

Breeding Dragons From Today

Chapter 91: The Mage Who Controlled the Dragon

At this moment, Rosalind displayed a strength that was completely opposite to her weak appearance.

"Brother."

Rosalind was calm. She gently wiped away the tears of guilt on Bradley's face and said softly, "No one will blame you. You have done well."

Bradley gradually calmed down, and a determined look appeared in his eyes.

He turned to face Joelson and whispered, "Joelson Edward."

He called him by his full name.

Bradley glanced at the Hurricane Python and said, "I have a secret technique that can temporarily unleash the strength of a 9th rank knight. I can delay it for about 5 minutes. I want you to bring Rosalind safely into the Holy Land of the Elves."

Bradley bowed in an ancient manner and said solemnly, "I, Bradley, swear on the honor of the Bryant family."

Joelson remained silent. Bradley thought that he was afraid.

He walked forward and grabbed Joelson's collar. He said excitedly, "What are you afraid of?! I know that you still have the power of a tier 7 knight. Five minutes is enough for you to get two girls out of here!"

Joelson slowly pulled Bradley's hand away and looked directly into his eyes. He said indifferently, "Hold back a tier 9 monster? What do you plan to do?"

Bradley revealed a miserable smile and said, "I will burn my combat aura source and burst out the strength of a tier 9 knight in a short time."

"Brother!"

Rosalind shouted in horror.

Joelson did not know what the consequences of burning his combat aura would be. However, even if Bradley did not die under his own secret technique, after exhausting all his strength, facing the Hurricane Python would only result in death.

He was interrupting Rosalind from using his own life to pave the way to the Holy Land of the elves.

"I'm sorry."

Joelson shook his head and said seriously, "I refuse."

"You!"

Bradley clenched his teeth in anger, wanting to give the coward, Joelson, a few punches.

Joelson ignored him and turned to face the Hurricane Python. Without turning his head, he said faintly, "If you're so reluctant, then hide behind me."

For a moment, Bradley and Rosalind were stunned. They did not understand what Joelson was saying.

A sixth-tier mage and a seventh-tier knight seemed to be a great talent, but would the Hurricane Python compare talent with yours?

Was this kid crazy?!

Joelson did not say anything. He looked at the Hurricane Python indifferently.

The Hurricane Python had obviously lost its patience and was thinking of how to kill them.

The stinky mouth opened, and wind blades that were many times more violent than before poured down. They were about to drown them.

Joelson slowly raised his hand and said in a low voice, "Come out."

The green wind blades poured down like a waterfall. One could imagine if they were hit head-on.

A person would probably be cut into tens of thousands of pieces of minced meat.

However, it was as if Joelson did not see it.

His fair and slender fingers aimed at the direction where the wind blades were pouring down.

Rosalind hurriedly covered her eyes.

"Idiot! Lunatic!"

Bradley cursed in a low voice, pulled Rosalind up and dodged to the side.

He subconsciously turned his head to look in the direction of Joelson.

What he thought was a very tragic scene, however, his eyes suddenly became dull.

The void in front of Joelson was like a zipper opening a pocket. Countless wind blades were swallowed into it, completely unable to cause any harm to Joelson.

Spatial magic?!

No!

Bradley widened his eyes.

There was still something coming out of the "Pocket".

A large patch of red like flames, a ferocious outline, and a scorching and violent panting sound.

A huge figure emerged from the space.

The green wind blades hit its body, making a crisp sound, as if they hit steel, not leaving a single trace.

The light flickered; it was the protective dragon shield.

With 40% magic damage reduction, the Hurricane Python's normal magic attacks were unable to break Du Lu's defense.

"Roar!"

A terrifying roar sounded.

The Hurricane Python trembled, and a trace of fear subconsciously appeared in its eyes.

Bradley was completely stunned, and he said in a low voice, "Dragon, it's actually a giant dragon."

Rosalind also covered her mouth in surprise, unable to speak.

Du Lu was completely in the sky above the Elf Forest, looking down at the Hurricane Python from above.

Although it was only a level 8 dragon, it was much larger than the Hurricane Python.

Under the terrifying draconic might, the level 9 Hurricane Python retreated in fear.

Du Lu spat out a few flames, his golden-red dragon eyes filled with brutal battle intent. He stared at the Hurricane Python and charged forward.

One was red, the other was green, and the two figures were entangled.

Joelson turned around and said to Bradley and Rosalind, "You two go first."

Bradley was stunned. He kept nodding his head and pulled Rosalind and ran forward quickly.

The Hurricane Python could not even take care of itself. Naturally, it could not stop them.

Leas did not leave. She stood beside Joelson.

Joelson watched the battle between Du Lu and the Hurricane Python.

The giant dragon itself was much stronger than the average magic beast, not to mention that it had the bloodline of the ancient fire dragon race. After going through the training in the Dragon God's Arena, Du Lu was extremely strong.

His combat power was extremely strong.

The powerful Dragon Shield greatly reduced the power of the Hurricane Python's proudest wind magic.

Du Lu was simply suppressing the Hurricane Python and attacking it.

The sharp dragon claws contained terrifying power and blazing flames, leaving scorched marks on the Hurricane Python's body.

Green snake scales danced in the air, and there was also a fishy smell of blood.

Du Lu stared at the Hurricane Python's violent attack, biting its slender neck tightly and tearing it crazily.

The Hurricane Python let out a series of whining sounds.

A green light burst out from its body and shook Du Lu away. It turned around and was about to leave.

Trying to run?

It was running towards the position of the tier 9 Electric Python that was fighting Herman.

It seemed that it was looking for help.

Joelson said in a low voice, "Leas, you go with Bradley and the others."

After saying that, he followed Du Lu closely.

If it was possible, he didn't mind leaving the Hurricane Python behind.

The corpse of a tier 9 magical beast was very valuable!

Leas nodded slightly and ran towards Bradley and the others.

Bradley looked at the swift back of Joelson, and above his head was the powerful and terrifying giant dragon.

His gaze was very complicated.

"Even in... He can be considered a genius of the younger generation, right?"

Bradley, who had always been proud, for the first time had some respect for Joelson.

Bang!

Herman was struck by the tail of the electric python and fell heavily to the ground, creating a huge crater.

Chapter 92: The Moonlight Priest Made His Move

Herman's current appearance was extremely miserable.

His hair stood on end, his face was charred black, and his clothes were tattered.

What was worse was that his internal organs had suffered considerable damage. The powerful destructive power and paralyzing effect of the electric magic made him a punching bag in front of the electric python.

"I wonder if Young Master Bradley and the others have escaped the danger."

Herman was very anxious.

Reason told him that the giant Hurricane Python did not return in anger, which meant that Bradley and the others were in danger.

He had to leave the battle here as soon as possible, escort Bradley into the Elven Holy Land, or evacuate as soon as possible.

But.

Herman couldn't do it now!

"Hiss!"

Herman turned around when he heard the sound, and a bitter expression appeared on his face.

The Hurricane Python had returned.

He could barely hold on to one tier 9 python, let alone two.

Herman thought to himself that he would probably die here today.

Suddenly, his pupils constricted.

The Hurricane Python that was rapidly approaching seemed to be fleeing?!

The Hurricane Python's body was full of scars as if it was being pursued by some terrifying existence.

A huge and ferocious figure slowly appeared in Herman's field of vision.

It was a giant dragon!

Herman almost jumped up from the ground.

When did another giant dragon appear in the Elf Forest?!

However, this seemed to be good news for him now.

Because the target of this dragon was not him, but the Hurricane Python!

The enemy of the enemy was a friend.

Wait!

There seemed to be someone else on the back of the dragon?!

Herman took a closer look and finally saw it clearly.

It was the mage youth who had joined the team with the elven girl?!

His expression instantly froze.

He could not believe the scene before his eyes had happened again.

The opponent was actually riding a dragon that could beat a Tier 9 magical beast into running away!

After the shock, Herman became excited.

This meant that the young master and young miss must have escaped safely!

His fighting spirit was reignited. He laughed loudly and jumped up from the ground.

The knight's longsword in his hand shot out a dazzling battle aura radiance and ruthlessly smashed towards the head of the electric-type giant python.

"You have helpers, I have helpers too! Again!"

The two level 9 pythons gathered together.

The Hurricane Python continuously let out a roar, urgently telling the Electric Python how terrifying the terrifying dragon behind it was.

The Electric Python's vertical pupils revealed a trace of coldness and gloom, letting out a roar.

Directly abandoning Herman, it turned around and pounced towards Du Lu.

Joelson gently jumped down from Du Lu's sorrow and handed the battle to Du Lu himself.

Flames and lightning intertwined together.

Whether it was magic power or strength, the Electric Python was much more powerful than the Hurricane Python.

Its strength had reached the peak of a tier 9 magic beast.

Du Lu met his opponent, but his battle will become increasingly stronger.

The battle habits he had developed in the Dragon God's Arena made Du Lu not care about how much damage he received, as long as the opponent's injuries were more severe than his own.

The battle became even more intense in an instant.

On the other side, Herman and his old opponent, the Hurricane Python, were fighting.

A person and a snake both had wounds on their bodies, but Herman was stronger.

He happily pressed down on the Hurricane Python's head and beat it up, as if he was venting his depressed mood from being beaten up by the electric python.

The scales of victory gradually tilted towards Joelson's side.

Suddenly, a very grand silver light shone from the center of the Elven Forest and quickly spread to this side.

The huge pillar of light pierced through the sky, silver-white like the radiance of the Moon.

It quickly spread out.

The area that was swept by the light kept ringing with the roars of magical beasts.

It was a happy and satisfying roar.

Du Lu and the Electric Python, who had hit the intense part, were illuminated by the light and stopped in their movements.

At the same time, they looked in the direction of the center of the Elven Forest.

The light also swept over Joelson's body.

The magic shield did not react at all. Joelson was slightly surprised.

Soon, the lecture was filled with peace and tranquility.

It was a very strange power that had the power to soothe the mind and soothe the wounds.

The Hurricane Python also stopped attacking. Herman wanted to take the opportunity to attack but was swept aside by a huge tail wrapped in lightning.

The electric Python looked at him coldly.

Herman could only laugh and put down the knight's longsword in his hand.

Everyone and the magical beast's gazes were fixed in the same direction.

Leas' face revealed a devout expression, and she said excitedly, "It's the power of the Moonlight Priest!"

Moonlight Priest.

Joelson silently chanted this name.

Then, a figure was also lifted by the light and quickly flew over.

A saint-level powerhouse!

Everyone's eyelids twitched.

When the figure approached, Joelson saw her clearly.

Her silver-white hair fell to her waist. She was wearing a chiffon dress and a green leaf was printed on her forehead, which made her extremely beautiful appearance even more perfect.

Her long pointy ears symbolized her identity as an elf.

Her entire body was covered in silvery-white light, giving off a very noble and holy feeling.

"Go back."

It was like the beautiful sound of morning dew dripping on the leaves and gently stroking the harp.

The Hurricane Python and the Electric Python lowered their heads and hissed a few times. Dragging the wounds all over their bodies, they slowly swam into the depths of the forest.

The Moonlight Priest's indifferent gaze fell on Du Lu, and Du Lu bared its teeth at her.

Although the silver-white light could calm down the tyrannical aura in Du Lu's heart, it still listened to Joelson's orders in the end.

Moreover...

There was no battle now, which made him very unhappy.

The Moonlight Priest looked at Joelson again and finally turned to Leas.

"Lord Moonlight Priest."

Leas respectfully half-knelt on the ground, with a faint sense of shame.

The moonlight priest frowned and said, "Follow me."

After saying that, she stepped on the void and flew towards the center of the Elf Forest.

Leas responded and glanced at Joelson. The two of them followed.

Bradley and the others followed closely behind.

Joelson took Du Lu back to the Dragon God Ranch.

Bradley and Herman looked envious when they saw this scene.

Dragons were the most powerful species on the entire continent.

Many people dreamed of being able to form a contract with a dragon with great potential and become its battle partner!

Even if Joelson was not talented or powerful, this alone was enough to make many big forces offer him an olive branch.

After passing through the last patch of forest, they finally entered the center of the Elf Forest.

A ring-shaped area protected the Holy Land of the Elf clan like a barrier.

After passing through this area, there was a large stretch of soft grass and golden vines that coiled around the trees like giant pythons.

The air emitted a faint fragrance of flowers, and all kinds of small creatures were playing and running on the grass.

They were not afraid to see him, but they came up to him and rubbed their pants.

Chapter 93: The Holy Land of the Elves

The Holy Land of the Elves, the true pure land.

After walking for a while, one could see many treehouses and elves.

There were male elves and female elves, each with long, pale golden hair. The male elves were handsome, while the female elves were beautiful.

Wearing clothes woven from tree vines and grass leaves, they lived on the treehouse.

The arrival of Joelson's group caused a commotion among the elves.

The elven girls stood up one after another and retreated in shock and fear.

More than a dozen robust figures grabbed the vines and landed steadily in front of them. They held bows and swords and looked at them vigilantly.

"Humans! This is not the place for you to come."

There were already elves aiming their bows and arrows at them.

Leas quickly walked forward and explained, "Stop! They are guests of the Moonlight Priest."

A very handsome young elf frowned slightly.

"Leas, where have you been these few months? How did you get mixed up with humans?!"

Leas opened her mouth and her face turned red. She shook her head and said, "Wendell, this has nothing to do with you."

"Leas!"

The young elf called Wendell was a little angry and wanted to follow and ask Leas about it.

However, a fireball the size of a human head was floating in front of him. The scorching aura emitted by the fireball made Wendell's face pale and he subconsciously stepped back.

"Can you move aside now?" Joelson said calmly.

Wendell frowned and immediately raised the bow in his hand. The other elves were obviously on his side, and they were all attacking Joelson.

The fireballs suddenly expanded and split into dozens of fireballs of the same size.

They floated in front of every elf.

As long as they dared to shoot arrows, Joelson would let the fireballs burn their heads first.

The situation suddenly became tense.

A beautiful elf girl ran up from behind in a hurry.

"The Moonlight Priest would like to invite a few guests over immediately."

Leas let out a slight sigh of relief.

Wendell's expression was unsightly as he unwillingly put down his weapon.

The few of them successfully passed through the crowd.

However, those stinging gazes still made Joelson feel slightly uncomfortable.

The hostility the elves had towards humans was a little too great.

However, Wendell clearly did not only harbor racial hatred towards Joelson.

The servants sent by the Moonlight Priest led the group to a huge treehouse and arranged for them to sit down.

Soon, a few elven girls came up and served them a drink that was similar to tree juice, as well as various fruits that had a strange fragrance.

Joelson casually picked up a fruit with light purple skin, took a bite, and then turned to Bradley and the others.

"What's your purpose in coming to the Elf clan?"

This was something that Joelson had always been curious about.

Bradley and the others were very familiar with the road leading to the Holy Land of the Elf clan. They even knew where the magical beasts were. If it weren't for the accident that happened in the end, they would have entered safely long ago.

At this time, there was something that was very hard to believe.

Many adventurers had wandered in the Elven Forest for many years, but they still couldn't find any direction. Of course, this had something to do with their lack of strength.

Bradley took a sip of the tree juice beside him and said with a bitter smile, "Spring water of life!"

Joelson's eyes flickered.

Bradley only told Joelson the purpose of his visit to the Elven Holy Land. He didn't say anything else in detail.

After the battle with the Hurricane Python, Bradley's attitude towards Joelson had changed drastically.

The pride in his heart had been put down a little, and he began to communicate with Joelson as an equal.

Even his guard Herman, a level 9 knight, had a hint of respect for Joelson.

This was the recognition of great strength.

The strong would be respected no matter where they went.

The few of them chatted for a while before a person floated in from the entrance of the treehouse.

It was a tall youth with thin cheeks. His green hair was tied into a small braid at the back of his head.

He stared at the few of them with a sinister gaze, just like a poisonous snake.

Especially when he looked at Herman, it was as if he was looking at an enemy that he swore to kill.

Everyone looked puzzled.

However, Joelson frowned. He felt a familiar aura from this person.

Suddenly, Herman burst out with a powerful aura and said with a ferocious smile, "Not bad, you chased me here!"

"Hurricane Python!"

Bradley shouted in panic and subconsciously grabbed the knight's longsword by his feet.

Joelson also began to gather magic elements.

The Hurricane Python sneered but did not make a move.

At this time, another person walked in.

With dark blue curly hair, a strong and sturdy body, and facial features filled with a rough and domineering feeling.

But...

It was a woman.

Needless to think, this must be the ninth-tier Electric Python that fought with Du Lu.

Who knew Herman was right?

She was indeed the lover of the Hurricane Python.

However, at first, everyone thought that the hurricane python was a female snake and had found a powerful backer.

Now, it seemed that everything had been guessed wrong.

Looking at the thin Hurricane Python standing next to the thick and strong woman, leaning against each other, Joelson almost laughed out loud.

Herman even laughed out loud without holding back.

"So, you're a gigolo who's been kept by a woman!"

The Hurricane Python gritted its teeth in anger, wanting to immediately pounce on Herman and fight him.

The woman next to him stopped him and looked at Herman coldly. "Trash, fight me if you have the ability!"

Herman's laughter suddenly stopped and he did not speak.

"Come with me. The Moonlight Priest wants to see you."

The woman said this and turned to leave.

Everyone looked at each other, not knowing if this was a conspiracy.

"Young Master, let's go."

Leas called out softly and explained, "The moonlight priest is respected by all the high-level magical beasts in the Elf Forest. With her here, no one dares to make a move here."

Joelson nodded and held Leas' hand as they walked out of the tree house.

Bradley and the others also followed decisively.

"I've heard that only saint-level magical beasts can take human form. Why can the Hurricane Python and the Electric Python take human form before they reach tier 9?"

On the way, Joelson could not help but ask Leas.

"It's the blessing of the Moon God. The Moonlight Priestess has the power of the Moon God and can make a tier 9 magical beast take human form before it reaches tier 9. This is also the reason why she is respected by high-level magical beasts. In the Elf Forest, no high-level magical beast would harm the Elves."

Joelson nodded.

No wonder the Hurricane Python and the Electric Python stopped and left obediently after the appearance of the Moonlight Priest. They were very obedient.

So, they had received help from the elves.

It should be the kind of strange power that could make magic beasts feel peaceful and happy.

Chapter 94: The Elven Prophet

"The high-level magical beasts entrenched around the Elven Holy Land are the elven race's protective barrier. With them around, as long as the elven race doesn't take the initiative to step out of the center of the Elven Forest, no one can harm us."

At this point, Leas' face slightly flushed as she whispered, "Back then, I was captured by the Lucca Chamber of Commerce because I was too playful and walked to the outer edge of the Elven Forest."

Soon, everyone had arrived in front of a very large ancient tree.

At the first sight of this ancient tree, everyone's eyes revealed great shock.

It was really too big!

It wasn't considered high.

But the tree trunk continued to extend to both sides. There were countless branches, and there was no way to measure its thickness.

The Tree of Life.

The Holy Tree of the Elf tribe was also the foundation of their survival.

The Moonlight Priest with silver hair was standing under the tree of life, looking at them indifferently.

"Lord Moonlight Priest."

The two pythons bowed respectfully to the Moonlight Priest.

The Moonlight Priest nodded slightly, and then the two left.

This was the second time that Joelson had seen the Moonlight Priest.

Her status was unimaginably noble, but she looked like a young girl.

Joelson saw Bradley hesitate and wanted to speak.

But a cold voice interrupted him.

"I know why you're here, but I'm sorry. The elves will not give up a drop of the spring of life."

Bradley's expression froze. He opened his mouth, wanting to speak, but he didn't know what to say.

The moonlight priest said lightly, "Go back. The elves never welcome outsiders."

Joelson couldn't help but frown.

He had thought that obtaining the spring of life would be difficult, but he didn't think that the other party didn't have any room for negotiation.

"Lord Moonlight Priest."

Bradley regained his usual calmness and performed an ancient etiquette. He said in a low voice, "My grandfather, Floror Bryant, once obtained a long-lasting friendship with the elves. We are friends of the elves."

"I remember that name," The Moonlight Priest said.

Bradley did not have time to show a happy expression, the moonlight priest continued, "But three hundred years have passed. Flauer Bryant has already exchanged his help to the elves for something of equal value. The Elves don't owe you anything, and the friendship has faded."

Bradley's face froze for a moment, and he said urgently, "Moonlight Priest, the spring of life is really important to us."

Rosalind, who had been silent all this time, suddenly knelt down to the moonlight priest and said sincerely, "Respected Moonlight Priest, please save our Father's life!"

Joelson sighed in his heart. He didn't expect that the siblings were also here for their father.

In this regard, he was somewhat similar to the two of them.

While he was thinking, Leas, who was beside Joelson, suddenly knelt down and pleaded, "Moonlight Priest, I also want to ask for a cup of Spring Water of Life from you, for..."

Leas stole a glance at Joelson and lowered her head.

The Moonlight Priest was silent.

After a while, she slowly said, "You guys come with me."

With that, she turned around and walked into the Tree of Life.

Everyone followed.

The space inside the Tree of Life was comparable to another world.

It was hard to imagine that the core of such a huge ancient tree was hollow.

Joelson suddenly understood why the Tree of Life did not grow upwards, but extended to both sides.

The hollow tree trunk could not support it to grow upwards, but it could allow it to expand like a small world.

The Moonlight Priest walked down the brown and yellow stairs, and everyone followed.

They walked all the way to the bottom of the Tree of Life.

The very thick roots of the tree were entrenched above and around everyone's heads.

Joelson saw an undulating mountain range with green flowers and plants growing on it.

The moonlight priest led everyone to the front of the small mountain.

A clear spring kept gushing out from the ground and seeped into the mountain range.

"Spring Water of Life!" Bradley cried out in pleasant surprise.

Joelson also felt it.

The rich vitality of the spring kept spreading out.

Just by standing next to it, he felt that his whole body was very restrained, and it was indescribably relaxed and joyful.

"Lord Moonlight Priest, I only want one cup, one cup is enough!" Bradley pleaded excitedly.

The Moonlight Priest did not look at him.

Instead, she approached the hill and gently pressed her slender white hand on the mountain wall.

The silver-white light slowly seeped in, and Joelson heard her call out softly.

"Prophet."

The mountain range began to shake.

Everyone's faces were filled with shock, not knowing what had happened.

The next moment.

A ray of light lit up in the dark underground.

The grass and trees trembled as the petals and leaves fell.

A pair of huge and deep eyes slowly opened. The green eyes were like the purest emeralds.

Clear and bright.

It seemed to contain the vastness of the starry sky.

Everyone's hearts were filled with shock. They stood rooted to the ground.

Joelson was also stunned.

A vague outline.

Only then did he recognize it.

This wasn't a mountain range; it was a dragon!

A plant-type dragon that had lived in this world for who knew how long.

A deep voice resounded in the underground space, reverberating.

"Michelia."

Her huge and deep eyes were filled with wisdom and vicissitudes.

"You're here."

"Prophet."

The Moonlight Priest respectfully saluted the plant-type dragon.

Michelia.

Joelson looked at the Moonlight Priest's perfect back and silently memorized this name.

His huge eyes slowly turned and landed on everyone.

"Are they here to seek the water of the Spring of Life?"

"Yes." The Moonlight Priest replied.

"I can see their pure hearts. Give it to them, Michelia."

The plant-type dragon was like a kind and old elder, causing admiration to arise in people's hearts.

Bradley and the others all had joyful expressions on their faces.

However, the Moonlight Priest shook her head firmly.

"No, Prophet."

"Sigh."

The plant-type dragon let out a long sigh.

In this short period of time, it seemed to have exhausted all of its accumulated energy and closed its eyes tiredly.

The Moonlight Priest turned around and faced everyone.

"You have received the recognition of the prophet, so you should be able to obtain the water of the Spring of Life, but I refuse."

"Why?!"

Bradley asked, unable to understand.

The Moonlight Priest said lightly, "Because if the water of the Spring of Life is given to you, the Elven race will forever lose their prophet."

"Five thousand years ago, the prophet brought the weak ancestors of the Elf clan to the Elf Forest. At that time, this place was not called the Elf Forest. The prophet brought us to settle down under the Tree of Life. Under its protection, the Elf clan was able to grow stronger and have today's situation."

Chapter 95: The Inheritance of the Prophet

The Moonlight Priest slowly explained, and everyone finally understood everything.

This very large and very old plant-type dragon was once the guardian God of the Elf race, leading the Elf Race from the weak to the strong.

But it was really too old.

The dragon race had a very long lifespan. An ordinary dragon's lifespan was more than a thousand years, and a saint-level dragon's lifespan could reach three thousand years.

However, this plant-type dragon had lived for more than five thousand years.

Although the Spring Water of Life could bring long lifespans, it could not grant eternal life.

The law of time was a principle that nothing could go against.

By now, the "prophet" had completely reached its end.

If the Spring Water of Life did not continue to sustain its life, it would completely melt together with the soil like a rotten tree in the next moment.

"So, even a drop of the spring of life cannot be separated?" Bradley asked unwillingly.

The Moonlight Priest shook his head and said, "Perhaps when the last elf is dead, you can take the spring of life from our corpses."

His attitude had reached this point.

It was very regretful, but there was nothing he could do.

"Michelia."

At some point, the "prophet" opened her eyes again.

"Give it to them. I've lived long enough. Let the Spring Water of Life helps those who truly need it. Don't waste it on me anymore."

The Moonlight Priest still shook her head.

"Prophet, please allow the elves to be selfish this time."

Another long sigh.

The prophet's eyes swept over the few people one by one and suddenly stopped on Joelson.

The prophet stared at Joelson for a long time and then said, "Come here, child."

Everyone was immediately surprised, including the Moonlight Priest.

Joelson felt a little surprised. Was she calling him?

"Yes, it's you, child."

Joelson slowly walked forward and bowed to this respected dragon elder.

"Can you come closer? Let me take a good look at you."

Joelson hesitated for a moment and took another two steps forward.

He was less than a meter away from the prophet's dragon eyes. He could almost feel a weak airflow circulating around his body.

It was the dragon's last gasp.

Hope and joy blossomed in his deep eyes.

"I can feel something on you that I've been waiting for. This aura can't be wrong."

The Prophet was excited for some reason.

The moonlight priest's gaze was fixed on Joelson, her eyes filled with surprise and doubt.

The others were the same.

What exactly was on Joelson that attracted the prophet?

Joelson thought for a moment and suddenly raised his hand.

A strange light bloomed in his hand.

The spatial "pocket" that Bradley and the others had seen before appeared once again.

A small green head popped out from inside, followed by a round body.

"Oh!"

The cute little guy landed in Joelson's arms and looked very cute. He rubbed his small head against Joelson's arm intimately.

"This is?"

Bradley said with difficulty, "A young plant dragon?!"

It was another dragon!

And it was a young plant dragon.

Everyone stared at Joelson in shock.

How many dragon companions did this guy have? !

The prophet's eyes showed great love and joy.

"That's right, it's him. Look, what a cute little guy."

This was the third dragon of Joelson's, Curtis, a plant-type dragon.

Because he had never fed him crops after he hatched, he had always maintained his small appearance when he was born.

Curtis's body was round and soft, with a pleasant smell of grass.

On its round little head, there was a small pink flower.

This was a flower that accompanied the birth of plant-type dragons. It would gradually fall off when it reached adulthood, but now it was steadily growing on its head.

The prophet's eyes were almost overflowing with love for Curtis, and its gaze was fixed on it.

It had been a long time since it had seen its own kind.

Curtis soon noticed the existence of the prophet.

As a plant-type dragon, it was born with a sense of closeness to the prophet.

"Wuwuwu!"

Curtis let out a cute cry.

Joelson carefully held Curtis in front of the prophet.

Curtis flapped his tiny wings with great effort and slowly climbed up from Joelson's hands onto the prophet's head.

Lying between the prophet's two eyes, Curtis was looking at this "strange and friendly" big guy with his big clear eyes curiously.

The plant-type dragons were naturally very sensitive to the loss of life force.

The "prophet's" decay and old age made him unable to help but feel a wave of sadness in his heart. Large drops of tears rolled down his cute little face.

The prophet stared at it gently as if he was comforting it.

Slowly, the prophet closed his eyes. Curtis also curled up as if he was sleepy.

The green light emitted from the prophet's body, and so did Curtis.

As if they were responding to each other, they gradually merged together.

The Moonlight Priest's eyes trembled slightly as he called out softly.

"Prophet."

The others looked at the scene in front of them in confusion.

"What is he doing?"

Joelson could not help but ask.

The Moonlight Priest turned to look at him with a complicated expression.

"The Prophet is carrying out the inheritance."

Inheritance?!

Joelson was silent.

The infinite wisdom accumulated over a long period of time was passed on without any reservations through the connection between the bloodlines of the same race.

Was the prophet planning to let Curtis take over its position?!

Joelson did not know.

A green diamond-shaped crystal slowly appeared on the forehead of the prophet and slowly fused into Curtis' body.

It was its dragon crystal.

Curtis was still in a deep sleep. From time to time, he would let out a few cute snoring sounds. He did not know how much benefit he had received.

When the light that enveloped the two dragons slowly disappeared, it meant that the inheritance had been completed.

The prophet's eyes completely lost their luster. It looked at Curtis tiredly and gratifyingly before turning to the moonlight priest.

"Sigh."

It let out a long sigh.

However, Joelson heard a sense of relief and liberation from it.

The prophet's signs of life had completely disappeared.

Even if the spring water of life continued to pour into its body, it would not be able to open its eyes again.

For the sake of the elves, it was already too tired. It was time for it to rest.

"Prophet."

The Moonlight Priest half-knelt on the ground and lowered his head, his body exuding a strong sense of sorrow.

From today onwards, the elves had completely lost their "prophet".

However, a new "prophet" would take its place and continue to guide the Elves.

The Moonlight Priest softly chanted a strange but beautiful ballad in the Elf language, silver-white light shining on the "prophet".

The flowers and plants grew, and before long, they turned green, as if they were real mountains.

Chapter 96: Where is Leas?

A beautiful butterfly flew around Curtis and landed on the tip of its nose.

Curtis sneezed a little and rubbed his eyes to wake up. He looked at the completely changed scenery around him and sat on the spot, looking extremely cute.

After receiving the inheritance, he needed to open the treasure left by the prophet step by step.

Curtis flapped his wings and threw himself into Joelson's arms. He called out softly twice as if he was seeking comfort.

Although he did not know what had happened, he could feel that a very important existence had left him forever.

Joelson hugged him gently.

The Moonlight Priest stood up and his gaze landed on Curtis. However, his gaze lingered on Joelson for a long time.

"Leave, let the prophet rest here in peace."

The Moonlight Priest's attitude towards Joelson seemed to have changed, with a hint of respect and admiration.

Then, he turned to Bradley and the others.

"I'll give you the Spring Water of Life that you want later."

Bradley and Rosalind had joyful expressions on their faces. They looked at Joelson with complicated gazes.

Everything that happened in such a short time was too amazing.

The elven prophet had passed away, and a new prophet had been born.

And the new prophet was actually Joelson's dragon clan.

So, what was Joelson's identity now?

The father of the elven prophet?!

Even Bradley couldn't help but be jealous of Joelson's good luck.

The two dragon companions and the long-lasting friendship of the elven clan represented the endless spring of life.

Could this young man be the illegitimate child of the Goddess of Luck?!

Even Joelson did not expect everything to go so smoothly.

In fact, the benefits he received were far more than that.

Under the arrangement of the Moonlight Priest, Joelson and the others received the highest courtesy of the elves and were treated as the most honorable guests.

"This is impossible!"

Joelson firmly rejected the Moonlight Priest's request.

"It's not just your companion now. It's also the most honorable prophet of the Elf race. It should stay in the Elf race."

The Moonlight Priest's inflexibility and stubbornness exceeded Joelson's imagination. In this regard, she was not as cute as a young girl.

Joelson's attitude was unyielding, and the moonlight priest slightly frowned.

"The power of the moon god can make it accept the prophet's inheritance faster and better. The Elf race is the most suitable place for it to stay. You're too selfish."

Joelson could not help but laugh. "Perhaps, you should ask for its opinion."

Curtis seemed to be a little afraid of the cold Moonlight Priest, and his small head kept bowing towards Joelson.

The Moonlight Priest's eyes revealed a hint of helplessness. After thinking for a while, he said, "I can at most promise you that I can stay by your side before the prophet Curtis grows to level 6."

Level 6.

Joelson considered this suggestion.

According to the growth rate of an ordinary dragon, it would take more than ten years or even dozens of years to reach level 6. By then, he would definitely have more powerful dragons, so it was not unacceptable.

"Let's not talk about this for now."

Noticing that Joelson's tone was a little relaxed, the Moonlight Priest's expression gradually eased up.

"Where is Leas?"

He looked directly into the Moonlight Priest's eyes and said seriously, "I haven't seen her for three days."

"Leas is also receiving the inheritance."

He couldn't help but frown. "What inheritance?"

"The Moonlight Priest's inheritance."

The Moonlight Priest said calmly, "Leas is the one with the densest natural aura in the entire Elf race. She has the highest affinity with the power of the Moon Goddess. She is even better than me. She is the candidate I have long appointed for the next Moonlight Priest."

"How long will it take? I will leave soon," said Joelson calmly

The Moonlight Priest frowned and looked at him, saying coldly, "Am I not clear enough? Leas is the next Moonlight Priest. She will take my position and protect the elves forever."

"You should feel lucky."

The Moonlight Priest glanced at Joelson and said, "If I didn't confirm that Leas was still a pure virgin when I saw her, you would be dead now."

Joelson laughed in anger and was about to retort.

The Moonlight Priest had already turned around and left.

"I want to see Leas!"

Joelson chased after her and two figures flashed over. They were the hurricane python and the electric python.

The two of them stood in front of him coldly.

The Moonlight Priest turned her head and said to him emotionlessly, "Yes, leave the prophet in the Elf Forest. I can promise to let Leas see you one last time."

Joelson was furious.

They actually wanted him to use Curtis in exchange.

His favorable impression of this woman was greatly reduced.

What a selfish, mean, and cold heart underneath her perfect appearance.

The sudden outbreak of the argument caused many people to rush over.

Bradley and the others saw the scene of Joelson confronting the Hurricane Python and did not know what happened.

"Joelson."

Bradley slowly pulled out the knight's longsword from his waist.

"Young Master."

Herman wanted to say something but kept his mouth shut. They had already received the Spring Water of Life from the Elf clan. There was no need to have a conflict with the Elf clan on behalf of an outsider.

Bradley slowly shook his head.

"You bunch of outsiders, greedy humans. After obtaining the Spring Water of Life, you still dare to attack the Elf clan?!"

An angry voice sounded.

Someone raised his bow and aimed it at Joelson. It was the handsome male elf they had met before, Wendell.

Wendell hated Joelson very much.

No one knew how he had survived these few months.

After Leas went missing, he seemed to have gone crazy and wandered around the outskirts of the elven forest almost every day.

He had killed many adventurers and had been injured in the process.

Leas had grown up with him.

Although he had long been appointed as the next moonlight priest, he would never be able to get Leas.

But this could not suppress Wendell's admiration for Leas.

Now, Leas was back.

Wendell was overjoyed, but he was surprised to find that there were a few humans who had followed Leas back.

Leas was very fond of one of the humans, and her gaze was so gentle that it made him jealous.

Leas had fallen in love with that human.

Wendell had thought of finding an excuse to kill those humans, but things had developed beyond his expectations.

Their status in the Elf clan had skyrocketed, and even the moonlight priest was very friendly to them.

Wendell felt very aggrieved, and now he had finally found an opportunity.

That bold human actually wanted to disrespect the Moonlight Priest.

"Get out of the elven race, you're not welcome here!" Wendell shouted loudly.

A few of his supporters shouted along, and the other Elves were also a little angry.

The humans had indeed left a bad impression on the elven race.

Joelson looked at Wendell, and when his cold gaze met, Wendell's heart suddenly trembled.

- Chapter 97: The Conflict Erupted

Chapter 97: The Conflict Erupted

Suddenly, Joelson's figure disappeared.

Before Wendell could react, he had already risen into the air and crashed heavily onto the ground.

Joelson gripped his neck with his left hand, and a sharp ice blade materialized in his right hand, pressing against Wendell's neck.

"You should be glad that you're an elf, or you'd be dead by now."

Wendell glared at Joelson indignantly. He had a feeling that he would kill him if he had the ability.

Suddenly, Joelson shook him off and turned into a phantom as he rushed in the direction of the Moonlight Priest.

Joelson's target was the Moonlight Priest. He completely ignored the Hurricane Python and the other two who were in his way.

Flames erupted and a ferocious and terrifying figure broke free from the void.

It recklessly charged forward.

Bang!

A loud sound rang out, and dust flew in all directions.

Two ferocious giant pythons blocked Du Lu's path.

Under the instructions of Joelson, Du Lu raised his head and pounced on his old opponent, the giant Hurricane Python, without any hesitation.

A dragon and a python trembled together, and flames and lightning interweaved.

The giant Hurricane Python was just about to go up and help when it saw two colors from the corner of its eye, blazing red and cold blue.

The clash of fire and water elements erupted.

The Hurricane Python shook its head in anger.

Although it couldn't do any real damage to it, it made it look very pathetic.

Joelson stood in front of it, and countless fire and water elements gathered toward him.

All of this happened too quickly. Before everyone could react, the battle had already erupted.

Everyone stared at Joelson in shock.

Bradley and the others were especially shocked.

Had Joelson gone mad?!

How could he dare to attack in the Elven Holy Land?!

"It's not powerful enough, is it?"

Joelson stared at the Hurricane Python as if he was talking to himself.

"Then be stronger!"

Level up!

Over the past three months, he had accumulated enough experience points to level up to tier 7.

"Fire meteor!"

"Frost fall!"

Several meteors made of fire and frost fell from the sky, gradually merging with each other.

They formed a ball of magic elements that was filled with explosive and unstable aura and smashed on the head of the Hurricane Python.

Boom!

The Hurricane Python's body tilted as if someone had hit it on the head.

A tier 7 spell that combined fire and water. It was close to tier 9 and could finally pose a threat to it.

The Hurricane Python let out an angry roar, but it soon revealed a hint of helplessness.

Joelson's identity was very special, and it was very important to the handsome elves. It could not really hurt the other party.

The Moonlight Priest was standing behind it, and his spiritual power had always been locked on to it.

The sudden outburst of Joelson made Bradley and Herman look incredulous.

He had broken through so easily in the middle of the battle?!

Was this kid a monster?!

Their eyes were filled with horror, and they even wondered if Joelson was also a giant dragon disguised as a human.

It was too unbelievable!

Moreover, Joelson was not even seventeen years old.

He was a dual-element seventh-tier mage and a seventh-tier knight.

Even in the central continent where they were from, Joelson could be considered a genius!

Wendell stared blankly at the battle between Joelson and the Hurricane Python, as well as the even more intense battle between the dragons and the ninth-tier Electric Python.

A trace of fear spread in his heart.

When he recalled what he had done when he was swallowed up by jealousy, Wendell's body began to tremble slightly.

The battle continued for a long time.

He knew that Joelson was standing in the same spot, panting heavily, and his powerful magic power was completely exhausted.

The battle between Du Lu and the tier 9 Electric Python was also over.

Du Lu's body was full of injuries, and he had obtained the final victory.

The most depressed was the Hurricane Python. The weaker it was, the more restrained it would be. It could only passively take a beating.

The surrounding faces were filled with shock and tremor, and their gazes were focused on Joelson.

Du Lu slowly flew back and slammed the tier 9 Electric Python's body into the ground, letting out low growls.

It was as if he was asking if Joelson wanted to continue.

Joelson's gaze was fixed on the Moonlight Priest.

There was no expression on the latter's face as if she was covered in a layer of ice.

Joelson jumped onto Du Lu's back and looked down at the Moonlight Priest from high up in the sky.

"Michelia."

Joelson spoke coldly, his soft voice reverberating in the air above the empty Elven Holy Land.

"I will come back one day, and I will take Leas away myself. You can't stop me."

After saying that, Du Lo turned around and flew toward the distant sky.

Everyone stared blankly at the back of Joelson riding on the giant dragon.

In a corner, Leas was crying. She looked at the black shadow in the sky, which was getting smaller and smaller, and said in a low voice, "Young Master Joelson."

...

The water of the Spring of Life in the wooden cup looked similar to ordinary water.

But upon closer inspection, one could see that it was emitting a faint layer of strange light.

Old Morgan solemnly picked up the wooden cup, his face unable to conceal the excitement on his face.

The water of the Spring of Life!

The legendary magical spring that could make people forever young.

He was just a small country baron, and now he should be called a viscount.

He actually had the chance to taste such a magical thing.

And his son had brought it for him.

Perhaps even the king of the Alcott Empire had never drunk such a precious thing.

Old Morgan sipped it as if he was tasting fine wine, which made even Beard, who was beside him, very envious.

He wanted to take a sip as well.

He wanted to return to his youth and regain his youthful appearance.

But it was impossible at that time.

When old Morgan finished drinking, a wonderful change happened almost immediately.

His slightly bent back slowly returned to normal, and his pale and sickly face became rosy.

The white hair on his head quickly disappeared, and even the wrinkles on his face were smoothed out.

In just a few seconds, he seemed to be twenty years younger, full of energy and vitality.

"Joelson, I feel now."

Old Morgan clenched his fists excitedly and said in a low voice, "Great!"

A faint smile finally appeared on Joelson's gloomy face.

He could feel that the dark power in old Morgan's body had completely disappeared.

"It's time for me to leave." Joelson said.

Old Morgan nodded. He knew that Joelson did not belong to the Baron's territory. He should be in a wider world.

Joelson looked at Beard.

The old man's body trembled and he immediately lowered his head.

He did not know what exactly Joelson had gone through on this trip.

Beard felt that this time, when Joelson came back, his aura had completely changed. He had become very dangerous.

Just standing next to him, he felt out of breath.

It was as if he was facing an active volcano that was about to erupt.

It was scary!

Chapter 98: Dragon Nurturing Mountain

"This is for you."

Joelson took out a portion of the items and placed it in front of Beard.

Five bottles of low-grade spirit potions, two bottles of intermediate spirit potions, and one bottle of upgraded high-grade spirit potion that he had concocted himself.

In addition, there was a magic book that recorded all fire element spells from level-1 to level-5.

Joelson had asked old Morgan to sign a contract with Beard.

Master-servant contract.

If anything happened to old Morgan, Beard would die with him.

A master-servant contract was a disgrace to a magician.

Joelson did not use force, and if Beard did not want to, he did not mind using force.

However, Beard did not have the dignity and pride of a mage.

He was more than happy to be able to climb up to a genius like Joelson.

When he signed the contract, he was even more anxious than old Morgan.

When he saw what Joelson took out, Beard's eyes instantly turned red, as if two rays of light shot out from it.

"This is..."

Beard trembled as he picked up a bottle of high-grade spirit potion. The golden-red transparent potion was emitting a faint glow.

"High-grade spirit potion!" Beard screamed.

In Beard's eyes, this was the best color in the world.

The spirit potion was still high-grade.

God of Magic!

The only time he drank a spirit potion above intermediate grade in his life was on the day his wandering mentor died.

Beard rummaged through his mentor's inheritance, only to find half a bottle of intermediate-level spiritual potion that had been mixed with water. He drank it all in one gulp.

The speed of his meditation clearly increased, making him excited for a long time.

After that, he never had the chance to taste it again.

The gold coins that he had swindled were not enough for him to buy prostitutes and drink alcohol. Even the low-level spiritual potion was an extravagant hope. There was no way he could afford an intermediate-level spiritual potion.

But now, there was a bottle of high-grade spirit potion in front of him.

Beard pinched his thigh hard to make sure that he was not dreaming.

"Lord Joelson!"

Beard was just about to express his gratitude and loyalty when he was stopped.

Joelson waved his hand and said, "Make good use of them. Don't let me down."

Joelson wanted Beard to become old Morgan's bodyguard, so he tried to improve his strength as much as possible.

Some things that he didn't need were very precious to beard.

Maybe it could improve Beard's realm a little more, and it could also be a favor to make Beard more loyal.

Joelson said goodbye to old Morgan.

It had only been more than a month since he left Tulip Academy, and his training was not over yet.

Sitting in the shaking carriage, Joelson returned to the space of the Dragon God Ranch.

Five active volcanoes with thick sulfur and black smoke gathered together, and in the middle was a hot magma pool.

There was also a huge lake, and the water rippled.

In the dense tropical jungle, Curtis lay on a banana leaf and fell asleep comfortably.

When he opened his eyes, he saw that it was Joelson. He shouted happily and jumped into Joelson's arms.

There were large fire dragons, large water dragons, and large plant dragons.

There were also eight fields filled with dracaena, dragon flowers, and dragon-scale fruits.

The Dragon God's Ranch was showing what it should be.

But Joelson frowned slightly.

There were still too few dragons.

Besides Curtis in his arms, there were also Enny and Du Lu who were playing by the lake in the distance.

The sixth-level Enny's body was getting longer and longer, displaying the elegance and elegance of the water-type giant dragon.

Du Lu's body was twice as big as Enny's. He lay on the ground, letting Enny summon a water ball to wet him.

The nature of the fire-type dragon race made Du Lu subconsciously reject anything related to water. However, Du Lu couldn't hate Enny.

Joelson held Curtis in his arms and caressed its round body, making Curtis cry out happily.

He opened the system panel and saw a long-released main mission in the mission panel.

Mission name: Dragon Reproduction.

Using two dragons of any attribute to breed a stronger rare dragon.

Mission Reward: New Attribute Dragon Egg * 1

In his opinion, Du Lu and Enny were the best and most suitable pair.

The two dragons had been together for a long time, and they seemed to care about each other.

He opened the building.

"Choose to build the dragon nurturing mountain."

"Building the dragon nurturing mountain."

"Construction completed."

A mountain suddenly rose from the ground.

Every rock on the mountain peak was carved with mysterious and profound patterns.

A huge and strange crystal floated above the mountain peak. Pale pink light fell down, covering the entire mountain peak with a layer of faint mist.

The appearance of the nurturing mountain instantly attracted the attention of the three-headed dragon.

Du Lu raised his head, his eyes filled with curiosity and yearning.

He turned around and called Enny twice. Enny was also very curious.

The two dragons stood up together, flapping their wings as they flew towards the nurturing mountain.

Curtis also wanted to pounce on them but was pulled back by the little flower on his head.

"It's still not the age for you to go."

Joelson pinched its face and said with a smile.

Curtis hugged his round body and pouted his mouth aggrievedly.

Dragon nurturing mountain, dragons above level 6 could enter it.

Even two dragons without any feelings could quickly become intimate partners, and the probability of giving birth was 100%.

The strange power contained in the dragon nurturing mountain lock would completely eliminate the barriers between dragons with different attributes.

Therefore, even water and fire dragons, these two opposing and conflicting attributes could perfectly fuse, forming the crystallization of love.

With Curtis in his arms, Joelson quietly left the space of the ranch, leaving the rest of the time to Du Lu and Enny.

...

The large caravan stopped by the side of the road. Everyone was either standing or sitting, enjoying the rare time to rest.

This was a gathering of many small caravans.

It was guarded by the mercenary group throughout the journey.

A single caravan simply couldn't afford the high commission for mercenaries. They needed guards to protect them from the risks they might encounter on the road.

So, this was the perfect solution.

Joelson leaned against the wheel of a carriage. He was wearing light armor and looked like a knight.

His eyes were focused and he was carefully polishing an ordinary fine steel knight's Longsword.

It had been five months since he had been brought out from the Baron.

During these five months, Joelson had stayed in many mercenary groups as a wandering mage and a wandering knight.

The youth on his face had completely disappeared, and he even had a short beard on his chin.

If it wasn't for someone who was very familiar with him, they wouldn't have recognized him at first glance.

"Big brother Joelson."

A petite girl ran all the way to him.

A burst of kind laughter sounded from the carriage.

Chapter 99: Tier 8 Strength!

"Sheila went to look for Joelson again? She might as well leave with our mercenary group!"

"Hahaha! You're right, our Joelson is powerful and is a young genius. Following him has a better future than staying in a small Chamber of Commerce!"

A fat old man angrily and anxiously cursed, "Shut Up! You bunch of idiots! Can't you shut up with so many gold coins?"

The old man looked at Joelson again and whispered, "So what if you're a young genius? You're just a commoner. Sheila is going to be a countess in the future."

Sheila's face was red. She ignored everyone's gaze and ran to Joelson's side, squatting down and handing him water.

"Brother Joelson, drink some water."

Joelson smiled at her. His increasingly handsome appearance made Sheila blush and she shyly lowered her head.

Joelson opened the bottle to moisten his lips and handed it back to Sheila.

"Brother Joelson, how many days until we reach the city?"

Sheila suddenly asked.

Joelson thought for a moment and said, "If we keep walking at this speed, we will reach the destination city in five days. Then our job as guards will be over."

"Five days."

Sheila suddenly sighed, her face full of melancholy.

A trace of determination flashed in Sheila's eyes, she mustered up her courage and said to Joelson, "Brother Joelson, why don't you stay in our Chamber of Commerce! My father once said that he wants to build his own guard team, and you can be the captain of the guard team."

Joelson smiled and didn't say anything.

With how stingy Sheila's father was, he would feel sorry for losing a copper coin for a long time. How could he be willing to build his own Chamber of Commerce's guard team?

Joelson had long seen that Sheila was interested in him.

It was a pity.

Suddenly, Joelson looked to the side, grabbed the knight's longsword in his hand and slowly stood up.

"What's wrong, Brother Joelson?"

Joelson casually shielded Sheila behind him and said indifferently, "Hide well, someone is coming."

When Joelson stood up with his sword, the mercenaries around him also stood up and looked around vigilantly.

A tall and rough man shouted at Joelson, "Joelson, is there a situation?"

Joelson nodded slightly.

The others immediately took a battle stance.

Joelson was the strongest among them. Many crises in the past had already made them trust him a lot.

The merchants of the caravan also arranged themselves and nervously hid in the middle of the caravan.

After a while, the sound of messy horse hooves could be heard.

Dozens of black-clothed men dressed as bandits rode their horses and appeared in everyone's sight.

As expected!

Everyone's eyes were shocked.

Sheila's father had been selected by many small Chambers of Commerce to negotiate with the bandits.

"My Lords, we are willing to offer a thousand gold coins. Let us pass."

A fawning smile appeared on Sheila's father's face.

Someone in the caravan cursed in a low voice. This miser. He had promised five thousand gold coins, but the moment he opened his mouth, he immediately lost four thousand. In order to save some gold coins, he was willing to give up his life.

The bandit leader looked at Sheila's father expressionlessly.

Suddenly, a blade light lit up, reflecting his ferocious and cruel face.

"One thousand gold coins? We want all of them!"

"Ah!"

Sheila could not help but shout in panic.

The blade light drew a deep mark on the hard ground. The pale-faced Sheila's father was not injured, but his legs were now weak.

Joelson patted his back gently and looked at him.

"Tier 7!" Someone in the mercenary group said, and everyone sucked in a breath of cold air.

A high-level knight, this was troublesome.

The leader of the bandits narrowed his eyes and looked at Joelson. He said slowly, "Kid, I will definitely let you die last."

Joelson ignored him and ran toward him.

The tip of the knight's longsword dragged on the ground, making a sound of friction.

The leader of the bandits laughed strangely. He jumped up from the horse's back and raised the machete in his hand.

Joelson remained calm and raised his longsword.

His speed seemed to be as slow as a snail, but it just happened to collide with the leader of the bandits' machete.

A brilliant fiery red combat aura burst out. The black light on the machete flashed faintly, but it was extinguished as soon as it appeared.

The scimitar shattered, and the bandit leader widened his eyes. His eyes were filled with shock and horror.

"Tier 8! This is impossible!"

However, Joelson raised his eyebrows at the black combat aura. He forcefully turned the knight's longsword in his hand a little. The sword light that could have cut the bandit leader in half from the middle only cut off one of his hands and one of his feet.

"Ah! Ah --"

The bandit leader covered his wound and rolled on the ground, screaming and wailing.

The whole place was silent in an instant.

Not only the caravan but even the black-clothed bandits were dumbfounded.

A Tier 7 knight couldn't even take a single strike from this young man?!

Looking at Joelson's young appearance, each of them looked as if they had seen something unbelievable.

"Oh my God! It turns out that Joelson is so strong!" Someone in the mercenary group said in a low voice.

Joelson had only joined the mercenary group for less than two months. Everyone only knew that he was very young and very strong.

They had seen Joelson easily kill a tier 5 knight. Initially, they thought that he was a tier 6 knight. They did not expect him to be a tier 8 knight.

He was actually a tier 8 knight!

How was this a young genius? This was simply a monster!

Even among geniuses, he was also a monster-like existence!

Sheila widened her eyes and looked at Joelson in a daze. Her eyes were filled with admiration and worship. She could not wait to rush up and Hug Joelson's back.

However, Joelson did not seem to see the shock of the crowd. His eyes were fixed on the bandit leader on the ground. The tip of his sword was pointed at his head. He said coldly, "Who are you people?"

The combat aura used by the bandit leader was exactly the same as the combat aura used by the people from the dark church!

The bandit leader's head was covered in a cold sweat. He gritted his teeth and did not say a word.

Joelson frowned slightly. He took a step forward and nailed his left leg to the ground.

"Ah! Ah --"

Another shrill scream sounded.

"I'll say it! I'll say it!"

The leader of the bandits hurriedly said in fear.

"I am."

A sinister smile appeared on the leader of the Bandits' face.

"Be careful!"

A terrified shout came from behind him.

Joelson suddenly turned around, and a black shadow quickly shot towards him. The blade of the blade flickered with a dangerous light under the sunlight.

There was a faint fluctuation of magic elements in the air.

Clang!

The sound of blades cutting against each other rang out.

The blade that should have struck Joelson's left arm was now as if it had struck very hard steel. It was directly bounced to the side and fell to the ground.

"This is impossible!"

The ambusher's face revealed a very frightened expression. He could not believe what had happened before his eyes.

Chapter 100: New Dragon Clan, Steel Dragon

With a swing of his sword, Joelson sent half of his body flying.

He was only at tier 6.

Turning around, the bandit leader lying on the ground had long since lost his life.

He had already committed suicide.

Two experts had been easily killed by Joelson, and the remaining bandits immediately ran away.

Joelson and the rest of the mercenary group chased after them and killed them one by one.

When they were cleaning up the corpses, Joelson also joined in.

He used the tip of his sword to cut open the clothes of the two bandits and found a piece of parchment soaked in blood on one of them.

When he opened it, Joelson frowned.

There was a golden thorn flower mark on it.

The symbol of the Alcott Royal Family?!

There was no doubt that the identity of the thief was from the Dark Church, but he carried the mark of the Alcott Royal Family.

Someone from the Alcott Royal Family was colluding with the Dark Church?!

Then why did the Baron send someone to control his father before.

To deal with him?

When he recalled Charles III's lack of ambition, he felt that it was not like him. Moreover, his relationship with Dayshannon was here, so he had no reason to do so.

Wait!

There was another person who also belonged to the Alcott Royal Family.

Prince Antoine!

The clues from the events before and after were connected, and the sequence of events quickly became very clear.

Prince Antoine's ambition was very obvious. It was not impossible for him to collude with the Dark Church to help him obtain the throne.

He wanted to rope him in a few times, but he was rejected time and time again. Presumably, with his arrogant personality, he must be very angry.

Kill him to vent his anger and get rid of a future enemy at the same time.

Antoine must have needed a lot of money if he wanted to start a rebellion.

Sending people to other countries to rob thieves of money was also the most appropriate way.

At the thought of this, Joelson's eyes gradually turned cold.

He had been unwilling to get involved in this conspiracy from the beginning, but since things had already involved him.

Now, he could not hide even if he wanted to.

If such a day really came, he would not hesitate to stand on Charles III's side.

The reason was very simple, of course, it was Dayshannon!

"Sir... Sir Joelson."

The mercenary group walked up and called out carefully.

The Level 6 Joelson and the others could still joke with him without any scruples.

However, at the 8th rank, they had to call him 'Sir'.

He shook his head helplessly. It was time to leave.

"Tell the leader that I'm leaving."

He whispered to the mercenary and disappeared with a flash.

When the caravan was done organizing the battlefield, they remembered that they had helped him through this crisis. However, they could not find him.

"Brother Joelson."

Sheila looked in a certain direction and whispered in a dull voice.

In the space of the Dragon God's Ranch.

Joelson lowered his body and carefully shaved his beard with his knight's longsword against the clear lake water.

He changed into a brand-new mage robe and held the tungsten-iron staff in his hand.

He became the elegant and calm genius mage he used to be.

No, he should be called a magister now.

Compared to half a year ago, there was a more stable aura on Joelson's body. His temperament was restrained and gave people the feeling that he was like a deep whirlpool.

Eighth rank!

Eighth rank magister!

Eighth rank grand knight!

There was a huge change in Joelson's strength.

The same change also happened in the Dragon God Ranch.

A red and a blue figure were circling and chasing in the sky.

Both Du Lu and Enny's bodies were more than twice as big as they were half a year ago.

Enny had also advanced to tier 7.

Du Lu had already become a tier 9 dragon, and he was only one step away from becoming a legendary saint-tier dragon.

However, the growth value required to advance from tier 9 to saint-tier was simply too huge. Even though Joelson had already unlocked a higher level of farm crops, he was unable to advance to saint-tier for the time being.

"Dragon Spine Vine: even dragons cannot help but praise its great magic power. It's a precious material that has great effects on the growth of dragons. Provides 500 growth value."

Even if he kept feeding Du Lu the dragon spine vine, it would still take at least half a year for it to advance.

The maturity period of the dragon spine vine was too long. It would take a full 20 days.

However, Joelson estimated that Du Lu's current strength should not be weaker than an ordinary saint-level.

Du Lu already possessed 40% of the ancient fire dragon bloodline. His power was not something an ordinary dragon could compare to.

In the center of Du Lu and Enny's pursuit, there was a snow-white cloud. If one looked carefully, one would discover that the cloud was in the shape of a dragon.

The crystallization of the love between the two dragons after they came out of the nurturing mountain -- the cloud dragon!

It was a very rare air magic dragon.

It was also the reason why Joelson had awakened his talent in air magic.

However, due to the fact that the inheritance of air magic had long been cut off, Joelson had yet to learn any air magic until now.

He lifted the sleeve on his left arm. The mark left by the sneak attack of the dark church was still there.

A faint white mark.

Under the enhancement of the secret technique, a Tier 6 knight was enough to cut off an ordinary person's arm. However, it did not even scratch the skin of Joelson.

Other than the powerful physique brought about by the dragon blood potion and the strength of a tier 8 knight, it was also because.

Joelson's fifth dragon.

The metal was vertical and upright, and the ground was flat and leaden.

A huge dragon was crouching on the ground. Its dark golden eyes were like cold steel. It would only bring a little warmth to Joelson when it saw him.

Metal-type dragon -- Steel Dragon!

After completing the dragon nurturing mission, the fifth dragon egg that Joelson obtained from the lottery was hatched.

The metal-type dragon had been completely extinct since ancient times 17. However, there was no doubt about its strength.

The first opponent Du Lu met in the Dragon God Arena was the steel dragon.

Du Lu took a long time to defeat this first opponent.

Joelson's steel skin was obtained by the steel dragon. He had not learned any metal-type magic yet. He simply gathered the metal magic elements in the air to the surface of his body, forming a very hard film.

The strength of Joelson's knight had also risen by a level.

Now, he was confident that he did not have to be afraid even if he were to fight against a tier 9 knight.

He had seen the tyranny and power of the ancient steel dragon soul in the Dragon God's Arena. Therefore, Joelson fed all the crops produced in the fields to the steel dragon, except for the portion that was fed to Du Lu.

His goal was to let the steel dragon grow as quickly as possible, becoming his powerful helper.

The steel dragon did not disappoint him. In just 5 months, the steel dragon's strength had shot up to the 8th rank like a rocket.

Now, it was the number one combat strength of his subordinates, excluding Du Lu!

Chapter 101: Air-type Magic, Returning to the Capital

Joelson walked into the dense tropical forest. A plant-type dragon was sleeping on the soft grass.

It was Curtis, who had grown to tier 6.

The little flower on the eavesdropper had grown up. The bright yellow flower looked quite cute.

Curtis was surrounded by opened coconut shells, fruit cores, half-chewed apples, and so on.

"Father."

Curtis opened his sleepy eyes and raised his head.

After the promotion, he began to gradually absorb the knowledge left by the prophet and spent most of his time sleeping every day.

Curtis was also the most intelligent among all the dragons in Joelson's clan.

He stubbornly called Joelson "Father" because he felt that he had Joelson's blood in his body.

Joelson smiled and sat down next to Curtis. He patted its shoulder and asked, "How is the absorption of the inheritance going?"

Curtis sniffed. A vine quickly rose from the grass and twined around the fruit on the top of the tree to pull it down.

Curtis opened his mouth and bit the juice flying sword. He mumbled, "Until now, it has only absorbed less than 7%. The inheritance left by the prophet is too huge. I still have a long way to go."

Joelson nodded slightly and personally knocked open a leaf for Curtis and handed it to its mouth.

Curtis ate it happily. Just like when he was a child, he called out respectfully and dependently, "Father."

"Oh, right."

Curtis seemed to have remembered something.

The vine turned into a sharp sword and carved profound symbols on the coconut shell.

"There is some air magic in the prophet's inheritance, but I can only see a small part of it now."

A look of surprise flashed in Joelson's eyes.

Curtis handed the coconut shell, which was full of runes, to Joelson as if it was a sacrificial treasure and said, "I hope it will be of some help to father."

Joelson looked at it carefully. A hint of disappointment appeared on his face, but soon he became satisfied.

Two unknown levels of air magic.

Invisibility and flight.

Although they were not powerful offensive magic, they were still very practical.

The invisibility potion that was currently on the market was a branch product of air magic.

Unfortunately, it had too many shortcomings and was easy to be discovered. Moreover, it had restrictions on its use.

However, air magic invisibility was completely different.

The effect of the invisibility spell could increase with the strength of the caster. Under normal circumstances, it could at least be hidden from those who were one level higher than the caster.

In other words, even a ninth-level powerhouse would not be able to see through the invisibility spell cast by the eighth-level mage, Joelson.

The flying spell was even more amazing.

It was an iron law that those below the saint-level could not fly.

Even if a wind magician cast the "Levitation spell", it could only be considered as temporary levitation.

In ancient times, the "Levitation spell" of wind magic would be despised by the air magicians.

The flying spell.

It was the air magician's pride and reliance to break the iron law.

To be able to fly freely like the saint-level, only the air magician could do it.

However, they were still not as agile and fast as a saint-level mage.

Once they advanced to the saint-level, air mages could fly the fastest among all mages.

There were five branches in the depths of Joelson's spirit tree, and their ability to control magic elements and magic power had reached a terrifying level.

They understood these two spells almost instantly.

Using the invisibility spell, Curtis watched as Joelson's body seemed to be swallowed by the void, his figure disappearing into the air bit by bit.

If not for the weak and strange connection in his bloodline, Curtis almost thought that Joelson had disappeared into thin air.

Then, Joelson's body floated up.

Without the help of the wind.

He easily broke through the barrier of the wind magic "Levitation spell" and came to the sky above the floating island.

The cloud dragon that was playing with Du Lu and Enny suddenly cried out in alarm and hid behind Enny in panic.

It felt that someone was touching it!

Enny hurriedly protected the cloud dragon behind her.

Du Lu released his draconic might. His golden-red eyes revealed a ferocious gaze. The dignity of a tier 9 giant dragon was revealed.

The air was filled with the laughter of Joelson.

These two fellows had now become like mature parents.

Du Lu and Enny's eyes revealed a hint of relief and helplessness, sensing the existence of Joelson.

Enny called out in a low voice to explain to the cloud dragon for a long time before the little fellow dared to secretly poke his head out from behind Enny.

Joelson pounced forward.

Landing heavily on the cloud dragon's body.

The little fellow laughed lightly, not afraid of him at all.

The cloud dragon looked very cute.

It was like a white cloud. It felt good to the touch as well. It felt like he was pouncing on a big ball of soft cotton.

After playing with the cloud dragon for a while, Joelson flew back to the ground and stepped on the soft grass.

The Dragon God's Ranch had gradually grown stronger. The help it gave to Joelson had also become huge and comprehensive.

The steel dragon and Du Lu were powerful battle partners, while the plant dragon, Curtis, played the role of a wise man.

In the future, there would be more and more rare and powerful dragons.

...

A hurried carriage stopped at the city gate.

The capital of the Alcott Empire.

Joelson had returned.

When the city gate guards saw Joelson wearing a mage robe, they immediately showed a hint of respect.

When they saw the six golden stripes on Joelson's mage robe, they lowered their heads to show their respect.

Without any pass or fee, he entered easily.

It was completely different from the first time he came to the capital.

Since he had been traveling outside, he had not reverified his magic power.

Perhaps he could go to the Mage Union first.

Every mage was a rare talent of the empire, and the treatment they could receive when their rank rose would also be increased.

Joelson strolled along the Champs-Elysees Avenue in the capital.

After more than half a year, his height had increased a little, and his figure had become slenderer.

His appearance was fair and handsome, but he did not look as thin and weak as the average mage.

This was the effect of cultivating the path of knights at the same time.

At the age of seventeen, the current Joelson was already an authentic handsome man.

From time to time, there would be noblewomen and young girls passing by constantly looking back at him and whispering to each other, their faces filled with shyness.

Joelson could not help but think of a delicate and shy face.

Leas.

The hand holding the tungsten wood staff tightened a few times.

"This new magic-conducting weapon released by the Rose Chamber of Commerce is really beautiful. Its power is also very terrifying. It's really not bad."

Two young men in their twenties walked towards him. They were dressed like adventurers.

Joelson's eyes narrowed slightly.

He noticed that the two of them were holding a strangely-shaped "Magic gun" and discussing.

Joelson was very familiar with it. This was the Song of Ice and fire.

It was designed by him personally.

However, the one in their hands was a little larger than the first generation of Song of Ice and Fire.

"The Provos Chamber of Commerce."

Joelson frowned slightly.

Didn't he hand over some marketing methods to Catherine before?

And yet someone had stolen his business.

Chapter 102: Mage Guild

Joelson called for a carriage and headed to the Provence Chamber of Commerce.

He remembered that when he wanted to sell homemade spirit potions, the coachman had brought him to the Provence Chamber of Commerce.

The Provence Chamber of Commerce was one of the largest chambers of commerce in the capital.

The potion shop was very big, several times the size of the Lucca Chamber of Commerce. The decorations were also very luxurious.

All kinds of potions were placed on the counter. The most eye-catching ones were the unique-shaped magic guns and the two-color potions made of red and blue of different sizes.

"My respected mage, is there anything I can help you with?"

As soon as Joelson walked in, a well-dressed and polite shop assistant immediately came up to him.

When the shop assistant saw the six golden stripes on the left chest of the magician's robe that he was wearing, his eyelids twitched, and his attitude became even more respectful.

"Let me take a look first," Joelson said calmly

Then, he went up and picked up the largest magic gun on the counter.

The shop assistant immediately began to introduce it, "This is the most powerful magic weapon in our shop. When used together with ice and fire potions, it can instantly cast ice and fire spells that are equivalent to level 7 spells. It also has a very nice name, 'The Roar of Ice and Fire'. A single magic conductor only costs two thousand gold coins."

Joelson raised his eyebrows and smiled. "Level 7 magic?"

The shop assistant smiled embarrassedly and said, "It's not much weaker than level 7 magic. It's about the power of level-six magic."

"Level-six?"

A few drops of cold sweat appeared on the shop assistant's forehead. He braced himself and continued, "It's slightly weaker than level-six magic."

Hearing this, Joelson nodded in satisfaction.

Of course, he knew the power of this magic gun. Song of Ice and fire was developed under his guidance, and its maximum power could only reach level-six.

Because in order to reach the power of a level-six spell, the power of the ice and fire magic core powder had to be increased by a lot, and the instability of the ice and fire potions would also increase by a lot. It was very easy for it to explode.

Therefore, it was impossible for their magic guns to reach the power of a level-6 spell or above. If they wanted to surpass the power of a level-6 spell or above, they would have to retry the ratio of potions. Dorothea and the others had also been trying.

"Are there many magic potion shops in the capital selling this kind of magic weapon?"

Hearing this, the shop assistant stood up straight and puffed out his chest, he said proudly, "Those shops are selling some imitations. They are all shameless copycats and plagiarists. Their magic guns have no security at all. The real Roar of Ice and Fire can only be sold by our Provos Chamber of Commerce!"

"I remember that this kind of magic weapon has always been sold by the Lucca Chamber of Commerce. I think it's called the Song of Ice and Fire," Joelson said casually

The shop assistant said with a disdainful look.

"Sir, the Lucca Chamber of Commerce is about to go bankrupt. Like other chambers of commerce, they copied our magic-conducting weapons and magic potions. However, the standard of pharmacists is completely inadequate. They are all inferior products that have caused the death of several adventurers. Their reputation has long been rotten!"

Joelson slightly narrowed his eyes and revealed a dangerous look. He nodded and then walked out of the shop without looking back.

"My Lord! My Lord!"

The shop assistant hurriedly chased after Joelson and asked, "Don't you want to try it? This magic-conducting weapon is really useful! It has always been praised by the adventurers! Its power is also strong enough!"

Joelson lightly left a sentence, "Its power is too small, it is of no use to me."

Only the shop assistant was left in a daze.

Joelson sat in the carriage, deep in thought.

It seemed that a lot of unexpected things had happened in the past six months.

He thought that he had already paved the road for the Lucca Chamber of Commerce and that their situation would slowly turn around.

But he forgot that bringing good things that everyone coveted was very dangerous.

The strength of the Lucca Chamber of Commerce was too weak. They could not defend the huge benefits brought by the Song of Ice and Fire Potions.

Soon, the carriage arrived at the capital's Guild of Magic. This was the first time that Joelson had come to the Guild of magic to verify his strength.

In the past, it was Harriet who had arranged it for him. Harriet was the leader of the Guild.

It was normal when he thought about it. After all, his teacher was the only saint-level mage in the entire Alcott Empire. If he did not become the guild leader, who else would have the qualifications?

When he walked in, a man wearing crystal glasses was holding a book and reading it carefully.

When he noticed that Joelson had entered, the man quickly stood up. The first thing he noticed was the number of golden stripes on Joelson's robe.

When he looked at Joelson's young appearance, his eyes could not help but reveal a hint of surprise.

There were not many such young geniuses. As long as nothing unexpected happened, every one of them would become a big shot in the empire.

"Are you here to receive the benefits of being a high mage this year?"

The man welcomed Joelson in. He was also a sixth rank high mage, but he was much older than Joelson.

"You shouldn't be more than twenty-five years old, right? You've already reached the sixth rank. Which batch of graduates are you from the Tulip Academy?"

Perhaps it was because of his experience that Joelson looked much more mature. The man had guessed Joelson's age quite wrongly, but it was enough to make him surprised and envious.

Joelson shook his head and said, "I haven't graduated yet."

The man was stunned at first.

Then he heard Joelson say seriously, "And, I'm here today to re-authenticate the mage level."

The man thought he heard wrong.

"Huh? What did you say? You haven't graduated yet? You're here to re-authenticate the mage level? You broke through again?!"

The man shouted in surprise.

His eyes were filled with shock and disbelief as he looked at Joelson.

How was this possible?!

There was only one situation when a mage went to the Mage Guild to authenticate their strength.

That was, once their strength had made a breakthrough, the golden stripes on the mage's robe would need to be increased again.

Joelson was a sixth-tier mage to begin with. After breaking through, he would be a seventh-tier mage.

How old was he?!

The man's envy towards him had completely turned into jealousy.

Becoming a seventh-tier mage at such a young age, he would definitely be able to advance to eighth or even ninth-tier in the future.

"Please follow me."

The man respectfully led Joelson into a room in the guild.

After searching through a drawer-filled cabinet, he found a crystal ball covered in dust.

"I'm sorry," the man said embarrassedly. "It's been a long time since anyone has come to verify the rank of a mage above level-seven."

The man wiped the crystal ball carefully and wiped it so that there was not a speck of dust on it. Then, he respectfully handed it to Joelson.

Chapter 103: Tier 8 Mage, Elemental Law

"Inject your spiritual power and light it up."

Joelson smiled and asked, "Just light it up?"

The man was stunned for a moment, then nodded and said, "That's right, just light it up. The brighter it is, the better it is. The stronger you are, the more benefits you will receive. If you are a tier 7 magister, you will receive five thousand gold coins a year from the Empire."

"Yes, Sir!" Joelson replied and covered his hand with it.

He had done similar tests many times before.

The man picked up the quill and paper, intending to record Joelson's test results at any time.

"Spiritual power level."

The man had just opened his mouth, but before he could finish speaking.

Suddenly.

Bang!

A blinding light suddenly burst out in the room, and the crystal ball in Joelson's hand exploded into countless pieces.

The man's hand that was holding the quill stopped in mid-air, dropping a large number of ink stains on the paper.

He was completely dumbfounded.

"Crystal ball."

The man put down the quill and rubbed his eyes, not knowing what to say.

Joelson could not help but frown and said tentatively, "Above the seventh rank, is there a different test crystal ball for each rank?"

The man nodded subconsciously and said, "Yes, that's right."

Joelson showed an embarrassed expression and said, "I'm sorry, I didn't say it clearly. I'm here to verify the strength of an eighth rank magister."

"Oh, I see. An eighth rank magister, no wonder."

The man said and suddenly reacted, staring at Joelson with wide eyes.

His face was filled with disbelief.

"What did you say? An eighth rank magister?!"

"You, you... Wait for me for a while. I'll go find the Vice President."

The man was a little flustered. He left behind a sentence and left in a hurry.

An eighth rank magister was already considered a powerhouse even in the entire Alcott Empire.

Not having a powerhouse with such strength was very good news and glory for the Mage Guild.

Moreover, Joelson looked a little too young!

Soon, an old man with grizzled hair and beard walked out. The man followed the old man respectfully.

Marcus, a level-nine mage, the vice-president of the Mage Guild.

Joelson had heard Harriet Terrence mention him before.

Marcus was about three hundred years younger than Harriet Terrence, but he looked much older than Harriet Terrence.

When Marcus saw Joelson, he was delighted.

"Joelson Edward?" He asked tentatively.

Joelson nodded and performed a standard magician's etiquette.

Marcus said in admiration, "I knew it was you. Other than the president's personal disciple, the first magic genius of the Alcott Empire, who else can advance to the eighth rank before the age of twenty?"

"Twenty years old?!"

The man behind Marcus was completely shocked.

Marcus glanced at him and said indifferently, "To be precise, Joelson is only sixteen this year."

"Already seventeen," Joelson said indifferently.

"Seventeen."

The man's mouth was wide open. He looked at Joelson as if he was looking at a monster.

"Nelly, you can't keep burying yourself in magic books. You should go out more often. Your information is too limited. It will waste your talent if you keep doing this."

Marcus looked at the man and could not help but teach him a few words.

"Okay, Master Marcus, I understand."

The man nodded in embarrassment and blushed.

"Let me personally conduct the test for you," Marcus said, accepting the job gladly. He also wanted to see Joelson's strength with his own eyes.

He took out another crystal ball. It was a magic tool to test the spiritual power of an eighth rank mage.

This time, Joelson paid special attention. He did not release his spiritual power fully.

His spiritual power was very special. If all the spiritual power from the five branches of the spirit tree were poured in, even the tier 8 crystal ball would explode.

If that was the case, it would be too scary.

"Peak tier 8!"

Marcus could not help but exclaim, his eyes full of amazement as he looked at Joelson.

"I really can't believe that you are only seventeen years old. Joelson Edward, have you met the president since you came back?"

Joelson shook his head slightly and said, "I just came back from training."

"If the president knew this news, he would be very happy. Even at your age, he has not reached such a level of strength."

Marcus looked at Joelson and said with a sigh, "I have a feeling that you will become the youngest saint-level mage in the history of the Alcott Empire. Maybe you can become a saint-level mage before the age of one hundred."

Now, no one doubted whether Joelson could become a saint-level mage. They only guessed how long it would take him to become a saint-level mage.

"Before the age of one hundred."

The man called Nelly could not help but ask, "Master Marcus, does Joelson need so much time?"

Marcus glared at him and said angrily, "Do you think it is so easy to become a saint-level mage? I was already a ninth-level mage a hundred years ago, and I am still a ninth-level mage now."

Joelson thought of something and said, "Vice-president Marcus, is it very difficult to become a saint-level mage?"

Marcus looked at him with a complicated gaze and sighed, "Perhaps it's not that difficult for you. Sir Harriet Terrence once showed me the profound meaning of the saint-level, which is the power that touches the essence of magic elements. It's very terrifying!"

"The essence of magic?"

Joelson said this word silently.

"That's right."

Marcus said seriously, "Sir Harriet Terrence called it the power of the elemental laws. Mastering the power of the laws of a certain element is considered as entering the realm of the holy tier."

"I don't need to explain these things to you. I believe that Sir Harriet Terrence will tell you soon. With your current strength, you should be qualified to understand these things."

Joelson nodded slightly.

The certification continued.

The certification of a Mage's strength only required two steps.

The first was to test one's spiritual power, and the second was to release a spell of the corresponding level.

For example, if Joelson wanted to show Marcus that he could cast a level-eight spell.

"The elemental soul of fire magic wandering between heaven and earth, listen to my call..."

Joelson raised his tungsten wood staff and chanted in a low voice.

He could also cast tier 8 spells instantaneously.

However, he was afraid of scaring Marcus and Nelly.

A huge amount of fire element gathered under Joelson's call.

A blurry human figure appeared in the air.

After a while, a strong flame giant with burning flames all over his body appeared on the field.

Level-8 fire spell, fire elemental giant!

Chapter 104: The Grade Competition Began

Marcus' eyes widened and he was stunned. He did not say a word for a moment.

Joelson frowned and asked, "What's wrong? Is there a problem?"

Marcus smiled bitterly and shook his head. "There's no problem. It's just too big."

"Huh? What does that mean?" Joelson asked in confusion.

Marcus did not answer. Instead, he summoned a fire elemental giant according to Joelson's casting method.

When the two fire elemental giants stood together, the difference was immediately apparent.

"Pfft."

Nellie could not help but laugh. Marcus' wrinkled face turned red and he glared at him. Nellie immediately shut his mouth when he sensed the unfriendly gaze, but there was still a smile in his eyes that could not be hidden.

Joelson's fire elemental giant was indeed too big.

It was several heads taller than the fire elemental giant summoned by Marcus. The fiery red color on its body was also a little deeper, which meant that the temperature of the flames attached to it was higher.

Marcus did not know what he was feeling.

The fire elemental giant released by a mighty ninth-rank mage was actually not as effective as the eighth-rank mage, Joelson. This was really a blow.

"What a magical talent that makes people jealous," Marcus whispered.

Then, Joelson received a brand-new mage robe with eight golden stripes embroidered on the left side of his chest.

There was also the benefit of being an eighth-rank mage.

One hundred magic crystal coins were worth one hundred times more than the gold coins of the empire, which was equivalent to ten thousand gold coins.

This was the first time that Joelson had seen the so-called mage currency -- magic crystal coins.

It was a coin made of a light black round crystal, and one could still feel the rich aura of magic elements when holding it in one's hand.

"This is refined from magic crystal ores, and it is very precious. You can come to the Mage Guild every year to collect a hundred of them. After you reach the rank of a ninth-rank mage, it will rise to two hundred a year."

At this point, Marcus' expression became serious. He said seriously, "Of course, if you accept the benefits of the Empire, you must also fulfil the corresponding obligations. Once a war breaks out, even eighth-rank mages must obey the Empire's orders and go to the battlefield to serve."

Joelson nodded to show that he understood.

After bidding farewell to Marcus and Nellie, he left the Mage Guild. Joelson's target was the Tulip Academy of Magic.

At this time, the Tulip Academy was in the midst of an intense grade competition.

"Francis has only been in the fourth grade for a few months. He's so strong!"

"Yeah, it's said that he had already advanced to a fourth-grade mage two months ago. No one in the fourth grade should be his match!"

"He must be the first seat of the fourth grade. I wonder if he will challenge the first seat of the fifth grade!"

"I think he will do that with his proud personality."

On the stage, two figures continuously erupted with powerful and gorgeous magical flames.

The battle between two mages was a competition of the power of a single spell and the speed of the casting of a spell.

Regardless of that, Francis was clearly stronger than his opponent by more than a little.

Ever since the Academy Exchange match, Francis had been training himself like a madman.

He still could not forget the humiliation and fear brought by the red-haired Hawthorne's sword.

On the dueling platform, the sharp wind blades sliced through the opponent's magic shield. The fourth-year student, whose face was pale and obviously had used up too much magic power, revealed a bitter smile.

"I lost."

Francis slightly heaved a sigh of relief.

He had obtained the position of the fourth-year's lead student.

He went up on the platform together with the other grade's lead students and sat in his own lead student seat. However, Francis's gaze had always been fixed on a certain spot.

That was an empty spot.

It was higher than the sixth-year's lead student and represented the lead student position of the Tulip Academy of Magic.

That was...

Joelson's position.

Joelson Edward.

Thinking of this name and the terrifying results behind it, Francis could not help but feel a deep sense of powerlessness.

Sixteen years old, a sixth-grade magician, a dual-element magician of water and fire.

He had followed Joelson's path and won the position of the fourth-grade principal, but the other party had already been training outside for half a year.

He really didn't know how strong Joelson would be when he returned.

Tang Man, who presided over the grade competition, gave a certain amount of praise and awards to the first seats of each grade. After that, it was time for the first seats of each grade to challenge each other.

Francis' gaze lingered between the fifth and sixth grade first seats.

The sixth-grade first seat was still Rodin.

Compared to half a year ago, Rodin appeared much more composed.

This was the last year he stayed in the sixth year. Soon, he would apply to graduate, or participate in the trial and completely fade out of everyone's sight like many sixth-year seniors.

If he were to face Rodin, Francis had no confidence of winning at all.

Stimulated by the last academy exchange competition, Rodin's strength had also increased rapidly in the past half a year. He had already challenged the thirty-ninth floor of the Mage Tower and was about to break through to the fortieth floor.

Francis hesitated for a while and finally decided to challenge the 5th grade's head student.

The other party was also a 4th rank mage. It was not that he did not have a chance of winning.

Francis stood up and wanted to challenge. Before he could speak, there was a commotion at the academy's entrance.

All the students subconsciously swarmed in that direction.

Francis saw a slender figure wearing a black mage robe slowly walking over.

Even Professor Tommen, who was on the stage, could not suppress his excitement and quickly walked over to welcome him.

Francis heard someone shouting.

"Joelson! It's Joelson Edward! He's back!"

"The chief of the Tulip Academy of Magic, the number one genius!"

"Oh my God of Magic! Look at Joelson's mage's robe!"

Joelson walked closer. Compared to half a year ago, he appeared more relaxed and elegant.

He had completely shed the feeling of being young and inexperienced in the academy. He looked like a real mage.

Francis' pupils suddenly shrank. He saw.

One, two, three, four...

There were eight golden stripes embroidered on the mage robe that symbolized Joelson's strength!

A level-eight magister!

Francis was completely stunned. His face was filled with disbelief.

Tang Man's entire body trembled, and then he revealed a happy smile from the bottom of his heart.

"Joelson."

Tang Man bowed solemnly to Joelson and said, "Tulip Academy welcomes your return."

The other academies were also extremely excited.

Tier 8 mage!

Joelson had actually reached the tier 8 mage realm!

It had only been a long time since he entered the academy. In less than a year, he had already reached a height that ordinary people would never reach in their entire lives.

In a sense, Joelson was the spiritual idol of all the students.

Admiration, admiration, admiration.

He represented the glory of the Tulip Academy of Magic.

Chapter 105: The End of the Lucca Family

A bitter smile appeared on his face. He had planned to sneak in, but he had not expected that today would be the Tulip Academy's annual competition.

He saw familiar faces -- Rodin, Francis, Dorothea, the others from the Magic Potion Association, and Elsa, who was even further away.

Elsa's eyes were filled with a complicated and gratified look.

Suddenly, without knowing when Joelson had left her far behind.

"I'll go and pay my respects to my teacher first."

Joelson greeted Tang Man and the students, and then went to Harriet Terrence's hut.

Every time he entered the hut, it would be filled with messy books, and there was almost no place to sit. But this time, it was tidied up very neatly.

Harriet Terrence sat on the sofa and looked at him with a smile.

"Joelson, you did a good job."

Harriet Terrence had already received the news from the Mage Guild.

It took him a long time to calm down after hearing the news.

Joelson greeted Harriet Terrence.

Harriet Terrence poured him a cup of hot black tea and listened to him slowly tell the story of the past six months.

Apart from the fact that Curtis had received the prophet's inheritance, Joelson did not hide anything.

Harriet was a respected elder who could answer many questions for him.

"It should be Antoine's conspiracy."

Harriet frowned and said softly, "I will pay attention to the traces of the Dark Church and inform Charles III about these disgusting and dirty rats in his family!"

Joelson nodded. The Dark Church was too powerful. With his current strength, he had no way to fight against them. He could only seek Harriet's support.

"The trials of the four kingdoms will begin next month. You should prepare well."

Joelson nodded silently. The trials of this half-year were for the four kingdoms.

"Also."

Harriet continued, "If possible, I hope that you can clear all the mage towers and pass a hundred floors directly!"

"Huh? Why?"

Joelson frowned slightly and asked in confusion.

The Mage Tower was no longer of much help to him.

"No one has ever gone up to the 60th level of the Mage Tower."

Harriet Terrence explained, "Perhaps there are many good things hidden inside. If you can take them out, your strength will be even stronger."

"Is the Mage Tower so difficult? Teacher's sage level strength is also unable to clear the level?!"

A look of disbelief appeared on Joelson's face.

Harriet Terrence shook his head and said, "There is a limit to entering the Mage Tower. Only those under a hundred years old can enter. When I obtained this legendary magic conductor from the ancient ruins, I was already over a hundred years old."

Only after hearing the explanation did Joelson understand.

He suddenly remembered that he had passed through the Mage Tower before.

Every time he passed through the tenth floor, there would be the sound of rewards being given out. However, every time, the rewards were given out in failure.

It seemed that only those who had passed through the first floor could receive the rewards. The previous rewards had long been taken away by the former students of the Tulip Academy of Magic.

In that case...

Joelson's heart could not help but burn with excitement. The rewards from the ancient times were waiting for him to clear the sixtieth, seventieth, the final ninety-ninth, and even the hundredth level.

"I will."

Joelson made a promise to Harriet Terrence.

Harriet Terrence nodded in relief. Among the disciples he had taken in, Joelson was the one who had made him the most satisfied and amazed. His growth rate had even exceeded his expectations.

Only he could clear the Mage Tower. If he did not let Joelson clear it this time, who knew when the next such terrifying genius would appear in the future.

But when he thought of the trials of the four nations, Harriet Terrence's brows furrowed tightly again.

...

In the Magic Potion Association.

The appearance of Joelson made everyone very excited.

Because of Joelson, the Magic Potion Association was completely different from before.

It had become one of the most popular associations in the entire Tulip Academy, and there were many students with outstanding talent.

Of course, the core members were still the same as before.

"Vice president, you're really my idol!"

"Wow! An eighth rank magister!"

"Apart from Vice President Joelson, is there anyone else who can advance to an eighth rank mage before graduation?!"

"How is that possible! Of course not!"

The few of them stared at the golden stripes on the robe of the magician, their eyes filled with admiration and envy.

Joelson smiled and chatted with them for a while. Then, he looked around casually and asked, "Where's Rudolph? Why don't I see him?"

"Strange, that kid hid somewhere the moment he saw you?"

"I'll go find him."

"Forget it. Maybe it's something else."

Joelson said with a smile, but there was a trace of coldness in his eyes.

As he expected, there was still a problem with the Magic Potion Association.

Rudolph was in charge of selling potions made by the Magic Potion Association.

Before Joelson left, he had been in charge of contacting the people of the Lucca Chamber of Commerce.

Now that the Lucca Chamber of Commerce was on the verge of bankruptcy, the Provos Chamber of Commerce had become the sole agent of the Ice and Fire potion. Rudolph must be involved.

In the end, Joelson found him in a corner.

Rudolph looked at Joelson like a mouse seeing a cat. His whole body was trembling. He did not dare to raise his head to look at him.

"Sir Vice President, I was wrong. Please forgive me!"

Joelson patted his shoulder without any expression on his face. Before he could speak, Rudolf cried and collapsed on the ground.

"You can't blame me! My father is just a small Earl. If I don't do this, my whole family will be finished!"

"Who is it?"

Rudolf said with a trembling voice, "It... it was Prince Antoine who pressured my family. That's why I was forced to do this."

"Prince Antoine is behind the Rose Chamber of Commerce?!"

Rudolf said with a blank look, "The whole capital knows."

Joelson didn't say anything, nor did he look at Rudolf again. He turned around and left, but his eyes were terrifyingly cold.

In the Lucca family's mansion.

Compared to the last time he came; it had declined very much.

The house and courtyard looked like they hadn't been repaired for a long time, and they suddenly became very old.

The middle-aged maid welcomed Joelson in and saw Catherine, whom she had not seen for a long time.

"You're back."

Catherine forced a smile at Joelson.

She had lost a lot of weight, and her face was very pale. Her eyes were full of fatigue.

Catherine sat back on the sofa and grabbed a glass of red wine.

There were a few empty wine bottles scattered on the carpet.

"What happened?"

Joelson couldn't help but frown.

Catherine drank the wine in the glass in one gulp. Her lips were blood red as she said gloomily, "The Lucca family... is finished."

Chapter 106: First Destroy the Shadow Gang, Then Kill Antoine

As she spoke, Catherine wanted to reach out and pick up another bottle of wine.

Joelson took a deep breath and stepped forward to grab Catherine's arm. He stared into her eyes and said seriously, "What's going on?"

Catherine shook her head without saying a word. Her blue eyes had lost their luster, and there was a sense of despair.

Joelson let go of her somewhat dispiritedly. He looked around and asked, "Where is Benson?"

Perhaps only Benson could tell him the truth now.

Catherine's slightly trembling voice sounded behind him.

"Dead."

Joelson's body trembled slightly. He turned his head to look at her in disbelief.

Benson was actually dead?!

Catherine seemed to have no intention of explaining. She suddenly stood up and rummaged through the table.

"Oh, that's right."

She rummaged through the table and took out a box made of dark wood. It was obviously a more precious wooden box. She handed it to Joelson.

"This is for you."

Joelson opened the wooden box. Inside lay five pieces of "Green Truffles". They were the materials used to concoct the dragon blood potion before he left the capital. At that time, he had asked the Lucca Chamber of Commerce to help him collect them.

Catherine picked up the wine bottle and took a big gulp. She said miserably, "The Lucca family's last remaining money is only enough to buy these few pieces. Don't think that it's too little."

Joelson fell silent. Catherine only cared about drinking.

Suddenly, a big ball of water appeared above Catherine's head. It fell down and completely drenched her.

Joelson looked at her very seriously and said, "If you say it now, there may be hope for everything. If you don't say it now, the Lucca family will really be finished."

Catherine only then noticed the golden stripes on the long robe of the magician Joelson. She blinked her eyes and rubbed them with her hand as if she wanted to see more clearly.

After she counted the number of golden stripes, her eyes finally lit up bit by bit, and she regained some of her former vigor.

A tier 8 magister?!

Joelson was already a tier 8 magister!

Perhaps, there was real hope for Joelson to save the Lucca family now.

Catherine sat in front of Joelson obediently.

"Originally, everything was going smoothly. With the support of the two potion shops, the other shops of the Lucca Chamber of Commerce also opened one after another. Everything was developing in a good direction."

"But in the second month, after you left the academy, the Fire and Ice Potions sold by the Lucca family suddenly had frequent accidents, causing many injuries. Many injured adventurers came to us in anger, and with the help of some people with evil thoughts,

not many adventurers dared to come to the Lucca family to buy potions. The business of the potion shop directly fell like a precipice."

"Then, the Magic Potion Association suddenly stopped cooperating with us. I tried to explain to them the relationship between the Lucca family and you."

At this point, Catherine stole a glance at Joelson, and for some reason, her face was slightly red.

"But it was useless. After that, the Lucca Chamber of Commerce was completely destroyed. I sold all the shops at a low price."

Joelson frowned and could not help but ask, "Then why did Benson die?"

Catherine said with a pale smile. "He was assassinated. Not only him, but every day, one of my guards died tragically. His head was thrown at the door of Lucca's house. This situation lasted for two weeks. After that, all the guards of Lucca's house ran away."

"As you can see, other than a few of my most loyal old servants, I don't have anyone here."

"Why did they do that?"

Catherine shook her head and said, "I don't know."

A hint of shame and anger suddenly appeared on her face as she said, "Maybe they saw that Juliana and I still have some value."

"Where is Juliana Now?" Only then did Joelson remember to ask.

Catherine looked behind Joelson.

Joelson turned his head and saw a girl in a white nightgown staring at him in a daze.

Joelson couldn't believe that the girl was Juliana.

Compared to the shy and cute look half a year ago, Juliana's face was pale now. Her big eyes lost color and her lips were very pale.

Juliana's eyes trembled for a moment, then she turned around and ran.

But she was pulled back by Joelson's magic power.

"Why are you running?"

Joelson hugged her tightly.

Juliana bit her lips and said in a low voice, "I look too ugly now."

Hearing this, Joelson's heart felt as if it had been pricked by a needle.

He suddenly felt a strange aura from Juliana's body.

Grabbing onto Juliana's slender wrist, he used his spiritual power to probe her, and his eyes instantly turned extremely cold.

"Seed of Darkness!"

It was the Dark Church again!

However, compared to the one on old Morgan's body, the Seed of Darkness in Juliana's body was much smaller.

The rate at which it eroded her vitality was also very slow as if she had been poisoned.

However, the pain was doubled.

"Juliana was cursed by them," Catherine said angrily, her eyes filled with deep hatred and helplessness.

"They said that as long as we are willing, we can cure Juliana of her poison."

First, they would destroy the Lucca Chamber of Commerce, then kill the people around the two sisters one by one. Finally, they would use pain and despair to slowly wear away the will of the two sisters.

It was like taming a beast.

Was this the fun of being a big shot?!

"Who are they?"

Catherine whispered, "The Shadow Society."

"The Shadow Society, Antoine."

Joelson whispered these two names, and his tone suddenly became extremely cold.

"Damn it!"

Joelson stood up straight, held Juliana's hand, and said coldly, "Let's go."

Juliana and Catherine were stunned.

"Where are we going?"

Joelson stared at the dark night sky outside the house. His eyes were frighteningly bright.

"First, we'll destroy the Shadow Association! Then we'll kill Antoine!"

...

The two guards held their longswords and secretly dozed off.

On the quiet and empty street, the sound of footsteps slowly approached.

The guard instantly woke up and shouted in a low voice, "Who are you?"

Under the moonlight, three figures slowly walked over.

The guard squinted his eyes and tried to see clearly. He continued to warn, "This is Prince Antoine's mansion. Don't come close to it!"

He saw the blurry figure seemed to raise his hand.

A flame lit up in the dark night.

Clang!

The charred armor fell to the ground. The air was filled with the smell of charred flesh, telling of the fear of the two people before they died.

Joelson held Juliana's hand and walked to the front of the Prince's mansion. He raised his head slightly, and could hear the hurried footsteps from inside.

"Joelson."

Catherine followed behind him. Her face was pale, and there was a hint of nervousness in her eyes.

"This is Antoine's mansion."

Joelson did not turn his head back. The light spots formed by water and fire gathered around him, emitting a brilliant light in the dark night.

He only said one sentence lightly.

"I know."

Chapter 107: It's a Giant Dragon

The Lair of the Shadow Society was hidden very deeply. Even Joelson did not know the exact location, but he was sure that as long as he found Antoine, he would be able to completely eradicate him.

The guards who were patrolling at a higher level quickly noticed the commotion at the door and immediately issued an alarm.

"Damn it! Who is so daring to come to the Prince's mansion to cause trouble!"

A knight with a full beard raised his long sword and cursed as he rushed out of the door. His footsteps were hurried, and even his armor was still scattered. It was obvious that he had just gotten out of bed.

Guards with neat equipment kept running past him, and mages holding magic staffs kept running out.

Everyone had an unreal sense of absurdity. There was actually someone in the capital who dared to kill the guards of the Prince's mansion and wanted to break into Prince Antoine's mansion.

Who was it?!

Did he really want to die?!

Before they reached the door, they saw someone raise his hand towards the door.

The next moment, raging flames erupted. The iron railing door with beautiful patterns was broken by the flames. The broken iron door was mixed with molten iron, causing the guards in the front row to fall down screaming.

A mage?!

Fear appeared in the guards' eyes, and they subconsciously took a few steps back.

Joelson stared at the front coldly. His finger gently moved in the air, and a fire elemental giant was formed.

"An eighth-tier mage?!"

Someone cried out in panic.

"Damn it!"

The bearded knight cursed in a low voice. He held his longsword tightly and rushed toward Joelson.

A dense white aura burst out from his body as he raised his longsword and slashed at the shoulder of the flame giant. The flame giant's burly body swayed slightly.

Just as the bearded knight was about to strike a second time, he suddenly felt a scorching heat behind him.

He hurriedly rolled to the side and dodged awkwardly. When he saw the scene in front of him clearly, the bearded knight's eyes instantly became dull.

"How... how could there be so much?! Just how much mana does he have?!"

More than a dozen fire elemental giants covered in flames and water elemental giants entangled in water currents stood in the middle of the field, throwing fireballs and water bombs at the crowd.

With each attack, one of the guards either fell to the ground screaming and rolling or was hit by the water bombs and fell to the ground stiffly.

Suddenly, the three fire giants turned to face him. The fire giants had no eyes, but he seemed to feel a burning gaze shooting at him.

A trace of fear and panic appeared in the bearded knight's eyes. With an angry roar, he raised the longsword high up in his hand and charged at the three fire giants.

Then, he was completely engulfed in the flames.

The intense and scorching flames instantly spread across the garden of Antoine's mansion. The flames illuminated the entire garden as if it was daytime.

Compared to the eighth-tier elemental giants, these guards were too weak. They could only become the targets of slaughter.

Screams, exclamations, and angry roars. All the sounds were mixed together. The originally neat team had been completely scattered under such a huge crisis. The guards all fled in panic.

Among the panicked crowd, a mage locked his spiritual power on the three figures protected by the elemental giant and quickly chanted a spell.

Suddenly, a rapid sound of air being cut rang out.

The mage's heart twitched violently, and he subconsciously raised his magic staff.

Then, a broken knife stabbed deeply into his throat.

The mage let out a few strange sounds and looked at the magic staff in his hand that had been sliced into two. He slowly fell down with a look of disbelief on his face.

Joelson used his enormous spiritual power to cover the entire area.

Once he found traces of the mage, he would pick up the weapons that the guards had thrown away and throw them away.

He would kill the mage before he could finish chanting a spell.

Juliana leaned against Joelson's side, her head in a daze. Everything that happened before her eyes seemed to be a dream.

Catherine's heart was beating wildly as she watched. Her gaze fell on Joelson's slightly thin and not tall back.

A thought repeatedly echoed in her mind.

How dare he?!

How dare he do this?!

This was the Prince's residence!

Fear, panic, but there was also a crazy feeling of revenge!

Another seven or eight people rushed out of the house and looked at Joelson in panic as if they were looking at a madman. Besides a madman, who else would dare to cause trouble here?

The people who rushed out from behind were all around the seventh or eighth level. Most of them were knights, and two or three of them were dressed as mages.

"Kid! I swear that you will suffer countless torments in the water prison and die in pain!"

One of them looked at Joelson fiercely and pulled out the long sword at his waist. A strange black light flashed on the blade.

Joelson looked at him indifferently and said slowly, "It's too slow."

In the next moment, an extremely terrifying and ferocious huge figure appeared in the sky above the prince's mansion.

The terrifying aura suppressed countless people to kneel on the ground. When that pair of golden red pupils landed on anyone's body, the latter's body would tremble violently as if he had Parkinson's disease.

"Dragon! It's a giant dragon!"

"Oh my God!"

Someone screamed in despair.

The few people who had just come out looked up at the figure of the giant dragon that seemed to be roaming in the starry sky. Their expressions were also stunned as if they had seen the most terrifying thing in the world.

Du Lu exhaled a few breaths of sulfur, let out a low roar, and then fiercely dived down.

The hurried sound of horse hooves rang out on the Champs-Elysees Avenue, waking up countless people who were sleeping.

These people were wearing bright and neat armor, engraved with the symbol of golden thorns. This was the symbol of the royal family.

The royal knights were here!

It was their duty to protect the capital.

A huge commotion came from Prince Antoine's mansion. Bright flames and screams made them rush over at the first moment.

"Damn it! Is it a rebellion?!"

"It looks like someone is attacking the Prince's mansion."

The leader in front of them emitted a brilliant battle spirit glow. He rode on his warhorse and shouted, "Royal knights! Draw your swords!"

A metallic clanging sound was heard. Dozens of knight's longswords were raised high.

Each of them emitted an intense or dim battle spirit glow.

They were getting closer.

The leader of the knights suddenly pulled his warhorse back.

The sudden stop made the neat formation become messy.

After comforting the horse, the royal knights found that the leader of the knights was staring in a direction in a daze. They whispered, "It's actually a giant dragon. What the hell!"

They followed the gaze of the leader of the knights and looked over. They only saw the pitch-black night.

The light of the fire illuminated the sky. A terrifying giant dragon was crouching in the air, constantly spitting out blazing flames and breath.

That was the residence of Prince Antoine!

Chapter 108: Saint-level Master of the Dark Church

Joelson walked into Antoine's mansion.

It was a very luxurious decoration, comparable to the luxury of the palace.

The servants and waiters in the mansion were already cowering in the corner, trembling in fear. But from time to time, guards would rush out from the side and try to attack Joelson.

There were dozens of ice blades floating quietly around Joelson.

As long as someone rushed up, they would split an ice blade and shoot it out.

Antoine's expression was unsightly, and his gaze was ferocious as he said angrily to the person beside him.

"No, Sir Cliff, he is not Ulysses. He will only create a huge obstacle for our plan!"

Beside Antoine was a figure hidden in the black fog, just like the person in the Baron's territory.

The figure in the black fog sneered and said, "All geniuses are like this. Ulysses was also proud, but the God of Darkness can naturally make them submit."

Antoine wanted to say something.

Suddenly, someone ran in panic and shouted in fear.

"Sir Antoine, it's bad! There's... There's a dragon outside! There's a giant dragon!"

There's a giant dragon?!

Antoine could not help but frown and curse, "Idiot! What are you saying?"

"A giant dragon!"

The person who came had a pale face and a nervous expression. His actions were exaggerated as he gestured and said, "A very terrifying giant dragon is flying in the sky outside!"

The figure in the black fog snorted coldly and said, "The capital of the Alcott Empire, where did the giant dragon come from?"

Antoine slapped the person's face with a backhand. Just as he was about to curse, he suddenly heard a terrifying roar that sounded like thunder outside the door.

A cold voice sounded from the dragon's throat, "Antoine, you deserve to die."

Joelson stood alone on the back of Du Lu. Catherine was hiding in the distance with Juliana in her arms. Joelson asked them to leave so that they would not be hurt in the upcoming battle.

"Respected mage, may I leave now?"

The guard who led the way stood at Joelson's feet and raised his head to look at the fawning and terrified expression on his face.

Joelson could feel that there were many powerful auras hidden in the manor in front of him, as well as the disgusting smell of the Dark Church. It should be the lair of the shadow order.

"Okay."

Hearing this short sentence, the guard saluted Joelson with great surprise and then quickly ran into the distance.

A water bomb shot out under the cover of the night, shattering the guard's head.

Catherine stared at the dead body of the guard with her eyes wide open, her chest heaving up and down due to nervousness.

She was also a mage.

This was Catherine's first time killing someone, but she did not feel afraid. Instead, she felt a faint sense of excitement.

"Juliana, I will protect you."

Catherine hugged Juliana's body tightly. Juliana nodded silently, but her eyes were looking in the direction of Joelson.

Figures kept flashing out of the manor. Most of them were at least at tier 6.

All of them had fear on their faces as they looked at Joelson on the dragon's back.

Joelson lowered his head and said to Du Lu, "Flatten it, Du Lu."

Du Lu received the order and spread his wings. He raised his head and roared, his domineering aura spreading out, causing a hurricane.

Many people could not stand properly under the hurricane, lying on the ground in fear.

Du Lu stared at the "Small wooden box" beneath him. Jin Hong Ede's eyes seemed to be flowing with lava.

It swooped down and spat out blazing flame breath.

With a charge, the huge manor was split into two from the middle.

In the middle, there was a scorched black mark that was deeply sunken.

The people who stood on this mark had already turned into charcoal along with the soil.

The Shadow Association assassins who were lucky enough to survive stared at the sky in a daze, as if they had all been petrified by magic.

It was too terrifying.

The power of a dragon.

It was not an existence that human power could contend against.

Du Lu began to spit out marks in the manor back and forth.

A burning pillar of fire condensed in Joelson's hand and swept towards the ground.

At this moment, he was like a god riding a dragon, holding a holy sword of fire.

The assassins then thought of escaping.

The fire giant rose from the ground, chasing after the fleeing people.

Meteorites with flames or frost fell from the sky, creating large craters on the ground.

Joelson wantonly squandered his powerful spiritual power.

The fire and water magic elements were almost completely plundered by him, transforming into the shape of a giant dragon.

Every dive would produce bursts of explosions.

It was like a punishment from the gods.

It was an apocalyptic scene for the shadow order.

Under the intimidation of the dragon's might, everyone's strength was forcibly suppressed.

Forget about resisting, they had already lost the courage to face Joelson directly.

There was only one thought left in their hearts, and that was...

Run!

Quickly run!

Quickly leave this place!

"Bastard!"

A very angry voice suddenly sounded.

A thick black fog spread out, and the figure was indistinct.

"He's only a tier 8 mage! He's only a tier 8 mage, are you all idiots?!"

Antoine and Cliff rushed out in a hurry. What they saw made their heads explode with anger.

A group of level-six and level-seven experts were slaughtered like pigs by a man and a dragon. They fell one after another like wheat being harvested.

Antoine stared intently at Joelson who was in the air. His gaze wandered over the dragon and his body. His eyes were filled with shock and hatred.

Joelson had come for him. Joelson wanted to kill him.

"Sir Cliff, it seems that our magic genius is not friendly to the Dark Church at all," Antoine said darkly.

Cliff was obviously very angry, and the black fog kept rising and falling.

"Joelson Edward."

Without waiting for cliff to finish speaking, Joelson had already made his stance clear with his actions.

The tungsten-iron wood staff drew an abstruse pattern of a magic circle in the void.

The magic circle slowly lit up, and a huge amount of fire elements gathered.

The light became more and more intense, and it was as dazzling as the sun.

Bang!

A very thick pillar of fire shot out, aiming straight at Cliff.

Cliff's pupils suddenly contracted. It was too late to dodge, and he subconsciously kicked Antoine.

Eighth-tier fire spell, meteor flame!

The meteor flame-like light flashed and disappeared, and the black fog that enveloped Cliff had completely disappeared.

A pale, thin figure was revealed. His face was pale, and his eyes were fixed on Joelson.

A cold smile appeared on the corner of Joelson's mouth. "Are the people of the Dark Church all dwarves? Or are they rats hiding in the gutter?"

Cliff was so angry that he was about to go crazy.

Practicing the secret techniques of the Dark Church would slowly erode the human body. After reaching the peak, the body would slowly shrink. Therefore, the people of the Dark Church liked to use the black fog to hide their bodies.

A very powerful aura burst out from Cliff's body, and his body slowly floated in the air.

Saint-level!

Chapter 109: Beating up a Saint-Level Powerhouse

Antoine sprawled on the ground in a sorry state, but the smile on his face became more and more wanton. He was no longer as handsome and refined as before. Instead, he looked very ferocious.

Joelson Edward, the proud genius.

He had rejected his good intentions many times, yet he still dared to take the initiative to come up and try to kill him.

Hahaha! There was nothing more exciting than witnessing the death of a super genius with his own eyes.

Since Joelson was destined to stand against him, he had to be killed before he could grow up!

Cliff rose into the air and stood at the same height as Joelson. He said coldly, "You have rejected the Dark Church's good intentions. You are destined to pay the price!"

Joelson looked at him and said calmly, "Idiot."

Whoosh!

A gust of wind swept past.

The fiery red dragon claw swept across Cliff's body with terrifying power.

Cliff was directly slapped away and rolled in the air in a sorry state...

Even a saint-level powerhouse would not want to compete with a giant dragon in strength.

Cliff's expression was very ugly, and he was shocked.

How could a level nine giant dragon be so strong?!

Joelson patted Du Lu's head and said in a low voice, "I've found a good opponent for you. Remember, don't let him have an empty hand. beat him up!"

Du Lu growled, and his will to fight kept rising. He jumped out like a cannonball.

Meanwhile, Joelson was one step ahead of Du Lu and landed lightly on the ground.

Antoine's smile froze on his face, and his eyes gradually became panic and fear.

Joelson was slowly walking towards him without any expression.

"Idiot! Stop him! Stop him for me! You bunch of trash!"

Antoine climbed up from the ground in a sorry state and retreated desperately.

The assassins from the Dark Church looked at him in a daze.

Antoine ran to the side of a tier 7 assassin with trembling steps and kicked his butt hard.

"Idiot, he doesn't have a dragon right now! Hurry up and kill him!"

As soon as these words were said, the assassins came to their senses one after another and escaped from the state of panic and fear, not knowing what to do.

Pairs of eyes revealed a sinister gaze as they looked at Joelson.

That's right, he didn't have a dragon to protect him now, so what were they so afraid of?

The assassins slowly surrounded him, their killing intent pervading the air.

In the distance, Du Lu and Cliff were fighting.

Cliff's dark aura was very strange. It had the power of corrosion and was a very difficult opponent.

However, facing the 40% magic and physical damage immunity of the dragon shield, Cliff still had a long way to go before he could break through Du Lu's first layer of defense.

Even if he broke through the dragon shield, there were even harder dragon scales waiting for him inside.

The ancient fire dragon bloodline gave Du Lu greater strength than ordinary dragons and even more scorching and terrifying dragon flame breath. It was no less powerful than saint-level attacks.

Therefore.

Du Lu, who had powerful combat strength, simply hit Cliff like a sandbag.

Cliff was extremely uncomfortable.

He was not killed yet, but he was always at a disadvantage. Moreover, this abnormal fire dragon was like glue, clinging to him.

Other than constantly dodging and resisting, it was difficult for him to even open his mouth to speak, let alone deal with Joelson.

The battlefield seemed to have been completely divided into two parts.

Antoine's face regained his initial pride and confidence, and his snake-like eyes stared at Joelson.

"Don't kill him, break his limbs first. I have never tortured a genius like him."

"Hehehe!" Antoine laughed ferociously.

Joelson's expression was calm as if he did not feel the increasing killing intent around him.

It was as if Antoine was the only one in his eyes.

"Kill!"

A tier 8 assassin took the lead and charged towards Joelson. Like a chain reaction caused by the fall of a domino, several figures leapt up at the same time.

Bang!

The thick ring of fire suddenly exploded, and a huge impact spread out in all directions.

The few assassins had already expected Joelson's counterattack. Black combat aura covered their bodies, and they were only forced back a few steps.

Suddenly, Joelson's figure disappeared from where he stood.

In the next moment, he suddenly appeared in front of the weakest tier 7 assassin.

The tier 7 assassin's eyes shook, and he was about to raise his hands to resist.

Joelson's hands were like snakes, wrapping around his head and chin, twisting them lightly.

Gotcha!

The crisp and terrifying sound of bones cracking rang out.

The tier 7 assassin's eyes were dull as he knelt down, and then he collapsed on the ground, like a pool of mud, completely losing all signs of life.

Joelson casually grabbed his longsword and waved it in his hands.

The Knight's Longsword had the style of the cult of Shadows. The blade was sharp and long. Together with the cult of shadows' combat aura secret technique, each attack was as cruel and dangerous as a poisonous snake.

Joelson frowned slightly as if he did not feel comfortable with it.

The knight's longsword suddenly exploded with a dazzling red light.

Combat aura!

Level eight!

The field suddenly fell silent.

Everyone stared blankly at Joelson, who was holding the dazzling flaming longsword, completely dumbfounded.

Didn't they say that he was a magic genius?

How did he become a level eight knight?!

Fire-type combat aura?!

Crazy.

Everyone was going crazy watching this.

Antoine's mouth was wide open, and his neck seemed to be tightly gripped by an invisible hand. He could not speak, and could only make a strange sound from his throat.

"Kill... kill him! Kill him quickly!" Antoine hurriedly shouted.

He did not want to drag it out any longer. He did not want to capture or torture him. Right now, he only wanted to let Joelson die immediately!

Die immediately!

Joelson stared at Antoine and began to speed up his footsteps.

The blade of the sword dragged on the ground and produced a "rustling" sound.

Dressed in a mage's robe and holding a knight's longsword, his hair was blown up by the wind, revealing a handsome and cold side face.

There was an indescribable strange charm.

At this moment, all the killers moved.

If one looked down from high above, one could see more than a dozen figures bursting out with black combat aura lights at the same time, pouncing towards Joelson.

The black combat aura and the night sky merged together as if they were going to drown Joelson.

Then.

An extremely brilliant fiery red suddenly erupted.

Piercing through the darkness of the night sky.

The light of the slender knight's longsword appeared overbearing and explosive in Joelson's hands.

The red combat aura seemed as though it wanted to ignite the air.

When it came into contact with the dark church's dark combat aura, the dark combat aura immediately melted like ice and snow.

An uppercut.

Joelson forcefully sliced a rank 7 assassin in half from the middle.

With a counterattack.

The fire-attribute battle qi combined with the explosive aura and the terrifying power of the dragon's blood, forcefully cleaved the 2 assassins and their swords apart.

The pupils of the type 8 assassin constricted, as he subconsciously wanted to escape.

Joelson chased after him, dodging past him.

The type 8 assassin clutched his neck, as he slowly fell.

Chapter 110: You Deserve To Die

Blood, corpses, and the smell of burnt flesh.

Behind him was a sky full of stars. There was a strange and cruel beauty in the figure of Joelson wielding his sword.

Joelson slowly pulled his sword out of the chest of the last killer. The blade was pointed to the ground. Blood dripped down the blade and fell to the ground.

Antoine swallowed hard, his face pale.

Joelson looked at him coldly and walked closer.

Antoine had lost all his support, and fear climbed onto his face.

"Don't come over!"

"Joelson, we're friends, aren't we? I even gave you a gift. What about the twin sisters?!"

"Joelson Edward!" Antoine suddenly shouted. His voice became extremely mournful due to fear.

"I'm the Prince of the Alcott Empire. I'm the younger brother of Charles III. I'm a member of the Bauhinia family."

"You can't kill me!"

Bang!

Joelson kicked Antoine to the ground and raised his long sword coldly.

Antoine was completely in despair.

At this moment, a dazzling earthen yellow light lit up in the night sky and a figure flew over quickly.

The knights had also arrived. The sound of neat horse hooves could be heard and the purple thorny flower flag fluttered in the wind.

"Edward, Stop!"

Harriet Terrence's heavy voice echoed in the night sky.

A ray of hope suddenly burst out from Antoine's eyes.

He saw a chance to live again.

"Hahaha! Joelson, I've said it long ago. You can't kill me. The pillar of the Empire has come to save me! The royal knights have also come to save me. I'm Prince Antoine! Do you understand, Prince?!"

King Antoine laughed arrogantly and wantonly.

Joelson turned back to look at Harriet Terrence.

He silently turned around and slashed down with his sword.

Antoine's head rolled on the ground. His dark eyes were still filled with shock and astonishment.

Joelson spat at his face on the ground and said in a low voice, "No one can save you. You deserve to die."

Harriet Terrence saw this scene from the air and sighed.

He stopped in the air and faced the royal knights. He said solemnly, "The conspirator, Antoine, is dead."

Hearing Harriet Terrence's words, a trace of astonishment appeared on Joelson's face, but he soon returned to normal.

Harriet Terrence landed in front of Joelson. He glanced at Antoine's head, which was rolling on the ground, and then at Joelson. He sighed and said, "Joelson, you're still too impatient. If you hand him over to the Empire for trial, he would have been hanged."

Joelson shook his head and said, "Teacher, I'm afraid that if I miss this opportunity, I won't be able to kill him."

Harriet seemed to have thought of something. He looked at Cliff who was fighting with Du Lu not far away. The evil aura emitted by the dark aura could be clearly felt here.

"Wait for me to solve this problem first," Harriet said to Joelson lightly.

Then, he floated up.

Harriet Terrence gave off a powerful aura as if he had become a different person.

This was the first time that Joelson had seen Harriet Terrence make a move.

For a moment, Joelson almost thought that Harriet Terrence had become one with the Earth under his feet.

Harriet Terrence's body transmitted the rhythm of the Earth, and all the earth elements in the heaven and earth gathered toward him.

Cliff obviously also sensed the movement here and panicked. He desperately tried to escape from du Lu's entanglement, but he could not do it at all.

Harriet Terrence took out a simple withered wooden staff and slightly raised it.

His body emitted an unimaginable majesty.

"Grip of the Earth."

Saint-level spell, level-10 forbidden spell, the profound meaning of earth magic.

Grip of the Earth.

Joelson felt the ground beneath his feet begin to tremble as if an earthquake had occurred.

A loud sound rang out from the desolate land, and the ground began to crack.

Countless rocks and sand were pushed upwards by a strange force, condensing into a huge palm.

The huge palm aimed at Cliff's figure, and clenched fiercely!

Bang!

Sand and rock flew in all directions.

Cliff jumped out of the smoke and dust in a sorry state. His clothes had long been tattered, and his face was frighteningly pale. There was even blood seeping out of the corner of his mouth.

His eyes were as cold as a poisonous snake as he looked at Harriet with hatred.

"Harriet, the Alcott Empire will be destroyed because of you."

Harriet's expression did not change. He raised his withered wood staff once again.

Cliff's expression changed drastically. He hurriedly took out a pitch-black scroll and tore it open.

The void in front of him also tore open. Cliff immediately jumped in and disappeared.

Harriet Terrence was a little helpless. He sighed and said, "Spatial magic scroll. This guy is lucky."

At this time, Joelson had not recovered from his shock.

Grip of the Earth.

He felt that it was somewhat familiar.

This spell looked very much like a level-4 Earth spell -- grip of the Earth.

A palm condensed from Earth elements was summoned from the ground and grabbed onto the enemy's foot, obstructing him.

However, when cast by Harriet, it became a powerful forbidden spell.

Was this the power of a saint-level mage?

It was too terrifying.

"It's a pity that he ran away."

Joelson stared at the place where Cliff had disappeared, a hint of unwillingness in his eyes.

Du Lu and Harriet Terrence had the ability to keep him here.

Harriet Terrence shook his head slightly.

"It's very difficult to kill the opponent in a battle between saint-level masters. At most, I can only defeat or push him back. Even if Cliff didn't bring a precious spatial magic scroll and wanted to leave, it would be very difficult for me to kill him. After all, the offensive power of Earth magic is not the strongest."

Joelson nodded.

At the sage level, the advantage of a mage was fully displayed.

Mastering the profound magic elements could save most of the casting time. Even the combat aura of a sage-level knight would not be able to break through the thick magic shield easily.

Under the circumstances where the difference in strength was not big, a sage-level mage could completely suppress a sage-level knight and fight.

Of course, the terrifying physique of a saint-level knight was also very difficult to kill.

"Summon your dragon companion back first. It scared a lot of people tonight."

It was rare for Harriet Terrence to joke with Joelson.

Joelson let out an awkward laugh.

Forcefully breaking into the residence of a prince in the capital and almost completely tearing it apart.

What he did was indeed a little reckless and daring.

It was also fortunate that the number one person of the Alcott Empire, Harriet, had protected him. Otherwise, Joelson would definitely be wanted by the entire empire.

"Teacher, has His Majesty already known that Antoine colluded with the Dark Church to plot a rebellion?"

Joelson recalled what Harriet had said to the royal knights previously and could not help but ask.

"He doesn't know," Harriet Terrence said faintly. "I haven't had the time to tell Charles III yet. However, since he has already died at your hands, then he is the conspirator."

Harriet Terrence gave Joelson a meaningful look.

Chapter 111: Add the Title of Marquis

There was a complicated look in Joelson's eyes. He was both moved and delighted.

This was the power of a saint-level powerhouse!

He could kill a prince of a country!

How could it be more important than his own disciple?

"You go back with the knights. I'll go and explain it to Charles III first."

Harriet Terrence put away Antoine's body and instructed Joelson. Then, he flew up into the sky and left.

Catherine and Juliana ran up hurriedly. They looked at Joelson with both surprise and admiration, as well as reliance and respect.

Joelson said that he would destroy the Shadow Gang and kill Antoine.

It was a very crazy move.

But he really did it.

Antoine died right in front of them.

"Ah!"

Catherine suddenly exclaimed. She looked at Juliana with a pale face and said, "The curse on Juliana hasn't been broken yet!"

The light in Catherine's eyes dimmed.

However, Joelson shook his head and comforted her, "I have a way. You don't have to worry."

Du Lu flapped its wings and slowly flew back. It crouched over Joelson's head and growled.

This battle was very enjoyable.

The members of the royal knights did not dare to approach because of Du Lu's existence.

They now knew who the young mage who forcibly demolished the Prince's mansion and rode a dragon was.

It was the number one genius of the Tulip Magic Academy who had shocked the entire capital half a year ago -- Joelson Edward!

He was actually riding a terrifying giant dragon that could fight against a saint-level powerhouse!

This news was too unbelievable.

Most of the knights were so shocked that their mouths were wide open. They could almost fit an entire magic beast egg.

They suddenly felt excited.

With such a genius powerhouse in the Alcott Empire, wouldn't the empire have another one in a hundred years that could be compared to -- no, it should be a pillar that surpassed Sir Harriet.

The head knight wanted to come up and talk to Joelson, but he only gave him an indifferent glance, pulled out Catherine and Juliana's hands, and flew directly behind Du Lu.

Without turning his head, he flew toward the capital.

The head knight waved his hand gloomily and said, "Clean up the battlefield. Search this place thoroughly. Search all the places and find all the clues. Don't miss any of them."

The conspirator, Antoine, their job was to find the evidence of Antoine's conspiracy.

When Joelson returned to the capital, the fire in Prince Antoine's mansion was still burning.

Soon, a royal carriage arrived.

Charles III summoned him.

As soon as he killed Antoine, Charles III summoned him.

Joelson narrowed his eyes slightly and followed the carriage to the palace.

The palace attendant brought Joelson to the place and left in a hurry.

Joelson waited for a while, and Harriet Terrence and an attendant appeared in front of him.

"Joelson Edward has contributed greatly to quelling the rebellion and has been conferred the title of Marquis."

After the waiter conveyed the decree of Charles III, he said apologetically to Joelson, "His Majesty is not feeling well and cannot come personally to be conferred the title of Marquis. Please forgive me, Sir Joelson."

After saying that, he left.

Harriet Terrence walked forward and said with a smile, "I did not expect this result from time to time."

Joelson shook his head and said, "Indeed, I did not expect it. I originally thought that he would at least give me a symbolic punishment. After all, Antoine is his biological brother."

"You're right."

Harriet Terrence had a complicated look in his eyes, he sighed and said, "After all, Antoine is his younger brother. Although Antoine never cared about this, Charles III still cared about it. Antoine did countless dirty things when he founded the Shadow Society. Many people know about it. How could Charles III not know? He just thought of the friendship between brothers."

"He's not a good king." Joelson suddenly said.

Harriet Terrence smiled and said, "But not to the extent of being too stupid. At least he still gave you a commendation. It's just that he really doesn't want to see you."

Joelson nodded, thinking that Teacher Harriet Terrence was probably one of the very important reasons for such an outcome.

"Teacher, since Antoine is dead, what about the businesses under his name, the Rose Chamber of Commerce?"

Harriet glanced at him and said, "The Rose Chamber of Commerce will be taken over by the royal family."

"My friend's Chamber of Commerce once..."

"I will inform the royal family who accepted the Rose Chamber of Commerce and compensate your friend."

A strange smile appeared on Harriet Terrence's face. He looked at Joelson and asked, "Are they the two little girls from the Lucca Family?"

Joelson did not say anything.

Harriet Terrence patted Joelson's shoulder and said, "Joelson, you should spend more time with Dayshannon. You haven't seen her since you came back, right? Charles III might be angry for the same reason."

Joelson was stunned.

After leaving the palace, Joelson refused the royal carriage.

He still had to go to Lucca's house.

After taking a few steps, a figure suddenly rushed out from the side, pulling Joelson's hand and dragging him to the side.

"Who is it?!"

Joelson frowned and shouted in a low voice.

His fragrant and soft body squeezed into Joelson's arms, took off the wide hood on his head, and revealed a shy face.

It was Dayshannon.

Joelson blinked.

"You're back, but you didn't come to find me."

Dayshannon bit her lips and stared at Joelson with a bitter look.

Joelson said awkwardly, "I'm planning to go out tomorrow."

Dayshannon didn't wait for Joelson to finish explaining. She blushed, bit her lips and said, "I'll go out tomorrow. Don't forget."

Then she gave him a reluctant look and ran into the night.

The sudden intrusion and hurried departure seemed like a dream, leaving him in a trance.

Lucca's house.

Juliana lay on the bed, staring at him with her big eyes.

He gave her a gentle smile and carefully took out a small bottle filled with clear liquid.

Spring Water of Life.

When he was in the Elven Holy Land, he had obtained a lot of green truffles.

Catherine stood by the side with a nervous expression. The Lucca family had collapsed, and Julianna was all she had, her only family.

Joelson fed Julianna the Spring Water of Life.

The powerful magic power of the Spring Water of Life was released, and the dark aura on Julianna's body quickly spread to her calves.

Her pale face quickly turned red.

"I feel much better now," Juliana said in a low voice.

Catherine was so excited that she almost cried.

Joelson nodded in satisfaction.

The seed of darkness in Juliana's body had been completely expelled, but after suffering for a long time, her body was too weak.

She needed to rest for a period of time, and then she could recover to her original appearance.

"Rest well."

Joelson covered Juliana with a velvet blanket and said softly.

Juliana suddenly grabbed Joelson's hand and stared at him for a while before nodding slowly.

Chapter 112: Catherine's Gift, the Legend of the Mage Tower

Walking out of the room, Catherine said to him very seriously, "Thank you, Joelson."

Joelson shook his head and said, "The Lucca family's current situation is partly because of me. Juliana is my first friend in the Tulip Magic Academy. This is what I should do."

Joelson looked at Catherine's pale and thin face and comforted her, "You should rest early too. The Lucca family will be rebuilt soon. I'll go now."

Catherine was silent in front of Joelson. The moment Joelson turned around, she suddenly grabbed his hand.

"Wait, I have a gift for you."

Joelson was a little surprised.

Catherine did not explain but led him into a room.

It was a lilac decoration, and the air was filled with a faint fragrance. It was Catherine's boudoir.

"What gift do you want to give me?" Joelson asked in confusion.

He remembered that Catherine had said before that the Lucca family's last money had been used to buy the five pieces of green truffles.

Catherine looked directly at Joelson, her light blue eyes filled with determination, gratitude, and thick shyness.

Catherine took a deep breath and said, "It's me."

"Joelson."

Catherine seemed to have mustered up her courage and walked forward, hugging Joelson tightly.

Her body was slightly trembling, and her voice was trembling as she said, "You have done too much for the Lucca family. Other than this, I have nothing else to repay you. I know that Juliana likes you, and I will wait for her to get better."

As if someone had poured a bucket of cold water on his head, Joelson's brain instantly cooled down.

"Catherine."

His spiritual power slightly pushed Catherine's body away.

Joelson sighed and said, "You don't have to do this."

Catherine stubbornly shook her head and said, "No, if I don't do this, I will feel uneasy."

Catherine looked at Joelson with infatuation, and her expression was a little pitiful. She whispered, "Joelson, do you know? Actually, I am very jealous of Juliana."

"She can go to Tulip Magic Academy without any worries. She has teachers and classmates to accompany her, and she has a teenager that she has a crush on. I'm only two years older than her, but I have to support the entire Lucca family and fight against a group of greedy and cunning businessmen."

"I'm really so tired."

Joelson's expression was complicated.

Catherine walked up again and gently hugged Joelson.

"Let me rest in your arms for a while, okay, Joelson?"

...

Joelson woke up in the morning, and Catherine lay quietly in his arms.

The incident from last night was still very clear in his memory. If it were to be spread out, it might become the laughingstock of the nobles.

Many young nobles would come into contact with these things when they were twelve or thirteen years old.

Joelson's actions were a little too big, waking Catherine up.

"I'm leaving."

A trace of deep disappointment flashed across Catherine's face, and she responded softly.

Joelson took a few steps forward, thought about it, and bent down again, leaving a gentle kiss on Catherine's forehead.

"If there's anything else, come to the Tulip Academy in time to find me."

Catherine was a little surprised, but she felt shy and sweet.

Without turning his head, Joelson left. He was afraid that Juliana would see him.

Catherine stood in front of the window sill and watched as Joelson's figure gradually disappeared.

Then, she climbed back into bed. After one night, her body was already sore, and she wanted to have a good rest.

Suddenly, the door of the room creaked open.

Juliana stood at the door and looked at Catherine.

"Sister."

Catherine was surprised, and then she revealed a surprised smile.

"Juliana, you look much better!"

Juliana responded, nodded, and went into Catherine's arms.

The two sisters had not talked to each other intimately for a long time.

Catherine felt exceptionally relaxed. It was the feeling of having someone to rely on behind her, and not having to support everything alone.

Julianna's careful voice sounded in her arms.

"Sister, do you like Joelson too?"

...

The incident last night continued to ferment, shaking the entire capital.

Many people woke up from their dreams and saw the extremely terrifying giant dragon in the sky.

Prince Antoine was executed for conspiracy and treason, and countless people were discussing this.

Fortunately, the identity of the dragon rider, Joelson, was sealed by the royal family and did not spread out. Otherwise, who knew how many people would be shocked.

The news of Antoine's death also made many people cheer. There were also commoners and nobles.

It seemed that everyone had a lot of resentment toward Antoine.

More than 500 million gold coins and jewelry were confiscated from Antoine's mansion. It was said that when Charles III heard the news, he was very angry and smashed three of his favorite crystal cups in a row.

The annual tax revenue of the Alcott Empire's national treasury was only 50 million gold coins.

In total, Antoine was even richer than King Charles III.

The brotherly feelings that they had before suddenly disappeared.

"Once the students graduate from the Tulip Academy, they are not qualified to enter the Mage Tower for the trial. Therefore, even I don't know what it looks like when the mage tower has more than sixty floors."

Harriet Terrence instructed Joelson.

In the upcoming trial of the four countries, Harriet Terrence hoped that Joelson would be as strong as possible, so he suggested that he challenge the Mage Tower again.

"Teacher, what's the reward for the first fifty floors of the Mage Tower?"

Joelson could not help but ask.

Harriet Terrence shook his head and said, "I'm not very sure, but every person who passes ten floors for the first time and gets the reward has a much better understanding of the magic they practice. Almost all of them can instantly cast magic of the corresponding level."

"Instant magic?!"

A hint of doubt appeared on Joelson's face.

Could it be that the reward for every ten floors of the Mage Tower was an instant magic method?

If that was really the case, it did not seem to be of much help to him.

"There's only one exception."

Harriet Terrence suddenly said, "Who?"

Harriet Terrence said with a complicated gaze, "Ulysses. He was the first to pass the fortieth and fiftieth floors, but he did not master the instant cast of the fifth and sixth level Earth Magic. It's very strange. If he had mastered the instant cast magic like those people before, perhaps he would not have stopped at the fifty-sixth floor."

Harriet sighed. Ulysses was the pain in his heart.

"Teacher," said Joelson consolingly

Harriet shook his head with a smile and finally said seriously, "Joelson, you don't have to hide your strength. Use your battle partner."

Joelson was slightly surprised. Harriet allowed him to cheat?!

"There has been a legend in the Mage Tower."

Harriet solemnly said to Joelson, "As long as you can clear the hundredth floor of the Mage Tower, even a mage with inferior talent can immediately become a saint-level!"

Chapter 113: Breaking into the Mage Tower Again. Everyone Was Looking Forward to It

Joelson's heart trembled.

"I'll send you in."

Instead of going through the light gate in the academy, Harriet Terrence directly sent Joelson into the Mage Tower.

The ten tier 6 magic wolves stared intently at Joelson, revealing dangerous gazes.

Joelson revealed a bitter smile.

Harriet Terrence directly swept past the fifty-seventh, fifty-eighth, and fifty-ninth levels, directly sending him to the sixtieth level.

Then.

Joelson's gaze was serious.

Let the battle begin!

...

A student dressed in a red mage robe appeared outside the Mage Tower in a sorry state, his face filled with deep regret.

"Damn it! I was so close to passing the twenty-sixth floor!"

A lazy chuckle sounded from the side.

"Come on, Hatton, you've said this eight times already!"

The red-robed student cursed in a low voice, "Shut up, Raymond. I know it even if you don't tell me!"

"Sigh!"

Hatton lowered his head and sighed. He said in a low voice, "I bet with Dorne that he will be ranked higher than him this month. The deadline is almost up. Ah! That's a whole hundred gold coins!"

Hatton subconsciously looked at the magic screen, looking for his ranking.

Suddenly, from the corner of his eye, he saw a name flashing at the top of the screen.

Hatton quickly looked up to search.

The higher the ranking, the more difficult it was to rise. Perhaps it would not even move for a few months.

However, every rise proved that another genius student of Tulip Magic Academy had made a major breakthrough.

Who could it be?!

Francis, the fourth year's lead student?!

He was very talented and improved the fastest, so it was possible.

Hatton soon found Francis' ranking, but there was no change.

That was Rodin?!

The sixth year's lead student, it was said that he had been trying to break through to the Mage Tower recently.

He looked over, but it was still not him.

Hatton opened his eyes wide and looked at the hundreds of familiar names on the magic screen.

He was surprised to find that there was no change in the rankings.

Was he mistaken?!

That was impossible.

His eyes searched all the way to the top of the screen.

Ulysses.

Joelson Edward.

Wait!

Hatton's eyes suddenly stopped.

He saw.

Hanging high on the top of the screen, it represented the name of the number one genius in the history of the Tulip Academy, Joelson Edward.

The ranking of the Mage Tower at the back had changed from the fifty-seventh floor to the sixtieth floor.

Hatton was stunned, but soon his eyes showed great excitement and joy.

"Raymond!"

He anxiously called out the name of a student who was sleeping on the table.

Raymond raised his head and frowned. "What's wrong now, Hatton?"

Hatton shouted excitedly, "Raymond, quick! Hurry up! Quickly inform the others with magic messages."

"Joelson Edward! He's starting to break into the Mage Tower Again!"

...

Joelson casually squeezed the head of the last tier 6 light magic wolf into scattered light spots.

Since he was here for the reward, it did not matter whether he used magic or a combat aura.

A Tier 6 magic wolf would not have any effect on him at the moment.

The voice that he had expected rang out.

"Congratulations, trial-taker. You have successfully passed the level 6 trial. The reward is being distributed."

Joelson waited silently.

If nothing unexpected happened, there should not be any notification of failure in the reward distribution this time.

Rich magic elements gathered around Joelson, replenishing some of his mana.

A ray of light descended from the white sky.

A ball of light of different colors appeared in front of him.

Red fire, blue water, and green wind.

Each color represented a certain element.

It seemed to be waiting for him to make a choice.

He thought for a moment and walked straight to the ball of light and dark elements that were emitting a holy and dark aura.

He grabbed them with both hands.

The two light blobs nimbly dodged backwards.

"I can only choose one?" Joelson said in a low voice.

The light attribute light blob still rejected the hand that had been bribed and extended towards the dark attribute light blob.

"This is? You can't choose the corresponding light blob because you don't have the magic talent to begin with?"

Joelson frowned and could only leave, coming in front of the fire attribute light blob.

This time, he touched it very naturally.

It was like reaching into a hot spring. The fire element light ball merged into Joelson's body.

In an instant, Joelson felt a magical fragment flowing through his mind.

When he absorbed all the scattered knowledge, he felt that his palm towards fire magic had taken a step forward.

"Instant cast magic."

A ball of fire jumped out from the center of Joelson's palm and swayed gently.

He suddenly understood.

Why did Harriet Terrence say that every student who received the tenth level reward could instantly cast a spell of the corresponding level?

The ball of light contained the understanding of all fire magic below level six.

The absorption process was like an old magician who thought that he had indoctrinated his understanding of low-level magic into his mind bit by bit in detail.

It was more thorough and easier to understand than what Harriet Terrence had explained.

In fact, there was even a hint of understanding of the nature of the fire element in it.

Originally, using the terrifying magic talent of the shared dragon to achieve instantaneous magic was like an instinct.

Now, the muddled and blurry parts of his heart became clearer bit by bit.

There was a hint of anticipation in his eyes as he strode towards the door of light that led to the next level.

...

Outside the Mage Tower, more than 80% of the people from the Tulip Magic Academy had rushed over.

There were students and teachers.

There were even old students like Stewart who were hiding in the academy, as well as powerful magic tutors like Tang Man who had the strength of an eighth-tier mage.

If Joelson broke into the Mage Tower again, he would definitely create a new legend.

"I saw it with my own eyes at that time. Joelson's name reached the sixtieth floor in an instant. It really happened in an instant. It was as if he jumped over the middle few floors."

Hatton kept telling the students around him about the scene when he discovered this important news.

But after saying these two sentences, gradually, no one paid attention to him.

"The students after graduation, the teachers of the academy, and the mages who are not tulip are not qualified to enter the Mage Tower again. This time, I'm afraid that Joelson will set a record that will never be surpassed." Someone could not help but exclaim.

The students of Tulip Academy were about to graduate. It was considered a very powerful genius to be able to reach the sixth rank.

Ulysses represented their limits.

After that, even if they advanced to the seventh, eighth, or even ninth rank, they would not be able to enter the mage tower to cultivate.

If they could reach the eighth rank before they graduated, perhaps only a monster like Joelson could do it.

In the next few hundred years, there would not be anyone who could compare to him in the Tulip Academy.

That's why Tulip's faculty and students are so excited to see how far Joelson can go.

Chapter 114: After the 90th Floor, He Could Not Believe It

Someone suddenly said, "Maybe we can clear it?!"

The person next to him said disdainfully, "How is that possible? According to the rules of the Mage Tower, there are at least ten tier 9 magical beasts appearing on the ninetieth floor at the same time. Only saint-level powerhouses can clear it."

"Joelson should be able to clear the seventy-fifth floor once." Tang Man thought for a moment and predicted.

...

"Congratulations, trial-taker. You have successfully cleared the level 8 trial. The rewards are being distributed."

The same ten light blobs were larger than the previous two.

After absorbing the fire elemental light blobs on the first floor this time.

Joelson's eyes became brighter and brighter, and the blazing aura on his body became denser.

The three rewards were very good to fill in the flaw of his unstable foundation caused by advancing too quickly.

His understanding of the fire element had reached a shocking bottom. He even felt as if he had become one with the fire element.

"What a pity."

Joelson was very envious of the water and air magic light ball inheritance. These two were also what he needed.

However, he could only choose one each time.

"Next level."

...

"It's almost the eighty-fifth level!"

"Oh God of Magic!"

Exclamations continued to ring out. Everyone's eyes were fixed on the magic screen. They were probably even more nervous than Joelson, who was in the Mage Tower.

"Amazing!"

Tang Man's eyes were filled with awe.

He imagined himself fighting five tier-9 magical beasts at the same time. Not to mention five, even if it was just one, he probably wouldn't be able to hold on for long.

"How did he do it?!"

How did Joelson do it?!

This question lingered in everyone's mind, but no one could answer it.

With a serious expression, Joelson stood on Du Lu's back and fought against six tier 9 magic wolves from a high vantage point.

Because he had the advantage of floating in the air, the pressure was constantly great.

With his individual strength easily crushing the elemental magic wolves' Du Lu, coupled with Joelson's powerful dual-element fusion magic, the 86th level was also pushed over quickly.

Eighty-seventh, Eighty-eighth, Eighty-ninth...

The ninetieth floor!

Joelson had no choice but to release his steel dragon.

Du Lu alone was unable to withstand the attack.

Even if Du Lu could withstand a saint-level magic wolf, he would not be able to withstand the combined attacks of ten tier-9 magic wolves without suffering any damage.

This was the most difficult part of Joelson's battle.

Du Lu and the steel dragon were also covered in wounds. Even Joelson had used up almost all of his magic power to barely survive.

Ten light balls the size of a human head fell from the sky.

Joelson took a deep breath and chose to absorb the fire elemental light balls.

When he opened his eyes again, the hot air was so dense that it looked like a burning flame. He was like an active volcano that was about to erupt.

He was still a tier 8 mage, but his understanding of fire element magic had reached the peak of tier 9.

He had a feeling that he was almost complete.

Just a little more.

Joelson's eyes were frighteningly bright.

"As long as I clear the Mage Tower, I can become a saint-level mage."

That's right. From the sixtieth floor onwards, Joelson continued to receive the fire element magic inheritance.

Only now did he realize it.

This process was like someone breaking the comprehension of the power of the elemental laws of the sage-level into pieces and instilling them into him bit by bit.

Obtaining all the inheritances.

The sage-level was just a matter of time to accumulate magic power.

Joelson stared at the magic light screen that appeared once again and frowned slightly. He could not help but ask in a low voice, "How many floors are there?"

The ninety-first floor.

Outside the Mage Tower was a crowd of people wearing various colored mage robes. When Joelson broke through the eightieth floor, everyone from the Tulip Academy rushed over.

Everyone looked up at the towering Mage Tower.

They imagined where Joelson was at the moment.

The shock in their hearts could not be expressed in words.

With a flash of light, Harriet Terrence's figure appeared in front of everyone.

"Sir Dean!"

"Even Sir Harriet Terrence has appeared!"

Everyone could not suppress their excitement. Harriet Terrence was also staring at the Mage Tower.

His shock was no less than the others.

He could not find out what exactly Joelson had done in the Mage Tower.

However, his control over the Mage Tower was getting weaker and weaker.

There was a force that was gradually being recognized by the Mage Tower.

This ancient magic conductor seemed to be changing its owner.

In the Mage Tower.

Joelson looked at the world in front of him curiously.

The scene in the Mage Tower had changed from a vast expanse of white to a fiery red background. The concentration of fire elements was frighteningly high. There was almost no need for other magic elements to exist in the air.

"This floor, could it be a match for a saint-level?!"

Joelson guessed in his heart.

A blurry figure walked out from the fiery red.

Joelson's eyes were solemn.

It's coming!

The figure waved at him, and a fireball shot towards Joelson.

Joelson was stunned.

It was not because the opponent was too strong, but because the power of the fireball was too small.

It was just an ordinary level-1 fireball spell.

Joelson frowned slightly and threw out a pillar of fire to smash the figure into pieces.

But in an instant, the figure appeared again and threw the fireball at him again.

After shattering the figure for the thirtieth time and the figure reassembled again, Joelson had already confirmed it.

This opponent was completely at the level of a level-1 mage. There was no difference in anything.

However, Joelson could not kill him, or rather, he could not find a way to clear the level.

What was going on?!

This time, Joelson did not kill him instantly. His eyes were fixed on the figure, and he only relied on his actual strength to dodge nimbly.

Gradually, Joelson discovered something strange.

This tier 1 mage was too strong!

It was not that the figure was too strong for the current Joelson, but as a Tier 1 mage, this figure was too strong.

Although there was only one fireball spell, the timing of the human figure's fireball and the landing point of his spiritual power could be said to be perfect. It was even more exemplary than the textbook.

If it was an ordinary student of the Tulip Magic Academy against this human figure, even a tier 2 mage or even a tier 3 mage would not be his match.

Joelson tried to imitate it. He also condensed a tier 1 fireball spell and threw it out while the human figure was casting.

The shadow shook violently and disappeared.

Then, it condensed again. This time, the shadow that appeared again was stronger, and a level-2 spell appeared in its hand.

Joelson suddenly understood.

After the ninetieth floor, the challenger should be able to defeat "perfect opponents" of different levels before they could pass the level.

Joelson took a deep breath and suppressed a large amount of magic power surging in his body. A level-2 ring of fire floated out of his body.

"ninety-third floor, ninety-fourth floor!"

"Is it really Joelson inside? Crushing a saint-tier magic beast?!"

The people outside the mage tower were completely stunned by this result. They could not believe that someone could do such a terrifying thing.

Chapter 115: Mage Tower Clearance! The Path of the Saint-Level

Tang Man frowned; his eyes filled with doubt.

"Director, what does it look like above the ninetieth floor? Is Joelson's strength really comparable to the saint-level?"

"I'm not sure either, but with Joelson's current strength, including all of his tricks."

Harriet Terrence recalled the fire dragon that had grown rapidly and suppressed the saint-level knight, Cliff, and said with a wry smile, "It should be no weaker than me."

Tang Man's eyes widened, he was so shocked that he could not speak.

No weaker than Harriet Terrence?!

Sir Harriet Terrence was a saint-level mage!

Joelson was a saint-level mage at the age of seventeen?!

Tang Man could not wrap his head around this. This was already beyond his comprehension, breaking his knowledge of magic.

But soon, he became very excited again.

"Sir Dean, with Joelson here, we have confidence in winning this year's four-nation trial!"

Harriet Terrence sighed softly and said, "I hope so."

...

Joelson was fighting fiercely in the Mage Tower.

The figure in front of him had already reached tier 5.

The figure's appearance gradually became clearer, not as blurry as before, giving him a sense of familiarity.

"The Mage Tower is a bit like my life in high school in my previous life. The first 90 floors are a lot of practice, and after the ninetieth floor is to fill in the gaps and constantly improve myself."

Joelson said in a low voice, "I really don't know what the final test I will face will be?"

Joelson soon found out.

A figure with the strength of tier 8, facial features, and clothes was revealed.

He had a slender figure and a cold expression. The most important thing was that he looked exactly like Joelson.

"Is it similar to mirror-image reproduction magic?!"

Joelson frowned and said, "It seems that the Mage Tower has been collecting information about me when I was clearing the level."

This red Joelson was more proficient in fire magic than Joelson himself.

If it were not for his powerful spiritual power, the power of any spell would have been much stronger. He would have been beaten to the point where he could not fight back.

However, he was still in a sorry state.

Joelson stared at himself, learning the combination of his various spells, the timing of his attacks, and the control of his magic power.

Under immense pressure, Joelson was also improving rapidly.

Boom!

A meteor flame blasted half of the red Joelson's body into pieces.

Joelson's face was pale, and he was breathing heavily, revealing a bitter smile.

"It was too difficult to win. I've always relied on the powerful combination of water and fire spells. I didn't expect that a single fire spell could be used so well and be so powerful!"

A tier 9 figure slowly appeared.

There was a hint of arrogance on his handsome face. The powerful aura of a tier 9 mage was emitted.

It made Joelson feel like he was looking at another version of himself.

Joelson shook his head and sighed softly, "I can't win."

"Roar!"

The next moment, a dragon roar sounded. Du Lu, who had almost recovered from the Dragon God Ranch, jumped out and was about to pounce on the opponent that Joelson had appointed.

He was suddenly stunned.

Why were there two masters?!

Joelson said helplessly, "Look carefully, that guy is a fake!"

Only then did Du Lu recognize Joelson's identity through the connection between their bloodlines, and he quickly rushed forward.

"A tier 9 human figure needs a level 9 spell to hurt him. I wonder if du Lu's breath is considered a level 9 spell."

It turned out that this method of cheating was really feasible.

Perhaps in the eyes of the creator of the Mage Tower, a pet could also be considered a part of a mage's strength.

Tier 9 Joelson was very powerful, but it was still not enough to deal with Du Lu.

Du Lu himself had most of the immunity to fire-type spells. With the addition of the protective dragon shield, Du Lu soon crushed "Joelson's" head after more than ten rounds.

Ninety-nine floors passed!

Joelson let out a long breath, but his expression became even more serious as he stared at the spot where the figures were gathered.

Was there still the hundredth floor?

It had been a long time since a new figure had appeared.

Just as Joelson was about to heave a sigh of relief, all the fire elements in the red space suddenly stirred and surged toward a certain place.

An extremely terrifying fiery figure slowly condensed. It was as if a tyrant was born from flames, controlling a scorching god.

Even Du Lu started to tremble under such a terrifying might. He slowly retreated with a low roar.

When he saw a pair of indifferent eyes, he slowly raised his hand.

Oh No!

His eyes suddenly widened, and he hurriedly bribed Du Lu into accepting the Dragon God Ranch.

The next moment, all he could see was red.

Besides the flames, there were still flames.

...

Joelson appeared outside the Mage Tower, his face pale.

The wind blew under his feet.

He was stunned.

He looked down.

Countless pairs of eyes were looking at him, excited, shocked, adoring, and admiring.

They surrounded him.

Joelson stood on the top of the gray Mage Tower and looked down at everything.

He saw the uncontrollable excitement in Tang Man's eyes and the gratified approval in Harriet Terrence's eyes.

Wait!

Didn't he fail?!

Joelson was a little surprised.

The magic light screen happened to be on the same level as him, and a name hung high in the sky.

Joelson Edward, sixth grade, Level 100, clear!

Only then did Joelson realize that there seemed to be many new things in his mind.

His understanding of the fire element flowed through his mind like a stream.

Then he looked at this world.

The light red spots in the air that represented the fire element had become interlaced and twisted lines.

The power of the fire element's law!

Was this the realm of the saint-level?

The experience value on the system panel did not change, but the upper limit of the experience value had increased by more than ten times.

The path to the saint-level had been cleared.

Even if Joelson could no longer accumulate experience points to level up, he would still be able to reach the saint-level.

All he needed to do was to meditate diligently and accumulate magic power. After a few decades, he would be able to successfully reach the saint-level.

Moreover, the speed at which Joelson was casting magic had increased once again.

Below the saint-level, when a mage cast a spell, it was actually to gather magic elements and then use spells to arrange countless magic elements into a fixed form.

If a mage's proficiency and understanding of a spell reached a certain level, they could skip the process of chanting spells.

This was also the so-called instant magic.

Now, the steps for Joelson to cast spells had been skipped by another step.

The magic elements were arranged into lines, and the lines combined into magic.

Now, in Joelson's eyes, the magic elements were direct lines.

As long as they were extracted, combined, and thrown out, they would become powerful fire magic.

It surpassed instant magic!

Of course, the benefits were obviously not limited to these!

Joelson felt that he seemed to have a magical connection with the Mage Tower under his feet.

As long as he was willing, he could reach any level of the Mage Tower with just a thought.

Moreover, even the image of the magic beast training in the Mage Tower could change according to his will.

He could change the magic wolf into a magic lion, a magic snake, or even a magic dragon.

The Mage Tower seemed to be his exclusive item.

Chapter 116: The Trial of the Electric Dragon Race Begins

The cheers were like a tidal wave surging at the bottom of the Mage Tower.

Everyone was very excited, very excited.

The legend of Joelson Edward would forever be engraved in the history of the Tulip Academy.

It would be admired by countless successors.

The dazzling brilliance would never fade.

Joelson gently floated down.

The crowd automatically opened up a path, and at the end of the crowd was Harriet Terrence.

Joelson walked in front of Harriet Terrence and whispered, "Teacher."

Harriet Terrence said, "Joelson, what did you find in the Tower?"

Joelson looked at the countless gazes staring at him and said, "I found the path to the saint-level."

The atmosphere instantly fell silent, and countless people sucked in a breath of cold air.

Tang Man, who was standing next to Harriet, was so excited, envious, and admiring that he almost trembled.

"Joelson, please give me a chance to ask for advice!"

Tang Man solemnly gave a standard magician's etiquette to Joelson.

He was already at the peak of the eighth-level and was about to break through to the ninth-level.

However...

The saint rank was still like an insurmountable gap in front of Tang Man.

Before his life ended, Tang Man still wanted to take a gamble.

Harriet Terrence's comprehension had already told him countless times, but Tang Man did not have much to gain.

Perhaps, Joelson's path could inspire him again.

Joelson nodded in agreement.

Harriet Terrence's face blossomed with a smile. He placed his old hand on Joelson's shoulder and said softly, "In a month's time, the trials of the Four Kingdoms will take place, I look forward to witnessing your glory!"

...

In the space of the Dragon God's Arena.

Du Lu slammed an ice dragon onto the ground.

He swooped down and crushed the ice dragon into pieces with a very powerful force.

The ancient ice dragon's soul turned into a golden light and disappeared.

Du Lu raised his head and roared.

His dragon flag emitted a dazzling light. A snowflake symbol representing the ice dragon was engraved on the dragon flag, representing Du Lu's fifth victory in the Dragon God's arena.

Enny brought the cloud dragon to watch from the sky.

Her father's victory caused the cloud dragon to let out waves of cheers and worship.

Du Lu landed beside Joelson. Joelson stroked Du Lu's head, expressing his admiration for him.

Behind Joelson, the 8th rank steel dragon was like a mountain of steel. Its cold eyes stared at Du Lu as if it wanted to fight it.

In a month's time.

Du Lu's strength had reached the limit of rank 9.

50% of the ancient fire dragon bloodline, the dragon shield.

It had used up all of its time in the Dragon God Arena.

Other than breaking through to the saint rank, there was no room for it to rise.

Hence, this month, most of the crops were fed to the steel dragon.

A rank 8 steel dragon needed one more feeding to advance to rank 9.

It was also powerful and had won four times in the Dragon God Arena.

40% of the ancient steel dragon's bloodline was second only to Du Lu.

To be honest, if two dragons really fought, the outcome would be hard to predict.

After all, the metal dragon had a natural advantage over the elemental dragon.

"The winning point in the Dragon God Arena has reached four. When the steel dragon wins another round, we can start the second lottery." Joelson said in a low voice.

Every time the rancher won a round in the Dragon God Arena; he would accumulate a winning point.

Five winning points could be drawn once.

Last time, the reward that Joelson drew was a rare dragon pool lottery draw.

In the rare dragon pool, fire, water, earth, plant, and wind elemental dragons were eliminated, leaving only light, darkness, lightning, Frost, and other dragon eggs.

The chances of obtaining a rare dragon egg were greatly increased.

When Joelson got the chance to draw, he chose to use it directly. In the end, he drew an electric-type dragon egg.

It was a skinny, mischievous, and agile little dragon.

When it was just born, its speed was shocking.

Zizz Zizz!

Purple lightning flashed, and the little purple dragon appeared in Joelson's arms. It affectionately licked his fingers with its tongue.

With a tingling sensation, the dragon's tongue also carried an electric current.

Joelson named it "Electric Light".

After playing with Electric Light for a while and feeding it a few dragon scale fruits, Joelson began to think about the four-nation trial this time.

As for the four-nation trial of the younger generation, Joelson did not care at all.

Having cleared the path to the saint-level, along with Du Lu and the steel dragon, there was no problem for him to sweep the entire field.

What really worried him was the Dark Church!

The escaping cliff.

This time, the Dark Church would definitely have a saint-level appearing.

He had sabotaged their plans several times, so they would definitely not give up so easily.

According to Harriet Terrence, the Dark Church had at least three saint-levels.

If they really wanted to force it, Harriet Terrence would not be able to protect himself at all. Joelson needed to have some ability to protect himself.

His original plan was to use the winning points in the Dragon God Arena to draw the holy dragon fruit.

Holy Dragon Fruit: a sacred item of the ancient dragon clan. Directly provides 20,000 growth points.

It could directly raise Du Lu to the saint-level. At that time, he would not have to fear anyone.

But he did not draw it.

Joelson frowned slightly. He could only hope that the steel dragon's next victory would bring him good luck.

...

A month passed very quickly.

A fleet of carriages with a purple thorny flower flag fluttered slowly on the mountain road.

The guards of the royal knights, Harriet, and the students participating in the trials of the four nations sat in the carriages in the middle of the team.

In this trial, besides Joelson, there were more than thirty sixth-grade old students.

Most of them were around fifth-rank mages.

For example, the twin brothers that Stuart and Joelson had met in the exchange match had even reached the power of sixth-rank mages.

The team headed south.

It was in the direction of the Yheng Empire.

The trial ground, the Magical Beast Forest, was located in the southeast direction of the Alcott Empire. To the east of the Yheng Empire, the scorching sun and the Brightmoon Empire were the exact opposite.

They were almost coincidentally surrounded by four empires.

The Magical Beast Forest was connected to the impassable mountain range, and beyond that was the endless sea.

"You shouldn't be clear about the rules of the trials."

At night, Harriet gathered all the students who were participating in the trials by the bonfire. He instructed them, "When the time comes, all the students participating in the trials of the four empires will enter the Magical Beast Forest to hunt magical beasts."

"Magical beast nuclei of different levels can be converted into points. The results of the trial will be judged by the total number of points."

"Magical beasts of the first tier to the fifth tier are respectively worth 1 to 5 points. Magical beast nuclei of the sixth tier are worth 20 points. Magical beast nuclei of the seventh tier are worth 50 points. Magical beast nuclei of the eighth tier are worth 200 points. Magical beast nuclei of the ninth tier are worth 500 points."

Joelson could not help but ask, "Why is the difference in value points so big?!"

Harriet Terrence glanced at him and said, "It's to prevent some trial-takers from hunting low-level magical beasts in large numbers. This is a way to encourage trial-takers to challenge high-level magical beasts."

Joelson nodded.

Chapter 117: The Forest of Magical Beasts, the Holy Son of the Radiant Church

Harriet Terrence's expression became serious as his gaze swept across the faces of every single academy, he said seriously, "The trial is over. Party B with the highest score will be able to obtain all the magical beast essence crystals. However, if they lose, the radiant church and the cult of shadows will be able to obtain five quotas to forcefully recruit them."

"Therefore, this is not just a trial about the glory of the Empire, but also about yourselves."

"Damn it!"

Someone punched his palm and said dejectedly, "No Wonder Senior Dick, who participated in the last trial, did not return."

"Cagley did not return either. So, they were forcibly recruited into the Two Holy See."

Quite a number of sixth grade old students were discussing amongst themselves.

Harriet Terrence shook his head indifferently and said, "No, they are dead."

The discussion disappeared in an instant. The entire place was silent. Everyone stared at Harriet Terrence in a daze.

This was the first time that they realized that the amiable Dean's expression was so cold that it made them feel a little afraid.

"Children, this is not an ordinary trial. It will be a four-person trial. All of you will be spending half a month alone in the Magical Beast Forest. Other than the cunning and vicious magical beasts, you will also need to be careful of the trial-takers who are traveling with you."

The students all fell silent.

The students who had the courage to apply for the trial knew more or less how cruel the trial was, but this was the first time it was placed in front of them in such a naked manner.

Harriet Terrence gave them time to accept and digest this fact.

He walked to a high slope and looked at the vast plains under the night sky.

Joelson walked to Harriet Terrence's side and said in a low voice, "Teacher, was Ulysses forcefully recruited by the Dark Church in the past?"

Harriet did not turn around. His tone was calm.

"No, we won that time. He took the initiative to ask to join the Dark Church."

...

At the border between the Alcott Empire and the Yheng Empire, a team was waiting there.

The people waiting were all wearing bright knight armor. Their young faces were cold and resolute.

They looked towards the north as if they were waiting for something.

A streak of golden light landed on the ground, revealing a tall and broad back.

"Lord Sword Saint."

The knights greeted him respectfully.

Fred, a holy-level knight of the Yheng Empire. He was known as the "Sword Saint".

Fred said in a low voice, "They're here."

In the distance, a team slowly appeared in their field of vision. They were getting closer and closer.

Joelson narrowed his eyes and looked at the trial-takers of the Yheng Empire. There were a few familiar faces.

Don Quixote, Stephanie, and a certain red-haired madman whom he had taught a good lesson to, Hawthorne.

Harriet Terrence sat on the horse's back and waved at Fred.

The latter smiled.

Fred was a middle-aged man who looked very ordinary. He did not look outstanding in any way, but his eyes that emitted sharp lights from time to time made it impossible for people to ignore his existence.

The two teams met.

Don Quixote's eyes were locked on Joelson and he said faintly, "Joelson."

Joelson smiled at him and brushed past him. Stephanie, who was beside him, stared at Joelson with her big eyes and snorted.

Hawthorne's eyes still had traces of hostility and resentment in them. When Joelson looked over, he hurriedly dodged.

The strong team did not stop and headed east.

After walking for three days, the desolate and open plains disappeared. A dense forest could be seen.

The Magical Beast Forest was right in front of them.

The Magical Beast Forest, which was backed by the impassable mountain range, was even more dangerous than the Elf Forest in the far west.

It was much wider than the Elf Forest.

In the depths of the forest, there were countless high-level and even saint-level terrifying magical beasts.

The Alcott Empire and the Yheng Empire's trial teams stopped here and waited.

On the fifth day after arriving at the Magical Beast Forest, a team of people appeared before their eyes.

Joelson narrowed his eyes and looked over.

Scorching Sun Empire, Radiant Church.

The flying cross flags indicated their identities.

The leader was the Archbishop of Light who was wearing a white robe, and there were also a few priests who were dressed similarly.

The long white robe was connected to the hood. Their heads were lowered, and their faces could not be seen clearly.

After them, were the knights.

They were wearing beautiful armor. They were engraved with beautiful patterns using magic silver and were inlaid with gold.

Each of them was riding a kind of snow-white magic beast. It was similar to a warhorse, but there was a light blue horn growing on their forehead.

"It's a tier 7 Unicorn!" Someone exclaimed.

Their expressions were arrogant and cold. Their chins were slightly raised, and they used the corner of their eyes to look down at everything around them.

Sacred and solemn.

"Archbishop Saroyan."

Harriet and Fred greeted the leader of the blazing sun empire indifferently.

The latter had a benevolent smile on his face and nodded slightly.

There was not much communication between them. The two sides pulled apart a certain distance and settled down here.

Joelson noticed an extremely dazzling existence in the blazing Sun Empire's team.

It was a knight. He was riding the only level 8 unicorn in the team. He had light gray short hair, a handsome face, and silver-gray eyes.

The holy aura on his body was the densest. His entire person seemed like a ball of holy light that was walking around.

Harriet Terrence slowly walked to his side and said in a low voice, "If I'm not wrong, that should be the current Holy Son of the Blazing Sun Empire's Church of Light. If you meet him, you have to be careful."

Joelson nodded silently.

Other than this person, there were also a few priests who were covered in white robes. Their auras were also very strange, which made him pay a little attention.

At this moment, a black light streaked across the sky wantonly.

Everyone's eyes were attracted to it.

Their eyes were slightly solemn.

The black light dissipated, and a thin figure landed in front of everyone. There was a wicked smile on his face, giving people the feeling that he was a poisonous snake that had come out of the darkness.

He was a saint-level knight from the Dark Church.

"Hmph!"

Archbishop Saloyan of the Church of Light's smile disappeared, and he snorted coldly.

His face was filled with undisguised disgust.

The other people from the Church of Light had the same reaction.

Joelson heard Fred say in a low voice, "Grover, why is it this troublesome guy again?"

Not long after Grover landed, a cloud of dust rose behind him. It seemed that a huge team was rushing towards them.

It was dozens of huge magical beasts that looked like lizards. Their limbs were short and strong. They were lying on the ground, but they ran very fast.

Poison gland lizards, tier 7 magical beasts.

On the back of each poison gland lizard sat a trial-taker of the Dark Church who was dressed like a knight or a mage.

But what was truly shocking was not these ugly and ferocious magical beasts.

Instead, it was an even more terrifying monster in the air above the venom-glands lizard.

"Look!"

"It's a dragon! That's a dragon!"

Someone cried out in alarm.

Chapter 118: Ulysses, the Trial of the Human Head

It was indeed a dragon.

Joelson was also stunned. This was the first time he had seen a native dragon of this world.

It was a poisonous dragon.

It had a green body and was covered with ugly poison sacs. When its evil eyes swept over anyone, it would make one's hair stand on end.

To be precise, the poisonous dragon was a dragon race that was not recognized by dragons.

Ugly, despicable, evil. The dragons loathed it more than the ordinary dragons.

Its existence had greatly tarnished the dignity of the dragons. Similarly, the poison dragon's strength was far inferior to other types of dragons.

However, this poison dragon exuded a terrifying aura.

Level nine!

It was actually a level nine poison dragon.

As they flew closer, everyone could see clearly.

On the back of the poisonous dragon stood a man in a long black robe.

He was tall, handsome, and had an elegant and gentle smile on his face.

In stark contrast to the poisonous dragon under his feet, it was enough to make the hearts of most of the young noble girls move.

The man in the long black robe flew up from the back of the poisonous dragon and walked towards the direction of the Alcott Empire's team with one step in the air.

Everyone was shocked.

Another saint-level!

Joelson felt Harriet's body tremble slightly beside him. He was slightly surprised and did not have the time to ask.

He saw the black-robed man walk over ten meters in front of them. He bowed respectfully and said softly, "Teacher, I'm so glad to see you again."

Harriet had a complicated look in his eyes. He slowly said his name, "Ulysses."

Joelson was shocked.

Ulysses, this was Ulysses!

He had actually advanced to the saint-level?!

Ulysses smiled and his gaze naturally fell on Joelson. He said, "Teacher, it seems that you've taken in another amazing disciple."

Harriet Terrence stood behind Joelson without leaving a trace, coldly saying, "Don't call me teacher, I'm no longer your teacher."

Ulysses did not speak, instead, he turned to look in Joelson's direction.

Being swept by his gaze, Joelson felt even more uncomfortable than being stared at by the Type 9 poison dragon.

With the four countries' cultivators present, the disparity was immediately revealed.

The combined might of the people from the Alcott Empire and the Yheng empire was not comparable to either the Blazing Sun or the Brightmoon Empire.

Just the fact that it was the amount they were riding showed how deep their foundations were.

Furthermore, the people from the Blazing Sun and the brightmoon Empire were all at the level 7 realm or above.

Compared to the level 6 experts from the Alcot Empire and the Yheng empire, there were even level 5 experts.

The trial had yet to begin and the victor had already been decided.

The only ones who could bring out the best were Joelson, Don Quixote, and Stephanie.

Especially Joelson. He was younger than the other trial-takers, but his strength was particularly outstanding.

However, Harriet Terrence had asked Joelson to change his mage robe, which represented level-8, to hide his strength, so not many people noticed his existence.

"Everyone is here. It's about time for the trial to begin."

Archbishop Saloyan of the Church of Light repeated the rules that Harriet had mentioned before. Grover of the Dark Church looked extremely impatient throughout the entire process.

"The person with the most points will receive a special reward."

"I have a suggestion!"

Before Saloyan could finish his sentence, Grover interrupted him impatiently.

Saloyan could not help but frown.

Grover's cold gaze swept across all the trial-takers. He slowly said, "Why don't we change the rules a little this year?"

"How?!"

Grover revealed a sinister smile.

Pointing at the trial-takers of the Church of Light, he said loudly, "By killing the trial-takers of the opposing camp, one head counts as two times the corresponding level magic beast's mana core points. How about it?"

"You!"

Saloyan's expression turned extremely ugly.

Harriet and Fred's expressions also turned ugly.

Someone clapped his hands and laughed softly.

"That's a good idea."

Ulysses smiled at Saloyan and said, "Respected Archbishop, your Church of Light shouldn't be afraid, right?"

"Hmph!" Saloyan turned his head to look at the gray-haired young man with silver pupils. He sneered and said, "Sure. I look forward to the holy light purifying the filthy and depraved souls of your Dark Church."

"We don't agree!" Harriet spoke.

A human head was worth more points than a magical beast core. Wasn't such a rule forcing the trial-takers to kill each other?

With the ferocious nature of the cult of shadows, it was hard to say if the students behind them could even live to 20%.

Ulysses smiled and said, "Teacher, this rule is more beneficial to you. If Teacher were to hunt magical beasts, you would have even less chance of winning."

Fred also tried his best to reason.

But in the end, it was only for trial-takers who had the strength below tier 5. A human head did not count as a point.

The faces of most of the trial-takers of the Alcott Empire and the Yheng Empire were pale.

Only now did they feel the cruelty and bloodiness of the trials of the four kingdoms.

Their lives were marked as a price for points. From the moment they stepped into the magical beast forest, they had to worry that their heads would be taken away at any time.

"The trial begins!"

Grover said loudly, "As per the old rules, the trial-takers from the Alcott Empire and the Yheng Empire can enter half a day earlier."

The trial-takers entered the Magical Beast Forest one after another. The dense forest blocked out the sunlight, like the ferocious mouths of magical beasts, swallowing the trial-takers in.

Joelson turned his head and saw the slightly worried look in Harriet Terrence's eyes, as well as Ulysses' gentle and strange smile.

When the people of the Dark Church and the Church of Light entered the Magical Beast Forest one after another.

Ulysses looked at a very prominent figure in the camp of the Church of light and thought of something.

"If I'm not wrong, he should be that Saint Louis who has more than 50% of the holy affinity?!"

Saloyan snorted coldly and did not say anything.

Ulysses did not care at all. He continued, "It is not easy to find a genius with more than 50% holy affinity in a small place like the southern region. If he dies, your eminence, you will be very sad, right?"

Saloyan's expression was very ugly.

"What do you mean?"

Ulysses smiled and said, "I am just worried for your eminence."

Ulysses suddenly exclaimed in an exaggerated manner, clapping his hands and said, "It's so boring to wait here for half a month. Why don't we play a game too?"

Ulysses' gaze slowly swept across the three saint-level powerhouses. He smiled and said, "How about a bet? Let's bet on who will be the final winner?"

No one paid attention to his suggestion. They all looked at him coldly.

Ulysses flipped his palm, and there was a feather in his hand that was emitting a dense sacred aura.

Saloyan's pupils suddenly contracted. He said, "Light wings! How did you get them?!"

Ulysses did not explain. Instead, he stretched out his other hand and looked at Harriet Terrence.

A green thing appeared in his hand. It looked like moss-covered soil.

Harriet Terrence's eyelid twitched at the sight of the Earth, and he showed no expression.

Chapter 119: The Wager, Ninth-Tier Fire Elemental Crystal Core

"Teacher."

Ulysses said slowly, "More than a hundred years have passed, and you're still the same. Without the new understanding of the Earth elemental laws, your strength hasn't improved at all."

Ulysses tossed the green soil in his hand and said with a smile, "This magic stone contains the power of the Earth elemental laws you want, as well as this light wing."

Ulysses looked at Saloyan on the other side.

Saloyan stared at the feather in his hand and said through gritted teeth, "What do you want?"

After being holy, the path of mages and knights became similar.

There was only one way to improve, and that was to comprehend the power of the elemental laws of this element.

For example, Harriet, the more earth elemental laws he comprehended, the stronger he became.

Most of the law lines in the void were repetitive, and the new and rare law lines were often hidden in some treasures.

Just like the magic stone in Ulysses' hands, and the light wings.

"I've said it before, let's take a gamble. I have what you want, and you also have what I want."

Ulysses looked at Saloyan and said calmly, "Two hundred years ago, the Chief Inquisitor of the Southern Region's Cult of Shadows lost his legacy weapon, the 'Slaughtering Blade'. In fact, it has always been in the collection of your Cult of Light, right?"

"My good friend Grover has just recently become the Chief Inquisitor. He has always wanted this weapon very much."

Grover smiled sinisterly.

Saloyan hesitated but quickly nodded his head.

"Alright!"

Compared to an evil weapon that had no effect on him at all, it was clear that the temptation of the wings of light was much greater.

Soon, a strangely shaped weapon that looked like a huge sickle appeared in his hand. The surroundings were constantly emitting a dense murderous and dark aura.

Grover's eyes shone with greed. He could not wait to pounce on Saloyan and snatch the weapon from him.

Ulysses nodded in satisfaction and looked at Harriet.

"Teacher, you should know what I want."

Harriet was silent. He struggled and took out a pitch-black bead from his interspatial ring.

"That's right, teacher. You still know me so well."

Ulysses looked at the bead in Harriet's hand. His eyes were filled with joy and amazement.

"Then the game will begin happily. As long as the Holy Church's points surpass ours, the wings of light will belong to you, your eminence."

"As long as the combined points of the Alcott Empire and the Yheng Empire exceed the points of the Dark Church, they will be able to take the magic stone from my hands."

Ulysses had made a bet with both sides.

He looked like he was at a disadvantage, but he still had a smile on his face, as if he had absolute confidence that the Dark Church's trial-takers would be able to win.

Grover laughed strangely as well.

The poison dragon sat in the sky behind Ulysses, staring coldly at the crowd. The atmosphere gradually became subtle and tense.

After entering the Magical Beast Forest, Joelson kept going deeper.

There were two main reasons.

First, the deeper he went into the forest, the higher the level of the magical beast, and the more precious the magical beast essence crystals he could obtain.

Second, only by going deeper into the Magical Beast Forest and keeping a distance from the others could he summon du Lu and the steel dragon to hunt without any scruples.

After running in the forest for a period of time, Joelson felt that there were no other trial-takers around him. He immediately cast the air-type spells "invisibility spell" and "flight spell" and rose into the air and flew into the depths of the forest of magical beasts.

After flying for more than half a day, he could no longer see the entrance of the forest of magical beasts. At first glance, he could only see a green forest of trees.

Joelson had been carefully checking the aura of the magical beasts in the forest below him.

Tier 8 magical beast, iron-armored rhinoceros.

A light flashed in Joelson's eyes.

It was almost here.

No longer hiding his body, Joelson threw a thick pillar of fire at the iron-armored rhinoceros.

The tier 8 pillar of fire landed on the back of the iron-armored rhinoceros's armor. The blazing flames burned it until it cried out in pain.

Not far away, more than ten armored rhinoceros suddenly jumped out from the bushes and riverside.

When they saw Joelson, their eyes were blood-red. They were all furious!

So this kind of magical beast still lived in groups?!

Not only was Joelson not frightened, but he was also very surprised. He called out in a low voice, "Come out, Du Lu."

A terrifying draconic aura spread out from the void. Du Lu's ferocious and terrifying huge body was in the sky.

The owner of this small piece of the forest had changed!

Joy flashed in Joelson's eyes, and he lightly rode on Du Lu's back, fiercely diving down towards the rhinoceroses.

...

Du Lu grabbed an iron-armored rhinoceros and slowly bit it.

Joelson jumped down from its back.

The iron-armored rhinoceroses' corpse fell to the ground in a mess, and this small piece of land was cleared of trees. Flames burned, and the air was filled with a burnt smell.

The eighth-tier magic beast, the iron-armored rhinoceros, besides its magic beast core, its skin also had a very good defense. It could be made into light leather armor.

Its blood did not have much magic ductility, so it was a rare magic material.

After Joelson dug out the magic beast core of the iron-armored rhinoceros, he also put their bodies into the space of the Dragon God Ranch.

The space of the Dragon God Ranch was very large, so it wouldn't be a problem for it to hold a few corpses of the magic beasts.

After cleaning up the battlefield, Joelson continued to drive Du Lu deeper into the place.

Soon, he met the first tier 9 magic beast, the Inferno Lion.

The fire element overlord of the ninth tier of the deep forest was the size of a small hill. It left a scorch mark on the ground as it walked.

However, when it met Du Lu, the inferno lion was naturally restricted.

The suppression of the dragon's might and the immunity to fire attacks.

After half an hour of fierce battle, the inferno lion was grabbed into the air by Du Lu and torn in half.

"A ninth rank magical beast core."

Joelson dug out a fist-sized hot core from the Inferno Lion's head. It was beautiful red in color, and extremely dense fire elements were emitted from it.

"It's much better than the grade-8 mana core on the tungsten wood staff."

Joelson said in a low voice, "I can keep it to make a better staff. Of course, the prerequisite is that I can win this trial."

The loser had to hand in all the magic beast mana cores that they had hunted as a reward for the winner.

Joelson roughly calculated that the magic beast mana core that he had now, if converted into points, would be about 3,100 points.

It was a terrifying number.

This was all because of dDu Lu.

If it were any other tier 8 mage, they would have to take a detour even if they ran into a group of iron-armored rhinoceroses, not to mention challenging a tier 9 magic beast, the raging flame lion.

"If you want to win on your own, these points are far from enough."

Joelson jumped on du Lu's back and patted its head. Du Lu, who had eaten its fill, continued to advance into the depths of the magic beast forest.

Chapter 120: Summon the Giant Wolf Fenrir

A few trial-takers were walking in the middle of the Magical Beast Forest. They were all wearing the badges of the Tulip Academy or the Knight Academy. Their strength was at tier 5 and tier 6.

A tier 7 saber-toothed elephant let out an unwilling howl. It slowly fell to the ground and stopped moving.

"Well done!"

A wave of low cheers sounded.

As loyal allies, the Archmages of Alcott and the Knights of Yheng formed a hunting team spontaneously.

With their cooperation, they actually managed to kill a terrifying tier 7 magic beast.

"Other than the magic beast's crystal core, the teeth and fur of the sabre-toothed elephant are all very good magic materials. They are worth a lot of gold coins. Be careful not to break them!"

The mage from the Tulip Academy stood beside the knight of the Yheng Empire who was in charge of collecting the materials and kept exhorting him. The latter's face was filled with a helpless and bitter smile.

Whoosh!

Suddenly, there was a piercing sound.

The mage who was in the middle of his sentence did not even have the chance to scream. His body fell straight to the ground.

A black arrow penetrated deep into his forehead. He did not even have the time to react until he died.

"Gerri?!"

Another mage quickly ran up and cried out in grief. His face was full of pain and disbelief.

The knights threw away the corpse of the saber-toothed elephant and instantly pulled out the knight's longsword at their waists. They vigilantly scouted the surroundings and protected the remaining mages in the middle of the team.

A sound came from the bushes.

Two black figures walked out. One of them was slowly putting away the longbow in his hand. It was obvious that the arrow just now was shot by him.

"Impressive. You can even kill a seventh rank magical beast."

The black-clothed man holding the longbow whistled mockingly.

"The Cult of Shadows."

The mage who had lost his companions stared at the two of them and asked fiercely, "Why?! Why did you kill Gerri?! He's only a fifth rank mage! Fifth rank human heads don't count!"

"You're right."

The other Dark Church head nodded with a sinister smile and said, "However, before Lord Ulysses came, he said that as long as it is the head of the Alcott Empire or the Yheng Empire, it is worth money. We can exchange it for a reward from him."

The three of them were stunned.

"Let me calculate. One tier 5, three tier 6, and a tier 7 magic beast. The harvest is not bad."

The two Dark Church trial-takers slowly drew their weapons, unleashing their tier 7 strength.

After a while, there was only one saber-toothed elephant that had its magical beast core and teeth roughly dugout, and four corpses that had lost their heads.

The same scene kept happening in the Magical Beast Forest.

"There are two more magic communication crystals that are not responding."

Stephanie's handsome eyebrows slightly furrowed, with a hint of worry.

"We have to gather the rest of the people as soon as possible."

A steady voice sounded.

The speaker's face was stiff. There were six golden stripes embroidered on the left chest of the mage's robe.

Stewart, the genius mage who was once defeated by Stephanie in the exchange match.

Not only them, but Don Quixote, the twins, and a few other trial-takers from the Knight Academy and the Tulip Academy as well.

"Before the trial, Sir Harriet had distributed magic communication crystals to everyone. He was worried that if such a situation occurred, we would be able to join forces and fight against the Dark Church and the radiant church together."

Stewart said in a low voice, "Now, the Dark Church's hunt for us has begun. If we continue to split up or act alone, I'm afraid that we won't even be able to save our own lives, let alone gaining points from the magic beast core."

Don Quixote nodded slightly and said, "Stephanie, continue to use the communication crystal to contact the rest of the people. We will also take the initiative to approach the others. We must regroup as soon as possible."

"Okay." Stephanie nodded.

Suddenly, Don Quixote could not help but ask, "Can... can we contact that person?"

Stephanie was stunned, but she quickly understood who Don Quixote was talking about. She shook her head and said, "On the first day after entering, the magic light that represented Joelson disappeared. It should be too far away."

"Too far away."

Don Quixote whispered to himself, "Where did he go? Deep into the Magical Beast Forest?"

...

A trial-taker from the Dark Church walked out of the dense forest and looked around vigilantly.

Soon, a few more trial-takers appeared. They stood together as if they were waiting for something.

Clear footsteps sounded from the darkness.

A pale-faced strange youth with pitch-black pupils slowly appeared.

The cultivators from the cult of shadows immediately showed a respectful expression and bowed to him.

"Lord Ernie Xiu."

The strange youth nodded slightly and asked indifferently, "Have you brought the items?"

The cultivators hurriedly took out pitch-black rings from their clothes and handed them to the youth.

There were four interspatial rings.

A satisfied look appeared on Ernie Xiu's face as he waved his hand. The few cultivators immediately spread out in all directions; their faces filled with wariness.

Ernie Xiu picked up a ring and poured it down.

As Ernie Xiu opened the interspatial ring, an extremely dense evil and death aura was emitted.

Tadah!

Large, thick gray bones fell from the interspatial ring.

Each bone was more than a meter long and more than ten centimeters thick. They looked like the bones of an unknown giant.

The space in each interspatial ring was relatively large. Piles and piles of bones fell out.

When he poured out all four interspatial rings, the bones formed a huge hill on the ground.

The aura of death and darkness dyed the entire space gray. The surrounding trees quickly withered and died.

The Dark Church cultivators who were on guard turned their heads around. Their faces were slightly pale and they were a little nervous.

A fanatical expression appeared on Ernie Xiu's face. He half-knelt on the ground and took out the last item. It was a huge and ugly black stone.

Show's mouth quickly chanted a strange syllable. The aura of death fused with him, forming a black vortex that could be seen with the naked eye.

An unknown power spread out, and the bones on the hillside trembled slightly.

The huge bones jumped up and floated in the air, beginning to assemble in a certain way.

A ferocious shape slowly appeared, like the appearance of a giant wolf.

Ernest took out a sharp dagger and cut his own wrist. Bright red blood dripped on the black stone.

A dark red light was emitted from the strange stone.

Ernest became more excited. He held the dark red stone with both hands and faced the giant wolf made of bones. he shouted, "Sleeping son of the Dark God, the faithful believers are calling you. Wake up, Fenrir, the monster that split the Earth."