

Breeding Dragons From Today

Chapter 301: I Will Protect My Father

Funina and Teresa stared blankly at Joelson, their mouths slightly agape. They were extremely shocked.

Funina, in particular, suddenly realized that until now, she still did not fully understand her father.

The strength of her father seemed to be a mystery to him forever.

The worship in Funina's eyes almost overflowed.

Joelson was invited into the Thor's Hammer by Wiebrun and the others were not allowed to enter.

Even the dwarf king was politely blocked outside by Deaver.

It was Funina and Teresa's first time in the Thor's Hammer and their attention was quickly attracted by the smithy furnace, which was laughing loudly in half the room.

What made them curious about the furnace was that they wanted to see the scene of Joelson personally forging it.

"Help me forge a dragon scale inner armor similar to the last one."

Joelson shook his robe and the colorful dragon scales fell like rain. Each piece was like a gemstone, circulating different magic elements.

When Wiebrun and Deaver saw the dragon scales, they were excited.

They grabbed a handful and shouted in a low voice, "The quality of the dragon scales is better than the last one!"

Joelson glanced at Teresa and said, "Help her forge a set too."

Teresa was stunned and bowed respectfully, "Thank you for the gift from the Platinum Throne."

Compared to more than ten years ago, Wiebrun's forging techniques had become even more pure and superb.

Under his hands, the messy dragon scales were forged into eight sets of gorgeous dragon scale inner armor.

After the dragon blood was quenched, eight purple legendary lights shot straight into the clouds, and the entire mountain dwarf kingdom shook once again.

Eight purple light pillars lingered in the sky above the Thor's Hammer for a long time.

Countless people witnessed this shocking scene and were amazed.

At this moment, they finally believed that the Platinum Throne was the master craftsman.

The last time, when the epic longsword was born, there was a similarly spectacular scene.

Leaving the remaining dragon scales to Wiebrun as payment, Joelson left with Funina and the others.

This time, there was another Teresa on the team.

To be able to cultivate beside the Platinum Throne was a great opportunity that many people dreamed of. How could Teresa miss it?

Teresa's presence stimulated Funina's cultivation even more.

As the daughter of the Platinum Throne, how could she be inferior to others!

Leaving the dwarf kingdom, Joelson simply made a trip to the king's city.

In a remote corner of the Inmotati King's City, Teresa led him to a simple blacksmith shop.

A man who was shirtless and as strong as a lion was hammering hard with a hammer. Hearing the footsteps, he laughed heartily and said, "Is Teresa here?"

When the man turned around and saw Joelson looking at him calmly, he was stunned. Then, he smiled faintly and said, "So it's you. Greetings, Lord Platinum Throne."

It was Oswede.

At that time, he was well-known. Before Joelson appeared, he was the Golden Lion, the leader of the three geniuses in the central continent.

But now, this lion who was in his prime had aged more than ten years.

Oswede threw down the hammer in his hand, took out two bottles of liquor from the corner, and threw one bottle to Joelson. He opened the remaining bottle and gulped it down. He said, "You can see that I don't have much time left."

Joelson nodded silently.

He could feel that Oswede's life force was continuously flowing away with time. The speed was dozens of times faster than an ordinary person.

With his late-stage saint-level strength, his lifespan was at least 800 years. Now, he was less than 100 years old, but his body already showed signs of aging.

"It's not good," Oswede said bitterly while stroking the white hair on his temples. "Five years ago, I felt my cultivation level was constantly regressing. I still underestimated the damage caused by burning the essence of my combat aura. Now, my body is like a sandbag that has been punctured. The feeling of getting weaker and weaker is really not good."

Teresa, who stood beside the two of them, had no expression on her face, but her hands holding the sword could not stop trembling violently, showing that she was not calm at all.

Oswede was at his most glorious period in life, but he had no choice but to fade away. The famous Golden Lion was hiding in a blacksmith's shop in a corner of the empire, wielding a hammer.

All of this was because of her.

Joelson took out a portion of the water from the Spring of Life and handed it to Oswede. He said seriously, "This should be of help to you."

"Is it wine?"

Oswede picked up the water from the Spring of Life and put it under his nose to smell it. He was stunned but then he reminisced, "Do you still remember the fire dance we drank in the Saint Realm town?"

"I miss it so much. Unfortunately, I don't dare to go to the Saint Realm now. I don't dare to let others see my current appearance."

Joelson was silent.

The Old Lion felt that his life was coming to an end. He would find an empty corner and wait for death to come.

Just like Oswede, the Golden Lion would always be the Golden Lion.

"Fortunately, Teresa did not disappoint me."

Oswede looked at Teresa with relief.

The latter could not take it anymore and knelt in front of Oswede. Her eyes were red and she held the sword with both hands. She said firmly, "With this sword, I swear that I will protect my father from now on!"

As soon as Teresa finished speaking, her body emitted a hazy green light. The wind elements in the world kept gathering toward her.

Oswede looked excited and whispered, "Is she promoted?"

There was surprise in Joelson's eyes.

He did not expect Teresa to break through to the saint-level at this moment.

And she had comprehended her own path of protection. The road ahead would be more brilliant compared to ordinary people.

Funina's mouth was wide open as she stared in shock at Teresa, who was in the midst of her advancement. Once again, she felt a heavy blow to her heart.

Seventeen years old, saint-level.

This was almost comparable to her father back then.

She really needed to work hard.

Teresa's advancement attracted the attention of many people. Several old saint-level masters who were stationed in the capital appeared in the sky above the blacksmith shop.

When they were casually looked at by Joelson, all of them felt as if they had suffered a heavy blow. Their souls felt as if they had been stabbed.

They quickly retreated respectfully.

A resolute man located somewhere in the palace suddenly opened his eyes. There seemed to be a light green light flowing in his eyes, and there was a faint joy in his expression.

It was the famous Violet Blade, Franklin!

"This aura, it's Teresa. She has advanced!"

Franklin appeared at the entrance of the blacksmith's shop in a few flashes. He was the only person in the entire kingdom who knew this place apart from Teresa.

Franklin saw Teresa wrapped in wind magic elements at a glance and his heart became wild with joy. Just as he was about to step forward, he suddenly saw the slender and elegant figure beside Oswede, and his heart trembled violently.

He stopped in his tracks and stood silently in place, no longer moving forward. His eyes were filled with complicated emotions.

It was him.

Chapter 302: The Higher Planes

Franklin still remembered the battle he had with the other party. Although he was no match for the other party at that time, he could still see his back.

After that.

The gap between the two of them was like an insurmountable chasm.

Now it was time to address him as the Lord of the throne.

As Franklin was thinking, he heard the sound of hurried footsteps.

He looked up and saw the royal carriage stopped at the port. A beautiful woman in a lavender dress was trotting over with the hem of her dress in hand.

Franklin's eyes froze, and a strong sense of bitterness welled up in his heart.

As expected, she came at the first moment.

The noblewoman who used the red carpet everywhere she went and hated the dust on her crystal shoes the most.

When she heard that it was possible that Joelson was here, she rushed over.

Princess Isabelle, the violet flower.

The footsteps of Isabelle, who was approaching the blacksmith shop, gradually slowed down.

She tidied up her long dress carefully and thought that she was perfect. Then, she turned her head and glanced at Franklin. She raised her fair and smooth chin and walked in like a noble white swan.

"I am now a woman of the Platinum Throne."

Franklin's eyes were complicated. No one knew what he was thinking about.

...

Joelson left Funina in the King's City and asked her to follow Oswede for cultivation.

Having a peer who had already reached the saint-level by her side could also stimulate her to work even harder.

In the Saint Realm.

A group of saint-level powerhouses were gathered together to discuss matters of cultivation.

Suddenly, ripples that were like the surface of water appeared in the azure blue sky, causing the space to fluctuate continuously.

The saint-level powerhouses suddenly raised their heads, only to see a silver figure suddenly appear in the sky.

"It's the Silver Throne, Sir Archer!"

Following that, a bright light bloomed, golden holy light sprinkled down like petals, and a holy aura enveloped the entire area.

Everyone was astonished and couldn't help but exclaim in a low voice.

"The Lord of the Light Throne is here as well."

"Two thrones appearing at the same time. Could it be that something big is about to happen?"

Everyone subconsciously ignored the Dark Throne.

This was because ever since the Dark Throne lost an arm to that person more than ten years ago, he had completely disappeared without a trace. It had been a long time since he had shown his face.

The next moment.

The space of the Saint Realm was torn apart by a force.

A slender figure stepped out.

He walked out calmly and the powerful auras of the two thrones melted like snowflakes.

An even more magnificent aura rose up, steadily pressing down on one of the two.

The pupils of the crowd suddenly contracted. They shouted in surprise, "It's that guy!"

"It's been ten years! He's come to the Saint Realm again!"

"The Platinum Throne!"

Archer and the Light Throne had predicted his arrival in advance. Joelson was somewhat surprised.

"Edward."

Archie looked at Joelson and said, "Just in time. I have something to discuss with the Light."

Joelson nodded slightly. The three tore through the void and disappeared in front of the group of saint-level powerhouses.

Archer and the Light Throne led Joelson in a direction. Joelson followed closely and soon understood where they were taking him.

A moment later, the three of them stopped somewhere outside the Saint Realm.

In front of them, a mottled light pillar stood.

The light pillar was originally ten colors but now it was tainted by a large amount of gray. It almost turned into a gray light pillar, leaving only two or three colors.

Joelson couldn't help but frown. "Angus Dubin."

"Yes."

Archer said with a solemn expression, "Angus Dubin regained the power of a demigod ten years ago. Over the past ten years, he has been transforming the Fallen Divine Kingdom into his undead domain. He has already completed more than half of it."

Archer glanced at the Light Throne, in a low voice, he said, "Light and I estimate that in another five years, or perhaps even less, he will completely accept the power of the Fallen Divine Kingdom and begin to prepare to invade the central continent. At that

time, in the entire central continent, aside from the few of us, I'm afraid that no one will be able to survive."

Joelson narrowed his eyes and stared at the gray pillar of light. He then changed the topic.

"Do all of you have a way out?"

A hint of awkwardness flashed across Archie's face. He did not wait for him to speak.

The Light Throne spoke.

"Actually, those who have reached the divine domain level are qualified to leave the central continent and head to higher planes. I can head to the heavenly realm at any time. Archie can also use the planes to send people to 'Fate,' one of the four higher planes. As for the Dark Throne, because of your existence, perhaps he has already gone to 'destroy' the higher planes."

Joelson frowned slightly. "A plane bearer?"

"A guardian sent from the higher planes. He's in charge of bringing the geniuses from the lower planes to the higher planes. They rotate once every 10,000 years."

Archer explained, "We've only seen this one a few times. He also has the power of a god."

"Then why don't we let him help us destroy Angus Dubin?"

Joelson asked.

Archer said with a bitter smile, "A planar receiver must never interfere in a conflict between two planes. Even the little king of the lower planes, who watched helplessly as he was on duty, would never intervene. Five thousand years ago, in that great war between two planes, even quite a few demigods died. Didn't he just watch from the sidelines?"

"Then what do you mean?"

Joelson frowned slightly, feeling a little puzzled.

Archer and the Light Throne did not answer but looked at each other.

Then they attacked Joelson without any warning.

The entire space seemed to have turned into a mirror, and large pieces of broken pieces quickly spread toward Joelson.

There was also a majestic holy light that enveloped Joelson from all sides. Every holy light was like a sharp sword, and there was a terrifying scene of countless sharp swords stabbing at him.

"Hmph!"

Joelson snorted coldly, his body not moving at all.

Domain power spread out from his body and an unimaginably terrifying aura suddenly erupted.

All the swords of holy light were broken and the shattered space instantly rolled back.

The domain of light and space was easily torn apart like a piece of paper.

And this terrifying domain power was still rapidly expanding outwards, heading towards Archer and the Light Throne.

Archer and the Light Throne both had shocked expressions on their faces and quickly retreated in a flash.

The entire sky turned completely black.

It wasn't that night had fallen but that the void had been destroyed by Joelson's domain power, revealing a pitch-black scene beneath the space.

The two of them had to flee for dozens of miles before they barely managed to escape the pursuit of Joelson's domain.

They steadied themselves and looked at Joelson in shock.

Compared to ten years ago, the power of Joelson's domain was more than ten times stronger.

Before this, his domain was already extremely terrifying. It was like a sharp blade that could easily tear their domain apart.

But now, that sharp feeling had disappeared.

What replaced it was a majestic feeling that they couldn't do anything about. They couldn't find any flaws at all.

It was like a hard mountain crushing down on them.

Chapter 303: The Power to Kill a God

The two's domain was as weak as an eggshell in front of him.

They didn't even have the right to obstruct him, let alone stop him.

Archer and the Light Throne didn't doubt it at all. If Joelson wanted to, he could easily leave only one throne-level figure on the road.

It was too terrifying.

The two of them could not find words to describe the feelings in their hearts.

They were both divine-domain-level, so why was the gap so huge?

"What do you mean?"

Standing in the air, Joelson stared coldly at Archer and the Light Throne. His aura was powerful and he had a feeling that he would continue to attack at any moment.

Archer hurriedly said, "Don't misunderstand Edward. We are only testing your strength."

"Given the strength of your domain."

The Light Throne stared intently at Joelson. In a low voice, he said, "It isn't that you aren't qualified to fight against Angus Dubin."

"Although Angus Dubin is a demigod, his undead bone domain isn't perfect. It is broken and his consciousness is mixed together. When he fought against the few of us, he fell into a frenzied state several times."

"It's not that we don't have a chance."

Azil glanced at the Light Throne, then said to Joelson, "After all, if we didn't really reach that stage, no one would be willing to give up on the central continent."

Joelson was silent.

To challenge a god, no matter how confident he was in his own strength, he had to consider it carefully.

"Edward, what we are about to say is the key to defeating Angus Dubin."

Joelson's expression changed.

Archer slowly said, "Do you still remember the stairway of the gods?"

The stairway of the gods?

Joelson was stunned.

Of course, he wouldn't forget.

When he entered the Saint Realm through the gap, he had unknowingly walked up the stairway of the gods.

That was also the starting point of his fame in the Saint Realm.

"The sixth step of the stairway of the gods has the power to kill gods."

Archer said seriously, "This rumor is true."

Joelson's heart trembled slightly.

"This news was spread by the planar receiver. It is said that the god ladder is set in the highest plane in the lower plane to screen geniuses. If you reach the god ladder and meet its criteria, you will receive an extremely generous reward."

"For gods."

Archer's gaze was burning. "Now you know how powerful this power is. Edward, with your strength, if you obtain this power, you will have a chance to fight Angus Dubin."

Joelson was silent.

The Light Throne continued, "The Flame did not come. He has already gone to challenge the stairway of the gods. However, based on my understanding of him, he will not be able to cross the 80th step."

Joelson's eyes flashed and he said in a low voice, "Let's go!"

After saying that, he stepped into the void and disappeared.

Archer and the Light Throne looked at each other, and joy appeared on their faces as they hurriedly followed.

...

"The Flame Throne and the Silver Dragon King are challenging the stairway of the gods together?"

"This kind of grand event might not be seen once in a thousand years!"

"I wonder if the Flame Monarch will be able to reach the summit this time?"

On the endless stairs covered by the golden light curtain, a burly figure surrounded by flames was constantly climbing up. At present, he had already passed the fiftieth step. There was no sign of any difficulty on his face, and he was still steadily climbing up.

The Flame Monarch wanted to challenge the divine staircase.

Once this news was spread, it attracted almost all the saint-level powerhouses in the Saint Realm over. Countless saints gathered at the bottom of the stairs, looking up at the burly figure and discussing incessantly.

The void suddenly split open and Joelson's figure walked out.

Archer and the Light Throne followed closely behind.

The saint-level powerhouses instantly became even more excited.

"Platinum Throne, they've arrived as well!"

The figure on the steps of the stairway to the gods.

The Flame Throne had already unleashed his domain power, using his flame domain to push aside the terrifying pressure on the steps, advancing step by step.

60th floor.

The Flame Monarch's movements slowed down. He was no longer as casual as before.

65th floor.

The Flame Monarch stopped for the first time. After that, every step he took would take quite some time.

70th floor.

When Joelson saw the Flame Monarch's burly figure that was like a small mountain shake violently, exclamations could be heard from below the steps. However, he quickly stabilized himself.

He continued to move up.

The domain power that had been maintaining a range of ten meters around him was instantly compressed to five meters.

It was a new level.

The Flame Monarch clearly felt the pressure.

Every step was extremely difficult.

When he walked past the seventy-fifth step, he had to stop for an extremely long time.

The people at the bottom of the steps could even see his shoulders rising and falling. It was caused by intense breathing.

"He's almost at the limit of the Flame."

The Light Throne sighed softly.

The 76th floor.

The Flame Throne was under great pressure again. He was compressed to three meters.

After that, the power of the domain would shrink a little with each step.

When he reached the 78th step, the power of the domain had been completely compressed to the limit. It condensed into a thin layer of red light and covered the skin of the flame throne.

"How can he go up to the 80th step?"

Joelson frowned and asked.

"He still has the Silver Dragon King," Archer said in a deep voice

Before he could finish his words, a long dragon roar sounded.

A middle-aged man in a silver robe walked out from behind the Flame Monarch, instantly bearing a huge pressure. The Silver Dragon King's body trembled violently, his face ferocious.

However, he quickly stretched out his palm and gave the Flame Monarch a hard push. After that, his entire body could not withstand the huge force and flew backward.

The Flame Monarch let out a low roar, and his strong body became even more muscular.

Muscles piled upon his body like rocks and scales appeared on his body.

Dragon transformation.

Throne-level dragon transformation.

A terrifying aura was emitted from his body and, with the help of the Dragon King's strength, he took a heavy step forward.

The 79th step.

Then, another step!

"God of Magic!"

Exclamations kept ringing out.

"The Flame Throne wants to directly charge up to the 80th step!"

He indeed wanted to do this. The dragon claw climbed up the 80th step, and the other one followed closely behind. But at this moment, the Flame Throne's expression changed drastically.

No one knew how terrifying the pressure he was under was.

But the domain power on the surface of his body suddenly broke, and his chest seemed to have suffered a huge blow.

His body emitted a series of crisp sounds of bones breaking. His entire body was like the Silver Dragon King from before, and he was sent flying like a cannonball.

He landed heavily on the ground and struggled a few times before he managed to stand up.

As they had said before, the Flame Throne could not cross the 80th step.

No, he could not even reach the 80th step.

Chapter 304: The 90th Level. A Terrifying Result!

"We failed."

"Even after gathering the power of the two great thrones, we were still unable to reach the 80th level. Could it be that only those with the power of a god could reach the 80th level?"

The saint-level cultivators sighed in disappointment.

At this moment, a figure appeared in front of them, and everyone subconsciously retreated.

When they saw the figure clearly, everyone's eyes shrank, and they cried out in disbelief.

"It's the Platinum Throne!"

"Could it be that even the Platinum Throne wants to challenge the stairway of the gods?"

"The strongest throne, which level can he reach?"

Everyone's eyes lit up and a faint look of anticipation appeared on their faces.

The Flame Throne walked out from the light screen and there was a strong unwillingness in his eyes. He looked at Joelson with a complicated expression and stood at the side.

Joelson's expression was calm. He took a step forward and stepped into the screen of light.

It had begun!

Everyone was shocked.

Joelson walked to the front of the first step and took a step. Suddenly, he disappeared.

Everyone was stunned.

When he appeared again, Joelson had already appeared on the fiftieth step.

So fast!

Everyone was shocked.

But they were not too shocked. After all, it was a throne.

On the 50th step, Joelson raised his right hand and cut out an extremely bright platinum light from above.

Everyone could not help but squint their eyes. They could not see clearly.

When the platinum light disappeared.

Everyone was stunned.

Their faces were filled with shock.

At this time, Joelson had walked a long way up and was already standing on the 70th step.

He had crossed the 50th to 70th step in one go?

Even the three thrones and the Silver Dragon King were stunned.

How was this possible?

After the 50th step, even they would find it difficult.

At most, he could ascend steadily. It was impossible to cross it directly!

But Joelson had done it.

Was the gap between the thrones and this throne so big?

At this moment, he slowly released his domain power.

Boom!

Everyone seemed to hear a faint rumbling sound beside their ears.

It was an illusion created by the collision between his domain power and the pressure on the stairway of the gods.

His eyes lit up slightly as he climbed to the 71st level.

The pressure on the 71st level was more than ten times greater than the pressure on the previous level.

Every ten levels on the stairway of the gods were divided into sections. Even the Flame Monarch had to spend some time to stabilize his body when he reached the 71st level.

The domain power spread out and the pressure instantly lessened.

The three thrones and the Silver Dragon King looked at the domain power of Joelson with complicated expressions.

They once again felt the difference between them and Joelson.

When the Flame Throne reached this step, the domain power around him had already been compressed to a range of only ten meters.

As for Joelson, his domain power was extremely solid. When he first released it, it had already covered a range of fifty meters, and as he rose, it did not shrink at all.

Seventy-two, seventy-three, seventy-four...

When he reached the seventy-fifth step, Joelson once again stretched out his hand and slashed out a platinum light.

The sharp platinum power broke through the layers of pressure, and the domain power instantly went up, just like a well-trained army cooperating with each other.

Joelson walked very steadily.

After the Dragon God Ranch's domain was almost perfected, the power of Joelson's several great laws approached a balance.

The fusion power of metal and electricity, and the fusion power of water and fire, were actually not much different.

However, the former was more suitable to be used as the tip of the sword to break the pressure.

Joelson walked forward steadily, displaying the posture of the strongest throne.

His thin back was tall and straight. Everyone who looked up to him could not help but feel a deep admiration in their hearts.

Seventy-eight, seventy-nine.

Joelson was already close to the limit of the Flame Throne.

A moment ago, the Flame Throne had used his full strength and, with the help of the Silver Dragon King, he still fell helplessly in front of the eightieth step.

Seeing that Joelson was also facing this difficulty, everyone could not help but raise their hearts. They stared at Joelson, their faces full of anticipation.

Could he cross it?

The answer was very obvious.

Creak!

An invisible sound.

The domain was suddenly compressed by the immediate increase in pressure, shrinking ten meters inward.

But it was still very stable.

The crowd at the bottom of the steps cheered in low voices, their faces revealing pleasant surprise. Many people even waved their fists fiercely.

They had crossed it!

The expressions of the three thrones became even more solemn.

They knew that from this moment on, Joelson had finally met his true challenge.

On the 81st floor.

As Joelson stepped on it, a huge pressure descended on his body.

He had a feeling that his domain power seemed to be grasped by an invisible hand.

It shrunk by ten meters again.

At this time, the domain was only thirty meters wide.

The stairs were still long as if there was no end.

Joelson took a deep breath, his eyes calm and determined.

Up!

After that, with every step he took, the area covered by the domain power would be forced to shrink by one meter.

The further he went, the bigger the area was.

Five meters, ten meters.

When Joelson came to the 90th step.

The domain power had already shrunk to five meters around him, and it seemed like it would collapse at any moment.

The three thrones couldn't help but become nervous.

90th step.

Joelson had already reached a height that they had never reached before and it was far beyond their reach.

As expected of the title of the strongest throne!

However.

Right now, it wasn't a contest between the thrones. Instead, it was about the future of the central continent.

Joelson's opponent was a true god-level powerhouse, the lower god of the undead, Angus Dubin.

Only when Joelson reached the top of the stairway of the gods and obtained the power to kill a god would he be able to fight Angus Dubin.

Could he do it?

Joelson spent quite a bit of time adjusting his condition. He waited for his domain power to completely stabilize before attempting to step out.

Bang!

The terrifying pressure was like a huge mountain falling on Joelson's body.

Joelson's expression changed slightly but he quickly calmed down and walked up without hesitation.

The 90th floor.

The domain power let out an unbearable sound.

The five-meter-wide domain quickly shrank and the invisible hand that was holding onto Joelson exerted more strength.

Boom!

Finally, when Joelson had completely adapted to the pressure of the 90th floor, the domain power was only left with a one-meter radius around him.

"Hiss!"

The people at the bottom of the stairs also sucked in a breath of cold air.

After that was shock and ecstasy.

He could still go up!

Joelson's performance had far exceeded their imagination.

The 90th floor was a terrifying height.

The Platinum Throne was worthy of being the Platinum Throne. When they thought of Joelson's age, this was obviously a terrifying achievement.

In the first ten thousand years of the central continent, no other race or genius could compare to Joelson.

In the next ten thousand years, there wouldn't be another one.

This was the supreme throne that suppressed the central continent and made countless people bow down to him!

Chapter 305: Ascending the Stairway of the Gods!

"Edward!"

Archer stared at Joelson, his hands clenched tightly. He looked even more excited than Joelson.

"His potential has not been exhausted. He can still go up!"

As if to verify Archer's words, Joelson took the next step.

The 91st floor!

Another layer of pressure.

A terrifying force like a tsunami poured down.

For a moment, Joelson felt like he had returned to the time when he crossed the sea and faced the monster of the deep sea that raised huge waves.

A feeling of powerlessness and despair rose uncontrollably from the bottom of his heart.

But in a flash, it was forcefully cut off by him.

A sharp light shot out of Joelson's eyes, and his gaze was ice-cold.

This was not his end!

No!

Joelson stood completely on the ninety-first step, and then he made a move that no one could have imagined.

He took another step!

One step!

Two steps!

Three steps!

A whole three steps!

Joelson walked out of the walk forcefully, and was forced to stop on the ninety-fourth step!

His back was almost bent by an unimaginable amount of pressure, but it was also straightened bit by bit as if it was a mountain that went straight into the clouds.

The power of the domain kept shrinking until it stuck close to Joelson's skin and it was forced to show its physical form.

The Dragon God Ranch's domain was complete with ten elements.

Joelson's body seemed to be covered in a layer of flowing light and mottled armor, which was extremely dazzling.

But he was not relaxed at all.

He was almost at his limit, and the power of the domain was also almost at its limit—almost breaking.

Joelson did not know if he could take the next step, but...

He wanted to try.

Just as Joelson's right foot stepped onto the ninety-fifth step, the domain on his body suddenly collapsed and his armor broke.

The eyelids of the three thrones twitched violently.

"Sigh."

Archer let out a long sigh and said bitterly, "Even he can't do it?"

"He's already outstanding enough."

The Light Throne replied in a low voice.

No one retorted but they were still unwilling.

The faces of the saint-level masters at the bottom of the steps were also filled with disappointment.

They could also see that the Platinum Throne was exhausted.

The 95th floor was his limit. Perhaps in the next second, he would fly back like the Flame Throne.

Was the stairway of the gods still a distant legend?

"Wait, look!"

Suddenly, a cry of surprise sounded.

Everyone looked up at the stairway, their eyes bursting with disbelief and ecstasy!

They only saw the domain power that was constantly collapsing on the surface of Joelson's body, the scattered colors, and the power of laws.

After the collapse, it did not disappear. Instead, it lingered around Joelson and gathered again.

This was?

"What?" Archer shouted in disbelief. "He seems to be advancing. How is this possible?"

In the front, where no one could see, Joelson was in high spirits. His eyes were as bright as the stars.

At this moment, he was so happy that he wanted to laugh out loud.

He had found it.

He had found the fulcrum of the domain!

The domain that had always seemed to be missing something, the domain that had always been unable to fuse with itself.

Under the tremendous pressure of the divine staircase, at this moment, a miraculous transformation began to occur.

Joelson had ascended to the divine domain!

Joelson saw his domain collapse with his own eyes. It was as if a palace that had just been built had collapsed with a bang.

But he was extremely happy.

Because throughout the entire process, countless flaws were revealed.

Joelson's control over his domain became more and more casual.

The powers of the various laws were messy and then reorganized in a more reasonable way.

The new domain was more than ten times more perfect and sturdy than the previous one.

The stagnant feeling that had always existed was finally eliminated.

A powerful force lingered around him. Joelson truly felt that he was the true ruler of the surrounding space.

Stepping into his domain, even the gods had to bow their heads!

The domain that Joelson shattered expanded once again. This time, it was even more magnificent than before, expanding to a hundred meters on the ninety-fifth step.

This kind of change shocked the three thrones and many saint-level masters.

"This is clearly a phenomenon of ascending to the divine realm!"

"The Platinum Throne has just ascended to the divine realm?"

"Could it be that he was only a saint-level master before?"

"He has the strength of a throne at the saint rank. How is this possible?"

The three thrones looked at each other and saw the deep shock in each other's eyes.

The Light Throne looked bitter and sighed, "So, the domain that Joelson crushed us in before was just an embryonic form?"

"Then, how terrifying will his laws be after he advances?"

Archer whispered.

The Blazing Flame Throne stared at the back of Joelson and remained silent for a long time.

Only Joelson knew how terrifying he was now.

If his original domain was compared to that of Archer and the others, it was the difference between a rock and an egg.

But now, the domain that was upgraded and transformed was a diamond!

Compared to before, it was essentially sublimated.

The ninety-fifth step could no longer hinder him.

Joelson regained his initial confidence and calmness.

He tidied his robe and walked up as if he was strolling. The grace of a mage noble was perfectly displayed on him.

Everyone's hearts swayed as they looked at Joelson's back.

No one could do what Joelson did.

The elegance of Joelson at this moment would forever be engraved in their memories.

Ninety-six, ninety-seven.

In the blink of an eye, they arrived at the ninety-ninth step.

Further up.

Joelson's eyes turned golden. He took an unstoppable step and stepped onto the hundredth step.

He suddenly realized that the golden light in front of him had disappeared completely.

The seemingly endless stairway of the gods had already reached its end.

They had reached the top!

Everyone's eyes suddenly widened. An uncontrollable ecstasy and excitement rose from the bottom of their hearts.

They had reached the top!

For tens of thousands of years, countless geniuses in the central continent had been unable to reach the top of the stairway of the gods.

Finally, someone had reached the end.

The Platinum Throne, Joelson Edward!

His name would be remembered by countless people in the future.

Joelson's figure seemed to be on the steps.

The three thrones and the peanut gallery were filled with anticipation.

What exactly would Joelson get on the steps?

What would be the power that could kill a god?

The spacious platform was extremely empty.

There was only a golden stone platform in front of Joelson and a young man was leaning against the platform.

He had short gray hair and an ordinary appearance. However, his eyes were flickering with a strange light. His aura was obscure and he had a strange charm that was difficult to describe.

"Wonderful!"

The gray-haired youth smiled as he walked towards Joelson, clapping his hands gently.

Joelson's face was slightly solemn.

He could sense from this youth the aura of someone who had been at the peak of the era for Priestley.

At the very least, he had the power of a peak demigod.

Even though he had just formed his domain, in front of this person, he wasn't able to fight back at all.

Chapter 306: The Spear of Annihilation, Demigod Artifact

"Joelson Edward."

The gray-haired youth called out Joelson's name, then he said, "I've been paying attention to you ever since you entered the land of trials. It's truly amazing. In less than twenty years, you've reached this stage. Your experience, even in the Supreme Plane Empire, is enough to be called a legend."

Joelson looked at the gray-haired young man and didn't say anything.

The gray-haired young man suddenly thought of something and said embarrassedly, "Oh right, I almost forgot to introduce myself."

"Kalaminik, you can call me Kalami directly."

The gray-haired young man smiled and said, "According to what you said in the lower plane, I should be what you said. I'm the plane's receiver or the plane's guardian. The former is more accurate."

A glint flashed in Joelson's eyes as he said in a low voice, "Greetings, Lord Kalami."

The gray-haired youth waved his hand and said with a smile, "There's no need for that. With your talent, once you enter the higher planes, I think it won't be long before I'll address you as Lord."

"Forget it. Let's get down to business."

Kalami smiled as he looked at Joelson and said, "Although you've just advanced to the divine realm, with your talent and strength, you already have the qualifications to go to the higher planes."

Joelson asked, puzzled, "You can go to the higher planes after reaching the divine realm?"

"Of course not."

Kalami shook his head. "I can only leave the lower planes. For example, those kids down there."

From the golden platform, one could see the figures of the three thrones.

"Aside from the one named Archer, who has extraordinary talent because he cultivates in spatial laws, he's qualified to enter the 'fate' of the higher planes. The other two can only enter the main plane at most."

"Fate."

Joelson softly muttered this word.

"Yes."

Kalami explained, "I am only qualified to lead you into the 'Fate' and 'Life' planes of the four higher planes. If you want to go to 'Destruction' or 'Death', then I won't be able to help you. However, I imagine that you won't have such thoughts."

"Those two places won't be easy to deal with. Given your full-elemental talent, whether in the 'Fate' or 'Life' planes, you will be valued. You might even be able to enter the Overgod Academy, and you might even be lucky enough to become the disciple of a god or a highgod."

Kalami winked at Joelson. "Alright, can you tell me your choice now?"

Joelson couldn't help but frown and ask, "Do you want to leave now?"

"Of course!"

Kalami cried out strangely.

"Is there anything in this low-level plane that is worth your nostalgia? Don't tell me that you still want to enjoy the admiration and awe of everyone for a period of time. A throne? Hehe, this is too ridiculous."

"No."

Joelson shook his head. Even if he wanted to leave, he was too hasty.

He was not prepared at all. Moreover, Joelson's main purpose for coming up was not for this.

"Alright."

Kalami helplessly spread his hands, he said, "If it is because of a skeleton whose brain is infected by the aura of death, I can understand. Actually, you don't need to care about it at all. Even if that skeleton completely recovers, it will not be able to destroy this lower plane. At most, 60% of the people will die. After that, he will feel bored and will leave very soon. After tens of thousands of years, everything will return to normal."

It was as if Kalami had not talked to anyone for a long time. He talked endlessly, like a chatterbox.

"But if you insist on being the savior, I won't stop you."

Kalami moved aside, pointed behind him, and said to Joelson, "Take this weapon. You deal with him. There should be no problem."

Joelson subconsciously looked behind Kalami.

Kalami was originally leaning on a golden platform. There was something on the platform.

If he guessed correctly, it should be the reward for reaching the top?

It was a long spear.

The black spear was covered in dark red, making it look mottled.

The tip of the spear was emitting light. Just looking at it would make one's eyes hurt and a strong murderous aura was emitted.

Joelson stretched out his hand to grab it. The spear was heavy and, to his surprise, it gave off a burning sensation.

Kalami walked forward, sighing. "This 'spear of annihilation' is an extremely high-quality weapon, even amongst lower god weapons. It would be a bit of a waste to give it to a deity to use."

"A lower god weapon?"

Joelson frowned, puzzled.

Kalami nodded, he explained, "According to what you said, weapons that have surpassed the epic level can be called divine weapons. However, there are also great differences between divine weapons, and they can be divided into different levels. The battle spear in your hands is a supreme lower god weapon."

Joelson nodded.

"Spear of annihilation."

As he softly muttered this name, he grew more and more fond of it.

After possessing domain power, the meteor sword was of little value to him. That was why Joelson had given it to Funina.

Now that he had an even more powerful weapon.

Joelson's combat strength was going to increase by another notch.

Kalami threw a gray crystal to Joelson and said, "When you want to leave, contact me at any time."

"Don't die. If a genius like you can appear in the lower planes, I'll get a lot of benefits."

Kalami gave Joelson a strange smile and quickly disappeared.

Joelson held the spear of annihilation in his hand and tried to inject more power into it.

The tip of the spear slowly emitted an extremely terrifying power. The dark red color of the spear seemed to come alive as well, flowing like blood.

Joelson casually waved it a few times and the space in front of him was torn apart like a piece of paper.

A trace of power attached to the spatial crack, making it unable to heal for a long time.

It was too powerful.

Joelson's eyes were warm. Was this the power of a lower divine artifact?

If he used it at full strength, how terrifying would it be?

The three thrones and the peanut gallery stared at the divine staircase. Only when Joelson's figure appeared again did they let out a sigh of relief.

Their hearts were filled with anticipation. What did Joelson obtain from the stairway of the gods?

With the spear of annihilation in his hand, Joelson slowly walked down the stairway of the gods, stepping on the void.

No one could do this. He was the first.

When the three thrones noticed the spear of annihilation in his hand, their eyes widened. They couldn't help but exclaim in a low voice, "Inferior divine artifact?"

Joelson was slightly surprised. As expected, these divine domains knew much more than he had imagined.

"I didn't expect that the top of the stairs was actually an inferior divine artifact?"

The three thrones stared at the extermination spear, their eyes filled with admiration and envy, and they unconsciously took a few steps back.

After advancing to the divine domain, and obtaining an inferior divine artifact, Joelson was too terrifying. His entire body emitted an extremely dangerous aura, especially when he held the spear. The three thrones felt as if they could die at any moment in Joelson's hands.

Joelson's gaze slowly swept over the three thrones. The three of them were inexplicably shocked as if something bad was about to happen.

Chapter 307: The Might of a Spear Crushing the Throne

Facing these three people, Joelson said softly, "The three of you, can you help me test my spear?"

The three of them looked at each other, feeling uneasy and curious. They simply gritted their teeth and nodded in agreement. "Okay!"

The three thrones quickly pulled away from Joelson and stared at him with a solemn expression.

"Edward, make your move!"

Archer shouted at him.

Joelson nodded slightly and grabbed the spear of annihilation. He took a deep breath and the power of water and fire surged into the spear.

The body of the spear became hotter and heavier.

Boom!

Suddenly, the annihilation spear burst into a wisp of demonic purple flame that kept swaying.

Joelson's spiritual power locked onto the three thrones not far away and slowly stabbed the annihilation spear in his hand.

The instant he stabbed out, even the sky of the Saint Realm changed color.

The originally blue sky was quickly dyed purple. Following the movement of Joelson's stab, it quickly spread in the direction of the three thrones.

This shocking scene stunned the saint-level combatants watching the battle below.

At this moment, Joelson's aura could not be stopped.

"Hmph!"

The Flame Monarch was the first to step out.

Surging red flames ignited from his body. The power of his flame domain was unleashed to the extreme as it met Joelson's spear.

Purple and red flames battled each other in the sky.

The red flames were instantly defeated.

The Flame Monarch's expression suddenly changed. He could feel that his domain was like a weak bubble under this spear.

Puchi!

It was pierced through in an instant.

"Roar!"

He growled and his body rapidly turned into a dragon.

The veins on his ferocious face burst out. He gathered all the strength in his body and threw a vicious punch at Joelson.

However, his fist seemed to have received an unimaginable resistance. It merely touched the aftershock of this spear.

The dragon scales on the front end of his fist shattered one by one. His thick and strong arm continuously burst out with blood.

The Flame Throne seemed to have been hit by a heavy blow, and his burly body flew backward like a sandbag.

When he managed to stabilize his body, his right hand, which was waving his fist, trembled powerlessly. He was shocked that he could not fight against the Flame Throne at all!

Joelson's spear was still continuing. At this time, the entire sky was covered in purple, as if a purple ocean had collapsed.

The Light Throne was emitting a dazzling golden light. Endless holy light gathered into a huge sword and met the attack.

Then, without any suspense, it shattered, and his figure flew backward.

At this moment, Joelson's spear was finally fully unleashed.

A faint purple light shot out.

Archer faced the purple light directly. He felt a stab of pain between his brows, and his heart seemed to be tightly gripped by an invisible hand, beating wildly.

His figure quickly disappeared into the void. The danger of death that had not appeared for five thousand years appeared in his heart once again.

He had a strong premonition that if he could not dodge this spear, he would die!

Archer shuttled through the endless void. It was as if countless Archers had appeared in the sky and were fleeing in all directions.

But no matter how he dodged or which direction he fled in, he could not escape this spear.

The purple light bit on his body and pierced through the void continuously.

Cold sweat trickled down Archer's back. He had used the spatial law to its limit, but the distance between him and the purple light was still shrinking.

Finally, Archer could not dodge it anymore.

Staring at the purple light that was charging at his head, his eyes widened. His face was full of fear and despair. He growled, "No!"

Kacha!

Joelson's figure suddenly appeared in front of him. He casually waved his spear and shattered the purple light. He stood calmly in front of Archer.

Archer panted heavily. There was still panic in his eyes.

The Flame Monarch and the Light Throne looked at Joelson in shock as well.

The saint-level masters who had witnessed this battle opened their mouths wide and were stunned speechless.

Too powerful.

This spear seemed to be able to pierce through the sky.

The three great thrones joined hands to block but they still couldn't put up any resistance.

Archer and the other two fearfully distanced themselves from Joelson, feeling extremely complicated.

Joelson's strength was already much stronger than theirs. After obtaining the inferior divine artifact, he was even more powerful to the point of shocking them.

If the current Joelson wanted to deal with them, killing them would be as easy as squashing an ant.

Joelson glanced at the annihilation spear in his hand, then tore through the void and left.

Archer subconsciously shouted, "Edward, where are you going?"

Joelson's voice came from the pitch-black void.

"To deal with that skeleton."

Joelson shuttled through the void and kept approaching the Fallen Divine Kingdom. His eyes were bright.

He had only used 30% of his power in that attack just now.

It should be enough to deal with Angus Dubin now, right.

...

In the pitch-black void, a dense aura of death filled it.

On the mountain of bones, a skeleton with a black luster was sitting cross-legged on it.

Its consciousness slowly woke up.

The soul flames within its hollow eye sockets were burning.

"In three more years, I'll be able to completely cover my entire divine kingdom with my bone domain. At that time, I'll probably be able to return to my peak demigod level of power."

The soul flames throbbed.

"At that time, I'll be able to take back Priestley's divine alchemy spark. Perhaps I'll be able to use it to return to being a god."

Angus Dubin pondered. A thick aura of death surrounded him, and he was just about to continue his training.

Suddenly, the soul flames in his eye sockets began to throb violently, and his expression changed dramatically.

"Who?"

In the next moment, the undead dimension suddenly shattered.

A slender figure walked out from within. His powerful aura came crashing down, sweeping away the surrounding aura of death.

"It's you!"

Angus Dubin was slightly surprised. He sneered, "I didn't go looking for you. Instead, you came looking for me. You're really courting death."

Angus Dubin stood up and threw a vicious punch at Joelson.

The black bone fist sent out ripples in the air. Its power was extremely terrifying.

Joelson raised the annihilation spear and thrust it out. Compared to the previous battle with the three thrones, his aura was much smaller.

However, he had already used all his strength. The power of law in his body had been condensed to the tip of the spear.

The spear of annihilation collided with the bone fist, and it paused for a short while.

Then, the spatial cracks spread out like a spider web and suddenly broke.

Boom!

The collision of the god-level attacks caused the energy to completely explode, causing the space between the two to completely collapse, forming a huge black hole.

Angus Dubin's punch had no effect, and he looked slightly surprised.

When his gaze landed on the annihilation spear in Joelson's hand, he couldn't help but exclaim, "A peak inferior divine artifact?"

Then, he laughed loudly, "Hahaha, although it's not an undead divine artifact, it's more than enough for me to use now."

Angus Dubin charged forward once more and punched out with a power far greater than before.

Chapter 308: Undead Divine Spark in Hand!

Joelson flew backward, his eyes flashing.

His hands did not stop moving, and the spear of annihilation transformed into countless platinum spear phantoms in front of him.

He had already used the most destructive platinum power.

The black fist phantoms and platinum spear phantoms canceled each other out, but Angus Dubin's speed was clearly faster.

His aura was powerful. The aura of death surrounded him.

Joelson continuously retreated and the large undead space was shattered by the two of them.

Joelson viciously stabbed out with his spear, forcing Angus Dubin to retreat.

He roughly estimated the difference in power between himself and Angus Dubin.

Angus Dubin was at the mid-stage demigod level.

And after he had advanced to the divine domain, he could rely on the power of his domain to fight against an early-stage demigod.

Holding the spear of annihilation, he barely had the power of an intermediate-stage demigod.

But he still couldn't defeat Angus Dubin.

The difference in a major realm wasn't something that could be easily bridged.

The biggest difference between the divine realm and the demigod realm was the divine spark.

That was the difference in the level of the soul.

The soul power of a divine realm expert condensed into a corporeal form, which was even harder than a diamond.

His domain expanded by a thousand times, and the power of laws revolved according to his thoughts. Moreover, unless his divine personality was completely destroyed, even if his body was injured, it wouldn't matter. Although he could use laws to condense a new body.

Thus, Angus Dubin was able to use his fist to clash head-on with Joelson's spear of annihilation without any hesitation.

Just this point alone was something the divine domain couldn't compare to.

Joelson was unable to unleash the full power of the spear of annihilation. The advantage he had over the three thrones instantly vanished.

Joelson fully activated his domain power. Boundless nomological power gathered on the tip of the spear, forming a mottled, multicolored ten-elemental light that fiercely clashed against Angus Dubin's fist.

Bang!

Angus Dubin was sent flying backward. A few cracks appeared on his black gem-like bones but they were quickly healing at a discernible rate.

"Is this what you're relying on?"

Angus Dubin sneered. An endless aura of death gathered toward him, condensing into a ferocious black armor on his body.

The bones on the ground rose, turning into a large pale blade with a strange shape. He held it in his hand.

"You're courting death!"

Angus Dubin roared in anger, brandishing the large blade and slashing it fiercely at Joelson. "The majesty of a god is not something a mortal like you can pry into!"

The huge pale blade slowly pressed down with endless power.

Joelson stared at the huge blade. His eyes shot out an intense light that was as bright as the stars.

The platinum power in his body began to fuse together crazily. A trace of indescribable power was quietly being born.

The spear of annihilation began to tremble in his hand.

It was excited and cheering. It was happy that it had the chance to bear such power.

The dark red lightning danced on the tip of the spear, emitting destructive power.

The space kept shattering.

Joelson took a deep breath and stabbed out slowly but firmly.

Even Angus Dubin's consciousness trembled violently. His soul flame jumped, and a low cry of disbelief burst out from his mouth.

"The law of destruction, how is it possible?"

The spear of annihilation, which was wrapped in dark red lightning, stabbed straight at it.

The pale giant blade crashed into it and suddenly shattered. The aura of death was like a school of fish disturbed by a giant shark, fleeing in panic.

Angus Dubin let out a terrified scream, tore open the space, and fled quickly.

The space of the undead, which had long been shattered, finally collapsed completely under the attack of Joelson's spear.

Angus Dubin's figure appeared in the middle of the ocean. Before he could even heave a sigh of relief, he tore open the space behind him and continued to flee.

As soon as he disappeared, the space behind him was torn apart. The long spear wrapped in dark red lightning broke through the void and shattered the space.

Angus Dubin continued to flee in the ten layers of the Fallen Divine Kingdom. Joelson followed closely behind him.

Dark red flames also rose in his eyes, and they were frighteningly bright.

Layers of space continued to shatter.

Knowing that it was the lowest layer, Angus Dubin no longer had any place to hide. With a roar, he gathered all the power in his body and threw a vicious punch at Joelson.

Crack!

With a clear sound, Angus Dubin's hard black gem hand bones were instantly covered by dense cracks and then shattered.

There was still a trace of destructive power eroding at the spot where it was broken.

Angus Dubin endured the intense pain in his soul and tore open the space again. A thick aura of death spread out from it.

The underworld.

It was finally afraid and wanted to leave this place and return to the underworld.

The corner of Joelson's mouth curled into a cold arc. A terrifying dragon shadow appeared beside Angus Dubin.

The dragon tail swept past, and the overwhelming power caused Angus Dubin to fly back.

The underworld was right in front of them, and Angus Dubin could only see it as if it was an insurmountable abyss.

Joelson swung his spear heavily, and the annihilation spear wrapped in the law of destruction easily pierced into Angus Dubin's skull.

It stirred violently.

The soul flame was crushed into pieces.

Angus Dubin's final desperate scream was stuck in his throat. His entire body slowly crumbled under an unknown force.

Joelson withdrew his long spear. With a calm expression, he grabbed a black-gray crystal in his hand.

Undead-type divine spark, obtained!

The undead-type divine spark lay quietly in Joelson's hand. It was like a black-gray crystal, bringing with it a hazy luster.

Joelson's eyes flickered.

The path of ascension after the domain of gods placed all of its focus on the cultivation of the soul.

Joelson had once received Priestley's alchemy divine spark, and his soul power had received a tremendous increase.

He was gifted with ten magic elements, and his spiritual power was already quite different from ordinary people.

The Spirit Tree had ten branches, like a luxuriant uncle. It was more than ten times more than ordinary domain-level gods like Archer and the others.

In truth, apart from the difference in quality, the total amount of soul power in a single round wasn't inferior to ordinary demigods. In fact, it was even slightly stronger.

However, the soul power of a demigod was condensed like a diamond, and the strength of the soul wasn't something that Joelson could compare to.

Angus Dubin's undead divine spark was right in front of him. As long as Joelson was willing, he could inherit all of Angus Dubin's power at any time and become a demigod of the undead, becoming the new King of Bones.

However, this was clearly not what Joelson wanted.

He had chosen to absorb the alchemy divine spark of Priestley. Or perhaps even more thoroughly...

He would shatter the divine spark and only absorb Angus Dubin's soul power so that he would no longer need the power of the laws of the undead.

Joelson sat cross-legged in the void.

The Fallen Divine Kingdom, which had been filled with scars from the previous battle, was slowly disintegrating. If Joelson was willing to accept everything about the undead divine spark, he might be able to stop this trend.

Chapter 309: In the Blink of an Eye, Ten Years Later

However, Joelson did not want to do so. The Fallen Divine Kingdom could only gradually decline.

This process would last for a long time, perhaps ten years or a hundred years.

It was enough for Joelson to absorb the soul power in the divine personality.

The black-gray death divine personality floated quietly above Joelson's head, slowly rotating. A wisp of light green soul power spread out from the divine personality and entered the space between Joelson's eyebrows.

Joelson closed his eyes. He could see that his spirit tree seemed to have been nourished by the rain. Its branches and leaves were spreading and growing at a rapid speed.

The branches represented by the power of laws of various elements grew in different directions, emitting different colors of light.

The feeling of having one's soul continuously growing stronger was too wonderful.

Joelson's spiritual power kept looking outward. Soon, it surpassed the Fallen Divine Kingdom and spread to even more distant places.

He saw the rivers of the central continent, the human villages and towns, the monsters fighting in the forest, and the birds flying in the sky.

He did not know how far it spread but, at a certain moment, it quickly withdrew and returned to the spirit tree.

There was something brewing at the top of the branches of the various elements, and sparkling crystals condensed one after another.

An indescribable joy rose from the bottom of Joelson's heart.

Divine spark.

This was his divine spark.

It was just that these divine sparks were too fond of small pleasures. Compared to Angus Dubin's and Priestley's divine sparks, it was like the difference between a broken gem and a complete gem.

But for Joelson to be able to do this, he had left behind countless experts of the divine domain in countless planes.

At the very least, none of the three great thrones could do this.

The path he had seen with demigods had been completely opened up. As long as he continued to accumulate soul energy, one day, these tiny crystals would mature and become full, becoming true divine sparks.

Angus Dubin's soul energy was almost completely absorbed by Joelson.

For an expert at the middle stage of the demigod realm to only have enough soul energy for Joelson's divine spark to sprout, no one would dare to believe it.

Who told him to cultivate so many laws at the same time?

Ten-elemental laws. No, twelve-elemental laws.

The eleventh and twelfth branches were installed on the spirit tree.

The two new branches were located at the very top of the spirit tree.

There were two sesame-sized dots of light on the branches.

One was dark red, surrounded by tiny bolts of lightning.

The other one was gray and looked extremely mysterious.

Although they were not eye-catching, their auras were many times stronger than the other crystals.

They each represented the power of the supreme law of destruction and fate.

The twelve fruits on the spirit tree represented the long and difficult path for Joelson to become a god.

But once these twelve fruits matured...

How terrifying would the power of the 12-system divine personality that Joelson possessed be?

Unimaginable!

Joelson slowly opened his eyes.

Dark red lightning danced in his left eye and a gray fog lingered in his right eye.

The undead divine personality above his head had already turned into a ball of gray aura.

This was the power of the origin of the undead laws that had been left behind.

Joelson thought for a while and tore open the space in front of him. Using the soul contract, he sent it into the void.

The underworld.

On the cruel battlefield.

A huge undead bone dragon and a dark knight riding a bone horse were fighting with a skeleton king holding a bone saber.

The two of them worked together and barely blocked one of the skeleton king's attacks.

At this moment, a huge aura of the undead suddenly emerged from the undead bone dragon's body.

This power quickly transformed its body.

Its aura continued to rise and soon broke through a certain critical point.

"Roar!"

The undead bone dragon expanded a few times and its aura surpassed the skeleton king's. Its body suddenly rushed up and bit the skeleton king's head, sucking its soul flame clean.

A terrifying might enveloped the vast territory.

The undead bone dragon raised its head and roared as if it was singing praises for a certain existence.

A faint smile appeared on the corner of Joelson's mouth. He had clearly sensed Hades's advancement.

Angus Dubin's final gift had made Hades the first dragon under his command to advance to the divine realm.

Joelson stood up and glanced at the Fallen Divine Kingdom that was already in decline. With a calm expression, he stepped out of this space.

From then on, there was no one in the entire central continent who could stand shoulder to shoulder with Joelson.

...

Ten years later.

In the back garden of the Inmotati Palace.

A streak of green and a streak of red. Two figures were engaged in an intense battle in midair.

The violent power caused this space to become extremely chaotic.

For a long time, there were scattered wind blades and splashing flame lava that slid down from the sky.

But when they landed within five meters of the ground, they all disappeared without a sound.

The roses and violets in the garden swayed. The fierce battle above their heads did not affect them at all.

Joelson sat in the courtyard and Isabelle sat beside him, watching him gently, pouring tea for him from time to time, dressed in a feminine way.

Elin came from behind the two of them. Her belly was bulging and her figure was slightly swollen.

"How many times have they competed?"

"I don't know how many times."

The relationship between Isabelle and Elin had eased up a lot. However, when her eyes swept past Elin's belly, she would occasionally reveal an envious look.

That was the bloodline of the Platinum Throne.

At this time, the duel in the sky was nearing its end. With a loud shout, the flames grew brighter, and a pale green figure fell from the sky.

Funina's face was filled with joy. She quickly landed in front of the communicator and could not wait to say, "Father, I won!"

Joelson took a sip of the black tea on the table. He did not look at her. Instead, he stretched out his hand and released an invisible force to float Teresa. He said calmly, "Teresa's performance is far more outstanding than yours."

Teresa's face turned red and she shook her head in shame.

"If her talent is half as strong as yours, you will definitely lose."

Funina pouted and said angrily, "No matter how many times I win, you will never praise me."

The grievance in her heart surged and her eyes slowly turned red.

Isabelle quickly walked up and patted Funina's shoulder. She comforted her in a low voice, "Because you are the daughter of the throne. You should be better than others."

Funina turned her face away, not looking at Joelson.

"It's always the same reason."

Just as Joelson was about to speak, his gaze suddenly fell on a certain place in space.

Ripples rippled in the void, and a silver-white figure walked out.

It was Archer.

"Joelson, the Heavenly Gate has opened."

Joelson's expression changed, and he subconsciously asked, "Is the Light Throne about to leave?"

"No."

Archer shook his head with a strange expression on his face. He said, "It's not the light, it's Holy Zither. She has ascended to the divine realm and is about to leave this plane."

Chapter 310: Farewell and Heading to a Higher Domain!

Holy Zither had advanced to the divine domain?

Joelson was slightly surprised but he quickly felt that it was very normal.

With the talent of Holy Zither's archangel reincarnation, it was still a bit slow for her to advance to the divine domain.

However, she had just advanced and she had left. This was somewhat out of Joelson's expectations.

"Let's go."

Joelson stood up, breaking through space and leaving with Archer.

At the edge of the Saint Realm, a huge crack appeared in the sky and endless golden holy light fell from it.

White feathers. Sweet holy music.

The Holy Zither stood in the sea of golden holy light, the six wings of light behind her completely unfurled.

She sensed Joelson's arrival, turned her head to look at him deeply and flew towards the crack in the sky.

A cold voice sounded in his ear.

"Joelson Edward, the next time we meet, you will die under my holy sword."

Joelson felt a thread of fate connecting him to the Holy Zither quiver slightly.

Something similar to an oath had been made, and the Holy Zither indeed had the intention to kill him.

Archangel.

Joelson's expression changed and his eyes were filled with killing intent. The annihilation spear appeared in his hand, and he stabbed at the back of the Holy Zither.

Unfortunately, he was a step too late. The sound of the Holy Zither had long disappeared into the sky.

Only the black void that was constantly shattering remained.

Joelson's eyes flickered. Since the Holy Zither had left the central continent, it was time for him to leave.

...

The runic land.

A ball of golden-red flames screamed as it fled in all directions. However, it was firmly imprisoned by an invisible force.

More than ten giant dragons surrounded it. Like a monarch, countless subjects in the runic land watched this scene with fervent and pious eyes.

Du Lu growled and stepped forward. He opened his huge mouth and swallowed the ball of golden flame.

It was like swallowing the sun.

The violent power spread out and intense flames ignited in the surroundings. The hot aura made the other giant dragons continuously retreat.

Seeing Du Lu's aura continue to rise, their eyes revealed an extremely envious expression.

"Roar!"

Du Lu's aura rose to its peak. With a wild roar, he broke through his shackles.

His body expanded once more and his body temperature seemed to be able to melt space itself. He hovered in the air like an active volcano that could erupt at any moment.

God-domain-level dragon.

Du Lu, on the other hand, was several times larger than the Silver Dragon King. This was the embodiment of his talent and potential.

"Father."

The dragon's roar echoed through the sky like thunder, dispersing the clouds.

Joy appeared in Joelson's eyes as he said softly, "Next, hunt for the steel dragon's food."

"Yes!"

Du Lu growled.

The steel dragon let out a joyful growl as it quickly dashed out. It had long since set its sights on an extremely high-grade runestone. However, it had never had the strength to collect it.

Now that Joelson and Du Lu were here, the opportunity for it to advance had arrived.

Joelson had stayed in the runic land for nearly three months.

Du Lu, the strongest Steel Dragon, and Lightning had all broken through to god's domain.

The other giant dragons had also received great improvements.

The weakest among them, Platinum, Blue Frost, and Azure Wind, had the strength of at least middle-stage saint rank.

This was an extremely terrifying power.

Of course, it was only limited to the middle continent and the runic lands.

If they went to the higher planes, the situation might not be the same.

Ever since the runic lands had become an experience dungeon for the dragons, the ranch space had become somewhat empty.

The tree branches that had been broken off from the tree of life had been planted in a single field by Joelson.

They had survived, sprouted, and even grew a few green leaves, but they no longer grew.

The Dark Demon Dragon still lay there for a long time. The holy light didn't like the desolation of runic lands. It slept in the space of the pasture every day, and when it woke up, it would find it fun to provoke the magic dragon.

Joelson looked at the pasture space that had been expanded a few times and considered whether or not to bring Leas and the others in.

He was about to leave the central continent and head to the higher planes. Perhaps he wouldn't return for a long time.

And this long period of time might be their entire life for Leas and the others.

In the end, Joelson gave up on this idea.

He didn't know what he would encounter in the higher planes.

If he left with them, everyone's lives would be on his shoulders. If he unfortunately died, they would also suffer a disaster.

If they were ordinary people, they would at least be able to live peacefully for a thousand years.

This was what Leas and the others needed and what he wanted to see.

...

In the Kingdom of Inmotati, all the women in Joelson's household appeared here.

Apart from Elin who was pregnant, Leas and Dayshannon were also pregnant with his child.

This was something that happened five years ago. Even now, her abdomen was still only slightly bulging.

Joelson guessed that his bloodline was too powerful. Just like the children of the gods in the ancient times, each birth took a long time to nurture.

"Edward, are you ready?"

Archer's figure appeared in front of Joelson. This time, he would leave with Joelson.

The two of them agreed to go to the higher plane of fate.

There was also the Flame Throne. He was not qualified to go to the higher plane. His destination was the main plane of fire.

The Light Throne would not leave. Since the crisis of Angus Dubin had been resolved, the Light Throne still needed to be the spokesperson of the heavenly realm to harvest faith for the God of Light.

Joelson nodded slightly and glanced at the women present.

Leas, Dayshannon, Darlene, Teresa, and Funina all had tears in their eyes. They were reluctant to part.

Joelson calmly retracted his gaze and crushed the magic crystal that Kalami had given him.

In just a few seconds, Kalami walked out of the void and looked at the few of them with a smile.

"Has the show of parting ended?"

Archer and the Flame Throne bowed to Kalami.

"Archer and I have decided to head to the higher plane of Fate."

Karami nodded and said with a smile, "A wise choice."

In the next moment, he stretched out his hand and tore open the void, and a yellowish sheepskin scroll appeared in his hand.

He opened it, and the entire sky was instantly enveloped in a strange radiance.

A bright yet unknown passage was opened.

Kalami stepped onto the passage and waved at the few of them. "Let's go. What are we waiting for?"

Archer and the Flame Throne were the first to walk up.

Joelson followed, and before he walked, he turned his head to look.

He saw many tear-stained faces, as well as Franklin, who had a complicated expression in the distance, and Oswede, who had experienced many vicissitudes of life.

He had been to the central continent, conquered it, and saved it.

Joelson retracted his gaze and took a deep breath. His gaze looked into the unknown distance through the passage of light.

Fate had arrived in the higher planes.

This time, he did not know if he could control his own fate.

But he was still determined.

Joelson walked in.

The passage in the sky slowly closed and his figure disappeared into the light.

In the end, everything returned to peace.

From then on.

The final piece of the middle continent's platinum epic poem sang, "The great wheel of time slowly moves forward, and the Platinum Throne, Joelson Edward, after leaving behind countless glorious legends in the middle continent, moves to a higher plane, waiting to open a new chapter of legends."

...

Chapter 311: The Attack of Misfortune. The Attack of a God

On the way to the other planes, the three of them followed Kalami.

Kalami was carrying out his duty as the guide of this plane. As he flew, he introduced the three of them to each other:

"Each plane is independent of each other. They are like countless bubbles in a swamp. They attract and repel each other. Every moment, countless bubbles will burst, and countless new bubbles will be born

"And the four higher planes are the four largest and toughest of these bubbles!"

Kalami continued, "To leave one bubble and go to another, you need to go through a continuous distance. Fortunately, you are lucky. This place is not very far from the four higher planes. With your current speed, it will only take you about twenty years to reach it."

Hearing Kalami's introduction...

Joelson couldn't help but frown. "Twenty years? Is that considered fast?"

"Of course!"

Kalami said, "You must know that without experts to carry them, some planes' divine domains or demigods wouldn't be able to reach any of the four higher planes even if they died."

The three of them nodded silently.

According to what Kalami had said, their current location was between two bubbles, in other words, within a swamp.

The sheepskin scroll which Kalami had taken out earlier was hovering above their heads.

It was like a protective barrier, protecting them as they advanced through the void for a long period of time. At the same time, it served as a guide.

Joelson raised his head to look. The four of them were like fireflies in the pitch-black night sky, slowly advancing forward.

God's domain experts did not need to rest or eat. They could maintain this state for a very long time.

The four of them had been moving forward at full speed for a few months. They had rested twice midway. They did not know how far they were from the central continent, nor did they know how far they were from the higher planes.

The pitch-black night sky was empty. The few of them were desolate and lonely. Even Joelson could not help but feel a hint of frustration in his heart.

Another two weeks passed.

Kalami suddenly stopped. His expression became extremely grave as he said in a low voice, "Wait!"

Everyone's expressions became grave as they looked around vigilantly.

Nothing happened.

But very quickly, a few spots of light appeared before their eyes.

They were like meteors as they quickly approached them. The light became brighter and brighter.

Kalami's expression changed drastically as he shouted in a low voice, "Go!"

However, this sentence seemed to be a little redundant. The terrifying pressure of a god quickly spread over, enveloping the entire void.

A burst of wild laughter rang in everyone's ears. "Hahaha! Kalami, I've waited for you for tens of thousands of years. You've finally come out from the lower planes!"

Along with this loud laughter, an extremely violent purple lightning shot over.

Kalami's eyes were cold, and his body was emitting a dense light green light.

The power of wind-type laws gathered and expanded, forming a huge eggshell that enveloped the four of them.

Boom!

The lightning heavily struck the light green barrier. The barrier trembled violently, causing ripples to appear. From being dense, it became dim but, at the same time, it also neutralized the purple lightning.

"Ferguson, it seems you've forgotten about the scars from tens of thousands of years ago."

Kalami took a few steps forward, blocking in front of Joelson and the others. His body emanated an extremely majestic aura.

Only now did Joelson truly sense how powerful Kalami was. The mid-stage demigod Angus Dubin probably wouldn't even be able to take a single blow from him.

"Hahaha!"

Two figures instantly appeared in front of them. One was tall, while the other was short.

The shorter one had rough features, and his two soybean-sized eyes were filled with hatred and savagery.

He stared fixedly at Kalami, then laughed savagely. "It's precisely because of the scar from tens of thousands of years ago that I've been waiting for you to appear, old friend!"

Kalami snorted and did not waste time talking to him.

The power of wind-type laws gathered into a huge wind blade that was over a hundred yards long and shot towards the two of them.

The man called Ferguson sneered and did not move. Instead, he took two steps back with a slightly respectful expression on his face.

The tall and thin man, who had been ignored by Kalami, stretched out a hand without any expression on his face and clenched it in Kalami's direction.

The terrifying, pale-green wind blade was crushed by an invisible giant hand, and that energy continued to surge towards Kalami.

Kalami's eyes suddenly opened wide, and he cried out in surprise, "A god?"

Joelson, Archer, and the Flame Throne all had looks of panic on their faces.

Kalami didn't even glance at the three of them. He subconsciously turned and fled, his entire body transforming into an afterimage that instantly appeared hundreds of miles away. Before he left, he even took the scroll above his head with him.

"Damn it."

Joelson cursed in a low voice. He was the second to react. He tore open the void and fled in another direction.

Only then did Archer and the Flame Throne come back to their senses and escape in succession.

The lanky man snorted. "Can you escape?"

His body disappeared in an instant. He caught up with Kalami in a few steps and terrifying sounds of battle could be heard from the other side.

Ferguson, who was left behind, revealed a ferocious smile. He waved a bolt of lightning in his hand and began to chase after the three of them.

As he was running away, Joelson looked back and found that the Flame Throne, which was the slowest, had been drowned by the lightning.

The last thing he saw was a charred corpse falling from the air and being torn into two halves by Ferguson while laughing loudly.

Joelson was shocked. The Flame Throne had fallen just like that?

Joelson looked at Ferguson from a distance. There was a sharp pain in his eyes. He felt that Ferguson's consciousness had locked onto him.

Archer practiced the space law. Although his reaction was a little slower than his, he had already escaped farther than him. It was reasonable that Ferguson had chosen to chase after him.

The thought quickly ran through Joelson's mind. His eyes suddenly turned gray and countless gray threads appeared in his field of vision.

The law of Fate!

Joelson fiercely pulled one of them.

"I will be the last target you choose to chase after."

The gears of fate were pulled.

Even Ferguson himself did not know why his thoughts suddenly changed. He turned around and chased after Archer.

Joelson let out a sigh of relief. A trace of guilt rose in his heart but it quickly disappeared.

In such a dangerous situation, his first goal was to protect himself.

The light laws were fully activated, leaving Ferguson and the others far behind. He could not even see their shadows.

The danger seemed to have passed but there was always a trace of unease in Joelson's heart. It was as if there was something extremely important that he had overlooked but he could not remember it at the moment.

He didn't know how far he had run in one breath but he slowed down his footsteps and looked around him. He planned to first enter the ranching space to hide for a period of time, then wait for ten or a hundred years before coming out.

Presumably, a demigod and a god wouldn't place too much energy on him.

Chapter 312: Landed in the Hunting Grounds

Just as Joelson was about to enter the space of the ranch, a spatial turbulence suddenly struck him.

The surrounding space was completely disrupted, preventing him from entering the space of the ranch.

Joelson frowned slightly. He then tried again from a slightly further location.

A strange thing happened.

Without any reason, another spatial turbulence suddenly appeared.

He had tried it four times in a row, and every time, the situation was the same. Even as a divine domain expert, Joelson could not help but feel a hint of fear in his heart.

When he tried to enter the space of the ranch for the fifth time, he was finally not affected in the slightest.

However, before he could even step into the space, a large purple hand that could not be seen suddenly descended.

Joelson's pupils suddenly contracted. He did not have time to react. He only felt an intense numbness spread throughout his entire body as if even his soul was paralyzed.

In his daze, he seemed to hear someone whispering beside him.

"The last kid can really run!"

"I almost let him escape!"

"Wait, don't kill him yet."

"Oh? What's wrong?"

"Sir's hunting ground is short of toys. Send him over. With the so-called geniuses from the lower planes joining us, it should be more interesting."

Following that, the world in front of Joelson fell into complete darkness.

...

After an unknown amount of time.

Joelson slowly opened his eyes and realized that he was lying in a dark cave.

He spread out his spiritual power and quickly checked the surroundings. It seemed that he was the only one around.

He carefully checked the condition of his body.

The interspatial ring on his hand was gone.

Fortunately, this ring had always been used by Joelson to confuse others. It only contained some gold coins and magic crystal coins. He kept the spear of annihilation and other truly precious things in the space of the ranch.

Other than the disappearance of the interspatial ring, there was no special condition on his body and he was not injured.

Joelson let out a sigh of relief. Then his face quickly darkened.

"I didn't expect that using the laws of fate would have such a side effect. It almost killed me!"

Previously, when Joelson was escaping, he had used the laws of fate to make the demigod Ferguson change his mind and give up on himself to chase after Archer, buying himself precious time.

But he hadn't expected that the frequent spatial turbulence that followed would make it impossible for him to hide within the space of the ranch. In the end, he had been captured.

"Forcibly controlling fate. Although I have the giant dragon of fate to bear most of the backlash for me, I will still be affected to a certain extent."

"It seems that after using the power of the laws of fate, I will encounter misfortune for a period of time. Just like the spatial turbulence from before. Logically speaking, I might not even encounter it once in a hundred times but I've encountered it four times in a row."

Joelson shook his head with a bitter smile. "It seems that the power of the laws of fate must be used with caution in the future. After all, bad luck is even more difficult to resist than a demigod."

"And the ranching space. It seems that in the future, I need to think of a way to strengthen it. It would be best if it could resist the spatial turbulence!"

The Dragon God's ranching space was an existence that Joelson truly relied on.

For example, the spatial turbulence from before, or someone who had reached the level of a deity, could already confine space and affect his ability to enter the ranching space. This was definitely not what Joelson wanted to see.

Joelson shook his head. It was useless to think about this now. He could only wait until he had the chance to talk about it in the future.

Joelson recalled the conversation between Ferguson and that god before he fainted before he slowly walked out of the cave.

Was this the hunting ground of some important figure?

He seemed to have been treated as a "toy" or something and was forced to join.

Joelson took a deep breath and stepped out of the cave.

The dark red sky was filled with clouds that looked like thick blood. The black and gold sun was hanging high in the sky and spinning slightly.

The ground under his feet was also dark red, as if it had been soaked in blood.

The air was filled with a faint smell of blood, giving people a very uncomfortable feeling.

Joelson took a few steps forward and a strange forest appeared in front of him.

The tree trunk and branches were all red, and there were no leaves. From afar, it looked like a distorted monster standing on the ground, filled with a strange aura.

The power of the air-type law quietly extended out. Joelson's expression changed slightly. He changed his decision to take a detour.

He calmly stepped into the forest.

Not long after he entered, the branches of the entire forest began to dance crazily, shooting towards Joelson.

"Hahaha, another idiot has come!"

Laughter rang out in the surroundings.

Two figures appeared above Joelson's head, looking at him with a face full of ridicule.

"This idea of mine isn't bad, right? Guard this bloodthirsty forest, and we can easily spend this month!"

One of the skinny men let out a sharp voice.

The other burly man snorted coldly and said, "We agreed in advance, one for each of us. This one belongs to me now."

"Of course!"

The skinny man laughed and took a few steps back.

The two of them did not move. Instead, they looked like they were watching a good show.

Countless spear-like red branches, like a school of sharks that had smelled the scent of blood, crazily gathered around Joelson.

The platinum power in Joelson's hand bloomed. He swung it out and the red branches that were swept by were broken.

"Huh?"

"This kid's strength is not bad!"

The two onlookers revealed a slightly surprised expression.

However, there were simply too many red branches. The fact that Joelson had cut off a piece of them made them even crazier, and even more branches attacked Joelson from all sides.

Joelson casually forced back two waves of attacks from the red branches. His brows furrowed slightly. The platinum power was transformed and purple flames rose up.

The red tree branches immediately shrank back when the blazing aura was released. They did not dare to go forward, as if they were very afraid of the flames.

Joelson reached out his hand and gently patted the ground. The purple flames around his body rolled down in all directions like waves.

"Ah—!"

The red tree branches that did not have time to dodge were entangled by the purple flames. They let out shrill screams like magical beasts.

In an instant, the forest turned into a sea of purple flames and the smell of burnt flesh permeated the entire area.

"How is this possible?"

"How can the power of fire-type laws be so powerful? How can the bloodthirsty forest be afraid of fire?"

The two onlookers were immediately terrified.

When they saw that Joelson's cold gaze was already cast at them, they immediately turned around and wanted to escape.

Joelson snorted coldly and his figure suddenly disappeared. In the next second, he appeared in front of the two of them.

"Kill him!"

The skinny man shouted loudly. With an ugly expression, he threw a large number of red ice blades at Joelson. The angle was tricky and difficult to block.

An ax appeared in the hands of the burly man and also chopped towards Joelson's head.

Joelson shook his wrist and the annihilation spear appeared in his hand. Then, he took a step forward lightly and thrust out the long spear in his hand!

Chapter 313: This is the Land of Slaughter!

The burly man widened his eyes, and the ax that was raised above his head froze in mid-air.

The spear in Joelson's hand spun, and the platinum power at the tip of the spear crushed the burly man's soul into pieces.

The ax fell to the ground and the burly man's body fell backward.

Joelson did not even look at him. He casually swept away a red ice blade that had already arrived in front of him and looked coldly at the remaining person.

The thin man's eyeballs were about to pop out when he saw that Joelson had finished off the strong man in one move.

Being swept by Joelson's gaze, he instantly felt as if he had fallen into an ice cave. Without any hesitation, he turned around and ran.

Joelson did not chase after him. The annihilation spear turned into a ray of black light and shot out, piercing through the thin man's back and nailing him to the ground.

There's a constant whine.

From the start of the battle to the end of the battle for Joelson, the whole process of time did not exceed five seconds.

Both of them had the strength of a divine domain expert but they were no match for the current Joelson. Killing them was as easy as killing a chicken.

Joelson left the thin man alive, but did not kill him directly, and was about to press him for information.

At this moment, a ball of blood-red light suddenly floated out of the body of the tall and strong man. It floated quietly in the air and gave off a brutal and evil aura.

"What is this?"

Joelson was stunned and frowned in confusion.

The skinny man immediately shouted, "Sir! Sir, you just entered the Land of Slaughter, right? I know, I know everything. I will tell you everything. I just hope that Sir won't kill me!"

Joelson was silent as he slowly walked forward.

After a period of time.

Joelson casually pulled out the annihilation spear from the skinny man's corpse.

He had already obtained everything he wanted to know.

"I didn't expect that I would actually come to the Destruction one of the four higher planes."

Joelson had a strange expression on his face.

According to what the skinny man said, the place he was currently at was called the Land of Slaughter. It was a special battlefield plane.

It was a "playground" or "arena" that belonged to a certain big shot.

This big shot was a king of the Plane of Destruction.

Existences with long lifespans that were close to eternity would always find something to do for fun during their long and boring time.

Weak ants would become these people's pastimes.

The Land of Slaughter was a battlefield where ants fought for their lives. It was similar to the arena in Ancient Rome but it was much larger and crueler.

When the burly man and the skinny man died, they each had a ball of blood-red light on their bodies.

This was the medal of the Land of Slaughter.

Here, it was also known as killing points.

The people who entered the Land of Slaughter only had one thing to do and that was to collect as many killing points as possible in exchange for a slim chance of survival.

Joelson tried to absorb the two balls of killing power into his body. Only then did he realize that a similar blood-red ball of light had appeared in his soul.

When the two balls of killing power merged, the ball of light became bigger and brighter.

Joelson released a wave of killing power and the blood-red light blade left a deep mark on the ground.

The power was not bad. It was even stronger than the power of a single-elemental law.

An unknown power suddenly appeared in his body, which made him feel uncomfortable.

He tried to expel the power of slaughter.

The law of destruction seemed to smell something delicious. It greedily pounced on him. In just an instant, the power of slaughter was reduced by half, and the law of destruction became a little stronger.

Joelson suddenly understood that this so-called power of slaughter was actually the use of the law of slaughter, similar to platinum power.

The big shot who created this arena planted the seeds of the law of slaughter into everyone's body. The killers killed each other and plundered each other, similarly nourishing the power of the law of slaughter.

According to the skinny man, the Land of Slaughter calculated once a month, and the black and gold sun in the sky was the watcher.

The 10,000 people with the least amount of killing power would be mercilessly killed and the 10 people with the highest amount would have the chance to leave the Land of Slaughter.

But no one knew if these final victors had finally walked out.

Joelson suddenly came to a realization. A chill rose from the bottom of his heart and spread throughout his entire body in an instant.

This process looked like breeding!

The slaughterers in the Land of Slaughter were like a group of pigs being kept in captivity. They snatched food from each other and when they were fat enough, they would be sent to the slaughterhouse one by one.

Joelson's expression was solemn.

Looking at the current situation, no matter what the slaughterers did, there were only two paths left in front of them.

Either the victor would be reaped or the eliminated one would be eliminated.

Or, he would be trapped in the Land of Slaughter forever.

When he tried to enter the space of the ranch, he was instantly relieved.

Fortunately, he could still enter the space of the ranch at will.

He still had a way out. As long as he wanted to, he could get out of this cage at any time.

Soon, his mind became active. He checked the divine crystal of the law of destruction in his body.

The law of slaughter was a branch of the law of destruction, one of the supreme laws. The power of slaughter was the best nourishment for the power of destruction.

Since he had comprehended the law of destruction, his progress on the path of destruction had been very slow. The current situation was a rare opportunity for him.

He could absolutely plunder the power of slaughter here until the law of destruction grew to a certain level before he considered leaving.

Thinking of this, Joelson controlled the law of destruction and let go of the remaining power of slaughter.

If the power of slaughter were to disappear completely, it might be considered as an eliminated person and be eliminated.

Joelson looked at the black-golden sun in the sky that was like a huge eyeball, his eyes flashing.

Then, let me play this game properly!

Joelson kept moving towards the direction of the black-golden sun.

The Land of Slaughter was very vast, several times bigger than the central continent.

But at a glance, all the places were barren.

The dark red gobi, the occasional rotten swamp, and the sparse vegetation were mostly like the bloodthirsty bushes he had encountered, hiding the killing intent.

After flying day and night for three days, Joelson finally met the second group of people he had met in the Land of Slaughter.

Two groups of people were confronting each other.

A dark-red fruit grew on the top of a small, twisted tree. The fruit exuded an extremely alluring aura.

Joelson watched from afar, his attention constantly focused on the dark-red fruit.

Even from such a distance, he could sense the dense aura of slaughter emanating from the fruit.

The two groups of people quickly began to fight.

Both sides were at divine domain rank. There was not much of a difference between them but one of them had faintly reached the peak of the divine realm.

The slaughter-type power of law he had grasped was simply overwhelming when used against weak people. Ordinary-type power of law had no effect on him. On the contrary, it was several times weaker.

Chapter 314: Fighting For the Fruits of Slaughter!

Very quickly, everyone on one side was completely slaughtered.

Several balls of slaughter power appeared on the battlefield.

The others all took a few steps back, respectfully allowing the peak experts of divine rank to absorb the slaughter power.

The peak experts of divine rank devoured the several balls of slaughter power, their faces revealing an extremely satisfied and carefree expression.

Something seemed to have occurred to Joelson.

This sort of predatory method of becoming stronger made it far too easy for one to lose themselves in the pleasure of being powerful.

Those who could quickly surpass everyone in the Land of Slaughter were probably not far from a slaughter machine that had no self-awareness and only knew how to destroy monsters.

As expected, after a peak-stage god-domain expert finished absorbing his opponent's slaughter power, he did not seem satisfied. His sinister gaze landed on his companion.

"Damn it, what are you trying to do?"

"Isn't it enough to give you the slaughter fruit?"

"Bastard!"

"Ah—!"

Angry curses and miserable screams rang out one after another.

The peak-stage divine realm expert paid a small price and slaughtered all his companions.

At this moment, the aura on his body had more than doubled compared to before. His aura surged, and he seemed to be on the verge of breaking through the divine realm and condensing a divine spark.

He laughed loudly as he grabbed the slaughter fruit on the small tree.

"As long as I eat this slaughter fruit, I'll be able to condense a slaughter divine personality. Who else in the Land of Slaughter can be my opponent? I'll become the victor! My legend will be passed down in the supreme plane! Hahaha!"

The peak expert of the divine domain laughed maniacally. Even his consciousness was completely chaotic.

However, before he could pluck the slaughter fruit...

Suddenly, a streak of blood-red light shot out from the strange small tree, easily piercing through his head.

Before the peak expert of divine rank could even let out a miserable scream, he fell to the ground, completely dead.

An extremely dense slaughter power emerged from his body.

The strange small tree was like a demonic beast. It devoured all of the slaughter power, leaving nothing behind. Then, as if it had eaten its fill, it comfortably stretched its branches and leaves.

The dark-red fruit on the top of the tree flashed with a few streaks of blood-red light. It became even more voluptuous and alluring as it continued to quietly wait for the arrival of the next batch of prey.

As he watched the entire process, Joelson's eyelids twitched.

He had long known that the Land of Slaughter was filled with danger. No animal or plant could be underestimated.

However, he had never thought that even a peak expert of divine rank would be killed by a small tree. It was truly too terrifying.

Joelson slowly walked out and slowly walked towards the strange small tree.

The strange small tree's leaves swayed gently, emitting a joyful sound. It intentionally shook the slaughter fruit at the top of the tree, as if it was trying to lure Joelson to pluck it.

Joelson stretched out his hand and directly grabbed towards the dark-red fruit.

The instant his right hand was about to touch the fruit...

The strange little tree suddenly burst out with surging blood-red light, wanting to wrap him up and swallow him whole.

Joelson's expression was calm as he coldly snorted.

A mysterious rune quietly appeared between his brows and shot out a flash of dark red lightning.

The power of destruction laws!

The little tree seemed to have suffered a heavy blow as it let out a shrill scream.

The entire tree curled up and continuously trembled as if it had seen its natural enemy. It was extremely terrified.

When Joelson plucked the dark-red fruit, the small tree let out a miserable howl. Immediately, it wilted, not daring to move an inch.

To the power of slaughter, the power of destruction was akin to a ruler compared to his subjects.

In front of the former, the latter did not have the slightest ability to resist. It could only be dealt with as it wished.

Although the power of destruction that Joelson possessed was still weak, it was more than enough to deal with a small tree of divine realm rank.

"I didn't expect you to take advantage of me."

A sinister voice rang out from behind him.

Joelson turned his head, only to see a slender, evil figure quietly appear in the air.

A man with long dark red hair and bloodshot eyes stood not too far away from him, staring intently at the fruit of slaughter in his hands.

"Kid, put down the fruit of slaughter in your hands. I can make your death a little more enjoyable."

A powerful aura that belonged to a demigod exploded out from the evil man's body, locking onto Joelson.

Joelson's face was calm and he didn't back down at all as he stared at the evil man.

Without leaving a trace, he put away the dark red fruit. This action seemed to have greatly stimulated the evil man.

"You dare?"

The evil man raised an eyebrow, and a wild, violent aura emanated from him.

He pulled out a slender blood-red longsword from his ribs. It was wrapped in a thick blood-red light, and his figure suddenly disappeared. In the next moment, he appeared in front of Joelson.

The slender blood-red longsword was like a venomous snake spitting out its tongue. It quickly stabbed dozens of times towards Joelson's head, forehead, throat, and so on.

The evil man had a relaxed look on his face as he prepared to collect Joelson's corpse.

With his demigod power, using the laws of slaughter to deal with a deity was more than enough to kill Joelson dozens of times.

But his eyes quickly widened and a look of disbelief appeared on his face.

"How is this possible?"

The dozens of blood-red sword-lights he had stabbed out suddenly felt as though they had sunk into an extremely deep swamp, unable to advance at all.

It was the power of a domain!

The evil man's expression was one of astonishment. It was merely the domain power of a deity. How could it be so powerful?

It couldn't even be broken by an attack at the demigod level!

This was simply too unbelievable!

Before he could recover from the shock of this scene, he saw a speck of blood-red light bloom in front of him, like a resplendent blood diamond.

In an instant, it shattered all of his attacks, and then it pierced straight towards his face.

"Inferior divine artifact?"

The evil man retreated quickly in a sorry state, hovering in mid-air. He stared at the annihilation spear in Joelson's hand, his expression extremely unsightly.

"It's even better than my longsword. My longsword is a mid-stage inferior divine artifact!"

The greed in the evil man's eyes grew even more intense. His blood-red tongue licked his lips as he slowly said, "I didn't expect that apart from the slaughter fruit, there would be an unexpected surprise. Such an inferior divine artifact would be too wasteful to fall into the hands of a small divine domain like yours. This should be a treasure that belongs to me!"

The evil man screamed as countless blood-red rays erupted from his body. They danced in the sky like giant pythons, appearing extremely strange.

His figure quickly disappeared and quickly reappeared.

Countless blood-red figures appeared. It was as if there were countless evil men attacking Joelson at the same time.

Joelson's expression was calm, and the spear of annihilation trembled slightly in his hand as if it was cheering for some kind of power to descend again.

A huge amount of spiritual power suddenly spread out, firmly locking onto one of the countless blood-red figures.

Joelson stepped forward, fiercely thrusting out with his spear!

The tip of the annihilation spear exploded with countless fine dark-red lightning bolts, and a destructive power spread out.

The pressure caused the space to emit the sound of shattering.

The spatial intensity of the Land of Slaughter far surpassed that of the central continent. Even so, the power of this spear still drew large black cracks in the void.

In the sky, countless evil men all had expressions of extreme shock.

Countless evil men made the posture of turning around to escape but the spear of annihilation had already pierced into the center of his brows, firmly pinning him in the void.

Chapter 315: The Day of Selection Had Arrived

The evil man's eyes widened and his expression was dull. His movements were also frozen on the spot.

Joelson swung his long spear. The tip of the annihilation spear contained a terrifying destructive power that crushed the evil man's soul into pieces.

Joelson calmly put away the annihilation spear and said indifferently under the evil man's rapidly dimming gaze.

"You are worthy?"

In the next moment, the evil man's body suddenly exploded, transforming into a blood mist that filled the sky. A turbid crystal that contained dark red blood energy fell into Joelson's hand.

The slaughter divine spark.

The strange little tree next to him lowered its trunk even more.

As though it had sensed the aura of the laws of destruction, it was so frightened that it began to tremble.

No one knew when it had begun but Joelson had become so relaxed and casual in killing a demigod.

He placed the slaughter divine spark in front of him, carefully examining it for a moment, then gently crushing it.

A dense aura of slaughter and a small clump of water-type laws appeared.

Clearly, before this evil man had entered the Land of Slaughter, he had trained in the power of the water-type laws. His power shouldn't have reached the level of a demigod.

His demigod divine spark was a mixture of the power of slaughter and the water-type laws. It was extremely turbid but it was slightly more powerful than ordinary demigods.

Joelson absorbed the two auras.

The power of the laws of water nourished his water divine spark, while the power of slaughter was absorbed by the blood-red ball of light within his body.

The ball of light instantly grew three times larger.

By the time Joelson devoured the fruit of slaughter, the ball of light was already beginning to crystallize.

Joelson was about to become a divine spark of slaughter.

Joelson tried to inject the power of slaughter into the annihilation spear, which immediately let out a sharp sound.

The spear was filled with a brutal and powerful force, and its destructive power was terrifying.

At this stage, the power of the law of slaughter almost surpassed the power of the fusion of metal and electric laws. It was about to become the third killing move in Joelson's hands.

The first and second were the law of destruction and the law of fate.

"This guy's slaughter power is so strong that he has already condensed a divinity, but he still wants to snatch the fruit of slaughter. It seems that there are more hidden experts in the Land of Slaughter than I thought. I wonder what kind of strength is in the top 100 of the slaughter power?"

"Moreover, since I can see the hidden problems behind the slaughter game, there must be others who can also sense it. If those people don't want to be harvested and want to have a certain degree of self-protection in the Land of Slaughter, what kind of methods will they use?"

Joelson's eyes flickered as he muttered to himself.

"This group of people should be the most terrifying existences in the Land of Slaughter."

Joelson took a deep breath, and his expression returned to normal. His body flashed, and he instantly disappeared into the distance.

...

In a desolate valley, a human figure flew out.

His body emanated a powerful deity-level aura but his face was filled with panic and fear. Even his flying posture seemed quite wretched.

"Damn it! How can a deity be so ridiculously powerful? Three demigods working together aren't even a match for him. Is this guy a monster?"

As he cursed, he continued to flee at high speed.

After thinking for a moment, he turned his head, feeling uneasy.

All he saw was a figure covered in a thick blood mist. His face couldn't be seen clearly as he rose from the gorge.

When he saw this figure, his pupils contracted violently. He quickly turned around and ran for his life.

However, very soon, a huge cold feeling rose in his heart. A thick aura of death surrounded him.

Whoosh!

A piercing sound rang in his ears.

"No!"

Before he could finish his words, this person had already fallen from the sky like a bird with broken wings.

A dark red spear pierced through the back of his head, killing all of his life force.

The figure wrapped in the blood mist caught up with him. With a wave of his hand, the spear and a blood-red divine spark flew back together.

A fair and slender hand reached out from the blood mist and crushed the divine spark.

Soon, the blood mist became thicker.

Then, the thick blood mist was absorbed by the figure inside like a vortex, leaving nothing behind.

The slender figure of Joelson was revealed in the blood fog.

Joelson's body was filled with brutal and cruel killing intent. His eyes were blood-red, as if he had walked out of hell.

"Phew!"

Joelson let out a long breath.

The blood-red color in his eyes faded bit by bit, and his aura gradually calmed down.

"The cruelty of the law of slaughter is too great an image of one's temperament. If not for the law of destruction absorbing the general power of slaughter, even I would have been lost in the endless slaughter."

Joelson sighed softly with slight trepidation in his heart.

Over the past half a month, he had been actively searching for the slayer.

He was like a cunning and calm hunter, hunting his prey in the Land of Slaughter.

He was an expert of the divine realm or an early-stage demigod at the mid-stage of the Dao.

The power of slaughter in his body had increased by many times compared to before, and he had already condensed a divine spark.

From a certain standpoint, the current Joelson could already be considered a god.

He was a slaughter-type demigod.

However, due to his special circumstances, he still appeared to be at the divine domain level.

This had instead become a very good disguise for Joelson. During this period of time, he had used this to hunt down quite a few unwary demigods.

Nourished by the power of slaughter, the divine spark of destruction had grown much larger.

It had grown from being the size of a sesame seed to the size of a soybean.

Its power had also increased by several times.

"Given the density of the power of slaughter in my body right now, I shouldn't be the last ten thousand eliminated from the entire Land of Slaughter, right? In addition, I've been very careful to control my divine spark of slaughter to the level of an early-stage demigod. There's no way I'll be in the top hundred."

Joelson said to himself.

Through mutual plunder and absorption of each other's slaughter power, the rate of improvement during the battle had increased. This rate of improvement was simply too fast. In just a short span of twenty days... it had allowed him to rise from a deity who had no foundation in the laws of slaughter to a demigod.

One could imagine how terrifying this rate of growth was.

The vast majority of people felt this. After experiencing the initial shock, disbelief, and ecstasy, they would go berserk and enter a battle. They would either die and become someone else's nourishment, or their strength would skyrocket, and they would completely lose themselves in the euphoria. In the end, they would inevitably be reaped.

As he thought about this, a throb suddenly rose in his heart.

He subconsciously raised his head and saw the black and golden sun hanging high in the sky suddenly shining brightly.

It spun quickly a few times, and then suddenly shot out exactly 10,000 rays of golden light.

Joelson suddenly widened his eyes and saw several rays of golden light shooting in his direction.

Chapter 316: The City Without a Master. A Way to Avoid the Selection Process

The golden light that was the closest to him landed on a hill ten miles away. A deity-domain-level expert who had been hiding here was blasted out by the golden light.

He screamed as he ran madly. Then, he gradually merged into a puddle of blood and disappeared.

Suddenly, Joelson came to a realization.

The once-a-month selection process began.

The black-golden sun identified the eliminated ones and the winners according to the intensity of the killing power.

After 10,000 rays of golden light, another 100 pillars of light fell from the sky.

From afar, Joelson saw a figure flying up from each pillar of light.

Some were ecstatic, some were laughing, some were silent, and some were struggling desperately.

This process lasted for several hours before everything returned to normal as if nothing had happened.

Every month, the vast Land of Slaughter lost 10,000 people. It was like a ladle of water being scooped out of a pond. There was no effect at all.

Moreover, more people would be thrown in next, so that this killing game could continue.

Looking at the black-golden sun, Joelson took a deep breath, and his eyes became firm.

If he kept relying on his own speculation to control the killing power in his body, accidents would inevitably happen.

He had to find the place where the killers gathered and gather more information for himself to analyze.

Joelson continued to move in the direction of the black-golden sun.

...

"This is the place?"

Joelson stared into the distance. He could vaguely make out the outline of a towering city.

This city was enormous. Even though it was so far away, he still couldn't see the two sides clearly.

"Yes, milord."

A demigod respectfully stood next to Joelson, replying.

A demigod was so respectful to a deity. If anyone saw this, they would definitely be so shocked that they wouldn't be able to close their mouths.

This person had previously thought so as well. For this, he had to pay the price of an arm.

The deity next to him was so powerful that it was beyond his comprehension. Be it the strength of his domain or the power of the laws of slaughter, they were all abnormally powerful.

He only needed to use one move to crush himself into dust.

Thinking about the miserable fate of his companion, this demigod couldn't help but swallow a mouthful of saliva.

There was no chance of resistance at all!

No one would believe him even if he told them.

"This is the ownerless city you speak of?"

Joelson asked calmly.

The demigod hurriedly nodded and replied, "Yes, milord. The ownerless city is where most of the killers gather. There are ascetics and hedonists, and almost all of the most powerful experts of the Land of Slaughter reside here."

"Most powerful experts?"

Joelson frowned slightly. "Shouldn't the most powerful experts have long ago been teleported out as victors? How could they possibly remain in the Land of Slaughter? How could the Land of Slaughter possibly give birth to the most powerful experts?"

The demigod laughed, then explained, "Milord, you don't know, but the criteria for selecting victors and eliminators is the amount of power of slaughter. However, not everyone who enters the Land of Slaughter wants to train in the laws of slaughter."

"Most of the most powerful experts are extremely powerful in other types of laws or they use special methods to lower their own power of the laws of slaughter to a level below the top 100."

"Special methods."

Joelson narrowed his eyes slightly.

"Yes."

The demigod lowered his voice and said, "Many people will intentionally place a large portion of the power of the laws of slaughter within their bodies into other things, such as the fruits of slaughter or the crystals of the laws. Only after the selection is over will they be able to absorb them back."

"Although doing so will cause them to lose a portion of their power, it is the best way to avoid the selection."

"Their power will fluctuate within a month and the day of the selection is when many experts are at their weakest within a month."

As though he had thought of something, Joelson let out a cold snort. "You know quite a bit."

The demigod laughed. "After all, as far as I know, the Land of Slaughter has lasted for at least tens of thousands of years. Many people know the rules of this place. Everyone wants to leave, but they definitely don't want to leave as a victor!"

The demigod secretly glanced at the black-gold sun in the sky, then said in a low voice, "Supposedly, the most powerful experts are all accumulating power, preparing to one day break through the shackles and leave this place. No one wants to be a prisoner for the rest of their lives!"

Joelson was silent, then asked once more, "What level of power do the most powerful experts have?"

"Peak demigods." The demigod said.

"Are there any gods?"

"There were once."

The demigod recalled, "However, he was quickly selected as the victor. That person once caused an enormous sensation in the Land of Slaughter. He massacred nearly 30% of the people in the Land of Slaughter and the blood fog covered the sun. In just two short months, he rose from the early stage of the demigod level to become a god. He can be considered a legend!"

Joelson subconsciously asked, "What's his name?"

The demigod thought for a moment, then said seriously, "It seems to be called... Barnard!"

And then, the two of them walked into the ownerless city.

Just like the name of this city, this was a city that had no master or rules.

The ownerless city was like a pile of countless irregular stones. It gave off an extremely chaotic and disorderly impression.

As Joelson walked into this enormous city, the bumpy streets were filled with rubble and thick black objects. Those were solidified blood and, occasionally, one could see rotting bones and rotting corpses.

"Die!"

Two figures shouted as they charged past Joelson, accompanied by savage screams and agonized screams.

Joelson saw a deity-level expert being torn apart in the street by a demigod. His dismembered limbs and internal organs splattered everywhere.

Seeing this, no one stopped him. The surrounding spectators all laughed loudly as they watched. They took a deep breath of the blood mist that filled the air, a look of greed and enjoyment on their faces.

Every single moment, a battle would erupt. Perhaps it was just because of a single glance or a tiny movement but it was enough to cause conflict and slaughter.

Joelson frowned. The ownerless city was filled with a tyrannical, twisted, and abnormal will, causing him to feel a wave of discomfort.

"There are no so-called rules here. Power is everything. Given your power, milord, you will definitely be able to live a very comfortable life in the ownerless city. Perhaps you will become one of the most powerful."

The demigod leading the way for Joelson had a flattering smile on his face but a strange look was hidden in his eyes.

Joelson gave him a cold glance but didn't do anything.

All of a sudden, he flew up into the air, then turned to face Joelson.

Pretending to be fierce, he shouted, "Kid, you stole my fruit of slaughter and now you want to run away? You're courting death!"

Chapter 317: The Trap That Attracted Everyone

The demigod used all of his strength to shout loudly, causing many people in the city to look in his direction.

In an instant.

Joelson could sense dozens of consciousnesses landing on his body, and everyone's eyes were filled with greed and savagery.

The excitement of the fruit of slaughter, coupled with the fact that Joelson had only displayed the power of a deity, caused greed to arise in the hearts of dozens of people. A few of them directly attacked, charging towards Joelson.

A few powerful streams of law energy blasted towards Joelson.

Joelson's expression was ice-cold. He saw that the demigod who had previously been as respectful and humble as a sheep in front of him was now staring at him with his arms crossed. His expression was disdainful, as though he was silently mocking him.

It was as though he was saying, "Do you see this? This is a city without a master!"

Joelson let out a cold snort. His eyes shot out a sharp gaze, piercing through the eyes of the demigod.

When the demigod saw Joelson's gaze, for some unknown reason, he felt a wave of terror rise in his heart. It was as though some unknown danger was about to descend upon him, as though he was about to die.

Impossible!

The demigod's face was unsightly and he forcibly tossed this thought out of his mind.

Although this fellow was abnormally strong, he had just arrived in the ownerless city and his little tricks were more than enough to overwhelm him. There was no way he would have the time to take revenge on him.

As he was thinking, the demigod's eyes suddenly turned dull. His expression froze on his face and his gaze quickly dimmed.

Within his body, the slaughter divine spark that was wrapped in blood-red light was covered with cracks. Streaks of dark red lightning shot out from within, completely exterminating his life force.

The demigod fell from mid-air, and the final image flashed through his mind. This was the first time he had encountered Joelson and he had been viciously struck in the chest. A trace of destructive power had long since been planted within his body.

No one noticed that the demigod had died quietly. Everyone's gaze was fixed on Joelson, who had been surrounded and attacked by several demigods.

This unlucky deity had been surrounded and attacked by so many demigods at the same time. How miserable would his death be?

Everyone's gaze was filled with anticipation. They were just about to watch a bloody performance.

But in the next moment, their gazes were all stunned.

They saw that while being surrounded by several people, Joelson's body suddenly flashed and he took a step in a certain direction.

In an instant, he arrived next to one of the demigods. The latter was startled by the sudden appearance of Joelson. He didn't even have the time to react.

Joelson had already clenched a single hand into a fist, smashing it viciously against the demigod's chest.

The powerful demigod body and the law barrier that covered it weren't able to defend at all. It was so weak that it was like a piece of paper.

Immediately afterward, the surrounding spectators saw a scene that terrified them.

Joelson's right hand once more pulled out from the demigod's body. Apart from bringing out a large amount of blood and internal organs, there was also a blood-red crystal that was still quietly lying in his hand.

Divine spark!

This puny deity-level had actually dug out the divine spark of a demigod with a single strike?

Everyone's eyes widened, their faces filled with disbelief.

The demigod who had his divine spark dug out stood there in a daze. He looked down at the large hole in his chest, his eyes still filled with shock and disbelief. Then, he collapsed weakly to the ground.

Without any expression on his face, Joelson turned around. As he casually crushed and devoured the divine spark, he looked coldly at everyone.

His body emanated a powerful, tyrannical aura.

Those who were swept by his gaze couldn't help but tremble, subconsciously taking a few steps back.

Previously, the demigods who had surrounded him had all retreated at high speed, their faces filled with fear as they guarded against Joelson.

This deity was simply too strange. For the sake of a single fruit of slaughter, there was no need to cause so much trouble.

Joelson had become a hedgehog in the eyes of everyone. Everyone put some distance between them, not daring to casually approach him.

After absorbing the two demigod divine sparks, the power of slaughter in Joelson's body had increased by quite a bit. He had already vaguely reached the level of a mid-stage demigod.

Joelson controlled the laws of destruction to coil around him, causing the power of the slaughter divine spark to rapidly drain away. In an instant, it was reduced by half and then it fell back to the early stage of the demigod level.

As for the divine spark of destruction, it had once more grown stronger.

Right now, Joelson was using the spear of annihilation to unleash the full power of the laws of destruction. He was completely capable of fighting against a late-stage demigod.

Rumble!

A massive explosion rang out in the distance.

Joelson turned his head to look. He saw that near the center of the ownerless city, terrifying spatial tremors were constantly coming from it.

Two terrifying auras were clashing against each other and the energy they emitted rippled out.

The scene instantly became lively. Joelson heard someone shouting loudly, "The Blood-Red Glacier is fighting with the Killer!"

"Two experts close to the strongest are fighting. This kind of liveliness isn't something that can be seen every day."

"Hahaha, these two damned fellows better die together!"

"Let's go over and take a look!"

Everyone rushed towards the direction where the battle had erupted. Joelson's gaze revealed curiosity as he followed the crowd in that direction.

"Scram!"

A man covered in deep wounds, with blood flowing out of his body, ran back in the direction of the crowd in a sorry state. He wildly shouted, "You bunch of idiots. If you aren't afraid of death, then go watch the battle."

Joelson saw a thick look of fear in his eyes.

In just a few seconds, this man, who had been badly injured, had been killed by the combined efforts of a few malicious demigods. The power of slaughter had been divided up.

This was a scene that often occurred in the Land of Slaughter.

The man's warning didn't affect anyone. The crowd continued to move in that direction.

Just as they were about to approach, a hint of fear suddenly flashed through Joelson's heart, and he subconsciously retreated quickly.

Immediately afterward, he saw countless blood-red wind blades suddenly appear in the void in front of him. Dozens of divine domains and demigods who were walking at the very front were instantly cut into countless bloody mist.

The dozens of divine sparks were taken away by two different forces.

Within the bloody mist, loud laughter rang out.

"Hahaha, Rupert, I've said it long ago. This is the best method. If we don't cause a bit of a ruckus, these damnable fellows won't obediently gather together like pigs and send themselves to their deaths!"

Two figures walked out from within the bloody mist.

The person who spoke had two deep scars on his face. One of them pierced through his eyes, causing him to be quite fierce.

The other person was thin and cold. His handsome face was like a frozen glacier, and his eyes were blood-red, while his hair and eyebrows were ice-blue.

They were the two people whom everyone had called 'Killer' and 'Blood-Red Glacier.'

The two of them worked together to create an illusion of battle, then worked together to kill at least thirty demigods.

Their cruel methods caused everyone to feel fear.

The people who had originally wanted to watch the show immediately fled at an even faster speed than when they had arrived.

"These two bastards have turned us into pigs who had been replenishing our power of slaughter!"

"The Selection Day has just passed, and they are already engaged in such a brutal slaughter. Aren't they afraid that the most powerful expert will come out and suppress them?"

"The most powerful expert is even more terrifying than them..."

Chapter 318: God-Slaying in the Divine Realm. Was This True?

The spectators fled in all directions but, to their horror, they discovered that the void had long ago been sealed by their domain energy. Ordinary demigod experts wouldn't be able to break through at all.

The Killing Fiend and the Blood-Red Glacier's bodies emitted a thick, blood-red light that connected together, forming an enormous barrier of light that enveloped everyone below.

The people who were escaping quickly looked relieved, while those who were covered by the light barrier looked desperate. They had really become pigs waiting to be slaughtered in a cage.

Joelson's face was slightly gloomy. He was also in the light barrier.

He had never thought that even in a place like the masterless city, where the killers gathered, there would be people who would carry out such a large-scale massacre.

There was really no order to speak of.

"Damn it, let's fight it out with them!"

The people trapped in the light barrier tried many times to break through but, in the end, they failed.

Someone could not help but let out an angry roar and charged towards the two people in the sky.

With one person taking the lead, the other people's ferocity was also aroused, and they all followed and attacked the two people.

The muscular man with the scar on his face looked at the group of people who were shooting towards him like locusts. A savage smile appeared on his face, and he said viciously, "A group of idiots who are seeking death!"

As he spoke, a giant black blade appeared in his hand. The dense, almost corporeal power of slaughter condensed on the giant blade, chopping down viciously.

A blood-red light flashed, leaving behind a shallow scar in the air.

Seven or eight demigod experts maintained their upward stance. Their bodies were split into two from their chests, and like unconscious wood, they fell to the ground.

This person had at least the power of a late-stage demigod!

At this moment, another handsome man erupted with attacks as well.

Countless blood-red ice blades suddenly appeared in the air around him, swirling and dancing in the air. They poured down like an avalanche.

The dozen or so demigods who had charged at him, including a mid-stage demigod, instantly transformed into a bloody mist that filled the skies, all of them dead.

"The fusion power of the ice-type laws and the slaughter-type laws."

Joelson's pupils constricted slightly. This person was even more terrifying than the scarred muscular man from before.

He had actually managed to fuse two types of laws. His lethality was more than double that of an ordinary late-stage demigod!

Despair and terror quickly spread through the remaining people.

They were too powerful!

At the deity level, the difference between each stage was enormous, not to mention that both of them were geniuses who had extremely high attainments in the laws.

The Killing Fiend specialized in the laws of slaughter, while the Blood-Red Glacier was a fusion of the ice-type laws and the laws of slaughter. Both of them were extremely terrifying, with power comparable to that of the most powerful experts.

The spectators outside the blood-red barrier couldn't help but feel terrified when they saw these people who were destined to become the tonic for the most powerful experts.

The Killing Fiend took a step forward with a giant blade in his hand, appearing as though he was about to enjoy a delicious meal.

The giant black blade swept out with blood-red light, slashing down with great force.

The blood-red light enveloped a small half of the people within, waiting for the blood-red light to dissipate.

Corpses were strewn all over the ground and dozens of divine sparks were quietly floating in the air.

In the eyes of the Killing Fiend, an early demigod was indeed no different from an ant.

The dozens of divine sparks flew towards the Killing Fiend. As he put away his giant blade, he said, "Rupert, the rest is all yours, eh?"

Halfway through his words, the Killing Fiend suddenly froze.

The giant black blade which the Killing Fiend was carrying on his shoulder slowly rose up. His eyes narrowed, and he stared at a certain tall figure below him. "What a surprise."

The others were stunned as well. The killer's blade had instantly killed dozens of demigods but there was one who was still alive.

Seeing clearly how powerful that person was, everyone's eyes instantly went wide.

The deity domain?

How could this be?

It was a handsome young man dressed in a long robe, holding a long black spear in his hands. A dark red, plasma-like light swirled around the spear, and his aura was extremely powerful.

"A peak inferior divine weapon?"

The Killing Fiend's eyes revealed a fiery and greedy gaze. He quickly said, "Rupert, it seems like my luck is better than yours."

As he spoke, his figure became illusory and slowly disappeared.

His true body couldn't wait to appear below the stage. He charged towards Joelson.

"Die!"

The Killing Fiend's face was ferocious. The huge black blade was surrounded by a blood-red light as he ruthlessly slashed towards the two of them.

Joelson looked at him calmly until the giant blade was about to hit him.

He moved.

The dark-red divine spark at the top of the spirit tree trembled slightly. The power of destruction surged into the body of the spear crazily. All the light on the body of the spear gathered towards the tip of the spear. A streak of dark-red lightning shot out, exuding an extremely terrifying power.

The long spear changed into a pitch-black trajectory in the air and darted out like a poisonous snake.

The blood-red light wrapped around the huge black blade shattered when it came into contact with the tip of the spear.

"What?"

The killer opened his eyes wide and stopped abruptly. He turned from charging forward to retreating.

Crack!

The huge black blade suddenly shattered, leaving only the hilt of the blade still held in the killer's hand. Moreover, the power of the long spear did not decrease and was still rapidly approaching.

The killer was extremely terrified, and his entire body seemed to have turned into a streak of blood-red light.

The long black spear followed closely, firmly locking onto the space between his brows.

"No!"

The dark red spear tip pierced through the back of the Killing Fiend's head, coming out from the space between his brows.

It nailed him firmly in the air.

The Killing Fiend's face was still frozen in shock, and his gaze quickly dimmed.

The tip of the spear shook and his body was torn apart like a ragdoll by a terrifying force.

A blood-red divine spark appeared, which was caught by a fair, slender hand.

Joelson glanced at the slaughter divine spark in his hand.

The power of slaughter within this divine spark was the purest he had ever seen. As expected of a late-stage demigod expert who specialized in the laws of slaughter.

After casually devouring the divine spark, the slaughter divine spark within Joelson's body suddenly grew several times in size. His aura rose to the mid-stage demigod level. He could break through to the late-stage at any time.

Everyone was stunned when they saw this reversal of the situation.

From the moment the Killing Fiend attacked to when Joelson counterattacked, and finally, when the Killing Fiend died, the divine spark was snatched away by Joelson.

The entire process didn't take more than five seconds.

In other words, Joelson had only used less than five seconds to kill the Killing Fiend.

A late-stage demigod, a killer who was comparable to the most powerful expert and could kill dozens of early-stage demigod experts with a single slash.

He had actually been killed by a deity?

And from the beginning to the end, this deity had only used one move?

The Killing Fiend had actually been completely wiped out without even being able to escape!

Had this really happened?

The spectating demigods were all stunned on the spot, their minds completely blank. They didn't dare to believe what they were seeing, feeling as though everything before their eyes was an illusion.

It wasn't real at all.

In fact, some people were even thinking to themselves.

Could this be a dream?

Chapter 319: Self-Detonation of a Divine Spark

It wasn't just ordinary demigods. Even the Blood-Red Glacier was stunned.

With the death of the Killing Fiend, more than half of the blood-red light enveloping this entire space collapsed. The trapped demigods finally recovered from the shock brought to them by Joelson, quickly fleeing from this space.

Joelson put away all of the divine sparks left behind by the people that the Killing Fiend had killed, then turned his gaze towards the Blood-Red Glacier.

The Blood-Red Glacier immediately retreated at high speed, putting some distance between himself and Joelson as he stared at him from afar. His face was extremely ugly and his eyes were filled with dread.

Clearly, Joelson's attack just now had been too shocking and he didn't want to continue fighting with Joelson.

But Joelson didn't want to let him off just like that.

The divine spark of the Killing Fiend had brought him more than ten ordinary demigods. The power of the Blood-Red Glacier was about the same as that of the Killing Fiend and this caused Joelson to be extremely moved.

With a light step, Joelson traversed through the void and, in the next second, he arrived in front of the Blood-Red Glacier.

The Blood-Red Glacier had an ugly look on his face. He instantly retreated once more and countless blood-red ice blades quickly appeared around him, swirling and flying towards Joelson.

Earlier, he had used this technique to instantly kill dozens of demigod experts.

The cold, freezing power of the ice-type laws, combined with the brutal power of the slaughter laws, increased the destructive power by an unknown amount. It was as though even the surrounding space was about to be shattered by these blood-red ice blades.

Joelson waved the annihilation spear in his hand, creating an illusory image. The tip of the spear accurately landed on every single blood-red ice blade that shot towards him.

They either bounced off or shattered.

Just like that, Joelson closed in on Rupert step by step.

Rupert's face became increasingly gloomy as he burst out with all his strength. The blood-red ice blades formed a small blood-red tornado that rushed toward Joelson.

Joelson's expression was calm.

Countless spear phantoms gathered into one and suddenly stabbed out.

Bang!

The tip of the spear collided with the tornado and a loud sound exploded.

The terrifying energy shook the void, creating countless tiny cracks, forming a violent airflow that blew the spectators back.

Rupert did not have the time to let out a sigh of relief when he saw a dark red spot suddenly appear in the broken tornado, and fine dark red lightning twined around it.

The dark red lightning seemed to have a terrifying power that could destroy everything. Just looking at it made Rupert feel a chill in his heart and a piercing pain between his brows.

"The law of destruction?"

Rupert looked terrified. He quickly retreated while waving his hands, forming a huge blood-colored ice layer in front of him.

Crack!

The black spear pierced through the blood-colored ice layer as if it was piercing through pieces of paper. There was no obstruction at all.

Rupert felt a strong sense of deadly crisis.

If he was hit by this attack...

He would die!

He would be like the Killing Fiend!

Joelson's face appeared behind the black spear. His eyes were as cold as a ten-thousand-year-old glacier. Nothing could make him move.

His killing intent spread.

Rupert's eyes struggled. Finally, a hint of determination flashed in his eyes. He seemed to have made a decision.

A ball of blood-red light gathered in front of his chest. A blood-red crystal drilled out of his body and quickly met the spear tip.

Rupert looked at Joelson, took a deep breath, and shouted, "Explode!"

A thick blood-red light exploded from the crystal.

There was finally a fluctuation in Joelson's eyes and a strong sense of danger rose from the bottom of his heart.

The slaughter divinity in his body rapidly decreased and was absorbed by the law of destruction.

More destructive power gushed out but this time it was not an attack but a defense.

The destructive power quickly spread throughout Joelson's body, forming a thin, almost imperceptible light membrane.

As soon as the light membrane was formed, a terrifying power completely erupted.

Boom!

The void shook violently for a while, breaking through the massive black hole and quickly healing.

Self-destruct divinity!

Rupert had actually self-destructed his slaughter divinity!

The power of the divine spark's self-destruct had not even reached the bottom. The two unlucky divine domains did not even have time to scream before they were completely annihilated.

Meanwhile, Rupert had long since escaped while Joelson was defending.

Joelson walked out of the center of the explosion with a calm expression. The terrifying explosive power that was enough to destroy the void could not even leave a trace on his body.

The law of destruction was the source of the law of slaughter, so even if the divine spark self-detonated, it wouldn't have much of an impact on Joelson.

Joelson's eyes flickered. He had never thought that Rupert would actually make the decision to self-detonate the divine spark.

Self-detonating a divine spark was something only someone with multiple divine sparks like him could do.

Generally speaking, even if a demigod's self-detonating divine spark didn't die, its strength would drop to the domain-level. Moreover, it would be very difficult to condense a new divine spark, unless one comprehended the power of other laws from the beginning.

This was probably because this was a place of slaughter. One could quickly condense a divine spark of slaughter by plundering the power of slaughter from others. Thus, even if one self-detonated their divine spark, they would be able to quickly condense it again.

Joelson quietly stood in the air, his body emanating a terrifying power of the law of destruction. However, he didn't know that he had already deeply shocked the onlookers.

In such a short time, he had killed the Killing Fiend, forcing the Blood-Red Glacier to self-detonate his divinity before he could escape in a sorry state.

Joelson was too powerful!

"The strongest!"

Someone shouted, "Only the strongest can do this!"

"It's not certain yet. It's too early to say. Let's see if he can stay after the next screening day."

Everyone started discussing. They looked at Joelson in shock and awe. Soon, they turned into fear. They quickly fled from Joelson, afraid that he would casually stab them to death.

In the Land of Slaughter, life was the least precious. If you were accidentally killed, no one would take revenge for you.

You could only be cautious.

Joelson flew down from the sky. Because of the outbreak of the battle, no one dared to stay here anymore.

He believed that no one would dare to come near him for a long time in the future, so he simply found a building in a corner and returned to the space of the ranch.

Ever since he entered the Land of Slaughter, Joelson had never come back to see it.

This time, however, he had a few surprises waiting for him.

Holy had also advanced to the divine domain.

This plump dragon, which was almost as fat as a ball, would only sleep and provoke the Dark Demon Dragon every day. It had actually grown much faster than the dragons that had been devouring runes in the runic lands. It had advanced to divine rank before them.

After thinking about it, Joelson guessed that it might have devoured too many light elements in the light space of the Fallen Divine Kingdom, as well as the golden light barrier of the Holy Zither.

This energy had accumulated in its body and had not been digested. Now, it had become the best nourishment for it.

After Holy's ascension to the divine realm, its slightly thinner body size was also very good evidence of this.

After the little fellow had ascended, it was already very fat, and its body size had not changed much.

It still liked to provoke the Dark Demon Dragon and, every time, it would be flicked away by the Dark Demon Dragon's finger.

Chapter 320: Divine Spark Fruit Tree

Another pleasant surprise was the changes to the farm.

After Du Lu and a few other dragons advanced to the divine domain, the farm unlocked a new crop.

Divine spark fruit tree.

After learning the laws of destruction, Joelson's strength had skyrocketed, and most of the enemies he faced were at the demigod level.

The dragons were becoming less and less helpful to Joelson.

The appearance of new crops made him extremely excited. The dragons were growing at an even faster rate, which was why his trump card had become so powerful again.

It must be known that he had been able to progress step by step from an ordinary low-level mage to where he was today thanks to the terrifying dragons like Du Lu!

He tried planting a divine spark fruit tree.

The divine spark fruit tree's branches were thick and sturdy, covered with dense patterns that looked like dragon scales. The branches were like dragon horns, without any leaves or fruits.

"Host, you can bury the divine sparks of various elements under the divine spark fruit tree."

The ranching spatial system, which had not spoken for a long time, suddenly spoke up.

Joelson did not know what this could do but, under the system's instructions, he buried many of the lower divine sparks he had obtained previously into the soil under the divine spark fruit tree.

A moment later, the divine spark fruit tree underwent a miraculous transformation.

The lower divine sparks buried in the soil shrank and disappeared one by one as if they had been absorbed by the divine spark fruit tree.

Then, on the branches of the divine spark fruit tree, fruits the size of a human head grew rapidly at a perceptible speed.

There were various colors and the number of fruits was more than half of the number of divine sparks that Joelson had buried.

Joelson casually picked a fiery-red fruit, which contained extremely dense and pure fire-type power of laws, as well as the scent of divine sparks.

"Roar!"

As if it had smelled the divine spark fruit, Du Lu moved its big head closer.

With its current size, just its head was like a small mountain, and its aura was terrifying.

Joelson threw the fruit towards Du Lu, and the divine spark fruit, which was the size of a human head, bounced twice in its black hole-like throat and was swallowed.

The divine spark fruit could not even seal the gaps between Du Lu's teeth. However, its effect was exceptionally remarkable.

As soon as Du Lu ate the divine spark fruit, a large amount of flames spurted out of its body. A flame maxim coiled around its body like a chain.

Just one divine spark fruit had increased its strength by around 20%. It had taken another big step forward in the god domain realm.

If others were to see this sort of growth rate, they would probably be scared to death.

Even Joelson was extremely shocked. If every divine spark fruit had such a powerful effect, Du Lu might be able to become a demigod after eating seven or eight of them.

However, when he thought about how each divine spark fruit represented the essence of a demigod's divine spark, Joelson didn't find it strange.

Ten demigod divine sparks to become a giant divine dragon wasn't too much.

Joelson plucked all of the fire-type divine spark fruits for Du Lu to eat.

The surging flames on Du Lu's body were like a tsunami, surging forth in waves. Their power was comparable to that of dozens of active volcanoes erupting at the same time.

"Father."

Du Lu's eyes were also burning with intense flames. His enormous body was hovering in the air, and he growled, "I long for battle!"

It had been a long time since Du Lu had met a decent opponent.

"There will be one soon."

Joelson fed the remaining metal and electric fruits to the steel dragon and Lightning respectively. The strength of these two dragons also soared.

After advancing to divine rank, the three dragons were like Curtis. They could communicate with Joelson in human language. However, they had a blood connection with Joelson. Even without speaking, they could understand each other's meaning. Therefore, most of the time... the dragons were still used to using dragon roars to express their feelings.

Of course, except for Curtis.

Curtis had absorbed the Prophet's vast knowledge. He was like a human with the body of a dragon.

The most abundant fruit on the divine spark tree was the blood-red divine spark fruit of slaughter.

Joelson tried to absorb a divine spark fruit of slaughter. Fortunately, he could also absorb the energy in the fruit. Otherwise, he did not have a giant dragon of slaughter. He really did not know how to deal with these fruits.

Streams of pure slaughter energy surged into Joelson's body, rapidly strengthening his slaughter-type divine spark.

After being purified by the divine spark fruit tree, this slaughter energy was extremely pure. There were no negative emotions mixed within. No matter how much Joelson absorbed, there was no danger of him losing his mind and falling into madness.

One fruit after another, Joelson absorbed the fruits. The divine spark of slaughter grew stronger and stronger, and the aura of his body grew stronger and stronger.

Soon, he surpassed the middle stage of the demigod realm, advancing towards the late stage of the demigod realm.

When Joelson had finished absorbing all of the power of slaughter, he slowly opened his eyes.

A blood-red light flashed through the void.

His eyes were blood-red and they seemed to reflect a sea of blood. His entire body was surrounded by a thick, cruel, and cold aura.

Late-stage demigod realm!

Even if he only used the slaughter divine spark, the current Joelson was still a powerful expert!

...

"This is the place, milord."

Within the ownerless city, in the air above the region which had been destroyed by the explosion of the divine spark, Rupert's figure once more appeared.

However, this time, he was following behind someone, his attitude respectful.

"Are you certain that it is the aura of the law of destruction?"

The person who spoke had a handsome appearance and a cold expression. The surroundings were emitting a cold aura.

"It can't be wrong."

Rupert's face revealed a deep fear. He said in a deep voice, "Otherwise, I wouldn't have chosen to self-detonate my divine spark."

"Alright."

The handsome man nodded. In the next moment, endless ice and snow condensed behind him. It was as if ten thousand snow mountains were avalanching at the same time, wanting to freeze and destroy everything.

Boom!

The entire region was instantly reduced to flat ground. This enormous disturbance attracted the attention of countless consciousnesses.

"A supreme expert has attacked?"

"It's the location of the person who killed the Killing Fiend!"

Rupert stood behind the handsome man. His eyes couldn't help but reveal a deep look of shock and awe.

The supreme expert had comprehended at least one type of law to the point of near perfection. He had almost touched upon the level of the profound truths of the laws and was only one step away from becoming a god.

Although he had used an ingenious method to successfully fuse the laws of slaughter and the laws of ice together, he was still very far away from perfection.

Although this person in front of him trained in a single type of law, he was many times more powerful than him.

"Eh?"

A puzzled look appeared on the handsome man's face. "What's going on?"

He had already completely destroyed this entire region. Logically speaking, no aura should be able to escape his senses.

However, he still couldn't sense any aura here.

"Has he left?"

The handsome man seemed to have thought of something. He muttered to himself and slowly disappeared into the void with Rupert.

- Chapter 321: Large-Scale Slaughter. The Strongest Person Had Appeared

Chapter 321: Large-Scale Slaughter. The Strongest Person Had Appeared

When Joelson came out of the space of the ranch, he was surprised to find that everything around him had been destroyed. It was covered with a thick layer of frost and the feeling of slaughter had not completely dissipated.

Very strong.

Joelson frowned slightly. It seemed that someone had come to provoke him and left after seeing that he was no longer there.

"If there are more than two experts of this level, it will be difficult for me to face them head-on."

Joelson muttered to himself, "It seems that I have to increase my strength as soon as possible."

As he spoke, his eyes became cold and firm. Joelson flew into the air and arrived on the other side of the ownerless city.

What appeared in front of him was still a chaotic scene without any order. Joelson's expression was calm. The annihilation spear appeared in his hand and stabbed down ruthlessly.

The slaughter divine spark within his body emitted a dazzling blood-red light, wildly surging into the annihilation spear.

In the sky, it seemed as though countless blood-red spear shadows were raining down like a storm.

"Not good!"

"Damn it! Quickly flee!"

The spear shadows descended and only then did the demigods below notice them. All of them revealed terrified looks as they subconsciously fled in all directions.

But the speed at which the blood-red spear was descending far surpassed their imaginations.

One figure after another was pierced through by the spear. Then they fell down. Miserable screams rang out continuously and a large amount of blood mist rose up.

A short moment later.

More than ten divine sparks were collected into his hands.

There were too few of them.

Joelson couldn't help but frown.

Demigods weren't fools. Aside from those who had been suddenly killed, the others were able to endure the heavy injuries and flee.

They had to change to another location.

Joelson didn't expend any effort in chasing after those fleeing demigods. Instead, he flew to a location with a relatively large number of people, repeating what had just happened.

Just like that, he swept through the ownerless city one after another, and then he simply summoned the Dark Demon Dragon.

The power of a mid-stage demigod Dark Demon Dragon was comparable to a late-stage demigod.

It was more than enough to deal with ordinary demigods.

The Dark Demon Dragon was responsible for stopping those injured demigods who had the ability to flee for Joelson.

The efficiency of harvesting divine sparks instantly increased by a large margin.

Joelson's actions were like smashing a boulder into a pond, completely breaking the distorted peace of the ownerless city.

Terror spread out like a plague and countless people fled out of the city.

Although there would often be experts wantonly slaughtering in the ownerless city, because the power of slaughter was so dense that it would be selected as the victor, few experts would act as wantonly as he did, killing so many ordinary demigods.

Joelson's power of slaughter was also rapidly increasing. In the end, almost his entire body was covered in a blood-red mist, and waves of savage and brutal aura assaulted his consciousness.

Although the law of destruction was also continuously absorbing the power of the slaughter divinity, a crazy thought of cruelty and bloodlust still emerged in Joelson's mind.

No!

If this continued, he would soon lose control of himself.

Joelson's eyes were blood-red and he was panting heavily. The aura on his body was like a furious dragon, giving off an extremely dangerous feeling.

He was about to stop when a few extremely powerful auras suddenly erupted from all around him.

"Enough! You've already broken the rules!"

A few figures surrounded him and each of them emitted an aura that was several times stronger than the Killing Fiend and the Blood-Red Glacier.

The person who spoke was an imposing old man and he stared coldly at Joelson.

"Do you want to be the next Barnard?"

The others also looked at him with gloomy faces.

The ownerless city was chaotic and had no order but there were still rules above this kind of lack of order.

That was the strongest.

The words of the strongest were the rules. Everything in the ownerless city was set by them.

Joelson's wanton killing finally attracted the appearance of the strongest.

The avalanche-like power of frost surged crazily towards Joelson and some people could not help but attack him.

It was the handsome man who had come to look for Joelson once.

"Tobias!"

The dignified old man subconsciously shouted but he found that he did not stop the handsome man from attacking.

He could only curse in a low voice, "Damn it!"

At this moment, Joelson was like an unstable explosive barrel.

Sensing the dangerous aura, his tyrannical consciousness immediately surged up crazily.

The power of slaughter gathered on the annihilation spear, condensing into an extremely large blood-red light that stabbed fiercely towards the direction where the icy chill had descended.

The terrifying aura stirred the void and, when it came into contact with the blood-red light, the ice and snow continuously shattered. It was simply impossible to resist.

The handsome man was very calm and there was not a trace of fluctuation in his icy-blue eyes. It was as if he did not put this attack of Joelson in his eyes at all.

"Freeze."

Just as the blood-red light was about to strike towards him, the handsome man spoke coldly.

The entire space instantly fell into absolute silence. The blood-red light froze.

It was motionless, as though even space and time had come to a standstill.

The handsome man took a step forward, then stretched out a finger and gently tapped it.

Crunch!

Everything which had been frozen suddenly shattered, including the blood-red light and space itself.

The attack of a late-stage demigod, filled with the power of the laws of slaughter, was easily broken through.

"Tobias's freezing intent is becoming more and more proficient. As long as he wants to, he should be able to advance to become a god at any time."

The dignified elder and the other experts couldn't help but sigh.

Joelson was startled. He could sense it.

This guy in front of him was the one who had come to provoke him and blasted the place where he was into ruins.

The blood-red light that filled the sky quickly flowed backward and shrank back into Joelson's body like a vortex.

The power of the slaughter divinity was continuously weakening and the aura on Joelson's body was also rapidly declining.

The handsome Tobias took two steps toward Joelson, looked at him coldly, and said again, "Freeze!"

The small space where Joelson was was instantly frozen like an ice block. His entire body was frozen on the spot, turning into an ice sculpture.

"Every once in a while, one or two guys like this will appear."

The dignified elder looked at Joelson and snorted coldly, "Lost in the soaring power, being dominated by the will to kill, and forgetting how powerful you are!"

The other strongest warriors nodded and were about to leave.

Tobias looked puzzled. "Is it a mistake?"

Right at this moment.

Crack!

A crisp cracking sound arose, which attracted everyone's attention.

The strongest warriors who were about to leave turned around.

They saw a space frozen by Tobias's frozen power slowly crack.

And this crack was still spreading out.

It seemed like this frozen space was going to break at any moment.

Chapter 322: The Plan of the Strongest

In this frozen space, in the middle, Joelson suddenly opened his eyes. Dark red lightning seemed to flash across his pitch-black pupils.

Bang!

A loud sound was heard and an extremely terrifying force broke the ice seal.

Holding the annihilation spear in his hand, Joelson coldly stared at Tobias and stabbed his spear at him.

"The power of the laws of destruction?"

The awe-inspiring elder and the others cried out in shock.

Tobias's eyes also shot out with an intense light, filled with both surprise and unexplainable thoughts.

The annihilation spear, filled with the power of destruction, was like a dark red meteor descending from the skies, its power unstoppable.

Tobias couldn't help but quickly retreat, a large blue glacier forming in front of him.

The profound mysteries barrier, which was capable of withstanding a full-force attack from a late-stage demigod, was shattered layer by layer by Joelson's attack.

However, there wasn't a hint of panic on Tobias's face. On the contrary, he became even more excited.

"It's the laws of destruction! That's right. This fellow has actually mastered the power of the supreme laws. No wonder he dared to kill so wantonly!"

Joelson's spear had pierced through more than half of the ownerless city. Tobias had retreated more than half of the ownerless city.

It was only when several of the strongest experts appeared at the same time that the remaining strength of the spear was barely blocked.

"Stop, stop fighting!"

The dignified old man shouted and rushed to the middle of the two people with the others. He looked directly into Joelson's eyes and said in a low voice, "You have been recognized by us. You are qualified to join us."

"Huh?"

Joelson didn't understand what he was saying. He raised his spear and was about to attack again.

The eyelids of the few strongest experts trembled violently.

"You don't plan to stay here forever, do you?"

The dignified elder said.

Joelson's eyes flashed and he slowly withdrew his aura.

Seeing that Joelson had withdrawn his hand, the dignified elder secretly heaved a sigh of relief. He then said, "Let's talk about it in another place."

A moment later, Joelson appeared with them in the blood-red hall at the center of the ownerless land.

"Wait a moment."

The dignified elder took out a few magic crystals, crushing them one by one. Soon, a few more people arrived within the palace.

Every single one of them emanated a powerful aura belonging to the most powerful experts.

Peak demigod and his power was infinitely close to that of a god.

These most powerful experts didn't have much killing power on them. In fact, their attainments in the other types of laws were quite deep.

"Raziel, why did you bring a domain-level expert here? Is he a new toy? Isn't he a little too weak?"

In the main hall, someone coldly looked at Joelson as he spoke.

The dignified elder glanced at him and said, "He possesses the power of the destruction laws. Even Tobias isn't his match. He has the right to stand here."

"What?"

"Even Tobias isn't his match?"

"The destruction law of one of the supreme laws?"

Low voices arose. Tobias, who had mastered the freezing arcane power, stood where he was. He didn't have any expression on his face. Apparently, he had tacitly agreed with this point.

Instantly, the strongest warriors looked at Joelson with fear in their eyes.

"There are no objections now, right?"

Raziel swept his gaze over everyone present, then said seriously.

"The overseer's power is at the early stage of the god level. Everyone present has the power of a peak demigod. Given our current power, we can already attempt to break out of the cage and escape from the Land of Slaughter. As long as nothing unexpected happens."

"Haha, what if something unexpected happens?"

Someone laughed coldly and retorted, "When Barnard killed the overseer and fled from this place, who can guarantee that they won't send someone even more powerful to act as the overseer? If they encounter an expert at the middle stage of the god level..."

"Even if it is an expert at the middle stage of the god level, it's not like we don't have a chance!"

Raziel viciously cut him off, he said coldly, "I, Tobias, and... all of us have absolute confidence that even though we have advanced to the god level, in addition to you, an expert at the middle stage of the god level will be able to fight against us. There's no reason why we can't do what Barnard was able to do back then."

Raziel's expression became rather savage. His eyes were wide, and he stared at everyone as he said savagely.

"I don't want to stay in this damned place! This damned Land of Slaughter!"

Everyone fell silent.

Raziel took a deep breath and said coldly, "In five more screening days, we'll begin our plan."

After saying that, he took a few steps back and shut his mouth, not saying another word.

Everyone's faces flashed with a look of struggle.

"I don't want to take such a risk. I won't participate in the plan."

"Let me think about it carefully."

Gradually, some people left and chose to withdraw from the plan. In the end, there were only less than half of the people left in the hall at the beginning.

Raziel's expression was ugly as he said fiercely, "This group of stupid cowards! Forget it. Even without them, we can still do it!"

His gaze swept over the remaining people present, then finally landed on Joelson. In a low voice, he said, "In the following period of time, we will do our best to help you collect the power of slaughter. You will be our sword, and you have the potential to become a second Barnard!"

Joelson's eyes narrowed slightly, and he remained silent.

...

In the following period of time, Raziel and the others seemed to have gone mad. They wantonly massacred in the ownerless city, harvesting the divine sparks of demigods so that Joelson could attempt to become a god.

Everyone in the ownerless city fell into terror. Almost all of them fled from this place.

The ownerless city was like a silent city of death.

"The most powerful experts have all gone mad?"

One day, when the day of the selection came, Joelson completely absorbed all of the laws of slaughter into the laws of destruction.

The divine spark of destruction had more than doubled in size. Astonishingly, it had already reached the mid-stage demigod level.

When Raziel and the others saw that Joelson hadn't become the victor, the last bit of worry in their hearts disappeared, and they hardened their hearts.

More than a dozen of the most powerful experts began to wander around the Land of Slaughter, frantically hunting down those fleeing demigods.

Joelson's power rapidly increased at the speed of a rocket.

After five selection days, there were almost no wandering demigods in the Land of Slaughter. Only the divine domain level was still active.

A large number of demigods had been killed and the remaining demigods had been killed to the point of despair. They all went into hiding, not daring to show themselves at all.

At this moment, Joelson's power had already reached the peak of the demigod level, and he was a peak demigod with a destructive divine spark.

He far surpassed the other supreme experts. As long as he could comprehend the profound truths of the laws of destruction, he would be able to smoothly advance to the god level.

The power of his full-power attack was so terrifying that even he didn't know how terrifying it was.

However, Raziel and the others didn't know all of this. They were only puzzled as to why even after having absorbed so many divine sparks, he still wasn't able to advance to the god level.

Chapter 323: We Are the Watchers

"You still can't advance to become a god?"

Raziel looked at Joelson, frowning slightly as he asked.

Joelson's situation was special. If not for the fact that all twelve systems had been upgraded, the level of insight he had displayed would always be that of a deity.

Thus, he couldn't tell what level of Insight Joelson had reached.

"So many divine sparks for you to absorb but you're still unable to break through to the god level?"

Some of the most powerful experts were already beginning to feel dissatisfied.

During this period of time, almost all of them had been harvesting the power of slaughter for Joelson but the results weren't satisfactory.

Joelson swept him with a calm glance. Dark Red Lightning shot out from his eyes, and the unintentionally terrifying power he revealed caused the latter to subconsciously take a few steps back, his face pale.

In that instant, he had almost thought that he was going to die.

Raziel's eyes lit up slightly, he said, "It doesn't matter. The profound truths of the laws aren't that easy to comprehend, much less the profound truths of the supreme laws of destruction. Jonson's current power should be close to that of a god. This is within our expectations."

Raziel's expression became slightly excited, he said solemnly, "Everyone, things have already come to this point. Don't say that I didn't warn you. We no longer have the chance to regret it. Whether we succeed in escaping or die here will depend on the next Selection Day!"

All of the participating experts had solemn looks on their faces as they silently nodded.

In their hearts, however, Joelson felt much more relaxed than they had imagined.

He had the ranch space as his path of retreat. He could leave at any time but, if he really couldn't, he would return to the ranch space.

It would be best if he succeeded in charging out of the Land of Slaughter. If he failed, at most, he would just stay in the ranch space for a bit longer.

He had a lot of time. He could completely slowly train to become a god or even a highgod in the Land of Slaughter, then wait until he had absolute confidence before leaving.

A month quickly passed.

During this period of time, Raziel and the others had done their best to collect the last batch of slaughter divine sparks for Joelson.

The divine spark fruit trees in the space of the ranch had already been filled with fruits.

The Du Lu, Steel Dragon, and Lightning were also filled to the brim. Their power had long ago reached the peak of the divine realm. After they had digested the energy within their bodies, they would be able to advance to the demigod level.

The dragon's talent was so good that it made people jealous. Before its potential was exhausted, there was no such thing as a bottleneck.

And the dragons within the ranch had the deepest potential.

In the sky, the black-golden sun, which was like an enormous eyeball, slowly rotated, shooting out rays of golden light, wiping out those hidden eliminated.

"Now!"

When the last ray of golden light dissipated, Raziel shouted and took the lead to erupt with strong killing power.

The others saw the same thing.

During this period of time, they had especially absorbed a lot of killing power, so that they could become the top 100 winners on this day.

Another 100 rays of golden light descended. Joelson felt a force lifting him up into the sky, flying quickly toward the top of the Land of Slaughter.

He was getting closer and closer to the black-golden sun.

The closer he got, the more he realized that it was indeed like a huge eyeball.

At the center of the black-golden sun was a deep white hole. It seemed to be the entrance to an unknown place.

"Get ready!"

Raziel's reminder rang in everyone's ears.

They were getting closer and closer.

Joelson and the others passed through the white hole.

Everything before them was pitch black. When the light once more lit up, what appeared before everyone's eyes was a terrifying blood-red light.

"Ah!"

Miserable screams rang out continuously.

It was those demigods who had also been selected as the top hundred victors.

As expected, it was just as they had expected.

The so-called victors being able to leave the Land of Slaughter was nothing more than an enormous hoax.

What welcomed the victor wasn't freedom but the butcher's knife that landed on his neck!

"Kill!"

A low growl rang out.

Raziel was the first to charge forward, his body erupting with a terrifying might.

The boundless earthen yellow light in the void gathered towards him. The earth-type laws rolled about like giant pythons, transforming into an earthen yellow sea.

Joelson's pupils constricted.

An elemental sea!

The symbol of becoming a god!

Raziel decisively chose to instantly become a god after leaving the Land of Slaughter.

Immediately afterward, three more elemental seas gathered.

The other three most powerful experts were advancing, including Tobias.

The terrifying blood-red light was offset by the elemental sea.

"You dare?"

An angry voice rang out from behind the blood-red light. A figure appeared in front of everyone, emitting a terrifying might that belonged to a god.

"Hahaha!"

Within the earthen yellow sea, Raziel's aura continued to rise. He raised his head and laughed loudly, then said in a carefree manner, "As we expected, the overseer is only at the early stage of the god level!"

"What? Damn bastard, it's actually you!"

Raziel laughed halfway but his voice suddenly became extremely cold.

The yellow sea rippled and turned into a tsunami, rushing towards that figure.

"Earth arcane power, Earth Pulse!"

A strange fluctuation came from under Raziel's body. Even the void couldn't help but tremble under this fluctuation as if it would shatter like a piece of glass at any moment.

The annihilation spear appeared in Joelson's hand. He was about to attack together with Raziel.

At this moment, a sudden change occurred.

"Freeze!"

A voice that was as cold as a ten-thousand-year-old glacier echoed in the void.

Endless Ice and snow covered the void. Raziel's figure was frozen on the spot. The earthen yellow sea also froze.

Joelson's pupils constricted slightly as he suddenly turned in the direction of a person.

"Tobias?"

Raziel called out in disbelief, "What are you doing? Have you gone mad?"

Tobias had a calm look on his face.

"Wind-style arcane truths, Pulsation!"

"Fire-style arcane truths, Explosion!"

Two more god-level arcane truths smashed against Raziel's body, and the terrifying power sent him flying like a ragdoll.

Simultaneously being attacked by three gods, Raziel was instantly heavily injured.

"Why?"

Raziel spat out blood wildly from his mouth but he didn't pay any attention to them at all. Instead, he stared fixedly at them.

These were all the most powerful experts who had charged out of the Land of Slaughter together with him and had just barely become gods.

Tobias took a step forward, standing at a high place, staring down at him. He said coldly, "Because we are the Watchers!"

With that, Tobias's face melted like a candle. The rest of them did the same. They all turned into the same cold face.

He was handsome and cold. The color of his hair was different but his eyes were also blood-red.

Looking at this face, Raziel seemed to have seen something unbelievable. His eyes widened and he was stunned.

He kept mumbling to himself.

"Impossible! This is impossible!"

"How can you be Barnard?"

Joelson's heart trembled slightly.

Chapter 324: Counter-Killing the Overseer. The Giant Dragon Was in Danger?

"Impossible! All of us watched as you rose to become a god. After killing the overseer, you left the Land of Slaughter. How could you have become the overseer again?"

Raziel still didn't dare to believe this reality.

"That's right. I did kill the overseer, and I was indeed about to leave the Land of Slaughter, but!"

"Soon, I witnessed the omnipotent power and majesty of Lord Augustellan. I chose to submit and become a new Watcher. I will stay in the Land of Slaughter and monitor you damned traitors on behalf of the Lord!"

The Barnards' faces were equally cold. They spoke at the same time, and their voices were either sharp or hoarse. It was extremely strange when they were mixed together.

Every single one of these people was Barnard, or rather, every single one of them was his divine clone.

Raziel was stunned and Joelson instantly understood.

A group of lambs who no longer wished to endure the fate of being slaughtered. Every single day, they would plot to kill the shepherd dog and escape the cage.

Only when they chose to break out of the cage did they discover that the butcher's shepherd dog had long ago been mixed into the flock of lambs. This was a plan that was destined to fail.

The other god-level Watcher began to laugh loudly, his gaze towards Raziel filled with disdain and ridicule.

"Lord Augustellan is omniscient and omnipotent. How could you lowly ants escape the Lord's control? And you even dare to dream of breaking through to become a god in the blink of an eye and escaping from the Land of Slaughter. How laughable!"

Raziel's faith instantly crumbled in the face of the cruel truth. He stared at Barnard, his expression absent-minded.

He murmured to himself, "How is this possible? You aren't Barnard at all. You are lying to me. Barnard has long since fled the Land of Slaughter, right?"

At this moment, no one was speaking to Raziel anymore. Barnard's several divine clones and another god attacked at the same time.

Raziel had been destroyed by that terrifying power, leaving behind only two divine spark crystals that were glowing with an earthen yellow light and a blood-red light.

At this moment, a hint of pity and commiseration couldn't help but appear in Joelson's eyes.

"There's still one more deity-level left?"

After dealing with Raziel, the Watcher turned his head, smiling as he looked at Joelson. "Haha, Barnard, is this part of your plan as well?"

Barnard's face was ice-cold and he didn't reply.

"Just now, I saw that this fellow seemed to want to make a move. A puny deity-level wants to interfere in a battle between gods? Haha."

The Watcher walked forward, casually waving out a terrifying blood-red light, as though wanting to wipe out Joelson.

Up until now, there was no sign of fear or panic on Joelson's face.

He calmly faced the blood-red light that was attacking him, not moving at all. They looked at each other as though giving up on resisting.

"Giving up on resisting? Or are you scared silly?"

The monitor laughed softly. Suddenly, he froze on the spot in shock. The smile on his face froze.

The attack that he had unleashed shattered Joelson into pieces. After the void shook, his figure disappeared.

"Damn it! It's fake?"

The monitor cried out in both anger and surprise, "What the hell, where did it go?"

In the next moment, the void in front of him shook and a crack suddenly appeared. A long spear with dark red lightning wrapped around it, containing an extremely terrifying power, pierced toward his face.

The monitor's eyes widened. He subconsciously wanted to retreat and dodge but it was too late.

The dark red lightning shattered the void. The blood-red light that came into contact with the lightning instantly shattered and disintegrated. It could not resist the advance of the long spear at all. In the end, it pierced straight into the monitor's chest and shook violently.

Boom!

A terrifying explosion rang out, accompanied by the mournful screams of the monitor. His body continued to shatter and, in the end, he was completely destroyed by the dark-red lightning.

A blood-red divine spark appeared. Trembling, it wanted to flee but it was grabbed tightly by a slender hand that stretched out from the void, then retracted.

The spectating Barnard's eyes suddenly shot out with intense light. Several figures simultaneously struck out with attacks that belonged to gods.

However, that tear in the void had quickly healed. In the darkness, it seemed as though a pair of cold eyes had stared deeply at him, then completely disappeared.

A few terrifying waves of energy attacked, completely shattering the void around Joelson, but no one could be seen.

Space once more split apart, and another Watcher walked out. His face was extremely unsightly, and he roared furiously, "What the hell is going on? Why is he able to kill my slaughter clone? Barnard, you have to give me an explanation!"

Several Barnards stared coldly at him at the same time. The Watcher unconsciously took a few steps back, his face pale.

He had almost been blinded by rage. Now that he had lost his slaughter clone, he was no longer a match for Barnard.

Barnard stared at the spot where Joelson had disappeared, his eyes flashing. No one knew what he was thinking about.

After staring for a long time, his clones changed. Their auras once more fell back to the peak of the demigod level, returning to the Land of Slaughter, becoming one supreme expert after another.

Joelson appeared in the space of the ranch.

Everything was just as he had expected. The worst had happened.

However, he still felt that this was normal. Since Barnard's situation had already happened once, how could the master of the Land of Slaughter be so foolish as to only arrange for an early-stage god-level Watcher to guard it?

The Lord Augustellan that Barnard had mentioned was someone who could make the talented and intelligent Barnard voluntarily submit. He didn't know what sort of power he would have.

A highgod? Or a sovereign?

Joelson didn't know, but he had a vague premonition that in the future, he would definitely have to fight against him!

Joelson looked around him, and his expression suddenly froze. He discovered that the entire space of the ranch was completely empty. Aside from the sleeping divine, Du Lu and the other dragons weren't there.

Had they gone to the runic lands?

Just as Joelson was speculating, a low voice suddenly rang out by his ear.

"You should go there and take a look as soon as possible."

He turned his head and the Dark Demon Dragon opened its eyes and stared at him.

"Your dragons seem to have encountered a threat in the runic land. Those three brats have already rushed over."

This was the first time the Dark Demon Dragon had taken the initiative to communicate with him but he couldn't care less about that.

He was anxious.

Du Lu and the others were in danger in the runic land?

What else could threaten them in the runic land?

"Go!"

Joelson said in a low voice and flew onto the Dark Demon Dragon's back.

With the increase in intimacy and Joelson's strength, the Dark Demon Dragon no longer rejected Joelson and could accept him riding on its back.

The Dark Demon Dragon growled and turned into a stream of light. It quickly swam into the entrance of the rune land and disappeared.

Chapter 325: Dragons of the Divine Realm Against Demigods

At the very center of the runic lands, at the location of the Joelson Temple.

Two figures emitting terrifying power were standing in the air, coldly looking down at everything beneath their feet.

The runic deity statues forged by countless runic warriors had already collapsed to the ground. The ground was filled with ruins, as well as the corpses of the dead.

More than a dozen giant dragons were glaring at these two figures angrily, continuously letting out low roars at the two of them.

"I didn't expect that in order to avoid the danger of the ruins, they would hurriedly hide in the void crack, and actually teleport us here."

Among the two figures, the eyes of one of them, who had a relatively round face, lit up. He looked at the huge runes that twinkled like stars in the sky and then lowered his head to look at a pale green rune stone that was like a gemstone in his hand.

His voice was filled with delight as he said, "Melent, did you see that? The essence of the laws is everywhere. This place is simply a treasure trove!"

This person pointed at the roaring dragons below, exclaiming in amazement, "As for the dragons below, every single one of them is astonishingly talented. If we properly nurture them, they will at least reach the peak of the demigod level. Those three, in particular, are on the verge of breaking through to the demigod level. If we can capture all of them, we'll be rich!"

The other person revealed a smile as well. He nodded and said, "That's right. This is the favor the God of Fate has bestowed upon us. There are a few geniuses within the ruins who have already comprehended the arcane truths. We won't be able to gain anything from them. Instead, it's here."

This person stared at the various runes in the distance, his eyes filled with an extremely fiery gaze. In a low voice, he said, "I have a feeling that as long as I stay here for 20,000

years... No, 10,000 years will be enough. As long as I stay here for 10,000 years, I'll be able to advance to the god level!"

"Hahaha, that's right!"

The round-faced fatty began to laugh loudly and smugly.

"Roar!"

The dragon's roar interrupted the conversation between the two, and the two once more turned their gazes downwards, their eyes filled with ridicule.

"I wonder what god these ignorant natives worship. Even the deity statues haven't been established for long, and they don't have any divine power at all. Those few dragons, however, are quite loyal."

"Let's first capture these dragons, then slowly explore everything here."

"Alright!"

The two came to a consensus. The terrifying power of a demigod wantonly crashed down, causing the void to emit an unbearable sound.

The dragons below all had nervous looks on their faces, and their eyes were filled with vigilance. They growled in a low, restless voice, communicating in dragon language.

"I was just about to devour that crystal-grade wind-type rune. I didn't expect that a crack would suddenly appear in the sky. These two people suddenly appeared and snatched my runestone away. I'm so angry!"

Azure Wind shook his large head as he shook his body in frustration.

"If I can devour that runestone, I might be able to advance to the divine rank like my big brothers!"

Blue Frost spat out a mouthful of icy breath at it, growling, "Idiot, it's already so late, and you're still thinking about the runestone!"

"I must inform Father immediately!"

Curtis's eyes revealed a hint of solemnity and he said in a low voice, "These two are at least at the demigod level. Only Father can suppress them."

"Right! Quickly inform Father!"

"But Father isn't here."

"I can sense that Father is currently in battle!"

"Then what should we do? "

The dragons were discussing amongst themselves, appearing rather noisy.

"Roar!"

Suddenly, an enormous roar rang out by the ears of the dragons. The roar was filled with an explosive and overbearing aura, shocking the dragons into silence.

"Enough!"

It was Du Lu's voice.

"If we ask Father for help whenever we encounter anything, what use do we have? Everything that you have now is given by Father, and what have you done for Father?"

Du Lu's questioning gaze swept across every dragon. Platinum, Azure Wind, Blue Frost, all of them revealed ashamed expressions and lowered their huge heads.

That's right. From the moment they were born until now, almost all of them had lived under their father's protection. They had never helped their father much.

Conquering the land of runes was just a game to them. There was nothing here that could threaten their existence.

"Then what should we do?"

The earth elemental dragon Benedict could not help but ask.

Du Lu raised his head and looked coldly at the two people in the sky with terrifying momentum. He said in a low voice, "You two stay here well. Leave these two people to us."

As he said that, Du Lu turned his head to look at the steel dragon.

This companion who had fought with him and accompanied him since the time when he was still young and weak.

"Sid."

Du Lu called the steel dragon's name in a low voice.

"Roar!"

The steel dragon's dark golden pupils didn't waver in the slightest, and its expression didn't change at all. It let out a low roar in response to Du Lu.

"Roar!"

The berserk violet lightning shattered the void, and Lightning began to roar with rage and excitement.

"Tear these two demigods apart! Father can kill gods at the deity level. There's no reason for the three of us not to be able to defeat even two demigods!"

After speaking, the entire lightning dragon transformed into a wild violet bolt of lightning, suddenly leaping out towards the two in the sky.

"This fellow."

Du Lu didn't know what to say. He let out a bitter laugh.

And then, his gaze turned gloomy. The aura on his body exploded out at the same time like hundreds of active volcanoes, and his blazing aura continued to rise.

The steel dragon did the same.

One red and one dark gold. Two huge bodies rushed into the sky after the lightning.

"Hehe."

In the sky, the round-faced fatty revealed a mocking expression. He smiled and said, "These few dragons actually dare to take the initiative to attack. They're really courting death!"

Another person quickly said, "Don't be too heavy-handed. I already have my eyes on that metal dragon!"

"Got it. I prefer the lightning dragon, hehe."

An electric law rushed out from the round-faced fatty's body and transformed into the shape of a spear, sword, and arrow. It rained down on the three dragons like a storm.

"Roar!"

Lightning almost transformed into a purple lightning bolt. It moved nimbly in the lightning storm and dodged. Not a single attack could touch it. Its speed was too fast.

Du Lu and the steel dragon chose to take the attack head-on.

The red flames on Du Lu's body circulated, forming an extremely tough protective dragon shield. This was the first spell he had learned.

When the lightning attack landed on his body, it only left behind scorched marks. Even the protective dragon shield was unable to break through.

The steel dragon, on the other hand, was even more relaxed. The giant metal-type dragon was born with a powerful immunity to magic. When the lightning struck his body, it was as though it was tickling him again.

Although it was an attack at the demigod level, it could only cause slight pain. It wasn't able to cause any real damage at all.

Du Lu, the steel dragon, and the Lightning were all either dodging or resisting.

The round-faced Fatty's demigod attacks were completely ineffective.

Chapter 326: The Three Dragons Were Defeated and the Ancient Dragons Appeared

"Damn it!"

The round-faced fatty saw this and couldn't help but exclaim, "These dragons are stronger than we thought. Hurry up and help!"

The other person had already seen this. The endless metal elements in the air gathered toward him. In a few seconds, a ten-mile-wide metal mountain formed and smashed toward the three dragons.

The terrifying might caused the natives of the runic land below to tremble in fear.

Such power had already exceeded their comprehension.

Even the God of Runes, who suppressed the runic land, had never possessed such power!

The other dragons, who hadn't even reached the divine realm, or had just ascended to the divine realm not too long ago, also had anxious and worried expressions on their faces.

The three strongest and most senior companions of theirs were currently working together to fight against the gods!

"Father!"

The Cloud Dragon, who was naturally timid, saw its father, Du Lu, charge towards the metal mountain that was the size of an island that covered the sky. It was so frightened that it grabbed onto Enny's body, not daring to look any further.

Enny consoled it gently, "Don't worry. Your father will be fine."

But when she turned her head, her gaze was filled with worry as well, and she let out a series of low growls.

"Roar!"

Du Lu let out a long, furious roar.

"Roar!"

"Roar!"

And then came the steel dragon and Lightning.

The dragon's roar reverberated through the resplendent starry skies, as though it had come from the ancient battle hymn of the Dragon Race. Even in the face of the lightning that filled the skies and the giant metal mountain that covered the skies, their auras continued to rise, as though there was no end to them.

So what if they were demigods?

Their dragon claws would tear everything apart!

An extremely terrifying power of fire rose from Du Lu's body, transforming into an intensely burning golden-red pillar of fire that clashed against the lightning and the metallic mountain.

Lightning also released terrifying bolts of lightning from the skies and under the wings, fusing into Du Lu's flames as they shot into the skies. The attacks of demigods were rapidly melting.

As for the steel dragon, its speed was so fast that even its figure was blurred.

It transformed into a streak of dark golden light, piercing through everything like an arrow, shooting towards the two in the sky.

Bang!

A human figure was struck by the dark golden light and was sent flying out of control.

The round-faced fatty was in a sorry state as he stabilized himself in the air. His face was pale, and his eyes were filled with astonishment and anger.

"Damn it! I was too careless. I was almost seriously injured by a deity!"

There was an insurmountable gap between a demigod and a deity. However, thanks to the tacit cooperation between the three dragons, the round-faced fatty, who was a demigod, was almost instantly killed.

The round-faced fatty thought back to that moment of danger and, in his heart, he felt a deep sense of dread. Then, he felt an uncontrollable sense of humiliation and rage.

"Bastard, don't hold back! Kill one of them and intimidate these damn dragons!"

The two of them tacitly chose Du Lu as their target.

Although Du Lu was the strongest among the three dragons, his identity as a fire-elemental dragon was the performance with the least potential in the eyes of the two of them. As the target to intimidate the other dragons, it was the most suitable.

The berserk lightning and the power of the laws of metal transformed into a terrifying molten metal, beginning to intentionally focus on Du Lu's body.

Du Lu was under an unprecedented amount of pressure. In just ten seconds, he was heavily injured.

His dragon scales were shattered with the terrifying lightning tearing through his scales. The scorching molten metal caused his entire body to be covered in wounds. Even one of the dragon wings on his body was charred and he was flailing about powerlessly.

The enormous dragon's powerful physique, powerful defense, and terrifying strength were all at the peak of power within the same level of power. However, the attacks of these two demigods were still far too powerful.

Du Lu's entire body was covered in wounds, but he still stubbornly and arrogantly let out waves of furious roars.

"Father!"

"Boss!"

The enormous dragons, the steel dragon, and the lightning dragon below all grew extremely angry as they watched, letting out waves of sorrowful cries.

The lightning dragon's eyes widened. It let out a furious roar. Countless bolts of lightning wrapped around its body in the clouds as they rushed toward the two of them crazily.

"Get lost!"

One of them shouted angrily, and the molten metal condensed into a scorching giant sword, slashing out at Lightning ruthlessly.

Lightning let out a sorrowful cry, and a huge wound was cut from its dragon wings to its abdomen. It looked like it was going to fall down.

The steel dragon was in a predicament as well.

After Lightning was heavily injured, the power of lightning in the entire void was almost completely controlled by the round-faced fatty.

Lightning gathered into a torrent, pouring down onto the steel dragon's body, causing it to feel as though it had sunk into a quagmire. Its body became sluggish, making it difficult for it to move forward.

The three divine realm dragons might still have a chance to fight against a demigod but, when two demigods joined forces to attack, the enormous difference in power caused the three dragons to be powerless to resist.

"Damn it! I'll go up and fight it out with them!"

Platinum's eyes were bloodshot. He flapped his dragon wings, preparing to charge forward. The other dragons were the same.

All this time, Du Lu, the steel dragon, and Lightning had been protecting them like three elder brothers.

When their father wasn't around, they had been doing their best to bring the dragons to hunt for runes, increasing the power of each dragon.

Now, they were heavily injured in order to protect them.

How could they not be angry and impulsive?

"Father!"

Mist appeared in the eyes of the cloud dragon, and its body turned into a dark cloud as torrential rain kept falling.

It was as if the sky was crying.

Enny also kept crying. If it wasn't for the existence of the cloud dragon, she would have rushed up to fight with Du Lu.

Du Lu looked back deeply before turning his head away. His eyes were filled with unyielding determination.

"Hehe, are you still thinking of resisting?"

The face of the round-faced fatty who was previously injured contorted. His eyes revealed extreme joy and hatred as he laughed cruelly.

The lightning that filled the sky condensed into an extremely huge purple spear in his hand. He aimed it at Du Lu and shot it out fiercely.

"Die!"

At this moment, Du Lu raised his head and roared.

"Roar!"

The dragon's roar tore through the sky. Every drop of blood that flowed down from its body ignited an intense flame.

The power of the divine spark fruit that was left in its body after it was devoured earlier was quickly digested. It transformed into waves of powerful power that spread throughout its entire body.

Its power was rising rapidly.

The dragon's might that shook the void was released wantonly, causing the sky and earth to tremble violently.

In the space of the pasture that no one could see, countless dragon roars suddenly sounded in the Dragon God Arena.

Holy, who was sleeping soundly, suddenly trembled and woke up from his deep sleep.

It opened its eyes wide and saw the dragon flags flying in the Dragon God Arena.

A golden-red dragon flag floated in the air, fluttering in the wind. All the dragon flags in the arena seemed to be responding to it.

Boom!

A brilliant light fell from the sky and an illusory golden-red giant dragon phantom slowly appeared in the light.

In the next moment, the giant dragon phantom descended with an unknown ancient aura. It instantly tore through the void and rushed toward an unknown distance at high speed.

Chapter 327: Fusing With the Ancient Dragon Soul!

Within the space of the pasture.

Holy stared at this scene in a daze. The roly poly's mind was a little muddled, and he was unable to react for a long time.

At this moment.

The sky above the runic land suddenly shone brightly, and a huge spatial crack appeared in the sky. Golden-red light poured out from it, and a dragon soul phantom that was filled with an ancient aura descended from ancient times. It let out a long dragon's roar that shook the void and gradually echoed with Du Lu's roar.

The round-faced fatty and his companion also widened their eyes. The two of them looked at this scene in bewilderment and even forgot to attack.

The giant dragons were also stunned.

The dragon soul phantom swooped down with an extremely terrifying aura and fiercely rushed into Du Lu's body.

In an instant, it seemed as if countless ancient giant dragons around the runic land were roaring furiously. Even the void was stirred up.

The terrifying aura caused everyone below to kneel down.

In a corner, the Black Dragon King Kokonoro, who was watching the battle with Connie, had an excited and crazed expression. He said in a low voice, "It's the Ancient Dragon God! This is the Ancient Dragon God's blessing!"

Connie glanced at Kokonoro anxiously. She did not understand what he meant by the Ancient Dragon God.

However, she knew that this was a good thing for them. Her anxious and nervous expression gradually eased.

In the sky, an unknown force from the Dragon God Arena enveloped Du Lu. Du Lu's entire body was shrouded in an extremely dazzling golden-red light, replacing the sun in the sky.

Everyone could sense it.

Du Lu was sublimating, transforming!

"We can't let him advance!"

The round-faced fatty immediately reacted. He shouted in both terror and anger, "Quick! Kill him immediately! Kill this giant dragon!"

These giant dragons were too terrifyingly talented. Three peak-stage deities were almost able to kill one person in an instant. If they allowed this fire dragon to advance to the demigod level at this moment, they would most likely die!

The lightning spear and the metallic lava condensed together, viciously smashing towards Du Lu.

Just as the two attacks were about to land on Du Lu's body, a golden-red light suddenly exploded forth. An unimaginably hot aura spread throughout the runic region, causing the void to almost melt.

Two enormous dragon claws stretched out from the golden-red light, grabbing onto the lightning spear and the metallic lava.

The power of a god erupted from the dragon claws, and Du Lu quickly retreated.

However, these two attacks were also quickly disintegrating under the dragon claws.

In the end, these two attacks completely dissipated.

And on the dragon claws, not a single trace was left behind.

"How is this possible?"

The round-faced fatty screamed in disbelief, his voice sharp and ear-piercing.

Du Lu finally revealed his current form. Compared to before, he was more than ten times larger, covering the entire sky.

He was no longer like a volcano, but a mountain range formed by countless volcanoes, and even a piece of land!

His enormous body was filled with power and pressure that far surpassed that of a demigod. Space itself trembled under his body, as though it was a fragile piece of paper that could shatter at any moment.

The bloodline of the ancient fire-elemental dragon had finally been perfected!

Originally, when Du Lu had entered the Dragon God Arena to battle, he had acquired a portion of the bloodline of the ancient fire-elemental dragon.

But now, Du Lu had completely transformed.

Ancient fire-elemental dragon!

Ancient dragon soul enhancement!

Deity-level dragon!

Du Lu had undergone a complete and miraculous transformation from his body to his soul. He was no different from the ancient fire-elemental dragon of the ancient era!

His power had increased by more than a hundred times!

The faces of the round-faced fatty and his other companion had turned extremely ugly.

In the next moment, something happened that caused their mood to plummet to rock bottom.

"Roar!"

"Roar!"

Two dragon roars rang out in succession.

The heavily injured Lightning, as well as the steel dragon trapped in the lightning and metal lava, seemed to have been stimulated by Du Lu, erupting one after another.

The same phenomenon was gradually occurring.

The eyelids of the two demigod demigods began to tremble uncontrollably.

Were these two giant dragons about to advance as well?

...

In the space of the ranch.

Holy had fallen to the ground once more. Having been woken up, it began to feel sleepy again, and its eyelids began to droop.

Suddenly, another dragon's roar rang out, and the dragon flag fluttered in the wind.

It was so frightened that it immediately jumped up, looking in the direction of the Dragon God Arena in astonishment and confusion.

Another ancient dragon soul wrapped in lightning flew out, tearing through the void and cruising toward the unknown distance.

The holy one growled in dissatisfaction and muttered a few words. Sleepiness surged up again. It yawned long and lay down, ready to sleep.

But it did not wait for it to feel comfortable for long.

"Roar!"

The third dragon's roar burst out. This time, it was a dark golden light blooming. The dragon flag belonging to the steel dragon rose into the sky, and the ancient steel dragon soul appeared.

Holy could not hold it in any longer.

After being continuously frightened and disturbed, its temper flared up.

It jumped up all of a sudden, sticking out its round little belly. With one hand on its waist and the other pointing in the direction of the Dragon God Arena, it started cursing in a childish voice.

It cursed until the ancient steel dragon soul tore through the void and disappeared. Only then did it angrily fall from the sky.

"Hmph. Hmph!"

Holy stared in the direction of the Dragon God Arena for a long time, making sure that this time there wouldn't be any noise that would disturb its sleep. Only then did it lie down.

After thinking for a moment, it flew to Curtis's plant-type dragon nest, burrowed into a tree hole, and found two large leaves to cover its ears.

Right. The entire world was now quiet.

...

The round-faced fatty and his demigod companion were completely shocked by what had happened in a short period of time. They stared with wide eyes, stupefied.

The two of them kept getting closer to each other, forced back by fear, trying to find some small consolation from each other.

Lightning and the steel dragon advanced together, fusing with the ancient dragon soul.

This caused the ancient dragon bloodline in their bodies to be completely perfected, transforming just like Du Lu.

The power of the ancient mythological dragon was reappearing!

Three demigod dragons with mountain-like bodies surrounded the two demigods in the middle.

Terrifying draconic might spread out, and their auras interweaved, freezing the surrounding air and sealing the void.

The round-faced fatty and the fatty were like rabbits that had been forced into a corner by a ferocious beast. Their legs couldn't help but tremble.

This was no longer a difference in strength. It was a feeling of fear towards high-ranked bloodlines that arose from the depths of their souls.

The two of them felt as though they had returned to tens of thousands of years ago. In their hearts, they felt as though they had encountered a saint-ranked giant dragon during a trial when they were only at the ninth rank of the eighth rank.

That feeling of despair and powerlessness was like a venomous snake that slowly climbed onto their bodies, leaving behind a cold scar.

"Haha."

The round-faced fatty forced out a cold laugh but his face was extremely ugly.

"He's only just become a demigod. So what if he's a giant dragon? I've slaughtered many races in countless planes that are even more powerful than giant dragons!"

Before the round-faced fatty could finish speaking, Du Lu had already waved a dragon claw at him.

Chapter 328: The Terrifying Ancient Giant Dragons

The dragon's claw was burning with intense golden-red flames, melting the void and leaving scorched marks as it gently slapped down at him.

The round-faced fatty's eyes widened and the power of the lightning laws quickly wove a thick barrier.

But before the dragon claw could get close, the barrier melted under the blazing flames.

The round-faced fatty's eyes were about to pop out of their sockets. He was extremely shocked.

"Save me quickly!"

At this moment, the dragon claw had already arrived in front of the round-faced fatty. Instead of slapping him, it stopped. Even the terrifying golden-red flames on the dragon claw had been extinguished.

The dragon claw that was like a huge mountain slightly bent one of its claws and aimed at the round-faced fatty.

The round-faced fatty immediately understood and was terrified. He quickly used the electricity-type laws to weave a wall.

"Roar!"

Lightning raised its wings that covered the sky and countless bolts of lightning flew in all directions. The wall in front of the round-faced fatty instantly collapsed.

Lightning looked at the round-faced fatty with disdain. After advancing, it had the addition of the ancient lightning-type dragon bloodline. Its attainments in the power of the electricity-type laws easily crushed the round-faced fatty.

In front of it, the round-faced fatty could not even use the lightning laws that he was best at.

Bang!

The round-faced fatty was sent flying by Du Lu's dragon claw like a cannonball.

It landed heavily on a huge mountain, stirring up countless rocks and even breaking the mountain into two halves from the mountainside!

Du Lu looked at the broken mountain and then at his dragon claw, his eyes revealing a trace of satisfaction.

The ancient giant dragon purely relied on its physical strength and a single dragon claw had such terrifying power.

The matter wasn't over yet.

At the position where the round-faced fatty had sunk into the mountainside, a shadow rapidly expanded.

The natives of the land of runes below looked up.

It was a continent of steel!

No, it was a steel dragon!

"Roar!"

The steel dragon was like a continent of steel, rapidly falling from the sky and rushing towards the round-faced fatty!

The dragon's roar contained a meaning that only the giant dragon could understand.

"Infinite gravity!"

Under the support of the metal-type law of infinite gravity, the steel dragon's falling speed became faster and faster. The air beneath its body was compressed and burned and, in the end, it turned into a shooting star with a long tail!

Bang!

A sound that shook the space rang out.

A huge wind pressure came, blowing the natives of the land of runes to the point that they could not stand. If there were a group of giant dragons blocking in front of them, they would have probably flown into the sky by now.

Then, an earthquake-like vibration came.

The earth was smashed into pieces. Countless huge canyons quickly spread out from where the steel dragon fell.

When the steel dragon slowly rose, the mountain range that was originally where the broken mountain was disappeared.

It had been replaced by a large pit that could hold a majestic city.

The aura of the round-faced fatty had completely disappeared.

Instant kill!

A demigod had been instantly killed by the three dragons' playful attack. He didn't even have a chance to fight back!

This was a bit too terrifying!

The round-faced fatty's companion was completely stunned, his face a bit dull. He stared at the pit on the ground for a moment, then suddenly came to his senses. He let out an extremely terrified scream, instantly tearing through the void and fleeing in panic.

"Roar!"

"Roar!"

The giant dragons all let out excited long roars one after another. Their roars were filled with joy.

They were too powerful, their three elder brothers.

"Father!"

The cloud mist dragon cheered, as happy as a child. Its illusory body transformed into rainbow-colored clouds.

"I knew it. There is no enemy in this world that Father can not defeat. Father is the strongest!"

The eyes of Platinum, Azure Wind, and Blue Frost were filled with worship.

In their hearts, Du Lu, Steel Dragon, and Lightning had become their number one idols apart from their father.

The goal they yearned for, the strongest role model!

This scene was also seen by countless people in the runic land.

Excitement, fanaticism, worship, all sorts of emotions burst forth in their minds, and their expressions were filled with excitement.

Someone knelt down and shouted the name of the God of Runes. The voice gradually became louder and finally gathered into an ocean, echoing in the sky above the land of runes.

Everyone knew that the giant dragons were the guardians of the land of runes.

The evil god that appeared from the crack in the sky tried to disrupt the order of the land of runes but was suppressed by the dragon guardians of the God of Runes.

The glory of the Runic God would last forever!

"Sid, Lightning."

Du Lu wasn't overwhelmed by the joy brought by the power. He growled, "Follow me to hunt down that fleeing enemy. We can't leave any hidden dangers for Father."

"Roar!"

The steel dragon and Lightning nodded and responded with roars. The three dragons were about to tear through the void and chase after the fleeing demigod.

Right at this moment, a large bulge suddenly appeared in the void in front of them, with countless cracks appearing.

It was as though someone had shattered a mirror from within.

Bang!

A figure, like a ragdoll, was blasted flying out from the void.

His face was filled with terror and despair. He was more than a hundred times more shocked than when he had seen the three dragons ascend to become a demigod. His eyes were filled with terror.

He fell to the ground, smashing a large hole in the ground. Then, he quickly crawled back up.

He opened his mouth but, before he could say anything, he stopped.

Only now did everyone notice that a large, terrifying hole had appeared in his chest. A streak of dark red lightning coiled around his wound, quickly annihilating his body.

In just a few seconds, he had completely disappeared into the void, as though he had never existed.

A dark, darkness-like demonic dragon emerged from the shattered void, with a person quietly standing on its back.

He was tall and slender, and his handsome face was filled with an eternal indifference and calm.

He held a long spear in one hand, while his other hand casually held a dark golden divine spark.

It was none other than Joelson, who had hurried over with the Dark Demon Dragon.

Joelson stared at the gorge and the enormous pit on the ground, a hint of astonishment flashing through his eyes.

He hadn't expected that, by the time he arrived at the rune lands, the battle had already ended. He had only run into the fleeing metal-type demigod.

In an instant, Joelson understood.

The connection between their bloodlines allowed him to sense the transformation of Du Lu, Steel Dragon, and Lightning.

The three of them had always been the most powerful dragons under his command, second only to the Dark Demon Dragon and the Giant Fate Dragon.

But now, the three of them had all risen to the demigod level.

They had fused with the primordial dragon soul, completely transforming into an ancient giant dragon!

They had already far surpassed the Dark Demon Dragon!

And even him!

When he thought of this, Joelson couldn't help but let out a bitter laugh. The power of the giant dragons had once more surpassed his own.

"But this is good as well."

Joelson murmured to himself, as though he had returned to the time when he had just left the Baronet territory. At that time, he had been very weak but, thanks to the power of the giant dragon, he had been able to quickly rise to power. He didn't have to be afraid of being killed.

"Father is coming!"

Chapter 329: The Tear in the Void That Led to the Land of Runes

When the dragons saw their father appear, their eyes were filled with joy. They all cheered and gathered around him.

"Father!"

Du Lu, Steel Dragon, and Lightning also approached him and used a low roar to express their joy.

"Well done."

Joelson gently stroked the three dragons' heads that were as big as mountains. His indifferent expression became gentle, and his eyes revealed a gratified expression.

This scene was extremely shocking.

Three terrifying dragons that were as large as a continent appeared to be extremely respectful and worshipping in front of a tiny 'ant.' Under the 'ant"'s caress, they revealed an expression of extreme enjoyment.

"God of Runes!"

"The God of Runes has descended!"

Everyone in the land of runes saw this scene. Only the God of Runes was able to instantly kill a demigod with a single shot!

And only the God of Runes was able to receive such respect from the dragon guardians!

The cheers grew louder and louder.

When the cheers reached a high level, a strand of white light that was invisible to the naked eye emerged from the heads of every human in the runic lands, gathering into a stream that flowed towards Joelson.

Joelson's eyes lit up.

He casually grabbed a strand of white light and said in a low voice, "This is?"

"The power of faith?"

The white light fused into Joelson's body and a strange feeling was born.

On the spirit tree, the divine spark condensed from the branches grew stronger bit by bit under the nourishment of this power.

Many laws flowed through Joelson's mind, and he naturally understood them thoroughly.

Was this the power of faith?

It was simply too amazing!

No wonder so many gods wanted to open their own divine kingdom of faith and spread their faith to expand their followers. Compared to his own comprehension of laws, the power of faith was simply a cheat-like improvement speed.

Now that he thought about it, the Land of Slaughter was actually a different kind of divine kingdom of faith.

Every person who indulged in the killing was a believer of a certain existence.

The power of faith generated from the land of runes doubled the size of all the divine sparks that Joelson went out to destroy and destiny!

After that, the white light produced by the people who had made him the God of Runes gradually weakened.

It became indistinct. Compared to the ocean of faith before, it was now a small stream.

The first generation of faith was the purest and largest. After that, Joelson needed to continuously display miracles and deepen the believers' devotion and fanaticism to obtain more power of faith.

If he fell in front of his followers, their faith would suddenly collapse.

If it disappeared for too long, the faith would gradually weaken.

So it was a long and lasting process to cultivate followers, just like planting flowers and plants, to give them rain and sunshine, so that they could give back their fragrance.

Seeing his idol collapse on the ground, he simply waved his hand.

The earth law revolved, and the earth shook. Countless mud and rocks cast an even grander and more magnificent idol.

In an instant, the power of faith produced by the believers suddenly increased by a large amount.

This was the so-called revealing of a miracle.

After doing all this, Joelson turned his gaze back to Du Lu, Steel Dragon, and Lightning.

After carefully sensing the aura of the three dragons that was far more than before, a rare satisfied smile appeared on Joelson's face.

"Very good."

He nodded.

"I hope I can help Father."

The three dragons growled, their expressions filled with both joy and shame.

If the three of them had not evolved right before the battle, the runic land would have already been destroyed.

As for the dragons that were still stuck at the peak of the saint rank and divine domain rank, they lowered their heads in shame.

"Enny."

Joelson called out.

Enny flew up with the clouds. The clouds still looked at Joelson with reverence and worship, just like when they were young.

In their eyes, this was the only existence in the world that was stronger than their father.

"In the future, I'll leave the dragon whelps in the ranching space to you to take care of. Before they reach saint-rank, feed them ranching crops. The trials in the Dragon God's Arena must not be lacking either."

Joelson had absolute control over the space in the Dragon God's ranching space.

After arriving, he learned about everything that happened in the Dragon God's Arena.

An idea came into his mind.

He wanted to transform all the dragons in the ranching space into ancient dragons!

If all the dragons were like the three dragons, then how terrifying would the ancient dragon army formed by them be.

Even Joelson himself could not imagine.

"After they reach saint-rank, bring them to the runic land."

Joelson instructed in detail.

As the Platinum, Azure Wind, and other dragons grew stronger, he had accumulated many lucky draws for the ordinary dragon pool.

He had also obtained a top-tier dragon pool lucky draw.

It was a reward for reaching ten god-domain-level dragons.

With the divine spark fruit and the countless runestones in the runic land, aside from the few dragons that had yet to accumulate enough gold and remained at the peak of saint-

rank, the vast majority of the other dragons had already broken through to the divine domain, meanwhile, the three dragons had always been far ahead of the other dragons.

Joelson intended to find a time to use all of these lucky draws. He would then hand over the nurturing of the small dragons to Enny.

Enny had a gentle and meticulous personality, so she should be able to do better than him.

Joelson gently stroked the dark gold divine spark he had just obtained in his hand. It was a metal-type divine spark.

He casually tossed it to the steel dragon to quench his thirst. Joelson raised his head to look at the sky.

These two demigods who had suddenly appeared made Joelson realize one thing.

The runic land wasn't a plane that he had absolute control over, like the ranching space.

There might be other entrances to the runic land that led to this place.

This time, it was just two demigods who had mistakenly barged in. What about the next time?

Would a god or even a highgod descend?

What Joelson didn't know was that this was a problem that he urgently needed to solve.

The runic land was a land of treasures. He wouldn't give up even if he didn't want to.

There was a pitch-black crack in the sky that constantly squirmed like an ugly vertical pupil.

The two demigods had appeared from there.

Joelson flew up and sent his spiritual energy into it.

The endless, unknown void would occasionally flow through chaotic space, quickly shattering the consciousness he had sent out.

The unknown land.

Joelson's eyes flickered.

Although he had come out of the Land of Slaughter, in order to avoid the combined attacks of Barnard and the other gods, he had chosen to retreat into the space of the ranch.

Although the current power of the three dragons was definitely enough to fight against a god.

But before his power reached the level of a god, for the time being, Joelson didn't plan to return.

After all, there was still the mysterious 'Lord Augustellan' present.

Joelson could be considered to have been trapped within the ranching space.

If he only stayed within the runic lands or the ranching space, the rate of improvement in Joelson's power would definitely become extremely slow.

He needed experience and here was a good chance!

Chapter 330: The Dragon of Life, A Miraculous Power

Since those two demigods could pass through the spatial rift...

He should be able to pass through the spatial rift where they came from. Perhaps he would be able to enter other planes as well.

Of course, there was also the possibility of unimaginable danger.

The possibility of the latter was smaller.

Joelson only thought for a moment before making up his mind.

Leave.

If he couldn't even bear the slightest risk, then there was no need for him to leave the central plane.

Wouldn't it be better to continue being his Platinum Throne and enjoy the admiration of countless people?

Before leaving, Joelson first returned to the ranching space, preparing to use up all the lucky draws he had accumulated.

First, it was the lucky draw of the ordinary dragon pool.

"Congratulations to the rancher for obtaining an Electric Dragon Egg x1."

"Congratulations to the rancher for obtaining an Ice Dragon Egg x1."

"Congratulations to the rancher for obtaining a Fire Dragon Egg x1."

After three lucky draws, three dragon eggs of different colors appeared in front of him.

There was no surprise. He had already obtained all ten elemental dragons. No matter how he drew, he could only obtain a duplicate dragon egg.

However, he was not disappointed.

Du Lu was once an ordinary fire elemental dragon. Now, Du Lu had surpassed the Dark Demon Dragon and became the strongest combat force under him.

Next, it might be time to make good use of the mountain of life.

He thought to himself.

The good news was that there were a few hatchlings. Two of them were cute female dragon whelps, which made up for the fact that almost all of them were males.

Joelson named the three small dragons Electric Charge, Iceberg, and Rainier.

The first two were female dragon whelps, Rainier was a boy, and Rainier was also from a volcano that Joelson knew of.

After sending all the dragon whelps into the dragon nursery and giving them to Enny to take care of, Joelson was ready to carry out his second top-tier dragon pool lottery.

The last time he drew the Dragon of Fate, he didn't know what he would get this time.

The chaotic dragon pool kept rolling, and the light of fate dispersed the fog.

After mastering the laws of fate, Joelson became more and more confident in the arrangement of fate.

He had a feeling that the top-tier dragon he drew this time was definitely related to his future path. Perhaps it could play an unexpected role, or maybe.

Finally, a dragon egg slowly appeared.

Joelson's eyes focused.

What he got was...

"Congratulations to the rancher for obtaining the Life Dragon Egg x1."

It was actually a life dragon?

It was another supreme law, the law of life.

A look of surprise appeared in Joelson's eyes.

A small green dragon let out a cute and tender voice as it walked out of the dragon egg.

Its eyes were as clear as a lake in summer. Anyone who looked at it would think of words like 'newborn,' 'hope,' 'life force,' and so on.

The Life Dragon's strength had also reached the peak of the divine domain.

It was just one step away from reaching the god-level!

It possessed power close to that of a god when it was born. As expected of a top-tier dragon that was born to grasp supreme laws. Its talent was so good that it made everyone jealous.

The Life Dragon walked in front of Joelson and looked at him with curiosity and confusion.

When he looked at the Life Dragon, Joelson felt that a strange power was rapidly growing in his body.

On the spirit tree in his mind, in the place where the twelve types of divine crystals hung, between the destruction and fate divine crystals, another branch grew. It flickered with a water-green luster and represented the power of all life in the world.

Just as the life law crystals appeared, the life force in Joelson's body expanded by several hundred times.

A surge of blood and aura surged. This strange power was rapidly transforming his body.

Joelson's body, which had been strengthened with Du Lu and the Steel Dragon's heart blood, was already extremely powerful, comparable to a giant dragon.

Ordinary attacks could break through his defense and injure him but they could also quickly heal.

However, there was still a small gap between him and a deity-level physical body that wouldn't rot even if his soul existed.

After all, he hadn't truly advanced to the deity level. He only had the power to kill demigods.

But now, Joelson could clearly sense that his body was growing stronger at a terrifying speed.

Deity-level.

Demigods.

Surpassing a demigod!

In a short period of time, the strength of his body had already surpassed that of an ordinary demigod. Based on his experience of killing many demigods, his current body was close to the peak of the demigod level!

In addition, his vitality was especially strong!

As for how strong it was, Joelson wasn't sure.

But he knew.

Before the huge amount of vitality in his body was exhausted, unless he was completely wiped out in an instant, no one could easily kill him even if he stood still.

There was no doubt about this, and it made Joelson's overall strength rise another huge step.

"In the future."

Joelson held the life dragon in his arms, thought for a moment and said, "Your name shall be Hope."

"Hehe."

The life dragon cried out happily as if it liked this name very much.

It played with Joelson for a while, then flew out of Joelson's arms and curiously looked at everything in the space of the ranch.

At this time, there was only Holy and Dark Demon Dragon in the space of the ranch.

When Hope's gaze fell on the Dark Demon Dragon, this magic dragon, who had been firmly occupying the position of the leader of the dragon army under Joelson's command for a long time, revealed a nervous expression for the first time.

Even when it was facing the transformed Du Lu, it did not show such an expression.

This was the suppression of the same species that only the supreme bloodline showed.

Holy seemed to have discovered a new continent. It blinked its eyes in surprise and could not wait to pounce on it.

It said a lot to Hope.

Its chubby body danced, and it seemed to be expressing something. It looked very simple and honest.

However, no matter how he looked at it, he felt that this smart guy was looking for protection from a big shot!

Perhaps it was the holy aura that made Hope feel good. The two little guys chatted happily and soon became friends.

Holy raised his head and looked in the direction of the Dark Demon Dragon. He put his paw on Hope's shoulder as if to say, "I have a new helper. Just wait and see. After a while, you won't be able to be arrogant anymore."

In order to please Hope, Holy enthusiastically led Hope around the ranch space.

He also shamelessly took out a large number of fruits from Curtis's dragon nest and piled them in front of Hope. He patted his chest and generously said, "Eat, it's my treat!"

Joelson was amused by this.

Holy could be said to be the happy fruit in the ranch space.

Hope looked at the fruit that was almost piled up into a small hill in front of him and appeared very happy.

However, he did not eat it. Instead, after cheering, he pounced on it.

The next moment, the pile of fruits made a magical change.

The fruits quickly grew roots and sprouted in a few seconds, turning into a lush forest of fruit trees.