

## **MGE 141**

### **Chapter 141 – Cookson and Rimont**

Yang Feng said with slightly creased eyebrows: “When is it? I might not have the time for it!”

Angelina’s eyes shined and she said with a charming smile: “It’s right now, go to the Fiery Dragon Race Track. It’ll only take you half a day. I think that it’ll be a great experience.”

Yang Feng immediately boarded the Lightning Dragon, the doors automatically closed. He said towards Angelina with a smile: “What are you waiting for?! Let’s roll.”

The Fiery Dragon Race Track was St. Rose City’s most well-known race track. It had a length of more than 450 kilometers. The long track had slopes, sharp turns, cliffs, tall mountains, sand dunes, hills and other types of landscape. In St. Rose City, it was the favorite gathering spot for racing zealot princeling Warlocks.

Magic chariots had a selling price of at least 10,000 magic stones, with a fuel efficiency of one low grade magic stone per 200 kilometers. Only powerful Warlocks or exceedingly wealthy princeling Warlocks were eligible to have the financial resources to play with magic chariots.

While following behind Angelina, Yang Feng arrived outside the entrance to the Fiery Dragon Race Track, only to see several dozens magic chariots with very eye-catching shapes parked.

Many youngsters were gathered next to the magic chariots, with handsome men and beautiful women everywhere. At the same time, formidable life forces were emitted from those youngsters, with most being Apprentice Warlock rank life forces, but there was no lack of level-1 Warlock rank life forces.

In a small principality like Fernandro Principality, level-1 Warlocks were regarded as exceedingly rare experts. But in St. Rose City, they were nothing special.

When Yang Feng’s Lightning Dragon arrived at the Fiery Dragon Race Track, it immediately attracted the gazes of countless people.

The extravagant and luxurious ten-seated convertible Lightning Dragon chariot and its elegant mold, it was a very rare sight on the Fiery Dragon Race Track.

“A golden chariot, that’s so basic!”

“A ten-seated convertible magic chariot, why is it here? This is Fiery Dragon Race Track!”

“To actually make a fool of oneself by bring here such a basic vehicle, did this bumpkin crawled out from under a rock?”

“...”

Ridiculing voices came from the crowd. The Lightning Dragon was plated with a layer of thick gold and embedded with numerous gems. On Earth, it would definitely make countless young ladies shriek, with countless beautiful women submitting before this super luxurious chariot.

But in the World of Warlocks, gold was just slightly higher in value than silver and copper. The truly expensive stuff were the magic cores of the various demonic beasts, hellions and extraordinary life forms as well as magic crystals.

Yang Feng listened to the voices of mockery coming from the surroundings, his face twitching. He turned towards Eunice and the other ladies in the back to look: "Different worlds really have different aesthetics, I'm even being looked down by these guys. No wonder Angelina's expression had been so weird."

Only to see Eunice cover her smile and Dephilia, the ice-cold loli, revealing a trace of a smile. They were Warlock royalties, they naturally knew that the appearance of the Lightning Dragon would seem extremely basic to magic chariots enthusiasts.

Once Angelina exited her car, she attracted gazes brimming with adoration, envy, jealousy and other complicated feelings to focus on her.

A blue-eyed bombshell with a golden pony tail, similar features to Angelina's and dressed in black tight-fitting clothing. But her facial features seemed to be somewhat immature. The seemingly 15 of 16 year old young girl smiled happily as she walked up to them: "Big sister Angelina, you came! If I'm not mistaken, the man beside you should be Steel City's Yang Feng."

The young girl had just spoken, when gazes from all over focused on Yang Feng.

"That is Steel City's only successor, Yang Feng?"

"Is it that lucky waste Yang Feng?"

"After Snow White Madam joined, Steel City became a force second only to the six great Warlock groups. It turned out to be Steel City's only successor! Such a lucky bastard. Steel City's City Lord cares so much about him. Even though he's a wast, he can still practice cultivation until an official Warlock."

"Yeah. Reportedly, all of Steel City's resources are being deviated towards him. Him coming to St. Rose City, is it because of the Rose Divine Pool?"

"..."

Gushed discussions were heard from the crowd of youngsters. Practically all of the youngsters looking at Yang Feng had their gazes brimming with envy and jealousy.

When Snow White Madam Dephilia, when this Great Warlock joined, Steel City immediately soared in status, becoming a first-rate Warlock group second only to Turandot Subcontinent's six great Warlock groups. As Steel City's only successor, Yang Feng naturally attracted the envy and jealousy of those princeling Warlock youngsters.

The more powerful a life form was the more difficult it became for it to reproduce. Once humans had promoted to Warlocks, their being would suffer a terrifying evolutionary transformation, with their stage of being changing. After evolving to an official Warlock, one's success rate in reproduction started to decline swiftly. The more powerful a Warlock was, the more difficult it was for one to reproduce.

But in this World of Warlocks, human Warlocks had already overcome this great challenge by devising an elixir capable of upgrading their success rate in reproduction. Raising a Warlock's success rate in

reproduction to the level of an Apprentice Warlock. Therefore, in the Turandot Subcontinent, the majority of forces' leaders had countless descendants. It was practically impossible to become the sole successor of those forces.

As Steel City's sole successor, Yang Feng's status was extremely distinguished and even somewhat higher than that of Rose Empire's first successor, Angelina. As Rose Empire's first successor, Angelina still had to face many other successors competing with her. As for Yang Feng, it was already preordained that he would succeed the terrifying force known as Steel City.

Angelina's beautiful eyes flashed with a touch of a peculiar glow as she said with a smile: "Pix mei-mei. That's right, he's Yang Feng."

A young man with a tall and sturdy figure, a head full of short crimson hair and a valiant aura around him; with a mocking expression, the young man arrived beside Pix and sneered: "Yang Feng, that is, the waste Yang Feng with an inferior level-1 soul aptitude? You're merely a silk pants that commits all sorts of crimes by relying on his family's forces. Right now, you wouldn't even be an Apprentice Warlock if it wasn't for your family's help!"

A young man dressed in a Warlock's white robe with a tall and thin figure and a handsome appearance walked over with a smile and threatened without a trace of anger: "Yang Feng, you waste, don't be so close to Angelina! Otherwise, I don't mind putting you to rest and then send your body to your uncle. That definitely would be very amusing."

More than a dozen youngsters faintly emitting official Warlock rank life force swiftly gathered beside the man with short scarlet hair and the man wearing a Warlock's white robe. They all adopted expressions of ridicule as they looked at Yang Feng.

Yang Feng's eyebrows creased slightly. He turned towards Eunice and Dephilia and asked: "What's the matter with those two brainless idiots? They actually dare spout nonsense in front of me?"

Judy and Shi Xue didn't have much experience; therefore, it was impossible for them to recognize these two men.

Dephilia said apathetically: "I'm not familiar with those nobodies."

Eunice's beautiful eyes flashed with a touch of graveness and she said lightly: "The red-haired man should be Savage Claw's strongest genius of this generation, Blood Beast King Cookson. The other should be White Elephant Ivory's Young Thunder King Rimont."

Eunice sent mentally: "Every time Rose Garden holds a Warlock convention, it isn't just to open the Rose Divine Pool for the most outstanding geniuses to practice cultivation, but also to select sons-in-law for the most outstanding maidens of Rose Garden. The Warlock convention hosted by Rose Garden is actually a marriage convention. In Turandot Subcontinent, many peak experts have a wife or a lover from Rose Garden. Anyone with the intention to mess with Rose Gardens must take into account the reaction of those peak experts."

Yang Feng's eyes flashed with a touch of understanding: "I see. In this case, although Rose Garden isn't considered to be the strongest among the six great Warlock groups, but it's definitely the most difficult to deal with."

Rose Garden held a Warlock convention every few years, gathering Turandot Subcontinent's young genius Warlocks and then picking the most outstanding genius Warlocks for marriage. As a result, Turandot Subcontinent's peak experts had inextricable connections with Rose Garden. Even the remaining five great Warlock groups had many people married with Rose Garden's female Warlock. Therefore, no one dared to mess with Rose Garden; otherwise, they would risk becoming enemies with Turandot Subcontinent's genius Warlocks.

Eunice continued to send mentally: "Angelina is Rose Garden's first successor. If you can take her as your wife, then once she ascends the throne, as her husband, a grand prince, you'll receive access to a tremendous amount of resources. Beside the Rose Divine Pool, Rose Garden still has many other secret treasures second only to divine armaments. Those secret treasures are definitely capable of further transforming people."

Yang Feng finally understood: "No wonder these two rushed over akin to dogs in heat. It turns out that the hidden benefits are this huge."

Rose Empire was one of the strongest empires in Turandot Subcontinent. Once Angelina ascends the throne, then she would wield tremendous resources. Although she would need to hand over the majority of those resources to Rose Garden, but the rest of the resources, which was an exceedingly terrifying amount, she could allocate to her self. As her grand prince, the benefits would definitely be immense.

Cookson's eyes flashed a touch of a fierce glint, his body became shrouded in a thick layer of killing intent and he threatened coldly: "Yang Feng, you even dare insult us? Does Steel City actually want to betray humanity, become a disgraceful traitor and seek refuge with the under world's allied forces?"

With the under world's allied forces bearing down menacingly, sweeping everything wherever they passed through; some human Warlocks who didn't escape in time would choose to betray humanity and seek refuge with the under world's allied forces.

"What kind of nonsense is this? You dare to frame me?" As I see it, you two are trying to instigate a rift in the relationship between Steel City and Rose Garden, it's clear that you're traitors of humanity. Angelina, let my guards chop those traitors of humanity into pieces as a warning."

The two units standing guard behind Yang Feng pressed the Dimensional Crests on their chests. Immediately after, 2 6-meter-tall level-8 beast-type bladed robots shot out of the Dimensional Crests.

The 2 level-8 best-type bladed robots strait forwardly launched in a flash and madly chopped, with their high frequency oscillation blades, at Cookson and Rimont, the two young geniuses from Savage Claw and White Elephant Ivory respectively.

Cookson's eyes flashed with a touch of horror, he gave a furious roar, erupted with the terrifying life force of a pinnacle level-2 Warlock and morphed into a three meters tall gorilla with red fur, alike a burning flame.

After morphing into a red-furred gorilla, Cookson took out an up to three meters long wolf tooth club and vigorously brandished it, striking at the high frequency oscillation blade of a beast-type bladed robot and knocking it away.

Rimont had lightning streaking on his body, seemingly reining over it. He didn't retreat but rather advanced. In a blink of an eye, he avoided the attack of the beast-type bladed robot and then weirdly appeared in front of Yang Feng. He kicking at Yang Feng, bringing lightning along.

A transparent protective cover instantly flashed and blocked in front of Yang Feng. Rimont hit the transparent cover, setting of ripples, before shooting backwards. His eyes flashed with a touch of graveness.

In front of Yang Feng appeared a six meters tall level-8 shielded robot with a huge shield.

"Stop!" Angelina's eyebrows arched, before emitting the terrifying life force of a level-3 Warlock. she swept Yang Feng and the other two with a dignified glance and said coldly: "This is St. Rose City. Here, you must abide by Rose Empire's laws. Any grudges that you might have, leave them outside St. Rose City and settle them in private. Once you leave St. Rose city, it's non of my concern if you fight or not, but those who fight in St. Rose City, they will be treated as Rose Garden's enemies."

"Morons, haven't you heard her? Why haven't you stopped yet? Or could it be that you want to become enemies with Rose Garden? Are you deaf, you ugly red-furred orangutan?!" Yang Feng snapped his fingers and the several level-8 primary battle robots shot back into the Dimensional Crests of his guards staying behind him. At the same time, he didn't forget to ridicule them.

Cookson was so angry when he heard that remark, that his eyes almost spurted flames. He clenched his fists, his entire body surged with a killing intent and he took a step forward.

Angelina had a slight headache as he glared at Yang Feng. Without batting an eyelid, she took a step forward, blocked in front of Yang Feng and coldly watching Cookson.

Rose Garden's dignity was not to be violated. If Cookson didn't stop, then Angelina would definitely suppress him.

Rimont said solemnly: "Enough! Cookson, stop it! We're at St. Rose City!"

Cookson's expression changed several times. He finally clenched his teeth, his figure shook and swiftly reverted to its human form. He glared hatefully at Yang Feng.

## **Chapter 142 – Demigod Rank Armament Planar Astrolabe**

Rimont's eyes flashed with a touch of despondency: "Yang Feng, we're at the Fiery Dragon Race Track. The way the grudges are settle here is by racing with magic chariots. Do you dare to have a bet with us? If you don't even dare to have a bet, then be a good boy and get the fuck out of St. Rose City."

The storage ring of Yang Feng's hand flashed and a chest immediately fell on the ground. He opened it and revealed top grade magic stones: "A bet you say? Interesting. I'm only worried about one thing, that is, that you're not able to call my stake! This is a chest with top grade magic stones. You both should know about the worth of top grade magic stones. You good-for-nothing paupers, if you can't call my stake, then be good boys and get the fuck out of St. Rose City!"

"Those are the legendary top grade magic stones!"

“They contain the purest magic energy. If the magic energy contained in one top grade magic stone were to be absorbed, then it would be enough to promote a level-2 Warlock to a level-3 Warlock.”

“It’s the first time for me to see them. Only Great Warlocks are qualified to use such a treasure!”

“One top grade magic stone is worth more than 2 million low grade magic stones. This chest is worth more than 2 billion low grade magic stones! He’s so damn rich. The Steel Lord spoils his nephew too much, he even gave him such a treasure.”

“...”

Frightened, greedy, jealous and envious gazes moved back and forth between the chest with top grade magic stones and Yang Feng.

Even Angelina, when she looked at the chest with top grade magic stones, her beautiful eyes unconsciously flashed with a touch of absent-mindedness.

Top grade magic stones contained the purest and easiest to absorb magic energy. In a battle, one top grade magic stone was equivalent to a charger; it could continuously recover a Warlock’s spirit force and physical strength. One top grade magic stone was equivalent to a vial of a terrifying alchemical elixir capable of steadily recovering a given amount of spirit force and physical strength.

Top grade magic stones were extremely valuable. Generally, every single one of them would go to Great Warlocks to be used in their practice of cultivation. Ordinary Warlocks couldn’t even catch the sight of one.

Most of the youngsters at the Fiery Dragon Race Track were extremely rich princeling Warlocks, but there weren’t many among them that have seen top grade magic stones. Many young beauties had their eyes light up when they looked at Yang Feng, as if seeing a frog turning into a prince.

The complexions of Cookson and Rimont became exceedingly unsightly. That chest with top grade magic stones was worth more than 2 billion low grade magic stones. Although the two were top-notch geniuses from the younger generation – from Savage Claw and White Elephant Ivory respectively – who have promoted to level-2 Warlocks before the age of 50, but they still couldn’t come up with such an exorbitant amount.

Yang Feng ridiculed with a cold smile: “You two good-for-nothing paupers, if you can’t come up with the corresponding amount, then get the fuck out of St. Rose City.”

The pitying and ridiculing gazes gathering on Cookson and Rimont were as painful as being pricked by swords.

Yang Feng observed the two as if watching two clowns. The corners of his mouth rose slightly, revealing a trace of delight. The feeling of taking out magic stones and smashing people with them was quite refreshing.

With his eyes bloodshot, Cookson flipped his hand and a palm-sized bronze disc with sun, moon and star engravings appeared in his hand. He clamored: “Who said I can’t call your stake?! This is a Planar Astrolabe. A level-5 secret treasure. In the different planes, level-5 secret treasures are called demigod

rank armaments. The worth of this demigod armament is no lower than that of your top grade magic stones!”

“A level-5 secret treasure!”

“Demigod rank armament!!”

“He actually has an demigod rank armament!!”

“...”

Voices of astonishment sounded, as practically everyone’s gazes were firmly attracted to the bronze disk in Cookson’s hand.

In Turandot Subcontinent, secret treasures higher than level-3 were very rare, with some Great Warlock rank experts not even having a single level-4 secret treasure. As for level-5, demigod rank secret treasures, even Great Warlocks from the six great Warlock groups might not have one.

Cookson actually had a level-5 secret treasure, naturally it caused a huge sensation and attracted countless gazes. Even the always apathetic Dephilia, her pretty complexion also changed slightly as she unwaveringly stared at the Planar Astrolabe.

Eunice sent mentally: “Planar Astrolabes are essential items for Great Warlock rank experts or higher to carry out planar travels. Without Planar Astrolabes, once their bodies leave this world, if they’re the slightest bit inattentive, then even Great Warlock rank experts might get lost in the boundless depths of the ocean of stars. If you leave for the Astral Boundary that connects countless planes without a Planar Astrolabe; if you’re the slightest bit inattentive, you might get lost in the Astral Boundary. Apart from this, the Planar Astrolabe has another use, that is, it can be used to stabilize the planar passageway. With a Planar Astrolabe, a planar passageway can have more stability, allowing for stronger beings to cross it.”

With regards to Warlocks, planar travel was the most dangerous but also the most profitable adventure. Once a mighty human Warlock descended on a plane and successfully became said plane’s ruler, then they’d gain exceedingly terrifying benefits.

As a part of the World of Warlocks, it was forbidden to carryout wicked large scale human experiments in Turandot Subcontinent. But there was no such restriction in the other planes. Some powerful wicked human Warlocks would seize a plane; regarding it as their base, they would rear humans for the purpose of carrying out wicked experiments.

There were basically three methods for Warlocks to leave with their bodies for other planes. The first was to fly with their bodies into the boundless Starry Sky and leave for other planes via the Starry Sky plane coordinates. The second was to enter the Astral Boundary that connects countless planes with their bodies, search for other plane’s coordinates in the Astral Boundary and then enter those other planes trough the Astral Boundary. The third was to set up a planar passageway and then leave with their bodies for other planes trough the planar passageway. Apart from those three methods, the other methods for entering an other world with their bodies contained great dangers. As for entering other planes with projections, avatars, incarnations and other methods, they all were unable to express the terrifying strength of their true bodies.

In order to carry out planar travels, merely a planar passageway wasn't enough, it still required all kinds of treasures to stabilize the planar passageway. Otherwise, powerful Warlocks were unable of crossing planar passageways, with only a few weak beings being capable of doing so. Planar Astrolabe was a treasure that could stabilize a planar passageway, it was extremely important to Yang Feng.

Once Cookson took out the demigod rank armament Planar Astrolabe, he took pleasure in the several envious gazes, but then he felt regretful inside: "Shit. Now that the Planar Astrolabe was exposed, it will be very difficult to keep it."

Cookson's regret was fleeting. His gaze fell on the chest with top grade magic stones, his eyes flashed with a touch of a peculiar glint: "However, as long as I win that chest with top grade magic stones, then even if I offer the Planar Astrolabe to the organization, they won't treat me unjustly. For the current me, a chest with top grade magic stones and the reward from the organization would be more useful than this Planar Astrolabe,"

A demigod rank armament like the Planar Astrolabe, that was only useful in planar travels, was of great use to experts higher than Great Warlock rank. To Great Warlock experts or lower, the Planar Astrolabe wouldn't be the least bit useful. With regards to Cookson, the worth of the Planar Astrolabe was by far lower than that of the chest with top grade magic stones.

Cookson said coldly: "How about my treasure, it's worth is no lower than 2 billion magic stones, right?"

With a cold smile, Yang Feng played down the worth of the Planar Astrolabe until it seemed worthless: "Planar Astrolabe, although this treasure is a demigod rank armament, but the scope of its use is too limited. Only experts higher than Great Warlock rank can use it. In the main continent, this treasure would be worth more than 2 billion magic stones. But in Turandot Subcontinent, to auction it for 1 billion magic stones would already be amazing."

Cookson's complexion became unsightly. He couldn't refute Yang Feng's statement. If it was in the main continent, than a demigod rank armament like Planar Astrolabe would definitely be priceless, attracting countless experts to vie over it. But in Turandot Subcontinent, it was of little worth. It wasn't that the Planar Astrolabe wasn't good, but it was rather too high-end, to the point that no one in Turandot Subcontinent could use it. With regards to Warlocks, secret treasures that couldn't be used were akin to rubbish.

"That's right, this Planar Astrolabe is useless!"

"Yeah, although this Planar Astrolabe is a demigod rank armament, but without any additional offensive nor defensive spells, apart from localization in the Starry Sky and stabilizing the planar passageway, it isn't the slightest bit useful. In Turandot Subcontinent, as there are no planar passageways nor Starry Sky Warlock rank experts, this Planar Astrolabe isn't the list bit useful."

"I reckon that the most useless demigod rank armament in Turandot Subcontinent is this Planar Astrolabe."

"Haha!"

"..."



Laughter came from those youngsters. As soon as they recovered from the shock of it being a demigod rank armament, they realized the worth of this Planar Astrolabe.

One of the reasons why Cookson had the Planar Astrolabe catch dust was because he wouldn't be able to fetch a good price for it in Turandot Subcontinent.

Yang Feng's words took a turn: "But I'm a magnanimous individual. Additionally, I'm sure to promote higher than the Starry Sky Warlock rank. I'm slightly interested in this Planar Astrolabe, I'll reluctantly let you use it as a stake. In order to ensure fairness, let's ask Angelina to act as a notary, let's place our stakes with her."

Cookson heaved a sigh of relief and handed Angelina the Planar Astrolabe: "Alright!"

Yang Feng also handed Angelina the chest with top grade magic stones worth 2 billion magic stones.

Angelina was Rose Empire's first successor. As Rose Garden's representative in St. Rose City, she naturally wouldn't embezzle the stakes of Yang Feng and Cookson. The trifling chest with top grade magic stones and the rubbish-like Planar Astrolabe weren't enough for Rose Garden to be willing to lose face.

Yang Feng waved his hand, 10 chests with high grade magic stones appeared on the ground. He sneered: "Rimont, these are 10 chests with high grade magic stones! They're roughly worth 1.5 billion low grade magic stones. If you want to have a bet with me, then come up with the appropriate amount in treasures. Otherwise, please get out of St. Rose City and don't embarrass yourself anymore."

### **Chapter 143 – Crazy Race (I)**

"Ten chests with high grade magic stones!! So rich!"

"Steel City is so rich, no wonder they could invite Snow White Madam to join them."

"How could Steel City be that rich?"

"..."

After seeing the ten chests with high grade magic stones, the eyes of those young princeling Warlocks became bloodshot. Although high grade magic stones weren't as valuable as top grade magic stones, yet they were still exceedingly valuable treasures. The pure magic energy contained within the high grade magic stones had also great benefits with regards to Great Warlocks.

For to level-1 Warlocks, a high grade magic stone would be as precious as a secret treasure; they would only use it when attempting to break through a bottleneck in their cultivation. Only those at the summit of Turandot Subcontinent, that is, only Great Warlock rank experts would wield a large amount of high grade magic stones.

While being bullied by Yang Feng, Rimont's complexion became pale and extremely unsightly. If he dejectedly left St. Rose City; hence after, his reputation would be completely destroyed, his status in White Elephant Ivory would also plummet.

In White Elephant Ivory, geniuses were as common as clouds and the competition was brutal. Through great effort, Rimont finally became White Elephant Ivory's number one genius of the younger generation. He didn't want to fall from this position. Once he stumbled and fell on the ground, there would be countless geniuses eyeing covetously his position, willing to use him as a stepping stone to acquire the leading position.

Rimont's complexion changed several times, before he finally clenched his teeth, took out a box from his bosom and opened it, revealing a resplendent magic core: "This is the magic core of a Kromara Lava Boa. Kromara Lava Boas are comparable to dragons. When they mature, they have battle prowess comparable to Great Warlock rank experts. When auctioned, this magic core should be able to fetch a price of 1.5 billion magic stones."

Among Great Warlock rank extraordinary life forms, there was a huge gap in strength. Like dragons, this extraordinary life form lied at the summit of extraordinary life forms of the same rank. A Great Warlock rank adult dragon could definitely deal with three Great Warlock rank extraordinary life forms like Sphinx Lava Direwolves.

Since Kromara Lava Boas were comparable to dragons, then the appearance of one of their magic cores in an auction would definitely fetch a price of at least one billion magic stones. This was an extremely valuable treasure, it was a top-notch material used in refining a lot of legendary secret treasures.

"Not bad, I'm quite fond of this magic core. It barely qualifies to bet with me." Yang Feng smiled faintly, and handed Angelina the ten chests with high grade magic stones.

Rimont gave a cold snort, and handed Angelina the magic core.

"If I were to appropriate these stakes, then I'd make a fortune."

Angelina looked at the ridiculous figure of stakes and treasures, her beautiful eyes flashed with a touch of a peculiar glint, and greed flashed past deep inside her. Even Great Warlock rank experts would be tempted by this huge fortune. She was but a trifling level-3 Warlock, naturally, she would be tempted as well.

"Now let me announce the rules of this race. Each vehicle may at most carry two people. The route shall be the Fiery Dragon Race Track and its length of 458 kilometers. En route, spells to directly attack the driver or their vehicle are not permitted. The usage of the vehicle's equipment to attack the opponent is permitted. The first person to finish the track wins." Angelina quickly calmed down and said with a smile.

Unlike on Earth, magic chariots could use their offensive systems to attack the other party's vehicle and driver in the race. Such matches were more cruel but also more thrilling, princeling Warlocks were quite fond of them.

"I'm starting a handicap bet! I only accept stakes with bets on my loss. Those who want to bet on my loss, feel free to do so. Magic stones, secret treasure, gold. Anything of value can serve as a stake."

Yang Feng smile faintly, then waved his hand, and ten chests with high grade magic stones appeared before everyone's eyes in a flash. The bright magic glimmers from the high grade magic stones dazzled

people's eyes. He said heroically: "Here are then chests with high grade magic stones, you don't need to worry that I won't be able to pay up."

"I bet ten thousand magic stones!"

"I bet thirty thousand magic stones!"

"..."

The princeling Warlocks assembled near the Fiery Dragon Race Track were hot-blooded youths with the desire to stir up trouble. They came before Yang Feng to bet with him.

Eunice gave an exceedingly fascinating and charming smile, attracting the gazes of nearly 90% of the male princeling Warlocks: "Those who want to bet with my family's little Lord, come over to register."

The princeling Warlocks assembled near the Fiery Dragon Race Track went beside Eunice and started registering.

Dephilia sent mentally: "Are you short on magic stones? Although these little guys come from rich backgrounds, putting forth twenty thousand magic stones to bet would already be their limit. With all those little guys added together, at most, you'll gain a few million low grade magic stones."

While appearing to be concerned about the future, Yang Feng sighed in disappointment: "As small as they may be, mosquitoes are also protein! I have so many mouths to feed; therefore, every single magic stone counts."

After the registrations were completed, several dozen magic chariots appeared on the Fiery Dragon Race Track

Angelina looked at Dephilia beside Yang Feng, her beautiful eyes fleshed with a touch of peculiarity and she asked in curiosity: "Yang Feng, you sure you want to bring someone along?"

With this heaven-shaking magic chariot bet, even Great Warlocks would be tempted. The others were anxious to throw everything out of their vehicles; while Yang Feng, resembling an ignorant moron, even brought a person along.

Yang Feng said with a slight smile: "I'm sure!"

"With this heaven-shaking bet, he still doesn't forget to pick up chicks. This Yang Feng sure is a sex fiend among sex fiends."

"Awesome. Even with such a bet, he's still picking up chicks. It's such a brilliant method. Like this, the chick might become dead set on him."

"That's such a brilliant method to pick up chicks. But that chick seems a tad too young. He even has such preferences, what a pervert."

"..."

Hushed discussions came from the surroundings. Quite a few princeling Warlocks revealed expressions of enlightenment. They followed suit, and quickly invited their female companions to board their vehicles.

Cookson ridiculed with a sneer: "You're really an idiot! In such a high-speed race, even a difference of one kilogram might decide the outcome. I'm so happy to see that you're this stupid."

Yang Feng gave a faint smile, then without uttering anything in reply, went with Dephilia towards the lightning dragon chariot.

Suddenly, Dephilia sent mentally: "You actually chose me as your companion, that's too shameless."

Dephilia, however, was a Great Warlock rank expert. In a direct confrontation, even with a hand tied behind her back, she would still easily beat everyone up.

Suddenly, the corners of Dephilia's mouth rose slightly and she sent mentally: "But I'm fond of such shamelessness. I'm helping you so much; therefore, I want fifty of those top grade magic stones."

Yang Feng also revealed a hint of a smile and sent back: "Deal!"

The Fiery Dragon Race Track was exceedingly spacious, it could accommodate 20 magic chariots side by side. But the number of magic chariots participating in this race had reached 153; as a result, the vehicles of experts like Yang Feng, Cookson and Rimont were all arranged in the last row.

The several rows in the front were all arranged with some magic chariots with not particularly outstanding performances. This arrangement was made in order to give a huge advantage to those magic chariots, so that they also have a chance.

Three other chariots were beside Yang Feng's basic ten-seated lightning dragon chariot. One was Cookson's favorite vehicle, the white tiger chariot, it had the portraits of a white tiger as well as countless other extraordinary life forms traced on it. The other one was Rimont's favorite vehicle, the thunderstreak chariot, it had countless lightning marks traced on it. The last one was the rose chariot, it was a red vehicle with red rose designs traced on it.

Yang Feng swept the red rose chariot with a glance and said: "Angelina, how come you're also participating in this race?"

Angelina was dressed in red tight-fitting clothing, she had a delicate smile and her beautiful eyes seemed to burn with a violent fighting spirit. "I'm very fond of magic chariot races. Yang Feng, even if it's against you, I definitely won't lose. But I don't have any malice towards you, I only put a stake of 3,000 magic stones."

"It's unfortunate, but you've already lost!"

"Nothing's decided yet!"

"Go!"

After Pix waved her hand and before she said 'go', the front most magic chariot glinted with a strong fluctuation of magic, and with a rumble, it immediately shot forward like a hurricane.

"Feast your eyes upon my greatness!" Cookson gave a furious roar, before tremendous spirit force swiftly flooded the white tiger chariot.

A pair of huge wings swiftly extended from the front of the white tiger chariot. Simultaneously, the vehicle took merely one second to accelerate until 100 km/h. It flapped its wings and rose like a hurricane, shooting above the other magic chariots while grinding their roofs.

Rimont's thunderstreak chariot instantly flashed with lightning, a fierce gust of wind sprang up, and it shot forward like a lightning streak. It strangely ground the magic chariots in front of it as it shot into the sky.

"Yang Feng, I'll go first!"

Angelina gave a sweet smile, then operated her magic power. Countless red rose petals abruptly extended from the rose chariot, forming a bridge of roses. The rose chariot ran across the bridge of roses, it easily leaped across the magic chariots baring its way and then sped along towards the distance.

Obstacles that would be insurmountable on Earth, were easily crossed by the magic chariots through different extraordinary powers.

After Cookson and the other two rushed towards the front, more than twenty magic chariots tacitly slowed down, and firmly blocked in front of Yang Feng's lightning dragon chariot.

"You bunch of idiots, get the hell out of my way!" Yang Feng's eyes flashed with a touch of excitement, before fiercely stepping on the gas pedal and pushing a button. The lightning dragon chariot's engine immediately issued rumblings alike to beast roars, it accelerated to a speed of 200 km/h within a second and ferociously bumped into the rears of the magic chariots in front of it.

Boom!

Along with a blare, a magic chariot was forcibly knocked away by Yang Feng, before revolving several times midair and crashing outside the track.

## **Chapter 144 – Crazy Race (II)**

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

The lightning dragon chariot driven by Yang Feng was alike a brutal beast that had just emerged from the wilderness as it rampaged. It forcibly flung away the magic chariots barring his way.

The expensive magic chariots were being flung away like toys, continuously revolving midair. The sight was shocking

"So savage!"

"It's such a fierce magic chariot!"

"The shape of that magic chariot is so basic, I didn't expect it to be so fierce."

"..."

Outside the entrance to the Fiery Dragon Race Track, there was a tremendous magic screen clearly depicting the race. When those princeling Warlocks saw the scene of the lightning dragon chariot driven by Yang Feng savagely sending the other chariots flying, they couldn't help but be left speechless.

The princeling Warlocks that enjoyed racing in the Fiery Dragon Race Track, they had rarely seen such a scene of forcibly sending the opponent's magic chariots flying. To send the chariot of another flying implied that the gap in performance between both vehicles needed to reach an astonishing degree. Just like the huge gap in armor performance of passenger vehicles and heavy tanks on Earth. On the whole, magic chariots came from level-2 and level-3 Alchemists, naturally, the gap in performance wouldn't be too great.

After witnessing this scene, the magic chariots blocking in front of Yang Feng successively got out of the way, forming a path.

The lightning dragon chariot driven by Yang Feng accelerated, quickly overcoming magic chariots one after another, before joining the first group of magic chariots.

All of a sudden, more than a dozen magic chariots that had fallen behind glimmered with magical lights, before instantly shooting fireballs at the lightning dragon chariot.

The level-1 spell Fireball was the most common offensive spell added to magic chariots. Under the siege of more than a dozen magic chariots, Yang Feng's position on the track was practically covered by them.

"So ruthless, they're trying to beat Yang Feng to death!"

"A fireball isn't a big deal, but being attacked by more than a dozen fireballs, the magic chariot definitely won't be able to resist it. This is their killer move."

"..."

When the more than a dozen fireballs appeared, the eyes of the surrounding princeling Warlocks on the Fiery Dragon Race Track flashed with a touch of graveness, and they successively commented.

Magic chariots used in races were secret treasures remodeled and customized by those princeling Warlocks. Every magic chariot was very sturdy, being capable of withstand the bombardment of a few fireballs. Yang Feng had overbearingly sent magic chariots flying, but because they were sturdy and durable, the drivers weren't injured in the slightest. It wasn't so easy to wreck them.

In magic chariot races, a few fireballs would be launched at most, before the receiving party admitted defeat. This joint bombardment of more than a dozen fireballs would definitely result in the death of the receiving party.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

When the more than a dozen fireballs hit the lightning dragon chariot driven by Yang Feng, they set off huge explosions.

In a split second, under everyone's horrified gazes, the lightning dragon chariot shot out from amidst the flames. A transparent protective cover was shrouding the lightning dragon chariot.

"It's impolite not to reciprocate. Have a taste of my power!"

Killing intent flashed past Yang Feng's eyes and he pressed a button. From a compartment in the rear of the lightning dragon chariot, more than a dozen gauss cannons extended.

The more than a dozen gauss cannons madly spit extremely brutal tongs of fire, shooting towards a magic chariot.

That magic sports instantly unleashed a warping force field.

The closely packed gauss shells fiercely bombarded the warping force field. After barely withstanding for a second, the warping force field immediately shattered, before countless gauss shell engulfed that magic chariot.

Boom!!

Along with a heaven-shaking blare, the magic chariot exploded, with countless amounts of shrapnel splashing in all directions.

A flustered figure shot out from amidst the explosion, it had an appalled expression as it hatefully looked at the lightning dragon chariot driven by Yang Feng. Were he not a level-1 Warlock, and hadn't he released a defensive spell in the nick of time, then he would have been crushed by those gauss cannon shells.

The more than a dozen gauss cannons slightly adjusted their aims, and spat countless flame tongs, once again engulfing a magic chariot.

Boom!

The magic chariot exploded under the barrage, yet it's driver had jumped out earlier after witnessing the previous scene.

"All of you go to hell!"

Yang Feng sneered and pressed another button.

The lightning dragon chariot opened, small laser guided bombs immediately shot out. Along with trails of white smoke, they shot towards those magic chariots.

"Fuck!"

"Bastard!"

"..."

The complexions of the magic chariots' drivers paled when they saw the densely packed small laser guided bombs, before immediately blessing themselves with defensive spells, and then swiftly jumping out of their magic chariots in an awkward manner.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!!

The more than a dozen magic chariots, under the bombardment of the small laser guided bombs, turned into more than a dozen huge fireballs, with countless shrapnel splashing everywhere.

The complexions of the more than a dozen magic chariots' drivers were pale, and their eyes flashed with a touch of fear.

"Such a ruthless guy!"

"If those more than a dozen guys from Savage Claw and White Elephant Ivory hadn't reacted in time and jumped out of their vehicles, then they would have died in the explosions!"

"That guy Yang Feng sure is ruthless, those more than a dozen guys from Savage Claw and White Elephant Ivory are sons and nephews of the elders from the respective council of elders. He actually dared to be this ruthless, he's truly a renegade."

"So wonderful, this is the most wonderful race that I had ever witnessed!"

"This lightning dragon chariot was refined by Steel City, it's such a good vehicle. It's unknown how much it costs."

"If I could buy a lightning dragon chariot, that would be great!"

"..."

Outside the entrance to the Fiery Dragon Race Track, when the princeling Warlocks saw the more than a dozen magic chariots being wrecked, they became very excited, and continuously commented. It was the first time them witnessing a magic chariot wrecking more than a dozen other magic chariots.

When those chariots zealots saw how fierce the lightning dragon chariot was, their eyes lit up. They were itching to immediately expropriate the lightning dragon chariot, then climb into it and go for a nice joy ride.

When the other magic chariots behind Yang Feng saw this scene, they didn't dare to attack Yang Feng's lightning dragon chariot. But they still urged their spirit force to augment their speed, they were in hot pursuit. No matter how strong the attacks of Yang Feng's lightning dragon chariot were, he definitely wouldn't dare to kill the other drivers for no reason and risk universal condemnation. After all, although those drivers weren't remarkable per se, but their backgrounds were quite scary.

After destroying the more than a dozen magic chariots behind him, Yang Feng pressed a button and a four-barrel rocket jet extended from the rear of the lightning dragon chariot. The four-barrel rocket jet ejected a terrifying airflow, once more frantically accelerating the speed of the lightning dragon chariot, shooting ahead like a rocket.

Within a short span of more than a dozen seconds, the lightning dragon chariot driven by Yang Feng charged all the way until one could see with the naked eye the distance between him and the three top-notch magic chariot in the front quickly narrowing.

"So fast!! The speed of this lightning dragon chariot is too formidable!"

"Even with a late start, it can still overtake the others. This speed is unreasonable!"

"This speed might already exceed 400 km/h!"

"..."



When the princeling Warlocks outside the entrance to the Fiery Dragon Race Track saw this scene, their eyes brimmed with horror as they successively commented.

In Turandot Subcontinent, the speed of magic chariots lied in the 200s km/h. Even with all kinds of blessings, the speed would at most reach but 300 km/h. A speed of 400 km/h, only the legendary Great Warlock rank Alchemists were capable of refining such top-notch magic chariots.

But Great Warlock rank experts usually drove all kinds of flying secret treasures or powerful avian extraordinary life forms. Very few of them would be so bored as to refine such flashy and unpractical secret treasures like magic chariots.

Experts of the Great Warlock rank or above were of terrifying strength, they were god-like beings. Those powerful beings generally weren't so bored as to play with things like magic chariots. Their own moving speed by far surpassed the range of magic chariots.

"Angelina, I'll go ahead first!"

As Yang Feng overtook the rose chariot, he simultaneously whistled at Angelina, laughed out loud and then drove the lightning dragon chariot past Angelina. After all, he was a youngster from Earth, a youthful and frivolous temperament was unavoidable.

"Bastard!"

Angelina laughingly curse under her breath, before the tremendous spirit force of a pinnacle level-3 Warlock poured into the rose chariot's magic array.

From within the rose chariot, countless rose petals abruptly emerged, turning into several rose magic chains and then sticking firmly to Yang Feng's lightning dragon chariot. While being dragged by Yang Feng's lightning dragon chariot, the rose chariot fiercely accelerated.

While being linked by the rose magic chains, the speed of Yang Feng's lightning dragon chariot abruptly dropped, becoming a function of its speed and that of the rose chariot.

Yang Feng was slightly distracted and then laughed out loud: "No way! Angelina, you're such a rascal!"

Angelina said with a pleased smile: "It's just a tactic! Magic chariot races are like this, where victory is justice."

"Indeed, victory is justice!"

Along with a hearty laughter, Cookson's white tiger chariot swiftly extended a two meter long conical sharp ram from its front, before frantically accelerating and fiercely bumping into the left side of Yang Feng's lightning dragon chariot.

"So fierce! He even used a ram to collide into the other!"

"That's so fierce! A collision with a speed of nearly 400 km/h as well as adding the ram, that could even wreck a spell cover from a level-3 Warlock. That Cookson is too fierce!"

"..."

The princeling Warlocks outside the entrance to the Fiery Dragon Race Track were discussing very enthusiastically.

The white tiger chariot was modified and weighed more than five tons. After being hit by such a colossus at a speed of 400 km/h, even a defensive spell from a level-3 Warlock wouldn't be able to resist such an impact.

Yang Feng pressed a button, and a transparent protective cover was instantly unleashed by the lightning dragon chariot, shrouding most of the vehicle.

Immediately after Cookson's white tiger chariot ferociously rammed into that transparent protective cover, an ear-piercing friction sound was issued.

In the next moment, a scene that no one had anticipated occurred. The ram of Cookson's white tiger chariot unexpectedly broke, the vehicle itself suffered a tremendous counter-force and it was sent flying. It kept on spinning as it was sent outside the track.

Yang Feng sneered, and pressed a button. Countless gaps appeared on the vehicle, with small laser guided missiles, akin to raindrops, fiercely shooting towards Cookson's white tiger chariot.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Explosions sounded n split second, engulfing the white tiger chariot.

Countless lightning flashed, and the thunderstreak chariot driven by Rimont shot like a railgun shell, bringing along countless electric arcs. With a rumble, it's speed reached 500 km/h. It overcame Yang Feng n a split second, and frantically rushed towards the distance.

Yang Feng's gaze constricted slightly, and he gave up on Cookson, before pressing a button.

Two flamethrowers extend from the lightning dragon chariot and spurted two long streams of flames, ruthlessly burning the several magic chains made out of rose petals.

Under the flame, the rose magic chains ignited and then collapsed.

The lightning dragon chariot's four-barrel rocket jet's power output was raised to the limit, ejecting a terrifying flame draft, pushing the vehicle's speed to 600 km/h. The friction from the tires and the ground gave rise to countless sparks. As if flying, it tor apart the air and shot towards Rimont, while bringing along a terrifying hurricane.

Angelina's beautiful eyes flashed with a touch of a peculiar glint and she sincerely praised: "Such a fast chariot! This speed definitely surpasses 600 km/hour! Such a nice vehicle! Steel City's alchemy is really amazing!"

Regarding speed, Yang Feng's lightning dragon chariot was definitely the fastest magic chariot that Angelina had ever seen.

In a short several dozen seconds, the lightning dragon chariot driven by Yang Feng chased up to the thunderstreak chariot driven by Rimont and then drove alongside it.

Rimont's eyes flashed with a touch of astonishment, he was greatly shaken within: "Such a fast vehicle!! My thunderstreak chariot is a magic chariot refined by a Great Warlock rank Alchemist. Steel City obviously doesn't have any Great Warlock rank Alchemists, so how could they have refined a magic chariot with such a speed?!"

The thunderstreak chariot was a treasure obtained by Rimont from a fortuitous encounter; the chariot was refined by a Great Warlock rank expert. He believed his thunderstreak chariot to be the number one magic chariot in the entire Turandot Subcontinent, never would he have thought that Yang Feng's lightning dragon chariot was even faster.

"Thunderstorm!!" Rimont's complexion changed several times, before he finally took out a high grade magic stone and entered it into a socket, before tremendous spirit force poured into the thunderstreak chariot.

The thunderstreak chariot instantly flashed with lightning. With a rumble, a streak of lightning ferociously struck at Yang Feng's lightning dragon chariot.

## **Chapter 145 – Shameless**

When the streak of lightning struck the lightning dragon chariot's protective cover, it forcibly ripped the cover open and then proceeded to attack the outer armor of the vehicle.

The lightning dragon chariot's outer armor flashed with a radiance, and all the electricity was immediately channeled into its power source propulsion furnace.

Yang Feng was startled by the sudden changes and broke out in cold sweat: "Such a strong lightning! It's even capable of striking open a level-4 protective cover! If the lightning were slightly more powerful, then my lightning dragon chariot wouldn't be able to resist it!"

Yang Feng had already realized that the performance of Turandot Subcontinent's magic chariots lacked in comparison to his lightning dragon chariot. But the power of the thunderstreak chariot surpassed his expectations by far.

"In this case, go to hell!"

Yang Feng's eyes flashed with killing intent, and he fiercely pressed quite a few buttons in a row.

Countless small laser guided missiles flew out of the lightning dragon chariot, and headed towards the thunderstreak chariot like raindrops.

Rimont became alarmed, he then threw quite a few high grade magic stones into the thunderstreak chariot's socket. Simultaneously, with his spirit force as a primer, he launched the thunderstreak chariot's supplementary defensive spell, Storm Barrier.

A matchless storm instantly shrouded the thunderstreak chariot. The small laser guided missiles were deviated by the storm, before falling beside the road and exploding, leaving huge pits behind.

When the princeling Warlocks outside the entrance to the Fiery Dragon Race Track saw this scene, they became unable of tearing their eyes away from from the magic screen. The atmosphere was so heavy that they didn't dare to breath heavily, for fear of missing the fight between the two legendary chariots.

Rimont had just heaved a sigh of relief, when he suddenly felt cold inside and a premonition of a deadly crisis welled up in his chest. He glanced back, only to see Yang Feng's Lightning withdrawing all of its weapons, before extending an artillery. Countless electromagnetic radiances converged on the artillery.

"Fuck, what is that thing?"

An unknown fear welled up inside Rimont. He clenched his teeth and like a streak of lightning, drove the thunderstreak chariot in a twisting and winding manner, executing all kinds of outrageous maneuvers.

Apart from brisk stops, dodging was the best method of evading attacks from magic chariot. The top magic chariot's competitive drivers could even evade the bombardment of fireballs.

"Excellent idea. But it's a pity, as no matter how you evade, it's impossible to evade from the computing of a supercomputer. The computing power evolving to the summit will give rise to foresight!" Yang Feng sneered within.

Three seconds later, a terrifying lightning streak was spurted from the lightning dragon chariot's artillery, the super electromagnetic gun, shooting towards Rimont's thunderstreak chariot.

Boom!!

More than half of Rimont's thunderstreak chariot was blasted away, with countless remains splashing everywhere, while the rest of the vehicle was flung into the air.

In the place where the thunderstreak chariot had been, a thirteen or fourteen meters deep and five or six meters wide pit appeared.

"So brutal! What spell was that?"

"Too brutal! Yang Feng's lightning dragon chariot is truly too brutal! Are chariots developed by Steel City that brutal? They can be regarded as military weapons."

"..."

The princeling Warlocks at the entrance to the Fiery Dragon Race Track exclaimed in bafflement. it was the first time they saw a magic chariot equipped with such powerful weapons.

After half of Rimont's thunderstreak chariot was destroyed, a killing intent flashed past Yang Feng's eyes, and he once more began charging the super electromagnetic gun. After another three seconds, he would be able to once more shoot from the super electromagnetic gun and slay Rimont.

"I won't resign! I won't resign! Yang Feng, go to hell! Everything is going to be settled once you're dead!" Rimont's eyes were bloodshot, hatred filling his chest, and he resolutely crushed a jade slip.

In a split second, a terrifying life force comparable to that of a Great Warlock rank expert pervaded the surroundings.

"Great Warlock! Those are Great Warlock rank fluctuations of power!"

“Rimont had finally lost his mind! It seems that he had used the final trump card given to him by White Elephant Ivory!”

“He even has a Great Warlock rank force protector. It seems like this Rimont is White Elephant Ivory’s most valued genius!”

“It seems like Yang Feng will die! Once a Great Warlock rank expert acts, unless there is an expert of the same rank; otherwise, there’s no way to resist!”

“...”

The complexions of the princeling Warlocks outside the entrance to the Fiery Dragon Race Track changed slightly, and their eyes flashed with a touch of graveness. When they looked at Yang Feng, their eyes flashed with a touch of pity.

Each Great Warlock rank expert had earth-shaking strength. In many other planes, they were known as Legend rank experts who left their marks in history. Against experts below the Great Warlock rank, Great Warlock rank experts were invincible.

Magic power gathered into a giant hand and, while carrying a tremendous pressure, grabbed at Yang Feng’s lightning dragon chariot.

“Fucking bastard!!” Angelina’s pretty face changed and she cursed fiercely, and a touch of helplessness and bitterness swept past her beautiful eyes. Although she was a peerless genius of Rose Garden, but she was also powerless against a Great Warlock.

“Haha. Yang Feng, you’re dead meat!” When Cookson approaching from the rear saw this scene, a trace of sinister smile crept onto his face.

Under everyone’s gazes, once the giant hand formed from magic power appeared, like a little white mouse desperately struggling in the hand of a human, the lightning dragon chariot with its speed up to 600 km/h was immediately powerlessly suspended midair, its tires frantically revolving in the air.

The giant hand formed from magic power poked gently, and the protective cover shrouding the lightning dragon chariot immediately collapsed, before grabbing at Yang Feng.

“Hm! A trifling remains of power that isn’t even a projection dares to bare its fangs in front of me, become a chunk of ice and shatter!”

Dephilia, the cold and unconcerned loli sitting beside Yang Feng, snorted coldly. Terrifying Great Warlock rank fluctuations of power permeated from her immature body. She reached out with her lily-white finger, and a white cold stream shot out, before instantly shrouding the huge hand formed from magic power.

Once the white cold stream shrouded the huge hand formed from magic power, it then condensed into a huge chunk of ice, before instantly crumbling and turning into silver ice fragments scattering on the ground.

“A Great Warlock!! That’s a Great Warlock-rank expert!!”

“That girl turned out to be a Great Warlock!!”

“Snow White Madam, it should be Snow White Madam! Snow White Madam had just recently announced her entry into Steel City!”

“She’s Snow White Madam?”

“He actually had a Great Warlock rank expert on board, that’s too shameful!”

“Too despicable!!”

“...”

The princeling Warlocks on the Fiery Dragon Race Track were exclaiming in bafflement.

“Snow White Madam, that girl turned out to be Snow White Madam, and she’s even accompanying Yang Feng. How ... how ... how is this possible?” Angelina was dumbstruck, her beautiful eyes brimming with incredulity.

Practically everyone was doubting their eyes, not daring to concede this fact.

In Turandot Subcontinent, every Great Warlock rank expert was a top being. Most of the time, they stayed in their Warlock Towers and practiced cultivation or carried out all kinds of research.

Such a bigwig was actually accompanying Yang Feng, acting as a bodyguard. It was as unfathomable as having an aloof King lower their status to that of an ordinary civil servant.

“Bets need to be settled, since you’re reluctant to pay up, then go to hell!” Dephilia snorted coldly, then flicked her finger, and a white cold stream instantly swept towards Rimont.

Facing the white cold stream, Rimont’s complexion changed greatly. He extracted a magic staff, and silently recited an incantation, bore a long flame like a huge flame serpent swept towards the white cold stream.

As soon as the giant flame snake connected with the white cold stream, it issued sizzling noises, and then disappeared with a pop. Once the white cold stream shrouded Rimont, it directly froze him into a human-shaped ice sculpture.

All of a sudden, a bloody cross appeared between his eyebrows. In a flash, terrifying Great Warlock rank fluctuations of power erupted, and burst open the ice sculpture, with countless ice fragments slashing everywhere.

As if changing into a completely different person, Rimont’s aura changed, his eyes were shrouded in a layer of profound and matchless light of wisdom, and his voice became slightly aged as he spoke extremely overbearingly: “So it’s Snow White Madam. I’m White Elephant Ivory’s Grant. Rimont is the most outstanding grandson of mine; you actually dare to act against him, do you want to be enemies with White Elephant Ivory?”

In Turandot Subcontinent, the six great Warlock groups were high above the masses, their conduct extremely overbearing. Even the fairly approachable Rose Garden; at its core, it was also brimming with arrogance.

Dephilia's eyebrows arched, and she sent mentally: "Yang Feng, messing with the little ones attracts the big ones. Do you want to get rid of this good-for-nothing? If you get rid of him, then we'll fall out with White Elephant Ivory."

Yang Feng sneered: "This old thing is so savage, it doesn't give me any face. Get rid of them. Anyway, we're at Rose Garden and not White Elephant Ivory."

With his power growing, Yang Feng's trump cards also became more numerous. Although he was still not a match for the joint forces of the six great Warlock groups, but if the opposite side where to attack him, then he'd definitely give them a pleasant surprise.

"Grant, you're but a projection of force attached to your grandson, and you still dare threaten me?! You're truly reckless. Now die!"

Dephilia sneered, operated her magic power, pointed with her lily-white hand, and then gathered her ice force into a white ice-cold breath sweeping at Rimont. In a split second, Rimont was frozen into an ice sculpture, an expression of fright and anger frozen on his face.

Grant, who was attached to Rimont, was also a Great Warlock rank expert, but a force projection couldn't contend against a formidable Great Warlock.

#### **Chapter 146 – Clarissa**

Angelina hastily shouted out loud: "Your Holiness Snow White Madam, please be lenient."

'Your Holiness' was a title used by low-level Warlocks when addressing powerful beings like Great Warlocks. Only Great Warlock rank experts and above had the qualifications to be called Your Holiness. This was one of the titles unique to Turandot Subcontinent.

Dephilia waved her lily-white hand, and Rimont, this genius of White Elephant Ivory, turned into sparkling ice fragments, leaving only a storage ring behind. The storage ring flew into Dephilia's lily-white hand, before being put away lightning fast.

When Angelina saw this scene, her pretty face paled and her beautiful eyes flickered with an extremely complicated light.

"Continue with the race! As long as no one violates the rules of the race, then I won't act any more." With an erudite demeanor, Dephilia said a few words lightly, then turned around and boarded the Lightning Dragon.

"Yang Feng's companion turned out to be Snow White Madam!"

"I even believed him to be an idiot. I didn't anticipated him to be that cunning, to even secretly bring a Great Warlock along."

"With Snow White Madam by his side, there's no one capable of even harming a hair of his."

"..."

The princeling Warlocks outside the entrance to the Fiery Dragon Race Track were brimming with envy and jealousy as they suddenly saw the light. Having a beautiful and tempting Great Warlock closely protect one, they didn't even dare to imagine it.

Dephilia had just boarded the Lightning Dragon, when Yang Feng gave a mild cough, took her hand, and then said with a radiant smile: "Take it out!"

Dephilia cast Yang Feng a fuming glance: "Those are my spoils!"

Yang Feng said with a radiant smile: "Yours is mine and mine is still mine; therefore, your spoils are also my spoils."

"Shameless! Have it!" Dephilia pouted, and then immediately threw the ring at Yang Feng.

After Yang Feng received the storage ring, and swept its interior with his spirit force. After picking a few materials and alchemical elixirs that he needed for practicing cultivation, he handed Dephilia the storage ring with a smile, and then said straightforwardly: "This is for you!"

Dephilia's anger turned into joy, and she snatched the ring: "That's more like it!"

After the race resumed, there was already no suspense. The Lightning Dragon driven by Yang Feng barged about, took the lead lead, and then greatly pulled open the distance with Angelina who was in second place. He easily seized first place, before receiving his spoils from Angelina.

With Dephilia, a Great Warlock, beside Yang Feng keeping watch, Cookson didn't even dare complain, and could only watch helplessly as Yang Feng pocketed the Planar Astrolabe. His expression was remorseful as he departed dejectedly.

"Planar Astrolabe, I didn't expect to see here such a treasure."

A light sigh sounded. Dressed in a silver-white Warlock's gown with a deep decollete, the base of the gown was fluttering with the wind, revealing a pair of slender and beautiful legs. A woman with a well developed sensual figure, a head full of dazzling golden hair, exuding a thick feminine hint, and giving off a sense of an absolute beauty, appeared out of a void.

"Respectful greetings Your Holiness Clarissa!"

Angelina's pretty face changed once she saw the absolute beauty, before bowing deeply towards the absolute beauty in salute and saying deferentially.

The one giving off a sense of an absolute beauty was one of Rose Garden's three Great Warlocks, as well as one of Rose Garden's three Rulers, Clarissa.

"Respectful greetings Your Holiness Clarissa!"

Outside the entrance to the Fiery Dragon Race Track, apart from Dephilia, everyone bowed deeply towards Clarissa in salute and said deferentially. Even Yang Feng was no exception.

Apart from Great Warlocks, anyone who saw Great Warlock rank experts had to pay them their respects. It was a publicly accepted custom in Turandot Subcontinent. Although Yang Feng was no



longer afraid of Great Warlock rank experts, but he still was unwilling to offend a Great Warlock without any reason.

Although Rose Garden had only three Great Warlock guarding it, yet they not only had Divine rank secret treasures, but also had good relations with countless experts in Turandot Subcontinent, their potential monumental. If they made an all out summon, they could even gather more than ten Great Warlock rank experts in a short period of time.

Clarissa swept Yang Feng with a glance, her eyes flashed with a touch of amazement and she said: “You’re Yang Feng? Not bad, you even became a level-1 Warlock. It looks like your uncle Yang Ye is really fond of you.”

“A level-1 Warlock, he actually promoted to a level-1 Warlock? How is this possible?”

“Wasn’t he a good-for-nothing with merely an inferior level-1 soul aptitude? How could such a good-for-nothing practice cultivation until level-1 Warlock!!”

“...”

After Clarissa had spoken, the minds of everyone on the Fiery Dragon Race Track became blown.

In Turandot Subcontinent, an inferior level-1 soul aptitude was the lowest possible. Even ordinary peasants would generally have intermediate or even superior level-1 soul aptitudes.

In Turandot Subcontinent, to promote to an official Warlock with an inferior level-1 soul aptitude, Yang Feng was the first one in several millennia.

Angelina swept Yang Feng with a glance, and her beautiful eyes flashed with a touch of envy and jealousy: “He turned out to be a level-1 Warlock! With his soul aptitude, how many unearthly treasures did he had to waste in order to promote to a level-1 Warlock?”

Yang Feng gave a silly smile, as if a simple and honest youngster.

Clarissa said with a slight smile: “Dephilia, it has already been fifty year since we had last met. How about accompanying me to my Storm Rose Tower and have a proper chat?”

Dephilia pointed towards Yang Feng and said: “I promised to protect this brats. If I go to the Storm Rose Tower, then I need to bring him along.”

“Alright!” Clarissa creased her eyebrows slightly, and then loosened them, before saying with a smile: “Angelina, come here and help me take proper care of Yang Feng.”

Angelina said deferentially: “Yes, Your Holiness!”

Clarissa waved her lily-white hand, and countless pink rose petals flew around, before gathering into a Rose Magic Carpet.

After everyone had boarded, the Rose Magic Carpet then flew straight towards the entrance to Rose Garden.

Among the youngsters at the entrance to the Fiery Dragon Race Track, a youngster with an ordinary appearance suddenly cursed in a low voice: "A Great Warlock. Fuck, he even has a Great Warlock as a guard. Artz, have you any certainty in capturing him from under Snow White Madam's nose?"

A youngster with dead fish eyes and an average appearance said chilly: "If it is to assassinate him, then I have a certainty of 30%, while it is impossible to capture him alive. After assassinating him, I would definitely die."

The two youngsters with ordinary appearances were Chuks and Artz, the leaders of Warlock College Antalya's Hidden Demonic Leopard and Hands of Death respectively. In order to catch Yang Feng, the two pinnacle level-3 Warlocks had set out personally.

Chuks sighed faintly: "Now that he had entered Rose Garden, it would be even more difficult to capture him."

Artz said frigidly: "The information that Snow White Madam followed Yang Feng to Rose Garden, we should leak it to them!"

Chuks' eyes lit up and he exclaimed in admiration: "That's an excellent idea! They definitely wouldn't miss such a good opportunity. We'll wait until they and Steel City whittle each others forces, before we go over and get a bargain."

"The information that Snow White Madam, in the capacity as Yang Feng's guard, arrived at Rose Garden, send it to the underground world's allied forces."

Chuks immediately extracted a communications crystal, before whispered an order to the one on the other end.

Rose Garden was located in the Rose Mountain Range, ten kilometers to the north from St. Rose City. There was a long flight of steps outside the entrance to the Rose Mountain Range.

Shortly after, the Rose Magic Carpet stopped outside the entrance to the Rose Mountain Range. Clarissa waved her lily-white hand, and put away the Rose Magic Carpet away.

Inside the six great Warlock groups' territories, they all had extremely powerful restricted airspace arrays placed, restricting flight. Only by going on foot could one enter, and only experts with special treasures could fly in their territory.

Outside the entrance to the Rose Mountain Range, an up to six meters tall Mantura Cyclops Monitor Lizard with earth-yellow scales and a huge single eye crawled out of a corner.

<Mantura Cyclops Monitor Lizard, a fully grown specimen is an extraordinary life form comparable to a level-3 Warlock. They have a racial innate skill of soul peeking, and can peek at a Warlock's soul origin. Even Great Warlock rank experts can't evade their peeking.>

A series of information emerged on Yang Feng's eyeglasses.

The six great Warlock groups would raise extraordinary life forms with special racial innate skills capable of picking out enemies, like Mantura Cyclops Monitor Lizard, in captivity, for the purpose of preventing the infiltration of spies from different races. Warlocks had countless secret methods to change their shape and size, but they couldn't change their soul origin.

The reason why Yang Feng didn't use a liquid-metal robot avatar to participate in the Warlock convention, part of it was in order to get the qualification to practice cultivation in the Rose Divine Pool, and part of it was because a liquid-metal robot avatar couldn't conceal one from extraordinary life forms like the Mantura Cyclops Monitor Lizards.

"Everyone is human, and I have remembered their soul origin fluctuation. Your Holiness Clarissa, please enter." The Mantura Cyclops Monitor Lizard issued in a hoarse voice, and then immediately stepped aside.

Clarissa took Yang Feng and entourage along the passage, before arriving inside Rose Garden.

At the end of the passage, there was an extremely lush garden with all kinds of rare and exotic flowers blooming with variety of colors, the fragrance of flowers was omnipresent. The scene was incredible and picturesque, akin to a paradise.

Some beautiful and tempting Rose Garden's female Apprentice Warlocks, just like fairies in a country of flowers, were shuttling the garden and picking up a variety of flowers.

In the center of this world akin to a country of flowers, there lied a crowd of Warlock Towers surrounding nine seven-story-tall Warlock Towers. In the center of the nine seven-story-tall Warlock Towers, there was an up to several hundred meters tall, resplendent and gorgeous blue rose absorbing the drifting energy from its surroundings. Incomparably powerful magic energy was being dispersed by the giant blue rose, making the concentration of magic energy in its surroundings by far superior than that of other places.

## **Chapter 147 – Information on the Continent**

Yang Feng looked at the giant blue rose, his eyes flashing with a touch of a peculiar glint: "Warlock College Antalya's core energy source was an Ancient Energy Absorbing Tree, while Rose Garden's core energy source is a Magic Energy Blue Rose. Although in terms of energy absorption, this Magic Energy Blue Rose is a long cry from the Ancient Energy Absorbing Tree, but it still has other miraculous properties; it's precisely because of this giant blue rose that Rose Garden never ceases to give birth to female experts."

Rose Garden only recruited outstanding genius females to join them; such a biased recruitment of new blood resulted in some challenges. Were it not for the fantastic abilities of the Magic Energy Blue Rose, then Rose Garden might not even have these three Great Warlocks.

In Rose Garden, the majority were females. When these females saw Yang Feng, this sole male, their inquisitive gazes couldn't help but gravitate towards him. Among them, there was no lack of young ladies throwing flirtatious gazes and blowing kisses at him.

In Rose Garden, women were respected while men were humbled. Their women were more passionate and unrestrained than women from other forces.

While following Clarissa, Yang Feng arrived below a seven-story-tall Warlock Tower, before being taken to the surrounding garden by Angelina.

Dephilia followed Clarissa into the Storm Rose Tower. Storm Rose Tower was the same as Clarissa's home. For centuries, no man had ever taken a step inside.

Yang Feng took a deep breath, and lightly sighed within: "Such dense concentration of magic energy! The degree of concentration is four times that of Black Cottage's elemental pool. In here, the concentration of magic energy is already this high; then inside the seven-story-tall Warlock Towers, to what extent would the concentration of magic energy reach there? So this is the gap in foundation."

In Turandot Subcontinent, geniuses were as common as clouds, with some exceptional geniuses appearing ever so often. After those geniuses promoted to Great Warlocks and established their own forces, those forces would experience a period of prosperity. But once those geniuses fell and if there were no qualified successors, then those forces could only gradually decline, before disappearing in the long river of history.

The six great Warlock groups had cultivation holy lands as well various other foundations, only because of this would they continuously birth Great Warlock rank experts and stand at the summit of Turandot Subcontinent.

All of a sudden, Angelina gave a somewhat complicated sigh: "Snow White Madam turned out to be your guard, that truly goes beyond my expectations. Yang Feng, it seems like your uncle, Yang Ye, is really fond of you."

Yang Feng smiled as he thought within: "Yang Ye is me and I am Yang Ye. It's only natural that I wouldn't maltreat myself."

"This is Green Cloud Immortal Tea from a Warlock empire in the eastern continent known as Dachu Empire, have a taste of it. Angelina clapped her hands lightly, and a maid holding a few cups of steaming hot tea handed them Yang Feng and entourage respectively.

Yang Feng took a slight sip of the Green Cloud Immortal Tea, a bitter taste swiftly spread through his tongue. But in the next moment, a fragrant aroma swiftly spread in his mouth, before a warm current spread through his entire body, rinsing his flesh.

Yang Feng's eyes flashed with a touch of a peculiar glint. He first praised and then said ostentatiously: "Such a good tea, it's such a nice treasure! Do you have more of this Green Cloud Immortal Tea? Name a price."

Angelina, with great elegance, took a sip of the Green Cloud Immortal Tea. She comfortably exhaled a long white breath, and then said with a smile: "This is a specialty from an eastern continent's Warlock empire, with every tael of tea-leaves being worth at least one high grade magic stone. Most importantly, the amount of tea-leaves that reaches our Turandot Subcontinent is very meager. Our Rose Garden can only buy 1 catty per year on average. We can't sell you any of it."

Yang Feng suddenly asked: "The continent! Angelina, how can one leave for the continent?"

The surface area of the Turandot Subcontinent was already quite a few times larger than that of Earth's dry land; but in the World of Warlocks, it was nothing more than a small enclave. The continent was the birthplace of Warlocks, with countless powerful Warlocks gathering there.

Turandot Subcontinent was merely a corner broken off from the continent during a great war between experts. Regardless of whether it was resources or inheritances, it was far from being on the level of the continent.

In Turandot Subcontinent, Great Warlock rank secret methods were not to be casually passed down; but in the continent, they were regarded as nothing special.

“Turandot subcontinent and the continent are separated by a sea, the Sea of Monsters. The sea is full of countless terrifying sea monsters as well as all kinds of very powerful members of Sea Clan. One would have to cross the Sea of Monsters in order to travel to the continent.”

“In the Sea of Monsters, there are countless powerful monsters. Even Great Warlock rank experts, once they enter a nest of sea monsters, then only death would await them. Even Starry Sky Warlock rank experts, if their ships aren’t powerful enough, they also might fall in the Sea of Monsters.”

“Once every three years or so, there is a fleet crossing the Sea of Monsters, heading towards our Turandot Subcontinent from the continent, and bringing all kinds of goods from the continent to sell to us. In exchange, they receive large amounts of top grade magic stones as well as our specialties. It is also the only chance for our Warlocks to depart this place.” Angelina unhurriedly informed Yang Feng of this big secret.

With regards to ordinary Warlocks, information on the continent was confidential; but with regards to forces like Steel City, that had Great Warlocks overseeing them, they had the right to be privy to this information.

Yang Feng suddenly asked: “The reason why there are no Starry Sky Warlocks and above in Turandot Subcontinent, is it because all those peak geniuses left for the continent?”

Angelina sighed unhurriedly: “That’s right! Turandot Subcontinent is poor in resources; even if there are any peerless geniuses promoting to the realm of Starry Sky Warlocks, they won’t be able to go further than that; if they don’t go to the continent, then they’ll stay in the realm of Starry Sky Warlocks for the rest of their lives, before slowly dying of old age. It’s not that there are no Starry Sky Warlock rank experts in Turandot Subcontinent, it’s that those experts had already left for the continent.”

Yang Feng continued asking: “What are the restrictions on going to the continent?”

Angelina said lightly: “4,000 top grade magic stones can buy you a ship ticket to the continent. Also, one ship ticket can only be used by a single person.”

Yang Feng became speechless. He currently only had 1,100 top grade magic stones, and it wasn’t even enough to buy a single ship ticket to the continent.

The high price of the ship ticket implied that only Great Warlock or Starry Sky Warlock rank experts could go to the continent. Ordinary Warlocks couldn’t afford such an expensive ticket.

Yang Feng asked: “Warlock College Antalya’s several Holiness, why haven’t they departed for the continent? With their strength, gathering several thousand top grade magic stones shouldn’t be an issue.”

Angelina said with a smile: "In Turandot Subcontinent, Great Warlock rank experts are already at the peak; but in the continent, they aren't anything special. While Starry Sky Warlock rank experts would only have a little bit of status. They're already at the peak of Turandot Subcontinent, how could they go to the continent to bow down their heads and play second fiddle to others?"

Yang Feng thought it over, and had to admit that Angelina's argument was persuasive. Those Great Warlocks who were peak beings in Turandot Subcontinent, akin to forces of nature, enjoyed power and pleasures beyond those of monarchs; they naturally were unwilling to go to the continent to bow down their heads and play second fiddle to others.

Unless one was a powerful Warlock who had practiced cultivation until the realm of Starry Sky Warlocks and was without a path to tread forward, or monstrous geniuses full of self confidence who wholeheartedly pursued the summit of Warlocks, only then might they board a ship to cross the Sea of Monsters and go to the continent.

Yang Feng asked: "Are there currently any Starry Sky Warlocks in our Turandot Subcontinent?"

"I don't know." Angelina said with a slight smile: "Starry Sky Warlocks are aloof. In the last millennium, there had been no news of someone promoting to a Starry Sky Warlock. But I know of several Starry Sky Warlocks that had already left Turandot Subcontinent."

Yang Feng changed the topic, his eyes lit up as he proposed: "The Warlock convention held three days later, how about we join hands and open a handicap bet; only accepting bets with stakes on me being unable of reach the top and claim the first place in this Warlock convention, with the odds being 1:20? With such odds, it's sure to attract many people to place bets. On my end, I'll take care of the capital; while on your end, you'll organize the manpower to spread the news and accept the stakes. If I win, I'll give you 10% of the profits. If I lose, I'll do the payout. Regardless of the outcome, you won't suffer any losses."

After he had killed a Great Warlock and obtained his wealth, Yang Feng was under the impression that he was very rich. But seeing that the ferry to the continent required 4,000 top grade magic stones, only now did he realized that he was still very poor. He still needed to take hold of any chances related to gaining magic stones.

Angelina said with a sweet smile: "It's a good idea, but are you sure you want to open the handicap bet here? Rose Garden's policy with regards to public gambling is to levy an oppressive tax of 40%."

Yang Feng looked around, and then whispered somewhat sneakily: "40%? Isn't it too black-hearted? Can't it be lowered? If the levy tax is too oppressive, then your portion of the profits would also be greatly reduced. How about I'll give you 20% of the profits instead, would you be able to lift the tax?"

Angelina teased: "I'm sorry, but even tough I'm Rose Garden's first successor, I still don't have the authority to alter Rose Garden's tax policy. If you'd opened the handicap bet in my territory, then I could lift the tax."

Yang Feng muttered with a pained look: "That's so black-hearted! But I'm an honest person; if it's set to a tax of 40%, then so be it."

“You’re so confident. Are you sure that you’ll get the first place in the Warlock conference? You should know, in this Warlock conference, experts are as common as clouds. Turandot Subcontinent’s peak experts of the younger generation, like Savage Claw’s Cookson, Warlock College Antalya’s Kashmor, Eyes of Justice’s Haldane, Black Dragon Tower’s Nulei, White Elephant Ivory’s Bagley, Rose Garden’s Dietrich as well as the just recently risen Tiger Lacci of the Southwest, Lion Cobham of the North, Battle Goddess Jenny of the South, all of them will gather here.”

“They all haven’t yet reached 50 years of age, yet have already reached the level-2 Warlock rank; coupled with the power of their secret treasures, they’re even capable of contending against level-3 Warlocks. You’re but a trifling level-1 Warlock, it’s impossible for you to prevail over them.” Angelina’s beautiful eyes flashed with a touch of a peculiar glint as she said with a grave tone.

The Warlock convention convoked by Rose Garden was only accessible to Warlock geniuses from the younger generation. ‘Warlock geniuses from the younger generations’ referred to Warlocks under the age of fifty.

Warlocks under the age of fifty who could reach the level-2 Warlock rank were extremely terrifying. It’s important to keep in mind that 90% of Warlock College Antalya’s elders had promoted to level-2 Warlocks over the age of one hundred.

With Cookson’s tender age, his cultivation of a level-2 Warlock and the power of his secret treasures; to be capable of contending against some weaker level-3 Warlocks with that cultivation and age, such strength could be rated as terrifying. There was no way a level-1 Warlocks could contend against them.

Yang Feng said with a confident smile: “I have my methods to deal with them! Moreover, I have absolute confidence in obtaining first place in the Warlock convention.”

Angelina stared at Yang Feng for a while, and then said with a sweet smile: “Since you’re that confident, then I won’t persuade you any longer. However, if you want to open a handicap bet, then a single handicap bet is not good enough for attract people. I think that you should open a few more handicap bets, such as for Cookson achieving first place, Kashmor achieving first place and so on. With a few more handicap bets, it will attract more people.”

Yang Feng’s eyes lit up, and he said with a smile: “Yes, you’re right. For the specifics, you can discuss them with my secretary, Eunice!”

Eunice was the one most capable among Yang Feng’s subordinates. She was specialized in handling everyday affairs, neatly managing the affairs pertaining to Yang Feng’s forces. Yang Feng trusted her a lot. Shi Xue was a cultivation genius and wasn’t interested in handling the everyday affairs.

Eunice said with a smile: “Lady Angelina, let’s discuss the specific details.”

The two very cunning women went tit for tat as they fiercely argued, before slowly settling on a series of details.

Soon after, an organization in the name of Steel City, swiftly emerged in St. Rose City and opened handicap bets with a large amount of different odds.

The Warlock convention held by Rose Garden attracted countless Warlock geniuses. Apart from this, there was still a large amount of merchants and leaders from some small Warlock groups. All those

people had many magic stones. After they saw the handicap bets opened by Steel City, they went to put large stakes on Warlock geniuses of whom they were optimistic of.

Merely two days later, Yang Feng had received over 110 million magic stones in stakes, most of which were put on him being unable to get the first place in the Warlock convention.

Three days later, Rose Garden finally permitted the entrance of Turandot Subcontinent's Warlock geniuses into Rose Garden.

St. Rose City, in areas bustling with streams of people, magic screens switched on and transmitted live the scenes from the convention.

Rose Garden's Warlock convention was held once every few years. Simultaneously, they would transmit the battles of those Warlock geniuses live. This was the most anticipated festival in St. Rose City.

Rose Garden's Rose Garden Grand Arena capable of hold 200 thousand people, was already packed with Warlocks from all over.

At one end of the enormous arena was a small dais suspended in the air, with experts from the six great Warlock groups sited above it.

In Turandot Subcontinent, the six great Warlock groups stood far above the masses, everything was within their palms; their statuses far above those of other Warlock groups. This was a well known fact. During the various world-class events, there were a variety of formalities to showcase the status of the six great Warlock groups.

### **Chapter 148 – Come at Me Together**

Sitting on the summit of the small dais were the three peerless, magnificent, gorgeous and tempting beauties. The three peerless and magnificent absolute beauties were Rose Garden's three Great Warlocks, Storm Rose Clarissa, Flame Rose Cordelia and Saint Rose Carolina.

Flame Rose Cordelia had a head full of gorgeous long red hair, fair skin, and a sensual and fiery figure. She was dressed in a fiery Warlock robe, she was akin to a beautiful flame, capable of melting any man's heart.

Saint Rose Carolina had a head full of dazzling short golden hair, a wasp waist and outstanding buttocks. She was dressed in a snow-white Warlock robe, exuding a holy and noble aura, akin to an aloof and incomparably holy goddess.

Among Rose Garden's three Great Warlocks, Saint Rose Carolina was the strongest. She was a peerless expert closest to the Starry Sky Warlock rank in Turandot Subcontinent, not losing in the slightest to any men.

Clarissa and the other two women were known as Turandot Subcontinent's most dazzling Three Roses. This pompous name had spread widely throughout the entire Turandot Subcontinent, with countless people brimming with adoration towards them. Among the remaining five great Warlock groups, there were many Great Warlocks who were very much admiring of them, yet there was no one capable of obtaining their favor.



There was a person sitting to the right of Clarissa and the other two women, it was Dephilia. In Turandot Subcontinent, only Great Warlock rank experts could seat side by side with the peak experts from the six great Warlock groups. This was the privilege of every Great Warlock.

On the five seats below Dephilia's sat the representatives from Warlock College Antalya and the other four great Warlock groups, they were all level-3 Warlocks.

It was currently a critical juncture in the Holly War between the humans and the allied forces from the underground world; every forces' Great Warlock rank combatants were very precious, they naturally wouldn't lightly dispatch them.

Ulrich, the representative from White Elephant Ivory, watched Dephilia icily and then said coldly: "Your Holiness Snow White Madam, three days ago, you had personally killed White Elephant Ivory's genius, Rimont. Don't you owe us an explanation?"

Dephilia's gaze was frosty, killing intent flashing in her eyes. Her Great Warlock rank life force pervaded the air and she said coldly: "Your genius, Rimont, not only violated the rules of the race, but also dared to raise his hand against me, so I killed him. What about it? For a level-3 Warlock ant like yourself to dare speak with me in this way, do you want to be sent back to your White Elephant Ivory as a corpse?"

Anusha, the representative from Black Dragon Tower, said merrily: "That's right, Your genius dared attack Snow White Madam. Wasn't it just seeking death? You shouldn't blame others for it.

Warlock College Antalya's mortal enemy was Savage Claw, White Elephant Ivory's mortal enemy was Black Dragon Tower, and Rose Garden's enemy was Eyes of Justice.

Black Dragon Tower's people took joy in the suffering of White Elephant Ivory's people.

Ulrich bowed deeply towards Carolina in salute, and said deferentially with a hint of a threat: "Your Holiness Saint Rose, White Elephant Ivory's genius was wrongfully murdered in St. Rose City. The murderer is right before Your very eyes, will You let her go scotfree? If You ignore this unbridled and savage murderer, then I'm afraid that it might affect the relationship between our two sides."

"Men are the ones I kill. If White Elephant Ivory wants to deal with somebody then it'd better go deal with Steel City. As for you, if you provoke a Great Warlock for a third time, then I'll grant you eternal sleep!"

Dephilia's beautiful eyes flashed with a touch of a cold glint, before instantly erupting with Great Warlock rank life force. She pointed with her lily-white finger and a white cold stream shot towards Ulrich.

Ulrich was both scared and angry, his body shone with magical radiances in an attempt to withstand the white cold stream, but all his spells were completely suppressed by the white cold stream, unable to be released. In just a split second, he felt an ice force permeating his body, and destroying his vitality.

"Stay your hand!"

A voice brimming with magnetism and dignity came out of Carolina's cherry lips, and an incomparably holy radiance arose from her lily-white hand, before falling on Ulrich.

Under the shine of the holy radiance, the cold stream released by Dephilia was immediately melted.

Ulrich merely felt his body getting warm and brimming with power, and his mind being restored. While feeling afraid, he stared firmly at Dephilia: "Such a vicious woman. She even dared to raise her hand here."

"We're at Rose Garden, and I don't care about your grudges. After leaving Rose Garden, If you fight or not, that's non of my business. But in Rose Garden, I need to uphold Rose Garden's rules. Rimont attacked Snow White Madam, her striking back and killing him, that is considered self-defense. I won't punish her for that."

"However, Your Holiness Snow White Madam, the next time you raise your hand against others without any cause nor reason, then I won't have any other choice but to punish you." Carolina stared at Dephilia with a dignified gaze.

Dephilia shivered slightly within and complied deferentially: "Yes! Your Holiness Saint Rose, I'll comply with Your decree."

Through this veiled little fight, Dephilia realized that her strength was far below Carolina's.

Among Great Warlock rank experts, there were also strong and weak, and Dephilia's strength was considered to be intermediate. After all, she was very young, merely 180 odd years; while Carolina was definitely at the pinnacle of the Great Warlock rank, she was infinitesimally close to the terrifying Starry Sky Warlock rank beings.

Ulrich could also only clench his teeth and swallow his displeasure: "Yes. Your Holiness Saint Rose, I'll comply with Your decree."

When the other representatives from the six great Warlock groups saw this scene, their eyes revealed radiances of schadenfreude, and they remained silent.

Although the six great Warlock groups joined hands and established Turandot Subcontinent's order, but they still constantly competed among themselves, with quite a few of them being even mortal enemies. They were happy to see Ulrich being taught a lesson.

With a light bound, the presenter landed in the center of the arena, before vehemently issuing a spirits-raising speech. After stirring the atmosphere in the grand arena, only then did he say passionately: "And now, without further ado, I'm announcing the start of the first battle. The contestants are the peerless genius Cookson from Savage Claw and the genius Yang Feng from Steel City."

"Cookson, kill him!"

"Finish Yang Feng!!"

"Finish that good-for-nothing Yang Feng!"

"..."

Earth-shaking cheers sounded in the arena, with the majority of them being in Cookson's favor.

Cookson was a peerless genius from Savage Claw's younger generation, and he made a name for himself six or seven years ago, he was one of the favorites for the first place in this Warlock convention.

Yang Feng was but a good-for-nothing from Earth with an inferior level-1 soul aptitude. Even though he had promoted to a level-1 Warlock, nobody was optimistic about him.

With a light bound, Cookson landed in the center of the grand arena, before waving his hands at the surrounding audience with a beaming smile.

Once they saw the handsome Cookson, many young ladies issued excited shrieks, before casting him flirtatious glances and shouting his name. The young ladies were extremely passionate and unrestrained.

Yang Feng's figure shook, and he also landed in the center of the grand arena, opposite Cookson.

Cookson swept Yang Feng with a glance, and then sneered: "Yang Feng, I'm very surprised at your stupidity. You think that you can challenge me with your trifling strength of a level-1 Warlock? On this stage, even Snow White Madam can't protect you. You can still concede. Otherwise, I might not be able to control my strength, and what might await you on this stage is death."

Yang Feng didn't give Cookson more than a glance, before turning towards the contestants' seating area.

Warlock College Antalya's Kashmor, Eye of Justices' Haldane, Black Dragon Tower's Nulei, White Elephant Ivory's Bagley, Rose Garden's Dietrich as well as the just recently risen Tiger Lacci of the Southwest, Lion Cobham of the North, Battle Goddess Jenny of the South, Turandot Subcontinent's geniuses from the younger generation were before his eyes.

Those world-renowned genius from the younger generation, every single one of them was a giant among men. They had formidable strengths comparable to level-2 Warlocks. Without any treasures, Yang Feng definitely wouldn't be their match.

As those young Warlock geniuses were being swept by Yang Feng's gaze, unruly, provocative, curious and all kinds of other complicated gazes focused on him.

With his hands behind his back, Yang Feng said faintly: "Cookson, you're too weak and not my match."

Cookson's face suddenly twitched and his eyes flashed with a touch of anger. He was a powerful being of the pinnacle level-2 Warlock rank, who also had many fortuitous encounters, and had a number of precious and powerful secret treasures on him. Even an ordinary level-3 Warlock might not be his match. But Yang Feng, this trifling level-1 Warlock whom he hadn't paid any attention, actually said that he was too weak. This made him rage inside.

Yang Feng turned towards Carolina on the small dais and said lightly: "Your Holiness Saint Rose, I just had a look and discovered that the geniuses of this Warlock convention are too weak, without a single one of them being my match. Please allow them to come at me together. I'm somewhat in a hurry and want to experience the miraculous effect of practicing cultivation in the Rose Divine Pool."

"He knows how to talk big!"

"Who does he think he is? He even talks so big!"

"He even wan't to challenge all the geniuses at once, he's overestimating himself."

“Yang Feng, this good-for-nothing, and but a trifling level-1 Warlock; he wasn’t even a match for Cookson, and now he wants to challenge all the young genius in the Warlock convention at once. Is he tired of living?”

“In the Warlock conventions, there had never been a genius who dared to challenge so many geniuses of the same rank. He’s either a madman or an extraordinary genius with absolute confidence in himself!”

“...”

After listening to Yang Feng’s discourse, the atmosphere in the grand arena was immediately set ablaze, with everyone chiming in. A lot of people looked at Yang Feng as if at a madman, while some people were full of expectations towards him.

## **Chapter 149 – Who Dares To Fight Me**

When Cookson saw this, he became so angry that he started trembling, his eyes spurted endless flames of rage, and a killing intent surged inside him.

Lacci’s eyes flickered with a vicious radiance, he licked his lips, and killing intent flashed past his complexion: “He knows how to talk big! This Yang Feng is truly crazy, interesting!”

Kashmor snorted coldly, and then said in disdain: “He’s just a hype man.”

Cobham’s eyes flashed with a touch of a pensive glint and he gave a slight smile without any trace of anger: “Interesting. That’s Steel City’s sole successor? I’m looking forward to see your hand.”

The blond-haired and blue-eyed Dietrich had a slender figure and looked exceedingly beautiful, she creased her eyebrows as she thought within: “He wants to face us all? What is this? Even Turandot Subcontinent’s most remarkable geniuses wouldn’t pick a fight with so many geniuses of the same rank, not to mention that he has only the strength of a level-1 Warlock. But he doesn’t seem to be an idiot, so what gives him the confidence to be so arrogant?”

Jenny glared coldly at Yang Feng, as if looking at a corpse: “Such an arrogant fool. Wait until my spear pierces through your body, then you’ll know the gap between us, you good-for-nothing.”

The crowd of geniuses ridiculed by Yang Feng, part of it glared back at him, and part of it was very calm, as if they were bystanders.

Sitting on the small dais, Carolina was also slightly stirred upon hearing Yang Feng’s request. For the past many years, this was the first time that someone so domineeringly challenged other Warlock geniuses. Such a person was either a madman or an extraordinary genius. She had overseen the Warlock convention for many years, the repetitiveness of it made her slightly fatigued.

All of a sudden, Cordelia said with a sweet smile: “Big sister Carolina, since Yang Feng want’s to challenge the other geniuses at the same time, then he must have some cards up his sleeve. Why don’t we just agree to his request? Anyway, the purpose of the Warlock convention is to pick Turandot Subcontinent’s most outstanding young geniuses. If he can defeat all the other geniuses, then he’ll be

Turandot Subcontinent's number one genius in the true sense of the term, and perhaps even the strongest young genius in all of Turandot Subcontinent's history."

When Dephilia heard this, her face twitched slightly, and she cursed within: "Him being the strongest young genius in all of Turandot Subcontinent's history, yeah right. He's but a contemptible and shameless little thief."

Carolina said with a meaningful smile: "In spite of everything, I'll make an exception this once and agree to your request. Yang Feng, you can only simultaneously fight against those that agree to your challenge. However, I believe that no genius here would decline your challenge."

"Many thanks, You Holiness!" Yang Feng bowed slightly towards Carolina in salute, then turned around and looked down at the geniuses from all over Turandot Subcontinent down below. The corners of his mouth rose slightly, revealing a smile full of self-confidence: "I, Yang Feng from Steel City, challenge every one of you! Fight me if you dare! Those that don't dare to fight me are but spineless good-for-nothings!"

Following this remark, an uproar erupted down below.

"Kill him!!"

"Go up and kill him!!"

"Hurry up and finish that good-for-nothing Yang Feng!"

"Finish him!!"

"..."

The audience seated in the grand arena erupted with heaven-shaking jeers. The countless spectators who had placed bets on Yang Feng's defeat, all of them issuing resounding cries, looking forward to see the scene of Yang Feng being finished on the stage.

"Yang Feng, you're just too stupid! No matter how many cards you have up your sleeve, my spear will still pierce through you and make you regret your stupidity!"

Battle Goddess Jenny of the South was dressed in a black secret treasure armor, a spear in her hand. With a light bound, she landed on the stage. She stared at Yang Feng, her beautiful eyes brimming with cold glints, and like a leopard about to pounce on its prey, she said chilly.

Kashmor jumped onto the stage, erupted with the terrifying life force of a level-2 Warlock, and said: "Yang Feng, once a good-for-nothing, always a good-for-nothing. Even if your uncle used countless precious resources to push you to the level-1 Warlock rank, but you're still a good-for-nothing at your core. You good-for-nothing, I don't require any help to finish you off!"

Ever since Yang Feng had sent back the corpse of Scarlet Hands Blitz's nephew, the relationship between Warlock College Antalya and Steel City had suddenly turned for the worst. Even though both sides were still friendly on the surface, but in fact, both regarded the other as an enemy.

Lacci's figure shook, and he landed on the stage, before silently glaring at Yang Feng.

Cobham sighed somewhat regretfully: "It's a pity Yang Feng, I'd rather had a fair fight against you. But now it looks like I won't the chance to do that. However, ganging up on others isn't my style, so I won't raise my hand against you while you fight with the others."

Dietrich also landed on the stage, and then silently stood to the side as she calmly observed Yang Feng who had his hands behind his back and loftily faced the countless geniuses.

Geniuses from Turandot Subcontinent's younger generation were landing on the stage. Before long, there were more than one hundred geniuses gathered on the stage.

The more that one hundred geniuses on the stage were from all over Turandot Subcontinent, with every single one of them being the pride of their respective Warlock group and having the cultivation of a level-2 Warlock. In terms of actual ability, every single one of them was much stronger than Yang Feng. Among these geniuses, in terms of battle prowess, even the weakest could match a pinnacle level-2 Warlock.

In the Warlock convention held by Rose Garden, even tough anyone that was under the age of fifty and was a level-1 Warlock rank expert could joint it, but everyone was quite clear that only level-2 Warlock rank experts could shine in this convention. In the previous Warlock conventions held by Rose Garden, there had never been a level-1 Warlock claiming first place.

The more than one hundred geniuses from all over Turandot Subcontinent were very proud, they scattered around. Sneers adorned their faces, and they coldly eyed Yang Feng, their eyes flashing with a touch of disdain.

"Everyone is present, excellent!" Yang Feng saw that the more than one hundred Warlock geniuses from all over Turandot subcontinent had climbed onto the stage, and revealed a trace of a smile: "Now, let me show you what I have to back up my words."

Finished speaking, Yang Feng pressed the Dimensional Crest on his chest, and with a flash of radiance, a Mofen Demonic Polar Bear immediately appeared before everyone's eyes.

"That's a Mofen Demonic Polar Bear! It's a Great Warlock rank extraordinary life form!"

"It's actually a Mofen Demonic Polar Bear!"

"How come he has a Great Warlock rank extraordinary life form serving him?"

"..."

After seeing the Mofen Demonic Polar Bear emerge, the entire grand arena went into a frenzy, with countless spectators being stunned and commenting.

The more than one hundred geniuses had their complexions become exceedingly unsightly. Mofen Demonic Polar Bears were Great Warlock rank extraordinary life forms. Even though they couldn't compare to terrifying beings like dragons, but they were still fairly powerful among Great Warlock rank extraordinary life forms. Even when added up, the more than one hundred geniuses still wouldn't be the Mofen Demonic Polar Bear's match.

Cookson swept it with his tremendous spirit force, before immediately sneering: "It doesn't has any aura of life, it is but a Mofen Demonic Polar Bear's corpse."

The geniuses swept the Mofen Demonic Polar Bear with their extremely formidable spirit forces, before heaving slight sighs of relieve as they hadn't discovered any fluctuations of life force

"It's an alchemical golem, that's why there is no aura of life nor fluctuations of power! Additionally, it's an alchemical golem that needs to be operated manually."

Yang Feng gave a smile, his figure shook, and he landed before the Mofen Demonic Polar Bear's chest, before pressing at it vigorously. Immediately after, a cockpit opened and he jumped right inside.

Less than two seconds after Yang Feng had entered the cockpit, the originally inert Mofen Demonic Polar Bear's eyes shone with traces of red radiance, and terrifying Great Warlock rank fluctuations of power were immediately diffused by it.

The Mofen Demonic Polar Bear stood upright, its eyes flickered with vicious radiances as it stared firmly at the more than one hundred geniuses.

"Now, who dares to fight me?!"

Yang Feng was sitting in the Mofen Demonic Polar Bear's cockpit, overlooking the more than one hundred geniuses, before the corners of his mouth rose slightly and he said extremely domineeringly.

The complexions of the more than one hundred geniuses were unsightly, not one of them uttering a response. They were no fools. Great Warlock rank extraordinary life forms were really too terrifying; even if all of them worked together, they would still just die in vain.

"Shameless!" Above the small dais, the depths of Dephilia's eyes revealed a trace of a smile as she murmured.

Carolina's pretty face twisted slightly. She hadn't imagined that such a scene would emerge. Even if it was the weakest Great Warlock rank extraordinary life form, it still wasn't a being that the more than one hundred geniuses could contend against.

Cordelia said with a sweet smile: "Interesting, the alchemy of Steel City's City Master is really terrific. He can even refine Great Warlock rank manually operated military golems. It is said that he received 6th Warlock Dynasty's inheritance; I wasn't convince before, but now it seems like there is a kernel of truth in this assumption."

"I'm ready, lets start the fight!"

The Mofen Demonic Polar Bear operated by Yang Feng pointed with its index finger at the more than one hundred geniuses, before beckoning them and extremely arrogantly provoking them.

"I concede. A Great Warlock rank extraordinary life form isn't something I can contend against. Yang Feng, I'm looking forward to a fair fight next time." Cobham smile frankly, said a few words, and then his figure shook and he jumped off the stage.

## **Chapter 150 – Being Invincible Is Truly Lonesome**

Cookson's complexion was very unsightly, he snorted coldly and said in provocation: "Hm, you only know how to rely on golems! If you have any skill, then fight me without using golems!"

"That's right. If you have any skill, then don't use your golem. If you beat me without using golems, then I'll be convinced of your victory!"

"Is there any skill in using golems? If you have any skill than use your own power to fight us!"

"..."

The more than one hundred Turandot subcontinent's geniuses were passionately denouncing Yang Feng.

"Ao!!!!!"

Yang Feng pressed a button with a sneer. In a flash, the Mofen Demonic Polar Bear erupted with a terrifying life force, faced upwards and released a world-shaking howl.

The horrifying howl turned into an piercing ultrasound, attacking those Warlock geniuses who were hooting the loudest.

The several dozen Warlock geniuses spat out a large mouthful of blood, staggered, and then tumbled to the ground, their figures shaking.

The other Warlock geniuses erupted with their powerful life forces, their power surged in order to withstand the Mofen Demonic Polar Bear's bellow.

One minute later, the Mofen Demonic Polar Bear stopped its bellow. On the stage, half of the more than one hundred Turandot Subcontinent's geniuses were already collapsed on the ground. This was the horror of a Great Warlock rank extraordinary life form.

Yang Feng looked at the geniuses lying on the ground, and sneered: "You guys are idiots! Equipment is also part of a Warlock's strength. Which one of you doesn't relies on formidable secret treasures? Without secret treasures, your battle prowess would weaken by at least half."

After hearing this remark, the geniuses' complexions became somewhat ugly. To make a judgement about a Warlock's battle prowess one had to look at their cultivation base, the number of spell models that they had mastered, and the secret treasures they rely on. With regards to Warlocks, secret treasures were very important, they were their weapons.

Like Cookson or Jenny, who were level-2 Warlocks reputed for being capable of battling level-3 Warlocks; it was precisely because of their formidable secret treasures. Without secret treasures, even against the weakest level-3 Warlocks, they still wouldn't be their match.

In Turandot Subcontinent, the reason why the strength of the six great Warlock groups' Great Warlocks was far above that of the other powers' Great Warlocks was because they had many mystical Legend rank and even demigod rank secret treasures.

Yang Feng continued to ridicule: "I'm an Alchemist, and Alchemists fight by operating their battle golems. Don't you even have this bit of common sense?"



Those Warlock genius were so depressed that they felt like spitting blood. In general, level-1 Alchemists who could refine level-1 alchemical golems were already extremely remarkable geniuses. Yang Feng was currently piloting the Mofen Demonic Polar Bear, a Great Warlock rank alchemical golem. Even Great Warlock rank Alchemists would find it extremely difficult to successfully refine alchemical golems of such rank.

Yang Feng piloting the Mofen Demonic Polar Bear golem was akin to an adult bullying kindergartners, he easily steamrolled through those Warlock geniuses.

Yang Feng said lightly: "Alright. I don't want to waste any more time. I'll give you ten seconds to prepare! Stay if you want to keep fighting me. If you don't dare to fight me, then concede and leave the stage. 10 ..."

"I concede!"

"I concede!"

"..."

Those Warlock geniuses gritted and gnashed their teeth, before jumping down from the stage with ashen complexions. Even Cookson, Jenny and Kashmor, who exhibited the greatest fighting spirit, also had ashen complexions as they grudgingly jumped down from the stage. Only one person was left on the stage, and it was Yang Feng.

Seeing that there was no one else on the stage, Yang Feng lightly jumped out of the Mofen Demonic Polar Bear's cockpit. He stood on the stage with his hands behind his back, and then sighed in disappointment: "Being invincible is truly lonesome!"

The complexions of the more than one hundred Warlock geniuses were ashen, they felt like spitting blood, as if somebody had given them a tight slap. They were itching to go up there and give Yang Feng a nice beating, but they knew that they were no match for the Mofen Demonic Polar Bear, they knew that it would be courting death if they went up.

Carolina's face twitched, she didn't think that Yang Feng would so easily claim the Warlock convention's first place; and that speech that was deserving of a smacking.

"Interesting!" Clarissa revealed a trace of a smile.

Dephilia also revealed a trace of a smile: "This guy is indeed cunning."

"Shameless!"

"If you have any guts, then don't use that alchemical golem!"

"Bullying others with alchemical golems, what does it count for?"

"..."

Earth-shattering boos and jeers came from the spectator seats. In the previous Warlock conventions, the battles between the young Warlocks were fierce and exciting, displaying a variety of wonderful

battle scenes. Countless geniuses would go through bitter struggles; only by scaling towards the very summit, would they claim the first place.

Now Yang Feng had suddenly revealed a Mofen Demonic Polar Bear and steamrolled through the more than one hundred geniuses with absolute power, forcing them to not even dare fight him. Naturally, the spectators who had put bets on him losing were all fuming with boundless ire.

Yang Feng was very thick-skinned. In the face of those earth-shattering boos and jeers, he only smiled indifferently, before asking the referee: "Everyone else had conceded. It should be my win, right?"

The referee looked strangely at Yang Feng, before proclaiming out loud: "Due to all challengers conceding, I announce Yang Feng being the victor. Additionally, the first place of this time's Warlock convention is also his."

Countless earth-shattering boos and jeers once more came from the spectator seats.

"Quiet!"

Carolina's voice full of dignity reverberated through the grand arena, suppressing the chaotic boos and jeers.

Carolina said full of dignity: "Because he was strong enough, Yang Feng was able to make others concede! Even though he used an alchemical golem, him being capable of operating a Great Warlock rank alchemical golem is also a testimony to his ability. Equipment is also part of one's strength."

After listening to Carolina, the boos and jeers in the arena stopped, but as the spectators looked at Yang Feng, their eyes flickered with menacing radiances.

Yang Feng turned his burning gaze towards Carolina and said: "Your Holiness Saint Rose, now that I've obtained the Warlock convention's first place, can I enter the Rose Divine Pool to practice cultivation?"

The only reason why Yang Feng came to Rose Garden was to practice cultivation in the Rose Divine Pool. Only by practicing cultivation in the Rose Divine Pool could Yang Feng break through his bottleneck within a short time and promote to a level-2 Warlock. With a higher cultivation base, Yang Feng's survivability would also be higher, it would be more difficult to kill him.

Carolina said lightly: "You can. Just wait a moment for me to make the arrangements and you can enter the Rose Divine Pool to practice cultivation."

"Wait a moment!" Cordelia suddenly interrupted: "Big sister Carolina, the first three places of the Warlock convention hadn't yet been claimed. Even if Yang Feng was already recognized as the first expert, but the second and third experts haven't yet been determined. Wouldn't it be better to first wait for the second and third places to be claimed?"

Carolina's eyebrows creased slightly, revealing a hint of hesitation.

"Haha! Is there even any suspense in determining the second and third experts? The second expert of this time's Warlock convention will be Steel City's Shi Xue!" Yang Feng laughed, then his figure shook and he jumped down from the stage.

Shi Xue's figure shook slightly, before she appeared in the middle of the stage, and then under everyone's gazes, entered the Mofen Demonic Polar Bear's cockpit.

The Mofen Demonic Polar Bear suddenly stood upright, before immediately diffusing powerful Great Warlock rank life force and spreading it into its surroundings.

"Who dares to come up to fight me?! I guaranty that you won't be left with an intact corpse."

From the Mofen Demonic Polar Bear's bloody maw came Shi Xue's delicate and overbearing voice.

Below the stage, the complexions of the more than one hundred Turandot Subcontinent's geniuses were ashen, and their eyes brimmed with despair and ire.

Yang Feng had already used the Mofen Demonic Polar Bear, pressuring those Warlock geniuses to the point that they lacked the ability to retaliate. Now to make matters worse, Yang Feng apparently also wanted to let others to use the Mofen Demonic Polar Bear and keep bullying those geniuses.

"It seems like no one dares! Just a bunch of weaklings. Your Holiness Saint Rose, since no one dares to come fight me, then the Warlock convention's second place should belong to me, right?"

Shi Xue's somewhat regretful voice arrived from within the Mofen Demonic Polar Bear.

Carolina swept the Mofen Demonic Polar Bear with a glance, her face once more twitched, and her gaze swept those geniuses down below.

The more than one hundred Turandot Subcontinent's geniuses had no intentions of fighting Shi Xue. With their current strength, fighting a Great Warlock rank alchemical golem was akin to seeking death.

Cookson looked straight at Carolina and said loudly: "Your Holiness Saint Rose, Yang Feng had already used this alchemical golem to win once, and now his using this alchemical golem to humiliate us. Is this Warlock convention a joke?"

Carolina's eyebrows arched, she remained unresponsive.

Yang Feng ridiculed with a sneer: "What a jest! In the World of Warlocks, the so-called alchemical golems are accepted as a type of secret treasures. In battles, lending secret treasures to others is common. If you have the ability, then go also look for a Great Warlock rank alchemical golem to fight with us! Or dare you swear on your soul that you had never used secret treasures in battles?"

Cookson's eyes spewed flames of rage as he uttered a couple of words: "That's sophistry!"

Yang Feng ridiculed: "You good-for-nothing. Since you don't dare to go up the stage and fight, then don't stay here and make a fool of yourself. If you have guts, then go up and fight her!"

Cookson's eyes flickered with a fierce glint as he said coldly: "Yang Feng, you good-for-nothing, if you have the guts, then don't use your alchemical golem and have a fair fight with me!"

Yang Feng laughed loudly: "Haha, I'm an alchemist! You want an Alchemist to fight without their alchemical products, isn't it ridiculous? How about this, as long as you dispose of your level-2 innate spell model solidified in your spirit sea, then we can have a fair fight! The both of us would be level-1 Warlocks. That would be truly fair, do you dare?"

“Absolutely not!” Cookson said resolutely.

Once the innate spell model solidified in his spirit sea was disposed of, then Cookson would suffer great damage and might be even unable to once more promote to a level-2 Warlock. If he was unlucky, then he might become a cripple.

Cookson said coldly: “The fact that I promoted to a level-2 Warlock is a testimony to my ability. If you have any ability, then also promote to a level-2 Warlock.”

Yang Feng sneered: “I have a Great Warlock rank alchemical golem and I also have my ability. If you have the ability, then go and also come up with a Great Warlock rank alchemical golem. If you don’t have the ability, then take a hike, you good-for-nothing!”

“Enough!”

Carolina’s majestic voice reverberated in the grand arena, suppressing everyone else’s voices.

Yang Feng smiled slightly, and then sent mentally: “Your Holiness Saint Rose, if You let me monopolize the Warlock convention’s first three places, then after the Warlock convention ends, I’ll gift You with 2,000 level-2 Warlock rank alchemical golems.”

Carolina’s beautiful eyes flickered slightly with a touch of a peculiar glint. She was silent for a moment, before her gaze swept towards Cookson and she said coldly: “Cookson, you’re dissatisfied, then go onto the stage and challenge Shi Xue. Defeat her, and the second place of the Warlock convention is yours. If you don’t dare to go onto the stage, then shut your trap.”

Cookson’s gaze swept the Mofen Demonic Polar Bear on the stage. His eyes flickered several times, before he clenched his fists, greeted his teeth, and drooped his head in resignation.

“Does anyone dare to fight me?!” Shi Xue’s overbearing voice arrived from the Mofen Demonic Polar Bear.

“I, Ike, will fight you. I wan’t to see Steel City’s ability! The eyes of a young Level-2 Warlock flickered with sparks of anger. He gave a piercing howl, his figure shook, and he immediately appeared on the stage.

The referee heaved a sigh of relief, and then immediately announced: “I declare the start of this match!”

“Boulder Burst!”

Shi Xue operated the Mofen Demonic Polar Bear to cast a level-4 spell. Horrifying fluctuations of magic erupted, and then from all over, countless razor-sharp boulders frantically pierced towards the one named Ike.

Ike erupted with the radiances from two defensive spells, and two powerful magical force fields revolved around his body.

In the next instant, the countless razor-sharp boulders easily pierced through the defensive spells protecting Ike, before immediately shredding him into countless fragments. Blood slashed everywhere.

After seeing Ike being instantly killed by Shi Xue, the eyes of those geniuses revealed traces of dread.

Ike was a genius with the cultivation base of a level-2 Warlock, he was very strong. Yet this genius couldn't even resist a single move from the Mofen Demonic Polar Bear, this made those geniuses realize the disparity in strength between them and the Great Warlock rank experts.