

Breeding Dragons From Today

Chapter 331: The Respect of the Dragons. The Ancient Dragon God!

"Ah?"

Holy's eyes were wide open, and its mouth was wide open. It was so shocked that it could not speak.

However, Hope did not pay attention to its shock. Instead, it went straight into the fruit forest to play, and it kept laughing happily.

After playing for a while, it seemed to be a little tired. It began to feel sleepy, and its eyelids kept dropping.

Its small head swayed left and right, trying to find a comfortable nest.

Joelson was also a little troubled. The Life Dragon in the system interface did not have a dragon nest.

Suddenly, Hope's eyes lit up. As if it had discovered something, it flew over quickly.

It flew in front of a very young sapling and sniffed around the sapling. A satisfied expression appeared on its face. It laid down comfortably beside the sapling and closed its gem-like eyes.

Not long after, it let out a cute snore.

Hope had fallen asleep.

Amidst the light snoring, Hope's body emitted a layer of light. The sapling also emitted a similar fluorescence.

However, the former was much stronger than the latter.

The two rays of light gathered together and became brighter and brighter.

In the next moment, the sapling began to grow.

It kept on sprouting new branches, growing taller and thicker, and growing leaves.

In less than ten minutes, the sapling had grown into an uncle that few people could hold hands with. The dense crown of the tree formed the shape of a big hand, carefully holding up hope to make it sleep more comfortably.

And the growth of the big tree was still continuing.

Seeing this scene, a ray of light shot out from Joelson's eyes.

This small tree was nothing else but a small root that he had cut off from the Tree of Life in the Elf Forest.

After planting it in the pasture space, this root unexpectedly survived. However, it had never grown and looked like it was malnourished.

He did not expect hope to stay by the side of the sapling and let the Tree of Life begin to grow at an extremely fast speed.

Joelson knew that this must be the power of the law of life!

In half a day, the growth of the Tree of Life had slowed down, but it had also become a supertree that only a dozen people could hug.

The crown of the tree sank into the clouds, making it extremely magnificent.

There was a small hollow under the tree and clear spring water surged up.

Joelson hurried forward and took a sip, his eyes suddenly revealing a hint of surprise.

Spring Water of Life!

It was indeed the Spring Water of Life!

Leas had once said that the Spring Water of Life was condensed from the life force emitted by the Tree of Life.

Although the Tree of Life in the pasture space was still quite a distance away from the Tree of Life in the elven forest, which had grown for who knew how many tens of thousands of years, it still had the ability to produce the Spring of Life.

Having its own Spring of Life, then...

The Dark Demon Dragon's injuries finally had a chance to be healed.

Moreover, in the future, if Joelson suffered any serious injuries in battle, he could use the Spring of Life to heal.

This was definitely a huge piece of good news.

Joelson looked at Hope with joy. This little guy seemed to have grown up a little.

The Tree of Life and it seemed to be a relationship that helped each other, helping each other and growing together.

Joelson was so happy that he wanted to laugh but he did not want to wake up Hope. He could only suppress his joy.

However, in the next moment, Hope was still woken up.

It was not Joelson who made any noise, but the Dragon God Arena!

"Roar!"

"Roar!"

Two dragon roars suddenly burst out in the Dragon God Arena, waking up Hope.

Joelson looked over in surprise. He had absolute control over everything in the space of the ranch.

The reason why the Du Lu, Steel Dragon, and Lightning could transform into ancient dragons was because of the Dragon God Arena.

What about now?

Which dragon was it again?

Joelson was a little confused. There seemed to be no other dragons in the ranch that had the same strength as the three dragons.

Other than the Dark Demon Dragon, the Dark Demon Dragon had never entered the Dragon God Arena, so how could it be blessed by the ancient dragon bloodline of the Dragon God Arena?

In the next second, he understood.

In the Dragon God Arena, two dragon flags rose into the sky, fluttering in the wind.

They were the dragon flags that represented Du Lu and the steel dragon!

Joelson understood that this time, it was probably because of him.

He had once used Du Lu and the steel dragon's heart blood to strengthen his body with the secret technique of dragon blood, and he also had the ancient dragon bloodline in his body!

Although the power of the ancient dragon bloodline had been scattered by him and completely merged into his own bloodline.

But along with the transformation of Du Lu and the steel dragon, it still attracted the blessing of the Ancient Dragon God!

It was different from the ancient dragon phantom that appeared before.

This time, a fiery red stream of light and a dark golden stream of light flew out from the two dragon flags. The two streams of light were extremely dazzling, like two suns!

The appearance of the two streams of light seemed to have awakened an extremely ancient existence.

"Roar!"

A vast and majestic dragon roar was emitted from within the Dragon God Arena.

In an instant, all the dragon flags within the Dragon God Arena fluttered as dragon roars were emitted. It was as if they were expressing their respect towards the majestic dragon roar.

All the dragon flags within the Dragon God Arena flew out with a stream of light. The color of the stream of light was different but it was equally dazzling!

All the streams of light suddenly rushed into Joelson's body and began to fuse.

As the fusion began, Joelson's eyes turned into a beautiful golden color. A dragon horn seemed to be growing out from the top of his head, and there were faint dragon scales on his skin.

But soon, the dragon horn and dragon scales disappeared.

Instead, the surface of Joelson's body was covered with a layer of golden light similar to the light in his pupils.

The golden light was not very strong. On the contrary, it was very weak.

However, it constantly emitted an unexplainable dignity and majesty.

It was as if the current Joelson had become some supreme existence!

The Dark Demon Dragon that occupied a corner of the ranch looked at the scene happening on Joelson's body. Its eyes flickered and it let out a low roar. The roar became louder and louder.

It was the same for Holy and Hope.

This scene was happening in the runic land.

The many dragons in the runic land suddenly sensed something and turned their heads in the same direction. They raised their heads and let out a high-pitched roar.

After that, all the dragons lowered their bodies and lowered their heads.

They expressed their respect towards the birth of a supreme existence.

Ancient Dragon God!

After an unknown amount of time, the dragon's roar gradually died down.

The fusion of Joelson was also complete.

At this moment, Joelson's pupils and body were emitting a sparkling golden light. His originally handsome face became even more eye-catching.

His slender figure became even more perfect. Every curve of his body seemed to be the masterpiece of the creator.

Even if he did not move, he still exuded an extremely noble and dignified aura.

Joelson opened his eyes, and the golden light in his pupils and body gradually faded away.

Only Hope and Holy that came close to him proved that what had just happened had really happened.

Chapter 332: The Position of the Main God. The Plane Behind the Spatial Rift

Joelson gently stroked Hope's small head as a show of affection, hoping to show an expression of enjoyment.

Soon, he became sleepy again, and his eyelids drooped continuously. Joelson carried him back to the Tree of Life, and Hope fell asleep again.

Beside him, Holy looked anxious, as if he was saying, "There's still me, Father! You haven't touched me yet!"

Joelson couldn't help but laugh as he reached out to touch Holy's big round head.

Holy immediately revealed a satisfied expression as he wagged his big chubby tail and walked under the Tree of Life. He also lay down and began to sleep.

Joelson shook his head.

This guy was either eating or sleeping again, or he was provoking the Dark Demon Dragon.

Without thinking about this, Joelson turned his gaze to the Dragon God Arena.

He knew that the majestic dragon roar just now belonged to the Ancient Dragon God.

The Ancient Dragon God was the supreme god of the dragon race but he had long disappeared in the distant past.

The roar just now was just a magical power in the space of the pasture, reproducing the will of the Ancient Dragon God.

The will of the Ancient Dragon God expressed his recognition and gave him the title of the Ancient Dragon God.

This was also the reason why all the giant dragons had lowered their arrogant heads just now. However, all the giant dragons in the space of the ranch had always treated Joelson as their father, and they were extremely respectful.

However, the role of the Ancient Dragon God title was not just that. If Joelson returned to the central continent now, then the dragons in the Saint Realm would respect him from the bottom of their hearts, not just out of respect for power. This respect came from the depths of their bloodline.

It could be said that after obtaining the title of Ancient Dragon God, he was the noblest existence in the dragon race. He was also the supreme existence that all dragons respected!

"Ancient Dragon God?"

Joelson muttered to himself in a low voice, his eyes flickering.

Even the calm and composed him could not help but feel a little excited at this moment.

Other than the title of Ancient Dragon God, he had also obtained one other thing, and that was the entire inheritance of the Ancient Dragon God.

Now, all he needed to do was slowly absorb the inheritance in his mind and he would naturally be able to become a sovereign god!

One had to know that there could only be one sovereign god of any type!

Before the death of a fire-type sovereign god, there wouldn't be a second fire-type sovereign god born!

This had nothing to do with power, this was the limit of the supreme law.

And now, Joelson had a sovereign position that was waiting for him to achieve and only he could achieve it.

The divine seat of the Ancient Dragon God!

"Should I return to the Land of Slaughter?"

Joelson thought of this question.

After acquiring the legacy of the Ancient Dragon God, his power had skyrocketed once more. In addition, after transforming, he had become one of the three dragons. Against a few overseers in the Land of Slaughter, he would be able to completely crush them.

"Forget it."

After thinking carefully, Joelson shook his head slightly.

Even if he was able to deal with a demigod-level Watcher, he still had a god-level Watcher, but at the very least, the highgod lord of the Land of Slaughter, Augustellan, was waiting for him.

It was still too early to return to the Land of Slaughter, and...

Joelson's gaze turned to the runic lands.

The runic lands still had a spatial rift. This was the problem he wanted to solve the most.

There were two reasons. On the one hand, there might be others who would enter the runic lands through the spatial rift. This was something he didn't allow.

On the other hand, he also wanted to use the spatial rift to see what plane was on the other side of the rift. This would be a good opportunity for him to increase his power.

...

He passed through the pitch-black spatial rift, leading to the path in front of him.

The spatial turbulence was like a silver school of fish, swimming past Joelson. The power of this turbulence was enough to easily kill a demigod.

With a wave of his hand, Joelson dispelled the turbulence and continued forward.

After flying for an unknown period of time, a ray of light appeared before his eyes.

Joelson's eyes lit up and he quickly approached it.

The thin planar barrier gently brushed past his body. It was as though he had passed through a thin membrane, or as though he had jumped out of the water.

When he reappeared, he was already in another world.

Joelson looked around and looked around. What he saw was a barren desert. There was not a trace of life, as if this was a country of death.

He spread his consciousness out to investigate. Soon, Joelson knew that this was an independent bitwall but it was also much bigger than the bitwall of the central continent.

A blood-red sun hung high in the center of this plane, emitting a blood-red light with a rhythm and pattern.

Joelson's gaze focused slightly.

This was a sun formed from the condensation of dense slaughter laws.

Joelson sighed in his heart. He and the slaughter laws were really fated. First, it was the Land of Slaughter, and then it was here.

After feeling it for a while, Joelson discovered that the slaughter law here was extremely dense. It was much higher than the Land of Slaughter. Even if he did not take the initiative to absorb it, the slaughter law would continue to surge into his body.

Moreover, the slaughter law here was different from the Land of Slaughter. The slaughter law here was very pure. It was purely the power of slaughter and did not contain the brutal consciousness of the Land of Slaughter.

He could absorb as much as he wanted. Realizing this, Joelson could not help but think that he had made the right decision to enter.

However, compared to the abundance of the law of slaughter, the power of the law of other elements was extremely scarce here.

As he was thinking, Joelson suddenly felt the aura of life coming from the ground.

Looking down, it was a lizard with blood-red eyes.

The lizard was looking around vigilantly, observing the predator that could appear at any time.

Looking up, the lizard noticed the existence of Joelson. It had never seen such a creature but it instinctively sensed an extremely dangerous aura from the man in the sky.

Danger!

The moment the lizard noticed Joelson, it ran wildly.

Joelson didn't pay any attention to it. He prepared to leave.

Right at this moment, the calm sand dune suddenly began to tremble, as though it would collapse at any moment.

A giant python suddenly emerged from the sand dune. Shockingly, it had the power of a late-stage demigod!

The giant python had come for the lizard. It began to swim about in the desert, rapidly heading in the direction of the lizard. In an instant, it caught up to the lizard, then swallowed it whole.

After swallowing the lizard, the giant python's body began to emit a weak blood-red light and its aura suddenly rose to the peak of the demigod level.

Seeing this scene, Joelson's eyes flashed, as though he had thought of something.

The giant python had also discovered the existence of Joelson in the sky. It continued to spit out its tongue, sending out threatening signals.

Joelson's figure suddenly disappeared from his original spot.

In the next moment, he appeared behind the giant python's head.

Joelson suddenly made a move. He grabbed the back of the giant python's head with his palm, and a wisp of dark red lightning drilled out from between his fingers and entered the giant python's head.

"Hiss—!"

The giant python let out a painful hiss and its body gradually disappeared.

Finally, it turned into a ball of blood-red light.

"It's just as I expected."

Joelson looked calm but there was a trace of joy in his eyes.

Chapter 333: The Trial Plane

After killing the giant python, Joelson understood.

Neither the lizard just now, nor the giant python he had just killed, were real creatures!

It was just that, in this plane, the laws of slaughter had materialized and evolved!

Joelson absorbed the blood-red ball of light in his hand, and the divine slaughter crystal on the spirit tree grew a little larger.

Although it was just a little bit, it must be known that in the Land of Slaughter, only a dozen or so demigod divine sparks would be able to grow so little.

And now, just a peak demigod giant python had the same effect as more than a dozen ordinary demigods!

Joelson's eyes lit up slightly.

If there were many creatures like giant pythons that had evolved from the dense laws of slaughter, then he would be able to increase his power to his heart's content!

However, Joelson was also somewhat puzzled. The law of slaughter could actually evolve into life?

Although it wasn't real life.

Then, he controlled the law of destruction to absorb the power that the slaughter divinity had just increased. Joelson's gaze turned towards the strange blood-red sun in the sky.

In the next moment, Joelson's figure suddenly disappeared from where he was, flying towards the direction of the blood-red sun, continuously flying towards the center of the plane.

...

On the other side of the plane.

A group of more than ten people wearing white armor or white robes were resting here.

The clothes of these more than ten people were engraved with the same symbol, which belonged to the God of Light, the Plane of Heaven.

"Diaboli, have you contacted the Archangel?"

A knight wearing white armor asked the man wearing white robes beside him.

The man called Diaboli replied respectfully, "Lord Tarth, the Archangel hasn't responded yet."

If Joelson was here, he would be surprised. This man called Diaboli, who was extremely respectful, was no one else except...

It was the Light Throne of the central continent!

"God of Light, these damn guys have separated us from the Archangel!" Tarth gritted his teeth and said angrily.

The Light Throne, Diaboli, did not speak. His face was filled with depression.

He was no longer the Light Throne that everyone looked up to and respected.

Ever since he had ascended to the heavenly realm, he no longer had the prestige he had in the central continent. Even though he had a Platinum Throne that suppressed everyone in the central continent.

However, he was at least one of the strongest people below the Platinum Throne. He was an existence that the entire central continent looked up to.

However, after arriving in the heavenly realm, everything changed.

With his divine domain level strength, he couldn't be considered an expert at all. On the contrary, he could only be considered an existence at the lowest level.

Diaboli sighed in his heart.

If he was a super genius with high talent, he would still be able to obtain a large number of resources even after arriving in the higher planes.

However, most people like him, whose potential had already been exhausted, would never have any hope of advancing to become a demigod.

Perhaps, if he was lucky enough, he would be able to gain the favor of the God of Light, or perhaps he would have a chance to leap over the threshold of being a demigod and leave the lowest rung of society.

But after letting out a sigh, Diaboli quickly recovered his mood, no longer worried.

Although his potential had already been exhausted, he was different from the others.

"Diaboli, I heard that you are very familiar with the great archangel?" Tarth asked in a friendly tone.

Diaboli was stunned for a moment but he quickly came to his senses.

Tarth was the most powerful of the ten or so of them, a middle stage god.

Tarth far surpassed him. For him to speak to him in such a friendly manner, other than because of the Archangel, there was no other reason.

Diaboli shook his head. "I'm not very familiar with her. It's just that the reincarnation of the Archangel and I are in the same plane."

This was also the reason why he wasn't worried that his potential would be exhausted.

He came from the same plane as the Archangel and could be considered a member of the Archangel faction. He would at least be able to acquire some resources.

Just like that, in another hundred thousand years, he might have a chance to become a demigod!

"Diaboli, your luck is quite good!"

After receiving Diaboli's affirmative reply, Tarth's tone became even more friendly.

"Diaboli, I treat you fairly well. If I have the chance, I hope that you can help me put in a few good words in front of the Archangel."

Diaboli nodded and said, "Lord Tarth, of course, there's no problem. It's just that it's not up to me to decide who the Archangel will choose to join the paladin group."

Sure enough, Tarth was so kind to him because he wanted to join the paladin group led by the Archangel.

However, Tarth's strength was not bad to begin with, so he still took care of him.

He did not intend to refuse, since it was only a matter of a sentence.

As for the result?

That was not something that he could control.

"Then, thank you very much!"

When Tarth heard Diaboli's reply, not only was he not disappointed but he was also delighted.

He also knew that it was not so easy to join the Holy Knights, but if Diaboli was willing to put in a few good words for him, the probability of him joining would be greatly increased!

Listening to the exchange between the two, everyone at the side revealed curious expressions.

Diaboli usually had no sense of presence. Who would have thought that he actually knew the Archangel?

Immediately, someone couldn't help but curiously ask, "Diaboli, what plane are you from?"

"The central continent."

"Oh, right, the central continent!" That person revealed an expression of remembering. Then, he lowered his voice and asked, "I heard a rumor that when the Archangel was in the central continent, she once lost to a central continent native whose cultivation level was lower than hers?"

"How is that possible?"

"That's right, how can the Archangel lose to those natives from the lower planes?"

"Even if the Archangel's talent is placed in the higher planes of fate, she is definitely the most outstanding existence!"

Everyone began to retort.

In their eyes, the natives of the lower planes were all extremely low in talent.

The number one attendant of the God of Light, the Archangel.

How could she lose to an aborigine from the lower planes?

"Enough!"

Tarth angrily rebuked in a low voice and said seriously, "The Archangel will not lose to anyone, not to mention an aborigine from the lower planes. It's not something you can casually talk about!"

Everyone immediately shut their mouths and fell silent. Their gazes fell on Diaboli.

Seeing that Diaboli didn't say anything, everyone believed in their own judgment even more.

How could the Archangel lose to a native of the lower planes?

However, they didn't know that the figure of that man had appeared in Diaboli's heart. His heart couldn't help but tremble.

Platinum Throne!

Joelson Edward!

That man who had created countless legends in the central continent!

Diaboli looked at the silent crowd.

He thought that if he told them that Joelson had defeated the Archangel the moment he entered the Saint Realm...

They would probably be so shocked that they could not close their mouths.

Even in the heavenly realm, he had never seen an existence that could create so many legends!

If he had to say it, only the God of Light could compare to him.

Chapter 334: The Church of Light Which Had Fallen Into Despair

Diaboli was shocked by his own thoughts.

However, he quickly remembered that this was already a matter for the central continent. He didn't know how Joelson was doing now.

However, it was likely that he had also fallen silent.

After all, just the heavenly realm, which was the main plane, had many geniuses that weren't inferior to Joelson. However, because there were so many super-geniuses, it was very difficult to create a legend like Joelson.

As for the higher plane of Fate that Joelson went to, there would definitely be more super-geniuses.

Even he wouldn't be able to continue creating legends in the higher plane.

Diaboli shook his head and controlled himself to not think about this.

They were currently facing trouble.

They came to this plane to undergo a trial and obtain rewards.

That's right!

This plane was a trial ground!

However, unlike the trial ground created by important figures, this plane was naturally born.

In the endless planes, there would often be some trial planes that naturally evolved. These planes did not have real life, only some law creatures that evolved from the laws.

However, there were many rewards that could increase one's strength. One could obtain them through the plane's trial.

These planes were collectively known as the trial planes!

And they were currently in such a trial plane, and it was a trial plane with slaughter laws.

"Lord Tarth, let's use our secret techniques and find the positions of the Archangel and the others as soon as possible."

Diaboli suggested.

Hearing this suggestion, Tarth also revealed a solemn expression.

"This won't do. This trial ground is too lacking in light-type laws. After using a secret technique, we'll all lose our ability to fight. If we meet those damned fellows from the slaughter plane again, we won't be as lucky as before."

Diaboli and the others fell silent.

Tarth was right. They had to consider this problem.

The reason why they had been separated from the Archangel and the others was because of the attack of the people from the dimension of slaughter.

If they hadn't encountered the turbulence of laws, they might have all been wiped out.

If they used a secret technique that caused them to lose their laws and overuse them, they would really be in danger if they met those people again.

The people from the dimension of slaughter wouldn't encounter such a problem. Instead, the dimension of slaughter was filled with the laws of slaughter, giving the people from the dimension of slaughter a huge advantage.

"Then what should we do? We can't just stay here forever, right?" Someone asked.

Tarth pondered for a moment, then looked towards the blood-red sun in the sky, which was emitting an extremely strange aura. He said, "Let's head towards the center of the training grounds. The exalted Archangel is definitely heading in this direction."

The person who had asked this just now fell silent.

If they headed towards the center, although they might encounter the exalted Archangel...

But at the same time, the closer they got to the center, the more dangerous it would be!

The most powerful member of the group, Tarth, was only at the mid-stage demigod level.

Even if they didn't talk about the group from the plane of slaughter—even if they encountered some powerful law creatures, they wouldn't be able to defeat them.

At this moment, Tarth suddenly raised his head, looking warily in a certain direction.

"Fellow members of the Church of Light, we meet again. This time, you won't be so lucky."

A sharp, ear-piercing voice filled with savagery rang out from afar.

...

Joelson hovered in midair, staring down at the peak-stage demigod below.

The spear of annihilation in his hand suddenly stabbed out.

A black scar appeared in the void. In the next moment, a crack appeared in the void in front of the demigod.

The tip of the spear, wrapped in dark red lightning, poked out from the crack and stabbed towards his chest.

The peak demigod didn't have time to react. He was instantly pierced through by the tip of the spear. He didn't even have time to let out a scream before he collapsed to the ground.

Joelson put away his annihilation spear. His cold gaze was drawn away from the dozen or so corpses on the ground.

He flew in the direction of the blood-red sun for a few days. Along the way, he devoured quite a few law creatures. His destruction divine spark had also grown a bit stronger, and he was gradually getting closer.

He also met some enemies along the way.

He had just killed the third group of enemies he had met in the past few days. These people were all wearing black armor, and there was a blood-red mark engraved on their armor. They were all cultivators of the law of slaughter.

When Joelson first met these people, he had intended to learn some information about this plane from them.

However, these people would rather be killed than tell him anything.

There were also people who wanted to beg for mercy in order to survive, but they were all killed by their own people.

This made Joelson a little frustrated. He had been here for a few days, but he didn't even know where this place was, let alone any other information.

Looking up at the blood-red sun, Joelson was about to continue flying toward the center.

"Huh?"

Suddenly, he heard the sound of a fight coming from afar.

Without thinking much, he turned into a ray of light and quickly approached the direction of the sound.

Soon, he hid behind a desert dune and watched the two parties fighting.

He was very familiar with one of them. He was wearing black armor with a blood-red mark on it. It was the accomplice of the three groups he had killed.

"The Church of Light?"

Joelson narrowed his eyes and muttered to himself.

He was even more familiar with the other group. He could tell from their clothes that they were from the Church of Light.

It seemed that there were quite a number of people from the Church of Light in the endless planes. Not only were they spreading their religion in the central continent, but there were also people from this plane that had no life.

Joelson looked at the situation on the battlefield.

The Church of Light's side had always been at a disadvantage, constantly being pursued and killed by the black-armored side.

However, Joelson didn't find it strange. After all, this place was filled with the laws of slaughter, while the other laws were extremely scarce. If the battle continued for a long time, the Church of Light's group wouldn't be able to supply them with the power of the laws. As for the black-armored side, they all cultivated in the laws of slaughter.

What's more, the most powerful member of the Church of Light's side was only at the middle stage of the god level, while the other side had a peak demigod.

Naturally, the Church of Light wasn't a match for them.

However...

Joelson's eyes flickered.

He could ask the Church of Light about the situation in this plane.

Joelson stood up and walked forward, no longer hiding.

"Ah!"

A member of the Church of Light let out a blood-curdling scream as he was killed with a single slash.

"Damn it!"

Diaboli, the Light Throne, cursed angrily. Quite a few of them had already died.

Even his own body was covered in blood. He didn't know how many wounds there were.

One of the enemy's deity-domain experts had been chasing after him the entire time.

If they were in the outside world, he could still deal with them. However, in this plane where light-type laws were scarce, it would be very difficult for him to even block them.

He was already beginning to feel that the power of the laws was insufficient. If this continued, it wouldn't be long before all of them would perish here!

Tarth had always been suppressed and beaten by his opponent's peak demigod expert. It was impossible for anyone to come and support him.

Chapter 335: The Mountain-Like Giant Dragon

"You still dare to be distracted?"

The deity battling Diaboli let out a furious roar, then suddenly chopped down viciously with the longsword wrapped in the laws of slaughter. It was about to chop down towards Diaboli's head.

"Not good!"

Diaboli let out a mental cry. He couldn't block this sword!

Was he going to die here?

He hadn't even become a demigod yet. He wasn't willing to accept this!

Diaboli's eyes were wide open while his heart was filled with despair and regret.

If he had known that such a day would come, he wouldn't have ascended to the heavenly realm. Wouldn't it be good for him to stay in the central continent and become the Light Throne that everyone looked up to?

Right at this moment, a voice rang out.

"Stop!"

Hearing this, both the Church of Light and the other side stopped what they were doing.

Seeing that the long sword above his head had stopped, Diaboli suddenly burst out with his fastest speed and quickly retreated.

"It must be the Archangel's reinforcements!"

"That's right! Damned fellows, the Archangel is here. Your doomsday has arrived!"

Cheers rang out from the Church of Light's side.

The arrival of the Archangel meant that these fellows from the slaughter plane were dead for sure!

Tarth immediately heaved a sigh of relief, and a look of joy appeared on his face. Reinforcements had arrived, and there was finally hope.

As for the people from the dimension of slaughter, their expressions were extremely unsightly. They did not dare to continue attacking, and they did not dare to run even if they wanted to.

They had naturally heard of the name of the Archangel Lord.

That was an existence that they could not defend against.

Only Diaboli had a strange expression on his face. He did not know why, but he felt that the voice just now was very familiar, but he could not recall why at the moment.

Everyone's gaze turned in the direction of the voice.

A slender and extremely handsome young man wearing a mage's long robe was slowly walking over.

When they saw that the person who had come was not an Archangel, the people from the slaughter dimension laughed loudly.

"Is this the Archangel of your Church of Light?"

"He's a little weak!"

"So, a deity-realm expert can become an Archangel of the Church of Light. If I had known earlier, I would have become the God of Light!"

"Hahaha!"

Hearing the other party's mockery, the Church of Light's members had ugly expressions on their faces. They were at a loss for words.

They had thought that the Archangel had arrived in time to save them. In the end, it turned out to be a deity-realm expert?

The excitement they had felt earlier had once again sunk to the bottom of the valley. They sank into deep despair.

Was he really going to die here?

There was only one exception.

When Diaboli saw the young man's appearance, he was extremely astonished.

Joelson?

Didn't he and Silver Throne Archer follow the plane to receive people and head to the higher Plane of Fate?

How could he appear here?

But seeing that Joelson was still at the divine domain realm, Diaboli sighed to himself.

There were far too many super-geniuses in the endless planes. Even the most talented super-geniuses of the central continent had fallen silent!

However, it was still true. How could it be so easy to become a demigod.

It was already shocking enough that Joelson was able to defeat Angus Dubin, who was a demigod, at the divine domain level.

Diaboli's eyes gradually lit up, a hint of hope appearing in them.

Right!

Joelson was still at the divine domain level but he was able to defeat a mid-stage demigod. Now, so many years had passed. Who said that he wouldn't be able to defeat a peak demigod?

Although even Diaboli himself didn't dare to believe it.

But this wasn't the first time that Joelson had created a miracle!

"A deity-level dares to come and stop us. He's truly courting death!"

An early-stage demigod from the plane of slaughter barked. He held a giant ax in his hand, and his entire body transformed into a streak of light as he shot towards Joelson.

In an instant, he appeared in front of Joelson, chopping down with his giant ax.

Everyone believed that Joelson would be chopped into pieces. Some priests in the Church of Light couldn't bear to watch any longer, so they turned their heads to the side.

The demigod wielding the giant ax felt a cold gaze.

Looking over, he saw a pair of eyes that flickered with a faint golden light. Within them was an extremely terrifying aura.

The demigod felt as though he was being targeted by an unstoppable predator and he himself was the prey that was about to meet his tragic fate.

It was as though the existence in front of him was a hunter who had been hunting low-level bloodlines like him since ancient times.

His heart couldn't help but tremble and then a wave of humiliation welled up in his mind.

He was a demigod, but he was actually frightened by a deity?

As though it was because of the humiliation, the demigod gritted his teeth and suddenly exerted force with both hands. The giant ax moved even faster, almost transforming into an illusion.

Joelson didn't move at all. Everyone thought that he had given up on resisting.

However, in the next moment, Joelson raised his hand slightly.

He actually grabbed the great ax which had transformed into a blur!

His expression was extremely calm, as though what he had grabbed wasn't an all-out attack by a demigod but rather an annoying mosquito.

"How... How is this possible?"

The demigod was so frightened by the scene before him that he was stunned, to the point of forgetting to continue his attack.

Everyone watching was stunned as well.

Only Diaboli felt an enormous sense of joy rise in his heart.

As expected of the Platinum Throne!

As expected of the number one expert of the central continent who had just ascended to the deity-level and was able to annihilate a mid-stage demigod!

Everyone watched in astonishment.

In the hands of the great ax in which Joelson held it, fine, dark red bolts of lightning began to flow, and an extremely terrifying aura began to spread out.

"The laws of destruction?"

The demigod's eyes went wide and he let out a scream of disbelief.

His heart was filled with terror. The laws of slaughter were derived from the laws of destruction. Their destructive power far surpassed that of the laws of slaughter.

He definitely wasn't a match for this divine domain!

The demigod instinctively wanted to turn and flee but he discovered that the great ax in the hands of the demigod seemed to be frozen in place. Even if he used his full power, he wouldn't be able to move at all.

In the next moment, the laws of destruction suddenly exploded forth.

Dark red lightning flashed through the giant ax, instantly entering the demigod's body.

The demigod didn't even have time to let out a miserable cry before collapsing to the ground.

"Let's attack together. Kill him!"

Only now did the slaughter planes react. The peak demigod let out a loud shout.

More than ten demigod and deity experts attacked simultaneously. The laws of slaughter exploded forth, striking towards Joelson with all their power.

"Quick, attack!"

Diaboli's face was filled with anxiety and he hurriedly shouted out.

Joelson was their only chance to survive. If Joelson died while being surrounded, then they would definitely die!

Only now did the people of the Church of Light react but it was already too late.

The attacks of the people of the slaughter plane had already arrived in front of Joelson.

It was over!

A huge crack suddenly appeared in the void and an extremely dazzling golden-red light appeared before everyone's eyes.

Following that, a blazing heat spread out, burning the void into flowing black liquid.

All the power of the law of slaughter that was attacking Joelson started to burn and it was completely extinguished before it even got close.

Whether it was the people from the dimension of slaughter or the Church of Light's side...

They were all stunned by the scene before them.

A golden-red mountain range was in front of everyone!

No!

It was a terrifying dragon that was as large as a mountain range and a continent!

Chapter 336: I've Been Away For Twenty Years?

The terrifying giant dragon spat out golden-red flames from its mouth and nose. Those who were a bit closer instantly turned into white ash.

"Giant... Giant dragon?"

The peak demigod expert of the slaughter plane stared with wide, terrified eyes as he stammered.

His legs couldn't help but tremble. Only by personally facing this giant dragon would he know how terrifying this pressure was!

"Du Lu."

Joelson called out softly.

Du Lu lowered his mountain-like head, enjoying Joelson's caress.

Everyone looked at this scene in astonishment. This terrifying giant dragon seemed to be extremely respectful towards this divine domain-level human.

"Destroy them."

Joelson lowered his hand and said in a low voice.

Du Lu received the order and slowly raised his head. A gust of wind blew, causing the surrounding people to lose their balance.

The people in the slaughter plane fled in all directions in fear. As they fled, they kept turning their heads to look at the mountain-like dragon in fear.

A golden-red light lit up in Du Lu's mouth and he suddenly spat out a blazing flame!

The void melted in this flame, turning into a charred black liquid that flowed.

The remaining ten people in the slaughter plane couldn't resist at all. They were instantly annihilated, not leaving even a speck of dust behind. They had completely disappeared.

The people from the Church of Light stared at the shocking scene in front of them, stunned on the spot.

They didn't know whether they were afraid of the giant dragon or happy that their enemy had been wiped out.

Tarth looked at the tall and slender figure on the giant dragon's mountain-like head and swallowed with difficulty.

Then, he bent down, lowered his head, and said respectfully, "Thank you... Thank you, sir, for saving my life!"

Joelson glanced at tars indifferently and ignored him. He turned to stroke Du Lu's big head and said, "Unfortunately, I can't let you go back here."

Because Joelson entered the ranch space from the Land of Slaughter, he couldn't return directly through the ranch space.

Although he could summon a dragon, he could only return through the space crack he came from before.

Joelson shook his head. After Du Lu's transformation, his body was too huge.

He was like a mountain range or a continent flying in the sky. It was impossible not to attract attention.

"I'm the luckiest one to be by my father's side."

Du Lu growled. His loud roar shook the ears of the people of the Church of Light.

Joelson did not know what to say. Other than the cloud dragon and the Dark Demon Dragon, all the dragons in the ranch called him father. He must have learned it from Curtis.

"Joelson?"

A familiar voice sounded.

Joelson looked in the direction of the voice and saw a familiar figure.

"The Light Throne?"

...

Night.

Joelson and the people of the Church of Light sat in front of a bonfire.

There was no night here, but the light of the blood-red sun was weakening periodically, making the desert seem as if it had entered the night.

Du Lu coiled his body around them, surrounding them like a mountain range.

"Diaboli, why are you here? Is the central continent's Light Throne no longer suitable?"

Joelson said jokingly.

He did not expect to meet an acquaintance of the central continent here. After he left the central continent, he did not know how the central continent was doing.

Now that he saw the Light Throne, his mood was very good.

Diaboli rubbed his head and laughed embarrassedly. "What Light Throne? It's just an ordinary divine realm."

The people from the Church of Light also laughed.

Diaboli looked at Joelson and asked, "Do you still remember Tockden?"

Joelson recalled that back then, he had used the Church of Light's teleportation array to return to the southern region. The peak-stage saint-level knight that he had traveled with seemed to be called Tockden.

Joelson nodded.

Diaboli continued, "After you left the central continent, another ten years passed. Tockden successfully ascended to the divine realm and took over my position. Thus, I ascended to the heavenly realm to serve the God of Light."

Joelson was stunned. "What did you say?"

"I left the central continent for ten years?"

Joelson asked in disbelief, a hint of shock in his eyes.

Diaboli gave him a strange look and said, "No, I've been in the heavenly realm for ten years. In total, you've been away from the central continent for twenty years."

Joelson's expression gradually turned ugly.

Diaboli suddenly thought of something and asked in puzzlement, "Oh right, didn't you go to the higher Plane of Fate with Archer?"

Joelson shook his head and explained to him what had happened to him after he left the central continent.

Diaboli also revealed a puzzled expression. "I'm not too sure about that either."

Tarth thought for a moment before saying, "It was during the period when Sir lost consciousness!"

Because Joelson had saved them, other than Diaboli, who had a good relationship with Joelson, everyone else called him sir.

Even though he was only at the deity level, no one dared to look down on him.

After all, both Joelson himself and his giant dragon were far too terrifying!

"What do you mean?" Joelson asked, puzzled.

"It has been nearly twenty years since the Lord was captured by the people of the Land of Slaughter and sent to the Land of Slaughter. This is quite normal. It will take at least fifty years to travel from the plane of the central continent to the plane where the Land of Slaughter is located."

Tarth continued, "The person who attacked the Lord should be a peak god. This is the only way to reach the Land of Slaughter within twenty years."

Joelson's face was unsightly. The Land of Slaughter had no connection with the outside world. He had always thought that he had only left the central continent for a year or so.

He had never imagined that an entire twenty years had passed!

Putting aside the fact that he had wasted 20 years of cultivation time, he did not know how his family in the central continent had fared over the past 20 years.

Diaboli seemed to have seen through Joelson's doubts and said, "Joelson, when I left, your family was very good. Moreover, I have told Tockden that he must not let anything happen to your family."

Joelson heaved a sigh of relief. His lifespan was very long because of the Spring of Life and Hope.

He could still afford to waste twenty years of cultivation time.

As long as nothing happened to his family.

Tarth seemed to have thought of something and asked curiously, "Oh right, Lord Joelson, how did you escape from the Land of Slaughter? As far as I know, no one has ever successfully escaped from the Land of Slaughter!"

"I killed the overseer of the Land of Slaughter, and then I escaped."

Joelson hid the matter regarding the ranch.

Tarth thought for a moment, then nodded. "That's true. A hundred years ago, the master of the Land of Slaughter had gone to the plane of slaughter and hadn't returned. The overseer was at most at the god level. It's normal that he wasn't a match for you."

A hint of surprise flashed through Joelson's eyes.

"The master of the Land of Slaughter you speak of is Augustellan?"

Chapter 337: Divine Kingdom of Slaughter. Second Angel

An enormous fire dragon was rapidly moving through the empty desert, like a moving mountain range in the sky.

Joelson sat on top of Du Lu's head, staring at the blood-red sun that was getting closer and closer.

Through the information provided by Tarth, he learned that the master of the Land of Slaughter, Augustellan, was a peak-stage highgod expert of the slaughter-type.

A hundred years ago, he had received an invitation from the master god of the slaughter-type and had gone to the slaughter plane to participate in the gathering. He hadn't returned yet.

Joelson's face was calm, but a hint of joy could be seen in his eyes.

This was good news for him.

He would be able to resolve the matters of the Land of Slaughter in advance, and wouldn't have to spend an extremely long period of time cultivating in the ranching space.

That would make his advancement extremely slow.

Now that Augustellan was not in the Land of Slaughter, he could take the opportunity to return to the Land of Slaughter and leave.

As for not going back?

That was impossible.

Joelson returned to the ranching space from the Land of Slaughter, and then came here through the spatial rift in the land of runes.

This left him with a problem, which was that he could not return to the ranching space directly and could only return through the spatial rift.

This was equivalent to leaving the gate to the ranching space in the Land of Slaughter.

In the future, if he wanted to enter and exit the ranching space, he could only return to the Land of Slaughter through the ranching space and leave.

However, this was something for the future.

Currently, Joelson had more important things to do.

Joelson's eyes flickered as he recalled the conversation he had with Diaboli.

From Diaboli's words, he learned that the plane he was currently in was a trial plane.

And the true benefit of this trial plane wasn't what he had previously thought. Devouring law creatures to increase the power of the laws of slaughter.

The true benefit of the trial plane was the reward after passing the trial!

Diaboli told him that he could only know what the reward was after passing the trial.

However, Joelson knew what the reward was for passing the trial.

When Diaboli finished speaking, the system in the ranching space issued a mission.

"Triggered Mission: Hand over the Heart of Slaughter."

"Mission reward: Slaughter Dragon Egg x1."

The Heart of Slaughter was probably the final reward for passing the trial!

Joelson thought to himself that among his dragons, there were the Dragon of Fate and Hope, the two top-tier dragons.

These two dragons were not good at fighting, and although the bloodlines of the dragons of slaughter were not as good as the dragons of fate, there was still Hope.

If he could obtain the eggs of the dragons of slaughter, he could make up for the lack of high-level dragons in the ranching space.

When the dragons of slaughter grew up and transformed into ancient dragons of slaughter, their potential was even greater than Du Lu, Steel Dragon, and Lightning!

As soon as the mission for the ranching space was released, he immediately asked where the trial would be held.

When he found out that the trial was located at the center of the trial plane, directly below the blood-red sun, he quickly set off.

In case he was late, the reward would be obtained by someone else first!

He wasn't the only one who came here.

According to Tarth, the people he had met outside of the Church of Light who were wearing black armor were people from the slaughter plane who belonged to the Slaughter Divine Kingdom!

...

On the other side of the trial plane.

The blood-red sun hung high above.

This was a continuous mountain range. The mountain range was covered with a layer of blood-red light, making it impossible for anyone to enter.

There were two groups of people gathered at the bottom of the mountain range, facing each other from above.

They were people from the Church of Light and the Slaughter Divine Kingdom.

Among the people from the Church of Light, the leader was a tall woman who looked like the masterpiece of the Creator. Even if she didn't do anything, she still gave off an extremely sacred aura.

This woman wasn't anyone else.

She was the Archangel of the Church of Light, Holy Zither!

"Holy Zither, let's kill all these people who blaspheme the light!"

Beside Holy Zither, a girl whose appearance wasn't inferior to her, but her aura was completely different. She stared at Holy Zither with her obsidian-like eyes and said fiercely.

The girl gave off a terrifying murderous aura.

If Holy Zither was an ice mountain so sacred that no one dared to approach, then this girl was a volcano that would make people flee in all directions.

Holy Zither calmly said, "Saint Miti, restrain your killing intent. Being able to cultivate the law of slaughter is your talent, but this plane doesn't belong to our battlefield."

Saint Miti furrowed her slender eyebrows and nodded lightly.

She also knew that in this plane where the law of slaughter was filled with other laws, only she could use her full strength among the people from the Church of Light

At this time, the youth standing at the front of the Slaughter Divine Kingdom walked forward step by step.

The youth's entire body was covered in a layer of blood-red mist.

"Adrian, what are you doing here? Go back!"

Seeing the youth come over, Saint Miti immediately cursed.

Adrian laughed strangely and said, "Hehe, isn't this the second angel of the Church of Light, Saint Miti? His temper is still as bad as ever."

Adrian's strange smile made the people of the Church of Light feel uncomfortable.

"What has it got to do with you? Get lost!" Saint Miti cursed.

Adrian, who had been scolded once more, didn't get angry. Instead, he tried his best to force out a friendly smile and said, "Don't be so arrogant. I'm not here to fight with you."

"What do you want?"

Holy Zither looked directly at Adrian, asking with a calm expression.

Adrian glanced at Holy Zither but didn't reply. Then, he turned his gaze towards Saint Miti.

He said sincerely, "I've come to invite Miss Saint Miti to join the Divine Kingdom of Slaughter. You train in the laws of slaughter. Compared to the celestial realm, the Slaughter Divine Kingdom is more suitable for you. I guarantee that as long as you join the Divine Kingdom of Slaughter, within a hundred years, you will definitely become a god!"

Saint Miti had yet to speak when Holy Zither said, "In the celestial realm, Saint Miti will similarly be able to become a god within a hundred years."

"I want to hear Saint Miti's thoughts." Adrian's gaze was filled with eagerness as he looked at Saint Miti.

"All my life, I've only served the God of Light. Hurry up and scram, you disgusting fly!"

Saint Miti once more cursed angrily.

Adrian's gaze, filled with desire, swept over her, causing her to feel extremely disgusted.

Adrian's smile froze on his face and his face sank.

"Hmph! I hope that after entering the trial, you won't regret it!"

Adrian snorted coldly and turned to leave.

However, he silently said in his heart, 'Don't fall into my hands, or else...'

Compared to the Holy Zither, he wanted Saint Miti more. He had never seen such a perfect woman in the Slaughter Divine Kingdom.

Just as Adrian turned to leave...

A huge shadow quickly spread to Adrian's feet and covered more than half of the mountain range.

Adrian lowered his head to take a look. He raised his head and his expression froze completely. He opened his mouth with great difficulty.

"A... giant dragon?"

Chapter 338: The Trembling of Fate

Everyone raised their heads, staring at the enormous fiery dragon that covered the skies.

"It's a giant dragon!"

"Is a giant dragon really that big?"

"Could it be a highgod giant dragon?"

"Impossible! This trial plane can only accommodate peak demigods at most!"

"How can a highgod giant dragon be so big?"

Waves of surprised cries rang out and everyone began to discuss amongst themselves. There was panic and fear.

Adrian stared at the mountain-like giant dragon in the sky, then cursed in a low voice, "Damn it! How can there be such a terrifying giant dragon here?"

Could it be that the Church of Light had sent reinforcements?

If that was the case, then what were they training for?

They might as well return as soon as possible. At the very least, they would be able to preserve their lives!

Adrian's expression was unsightly. He turned to look at the Church of Light's side, only to see Saint Miti looking at him with the same puzzled expression.

He immediately understood that this terrifying dragon was not the Church of Light's reinforcements.

A plan flashed through Adrian's mind.

Perhaps I can use this dragon!

Adrian's expression relaxed. He put on a smile that seemed to contain a conspiracy as he looked at Holy Zither and Saint Miti smugly.

Seeing Adrian's proud smile, Saint Miti's expression gradually darkened.

"Could it be the reinforcements from the God of Slaughter?" Saint Miti said anxiously.

If the God of Slaughter had such a terrifying dragon, the Church of Light would be able to withdraw from the trial ahead of time.

After not hearing an answer for a long time, Saint Miti turned to look at Holy Zither. She realized that Holy Zither seemed to have seen something unbelievable—that she was stunned on the spot.

Her expression was also very strange. Her eyes were filled with anticipation and a hint of shame and hatred.

"Holy Zither, you're so beautiful."

Saint Miti was also stunned and subconsciously whispered.

In the heavenly realm, Holy Zither always had a calm expression. She had never seen Holy Zither show such a complicated expression.

Holy Zither was also so beautiful when she was embarrassed and angry!

"Saint Miti, what did you ask me just now?"

Holy Zither finally reacted and looked at Saint Miti and asked.

Saint Miti seemed to have been exposed as she hurriedly shook her head and said, "Nothing! I didn't say anything!"

"Did I hear wrong?" Holy Zither muttered to herself and then looked at the huge dragon in the sky.

Others might not know, but she knew!

A few decades ago, when she was still in the central continent to quell the second demon disaster, she had seen this fire dragon!

Although compared to a few decades ago, the dragon now does not know how many times more terrifying.

But she's sure!

This is the man's dragon!

The one that took away her first time.

Shameless man!

Holy Zither unconsciously clenched her teeth and fixed her eyes on the dragon.

The others also stared fixedly at the enormous dragon in the sky, not daring to do anything.

Soon, the enormous dragon arrived in the skies above the mountain range of trials, slowly descending.

When the enormous dragon landed on the ground next to the mountain range, everyone was astonished to discover.

This enormous dragon wasn't much smaller than the mountain range of trials!

God of Light (God of Slaughter)!

How terrifying was this enormous dragon?

Was the dragon race really that terrifying?

One had to know that this giant dragon was only a demigod!

If it grew to become a highgod, how terrifying would it be?

Everyone was deeply shocked by this giant dragon.

The giant dragon slowly lowered its mountain-like head. Only now did everyone suddenly realize.

On top of this terrifying giant dragon's head stood a slender man!

Moreover, the dragon seemed to be extremely respectful towards him.

For a moment, everyone became even more curious about the man on top of the dragon's head.

To be able to recover such an arrogant dragon with such terrifying strength, how powerful must this man be?

"This should be the place."

Joelson looked at the mountain range beside him and muttered to himself.

Suddenly, he saw two groups of people looking at him in shock and fear beside the mountain range.

Joelson slowly flew between the two groups of people.

Adrian immediately went forward to welcome him. He suddenly realized that this person was not as powerful as he had expected.

He was actually only at the god-domain level?

However, Adrian still revealed a respectful expression. His face was filled with smiles as he said,

"Lord, I am Adrian from the Slaughter Divine Kingdom. It seems that Lord has come alone. I implore Lord to come over to our side. We will immediately build a palace for Lord to rest in."

So be it.

In any case, he was not here for this person. As long as the dragon's strength was terrifying, he would be fine!

The people not too far away were also shocked by the strength of Joelson's deity-domain rank. In other words, they were puzzled.

How could such a terrifying dragon be subdued by a deity-domain rank?

Could it be that this person had a background that exceeded their imaginations?

Joelson glanced indifferently at Adrian. Ignoring him, he turned his gaze in the direction of the Church of Light.

On his way here, he had killed two groups of people from the Slaughter Divine Kingdom. He didn't have any good impression of them, only disgust.

Adrian saw that Joelson was looking in the direction of the Church of Light and he was anxious.

Could it be that they were really the reinforcements of the Church of Light but they didn't even know about the people from the Church of Light?

"Sir, are you from the Church of Light?"

Adrian asked nervously.

Without even looking at him, Joelson replied indifferently, "No."

Adrian immediately heaved a sigh of relief.

As long as they weren't from the Church of Light, his plan could still continue.

If they could get this person to come to the side of the Slaughter Divine Kingdom, they wouldn't even need the help of a terrifying dragon. The people of the Church of Light would be afraid!

Adrian was very pleased with his plan.

Suddenly, a vicious voice sounded.

"Joelson!"

Holy Zither's gaze was fixed on Joelson as she gritted her teeth and said.

Adrian was secretly delighted. Could it be that Holy Zither knew this person?

From her tone, it seemed that there was still enmity between the two of them?

That's great!

The people of the Church of Light had the same thoughts but they were afraid.

If the Archangel had a grudge against this person, then they would be finished!

Saint Miti also looked at Holy Zither in surprise. "Holy Zither, don't forget what you said to me. This is not our battlefield!"

It turned out that Holy Zither's complicated gaze was not because of the dragon but because of the dragon's owner.

Holy Zither's beautiful big eyes stared at Joelson.

Only she herself knew that she wanted to kill Joelson to play with the shame of the holy light.

But for some reason, when she saw Joelson just now...

There was no killing intent in her heart. Instead, she was somewhat happy.

Even she herself felt strange.

Joelson glanced at Holy Zither, not too surprised.

Before he left, Diaboli had told him that the Holy Zither had come to this trial ground.

But he was a little strange.

Holy Zither had just shouted his name fiercely.

But he felt the threads of fate between the two tremble slightly.

The Holy Zither seemed to have eliminated her killing intent toward him.

Chapter 339: Adrian's Plot. The Trial Begins

Holy Zither was ignored by Joelson, which made her face turn extremely ugly.

This shameless man!

He took away her first time and now he actually ignored her!

Just as she was about to speak again, she saw Joelson looking at her.

"What counts as a successful trial?"

Seeing that Joelson was asking her, Holy Zither's ugly expression eased up a little.

She opened her mouth but, before she could say anything, someone spoke first.

It was Adrian.

"Sir, as long as you are the first to reach the deepest part of the mountain range, you will be considered a successful trial."

Adrian said with a fawning face, with an expression that was very pleasing to Joelson.

Joelson's cold gaze fell on Adrian, causing the latter's heart to tremble involuntarily.

Joelson said coldly, "Did I ask you?"

Adrian's heart sank and a drop of cold sweat dripped down his forehead.

"Sir, I'm also doing this for you..."

Before Adrian could finish his words, he was stopped by Joelson's cold gaze.

Adrian's expression became extremely ugly and a trace of undetectable resentment flashed across his deeply lowered face.

Seeing this scene, Holy Zither's expression completely relaxed. She calmly said, "The trial hasn't started yet. We still need to wait for another ten days or so."

Her dissatisfaction from before had completely disappeared because of the attitude that Joelson had towards Adrian.

Joelson nodded and did not speak. He sat cross-legged on the spot and waited for the trial to begin.

Adrian also quietly returned to the camp of the God of Slaughter.

"Lord Adrian, this guy is too arrogant. Should we..."

Adrian stopped the person who spoke, "It's not the time yet. Let's wait until we enter. This giant dragon is too big to enter the trial mountains. Without the giant dragon, I want to see how arrogant this deity is!"

"And the Church of Light. Don't think that we haven't made any preparations. Hehe, Saint Miti..."

As Adrian spoke, he looked at Saint Miti with a gaze filled with desire.

Saint Miti looked at Holy Zither and asked in puzzlement, "Holy Zither, who is this man?"

Upon hearing this question, Holy Zither revealed a complicated expression and said, "He's just a shameless man."

Saint Miti was clearly very dissatisfied with this answer and pouted, she seemed to be somewhat emotional as she said, "Then why do you have such a strange attitude towards him? When the dragon approached just now, I've never seen the anticipation on your face at any other time."

Holy Zither was stunned for a moment. "He and I come from the same plane."

Even she herself didn't notice this.

She actually had an expectant look on her face?

Could it be that she was still looking forward to the arrival of this shameless man?

Holy Zither shook her head as if she wanted to get this thought out of her mind.

Saint Miti glanced at Holy Zither, then looked at Joelson. A hint of jealousy appeared on her face and she silently snorted in her heart.

...

A few days later.

Diaboli and the others also rushed here.

"Archangel," TARTH said respectfully.

Holy Zither nodded and asked, "Why are you six people missing?"

Tarth looked ashamed and lowered his head. "We were attacked by the people of the Slaughter Kingdom. I didn't protect them well!"

As he said this, Tarth looked in the direction of the people of the Slaughter Kingdom, his eyes full of anger.

Then, he looked in the direction of Joelson and said gratefully, "If it wasn't for Sir Joelson saving us, I'm afraid we wouldn't even be able to come here!"

Holy Zither fell silent. He looked in the direction of Joelson, and no one knew what she was thinking.

In the crowd, Diaboli looked at Holy Zither and then at Joelson, feeling strange.

When Joelson had just arrived in the central continent, he had already defeated Holy Zither.

Although Holy Zither had lost, he knew that with Holy Zither's proud personality, she would not hate Joelson because of this. Instead, she might admire Joelson's powerful strength.

But for some reason, after coming out of the Lost Divine Kingdom.

As long as someone mentioned Joelson's name in front of Holy Zither, Holy Zither would have a complicated expression.

She seemed to be both ashamed and angry.

Diaboli vaguely guessed that something must have happened between the two of them in the ruins of the divine kingdom.

When Holy Zither ascended to the heavenly realm, Joelson still wanted to kill Holy Zither.

But why did their attitudes suddenly change?

Diaboli couldn't understand it, so he simply stopped thinking about it.

Anyway, this was between the two of them, it had nothing to do with him.

...

A few days passed.

The blood-red light barrier that covered the trial mountains began to flicker slowly, showing signs of opening.

Adrian became anxious when he saw this.

The trial was about to open, but there were still dozens of people who had yet to arrive in the Slaughter Divine Kingdom.

At this moment, a person wearing tattered black armor suddenly flew over.

"Lord Adrian!"

The man flew close.

Adrian quickly asked, "What's going on? Why are you the only one left? Where are the others?"

"Lord Adrian, we... we met..."

The man stopped mid-sentence and looked behind Adrian.

Then, he showed an extremely terrified expression and pointed behind Adrian. He screamed, "It's him!"

"He's the one who killed our people!"

Adrian was shocked and had a bad premonition.

When he looked back, that person was pointing at Joelson!

When Joelson heard the scream, he also looked over. Adrian quickly turned his head away, not daring to look again.

Adrian's expression became very ugly as if he had swallowed a live fly.

"Damn it!" Adrian lowered his voice and spat out through gritted teeth.

Buzz!

A loud sound suddenly came from the trial mountain range.

The blood-red light barrier began to flicker rapidly.

Not long after, a hole appeared in the blood-red light barrier, like a large door.

Everyone gathered in front of the door.

Adrian turned his head and looked deeply at Joelson and Saint Miti.

"Let's go!"

After saying that, Adrian walked into the gate, and the people from the God of Slaughter followed Adrian into the gate.

The people from the Church of Light also entered one after another. Holy Zither and Saint Miti also turned their heads to look at Joelson.

"Joelson, why don't you come with us?"

Diaboli walked to Joelson's side and said.

"No."

Joelson shook his head.

"Well, good luck." Diaboli turned around and walked into the light door.

Soon, everyone entered the light door, only Joelson stayed outside.

Du Lu approached the light door and stretched out a claw to try to pull the light door bigger, but he could not even fit a finger in it.

"Roar!"

Du Lu growled to express his dissatisfaction.

"Du Lu, you stay here. If you have any problems, go back."

Joelson looked at Du Lu and said.

"Yes, Father."

Looking at the light door in front of him, Joelson stepped in.

Chapter 340: The Mountain of Hurricanes

Wind.

Countless gusts of wind.

This was the first thing that Joelson felt as he entered the mountain range.

Countless gusts of wind were blowing at him from all directions.

They were cold, gentle, and sharp. The different gusts of wind made the magic shields around Joelson ring.

Joelson looked around and saw that he was now at the foot of a mountain. These terrifying gusts of wind were constantly blowing down from the top of the mountain.

Joelson slowly lowered his body. The wind was getting stronger and more complicated.

The wind element was so thick that it could be seen with the naked eye. A green mist was flowing rapidly around him.

The higher he went, the stronger the wind.

Joelson frowned slightly. He was ready to change his direction and look elsewhere.

However, he suddenly found a swaying figure in the hurricane in front of the mountain.

It was someone from the Church of Light.

He had infiltrated the canyon even more than Joelson. The magic shield around him was like a piece of paper, giving off the feeling that it would shatter at any moment.

He seemed to be extremely determined to enter the depths of the canyon. Even though he was barely holding on, he still continued to climb upwards.

Joelson frowned slightly. After thinking for a while, he still chose to go up the mountain.

His domain spread out around him, protecting the space within three yards of Joelson.

When all the wind blew within these three yards, it would be counteracted by the domain's power.

Joelson's speed suddenly increased by many times, and he quickly climbed up the mountain.

The people of the Church of Light that Joelson saw, with the power of a demigod, were struggling to move forward in the sea of hurricanes.

He was like a small sailboat that was tossed about in a tsunami, with the possibility of capsizing at any moment.

"Damn it!"

He stopped and took a deep breath, seizing the time to absorb the extremely thin magical elements in the air, in order to recover some of his weak power.

"This mountain of hurricanes is too difficult. Most likely, even if I comprehended the arcane truths, I might not be able to reach the peak. Let's see the power of this storm."

A bitter smile appeared on his face. "To acquire the final reward, one needs to be at least a god or a genius who has comprehended two or more arcane truths. Perhaps only the Archangel and the second angel will be able to do it."

"Ugh, I really want to see what the reward for this stage is."

He let out a helpless sigh, staring at the mountain peak in front of him, which he couldn't see the peak of.

Those tornadoes that had already transformed into corporeal forms filled him with terror.

Even if a mid-stage demigod charged in, he would probably be instantly crushed.

After hesitating for a long time, he still decided to leave.

He might still have a chance at the trial but he only had one life.

He could wait until he was strong enough before heading to another trial plane.

Right at this moment, a stream of light flashed past his eyes.

Oh?

The demigod was stunned for a moment, unable to react.

What had just flown past?

Rubbing his eyes, he saw the figure not far in front of him clearly. His eyes suddenly widened.

A human figure was using an extremely tyrannical method to wantonly break through the obstruction of the tornadoes and charge forward.

The various wind-elemental forces that tormented him greatly did not seem to be able to obstruct that figure at all. Even his speed did not slow down at all as he continued to rush forward.

It was as if a knight had suddenly ignored all the enemies and rushed into the depths of the camp in the middle of a tragic battlefield.

It was too shocking!

Which one of them didn't advance carefully in the training ground? Wasn't this person too strong?

Was he a genius of the Church of Light or a member of the God of Slaughter?

When he felt the aura emanating from the other party's body, his mouth was agape. He was completely dumbfounded.

Domain power?

Deity level?

'God of Light, am I dreaming?'

Suddenly, when he saw clearly who the figure in front of him was, he was stunned.

It was that deity-level figure riding on that terrifying dragon?

Didn't he have a deep background that allowed him to possess a dragon?

The demigod was completely stunned.

So, he had relied on his own strength to subdue the dragon.

...

On the mountain peak, Joelson saw more and more demigods. There were even mid-stage demigods.

In truth, there weren't many of them. Every so often, there would be one who was left behind.

There weren't more than ten of them along the way. Some were from the Church of Light, while others were from the Slaughter Divine Kingdom.

Joelson guessed that after entering the light gate, everyone was immediately teleported to different mountain peaks.

Looking at the few people who were moving forward with great difficulty, Joelson still didn't feel any pressure.

His domain was simply too powerful and, as the power of the twelve divine sparks increased, his domain also became more and more solid.

Even the domain of a demigod wouldn't be able to resist the power of the wind here but Joelson's domain was able to do so.

This was because the domain of most demigods was too weak.

Compared to Joelson, it was like a giant bubble or, rather, a broken wooden house made of tree branches.

Joelson's appearance caused these demigods who were struggling to climb in the wind to be astonished.

"Quick, look at that fellow!"

"His speed is so fast!"

"Oh God of Light, am I seeing things? He's still a deity?"

There was even a demigod who was so shocked to see Joelson that he wasn't able to concentrate on dealing with the incoming hurricane and was nearly blown away.

As he continued to climb forward, he was surprised to discover that several demigods were trapped in the same place. They were like a circle of slow-moving snails.

What was going on?

As he looked carefully, he saw that the mountain path ahead had suddenly become much narrower. This caused the hurricane that was blowing out from the mountain peak to become several times fiercer.

It was an obstacle that was enough to stop most people.

He slowed down and flew over slowly, just entering the wind gap.

He slowed down and flew over slowly, feeling the pressure.

He took a few more steps forward.

The pressure suddenly increased several times, and it was still increasing rapidly.

The difficulty kept increasing.

He frowned deeply. At this rate, he might be able to pass through the wind gap smoothly but the path after that would become even more difficult.

Joelson stopped.

He seemed to have grasped something in his heart, but he wasn't too sure.

No, this shouldn't be the case.

Thinking back to how he had walked step by step from the foot of the mountain to here, a bold guess emerged in Joelson's mind.

Since this was the trial plane.

If all of this was a trial.

Joelson's eyes flickered. Then the method to pass the trial would definitely not be to rely on strength to withstand it!

The tornadoes that came from different directions, sharp or gentle, were like symbols and languages, trying to tell him something.

Headwinds never went far!

When Joelson figured this out, he slowly and firmly dispersed the domain power around him at the wind gap.

Chapter 341: The Arcane Wind

In an instant, Joelson was exposed to the endless hurricanes.

The wind at the wind gap was more than ten times stronger than when it had just entered.

Joelson felt as if there were countless knives cutting his body. Then, the knives were burned red and became scorching hot. Some of them were so cold that people couldn't help but tremble. Some of them were as gentle as the breeze on the lakeside.

The tornadoes that blew in from all directions were like an invisible giant hand that wanted to crush him into pieces.

The first thing that happened was that Joelson was injured by the tornadoes.

His skin and flesh were split open, and blood flowed out. It was as though bones could be seen within the deep wounds.

"Has he gone mad?"

"He actually dissipated his powerful strange domain? Can it be that he wants to use his physical body to take it head-on?"

"Even a demigod in such a terrifying hurricane would be instantly blown into a skeleton!"

"God of Light, even if I use all my strength, I wouldn't dare to enter that place!"

"He's finished. He'll soon be blown into a skeleton!"

Not too far away, a few demigod demigods who had been blocked by the wind were shocked to the point that their eyes were wide open when they saw the suicidal actions of Joelson. They all began to cry out in alarm.

But soon, they discovered something even more shocking.

They could only see that Joelson's broken body was covered by a glistening, faint light. This magical power, at a speed visible to the naked eye, was rapidly repairing Joelson's body.

Within a few seconds, Joelson's body was restored to its original state, with not a single scar visible.

"What's going on?"

"How is he holding up?"

"Look carefully. His body is rapidly healing!"

"He must have some sort of powerful healing artifact on him!"

"He's that person who rides on a giant dragon!"

The discussing demigods looked at Joelson, their voices filled with jealousy.

The power of the laws of life. After having been strengthened twice, the life force in Joelson's body was rapidly repairing his body. This was the greatest support he had for daring to directly expose himself to the hurricane.

His repaired body was once again injured by the violent hurricane, then healed, and then destroyed by the hurricane.

This was the sort of injury, healing, and injury that kept on repeating itself.

The spectating demigods were all stupefied. This scene was too shocking and, at the same time, it made them go mad with jealousy.

He truly was a young genius with a terrifying background.

Not only did he have a terrifying dragon but he also had such a powerful healing divine artifact.

If they had such a powerful divine artifact, they would definitely hurry to the trials at the back to fight for the trial's rewards.

And what was this fellow doing?

Standing there without moving, was he really waiting to die?

Joelson didn't know what the others were thinking. Right now, he completely abandoned all distractions in the outside world, and even the pain in his body was suppressed by his powerful willpower.

His consciousness was completely immersed in the comprehension of wind arcane power.

The endless wind tore his body from all directions. Besides bringing pain, it also brought a trace of arcane power that pointed directly to the nature of the wind element.

Wind.

Joelson felt that he was gradually merging with the violent hurricanes around him.

He could hear countless wind whispers in his ears. They seemed to be trying to tell him something.

The spirit tree swayed and the power of Joelson's soul completely spread out.

He seemed to be riding the wind, following them as they roamed the vast land and the endless void.

Suddenly, Joelson felt as if he had grasped onto something.

Wind.

A hurricane could blow down a solid forest but it could not blow down a soft blade of grass.

The wind could be violent but it could also be obedient.

That's right!

Joelson suddenly opened his eyes, a hint of joy flashing through them.

He had comprehended it!

The arcane meaning of wind, obedience!

In an instant, Joelson felt as though he had become one with the violent hurricanes around him. These hurricanes were no longer a hindrance to him at all.

As long as he was willing, he could advance to become a wind-style demigod at any time!

The difference between a deity's domain and a demigod's was whether or not he had comprehended an arcane meaning.

There were six types of laws and arcane meanings of ordinary laws. As long as he comprehended one, he would be able to rise to become a demigod.

When he had a perfect comprehension of the arcane meaning, he would be able to rise to the peak of the demigod level.

And if he comprehended two types of arcane meanings of the same law, he would be able to rise to the level of a god.

There were six types of arcane meanings of each of the ordinary ten-elemental laws. If he could comprehend six types of arcane meanings of the same law, he would be able to rise to the level of a demigod.

However, Joelson didn't intend to advance right away.

At the very least, he would have to grasp one of each of the thirteen elemental laws he had mastered, and then consider advancing to become a demigod.

One type of arcane truth was already so powerful.

But what if it was an arcane truth of a thirteen-elemental law?

Even he himself couldn't imagine it!

"What's going on?"

"He actually comprehended an arcane truth so quickly?"

"Not only is his background terrifying but even his talent is also so powerful. How can he allow others to live?"

The spectating demigods were completely stunned.

Which one of them hadn't spent tens of thousands of years to comprehend a profound meaning?

This fellow was actually able to comprehend a profound meaning so quickly!

And it seemed as though this fellow wasn't primarily trained in the wind element.

A demigod looked at Joelson. After pondering for a moment, he said, "Perhaps... this is the correct way to pass the trials!"

The demigods suddenly came to their senses.

Right!

Perhaps it was because of the existence of the mountain of hurricanes that he was able to comprehend an arcane meaning of wind so quickly!

Then, we can do the same!

As long as we don't enter such a dangerous place as the wind tunnel, we can do it.

The demigods all looked at each other. Finally, a demigod made up his mind and spread out the protective shield protecting him from the hurricanes.

Swoosh!

"Ah—!"

In an instant, accompanied by a miserable scream, that demigod transformed into a black shadow that instantly disappeared from their sight. He was blown out of the mountain of hurricanes, losing his qualification to participate in the trials.

The demigods looked at each other in terror.

And it wasn't his first attempt. Otherwise, he would be the one to fall.

At the same time, a question arose in their hearts.

How was that fellow able to comprehend the arcane so quickly?

The demigods turned to look at Joelson, only to see an even more shocking scene.

While they were trying, Joelson had already comprehended another type of arcane wind.

A ball of azure light appeared around Joelson and his entire body transformed into a gust of wind as he rapidly advanced towards the peak of the mountain.

All that was left was a group of demigods who were completely stunned, unable to react in time.

Sensing the powerful power of the three arcane truths of wind in his body, Joelson nodded in satisfaction.

On the way to the peak of the mountain, he had comprehended yet another profound of wind.

He wasn't a wind major, and it could even be said that he hadn't used the wind major many times, yet he was able to comprehend three arcane truths so easily.

It seemed that there were still many benefits waiting to be discovered in this training ground.

If other people knew what Joelson was thinking, they would definitely be aggrieved to death.

"This light door should be the passage leading to the next trial."

Arriving at the top of the mountain, looking at the light door in front of him, Joelson muttered to himself in a low voice.

Stepping in.

Chapter 342: Holy Zither Is in Danger?

In front of him was a towering mountain peak that was burning with intense flames.

Standing below, one could not see the peak at all.

The flames on the mountain peak were black-red in color and extremely hot. The void above the mountain peak was charred black after melting due to the heat, flowing slowly.

Joelson looked at the mountain peak, took a step forward resolutely, and stepped onto the mountain peak.

In an instant, countless surging black and red flames attacked Joelson.

But strangely, Joelson did not feel the unbearable temperature. Instead, he felt a warm and comfortable feeling all over his body.

"Huh?"

Joelson was a little surprised. Compared to the mountain of hurricanes, the mountain of flames did not seem to be dangerous at all.

But it seemed that the mountain of flames was not so gentle to everyone.

Looking ahead, there were two charred bones not far away. They were being burned into ashes at a speed that could be detected by the naked eye. This proved how high the temperature of the mountain of flames was.

Joelson thought for a moment and understood.

The reason why he did not feel unbearable on the mountain of flames was that he even felt comfortable.

It was because when he had just left the Baron's territory, the first elemental magic he mastered was fire.

Fire could be said to have accompanied him from the weak to the strong, from the nameless to the legendary, so what he was best at was also fire-type laws.

Black and red flames slowly burned on Joelson's skin but not a single hair was burnt.

These flames were like little fairies, playing with him

Suddenly, Joelson felt a strange feeling.

As he was about to move forward, he suddenly stopped in the air. He was stunned, his face full of disbelief.

He had comprehended the first arcane fire just like that?

Yes, as soon as he stepped into the mountain of flames, Joelson had comprehended the first arcane fire.

Even Joelson himself couldn't believe it. He had comprehended the arcane so easily?

Although he had comprehended the arcane meaning of wind very quickly, he had at least endured quite a bit of pain. His body had been destroyed several times before he had succeeded.

Joelson's heart was filled with joy as he continued to advance.

He hadn't even reached the mountainside, but he had already comprehended all six arcane meanings of the fire-type laws.

"I've mastered all six arcane meanings. Now, the fire-type laws have surpassed the destruction-type laws, and they've become my most powerful technique."

Joelson murmured to himself.

Right now, all he needed to do was to master one of the arcane truths to perfection, and then he would be able to directly become a god of fire.

At the same time, Joelson also felt a sense of fullness. He had already completely mastered the arcane truths of the fire-type laws. If he wanted to improve, he would have to master each of the arcane truths to perfection. However, this still required quite a bit of time.

Joelson didn't think too much. The mountain of fire was no longer a hindrance to him.

He continued to move forward to the next training field.

...

The peak of the mountain of fire.

There was a huge crater on the peak of the mountain. Lava was surging inside. Bubbles kept rising and bursting. Sulfur gas was gushing out, giving off a pungent smell.

"Damn it! These bastards from the God of Slaughter!"

A knight with a broken white armor and deep wounds all over his body, who was constantly bleeding, cursed while gritting his teeth. His expression was very ugly.

Seven priests in white robes appeared with white light on their hands, healing his wounds.

Their luck was too bad. There were only two knights who were randomly sent to the mountain of fire.

After that, they encountered the people from the God of Slaughter. The other knight had already dragged an enemy along at the foot of the mountain and was burned to a charred skeleton.

Among the eight of them, only he was a knight. The other seven priests did not have much combat ability. Even if they were combined, they would not be able to defeat a person from the God of Slaughter.

Moreover, most of the people from the Church of Light mainly cultivated the law of light. He was no exception as he would be greatly suppressed on the mountain of fire.

Although the second law he cultivated was the law of fire, it was not as powerful as the law of light.

He could not even display half of his strength here. It was already a miracle that he was able to live until now with seven priests.

"Gary, why aren't you escaping?"

At this moment, more than a dozen people from the Slaughter Divine Kingdom had caught up, and the leader of them said.

Gary's face instantly became even more unsightly, and his face was filled with both anger and unwillingness.

"Greer, even if I die, Lord Archangel will take revenge for us!"

Gary cursed angrily.

He probably wouldn't be able to escape today. If it had been anywhere else, it would have been fine but, here, he wasn't a match for him.

Greer was a god of fire. Here, he had far too many advantages over him.

There was no way he would be a match for him.

"I will hold them off. Take the opportunity to flee and go find Lord Archangel!"

Gary gritted his teeth as he said these words, his face filled with determination.

"Hahaha!"

Greer seemed to have heard a hilarious joke. Laughing loudly, he said, "Your Lord Archangel probably won't even be able to protect herself."

"Lord Adrian has long since made preparations. Your Archangel and the second Angel will soon become our slaves!"

Gary was stunned for a moment, and then a look of deep despair appeared on his face.

This plane was filled with the laws of slaughter. The final reward would definitely be in the training grounds for the laws of slaughter.

If the Divine Kingdom of Slaughter had made preparations in advance, then the Archangel and the second Angel would be in danger!

Greer and the demigods of the Divine Kingdom of Slaughter behind him slowly moved closer to Gary.

"What did you say?"

A cold voice filled with killing intent rang out.

Who was it?

Greer's footsteps came to a halt. He looked in the direction of the voice, and Gary looked as well.

When he saw who it was, Gary's eyes revealed an unconcealable excitement.

It was the man who knew the Archangel, the man who rode a terrifying dragon!

They were saved!

Greer had a mocking look on his face. He looked towards Joelson and said, "Haha, Milord, you don't have a dragon here."

Previously, they had only been afraid of that terrifying dragon, but this person was merely at the deity level.

As a mid-stage demigod, he could kill him with a single finger.

"Since you've come, you can stay here!"

A blazing flame ignited in Greer's hand, and he viciously shot towards Joelson.

Joelson didn't move at all, as though he had already seen his end and had given up on resisting.

The flame shot directly towards Joelson, about to hit him.

Suddenly, when it was ten yards away from him, the flame was extinguished.

When everyone saw this scene, they were all stunned.

Then, they all widened their eyes, shock appearing on their faces.

Greer was also stunned on the spot.

He knew that there was only one possibility for such a situation.

That was that this person's attainments in fire-type laws were far higher than his.

However, he had already matured and grasped a type of arcane fire!

He was merely a deity domain. How could he grasp a complete type of arcane fire?

A drop of cold sweat dripped down Greer's forehead, and his legs could not help but tremble.

Chapter 343: Six Arcane Truths. They Didn't Even Have the Right to Attack

Whether it was the people from the Slaughter Divine Kingdom or the people from the Church of Light...

They were all shocked by what they were seeing.

Gary's eyes were wide open and his heart was filled with shock. He couldn't help but mutter to himself, "They don't even have the right to attack?"

At the middle stage of the demigod realm, Greer, who had matured and mastered an arcane fire, was in such a terrible state in front of Joelson?

He actually didn't even have the qualifications to fight!

Wasn't he only at the deity level?

Just how terrifying was his talent!

Gary wasn't the only one who thought this way. Everyone was in a state of shock.

The most shocked was still Greer. Only he himself knew just how tremendous the pressure was when facing Joelson.

He was no longer able to use a single strand of the arcane meaning of fire. He wasn't even able to control a single spark.

"Sir... Sir, this is all a misunderstanding."

Greer's face was unsightly. It was as if he had swallowed a fly as he spoke with difficulty.

Joelson's cold eyes looked at Greer. He said coldly, "I asked you what you said."

Greer was frightened. He knelt on the ground and said with a trembling voice, "Sir, it has nothing to do with me. It's all that guy Adrian's doing. I didn't do anything!"

Joelson didn't say anything. He looked at the people of Slaughter Divine Kingdom behind Greer with a cold gaze.

Beside this hot crater, the people of Slaughter Divine Kingdom felt a chill. It was as if they were in a polar glacier.

The people of Slaughter Divine Kingdom couldn't help but tremble. They kneeled on the ground and begged.

"Sir, this matter has nothing to do with us. It was Adrian who did it!"

"Yes, sir. It was Adrian who coveted Saint Miti's beauty. We were just following orders."

"Spare us, Sir!"

Hearing the pleas from the people from the Slaughter Divine Kingdom, Joelson frowned. His eyes were filled with disdain. He did not have a good impression of these people, only disgust.

Raising his right hand, a wisp of black-red flame rose and gently waved out.

The black-red flame slowly floated toward the members of the Slaughter Divine Kingdom.

Seeing the inconspicuous black-red flame burning in Joelson's hand, Greer revealed an extremely frightened expression. His pupils shrank.

"You... You've comprehended all of the fire arcane powers?"

Greer looked at Joelson with a gaze filled with despair as he spoke with a trembling voice.

Black-red flame. This was the most terrifying flame that could only be grasped after comprehending all six types of fire arcane mysteries.

He couldn't understand why Joelson had grasped all six types of fire arcane mysteries. How could it still be a divine domain?

Unless he wasn't a divine domain at all but a peak demigod!

That's right. He must have hidden his strength.

It's over.

Thinking of this, a look of despair appeared in Greer's eyes. He couldn't even think of resisting.

Facing someone who had mastered all of the arcane fires...

He felt as if he had returned to tens of thousands of years ago. When he was still at the divine domain realm, he had encountered a divine domain expert. In the fire domain, he felt as powerless as an ordinary person.

A faint black-red flame had already floated before Greer's eyes.

When the faint flame touched Greer, it suddenly expanded.

In an instant, it transformed into a terrifying, blazing sea of flames, completely engulfing all of the demigods of the Slaughter Divine Kingdom.

Before they could even let out a miserable cry, all of the demigods were burned into ash.

The people of the Church of Light were completely stupefied. They stood there in a daze, unable to speak.

Gary looked at the drifting ash and gulped down a mouthful of saliva.

He had thought that Joelson had only mastered a perfect arcane fire, but he had never imagined that Joelson had actually comprehended all six types of arcane fire?

It wasn't that Gary was too stupid, but that this was simply too astonishing, too unbelievable!

Even if Joelson had concealed his power and was a peak demigod expert...

This was still too shocking.

A demigod was able to comprehend all of the arcane truths of fire. It could almost be said that he was an appointed highgod!

However, what Gary didn't know was that Joelson hadn't hidden his power. He was indeed only at the deity-level.

"Milord, thank you for saving us!"

Gary came up to Joelson, lowering his head and speaking respectfully.

Joelson nodded slightly, looked at him indifferently, and asked, "Which training ground is the Holy Zither in?"

"The Archangel has probably reached the final mountain of slaughter with the second Angel. The purpose of our visit this time is to help the second archangel obtain the final reward, so the two sirs rushed directly to the final trial."

Gary directly knelt in front of Joelson with a pleading look.

"Please save the Archangel. There must be a conspiracy in the Kingdom of Slaughter!"

Joelson nodded slightly and did not say anything.

Even if Gary did not say anything, he would do so.

Although Holy Zither did not have many feelings for him, both of them were in an unconscious state when they had sex in the lost kingdom.

But he had, after all, stolen her first time. He couldn't just watch as Adrian used a despicable scheme to scheme against the Holy Zither.

Upon receiving the agreement of Joelson, Gary said gratefully, "Thank you, Milord!"

Gary said to the seven priests behind him, "Let's help milord head to the final trial as soon as possible!"

"Yes!"

The demigods all said in unison.

"There's no need." Joelson shook his head. "It's too slow to bring you along."

Gary was stunned for a moment but when he came back to his senses...

Joelson had already entered the door of light within the crater of the volcano, heading towards the next trial.

...

The mountain of slaughter.

Two slender, perfect figures were flying at high speed, occasionally turning their heads to glance at them, a hint of worry in their eyes.

They were Holy Zither and Saint Miti.

The two of them, who had always been elegant, were now in a sorry state. Golden blood dripped from their bodies from time to time.

"Those damn fellows attacked us while we were comprehending the arcane powers. How despicable!"

Saint Miti gritted her teeth and cursed, her face full of resentment.

"In this plane, my power will be greatly suppressed. With your current power, you can't defeat him alone. We were careless. I should have thought of it long ago."

Holy Zither said calmly, but there was a hint of worry on her face.

Not long ago, she and Saint Miti had been focused on comprehending the arcane truths.

They had suddenly been ambushed by Adrian and a few demigods. In the outside world, she wouldn't have cared at all. However, in this mountain of slaughter, she wasn't a match for Adrian.

As for Saint Miti, she hadn't yet recovered to her peak power. She was only at the middle stage of the demigod level and wasn't a match for Adrian, who was at the peak of the demigod level.

In the battle, both of them were injured. They had no choice but to flee first.

Right at this moment, more than ten figures caught up from behind.

At the very front, it was Adrian!

Chapter 344: Was in Danger

"Not good, they're catching up!"

Saint Miti shouted anxiously.

Saint Miti frowned slightly and suddenly saw a stone forest made of huge rocks at the mountainside.

"We can't keep running like this. The mountain of slaughter is only this big. Let's hide in front!"

As Saint Miti spoke, she turned into a ray of light and flew into the stone forest. Holy Zither followed closely behind.

The stone forest was made up of scattered rocks, and it was extremely complicated.

"Hide your aura. For a short period of time, he won't be able to find us. Find a chance to escape, then quickly complete the final trial. After receiving the reward, we'll immediately leave!"

Hearing Holy Zither's words, Saint Miti nodded. This was the only way.

Not long afterward, the people of the Slaughter Divine Kingdom arrived above the stone forest.

"Lord Adrian, we don't see any traces of them!" A demigod bowed respectfully to Adrian.

"Fools! They are hiding in the stone forest below. Tell everyone to go down and search carefully."

Adrian let out an angry shout

"Yes, Lord Adrian!"

The demigods of the Slaughter Divine Kingdom all entered the stone forest, searching for traces of the two.

Adrian looked towards the stone forest, his eyes filled with an unconcealable desire.

After searching for a period of time.

"They're here!"

A cry of alarm rang out.

Two figures leaped out of the stone forest, transforming into two streaks of light that rapidly flew towards the mountain peak.

"Hahaha, you won't be able to escape!"

Seeing the two of them appear, Adrian let out an evil laugh, muttering to himself in a low voice, "I've specially prepared something good for you."

...

Mountain of light.

The entire mountain peak was immersed in an endless variety of colors and lights, making the mountain of light look very strange.

This dreamlike scene did not attract much of Joelson's attention.

He continued to fly towards the top of the mountain.

He had already passed through nine training grounds. Including the mountain of light, there were ten training grounds.

After the mountain of fire heard the people from the Slaughter Divine Kingdom say that Adrian had a plot, he had been moving at full speed towards the final arena.

Although he did not spend too much time comprehending the arcane, he already had experience. He had naturally comprehended it when he was on his way, and the rewards were not small.

Other than the wind and ice elements, he did not use these two elements very often. He had only comprehended three types of the arcane.

He had comprehended at least four of the other elements, as well as fire, metal, and electricity. He had also comprehended six types of arcane truths.

His path to becoming a demigod had already been opened up. If he wanted to, he just needed to accumulate more power over a period of time.

He could elevate these ten elements to become a demigod at any time!

If word got out that he was a demigod with ten elements, a group of people would probably be scared to death.

But right now, Joelson wasn't in the mood.

"Haven't arrived yet?"

Joelson muttered to himself in a low voice, appearing rather anxious.

Even though he was moving at full speed, he still spent quite a bit of time.

It wasn't that his speed was too slow, but that these ten trial mountains were simply too large.

After entering the trial, he discovered that this mountain range was far larger than it looked from the outside.

From the outside, Du Lu was not much smaller than this mountain range. However, after entering the trial, every mountain range was ten times the size of Du Lu.

In addition, the trial field naturally suppressed everyone, so he had yet to reach the final trial.

Not long after, Joelson arrived at the peak of the mountain.

Looking at the blood-red light door that was emitting dense slaughter laws, Joelson muttered to himself.

"This should be the final training ground."

Without thinking too much, Joelson charged through the door of light, disappearing from the mountain peak.

In front of him was a mountain peak that seemed to be flowing with blood. It was even larger than the mountain he had encountered before.

"Eh?"

Joelson suddenly noticed that there seemed to be some other traces at the foot of the mountain. He leaned over to take a closer look.

They were traces of a battle. On the ground, there were a few corpses of lesser gods of the Slaughter Divine Kingdom. There was still some fresh blood that hadn't dried up yet.

There was a small patch of gold amongst the dark red blood that hadn't completely solidified. It was extremely eye-catching.

Joelson instantly recognized it.

This should be the blood of the Holy Zither and Saint Miti.

Joelson's gaze was ice-cold as he stared at the mountain of slaughter in front of him. In the next second, his figure disappeared from where he stood.

His entire body turned into a stream of light as he rapidly shot towards the top of the mountain.

...

Holy Zither and Saint Miti flew towards the top of the mountain at their fastest speed, so fast that their figures became blurry.

"Holy Zither, we're almost at the top of the mountain. There's no way out!"

Saint Miti looked ahead and hurriedly reminded her.

They were extremely anxious. They could not defeat Adrian here.

If Adrian caught them, she did not know what would happen to them.

Saint Miti felt disgusted when she thought of Adrian looking at her with eyes full of desire.

She would rather die here and self-destruct than fall into Adrian's hands.

Holy Zither could not maintain her calm face either. She frowned and looked anxious. Her eyes were filled with worry.

She and Saint Miti had the same thought. If it fell into Adrian's hands...

It would be better to just die.

"Immediately enter the final trial. I'll use a secret technique to stop them first!"

Upon hearing Holy Zither's words, Saint Miti became even more anxious. "No! After using the secret technique, you'll fall into weakness. What if you fall into Adrian's hands?"

Saint Miti was silent for a moment, then finally said, "There's no other way. We can only wait for you to pass the final trial and obtain the reward. Then, we'll immediately leave."

Saint Miti's eyes reddened and tears began to appear in them. She nodded hard.

At this moment, two sharp, blood-red rays of light shot towards the two of them, who hurriedly blocked them.

As though he had seen through their thoughts, Adrian instantly increased his speed and flew in front of the two of them, stopping them. The other demigods of the Slaughter Divine Kingdom also quickly charged forward and formed a circle, ending this cat-and-mouse game.

"All of you will become my slaves. None of you will be able to leave!"

Adrian's gaze, filled with desire, wantonly wandered over Saint Miti's tall, perfect body.

He then turned his gaze towards Holy Zither. She wasn't the slightest bit inferior to Saint Miti, and in fact, was even more perfect.

"In the name of God!"

Suddenly, a cold, emotionless voice rang out.

Holy Zither had returned to her calm, cold face. There was no longer a hint of anxiety or worry on her face.

The aura of the law of light on her body soared and kept rising.

This was not the first time she had used this secret spell. She had used it when she fought against the King of Bones, Angus Dubin, with Joelson in the central continent.

Holy Zither recalled the situation at that time.

At that time, she was being chased by Angus Dubin and was in a crisis. She did not even have time to use the secret spell. It was Joelson who saved her once.

Although she also used her secret skill to save Joelson once, and when the secret skill ended and she fell into a deep sleep, she had an intimate encounter with Joelson that she had never experienced before.

It was like a tender and sweet dream.

At least Joelson was far better than this disgusting man in front of her.

She wished that this time, Joelson could appear.

Chapter 345: The Despairing Holy Zither and Saint Miti

Holy Zither's face was calm, as though she didn't have the slightest bit of human emotion. She stared coldly at Adrian, continuing to speak.

"I sentence you to the end of everything!"

After speaking, the aura which continued to rise from Holy Zither's body suddenly increased explosively, reaching the early stage of the god level.

Even though she would be suppressed within this training ground of the laws of slaughter, her power was enough to deal with Adrian, who was at the peak of the demigod level.

When Adrian saw this scene, he didn't panic at all. Instead, he revealed a smug smile.

"Archangel, is this your last resort? Don't tell me you think that you can defeat me just by forcibly raising your secret technique to the early stage of the god level? In order to deal with you, I've made quite a bit of preparation this time."

Adrian laughed evilly and a longsword slowly appeared in his hand.

The longsword was a strange blood-red color, and a faint bloody mist emanated from it. An extremely powerful, bloodthirsty aura emanated from it.

"A highgod artifact?"

Saint Miti called out in surprise, an extremely grave expression on her face.

In this training ground, Adrian already had the advantage, and now that he had a highgod artifact, it would be even harder for them to defend against him.

Adrian looked at the two of them smugly and said with a smile, "I specifically requested for this sword of slaughter from the God of Slaughter. Although with my strength, I am still unable to fully grasp it, it is enough to deal with the two of you."

Holy Zither's gaze was solemn. He did not dare to underestimate his opponent. He looked at Saint Miti and said seriously, "I will stop him. You find an opportunity to break out of the encirclement and complete the final trial as soon as possible!"

This time, Saint Miti did not agree. She shook her head desperately and said, "No! If I leave, what will you do?"

"This is the only way. If you stay, we won't be a match for them!" Holy Zither said solemnly.

Saint Miti shook her head forcefully. "That won't do either. I Can't let you face them alone!"

Holy Zither let out a long sigh and did not speak again.

She knew that Saint Miti had this sort of personality. No one would be able to change the decisions she made.

An endless amount of holy light appeared at the peak of the mountain, gathering in Saint Miti's hands to form an extremely holy sword of light. However, it was being suppressed by the laws of slaughter, making it seem rather unstable, as though it would disintegrate at any moment.

"Holy Light Judgement!"

Saint Miti waved her sword of light, viciously chopping out a streak of white light that shot towards Adrian.

"Haha."

Adrian laughed softly, then said mockingly, "As expected of a god who was forcibly raised by a secret technique. Is that all you have?"

Clenching the blood-red longsword in his hand, the blood mist suddenly began to spread out.

Adrian could sense the power constantly emanating from the longsword and a satisfied look appeared on his face.

The white light had already arrived in front of him. Adrian raised his longsword with one hand, blocking it in front of him. As soon as the white light entered the blood mist, it was continuously weakened.

Finally, it landed on the blood-red longsword, making a soft sound.

Holy Zither had a solemn look on her face, and for the first time, her eyes revealed a look of panic.

Adrian laughed softly, "My turn."

After speaking, a very small crimson ray of light shot out from the thick blood mist, flying towards the two of them at high speed.

"Something's wrong!"

Holy Zither saint secretly said to herself.

How could the attack of a highgod artifact be so weak?

There was a problem!

Just as Holy Zither was about to dodge, Saint Miti charged towards Holy Zither.

A pure white spear covered in blood-red slaughter laws appeared in Saint Miti's hands, stabbing towards the crimson ray of light.

Bang!

A soft sound of glass shattering rang out.

"What's going on?"

Saint Miti muttered to herself in puzzlement. The violent collision that she had expected did not happen.

She felt that what shot out from the thick blood fog was not Adrian's attack but a glass bottle.

In the next moment, a wisp of crimson gas quickly spread out from the glass bottle that had exploded into powder.

It enveloped her and Holy Zither.

The two of them immediately formed a thick barrier around them in an attempt to block the crimson gas.

However, the crimson gas seemed to be unaffected. In an instant, it broke through the barrier and entered the two of them.

"Hahaha!"

At the sight of this, Adrian laughed out loud.

"I paid a huge price to obtain this for you guys from the higher Plane of Life!"

At this moment, Saint Mitty also realized that something was wrong. She cursed angrily, "Despicable fellow! What is this?"

But soon, she realized what this scarlet gas was.

There seemed to be a strange feeling slowly rising in her body. It made her unable to control her excitement.

But she did not know what this feeling, which she had never experienced before, was.

"Quickly use the law to resist this power!"

Saint Miti said anxiously.

The instant she sensed this feeling, she understood. She had experienced this feeling once before.

It was the same feeling she had experienced with Joelson in the Lost Divine Kingdom!

Seeing the two of them control the laws to resist, Adrian let out an evil laugh. "No need to struggle. Even highgods would be affected by this medicine!"

Holy Zither's face turned ugly and her cheeks began to flush red.

Just as Adrian had said, her laws were indeed unable to suppress the strange power of this medicine.

She was almost unable to control the power of the laws. Gradually, her body began to fall uncontrollably towards the ground.

It was the same for Saint Miti. Although the two of them were unable to control their bodies, the tough bodies of demigods didn't suffer any damage.

"Saint Miti!"

Holy Zither suddenly felt a pair of slender, soft hands slowly climb onto her body, and she hurriedly called out.

Saint Miti's movements showed no signs of stopping. She only said in a seductive voice, "Sorry, Holy Zither, I can't control myself any longer."

Staring at the seductive, sensual scene before him, Adrian wasn't in a hurry to act. Instead, he began to slowly watch with great interest.

Holy Zither knew that this was not Saint Miti's fault. She also began to be unable to control herself to cater to Saint Miti.

"Alright, it's time for us to start."

Adrian laughed evilly. His gaze towards the two of them was filled with an unconcealable desire. Step by step, he walked towards the two of them.

A feeling of despair rose in Holy Zither's heart.

Right now, she could not even self-destruct.

Was she really going to be humiliated by Adrian?

Saint Miti was the same, feeling despair in her heart.

At this moment, everyone felt a powerful and tyrannical aura shooting toward the top of the mountain, rapidly approaching.

"Who is it?"

Adrian stopped and shouted, suddenly turning his head back.

He wanted to see who was obstructing his good deed but he saw a figure that shocked him.

Adrian's eyes were filled with fear as he screamed.

"It's you?"

Chapter 346: You Have a Giant Dragon?

A tall and slender figure was rapidly shooting towards the peak of the mountain. It was a young man.

The young man's face was extremely handsome, but now it appeared extremely cold, filled with terrifying killing intent.

The people of the Slaughter Divine Kingdom saw the person clearly and unconsciously took a few steps back.

Adrian saw the man's face clearly and showed a terrified expression.

The young man gradually approached and stood between Adrian, Holy Zither, and Saint Miti.

Holy Zither and Saint Miti also saw the man clearly and couldn't help but exclaim, "Joelson?"

That's right!

It was Joelson who had rushed here at full speed!

Joelson didn't respond to the two of them. Instead, he looked at Adrian, his eyes cold with a hint of brutality. His whole body was filled with a thick murderous intent that couldn't be concealed at all.

In the short time he flew to the top of the mountain, he had naturally comprehended all six kinds of slaughter laws. Perhaps it was because he had mastered the destruction laws.

Feeling Joelson's extremely cold and murderous eyes, Adrian couldn't help but tremble.

Adrian's expression was extremely frightened. That terrifying dragon had cast a shadow that couldn't be dispersed.

Suddenly, he thought of something and his expression eased.

He turned to look at Joelson with a mocking gaze and said in a mocking tone, "So it's the lord who controls the dragon! It's a pity that your terrifying dragon isn't here."

Adrian paused for a moment and said fiercely, "Right now, you're just an ordinary divine domain!"

"Die!"

Adrian brandished his slaughter sword, and a blood-red blade of light containing the slaughter laws shot towards Joelson.

Joelson took out the spear of annihilation and held it in his hand.

A wisp of dark-red lightning twined around the tip of the spear. The surrounding void instantly shattered, revealing a large patch of black. The dense slaughter laws on the slaughter mountain trembled as if they were saluting the dark-red lightning on the spear.

"Laws of destruction?"

Adrian began to scream.

"Impossible! How can a deity master the laws of destruction?"

"It must be that you have some divine artifact that contains the laws of destruction!"

Adrian revealed a look of jealousy, his heart on the verge of going mad with jealousy.

He was at the peak of the demigod level in the laws of slaughter, but he had yet to master the laws of destruction.

This was one of the supreme laws!

And it was the origin of the laws of slaughter!

How could a puny deity domain possibly be grasped?

"You are only a deity domain!"

"That's right, you are only a deity domain! There's no way you are my match!"

The tremendous jealousy caused Adrian to almost descend into madness.

In the next second, he transformed into a stream of light that was covered by a thick blood mist, shooting towards Joelson.

The sword of slaughter was wrapped with the arcane meaning of the law of slaughter as if it wanted to destroy all life. Its power was extremely terrifying.

The tip of the sword stabbed directly toward Joelson's chest.

Joelson didn't move, as if he had given up resisting.

"Dodge!"

Saint Miti couldn't help but cry out, her heart anxious.

She was already in despair when suddenly, Joelson appeared.

Such a plot was like those fairy tales she had heard when she was still a child.

The princess of the kingdom was kidnapped by the evil dragon, and the brave knight defeated the evil dragon and saved the princess.

Now that the knight was in danger, how could she not be anxious?

Even Saint Miti herself did not realize that a strange feeling had already formed in her heart. That it was even better than the indescribable feeling she had towards the Holy Zither.

"Holy Zither, why aren't you saying anything? Quickly get him to dodge!"

Saint Miti thought that it was because Joelson did not trust her, so she ignored her reminder. She shook the Holy Zither anxiously, and there was a trace of blame in her tone that she had never shown to the Holy Zither.

However, the Holy Zither seemed to not hear it. She fell into silence as if she had thought of something.

Adrian saw that Joelson didn't move at all, and a hint of joy appeared in his eyes.

It must be that Joelson had been scared silly by his power as a mid-stage god.

He could almost see the scene of Joelson being pierced through by the sword of slaughter, wailing as he died.

Ding!

A crisp sound of metal colliding rang out.

Adrian was stunned. He felt that something wasn't right, as though he had hit something even harder than a highgod artifact.

The scene he had expected to pierce through Joelson didn't happen.

There was no blood.

There was no wailing.

A huge crack appeared in the void in front of him, blocking him and Joelson.

The sword of slaughter, which was wrapped in arcane power, stopped in front of the void. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't move forward.

Two huge claws, which were like small mountains, grabbed the sword of slaughter and slowly extended out of the void.

The sword of slaughter and Adrian were pushed out bit by bit.

Following that, a huge dragon that was shining with a metallic luster extended out from the crack.

At this moment, Adrian finally saw just how terrifying an existence he had stabbed the sword of slaughter towards.

An existence that was not inferior to the fire dragon he had seen outside.

A terrifying metal dragon that was like a mountain range and a continent!

Adrian stared at the terrifying dragon in front of him. He was so stunned that he forgot to run away.

"Sid, don't let him die too quickly."

Joelson said calmly, but there was strong killing intent in his voice.

"Roar!"

The steel dragon growled when it received Joelson's order.

The huge wind pressure blew Adrian's hair back.

"A... A giant dragon?"

"You have another giant dragon?"

Adrian finally came back to his senses and said with a trembling voice. His heart was filled with despair.

Then, he immediately wanted to pull back the sword of slaughter. However, in front of such a terrifying giant dragon, he was like a tiny and powerless ant.

No matter how hard he tried to use all of his arcane power, the sword of slaughter seemed to grow in the claws of the giant dragon.

It didn't move at all.

Adrian was frightened. He gave up the slaughter sword, turning into a beam of light and running away.

Seeing the ant in front of him trying to run away, the steel dragon didn't even flutter its wings. It stretched out its huge claws and pressed down on the ant.

Adrian saw the terrifying claws that were as big as a mountain slowly pressing down on him. He burned his arcane power origin and increased his speed to an unprecedented limit.

Adrian's heart was filled with both fear and bitterness. He had burned the arcane power origin of the slaughter laws.

Even if he could escape this time, his power would drop to the divine realm. In addition, he would never have the chance to become a demigod again.

But even so, Adrian still couldn't escape the area covered by the giant claw.

He was like a mosquito. No matter how fast he flew, he couldn't escape the giant dragon's claw.

The huge mountain crashed down, slapping Adrian to the ground.

"Ah!"

Adrian screamed in pain. All the bones in his body were broken and he couldn't even move a finger.

He was completely in despair.

Chapter 347: The Fusion of the Soul and the Body

Joelson glanced at the ground filled with broken corpses as well as Adrian, who was being continuously trampled and crushed by the steel dragon. Adrian let out a miserable howl.

Although he was suffering from extreme pain, Adrian was still a peak demigod expert. He had the body of a god. As long as the steel dragon didn't use the laws, even if Adrian's entire body was crushed, he wouldn't die.

He would collapse in agony under this torment, becoming a madman who had no reason.

Only when Adrian was tormented would Joelson end him.

Towards scum like Adrian, not only did Joelson not have a good impression of him, he hated him to the core.

A pair of slender, white hands rose up to his chest.

Joelson lowered his head to look at these hands. He had felt this warmth before and he knew that these were the hands of the Holy Zither.

"Holy Zither."

Joelson said in a low voice.

At this moment, a pair of slightly cold but similarly soft hands suddenly clamped onto Joelson's waist.

Joelson raised his eyebrows and turned his head to look.

It was Saint Miti.

He only saw the Holy Zither and Saint Miti. Their faces were flushed red and their large eyes, which were as beautiful as precious gems, revealed an unconcealable gaze filled with desire.

Seeing the situation of the two of them, Joelson frowned slightly, then reached out to grab their slender wrists.

He sent his spiritual energy into their bodies and began to investigate.

"Ah."

"Ah!"

The two of them simultaneously let out a soft sound.

They were both demigods, and they could already sense the existence of spiritual energy.

Now that Joelson's spiritual energy had entered their bodies, their own spiritual energy and Joelson's spiritual energy came into contact and, under the effects of that strange medicine, they felt a sense of comfort that they had never felt before.

It was as if they were fusing with Joelson's soul.

Saint Miti's face turned even redder, revealing an extremely shy and expectant expression.

If the people of the Church of Light saw this, they would definitely be very surprised. The second Angel, who had always been filled with killing intent, would actually reveal such an expression that made people unable to resist caressing her?

However, only Joelson had the chance to witness such a wonderful scene.

It was the same for Holy Zither, even though the two of them had already experienced it once in the lost divine kingdom.

However, Holy Zither had never experienced such a fusion of souls.

Facing him, who was as cold as an iceberg, she revealed a seductive expression in front of Joelson.

Joelson frowned. After some investigation, he understood the current state of the two of them.

Both of them had the power of the law of life in their bodies, but this power was not life force, but enough to stir up any life desires.

Moreover, this power was extremely strange. If they did not release their desires, the two of them would die in this state.

"Don't worry, I am not Adrian. I will expel this power for you."

"Alright," said Joelson as he withdrew his spiritual power.

"Okay!"

The Holy Zither and Saint Miti broke away from the wonderful feeling of comfort and responded with a disappointed expression. Even they themselves felt a little strange.

Could it be that they had fallen in love with Joelson?

Joelson injected the abundant life force brought by the law of life into their bodies, trying to expel that strange power.

"It's useless?"

Joelson frowned and started to think.

Maybe it was because they were both the power of the law of life, and the life force could not expel this strange power.

The law of destruction should be able to expel this power but the law of destruction was too violent. If the law of destruction was used, it would directly injure the two, or even kill them!

Joelson frowned even more and became distressed. He could not think of anything else to do.

Holy Zither could see what Joelson was distressed about.

She knew more about the condition of her body and knew how serious the consequences would be if she did not expel this power.

"Joelson, forget it if there's no other way. It's not like we haven't done it before."

Holy Zither said in a low voice with hesitation. Even she, who was indifferent, was a little shy when she said this.

Joelson was stunned for a moment and looked at Holy Zither's flickering eyes.

Finally, he nodded.

Then, Joelson looked at Saint Miti. He would not force anyone to know Saint Miti's thoughts.

Saint Miti felt Joelson's gaze and was so shy that she did not dare to look him in the eyes. She quickly turned her eyes to her feet and nodded gently.

Holy Zither slowly took off her armor.

Saint Miti said in a weak voice, "I want you to help me take off my armor."

After saying that, Saint Miti buried her head deeply, afraid that Joelson would refuse.

Joelson looked at Saint Miti's slender figure. His vitality did not drive away the strange power but it had healed all the wounds on the two of them.

Her slightly bulging chest, slender waist that could be hugged with one hand, and her long, white and delicate legs that were exposed outside.

Every single one of them was so tempting that one could not help but want to taste them.

"Roar!"

Steel Dragon heard the exchange between the three of them and let out a low roar, as if to say, "I'm still beside you!"

Then, he used his huge wings to cover himself and also isolated Adrian's wailing.

"This guy has learned something bad from them."

Joelson laughed bitterly and shook his head, not knowing what to say.

Then, he turned his gaze to Holy Zither and Saint Miti. He reached out his hand and gently helped Saint Miti take off her armor. The first thing he felt was a soft and delicate feeling.

Joelson's hand trembled involuntarily.

"Come."

Saint Miti said. Her fair and soft little hand held onto Joelson's powerful big hand and pressed it on the armor on her chest.

Joelson nodded

Holy Zither took off the interspatial ring and handed it to Joelson. She could not even use the interspatial ring with her current power.

Joelson was a little puzzled. He probed his spiritual power into the interspatial ring and immediately understood.

Joelson took out a palace from the interspatial ring. In the middle of the palace was a soft bed made of pure white feathers.

Another array was set up to isolate this place from the outside world.

Not long after.

Two fair and perfect bodies were displayed at the same time in front of Joelson.

One was mature and plump, while the other was slender and green.

But no matter which one it was, it seemed to be a masterpiece carved by the creator himself, proving the greatness of the creator.

Joelson was lost in his thoughts and his eyes were a little dazed.

It turned out that there really was a perfect existence in the world.

It was not until the Holy Zither and Saint Miti suddenly pushed him onto the big feather bed that he reacted.

Joelson felt an infinite softness and softness wrap around him.

The Holy Zither and Saint Miti were also deeply immersed in it as if they had a wonderful experience of rebirth, and the two even hoped that time would be fixed here forever.

The three of them were all immersed in this never-before-seen comfort.

Their bodies were merging.

Their souls were also merging.

They didn't know how long it had been like this.

...

Chapter 348: You Owe Us a Wedding!

Outside the mountain range of trials.

Joelson looked at the ball of light in his hand that was beating like a heart. He was thinking about something.

"Brother Joelson, what are you thinking about?"

Saint Miti suddenly opened her mouth and interrupted Joelson's thoughts.

Ever since the incident at the palace, Saint Miti's relationship with Joelson had become closer.

She had always been like this. It was just because she was shy before.

Anyone would be the same if they had the most intimate things with a man they had never spoken to. No one could blame her for being shy.

In the end, she did not enter the trial. Instead, she gave it to Joelson.

However, Saint Miti did not feel any regret. Joelson was now her man. She was willing to give the final reward to Joelson. After all, in her previous life, she had left behind many things that were useless.

She did not lack the heart to kill.

Joelson laughed and asked, "Why do you call me little brother?"

Saint Miti's big black gem-like eyes rolled around. After thinking for a while, she said, "I've been reincarnated just like Holy Zither. Counting the lifespan of my previous life, I'm already over 700,000 years old!"

"Isn't calling you little brother very appropriate?"

Saint Miti revealed a brilliant smile. "Don't think that I'm not as powerful as you right now but, once I recover all my strength, I'll quickly surpass you. In the future, if anyone dares to bully you, come to the heavenly realm and find me. I'll take revenge for you."

As Saint Miti spoke, she waved her little white fist.

Joelson laughed softly. "Then I'll wait for you to become a sovereign, then protect me."

Hearing Joelson speak of a sovereign, Saint Miti immediately lowered her head in frustration. In a low voice, she said, "When I was at my peak, I was only a peak highgod."

Joelson laughed, not knowing what to say.

"What are you laughing at?"

Saint Miti used her little fist to knock on Joelson's shoulder, then pouted angrily.

"Enough, Saint Miti. Stop fooling around."

Upon seeing this scene, Holy Zither felt that it was funny as well. Then, she looked at Joelson and said seriously, "Joelson, come with us to the celestial realm. The master of the Land of Slaughter, Augustellan, doesn't have the guts to come to the celestial realm to cause trouble."

After what had happened in the palace, the two of them chatted quite a bit with Joelson.

From the time when Joelson walked out of the baronet's territory, to the time when he walked out of the central continent and was attacked by a god.

The two of them similarly shared all of their experiences with Joelson.

One was the Archangel of the celestial realm, while the other was the second archangel. In the celestial realm, aside from the other, there was no one who could be considered a friend.

It could be said that she had given all of her heart and soul to Joelson without holding anything back.

"In addition, given your talent, the God of Light will definitely do their best to nurture you. Within ten thousand years, you will become a highgod, and I can even give you the position of archangel!"

Holy Zither continued to speak, her gaze fervent as she looked at Joelson, waiting for his reply.

In fact, she hadn't only proposed the invitation to strengthen the heavenly realm.

It was more because of her own selfishness. If Joelson left this time, she didn't know when they would meet again. She wanted him to stay with her for a long time.

Moreover, there were too many dangers in the endless planes. She didn't want anything to happen to Joelson.

Saint Miti was also eagerly waiting for his answer.

"I don't want to be separated from you either but I still have things to finish."

Joelson shook his head slightly and said sincerely.

"Sigh!"

Saint Miti Sighed. "Brother Joelson, if you encounter any difficulties in the future, come and look for your sister!"

Holy Zither nodded. She wasn't surprised by Joelson's decision.

He was such a man. He was a dragon who longed for adventure, strength, and soaring in the sky. He could not stay in a small, quiet lake.

Holy Zither took out another ring from her interspatial ring.

He was stunned for a moment and looked over.

There was a white gemstone inlaid on the ring, emitting a sparkling white light.

Holy Zither held the ring and said to Joelson, "If you change your mind, or if you run into any trouble that you can't solve, just crush the gem on the ring. I'll know. This is my heart from my previous life, although it's just a little bit."

"The heart of an angel?" Joelson asked.

"It's the heart of an archangel."

Holy Zither said, pulling Joelson's hand and putting the ring on.

"I have a ring too!"

When Saint Miti saw this scene, she hurriedly took out a dark red ring from her interspatial ring and held onto Joelson's hand to put it on.

Then she said, "I obtained this tens of thousands of years ago in a trial plane but I don't know what use this ring has."

Joelson laughed, not knowing what to say.

Then he thought for a while and took out two gems to record magic.

He had prepared these for creating magic but he hadn't had the time, so he didn't use them.

Joelson engraved the six laws of slaughter and five laws of light he had learned on the magic gems.

Then he handed them to Holy Zither and Saint Miti.

Looking at the gemstone, Holy Zither and Saint Miti were stunned. They looked at each other with strange expressions.

"Forget it. Let's do it."

Saint Miti said discontentedly.

Joelson felt strange. He didn't know what was going on between them.

At this moment, a crack slowly opened in the void. Endless holy light poured out, eventually forming a huge heavenly gate.

"We should go," Holy Zither said.

"Go, I'll find you."

Joelson nodded and said seriously.

The two of them led the people of the Church of Light in the distance and slowly flew towards the heavenly gate.

Diaboli turned back to look at Joelson. He had finally vaguely guessed what had happened between the Archangel and Joelson.

Everyone from the Church of Light entered the gate of light.

Holy Zither and Saint Miti turned back to look at Joelson reluctantly and shouted at him.

"Remember, you still owe us a wedding! And a wedding ring for each of us!"

Joelson was stunned. He smiled bitterly and nodded deeply, "Wait for me!"

So it was because of the gift he gave back.

No wonder the two of them were so strange.

The heavenly gate slowly closed. Joelson retracted his eyes and looked at Du Lu and the steel dragon who were trying to destroy a long sword.

Adrian had been tortured by the steel dragon. In the end, he was crushed to death by the steel dragon's claws. His soul was also crushed into pieces by the steel dragon's control law.

The other members of the Divine Kingdom of Slaughter had also been killed on the way to the final training ground. Only because Joelson didn't want to waste time, he had escaped.

"It's time to go."

Hearing Joelson's call, Du Lu and the steel dragon immediately stopped destroying the longsword and flew in front of Joelson.

"Father, this longsword is very strange. It's very hard!"

Du Lu handed the longsword to Joelson and said.

Joelson glanced at the longsword and said, "This is a highgod artifact. Of course, it's hard."

Joelson was satisfied. The spear of annihilation, a lower god artifact, was no longer enough for him.

Now that he had obtained a slaughter highgod artifact, it was just right.

Joelson flew up to the mountain-sized head of Du Lu and looked in the direction he had come from.

"Come on, let's go home."

Chapter 349: Fenrir the Great Dragon of Slaughter

Within the space of the ranch.

Joelson brought Du Lu and the steel dragon back.

Du Lu and the steel dragon once more began to study how to destroy the sword of slaughter. This longsword was the first time they had encountered something that couldn't be broken or destroyed after their metamorphosis.

This made them very unwilling and even Lightning was curious enough to participate.

However, Joelson wasn't worried. The slaughter sword was a mid-stage highgod artifact. It needed to be at least a peak highgod before it could be destroyed.

If Du Lu and the others were able to destroy the slaughter sword, then he would be even happier.

Joelson closed his eyes slightly, feeling the powerful power within his body.

He immersed his consciousness into the spirit tree.

Sixteen divine sparks hung on the spirit tree. They were the slaughter divinities, the light divinities, the darkness divinities, the fire divinities, the water divinities, the metal divinities, the plant divinities, the air divinities, the undead divinities, the wind divinities, the lightning divinities, the earth divinities, and the ice divinities condensed in the plane of trials.

There were also the fate, destruction, and life divinities of the supreme law, these three divinities.

Right now, other than the divine spark of life and the divine spark of fate, all of the divine sparks had already been filled to the brim.

They were no longer the size of soybeans like before. Instead, they had condensed into the shape of a prismatic crystal, about the same size as the alchemy divine spark he had acquired from the lost divine kingdom of the central continent.

After all, that alchemy divine spark was a divine spark belonging to a god!

And yet, he hadn't even become a demigod yet!

Even the divine spark of destruction from the supreme laws had been condensed. He could become a demigod of destruction at any time!

"I wonder if this Heart of Slaughter can still be used?"

Thinking of this, Joelson murmured to himself.

Opening his eyes, he stared at the Heart of Slaughter, which was still glowing with a weak light. In his heart, he felt a bit uncertain.

Originally, the blood-red light emitted by the Heart of Slaughter was very strong.

However, when he passed the final trial and obtained the Heart of Slaughter, the destruction divine spark had a desire to devour it.

In the end, the Heart of Slaughter was directly devoured by the destruction divine spark. If it wasn't for Joelson intentionally controlling it, there wouldn't even be such a tiny bit of light left.

However, this also allowed the destruction divine spark to directly condense into form. Even if he couldn't exchange for the slaughter dragon egg, he had gained quite a lot this time.

"Looks like I'll have to enter more trial planes in the future."

Joelson thought to himself.

'No matter what, I still have to try.'

If it doesn't work, then forget it.

Joelson summoned the system and chose to hand over the slaughter heart.

"Congratulations to the host for completing the mission. You have obtained the Slaughter Dragon Egg x1."

The almost completely absorbed Heart of Slaughter still completed the mission. Joelson was delighted.

A blood-red dragon egg, which was emitting a faint blood mist and killing aura, slowly appeared in front of Joelson.

Joelson touched it and felt a sharp killing aura cutting his palm.

Having such power even before he was born, Joelson became even more expectant.

He pierced his finger and dripped the blood on the dragon egg.

Crack!

A crack suddenly appeared on the slaughter dragon egg, and a blood-red light spread out from it.

As if it had sensed the birth of the slaughter dragon whelp, Holy was the first to rush over. From time to time, he would look back in the direction of the Dark Demon Dragon, as if he was worried that the Dark Demon Dragon would come and snatch his ally.

The Dark Demon Dragon looked at him with disdain, then lay down and continued to sleep.

Du Lu, the steel dragon, and Lightning also put down the sword of slaughter and surrounded him. Behind them were three little dragons that were ten yards in size, as well as a giant dragon that was about a hundred yards in size.

These three little dragons had been acquired by Joelson before he had entered the trial plane. Now, they had grown to ten yards in size, and the speed of their growth surprised even Joelson. He had only been in the trial plane for a month at most, the three little dragons had actually grown to the power of the sixth rank.

As for the hundred-yard-long dragon, he hoped that it would soon become a deity. However, it had yet to complete all of the duels in the Dragon God Arena, or else it would most likely have already become a demigod.

Joelson thought to himself, 'As expected of a supreme dragon. Its growth rate is truly fast.'

Crack!

The dragon egg completely split open and a blood-red dragon cub stuck its little head out of half of the egg.

Its big ruby-like eyes looked around. Perhaps there were too many dragons around, making it shy. It retracted its head, leaving only a pair of big eyes to look around.

Only when it saw Joelson did it flutter its small wings and fly into Joelson's arms.

Although it did not know who Joelson was, it instinctively felt that Joelson had a wonderful connection with it.

It made it feel close and trusted.

Looking at the young dragon that was emitting a killing aura in his arms, Joelson was a little surprised.

He did not expect the young dragon to have the strength of a divine domain at birth. Although it did not reach the peak of the divine domain as the giant dragon of fate and Hope, it was still at the mid-stage of the deity domain.

Joelson thought for a moment and said, "From now on, your name will be Fenrir."

This was a name that he was looking forward to. In the Norse mythology of his previous life, Fenrir was the giant wolf that killed the God-King in the twilight of the gods.

When he participated in the trials of the four kingdoms in the southern region, he also encountered a magic wolf named Fenrir. However, it was only at the saint level, so the name did not quite fit.

Instead, it was the young slaughter dragon that suited this name.

"Puya, puya!"

Fenrir responded with a cute cry, as if it had understood what Joelson had said.

Hope was a little excited to see its new companion. Fenrir was the first dragon to be born behind it. Hope kept flapping its huge wings, stirring up a hurricane, as if it wanted to play with Fenrir as soon as possible.

Holy also quickly ran to Joelson's side and leaned his big head forward, looking at Fenrir.

Fenrir waved its small claws at Holy, letting out a cute roar. It seemed to be saying, "Big guy, don't disturb me!"

Holy shrunk its head. Although Fenrir was still very young, he did not dare to underestimate it. Fenrir had the strength of an intermediate-stage deity. Although he would not be injured, he would definitely still feel pain.

He was not discouraged. In any case, there was plenty of time in the ranch. Its smart, large head would always think of ways to make friends with Fenrir.

In the next second, three heads that were as big as mountains came over and directly blew Holy away.

Du Lu, the steel dragon, and Lightning came over and looked carefully at Fenrir.

They did not even dare to breathe too heavily, afraid that a breath would create a hurricane and directly blow Fenrir away.

"Puya! Puya!"

Seeing the three huge guys come over, Fenrir did not feel annoyed. Instead, it let out excited cries and its eyes were filled with worship.

It was as if he wished he could be one of them someday.

Chapter 350: God of Light

The Plane of Light.

Thick mountains, dense forests, clear streams, and the endless blue sea.

These rarely seen calm and leisurely scenes could be seen from a single location here.

There were horses and sheep on the dense and soft grass, grazing the tender green in peace. They were not wary of their surroundings at all, as if they would not encounter any danger here.

It was as if this was the Holy Kingdom of Heaven.

In fact, this place was indeed called the Heavenly Kingdom by the outside world.

Or the Kingdom of Heaven.

Suddenly, a huge crack opened in the calm sky, slowly forming a light door.

The animals living here raised their heads to take a look, then lowered their heads to continue grazing at the grass. They were not curious at all, as if they were already used to this scene.

Two slender and perfect figures walked out from the door of light.

It was Holy Zither and Saint Miti, followed by others.

"You guys go back. The second angel and I will report the situation to the God of Light."

Holy Zither spoke to the people behind her with a calm and indifferent expression, as if she was a completely different person from when she was facing Joelson.

Saint Miti was the same. She regained her previous killing intent and her gaze was sharp.

"Yes, Archangel!"

Everyone respectfully replied and left in an orderly manner.

However, everyone revealed an extremely envious expression.

The God of Light!

It was different from what the outside world thought.

They had entered the God of Light's divine kingdom, which was the heavenly realm.

However, they had never been so lucky to be able to see the God of Light whom they wholeheartedly worshipped.

"Let's go, Saint Miti."

Seeing that everyone had left, Holy Zither said with a serious expression.

Even she had to be serious about facing the God of Light.

Saint Miti nodded and also withdrew her killing intent, becoming serious.

This was the reaction that every person would have as a believer of the God of Light.

It wasn't fear, but admiration and worship.

The two of them looked at a mountain peak in the center of the heavenly realm that was so high that it was unbelievable.

It was as if it was pulled up from the ground by an unimaginable power and not formed naturally.

The entire mountain peak emitted a holy white light. Even the most ferocious thugs would be cleansed in an instant once they entered.

Not long after, the two of them arrived at the top of the mountain.

On the top of the mountain stood a magnificent temple, constantly emitting a holy and dense white light.

Holy Zither and Saint Miti looked at the temple in front of them, took a deep breath, and entered.

The temple seemed very empty.

There was only a divine seat at the highest point.

But there was no one on the divine seat.

Holy Zither and Saint Miti did not show any strange expressions. Instead, they lowered their heads towards the divine seat and said respectfully, "God of Light!"

As expected, the divine hall was very quiet. The two of them did not receive any response.

However, Holy Zither still continued, "This time, we went to the trial plane and encountered people from the Slaughter Divine Kingdom. We did not gain anything. Many people died in the trial plane. However, most of the people from the Slaughter Divine Kingdom died there."

After Holy Zither finished speaking, there was still no response.

Holy Zither and Saint Miti turned around and prepared to leave.

Although there was no response, the two of them were nervous. They knew that the God of Light was everywhere.

However, what they were worried about was not what they reported, but what had happened in the trial plane with the God of Light.

Even if the God of Light was not present and there were countless planes between the two planes, it was still impossible to hide it from the God of Light.

Just as the two were about to leave the shrine, they heaved a sigh of relief.

At this moment, a woman's voice suddenly sounded.

"Speak."

This voice seemed to be the most beautiful sound that could be produced in the world.

Holy Zither and Saint Miti's movements froze on the spot, and their feet that had stepped out also stopped in mid-air.

Then, the two turned around.

Seeing the scene in front of them, the two froze on the spot.

The most beautiful scene in the world appeared in front of their eyes.

They saw a woman wearing a white gauze lying lazily on the throne, her body emitting a holy and gentle light. A slender hand supported her chin, which had the most perfect curve.

Under the thin white gauze, a white and soft body faintly appeared, and every part was so perfect.

It was as if this woman explained what was called beauty. She was the symbol of beauty.

Even Holy Zither and Saint Miti were stunned.

Even the two of them were far from being comparable to the beauty presented before them.

"What happened to you in the trial ground?"

The woman continued to say.

Holy Zither and Saint Miti only came back to their senses at this time. They knelt on one knee, lowered their heads, and said respectfully, "God of Light!"

That's right!

This woman was the most supreme existence in the heavenly realm.

The God of Light!

Even though the two of them were existences in the Church of Light that were second only to the God of Light, they had only seen the God of Light a few times in hundreds of thousands of years.

Holy Zither continued, "We met that man from the central continent plane in the trial ground."

When she ascended to the heavenly realm, she had told the God of Light about her experiences.

Then, Holy Zither explained to the God of Light what had happened in the trial plane.

"Oh?"

After listening to Holy Zither's report, the God of Light softly asked, "So you let him desecrate the holy light again?"

Holy Zither and Saint Miti immediately lowered their heads, feeling extremely nervous.

Soon, the two of them raised their heads again, their eyes looking straight at the God of Light with determination.

They had never done such a disrespectful thing in hundreds of thousands of years but, this time, they were firm in their hearts.

The two of them said at the same time, "He did not blaspheme the holy light. On the contrary, he is the only man worthy of the holy light!"

Looking at the God of Light, a trace of worry unconsciously rose in their hearts.

They didn't know what would happen next or how the God of Light would react.

Seeing the two of them refuting her so firmly, the God of Light's eyes flashed with undetectable surprise.

Ever since she became the God of Light, no one had ever refuted her.

Holy Zither and Saint Miti were her most loyal angels. For hundreds of thousands of years, they had never done anything against her.

This time, they actually refuted her so firmly?

The God of Light was a little surprised.

Was this man really that amazing?

However, she did not have the endless anger that the two of them had imagined.

Instead, she softly said to the two of them, "Go down."

Holy Zither and Saint Miti revealed shocked expressions but they did not ask anything. Instead, they respectfully left the temple.

After the two of them left the temple.

The God of Light revealed a curious expression. Then, she revealed a charming smile that could make the entire world fall for her.

If Holy Zither and Saint Miti were still here, they would definitely be shocked.

Even they had never seen the God of Light's smile.

The God of Light chuckled. Her gaze seemed to pass through the endless planes and look in one direction.

"Joelson? How interesting."

Chapter 351: How Are You Still Alive?

Joelson spent another month in the ranching space.

The slaughter dragon didn't have a dragon's nest, but Fenrir seemed to enjoy staying in the dragon nursery, which was why it became Fenrir's home and was usually taken care of by Enny.

During this period of time, he also digested the various types of laws and arcane mysteries he had comprehended in the trial plane.

Other than the divine spark of life and fate, the other divine sparks, including the divine spark of destruction, had already risen to the level of an early demigod.

If others were to find out that he had risen to the level of a fourteen-elemental demigod at the same time, they would probably be scared to death.

However, Joelson didn't feel too happy. To him, this was something very normal.

On the contrary, the arcane mysteries of the laws of life and fate had yet to be comprehended, preventing them from advancing to become demigods together. This caused Joelson to have some thoughts.

If he had the chance, he was prepared to search for a trial plane that was related to the laws of life and fate, allowing them to advance to become demigod level as well.

However, this would have to wait until the matters in the Land of Slaughter were resolved.

"It's time to go back," Joelson murmured to himself

If he didn't return to the Land of Slaughter, he would have to remain within the ranching space.

If that was the case, his cultivation speed would definitely be extremely slow. This was something he didn't want to see.

After he received his final reward, the trial plane quickly collapsed, and the spatial cracks in the runic lands disappeared.

Previously, in the trial plane, he had learned from TARTH that the master of the Land of Slaughter, the peak highgod Augustellan, was currently not in the Land of Slaughter.

This was the best opportunity for him to solve this problem.

He held the sword of slaughter in his hand, preparing himself.

Joelson immediately chose to return.

The Land of Slaughter.

Joelson once again appeared in the place where he had fought against the Watchers.

However, it was beyond his expectations. He was not besieged by the Watchers as soon as he appeared.

There was no one here and the traces of the previous battle seemed to have been erased.

Joelson did not choose to leave directly, not because he did not want to leave directly, but because he did not have the sheepskin scroll that could act as a compass and a map in the endless planes.

If he went to the endless planes blindly, he would eventually lose his way in the void.

Joelson frowned slightly and began to think.

He had originally planned to kill the Watchers directly and then see if there was anything similar on the Watchers' bodies.

But now that the Watchers were not here, he had to think of other ways.

He could either stay in the Land of Slaughter, for now, waiting for the next screening day to arrive. By that time, he would become one of the top hundred victors, and then he would be able to meet the overseer.

Or he could directly obtain something from the demigod of the Land of Slaughter. There should be someone who would carry something similar.

But no matter which method he used, he had to first return to the Land of Slaughter and wait for an opportunity.

Joelson's gaze turned towards the Land of Slaughter below.

Since that was the case, he could only return to the Land of Slaughter first.

In the next second, Joelson's figure disappeared from his original spot.

A strange, twisted little tree was quietly rooted there. There was nothing out of the ordinary.

However, both sides revealed greedy gazes as they stared at the blood-red fruit on the little tree, as though this fruit had an irresistible allure to them.

Both sides had a demigod and a dozen or so domain-level experts. They were confronting each other, neither willing to retreat.

Even though they weren't certain that they could defeat the other, none of them were willing to retreat. They had been confronting each other for several days now, all of them wanting to pluck the fruit off the small tree.

Not too far away, when Joelson saw this scene, he found it rather amusing.

When he first came to the Land of Slaughter, didn't he also encounter such a situation?

At that time, it was also a confrontation between two sides. However, in the end, the fruit of slaughter didn't fall into the hands of either side. Instead, it was obtained by Joelson.

Moreover, wasn't this strange small tree the same one that he had plucked the fruit of slaughter back then?

Joelson walked straight towards the small tree, step by step, ignoring the confrontation between the two sides.

At this moment, the two opposing sides simultaneously discovered Joelson's figure, and they instantly grew wary.

The demigods of the two sides grew nervous. They could sense that this person was the same as them; he had the power of an early-stage demigod.

If this was the person the other side had called over for assistance, then it was impossible for them to be a match for the two of them working together.

But soon, both saw the nervousness in the other's eyes.

One of the demigods tentatively asked, "This is your helper?"

The other demigod said, "I thought he was your helper."

"We've been at loggerheads for so long; we can't give the fruit to someone else! Since he isn't one of us, why don't we join forces and get rid of him first!"

"Alright!"

The two sides instantly stopped their confrontation, turning to face Joelson in a stance that forbade them from approaching.

Joelson acted as though he couldn't see the two sides. He didn't even glance at them, continuing to walk directly towards the little tree.

The two demigods exchanged a glance, a hint of savagery flashing through their eyes.

Since they weren't willing to leave, they would stay here forever!

"Go!"

The demigod shouted, transforming into a streak of light as he charged towards Joelson.

As for the other demigod, when he saw Joelson, for some unknown reason, he felt a sense of familiarity. He was stunned for a moment, but he didn't immediately go forward.

Next, he saw Joelson face the great ax that was about to reach his head, and a blood-red longsword appeared in his hand.

The longsword emanated a thick blood mist. A dark red bolt of lightning shot out from the tip of the sword.

Even though he didn't face Joelson directly, he could sense the terrifying power emanating from the longsword. Just by looking at it, he felt as though he would die in the next second.

His eyes suddenly widened and he stared at Joelson in disbelief.

He remembered!

He had seen this person before!

Joelson raised his right hand, gently waving his longsword.

He saw the demigod who was about to chop down with his great ax. His movements were stiff and he was frozen in place.

In the next second, a thin thread appeared in the middle of the demigod's body. It emitted a blood-red light, spreading from the top of his head all the way to his body.

After that, his body was split in half, falling to the ground. Under the effects of the dark-red lightning, he was quickly annihilated, not leaving even a speck of dust behind.

The other demigod who hadn't attacked was stunned on the spot. His wide eyes revealed an extremely terrified gaze.

This was the man who had killed so many demigods in the Land of Slaughter that they had all gone into hiding!

Hadn't he joined forces with the other most powerful experts in an attempt to escape from the Land of Slaughter, only to be killed by the Watchers in the end?

This news had been released by the Watchers.

It was also because of this news that these demigods had dared to reappear in the Land of Slaughter.

How was he still alive?

Chapter 352: He's the Watcher?

With the sword of slaughter in one hand, Joelson ignored the shocked crowd around him and walked toward the strange tree step by step.

The small tree that had been quiet a moment ago seemed to have sensed a familiar aura and began to tremble, shaking its branches and leaves.

Joelson reached out his hand and grabbed the fruit of slaughter.

Before he could grab the fruit, the strange tree dropped the fruit on its own and it floated into his hand.

After the strange tree dropped the fruit, the whole tree trembled and curled up, looking very dispirited.

Everyone on the side was dumbfounded when they saw this scene.

What was going on?

The tree was afraid of him?

However, something even more stupefying happened.

Joelson didn't eat the fruit of slaughter. All he saw was an enormous crack in the void in front of him.

A figure slowly emerged from the crack. His entire body was covered in blood-red, and under the sunlight, he seemed to be covered in flowing blood.

Everyone clearly saw the enormous figure that had appeared in front of them.

It was a giant dragon!

The instant the giant dragon appeared, everyone, including the surviving demigods, fell to their knees. They could sense an extremely dangerous aura emanating from this giant dragon.

The giant dragon's body emanated an extremely pure and dense law of slaughter. This was something they were far from being able to compare to, something even demigods couldn't compare to.

It was as though the giant dragon only needed a single thought to confine their laws of slaughter, preventing them from using even the slightest bit of the power of the laws.

And from what they could sense, this giant dragon's aura was only at the deity level!

Just how terrifying was this giant dragon?

This was Fenrir's first time leaving the ranch space. He appeared extremely curious as he observed his surroundings.

After a while, he seemed to have sensed something as he closed his large ruby-like eyes.

Suddenly, the law of slaughter that filled the void gathered towards him. Even the strange little tree became even more dispirited. The tree trunk bent so much that it seemed as if it could no longer support its crown.

Fenrir had absorbed all of the laws of slaughter in the surroundings. The blood-red color on his body seemed to become even more dazzling.

Joelson looked at Fenrir with satisfaction in his eyes.

In a month's time, Fenrir had grown to a size of fifty yards. His strength had also risen to the peak of the deity domain. After experiencing a few more battles in the Dragon God's Arena, he would be able to transform and advance.

Joelson wriggled the slaughter fruit in his hand.

Only now did Fenrir notice the existence of the slaughter fruit. He immediately moved his large head closer to the fruit, continuously sniffing its scent.

It seemed that the slaughter fruit had a great allure for him, causing him to continuously drool.

Fenrir lowered his large head. Just like when he had been born, he opened his mouth wide, waiting for Joelson to feed him.

Joelson laughed. He didn't know what to say. It seemed that in the future, he would have to let the newborn dragons experience more battles.

Otherwise, after growing to such an age, he wouldn't be able to act like a baby dragon.

Joelson threw the fruit of slaughter into Fenrir's large mouth. The fruit of slaughter was like a tiny candy. It bounced a few times before being swallowed by Fenrir.

Fenrir's aura instantly increased by a large margin and he was now even closer to becoming a demigod.

The people kneeling to the side were all extremely shocked.

Such a terrifying dragon.

How terrifying would its master be if he could tame it?

"Milord, you... you weren't killed by the Watcher?"

The demigod's heart trembled. Others might not know this and they were only shocked by the giant dragon, but he did.

This man was the most powerful expert who had caused all the demigods in the entire Land of Slaughter to tremble!

"Eh?"

Joelson frowned slightly, but he quickly understood.

Most likely, after he had left, the overseer, in order to warn everyone, had announced that all of them had been killed.

"Milord, it was after that day of selection that the overseer released the news that all of you attempted to attack the overseer, but in the end, all of you were killed."

The demigod said respectfully to Joelson.

Joelson nodded slightly. "Get up. If you can answer my questions, you can leave."

The demigod immediately stood up and walked to Joelson's side. He bent down, lowering his head. "My name is Jeremy, and I'm willing to serve you, milord."

"Are there still any supreme experts in the Land of Slaughter?"

Joelson asked.

Jeremy respectfully replied, "After milord left, in order to warn all the killers, the black-golden sun shot out rays of light, cleansing all of the supreme experts who remained in the Land of Slaughter. However, because milord left, all of the demigods reappeared and began to move about. Without the suppression of the supreme experts, our group of demigods began to fight against each other and, soon, new supreme experts appeared. I only know the one."

"Oh?"

As though he had thought of something, he asked again, "When did you first meet that most powerful expert?"

"I met him after the previous batch of most powerful experts had been cleansed. At that time, he was only at the mid-stage demigod realm. After a period of time, he became one of the most powerful experts."

Jeremy said.

Joelson let out a cold laugh, thinking to himself that this was indeed the case.

That most powerful person must be Barnard!

He disguised himself as the most powerful person in the Land of Slaughter and tried to assassinate the person who wanted to escape the Land of Slaughter at the critical moment.

Jeremy couldn't help but tremble, thinking that he had said something wrong and made the lord angry.

"Sir... What's wrong?" Jeremy held back his fear and asked.

Joelson gave him a calm glance. "The most powerful expert you know is the Watcher."

Jeremy was instantly stunned, as though he had been struck by a heavy blow. For a moment, he wasn't able to react.

Only when Joelson spoke once more did he regain his senses.

"Do you know any other powerful experts?"

Jeremy trembled. He only knew this one most powerful expert.

But when he thought about how Joelson had once caused all the demigods in the Land of Slaughter to fear him...

He carefully thought about it, finally, he said, "Milord, I don't know any more. But that demigod you killed just now, he knows a supreme expert as well. Otherwise, he wouldn't have dared to fight me for the fruit of slaughter. He died, but amongst his people, perhaps there are others who know that supreme expert as well."

One amongst the group of people standing on the other side immediately stood up.

"Milord, I know that supreme expert as well!"

Joelson looked towards the direction of the voice, then asked, "When did you two meet?"

That person lowered his head and said respectfully, "Milord, don't worry. He definitely isn't a Watcher! We knew each other before we were captured into the Land of Slaughter. Ten years ago, we were captured into the Land of Slaughter together."

Joelson retracted his gaze and didn't say anything.

He wasn't looking for the strongest person for anything else. He was looking for a scroll that could point him in the direction of the endless planes.

Of course, he could directly enter the ownerless city to snatch it, but if that was the case, it would alert Barnard in advance and might affect the other thing he wanted to do.

At this thought, Joelson looked in the direction of the city.

- Chapter 353: The Day of Selection Had Arrived

Chapter 353: The Day of Selection Had Arrived

Outside the ownerless city.

A group of people was walking into the city.

"Sir, the strongest... Oh, no, it's the Watcher. The Watcher that I know had a conflict with the strongest person that we're going to visit. Should I hide first?"

Jeremy said to a middle-aged man with an ordinary appearance who was wearing a gray robe.

"No need."

The middle-aged man shook his head slightly, then said this.

The middle-aged man was the person whom Joelson had been pretending to be.

In order to avoid alerting the Watchers in advance, Joelson had used a sixth-stage aura-style magic, the transformation technique.

However, given Joelson's current aura-style laws, he had already mastered the power of five arcane truths.

Unless the other party's level of understanding of the arcane truths surpassed Joelson's, it would be impossible for him to see through his disguise.

In other words, only those who had mastered six arcane truths would be able to recognize that he was Joelson. However, those who had mastered six arcane truths had all reached the highgod level.

After all, not everyone had such an abnormal talent as Joelson.

He wasn't afraid of the Watchers. With his current strength, he didn't even need to summon a dragon to defeat the Watchers.

However, he had a bigger plan.

Before, he was just preparing to leave the Land of Slaughter, but now he had returned to the Land of Slaughter.

Of course, he could not leave so easily. He wanted to leave a surprise for Augustellan.

Not long after, Joelson and the others arrived at a palace in the ownerless city.

The appearance of the palace was very luxurious, completely inconsistent with the chaos of the ownerless city.

Moreover, the current ownerless city was far less chaotic than what Joelson had seen in the past.

Joelson had some doubts in his heart.

Walking in from outside the city, although there were people fighting with each other, they actually didn't see the situation of killing each other.

It seemed that after he left, the strongest people in the ownerless city had set stricter new rules for this chaotic city.

However, this had nothing to do with him.

"You captured all of them and Jeremy?"

The guard in front of the palace, seeing his own people return together with Jeremy, asked with a surprised look on his face.

Jeremy was one of the subordinates of the enemy's most powerful expert. When the two sides had fought, he had seen Jeremy before.

He knew that Jeremy had the power of a demigod, which was why he was rather surprised.

At this moment, the demigod who was acquainted with the most powerful expert walked up and spoke a few words to the guard.

The guard revealed a strange look. He glanced at the others and said, "You, Jeremy, and he can enter. The others can only stay outside."

Jeremy didn't find this strange. The most powerful expert naturally wasn't someone that anyone could meet just because they wanted to.

The demigod and Jeremy gave an inquisitive look to Joelson.

Joelson nodded slightly.

Then, the three of them entered the palace.

The palace was extremely luxurious. It was almost comparable to the Imperial Palace of the Inmotadi Empire in the central continent.

To build such a palace in such a barren place like the Land of Slaughter, Joelson could imagine how many people the most powerful expert here had plundered.

More than ten demigods stood on both sides of the palace. When they saw the three of them enter, they immediately turned their gazes over.

At the very top, there was a beautiful throne, and atop it sat a youth. Clearly, he was the most powerful expert here.

"Hardy, well done!"

The most powerful expert, upon seeing the deity domain and Jeremy, revealed a look of delight as he spoke.

Jeremy had killed quite a few of their people. Now that he had been captured by Hardy and the others, he naturally wouldn't let them off.

As he spoke, he stood up. He wanted to personally end Jeremy.

"Terance! He isn't..."

Jeremy and Hardy became anxious. Hardy was about to explain when he saw Terance, the strongest person, stiffening his movements. He was frozen on the spot like a statue. There was even a terrified expression on his face.

The two followed Terance's gaze and looked over.

It was Joelson!

He had already deactivated his transformation spell and regained his handsome face.

"You... You are actually still alive?"

Terance cried out in astonishment.

Before he had become the most powerful expert, the scene of the previous most powerful experts wantonly killing in the Land of Slaughter was still clearly remembered. At that time, he had been one of the people being hunted down.

And all of this was because of this man in front of him!

In the past, it was rumored that the most powerful experts had hunted down all of the demigods in the Land of Slaughter in order to help this man advance to the god level.

If it hadn't been for the fact that the overseer had released the news that they had been killed, he wouldn't have dared to appear in the Land of Slaughter.

Not to mention becoming the most powerful expert!

But he actually didn't die?

Terance was so frightened by this scene that he stood there in a daze.

"Terance, Lord Joelson wasn't killed by the overseer. Instead, it was Lord Joelson who killed a clone of the overseer and then escaped."

Hardy hurriedly warned, afraid that Terance had grown too powerful and would do something that would anger Joelson.

Only after hearing Hardy's warning did Terence come back to his senses, his heart filled with astonishment.

Joelson had actually been able to escape from the Watcher, and had even killed a Watcher's clone!

This was simply too unbelievable!

One had to know that the Watcher had the power of a God at the very least!

Thinking of this, Terance hurriedly lowered his head and bowed, then said, "I didn't know that Lord Joelson had come! Otherwise, I would definitely have gone out to welcome him."

Joelson nodded slightly.

Afterward, Hardy and Jeremy explained the situation to Terance, as well as the fact that the watchman had disguised himself as the most powerful expert and was hiding in the ownerless city.

After hearing the two's words, a lingering fear rose in Terance's heart, and he couldn't help but tremble.

At the same time, he also thought about how, in this sort of situation where he had been suddenly attacked from the back, he had been able to kill the Watcher and escape.

Although what Joelson had revealed was only the power of an early-stage demigod, his true power had most likely reached that of a god!

Terance's gaze towards Joelson grew even more respectful.

"Do you have a scroll that can guide you through the endless planes?"

Joelson asked. This was the reason he had come here.

Terance was stunned for a moment, then said, "If your excellency is referring to the planar map, I don't have it."

After thinking for a moment, he continued, "In the past, the most powerful experts might have it in their hands, but after your excellency's escape, the overseers searched the Land of Slaughter once. Right now, in the entire Land of Slaughter, probably only the overseers have a planar map."

Joelson's expression was calm, but he was not too disappointed.

He thought to himself, 'Looks like I'll have to wait until the next screening day to kill the Watchers to get the plane map.'

Joelson asked, "How many days will the next screening day be?"

Terance gave him a strange look and said, "Sir, the Selection Day is..."

Buzz!

Just as Terance was speaking, a voice suddenly rang out.

The black and golden Sun in the sky slowly began to rotate.

"The Selection Day is today!"

Chapter 354: Escape From the Land of Slaughter With Everyone?

Joelson's brows twitched slightly.

He did not expect that the day he arrived would be the day of the selection.

The black-golden sun spun quickly, and then suddenly shot out exactly 10,000 rays of golden light. Then, it stopped.

The golden light shot out in different directions, and a few of them headed towards the palace.

A few miserable screams immediately rang out from outside the palace, but they quickly died down.

Joelson saw that Jeremy's face had turned ugly.

It seemed that one of the dead losers was the domain of the gods he had led. He recognized the voice.

Joelson was preparing to control his destructive divine spark to devour the power of the laws of slaughter. He had already comprehended six types of arcane mysteries from the laws of slaughter and would definitely be selected as the victor of the top 100.

Suddenly, Joelson noticed the dozen or so demigods in the palace and thought of his plan.

He planned to release all of them from the Land of Slaughter before leaving the Land of Slaughter.

These people hated the Land of Slaughter the most. Once they left, they would definitely stir up the entire territory of Augustellan.

This was the surprise that Joelson had prepared for Augustellan.

However, the killers were also the most afraid of the Watchers. They were like small elephants that had been chained for a long time. Even if one day it grew into an elephant and had enough strength to break free from the chains, it would no longer have such thoughts.

It was the same for these killers. If they wanted to riot, they had to make everyone believe in his strength.

The first step was to make these people completely submit to him!

Thinking of this, Joelson no longer controlled the destructive divine spark to devour the power of the law of slaughter.

The 10,000 losers quickly died.

Immediately after, the black-golden sun shot out another 100 light pillars.

One of the light pillars pierced through the palace and enveloped Joelson's body.

The people in the palace had ugly expressions. If it was before, they might have envied Joelson for being able to leave the Land of Slaughter.

But now, they knew about the conspiracy of the day of selection.

The fate of the victor was not freedom but death!

The light column covered Joelson's body. A force tried to lift him up into the black-golden sun.

Joelson took out the sword of slaughter and held it in his hand. Dark red lightning slowly flowed on the tip of the sword, exuding a terrifying power.

Sensing an unstoppable power coming from the light beam, Joelson released the destruction law with all his strength, even using his arcane will.

Then, Joelson swung his sword fiercely in the direction of the black-golden sun. A light blade made of dark red lightning slashed across the light beam.

Terance widened his eyes, not daring to believe what was happening in front of him.

The light beam that enveloped Joelson was split in half from the middle. Along with the trajectory of the dark red light blade, it continued to spread toward the black sun.

Everyone in the palace was dumbfounded and stood rooted to the ground.

"The pillar of light has been cut?"

After a long time, Jeremy reacted and cried out in surprise.

The people who were in a daze were awakened by the scream.

Terance's heart was extremely shaken and his gaze towards Joelson became respectful.

This sword strike that cut through the black-golden sunlight pillar was too shocking!

Such a thing had never happened in the Land of Slaughter.

He knew that it was impossible for him to cut through the black-golden sunlight beam like this!

Even if another 100,000 years passed, he might not be able to do it!

Joelson was too strong!

Moreover, being able to cut through the light beam, did that mean that Joelson was able to cut through the golden light beam that was used to kill the losers?

If that was the case, wouldn't he be able to stay in the Land of Slaughter forever?

Thinking of this, Terance looked expectant and asked, "Sir, can you help me cut through the light pillar next time? Otherwise, it would be too wasteful to transfer the power of slaughter to other things every time."

"I am willing to offer this palace to..."

Halfway through his words, Terance suddenly froze. When he saw that the palace had been chopped in half by the sword-light, he felt rather awkward.

Joelson's face was calm. "There won't be a next time."

Terance was stunned for a moment, then revealed an extremely shocked expression.

...

Somewhere in the ownerless city.

More than ten deities and demigods were gathered together, discussing something.

"Did you see what happened yesterday?" A deity asked.

"Such a huge commotion. Who wouldn't have seen it? The entire Land of Slaughter can see it!"

"Do you know who did it? He was actually able to cut through the black-gold sun's pillar of light!"

"It must have been one of the most powerful experts! With this sort of power, it probably won't be long before he can rule over the entire Land of Slaughter!"

"But why would the strongest do this? Don't they all have a way?"

"Don't you know? After each screening day, the strongest will be at their weakest. Their methods always have a price!"

"So it's not done by the strongest? There are people stronger than the strongest in the Land of Slaughter?"

Suddenly, two laughs sounded from the side.

Everyone turned their heads in puzzlement.

The two people who had laughed were Hardy and Jeremy.

Among the crowd, someone recognized the two and asked, "Hardy? Jeremy? What are you laughing at?"

Hardy stopped laughing and looked at the crowd, saying, "Of course there's someone stronger than the strongest in the Land of Slaughter!"

Hearing Hardy's words, someone immediately retorted with disdain.

"How is that possible? If someone is stronger than the strongest, why didn't he become the strongest?"

"That's right! The strongest are publicly recognized as the strongest in the Land of Slaughter!"

Jeremy looked at the person who spoke and snorted coldly, saying, "Who said he didn't become the strongest? It's just that he's not the strongest now!"

Everyone was stunned for a moment and revealed a puzzled expression. Then, they seemed to have thought of something.

"You mean the strongest person in the past?"

"Impossible! They were all killed by the Watchers!"

Some people did not believe Jeremy's words and retorted.

Everyone also revealed doubtful gazes.

This news was too unbelievable.

The Watchers released the news that they were killed, and now you said that someone survived and that their strength was even more terrifying than before?

How could this be possible?

In the past, none of the most powerful experts had ever done such a thing.

However, there were also some who didn't retort. Instead, they put on a thoughtful look and said, "You mean... the overseer had released false news?"

"That's right! Do you still remember what happened back then? The most powerful experts wantonly hunted demigods, all for the sake of pushing a person to the level of a god!"

Jeremy looked at everyone and said.

"Are you talking about..."

"Joelson?"

Everyone cried out in disbelief.

"Whether you believe it or not is up to you. In short, Lord Joelson has a way to escape from the Land of Slaughter. If you want to bring everyone from the Land of Slaughter and escape, it's up to you whether you want to come or not!"

After Jeremy finished speaking, he left with Hardy, not giving anyone the chance to ask questions.

The crowd looked at the backs of the two people as they left. They looked at each other, not knowing if they should believe what he said.

"Whether it's true or not, we'll know after we go and take a look!"

Chapter 355: The Ancient Dragon of Slaughter

Within the ownerless city.

There constantly were demigods and deities gathering, discussing the events of the past few days and the news that had been spread.

"Have you heard? The most powerful expert of the past, Joelson, has returned! He isn't dead!"

"Who in the entire ownerless city doesn't know of this news?"

"A few days ago, someone went to confirm. They did indeed see Joelson's figure. In addition, Terance's palace was smoothly split into two!"

"Terance didn't get angry at all. Only that lord could do that. It seems that the news is true."

"There was new news yesterday. According to Jeremy, the winner of the Selection Day can not leave the Land of Slaughter. Instead, they will be killed and become fodder for others!"

"Is it true?"

"Of course it's true. Even without Jeremy's explanation, I can guess it. If the winner can obtain freedom, why would the strongest stay here?"

"That makes sense."

"Doesn't that mean that we are raised like pigs here, waiting to be slaughtered at any time?"

At this point, everyone fell silent, showing either shock or fear.

There were also some who seemed to have known about the conspiracy of the Selection Day, showing a trace of despair in their calm expressions.

"So what? Anyway, with our strength, we have no chance of becoming the victor."

"But this is hope! The only hope in this cage! In the past, there was still a glimmer of hope for the victor to leave this place in the Land of Slaughter but now, regardless of whether we become the victor or the loser, the outcome will be death!"

"If he stays in the Land of Slaughter, he will be killed sooner or later!"

Suddenly, someone seemed to have thought of something and hurriedly shouted.

"Not good! My friend is preparing to enter the top 100. He wants to leave the Land of Slaughter on the next screening day. He doesn't know the news yet. I have to inform him!"

Hearing this, a few people immediately reacted. They turned into a ray of light together with that person and flew out of the city.

This scene was repeated all over the ownerless city.

As these people left, the news kept spreading to the Land of Slaughter.

...

In the space of the ranch.

Joelson had not been idle for the past few days. He had gotten Terance to send people to collect all the fruits of slaughter in the Land of Slaughter. Now, they were piled up in the space of the ranch.

There were about a few hundred fruits of slaughter. Joelson did not expect to have so many. So many fruits of slaughter had already exceeded what he had expected to collect.

He had only seen a few strange small trees with slaughter fruits in the Land of Slaughter.

However, according to Terance, most of the strange small trees were monopolized by the strongest. The reason why they could collect so many was that the strongest had heard the news and sent them over on their own accord to curry favor with Joelson.

Next to a pile of slaughter fruits were dozens of slaughter-type divinity fruits plucked from the divinity tree.

Fenrir was drooling as he watched from the side. He kept sniffing the fragrance coming from the fruits.

"Eat," said Joelson.

"Roar!"

Fenrir growled and licked Joelson's face a few times. Then, along with the turf on the ground, he swallowed the two piles of fruits in one gulp.

Joelson let out a bitter laugh. Looking at the large pit on the ground that was recovering and the growing grass, he didn't know what to say.

This gluttonous little fellow was too anxious.

After eating the fruits, Fenrir's aura once more rose explosively. The blood-red scales covering his body became even more dazzling, as if drops of blood would drip down at any moment.

However, Fenrir still hadn't broken through to the demigod level. He let out a low growl.

It was as though he was apologizing for not advancing to the demigod level and wasting these fruits.

Joelson stroked Fenrir's enormous head, comforting it.

Even he was somewhat surprised. These fruits added together were enough to allow an ordinary deity to advance to the peak of the demigod level!

But Fenrir, who was already a peak-level deity to begin with, had actually been unable to break through to the demigod level after eating them.

However, Joelson wasn't disappointed. Instead, he couldn't help but sigh in his heart.

As expected of a giant dragon of slaughter. Its potential was truly enormous.

If he wanted to rise and transform, it seemed that he would still need to go through the tempering of the Dragon God Arena.

He hadn't risen to the demigod level yet, but Fenrir's current power was only a tiny bit inferior to that of a demigod.

Fenrir seemed to be agonizing over the fact that he hadn't become a demigod yet. He seemed to be extremely frustrated.

With a low growl, he flapped his wings and flew into the Dragon God Arena.

Joelson flew into the Dragon God Arena as well, nodding.

He was extremely satisfied with Fenrir's diligence. The slaughter dragons were born with a natural love for battle. Fenrir had only been born a month ago and, after a few defeats, he had already won fourteen matches.

Only the last battle left would allow him to complete all the battles in the Dragon God Arena before he became a demigod.

In the space of the ranch, before all the dragons became saints, they would have five chances to fight in the Dragon God Arena. As long as they won five battles, they would have to wait until they became saints. When saints became deities, they would have five more chances to fight.

And now, Fenrir was going to fight the last battle before he became a demigod.

Joelson's gaze turned towards Fenrir in the arena, a hint of worry appearing on his face.

His opponent was also a giant slaughter dragon and its cultivation level was the same as well. It was just that it was an ancient slaughter dragon.

Fenrir's thick, sharp, blade-like claws viciously slashed across the dragon soul's body.

However, they didn't tear the dragon soul in half. They only left behind a few bloody scars.

The dragon soul resisted Fenrir's attack and quickly counterattacked. It also slashed Fenrir's chest with its claw, leaving a deep mark. A large amount of blood gushed out from it.

"Roar!"

Fenrir was hit by the claw on the ground. He felt intense pain and roared in anger. He flew up again and charged at the dragon soul phantom.

Facing the dragon soul phantom, Fenrir was constantly frustrated. The wounds on his body were gradually getting worse.

Joelson's brows were tightly furrowed and his gaze was solemn.

Although he knew that Fenrir would not really be in danger in the Dragon God Arena, every giant dragon was like his child and he could not help but worry.

He wanted to admit defeat a few times but, in the end, he forcefully endured it.

Without experiencing the cruelest test, he would not be able to possess the most powerful strength.

"Is it still not enough?"

Looking at Fenrir, who was covered in wounds and about to be defeated, Joelson sighed.

Just as he was about to admit defeat, a dragon's roar sounded.

"Roar!"

Fenrir roared angrily. Blood mist filled the air around its body. The wounds on its body quickly recovered and its aura once again soared.

The two piles of fruits it had eaten just now contained a huge amount of the law of slaughter within its body.

After experiencing the cruel battle, it had completely digested it at this moment.

Fenrir's figure had also grown to over a hundred yards. He was even larger than the phantom of the dragon soul. His power was not inferior to that of the dragon soul either.

His ruby-like eyes were burning with strong battle intent.

Chapter 356: The Meeting of the Watchers

The dragon soul seemed to have sensed the change in Fenrir and strong fighting will rose from the phantom.

Fenrir and the dragon soul charged at each other at the same time.

Bang!

A loud collision sound was heard.

The two dragons collided in an instant, wrestling with each other. Sharp claws, sharp fangs, all of their attacking methods were used.

The slaughter dragons did not defend, they only attacked.

The two dragons were the same.

After digesting the law energy accumulated in their bodies, Fenrir and the dragon soul phantom's strength was almost equal.

After a long period of fighting, Fenrir and the dragon soul phantom were both heavily injured.

Fresh blood splattered and the phantom dispersed.

The two dragons each struck out their strongest attacks, their sharp claws piercing towards the opponent's neck.

Pfft!

Following the sound of sharp claws piercing through, the outcome of this battle was decided.

In the end, Fenrir obtained the victory of the battle with a slight advantage.

Just a little more, the sharp claws of the dragon soul phantom were about to pierce into its neck.

"Roar!"

Fenrir raised its huge head and let out a carefree roar, as if it was expressing its respect for the ancient dragon soul of the giant dragon of slaughter.

Seeing this, Joelson let out a sigh of relief. He immediately flew into the field, taking out a large amount of ranch crops and feeding them to Fenrir.

Not long after, under the effects of the ranch crops, the wounds on Fenrir's body were healed.

Fenrir stretched out his large tongue, which was filled with sharp barbs, and licked Joelson's face. His eyes revealed a look of anticipation.

Joelson felt the friction. He stroked Fenrir's large head as a form of praise for Fenrir.

"Roar!"

Fenrir let out a low, proud roar.

Joelson looked at Fenrir. During the battle, Fenrir had absorbed the accumulated power of the laws of slaughter within his body, but he still hadn't become a demigod.

He didn't find it strange. After Du Lu, the steel dragon, and Lightning had obtained victory in the fifteenth duel, they hadn't immediately become demigods.

Instead, they had experienced a fierce battle with a demigod in the runic lands. They had fused with the dragon soul at the border of life and death before finally transforming and advancing.

Perhaps it was because Fenrir had to experience the trials of life and death before being able to receive the blessings of the Ancient Dragon God.

Joelson raised his eyebrows, as though he had thought of something.

Perhaps the next battle would be handed over to Fenrir.

To help it transform!

"Fenrir, in a few days at most, you will have a battle. Be prepared!"

Joelson looked at Fenrir and said seriously.

"Roar!"

Fenrir didn't feel any fear at all. Instead, he let out an excited, high-pitched roar.

The giant slaughter dragon had been born precisely for the sake of slaughter and battle.

Joelson's face was calm. He said to himself, "It's about time to begin."

...

The Land of Slaughter. Within a certain palace.

A mid-stage demigod was kneeling on one knee towards the man on the throne. He said in an extremely respectful manner,

"Lord Pickel, recently, Terance and the others have spread new news. They say that the victor will not be welcomed with freedom but will instead be killed by the Watchers."

Without receiving a response from the man, the demigod raised his head slightly, glancing at the man.

The instant he raised his head, the man's gaze turned over as well, carrying with it an extremely imposing aura.

The demigod's heart tightened and he immediately lowered his head, feeling some lingering fear.

This was one of the most powerful experts in the ownerless city. Some time ago, he had recruited him, and if he accidentally angered him...

Even if the most powerful expert didn't kill him, he would just kick him out of the organization.

Then his enemies would be the first to rush forward and dismember him.

During this period of time, relying on his title as the most powerful expert, he had been extremely confident in offending quite a few people in the Land of Slaughter.

Thinking of this, the demigod lowered his head even more, respectfully, he asked, "Lord Pickel, Terance and the others have released news that Joelson has returned to help everyone escape the Land of Slaughter. If he really has a way to leave, should we join them?"

"Why should we leave?"

When the demigod heard this, he was stunned for a moment, then continued:

"If the message they sent out is true, then regardless of whether we become the final ten thousand losers or the first hundred victors, we will all die. In that case, wouldn't we be forever imprisoned in the Land of Slaughter until we are killed?"

"Hmph!"

The demigod heard a cold snort. He unconsciously raised his head to glance at him, and then his entire body began to tremble.

A cold look appeared on Pickel's face as he stared viciously at him.

"Without the Land of Slaughter, how could you vermin have risen so quickly? Not only are you not grateful, you even want to flee."

As he spoke, Pickel's face suddenly began to 'melt,' then transformed into another person's face.

A handsome, cold face.

If Joelson was here, he would be able to recognize it.

This supreme expert was no other.

It was Barnard!

Seeing this strange scene before him, the demigod became terrified. He hurriedly said, "Right! Milord is right! We should stay in the Land of Slaughter!"

Barnard stared at the demigod, the laws of slaughter emanating from his palm.

He said coldly, "Haha, it's too late now."

"Ah!"

A miserable scream rang out before the palace fell silent.

"You trash are lucky to be able to become Lord Barnard's nourishment. You actually want to escape!"

"Hmph!"

Barnard let out a cold snort, then said:

"Damned fellow, you dare to come back? This time, you won't have a chance to escape!"

Barnard looked in the direction of the black-golden sun.

In the next second, his figure disappeared from where he was.

Not long after, Barnard appeared in the black-golden sun.

The Watcher who had besieged Joelson with Barnard also appeared.

Seeing Barnard's appearance, he asked with a puzzled expression, "Barnard? Why didn't you stay in the Land of Slaughter to monitor those lowly insects and come here?"

"Could it be that you want to betray Sir again and escape?"

Barnard did not get angry when he heard such ridicule. On the contrary, his expression was serious.

He said, "Do you still remember the deity that escaped before?"

The monitor was stunned for a moment. "Joelson?"

Barnard nodded and said, "Yes, it's him."

"Why are you mentioning this damn fellow? If Sir returns after letting a person escape, we will definitely be punished. Could it be that you have thought of a solution?"

The Watcher revealed a pleasantly surprised gaze.

They had no idea where Joelson had escaped to, nor did they know where he had escaped to.

Augustellan had always been cold and cruel. When he returned, he would know that a person had escaped from the killing grounds that the two of them were responsible for monitoring.

Then they would definitely not have a good ending!

Barnard nodded and shook his head.

The monitor asked anxiously, "What do you mean?"

Barnard looked at the monitor with a serious gaze.

"He's back!"

Chapter 357: The Watcher Made His Move. The News Was True!

Hearing this news, the Watcher was immediately and pleasantly surprised.

At the same time, he looked at Barnard with a puzzled gaze and asked, "He's back. Then why are you so solemn? Isn't this worth being happy about?"

However, he hadn't been happy for long when Barnard's words made his expression turn ugly again.

Barnard's expression was solemn as he continued, "He even spread the secret of the Selection Day. Now, everyone in the Land of Slaughter knows that the victor will not be welcomed with freedom."

"That damn bug! What do we do now?"

The monitor cursed angrily.

"I'm afraid that everyone in the Land of Slaughter will gather under his command. At that time, they will launch a counterattack against us."

Hearing Barnard's words, the faces of the Watchers turned solemn.

If that was truly the case, then they would be in great trouble.

Although most of the killers in the Land of Slaughter were at the deity level and early demigod level, there were still so many of them. When they joined forces, they were still quite a bit of power.

Even if the two of them were gods, they didn't dare say that they would definitely be able to defeat everyone in the Land of Slaughter.

And if the killers were to surround the two of them, even if they were able to escape, by the time Lord Augustellan returned, they wouldn't be able to escape the fate of being killed.

Thinking of this, the Watcher became even more impatient. he shouted at Barnard, "You've said so much. Is there any way?"

Sensing Barnard's cold gaze, the Watcher instantly shut his mouth.

Seeing that the monitor was silent, Barnard continued, "We only have one way now, and that is to get rid of Joelson before they gather!"

"They have been in the Land of Slaughter for so long, and they have long lost hope. They won't believe this news so easily. Even if they believe this news, they won't dare to start a riot easily."

Hearing this, the monitor nodded and said, "This is the only way. Let's go now. If we let them gather, we'll be finished!"

After saying that, the monitor turned into a ray of light and shot toward the Land of Slaughter below.

"Hehe, what an idiot."

Looking at the back of the monitor leaving, Barnard sneered.

If it was really that easy, he would have killed Joelson himself.

Joelson had already escaped from the place of slaughter and they had no clue where he had gone. It was impossible for them to capture him.

Moreover, when Joelson had escaped, he already had the ability to kill one of the monitor's clones.

Now that he had returned, he must have grown stronger. That was why he dared to show himself and even spread the news boldly.

Clearly, he wasn't afraid at all that the Watchers would find out. Either he was up to something, or...

His power was enough to kill a god!

First, he would let this idiot scout the way for him. If anything truly happened, then he would first flee, letting that idiot take the fall for him.

Thinking of this, Barnard's eyes flickered, and he flew down towards the Land of Slaughter.

...

After winning the Dragon God's Arena in Fenrir's favor, Joelson returned to the Land of Slaughter.

Terance bowed to Joelson on the throne and asked respectfully, "Sir, almost everyone in the Land of Slaughter knows about the news we spread. Are you going to start your plan?"

"Wait a little longer."

Joelson said casually, his expression very calm.

He had originally planned to gather everyone in the Land of Slaughter and let them fight against the Watchers.

But now, his plan had changed. In the battle against the Watchers, he decided to let Fenrir go on stage. He wanted to let it transform into an ancient dragon of slaughter under great pressure during the battle.

To him, it didn't really matter what the others did.

The previous plan was only because he wasn't interested. He would rush to the front and kill the Watcher, then let the others follow behind to pick up the scraps.

Joelson's gaze turned to the direction of the black golden sun.

"It's coming."

Hearing Joelson's words, Terance was stunned for a moment and asked in confusion, "Sir, what's coming?"

Joelson was silent and didn't speak.

Before Terance could ask any more questions...

An angry shout rang out from outside.

"Joelson, you still dare to come back?"

Terance suddenly raised his head and looked outside. He could sense the aura of a god!

In the next second, Terance flew outside and saw a few figures who looked exactly the same.

The person who had been attracted by this angry shout wasn't just Terance.

The people of the entire ownerless city had all gathered here. They stared at the few figures in the sky who were emitting the aura of gods, their hearts filled with shock.

In the Land of Slaughter, there were existences with the power of gods.

Only the Watchers!

For the Watchers to personally appear, this could only mean one thing.

The news that had been spread earlier was true!

The selection of the top 100 victors wouldn't bring freedom. Instead, they would become fodder for others!

The place of slaughter was not an arena, but a slaughterhouse for pigs!

And Joelson really had a way to escape!

The Watchers were afraid that they would gather together and escape with Joelson, so they showed themselves!

Otherwise, there was no need for the Watchers to show themselves.

After the shock, everyone fell into despair again.

The monitor had already made a move, and there was no way that Joelson could survive.

And now, the only person who could take them away from the place of slaughter was Joelson!

If Joelson died, they would really be trapped in this slaughterhouse forever, until one day the butcher's knife fell on their heads!

Everyone was clear about their current situation. Some people moved forward and surrounded the monitor.

Only if all of them worked together to protect Joelson would they have a chance to escape!

The overseer saw the dozen or so surrounding him and he let out a cold snort.

"A group of pathetic bugs wants to attack me as well?"

After the overseer finished speaking, the black-golden sun quickly rotated a few times, shooting out a dozen or so rays of golden light.

In an instant, the golden light turned the dozen or so demigods around them into white ash.

The group of people who had been preparing to surround the overseer just now were instantly stunned, their eyes filled with terror.

The overseer's cold gaze swept past everyone.

Everyone immediately reacted. They hurriedly turned and fled, watching from afar. None of them dared to show their heads first, afraid that they would be targeted by the overseer.

They completely lost their previous aura.

Even if Joelson had a way to escape, it would be useless to say anything if they died now.

Seeing that everyone had dispersed, the Watchers mocked in their hearts, 'a bunch of pathetic insects!'

Then, they looked behind Terance at the palace that had been repaired.

Everyone also followed the gaze of the Watchers.

They only saw a tall and slender figure slowly walking out of the palace, as if he was taking a stroll.

Chapter 358: Your Opponent Is Not Me

The Watcher was pleasantly surprised when he saw Joelson appear.

As long as Joelson had not escaped, it was fine. The people of the Land of Slaughter were obviously not united. A pile of loose sand was not worth being afraid of.

Now was a good time to seize Joelson!

The Watcher did not want to kill Joelson directly. Joelson had previously escaped from the Land of Slaughter and they had no clue how. Joelson must be in control of a small world. As long as they could seize Joelson and force him to find out the location of the small world, then the small world would belong to him!

A small world that he couldn't even detect would definitely be of high quality!

As long as he could acquire it, his power would definitely increase by a lot. He might even have a chance to advance to the highgod realm!

The overseer's gaze towards Joelson became greedy. His heart was burning with passion.

Barnard hadn't come over yet and no one was competing with him for the opportunity. This was a good chance to seize Joelson's interrogation for himself!

Thinking of this, the Watcher suddenly made a move, and a blood-red light blade shot towards Joelson.

Joelson looked at the approaching blood-red light blade and the slaughter sword appeared in his hand.

Dark-red lightning shot out from the blade, gently slashing down, leaving a black mark in the void.

The blood-red light blade broke into two halves in the air and then disappeared into the void.

The Watcher's pupils contracted slightly. Before he had escaped from the Land of Slaughter, he already had the strength to kill one of his clones. Now that he had returned, his strength had become even stronger and was enough to easily take a blow from him.

However, the Watcher did not care. This was just a casual blow from him.

The few clones of the Watcher looked at each other, then disappeared at the same time, charging fiercely towards Joelson.

But they saw that Joelson didn't seem to have any intention of fighting back. Instead, he took two steps back.

"Your opponent isn't me."

Joelson said in a low voice.

The few gods were stunned but their bodies didn't stop. They continued to charge towards Joelson.

And then, they saw that the void in front of Joelson had split open into a massive rift and an extremely dazzling blood-red light was flashing within.

In the crack, a giant dragon covered in scales that looked like blood rushed out abruptly.

The Watcher's pupils contracted violently as he crashed into them at an extremely fast speed. He was shocked by the sudden appearance of the giant dragon and could not react for a moment.

They were also charging towards the sudden appearance of the giant dragon. At this moment, they wanted to dodge, but they could not control their bodies and collided directly with the giant dragon.

The Watchers felt an enormous force collide against their bodies, as though a mountain was viciously smashing towards them.

The few of them were knocked flying backward, their hearts filled with shock and terror.

"A giant dragon?"

The few clones simultaneously cried out in alarm.

However, they quickly discovered that although the giant dragon before them was terrifyingly powerful, it was standing in front of them like a mountain.

However, the power of the giant dragon was only at the peak of the deity realm. It hadn't even reached the demigod level. It was far from being a match for them.

"Don't panic! It can't hurt us!"

One of the clones warned them.

Only now did they discover that although the giant dragon had knocked them flying with terrifying power, they hadn't received any substantial damage at all.

"This seems to be a giant slaughter dragon?" One of them said in surprise.

"That's right. Moreover, it's a giant slaughter dragon with extremely terrifying talent!"

"Let's capture this giant slaughter dragon first! We'll have plenty of time to slowly tame it in the future!"

As the few of them spoke, they surrounded Fenrir, their eyes revealing an extremely greedy expression.

Giant slaughter dragons were extremely rare to begin with. Even in the endless planes, there were not many of them. Moreover, Fenrir had never seen a giant slaughter dragon with his own eyes.

And now, a deity-level giant slaughter dragon had appeared before his eyes. How could he possibly let it go? What's more, it was such a terrifyingly talented giant slaughter dragon!

Joelson quietly watched all of this, seemingly not planning to attack.

He wanted to use this battle to help Fenrir break through his bottleneck and become a demigod, completely transforming into an ancient giant slaughter dragon!

"Roaaar!"

Fenrir let out an angry roar, his ruby-like eyes burning with an intense will to battle.

Even though he was surrounded by several gods, he didn't feel the slightest bit of fear. Instead, he seemed to be filled with excitement and anticipation.

The slaughter dragon was born for battle and slaughter. It thirsted for battle.

It thirsted even more to become powerful!

Ever since it had witnessed the battles of Du Lu, the steel dragon, and Lightning in the runic lands, it had left behind terrifying traces.

It had longed for the day when it would become as powerful as them.

And battle was the best way!

Fenrir didn't wait for the others to make a move. He transformed into a streak of blood-red light, suddenly charging towards a person.

The laws of slaughter wrapped around the sharp claws and fangs, launching a fierce attack against the target.

The god didn't have time to dodge. He was slashed by Fenrir's giant claws, and then he was wildly bitten.

However, the blood-red armor that the god had condensed on his body didn't allow Fenrir's attacks to have much effect. They only left behind a few bloody scars.

The god looked at Fenrir mockingly. He waved the longsword in his hand, leaving behind a black scar in the air as he viciously chopped down towards Fenrir

Clang!

A metallic clashing sound rang out.

The longsword was blocked by Fenrir's giant claw. Fenrir fiercely waved his other giant claw, clawing towards the overseer.

Although Fenrir was only at the peak of the deity realm, he was able to fight to a draw against the overseer, who had the power of a god.

The overseer's realm was even higher. When Fenrir's attack landed on the overseer's armor, it didn't have much of an effect. Fenrir, on the other hand, relied on his giant dragon's powerful body to completely not fear the overseer's attack, giving up on defense... he fiercely attacked the Watcher.

Although he was covered in wounds, he had also inflicted quite a few injuries on the watcher.

But very quickly, the situation changed.

The Watcher's clones all charged forward, surrounding Fenrir.

No matter how talented Fenrir was or how fierce he was, he was only at the deity realm. As for the Watcher's clones, they were all gods in terms of strength.

Facing the combined attacks of these people, Fenrir's attacks became even more ferocious. He stared fixedly at one of the Watchers as he attacked with all his might.

He was about to heavily injure the Watcher but, under the combined attacks of these people, Fenrir seemed to have sunk into a swamp. On one side, he wanted to launch an attack, while on the other side, he had to be on guard against the others. His attacks became slower and slower.

Gradually, he couldn't hold on any longer, and he continuously let out furious roars.

As Joelson watched this scene, he tightened his grip on the sword of slaughter, preparing to attack at any moment. If Fenrir couldn't hold on any longer, he would immediately attack, but now wasn't the time.

Fenrir hadn't reached his limit yet.

He wanted to become a demigod and he wanted to transform into an ancient giant dragon of slaughter.

He was just a little bit away!

Suddenly, as though sensing something, Joelson unintentionally turned his gaze towards the direction of the black-golden sun.

He muttered to himself.

"Finally."

Chapter 359: Metamorphosis! Ancient Slaughter Dragon!

Barnard had just left the black-gold sun and entered the Land of Slaughter. His eyes suddenly widened, and he stared in disbelief at the scene within the ownerless city.

A slaughter dragon was currently battling against the Watcher and several of his clones.

Although the dragon was at a complete disadvantage, the dragon was only at the deity level!

A deity-level giant dragon was able to fight against several gods.

How terrifying was his talent to be able to accomplish this?

If he could subdue this giant dragon, when the giant dragon of slaughter grew stronger, it would definitely become his most powerful technique!

Thinking up to this point, Barnard revealed a greedy look as he looked at the giant dragon of slaughter. His heart was filled with eagerness, wanting to subdue the giant dragon of slaughter.

He didn't expect that he would use the monitor to scout the way and let the monitor encounter such a talented giant dragon of slaughter!

Barnard was about to fly into the ownerless city to compete with the monitor for the giant dragon.

Suddenly, he felt a cold gaze on him.

Barnard looked over.

Joelson!

In an instant, he understood that this dragon with terrifying talent was Joelson's!

This damnable brat was actually so lucky, to be able to acquire such a terrifyingly talented dragon.

Even he had never personally seen a giant slaughter dragon, much less one with such terrifying talent.

A hint of jealousy arose in Barnard's heart.

Sensing Barnard's appearance, Joelson turned his attention back to the battle. Looking at Fenrir, Joelson's gaze couldn't help but reveal a hint of worry.

Fenrir was being surrounded and attacked by a few gods. The injuries on his body were gradually worsening, and he was on the verge of being seriously injured.

Joelson let out a long sigh. "Is it still not working?"

A dark red bolt of lightning shot out from the slaughter sword. Joelson's gaze was ice-cold as he stared at the overseer, preparing to attack and kill.

It seemed that Fenrir's metamorphosis could only wait for the next opportunity.

Just as Joelson was about to attack, an angry roar rang out from the Land of Slaughter.

"Roar!"

The wounded Fenrir raised his enormous head and let out an angry roar.

Blood continued to gush out as he roared. Every single drop of fresh blood that flowed out was boiling.

Fenrir's aura suddenly rose, charging towards the demigod.

A wanton draconic aura spread out. The sky, the earth, and even the void began to tremble.

In the space of the pasture where no one could see, countless dragon roars suddenly sounded in the Dragon God Arena.

A few giant dragons in the pasture looked over curiously, not understanding what had happened.

Holy, who was sleeping soundly, was also startled awake. He raised his head to take a look.

Who was transforming again?

Forget it, continue sleeping.

After that, Holy yawned again, laid down, and went back to sleep.

A blood-red dragon flag rose into the air, fluttering against the wind. All the dragon flags fluttered, as if responding to it.

Boom!

A brilliant blood-red light descended from the sky, and a giant dragon phantom slowly emerged from the light.

In the next moment, the giant dragon phantom descended with an extremely vast and ancient aura. It instantly tore through the void and rushed towards the unknown distance at high speed.

In the Land of Slaughter.

A huge crack appeared in the sky, and a terrifying might came from within. A blood-red giant dragon phantom swam out from within and let out a vast and long dragon roar. It gradually resonated with Fenrir's furious roar.

An extremely terrifying dragon might spread out in the Land of Slaughter, and even the black and gold sun in the sky started to tremble.

When this scene appeared, the Watchers were completely dumbfounded, and they stood rooted to the ground.

The people watching from the ownerless city were also stunned.

The phantom of the giant dragon in the sky carried a terrifying might as it turned into a blood-red stream of light and swooped down, charging into Fenrir's body.

In an instant, the entire Land of Slaughter seemed to be filled with the roars of countless dragons. The void was stirred up, and the black and gold sun also started to tremble violently at this moment, shooting out golden rays and pillars of light randomly.

The people below were all kneeling on the ground, prostrating themselves as they worshipped Fenrir under this unstoppable draconic aura.

Joelson's gaze towards Fenrir was filled with surprise and delight.

He had succeeded!

Fenrir's body was covered in blood-red light and it was rapidly fusing with the dragon soul.

The Watcher suddenly came to his senses, and hurriedly shouted, "Not good! It's about to ascend!"

The other clone cried out in surprise as well. "Quick, capture it. Once it becomes a demigod and joins forces with Joelson, we might not be their match!"

The Watcher's clones attacked at the same time, transforming into a streak of light. Their figures became blurry and they suddenly charged towards Fenrir, striking out with their most powerful attack.

Wherever they passed, the void shattered, leaving behind long black marks.

The few of them instantly rushed to Fenrir's side and, just as their attacks were about to land on the blood-red light enveloping Fenrir.

Fenrir, who was shrouded in the light, suddenly expanded his body, growing bigger and bigger.

The blood-red light covering Fenrir's body also expanded, directly knocking the few of them away. They turned into a stream of light and shot out, crashing into the mountain peak, leaving a deep hole. Cracks spread out like a spider web.

The people watching from the ownerless city all widened their eyes, revealing disbelief.

Everyone was in extreme shock because of the scene in front of them.

They only saw that the entire ownerless city was shrouded in a shadow. In the sky, a terrifying dragon that was like a mountain range spread its wings and covered the sky.

It was like a piece of land, an island suspended in the sky.

An enormous draconic aura came crashing down. Everyone was pressed down to the ground, unable to move.

Even the most powerful experts at the peak of the demigod level in the ownerless city were no exception.

Of the people still standing in the entire city, only Joelson was left.

"Roaaar!"

Fenrir raised his mountain-like head, as though he was excited by the terrifying power surging within his body.

Fenrir lowered his head and moved closer to Joelson.

Joelson reached out and touched Fenrir's palace-like nose.

Fenrir let out a comfortable growl.

Terance was already lying on the ground. Only he knew how terrifying it was to face such a huge dragon at such a close distance.

Even if Fenrir did not target him, he still felt the threat of death lingering around him.

Fenrir lifted his huge head, creating a hurricane.

The palace had been turned into rubble during the previous battle and was blown up into the sky by the hurricane.

Fenrir looked at the monitor who was sent flying into the mountain.

"Roar!"

With an angry roar, the slaughter law churned, and arcane power spread out. The void around them was shattered by this roar, revealing a large area of pitch-black color.

Fenrir flapped his wings and flew towards the Watchers.

The people in the ownerless land finally recovered from their shock.

They hurried to fly into the sky and follow him.

Chapter 360: Supreme Academy

Joelson didn't follow Fenrir. He knew that after Fenrir transformed into an ancient dragon of slaughter, he would be able to easily deal with a few gods.

He didn't need his help at all.

Joelson's gaze turned towards the direction of the black-golden sun.

In the next second, Joelson's figure disappeared from his original position, flying towards the black-golden sun.

Barnard looked at the scene that had occurred in the Land of Slaughter, his heart filled with shock.

That terrifying dragon didn't even attack directly. Just the explosive growth of its body during the process of advancing sent the Watchers flying, sinking deep into the mountain peak.

If the dragon attacked the Watchers directly, what sort of scene would it be?

It must be known that the Watchers had the power of a god. After reaching the god level, they could even use the laws and arcane mysteries to condense a divine clone, which was equivalent to the power of several gods working together.

As for this giant dragon? Even after advancing, it would only be a demigod!

The overseer didn't have the slightest power to resist in front of it!

Although his power was slightly stronger than the overseer's, even so, it was impossible for him to be a match for this terrifying giant dragon of slaughter!

Barnard's pupils suddenly constricted and an intense sense of terror surged in his heart.

Run!

He had to run!

Barnard turned around, wanting to rush into the black-gold sun and escape the Land of Slaughter.

At this moment, a dark red bolt of lightning shot towards him. Wherever the lightning passed, the void shattered, leaving behind long and thin black traces that continued to spread outwards.

Barnard hurriedly pulled out his longsword to defend.

Clang!

A strong sound of metal colliding rang out.

Barnard lowered his head to look at his longsword. He only saw a tiny crack where the dark red lightning had struck. The crack was covered with tiny pieces of dark red lightning, constantly corroding the tiny crack on his longsword.

"Damn it!"

Barnard cursed in a low voice, his heart filled with shock, and his face was extremely ugly to behold.

His longsword was a god-level weapon!

Even the destruction laws wouldn't be able to crack the longsword so easily.

Barnard controlled the slaughter laws to try to expel the dark red lightning, but it didn't have any effect.

The dark red lightning was still attached to the sword and the cracks gradually spread out.

Crack!

With a sound, Barnard's longsword was completely broken into two pieces.

Barnard's face became even more unsightly. He looked towards the rapidly charging Joelson, his eyes revealing a hint of terror.

This damned fellow!

How could his power of laws be so terrifying?

Barnard still wanted to turn around and flee, but Joelson's figure had already blocked between him and the black-golden sun.

If he wanted to escape, then he could only kill Joelson!

No matter how powerful Joelson's law energy was, he was only a demigod.

He was a god, and he had six divine clones. Including himself, he had seven gods.

With seven gods attacking him together, he didn't believe that he wouldn't be able to defeat a demigod?

Barnard's gaze subconsciously turned towards the ownerless city. His six divine clones had disguised themselves as supreme experts, hiding within the ownerless city.

"Joelson, you actually dare to return to the Land of Slaughter? It's still not too late to escape now. When Sir Augustellan arrives, you won't have the chance to escape even if you want to."

Barnard brought out Augustellan's name and said.

If it wasn't necessary, he wouldn't dare to casually attack Joelson.

Even if he could defeat Joelson, once the terrifying dragon of slaughter below sensed that its master was in danger, it would abandon its Watcher and directly rush over to deal with him. At that time, it would be difficult for him to escape even if he wanted to.

It would be best if he could directly scare Joelson away. If he couldn't, he would have to delay until the divine clone arrived, ambush Joelson, and then escape.

When Joelson heard Barnard bringing out Augustellan, he didn't panic at all. He calmly said, "When Augustellan arrives, you'll already be dead."

Joelson's gaze was ice-cold as he looked at Barnard. The Sword of slaughter, which was filled with a thick blood fog, suddenly appeared in his hand. Dark red lightning shot out from the sword.

Stepping through the air, Joelson walked step by step towards Barnard.

A strange scene appeared on the field. A demigod wielding a longsword was slowly approaching a god, while the god was forced to continuously retreat.

"Joelson, if you kill me, Lord Augustellan will not let you off!"

Fear flashed through Barnard's eyes, and his heart was filled with anxiety.

His divine clone still needed a bit more time. Just a bit faster!

Joelson's footsteps didn't slow down at all. He said coldly, "Even if he lets me off, I won't let him off!"

Barnard's heart was filled with shock. A puny demigod actually dared to say such words?

A demigod wanted to kill a peak highgod?

Just how confident was he in his talent?

"Don't kill me! I can give you all of my divine artifacts!"

Barnard let out a terrified scream but a hint of cunningness flashed through his eyes.

Joelson stopped in his tracks, revealing a hint of mockery in his eyes. "If I kill you, won't your divine artifact still be mine?"

Barnard secretly let out a sigh of relief.

Whatever you say, as long as you can delay it until the divine clone arrives, you will be the one to die!

It's almost here!

I just need to delay a little longer!

Barnard had a terrified expression on his face. He knelt down in the void and pleaded to Joelson, "Sir, I still have some treasures that I don't have with me. If you kill me, no one will know!"

Joelson put away his long sword and gave Barnard a deep look.

Barnard's acting was too clumsy. He could tell at a glance that he was stalling for time.

But he didn't care. So what if Barnard's divine clone arrived?

Du Lu, the steel dragon, and Lightning hadn't appeared yet.

If Barnard really hid some treasures, he didn't mind acting with Barnard.

"Oh?"

Joelson showed a curious look and asked, "What other treasures do you have? Where are you hiding? If you can satisfy me, I might let you go."

"My lord, I have hidden a Supreme Academy's entrance badge outside the Land of Slaughter!"

"Hidden under the tree of slaughter outside my palace!"

Barnard said with a relieved expression but he was mocking in his heart.

'I do have the Supreme Academy's entrance badge, but you won't have the chance to see it!'

'When my divine clone arrives, it will be your time to die!'

A puzzled look appeared on Joelson's face as he asked, "What is the Supreme Academy?"

Hearing this, Barnard was stunned for a moment.

He hadn't expected that Joelson actually didn't know what the Supreme Academy was. However, he quickly reacted. It was possible that Joelson had just left his own plane when he was directly captured and brought to the Slaughter Plane.

Barnard then explained, "The Supreme Academy is one of the four supreme academies in the four supreme planes. These academies are collectively known as the Supreme Academy. My entrance badge was obtained from killing a deity level genius from a lower plane."