.

The scythe in Grover's hand trembled slightly. Grover placed it by his cheek and murmured gently as if he was treating his lover.

"Are you also longing to drink the blood of a sage-level, cut off his head, and listen to his soul wailing in pain?"

Grover gave a strange laugh and rushed forward crazily.

He turned into a black light and surrounded Fred.

Fred was injured and could only barely hold on under Grover's hands.

Clive, who was free, turned into a fleeting shadow and stabbed Fred's lower abdomen when there was a gap in Fred's defense.

Fred fell from the sky like a bird with broken wings.

"Teacher!"

Don Quixote's pupils contracted and he shouted subconsciously.

"Hahaha!"

Hawthorne laughed loudly. "Do you see, Don Quixote? This is what happens when you go against the Dark Church. Today, not only two saint-level masters will die, but you will also die!"

"Bastard!"

Stephanie stomped her feet in anger.

Don Quixote did not say a word. His body lit up with a ninth-level golden aura light as he charged at Hawthorne.

Hawthorne did not dodge. He also charged forward crazily.

His originally pure white aura had now turned black.

"The Dark Church's secret technique is not inferior to your golden cross aura!"

Hawthorne was like a madman, shouting and yelling, desperately venting the humiliation and anger that he had suppressed over the past few years on Don Quixote.

The two of them fought.

Despite Hawthorne's fierce aura, he gradually fell to a disadvantage. Don Quixote's outstanding knight talent was not something that he could catch up to.

Hawthorne's expression was ugly. He suddenly laughed loudly.

"Idiot, look behind you!"

Don Quixote's heart tightened, and he subconsciously looked back.

He just happened to see that Stephanie was in great danger under the poisonous dragon's crazy attack. A trace of worry flashed in his eyes. Because he was distracted, his hands unconsciously slowed down a little.

Hawthorne seized this opportunity and ruthlessly slashed at Don Quixote's body.

Don Quixote spat out blood and retreated frantically.

"Brother!"

Stephanie cried out in surprise. In the end, she was also hit by the poisonous dragon's attack and flew backward.

In just a short while, the reinforcements from the Yheng Empire who had rushed over were all heavily injured and fell to the ground.

Dayshannon's face was pale. She continuously cast water-type healing spells in her hands to heal everyone's injuries.

The sky suddenly darkened, as if night had arrived ahead of time.

"Shadow canopy."

Harriet Terrence murmured, his eyes filled with bitterness. He said in a low voice, "It's him."

Everyone on the city wall looked at the sky in horror. They only saw Clive, Grover, and Hawthorne showing respectful expressions on their faces, and the poisonous dragon also rushed into the sky with a low growl.

A black figure slowly descended. The terrifying aura made everyone's eyes show despair.

The handsome man slowly walked down from the void and walked towards the injured people. He gracefully bowed and said softly, "Teacher, I'm so glad to see you again."

"Ulysses."

Harriet Terrence read out his name, his eyes filled with anger.

Ulysses laughed softly.

"The magic stone that I gave to Teacher, it's a pity that after so many years, you still haven't improved at all."

Ulysses looked regretful. He shook his head and sighed. "Teacher, you're really old."

Harriet Terrence took a deep breath and said calmly, "Alcott can be called a subordinate country of the Dark Church. I can give you my head but I only ask you one thing."

"Please speak, Teacher."

Ulysses smiled and said.

Harriet Terrence looked at everyone and said in a deep voice, "Let them go. They have nothing to do with this."

"Sir Harriet Terrence!"

"Harriet Terrence."

The people around immediately cried out in surprise.

Harriet Terrence shook his head, indicating that they should not speak. His expression was resolute.

Ulysses clapped his hands.

"Teacher, you are still as great, kind, and pedantic as before!"

"What a pity."

Ulysses's face broke into a smile but his eyes were extremely cold as he said, "I can not agree to your request."

Chapter 278: This Was the Giant Dragon of Joelson!

Ulysses swept his gaze across everyone and sighed calmly, "I came here today to take all of your lives."

The air instantly became much colder, and the temperature seemed to have dropped to freezing point.

The killing intent on Ulysses's body rolled like a wave. Everyone's faces were pale and their eyes revealed fear.

"One, two, three..."

Ulysses counted them one by one, then frowned and said, "There's still one missing. Teacher, where's the disciple you're most proud of? Why isn't he here? Has he also chosen to abandon you?"

"Shut up!"

Harriet Terrence's tone turned cold for the first time.

"Don't confuse Joelson with you. He's different from you!"

At the mention of this name, many people on the scene were moved. There were reminiscences, regrets, and hatred.

"Hmph!"

Ulysses snorted coldly as if he did not refute.

"My lord."

At this time, Clive walked up with an evil smile, he said respectfully, "Can you leave that woman to me? I've long heard of the great name of the empire's pearl. I've always wanted to have a good taste of her. Oh, right, it's said that she's also Joelson's fiancée."

Clive's evil eyes darted back and forth between Dayshannon's body. The latter's face was pale and she clutched the hem of her skirt tightly.

"Take her away."

Ulysses waved his hand casually.

"Thank you, my lord!"

Clive laughed loudly as he walked towards Dayshannon. His eyes were filled with hatred and loathing, as well as a sense of satisfaction as if he was venting his anger.

"That damned kid made me look so miserable back then. When he comes back, he will find out that his fiancée had become my exclusive property. I don't know how much of a surprise that would be."

Everyone was furious but they were powerless to resist.

A miserable smile appeared on Dayshannon's face. A certain figure appeared in her eyes and a sharp icicle quietly condensed in her hand. She was already prepared to die.

Just when everyone was in despair, helplessness, and anger. When their hearts were filled with helplessness...

A long dragon's roar sounded in the sky.

"You're courting death!"

A voice that was as cold as the frigid wind from the polar glaciers fell from the sky.

Like a clap of thunder, the black shadow of the sky continued to crumble under this voice, and the afterglow of the setting sun sprinkled down a layer of gold.

The members of the Dark Church raised their heads in shock.

They only saw an extremely bright platinum light streaking down from the sky and arriving in front of their eyes in an instant.

"Who is it!"

Ulysses shouted angrily, gathering a thick dark aura in his hand and transforming into a black barrier.

The barrier had yet to take shape when it suddenly shattered under the platinum light, as easily as tearing a piece of paper. One of Ulysses's arms also disappeared along with it.

The platinum light headed straight for Clive, whose pupils reflected the platinum light while his face filled with terror.

There was no time to react.

The platinum light flashed.

Clive's body was torn into two pieces in front of everyone's eyes and then quickly disappeared. In the end, not even a bit of residue was left.

The platinum light continued to cut downwards, sinking into the ground.

The earth shook with a loud bang. The hard city wall was split in two from the middle. There was a bottomless ravine underneath.

Turning around, the platinum light fell from an extremely distant place to Clive's position.

A long and narrow black line extended and squirmed. It was a spatial crack that had been cut open.

Everyone was stunned.

From such a far place, a strike was struck.

It continuously chopped off one of Ulysses's arms, wiping out Clive's entire body. It also cut off the city wall, leaving a deep ravine on the ground.

Just how powerful was this person?

Wasn't he too terrifying?

Ulysses's face, which had always been calm and elegant, turned slightly pale.

The wound on his severed arm was still bleeding but he did not seem to notice it.

No one knew that his legs, which were hidden under his robe, were trembling slightly.

That attack just now.

It was too terrifying!

Ulysses did not doubt that if he had stood in front of Clive, he would have been wiped out.

And now, they had not even seen that person's face.

The field quieted down.

Only the figure of the poisonous dragon.

The ugly monster seemed to sense that something was approaching and it looked anxious as if it wanted to escape at any time.

Everyone stared blankly at the direction where the platinum light was coming from.

The shadow sky dispersed and disappeared.

The sky became even darker.

A large shadow was cast down and the terrifying aura pressed down on everyone until they couldn't breathe.

Finally, a figure appeared in the clouds.

Everyone's pupils contracted.

Dragon!

Giant dragon!

The giant dragon's body was extremely huge. When it flapped its wings and slowly descended, it was like a mountain falling from the sky.

It brought an endless sense of oppression to the people below.

A terrifying dragon's might was emitted and everyone couldn't help but want to kneel down.

The poisonous dragon was even trembling in a corner. The dual suppression of its bloodline and strength was about to scare it to death.

"A giant dragon at the peak of the saint level!"

Ulysses's voice was hoarse as he slowly squeezed these words out of his mouth.

The others sucked in a breath of cold air, their minds almost unable to process what was going on.

There was someone on the dragon's back. It should be the person who had spoken and killed Clive.

However, to be able to control a dragon at the peak of saint-level, what kind of power was that?

It was already beyond their understanding.

"Sir... Sir."

Grover stuttered as he looked at Ulysses.

Ulysses stared at the two figures on the dragon's back. One of them gave him a sense of complete familiarity.

Everyone narrowed their eyes and looked at the terrifying dragon in the sky with panic.

Only Harriet Terrence had an excited, ecstatic, and incredulous expression on his face.

It seemed to be...

"Edward!"

Harriet Terrence stood up emotionally. The others looked at him in shock.

Harriet Terrence said again, "Joelson is back. This is Joelson's dragon!"

Only Harriet Terrence had seen Joelson's dragon.

Although his strength and appearance were many times stronger than what he remembered, the aura was indeed the same.

When the dragon completely descended overhead and everyone saw the figure on the dragon's back clearly, all eyes instantly widened.

"Joelson?"

Stephanie muttered in disbelief.

Don Quixote was also stunned.

Dayshannon's eyes turned red as tears rolled down her cheeks. She was filled with joy, longing, and grievance.

The members of the Dark Church looked as if they had seen a ghost. Their eyes were wide open and their mouths were agape. They were speechless.

Joelson stood on the back of Du Lu. He was as handsome as before. He looked less youthful and his aura had changed drastically.

"I'm back."

He said calmly.

This was to announce his return to the southern mountain range.

Chapter 279: Just How Strong Was Joelson?

"Damn it!"

Grover suddenly became irritable. He raised his sickle and rushed towards Joelson. He said, "Kid, I don't believe you are that strong!"

Joelson glanced at Grover indifferently and stretched out a finger.

He aimed at Grover and gently swiped the air.

Under the gaze of countless pairs of eyes, Grover's body froze and he maintained a forward posture.

The next second, the blade of slaughter in his hand suddenly broke into two from the edge of the blade.

Next was Glover. A thin line appeared on his forehead and extended downwards.

His body slowly separated and was neatly divided into two halves from the middle.

His entire body fell down like a pile of trash, falling to the ground and turning into a pile of rotten meat.

Everyone blinked their eyes, stunned by the disaster. They had no time to react at all.

The Chief Judge of the Dark Church held the blade of slaughter in his hand. His strength was comparable to Grover, who was at the middle stage of the saint level.

He died just like that with a light slash from Joelson?

He didn't even have the chance to make a move.

They thought of the death of Clive, who was also at the saint level just now.

Everyone was in a mess.

They looked at Joelson in horror.

How powerful was Joelson?

Cold sweat kept coming out of Ulysses's forehead and flowed down to his chin like a small stream.

"Do you think you are very smart?"

Joelson looked down at Ulysses from high in the sky and said coldly.

"Do you think you can make use of the people around you?"

"Do you think it's great that you've spent less than 200 years to advance to the middle stage of the saint level?"

"Do you think it's great to insult the teacher who once helped you wholeheartedly?"

Joelson took a step forward and stepped on the top of Ulysses's head. He looked into Ulysses's eyes and said, "In front of absolute strength, everything you've done is like a clown's clumsy and laughable performance."

Under the pressure of the domain, every word from Joelson exploded in Ulysses's ears like thunder, causing him to completely collapse.

"You're just a pitiful worm."

"No!"

Ulysses roared in fear and collapsed.

Joelson stepped down and kicked him into the soil.

The one-armed Ulysses was no longer as elegant as before. He struggled and roared miserably.

In the distance, a figure quietly climbed onto the back of the poisonous dragon and desperately commanded the latter to escape.

Joelson glanced at it indifferently.

Du Lu roared and swung its tail at it.

The poisonous dragon and Hawthorne on its back were instantly smashed into a mass of meat paste.

Ulysses took this opportunity to escape. Joelson glanced at him casually.

Ulysses's four limbs immediately fell off. The incision was smooth, so strange that it seemed as if it had fallen off on its own.

"Leave your life to Teacher."

Joelson said calmly and turned around.

Harriet Terrence and the others looked at him in a daze.

From the moment Joelson appeared to the moment he killed the members of the Dark Church, less than a minute had passed.

A crisis that concerned the life and death of Alcott and everyone was easily erased by Joelson.

Words could not describe the shock in everyone's hearts.

If it were not for Joelson's appearance, they would not have believed that the young man in front of them was so powerful that even space trembled.

It was the young genius who had left the Southern Region.

"Joelson."

Harriet Terrence's gaze was complicated as he called out hesitantly.

Joelson bowed in a standard magician's etiquette and said in a low voice, "Teacher, I'm back."

In an instant, cheers flooded the air.

"Joelson Edward!"

Countless people still remembered this name. It was the young man who had shocked the entire capital and whose name had spread throughout the four great empires.

Now, he was back!

Dayshannon could no longer control her emotions. She quickly threw herself into Joelson's arms and cried uncontrollably.

Stephanie's eyes were filled with envy. She wanted to be like Dayshannon but she could not.

Fred looked at Harriet Terrence with envy and then turned his surprised gaze back to Joelson.

Don Quixote was filled with complicated feelings. The youth who had defeated him back then had left him far behind.

He could not even see his opponent's back.

Just as the entire city was cheering, the white light in the southern sky shone brightly, and holy light shone down.

A few rays of white light, as well as the majestic unicorn honor guard, the golden holy light floated down like petals.

The entire field suddenly quieted down. Harriet Terrence and Fred's expressions were a little unsightly.

"It's the people from the Church of Light. Do they also want to take advantage of us? Damn it!"

Before they could finish their complaints...

The Church of Light's troops landed on the city wall. A few light experts who were emitting saint-level auras walked quickly to the front of the crowd. Then, they knelt on one knee at the feet of Joelson and spoke in a nervous and fearful tone:

"Throne, please forgive us for being late."

Harriet Terrence and everyone were stunned.

"Archbishop Saroyan."

Harriet Terrence and Fred opened their mouths.

The few people kneeling in front of Joelson included the red-robed Archbishop of the Church of Light, Saint Louis.

There were also a few people they didn't know.

However, they could clearly feel that these people had all reached the saint-rank.

Especially the one who spoke earlier. His aura was powerful and he was at least at the late-stage saint-rank.

However, these experts of the Church of Light, who could make Harriet Terrence and the others have respect or look up to, were all kneeling respectfully in front of Joelson.

Their eyes were nervous as if they were afraid that Joelson would vent his anger.

They threw out the respectful titles that the people of the Church of Light used to address Joelson.

Throne?

What kind of existence did that represent?

In an instant, the image of Joelson in the eyes of everyone became infinitely tall and distant.

"Get up. These matters have nothing to do with you."

Only then did the Church of Light's Tockden and the others heave a sigh of relief. They stood up and stood respectfully to the side.

With a casual wave of Joelson's hand, Ulysses, who had been sliced into a human rod, flew in front of the few of them.

Ulysses looked extremely miserable. He was on the verge of going crazy. His eyes were mournful and fearful.

When Harriet Terrence saw his miserable state, his eyes could not help but reveal a hint of reluctance.

Joelson glanced at Harriet Terrence and said calmly, "Since Teacher can't do it, then let me do it for you."

Joelson's cold gaze fell on Ulysses, who suddenly widened his eyes.

Joelson calmly stretched out his right hand and covered Ulysses.

"People like you should be sentenced to death!"

"No!"

Joelson's right hand released a platinum light that covered Ulysses.

Shrill screams reverberated in the air above the city wall. Half of the capital could hear the cries of the owl.

Everyone saw that the flesh on Ulysses's body was cut off by the platinum light. He was becoming thinner and thinner.

The whole process went on for a long time. In the end, Ulysses was only a skeleton that lacked limbs.

Then, Joelson crushed his skull. Crushed his soul.

Chapter 280: Charge Towards the Dark Church

Everyone was shocked and their bodies trembled.

The people from the Church of Light looked at each other silently and subconsciously swallowed their saliva.

They all had the same thought in their hearts: this Lord Throne was really ruthless!

Up until now, none of the people from the Dark Church had survived. Moreover, their deaths were extremely cruel.

"Edward."

Harriet Terrence and the others looked at Joelson with a complicated gaze. There was a hint of fear in many of their eyes.

Although Joelson had returned, his strength and personality were too unfamiliar to them.

"Teacher, you should know."

Joelson's expression was calm as he said, "If I had not returned today, what would have happened to all of you—especially Dayshannon?"

Everyone was startled and suddenly came to a realization.

That's right, they only felt that Joelson's methods were cruel but they had never thought about who he was doing it for.

These scum from the Dark Church were capable of doing anything.

After doing all of this, Joelson stepped into the void step by step and walked behind Du Lu.

"Teacher, are you interested in accompanying me to the Brightmoon Empire Again?"

Joelson looked at the people below.

Everyone was stunned.

The Brightmoon Empire, wasn't that the territory of the Dark Church? What were they going to do there?

Seeing that everyone was silent, Joelson made a decision for them.

With a wave of his hand, an invisible force lifted everyone onto the dragon's back.

Du Lu flapped his wings and turned into a red light that disappeared into the clouds.

The people from the Church of Light looked at each other. They knew that this time, the Dark Church of the Southern Region was completely finished.

A country like the Scorching Sun Empire and the Brightmoon Empire, which were affiliated to the Church of Light, had divine power over the royal power.

The bishop's power was above everything else, and the king was just a puppet.

The Dark Bishop was giving his "blessings" to a few young and beautiful female believers. He walked out of the room comfortably.

"Has Ulysses and the others returned?"

One of the believers immediately stepped forward and said in a low voice, "Not yet. If you don't love them, you should be back soon."

The Dark Bishop nodded his head faintly. His mind was filled with thoughts.

If he could take down the Alcott Empire and the Yheng Empire, he could be considered to have contributed greatly to the mission. Perhaps he could leave the Southern Region and return to the central continent.

However, there was Ulysses.

A cold glint flashed across the Dark Bishop's eyes as killing intent filled the air.

Ulysses was too outstanding. He had personally helped Grover ascend to the position of Chief Inquisitor. He had also intentionally roped in a few other saint-level cultivators. They posed too much of a threat to him. He had to find an opportunity to eliminate them.

Just as he was thinking, a disciple of the Dark Church ran in in a panic.

"Sir Bishop! Sir Bishop!"

"What's wrong? Ulysses and the others are back?"

The Dark Bishop frowned and asked.

The follower opened his mouth, not knowing how to explain, but his face was full of shock as if he could not believe what had happened with the way of the sword.

"You go outside and take a look."

Just as he finished speaking, a terrifyingly loud sound shook the ground under his feet.

The Dark Bishop was shocked and quickly walked out of the door.

When he saw the scene outside the door, his eyes instantly widened.

He only saw that the square outside the Holy See was in a state of chaos, and screams and yells continuously rang out.

In the middle of the square, there was a deep ravine that extended from the end of the square to his feet.

On both sides of the ravine were mutilated corpses.

And all of this seemed to have been caused by a casual blow from a powerful existence.

Who was it!

The sky suddenly darkened, and the Dark Bishop subconsciously raised his head.

He saw an extremely terrifying gigantic dragon crouching in the sky, its golden pupils staring at him, like flowing lava.

On the back of the gigantic dragon, there was also a shadow that blocked the sun.

The Dark Bishop could not see that person's face clearly. He could only see a pair of cold eyes. Just by looking at each other, a cold feeling quickly spread from the bottom of his heart, making him feel as if he had fallen into an ice cave.

Further away, the Church of Light's troops were lined up neatly in the air.

They looked very strange. Everyone's faces were filled with respect and nervousness as if they were watching.

The attack of the Church of Light?

Have they gone mad?

Before the Dark Bishop could regain his senses, a figure rushed into the sky beside him.

It was another saint-level from the Church of Light.

"Bastards, How dare you offend the Dark Church, you guys—"

Before he could finish his words.

The Dark Bishop saw the person on the dragon's back wave his hand in an extremely casual manner.

Hiss!

The saint-level powerhouse above his head was instantly split into two halves by a platinum light like a ragdoll.

Patter!

The saint-level powerhouse from the Dark Church fell at his feet, and fresh blood just so happened to splatter all over his face.

The Dark Bishop was stunned.

He stood there in a daze, unable to move for a long time.

A deep fear rose from the bottom of his heart and every muscle in his body trembled along with it.

He quickly turned around and ran into the main hall. There was only one thought in his mind.

"Request for help! We must immediately request for help from the central continent's Holy See!"

There was a magic teleportation array in the depths of the Dark Church. It could send powerful people over at any time.

...

Joelson stood on the dragon's back. A group of people stood behind him. As they looked at the scene that looked like the end of the world, a strange feeling rose in their hearts.

They were the people who brought about the end of the world.

They looked at the back of the dragon with awe, shock, and amazement.

Until now, they still did not know what level the dragon had reached.

No matter what kind of strength the opponent was, an early-stage saint-level or mid-stage saint-level would definitely die in one strike under the hands of the dragon. They did not have the ability to resist at all.

Even a late-stage saint-level would not be able to do that.

Peak-stage saint-level?

They were not sure. They did not dare to think about going any higher.

Joelson rode the giant dragon and brought them into the imperial city of the Brightmoon Empire in an overbearing manner. No one could stop him along the way.

The people of the Church of Light escorted him like a guard of honor.

Then, a bright light blossomed from Joelson's hand. It was like a huge sharp blade, splitting the entire central square of the Dark Church into two halves.

Too strong!

This was just a casual attack from Joelson.

"That's the Dark Bishop."

Harriet Terrence walked to Joelson's side and pointed at a middle-aged man whose face was covered in blood.

His eyes focused, and he said anxiously, "Edward, don't let him go back. The Dark Church has a magic teleportation array. He will gather all the powerhouses from the central continent."

As if he did not hear him, Joelson let the Dark Bishop escape.

Then, he turned to Harriet Terrence and said, "I hope he can call more people."

Joelson whispered, "It would be best if he could call the Dark Monarch himself. Hehe."

The few saint-level knights from the Church of Light heard his laughter, especially Tockden.

He felt cold all over and his scalp tingled.

The Dark Throne.

Didn't you chop off an arm of the Dark Throne? Where would he dare to appear again?

This Lord's killing intent was too terrifying!

Chapter 281: The Southern Region Was Ruled by Alcott

The Dark Bishop returned to the deepest part of the hall in a sorry state. He walked into a room and took out a large number of spatial crystals from his storage ring.

He then used a magic crystal ball to contact the bishop of the central continent.

A blurry figure appeared in the magic crystal ball. An arrogant and cold voice could be heard from within.

"What's the matter?"

The Dark Bishop tidied up his robes and made a humble gesture. He said in a low voice, "Lord Rutherford, someone has attacked the Holy See. Please send some experts over."

"The Holy See has been attacked?"

The voice on the other side suddenly became louder and it was filled with anger as it berated, "Are you all a bunch of trash? The saint-level cultivators of the Southern Region are all trash?"

The Dark Bishop broke out in cold sweat as he continuously apologized.

The voice in the magic crystal ball finally calmed down, he continued, "I can't report this matter. The throne has been in a bad mood recently. I can't let him know about this news anymore. Prepare the teleportation array. I'll bring some people here personally."

"Thank you, Lord Rutherford. Praise the Darkness!"

The Dark Bishop revealed a trace of joy on his face.

The magic crystal ball dimmed.

The Dark Bishop personally pressed the space crystal on the magic array. Very quickly, a ray of light flashed.

Two figures appeared in the middle of the magic array. Their bodies emitted an aura that made the Dark Bishop tremble.

The peak of the saint level.

"Rutherford, we will stay here for a few more days. Recently, the throne has been injured. It is very uncomfortable to stay in the Holy See. It is a good time for us to come to the Southern Region to lay low."

One of them complained to Rutherford in a low voice.

Rutherford nodded. There was a hint of fear in his eyes. He said seriously, "If that person had not suddenly appeared, the entire central continent would have been ruled by us. Sigh, now we are like rats in a sewer."

"It has always been like this. I am afraid that when that person ascends to the divine realm, our days will be even more difficult."

The Dark Bishop was completely confused. He did not dare to interrupt and ask. However, he had a vague feeling that the Dark Church had offended an extraordinary figure in the central continent.

However, this distance was too far away from him. The Dark Bishop shook his head and forgot all about it.

Right now, he only wanted to quickly capture those bold fellows outside the Great Hall and nail them to the stake. He wanted to hear them wail for three days and three nights before executing them one by one.

With Lord Rutherford and the others around, Alcott and the Immortal Empire should be able to take them down soon, right?

Although it was unavoidable that they would have to share the cake with the Church of Light, it was still good news.

If he could take the opportunity to eliminate the hidden danger of Ulysses, that would be the best.

"Where are the intruders?"

Rutherford's dignified voice sounded.

The Dark Bishop quickly replied, "Right outside the door. They seem to be relying on a saint-level dragon to act so wantonly."

"Saint-level dragon?"

Rutherford and the Dark Bishop frowned and whispered, "That's a little troublesome, but it's just a little more effort. Take us there."

The Dark Bishop led the two out of the door.

The children continued to riot. The terrifying figure on the dragon's back did not seem to continue killing but quietly waited for their arrival.

Rutherford and the Dark Bishop's first glance at the dragon immediately halted their steps, not daring to go forward.

The two looked at each other and saw thick palpitations in each other's eyes.

"This is the saint-level dragon you spoke of?"

Rutherford said with difficulty.

The Dark Bishop nodded and asked curiously, "What is it, my lord?"

Rutherford and the Dark Bishop's expressions were a little strange, but they had no choice but to brace themselves.

However, their original plan to attack had already been extinguished, and they were prepared to negotiate with the other party.

This giant dragon should be able to easily crush the two of them to death.

God of Darkness, what kind of person did this fool from the Southern Region provoke?

Rutherford's friend took a step forward and flew into the air. He said, "Friend, ah!"

Before he could finish his words, he looked as if he had seen a ghost. His eyes were wide open as he stood in the air in a daze for a few seconds.

Then, his body began to tremble crazily. He stuttered in the air, "Platinum... Platinum Throne?"

He screamed and was about to run away when a platinum light bloomed behind him.

Similar to what the Dark Bishop had just seen, the body of this peak-stage saint-level powerhouse from the Holy See was easily torn in half. His internal organs mixed with blood splattered all over his and Rutherford's faces.

The Dark Bishop was stunned. He did not know what had happened.

Rutherford was silent for a few seconds before he let out a scream of terror.

"Idiot! Bastard! How did you offend this person? If you want to die, don't drag me along with you!"

Rutherford did not even have the time to give the Dark Bishop a tight slap. In an instant, he unleashed all of his potential and ran back quickly.

The Dark Bishop's mind was muddled.

Two lords at the peak of the saint level. One of them was casually slaughtered while the other acted like a frightened rabbit.

Why?

He ran back to the depths of the hall and tried to contact the central continent.

He was shocked to find that the connection between the magic crystals had been cut off and the spatial magic array on the other side had been completely destroyed!

The Dark Bishop was dumbfounded.

Rumble!

He raised his head in a daze. The roof of the hall had been lifted by an invisible force above his head.

A shadow fell, and he saw that pair of cold eyes again.

After that, a platinum light flashed. And everything before his eyes turned completely dark.

...

The Dark Church was reduced to ruins by Joelson. Then, he casually threw a piece of purple flame and burned it clean.

Almost all the cult members of the Dark Church had run away.

A small group of people walked over in a panic, not daring to approach from afar.

"It seems to be the king of the Brightmoon Empire."

Joelson commanded Du Lu to go over. These people were so scared that they cried out, thinking that they were going to be eaten.

Among them, there was a middle-aged man who was dressed luxuriously. He was so scared that he collapsed on the ground, and pale yellow liquid flowed out from under his body.

Joelson looked down at the people from a high place.

"Who is the king of the Brightmoon Empire?"

The people hurriedly knelt down and kowtowed. The middle-aged man who had been scared to the point of peeing was pushed out. His face was pale, and he said with a trembling voice, "Reporting to my lord, I am the King."

Joelson ignored him and glanced in the direction of the Holy See.

Tockden and the rest immediately flew over obediently.

A domineering aura emerged from Joelson's body as he calmly announced, "From today onwards, the Southern Region shall have the Alcott Empire as its King."

The Southern Region shall have the Alcott Empire as its king.

Harriet Terrence, Dayshannon, and the rest were shocked as they stared at Joelson with wide eyes.

The Holy See and the others knelt down on one knee in the air, making a gesture of submission.

The others also knelt down.

"It's all up to the Platinum Throne."

A few voices answered respectfully.

Joelson stood quietly on the dragon's back. His expression was indifferent, and the strong wind made his mage robe flutter loudly.

Chapter 282: Unexpected Surprise

At this moment, in everyone's eyes, his back view was even higher than the sky.

Harriet Terrence and the others had mixed feelings.

The shadow that had hung over the heads of Alcott and the Yheng Empire for more than six hundred years had disappeared completely because of the appearance of Joelson alone.

In less than a day, he had used powerful methods to suppress the light and destroy the darkness.

It was as if the sun was hanging high in the sky. Under his light, all the haze had disappeared.

...

The Capital of Alcott.

Everyone gathered outside Marquis Edward's mansion.

Countless carriages filled with gifts lined up from the street to the end of the street. The few carriages at the front were even engraved with the family emblems of the royal family and the duke's mansion.

The door of the marquis's mansion was closed for three days, but there was not a trace of impatience on these people's faces. They were all waiting quietly.

Everyone knew.

The Edward family's super genius, Joelson, had returned.

Furthermore, he was no longer the so-called number one genius of the Alcott Empire.

He was the number one expert in the entire southern region. Even the Church of Light and the Dark Church were under his feet.

The news of the Dark Church's destruction had already spread. The Blazing Sun Empire's diplomatic mission had arrived a few days ago. Their words were filled with respect and admiration for Joelson.

Joelson had personally promoted Alcott to the position of the number one empire in the Southern Region.

Alcott was proud of him!

"Joelson."

Old Morgan sat in the hall with a face full of joy. Because he had consumed the water of the spring of life, his appearance was even younger than six years ago.

"You have brought unprecedented glory to the Edward family."

Joelson smiled faintly and did not speak.

He was in a good mood when he saw his father, Old Morgan.

The lying bearded mage had also changed a lot.

The old man was wearing a beautiful mage robe, which made him look like an upper-class noble.

Old Morgan and Joelson talked for a while and, soon, a tall figure walked out of the room.

Darlene placed the freshly brewed black tea on the table and stood behind Joelson with a gentle gaze.

This powerful female dark elf archer was now the little woman behind Joelson.

Old Morgan smiled at Darlene with a strange look in his eyes.

"Joelson, have you met Catherine and her sister?"

Joelson was stunned and shook his head.

"The people from the Lucca Chamber of Commerce said that they're not in the capital but they're on their way here."

With the care of Harriet Terrence and the royal family, the Lucca Chamber of Commerce had become the first chamber of Commerce in Alcott in six years.

Catherine was very busy and had been on the road all year round.

This time, she brought Juliana along as well. She happened to miss the first meeting with Joelson but she also avoided the battle when the Dark Church attacked the city.

Old Morgan seemed to want to say something to Joelson but he changed the topic and said, "What are you going to do with Princess Dayshannon? Are you going to marry her?"

Joelson nodded. "I'll ask Dayshannon later and pick a time."

Old Morgan looked at the calm Darlene and whispered, "You're much stronger than me."

Joelson shook his head with a smile.

Counting carefully, if he counted the two women that Nicholas forced on him, he did have quite a lot of women.

Suddenly, hurried footsteps came from the door.

Joelson's expression changed and his powerful spiritual power told him.

It was Catherine and Juliana who were running towards him.

However, something did not seem right.

Two slender figures appeared in front of Joelson.

They had the same blue hair. One of them was tall and beautiful. It was Catherine.

The other was very gentle. She had the shyness of a young girl and the maturity of a woman. It was Juliana.

The two pairs of eyes were fixed on Joelson. There was a strong love and longing in their eyes.

Joelson smiled at them and opened his arms. The two figures almost jumped into his arms at the same time.

Smelling the strange but familiar fragrance of his hair, Joelson said softly, "I'm back."

The two of them hugged Joelson even tighter.

Juliana even started sobbing on his chest, her tears wetting his robe.

Catherine's eyes were also red. She looked up at him carefully and smiled happily again.

After a while, he let go of them and slowly walked forward.

His expression was curious, serious, strange, and excited.

A small head came out from behind the maid and quietly looked at him.

Her beautiful eyes were as bright as black gemstones. There was curiosity and a hint of fear in them.

Catherine took two steps forward, took Joelson's arm, and gently waved at the little one.

"Funina, come here quickly."

The little guy walked up carefully.

She was wearing a brown jacket with a white shirt, and beautiful riding boots. She looked very cute.

"Who is she?"

Joelson asked in a low voice as if he could not believe it.

If anyone else saw the cold and overbearing Platinum Throne, their jaws would drop.

"She is your child, Joelson."

Catherine said softly.

Joelson had already noticed it.

The little one had a blood connection with him. She was just six years old this year, so she should have been born not long after Joelson left.

In the mainland language, Funina meant "missing," so there was no need to explain the meaning.

Joelson gently hugged the little one in his arms and picked her up.

The little one was still a little scared at first but the closeness of her blood allowed her to quickly get close to Joelson.

She opened her mouth and called out softly, "Father."

The corners of Joelson's mouth unconsciously curled up, and he only felt an indescribable joy in his heart.

"Hahaha!"

The little one had short hair.

Joelson held her in his arms. In a short while, Funina had completely removed the sense of strangeness from him and was amused by him.

Joelson's spiritual power went into Funina's body and he raised his eyebrows slightly.

Metal and fire dual-element magic talent.

Her physique was also very good and she had very outstanding knight talent.

Joelson asked Catherine, "Have you taught her to practice magic or combat aura?"

Catherine nodded and said, "We have already tested her talent. I have taught her the meditation method but she has never been willing to learn it properly. Until now, she has not even meditated once."

Catherine's beautiful face revealed a helpless smile and she gently stroked Funina's hair.

"I'll make my own arrangements," Joelson said calmly

Catherine's eyes were filled with joy.

After playing with the little one for a while, Joelson secretly implanted a bit of metal and fire magic inheritances into her mind. Of course, there were also two high-level combat aura inheritances.

Joelson did not have much time to personally teach this god-given surprise to him.

But he could pave the way for the child's future.

Chapter 283: Heading to the Elven Forest

If Funina could not complete her first meditation before the age of eight, the legacy of magic would be completely hidden, and the legacy of combat aura would automatically be revealed.

Joelson did not want the little one to practice magic and the way of knights at the same time as himself.

That would distract her and make her outstanding talent mediocre.

The reason why Joelson was able to move at high speed on both roads was that he had the unreasonable existence of ranch space.

An ordinary person could not do this.

Being infused with Joelson's spiritual power, the little one began to feel a wave of fatigue, constantly yawning, and her eyelids kept falling.

Finally, she nestled in Joelson's arms and fell into a deep sleep.

He gave her to the maid in the mansion to take her to rest and reluctantly withdrew his gaze from the elf-like little cutie.

Suddenly.

His identity had changed from a teenager who had just stepped out of the baron's territory to go to the academy to learn magic, to the Platinum Throne that was famous across the continent.

He had even become a father.

Old Morgan and the others, as well as Darlene, all tactfully left, leaving time for Joelson and the sisters.

Juliana and Catherine looked at Joelson.

"Let's take a bath together."

Joelson said casually.

The two nodded shyly.

They waited on Joelson and laid down comfortably in the bathtub. The two also carefully walked in.

One massaged his hand and the other massaged his shoulder.

In six years, even Juliana had grown from a young apple to a juicy peach. Catherine had become a mature and beautiful woman.

Joelson looked at Catherine and said in a low voice, "Let's put the business of the Chamber of Commerce aside. Money is not important. Focus more on magic cultivation."

Catherine was stunned and a little surprised but she still nodded meekly.

Catherine's own magic talent was not bad but she was only at level four. Even Juliana was already at level seven. The gap was too big.

Joelson's requirement for his woman was saint-level. Once she reached saint-level, she could live for more than 500 years.

"I will go to the Elf Forest in a few days to get some water from the Spring of Life for you."

Joelson said lightly.

Catherine and Juliana were both delighted. They subconsciously touched their beautiful cheeks.

Especially Catherine. Her magic level was not high and she had been busy with the business of the Chamber of Commerce all year round. She had always been worried that she would age early and lose her beauty.

The Spring Water of Life was also known as the Spring Water of Youth. It could make people forever young and it was a treasure that all women would go crazy for.

As the two of them were walking towards each other, they heard Joelson pause for a moment and then say, "While you're at it, go and pick up another person."

His calm tone was filled with determination.

Catherine and Juliana looked at each other and whispered, "Yes. It is Leas, right?"

Joelson nodded and didn't say anything. He just closed his eyes.

A beautiful face with a hint of timidity appeared in his mind. Her soft lips opened and closed slightly. She called out softly, "Young Master Joelson."

Joelson took a deep breath, opened his eyes, and his eyes flashed.

Leas, you can go home soon.

Joelson stayed in the capital for less than a week and then went to the Elf Forest alone.

During this period of time, the dark elf Darlene and Catherine were getting along well, which made him feel gratified.

Obviously, his women were very clear that a man like Joelson was not something any of them could have alone.

Being able to accompany Joelson by his side was already enough to satisfy them.

With Du Lu's current speed, it would take less than a day to arrive at the Elf Forest from the Capital of Alcott.

Outside the elven forest, two teams of adventurers were confronting each other.

"This tier 6 magical beast was obviously first attacked by us."

"Nonsense! Wait until it is killed by us, then you cowards will jump out and try to snatch it? Dream on!"

"Damn it! Get rid of these idiots!"

A bloodbath was about to erupt because of benefits but, suddenly, the two groups of people felt the sky darken at the same time.

They looked up, only to see the sun quickly disappearing under the shadow.

An unimaginable terrifying aura rolled down from the sky.

Under this aura, their souls seemed to be frozen. Their blood froze and their bodies trembled.

Fortunately, in just a short moment, this aura disappeared and the atmosphere of the sky became clear again.

The two groups of people looked at each other blankly, not understanding what had just happened.

Could it be a dream?

Similar situations kept happening in the Elf Forest.

Not only humans, but many magical beasts that were hunting or sleeping lazily on the ground were also suddenly swept by this aura and jumped up.

Their faces were filled with shock.

Du Lu charged straight into the elven forest from the edge. Along the way, all the magical beasts in the elven forest were extremely frightened, and the roars of all kinds of magical beasts rang out continuously.

Very soon, they were approaching the center of the elven forest and it was still the same path that Joelson had once taken.

Thinking of the hurricane python and the electric python that had once forced him into a very sorry state, the corner of Joelson's mouth curled up into a cold arc.

"Who is it?"

As expected, it did not take long for a terrifying roar to ring in his ears.

A green python that was even thicker than before slithered out from the forest. It stared intently at Joelson and Du Lu, its small eyes filled with shock.

The hurricane python was still at tier 9. The advancement of magical beasts was very slow. Six years was just the time for them to hibernate once.

Joelson looked at the hurricane python with a cold smile and said slowly, "Why? Don't you recognize me? What a philanderer."

A hint of fury flashed in the hurricane python's eyes. Suddenly, it looked at Joelson and Du Lu under its feet carefully and cried out in surprise, "It's you!"

Joelson snorted and reached out his right hand to quickly grab the hurricane python.

The hurricane python subconsciously wanted to run away but it found that its huge body seemed to have been petrified by magic, and it could not move.

The hurricane python's eyes revealed a look of fear and it let out a roar as if it was calling for something.

Joelson did not care, it just saved him time from looking for the electric python.

The air magic transformed into an invisible hand and grabbed the hurricane python.

With the power of his domain, the rank 9 hurricane python was like a toy to him.

Suddenly.

A purple python that was a few times larger than the hurricane python swam out from the void. It was terrifying and furious.

Joelson was slightly surprised. He did not expect the hurricane python's lover to have advanced to the saint-level.

Thinking about it carefully, it was already at the peak of rank 9 six years ago. It was normal for it to break through halfway through his journey to the middle continent.

Chapter 284: The Elves No Longer Need Prophets. The Throne Will Protect You

"Just in time!"

Joelson laughed loudly as his domain power surged over.

Currently, Joelson's domain had the most metal and electric law power. Under the suppression of the law, the electric python's performance was even worse than that of the hurricane python.

His entire person instantly became dispirited.

Joelson casually grabbed it and controlled the two thick pythons, twining them into a spiral shape in mid-air.

Then.

He ruthlessly lashed them to the ground!

Boom!

Large areas of ancient trees were pushed down and the ground cracked. The two pythons let out mournful cries as their scales shattered.

Joelson could feel that many pairs of eyes were looking at this side in fear. Those were the other saint-level magical beasts in the Elf Forest.

Joelson simply grabbed the two giant pythons and used them as braids to whip the saint-level magic beasts where they were hiding.

"Awoo!"

A saint-level wind magic wolf howled and ran away with its tail between its legs.

If it was not fast enough, its lower body would have been smashed to pieces.

The giant python swept across and broke a large area of ancient trees like harvesting wheat. A saint-level sabertooth elephant hiding in the dark had no time to dodge. It was sent flying like a rubber bat and crashed into a huge hole in the distance.

Joelson was having a good time.

The entire elven forest was instantly affected. Booming sounds could be heard and it was a mess with the wails of saint-level magical beasts mixed in between.

Joelson was too powerful. In addition, there was a saint-level peak-tier dragon, Du Lu, who was able to suppress them with his aura alone.

The saint-level magical beasts did not dare to resist at all. They could not even think of joining forces to resist.

In the face of absolute strength, no matter how many there were, they would only be cannon fodder. They could only run as fast as they could.

They could not blame Joelson for being brutal.

One had to know that if Joelson did not have the giant dragon Du Lu, these magical beasts would have eaten him to the bone long ago.

The huge commotion attracted the elves from the center of the forest to quickly run out and look in their direction in panic.

They saw an extremely terrifying giant dragon hovering in the sky. A human wearing a magician's robe was controlling two giant pythons that were thousands of times larger than him with one hand, twining them into a whip and wreaking havoc outside their home.

This scene was too shocking. As if it was the end of the world.

The elves retreated in fear, screams and exclamations in the air.

The hurricane python and the electric python were covered in wounds. The scales on their bodies were almost broken.

Compared to the pain in their bodies, the despair and fear in their hearts shocked them even more.

This was the young man who had caused a huge ruckus in the Elven Holy Land six years ago. He had said that he would come back!

Now, he had really come back!

With unrivaled strength and power.

"Enough!"

A cold shout came from the white pillar of light in the distance and a white stream of light quickly flew toward them.

Joelson chuckled and casually threw the hurricane python and the west Yunnan Python toward the White Stream of light.

The White Stream of light was hit by the two pythons, and with a cry of surprise, the White Stream of light was forced to retreat far away.

The giant hurricane python and the electric python crashed heavily in front of the Elven Holy Land. They crushed a house and collapsed on the ground without moving.

More than half of the bones in their bodies were broken.

A perfect face was revealed in the white flowing light. At this moment, the expression on this perfect face was extremely ugly.

Joelson looked at her and returned to his original calmness and elegance. He said calmly, "Long time no see, Michelia."

Michelia's face was cold. She said coldly, "Joelson, you are too much."

"Is that so?"

Joelson did not care at all. He shook his head and said, "I don't think so. I'm just suitable for old friends to catch up with."

The moonlight priestess's face was ugly. She suppressed her anger and ignored Joelson. Instead, she wrapped the hurricane python and the electric python on the ground with white light and began to heal them.

Joelson commanded Du Lu to fly into the Holy Land of the elves.

Du Lu's huge body and terrifying draconic might immediately caused a wave of panic and chaos. The timid elves fled in all directions.

Right now, the image of Joelson in their hearts was the same as that of the great demon king.

After waiting for a while, the moonlight priestess walked over expressionlessly.

Behind her, there was a man and woman with injuries on their faces. They were the hurricane python and the electric python in human form.

Their eyes were filled with fear as they looked at Joelson. Joelson swept his gaze over and the two of them instantly flashed over, not daring to take another step forward.

The encounter just now had left a huge shadow in their hearts.

"You know why I'm here."

Joelson said to Michelle, "I want to take Leas and the Spring of Life."

Michelia was so angry that she sneered instead. She said coldly, "Don't forget that you still owe the elf tribe a prophet."

"The elven race doesn't need to be restricted anymore."

Joelson sighed softly.

In the next moment, Du Lu raised his head and roared.

The terrifying power and sound waves scattered all the clouds in the sky for dozens of miles. Countless trees bent down and the leaves fell like raindrops. There were also a few low roars of saint-level magical beasts that represented submission.

Joelson slowly floated up and extended a hand toward Michelia.

The latter floated up without any ability to resist, her face full of humiliation and anger.

"Lady Moonlight Priestess."

The two hurricane pythons subconsciously wanted to pounce on them.

But Joelson only turned his head to look at them, and that indifferent gaze made their bodies go cold, not daring to move.

Joelson pulled Michelia in front of him, looked directly into his eyes, and said seriously, "I have no intention to hurt you. I just want Leas. I won't let loneliness and coldness accompany her for her whole life. She is different from you. In exchange..."

He pushed her away and said calmly, "The elven race can receive my protection, the protection of the throne."

Her chest heaved up and down in anger as she glared at him, her lips tightly shut, unable to speak.

She had never expected that the ordinary human youth with the type eight strength...

That in just six years, he had reached a height that she could not imagine.

After saying all this to Michelia, without caring if she agreed or not, he strode towards the center of the Holy Land.

The thunderbolt on both sides parted in fear. No one dared to stop him.

When he was halfway there, the crowd parted completely. A delicate figure appeared at the end, standing quietly as if waiting for him.

Joelson stopped and looked at the familiar yet unfamiliar face. He called out softly, "Leas."

The latter immediately burst into tears.

Leas had become much thinner, looking even more delicate.

Her long, pale golden hair had turned white, adding a sense of holiness and solemnity to her.

Compared to what he remembered, Leas had changed a lot.

But when she looked at Joelson, tears began to roll down her face. She felt as if she had returned to that timid little elf handmaiden.

Chapter 285: The Terrifying Power of the Dark Demon Dragon

Joelson strode forward, wanting to pull her into his embrace.

But a burst of intense white light suddenly erupted from Leas's body, constantly repelling Joelson's approach.

"It's the power of the Moon God. The elf girl who was chosen to be a moonlight priestess is not allowed to have any contact with the opposite sex."

Leas said dejectedly.

Joelson frowned and snorted coldly. His domain spread out, enveloping Leas within.

The sparkling white light struggled in the domain but, in the end, it was forcefully suppressed by Joelson.

Without waiting for Joelson to do anything, Leas could not wait any longer and pounced into Joelson's embrace.

"This is impossible?"

Behind him, Michelia exclaimed in disbelief.

"How could the power of the Moon God be suppressed?"

The depression that had been in his heart for six years had completely disappeared at this moment.

The helplessness and weakness that he felt when he was forced away by Michelia had, to a certain extent, stimulated him to move forward desperately.

This was because every time he wanted to stop, he would always think that there was a girl waiting for him in the deep forest of elves.

He let go of her hand and looked at her shy and excited face.

Then, he raised his head and swept his cold gaze across everyone's faces, finally landing on Michelia.

He announced in an extremely firm tone, "This time, even the Moon God can't stop me from taking you away."

The entire scene was shocking.

Many elf girls felt a strong sense of envy in their hearts. If there was such a person who did not hesitate to go against the moonlight priestess and the Moon God for her sake, she would definitely fall in love with him without hesitation.

Leas's heart was also surrounded by a great sense of gratitude and happiness.

She was so excited that she could not say a word. She only hugged onto Joelson's neck tightly and kept whispering in his ear, "Young Master, Young Master."

Joelson took Leas's hand and strode in the direction of the Tree of Life.

Michelia's expression was unsightly. She knew what Joelson wanted to do now.

He went to get the Spring Water of Life.

But even if Michelia knew, what could she do? There was still nothing she could do.

"Evil!"

Michelia took a deep breath and suppressed her anger, regaining her calm.

"I must ask the Moon God for help or the elf race will be destroyed by this evil person sooner or later."

Joelson walked into the root of the Tree of Life. The flowing Spring Water of Life was still there.

He scooped up a spoonful of it with a wooden cup and put it into his mouth.

This was the first time he had tasted the legendary water of the Spring of Life.

It tasted sweeter than any wine that he had ever tasted.

The water of the Spring of Life entered his body as if he had been cleansed inside and out. He felt very comfortable.

He felt as if there was a strange aura in his body that was rising rapidly.

He sensed it carefully and suddenly realized that it was his lifespan after the sacrifice.

It could also be called life force.

Joelson drank cup after cup of water from the Spring of Life. The aura in his body grew stronger and became full.

After the aura grew to three times its original size, the aura finally stopped growing.

"Young Master."

Joelson suddenly realized that Leas was looking at him strangely.

Shyness, admiration, and a hint of infatuation.

"What's wrong?"

Joelson asked, puzzled.

Leas hurriedly turned her head and her fair cheeks instantly turned red. "Nothing... nothing."

Joelson touched his own face strangely and casually cast a water magic spell to create a mirror.

The person in the mirror had a fair face and handsome features. He looked like a beautiful young man.

He had actually returned to the appearance of a sixteen or seventeen-year-old youth.

He was even more handsome than some male elves.

"I prefer my previous appearance."

Joelson said with a frown and once again offered a sacrifice to the dark dragon through the system.

A thousand years of lifespan!

The aura in his body suddenly disappeared by 60%.

This time, there was no change in Joelson's face.

"Young Master, What's wrong?" Leas exclaimed

As an elf, she was the most sensitive to life force.

Joelson shook his head, indicating that she didn't need to worry.

His mind was immersed in the Dark Demon Dragon attribute panel in the ranch space.

Originally, apart from intimacy, all the information about the Dark Demon Dragon was "???"

After sacrificing a thousand years of life, the intimacy instantly increased by 20 points and broke through 50 points. It was only a few points away from 60 points.

The information about the Dark Demon Dragon also gradually became clear. At least, Joelson saw his name.

It was a long and true name. It was said that one could control the life and death of an abyssal creature just by knowing its true name.

Could this be considered that the Dark Demon Dragon was slowly accepting him as its master?

What Joelson didn't know was that his hands were still moving.

He kept drinking the water of the Spring of Life, and then he kept offering sacrifices.

What Joelson couldn't see was that in the space of the ranch, the dragons were getting restless because of a terrifying aura that was gradually growing.

In a corner of the ranch, the area was completely controlled by the darkness.

The Dark Demon Dragon was gradually recovering.

Like a sleeping demon god, it woke up from its long sleep.

It slowly opened its eyes, and the bright space dimmed. All the light was swallowed by the pair of dark pupils.

The space trembled.

Joelson stared at the intimacy on the attribute panel.

Fifty-six, fifty-eight..

Sixty!

His eyes were wide open and his heart was filled with excitement.

He had finally reached sixty!

The last life sacrifice had caused his intimacy level to rise all the way up to sixty-five points before stopping.

At this moment, most of the information on the Dark Demon Dragon's stats window was now open to Joelson.

Joelson's gaze suddenly came to a halt and a look of shock appeared on his face.

All he could see was the Dark Demon Dragon's power panel. Shockingly, it showed that he was at the middle stage of the demigod rank (heavily injured and weak)!

Joelson's heart trembled.

The heavily injured and weak dark demon dragon actually had the strength of a mid-stage demigod.

Then what sort of strength would he have at his peak?

Just what sort of terrifying existence had the system recruited for him!

After reaching 60 points of intimacy, the Dark Demon Dragon could finally fight for Joelson.

However, due to his injuries, every time he attacked, he had to expend a great deal of energy.

He could not casually and unlimitedly make a move either.

Joelson tried the life sacrifice again and, this time, the intimacy only increased by two points.

It seemed that to completely heal the Dark Demon Dragon's injuries, he needed a huge amount of vitality.

Just this little bit of the Spring of Life water was not enough.

Joelson replenished his vitality and stared at the Spring of Life water for a long time.

"Can I transplant the Spring of Life into the space of the ranch?"

Joelson muttered to himself and a crazy idea appeared in his mind.

Of course, it was quickly denied.

He didn't say whether he could transplant it or not. As long as he raised this idea, the entire elven race would fight him to the death.

He couldn't get past Leas either.

Chapter 286: How Dare You Block Me When My Consciousness Descends!

"Young Master, what are you thinking about?"

Leas couldn't help but ask curiously when she saw that Joelson's brows were sometimes furrowed and sometimes relaxed.

Joelson looked at the Spring of Life water that was continuously gushing out in front of him and then replied, "I'm thinking, where did this Spring of Life water come from?"

Leas blinked her eyes, pointed at the ground, and said, "It's the Tree of Life."

"Huh?"

"The Spring of Life is formed from the tremendous life force emitted by the Tree of life. It is connected to the Tree of Life. As long as the Tree of Life exists, the Spring of Life will never run out. Similarly, if the Spring of Life dries up one day..."

Leas said in a low voice, "That means the Tree of Life is about to wither."

Joelson understood.

In that case, it was not impossible to transplant the Spring of Life. He just needed to transplant the Tree of Life.

Looking up at the enormous Tree of Life, Joelson shook his head helplessly.

If he wanted to transplant the Tree of Life, he would have to expand the space of the ranch by ten times.

Or when he became a god and had his own portable divine kingdom, he could move the entire elven forest into it, not to mention the Tree of Life.

Joelson collected a portion of the Spring of Life water, then stood up with Leas.

Before leaving the heart of the Tree of Life, he thought for a moment, then conveniently broke a branch of the Tree of Life.

He could try planting it in the pasture space. Although this idea was a bit unrealistic, it didn't matter even if he tried.

"Let's go."

Joelson held Leas's hand and walked out. Leas's face was full of worry and confusion.

"Young Master, the Moonlight Priestess won't allow me to leave with you."

Joelson stopped and looked at her seriously. He said, "Then what do you think? Are you willing to go with me? I won't force you. Tell me the truth, Leas."

Leas nodded without hesitation and took a step forward to hug Joelson.

"I don't want to be the next moonlight priestess. I don't want to never see Young Master again. I don't want to slowly become as cold as Lady Michelia."

A smile appeared on Joelson's face. He cupped Leas's face and gently touched her soft lips. He said seriously, "As long as I'm here, no one can force you."

Leas seemed to have made up her mind. She nodded and snuggled closer to Joelson.

An elf appeared in front of the two of them in fear.

Joelson looked over coldly.

The latter was so frightened that he immediately took a few steps back and stammered, "Moonlight Priestess... The Moonlight Priestess asked me to invite you over. If you want to take Leas away, you must get the permission of the Moon God. Otherwise, you will regret it."

After saying that, this guy ran away like a bird.

Joelson frowned slightly and snorted coldly, ignoring him.

He pulled Leas and continued to walk forward. However, after taking a few steps, Leas collapsed weakly.

White light radiated from her body. Her face was pale as if she had fallen ill and was extremely weak.

"The power of the Moon God is punishing me."

Leas fainted completely.

"Bastard!"

Joelson cursed in a low voice. His spiritual power detected a strange power in Leas's body that was continuously absorbing her life force, causing her to rapidly weaken.

It was the same power that Michelia had mastered.

The power of the Moon God.

Joelson tried to use the platinum power to expel that power, but Leas had served the Moon God for more than six years. This power had long taken root in her body and even changed her appearance and hair color.

The platinum power was too sharp and overbearing. While expelling it, it might hurt Leas.

Joelson's face was gloomy. He picked Leas up and quickly went to where Michelia was.

The temple of the Moon God's sacrifice.

When Joelson entered, Michelia was facing away from him. She was kneeling in front of a statue that was emitting a faint white light.

Joelson stretched out his right hand, and a powerful force immediately pulled Michelia over.

It was just strangulation but Michelia did not seem to feel it. She looked at him without any expression.

Joelson was really angry.

"Cure Leas or you will die!"

Joelson's eyes were cold and the force on Michelia's neck suddenly increased.

Michelia could not help but open her mouth and make a difficult voice.

"That's the will of the Moon God. I have no choice. Even if you kill me, you can't save Leas."

Joelson's pupils gradually turned golden, which meant that the anger in his heart was about to accumulate to the maximum.

"Damn it!"

Michelia was flung out fiercely by him and fell to the ground on the statue where her will was kneeling.

A faint pained expression appeared on Michelia's beautiful face, and she frowned.

Without the slightest bit of sympathy, Joelson said coldly, "Tell me, how can I save Leas?"

Michelia glared at him and sneered, "I've already said it before. Leas is someone the Moon God has set their eyes on. If you want to take her away, you must obtain the Moon God's approval."

"Moon God."

Joelson raised his head to look at the sculpture in front of him. After a moment of silence, a strong killing intent suddenly burst out from his eyes.

An invisible force fiercely struck the statue.

The force was about to hit the statue and the statue suddenly shone brightly.

A dazzling white light filled the entire space.

When Joelson opened his eyes, he found that Michelia was quietly floating in front of him. Her face was indifferent and noble as if she was a different person.

"Human, you have offended the gods."

A strange woman's voice came out of Michelia's mouth.

It was completely different from her voice.

Suddenly, he reacted.

This was the will of the Moon God descending.

"You will receive the punishment you deserve!"

Michelia's aura had a huge change.

She was originally just an ordinary initial stage saint-level but, now, she was emitting an aura that was comparable to a throne.

Divine Domain!

Divine domain-level power.

"Michelia" raised her hand, and a piece of sparkling white sprinkled down.

The entire space became sparkling white. This was "her" Moon God's domain.

"Hmph!" Joelson snorted coldly. The embryonic form of the domain was like a seed growing in her domain, growing rapidly. It forcefully squeezed out a space in "Michelia"'s Moon God's domain and platinum power suddenly bloomed.

"This is impossible?"

The same words came out of 'Michelia's' mouth but not from the same person.

Joelson's platinum domain was like a sharp knife, viciously stabbing into 'Michelia's' Moon God domain, causing it to quickly walk towards the brink of collapse.

Joelson's expression was savage as he said coldly, "A puny demigod who lives on stealing faith. If the true body had descended, perhaps I would have retreated a bit. But her consciousness descended? She's courting death!"

The white light of the entire space rapidly faded away and was filled with a dazzling platinum light.

Chapter 287: Evil God Spider Queen Stasi

Although Joelson's domain was only in its infancy, it contained more than 1,500 laws of metal and electricity.

Moreover, the power of the law of destruction that was derived from it made it much more powerful than an ordinary domain.

Most domains were as fragile as paper under the platinum domain.

The Moon God's domain was no exception.

A large area of white shattered. Amidst "Michelia"'s screams, Joelson grabbed her delicate neck and pulled her to him.

"Take back the divine power in Leas's body. Otherwise, don't even think about going back with this descending consciousness of yours."

"Michelia" suddenly laughed charmingly. She no longer had her usual cold and arrogant appearance. Her exquisite features were filled with charm and temptation.

"Are you willing to damage this body?"

As she spoke, "Michelia" tore off the gauze-like clothes on her body, revealing a large portion of her fair skin.

Killing intent appeared in Joelson's eyes. He threw out a sharp platinum power from his hand and easily cut "Michelia"'s delicate swan neck. Fresh blood flowed out.

"You can try."

Joelson's words were extremely cold.

His new character looked down on the faith of Michelia again.

What Moon God? She was clearly a shameless bitch.

"Michelia"'s expression was ugly. Her eyes flickered for a moment before she waved at the unconscious Leas who was not far away. A gush of white energy was extracted from Leas's body.

"What's going on?" Joelson watched coldly.

Everything was going smoothly at first. However, when the last trace of energy was completely absorbed, "Michelia"'s expression suddenly became extremely ferocious. Extremely evil energy erupted from her body.

For a moment, Joelson did not have time to react. He was freed from her hands.

The energy on "Michelia"'s body quickly turned from white to pitch-black.

Her face twisted, and her body bent at an unbelievable angle. Black fur and spikes grew out of her joints and elbows. Thick, long, and sharp limbs grew out of her back.

Her eyes and skin had also turned dark purple. Her body was filled with a cruel, brutal, and terrifying aura.

She looked like an evil and ugly spider.

"You've angered me, human!"

"Michelia" opened her mouth, "I swear I'll chew and swallow every piece of your body and life force."

Joelson frowned and looked at her coldly with a serious expression.

"Who are you!"

"Michelia" laughed strangely. Her laughter was sharp and ear-piercing.

"I am the god of the elven race. I am Queen Stasi!"

"Michelia" suddenly spat out a dense layer of black energy towards the pitch-black spider web.

Joelson activated the platinum power and the black spider web broke one by one.

However, "Michelia" sprayed the spider web too quickly. In just a few seconds, the entire space was covered by black energy.

The Moon God's domain had become a dark domain, and the space had become an enormous spider web. As for 'Michelia,' she was the evil spider within the spider web.

'Michelia's power had already surpassed that of the divine domain and was infinitely close to the domain of a demigod.

Although Joelson's domain power was abnormally powerful, under the suppression of this absolute power, he continuously let out sounds of being unable to withstand it.

He pushed the fusion power of metal and electric laws to the extreme.

In the pure platinum light, a streak of dark red lightning gradually appeared, and a terrifying aura slowly spread out.

"This!"

"Michelia" widened her eyes and screamed in disbelief, "Supreme law?"

Joelson felt that the platinum power was many times heavier than before.

The aura of the dark red lightning wrapped around the platinum light was so strong that even he couldn't help but tremble.

The space cracked and shattered.

Joelson slashed at "Michelia."

The platinum light that was surrounded by the broken dark red lightning flew towards "Michelia." In front of this light blade, "Michelia"'s evil power was like ice and snow meeting fire, quickly disappearing.

"The aura of the Law of Destruction? Impossible! How can a native from the lower planes comprehend the power of the supreme law? This is impossible!"

"Michelia" let out a terrified scream as she dodged in all directions.

A dark purple spider figure broke free from her body. It was the will of Spider Queen Stasi. She wanted to escape.

Joelson's expression was calm as he urged the platinum power that contained the aura of destruction to continue forward. He was about to destroy her.

Suddenly, his expression changed. He hesitated for a moment and it suddenly disappeared just as he was about to destroy her.

Stasi was stunned on the spot. She was a little surprised by Joelson's strange action.

Before she could react, she saw Joelson calmly extending his right hand toward her.

There seemed to be a black hole hidden in Joelson's right hand. A terrifying attractive force was emitted from it. Stasi widened her eyes and a terrified expression appeared on her face just now.

Before she could scream, she turned into a shadow and was swallowed by the black hole.

In the space of the ranch, a Dark Demon Dragon burped contentedly, and its aura became stronger.

Joelson saw that the intimacy between him and the Dark Demon Dragon had increased to 70 points on the system interface. He also showed a satisfied expression.

The Dark Demon Dragon came from the Abyss. The will of an evil god like Stasi was its delicious food.

After an intense battle ended, Joelson casually shattered the statue of the Moon God in front of him.

He suddenly had a feeling that a pair of eyes filled with hatred and evil glared at him fiercely.

Joelson knew that he and the evil god, Spider Queen Stasi, who had no idea where their true bodies were, could be considered to have formed an enmity.

However, Joelson did not care.

He had received the divine spark inheritance of the God of Alchemy, Priestley. From his memories, he knew the path of ascension to become a god. Apart from continuing to comprehend the laws, he also needed to gather the power of faith.

Just like Priestley, he had established his divine kingdom and carried ten small worlds with him. He had tens of millions of believers and spent tens of thousands of years to advance from a demigod to a god.

However, after becoming a god, the power of faith provided by his divine kingdom was no longer enough to support the advancement of ordinary gods.

As a result, most gods chose to sow their seeds of consciousness in countless planes, slowly developing their believers and collecting the power of faith.

For example, the most common ones were the Dark Church and the Church of Light.

They were all tools used by the main gods of Light and Dark to collect the power of faith.

These two main gods were also the most tyrannical. In the planes of Light and Dark, the other gods would be beaten up into heretics and mercilessly suppressed by them.

Most of the battles between gods were also caused by the fight for the power of faith.

Stasi was the same. She first disguised herself as the Moon God, putting on a pure and arrogant appearance. Only after being seen through by Joelson did she die and reveal her original appearance as an evil god.

Joelson had only killed one of her consciousness clones.

He didn't know how many similar clones she had cast in countless planes.

Simply put, Joelson had indeed become enemies with Stasi.

However, there were countless people who had become enemies with Stasi. Even if she wanted to take revenge, Joelson would have to wait in line for a very long time.

"Hmm..."

Just as Joelson was thinking, a coquettish voice suddenly came from the ground.
It was the awakening of Michelia.

Chapter 288: The Wedding of the Platinum Throne

Michelia slowly woke up, and the first thing she saw was the cold gaze that Joelson threw at her.

Michelia was shocked. And then she noticed that her clothes had been torn. Shame and anger surged up like a tide.

"You! You!"

Michelia blushed and the eyes looking at Joelson almost spat fire.

She pounced on him and wanted to fight him to the death. With a cold face, he casually threw out a force to blow him away and said coldly, "Use your head to think before you say anything."

Michelia was stunned.

The memory of Queen Stasi's possession flashed through her mind quickly.

Seeing that she had done such a lewd thing in front of him, and even took the initiative to tear her clothes, Michelia was so ashamed and angry that her face turned red.

Wait for her to accept all of her memories.

Joelson sneered, "Now you know what kind of existence the Moon God that you believe in is, right? Hehe."

Michelia's entire body was like a puppet whose soul had suddenly been sucked out.

This was a sign that her faith had collapsed.

Stasi had disguised herself too well. She had used the pure and kind hearts of the elves to deceive them into believing in her.

It was fortunate that these elves were too disappointing. Over thousands of years, they had pointed out a few saint-level masters. It was difficult for the elves to grow even if they stayed in the Elf Forest. Otherwise, Stasi would have caused them to fall into darkness long ago.

Joelson could not be bothered to care about Michelia anymore. Although she looked like a young girl, she was actually as stubborn as an old woman.

Joelson had directly destroyed the faith that she had believed in for half of her life, overturning the image of the Moon God in her heart. This fact would take her a long time to accept.

Bochilias. They strode out. Leas slowly woke up in Joelson's arms. She leaned on Joelson's chest and whispered, "Has the Moonlight Priestess agreed?"

Joelson smiled gently at her and said, "The Moon God has agreed. How could she dare to oppose?"

Leas looked confused.

But Joelson didn't want to tell her about Stasi.

The elves gathered outside the sacrificial temple. When they saw Joelson and Leas walking out, they retreated in panic.

The various screams and sounds of fighting in the divine shop had scared them.

Joelson looked at them coldly and threw down a platinum metal plate, which contained the same three platinum powers that he had left behind in the Fire Dragon God statue of the Akenshi tribe.

"The old prophet has protected you for five thousand years, so I will also protect you for five thousand years."

Joelson took Leas's hand and stepped on the back of Du Lu. From the sky, he looked down with a majestic voice toward the entire elven race.

"Tell your moonlight priestess, if you run into a crisis that you can't defend against, bring your token and come to Alcott to find me."

The dragon let out a long dragon roar and quickly disappeared into the sunset.

Only the elven race members were left staring blankly in the direction where Joelson had disappeared.

...

The Empire's Pearl, Princess Dayshannon, was going to marry Joelson Edward.

As soon as the news spread, it spread through the four empires and the entire southern region.

Everyone was excited.

The Capital of Alcott was filled with joy. It was a grand event.

It was said that Charles III was overjoyed. On the day of the wedding, he made Joelson the prince.

The purple thorn flower petals covered every street in the capital. Everyone's faces were filled with sincere blessings.

In the boudoir of the Princess in the palace, Dayshannon was dressed up and sat in front of the mirror, her face full of happiness and sweetness.

She had been waiting for this day for a long time.

The long dress she wore was made by the best tailor in the capital, and it took months to sew it. Gold and silver threads were inlaid with all kinds of beautiful gemstones.

The other women of Joelson were all there. Each of them looked at Dayshannon with envy.

Dayshannon was the luckiest of them all.

A grand guard of honor had already been arranged in the Imperial Square. All the nobles gathered here and chatted enthusiastically.

The center of the conversation could never be separated from a name.

Joelson Edward.

He was a legend of the southern region that made all the people of Alcott proud.

The Old Viscount Morgan stood beside Charles III with a face full of joy. He never dreamed that one day, His Majesty the King would treat him with such respect.

Moreover, he now had an additional title, Father of the Prince.

The old swindler, Beard, had also become the object of everyone's attention. He was extremely pleased with himself at the banquet and was favored by many nobles.

Beard felt that it had been his life, no, the wisest choice he had ever made in his life, to test Joelson's magic talent.

If it had not been for that time, perhaps he would have expected to fool the drunkards in some shabby tavern with a lousy spell in exchange for a few copper coins to buy a bar.

But now, he had become a proper fifth-rank mage. Even the marquis had to address him respectfully, "Sir Beard."

Harriet Terrence and Fred stood at the side, watching this grand event.

Harriet Terrence had a smile on his face the entire time.

"Being able to become Joelson's teacher is the most praiseworthy thing in my life."

I had already said this to Fred more than ten times. Fred could only humph in jealousy.

"My disciple isn't bad either." After saying this, he sighed heavily.

Don Quixote and Stephanie's talents weren't bad but, compared to a super genius like Joelson, they weren't worth mentioning at all.

The wedding ceremony was being prepared and the main character had yet to appear.

Right at this moment.

The palace emissary's excited and somewhat shrill voice rang out in the plaza.

"The central continent, the saint-level Dragonblood Clan, has come to offer a gift to the Platinum Throne, Lord Joelson Edward!"

Everyone was attracted by the voice and looked towards the source of the voice.

They only saw a group of people flying towards them from the sky.

Everyone's eyes were wide open.

Flying?

Saint-level experts!

So many?

The leader was a middle-aged man with a strong build. Behind him were more than ten young men and women, each of them exuding an extremely strong aura and blood.

When they landed on the square, they were like a group of human-shaped magical beasts that slowly walked over to them.

"So strong! Who are these people!"

Harriet Terrence and Fred looked at each other and saw the thick shock in each other's eyes.

Harriet Terrence stared at this group of people for a long time and said with a bitter smile, "The weakest among them has the ability to instantly suppress me."

Fred also nodded solemnly. As a knight, he could feel that the physical strength of these people was terrifying. He was afraid that he would not be able to take even a casual blow from them.

If these people deliberately came to cause trouble, the consequences would be unimaginable.

But fortunately, Harriet Terrence and Fred's guess did not happen.

- Chapter 289: Gifts From All Sides

Chapter 289: Gifts From All Sides

This group of people was surprisingly respectful. The leader walked to the center of the square and bowed to Charles III.

Then, he took out a large number of valuable gifts from his storage ring and said loudly, "The patriarch of the Dragon Blood Clan, Todrick, congratulates Lord Platinum Throne!"

Charles III was also frightened by such a large group of saint-level masters. However, he had been the king for so many years, so he barely maintained the dignity of the royal family. He nodded with a smile, accepted the gifts for Joelson, and arranged for the people of the Dragon Blood Clan to sit down.

However, things were not over yet.

The arrival of the Dragon Blood Clan seemed to have lit a fuse.

Then, the voices of the palace attendants rang out continuously.

"The Bryant family of the central continent has come to congratulate Lord Joelson, the Platinum Throne!"

"The Bobbit family of the central continent..."

All the guests in the square were dumbfounded. They only saw a large number of saint-level masters descending from the sky, respectfully expressing their blessings to Joelson, who had yet to appear.

And these saint-level powerhouses seemed to have great joy on their faces.

It was as if it was their great honor to be able to attend this wedding.

"This time, I've brought you to attend the wedding of His Majesty the Platinum Throne. Be careful. If you accidentally anger the throne, the entire Bryant family will be implicated!"

The siblings nodded respectfully in response. There were already countless times their father had warned them seriously.

Although the food and wine at the banquet were coarse and difficult to swallow, they did not dare to show any displeasure on their faces.

"I never thought that the small southern region would not only have such a holy object like the Spring Water of Life but also have such a genius like the Platinum Throne. It is said that the Platinum Throne is not even 30 years old. It is truly terrifying."

A middle-aged man who looked like a guard beside the siblings could not help but sigh.

The siblings looked at the saint-level powerhouses that descended from the sky from time to time. They nodded in agreement at this grand scene.

The girl among them revealed an expression of having thought of something.

"Rosalind, what are you thinking about?"

The girl shook her head and said, "When Uncle Herman mentioned the Spring Water of Life, I thought of the dragon rider youth that we met in the Elf Forest."

The young man raised his eyebrows, he said happily, "Yes, I almost forgot about it if you didn't tell me. If it weren't for him, we wouldn't have been able to get the Spring Water of Life, and father's injuries wouldn't have healed either. We should really thank him. By the way, what's his name? Do you still remember it?"

The girl looked hesitant and whispered, "I remember. He seems to call himself Joelson?"

Hearing this, the three of them immediately fell silent, and a strange expression appeared on their faces.

Joelson?

Everyone knew that the famous Platinum Throne in the central continent was also called Joelson.

Could it be the same person?

"Impossible, how could there be such a coincidence in the world?" The young man smiled bitterly and shook his head. "You must have remembered wrongly."

The girl whispered, "Perhaps."

At this moment, the sky was brightly lit. The young man raised his head and shouted in surprise, "Look, the people from the Church of Light are here too."

Harriet Terrence, Fred, and Charles III were so shocked that they were almost numb.

Saint-level powerhouses flashed past their eyes one after another.

Each and every one of them came in the name of congratulating Joelson. Their actions were respectful from the bottom of their hearts. They even treated the waiters at the banquet with caution and courtesy.

Platinum Throne.

Harriet Terrence and the others suddenly realized that the reputation and power that Joelson possessed in the central continent was far greater than they had imagined.

A rain of golden petals fell from the top of everyone's heads. It was an illusory holy light.

They looked up and saw ten unicorns coming from the sky. Each unicorn was at the holy level, and on their backs sat a holy knight of light.

Behind them were priests, bishops, and archbishops dressed in white robes.

The group of people looked majestic as if they were servants who had descended from heaven, causing everyone to exclaim in admiration.

"The Church of Light from the central continent, Tao Kedun, represents the Light Throne to congratulate the Platinum Throne."

A deep voice reverberated in the sky, indicating that the person who had just arrived was at the peak of the holy level.

The people of the southern region were just watching the show. Most of them were amazed, while the families from the central continent were amused.

"The Church of Light is trying their best to befriend the Platinum Throne. Hehe, they must be scared."

"I wonder if the people from the Dark Church will come?"

"The Dark Church? Are you kidding? The moment the Platinum Throne returned to the southern region, he wiped out all the forces of the Dark Church in the southern region. He killed until they were terrified. Now, even the Dark Church doesn't dare to show their faces in front of the throne, let alone the people under him."

The Holy See's diplomatic mission in Alcott immediately went forward to welcome them. The news of Joelson's wedding was also sent back to the central continent by them.

As soon as the Holy See landed, they saw another group of people flying over from the sky.

Riding on griffins and flying dragons, they looked more imposing than the Holy See's honor guard. They looked like a well-trained army.

Every knight was wearing bright armor, and they looked well-trained and powerful.

Compared to them, the Royal Knights of Alcott were like the guards of a small noble in the countryside.

"In the middle continent, the Violet Knights of the Eternal Kingdom of Inmotati, on behalf of Emperor Nicholas and the two princesses, send a congratulatory gift to the Platinum Throne!"

A saint-level knight riding on a griffin king at the front shouted loudly.

Everyone present was dazzled and their emotions surged.

These rarely seen powerhouses from all walks of life, each of them was comparable to the empire's mage Saint, sword saint, or even more powerful than them.

But now, they had all rushed over, all because of one person.

Joelson Edward!

The king of the southern region!

They also felt honored.

A few long dragon roars sounded.

The griffins, flying dragons, and unicorns let out restless sounds.

From the middle of the human tide, dozens of huge dragon figures were rapidly approaching.

Everyone's eyes were wide open.

Dragons!

So many dragons!

"The Dragon Clan of the dragon nest of the central continent, on behalf of the Silver Dragon King, presents to the Platinum Throne!"

The roars of the dozens of dragons sounded like thunder above the square.

This time, not only the people of the southern region but even the saint-level masters of the central continent were shocked.

"God of Magic, even the proud dragons are here. Don't these guys look down on humans the most?"

"It seems that the strike that the Platinum Throne used to kill the Silver Dragon King was a bit painful!"

"Even though everyone is here, they still dare to come. So what if they are dragons? It's not like the Platinum Throne doesn't have dragons!"

"The power of the Platinum Throne is too terrifying!"

Dozens of dragons were crouching in the sky, roaring nonstop.

Below them were the griffin-flying dragon knights and the honor guard of light.

Chapter 290: The Child Bearing the Glory

The siblings of the Bryant family were dazzled by the sight.

"Is this the power of a throne? It's too powerful!"

The young man said with a face full of fascination. The girl covered her mouth in surprise.

Today was probably the most powerful and prosperous era in the past thousand years.

It was just because of one person.

"Her Highness Princess Dayshannon is out!"

Someone shouted excitedly.

Everyone subconsciously looked towards the stage.

They only saw a noble and beautiful woman slowly walking out in full dress. Two red blobs appeared on her young and beautiful face due to her happiness and excitement, but it accentuated her extreme beauty.

"So beautiful!"

"Even compared to those two violet flowers, she is not inferior at all!"

"After all, she is the woman of the Platinum Throne."

Charles III's face was full of pride, and his entire person was radiating with an indescribable radiance.

Today was the most successful and memorable day of his life as the king of Alcott.

Just as many people said behind his back, the only thing he did in his life that was beneficial to Alcott was to have a good daughter.

And this was enough to justify everything that the Purple Thorn Flower Royal Family's martyrs had done.

Charles III walked forward and carefully held Dayshannon's hand. He then took a step back and gave all the glory to Dayshannon.

At this moment, a person walked out slowly.

This person's appearance instantly took away all the attention that gathered on Dayshannon.

He became the only main character in this space.

"Lord Throne!"

Someone shouted excitedly.

"It's Lord Platinum Throne!"

Under everyone's gaze, a young man slowly walked out.

He wore a gorgeous robe with golden borders. His appearance was handsome and carried the elegance of a noble. His actions exuded the dignity of a superior.

At this moment, the powerful, fierce, and calm saint-level powerhouses on the field all seemed dim under his light.

It was like the stars were shining but, when the sun rose, they all disappeared.

In a corner of the banquet.

The siblings of the Bryant family stared at the figure on the stage in a daze.

Their minds were blank.

There was only one thought left: it's him. It's really him, he's the Platinum Throne?

...

The grand wedding was being held for seven days.

During these seven days, the dragons above the capital of Alcott rained down flower petals.

The bishops of the Church of Light had maintained the great light spell for seven days, causing the capital to be bright regardless of day or night.

It was said that the gifts sent by the various powers had piled up into a small hill on the Imperial Square.

Any one of them would be enough to make the mages and knights of the southern region go crazy over it.

It was said that after the appearance of Joelson, all the saint-level knights did not dare to fly in the sky anymore.

They only dared to fly after they had walked thirty miles out of the capital.

It was said that hundreds of priests had blessed the bride. This was a treatment that even the empresses of the middle continent empires had never received.

It was said that...

There were so many amazing things.

Those who attended the wedding could talk for three days with shining eyes.

It was a feast that they would never forget in their lives.

It was enough to go down in history.

From then on, everyone clearly understood one thing.

With the presence of Joelson Edward, with the great Platinum Throne...

The Alcott Empire could continue to prosper for thousands of years.

Charles III wished he could personally grab a whip and whip the back garden of the Prince's mansion to urge the artisans to feel good.

The women of Joelson were sitting around the lawn, laughing and whispering.

Dayshannon had completely lost her youthful innocence and was dressed like a little woman, looking even more beautiful and moving.

Her eyes, lips, and every part of her body were filled with a strong sense of happiness and sweetness. There was only one person in her beautiful purple eyes.

Dayshannon's heart was as happy as a lark on a tree branch.

She had finally completely given herself to Joelson and become his woman.

"Where's Joelson?"

Darlene, the dark elf, asked curiously, "He disappeared after being married for less than a month?"

Leas was still timid, even though everyone treated her well.

Perhaps because they were both elves, she had the best relationship with Darlene.

"Young Master seems to be in closed-door cultivation."

The women looked disappointed.

A small figure was chasing butterflies in the garden, running and laughing.

Every woman looked at her with a dotting expression.

Catherine said helplessly, "At the previous wedding, Funina received a lot of good things. The dragon nest also said that they could choose the most talented young dragon to contract with her as low-level master and servant, but they were rejected by Joelson."

"Sigh, Funina hasn't even finished her first meditation and she has no interest in knight training at all. She only knows how to play every day. It's really worrying."

"It's okay." Darlene looked at Funina's lively figure, shook her head, and said calmly, "She will take the initiative to cultivate hard in the future."

"Huh?"

Catherine looked puzzled, "Why?"

Darlene said calmly and seriously, "Because she will slowly know what an amazing existence her father is. The eyes of the entire continent will be on her. She has to work hard."

"Let her have a few more years of fun. After all, she is destined to bear the honor of the Platinum Throne."

"What a lucky and unlucky child."

At this moment, Joelson was in the space of the ranch.

He still had too many things to deal with.

The Dark Demon Dragon in the corner of the ranch was no longer in a long slumber. Now, it would occasionally get up and stretch, take a turn in the space, and "say hello" to the other dragons.

For example, now.

Holy floated in front of the Dark Demon Dragon with a round belly, making faces at this annoying big fellow and sticking out its butt.

The Dark Demon Dragon's body had a dense dark aura, which made Holy, as a light dragon, dislike it.

But it couldn't beat the Dark Demon Dragon, so it could only use these methods to express its dissatisfaction to the Dark Demon Dragon.

The Dark Demon Dragon looked at the little guy in front of it without any expression. It was doing all kinds of shameful things to itself.

Joelson could imagine that if the Dark Demon Dragon was in human form now, its face would be full of helplessness.

Finally, the Dark Demon Dragon could not hold back anymore. It opened its mouth and let out a loud roar.

"Roar!"

The terrifying sound waves shook the Holy until it was dizzy. Its chubby body swayed in the air as if it was drunk.

Then, the Dark Demon Dragon stretched out its dragon claws, bent two fingers, and flicked lightly.

Bang!

The holy dragon was directly bounced away like a cannonball and shot into the nearby water-elemental dragon nest lake. After a while, his belly slowly floated up.

Chapter 291: The Top-Tier Dragon Pool Lucky Draw. The Dragon of Fate!

When the other dragons saw this scene, they subconsciously covered their eyes with their claws, as if they could not bear to watch.

It was too tragic.

Many sympathetic gazes turned to Holy.

Why did it have to go against a big shot?

Of course, the Dark Demon Dragon was very light-handed, and Holy's vitality was tenacious. This small setback could not cause any harm to it.

After it recovered and rested for a while, it would run to find trouble with the Dark Demon Dragon again, as if it was addicted to being beaten.

Joelson had a helpless look on his face and did not know what to say.

After his intimacy with the Dark Demon Dragon reached 70, Joelson naturally shared its terrifying darkness-type talent.

The two powers of light and darkness intertwined in his body, occasionally bursting out a power that made Joelson's heart palpitate.

If he could fuse the opposing elemental laws of light and darkness...

Then the power...

Should be much more terrifying than fusing two elemental laws of water and fire.

Joelson had hope in his heart but he hadn't had the time to try.

He had too much law power to complete now.

The throne of Ascott, who wasn't even thirty years old, had seemingly astonishing results.

In fact, it also meant that compared to the other thrones, Joelson had much less accumulation.

Priestley's alchemy divinity made up for this but Joelson still had a lot to do.

He still needed to go to the runic land a few more times.

Joelson's eyes flashed. The runic land was obviously the most suitable place for him.

Lightning, Connie, and Kokonoro had also stayed there for several years. Joelson had always wanted to see it.

What kind of foundation these two dragons and one person had built for him.

But now, Joelson still had an even more important thing to do.

This was something that Joelson had been looking forward to for a long time, and it was enough to make him tremble with excitement and anticipation.

Top-tier dragon pool draw!

With the Dark Demon Dragon completely submitting to him, the number of saint-level dragons that Joelson had finally exceeded ten, and he was now eligible for a top-tier dragon pool draw.

Joelson took a deep breath and tried his best to calm himself down.

He summoned the system lottery panel.

In the top-tier dragon pool, there were destruction dragons, time dragons, space dragons, life dragons...

Looking at the various species of dragons in the top-tier dragon pool, Joelson was extremely envious.

The strength of these dragons was even greater than the Dark Demon Dragon and Light Dragon.

If he could pick any one of them, his strength would rise to another level.

If he could control the power of the laws of time or space, or the laws of destruction...

He could not wait any longer.

Extract!

The top-tier dragon pool was like chaos, with all kinds of dragon eggs floating in it.

Joelson's choice turned into a ray of golden light and shot into the top-tier dragon pool.

Soon, a dragon egg slowly emerged from within.

This was a very ordinary dragon egg. The surface looked like it was completely gray but, upon closer inspection, one would discover that the gray color was formed from countless moving clouds and mist. If one looked at it for too long, one's soul would almost be sucked in.

The system's voice sounded in Joelson's mind.

"Congratulations, rancher, for obtaining the egg of the Giant Dragon of Fate."

The Dragon of Fate.

It had actually drawn this dragon.

Compared to other dragons, the Dragon of Fate was the most mysterious and the one that Joelson knew the least about.

Just like how fate was unpredictable to many people.

Joelson chose to hatch the dragon egg.

The gray dragon egg absorbed his blood and began to emit a strange light.

After a while, Joelson saw a small dragon fly out.

It was as small as dust and as large as a star.

The scales on its body were like diamonds but also seemed obscure and dim like dust.

Its pure and profound eyes looked at Joelson deeply.

The void in front of him cracked open, and through the crack, a huge gray river could be seen.

The young Dragon of Fate dived into the river and disappeared in an instant.

Joelson blinked his eyes and was stunned. He had not reacted yet.

Everything seemed like a dream. As if nothing had happened.

There were no fragments of dragon eggs in front of him, and there were no new dragon species in the space of the ranch.

Joelson was stunned.

A top-tier dragon pool, the Dragon of Fate, had just slipped away right under his nose.

It had slipped away?

Joelson felt as if he had been tricked, and he 'questioned' the system.

"From the moment the Giant Dragon of Fate was corrupted, it represented your fate. It merged with the river of fate and grew with your strength. When you have enough power to control your own fate, it will come back again."

This was the system's explanation.

Joelson understood.

The Dragon of Fate was more mysterious and mystical than he had imagined.

When Joelson hatched it, it represented his fate.

Joelson's current strength was not enough to control his own fate, so the Dragon of Fate broke away from his control and returned to the river of fate.

This was equivalent to materializing an invisible fate.

Just like when Joelson first saw the Dragon of Fate.

Small as dust, great as the stars, shining like diamonds, obscure like dust.

Because fate was full of changes and unpredictable.

Joelson was now magnificent, as bright as the stars. Perhaps he would suddenly fall in the next second. Of course, the greater possibility was to continue to become a legend.

But the possibility of the former could not be ruled out.

This was fate.

Everything that was happening now would affect the future.

You never knew what would happen next.

Although the Dragon of Fate was gone, it also left a legacy for him.

The law of fate.

It was also one of the supreme laws.

And it was more mature and complete than the law of destruction that he had only grasped the superficial level.

In his vision, there were many more gray threads in his world.

Everything, including himself.

It was like a trajectory, passing from body to body, stretching to infinity and beyond.

He had a feeling that if he touched any one of them, he could change his own fate or that of others.

It was a wonderful feeling.

It was like a small butterfly flapping its wings now, but it could cause a hurricane in the future.

Joelson's consciousness extended along these gray threads, and images suddenly appeared in front of him.

The images moved faster and faster, becoming blurry. Suddenly...

Crack!

The crisp sound of the mirror shattering.

The void shattered, and the calm but roaring river of fate appeared in front of Joelson.

The terrifying power was about to suck in his soul.

A trace of fear rose in his heart. He tried to withdraw his consciousness, but he could only be swallowed step by step by the power of the river of fate.

At this time, a long dragon's roar sounded from the river of fate.

The Giant Dragon of Fate swayed and flew out of the river of fate, slowly taking him away...

And then disappeared again.

Chapter 292: The Great Prophecy and the Great Curse

All of a sudden, Joelson opened his eyes, which were full of shock and surprise.

Did he just predict the future and then suffer the backlash of the river of fate?

It was too dangerous.

If the Dragon of Fate had not appeared in time, perhaps Joelson's consciousness would have been lost in the river of fate forever until his body rotted.

Joelson thought of the great elder of the Akenshi tribe.

He also had the ability to predict the future. He had accurately predicted Frederick's resurrection, and Joelson would save the fate of the Akenshi tribe.

He had also paid the price of a pair of eyes.

There was also the great prophecy spell in the Holy Church's divine spells.

It was said that it also had the power to predict the future.

However, most of the secret spells that could predict fate were actually only the first step for the caster to reach Joelson.

That was to see the gray threads of fate stretching forward to get some blurry fragments of the picture.

The prediction result also needed to be combined with a part of the caster's imagination. Other than predicting certain small people or small things, it was already good enough to have an accuracy of 30%. It was like a lottery.

Anyway, even if this type of secret technique was not accurate, there was still a sufficient excuse to say that fate could change at any time.

Moreover, these secret techniques all had one thing in common, which was that they needed to pay a huge price to cast them.

Usually, it was the origin vitality or lifespan.

If they knew that just now, Joelson had been constantly trying to predict the future fate of everything around him. He had even seen the river of fate and looked straight at the river of fate without getting lost, they would probably be so shocked that their jaws would drop.

Simply put, from then on, Joelson had the ability to predict the fate of others.

Of course, this was based on the fact that the Dragon of Fate would run out to save him every time, or else he would be courting death.

Other than that.

The power of the laws of fate also included the great curse.

The great curse was a forbidden spell that only existed in legends.

It was said that in ancient times, there were people who studied the great curse. When facing an enemy, they only needed to point at the other party and say, "You will die immediately."

Even a saint-ranked expert would suddenly die.

This person had once caused great panic in the central continent at that time. This was because, in a battle against a mage who cultivated the great curse, one would have no way of defending against it. One would not even be able to display all of one's strength.

However, later on, when this person tried to curse a divine realm expert, he suffered a backlash and died.

Now that Joelson recalled this legend, he understood that this person should have grasped a portion of the power of laws that could change fate.

He could pluck the threads of fate, change the trajectory of fate, or even cut off the threads of fate and let others die.

Of course, there was a price to pay.

If you pluck a string with your hand, the reaction force would make your finger feel pain. If you tore a string with your hand, you would cut your finger.

The same was true for the threads of fate. If you cut off the fate of others, you would have to bear the corresponding backlash.

Once the backlash exceeded the limit of what one could bear, one might not be able to kill the other in time and die first.

Joelson felt that he seemed to be extremely huge in this aspect.

He had the Giant Dragon of Fate, so he would not be lost even if he looked straight at the river of fate. If he messed up the threads of fate, the backlash would only be reflected on the Giant Dragon of Fate.

Great prophecy spell. Great curse spell.

It seemed to have become his most powerful technique.

He could even kill a God?

Joelson did not know, nor was he sure.

However, he had a premonition that the power of the law of fate was far more mysterious and powerful than he had imagined.

And the cultivation of the power of the law of fate was also very strange.

It was related to Joelson's own strength, identity, and situation.

For example, if Joelson continued on his current path and became more and more powerful, then the power of the law of fate would also slowly grow.

And once Joelson's strength stagnated for a long time—or he was imprisoned by a terrifying existence and heavily injured, losing his freedom—then the power of the law of fate would also stop growing or even weaken.

How much power of the law of fate Joelson could control was related to how much he could control his own fate.

When there was no longer any existence in the countless planes that could force Joelson, then the power of Joelson's laws of fate would naturally be perfected.

After grasping the laws of fate, Joelson's temperament also changed a little.

His entire body seemed to be shrouded in a layer of mist, making it impossible to see clearly.

Joelson temporarily put aside the matters regarding the fate dragon and the power of the laws of fate.

The power of fate was indeed very powerful but it was too difficult to grasp. What he needed to do now was to firmly grasp the power of the laws in his hands.

Joelson left the space of the ranch and explained to his women. Then, he returned to the space and stepped into the vortex heading to the land of runes.

The land of runes. Stormwind City.

In the Castellan's residence, Connie was focused on checking the tax and accounts for the past month on the table.

"This month, there are a total of 1,147 crystal runic coins collected from the shops and other taxes in Stormwind City. Next month, a portion of the tributes from the major subsidiary cities will be turned in and converted into runic stones. The amount is also very good."

After Connie finished calculating, her expression was filled with excitement, she turned around and said to Kokonoro in the corner, "In a while, pass the electric runic stones to Lord Lightning. The rest will be kept by Lord Joelson. Kokonoro, I think it's time for us to go back."

"It's been almost two years since we last came back."

There was a hint of loneliness and longing in Connie's eyes. Compared to the rune land that she grew up in, she seemed to treat the ranch space as her real home.

"Okay."

Kokonoro nodded slightly and said, "Wait for Lightning to come and discuss with it before making a decision. The foundation of Stormwind City can not be abandoned so easily. It took us a lot of effort to manage it."

Connie suddenly frowned and picked up a thin invitation card on the table.

"Recently, Isaac has invited me several times to attend the Archduke's territory's City Lord's banquet. Kokonoro, do you think we should go?"

Kokonoro lowered his voice for a moment, he solemnly shook his head and said, "Let's use the excuse from last time to decline. It is said that Isaac is a crystal-level rune expert. In our words, he is at the peak of the saint level and is not weaker than me. Moreover, there are many experts under him. Without Lightning, we can not return to the space at any time. If anything happens, it will be very dangerous."

"Then I won't go."

Connie nodded firmly.

At this moment, the light of the runes in the room suddenly dimmed. It was as if something opened its huge mouth in the dark night and swallowed the light.

Kokonoro's expression changed and he shouted in a low voice, "Who is it?"

Connie saw the shadow that the light could not reach. The void suddenly split open and a figure walked out.

Chapter 293: Entering the Land of Runes, a Sea of Runes

Connie opened her eyes wide and kept retreating, while Kokonoro let out a low roar and pounced forward.

Bang!

Kokonoro was sent flying like a sandbag.

Connie was instantly stunned.

One strike. Just one strike.

The Black Dragon King, who was at the peak of saint-level, was sent flying by his opponent. Just how terrifying was that person in the shadows?

Connie was extremely nervous. Her eyes were fixed on that figure. Just as she was about to make a move, she suddenly froze. She blinked her eyes and cried out in surprise, "Sir Joelson?"

A handsome and tall young man walked out from the shadows. His actions revealed his elegance and great power.

Joelson smiled at Connie and walked to Connie's seat.

At this moment, Kokonoro, who had been punched by Joelson, walked out with a shocked expression. The spot where he had been punched in the chest was still extremely painful.

"Why are you here? How did you become so strong?"

Five years ago, Joelson could barely fight with him. But now, Kokonoro couldn't even take a casual blow from Joelson.

How was this possible?

Joelson glanced at Kokonoro indifferently and said mockingly, "Do you think these five years have been in vain?"

Kokonoro was furious but he was helpless. There was nothing he could do.

Indeed, his path ahead was almost cut off. Meanwhile, Joelson still had unlimited potential. It was normal for his strength to soar.

It was just that he did not know what level of strength he had reached now.

It was absolutely impossible for him to cultivate to the divine realm. Regarding the matter of Joelson cultivating the power of multi-elemental laws, Kokonoro knew that it was also because of this that Connie had tried her best to collect runestones in the runic land.

In just a short five years, it was absolutely impossible for Joelson to gather the power of laws and attain divine rank.

That should be the skeleton that had comprehended the embryonic form of a domain, or in other words, a domain?

When Kokonoro recalled that attack from Joelson, he felt as if all his strength had been frozen. This made him even more certain of his guess.

This was enough to make him envious.

Joelson's current combat power was probably the strongest person under the divine level.

While Kokonoro was indulging in his wild thoughts, Connie respectfully bowed to Joelson. "Lord Joelson, I didn't expect you to actually come."

Joelson nodded slightly and casually flipped through the tax accounts that they hadn't sorted out yet on the table. He said calmly, "Let me see what you've done in the past few years."

Connie took a deep breath. Her eyes were filled with suppressed excitement and anticipation. It was an urge to show off.

"Lord Joelson, please wait a moment."

Connie hurriedly turned around and knocked on the wall twice. A small secret compartment was revealed. Inside were three ordinary-looking silver rings.

Storage rings.

Connie took the three rings and walked in front of Joelson. She picked up one and poured it out.

Crash!

Countless stone runes fell. They were of various colors and shapes, forming a small hill on the ground.

Joelson's eyes lit up. There were probably no less than a few thousand stone runes.

Then Connie picked up the second ring.

Clang! Clang!

The crisp sound of metal colliding.

What entered his eyes was a sheet of golden yellow. The bright golden light made the entire room as bright as day.

Joelson was slightly surprised.

"Gold-rank runes? So many?"

There were at least dozens of gold-rank rune stones.

Thinking back, the Meteor City Lord and the Flame City Lord that Joelson killed were only gold-rank rune warriors.

In the end, Connie grabbed the last ring with a serious expression. When she opened it, a crystal-like brilliant light emitted from her hand.

A ray of light shot out from Joelson's eyes. He stared at Connie's hand and smiled, "Crystal rune stone?"

This crystal rune stone emitted a water-blue light, containing abundant water elemental law power.

Joelson held it in his hand and exerted a little strength.

A crack appeared on the exquisite and beautiful crystal runestone and the blue ball of light emitted from it was swallowed completely by Joelson.

A total of nearly seventy laws energy.

Just a single crystal runestone was enough to save Joelson a lot of hard work.

With the sudden increase in water elemental law energy fused into the domain, one could feel that the domain's power had become even stronger.

"This crystal-grade runestone belongs to the original Lord of Storm City. However, after we arrived, Lord Kokonoro and Lord Lightning joined forces to kill him. Not only did they seize his runestone, but they also replaced him and made me the city lord of Stormwind City."

Connie explained somewhat embarrassedly.

This kind of behavior was similar to bandits. She was worried that Joelson would be unhappy.

However, Joelson no longer acted like this. He only said indifferently, "The strong prey on the weak. They are also squeezing the benefits of ordinary rune warriors."

"However."

Joelson stood among the shining rune stones on the ground and said to Connie, "These are far from enough."

Connie and Kokonoro were stunned. They really could not understand why Joelson needed so many rune stones?

No matter how talented he was or how much nomological power he could control, these runestones were enough to push him to the perfection-stage saint-rank.

Breaking through to the divine realm was not something that could be achieved with just resources.

Joelson did not explain to them. His gaze casually swept across the table as he asked, "Whose invitation?"

"Archduke Isaac from the western city. This is the third time he's tried to invite us to a dinner party. However, we've rejected him before."

"Why did you reject him?"

"Maybe he didn't have any good intentions."

Connie said hesitantly, "The original castellan of Stormwind City was Archduke Isaac's trusted aide. We killed him but Archduke Isaac didn't react at all. Instead, he showed tacit approval towards this matter. It's very strange."

"Go."

Joelson said casually, "I'll go with you."

"Yes, my lord."

Connie simply nodded. In her heart, Joelson was the most powerful existence, and no one was a match for him.

After being sent flying with a single blow, Kokonoro was even firmer in her thoughts.

"Then, my lord, when do we set off?"

"We'll set off tomorrow."

"Lord Lightning seems to still be in the runic wilderness."

A faint smile appeared on Joelson's face as he replied, "It's already back."

Before he could finish speaking, a thunderous dragon's roar came from the night sky outside Stormwind City.

The entire Stormwind City was in a momentary uproar but it quickly calmed down.

After a few years, everyone had gotten used to the existence of Lightning. They knew that this was a force belonging to the Lord of Stormwind City.

They would even feel slightly proud that Stormwind City had such a huge beast to protect it.

When Joelson stepped out of the window, Lightning saw him. It let out a happy roar and circled around him.

The size of Lightning was several times larger than what Joelson had seen five years ago. It was comparable to Du Lu.

Its entire body was covered in purple dragon scales. Thirty percent of its body was covered in mysterious runic patterns, emitting a noble and overbearing aura.

It can be seen that the past few years it has been very comfortable.

Chapter 294: Diamond-Class Rune Warrior

In the past few years, most of the rune stones Connie had collected for Joelson had been devoured by Lightning, so much so that its strength had even surpassed Du Lu's.

He was the most cunning one. He first devoured a large number of low-level rune stones and, when he was strong enough, he would roam the wilderness to hunt for higher-level rune stones.

It was unknown when it had become the most powerful dragon under Joelson's command.

Lightning's huge head came in front of Joelson. It opened its mouth wide and rune stones of various elements poured down like rain.

Most of them were stone runes. There were also quite a number of gold-level runes. The number was more than what Connie had collected. This was what it had left for Joelson.

"At least you still have some conscience."

Joelson smiled as he stroked Lightning's head. The latter narrowed his eyes and acted coquettishly like a big dog.

Western City was several times bigger than Stormwind City. Compared to small cities like Meteor City, it was more than ten times bigger than the latter.

As the highest ruler to the west of the land of runes, Archduke Isaac's residence occupied more than 30% of Western City's area.

It was much more luxurious than the Imperial Palace of the Inmotadic Empire in the central continent.

In the extremely luxurious hall, a burly man sat at the very top.

He was wearing an extremely luxurious robe.

The robe was inlaid with countless runestones that were wrapped in purple lightning. Every one of them was carefully polished with stone runes.

The crown he wore on his head was also inlaid with three sets of golden runestones that were like gems.

However, this set of attire was enough to drive countless rune warriors crazy.

There were dozens of rune warriors standing in the hall. The runes on each of their foreheads were glowing with a golden luster.

There was no one at the front with a crystal inlaid on their foreheads, which was shining brilliantly.

There were dozens of gold-rank rune warriors and five crystal-rank rune experts.

In addition to the Archduke Isaac, whose aura was steadily suppressing everyone in the hall, the runes on his forehead were constantly emitting a diamond-like glow.

This was a power that could make the entire rune land tremble.

"The Lord of Storm City has agreed to attend the banquet. If nothing goes wrong."

Duke Isaac played with the ring on his finger and slowly said, "This will be the opportunity for me to completely break through to the crystal level and advance to the diamond level. It will also be the beginning for me to reclaim the entire rune land."

Everyone in the great hall had respectful and fanatical expressions on their faces.

"The giant beast that the windstorm city lord is relying on should be a runic beast. Its strength should be at least at the crystal level. If I can hunt it down and devour its strength, my physical body and runes will be able to reach a higher level, completely advancing to the diamond level that I have never seen before!"

"I heard that she is also collecting a large number of electric-type runic stones to feed that runic beast. Hehe, by neglecting the main point, I'm afraid that she has already been treated as a puppet by the Runic Beast."

A crystal-level runic warrior said hesitantly, "A few years ago, there were traces of runic beasts in flame city and meteorite city. At that time, there were also people collecting a large number of low-level runestones. I don't know if it's the same person."

Archduke Isaac casually replied, "High-level runestones will develop self-awareness over a long period of time. Some cunning people will think of this method. There are even people who will transform into human form and enter the runic land. It's not surprising."

"Transform into human form? !"

Everyone in the hall was suddenly shocked.

Archduke Isaac narrowed his eyes and said with a smile, "Do you really think that the four archdukes of the runic land are all human?"

Everyone was stunned.

This news was too shocking. From the meaning revealed by Archduke Isaac's words, it seemed that the four archdukes of the runic land still needed the existence of runic beasts.

Thinking about the runic stones that he controlled, one day, they would climb onto his head and use humans as tools to collect runic stones and devour them all.

It was truly shocking.

"Roar!"

A low dragon's roar came from outside the hall.

Duke Isaac slowly stood up. His eyes flickered as he slowly said, "They're here."

..

With the speed of Lightning, it took less than two days for Joelson and his group to reach Western City.

If they hadn't encountered a high-quality water-type runestone along the way, the process of collecting it would have taken a lot of time, and the time would have been shortened.

Lightning stopped in the sky above Western City. The shadow cast by its huge body caused the entire city to fall into a momentary panic.

Connie glanced at Joelson. She wanted to get off the back of the Lightning and go to the residence of Archduke Isaac to have a feast and find out what he meant.

Just like in Meteor City, she used a magic crystal to send a message.

However, Joelson shook his head and said calmly, "It's not that troublesome."

He patted the Lightning's head lightly and the Lightning instantly understood.

It opened its mouth slightly and dazzling lightning gathered in its mouth and finally spat out.

A streak of blazing lightning streaked across the sky, lighting up the entire area, accompanied by a clap of loud thunder.

A large area of Archduke Isaac's mansion collapsed and shattered.

Exclamations rang out continuously from the weighing system.

Everyone looked at the shadow in the sky in shock.

They could not believe that there was still someone who rushed over to the territory personally overseen by Archduke Isaac to behave atrociously?

Dozens of figures flew out from the collapsed house. The person leading them was none other than Archduke Isaac, who was dressed in luxurious clothes.

There was a hint of surprise in his eyes but a cold smile hung on his face.

His gaze fell on Lightning, and he said gloomily, "You're really smart."

"Roar!"

Lightning couldn't be bothered to talk to this bug. It opened its mouth and unleashed a large amount of blazing lightning.

Archduke Isaac's expression changed slightly and a powerful lightning power erupted from his body as well. His eyes lit up and he laughed loudly as he said, "That's right. It's at least a crystal-grade rune stone, and it's an electric-type rune stone!"

"That's the best."

His gaze coldly swept past Joelson, Connie, and the others on the back of the Lightning, treating them as puppets under the control of the Lightning. He said coldly, "I've sent them here to deal with a runic beast. Find an opportunity to kill them, and then capture the beast alive together."

Isaac's expression became excited. His eyes stared fixedly at the violent Lightning, and he said in a low voice, "What a powerful and wonderful power. Diamond-grade, I'm going to reach it very soon."

Five crystal-rank runic warriors led dozens of gold-rank runic warriors as they quietly approached. Their gazes were directed at Joelson and the others.

However, Joelson's gaze had been fixed on the battle between the Lightning and Isaac.

As expected, Isaac's potential was powerful. He was the strongest person he had encountered in the runic lands.

He was roughly between the peak of the saint-rank and the divine realm. His strength was on par with Holy Zither's, who had just comprehended the embryonic form of a domain.

Back then, when he had just comprehended platinum power, he had already been able to defeat Holy Zither, not to mention now.

This bit of strength from Archduke Isaac did not interest Joelson in the slightest.

Chapter 295: The Only God in the Land of Runes!

At this time, five crystal-level and dozens of gold-level rune warriors had already arrived in front of them, each of them revealing a fierce expression as they approached.

The combination of the various types of rune power made people involuntarily feel a rather powerful aura.

Kokonoro took a step forward and blocked in front of Joelson and Connie. He said, "Later, I'll transform and entangle those crystal-level rune warriors. You'll be responsible for taking care of the rest."

Before Kokonoro could finish his words, his eyes suddenly widened. His face was filled with disbelief.

He only saw Joelson casually glance at him, before he casually waved his hand in the direction of the dozens of rune warriors.

It was as if he was chasing away a group of flies.

His fair palm drew a platinum arc in the air.

The arc was quickly magnified, and the light almost covered the sun in the sky.

Whoosh!

When the platinum light flashed past, Kokonoro felt his heart tremble violently.

A never-before-felt fear spread from his tail and spread throughout his entire body. His entire body felt a chill.

He was only standing beside Joelson and he was on the side of the explosion of power. The platinum power was not coming for him.

He felt like he was going to die in the next moment.

It was too scary!

Kokonoro turned his head and looked at him in horror.

Under that face, which had not changed much compared to five years ago, there was a terrifying power.

Kokonoro finally knew how casual it was when he saw him.

If Joelson had wanted to, he would have crushed it as easily as crushing an ant.

The moment the platinum power erupted, the battle between Lightning and Archduke Isaac also stopped.

Isaac looked over in horror and saw a scene that almost scared him to death.

He only saw a black crack in the sky.

The dozens of rune powerhouses that had originally charged at Joelson were still in the air, maintaining their forward posture.

And then.

Black cracks rapidly extended in the sky.

The void was as fragile as a piece of white paper. Now, it was violently torn apart, revealing the pitch-black original appearance underneath.

The bodies of the dozens of runic experts quietly separated from the middle, their faces still carrying a savage gaze.

Immediately after, their bodies were mercilessly devoured by the shattered void, completely disappearing.

Until now, these people had not realized their own death.

Archduke Isaac's eyes were about to pop out of their sockets.

He suddenly realized an extremely terrifying reality.

These people were not puppets controlled by the runic beast in front of him but the other way around.

They were the ones controlling this runic beast!

Archduke Isaac opened his mouth and let out a sharp cry. At this moment, he no longer had the demeanor of an archduke from before. He turned into a stream of light and fled.

Joelson casually stretched out his right hand and stretched it forward.

Isaac's body suddenly stopped in midair, unable to move at all.

Then, he flew back automatically and was strangled by Joelson like a rabbit struggling on the ground with a lion's paw.

Countless people in Western City saw this scene. Everyone's mouths were wide open as they stared blankly at the sky.

They rubbed their eyes repeatedly in disbelief. They still couldn't believe it.

Archduke Isaac was actually being held in the palm of someone's hand without any ability to resist?

This scene was too shocking and terrifying.

It was even more unreal than a dream.

Joelson calmly looked at Isaac in his hand and said calmly, "I'll ask. You will answer."

Isaac nodded desperately, afraid that he would be crushed to death by Joelson if he was a second late.

"How many people in the land of runes are stronger than you?"

Isaac quickly answered, "Among the four dukes of the land of runes, Archduke Noel from the east is the strongest. However, he is not a human. He is a rune stone that has self-awareness or an attribute. There are two other archdukes whose strength is about the same as mine."

"Noel? Fire-attribute rune stone?"

Joelson unconsciously chanted.

Isaac immediately added, "Yes. But, although he is strong, he is only slightly stronger than the three of us archdukes. He is far inferior to you, Sir. Otherwise, he would have unified the land of runes long ago."

Isaac said obsequiously, "I am willing to offer my loyalty to you, Sir, and help you become the only king of the land of runes."

"The king of the land of runes."

Isaac saw that Joelson's face seemed to be moved. Before he could relax and rejoice, he found that the strength on his neck had suddenly increased.

"No."

Joelson casually strangled Isaac to death and squeezed out a rune stone that shone with the luster of a diamond.

Glancing at the Western City below, he raised his head to look at the phoenix and said calmly and confidently, "I want to be the god of the land of runes."

"The only god."

The entire place fell into silence as everyone stared blankly at Joelson.

Kokonoro's face was filled with shock. Connie knelt down in front of Joelson fervently and devoutly and kissed his feet.

There was only Lightning as it circled around and roared in excitement.

...

"No, how can you be so strong?"

A scream of despair and terror accompanied it.

The archduke of the southern side of the notification rune land was imprisoned in the domain by Joelson. He was squeezed into a bloody mist.

The learned species revealed a beautiful crystal that was emitting a strange glow and was almost transparent.

Joelson waved his hand and kept it in his palm.

"It's actually a rare air-type rune stone."

A hint of surprise appeared in Joelson's eyes.

The rune experts who had witnessed Joelson killing the archduke with a few moves retreated one after another, their faces full of fear.

"Now, only Noel from the east is left."

Joelson raised his head and looked to the east. Seven or eight giant dragons were circling and roaring behind him.

The wide dragon wings almost covered the entire sky. The city seemed dim. Everyone was shrouded in panic and fear.

Another black figure flew over from the east, casting an even thicker layer of haze over everyone's hearts.

"That Noel has escaped."

Kokonoro's deep voice sounded.

It was under the orders of Joelson to head to the territory of Archduke Noel to investigate the situation. In the end, the other party was scared out of their wits by Joelson and left the territory to escape.

Joelson frowned slightly and said coldly, "This guy is quite cunning."

In the past three months, Joelson had gone to the runic land, killing three grand dukes in front of everyone and taking away their runestones.

The fall of the three supreme experts shook the entire runic land.

The runic land's long-standing structure had been broken, and an unprecedented upheaval was taking place.

Fear, unease, and despair. These emotions quickly spread like a plague in the hearts of the people in the runic land.

Countless people thought that the end was coming.

But what happened next exceeded everyone's expectations.

Chapter 296: Recover the Land of Runes and Focus on Cultivation

The man who had killed three archdukes in a row and controlled several terrifying beasts was as powerful as a god. He didn't kill wantonly in the land of runes.

Instead, he threw out a large number of rune stones and recruited civilian experts to form his own army.

The law of the strong eating everything was applicable everywhere.

Countless people chose to join Joelson's army.

Under the leadership of the giant dragon, they fought in all directions to reclaim the territories that fell into chaos after the fall of the archduke.

In half a year, the entire runic land had submitted to Joelson's feet.

Just as Joelson had said, he had become the god in the hearts of all the natives of the runic land!

The true and only god!

Joelson's strength was far beyond their comprehension and imagination. They could only call him a god.

In the center of the land of runes.

A magnificent palace that had never been built before was quickly built.

This would be Joelson's temporary palace, the Holy Land of the land of runes, and the center of worship for countless people.

Every day, countless stone runes, golden runes, and even crystal runes were sent to Joelson, piling up into a huge mountain.

Under his orders, countless people would enter the runic wilderness to hunt for even more powerful runestones.

The runic land was like a huge, precise, and efficient machine that operated at high speed, serving only Joelson.

At this moment, Joelson handed over all of his matters to Connie and the dragons to take care of.

He entered a long period of seclusion, absorbing the power of law within the rune stones, and using all of his strength to break through to god-domain rank.

Joelson did not forget that there was still a true god-level opponent in the Fallen Divine Kingdom.

The King of Bones, Angus Dubin.

It was like a Damocles's sword that hung high above Joelson's head.

It could fall at any time and shatter the entire middle continent.

Although Joelson did not have the awareness of being a savior, he knew that once Angus Dubin completely took over the Fallen Divine Kingdom and recovered a certain amount of strength, he would definitely come looking for him.

After all, his consciousness also contained a part of Priestley's will. He had always been very concerned about the God of Alchemy divine personality that Joelson had obtained.

Before that, Joelson had to have a certain degree of self-preservation ability.

Joelson sat cross-legged in a large, empty palace, surrounded by runestones of various elements.

His spiritual power controlled hundreds of runestones to hang in the air and shatter at the same time.

The power of law was like a ribbon that was completely absorbed by Joelson.

Joelson's domain quickly matured and perfected.

When a portion of the runestones in the hall was used up, Kokonoro—who was standing guard at the entrance of the hall—would fill in even more rune stones so that the process of devouring would not be obstructed at all.

Joelson forgot the passage of time. In his eyes, there were only various laws of different colors and his own Dragon God Ranch Domain.

He felt like a painter. The power of the principles was like oil paint, adding one stroke after another to the painting of the skeleton of the field.

The oil painting became more and more full.

Joelson was immersed in it. There was indescribable joy and joy in the new Chinese style.

But when he looked back and admired his work again, he felt a hint of imperfection.

Something seemed to be missing.

The power of the domain was many times more majestic than before. He was also built completely according to the framework of the ranch space but it always gave him a feeling that it would collapse easily.

It was as if it would collapse at the next moment.

Joelson suddenly understood.

His domain lacked a fulcrum.

This fulcrum was himself.

Figuring out the key did not mean that it could be solved.

No matter what, he could not take this step.

There seemed to be some sort of barrier between him and the domain, and he could not completely integrate into it.

He did not know how much time had passed.

In the great hall, the mountain of rune stones emitted a strange light, making the entire great hall look extremely dreamy.

In the center, a small mountain made of dust and gravel trembled slightly and suddenly collapsed.

A terrifying power shook off everything in the surroundings, revealing the figure of Joelson.

Joelson slowly opened his eyes. There seemed to be stars revolving in his deep eyes.

He stood up, shook his robe, and completely woke up.

He was still the god that suppressed the entire runic land, the Platinum Throne that intimidated the central continent.

Joelson took a step forward, and space rippled slightly.

In the next moment, his figure appeared outside the great hall.

The black dragon body of Kokonoro was sleeping outside the hall, and he suddenly woke up after being disturbed.

"Who is it?"

When he saw Joelson's appearance clearly, he relaxed slightly, but his gaze became more and more complicated.

"It's you."

Kokonoro could feel that Joelson's strength had made terrifying progress again.

His actions carried a power that made Kokonoro apprehensive.

Could this guy really be a monster? Unlimited potential?

Kokonoro was still at the peak of saint-level. He hadn't even managed to grasp the embryonic form of his domain.

In comparison, it was really too unbearable.

Joelson nodded slightly at Kokonoro, and a few holy dragon fruits and dragon lotuses appeared in his hands.

"You deserve this."

Kokonoro looked at Joelson's hands and his eyes instantly widened.

The huge black dragon's body also trembled slightly due to excitement.

Wasn't this what it had always wanted.

"Thank you!"

Kokonoro lowered his arrogant head in front of Joelson and, in his heart, he submitted.

Joelson retracted his gaze and looked into the distance.

A few dragon roars could be heard, and the silhouettes of dragons could be seen everywhere.

It was Du Lu and a few other dragons who had noticed that Joelson had come out of seclusion. They were all overjoyed.

Joelson's eyes lit up slightly. When he sensed the unexpectedly powerful auras, the corners of his mouth involuntarily curled up into a smile.

It seemed that he was not the only one who had improved during this period of time.

Every single one of the dragons emitted an aura that was at least at the peak of saint-tier. None of them were inferior to the Black Dragon King, Kokonoro.

This was especially true for Du Lu. His body was several hundred meters tall, and he was comparable to the Silver Dragon King of the divine realm.

When he flew towards Joelson, he was like a continuous stretch of red mountains that slowly pushed across the sky.

The Steel Dragon, Du Lu, and Lightning. The three dragons' auras were powerful and were infinitely close to the divine domain realm.

Perhaps he would advance in the next second, or perhaps he would need more time to accumulate.

Standing at the top of the pyramid and receiving the resources of the entire runic land, the benefits that Joelson and the dragons received were enormous.

"Roar!"

There were a few more dragon roars.

Joelson looked over. It was actually the Blue Frost, Green Wind, and Platinum dragons.

These three little fellows had also successfully broken through to the saint-level and had made great progress in the runic land.

More than a dozen giant dragons surrounded Joelson, dancing and circling around him, guarding him.

The pilgrims in the land of runes below all knelt down to Joelson with fanaticism and piety on their faces, shouting the name of "god."

Chapter 297: Funina. Heading to the Central Continent

Connie also appeared in front of Joelson.

Her strength had also smoothly stepped into the saint-level. However, she relied on the path of a knight and not on the power of rune stones.

"Lord Joelson."

Connie respectfully knelt in front of Joelson and softly told him about what had happened in the runic land over the past ten years.

That's right, a full ten years had passed since he entered seclusion.

The runic land had completely formed a system with divine power as the center.

They believed in Joelson.

All the runic warriors were unified under the leadership of the dragons. Their goal was the runic wilderness.

Every second, a large number of rune stones were hunted out of the runic wilderness and sent into the center of the runic land. Some of them were for Joelson to cultivate, and some were for the dragons to devour.

In ten years, the runic land's territory had expanded by three times.

Joelson nodded slightly, his face showing a hint of satisfaction. "You've done well."

After thinking for a while, he continued, "I'll be leaving for a period of time. During this period, you'll be in charge of the runic land for me."

"Yes, Sir."

Joelson wanted to return to the central continent.

Before he left, he only took Du Lu, Steel Dragon, and Lightning away.

The power in these three fellows' bodies was almost saturated. Staying in the runic land did not have much meaning. With the strength of the remaining few dragons, guarding the runic land was completely enough.

The void rippled like the surface of water. Joelson slowly walked out of the void.

It was still the prince's residence in the capital of Alcott.

The magic lamp was lit quietly and the room was as clean as ever. It seemed that someone had been cleaning the room for the past ten years.

Creak!

The door opened and a slender figure appeared at the door.

Joelson smiled at the person who came and said softly, "Leas."

Leas was stunned when she saw Joelson, and then she showed a happy expression. She ran up to him cheerfully and threw herself into his arms.

"Young Master."

Holding Leas's soft and delicate body in his arms and smelling the fragrance of the flowers in her hair, Joelson felt exceptionally calm.

The news of Joelson coming out of seclusion soon spread throughout the prince's mansion. All the women gathered around.

Because they had drunk the water of the Spring of Life, the women's appearances did not change much.

Joelson looked around and saw that everyone had made great progress.

Darlene and Juliana had both reached the level of a Tier-9 Mage. Darlene was at the peak of Tier-9 and was only one step away from reaching the saint-level.

Catherine obediently listened to Joelson and put aside all the matters of the Chamber of Commerce. She focused on her cultivation and also reached the level of a tier-7 mage.

On the other hand, Leas was a little out of Joelson's expectations. After breaking free from Stasi's control, her talent in plant magic seemed to have been fully displayed. She had actually taken that step in a short period of time, she had become the first among the women to advance to the saint-level.

Thud thud thud...

A series of hurried footsteps attracted everyone's attention.

A beautiful figure appeared at the door with a faint look of anticipation and excitement on her face.

When she saw Joelson, the anticipation and excitement immediately turned into joy.

She slowed down her footsteps and slowly walked in front of him. She said in a respectful and respectful tone, "Father."

"Funina."

A gentle look appeared in his eyes.

His child.

Funina had inherited Catherine's ice-blue hair, as well as his black pupils. Her features were exquisite, and her figure was slim and slender.

She was dressed in tight clothes. Her hair was cut short to her ears, and her entire body exuded a youthful aura.

Joelson took a look at Funina's cultivation. She was a level eight knight, and her spiritual power had also reached level eight.

Joelson frowned slightly. In the end, Funina still chose the same path as him.

Dual cultivation of magic and the way of knights.

Seeing Joelson's frown, Funina's face immediately revealed a nervous expression.

"What are you going to major in?"

Joelson said lightly.

Funina answered honestly, "Knights."

She had been a temperamental child. The first time she meditated was when she was seven years old and she had been forced to complete it. After that, she had not been interested in the cultivation of mages.

Otherwise, with her talent and her focus on magic, she would not only have the strength of a level-eight mage this time.

Joelson slowly nodded. He respected Funina's own thoughts.

A shining dragon scale inner armor appeared in his hand, as well as a gorgeous longsword that was flowing with golden flames.

"These two things are for you."

Funina's eyes instantly lit up, full of disbelief and joy.

"Really?"

Joelson nodded.

"The dragon scale inner armor and this meteor sword were forged from the materials of a saint-level fire-type dragon. They're not of much use to me right now but they're suitable for you."

"Thank you, Father."

Funina happily took the two gifts and immediately began to play with the meteor sword, looking like she liked it.

With a helpless smile, Joelson retracted his gaze from Funina and turned to the women. He said, "I'm going to the central continent."

Joelson was going to the Saint Realm to meet with the several thrones, mainly to investigate the situation of the Fallen Divine Kingdom.

Before he could finish, an anxious voice suddenly sounded, "Father, please let me go with you."

It was Funina. She looked at Joelson with a begging expression and made a pitiful pleading look.

"I'm almost seventeen years old. At my age, Father's name has already shaken the central continent but I haven't even been to the central continent once."

"Funina."

Catherine couldn't help but say.

Joelson thought for a moment and nodded slightly. He looked straight into Funina's eyes and said in a deep voice, "Sure, I can also check the results of your cultivation over the past ten years."

"Ah?"

Funina was so happy that before she had time to show it, she suddenly collapsed and became a little bitter gourd.

Next, Joelson took care of some things that he had accumulated over the past ten years.

Then, he headed to the central continent.

...

On a certain wilderness plain in the central continent.

A group of three people were moving forward quickly.

A handsome and calm young man in a black robe was walking at the front. He walked as if he was strolling, but with every step he took, the distance would be pulled back by a few hundred meters. His whole body moved forward as if he had teleported.

Another young girl with a green face gritted her teeth and followed closely behind the young man. The energy of her body was pushed to the limit, and she barely managed to keep up with him.

When the outline of a city appeared in their vision at the end of the wilderness, the young man's speed began to slow down.

"Huff, huff, huff..."

The young girl panted heavily. Her face was full of sweat, and her face was pale. She felt like she was about to lose her strength.

"Miss, drink some water."

A thin middle-aged man immediately handed over a water bag with a smile.

"Thank you, Butler Frederick."

The young girl politely thanked the middle-aged man. She raised the water bottle and poured it into her mouth without any hesitation.

The clear water was added with a precious magic potion, and the young girl's exhausted physical strength was recovering quickly.

They were the people who had already arrived in the central continent, including Joelson, Funina, and Frederick.

Chapter 298: Besieged

"Father."

Breathing heavily, Funina caught up with Joelson. She pointed to the front with a hint of expectation in her eyes and asked, "That's the kingdom of the mountain dwarves, right?"

Joelson nodded with a nostalgic look on his face. He said faintly, "They are the best craftsmen on the continent. The dragon scale inner armor on your body was made by them."

"The meteor sword is also the same, right?"

Funina asked excitedly.

Joelson smiled and did not say anything.

The anticipation in Funina's eyes became more and more intense.

Compared to more than ten years ago when they entered the dwarven market, it was more prosperous. People from various races on the continent kept coming and going.

A large number of people gathered at the entrance of every dwarven blacksmith's shop. There were dwarves' rough voices echoing in the market like thunder.

"Four to legendary light, guarding the epic light in the middle. I will never forget such a magnificent scene. We dwarves are legendary blacksmiths and some people say that the epic master blacksmith is a human. Hahaha, how can a human's tender arms swing a hammer?"

"I say that the epic master blacksmith must be a strong dwarf, hidden in Thor's Hammer."

"Who said that humans can't give birth to a master craftsman? Don't forget that the Platinum Throne is the strongest in the entire continent!"

"Your Platinum Throne is an example. Do you have any shame? Is the Platinum Throne an ordinary person? The Platinum Throne is the reincarnation of a god from the heavens!"

Hearing the noise around her, Funina was extremely excited. She ran to Joelson's side and said in a low voice, "Father, did you hear that? They are talking about you."

Joelson smiled faintly and led Funina into a small path beside the market.

The Mjolnir was still in its original position, but it was completely different from the scene where there were only a few people at the door.

Outside the Mjolnir, the line was full of powerhouses from all races who came to ask for equipment. They were all waiting excitedly.

The dwarf Deaver raised his head and stood at the door of the Mjolnir, which had been redecorated, pointing at the many powerful beings of various races who were far

stronger than him, he cursed loudly, "Why are you squeezing? I've already said that the Mjolnir only accepts one legendary equipment reservation a month. All of you go back and stare at it. Come back next month!"

The many powerful beings revealed an unwilling expression, but their faces were full of helplessness. They whispered and seemed to be on the verge of dispersing.

Funina looked around curiously and couldn't help but ask, "Father, what are we doing here?"

Joelson explained, "Asking the legendary blacksmith to forge a few dragon scale inner armors for your mothers."

"Is this the kind I'm wearing?"

Joelson glanced at her and said, "It's better than the one you're wearing."

After Du Lu and the others swallowed the runes, their bodies underwent a transformation. Part of the dragon scales on their bodies naturally fell off. It was just enough to forge a batch of dragon scale inner armors for Catherine and the others to protect themselves.

Joelson led Funina and the others forward. Seeing that someone else had insensibly approached them, Deaver was about to lose his temper.

When he suddenly saw Joelson's appearance under the cloak, his expression froze. His eyes suddenly widened and he was so excited that he was about to shout out.

Joelson smiled and threw out a silence spell, making a gesture at him to keep quiet.

Deaver was so excited that he could not control himself. He respectfully invited the few of them in.

At this time, a few people squeezed through the crowd and said with dissatisfaction, "What's going on? You let us go and welcomed them in. Is this the rule of Thor's Hammer?"

Deaver rolled his eyes at him and said with a snort, "My rule is the rule of Thor's Hammer. I can do whatever I want. If you're not satisfied, then you can leave! Thor's Hammer won't do your business!"

"You!"

A hint of anger flashed across the man's face, as he surveyed the rest. He felt that other than Funina, the rest of them were ordinary. He could not help but snort coldly, reaching out to grab Deaver.

He then continued, "We respect the Mjolnir and Master Wiebrun, not a rude dwarf like you!"

A peak-type 9 aura radiated out. Although Deaver's strength had just reached the 7th rank, he did not seem to be flustered at all. Instead, he moved slightly closer to Joelson.

Joelson did not seem to have any intention of making a move, as he glanced at Funina.

Funina gritted her teeth, as a brilliant golden-red flame burst out.

She barely managed to block the man's attack.

"This is?"

The man took a few steps back in shock and confusion, evidently surprised that Funina was able to block his peak-type 9 attack with her rank 8 strength. When his gaze landed on the meteor sword in Funina's hand, his eyes widened.

"This is? A legendary sword?"

"No!"

The crowd exclaimed, "This is an epic weapon! Only an epic weapon would emit such a glow!"

Immediately, their greedy gazes gathered on the meteor sword. When they saw Funina's strength, their gazes became even more fiery and greedy.

"Girl, where did you steal an epic weapon from? Hand it over obediently, or die!"

That person could not wait to make his move, his eyes filled with greed.

Epic weapon!

How many epic weapons were there in the entire middle continent?

Now, one of them had actually appeared in the hands of a puny Tier 8 knight. This was simply a great gift to him!

It was the first time that Funina had faced such a situation. She revealed a nervous expression on her face. When she turned around, she discovered that Joelson and Frederick had no intention of making a move at all. It was as if they were strangers to her.

"Do you still want to ask for help from your companions? Hahaha! These two are cowards!"

The man's aura became more and more arrogant. A long sword appeared in his hand and he attacked Funina crazily.

Funina barely blocked it.

The power of metal and fire circulated in her hand and she barely blocked it.

Gradually, Funina calmed down and immersed herself in the battle.

The moves in her hands became natural, and her powerful dual-element talent was fully displayed. With the powerful might of the meteor sword, she seemed to be able to subdue the peak of the entanglement realm.

That person's expression was ugly, and he turned around and roared, "What are you still looking at? Attack together!"

The few companions of that person were all at tier 8 or even tier 9. When they attacked together, Funina, who lacked actual combat experience, could not withstand them.

They were obviously a team of adventurers. They worked well together, and their attacks were vicious.

Not long after, Funina was struck in the back and abdomen. If not for her dragon scale inner armor, she would have been injured.

"Quick! Use your full strength! This chick is wearing a treasure!" The person shouted in ecstasy,

The others' eyes lit up, and the subordinates' strength increased by a few times. Their faces were filled with greed, and there was no shame or embarrassment in attacking others.

Chapter 299: Buy Your Right Hand

Funina was in an extremely sorry state. She looked in the direction of Joelson a few times but received no response.

Waves of grievance and dissatisfaction surged into her heart, and her eyes were almost red.

Clang!

A sound of metal colliding.

Funina let out a low cry. The meteor sword in her hand was knocked out of her hand and fell into the hands of a besiege.

That person laughed happily and said, "Hahaha, the epic-grade sword is mine!"

Funina shouted angrily, "Give it back to me!"

However, there was nothing she could do. A few 9th rank combat aura attacks forced her to retreat.

Right at this moment, a sound that cut through the air rang in everyone's ears.

Shua!

A figure rushed into the crowd like a gale, passing by the person holding the meteor sword.

In the blink of an eye, she had already appeared beside Funina and returned the meteor sword to her.

"Take it well."

The person said calmly.

Funina took the sword in a daze and looked at the person who had suddenly appeared.

She was also a young girl. Her appearance was ordinary but her eyes and brows were filled with a fierce aura. Her light green long hair was combed into a ponytail and hung behind her head. Her entire person gave off a feeling like the wind.

"Who are you?"

The surrounding attackers looked at this young girl with an unsightly expression. The epic longsword that they had obtained had been snatched back. Anyone would feel displeased.

Someone in the crowd recognized the young girl's identity and cried out in surprise.

"It's her! Teresa Oswald! The daughter of the Golden Lion, the disciple of the Violet Blade!"

"She's only seventeen years old this year, right? She's already reached Tier 9. This kind of talent is really too terrifying!"

"Teresa has always been known as the 'Gale Eagle.' Her attainments in wind-type combat aura were far inferior to Franklin's back then!"

"It's said that her parents died in the demonic disaster more than ten years ago. She was adopted by the Golden Lion and took the name of the Golden Lion as her surname."

"These shameless fellows wanted to snatch other people's epic-grade longswords but encountered the Gale Eagle. Hahaha, this is bad luck!"

In the corner, Joelson was also sizing up this girl who had suddenly appeared.

Teresa, was she the little girl that Oswede had sacrificed his own life to protect back then?

As expected, she did not disappoint Oswede.

Teresa did not like to speak. In contrast to the talkative Oswede, she preferred to use the longsword in her hand to speak.

Teresa turned into a light green wind and attacked the few of them.

Teresa had the guidance of the Golden Lion and Franklin, two late-stage saint-level powerhouses. Her sword skills were sharp, and her speed and attacks were extremely powerful.

Although she was only at the ninth stage, these few ninth-stage powerhouses combined were not her match. They were quickly beaten back.

Funina widened her eyes in surprise and stared at Teresa in a daze. Her eyes could not help but show a lot of shame.

She was only one year older than Teresa, and the latter's talent was not even close to hers. Furthermore, she was the daughter of the Platinum Throne, but the difference in strength between the two was huge.

Funina thought of how she had barely suppressed a rank 9 with her meteor sword, while Teresa had used her ordinary sword to defeat several of them. She felt even more ashamed.

"Get lost!"

Teresa cursed coldly. A light green wind swirled around her, making her ordinary appearance extremely attractive.

"Just you wait!"

A few of the rank 9's expressions were unsightly. Just as they were about to escape in a panic, a streak of light streaked across the sky, and the aura of a saint-level came pressing down.

The besiege revealed an ecstatic expression and shouted excitedly, "Lord Burton!"

After saying that, he instantly turned his head and stared at Teresa and Funina. With a sinister smile, he said, "Lord Burton is an honored guest of the Dwarf King, a saint intermediate stage powerhouse. Now that he has returned, none of you will be able to escape!"

Before he could finish his words, a burly figure landed on the field.

The newcomer had rough facial features, thick eyebrows, and a burning aura emanating from his body. It showed that he had a very high attainment in fire-type laws.

"Bree, what happened? Didn't I ask you to help me get a legendary weapon from Master Wiebrun?"

Bree quickly stepped forward and whispered a few words into Burton's ear. He then pointed at Funina and said, "Sir, look, that girl is injured and is holding an epic-grade longsword."

Burton's gaze swept over, and Funina immediately hid the meteor longsword in her hand behind her nervously.

But Burton's gaze was already filled with greed, laughing loudly, he said, "A fire-attributed epic longsword is just right for me. Your level is too low, and you're unable to unleash the full power of this epic longsword. The epic light will surely be covered in dust in your hands. Why don't you sell it to me?"

Burton's gaze was burning as he said in a low voice, "I'm willing to trade 50,000 magic crystal coins and a legendary weapon for it!"

"Hehe."

Before Funina could say anything, Teresa sneered in disdain. "An epic weapon would cost at least a million magic crystal coins. 50,000 magic crystal coins and a legendary weapon... How generous of you!"

Funina stood beside Teresa and said, "Yes, I won't sell it!"

Burton's face turned slightly red, and a hint of embarrassment flashed across his face. He carefully sized up Teresa and said coldly, "For the sake of the Golden Lion and Lord Franklin, I won't make things difficult for you. Get out of my way. This matter has nothing to do with you."

Teresa did not answer. She just drew her long sword and stood firmly in front of Funina.

Funina's eyes moved around and looked at Teresa. No one knew what she was thinking.

"Then don't blame me for being impolite. Wait until I get the epic-level longsword, then I'll apologize to the Golden Lion and Franklin!"

Burton completely released his saint-level aura and fiercely grabbed at the two of them.

The intense flame battle aura burned, and Teresa's light green sword was crushed by him before it could even get close.

The difference between a ninth rank and a mid-stage saint rank was too big.

It was not something that talent could make up for.

Seeing that the flame battle aura was about to hit the two girls, Teresa's expression turned serious. Funina finally could not hold it in anymore and cried out, "Father."

Along with this life's cry.

The entire world came to a standstill.

Everyone was horrified to discover that everything in front of them was frozen in place.

This included the flame combat aura that Burton had unleashed.

Their minds were still functioning, but their souls seemed to have been frozen and time had stopped.

Then, they saw a handsome youth wearing a long black robe walking out step by step.

He was like the only master of this space, everything had to bow down before him.

The flame battle spirit suddenly shattered and disappeared.

The handsome young man glanced at Burton. The latter's right hand of all his subordinates was broken, and the wound was smooth, as if it had fallen off by itself.

The world returned to normal.

Time passed again.

Everyone stared at the handsome young man who had suddenly appeared in disbelief.

He threw out a dim copper coin from his robe and it landed in front of Burton with a crisp sound.

The handsome young man looked down at everyone and said to Burton, "How about one copper coin to buy all of your right hands?"

The entire place fell into a dead silence.

Chapter 300: The Master Craftsman From More Than Ten Years Ago Was His Majesty the Throne!

Burton stared at Joelson with his eyes wide open and his pupils constricted, as if he had seen something unbelievable. He opened his mouth wide and said with a trembling voice, "Platinum... Platinum Throne!"

Hiss!

Everyone gasped.

Everyone's eyes turned to look at Joelson.

When he looked back, their eyes felt as if they had been stabbed by pain, and they quickly turned to the side.

Shock, surprise, excitement, worship, all sorts of emotions surged in everyone's hearts.

Someone was so excited that he could not control himself and shouted, "Yes, it's His Majesty the Platinum Throne. He's hiding in the Magic Academy and has seen the statue of His Excellency!"

"Platinum Throne!"

"Why did that girl shout for the Platinum Throne?"

"Oh God of Magic, she is the daughter of the Platinum Throne. No wonder she is able to wield an epic longsword at the eighth rank!"

"This saint-level master is finished. Snatching the thing and snatching it from the daughter of the throne is simply courting death!"

Burton and his subordinates had extremely ugly expressions on their faces. Their hearts were filled with bewilderment, despair, and unspeakable bitterness.

They wanted nothing more than to stretch out their hands and give themselves two tight slaps.

Blinded by greed, they thought about it carefully. How could someone with an epic weapon not have a powerful background?

However, this background...

Was so powerful that it made them tremble.

Now, even if they wanted to slap themselves, they simply couldn't do it.

The Platinum Throne had already used a copper coin to buy all of their right hands, and more than half of their strength had been crippled.

However, no one dared to complain. It was already lucky that they were not crushed to death by the Lord of the throne.

Burton had to kneel down respectfully, his forehead pressed against the ground under Joelson's feet, and he said sincerely.

"The throne is merciful!"

Joelson no longer paid any attention to them.

His original goal was to let Funina learn a lesson and inspire her to move up.

Now that he had achieved his purpose, it was enough to punish her.

The throne suddenly descended and spread throughout the dwarven market in the shortest time, spreading to the entire mountain dwarven kingdom.

Everyone looked at Joelson with admiration and paid their respects to him.

Funina's face was bright. She was also honored to see her father's power.

She had been living under the Joelson nalo since she was a child. Ever since she was seven years old, she had heard a lot of legendary stories about her father.

Everyone who mentioned her father had a look of awe, respect, and admiration in their eyes. They told her one exciting story after another in a surprised tone.

Growing up under the glory of the throne, Funina also had to bear the glory of the throne.

She once thought that she had worked hard enough and was good enough but, today, reality had dealt her a heavy blow.

Turning to look at Teresa, Funina was depressed. She could not compare to this knight at all.

Funina secretly made up her mind, and her eyes became firm.

One day, she would let everyone know that her name was Funina.

She was qualified to be the daughter of the Platinum Throne!

She would not lose face for her father!

Teresa stared blankly at the back of Joelson, a strange look in her eyes.

Her usually calm and indifferent heart became excited at this moment, and her body could not stop trembling.

She still remembered that on the day her parents were killed by demi-demons, two men changed her life's fate.

One was the Golden Lion, who protected her with his life.

The other was...

The man who was known as the Platinum Throne by countless people.

With a casual swing of his sword, he would become a nightmare for countless people, wiping out the demonic disaster that had killed countless people in the central continent.

That scene, that man's grace, was firmly imprinted in Teresa's mind. She would never forget it for the rest of her life.

Teresa tried her best to suppress the emotions in her heart. She walked in front of Joelson and knelt down on one knee.

"Greetings, Lord Platinum Throne!"

In an instant, the rest of the people also woke up in shock and knelt down one after another.

"Greetings, Lord Platinum Throne!"

The loud voice even drowned out the mixed sounds of forging on the dwarf throne.

Joelson looked Teresa up and down. A trace of a smile appeared on his face. He said faintly, "You are the child that Oswede saved. You are very good. Oswede will be proud of you."

Everyone's attention was focused on Teresa. She was trembling with excitement.

It was such an enviable honor to be praised by the Platinum Throne!

"Platinum Throne!"

An excited and rough voice came from afar. The dwarf king was rushed to the Thor's Hammer.

His thick body bent down and bowed to Joelson. "The dwarves welcome the Platinum Throne!"

In such a short time, even the dwarf king was alarmed.

Joelson nodded lightly and said, "No need."

At this time, the door of the Thor's Hammer opened with a loud bang.

Holding a huge hammer, the bald and bearded Wiebrun appeared at the door of the Thor's Hammer.

Everyone began to discuss.

"As expected, even the legendary blacksmith has to come out to welcome him!"

"This is the throne!"

"Oh right, why is His Majesty the Platinum Throne here? Is he planning to ask Master Wiebrun to forge something?"

Under everyone's gaze, Wiebrun quickly walked in front of Joelson and said respectfully, "You're here."

Everyone's expression was normal, but when Wiblon's next words came out, everyone was stunned.

"Master craftsman!"

Everyone stood rooted to the ground, unable to react for a long time.

What did Wiebrun call the Platinum Throne?

Master craftsman?

Did he say the wrong name? Did he call the Platinum Throne a master craftsman?

Everyone looked at Wiebrun in astonishment.

Wiebrun met everyone's gaze, with a calm expression, he said, "More than ten years ago, the dwarves successively gave birth to four legends and one epic. Haven't you all always been curious about whose subordinate the epic equipment came from? Today, I can announce it."

Everyone's breathing stopped as they thought of an unbelievable possibility.

Swoosh!

Everyone's gaze was focused on the epic-tier longsword meteor in Funina's hand.

This epic-tier equipment, could it be...

"That's right!"

Wiebrun used a fanatical tone and looked at Joelson devoutly and admiringly. He shouted loudly, "This epic-tier equipment came from the Platinum Throne. His Majesty is a master craftsman!"

The arena fell into a dead silence.

A few seconds later, heated discussions and cheers erupted like a volcanic eruption.

Exclamations, shock, worship, and disbelief.

The discussions surged like a tidal wave.

"His Majesty the Platinum Throne actually hid his identity as a master craftsman? This is too crazy!"

"His Majesty the throne is not even fifty years old yet. Not only is his talent in magic and knight cultivation the strongest in the middle continent, but he's also so powerful in forging? could he really be the reincarnation of a god?"

"Who said that humans can't give birth to master craftsmen? The throne is the best proof!"

...

