

Breeding Dragons From Today

Chapter 61: Crushing Mages

The red-haired youth's fist landed on the guard's long sword.

Clang!

The sound of metal clashing rang out as the long sword broke. The young knight's lips curled up into a wanton smile as his fist was about to land on the guard's chest.

Bang!

The leader of the middle-aged knights used his hand to grab tightly onto the red-haired youth's fist as he frowned.

"Hawthorne, restrain yourself!"

The red-haired youth snorted coldly and struggled free of the middle-aged knight's hand.

"Don't forget, Tulip Academy of Magic and Harriet."

The middle-aged knight said seriously, "The terror of a saint-level powerhouse is not something you can imagine!"

"I will also be a saint-level knight in the future!"

Hawthorne laughed, revealing his white teeth. They looked very sharp, like a wolf.

"Then we'll talk about it after you become a saint-level knight."

The middle-aged knight felt a headache.

He was one of the three geniuses of Hawthorne City's current batch of students. He was only eighteen years old, but he was already a fifth-level knight. He was second only to Don Quixote in the academy.

However, his personality was very arrogant and arrogant. Many students called him "Crazy Hawthorne" in private.

"If I had known earlier, I wouldn't have brought him along this time," the middle-aged knight thought.

The middle-aged knight picked up the broken longsword for the guard and revealed their identities.

The guard was still a little frightened. He nodded and quickly ran into the academy to report.

Five minutes later, a few magic instructors wearing black mage robes rushed over.

"Engel, are you leading the team again this year?"

"Yes, it's me again this year. Long-time no see, my friend."

The middle-aged knight strode forward and greeted the mage warmly.

If Joelson was here, he would definitely recognize him.

The magic tutor with eight golden stripes on his chest was Mr Tang Man, who managed the library.

"We must stay for a few more days this time. We haven't had a drink together for a long time."

Tang Man glanced at the knight students behind Engel with a hint of shock in his eyes.

Everyone's strength was above that of a tier 4 knight, and they were all no older than twenty years old.

When her gaze shifted to Don Quixote, who was the most dazzling, Tang Man's eyes trembled violently.

A sixth-tier knight?!

A genius who was even more monstrous than Joelson Edward!

The corners of Tang Man's mouth involuntarily curled into a bitter smile as she thought to himself, 'looks like Tulip Magic Academy is going to suffer another crushing defeat this time.'

"The exchange match will officially begin tomorrow. We have already arranged accommodations for everyone. You guys can also take a look around in the next few days."

Elsa, who had changed into a mage robe, was very dignified and beautiful. Tang Man handed over the task of receiving the guests to her and then led Engel, the leader of the Knights, to meet Harriet Terrence.

The arrival of the knights from the Knight Academy aroused the strong curiosity of the students from the Tulip Magic Academy.

The students from the lower grades found it very interesting. A group of knights suddenly appeared in the academy that was full of mages. Moreover, they were of the same age as them.

The students of the higher grades, on the other hand, all had grim expressions on their faces. They looked at the students of the Knight Academy with wariness and unfriendliness in their eyes.

The annual exchange competition was about to begin again, the day of shame for the Tulip Academy.

This news soon spread throughout the entire academy. Most of the students and instructors walked out and surrounded this group of "guests" from neighboring countries by the roadside.

The knights continued to talk with a calm expression as if they did not care about their onlookers at all. On the contrary, they enjoyed this kind of treatment.

"They don't seem to welcome us?" Someone asked.

"Of course, no one likes to be beaten up!"

"Hahaha!"

A burst of wanton laughter was heard.

Elsa, who was walking at the front of the team, frowned. She turned around and said coldly, "Didn't the ten commandments of knights teach you to be humble?"

The knights were silent for a few seconds before a frivolous voice suddenly sounded.

"Teacher Elsa, you look so beautiful when you are angry. Can I ask you out tonight?"

As soon as these words were said, a burst of laughter immediately rang out.

It was accompanied by boos and whistles.

"Eddie Taylor, you are really bold."

"Teacher Elsa is mine. Eddie Taylor, draw your sword! I want to fight you!"

"Hahaha!"

The students of the Tulip Magic Academy naturally heard these words, and their expressions were extremely unsightly.

The faces of the lower grade students were filled with anger, and they directly wanted to charge forward.

Although Miss Elsa was strict, she was very gentle and patient towards the students. In addition to her beautiful appearance, she was the goddess in the hearts of many students.

Elsa was so angry that her face turned ugly. She quickly chanted a spell and summoned a level-5 magic anaconda. Then, she pounced on the knight named Eddie Taylor.

"Not good!" Eddie Taylor shouted in a low voice. His face revealed a trace of fear.

He hurriedly retreated, but the anaconda was too fast. He was too late. He was about to be hit by the anaconda.

At that moment, a bright white light flashed.

The anaconda was cut into two halves, turning into countless mist and disappearing into the air.

The red-haired Hawthorne held his longsword to block Eddie Taylor's attack. He raised his chin at Elsa, revealing a provocative smile.

A hint of anger flashed across Elsa's face.

"Get on the dueling platform!"

Someone shouted.

Immediately, everyone shouted as well.

"Right! Teacher Elsa, teach these hooligans from the Knight Academy a good lesson!"

"Rude knights. They only have brute force, but they don't even know how to follow basic etiquette."

"They still dare to provoke our teacher in our territory!"

Elsa controlled her emotions and took a deep breath to calm down.

As a teacher of the academy, she shouldn't be angry with the students.

Moreover, the other party was a "guest".

Elsa wanted to turn around and continue leading them, but a voice sounded behind her.

"What? Are you afraid?"

Elsa stopped moving.

The students of the Tulip Academy became even louder.

"That's too evil!"

"I think I should go up and beat him up! Unfortunately, I'm only a rank one mage!"

"Teacher Elsa, don't let him go!"

Elsa slowly turned around; her face very cold.

"What did you say?"

Hawthorne was not afraid at all. He deliberately looked at Elsa up and down, shook his head and said, "Forget it, I don't bully women."

Elsa's hands suddenly clenched tightly, trying hard to suppress the anger in her heart.

Just as she was about to speak, a figure wearing a red mage robe walked out from the crowd.

"I'm here to teach you a lesson on behalf of Teacher Elsa!"

His face was calm, and he stood tall and straight.

It was Francis.

Chapter 62: Third-Rank Mage, Fifth-Rank Knight

"It's Francis!"

"Great, Francis is here again, so there's no need to be afraid!"

"He's only second to Joelson. He'll definitely be able to defeat these arrogant knights."

The students of the Tulip Academy were excited.

They seemed to only remember now that this magic genius was overshadowed by Joelson.

"You are the second genius of this year's Tulip Academy?!"

Hawthorne's eyes revealed a trace of curiosity as he sized up Francis.

"What rank are you?"

Francis calmly replied, "A third rank mage."

He was definitely proud of his achievements. After all, he was only seventeen years old this year.

He was definitely a magic genius.

However, Hawthorne had a disappointed expression on his face.

"No, you're too weak."

"Too arrogant!"

"Bastard! Don't you know that it's far more difficult for a mage to advance than a Knight?"

"A mage of the same level can easily defeat a knight, alright?!"

The students of the Tulip Academy were furious.

The young knights, however, revealed strange smiles.

Hawthorne, in particular, had a smile that almost reached his ears.

"Please come to the duelling stage."

Francis said calmly.

"There's no need."

Hawthorne slowly raised the longsword in his hand, and a white light shot out from the blade.

"There's no need to go through so much trouble. We can settle it here."

Francis looked away and quickly took out his staff.

He turned his magic shield to the maximum and quickly cast the wind magic "haste" on himself.

The most important thing in a battle between a mage and a knight was to increase the distance between them so that he had enough time to cast his spell.

A thick white light lit up, almost enveloping the entire longsword.

Hawthorne gave Francis a ferocious smile.

The next moment, his figure suddenly disappeared.

Francis was surprised and immediately moved, quickly looking for Hawthorne's figure while silently chanting a spell to prepare for the next spell.

"Be careful!"

"Above your head! He's above your head!"

Exclamations came from outside the field!

Francis looked up abruptly.

He saw Hawthorne's back facing the sun, holding a beam of white light that was even more dazzling than the sun, charging straight at him from the sky.

"Wind barrier!"

Francis finally threw out this spell that he had been preparing for a long time.

A level-3 wind-type defensive spell.

The most powerful defensive spell that Francis could now master.

But...

A crisp sound rang out.

It was as if a crystal had shattered.

The light green barrier of wind was easily torn apart like a fragile piece of paper under the white light in Hawthorne's hand.

The white light fell, and the powerful momentum carried the hurricane.

The magic shield shattered like a bubble.

Francis's eyes widened, and a white light kept expanding in his pupils.

The light was blinding.

Despair, fear.

At this moment, Francis almost thought he was going to die.

The wind blew off the hair that had been cut off in front of Francis' forehead.

The long sword quietly hovered in front of Francis' nose, and the sharp aura cut Francis' cheek in great pain.

Francis' face was pale, with cold sweat kept coming out, soaking his clothes.

Hawthorne casually put away his long sword.

Francis seemed to have lost all his strength. He fell to the ground, trembling, and took a deep breath.

The whole arena was silent.

Everyone's mouths were wide open in shock, unable to believe what had happened in front of their eyes.

Francis was defeated in one move?!

Was the difference in strength really that big?

"Hahaha!"

Hawthorne let out a burst of arrogant laughter. He pointed his sword at Francis and said to everyone, "If there's such trash in the exchange match tomorrow, don't come up and embarrass yourself!"

Humiliation, anger, helplessness...

All kinds of emotions surged into their hearts.

Everyone clenched their fists tightly.

Too arrogant! Too arrogant!

But there was nothing they could do.

Where's Joelson?!

Where's Joelson?!

If Joelson was here, he would definitely teach these bastards a new life!

...

In the space of the Dragon God Ranch.

A human-shaped blood cocoon suddenly broke.

Joelson crawled out of the cocoon and shook the blood scabs on his body. He felt as if his entire body had undergone a new transformation.

Splash!

Joelson jumped into the lake and took a good bath.

Enny sat by the lake and looked at him angrily, as if saying, "I'm so annoyed, the water is dirty!"

She turned to look at Du Lu, wanting him to talk about Joelson.

Du Lu pretended to be stupid and turned his face away, as if saying, "I don't see anything, I don't see anything."

The clear lake water was dyed a light pink.

Countless fish gathered around Joelson, greedily nibbling at the blood scabs that remained in the lake.

It seemed that these blood scabs had an infinite attraction to them.

Joelson smiled, the fish shoals rubbed against his body and itched him.

He wanted to swim back to the shore, but he exerted a little strength under his feet.

Splash!

His whole body shot out like a cannonball and directly jumped onto the shore.

Joelson was stunned.

He looked at his hands in disbelief.

White, slender, and full of streamlined muscles, he clenched his fists slightly and felt a powerful force surging in his body.

Tier 3!

This force was at least at the level of a tier 3 knight.

Joelson was very sure of this.

He tried to swing his fist, jump, and run.

Joelson seemed to have turned into a gust of wind, running freely in the pasture.

If magic was to control the power of nature, then the way of a knight was to control their own power.

This feeling was very wonderful.

It was as if there was a power gushing out of nowhere in his body.

That was a combat aura.

With one more step, Joelson would be able to cultivate his own combat aura and become a powerful tier 4 knight.

Having had enough fun, Joelson took out a brand-new mage robe and put it on.

Suddenly, his expression froze, and his eyes shot out a look of disbelief.

Boom!

Flames erupted, almost comparable to the breath of a Du Lu Dragon.

Tier 5!

He had advanced?!

This was the first time that Joelson had advanced by relying entirely on his own strength.

His spiritual power had increased by a large margin, surpassing the standard of tier 5 by a large margin.

However, his experience points had not moved.

Joelson recalled for a moment and understood.

It was the power of pain.

The process of consuming the dragon blood potion was too painful.

It was as if he had been cut by countless blades.

He could hardly hold on, if not for his strong spiritual power.

The talent of spiritual power also represented a person's willpower to a certain extent.

Joelson's talent was too strong. He couldn't even faint from the pain.

But this was fair.

After enduring great pain, it brought incredible rewards.

Chapter 63: The Huge Difference in Strength

Joelson was totally excited.

This was an unexpected surprise.

If he consumed a bottle of dragon blood potion, his physique and spiritual power would both improve...

His gaze fell on the other bottle of golden-red transparent "enhanced" dragon blood potion in his hand.

He experienced the pain again.

Joelson was a little hesitant, but his gaze quickly became firm.

There was a rare determination hidden in his eyes.

He was going all out!

...

"Is Joelson here?"

Tang Man frowned and asked Elsa beside him.

Elsa shook her head.

"The library, the Pharmacy Association, and his residence have all been searched, but there's nothing."

"Could he have gone out?"

"The guards said they didn't see him pass by."

"What about the Dean?"

"Sir Harriet said..."

Elsa hesitated for a moment and said, "Let him go."

Tang Man fell silent.

This time, the situation was even worse than in the previous years.

This time, the geniuses of Knight Academy were too arrogant and egotistical.

Since yesterday, more than ten students could not help but challenge them.

Of course, the outcome was even more miserable than Francis'.

The student called Hawthorne in Knight Academy was a little restrained at the beginning. He just defeated his opponent.

But later on, he no longer had any scruples about attacking. Seven students were injured.

Tang Man tried to talk to Engel, but the answer was, even Engel couldn't restrain Hawthorne.

In the academy, he was famous for being crazy. He even challenged his own teacher.

Tang Man couldn't attack Hawthorne because of his status as a teacher.

He was so angry that his ears were about to spit fire.

The Knight Academy of the Yheng Empire, the Tulip Academy of the Alcott Empire.

The first day of the competition between the two Empires' strongest academies.

Each academy would send out three genius students to participate in the competition.

The competition would last for a total of three days. The academy that won.

In the second year, they would be qualified to visit the academy of the losing side.

The Tulip Academy had been the host for three consecutive years.

It was a huge humiliation.

The students of all grades had gathered in the small square in the center of the academy.

The dueling platform had already been set up. Several tier 8 magicians had worked together to set up a magic barrier that was sufficient to withstand any energy attack below tier 9.

When the group of knights from the Knight Academy appeared, there was a burst of commotion at the scene.

Many angry and hateful gazes gathered on them.

Hawthorne's actions had caused all the students of the Tulip Academy to have an extremely bad impression of them.

Most of the knights were not in a good mood. Being stared at by thousands of people with hatred in their eyes, it was as if their bodies had been pricked by needles.

Hawthorne, on the other hand, looked indifferent. The corners of his mouth curled up slightly, and a faint smile hung on his face as if he was mocking everyone.

There were also Don Quixote and the blonde girl, who were very calm and indifferent from the beginning.

Engel was also a little embarrassed. He had a good personal relationship with Dunman.

They had once worked together in the four-nation trial, and Dunman had even saved his life. They could be considered very good friends.

However, because of Hawthorne, Dunman did not speak to him anymore. When they met, he would just coldly snort, let alone drink together.

Harriet Terrence appeared on the field and announced the official start of the exchange match.

Before Engel could say anything, Hawthorne had already flipped over and jumped onto the stage.

There was a wave of boos below the stage.

Dunman's expression was unsightly. Standing beside him was the first participant of the Tulip Academy of Magic.

Rodin.

He had challenged the sixth grade's first student, Joelson.

At this moment, Rodin's face was also filled with solemnity.

He had seen Hawthorne make a move.

He was too strong.

He had no confidence in defeating his opponent.

He had endured until now and did not challenge him. It was only because Rodin was afraid.

If he did not go on stage, he would lose the right to represent the Tulip Academy.

Rodin cast a levitation spell and slowly landed on the stage.

Waves of cheers immediately rang out from below the stage.

A tier 5 mage!

Everyone looked at the Knight Academy's side with provocative gazes.

It was as if they were saying, "Did you see that? Our Tulip Academy also has a tier 5 mage genius."

The corner of Hawthorne's mouth rose, and he laughed contemptuously.

A tier 5 mage?

Was he very powerful?

Rodin hovered in the air, looking down at Hawthorne from a high vantage point.

It seemed that Rodin's aura was a little stronger.

But it wasn't like that at all.

Hawthorne's expression was much more relaxed than Rodin's.

"Tulip Academy's sixth-grade student, Rodin Yekis, please advise."

Rodin gave Hawthorne a standard magician's etiquette.

Hawthorne smiled indifferently.

"Are you done? Alright, I'm about to begin."

Rodin nodded solemnly.

Hawthorne dragged his longsword on the ground and slowly ran towards Rodin. His speed became faster and faster until, in the end, he could only see a blurry black shadow running on the ground.

"So, what if he runs fast? What's the use? Senior Rodin is in the sky, how can he fight?!"

"Hahaha, this guy is going to lose!"

"Beat him up, senior Rodin!"

"He can only talk now. Senior Rodin beat him until he can't speak."

The morale of the Tulip Magic Academy was very high.

Rodin's mood was slightly relaxed.

A tier 5 knight could not hover in the air, nor could he let his combat aura leave his body.

Hawthorne should not be able to attack him.

Therefore, he was naturally in a position where he would not lose.

What he needed to consider now was to beat his opponent until he admitted defeat before he ran out of mana!

Rodin's eyes were burning with confidence.

The wind elements gathered towards him.

Rodin was preparing for the strongest spell he knew at the moment.

Level-5 spell, wind blade hurricane.

His eyes were fixed on Hawthorne's figure, trying to lock onto him with his spiritual power.

Countless tiny wind blades had already formed around him, and the hurricane was about to appear.

Suddenly, Hawthorne, who was running, stopped abruptly.

From his fastest speed to stopping, if it was not for the effect of the magic barrier, he would have made a big hole in the duel platform.

Boom!

Hawthorne stomped on the ground and suddenly jumped up.

Like a wolf, he pounced on Rodin.

Rodin panicked and subconsciously threw out his magic.

Countless wind blades gathered to form a hurricane that rushed out and pressed straight towards Hawthorne.

Hawthorne did not dodge.

Rodin seemed to see a sly smile on the other party's face.

In the next moment, Hawthorne's figure suddenly disappeared.

Rodin's spiritual power instantly lost the opponent's senses.

He looked around blankly and saw the horrified faces below the stage.

His gaze was on...

Rodin suddenly turned around.

He only saw a sword.

A knight's longsword that was flashing with a dazzling white light.

It was very close to him and slashed at him fiercely.

Rodin didn't even have time to cast a level 1 defensive spell.

Chapter 64: Silver Cross Combat Aura

Bang!

The sound of a heavy object falling to the ground.

Rodin fell heavily to the ground.

Compared to the knight, the mage's body made him spit out a mouthful of blood.

A sharp pain came from his shoulder.

Fortunately, Hawthorne turned the sword half a circle at the last moment and turned it into the blade.

Otherwise, Rodin's entire arm would have landed on the duel platform.

The shining tip of the sword stopped in front of Rodin.

When he raised his head, he saw Hawthorne's arrogant face.

"Have you admitted defeat, noble mage?!"

Rodin felt extremely humiliated. His fingernails sank deep into the flesh of his palm. He gritted his teeth and said, "I... I admit defeat!"

The momentum outside the arena immediately weakened.

Tulip Academy against Knight Academy. The first match, defeat!

Hawthorne carried his sword and walked down the stage with ease.

Defeating a tier 5 mage seemed to be a very easy matter for him.

"Your battle experience is still too poor."

Tang Man said to Elsa with a gloomy face, "Before entering the saint rank, no one can truly fly in the air. The levitation spells in wind-type magic all require a height limit, and this height is just what some powerful knights can achieve with their jumping ability."

Elsa nodded and said, "Rodin has never fought a knight before, and he lacks actual combat experience. Otherwise, he wouldn't have lost so quickly!"

"It would have been great if Joelson was here. Although he's only a tier 4 mage, with his battle awareness, he can still win one match."

The audience sighed helplessly.

The second match.

The people from the Tulip Magic Academy watched curiously. They did not know who the opponent would send out this time.

A blonde girl who had her head lowered and was wiping her sword slowly stood up.

"He actually sent out a woman?!"

"Is he looking down on us?"

The person sent out by the Tulip Magic Academy was an ordinary-looking young man. Many people did not recognize him.

"Who is this?!"

The sixth-grade students were all excited.

"That's Senior Stuart!"

"That's right, it's him, Senior Stuart!"

"He hasn't graduated yet?!"

"This is great! The Knight Academy is doomed to fail!"

Some people who did not know asked who Stuart was.

The sixth-grade student sighed and said, "Two years ago, he was the sixth-grader's principal student. He was a super genius with dual superior wood element magic talent. Two years ago, in the Academy Exchange competition, he was the only one who beat his opponent until he admitted defeat."

The lower-grade student opened his mouth wide and stared at Stuart, whose eyes were exceptionally bright and his appearance was very ordinary.

He did not expect that Tulip Academy still had such a magic genius hidden.

The people from Knight Academy also frowned slightly.

Engel said in a low voice, "Stuart, he was a fifth-rank mage two years ago. Two years have passed, and he might have already advanced to a sixth-rank mage. In this battle, Stephanie might..."

"Teacher Engel."

Hawthorne laughed and shouted, "Aren't you underestimating Stephanie too much? A sixth-rank mage? Hehe..."

Engel subconsciously glanced at Don Quixote, who had remained silent the entire time.

However, he realized that his attention was not on the competition at all. His gaze was fixed in one direction.

Below the stage.

Engel followed Don Quixote's gaze and saw a purple-haired youth. This made him very puzzled.

Tulip Magic Academy actually hid many old students who had never graduated, like Stewart.

They didn't have absolute confidence to participate in the graduation trial, or they were unwilling to give up the academy's many resources, such as the Mage Tower.

These students would choose to cultivate in the academy with their bellies.

Tang Man had no choice. He couldn't find Joelson, but he didn't want Tulip Magic Academy to lose too badly, so he could only find the old students from the previous years.

Stewart and Stephanie stood opposite each other.

Before the competition started, Stephanie had already raised her long sword and rushed toward Stewart with her long, slender legs.

"This girl is so violent!"

Stewart's expression didn't change. He had the same level-five spell, but his casting time was half of Rodin's.

Level-five spell, bloodthirsty vine!

A green glow was emitted from Stewart's hand.

On the table between Stephanie and him, countless tiny sprouts were pulled out.

Within a few seconds, the tiny sprouts grew rapidly and turned into thick green vines.

Stephanie's footsteps became chaotic. She raised her long sword and slashed it in all directions. The white combat aura cut all the vines that approached her into pieces.

At this time, Stewart had already prepared his second spell.

"Wooden cage, bind!"

Everyone's eyes were solemn. Someone cried out in surprise, "A level-6 spell! Senior Stewart has indeed advanced to a level-6 mage!"

All the vines seemed to have gone crazy. They rushed crazily towards Stephanie. It was like a green palm covered with countless fingers. It quickly closed and formed a cage.

Stephanie was instantly surrounded. Her face and figure could not be seen.

A smile appeared on Tang Man's face as he said, "Stuart has won this match."

On the Knight Academy's side, Engel and the other knights looked worried. However, they heard Don Quixote say calmly.

"This guy is finished. Stephanie hates being locked in a small dark room."

As soon as she finished speaking, the huge vine cage suddenly exploded.

A dazzling silver light scattered on the ground like silver. It was very bright.

"Silver Cross Battle Aura!" Tang Man cried out in surprise

The very bright silver battle aura cut the vine like cutting vegetables.

"The hardness and flexibility of a level five vine is comparable to steel. How... How did she do it?! This is impossible!"

Everyone looked at the scene on the stage in disbelief.

It was as if they had seen a ghost.

If a knight's combat aura was so strong, who would learn magic?! What kind of mage would he be?!

Stewart's expression changed drastically. He chose to retreat at the first moment. At the same time, he waved his staff crazily and threw out level-2 and level-3 spells.

He tried to stop Stephanie from advancing, and at the same time, he tried to buy time for himself to cast a level-6 spell.

But any spell, under Stephanie's silver combat aura, was like a fragile piece of paper.

There was no way to stop her for even a moment!

"It's actually silver cross combat aura."

Tang Man whispered, the shock on his face had not completely disappeared.

Elsa was similarly shocked. She could not help but ask, "What is silver cross battle-qi?!"

"It is one of the most powerful battle-qi inheritances in the Knight Academy of the Yheng Empire. It is said that only people with a special bloodline can cultivate it. Its power is more than twice that of ordinary battle-qi!"

- Chapter 65: Breaking the Record

Chapter 65: Breaking the Record

"The Knight Academy hasn't had such a genius for almost ten years. I didn't expect that this year..."

Tom smiled bitterly and said, "Stuart is going to lose."

Not long after Tang Man finished speaking on the stage, Stuart had been forced to a corner of the dueling platform.

The silver battle aura reflected on his face made him pale.

Stephanie was like a goddess holding a holy sword, her aura fierce and aggressive.

A trace of hesitation flashed across Stuart's face, but in the end, he still opened his mouth and said, "I admit defeat."

Over at the Knight Academy's side, wild laughter rang out.

The red-haired Hawthorne was he still so arrogant and detestable.

On the contrary, the students of the Tulip Magic Academy were in low spirits.

Everyone stared at Hawthorne angrily, but there was nothing they could do.

A loss was a loss. Their strength was inferior to others, so there was nothing they could do.

The third match was directly canceled.

On the first day of the exchange match, the Knight Academy won.

Everyone was very angry.

"Where's Joelson? Where's Joelson?! He's the number one genius of our Tulip Academy!"

"Could it be that Joelson is scared?!"

"Even if Joelson is here, with his strength as a tier 4 mage, he won't be able to defeat that terrifying female knight. You have to know that even the tier 6 mage, Stuart, lost!"

He shook his head and sighed.

The competition had ended. They should have dispersed, but there was a commotion in the crowd.

Someone passed through the crowd and walked down the stage.

It was Don Quixote.

"What is he trying to do?!"

Don Quixote walked straight to a spot.

The crowd parted on both sides of him to create a path. No one dared to stop him.

Don Quixote's aura was too terrifying. Everyone who looked at him felt as if they were facing a terrifying magical beast.

Don Quixote stopped in front of a purple-haired girl.

Shannon looked at him carefully, a little panicked.

"Who are you?"

Don Quixote stood in front of Shannon.

Don Quixote suddenly gave a knight's salute and said seriously, "Princess Dayshannon, I'm glad to see you here."

When he said this, the whole place became restless!

Especially the people from the Magic Potion Association, they were stunned.

Shannon... was Princess Dayshannon?!

A trace of panic flashed in Shannon's eyes. She didn't dare to look at Don Quixote's eyes and stuttered, "What are you talking about? I don't understand."

Don Quixote said calmly, "I'm here for the marriage contract of Your Highness The Princess. The Emperor of the Yheng Empire has already sent a letter to your father, Charlize III."

"Impossible!"

Before Don Quixote could finish his words, Dayshannon had already shouted in a very lively atmosphere.

That's right, the tomboy from the Magic Potion Association, Shannon.

It was the most honorable pearl of the Empire, Princess Dayshannon.

The people around looked at Dayshannon with their mouths wide open in surprise.

"Your Highness The Princess?!"

"Shannon is a Princess?! Am I dreaming?"

"I always thought she was a boy."

Dayshannon stomped her feet and said excitedly, "My father will never agree to this request."

"No." Don Quixote looked at Dayshannon and said very seriously, "I have a reason that he cannot refuse."

Dayshannon did not know what to say and her face turned red.

"Then I definitely won't agree!"

Don Quixote frowned slightly and suddenly asked, "Your Highness, do you have someone you like?"

Thousands of eyes stared at Dayshannon.

Dayshannon used an impulse and courage out of nowhere and said directly, "Yes, I have someone I like!"

"God of Magic!"

"My goddess has someone she likes!"

"Who is it? Who is it?!"

The whole place seemed to be filled with heart-breaking voices.

Don Quixote narrowed his eyes and asked with a hint of danger, "Who is it?"

Joelson's figure flashed through Dayshannon's mind, and she suddenly had an idea.

"If you can break the record of the Mage Tower, I'll tell you his name!"

"Mage Tower of trials?!"

Don Quixote fell silent.

He obviously knew that this was the symbol of the Tulip Academy of Magic.

In the Knight Academy of the Yheng Empire, there was also the existence of the Knight Tower.

Similar to the ancient magic conductor of the trial, only the names were different.

"Okay!"

Don Quixote nodded and said, "Tomorrow, I will break the record of the Tulip Magic Academy's trial tower. Then, I will find that person and defeat him ruthlessly!"

When Don Quixote said this, his tone was calm, but there was a strong confidence that could not be described with words.

After saying that, Don Quixote bid farewell to Dayshannon and left without looking back.

The crowd then gathered around Dayshannon.

A Princess of the empire hidden among ordinary students, a princess far away, was actually beside her, which sounded like a fairy tale.

Dayshannon didn't have the mood to care about this at all, and her mind was very confused.

She just wanted to know, where was Joelson?

'Joelson, hurry up and show up.'

Just like the knight in the story.

In the space of the Dragon God Ranch.

A blood cocoon that was several times bigger than before lay quietly on the grass.

Du Lu and Enny, one on the left and one on the right, were waiting beside the blood cocoon, snoring softly.

Crack!

With a slight cracking sound, a crack seemed to have appeared on the blood cocoon.

Du Lu raised his head in surprise and looked at the blood cocoon, hoping that Joelson could break out of the blood cocoon.

But after a while, the blood cocoon returned to peace.

...

As expected, the second heaven's Don Quixote came to the Mage Tower.

Everyone watched as Don Quixote's ranking rose crazily on the magic light screen.

It was Don Quixote's first time entering the Mage Tower.

When he came out for the first time, the light screen showed that his ranking had appeared on the thirty-eighth floor.

The second time he entered the Mage Tower, he was ranked on the 47th floor.

Dayshannon's heart trembled violently.

After he finished resting, he entered the Mage Tower for the third time.

Ranking, the fifty-fourth floor!

The students of the Tulip Magic Academy stared at the dazzling name in a daze.

He was ranked second in the overall ranking.

Second only to Ulysses.

No one spoke, the scene was strangely quiet.

Everyone was depressed for a few minutes.

Don Quixote was too terrifying.

Could it be that the glory and dignity of the Tulip Academy could only be maintained by a genius who had passed away a hundred years ago?!

Don Quixote got involved for the fourth time. He was ready to continue the challenge and completely break Ulysses' record.

"Wait."

Dayshannon called out to Don Quixote in a lonely voice.

At this time, she had already returned to her appearance as the pearl of the Empire, her Highness the Princess.

Her originally slightly androgynous exquisite appearance bloomed with an indescribable beauty under the contrast of her long purple hair.

It was as if she was a gemstone passed down through generations after wiping off the dust. Under the illumination of the Sun, she emitted an intoxicating glow.

"You're better than him," said Dayshannon with a sigh.

"You've already surpassed him."

Chapter 66: Joelson has arrived

There was a hint of sadness on Dayshannon's face, which made everyone present feel a pang of heartache.

Who Was it that could make Princess Dayshannon look like this?

"Then tell me, who is he?" Don Quixote frowned, his sharp eyes searching the magic screen.

Suddenly, his eyes stopped and he said a name, "Joelson Edward, fourth grade, level 47."

Fourth grade, level 47.

This result was too conspicuous among the students of the sixth grade. Don Quixote could not help but notice it.

Fourth grade, at most, had the strength of a third or fourth grade mage.

A fourth-tier mage at most, and he could only make it to the 47th floor?! How did he do it?!

"It's him?!"

Don Quixote pointed at Joelson's name and asked Dayshannon.

Dayshannon didn't want to bring any trouble to Joelson. She was about to deny it, but she didn't say anything.

Suddenly, a clear voice sounded from outside the crowd.

"That's right, it's me!"

Everyone's eyes were attracted by this voice, and they all turned their heads to look behind.

The crowd slowly retreated to both sides, and a path opened up.

A handsome youth wearing a black mage robe walked over calmly from outside the crowd.

The students of the Tulip Academy of Magic showed joy, excitement, and exhilaration in their eyes.

"Joelson! It's Joelson Edward! He's finally here!"

"I've told you before, Joelson is not the kind of person to cower in fear! He must be up to something, that's why he didn't come!"

"That's right, otherwise he would have come a long time ago!"

"Sigh, so what if he's here now? Even if we don't mention Don Quixote, who has the highest status among them, even if it's that red-haired madman, he's not someone that Joelson can deal with. If the first genius of the Tulip Academy were to lose just like that, it would be too embarrassing!"

"What are you talking about? Whose side are you on?!"

"If Joelson was at the same level as them, then Joelson would definitely be able to defeat them. However, Joelson is only at the level of a tier 4 mage right now. It would be too difficult to defeat them!"

From surprise to depression, then from depression to despair.

The arrival of the geniuses of Knight Academy had really dealt a huge blow to the students of Tulip Academy.

Even the sixth-grade students who were hidden in the academy had lost to them. Who else in the academy could defeat them?

No matter how much of a genius Joelson was, it was impossible for him to fight against Don Quixote, that tier 6 monster, with the strength of a tier 4 mage!

A tier 6 Knight!

Just thinking about it made people feel a wave of horror.

He was only eighteen years old.

Although it was easier for a knight to break through and advance than a mage in the early stages of training, this kind of result was still too terrifying!

Could it be that Quixote had already started training his combat aura before he was even born?!

"Joelson!"

Dayshannon shouted happily, but she quickly shut her mouth tightly. She was very happy that Joelson could come, but she did not want anything to happen to him because of her. She kept signaling him with her eyes.

Go!

Joelson looked at Dayshannon and smiled confidently. He gave her a reassuring look.

Dayshannon felt that Joelson seemed to have grown a lot taller and more handsome than before.

He looked very different from before.

Don Quixote had seen everything from Dayshannon's surprised shouts and worried eyes. He nodded and said, "It seems that you are the one."

"You're the so-called number one genius of the Tulip Academy this year? You don't look like much!"

Madman Hawthorne rushed out from behind Don Quixote. With an arrogant smile on his face, he walked step by step towards Joelson.

Joelson looked at him indifferently, and then casually raised his right hand.

Boom!

The surging flames were like a volcanic eruption. With Joelson's right hand as the point of eruption, they spewed out and almost swallowed Hawthorne in an instant.

It was like the breath of a fire dragon!

Don Quixote's eyes stopped for a moment. He wanted to attack, but he held back.

He only saw a miserable figure rushing out from the flames.

It was Hawthorne. Hawthorne stared at Joelson with a ferocious expression.

His red hair was burnt by the blazing flame.

"Good, very good," Hawthorne said, gritting his teeth.

His voice was cold, and his eyes were a little red, like a wolf.

His long sword lit up with a white combat aura and rushed toward Joelson like a bolt of lightning.

The people around him suddenly remembered the exclamations and quickly retreated.

Joelson still casually stretched out his slender white right hand.

The temperature in the air rose once again.

A thin flame ignited between Joelson's fingers, and then the fire rapidly expanded, quickly turning into five ferocious giant pythons.

An explosive aura spread out in the surroundings.

"Joelson has broken through to become a tier 5 mage?!"

"That's too terrifying! As expected of the number one genius of the Tulip Academy!"

"A tier 5 mage! If that's the case, we have a chance to win!"

"What are you talking about? It's obviously Joelson who's going to win!"

Voices filled with pleasant surprise rang out continuously.

"How can his magic be so powerful?!"

Soon, the pleasant surprise turned into shock.

The level 5 fire spell that Joelson released, the fire python spell.

Corresponded to the level 5 water spell, the water python spell.

Elsa had used this spell before.

But even the water python summoned by Elsa, who was a level 6 mage, was only 30% of the size of Joelson's fire pythons.

At that time, it was easily cut off by Hawthorne's sword.

"Damn it!"

Hawthorne's expression was very ugly.

The long sword that was attached to the white light danced wildly in his hand, but it was still forced by the fire pythons to the point where it was almost impossible to deal with it.

This didn't seem like a level 5 spell.

The five fire pythons seemed to have their own intelligence, cunning and fierce as they fought with him.

Joelson looked relaxed. His five fingers kept tapping in the air, as if he was playing a beautiful piece of music.

It was a sharp contrast to Hawthorne's awkward reaction.

Gradually, everyone could see it.

Hawthorne was no match for Joelson.

In other words, Joelson was toying with Hawthorne, treating him like a monkey!

Hawthorne, who had always been very arrogant and arrogant, had an ugly expression on his face as if he had eaten shit.

He forcefully withstood the attack of a fire python and stared at Joelson with his eyes wide open. He was extremely ferocious as he charged at Joelson crazily.

Chapter 67: Stronger Than You

"Ah! This madman, he doesn't want to live anymore! Even if he's injured, he still wants to attack Joelson!"

Waves of exclamations sounded.

Joelson's expression was still calm as he slightly clenched his five fingers.

The five fire pythons instantly gathered into a huge super fire python.

In an instant, it caught up with Hawthorne and completely engulfed him in the flames.

In the next moment, Joelson waved his hand and dispersed the flames.

A charred figure half-knelt on the ground with a sword in one hand, his blood-red eyes staring at Joelson.

Humiliation, resentment, anger, and a trace of deep fear hidden in his eyes.

The whole place was dead silent.

No one knew who was the first to cheer, but the crowd suddenly burst into thunderous cheers.

"Well done, Joelson!"

"As expected of the number one genius of our Tulip Magic Academy!"

"See? Knight Academy, here is the number one genius of our Tulip Magic Academy. Your genius is nothing!"

Joelson stood quietly on the spot. From the beginning until now, he had not moved a single step.

Everyone's gaze towards Joelson was almost fanatical.

Elegant, calm, relaxed, in control of everything!

This was a mage!

This was a battle style that belonged to a mage!

The first seat of the Tulip Academy of Magic!

The return of the King!

No one paid any attention to Hawthorne.

Because at this time, Joelson and Don Quixote looked at each other in silence. Both of them could see the burning fighting spirit in each other's eyes.

Engel, whose face was very ugly, and Tang Man, whose face was full of smiles, walked up at the same time.

One of them went forward to help Hawthorne, who was half-kneeling on the ground, and another quickly walked up to Joelson.

"Joelson, where have you been these two days?"

Joelson explained with a smile, "I had a small breakthrough and forgot about the time. I rushed here as soon as I came out."

Tang Man nodded in complete trust. Looking at Joelson, he was full of joy for the first seat of the Tulip Academy.

He had already seen that Joelson had advanced to a fifth-rank mage.

And Joelson was only sixteen years old!

Tang Man really wanted to laugh in front of his old friend, Engel.

"Tang Man, I didn't miss today's exchange match, did I?" Joelson asked humbly and politely.

Tang Man was even more appreciative of Joelson's gaze. He said with certainty, "Of course not. You've already won the first match on behalf of the Tulip Academy."

If Joelson still hadn't shown up today, Tang Man had originally planned to send out those old students with the strength of a sixth rank mage to participate in the battle.

But if that was the case, even if he won, it wasn't worth being proud of.

Hearing Tang man's words, the corners of Engel's mouth involuntarily twitched slightly.

But he had no reason to refute.

Hawthorne, who was ranked third in strength, was about to be roasted by Joelson, what else was there to say.

"Then, Tang Man," Joelson said very naturally, "Please let me participate in the next competition."

"That's great!"

"Agree, Tang Man!"

"That's right! Joelson is the first chief and most qualified to represent Tulip Magic Academy!"

Cheers rang out.

The students of Tulip Magic Academy revealed hopeful smiles once again.

With Joelson around, there was hope for victory.

Don Quixote was indeed very strong, but Joelson was also so strong that it was terrifying.

Hawthorne, a powerful tier 5 knight, could even withstand a single spell from Joelson. This was really exciting!

"This is against the rules," Engel could not help but say.

Tang Man sneered and replied, "You can choose to do the same."

Engel's mouth, which was originally open, instantly closed, not knowing what to say.

For some reason, he felt a sense of danger when he saw Joelson.

He was a 16-year-old fifth-rank mage!

He was no weaker than Don Quixote!

More importantly, Joelson had crushed Hawthorne the moment he appeared.

This proved that he was not only a fifth-rank mage but also had the combat power that matched his own realm.

This kind of genius was the most terrifying, a battle-type genius!

"Let me do it!" The tall, blonde female knight took the initiative to stand out. Her eyes were fixed on Joelson, full of fighting spirit.

"You wait." Joelson suddenly said.

Stephanie snorted coldly and said, "You're not afraid of women, are you?"

Joelson smiled and shook his head. He turned his head to look at Don Quixote, then looked past him to the Mage Tower's magic light screen ranking behind him.

"I need to take care of a small matter first."

After saying that, Joelson tidied up his mage robe and walked into the magic light door under everyone's gaze.

The students of the Tulip Magic Academy were stunned at first, then revealed excited and happy expressions.

Joelson wanted to challenge the Mage Tower again? Was it because of Don Quixote's fierce performance before?

Or because...

Princess Dayshannon?!

By this time Dayshannon had completely ignored Don Quixote's existence, and after the appearance of Joelson, all her attention was on him.

Anyone can see the importance that Princess Dayshannon attached to Joelson.

He thought of the dance that the princess had asked him to dance at his royal dinner.

Everything was obvious.

Princess Dayshannon was indeed full of love for him.

If it were any other time, the students might even be envious, dissatisfied, and jealous of him for capturing Princess Dayshannon's heart.

However, since the arrival of the students from the Knight Academy and the existence of Don Quixote, they felt that Princess Dayshannon was good with him.

At the very least, their goddess had fallen in love with a noble and powerful mage and was not kidnapped by an annoying knight.

Five minutes after Joelson entered the Mage Tower, his name on the magic screen began to rise.

Forty-seven floors, forty-eight floors, forty-nine floors, fifty floors...

Everyone watched in horror.

This speed.

Did Joelson push all the way up?!

Could it be that the elemental magic beasts in the Mage Tower were no longer a threat to him?!

Even Don Quixote's gaze slowly turned solemn.

He had only broken through the fiftieth floor twice, while Joelson had passed it in one go.

At this moment, the fifty-fourth floor had passed.

Dayshannon clenched her small white fists tightly, her beautiful face revealing a faint look of anticipation and excitement.

Then she took a special look at Don Quixote and gave a very proud snort.

The meaning of the words was obvious.

Joelson, is better than you!

Chapter 68: Don't Even Think About Admitting Defeat

Everyone's eyes were fixed on the magic light screen. Joelson's name had already risen to the fifty-sixth level.

On the light screen, his name was listed side by side with Ulysses' name, which had been entrenched there for more than a hundred years.

If...

Before the thought of what might happen appeared in everyone's mind, they found that Joelson had already crossed the fifty-seventh level, firmly pressing down Ulysses' name at the bottom.

Broken?!

Ulysses' record, which had been held for more than a hundred years, was broken just like that?!

A huge shock rushed into everyone's hearts, leaving them stunned on the spot.

Their eyes were filled with disbelief.

The people from the Knight Academy were also stunned.

The Knight Tower, Mage Tower, the fifty-seventh floor.

He had broken through so easily.

And he had broken through with the strength of a fifth-tier mage.

This was impossible!

The blonde girl, Stephanie, suddenly grabbed the hilt of her long sword. Her fighting spirit had never been so high before.

Joelson walked out of the Mage Tower. The mage's long robe was smooth, and his expression was calm, just like before he walked in.

Those who could see through him were shocked.

Joelson hadn't used his full strength yet!

How strong was his true strength?!

Even Don Quixote's breathing gradually quickened.

Those who were familiar with him would understand.

This was Don Quixote's excitement when he found an opponent worthy of fighting.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting."

His handsome face showed an embarrassed smile. As usual, Joelson was humble and elegant.

The nobility of a mage was supposed to be like this.

"Joelson, take a rest and meditate to recover your magic power."

Tang Man looked at Joelson with satisfaction.

As expected of Sir Harriet Terrence's personal disciple, he was too outstanding.

"There's no need." Joelson shook his head and said, "The warm-up has just ended. I'm in a good condition now, and I can enter the competition at any time."

Hearing this, everyone's expressions were dull.

A burst of friendly laughter sounded from the Tulip Magic Academy.

Breaking the hundred-year record of the Mage Tower was just a warm-up.

Why did this sentence sound so believable when it came out of Joelson's mouth! So straightforward!

Perhaps it was because of the ugly faces of the Knight Academy.

...

On the dueling platform.

Standing on the platform was the knight student who had been disrespectful to Elsa on the day that the knights from the Knight Academy arrived at the Tulip Academy, Eddie Taylor.

The surrounding people stared at Eddie Taylor in the dueling ring with their eyes wide open. This knight student who didn't know any manners made everyone from the Tulip Academy very angry.

Compared to Hawthorne, the crowd was even more furious at Eddie Taylor. It could be said that Hawthorne's matter was because he wasn't strong enough. At that time, no one could defeat him. But now, he had already been taught a lesson by Joelson, so he didn't have any prestige anymore.

However, Eddie Taylor's lack of respect was not based on his own strength. Instead, he relied on his identity as a "guest" when he came to the Tulip Academy of Magic, this kind of shameful behavior was what truly angered the students.

Eddie Taylor was only a slightly stronger tier 4 knight. In the Tulip Academy of Magic, there were still quite a number of people who could defeat him.

At that moment, many students wanted to go up to the stage to fight.

"Tang Man, let me go up!"

"Tang Man, let me go up. I can definitely beat him!"

"I can beat him too! Tang Man, let me go up!"

"I have more battle experience. Let me go up! Tang Man!"

Too many people wanted to go up to the stage to fight. This made Tang Man feel both gratified and troubled.

Gratified that the previous failure did not cause the students to lose the courage to fight. Troubled that so many people wanted to go up on stage to fight, who should be chosen to go up?

There were still voices from the crowd that kept proposing to go up on stage to fight. This made Tang Man feel even more troubled.

Just as Tang Man was about to randomly pick a stronger student, an indifferent voice sounded.

"Teacher Tang Man, let me handle today's competition."

This small voice spread throughout the entire arena, causing everyone to fall silent. It was not because of anything else, but because this voice belonged to Joelson, their number one first seat.

After a moment of silence, the crowd erupted into loud cheers that resounded throughout the entire academy.

"Joelson Edward!"

"Joelson Edward!"

The deafening sound shocked the students of the Knight Academy.

They recalled the fight between Joelson and Hawthorne. No, it should not be called a fight. It should be said that it was an absolutely crushing defeat.

The knight students could not help but pray for Eddie Taylor.

Looking at Eddie Taylor on the dueling platform, he no longer had the arrogant look he had when he first came to Tulip Academy. At this moment, his legs had already begun to tremble slightly. His eyes were filled with nervousness and fear. The cold sweat on his forehead slid down to the tip of his nose, it dripped onto the ground again, and he swallowed hard. Then, he used his trembling hands to clench his longsword tightly.

Joelson slowly walked up to the dueling platform. He raised his right hand and clenched four fingers. With one index finger, he pointed at Eddie Taylor on the opposite side.

Before he could do anything else, Eddie Taylor opened his mouth with difficulty and said in a trembling voice, "I... I admit..."

"You what? You're not going to admit defeat, are you? You have the guts to pursue Miss Elsa. How embarrassing. I think you should change to a coachman in the future. You can ride a horse anyway."

Before Eddie Taylor could finish his words, Joelson opened his mouth. Everyone knew that Eddie Taylor would never be a match for Joelson. It was not embarrassing for him to admit defeat at this time, but Joelson would not let him go so easily, Elsa had been his teacher. For this reason alone, Joelson could not let this person who disrespected Elsa walk down the dueling platform, not to mention that Elsa had even made up lessons for him.

Joelson did not want to interrupt him at this moment and taunt him in public. However, he was doing this now to make him swallow his words of surrender. If he could still admit defeat like this, his other knight classmates would look down on him, he could really become a groom in the future.

Hearing this, Eddie Taylor did not react. The knight students below the stage were first angered and started to clamor.

"Eddie Taylor, if you dare to admit defeat, don't call yourself a knight in the future!"

"What are you afraid of! Don't forget the Ten Commandments of the Knight! Fight it out with him!"

Engel looked at the knight students who were clamoring beside him and shook his head slightly. He sighed and thought to himself, "This Joelson is not only very strong, but his battle wisdom is also so high. With just one sentence, Eddie Taylor lost the chance to admit defeat."

Chapter 69: Crushing Humiliation

Listening to the laughter and cheers of his companions, Eddie Taylor revealed a bitter smile. Then, he swallowed hard, clenched his teeth, and prepared to be seriously injured. He gripped the longsword in his hand tightly.

The knight's longsword in Eddie Taylor's hand lit up with white light, and he rushed straight towards Joelson. If a knight wanted to fight a mage, he had to shorten the distance, while a mage had to widen the distance.

The distance between the two of them rapidly shortened, while Joelson remained in his original position, not moving at all. He did not even look at Eddie Taylor.

Seeing the state of Joelson, Eddie Taylor was pleasantly surprised. The white light from the longsword in his hand became even more dazzling.

"What's going on?"

"What's wrong with Joelson?! Hurry up and widen the distance!"

"Did he use some kind of dirty trick?"

"No matter how powerful a mage is, his body is only slightly stronger than an ordinary person. He can't be compared to a knight! His experience in fighting a knight is still too little!"

"No! Look at him! He seems to be laughing! He doesn't even put his opponent in his eyes!"

In the field, Joelson raised his hand again and pointed his index finger at Eddie Taylor.

Before he could do anything else, he saw Eddie Taylor fall in front of Joelson with a terrified expression on his face.

"Hahaha! How embarrassing! How dare a knight like him step onto the stage!"

"Where's his arrogance when he first came here? Why isn't he arrogant now?"

"I think he's about to lose his incontinence because of Junior Joelson!"

The mage students were all mocking him, releasing their anger towards Eddie Taylor's rudeness. Only Tang Man frowned slightly.

On the other side, the knight students had ugly expressions on their faces. Only Engel's lips curled up slightly, revealing a hint of a smile.

No one saw Eddie Taylor lying in front of Joelson. At this moment, the corners of his lips curled up wantonly, revealing a sinister smile. He knew very well that if they were to fight head-on, Joelson would be able to defeat him with one finger, however, even a very powerful mage's physical strength was not much stronger than that of an ordinary person. As long as he was slashed by a knight, he would immediately lose the ability to fight. Therefore, he came up with this plan!

Right now, Joelson did not release his magic shield. This was his only chance. Eddie Taylor's nerves were extremely tense. Then, he suddenly burst out. The knight's longsword in his hand shone with a dazzling white light, this sword had boosted all of his combat aura!

"Not good!"

"Be careful!"

"Knights are also so sinister!"

"What a clever plan!"

"Well done, Eddie Taylor!"

"It's over! It's over! If Joelson loses here, it'll be too much of a loss!"

Before the crowd could finish their words, the longsword in Eddie Taylor's hand was about to touch Joelson's neat mage robe when Joelson instantly disappeared from the spot.

Eddie Taylor's eyes widened and he was stunned. For a moment, he could not react to what was happening in front of him. He was looking for Joelson in fear.

"Behind you!"

He turned around abruptly and saw that Joelson was jumping in the air. There was a flame between his five fingers. Then, the flame expanded rapidly and turned into five

ferocious fire pythons that rushed toward him. As soon as the fire pythons took shape, he felt a hot air wave blowing toward his face. He could smell the smell of burnt hair.

Eddie Taylor raised the sword in his hand to block the fire pythons. The white light attached to the knight's sword instantly melted. Then, the sword instantly turned into a pool of molten iron on the ground.

If the five fire pythons crashed into Eddie Taylor, he would be dead. Engel immediately stood up, but it was too late to stop them.

At this moment, Eddie Taylor looked at the burning fire python in front of him. His eyes were a little unfocused. His nerves, which had been stretched to the limit, were instantly broken. A turbid liquid soaked his pants.

Just as the fire Python was about to crash into Eddie Taylor, the flames suddenly extinguished and dissipated. The scattered sparks burned Eddie Taylor's clothes into strips of cloth. The scorching airwave also burned Eddie Taylor's hair and eyebrows, the top of his head and face were bald and pitch-black. He looked like a potato that had just been dug out from the ground.

Joelson immediately turned around and walked down the stage.

The people who were worried for Joelson earlier, and then worried that Eddie Taylor would die on the stage, were suddenly stunned when they saw Eddie Taylor's miserable appearance.

Then, a burst of laughter erupted from the audience.

"Hahaha, I'm dying of laughter! This Eddie Taylor is like a potato!"

"Hahaha, it's the kind that just came out of the ground!"

"It should be a baked potato!"

"That's right! Baked potato. It seems that our first chief Joelson is not only a magic genius but also a culinary genius!"

The audience burst into cheers again.

"Joelson!"

"Joelson!"

Seeing that Eddie Taylor's life was not in danger and that he was not seriously injured, Engel sighed and sat back down, he said to Stephanie who was beside him, "They

should still send out Joelson. Don't underestimate the enemy when you go up. If you win, remember not to let him get hurt too badly. He has also held back on Eddie Taylor."

"I got it," Stephanie replied calmly. Her handsome and beautiful face was calm, but her eyes were burning with a strong will to fight.

"Joelson, you did well."

Before going on stage, Tang Man quickly walked to Joelson's side and praised him, then he said seriously, "Don't underestimate your opponent later on stage. The opponent is the owner of the Silver Cross Battle Aura. Although she is only a tier 5 knight, her strength is definitely much stronger than Hawthorne!"

"Oh, I got it."

Joelson nodded his head in a seemingly serious manner.

However, Tang Man could see that Joelson did not care about his reminder at all and shook his head helplessly.

Silver Cross battle-qi? What was that?

Joelson did not know, nor did he need to know.

He only knew that the current him was very strong! Very strong!

So strong that even he could not help but tremble at his own strength.

Before he went on stage, he saw two young men in purple mage robes smiling at him encouragingly and looking at him with admiration.

The two of them were older than most of the students on the stage.

They were handsome and similar-looking. They were twins.

If it was not for the return of the king, they would be the ones to handle today's exchange match.

They were old students who were above the sixth-tier mage level. They were even stronger than Stewart.

Joelson slowly walked up to the dueling platform. Stephanie was standing opposite him.

Stephanie raised the Knight's long sword in her hand to her chest and gave a Knight's salute.

This was the first time Stephanie bowed to someone. It could be seen how much she valued Joelson.

The game was on.

Chapter 70: He Was Very Strong

Stephanie held the knight's long sword in both hands and charged at Joelson.

If nothing else, the students of the Tulip Academy had a good impression of Stephanie.

After all, a tall, striking, and beautiful female knight would be welcomed anywhere.

With a light tap of his finger, just like when he had taught Hawthorne a lesson, five fire pythons shot out from his palm and pounced on Stephanie.

A silvery-white aura burst out. Stephanie raised her sword and chopped the fire pythons that were jumping up into two halves. Suddenly, she found that there seemed to be a pair of hot hands tightly clutching her ankles.

Level-5 spell, a ring of flame.

Stephanie's ankles were tightly bound by two golden-red rings of flame.

Her feet lit up with a silvery light. She struggled to break free from the shackles of the flames, but she had lost the chance to strike first.

She was tightly bound by five giant flame pythons.

"Don't you think..."

On the side of the Knight Academy, a Knight student who was watching the battle said with a strange expression, "The aura of the giant flame python summoned by Joelson Edward is a bit like the Asian dragon we met in the magical beast forest during the Survival Test last year?"

"Now that you mention it, it is indeed a little similar!" Someone said in surprise.

"This Joelson is too amazing. Have you guys noticed? From the beginning until now, every level-5 spell he has cast is instant cast!"

A few knights looked at each other and saw the horror in the eyes of the others.

Instant cast magic. Even as knights, they knew how difficult it was to master it.

Not to mention instant-cast level-5 magic.

Stuart, the level-6 mage who was also fighting with Stephanie yesterday, had to chant a long spell before he could cast a level-5 spell!

As for this Joelson, he raised his hand and threw it out with a tap of his finger.

What a freak!

He was a super genius who was not inferior to Don Quixote at all!

At this time, Stephanie was already very anxious on the stage.

She was in the same difficult situation as Hawthorne.

The power of Joelson's level-5 magic was many times stronger than ordinary level-5 magic. The blazing flames on the body of the flame Python burned Stephanie's face.

If she did not have the protection of the Silver Cross Battle Aura, she would have been roasted into a potato like Eddie Taylor and would not have been able to hold on.

Looking at Joelson again, his expression was calm.

From time to time, he would throw out a level-4 spell and a level-5 spell, causing Stephanie's situation to become even more awkward and dangerous.

To him, this did not seem to be a duel, but rather a boring and tedious game.

Stephanie felt a trace of humiliation.

She gritted her teeth and gathered all the strength in her body.

Instantly, the silver light expanded.

She aimed at the five extremely troublesome fire pythons in front of her and slashed out a crescent-shaped battle aura blade.

"Battle aura release?!"

Someone below the stage shouted in shock.

This was something that only grand knights above tier 6 could do!

Wasn't Stephanie only a tier 5 knight?!

Someone quickly refuted and explained, "It's not the true release of combat aura. It's just a part of the characteristics of the silver cross combat aura."

But even so, it was still scary enough.

The five fire pythons were instantly cut in half from the waist.

The crescent-shaped combat aura light blade continued to maintain its speed as it shot towards Joelson.

Although the light blade was shrinking rapidly during this process, it still posed a significant threat to Joelson.

Joelson remained calm and snapped his fingers casually.

"This is impossible!"

Only then did everyone realize that the fire python that was chopped into pieces by Stephanie had not completely disappeared. The remaining flames hovered in the air like the sunset.

Under Joelson's summon, the flames quickly gathered.

The fire elements around the duel platform were instantly sucked into an elemental vacuum!

A ferocious monster revealed its body.

"Fire... fire dragon?!"

A fire dragon that was completely formed from flames.

The fire dragon spread its wings and easily caught up with the light blade. It used its claws to extinguish the light blade.

Then, it turned around and slowly rolled in front of Stephanie.

The empty eye sockets that were burning with flames stared at Stephanie. A terrifying aura swept across the entire arena.

Stephanie's face was pale. She wanted to raise the knight's longsword in her hand.

However, after launching the previous attack, she had exhausted all of her strength. She could only helplessly put it down.

"I... admit defeat!"

This time, Joelson did not stop her.

A burst of enthusiastic cheers erupted from the audience.

This was the first time they had uttered these three words from the air of a proud knight.

This kind of feeling was really immersive!

"Joelson Edward!"

"Joelson Edward!"

The entire hall once again cheered Joelson's name.

The cheers just now were because Joelson had vented the anger in everyone's hearts.

And the cheers at this moment were because Joelson Edward was the hero who defended the glory and dignity of the Tulip Academy!

"He is very strong!"

Stephanie walked back to the Knight Academy and said in silence.

"She is the most terrifying level 5 mage I have ever seen. The pressure she brings to me is even greater than that of many level 7 mages."

The knights seemed to be a little depressed.

The second genius among them, Stephanie who had cultivated the silver cross combat aura, had actually lost?!

And she had lost to a magician of the same level as her. She did not have any ability to resist and was mercilessly crushed!

If they had not seen it with their own eyes, it was really hard to imagine that this scene had really happened.

"I've said it before," Engel said seriously. "Never underestimate the foundation of an academy with a saint-level magician."

"Maybe you think they are weak."

Engel pointed at the cheering mage students in the distance and said, "Actually, after the fifth rank, a qualified mage can defeat more than two knights of the same rank alone. The opponents you are facing now have not experienced much actual combat.

Most of their time is spent accumulating magic power and improving spiritual power. That's why we can win so easily."

Engel was not lying.

The promotion methods of knights and mages were completely different.

The former required a lot of combat and training in order to break through quickly, while the latter required diligent meditation and accumulation of mana every day.

Mages were far more difficult to promote than knights.

Therefore, as students, the knight geniuses with a large amount of practical combat experience easily crushed the mages.

However, once the mages experienced the test of fire and blood, the explosive energy would be more than ten times that of the knights.

"Then what about Joelson?"

Someone could not help but ask.

Engel glanced in the direction of the people from the Tulip Magic Academy, shook his head helplessly and said, "He is a monster, and cannot be explained by common sense."

Chapter 71: Joelson Was In Danger

"Then, the second day of the friendly match." Tang Man was about to announce the victory of the tulip academy in a cheerful mood, but he was interrupted by a voice.

"Wait..."

Don Quixote stood up, and the whole place was silent.

He looked at Joelson in the distance and said calmly, "Since we are going to have a match sooner or later, we might as well bring it up to now."

Everyone's eyes gathered on Joelson.

Joelson glanced at him and said with a smile, "Okay."

Everyone in the Tulip Magic Academy could not suppress their excitement. They looked at Joelson with admiration and worship.

Yes, the Tulip Magic Academy needed a complete victory to wash away the shame of the past.

If Joelson could defeat all three geniuses of the so-called Knight Academy in one day, then the academy would be able to wash away its shame and restore its glory!

Tang Man frowned slightly and said in a low voice, "Joelson, your magic power..."

From the moment Joelson appeared, he had defeated Hawthorne, broken the record of the Mage Tower, then defeated Eddie Taylor, and forced Stephanie to admit defeat.

During this time, he did not have any time to meditate and restore his magic power.

If it was an ordinary tier 5 mage, they would have collapsed several times already.

Although Joelson was a super genius and could not be measured by normal standards, but...

"It's okay, Tang Man."

Joelson thought for a moment and said faintly, "It should be enough."

His tone was very calm, but there was extremely strong confidence in it.

Tang Man's expression was slightly shaken. He nodded silently and announced the start of the match.

Don Quixote slowly walked onto the dueling platform.

It gave people the feeling that a terrifying high-level magical beast was slowly walking out of the forest.

Looking from afar, it gave people a suffocating feeling of oppression.

Don Quixote gave a signal with his eyes, and Joelson nodded slightly to indicate that he was ready.

Whoosh!

Don Quixote's figure disappeared from the stage in an instant.

Everyone's eyes widened. It was as if he had disappeared into thin air.

The next moment, he suddenly appeared in front of Joelson. The distance between the two of them was no more than three meters.

Don Quixote slashed down with his sword. He had an imposing manner that could cut through everything.

The hilt of the sword was in a beautiful cross shape, but the body of the sword appeared to be very wide.

The knight's longsword, which should be held in both hands, was held by Don Quixote with one hand, showing his powerful arm strength.

He did not use combat aura, but when the longsword fell, it brought with it the sound of tearing through the air.

Bang!

A loud sound was heard.

The magic barrier on the ground trembled slightly, and light circulated on it.

The others' mouths were wide open in shock.

Just by relying on the strength of his physical body, he was able to create ripples in the magic array that could withstand a tier 9 energy attack. Could this guy be a humanoid magical beast?!

On the side of the Knight Academy, the knights were all a little excited.

It was finally Don Quixote's turn to make a move.

These people had no idea that Don Quixote had brought terror to the entire Knight Academy of the Yheng Empire.

He was a super genius that had never been seen before.

Without using combat aura, he could easily trample on ordinary knights who had just entered tier 5.

He had broken almost all the records of the Knight Academy in the past.

He was the fastest to advance to tier 5, the youngest tier 6 genius, and the holder of the highest record in the Knight Tower.

Looking at the shocked faces around them, the knights were secretly proud. "Are you all so surprised now? Don Quixote has only displayed less than 30% of his strength!"

A pair of scarlet eyes full of resentment stared at Joelson.

It was Hawthorne.

He was very proud that his arrogant red hair had almost been burned clean off, and his face was still covered with scorch marks.

Joelson had been holding back. That fire Python had only burned him a little.

If he had attacked with all his strength, Hawthorne would only be left with a pile of ashes on the stands.

"Damn bastard! I want to see you smashed to pieces by Don Quixote with my own eyes!"

Hawthorne gritted his teeth and said in a low and fierce voice.

The strike that contained Hawthorne's terrifying power hit the ground heavily. Joelson, who was supposed to be standing in that position, had already retreated five meters away.

Don Quixote frowned slightly.

This speed...

Why didn't it seem like it was something a mage could have?

Joelson wasn't a wind mage, and he didn't see anyone secretly blessing him with an "Acceleration spell."

Don Quixote suppressed the doubts in his heart because a few ferocious pythons that were completely condensed from flames had already arrived in front of him.

Instant-cast level 5 magic.

Don Quixote had already known about Joelson's attack method.

The knight's longsword in his hand changed from slashing to slapping.

He did not know what material Don Quixote's knight's longsword was made of, but under the scorching heat of the flames, there was no trace of heat or deformation.

Don Quixote felt a sense of obstruction under his feet.

Fire restraint.

It was the same move again.

A faint, indistinct golden light flashed past, and the ring of fire shattered.

In the stands, Tang Man stood up instantly, his face full of solemnity and doubt.

Could it be that?!

Impossible!

Tang Man shook his head in disbelief, denying his own guess.

Whether it was skill, strength, or battle experience, Don Quixote far surpassed Hawthorne and Stephanie.

The Level-5 spell that crushed Hawthorne and gave Stephanie a headache could only cause a little trouble for Quixote.

At this time, he had not even used his combat aura.

If this continued, Joelson's situation would be very bad.

His magic power was constantly being used up, and Don Quixote still retained most of his strength.

When Joelson's magic power was used up, as a mage, he would be a lamb waiting to be slaughtered.

However, Don Quixote could not wait any longer.

"If that's all you've got, then end this battle as soon as possible."

Don Quixote looked directly into Joelson's eyes and said calmly.

In the next moment, a bright golden light burst out from his body.

Many people couldn't help but turn their heads or raise their hands to block the light because it was too dazzling.

Tang Man suddenly stood up from the chair, her face full of disbelief and shock.

"Golden Cross Battle Spirit?! This is impossible!"

Everyone from the Knight Academy revealed a proud smile at the same time.

Don Quixote was finally going to reveal his terrifying strength.

"The strongest battle spirit inheritance of the Knight Academy of the Yheng Empire, its power is more than three times that of ordinary battle spirit. It is said that since the establishment of the Yheng Empire, there has only been one person who has cultivated the golden cross battle spirit, and that person is a saint-level knight, Fred. Golden hair, bloodline, I got it!"

Tang Man said in a low voice, "Don Quixote and that girl named Stephanie are both descendants of the Fred family."

Elsa, who was standing beside Tang Man, was shocked when she heard that.

"Lord Tang Man."

Tang Man stared at the stage and said with a solemn expression, "I'm afraid that Joelson is in danger."

Chapter 72: A Sixteen-Year-Old Tier-6 Mage

Under the support of the Golden Combat Aura, Don Quixote's aura became even more terrifying.

A faint golden radiance covered his entire body. At this moment, he seemed to be covered in sunlight.

"The Empire's Light of Dawn!"

Someone from the Knight Academy's side shouted excitedly.

In the history of the Yheng Empire, only two people possessed the golden cross combat aura. Don Quixote was like the Yheng Empire's light of dawn.

Once he grew up, he would protect the Empire like the radiance of the Sun.

The knight's longsword that was wrapped in the golden combat aura cut open the giant fire pythons and crushed the flames.

The five giant fire pythons were all killed by Don Quixote one by one.

The Tulip Magic Academy's students all had solemn expressions on their faces. Their eyes were filled with worry.

This kind of power was too terrifying, and it was impossible for Joelson to block it.

Don Quixote walked towards Joelson step by step. No matter what magic Joelson threw at him, it would be easily shattered by the golden combat aura on the knight's longsword in his hand.

However, to everyone's surprise...

There was no sign of panic or nervousness on Joelson's face.

"Even one light attribute is at the very least? It's so powerful. In that case, the fire attribute combat aura that I've cultivated shouldn't be too bad. This is really good news." Joelson said to himself in a soft voice that only he could hear.

At this moment, the distance between Don Quixote and him was already less than ten meters.

"Have you completely given up resisting?"

Don Quixote's eyes revealed a hint of disappointment.

He thought that Joelson would be a worthy opponent.

He slowly raised the longsword that was covered in golden combat aura, intending to sweep Joelson down from the stage.

At this moment, Joelson suddenly looked at Don Quixote and raised his right hand to face him.

Joelson's expression was calm as he said calmly, "Pillar of fire."

Don Quixote's expression suddenly changed. His battle instincts told him that there was a strong sense of danger coming from the right.

He immediately moved to the left.

Boom!

A pillar of fire shot out from the ground, mixed with some lava.

There was an exclamation from the field.

A Ray of light flashed in Tang Man's eyes. He could not control his excitement and took two steps forward.

"Level... level-six magic!"

"Joelson is already a level-six magician?!"

"Oh my God of Magic!"

"This speed of advancement is unbelievable!"

The students of Tulip Magic Academy opened their mouths wide, staring at the very young figure on the stage in disbelief. They didn't know what they were feeling.

"A sixth-tier mage?!"

The students of the Knight Academy had the same reaction.

Engel's eyes were about to pop out of their sockets.

If he remembered correctly, this student named Joelson Edward should only be sixteen years old this year, right?

Sixteen years old, sixth-tier.

These two words, which were completely unrelated to each other, were put together at this moment.

His cultivation was still magic, and it was not easier for him to advance to a knight.

It was too terrifying!

When he was born, did he receive the blessing of the God of Magic?!

Don Quixote also advanced to a sixth-tier knight at the age of eighteen!

Engel was stunned for a moment, unable to speak.

If it was said that Don Quixote was very likely to become a saint-level knight in the future.

Then, Joelson was destined to become a saint-level mage!

Stephanie blinked her big eyes.

Joelson was actually a sixth-level mage?!

Then, he was only using the power of a fifth-level mage to fight against her. Was he deliberately giving in to her?!

A trace of shame and anger flashed across Stephanie's face.

"Damn it! Sooner or later, I'll teach you a good lesson!"

Hawthorne's face became even gloomier.

On the field, the battle suddenly became several times more intense.

"Fire wave!"

Joelson waved a finger, and a row of huge fire waves appeared out of thin air on the dueling platform, and quickly pushed toward Don Quixote.

Don Quixote's eyes lit up, and for the first time, a different expression appeared on his cold face.

"This is what makes it interesting!"

A golden aura burst out, splitting the huge flame wave in half.

"Pillar of fire!"

Don Quixote dodged on the field like a nimble flea. His speed was frighteningly fast.

The surrounding students could not see where he was at all. They could only see blurry phantoms.

Tier 6.

The strength of a mage was finally revealed.

Even Don Quixote, who had the golden cross battle aura, could only dodge.

He did not dare to take a level-6 spell head-on.

Moreover, Joelson could even cast a level-6 spell instantaneously. He was practically a moving cannon.

"What a degenerate." Even Quixote could not help but curse in his heart.

He tried to grab onto Joelson, but Joelson's figure kept moving.

He was clearly a mage, but his speed was so fast that even he could not catch up.

Joelson waved his hand, and countless fire elements gathered, turning into flames and pouncing in the same direction.

It was Don Quixote's position!

Boom!

The surging flames completely engulfed Don Quixote.

All the students of the Tulip Magic Academy revealed ecstatic expressions.

Did he win?

Of course not.

Golden combat aura radiance bloomed from the flames. Don Quixote's figure rushed out arrogantly, his entire person was like a pale golden sun.

He raised the Knight's Longsword in his hand high up, his expression solemn.

"Cross slash!"

Two crossed golden combat aura shot towards Joelson.

It was the same as Stephanie's "combat aura release", but Don Quixote's control of power was obviously better. After the combat aura was released, it dissipated at a much slower speed.

Joelson wanted to dodge, but Don Quixote's figure flashed and blocked him.

Joelson only had two choices, to break through Don Quixote's block.

Or, to resist the golden cross's combat aura.

Neither choice seemed to be possible.

In the next moment, Joelson made an unexpected move.

He actually took the initiative to retreat in the direction of the Golden Cross's combat aura.

It was as if he could not see the combat aura glow getting closer and closer to his back.

"Is he crazy?!"

Tang Man was very anxious.

The battle aura that could be released from his body was not something that a tier 6 mage's magic shield could withstand. If this attack hit, Joelson would definitely be seriously injured.

"Quick! Open the magic barrier!"

Tang Man urged anxiously.

He would never let the number one genius of Tulip Academy, Sir Harriet's personal disciple, be seriously injured.

The crowd below the stage was also shocked.

Dayshannon's beautiful face was full of worry, and she tightly covered her mouth.

"No!"

Hawthorne stood up excitedly, his eyes could not hide the excitement in them.

"Yes! That's it!"

Soon, he would be able to see the scene of Joelson vomiting blood and falling to the ground.

"hahaha!"

Chapter 73: Dual-Element Magician

There was no change in the expression on Joelson's face since the beginning.

The golden combat aura was less than three meters away from him.

Suddenly...

There was a pause.

It was as if he had hit something.

Then he broke through again.

A part of the combat aura quickly dissipated.

Then, it stopped again.

It was consumed again.

This situation kept repeating itself.

Even Don Quixote frowned in puzzlement.

What was going on?!

Everyone finally saw it clearly.

A wave that was almost transparent kept coming out from Joelson's back.

The golden combat aura collided with it, causing ripples.

If the combat aura wanted to hit Joelson, it had to break through the layers of water waves.

"This seems to be?"

Someone asked in puzzlement.

Elsa couldn't hold it in any longer and said in surprise, "Water magic, water barrier!"

How could Joelson know water magic?!

Everyone's jaws dropped as they stared blankly.

When the golden combat aura touched Joelson, it was completely exhausting.

Joelson's magic shield only shook slightly.

Then, water and flames gushed out from under Joelson's feet.

The collision of two magic elements lifted him up.

Step by step, he stepped into the air.

Joelson stood high up and looked down at Don Quixote.

In his left hand, flames and water dragons emerged.

The power was terrifying!

Water dragons and fire dragons, two dragons entrenched in the air.

There were two dragons behind Joelson, flames and water flowing around him.

His expression was indifferent.

At this moment, the people who looked up at him seemed to have seen the arrival of a god.

"Joelson is actually a dual-element mage?!"

Someone swallowed hard.

It was an indescribable shock!

Unbelievable!

Tang Man was stunned and could not speak for a long time.

"His water magic has also advanced to tier 6. So fast!"

A low exclamation came from beside him.

Tang Man turned around and asked in surprise, "You already knew?!"

Elsa nodded in embarrassment and said, "Sir Harriet Terrence didn't allow me to tell anyone."

Tang Man whispered to himself, "I should have thought of it long ago. To be valued so highly by Sir Harriet Terrence, how could he be just an ordinary genius?"

Everyone in the Knight Academy was dumbfounded.

A sixteen-year-old sixth-rank mage. This was completely different from a sixteen-year-old dual-element sixth-rank mage.

It was a completely different concept.

Stephanie was so surprised that she could not help but open her small mouth slightly. At this moment, she, who had always been cold and indifferent, looked as cute as a point.

Engel remained silent. No one knew what he was thinking.

Only Hawthorne was left. He was about to be engulfed by the flames of jealousy and hatred.

"A dual-element mage?"

Don Quixote looked at Joelson, his eyes full of undisguised surprise.

What shocked him the most was the two dragons behind Joelson.

There was a level-6 spell that used elements to form dragons.

It was just condensing the magic elements to a certain level and then forming a more powerful and handsome appearance.

But Joelson was different.

The two dragons' huge and ferocious bodies carried a terrifying power.

It was as if two dragons had really descended from the sky.

Don Quixote could even feel a faint trace of the dragon's power, and his body had an impulse to kneel down.

Joelson did not say anything.

He waved his hands.

The two dragons, red and blue, growled and circled above his head.

They gradually formed a huge vortex, and the magic elements in the space above the field were stirred into chaos.

What did Joelson want to do?!

Soon, everyone knew.

"This is impossible!"

Many people moaned weakly.

They saw an elemental dragon that was getting bigger and bigger slowly emerge from the vortex.

Red and blue light swirled around its body, looking very gorgeous.

There was also an indescribable, terrifying power.

"Go!"

Joelson stretched out his hand and pointed at Don Quixote's position.

The dragon spread its wings and dived down.

The hurricane blew Don Quixote's golden hair back.

His expression was very calm, but his eyes were firm.

Ten commandments of knights: Defend.

Even if he was not an opponent, he would never retreat.

A golden aura burst out from Don Quixote's body.

Compared to the elemental dragon, it was so weak that it was pitiful.

"Cross Slash!"

Don Quixote's voice rang out clearly.

The dragon roared, and then Don Quixote was completely submerged.

Boom!

The magic array shook violently.

A faint glow appeared above the dueling platform, flickering non-stop.

It was as if it would break at any moment.

Everyone could not help but be shocked.

This was a super magic barrier that could withstand any energy attack below tier 9!

It was almost shaken by Joelson.

Just how strong was this attack?!

"Don Quixote!"

"Brother!"

Two figures rushed to the side of the dueling platform. It was Engel and Stephanie. Both of them were very anxious.

Joelson slowly landed on the platform and casually dispersed the magic shield on his body.

He turned to them and said indifferently, "Don't worry. I have already dispersed most of my power."

The raging flames gradually dissipated, and the magic elements returned to calm.

A figure half-kneeling on the ground was revealed.

Don Quixote, whose bright armor was now broken, held the Knight's Longsword with one hand, and a trace of blood seeped out from the corner of his mouth.

He looked very miserable.

He stood up shakily.

He stared at Joelson and said while panting, "Joelson Edward, next year, I hope to see you in the trials of the four empires."

Don Quixote fell down before he could finish his words.

The magic barrier was removed at the first moment.

Engel and Stephanie scurried onto the dueling platform.

"It's alright. He's just weak."

After checking Don Quixote's injuries, Engel heaved a sigh of relief.

Stephanie's pair of beautiful big eyes stared at Joelson as if she wanted to imprint his appearance firmly in her heart.

There was a short silence.

After that, there were thunderous cheers and praises.

They won!

Tulip Academy of Magic actually won!

All of this was brought about by one person.

Joelson!

Everyone looked at Joelson with almost fanatical eyes.

Joelson had shocked them too much. Now he was simply a symbol of a miracle.

The Knight Academy also looked at Joelson with complicated eyes.

This was destined to be the most unforgettable battle they had ever seen.

The light of dawn of the Empire, the owner of the Golden Cross Battle Aura, Don Quixote.

He had lost?!

He had lost so badly that he did not even have the ability to stand on the stage.

And the one who had defeated him was actually a young man who was only sixteen years old.

If he had not seen it with his own eyes, no one would have believed this fact.

Engel looked at the thin figure who was surrounded and worshipped by countless people. He sighed helplessly and said, "With Joelson around, it will be difficult for Tulip Magic Academy to lose in the next few years of the exchange competition."

Chapter 74: The Shocked Capital, The Hereditary Earl

The exchange match between the two imperial academies had come to an end.

The news of Joelson turning the entire match around with his own strength spread throughout the capital the next day.

The capital was shaken.

16 years old, dual-element sixth-rank.

Shocking results.

Joelson had also become the youngest sixth-rank magic shooter in the history of the Alcott Empire.

In the space of the Dragon God's Ranch.

Joelson was testing his true strength.

A blazing red combat aura burst out from his hand, leaving a deep ditch on the ground.

At the edge of the ditch, the soil had a slight burn mark.

Fire attribute combat aura.

It was also rank 6!

Thinking back to the crazy act of taking two bottles of dragon blood potion at the same time, Joelson felt his heart palpitate.

The pain of taking the dragon blood potion the second time was magnified compared to the first time.

It was as if there were countless red-hot steel knives scratching every inch of his skin and bones.

He almost could not hold on any longer.

When he woke up, his spiritual power had successfully broken through to level 6, and so was his knight realm.

Otherwise, he would not have been able to avoid Don Quixote's pursuit so easily on the duel stage.

Other than these obvious benefits, there were many other changes in his strength that Joelson had not expected.

After taking the potion, a trace of ancient dragon bloodline appeared in Joelson's bloodline.

The benefits were obvious.

Strength, speed.

Joelson guessed that although he was only a tier 6 knight right now, putting aside his strength, in terms of strength and speed, he might not be inferior to a tier 7 or tier 8 knight.

This was also the reason why he broke the record of the Mage Tower.

Most of the power that he used was the power of a knight.

If it were not for the fact that he had not learned any advanced knight fighting techniques.

He could even take off his mage robe and fight with Don Quixote with his bare hands.

The level-6 dragon-shaped spell that he summoned also had a hint of true dragon's might, more than ordinary mages.

Dragon's might!

With this, the power of his dragon-shaped spell instantly doubled.

Three days had passed since the exchange match, and the outside world's praise for Joelson had reached a peak.

In these three days, countless nobles had almost crushed the doors of the Tulip Academy.

Now, the magic talent that Joelson displayed had completely surpassed that of the young Harriet Terrence.

He would definitely become a saint-level mage in the future!

Therefore, they were all eager to build a good relationship with the future saint-level mage, Joelson, as soon as possible.

If they knew that Joelson was also a sixth-tier knight, they might be so scared that they would all go crazy.

This time, the gifts sent by the nobles were enough for Joelson to upgrade three large-scale dragon nests, more than 300,000 gold coins!

However, all of them were rejected by him.

He left all the trivial matters to Leas to handle while he hid in the magic laboratory below and entered the space of the Dragon God Ranch for three days.

Now, he finally could not hide anymore. Today, Charles III would hold a grand farewell dinner for the Knights of the Yheng Empire.

At the same time, it was also a celebration dinner for him.

The Tulip Academy had won the exchange competition and produced a super genius like Joelson. It was said that his precious daughter had feelings for him.

Charlize III's mouth was almost crooked from laughing.

It had only been a few weeks since Joelson had been conferred the title of Life Earl. Charles III could not wait to remove the word "Life" from the title.

It would be changed to a hereditary title.

This meant that the descendants of Joelson Edward would always have the title of Earl.

This was almost the most important title that Charles III had conferred in the past ten years.

Someone could not help but sigh and say, "If Joelson Edward really becomes a saint-level mage in the future and marries Princess Dayshannon, the hereditary earl will probably rise to at least a hereditary marquis, or even a hereditary duke."

Because Harriet was a duke, and also a hereditary duke.

Unfortunately, Harriet did not have any children.

Of course, if such a day really came, it also meant that the next five hundred years of the Alcott Empire would be guarded by the Edward family.

Joelson slowly walked out of the basement and saw a scene that surprised him very much.

The smaller Leas sat in the living room, surrounded by nearly twenty women.

They were all dressed like maids.

These young and beautiful noble maids seemed to be talking about something.

Leas's face was red and a little reserved as if she was the guest here, but the center of everyone's conversation could not get away from her.

It seemed that they were the personal maids of the other students in the academy. They had all learned from Morton's method and asked them to come over to Leas' side to curry favor with her.

When Joelson appeared in the living room, Leas saw him at a glance.

Her eyes were filled with joy. She stood up immediately and shouted happily, "Young Master!"

The other maids also stood up immediately and respectfully asked Joelson, "Young Master Joelson."

Did they steal a glance at Joelson? Their eyes were filled with curiosity, worship, respect, and even admiration.

Leas' Luck was really good.

"Yes."

Joelson nodded and replied faintly.

The maids also took their leave.

When they walked out of Joelson's residence, they immediately sighed with envy.

"This is the first time I've seen Young Master Joelson with my own eyes. He's really more handsome and younger than the rumors say!"

"It would be great if I could be Young Master Joelson's maid."

"Sister Leas, I'm So Jealous!"

Joelson sat down on the velvet sofa. Leas quickly poured him a glass of water.

Joelson patted the seat beside his hand and signalled Leas to sit down.

Leas's face was red. She carefully sat down beside Joelson and quietly moved to the side.

"It's good to have them accompany you, but..." Joelson said hesitantly, "Don't trust others too easily."

Leas was an elf who came out of nature and had only been in contact with human society for a few months.

He was afraid that Leas was too naive and would be deceived by those shrewd maids.

Leas hurriedly stood up and stammered, "Next time, I'll never... never let them come again."

Leas thought that Joelson was blaming her.

Joelson smiled and said gently, "I didn't mean that."

Looking at Joelson's clear eyes, Joelson felt a little relieved.

"Knights can also go out with them."

Joelson flipped his hand and took out a black cloth bag full of gold coins. "Buy whatever you like."

Leas' eyes were filled with great surprise. She said in disbelief, "I... Can I go out?!"

"Of course!"

Joelson nodded with a smile.

Chapter 75: The Lovely Stephanie

Currently, Joelson was absolutely confident that even if her identity as an elf was exposed, he would be able to protect her from any harm.

Leas' heart pounded rapidly, filled with surprise and anticipation.

Putting aside her identity as an elf, she was only a 16 or 17-year-old girl in human terms.

Beautiful clothes, fragrant perfume, and sparkling pearls and gemstones.

Although Leas didn't care about the things that the other noble maids had flaunted to her, she still felt a trace of envy in her heart.

She had also fantasized that if Joelson treated her the same as the other noble young masters, would it be better.

No, it was impossible!

Leas shook her head and denied this thought in her heart.

Other nobles would not treat a maid as... a relative.

A relative? Was that what it was called?

Leas stole a glance at Joelson and suddenly felt that being by Joelson's side like this was a very satisfying thing.

And two months ago, she was still thinking of returning to the Elf Forest one day.

...

Soon, it was time for the royal banquet.

This time, there was a special carriage to pick up Joelson, and he was no longer with Harriet.

There were six golden stripes on Joelson's mage robe.

It had already surpassed the strength of some of the teachers in the academy.

When they walked into the palace, everyone's eyes instantly focused on Joelson.

Just like when Harriet Terrence and Antoine entered the palace, people kept coming up to greet him.

There was a hint of respect in their tone.

"Joelson."

Morton followed behind the Marquis of Cumberland and greeted Joelson awkwardly.

Joelson smiled at him.

Morton seemed to be relieved.

After hesitating for a while, he did not stay to talk to Joelson like before.

When he was still a third-or fourth-tier mage, Morton could still brazenly come over and chat with him like a friend.

But now that he had advanced to the sixth-tier, he was the most talented existence in the history of the Alcott Empire.

Morton, who had always been cheerful, also lost the courage to stand in front of him.

Morton could not help but feel a little melancholy. As his strength increased, there would be fewer and fewer people around him who could be called friends.

He suddenly understood why Harriet Terrence did not take a wife or leave behind any children.

The lifespan of a sage-level powerhouse was several hundred years, several times that of an ordinary person.

The feeling of watching his wife and children die of old age in front of him must be very uncomfortable.

Joelson looked around the banquet hall and saw a group of people from the Knight Academy.

They stood there awkwardly.

They knew very well that although it was said to be a farewell banquet, they were not the main characters at all.

The real reason why they appeared here was probably to act as a foil to Joelson.

The discussions of the nobles of the Alcott Empire could be heard from time to time.

"Do you see that? It's that red-haired one. Yes, the one who doesn't have much hair. He's a tier 5 knight!"

"Did he get burned like that by Joelson? How pitiful. Look at this. It's like a roasted potato."

"That blonde girl isn't simple either. A tier 5 knight has Silver Cross battle-qi."

"Yeah, I know. She was defeated by Joelson."

"Her figure is very good. She's also very beautiful. She also has a temperament!"

"Then why don't you go and strike up a conversation with her?"

"I'm not Joelson! I wouldn't dare!"

"And Don Quixote! He's known as the number one genius of the Yheng Empire. He became a level 6 knight at the age of eighteen!"

"He's really amazing, but he was still defeated by Joelson. I heard that he couldn't even get up from lying on the ground."

The leader of the knights, Engel, had a very ugly expression on his face. His face kept twitching.

He was almost regretting his decision to allow the Alcott royal family to attend this so-called dinner.

In the past, when the Knight Academy defeated the Tulip Academy, why didn't they hold any farewell dinner?

The one with the ugliest expression was Hawthorne.

"Burnt bald" and "Roasted potatoes".

These words kept entering his ears. The blood vessels on his palm bulged. Obviously, he was so angry that he couldn't hold it in any longer. He was about to get angry.

However, when he saw a person coming, all his anger was immediately extinguished. Like a chicken that had fallen into the water, all the aura on his body disappeared.

It was Joelson. He noticed that Don Quixote was looking at him, so he thought about it and came up to greet him.

"Joelson, you are very powerful," Don Quixote said calmly, but his eyes were more serious. He had already regarded Joelson as a worthy opponent.

Joelson smiled and said, "You are also very powerful." This sentence was not a compliment. Don Quixote was already the most powerful opponent he had ever fought.

Although he was still not his opponent.

"Joelson, the next time we meet, my brother will not lose to you!"

A voice suddenly sounded. Joelson turned his head and saw Stephanie staring at him with her big eyes, pouting her lips and puffing her cheeks. This made this female knight, who had always been very cold, look very cute.

Don Quixote could not help but shake his head. He was not sure if he could defeat Joelson the next time they met.

Moreover, what was wrong with Stephanie tonight? She would not show such a look in front of outsiders in the past. Even in front of him, Stephanie was very calm and indifferent most of the time. Ever since she lost to Joelson, she had become very emotional when she saw Joelson.

Thinking of this, he could not help but look carefully at Joelson, trying to find out what was so amazing about him. At this time, he realized that Joelson's appearance did not lose to him. After all, he was not only the most talented student in the Knight Academy, he was also the most handsome. However, Joelson not only did not lose to him in appearance but also in temperament.

No wonder Stephanie had seen him like this. It was probably the first time she had met someone who was better than her in both talent and strength besides her brother. His appearance and temperament were also so outstanding.

However, it was not strange. Just look at the noble girls at the banquet. All the noble girls' eyes would occasionally stop on Joelson, and their eyes revealed a sense of admiration.

Joelson also felt a little strange when he looked at Stephanie. He had always thought that this girl was a very arrogant and cold knight, but now she looked somewhat cute for some reason.

"If that's the case, then I look forward to our next meeting," said Joelson with a polite smile.

Then, he ignored Stephanie's reaction and walked away.

Chapter 76: The Two Holy Sees and Ulysses

Just as he was about to greet a few familiar faces, Joelson suddenly stopped in his tracks.

"Teacher."

Harriet Terrence came to Joelson's side, his expression filled with relief.

"Your improvement speed is too fast. Even I didn't expect it."

Joelson made up a lie and said, "I don't know why, but practicing both water and fire magic at the same time has allowed my spiritual power to grow much faster."

Harriet Terrence showed a surprised expression and said, "I've never seen a person who can perfectly combine the water and fire elements. Unfortunately, I can't answer this question for you. Perhaps this is the most suitable path of cultivation for you."

"And, Joelson."

Harriet Terrence said to Joelson seriously, "I hope you can slow down your cultivation speed as much as possible. The heights you can reach in the future will be unimaginable to everyone. I don't want your foundation to be unstable and make you regret it in the end."

Joelson nodded solemnly.

His spiritual power had suddenly increased by two levels. He could already feel that his magic control had decreased.

If it was a normal upgrade, the final blow during the duel with Don Quixote would not have caused him to faint.

The magic elements that had spread out had already exceeded his control.

Before he completely stabilized his power of level 6, Joelson would not proceed with the upgrade for the time being.

"Oh right, teacher."

He recalled what Don Quixote had said to him before he collapsed on the dueling platform.

"What is the trial of the four great empires?"

"With your power as a tier 6 mage, you should understand these things."

Harriet hesitated for a moment, he explained to him, "To be honest, a small country like Alcott, which is at the border, is basically beautiful and is called an empire by the system. At most, it is only the size of a kingdom. His Majesty is at most a king."

"The Kingdom of Yheng is adjacent to the Kingdom of Alcott. Further away are the kingdom of the blazing sun and the Kingdom of the Brightmoon. These two kingdoms

are subordinate kingdoms of the Church of Light and the Church of Darkness respectively. Their divine authority is higher than the royal authority, and their strength is also much stronger than that of Yheng and Alcott."

"The Church of light and the Church of Darkness."

"Yes, the two churches have been trying to annex Alcott and Yheng, but because of the checks and balances between them, as well as the existence of Fred and I, they have been unable to succeed."

"The trials of the four nations were also proposed by the two Holy Sees. At first, the two Holy See Kingdoms would send their most outstanding young geniuses to participate in the hunting competition in the magical beast forest every year."

Joelson frowned and said, "Hunting competition?"

Harriet Terrence glanced at him indifferently and said, "It is to hunt the opponent's camp and judge the outcome based on the number of heads that the camp has obtained."

Joelson was surprised.

A head competition?!

He could imagine what a bloody and cruel scene it was.

"The winner can obtain the right to preach in Alcott and Yheng for a year. Later, Fred and I appeared and joined forces to resist, trying to change the situation that was controlled by others."

"After countless battles, the people of the Church of Light and the Church of Darkness finally compromised and agreed to withdraw their forces from the two kingdoms. However, they proposed a four-kingdom trial and requested the two kingdoms to send the best young experts to participate in the trial every year. Although the rules are not as bloody as before, they are equally cruel."

"And..."

Harriet sighed and said with a desolate expression, "After the trial is over, the two Holy Sees can recruit people with outstanding performances."

A cold chill rose in Joelson's heart.

This move was simply too vicious.

It seemed like he was giving in, but in reality, he was cutting off the flesh of the two great kingdoms. He was plundering the foundations of the two great kingdoms.

Those who could participate in the trial and successfully pass it would definitely be the most outstanding geniuses. Once they were recruited by the two great Holy Sees.

The two great kingdoms were nurturing experts for their opponents.

"Why didn't you refuse?!"

Joelson asked in a low voice.

"The Kingdom of Blazing Sun and the Kingdom of Brightmoon both have three saint-level experts. When Fred and I joined forces, we barely managed to obtain the right to speak. It's impossible for us to resist."

Joelson suddenly realized that Harriet had suffered a lot more than he had imagined.

"So, Joelson Edward."

Harriet glanced at Don Quixote, who was not far away, he said to Joelson calmly, "The purpose of the exchange match is not only to stimulate your mutual improvement but also to hint that you might be allies fighting together in the future and not enemies who hate each other."

"I understand."

"I'm very glad that you held back on the duel stage."

Harriet Terrence looked at Joelson with praise.

"There's one more thing I want to tell you."

Joelson raised his head and looked at Harriet Terrence with puzzlement.

"Actually, Ulysses is not dead."

What?!

Joelson was suddenly surprised. Harriet Terrence looked at him deeply and then said, "He just chose to join the Dark Church after the trial ended."

Joelson was stunned.

It turned out that the news of Ulysses' death was fake.

He actually chose to join the dark church.

Joelson understood the hint in Harriets' words.

His feelings for himself must be very complicated.

On one hand, he was proud and happy to have such a disciple. On the other hand, he was worried that he would be like Ulysses in the future, standing on the opposite side of him.

"Teacher."

Joelson looked into Harriet's eyes and said very seriously, "Perhaps I can't be like you, but I promise you that within my ability, I will not let anyone harm the Alcott Empire."

Because in Alcott, there was also something that Joelson wanted to protect.

The father of the Baron, Tulip Academy of Magic, Harriet or perhaps, Dayshannon.

Harriet Terrence nodded in satisfaction.

He could see the sincerity and determination in Joelson's eyes.

This disciple was different from Ulysses.

He was more outstanding than Ulysses, and his heart was purer.

"Joelson, you still have a long way to go. Alcott is just your starting point. Even if you made a choice that disappointed me, it was the best choice for you. I will never blame you."

Harriet Terrence looked at Joelson and said seriously.

Harriet Terrence would always respect Joelson's choice, just like how he treated Ulysses.

If he had resentment in his heart, he would never say that Ulysses was dead. Instead, he would portray him as a traitor.

Declaring that Ulysses was dead seemed to be the teacher's last defense for his disciple.

Joelson did not say much. Harriet Terrence was a worthy teacher.

Chapter 77: A Charming Evening, A Sweet Kiss

Charles III walked out from the back of the banquet hall, holding Dashannon's hand, and the crowd cheered.

Dayshannon was equally stunning tonight.

Joelson saw her glance at him in a hurry and quickly turned her head away.

He didn't know why, but he felt a sense of loss.

It was amazing when he thought about it.

He knew that he still couldn't imagine the tomboy with short hair.

He had pulled him away from the explosion on his first day in the association.

He liked to hold his chin and watch as he flipped through the formula.

Shannon, who had complained about the funny and ridiculous formula over and over again, had seriously discussed the feasibility of the formula with him.

It turned out that she was the precious daughter of Charles III, the pearl of the Empire, Princess Dayshannon.

This kind of thing was really like the plot of a TV drama in his previous life.

The Knight Academy was also shocked by the beauty of Princess Dayshannon, and they stared at the stage.

Perhaps Dayshannon was also one of the reasons why they were willing to attend this shameful dinner.

Don Quixote was silent. Ever since he lost to Joelson, the proud Don Quixote had never mentioned anything about a marriage contract.

Charles III welcomed the arrival of the Knight Academy with a joyful look on his face. He also toasted the friendship between the Alcott Empire and the Yheng Empire.

Then, the knighting ceremony of Joelson began.

What Joelson did not expect was that Charles III winked at him and said in a voice only the two of them could hear, "You're very good."

This time, Dayshannon only showed her face once and left in a hurry.

This made everyone feel sorry.

A dinner without the pearl of the Empire would lose its color no matter how beautiful the night was.

This time, the number of girls who wanted to ask him to dance was twice as many as the last time.

Each of the girls had a shy look on their faces. They were nervous, but in return, they were disappointed again and again.

Joelson stood alone in the corner, quietly drinking fruit wine.

This time, there was no one to complain and chat with.

"Sir Joelson."

Just as Joelson was feeling depressed, someone softly called out his name.

Joelson turned his head and looked over. It was a palace attendant, standing in front of him with his head lowered.

"Her Highness the Princess invites you over."

Her Highness The Princess?! Dayshannon?!

A strange look appeared in Joelson's eyes.

Dayshannon had actually taken the initiative to invite him to meet her.

"Alright."

He very straightforwardly agreed.

The palace attendant led Joelson out of the banquet hall quickly and walked into the palace.

Compared to the clamor in the banquet hall, it was extremely quiet outside.

The faint moonlight sprinkled down, and the air was filled with the fragrance of purple thorny flowers.

Joelson suddenly felt that something was wrong.

The palace attendant brought him further and further away, and it did not seem like they were heading towards the back of the palace at all.

"Are we not there yet?"

Joelson could not help but ask.

"Very soon."

After giving a vague answer, the attendant's footsteps sped up a little.

Joelson stopped his footsteps and asked coldly, "Where is the Princess?"

"She's waiting for you right in front."

The attendant also listened; his tone somewhat anxious.

Joelson shook his head coldly, turning around to return.

"Don't go."

The attendant became anxious and quickly walked towards him.

Joelson reached out and grabbed the attendant's arm, seizing the opportunity to twist it behind him.

With the strength of a 6th rank knight, it was easy for him to do all this.

"Ah!"

A cry of pain.

Delicate yet familiar.

Joelson was stunned.

This was a woman, and she was very young.

Only then did Joelson notice the arm in his hand. It was slender and weak. He lowered his head to take a closer look and saw a pair of beautiful eyes staring at him angrily.

"Let go!"

Joelson finally understood.

He let go.

The waiter took off his headscarf, and his beautiful purple hair bloomed like a flower.

An extremely beautiful face stared at him as if she was angry or shy. She asked in a strange tone, "Why are you so strong?"

It was Dayshannon.

She had disguised herself as a palace waiter and coaxed Joelson out.

Joelson said helplessly, "I didn't expect it to be you."

Dayshannon rubbed her wrist, which had been hurt by Joelson. Since she was discovered, she simply let go.

She went forward and grabbed Joelson's hand, saying in a low voice, "Come with me, I'll take you to a place."

Dayshannon pulled Joelson and ran into the palace.

She skillfully avoided the patrolling guards and maids, all the way to the back garden of the palace.

Under the moonlight, the ground was full of blooming purple thorns, lilies, and tulips. The night wind blew, it was as beautiful as a dream.

Dayshannon lifted her skirt and jumped to the side of a big rock. She was not afraid to go up at all.

She turned around and waved at Joelson. "Come here quickly."

Joelson sat down beside her.

Dayshannon looked up at the night sky and whispered, "This is my favorite place to come."

The moonlight shone on her face, and Joelson was a little dazed. The beauty was too unreal.

Dayshannon told him the story of her childhood, her dead mother, the Tulip Magic Academy, and Joelson...

Longing, sadness, mischief, joy, and happiness.

Joelson just listened quietly.

Under the stars, the two figures slowly approached each other and nestled together.

It was a charming night.

...

When Joelson and Dayshannon came back from the back garden, the dinner was almost over.

Many people were wondering where the main character of the dinner, Joelson, had gone.

They said goodbye to Dayshannon reluctantly.

Dayshannon took advantage of the fact that there was no one around and secretly kissed Joelson's cheek. Then, her face turned red shyly and she ran away.

They boarded the royal carriage and returned to the Tulip Magic Academy.

Joelson was in a happy mood. His sweet love was intoxicating no matter where he was.

Joelson considered his next plans.

His strength had reached a bottleneck.

Or rather, it was a bottleneck that he had set for himself.

With the existence of the Dragon God Ranch, it was enough to accumulate experience points and level up.

However, he did not wish that he could not perfectly control his own mana.

Therefore, Joelson planned to leave Tulip Academy after he had fully mastered the abilities of a tier-6 knight and a tier-6 mage.

He needed experience points to prepare for the trials of the four kingdoms next year.

Using a gold coin as a tip for the coachman, Joelson walked back to his residence.

To his surprise, he found Leas standing at the door as if waiting for him.

"Young Master!"

Leas saw him running over in a hurry.

"What's wrong?"

He was a little surprised.

Leas seemed to have something to say, but she only pointed inside and said, "You'd better go and take a look yourself."

Entering the door.

Two figures hurriedly got up and bowed to him.

"Young Master Joelson!"

Joelson was stunned for a moment.

A short treant skirt with creases and lace edges, fair thighs, and a faint white cleavage.

Her petite body had a fiery figure, and beneath her long brown wavy hair was a beautiful and tender face.

Maid?!

And there were two of them!

Identical twins!

Chapter 78: Antoine's Gift

"Who are you?!"

Joelson could not help but ask.

Without waiting for the two to answer, Leas answered first, "Prince Antoine sent them."

The two Loli maids replied, "We are Prince Antoine's gift to Young Master Joelson."

It was clearly two people answering, but it sounded like the same voice.

Antoine.

Antoine again?!

Joelson sneered, nodded and said, "Okay."

He flipped his hand and took out the bottle of spiritual potion that Antoine had given him last time. He said to the two people, "Take this back and tell Prince Antoine that Joelson thanks him for the gift."

The two beautiful Loli maidservants immediately panicked when they heard Joelson's words.

"Master Joelson!"

Without turning his head, Joelson walked towards the direction of the magic laboratory and said lightly, "Leas, help me call a carriage for them."

"Yes."

Leas' face was filled with excitement and pride.

She did not know why, but she hated these two maidservants from the bottom of her heart, especially when they were dressed like this.

Those maids who came over to please him had taught her a lot.

"Young Master Joelson!"

The two Loli maids hurriedly shouted. Seeing that Joelson did not intend to pay any attention to them, they directly knelt down.

"If we are rejected, Prince Antoine will definitely beat us to death!"

"A rejected gift will lose its original value and can only be thrown away like trash. Sob Sob Sob Sob..."

Joelson turned around and looked at the two of them.

The two Lolis looked at him pitifully with tears rolling down their eyes. They looked heartbroken and weak.

Joelson hesitated.

Many nobles would choose 11 or 12-year-old girls from the commoners and train them in the skills of pleasing their guests. When they were 16 years old, they would choose the outstanding ones to enjoy themselves or give them as gifts to their valuable guests.

The two girls in front of them had Loli faces, devil-like bodies, and rare twins. They were simply the best of the "Gifts".

It seemed that Antoine had really put in a lot of effort for him.

Once he rejected them, there was no guarantee that the furious Antoine would vent all his anger on the two of them.

On the surface, they looked very polite and gentle, but the evil hidden in their hearts was often even more shocking.

"Young Master."

Seeing the hesitation in Joelson's expression, Leas immediately became anxious.

The twin girls seemed to see hope, and said anxiously, "Even if Young Master Joelson hates us, please let us stay. We can do anything."

Joelson was silent for a moment, and then asked, "What are your names?"

The twin girls looked at each other with surprise in their eyes.

When Joelson asked their names, it meant that he was ready to accept them.

"Mavis."

"Jessalind."

Leas immediately became angry and looked at Joelson with resentment.

Joelson sighed helplessly.

As a transmigrator, even if he had lived in this world for more than ten years, he still could not buy and sell people as gifts and goods like the local nobles in this world.

If he refused, Mavis and Jessalind might be trampled to death tonight.

"Lias, ask someone to send this bottle of medicine and fifty thousand gold coins back to Prince Antoine's estate. Ask questions to thank him for his gift. Also, I don't want there to be a next time."

...

Prince Antoine's estate.

Antoine sat on a chair with a gloomy expression.

"Drag him down."

Two guards walked forward and dragged down a badly mutilated corpse on the ground.

Antoine, who had used a whip to kill three maids, finally felt a little better.

But his mood was still bad.

"Damned Joelson! How dare you reject me!"

A figure floated up like a ghost.

"Your Majesty, do you want to..."

This "Your Majesty" made Antoine unable to help but smile, as if his entire being was a little happier.

However, he still shook his head and said, "He has always lived in the Tulip Magic Academy, and Harriet Terrence is here. We can't do anything to him."

The ghost-like figure said faintly, "Perhaps, we can start with his family."

Antoine's interest was immediately piqued, and he frowned again.

"Sage-level powerhouses live for a very long time. They won't be bound by family ties."

"But he's not a sage-level yet."

Antoine was silent for a moment as if he was in a dilemma and hesitating.

Finally, a cold voice sounded in the room.

"Go and make the arrangements. Remember, don't let him find out that we did it for the time being."

...

Soon, three months had passed.

In the space of the Dragon God Ranch.

The giant dragon that was covered in red flames was roaring in the sky. Its golden-red eyes seemed to be burning with flames.

Its opponent was a strange giant dragon that was covered in countless rhombus-shaped crystals.

The cut surface was as exquisite and beautiful as a gemstone.

The crystal dragon could withstand more than 70% of magic damage, and there was a 30% chance of it being completely immune to damage.

It was a natural nemesis of mages.

It also had a certain amount of reduction on physical damage.

If the only drawback was that the crystal dragon's body was clumsy, and it was not nimble enough to fly.

Du Lu crazily bit at the crystal dragon.

The blazing flames sprayed onto the crystal dragon's body, leaving not a single trace. Only the dragon's teeth and claws could scratch some transparent fragments off the crystal dragon's body.

Every attack of the crystal dragon carried a strange power. Where it hit, Du Lu's scales appeared to have crystallized, and his defense was greatly reduced.

Dragon blood splattered.

Du Lu's body was already filled with wounds, but he still attacked fiercely.

"Yi Ni."

Yi Ni was anxiously circling at the edge of the Dragon God Arena. She let out a series of low roars, and her blue eyes were filled with deep worry.

Joelson frowned.

When Du Lu was sent flying by the crystal dragon for the fifth time and rushed up again, he said, "Admit defeat!"

The crystal dragon turned into a ray of golden light and returned to the dragon flag.

Du Lu lost his opponent in an instant. He roared angrily and kept spitting flames from his mouth as if he was venting his anger.

Du Lu could not help but growl, "Enough! Du Lu!"

Du Lu panted heavily. After a while, he finally landed in front of Joelson.

Like a wronged puppy, he lowered his head and ate the grass that Joelson fed him, which was emitting a weak light.

"Dragon's Fang Grass: Its Strange fragrance contains magic power that intoxicates dragons. Even the fiercest dragons can dance around it. It can help the dragon race level up faster, providing 200 growth points."

The growth value of each high-grade farm product was four times that of the longling flower. The growth cycle was nine days.

Chapter 79: Father's Letter from a Week Ago

Joelson gently caressed Du Lu's head, calming them down.

"Roar!" Enny let out a low dragon's roar, leaning against Du Lu's side, licking the wounds on its body.

In three months, thanks to the miraculous effects of the farm crops, Du Lu had risen to rank 8.

His current attributes were:

Fire Dragon

Name: Du Lu

Strength: Tier 8

Combat Power: 8,700

Skills: Level 1-8 Fire Magic Proficiency, Bite, Dragon Shield

Habitat: large-scale fire dragon nest

Output: 70 gold coins per minute

Growth Value: 345/20,000

...

Ancient Fire Dragon Bloodline: 30/100

Dragon Shield (LV5): physical damage reduced by 40%, magic damage reduced by 40%.

Du Lu's body had become many times larger. They were crouching on the ground, becoming the size of a small hill.

However, Joelson was a little worried.

During the battle just now, Du Lu had been acting very strange.

He was furious, tearing everything apart as if he could explode at any moment.

He could not delay any longer.

Joelson gave a soft, heartfelt sigh.

Opening the Dragon God Arena once every few days was no longer enough to satisfy Du Lu's desire to fight.

No dragon had ever grown up in a greenhouse, even with an ancient dragon soul as a training partner.

It would still require a real battle, as well as hot flesh and blood, to allow Du Lu to transition out of their current state.

Training needed to start as soon as possible.

In the past three months, Enny had advanced to rank 5.

If not for the fact that Du Lu had received most of the farm's output, Enny would have already reached rank 6 or even rank 7 by now.

She was just a little bit away from levelling up.

Meanwhile, Joelson was about to welcome his third dragon.

Joelson's magic power was still that of a tier 6 mage, but he had already mastered it perfectly.

The knight's level rose to another tier smoothly. It seemed that when Joelson was getting used to the knight's ability, he had not fully absorbed the power of the Earth Dragon's blood in his body.

With his current strength and the escort of a level eight dragon, he would be able to deal with any unexpected crisis during the training.

The thought of leaving the Tulip Magic Academy became more and more urgent in his mind.

After leaving the ranch, Joelson came to the living room.

"Master Joelson!"

Two delicate voices greeted him.

Joelson nodded slightly.

Mavis and Jessalind, who had changed into formal maid attire, had a different temperament.

They were very well-behaved and stayed at Joelson's place. They had contracted all of Leas' work, and they had done it in more detail.

Leas became Joelson's maid butler. Mavis and Jessalind both called her sister.

"Young Master!"

Leas walked up quickly, and Joelson sat down in his clothes. She poured him a cup of hot tea and massaged his shoulders skilfully.

He heard that Leas had secretly experimented on Mavis and Jessalind. Now that the massage technique had improved a lot, Joelson felt very comfortable.

Joelson closed his eyes slightly.

Leas lowered her body and whispered in his ear, "Young master, Morton is here."

He opened his eyes, and there was a hint of surprise in them.

Little Morton?!

He was the valet he had brought out from the Baron's tie.

After entering the Tulip Academy, he had been allowed to stay in a small hotel alone.

It had been a long time since he had seen him.

"Let him in."

"Okay."

Leas called little Morton in.

Joelson sized up little Morton.

He was wearing a good silk shirt with deerskin boots on his feet, and his hair had been carefully groomed.

Joelson almost didn't recognize him at first glance.

"It seems that you've been living quite well these days."

Little Morton smiled embarrassedly.

As the name of Joelson shook the capital, young Morton, who was Joelson's valet, also became famous.

Every day, people came to him to curry favor and send gifts.

Those nobles who used to be of high status now stood in front of him with their heads lowered.

In less than a week, young Morton had become very arrogant.

Little Morton was not stupid. From the looks and tone of the people who had come before, he could feel how powerful Joelson was now.

It was said that he could become a saint-level mage!

Well, little Morton did not know what a saint-level mage meant.

But he knew that his young master's status was very noble now, and many people wanted to please the young master.

As a result, his life was very comfortable. He thought to himself that being able to accompany his young master to school was the luckiest thing in his life.

"What's the matter?"

Joelson stopped breathing and took a sip of the Teacup slowly. He asked faintly.

Morton hurriedly took out a letter from his pocket and handed it to Joelson.

"Baron, a letter was sent some time ago."

Joelson gently waved his hand, and the letter flew into his hand automatically.

This caused Morton to admire him again.

Joelson read the letter, but there was no expression on his face.

"When was this letter sent?"

Morton was stunned. His eyes flickered, and he stuttered, "It was... it was a week ago."

PA!

Morton screamed and flew out.

He covered half of his red and swollen face in horror and quickly crawled under Joelson's feet. He said, "Young master, I was wrong!"

Joelson looked at him coldly. His face seemed to be frozen.

Although he did not say a word, endless fear rose in Morton's heart.

He lay at the feet of Joelson, his body trembling.

Leas and Mavis were also frightened.

Especially Leas, this was the first time she saw Joelson like this.

Joelson always gave people the impression that he was a gentle and elegant aristocrat. He also had the unique charm of a magician. He was wise and polite. Standing in front of him was like a spring breeze blowing on his body. It was very comfortable.

However, without a picture frame, he looked so terrible when he was angry.

It reminded people of the sudden change in the weather.

"Young Master."

Leas called out carefully.

Joelson seemed to have gradually regained his calm. He said faintly, "Let's go back to the Baron's territory."

Everyone was stunned for a moment and then nodded repeatedly in a hurry.

"I'll go prepare the car!"

Little Morton immediately said.

Joelson's eyes narrowed slightly, looking down at him. The coldness in his eyes almost froze all the blood in Little Morton's body.

"If I skin you..."

Little Morton knocked his head on the ground, making a "Dong Dong" sound, and his whole body was trembling.

Joelson glanced at him and said coldly, "Take off these clothes. You'll look the same when you came here, and you'll look the same when you go back now!"

"Understood! Understood!"

Then he turned and said to Leas, "You go back with me. Mavis and Jessalind will continue to stay in the academy."

Chapter 80: Bait in a Trap

For some unknown reason, Leas was very happy.

When Joelson returned home, he was only willing to bring her along. Did this mean that her position in Joelson's heart was more important than that of the twin sisters?

...

"Teacher."

Joelson explained the situation to Harriet Terrence. He hoped to return home and gain some experience for a period of time.

Harriet Terrence nodded slightly and reminded Joelson seriously again, "If you meet an opponent that you can't defeat, protecting your own life is the most important thing."

Joelson indicated that he would write it down.

Harriet Terrence thought for a moment then took out a yellow scroll from his interspatial ring and handed it to Joelson solemnly.

"This is a magic scroll that seals a level-9 spell. I obtained it from the ancient trial grounds when I was young, but I haven't used it. I hope it will be of help to you."

Joelson was stunned for a moment, and a trace of gratitude welled up in his heart.

Harriet Terrence really treated him very well.

Magic scrolls were the only magic tool that could allow ordinary people to use magic.

No matter what, a fifth-tier mage could only produce a third-tier magic scroll. Even if it was just a three-realm magic scroll, it would cost more than 800 gold coins in the outside world.

An ancient scroll that contained ninth-tier magic was even more precious than the interspatial ring that Harriet Terrence had given him.

"Thank you, teacher."

Joelson said goodbye to Harriet Terrence.

Then, he considered whether he should meet Dayshannon again before he left.

Ever since her identity was exposed by Don Quixote during the exchange match, Dayshannon had not continued to study at the Tulip Academy.

Because of this, Dayshannon had secretly complained to Joelson several times.

In the past three months, the two of them had seen each other often.

Sometimes, Dayshannon sneaked out of the palace, and sometimes, it was Joelson who found an excuse to enter the palace.

The two of them were like a couple in love.

"Forget it. The most important thing now is to return to the Baron's territory as soon as possible."

Joelson gave up the idea of meeting Dayshannon and left a letter for the two sisters.

If Dayshannon came to look for him, they would give the letter to her.

Recalling the letter his father Morgan sent back, Joelson could not help but frown.

In fact, the letter did not say anything.

Like all fathers, Old Morgan told Joelson in the letter that everything was fine at the Baron's house, and then asked about Joelson's situation at the Tulip Academy, mentioning that he hoped that he could come home when he had time.

It was a very normal letter.

But.

At the end of the letter, Old Morgan casually mentioned.

Recently, a group of bandits had been raiding near the Baron's territory, which gave him a great headache.

They had failed to engrave the mark of the Edwards family.

Moreover, Joelson could clearly smell a faint fishy smell from the mark.

It was the smell of blood, mixed with something unknown.

It was like poison!

A letter with the mark of the family was already very strange.

Who would write a letter to their son with a family seal?

The mud was mixed with blood, which made him wonder.

Was father Morgan sending him some kind of distress signal?

Thieves, blood, and poison.

He couldn't help but worry.

...

The baron's collar.

The Baron, Old Morgan, and an old man with gray hair and beard stood in front of a man, shrouded in a faint black mist.

Their faces were filled with panic and fear.

Compared to when Joelson left home, the poor old baron was obviously much more haggard.

His face was pale and his eyes were deeply sunken. Even his thick lion-like beard had become messy and very dim. It was obvious that he had not cleaned it for a while.

As for the old man beside Old Morgan, if Joelson was here, he would definitely recognize him.

It was the second-tier roaming mage, Beard, who had tested his magic talent back then.

The old man's condition was not too good either. Both of his eyes had lost their luster.

His entire body had shrunk as if he was sick.

The seat that belonged to the Baron was also occupied by the figure in the black fog.

He sat quietly on the chair, his right hand tapping rhythmically on the armrest.

"Still no news from Joelson?"

His deep and hoarse voice sounded like the crows in a desolate cemetery.

A knight in black armor walked forward and said respectfully, "We haven't found him yet."

Old Morgan seemed to be secretly relieved, his eyes were complicated.

There was some relief and some disappointment.

"Dear Baron."

A pair of sinister eyes in the black fog stared firmly at Old Morgan.

"It seems that your genius mage son doesn't really care about you."

Old Morgan was shocked and said reluctantly, "I've already said it before. Joelson has never been close to us since he was young. He has always followed his own ideas, and his feelings for each of us are very thin."

"Hmph!"

The figure in the black fog snorted heavily.

Old Morgan's expression instantly became even uglier. A painful expression appeared on his face.

His strong body bent down and curled up on the ground. Stinky gray foam kept coming out of his mouth.

"Write another letter and send it to the capital as soon as possible. Tell him to come back immediately!"

The figure in the black fog slowly stood up and said, "I'm waiting for a week. If he hasn't appeared, I'll let you know what real pain is!"

Beard, who was standing at the side, trembled. His eyes were filled with fear, and he did not dare to look up.

Beard helped Old Morgan slowly into the room.

Old Morgan bent his body. He was middle-aged, but now he was old and haggard, like an old man who was about to die at any moment.

Even Beard was in a much better condition than him.

"You should have listened to me earlier. You should have just called Joelson back, so you wouldn't have to suffer so much."

Beard couldn't help but complain.

"Shut up!"

Old Morgan suddenly straightened his back and coughed violently. He coughed out large mouthfuls of black blood, looking very horrifying.

"I'd rather..."

Old Morgan smiled bitterly and said, "Joelson should never find the problem in the letter, and never come back to the Baron. Oh, no."

A trace of spirit flashed across Old Morgan's pale face, and he said proudly, "I've been a viscount for a long time."

Four months ago, the royal messenger of the capital came to the Baron's territory and announced to them under the emblem of the Edward Family: Charles III had conferred the hereditary Viscount title to Morgan and Edward.

There was only one reason, and that was Joelson.

The Edward family was in a state of great surprise, and it was as if they had gone to heaven in an instant.

That was Edward's proudest moment. He had visited all of his old friends in one month's time.

Chapter 81: Return to the Baron's Territory

"In less than a year's time, the fourth-rank mage, the number one genius of the Tulip Academy, Sir Harrison."

At the last name, even Beard could not help but swallow his saliva.

"The personal disciple of Sir Harrison, it sounds like a dream no matter how I look at it!"

Beard could not help but ask old Morgan, "Do you also have a son named Joelson?"

Old Morgan snorted, waited for him and said, "I only have one son named Joelson."

Beard laughed embarrassedly, and then said to himself with a strange expression, "Could it be that I made a mistake during the talent test? That's impossible. The test crystal is obviously good!"

Beard regretted it very much when he mentioned it.

After leaving the Baron's territory, he quickly spent all five hundred gold coins on the taverns and prostitutes, so he thought of earning another sum from old Morgan.

Old Morgan was not a mage who graduated from a regular magic academy at all.

When he was young, he had followed a wandering mage and learned a few spells in a scattered way.

When the wandering mage died, Beard finally accepted his mantle.

Due to the lack of professional guidance and sufficient resources, he had to rely on his own exploration, causing his foundation to be unstable. It was not until he was seventy years old that Beard barely managed to become a rank 2 mage.

Beard had once been full of ambition to explore the capital, but when he reached the capital, he realized that the nobles did not even look at a mere rank 2 mage, moreover, it was a second-tier mage like him, who was very weak and had no fighting ability at all.

Thus, he had been wandering in remote places, relying on his crude fireball spell to coax ignorant country nobles to earn money for drinking and prostitution.

Old Morgan was the generous person that Beard had finally met. He had originally thought that he would run away with just a little more money, but Beard had returned.

He did not expect old Morgan, who was proud of his life, to receive him with a grand reception. Every day, he was treated with good food and good wine, and he was even willing to serve him with a maid who worshipped him as a mage.

Beard's life was very comfortable. He even had the idea of adopting another baron in his heart.

But the happy time was always short.

Just two months later, a group of ferocious bandits wearing black armor with terrifying strength rushed into old Morgan's mansion.

At first, Beard thought that it was time for him to show off and make a contribution.

If he could help old Morgan defeat these bandits, then he would not have to worry about the rest of his life.

However, when Beard summoned a fireball and it was destroyed by a small character among the bandits.

He was completely dumbfounded.

"Did Joelson offend some young master of a big noble family in the Magic Academy?"

Beard couldn't help but complain.

Young people were ambitious and had high self-esteem. It was common for them to argue over beautiful female classmates.

If Joelson was really as talented as old Morgan said, and the young master of the noble family who was "Bullied" by him held a grudge, it was very likely that he would vent his resentment on his family if he couldn't beat Joelson.

Beard fully exerted his imagination.

Then, he could not help but lament his bad luck. It was completely the innocent and pitiful old man who had been implicated.

"I don't know."

Old Morgan shook his head with a heavy expression and said, "The real target of this group of people is Joelson. I really hope that he won't come back. As long as the Edward family has him, they will never decline!"

At this moment, Beard could not help but admire old Morgan.

As an ordinary person, he was forced to drink a strange poison by those demons. He had suffered a lot, but he still had such willpower and thoughts. It was really worthy of admiration.

Beard said in a low voice, "I really want that kid to come back. It's best to invite Sir Harriet back as well. He was my idol when I was young."

"Bah! What are you talking about?!"

The two figures supported each other as they walked away...

A very luxurious carriage was moving quickly on the mountain road.

In stark contrast to the carriage, the coachman's clothes were tattered. There was deep fatigue on his face, but there was also a deeper fear that drove him to not stop for a moment.

"Young Master."

Leas looked out of the carriage worriedly and whispered, "Little Mortin has not rested for three days in a row. Should we..."

Joelson opened his eyes and said indifferently, "If he can arrive in five days, he will be able to survive."

Leas sighed softly and did not speak anymore. The elves were born with a kind and soft heart, so she could not bear to see little Mortin's pitiful appearance.

Little Mortin also heard Joelson's words, and his expression became even more anxious.

"Faster! Faster!"

He urged the two horses desperately.

But after running continuously throughout the night, the two horses were also very tired, and their legs went weak.

Boom!

The carriage that was galloping at high speed lost its balance, and it rolled over to the side of the road.

"Young master! Young Master!"

Mortin couldn't care less about the sharp pain coming from his body. It seemed that his bones were broken.

He struggled to get up and immediately crawled over to the overturned carriage.

Joelson took Leas' hand and walked out from the back of the carriage without any expression.

Mortin's face showed a hint of joy and relief. He immediately wanted to help the carriage up.

The two horses collapsed on the ground, and white foam kept coming out of their mouths. Their heaving chests also slowly stopped. Obviously, they had been exhausted to death.

Little Mortin's face suddenly stiffened, and he was stunned. Then, he broke down and burst into tears.

"Get Up! Get up for me!"

Little Mortin patted the horse's corpse on the ground as if he had gone crazy. His face was full of fear and despair.

Suddenly, a terrible roar came from behind him.

A hurricane rose and blew up the dust on the ground.

Little Mortin turned around and saw a very large and ferocious fire dragon spread its wings and fly away.

Standing on the back of the fire dragon, Joelson gave him a cold look and soon disappeared into the clouds.

Little Mortin stared blankly at the sky. After an unknown time, he collapsed on the ground as if he had lost all the strength in his body.

Leas hugged Joelson's waist tightly. The wind blew past her ears, and white clouds flew past her body and feet.

Leas' mind had not recovered yet.

A dragon?

Young Master Joelson actually had a dragon!

This was really too shocking.

There was no expression on Joelson's face. He had completely lost his patience.

He simply summoned Du Lu and flew up into the clouds. In less than half a day, he saw the familiar outline of the mountains in the Baron's collar.

Du Lu flapped his wings and slowly descended. The huge wind pressure blew the sand and stones on the ground.

Chapter 82: The Seed of Darkness

Joelson took Du Lu back into the space of the Dragon God's Ranch.

If it was just a group of ordinary bandits, then Du Lu wouldn't even need to appear.

"I'm afraid that...It's not as simple as I thought."

Joel slowly exhaled and calmed himself down. He quickly walked towards the direction of the Baron's house.

"Young Master!"

The old maid who opened the door saw Joelson for the first time. Her face was full of surprise, and then her expression became panicked and hesitant.

She leaned against the wall and did not welcome Joelson in.

Joelson frowned and could not help but ask, "Sarah?"

This was the name of the old maid. She had watched Joelson grow up.

Sarah slowly opened the door and stammered, "Young Master Joelson, the Viscount... The Viscount is not at home."

The doubts in Joelson's heart grew. He simply pushed the door open and strode inside.

Leas followed behind Joelson and looked around curiously.

This was the place where Master Joelson grew up. She had a strange feeling in her heart.

In the Elf clan, only people who loved each other would invite each other to their home as guests.

Leas' face was slightly red from embarrassment. She did not notice that Joelson's expression was getting gloomier and gloomier.

All the way to the living room, every servant greeted Joelson respectfully.

However, there was a faint estrangement in the deference, and their eyes avoided him.

There were a few servants that Joelson was familiar with. When they saw him, they seemed to want to say something, but in the end, they kept their mouths shut and walked away.

Old Morgan came up with a middle-aged woman and two children.

"Joelson."

Old Morgan smiled at Joelson.

But Joelson frowned even more.

He clearly saw a trace of heartfelt relief in old Morgan's smile.

And some sadness!

But the middle-aged woman walked up enthusiastically.

"Mrs Rossetti."

Joelson greeted the middle-aged woman indifferently.

This was the second wife of old Morgan. She gave birth to a son and a daughter for him and called Joelson their brother.

As for Joelson's mother, she had passed away long ago when he was seven years old.

A timid figure dashed out from behind.

"Beard?!"

Joelson was very surprised. Why was this guy here?

"Young Joelson."

Halfway through his words, Beard saw the six golden stripes on Joelson's left chest, and his eyes almost popped out.

"Sixth... Sixth-tier mage?!"

A great surprise and excitement appeared on Beard's face. He suddenly grabbed old Morgan's hand and stuttered, "We... We're saved!"

Mrs Rossetti turned around and glared at him. She smiled and said to Joelson, "Joelson, sit down and rest for a while. I made you your favorite, butter mushroom soup."

The two children stretched out their hands and called for their brother, Joelson. They wanted to come up and hug him, but Mrs Rossetti quietly pulled them away.

Joelson nodded slightly and sat down with old Morgan in the living room.

Everything was indescribably strange.

Joelson felt as if there was an invisible fog in front of him, and he had to push it away.

"Father, about the bandits."

Before Joelson could finish, old Morgan interrupted him and said, "Everything is fine. Joelson has nothing to worry about. You should go back quickly. The courses in the magic academy are very important, right?!"

Old Morgan was eager to chase him out, but he had just stepped into the house.

Beard tugged at old Morgan's sleeve, wanting to say something, but he was always glared back at by old Morgan.

"Try the fresh mushroom soup."

Mrs Rossetti personally served a bowl of fragrant soup.

"Thank you."

Joelson thanked her but rejected the soup.

"I'm not hungry yet."

Mrs Rossetti's smile froze on her face. She seemed to be flustered and did not know what to say.

Leas, who was obediently following beside Joelson, stared at the bowl of mushroom soup and frowned.

"Mother, can I have a sip?"

A timid voice sounded.

Joelson's seven-year-old brother, Vernal, stared at the soup tray with longing in his eyes.

"No, Vernal, this is prepared for your brother."

Mrs Rossetti forced a smile and comforted vernal in a low voice.

A thought appeared in Joelson's mind. He ended up with the soup tray and beckoned to Vernal and said gently, "It's okay, vernal. If you want to drink it, I'll give it to you first."

Vernal's face revealed a look of joy, and he wanted to trot over to Joelson.

However, Mrs Rossetti's expression became very ugly. She grabbed Vernal and slapped him hard on the face.

"I told you, this is prepared for my brother!"

Vernal's fair and tender cheeks instantly became red and swollen, and he cried out in grievance.

The scene instantly became very awkward and awkward.

Joelson smiled and looked coldly at Mrs Rossetti.

"Joelson, Vernal is still young and insensible. Quickly drink the soup."

Leas finally couldn't hold it in anymore. She grabbed Joelson's hand and said, "Young Master, there's something in here."

Clack!

Joelson casually knocked the soup tray onto the ground. The milky white mushroom soup emitted an alluring fragrance. An ugly bug quickly crawled out of the soup and then turned into a cloud of black fog and disappeared.

"The Seed of Darkness?!" Leas shouted in surprise

Suddenly, there was a violent gasping sound.

Old Morgan suddenly stood up, pulled out the long sword on his waist, and stabbed into Mrs Rossetti's chest.

The woman slowly fell to the ground with an expression of disbelief.

Old Morgan's eyes were scarlet, full of pain and struggle. Like an old lion who had come to the end, he shouted at Joelson, "Joelson! Run!"

In the next moment, Joelson's heart trembled violently.

More than ten black lights filled with murderous intent silently slid out of the shadows and stabbed at his vital parts.

Joelson snorted coldly, and a powerful magic pressure burst out, pushing Leas and the others away.

Then, seven or eight rings of fire and ice appeared on his body.

They burst out alternately.

A cold aura spread out. The sneak attacker's attack slowed down for a moment, and then the blazing rings of fire pushed them away.

A few muffled groans sounded in the darkness.

A tungsten wood magic staff appeared in Joelson's hand, and surging fire elements gathered toward him.

When he saw everything around him clearly, he found that more than a dozen strange men wearing black clothes and expressionless faces had already surrounded him.

Each of them was holding a sharp short knife in their hands.

Dull footsteps sounded.

The man, whose face could not be seen clearly, walked out from the back of the hall, surrounded by a thick black fog. His hoarse voice was so unpleasant that it sounded like rusted iron plates rubbing against each other.

Chapter 83: The Dark Church

"Amazing, truly amazing. As expected of the number one magic genius in the history of the Alcott Empire."

The figure sighed regretfully and said, "Unfortunately, the last seed of darkness was also wasted."

"It was you?"

Joelson narrowed his eyes slightly.

They were very strong. They did not look like bandits at all. Instead, they looked like a team of trained killers.

The figure in the black fog laughed weirdly.

Having received his signal, a group of men in black with short swords in their hands pounced on Joelson.

Each of their swords emitted a faint layer of black light.

They looked evil and strange.

Their strength was all above tier 6.

Joelson's expression was grave.

His first reaction was to retreat quickly!

It was as if eyes had grown out of Joelson's back. He retreated quickly along the entrance of the hall.

The men in black followed closely behind.

The frightened servants all hid.

Leas went forward and hugged the two children who were crying loudly in fear. She quickly chased them out of the door.

A look of fear flashed across Beard's face, but he still followed quietly.

He was really curious about the extent of Joelson's strength.

Old Morgan stared blankly at Mrs Rossetti, who he had killed with his own hands. His eyes lost their spirit, but he quickly became determined and stopped looking at her.

Compared to a vicious woman, it was clear that Joelson was much more important in his heart.

Just as the men in black rushed out of the gate of the Baron's residence, their footsteps suddenly became difficult.

It was a level-6 water spell, frost.

Before they could break free, an ocean of flames poured down like a tsunami.

The scorching flames were emitting high temperatures, and even their hair was emitting a burnt smell.

Finally, there were some fluctuations on their cold faces, which were filled with fear.

It was a very scary thing to be ambushed by a powerful spell prepared by a level-6 mage.

When a knight could not get close to a mage, he could only become a jumping flea or a lamb waiting to be slaughtered.

Even Don Quixote could only dodge Joelson's level 6 spell, let alone them.

How could he be so fast?!

Besides the speed of Joelson's retreat, he also had the speed of his casting!

"Oh! My God of Magic!"

Beard shouted as if he was in a dream, "Instant cast? Level-six magic? I must be dreaming, right?!"

Instant cast magic, instant cast high-level magic.

This was too terrifying.

Seeing that the group of people were about to be completely annihilated before they could even touch the corner of Joelson's clothes.

A cold snort came from the air.

A strange black fog spread out, enveloping most of the black-clothed people like a gauze net.

Flames poured down, and the black fog quickly melted.

However, the black fog seemed to have some strange properties, and the intense burning flames were also eroded and melted.

When the black fog was completely burned up by the flames.

The black-clothed people also barely broke free from the shackles under their feet, and quickly retreated.

Joelson's gaze was fixed on the figure in the black fog, and he slowly uttered a sentence.

"Tier 8 knight."

The figure in the black fog did not respond to his words and took the lead to charge at him.

The figures that appeared from time to time were like ghosts.

Tier 8 knight!

Joelson held his tungsten wood staff tightly. This was the strongest opponent he had ever met.

Moreover, it was not a competition.

This time, it was a battle of life and death.

The water and fire elements gathered towards him at the same time, condensing into strange red and blue ice blades in the void in front of Joelson.

The ice blades were still burning with flames.

Beard was so scared that he almost jumped up. He shouted, "Water... water and fire elements, dual-element magic?!"

The flaming ice blades shot out rapidly.

The figure in the black fog released rays of black light.

They collided with the ice blades.

A violent explosion.

Combat aura was released.

True combat aura was released, the symbol of a high-level grand knight.

"It's useless."

The figure sneered and said, "I know your methods very well. When your magic power is exhausted, I will personally bring you back and feed you the seed of darkness. Edward, the God of Darkness needs believers with excellent qualities like you."

With the protection of the high-ranked knights, the men in black finally approached Joelson.

Joelson used the ring of fire several times to force them to retreat.

However, among the dozen or so tier 6 knights, one or two of them could catch the gap between Joelson's magic and seize the opportunity to rush to his side.

The two men in black appeared behind Joelson almost at the same time. They raised their short knives that were emitting a cold light, and their eyes revealed a fierce look.

"Be careful!"

Leas could not help but cry out in worry.

Joelson's expression was calm, and his body suddenly retreated.

His shoulders happened to land on the chests of the two ambushers.

Crack!

The crisp sound of ribs breaking could be heard.

The two men's faces were filled with astonishment.

The next second.

A fierce expression appeared on Joelson's face. The sharp end of the tungsten wood magic staff stabbed into the chest of the men in black.

It pierced straight through!

He pulled it out, and the blood that spurted out drew a horrifying line on Joelson's face.

Then, he waved his hand.

Bang!

The power of a seventh-tier knight was completely unleashed.

With the blessing of the dragon blood, his pure strength even surpassed that of an eighth-tier knight.

The head of the man in black exploded like a watermelon.

Red blood mixed with white brain matter flew out.

Two broken corpses fell weakly to the ground.

Without any expression on his face, Joelson used his mage robe to gently wipe off the blood stains on his face.

Fortunately, Dean Harriet did not lie to him.

The tungsten wood magic staff was indeed very hard!

His cold gaze swept across the entire scene, and everyone felt a sense of horror as if they were being targeted by a terrifying magical beast.

Everyone was stunned.

What was this?!

A mage who had used his staff to blow up the head of a tier-6 knight?!

The people in Black were stunned. They could still see the shock and disbelief on the face of one of their dead companions.

The figure in the black fog also stopped attacking.

Beard's mouth was wide open. He blinked blankly and turned to old Morgan. "Are you sure that your son went to a mage academy and not a knight academy? !"

What a surprise!

There was a brief silence on the field.

Suddenly, a burst of ecstatic laughter burst out.

"Hahaha! The blessing of the Dark God! Joelson Edward, I swear that you will become one of the most promising children of darkness in the Dark Church. Follow me and join the arms of the Dark God!"

The Dark Church.

Joelson silently memorized the name, and his eyes became colder and colder.

This time, all the black-clothed men became a little fearful.

They did not dare to engage in close combat with a seventh-rank knight.

"Trash!"

The figure in the black fog cursed, and a strange voice came out of his roar, as if he was chanting an ancient incantation.

Chapter 84: Come Out, Du Lu

Immediately after, the eyes of every black-clothed person lost their luster, and their eyes became pitch black.

The black combat aura on their bodies also became stronger.

They threw themselves at him like they did not care about their lives.

In the distance, old Morgan let out a wail and knelt on the ground in pain.

"Give up resisting and follow me."

The figure in the black fog let out a bewitching voice.

"You will get everything you want."

Looking at the ferocious faces pouncing on him.

Joelson sighed softly and said in a low voice, "Come out, Du Lu."

The black-clothed men who rushed over were about to enter within three meters of Joelson.

Joelson looked as if he had given up resisting.

Leas covered her mouth in horror.

Beard sighed bitterly. "It's over. It's all over."

The man in the black fog looked down on his appearance, but he could imagine the smug look on his face.

Suddenly, the wind blew.

It was a hurricane.

The terrifying air pressure pressed down on the ground. A dozen men in black were blown back like scarecrows and fell heavily to the ground.

Everyone raised their heads with difficulty in the hurricane.

They only saw a fiery red shadow slowly rising from behind Joelson.

Its huge body was very ferocious and its power was terrifying.

When that pair of golden-red eyes that were like lava coldly stared at everyone, everyone's heart subconsciously trembled.

Beard fell to the ground and began to stutter.

"Dragon... fire dragon!"

Beard felt that what he had experienced in the past few days was enough for him to brag to others for the rest of his life.

Of course, the prerequisite was that he had to survive.

Leas' eyes were filled with admiration and hope.

That's right! She had almost forgotten.

Young Master Joelson.

But he raised a dragon!

Old Morgan lay on the ground and stared blankly at the terrifying creature in the sky.

He suddenly felt that the son he had watched grow up was a little strange.

The figure in the black fog stopped laughing the moment the dragon appeared.

It was like a duck being strangled, unable to make any sound.

At this time, the men in black who had controlled their hearts with the dark power rushed forward again.

Joelson did not even look at them.

Du Lu himself knew what to do.

The ferocious huge mouth spat out raging flames and circled around Joelson.

Soon, only a circle of charred black and smelly marks were left around Joelson.

Not even corpses and bones were left behind.

The figure in the black fog trembled violently.

Holding back his fear, he said forcefully, "Hehe, so it's only a level eight giant dragon. Joelson Edward, you're lucky this time. I'll still..."

Before the figure in the black fog could finish his words, Du Lu waved his huge dragon claw impatiently.

The terrifying power was wrapped in blazing flames. Although it seemed slow, it was actually very fast.

The figure had no time to dodge.

The black fog made the sound of wood being thrown into the firewood pile. Layers of black fog were peeled off, revealing a short and skinny figure hidden within.

There was also a pale and frightened face.

"How is this possible?! How can he be so strong?!"

That person screamed in disbelief.

The dragon's body had 30% ancient fire dragon bloodline, and Du Lu had won three matches in the Dragon God Arena. How could an ordinary fire dragon be compared to him?

The person exposed in the black fog could not even run away in front of Du Lu.

He was about to die under the dragon's sharp claws.

Suddenly, Joelson said, "Wait."

Du Lu stopped moving.

That person suddenly half-knelt on the ground. The cold sweat on his forehead fell like rain, and he panted heavily.

Facing the terrifying dragon's sharp claws, he could not resist the threat of death. His knight's heart was about to collapse.

"Undo the poison on my father's body," Joelson said faintly.

That person laughed strangely and said, "There's no way to undo the seed of darkness. Even if there is, I can't tell you unless you're willing to join me..."

"Forget it."

Joelson shook his head and interrupted that person's words. He said casually, "Du Lu, continue."

The moment he finished speaking.

Peng!

The entire ground seemed to tremble.

Everyone was stunned.

When Du Lu raised his claws.

There was only a disgusting pile of meat on the ground, bleeding profusely.

A level 8 knight, an expert of the dark church with a strange aura.

He died so easily?!

However, Joelson seemed to have done a very small thing.

He glanced at Du Lu and signaled for it to go back.

Du Lu did not seem to be enjoying himself. This opponent was a little too weak. It had not even aroused its desire to fight yet.

It let out a low roar.

The huge dragon's figure circled twice in the sky and slowly disappeared from sight.

To old Morgan and Beard, everything that had happened just now seemed like a dream.

Even the two children that Leas had been protecting were stunned.

"Brother, you summoned a dragon, right?"

The girl asked in a low voice.

The little boy, Vernal, shook his head in a daze.

Joelson walked towards old Morgan. His tightly furrowed brows had yet to completely relax.

Although the people from the dark church were dead, The trouble was still there and had not been resolved.

He had seen with his own eyes old Morgan wailing in pain when that person was controlling the Dark Warriors of Death.

If he had not guessed wrongly, there was a similar thing in his body.

Moreover, Joelson had never understood.

How did the Dark Church find him?

Why did they want to use his family to coerce him?

Did they simply want him to join them?

"Lord Joelson!"

Beard jumped up and greeted him excitedly. He greeted Joelson respectfully.

A few months ago, he had personally tested the boy's magic talent. A few months later, he had become a very powerful tier 6 mage and knight. He even had a giant dragon!

This was even more legendary than the story sung by Beard!

I've also seen a giant dragon and successfully survived!

Beard couldn't help but want to shout this out.

Joelson nodded slightly at him and walked forward to help old Morgan up.

"Father."

Joelson looked at old Morgan's pale face, his eyes filled with worry and guilt.

All of this happened because of him.

And for him, old Morgan had killed his current wife with his own hands.

Old Morgan forced a smile and comforted him, "Joelson, don't worry about me. I'm fine. I feel fine. As long as I rest well for a few days, your father will be as strong as a lion again."

Chapter 85: Spring of Life

Joelson did not say anything.

Leas could not help but say, "Young Master, The Dark Church has planted the seed of darkness in Old Master Morgan's body. The dark magic will completely corrode his body within seven days."

Joelson nodded silently.

He could see that the life force in old Morgan's body was almost exhausted.

"Leas, you know about this?!"

Joelson suddenly raised his head and stared into Leas's eyes.

Leas said hesitantly, "I once saw a person who was also tortured by the seed of darkness. He came to the Elven Forest to beg the moonlight priest for the spring of life, but was refused."

"In other words." Joelson said with a burning gaze, "The spring of life can expel the invasion of the seed of darkness?"

"Yes, that's right!"

"The water of the spring of life can banish all negative and evil forces in the world, bestow vitality, and gain eternal youth and life," Leas explained.

Joelson had once read the introduction of the water of the spring of life in the magic books at the Tulip Academy of Magic.

"The most magical spring of magic in the world."

"Spring of life, Elven Forest, seven days."

Joelson lowered his head in thought and softly recited these words.

If he wanted to save old Morgan's life, he had to get the spring of life.

Putting aside whether or not the elven moonlight priest would agree to Joelson giving up a portion of the spring of life to him.

With just a little bit.

From the Baron to the Elven Forest, which was located in the westernmost land, and then back to the Baron's territory.

Seven days was not enough.

Could they only watch old Morgan die in front of them?

"Leas, is there any other way?!"

Leas thought for a moment, she said, "I once heard from the moonlight priest that the spring water of life can dispel the power of evil and darkness because it is the purest and most vibrant power in the world. There is something similar to it."

"What is it?!"

Hope and surprise appeared in Joelson's eyes.

"The blood of a powerful magical beast with a pure heart!" Leas said solemnly.

"The Blood of a magical beast?!"

Joelson asked subconsciously, "Is dragon's blood okay?"

Leas hesitated for a moment and said, "Dragon's blood is the best substitute."

Before Joelson could show a happy expression, Leas continued, "However, it can only be the blood of a plant-type or water-type giant dragon. Among the giant dragons, only these two types of giant dragons have purer souls and are closer to nature. I'm sorry, Young Master. fire-type giant dragons have violent personalities and are fond of killing and fighting. They are the most unsuitable."

How could it be so easy to obtain the blood of a giant dragon.

It was already very rare for an ordinary person to be able to obtain the friendship of a giant dragon. How could they ask for a plant-type or water-type giant dragon?

Being close to nature also meant that they hated greedy and dirty humans.

Leas' face was full of guilt.

She did not want to do such a thing that gave people hope and broke it.

Old Morgan was unexpectedly calm.

He looked at Joelson with a rare kind gaze.

The old baron had been acting as a rough and strict father in front of Joelson all his life.

"Joelson, you are the greatest pride in my life. Seven days is enough."

Old Morgan sighed softly and said with some regret, "It's a pity that I won't be able to see the day when you lead the Edward family to glory."

The old Baron's almost decisive words touched beard so much that he was about to cry.

The two children were also crying.

Leas' eyes were red.

Joelson looked at old Morgan's eyes and said firmly, "No, you will see it."

Then, he turned around and walked into the Baron's mansion.

Everyone was stunned. They did not know what he meant? What did he want to do?

In the space of the Dragon God's Ranch.

Joelson waved to Enny and said, "Come here, Enny."

One minute later, Joelson came out with a cup of boiling red liquid.

"Drink it, father."

"This is?"

A few people blinked their eyes.

"The blood of a water-type giant dragon," Joelson said.

Everyone was dumbfounded.

Joelson went in for a walk and really held a cup of water-type giant dragon's blood?!

Really?!

It was simply unbelievable.

But old Morgan did not hesitate at all. He took the quilt from Joelson's hand and drank it in one gulp.

If he could not even trust his own son, then who else in this world could be trusted by him?

Old Morgan drank the entire cup of dragon blood like he was drinking wine.

"It's so hot," he said.

Leas and Beard both trembled.

Hot?

Was that fresh dragon's blood?!

God of Magic!! Could it be that apart from the terrifying fire dragon, there was another water dragon?!

This was too crazy!

After a while, something magical happened to old Morgan.

His face quickly became ruddy, no longer pale.

His eyes were full of energy, and he returned to his original lion-like posture.

"Ha!"

Old Morgan suddenly shouted in a low voice, thumped his chest, and a white light flashed in his hand.

Combat aura!

"God of Magic! You actually broke through?!"

Beard's eyeballs almost popped out.

Old Morgan was a relatively strong third-rank knight to begin with.

However, due to the limitations of his aptitude, he had never been able to break through to a tier 4 knight.

However, after drinking this cup of dragon blood, he had actually directly advanced.

"Hahaha!"

Old Morgan laughed heartily. He felt that his entire body was filled with strength. It was as if even the youth and energy that had passed with time had returned to his body.

"I feel that I can now tear apart a tier 3 magical beast with my bare hands!"

Just as Joelson heard old Morgan's words and a smile appeared on his face, old Morgan suddenly coughed violently.

His strong body bent down once again.

The grayish-white color climbed onto his face once again.

"What's going on?!"

Joelson frowned. Because he was anxious, he suddenly grabbed onto Leas' arm.

Leas felt a little pain from being grabbed, but she endured it, she said softly, "Because the dragon's blood is not the true way to expel the seed of darkness. It is only to replenish the life force that was consumed by the seed of darkness and extend Sir Morgan's life. Once the effect of the dragon's blood completely disappears, the seed of darkness will come back again, even more ferocious."

"So..."

Joelson let go of Leas, but his heart sank again. "The only way to save my father is still the spring of life?"

"Yes!"

"But it can buy us at least three months, and we have enough time to get to the Elf Forest. I will beg the moonlight priest to get the spring of life for you!"

Chapter 86: The Plant-Type Dragon Curtis

Joelson remained silent for a long time.

In the end, he nodded silently.

"Thank you, Leas."

Leas blushed shyly and shook her head slightly.

Joelson pulled himself together and regained his usual calmness and composure.

"Father, please wait for me to come back."

Old Morgan patted Joelson's shoulder and did not say anything.

Joelson had already made him proud enough. Even if he was going to die in the next moment, he did not have any regrets.

Old Morgan said something similar to what Harriet Terrence had said to Joelson.

"Don't put yourself in a dangerous situation. I'm already old, but you still have a long way to go."

Joelson nodded and then looked at Beard.

The clever old man quickly knelt down in front of old Morgan.

"I, second-tier mage, Beard, am willing to forever my loyalty to Viscount Morgan Edward."

There was a smile on Joelson's face as he added, "If... Then you will definitely follow him."

"Ah?!"

Beard's mouth was wide open.

He was almost about to cry.

It was not so easy to go to the Elf Forest to get the spring water of life. If there was an accident, he would fail.

Wasn't he going to be buried with old Morgan?!

I still have a glorious and wonderful life to enjoy in my old age!

Du Lu's figure appeared once again, deeply shocking everyone.

Joelson held Leas' hand and climbed up behind Du Lu. He looked back at the Baron's territory, and the earth beneath his feet was getting farther and farther away.

...

In the dense forest, a battle broke out about the Asian dragons who had no choice but to resist the giant dragons under the crisis of extinction.

Spinosaurus.

When they reached adulthood, their strength could reach level 7.

Among them, the outstanding ones could even smoothly advance to level 8.

They were used to living in groups and had always been the overlords of the elven forest.

But now, they were facing a disaster that was about to go extinct.

Every adult spinosaurus was more than 5 meters in size.

However, the ferocious monsters that were above their heads, constantly spewing hot flames, were 5 times their size.

Fire-type dragon!

A true fire-type giant dragon!

Du Lu kept growling, and most of the spiky dragons could only tremble under the terrifying dragon might that was emitted from its huge body.

The natural pride of the dragon race drove Du Lu to slaughter this group of lowly and inferior giant dragons crazily.

Du Lu flapped his wings, and with each dive, he could grab a spiky dragon and tear it into a bloody mist in the air.

The battle lasted for three hours, from the unyielding roar at the beginning to the occasional desperate cry, and finally to dead silence.

Dozens of thorned dragons were slaughtered by Du Lu.

Du Lu panted heavily, spitting out scattered flames from its mouth and nose.

It slowly descended from the sky, casually tearing the flesh of the thorned dragon and enjoying the fruits of its victory.

After Du Lu burped in satisfaction, it slowly walked to the lakeside not far away, dipped its head into the water, and washed up.

Joelson gently fell from a tree, and naturally swam quickly among the spiny dragon's corpse.

One by one, magical beast essence crystals were peeled out of the flesh and fell into his hands.

Leas followed behind Joelson.

Although it was not the first time she had seen such a scene, she still felt a sense of horror.

Du Lu was really too terrifying.

It was like a tyrant; its sharp claws and teeth could tear everything apart.

Du Lu washed the bloodstains off his face and mouth and even specially rinsed his mouth.

Enny did not like the smell of blood on his mouth, so he had been paying attention to this point.

He slowly walked to Joelson's side and lowered his head.

Joelson reached out his hand and gently placed it on Du Lu's forehead.

It was a caress and a compliment.

"Next time, I should find you an opponent who is more suitable for you."

Joelson said to Du Lu.

Du Lu's golden-red eyes were burning with the will to fight as if he was responding.

With Du Lu's speed, it only took Joelson and Leas ten days to get from the Baron to the Elf Forest.

They headed straight to the center of the elven forest.

Along the way, Joelson would often summon Du Lu, no longer suppressing its nature and wantonly fighting.

Fortunately, after swallowing the flesh of the Daemons, Du Lu's growth value slowly increased.

Joelson simply fed most of the farm crops to Enny.

Enny quickly advanced to tier 6.

Joelson also successfully obtained his third dragon, a plant-type dragon.

He named it Curtis.

Du Lu intimately rubbed his huge head against the corner of Joelson's clothes and then returned to the Dragon God Farm.

If he hadn't seen it with his own eyes, it was hard to imagine that such a terrifying fire-type dragon would be as docile as a big pet dog.

"Young Master, there are about seven days left before we arrive at the center of the Elf Forest, the Holy Land of the Elves."

Leas said to Joelson.

Joelson nodded slightly and said, "Leas, you don't have to call me Young Master anymore. Just call me by my name."

Leas was stunned and didn't say anything with a complicated look in her eyes.

She found that Joelson was staring at her.

Leas blushed slightly and hurriedly avoided Joelson's gaze. She looked very shy.

He stretched out his hand and gently pressed on Leas' ear.

It was sharp, slender, and soft.

"This is what you look like. Very beautiful."

He did not hide his praise.

Leas' face was already completely red.

He probably did not know that ears were the most sensitive and private part of elves.

Only lovers had the right to touch each other's ears.

Leas' ears suddenly moved slightly, and a hint of vigilance appeared on her face.

"Someone is coming, Young Master."

In the Elf Forest, where the atmosphere of nature was very dense, Leas was far more sensitive than Joelson.

Every blade of grass and every tree were her eyes and ears.

Joelson nodded lightly, still standing in the same place.

After a while, a group of fierce and vigilant people jumped out of the grass, both men and women.

The adventurers of the Elven forest.

The Magic Beast Essence Crystals that were very valuable, as well as countless precious magic herbs, had a huge attraction to them.

"Seventh, sixth, sixth, fifth."

In his heart, Joelson silently calculated the strength of these people.

The adventurers saw the figures of Joelson and Leas at a glance, and then the corpses of the thorned dragons all over the ground.

They were shocked.

Then, they were pleasantly surprised.

"Captain, we're rich!"

"Hahaha! I've said it before. When I heard the sounds of high-level magical beasts fighting here, I let you guys have a look. Each and every one of you is as timid as mice."

Someone slowly said, "However, I still want someone to arrive before us."

Among the adventurers, there seemed to be a leader. A tall, short-haired man waved his hand carelessly and said, "Leon, go up and chase them away."

Chapter 87: Exterminating the Adventurers

A handsome and cold young man walked out of the team and slowly pulled out the long sword from his waist.

Leas subconsciously took a few steps back.

"Captain!"

Someone shouted in surprise, "Look at her ears!"

In the next moment, seven or eight pairs of eyes instantly focused on Leas.

"Hahaha!"

The man who looked like the boss laughed in surprise and said, "Elf! I didn't expect to meet an elf at the periphery of the forest. Could it be that she ran away with this gigolo?!"

A scantily clad woman laughed. Her snake-like eyes stared at Leas and said, "Leon, you must hold back. A living elf girl is worth more than the smelly magical beast meat on the ground."

The members of the adventurer team were like a pack of wolves that had encountered a delicious lamb. They looked at Joelson and Leas with greedy eyes.

Two more people stood out from the team. One on the left and one on the right, following the handsome young man as they walked toward Joelson and Leas.

"The elf must be captured alive. As for the man."

The man who looked like the boss snorted and said, "Kill him."

In the Elf Forest, the greatest danger often did not come from the terrifying magical beasts, but from the plundering and killing between adventurers.

If killing a person could get several or even more magical beast essence crystals, then why would they risk their lives to fight against the magical beasts?

A few people walked towards Joelson with a sinister smile.

Joelson did not show any expression and raised his right hand towards them.

The few of them were obviously stunned.

"Has this kid gone mad?"

Before they could even curse out loud, over a dozen lava pillars shot up from the ground.

Two of the unlucky ones were directly swallowed and turned into a pile of charcoal.

The handsome youth, Leon, was not bad, at the 6th rank.

He still had time to dodge, but only half of his body was swallowed by the pillars of fire.

After losing an arm and a leg, he rolled on the ground and wailed in pain.

The field instantly became quiet.

"Tier 6... tier 6 mage!"

The leader of the adventurers broke out in cold sweat the size of soybeans on his forehead and cursed, "Damn it!"

Then he shouted, "Get ready for battle!"

The remaining adventurers immediately became alert and stood in their positions.

The relaxed and casual expression on their faces disappeared, replaced by vigilance and caution.

Facing a powerful tier 6 mage, escaping was the stupidest act.

They originally thought that they would encounter a lamb with precious treasures, but they did not expect it to be an even more ferocious wolf.

There were originally eight people in the adventurer team, but two of them were killed and one was maimed by Joelson. Now, there were only five people left who had the ability to fight.

Three men and two women.

Three knights, a mage, and an archer.

The leader of the adventurers emitted a white light, covering his entire body like a thin veil. The strength of a seventh-tier knight was revealed.

He and the other two knights were very well-coordinated. They formed a triangle and rushed toward Joelson.

With the protection of the mages and archers, as long as the three of them rushed within three meters of Joelson.

Then the kid in front of them was still a lamb to be slaughtered.

Joelson's expression was indifferent. He did not look nervous at all as he was besieged.

Shoo! Shoo! Shoo!

Three arrows shot towards Joelson like shooting stars.

The archers were the first to attack.

Joelson did not even look at them. He waved his hand casually.

The three arrows turned around in one direction. Instead, they shot back at an even faster speed towards the direction they came from.

The arrowheads were also covered in flames.

The female archer's throat was pierced by an arrow. She slowly fell to the ground with a dazed and incredulous expression.

"How can his spiritual energy be so terrifying?!"

The female mage could not help but shout.

To be able to control the arrow and force it to fly back was not something a tier 6 mage could do.

Not to mention the archer, even she was not able to react in time.

Thinking that if the target of that attack had been her, she would not have been able to react in time.

The female mage quickly turned her magic shield to the maximum and cast a few defensive spells on herself.

"Damn it!"

The leader of the adventurers cursed in a low voice.

Another companion had died.

At this time, he was less than ten meters away from Joelson.

"Jessa! What are you still looking at?! Where's your magic?!"

The leader of the adventurers could not help but shout.

The female mage cursed in her heart, "Idiot, do you really think that all mages are like this monster? Can they cast magic instantaneously? I still have to chant."

Eight meters, seven meters, six meters...

The leader of the adventurers had a fierce look in his eyes.

If he got closer, he would be able to tear Joelson apart with the strength of a tier 7 knight.

The distance was too far, and the combat aura left his body could not break through the magic shield of a tier 6 mage.

At this time, the ground froze.

The three figures that were rushing over instantly became blocked.

White light flashed, and the leader of the adventurers quickly broke free from the restraint.

Even he could not help but want to curse.

Damn it, how could it be so fast?!

There was almost no gap between the two spells. Was this kid a monster?!

If he took another step forward, the leader of the adventurers would be able to step within five meters of Joelson.

At this moment, he saw Joelson's cold gaze and slowly raised his hand.

It was a similar scene.

The leader of the adventurers instantly widened his eyes.

Fire pillars!

More than ten fire pillars!

They completely engulfed this small area, like a piece of purgatory lava.

The female mage who was about to complete her spell suddenly stopped, and she was completely stunned.

The magic elements were in disorder, and the release of this spell failed.

The surging flames gradually weakened and extinguished.

Two charred bodies fell to the ground.

There was a muffled "bang" sound.

They were all burnt to a crisp.

The leader of the adventurers was half-kneeling on the ground. The sound of his breathing indicated that he was still alive.

However, he was even more miserable than dead.

His whole body was emitting a charred smell and a faint smell of meat. He looked like the ugliest monster.

Joelson walked to his side step by step.

Light gathered on his right hand, and an ice blade that was flowing with light appeared in his hand.

He raised his hand.

A human head rolled down.

The headless body of the adventurer boss collapsed weakly on the ground.

After doing all this, Joelson turned his gaze to the only female mage left.

The female mage could not help but tremble.

It was as if she had cast a spell to protect herself, but her teeth were trembling so much that it was impossible for her to complete a complete incantation.

She only understood now.

This was not a wolf; it was clearly a crouching dragon!

"Don't kill me! Don't kill me! I can do anything for you!"

The female mage frantically pounced at Joelson's feet and began to tear off her clothes.

Years of adventuring in the Elf Forest had made her figure very hot and full of temptation.

A trace of disdain flashed across Leas' face. She gently spat at her and turned her face away.

Joelson looked down at her coldly.

The female mage thought that Joelson was moved, and her actions became bolder.

She even felt a hint of joy in her heart.

Young, handsome, and powerful. If she could hook up with such a man, she would have a better future than being in an adventuring team.

Suddenly, A faint red line appeared on her snow-white neck.

The next moment, blood spurted out.

Chapter 88: The Impenetrable Knight

The female mage's face was filled with unwillingness and disbelief. She slowly fell to the ground, and her body gradually turned cold.

Leas seemed to secretly let out a sigh of relief.

Joelson dispersed the ice blade and took out a clean white handkerchief to slowly wipe the bloodstains on his hands.

Elegant, calm, and noble, as if he had accomplished a trivial matter that was not worth mentioning.

"Leas, which batch is this?"

Leas frowned and thought for a while before saying, "It's the third batch. Young master, I'd better put on my scarf."

Joelson shook his head and said indifferently, "It's not because of you. They died because they deserved to die. Since they are greedy, then they should be prepared to pay the price for their greed at any time."

"Let's go."

After saying this to Leas, Joelson walked into the depths of the forest.

There was no need to deal with the scene or the bloodstains. In less than a day, the corpses behind him would be licked clean by the magical beasts that came smelling the blood.

At night, a small bonfire.

The young adventurers sat around the bonfire, relaxing their fatigue during the day.

The flickering flames protected the girl's beautiful face.

This face that seemed to make the moonlight lose its color was now shrouded in a faint worry and melancholy.

"Rosalind, eat something first."

A roasted deer leg was handed over from the side.

The girl shook her head slightly and said softly, "Brother, I'm not hungry yet."

The handsome young man who looked somewhat similar to the girl could not help but frown.

"Rosalind."

The handsome young man said rudely, "If you continue like this, then I can only ask Herman to send you back immediately."

A middle-aged man next to him opened his eyes.

His bright eyes were like a bolt of lightning that lit up in the darkness.

The girl named Rosalind was silent for a while before she took the deer leg obediently.

Only then did the handsome young man's eyes become gentle.

At this moment, someone walked up quickly.

"Young Master, if we keep lighting the bonfire at night, we might attract magical beasts. Should we..."

The handsome young man glanced at Herman who was beside him. Herman said indifferently, "The magical beast territory of the Elf Forest is strictly divided. We can only encounter tier 8 magical beasts in the middle and outer areas. It doesn't matter."

"Then there's no need to extinguish it."

The handsome young man waved his hand, indicating for that person to leave.

At this time, a figure silently floated out from another patch of grass. He said in a low voice, "Young Master Bradley, someone is approaching us."

Everyone who was resting instantly picked up their weapons. Each of them exuded a strong aura.

There were mages and knights.

Only Herman did not seem to care. It was as if everything around him did not interest him at all.

"How many people?" Bradley asked in a low voice.

"Two. It seems to be a man and a woman."

"Tell them to come over. Everyone else, be on guard."

"Yes."

Soon, two figures appeared in front of everyone.

A handsome young man and a delicate and slender young girl.

The two of them seemed to be covered in starlight as they slowly walked out of the night, causing everyone to be in a daze.

"Elves."

Herman narrowed his eyes and said in a low voice.

Everyone subconsciously looked at Leas, and naturally noticed her slightly pointed ears.

Joelson looked at this group of people coldly, and the tungsten wood staff appeared in his hand.

The atmosphere on the field suddenly became tense, as if the battle would happen in the next second.

"Stop!" Bradley shouted.

This group of strange adventurers could only slowly put down the weapons in their hands.

"We have no ill intentions. We don't want to be enemies with you."

Bradley stood up and walked in front of Joelson, but he was facing the direction of Leas.

"We are friends of the elven race. We are here to visit the elven race."

As he spoke, Bradley made a strange and solemn gesture.

Joelson saw Leas' eyes light up, and he returned the gesture in the same way.

Bradley invited the two of them to sit down by the bonfire.

But Joelson didn't relax at all.

This was the only shortcut to the Elven Holy Land.

He did not expect to meet other adventurers.

This group of people gave Joelson a very different feeling from ordinary adventurers.

They seemed to have trained very well, and their strength was all above level 7. They vaguely formed a formation to protect the young man and woman in the middle.

They were more like guards than adventurers.

Moreover, if he was not mistaken, this young man, Bradley, who was no more than 20 years old, had clearly reached the level of a level 7 knight.

A genius who was not inferior to Don Quixote at all?!

What he could not see through the most was the middle-aged man standing silently behind Bradley.

His strength was completely undetectable by Joelson.

There seemed to be an invisible energy field around the middle-aged man's body. Whenever Joelson's spiritual power tried to approach him, the other party would glance at him.

This made him feel as if he was being targeted by Du Lu.

At least level eight!

And it was very likely that he was a level nine knight!

Why would such a powerful group of people come to the Elf Forest?

There was no way for Joelson to know, so he could only stay by their side for the time being.

Even if the other party really had some bad thoughts, he was absolutely confident that he could summon Du Lu and escape safely in the shortest time possible.

Bradley and Joelson casually exchanged a few words.

It showed that they were well-mannered and had a prominent family background. They looked more like a noble than a new noble Marquis who graduated from Tulip Magic Academy like Joelson.

But they didn't look like people from Alcott or the surrounding kingdoms.

The other girl who was silently eating the roasted deer leg didn't say a word from the beginning, as if she had a heavy heart.

After that, Bradley was very friendly and gave a brand-new tent to Joelson and Leas.

Joelson felt that the other party was doing this because of Leas' identity.

At night.

Herman silently walked to the side of Bradley, who was facing the bonfire and silently wiping his sword.

"Are there any problems with these two?" Bradley asked.

Herman shook his head slightly and said, "This young man is quite talented. He is a sixth-rank mage. At the same time, he also cultivates the way of knights. He has also reached the seventh-rank knight."

The corner of Bradley's mouth twitched slightly as if he found it funny.

"He seems to be a student who came out from some academy to train. There is nothing to pay attention to. On the contrary, it is the elf."

"What's wrong with the Elf?"

Herman revealed a rare serious expression and said, "I feel a natural aura from her body, second only to the moonlight priest of the Elf race."

"Really?!"

Bradley immediately stopped wiping his sword, his eyes bursting with surprise.

Chapter 89: Level 9 Knight

"It seems that she has a high status in the Elf clan. If we can build a good relationship with her, our purpose of going to the Elf clan this time should be smoother."

Herman nodded and said, "It's just that I don't know how she got together with humans. Such elves are almost nurtured as the next moonlight priest. The Elf clan will never let her go out alone and contact humans."

Bradley thought for a while and said, "Don't do anything for the time being. Follow them to the Holy Land of the Elves. Hopefully, it will be of some help to us."

"Yes."

After Herman said that, he slowly blended into the darkness behind him.

Bradley turned around and glanced at a tent. With a faint gentleness and worry, he continued to wipe the longsword in his hand.

The next day, Bradley warmly invited both Joelson and Leas to join their team.

Their ultimate goal was the same. They were both going to the Holy Land of the Elf clan.

If they traveled together, they could save a lot of trouble.

Joelson thought for a while and agreed.

Because Leas had once told him that if he was unlucky, he might encounter a ninth-tier magic beast or even a saint-tier magic beast.

With the powerful Bradley and his team, the journey would be smoother.

At this time, it was the most comfortable and reassuring day in the Elf Forest.

Bradley's guards had a clear division of labor, and they cooperated well with each other. In addition, every one of them was not weak. Even if there were foolish magical beasts, they would be wiped out before it was Joelson's turn.

Joelson also saw Herman make a move.

He had only made a move once, and a brilliant aura flashed across the sky. An eighth-tier amethyst rhinoceros was dissected in half.

Ninth-tier Knight!

It was indeed the strength of a ninth-tier knight.

The Aura was almost condensed into a substance, and it was very terrifying.

As for the other girl in the team, Joelson only knew her name.

Rosalind was Bradley's sister.

In the dense forest, a black shadow leopard silently approached the two tier 7 knights. Its target was Rosalind, who was at the center of the team.

At this time, Herman was dealing with a frenzied tier 8 magic beast. It was too late to turn back and save her.

Joelson shielded Rosalind behind him, and fire elements crazily gathered toward him.

The magic elements in the elf forest were very abundant. No matter what kind of magic was released, the power would be stronger than before.

At this moment, a golden battle aura light came from the side.

The Black Shadow Panther did not even let out a scream. It was cut in half from the middle. It fell to the ground and kept twitching. The breath of life had already disappeared.

Bradley walked up with his long sword and quietly pulled Rosalind back to his side. He said politely to Joelson, "Thank you."

Joelson slightly narrowed his eyes and nodded silently.

He didn't want to look so calm in his heart.

Golden Cross Battle Spirit?!

The same light attribute battle spirit as Don Quixote.

No, Bradley's battle spirit was purer, and it faintly exuded a holy aura.

Bradley didn't seem to like being too close to his sister.

Although he was polite to himself in words and behavior, the noble attitude in his eyes couldn't be hidden.

Joelson smiled. This had nothing to do with him.

He just wanted to enter the Holy Land of the Elves as soon as possible and retrieve the Spring of Life water.

As for Bradley and the others, they would naturally separate when they reached their destination. It was unknown if they would be able to see each other for the rest of their lives.

After walking for five consecutive days, the deeper they went into the elf forest, the rarer the magic beasts became. However, the number of times they were attacked by magic beasts had increased instead.

This was because high-level magic beasts were very territorial. Once they discovered intruders in their territory, they would immediately chase them away or kill them.

"After passing through this last patch of forest, we will arrive at the Holy Land of the Elf clan."

Joelson glanced at Leas, who nodded slightly.

This group of people were actually more familiar with the path to the elven Holy Land than Leas.

Herman's expression became serious as he said seriously, "However, there is a hurricane python that has just entered level 9 ahead. I will hold it back later. You guys escort the young master and young lady through quickly."

The guards replied.

Bradley frowned slightly and said, "Herman, can we go around it?"

As he said that, he looked at Rosalind behind him worriedly.

Herman shook his head and said, "This is already the easiest part of the road. The left and right sides are the territories of saint-level magic beasts. There is no way to go around it."

"Alright."

Bradley solemnly instructed Rosalind, "You must follow closely by my side, understand?"

"Yes!"

Rosalind nodded to show that she understood.

She was the only one in the team who did not have much strength. She seemed to be an ordinary tier 4 mage.

"The same goes for all of you."

Bradley looked at Joelson and Leas.

Then, Herman walked at the front and flew forward quickly.

A tier 9 mage could already fly a little above the ground, but they could not fly into the air. They could only fly about a foot above the ground.

Everyone was left far behind Herman, keeping a proper distance from him.

When Herman's figure disappeared into the forest, a loud noise and angry roars could be heard.

The hissing of snakes.

"Hahaha! Last time you ran fast, but this time, I'm going to skin you alive!"

It was Herman's laughter.

Joelson stared in the direction where the battle had broken out, only to see the trees falling down like wheat.

There were huge wind blades that looked like wheels flying into the sky, and there were flashes of dazzling white combat aura from time to time.

"Now! Let's go!"

Bradley shouted in a low voice, pulled Rosalind and rushed forward quickly.

The guards followed closely behind, maintaining a stable formation and protecting the two in the middle.

The water and fire elements collided at the feet of Joelson. A powerful force erupted and pushed him forward.

He hugged Leas tightly in his arms. Although he had one person with him, he was still the easiest one in the team.

The advantage of a dual-element mage was revealed.

Just as they were less than half a way through the final checkpoint, a terrifying roar sounded.

An even more terrible roar shook the forest.

Large blue thunderbolts fell like rain, and trees fell with blazing flames. It was a terrible scene as if it were a natural disaster.

The crowd stopped at once.

The next, their eyes were wide open.

Only to see the dense forest in front of a very thick python, lavender body, wrapped around the fine lightning.

Chapter 90: The Appearance of Danger-the Giant Electric Python

Wherever the giant python passed, it left a terrifying scorched mark.

A giant Python's head poked out from the crown of the tree, its vertical snake eyes looking at everyone.

Its pale blue eyes were filled with endless cruelty and coldness.

A gust of strong wind with the smell of blood blew.

Even Joelson's face was slightly pale, and he subconsciously took two steps back.

The others all held their breaths, and their bodies froze on the spot, large drops of sweat dripping down their foreheads.

Fortunately.

This terrifying python seemed to have no interest in the few of them, and with a roar, it quickly swam in Herman's direction.

"Phew!"

Everyone heaved a sigh of relief.

Bradley's brows furrowed, and he said with an ugly expression, "Oh no, it's another tier 9 magic beast, and it's an even stronger electric magic beast. Herman is in danger!"

What should they do?!

Everyone subconsciously looked at Bradley. He was the leader of the team now.

A hint of hesitation flashed across Bradley's face. Then, his eyes became firm as he said, "Let's go!"

The team moved forward again.

But this time, they didn't go far.

A figure crashed into a few trees and fell in front of everyone.

"Damn it, this hurricane python actually found a helper. Looks like it's a lover. How shameless!"

The scene of the usually arrogant thunder moor's tier 9 knight cursing in anger made Joelson feel a little funny, but it quickly became heavy again.

He and Bradley faced the same predicament.

If Bradley could not hold on, he would also suffer.

Two tier 9 magical beasts. Would Du Lu be able to defeat them?

"Young Master, I'll try my best to distract that electric-type tier 9 magical beast. You and miss, leave quickly!"

Herman recovered from his injuries and hurriedly said.

Then, he resolutely said to the guards, "Glory be with me!"

The guards' bodies shook violently, and their eyes burst out with great fanaticism.

"Glory be with me!"

"Alright!"

Herman's slightly determined gaze swept across every guard's face.

"It's time to pledge loyalty to the Bryant family. I don't care what you do or how you do it, you must stall that Hurricane Python for me!"

"Yes!"

From the beginning, Herman didn't even glance at Joelson's side, as if he had completely forgotten about the two of them.

After Herman hurriedly explained everything, he immediately flew up close to the ground.

Two hissing sounds were heard one after another.

The continuous loud noise was the sound of a tier 9 python moving rapidly in the forest, knocking down pieces of trees.

Herman had already tried to attract the attention of the python for the second time.

However, he could not hold on to the two tier 9 magical beasts. Once he could not hold on any longer and could only run away, then one of them would very likely come back to find trouble with Bradley and the others.

The group of people made good use of the time and rushed forward.

Everyone was silent. Joelson also hugged Leas tightly and followed quietly.

Suddenly, his eyes moved and he shouted in a low voice, "Be careful!"

Unfortunately, it was already too late.

A slender green wind blade that was like a sickle was mixed in the grass and pushed over without making a sound.

The three tier 7 guards on the right side of the group did not even let out a scream. Their entire bodies were split in half from the middle. Fresh blood and internal organs splattered out.

"Hiss! Hiss! Hiss!"

The green python leapt out and stood in front of everyone, its vertical pupils filled with cruelty, excitement, and pride.

Having been bullied by Herman before, it had called for help but could not catch up to Herman. As expected, it had chosen to turn back and vent its anger on Bradley and the rest.

Bradley glanced at the guards who had fallen to the ground, wailing in pain. His expression was extremely ugly.

"Young Master, Let's Go!"

The remaining guards shouted at Bradley. They gathered together and charged towards the giant Hurricane Python.

Bradley took a deep breath and regained his composure.

After hesitating for a moment, he said to the two of them, "Follow us!"

The four of them slowly moved to the side and tried to pass through the side of the giant Hurricane Python.

The giant Hurricane Python could clearly see their intentions, but it did not stop them immediately. Instead, a teasing look appeared in its eyes.

One by one, the guards boosted their battle spirit and charged at the giant Hurricane Python without any regard for their lives.

The giant Hurricane Python opened its terrifying mouth, and countless tiny green wind blades poured down like a waterfall.

To it, they were tiny wind blades, but they were as long as a person's arm.

The two guards at the front were cut into countless pieces in an instant, and there was a bloody mist in the air. It was a terrible sight.

The others immediately dodged to the sides.

Next, Joelson watched as the guards died one by one under the almost playful attacks of the hurricane python.

They were beheaded, dismembered, or cut into pieces.

But no one chose to retreat or escape.

Bradley's eyes were red, and he was breathing heavily. Rosalind was already in tears.

It was hard for him to imagine what kind of loyalty would allow them to die so unhesitatingly.

But that didn't seem to be the most important question.

Instead, it was how to survive.

The difference in strength between the guards and the Hurricane Python was too great, and it did not buy much time.

After the Hurricane Python killed all the guards, it naturally shifted its gaze in the direction of the four people.

Its cruel vertical pupils revealed an excited gaze.

It was very smart, and it had long seen that Bradley's group of four was very important to Herman.

Destroying something that was very precious to the enemy was obviously more pleasurable than direct revenge.

The huge body slowly swam over and completely blocked the path in front of Bradley.

"Damn it!"

Bradley stared at the Hurricane Python. His eyes were filled with hatred and anger, as well as a trace of powerlessness and fear.

There was a huge sound of fighting in the distance. Herman's Angry Roar could be heard.

Bradley's eyes lit up with hope, but it was quickly extinguished.

Herman was indeed heading in this direction, but he was obviously entangled again.

The hurricane python let out an excited hiss as it sized up the four people one by one as if it was considering what method to use to kill them.

"Hmph!"

Bradley grunted in a low voice, and the Knight's Longsword in his hand burst out with a brilliant golden light. An extremely powerful aura shot out towards the hurricane python.

This kind of power had completely surpassed the strength of a level 8 knight. Don Quixote could not compare to him at all.

However.

The hurricane python only raised its tail slightly and easily dispersed Bradley's full-strength attack.

"My Fault... It's my fault."

Seeing this scene, Bradley finally broke down.

He turned around and grabbed Rosalind's shoulder tightly, saying in pain, "Rosalind, I shouldn't have brought you here. I shouldn't have brought you here!"