

Dragon of Time Control

#Chapter 11 - 11 Plane and World - Read Dragon of Time Control Chapter 11 - 11 Plane and World

11: Plane and World 11: Plane and World Editor: Atlas Studios Garen's scales were brand new like a mirror, and there were no signs of time passing at all.

His dragon claws were thick, his dragon wings were like sails, and his dragon tail was like a spear.

His entire body emitted a powerful aura.

The most eye-catching thing was his pair of platinum dragon eyes, as well as the closely connected and embedded ring of black scales on his neck.

The baby dragons of the dragon race were between the ages of 0 and 6.

However, Garen, who was only about a year and a half old and was still in the baby dragon stage, already had the body of an adolescent dragon, equivalent to the body of a dragon who had lived for more than 25 years.

This growth speed stunned Garen.

It was as if time was circulating much faster on his body.

However, after understanding his own strength, Garen gradually accepted this monstrous growth speed.

As he grew up after sleeping many times, in Garen's vision, this world was not just the sky, the ground, the snow, the living beings... He also saw an illusory river that other creatures could not see.

This was the River of Time.

To be precise, it was a physical form of time, but it appeared to be a river in Garen's eyes.

Perhaps in the understanding of other creatures, it was a huge tree that reached the sky or a breeze.

The entire main material plane, no, all the planes, even the phlogiston layer between the plane's crystal walls, was in the River of Time.

The River of Time enveloped everything.

The falling snow, the flowing ice river, the cold wind... When Garen breathed, other than inhaling air and elemental energy, he would also swallow strands of the illusory river water of the River of Time and obtain a unique power that Garen called the power of time.

The power of time he obtained was also the source of energy he used for Time Manipulation.

As for why he first grasped the time acceleration instead of deceleration or reversal, it was because the River of Time would always flow forward.

It was always much more difficult to go against the flow than move with the current.

As a baby Time Dragon, he was like a strange creature loved by the River of Time.

With the help of the river, his growth speed was more than ten times that of ordinary dragons.

Moreover, other than making him stronger, the River of Time did not leave any bad effects on him.

For White Dragons, the scales that were as bright as mirrors when they were born would gradually become rough and show signs of aging.

However, Garen's scales were still as beautiful and resplendent as a mirror, as if they had never experienced the baptism of time.

Only natural disasters and man-made disasters could kill the Time Dragon.

The flow of time was harmless to them.

At night, Garen, who had grown a lot, was a little worried.

"The White Dragon Mother has been looking at me more and more strangely recently.

She probably doesn't want to raise me anymore." "Without the White Dragon Mother, my stable and safe life will never return." Logically speaking, the Dragon Mother would at least raise the baby dragon until it passed the current stage and became a child dragon with a certain ability to protect itself.

Only then would she chase it out of the nest and leave it to die.

No matter how cold and cruel an evil dragon was, it would not let the baby dragon fend for itself.

However, Garen, a baby dragon who was only a year old, already had the body size of an adolescent White Dragon.

The way the White Dragon Mother looked at Garen was filled with vigilance and impatience.

It would probably not be long before she expelled him from the dragon nest.

Although the current Garen already had a certain ability to protect himself and had also grasped a new ability other than Time Manipulation, he was still inferior to an actual adult dragon.

In this dangerous world, he could only be careful after leaving the White Dragon Mother and tread on thin ice.

Garen was already making plans for himself.

From time to time, he would take the risk to fly to the edge of the White Dragon Mother's territory and look into the distance from a high place, looking for a suitable place to develop so that he could find a safe place as soon as possible after being expelled.

A wandering life was not what Garen wanted.

That was too dangerous.

Under the night sky, Garen flapped his wings.

The mirror-like dragon scales on his body did not attract attention because of the reflection.

Instead, they reflected the night sky environment and turned into a very good camouflage.

If someone with poor eyesight saw Garen fly through the night sky, they would most likely treat him as a black cloud.

At this moment, in the Northern Ice Fields, the night sky was dotted with spots.

Stars and moons appeared at the same time.

The scenery was beautiful, like a scene that could only be seen in a dream.

Garen flew under such a night sky and felt that the surrounding air seemed to be much more lively.

Although this was not the first time he had flown, the freedom of flying in the sky made Garen feel happy no matter what.

A moment later, Garen flew to the edge of the White Dragon Mother's territory.

Apart from the huge ice cliff that was a thousand meters tall, the place where the White Dragon Mother was was generally a relatively empty plain environment.

Thousands of kilometers south was a continuous mountain range formed by countless mountains and hills.

Countless magical creatures, humanoid creatures, and crypt monsters lived in it.

The direction in which Garen flew was towards the vaguely visible huge continuous mountain range.

If possible, he actually did not want to approach the continuous mountain range, because it was more dangerous than the Northern Ice Fields.

Garen had once crossed the thousand-meter-tall ice cliff and continued to move deeper into the Northern Ice Fields.

However, the further north he went, the colder and more barren the environment was.

The creatures living there were pitifully few.

In such an environment, Garen was not confident that he could find enough food.

He had a huge appetite and had to eat food that was several times his weight every week to barely satisfy his needs.

If he went deeper into the remote Northern Ice Fields, perhaps he would starve to death before he was killed by the foreign enemies.

If word got out that a Time Dragon had starved to death, it would make all intelligent creatures laugh their heads off.

Although he was flying towards the southern mountains, he was only looking for a suitable place.

Before he had enough strength, Garen did not plan to leave the Northern Ice Fields.

This was because the most dangerous creatures in this world were actually humans.

One of the beautiful names that human adventurers loved very much was called the Dragon Slayer.

Once the figure of a dragon was discovered, countless human adventurers would swarm over, wanting to become the hero who slain a dragon.

Be it teeth, claws, or scales, the body of a dragon was a top-notch magic material.

In the human world, it meant countless wealth.

“My previous kind is the most guarded against me now.” Garen felt that fate was unpredictable, and the previous life’s blue planet appeared in his mind.

He thought that after he was strong enough, he might be able to return and show his power in public.

This was not impossible.

The rules of matter in different planes were extremely different.

Because the rules of matter between Earth and the main material plane were roughly similar, there was a high chance that it was somewhere in the main material plane.

In Garen’s current understanding, a plane referred to the collection of countless worlds.

These worlds were of different sizes and shapes.

They might be a piece of land, a planet, a galaxy, or a vast universe.

The relationship between the plane and the world was like a large bubble wrapped in countless small bubbles.

The membrane that separated the “bubble” was called a crystal wall.

Between the crystal walls was an amber liquid called phlogiston.

Apart from powerful items like teleportation arrays, magic ships, and some special spells, some powerful creatures had the ability to directly travel through worlds and planes.

The Time Dragon was one of them.

Garen had a feeling that after he became stronger, he could definitely travel through the River of Time and even head to the past and future.

Back to the topic, he was still a baby dragon who was worried about being expelled.

Garen circled in the sky and looked at the ground, searching for a suitable place to hide.

A moment later, his eyes lit up and he locked onto an area.

About 15 kilometers away from his current location, there was a small, winding ice river.

Any dragon was a sea, land, and air creature.

Garen felt that he might be able to live underwater for a period of time in the future.

Be it concealment or safety, building a nest at the bottom of the ice river should be one of the best.

Thinking of this, Garen decided to go near the small ice river to investigate and see if there were any creatures that he could not provoke, such as the Frost Giant, the Winter Wolf, and other ruthless figures.

He turned to look at the location of the dragon nest and took a deep breath before leaving the territory of the White Dragon Mother.

After leaving an invisible boundary, the pressure that was constantly emitted by a powerful dragon disappeared.

12: Time Plundering Breath 12: Time Plundering Breath Editor: Atlas Studios The small ice river was about 15 kilometers away from Garen.

With his speed, it would not take long for him to reach it at full speed.

However, because he had left the safe territory of the White Dragon Mother, Garen maintained enough caution.

He restrained his Dragon's Might and controlled his flying speed to prevent the whistling wind and sound from attracting the attention of powerful existences.

However, after Garen flew for about five kilometers and was still ten kilometers away from the small ice river, trouble still took the initiative to find him.

A huge eagle with a wingspan that was even larger than Garen's swept past above him.

After discovering him, its rapidly moving body paused for a moment before it flew towards him without any hesitation.

Garen heard the commotion and looked up.

This white-feathered guy with wings wrapped in wind appeared in his vision.

Magical creature, White Feather Ice Wind Eagle.

Garen's heart skipped a beat, but he was not too nervous.

This was not the first time he had encountered magical creatures.

In the territory of the White Dragon Mother, there were only no very powerful magical creatures.

There were still many ordinary magical creatures.

In the past year, Garen had killed some, but most of them were super small magical creatures like Ice Shard Snakes and Wind-Breathing Birds.

The White Feather Ice Wind Eagle in front of him was large in size.

At first glance, it was even larger than Garen.

Swish!

With a miserable sound, the White Feather Ice Wind Eagle flew towards Garen like a fighter jet.

At the same time, its wings shook, and a cold wind immediately grew.

Mixed with a large number of small ice needles, they fell towards Garen like a storm.

"A mere flying beast." "Although I don't want to cause trouble, it doesn't mean that I'm easy to provoke." "I can use you to test my new ability." Garen did not want to make a commotion because he was afraid of attracting the attention of creatures like the White Dragon Mother, not the White Feather Ice Wind Eagle in front of him.

He snorted softly, opened his dragon mouth, and spat at the White Feather Ice Wind Eagle.

The Frost Breath that did not belong to the White Dragon stunned the White Feather Ice Wind Eagle slightly.

In its vision, Garen seemed to only be spitting, but he did not spit out any dragon breath.

Was this little White Dragon stupid?

The White Feather Ice Wind Eagle thought in confusion.

Immediately, an invisible and intangible linear wave swept past the White Feather Ice Wind Eagle.

It let out a sharp cry of fear, and its body quickly lost its strength.

Its eyes became muddy, and its originally bright feathers became dim.

The circulation of its magic became extremely obscure and slow.

At the same time, its body suffered irresistible energy damage.

Its feathers were torn, and its flesh and blood flew everywhere.

This was the new ability that Garen had recently obtained belonging to the Time Dragon, a dragon breath called Time Plundering Breath.

The invisible dragon breath that spewed in a straight line was difficult to see with the naked eye.

Because it was a supernatural ability, ordinary detection magic could not sense it.

After regaining its senses, the White Feather Ice Wind Eagle hurriedly dodged and left the attack range of the Time Plundering Breath.

Garen shut his mouth.

Due to the huge consumption of the Time Plundering Breath, he did not continue to pursue the other party with his dragon breath.

He only activated the accelerated state of Time Manipulation.

The speed of time around him doubled, and his body immediately became extremely strong and agile, completely different from his body size.

The cold wind and ice needles brushed past Garen's body, but he agilely dodged them.

Immediately, the White Feather Ice Wind Eagle, who had been heavily injured by the Time Plundering Breath, felt its vision blur and saw Garen's figure approaching.

"This is the price for launching a sneak attack!" Garen slapped his two dragon claws over in an ear-piercing posture.

The speed of his dragon claws was extremely fast, and they heavily slapped the head of the White Feather Ice Wind Eagle.

Crack!

Garen clearly felt that some flesh and bones were slapped into meat paste by his dragon claw.

Next, he grabbed the headless corpse of the White Feather Ice Wind Eagle and flew to the ground to eat.

The meat of magical creatures had always been very nutritious.

As he ate, Garen recalled the battle process.

The dragon breath that belonged to the Time Dragon had two effects.

One was to let the other party age at a speed of two years per second.

The speed of aging depended on Garen's age.

Every year that Garen aged, the speed of aging would increase by one year per second.

The second was to produce a supernatural injury relative to Garen's age.

It was very difficult to resist with ordinary spell shields or his own spell resistance.

The expenditure was mainly the time that Garen usually consumed, coupled with the complicated proportion of all-element energy.

Supernatural abilities, spell-like abilities, and spells were all difficult to use in an anti-magic area.

Without the foundation of elemental energy, it was very difficult to use.

"Most importantly, the other party can't see anything." After being struck, the White Feather Ice Wind Eagle dodged in fear, but it was already too late.

"When I live to a thousand years, with a dragon breath, the other party will age a thousand years in a second.

Wouldn't it directly die of old age?" Garen was very satisfied with the effect of the Time Plundering Breath and happily finished the flesh and blood of the White Feather Ice Wind Eagle.

Next, he reorganized his things and flew towards the small ice river again.

He did not encounter any accidents along the way.

Following the direction of the small ice river, Garen moved back and forth and gradually confirmed that this was an ice river about 20 kilometers in length.

Moreover, there was no trace of the White Dragon's old enemy, the Frost Giant, nor were there powerful magical creatures like the Winter Wolf, the Green-footed Dragon Snake, and the Northern Violent Bear.

There were only some biological groups like the Terror Lizard, White Hound, and Tidal Crab living near this ice river.

Although they knew some spell-like abilities, they could not pose a threat to Garen.

"In the future, I'll usually live under the ice river and use them as my servants." "Hmm... I don't have to hunt personally anymore.

Let my servants contribute food to me." "There are probably creatures in the ice river.

I can..." Garen looked at the winding river and made plans in his mind.

However, no matter what, it was the safest in the White Dragon Mother's territory.

Building a nest and surviving was only the last resort.

A moment later, he flapped his dragon wings and returned to the dragon's nest.

'Sigh, White Dragon Mother, I'm a one-year-old baby dragon.

I hope you don't treat me so cruelly,' the six-meter-long Garen thought.

Some time later, he returned to the dragon's lair.

White Dragon Mother was not here.

Garen heaved a sigh of relief.

The dragon brothers and sister were all here.

Compared to Garen, the difference in their sizes was getting greater and greater.

They were completely different from dragons of the same age.

Their bodies were only the size of cows and horses now, so they did not dare to act rashly in front of Garen and had been beaten up many times.

"Come here and massage my back." Garen lay on the ground and narrowed his eyes.

At the same time, he spoke to his two dragon brothers and one dragon sister.

After going back and forth, he was a little exhausted physically and mentally.

The dragon brothers and sister were expressionless, but they walked to Garen's side with familiarity and used their dragon claws to massage his back.

Their actions were natural and fluid, and they were extremely skilled.

It was obvious that they had been forced by Garen to do this many times.

Garen closed his eyes comfortably and enjoyed the True Dragon's massage while slowly recovering his stamina and energy.

Immediately, the White Dragon Mother returned and brought prey.

It was a large python more than ten meters long with residual magical fluctuations in its body.

It was also a magical creature.

Garen immediately opened his eyes and leaned forward to wait for the White Dragon Mother to share the food.

The White Dragon Mother glanced at Garen, then looked at the three baby dragons who looked aggrieved and were made to look weak by Garen.

A strange emotion gradually appeared in the pale yellow dragon's eyes.

13: Expulsion 13: Expulsion Editor: Atlas Studios This time, the White Dragon Mother only divided the prey into three portions and gave them to the three little dragons, not to Garen.

The three little dragons were overjoyed.

At the same time, they looked at Garen proudly, as if saying that he had fallen out of favor and was going to go hungry.

Garen did not mind the gazes of the three little dragons, but his heart skipped a beat.

He knew that the White Dragon Mother was already thinking of expelling him.

Fortunately, he had already prepared in advance.

Otherwise, if he was suddenly expelled without any preparation, he would live a very dangerous wandering life.

As expected, three days later, on an ordinary snowy day.

When Garen ended the hunt and returned to the dragon's nest, he was blocked by the White Dragon Mother, who was standing at the edge of the dragon's nest cave, not letting him in.

"Garen, you already have the ability to survive alone.

It's time to leave my territory." The White Dragon Mother stared at Garen coldly and spoke in dragon language.

'So the White Dragon Mother can speak...' Garen was slightly stunned.

Looking at this beautiful and ferocious beast, a rather complicated feeling arose in his heart.

The first sentence he heard from the White Dragon Mother was a cold and heartless expulsion notice without any warmth or emotion.

It seemed that to the White Dragon Mother, he was already an enemy she had to be wary of.

After all, they had been together for more than a year.

Garen was not really an evil dragon and his emotions were not that indifferent.

He still had some feelings for the White Dragon Mother.

Unfortunately, she did not think much of it and treated the current Garen as an existence that would threaten her status.

"Leave my territory.

If you appear in this area again in the future, I'll treat you as an enemy." In order to declare her sovereignty and show her strength, the White Dragon Mother slapped her dragon claw angrily.

The huge force shook many cracks in the dragon's nest.

Boom!

At the same time, clusters of crisscrossed sharp ice crystals stretched out and surged towards Garen.

Garen knew that the White Dragon Mother would expel him.

However, he did not expect her to be so ruthless and manic, directly attacking him.

Caught off guard, the cold and hard ice crystal cluster collided with Garen's body, and the powerful impact sent his entire body flying.

After flying dozens of meters in the air, Garen barely stabilized his body.

An obvious crack appeared on the white scale armor that was struck head-on, and waves of pain sounded.

"Get lost!" The White Dragon Mother roared again.

The wind in the Northern Ice Fields was biting cold and oppressive.

It whistled and blew on Garen's body, but it was not 10% as cold as the White Dragon Mother's attitude.

Garen endured the pain and said nothing.

His expression sank slightly.

Without any hesitation, he flapped his dragon wings and raised his body.

He crossed the ice cliff and continued north, flying towards the nesting location he had chosen.

During this process, his angry mood gradually cooled down.

Turning around to look in the direction of the ice cliff, Garen's gaze was cold and he was silent.

If he was directly asked to leave, there was no problem.

The ice cliff was the territory of the White Dragon Mother, so he would not have any complaints about being expelled.

However, it was a little unacceptable for Garen to be beaten before being expelled.

Garen retracted his gaze and firmly remembered the White Dragon Mother.

Before long, Garen left the territory of the White Dragon Mother and arrived at the small ice river under the night sky.

Looking down at the flowing river, Garen flew down and disturbed a group of Terror Lizards living nearby.

The Terror Lizard was called a lizard, but it looked like a crocodile.

Moreover, it was a large crocodile about four meters long and two tons in weight when it was an adult.

Its body was covered in a thick layer of scales, and its claws were sharp.

Its intelligence was not low and was rather cunning.

There were a total of 33 Terror Lizards in this group.

The largest Terror Lizard leader was already five meters long.

Just from its body length, it was only slightly shorter than Garen.

As soon as it saw Garen, the leader of the Terror Lizards surrounded him with a group of them.

It raised its head and stuck out its long and sensitive tongue.

It hissed and its pupils constricted into vertical lines.

Garen's eyes were calm, and his platinum golden dragon eyes shone brightly.

His dragon wings suddenly spread out, and an eight-meter-long wingspan blocked the moonlight, forming a huge shadow on the snow-white ground.

The size displayed completely suppressed the Terror Lizards.

Whoosh!

Coupled with his actions, the invisible Dragon's Might emitted from Garen's body and swept past the group of Terror Lizards in the blink of an eye.

The Terror Lizards immediately became flustered and anxious.

The Terror Lizard Leader barely resisted Garen's Dragon's Might, but under his silent and calm gaze, it gradually began to retreat.

As it retreated, it roared and spat out a bright fireball, but it exploded into sparks when Garen's dragon wings swept past.

There were no injuries on Garen's dragon wings, as if what he swept away was not an explosive fireball but a breeze.

The magic immunity of a dragon was quite terrifying.

If it was a simple White Dragon, it could be extremely immune to cold damage.

It would be more afraid of fire damage and would not dare to face it head-on.

However, as a special Time Dragon, Garen had a high magic immunity trait that nearly nullified all attributes.

From that fireball, Garen only felt a little warm.

This attack exhausted the last of the Terror Lizard Leader's courage.

It slowly lay on the ground and whimpered softly, not daring to look at Garen anymore.

The other Terror Lizards had already been lying on the ground earlier.

Some had even peed in terror, either trembling or staying motionless.

After putting away his Dragon's Might, Garen waved at the Terror Lizard Leader.

The crocodile-like lizard leader was stunned.

Then, it took heavy steps and carefully approached Garen like an armored car.

It lowered its ferocious head.

Garen stretched out his dragon claw and touched the head of the Terror Lizard Leader as if he was playing with a pet.

It felt rough and grainy.

The texture was actually quite comfortable to stroke.

The Terror Lizard Leader did not resist at all and happily enjoyed Garen's touch.

To a True Dragon, subduing servants was a very simple matter.

When the Dragon's Might was displayed, it could basically make the other party give up resisting.

Sometimes, even creatures of the same strength could not resist the Dragon's Might.

This was not only an aura but also a supernatural ability.

Some creatures would even take the initiative to find traces of a True Dragon and take pride in being its servant.

The biggest example was the kobolds.

These fellows with extremely thin dragon blood in their bodies were humanoids that blindly worshiped True Dragons.

After the Terror Lizard Leader submitted, the other Terror Lizards stood up one after another.

They surrounded Garen and lowered their heads to roar as if they were offering their loyalty to him.

This group of Terror Lizards was already considered Garen's servants.

They were lackeys, spies, and when necessary, food reserves.

Before long, Garen did the same thing and took in more than 40 White Hounds not far away.

He was in the middle and upper reaches of a small ice river.

Garen planned to build a nest in the ice river, so he did not plan to let go of the nearby creatures.

He would either kill them or take them in as his servants.

A White Dragon with an eight-meter wingspan soared in the sky and continuously moved along the ice river.

Its platinum dragon eyes looked down at the snow-white world below.

A few minutes later, Garen was stunned and looked puzzled.

He saw a relatively strange creature gathering in the tribe.

After thinking for a moment, Garen flapped his dragon wings and his body brought about a violent wind as he sped towards the place he saw.

Below, translucent silver-white creatures that seemed to be made of ice crystals raised their heads and looked at the approaching dragon in fear.

Bang!

Garen landed on the ground and carefully sized up this humanoid tribe living near a small ice river.

To be precise, it was the Elementals.

In front of Garen were about 70 ice houses.

The construction was rough and simple, but it was filled with a rough sense of beauty.

The residents of these ice houses were human-shaped creatures.

They were between one to two meters tall and looked like ice pieces that had become spirits.

Their facial features were three-dimensional and distinct as if they had been carved by someone, but they were so strange that they could make subtle expressions.

Their appearance was very exquisite and beautiful, with a gender-neutral beauty.

“Water elemental lifeforms?” Garen pondered.

When he saw these guys, he immediately recognized them as water elemental creatures, but when he got closer, they were completely different.

The bodies of water elemental lifeforms were basically semi-fluid, but these lifeforms were ice crystals.

“They’re probably mutated water elemental lifeforms.” Because there were no records of such creatures in the dragon inheritance, Garen gave them a name: Northern Ice Spirit.

14: Failed Creation 14: Failed Creation Editor: Atlas Studios Garen was surprised and happy to see a tribe of elemental lifeforms gathered in the Northern Ice Fields.

He was happy because elemental creatures were basically intelligent creatures and had the ability to communicate, unlike the Terror Lizards and the White Hounds who were unable to accurately understand Garen’s instructions.

If he took the Northern Ice Spirits in as his servants, it would be much more convenient for him to give orders.

The reason why Garen was surprised was that elemental lifeforms were very rare in the main material plane.

This special life form mainly lived in the inner planes that did not belong to the main material plane, but was very much related to it.

The composition of the main material plane was very balanced.

All kinds of energy and elements existed so all kinds of rich biological races were born.

However, the inner plane was a place of pure energy elements.

A kind of inner plane only had one element or energy leading it, and the environment was simple and dangerous.

The six great inner planes were respectively Earth, Water, Fire, Air (Wind), Positive Energy, and Negative Energy.

“The elemental lifeforms in the main material plane are most likely remnants of summoning magic.

Perhaps a mage abandoned his summoned creatures.” “With the environment conditions of the main material plane, it’s almost impossible to naturally give birth to elemental life.” While Garen was thinking, the tallest Northern Ice Spirit walked up to him and said in the common language with fear and respect, “Great True Dragon, it’s our honor to have you here.

May I ask what your instructions are?” As expected, it was intelligent.

Garen’s eyes lit up.

He looked at the Northern Ice Spirit in front of him and said in a low voice, “This ice river will be my territory in the future.” “You will serve me as my servants and offer everything you have.” “As for me, the True Dragon Garen, the future master of the Ice Fields, will provide you with the protection of a dragon!” Garen, who had just lost the protection of the White Dragon Mother, had to provide protection to other creatures in the blink of an eye.

After hearing Garen’s words, the Northern Ice Spirit did not show any resistance.

Instead, it knelt down in surprise and said, “It’s the supreme honor of the Ice River Tribe that the great True Dragon is willing to take us in as your servants.” What it meant was that it was very excited to have a True Dragon like Garen as its backer.

Garen was very surprised.

He originally thought that he had to fight and defeat them before he could subdue this group of Northern Ice Spirits.

This was because, in Garen’s impression, elemental lifeforms were basically all spellcasters with good combat strength.

Moreover, their personalities were relatively arrogant and they looked down on creatures with flesh and blood.

Although he was a True Dragon, it should be relatively difficult to make an elemental creature submit to him with a shake of the dragon’s body.

Garen thought for a moment and said to the Northern Ice Spirit in front of him, "Tell me your name." "Master, your humble servant is called Roy Ice River." "Then, Roy, show me your ability now." Garen took a step forward and gestured for Roy Ice River to attack him.

If he was not wrong, this group of Northern Ice Spirits might be relatively weak compared to ordinary elemental creatures.

Otherwise, they would not be so proactive and excited to be taken in as his servants.

The strongest expert of the Ice River Tribe, Roy Ice River, looked troubled and did not dare to attack Garen.

Garen waved his dragon wings impatiently and said, "Don't waste time.

I won't pursue your sin of attacking a True Dragon." Only then was Roy Ice River relieved.

He raised his ice crystal arm and condensed a crystal dagger in his hand before shooting it at Garen.

Crack!

The frosty dagger landed on Garen's dragon scales.

As expected, it shattered into pieces and did not cause any damage to him.

Garen looked at Roy Ice River in encouragement and said, "Very good.

Continue." However, under Garen's gaze, Roy Ice River lowered his head awkwardly and said, "Master, I can only use this dagger attack." Garen: ... Due to the harsh weather, 90% of the icefield creatures had a very high frost resistance.

Garen was directly immune to the damage of the ice dagger and was not even scratched.

He could only use a trash spell ability, and it was an ice-attribute attack.

In the Northern Ice Fields, he could definitely only survive as the lowest-level creature.

In terms of strength, the Northern Ice Spirit could not even defeat the Terror Lizard.

After pondering for a moment, Garen asked, "How was your tribe born?" Roy Ice River revealed a respectful expression as he replied, "A thousand years ago, a respected mage created our ancestor and left us on the Ice Fields." Created... and not summoned.

This meant that the Northern Ice Spirit was not born naturally.

Garen guessed that this group of elemental lifeforms was most likely the product of a failed experiment by an unknown mage.

That mage might have wanted to create an elemental life form that could use powerful frost magic.

After discovering that the Northern Ice Spirit was weak, he decisively abandoned it.

‘No wonder the White Dragon Mother did not take these guys in as her servants.

She doesn’t fancy the strength of the Northern Ice Spirits, right?’ Garen thought to himself.

At the same time, he decided to give these pitiful elemental lifeforms a chance to work for him.

It was not good to be so weak.

With this thought, Garen spat out the Frost Dragon Breath.

A large number of ice crystals appeared with the cold wind, condensing into an ice pool with a diameter of a few meters under his subtle control.

Ordinary White Dragons definitely could not do this, but Garen was already used to it.

With the Time Dragon physique, he was favored and blessed by the elements... To be more precise, he was like the master of the elements.

The elements that were cold and difficult to control to other creatures were as enthusiastic as fire in front of Garen.

With a casual thought, they would faithfully execute his orders.

There was no hesitation, and the elements in the space near Garen would even become active or depressed according to his mood.

After getting out of the ice pool, Garen pierced his fingertip and squeezed out a few drops of boiling dragon blood.

Roy Ice River realized what Garen wanted to do and his breathing immediately became heavy.

He knelt on the ground and said to Garen in a fanatical tone, "Master, the Ice River Tribe will become your most loyal servant and crush all enemies for you!" The dragon blood dripped into the ice pool and almost melted the ice.

Immediately, Garen got some water from the meandering ice river.

The ice pool was immediately filled with light red diluted dragon blood.

"This is enough for your tribesmen to transform." Garen lowered his eyes and said calmly.

If they accepted his bloodline, the other party would become dragon blood creatures.

True Dragons had a special blood vessel called the base blood vessel.

It was a very unique and powerful biological tissue.

It was thought to be the core meridian of a True Dragon using elemental power, giving a True Dragon powerful spell-like ability and supernatural power.

It was also the most effective way to distinguish a True Dragon from various pseudo-dragons.

The dragon blood flowing in the base blood vessels was extremely invasive.

Even elemental lifeforms could transform.

The creatures transformed from dragon blood were collectively called dragon blood creatures.

They would worship the master of the dragon blood to the greatest extent from the bottom of their hearts.

The dragon blood creatures were also the true core servants of the True Dragon.

Those that had not been transformed were mostly treated as food reserves or cannon fodder.

'Will my dragon blood give them a bit of the power to affect time?' Garen thought to himself and waited.

As time passed, the Northern Ice Spirits bathed in Garen's diluted dragon blood one after another.

There was a faint Dragon's Might aura on their bodies, and they officially became dragon blood creatures.

Next, the Northern Ice Spirits pledged their allegiance to Garen in groups.

Their faces were filled with the joy of new life, along with reverence and loyalty to him.

At this point, he had his first batch of intelligent servants.

15: Stability 15: Stability Editor: Atlas Studios Two months later, the originally calm Ice River Tribe became much livelier.

Near the rising and falling ice houses, the figures of the Terror Lizard, the White Hound, and the Tidal Crab continuously passed through.

They got along very well with the Northern Ice Spirits.

Garen chose the location of the nest to be at the river near the Ice River Tribe and gathered the other subdued servants here.

The strength and potential of the Northern Ice Spirit that had received the dragon blood transformation had increased greatly.

However, what disappointed Garen was that these were all displayed in ice spells.

None of the Northern Ice Spirits displayed the ability to affect time.

What they accepted seemed to be only the White Dragon bloodline, and they did not obtain a trace of the Time Dragon bloodline.

However, after his initial disappointment, Garen was quickly relieved.

If it was so easy to obtain a bloodline that affected time, the Time Dragon would not be treated as a legendary True Dragon.

....

There seemed to be huge beasts surging under the cold and deep river, causing a surging wave to rise on the surface of the meandering ice river.

An eight-meter-long white shadow could be vaguely seen under the water.

It was Garen.

In a short two months, although he did not obtain any new time-type ability, his body had expanded greatly.

His muscular dragon body was eight meters from head to toe, and his shoulders were 1.6 meters tall when he was on all fours.

His wingspan was nearly ten meters, and he had grasped a spell-like ability that only adolescent White Dragons could possess.

This growth speed was enough to shock all the True Dragons.

His main food now was the Giant Feet Yak captured by the hunting team formed by the Northern Ice Spirit with the Terror Lizard, the White Hound, and other servants.

The Giant Feet Yak was four meters long and weighed three tons.

When it ran, the sound was like thunder.

It was not to be trifled with, but it was not a match for Garen's servants.

90% of the Ice River Tribe's members were busy hunting food for Garen, but they could only barely satisfy him.

From time to time, he needed to hunt some magical creatures to eat.

On the other hand, as the lord of this place, it was not like Garen did nothing.

For example, when the hunting team encountered some powerful magical creatures, Garen would attack and kill them after confirming that he could deal with them.

Or when a powerful ferocious beast coveted the tribe and the Ice River Tribe was helpless to deal with it, Garen would also attack at his own discretion.

Such situations were very rare.

It had only happened once in two months.

At this moment, Garen was chasing a group of fish under the ice river.

This was a group of strong, fat, and long Ice River Sharks of about two meters in length.

Although their mouths were filled with interlaced fangs, they did not have any spell-like ability and were only ordinary beasts.

Under Garen's agile pursuit, they were completely helpless, like fish on a stick.

This Ice River Shark tasted very good.

The meat was delicious, cold, and easy to capture.

It was a food he liked to eat very much.

However, because there were not many, Garen only ate them as a treat to satisfy his craving.

Crack!

After biting two Ice River Sharks at the same time, Garen chewed slightly and ate them.

The remaining Ice River Sharks panicked and hurriedly fled.

As for Garen, he did not continue to chase.

He only savored the delicious taste and turned to dive into a dragon nest at the bottom of the river.

The dragon nest was built in the deepest part of this ice river, about 50 meters away from the river.

It emitted a faint cold light at the bottom of the dark river.

This was created by Garen after spending a day excavating and digging a pit.

Then, he used his Frost Dragon Breath to coat it with a layer of sparkling ice crystals.

Although it was a little bent, it was in an L-shape.

The deepest part of the dragon nest was where Garen slept.

The structure of the dragon's eyes was special.

There was a waterproof membrane under its eyelids, and its pupils had a crystal structure that could gather light.

It could also gather enough light in the darkness to see in the dark.

Although it was very dark underwater, it could not block Garen's vision.

To him, it only seemed a little dim, but he could still see things clearly.

In the deepest part of the dragon nest, Garen learned from the White Dragon Mother and built an ice bed that could accommodate him.

Because the temperature of the river water in the Northern Ice Field was very low, the ice in this water was extremely difficult to melt.

He only needed to spend a small amount of effort to maintain it.

On Garen's large ice bed, it was not empty.

There was also a tattered armor filled with rusty iron ingots that were difficult to remove and a similar rusty sword.

After lying on the ice bed, Garen played with the rusty armor and sword, feeling the dense time energy contained in them.

As he gently rubbed it, he revealed a satisfied expression.

These two things were dug out of the sand at the bottom of the river when Garen was building the cave.

At first glance, Garen was attracted to them.

What he liked was not them themselves, but the traces of time left on them.

To Garen, such items that had a long history were even more attractive than gold coins and gems.

Of course, gold coins and gems were also attractive to Garen to a certain extent, but they were not as special as special items that had experienced many years.

If there were gold coins or gems that had been passed down for a long time, it would be best.

Standing beside this collection, Garen felt that the speed at which he devoured time had vaguely increased.

When he used abilities like Time Manipulation and Time Plundering Breath, he had to consume the power of time.

The speed at which he devoured time was a relatively important factor to Garen.

'I can bury them and dig them out again after a long time.

Then, they'll contain more traces of time.' Garen thought to himself.

However, because he had too few in his collection at the moment, he was unwilling to really do this.

Next, Garen hugged his beloved collection and began to close his eyes to sleep.

He quickly digested the few Giant Feet Yaks and Ice River Sharks he had just eaten.

The total weight of the food was slightly heavier than Garen's body weight.

Dragons could eat creatures that were more than their weight at once.

Half a day later, Garen was almost asleep.

He opened his eyes and reluctantly left the ice bed.

He placed the rusty armor and sword that were filled with the traces of time beside him.

Coupled with the fact that the dragon's tail was already eight meters long, he passed through the water like a nimble fish.

The dragon wings were folded on both sides, and Garen quickly left the water in a shuttle-shaped posture.

Whoosh!

The crystal clear water droplets that filled the sky slid down the white scales, causing Garen's strong dragon body to look like a god that had descended to the mortal world.

When the few Northern Ice Spirits saw Garen, they lowered their heads respectfully and said, "Praise the Great True Dragon." After Garen treated this place as his territory and took the Northern Ice Spirits as his servants, their lives improved at a visible speed.

Creatures like the Terror Lizard and the White Hound that could originally hunt them as toys had now become existences similar to pets.

The protection of a True Dragon, even if it was underage, was a rare thing.

After receiving the protection and dragon blood transformation, the Northern Ice Spirits paid with their own manpower.

They were elemental lifeforms and did not need flesh and food.

They could only survive by absorbing the ice elements that were abundant in the air of the Northern Ice Field.

It was very easy to feed them.

As for their hunting gains, meat-like creatures were used to feed the brainless servants like the Terror Lizards.

Fat and delicious meat like the Giant Feet Yaks were given to Garen as food.

Garen did not respond to the praise of the few Northern Ice Spirits.

As a True Dragon, he did not need to respond to his servants' respect.

He just needed to accept it.

Waving his dragon wings, Garen left further north and flew to a place far away from the small ice river where no servants could see.

He used his dragon claw to dig through the snow, revealing the grayish-brown frozen ground below.

Then, he dug a small pit in the frozen ground.

16: Ogre 16: Ogre Editor: Atlas Studios Looking around and seeing that there were no other creatures around, Garen turned around and aimed his noble dragon butt at the freshly dug pit.

Next, he held his spiked chin with a dragon claw and looked deeply at the flawless night sky in the distance.

He exerted a little strength and thought about his life.

Pfft!

The dragon excreted with strong momentum.

After a thunderous sound, a comfortable expression appeared on Garen's dragon face.

He had eaten a lot.

After absorbing the essence and nutrition, there was a lot of waste in his body.

A few minutes later, Garen left behind the precious dragon feces that would make the White Hounds overjoyed.

He coughed lightly and did not even turn around.

At the same time, his dragon tail swept over a large area of snow, covering the precious dragon feces.

"Sigh, there are no toilets in the wilderness.

I can only make do with this." Proper dragons would "fly" high in the air from time to time.

Occasionally, they would hit one or two lucky ones and give them a chance to come into contact with the aura of a True Dragon.

However, although Garen had become a dragon, he still felt a little ashamed to do that.

He felt that it did not seem appropriate to defecate in the wild.

It was really impossible for him to do it in the sky.

However, there was no good solution now unless he could survive by breathing in time or elemental energy without eating solid food.

Settling it in the ice river was the least eye-catching and safe, but Garen did not want to discover them in his nest one day.

After relieving his body of the burden, Garen prepared to leave and return to the Ice River Domain.

Before he left, he suddenly felt an aura gradually approaching from behind.

His gaze immediately focused and he turned around.

A nine-foot-tall and roughly three-meter-tall humanoid creature was quietly approaching him.

After being discovered by Garen, the two of them looked at each other.

It still maintained its posture of walking closer, and the atmosphere froze for a moment.

.....

Uga Bone Crusher was an ogre from a small ogre gathering place with a total population of about 40, the Bone Crusher Tribe.

It had just become an adult and needed powerful prey to prove its courage and strength so that it could show off its muscles to the other ogres and obtain a higher status in the Bone Crusher Tribe, as well as the right to choose a spouse.

Uga Bone Crusher had always thought that he was very smart.

Apart from the leader of the Bone Crusher Tribe, the two-headed ogre who could use spells, no other ogre was smarter than it.

In a group of not-so-intelligent ogres, Uga Bone Crusher always felt that he was incompatible with them.

As for the smarter leader, Uga Bone Crusher felt that it was because it had two heads and he only had one, so it was acceptable that he could not compare to the other party.

One day, looking at the two-headed ogre leader who could get together with female ogres at will and even order other ogres around, a bold idea arose in his mind.

If Garen knew his thoughts, he would describe it in a suitable sentence.

“If you’re a man, you should take over.” After this thought appeared, it was like a wildfire growing in Uga Bone Crusher’s heart.

According to the tradition of the Bone Crusher Tribe, after they became adults, they would have the chance to challenge the leader.

After defeating the leader, they could replace him and become the new leader.

However, the two-headed ogre leader was the strongest leader in the history of the Bone Crusher Tribe.

It even had a throne made of the skulls of challengers.

Uga Bone Crusher would not be as rash as the other challengers.

He planned to wait for the leader to age and challenge him when he was weak.

However, before that, he needed to prove that he was a true adult ogre and settle his coming-of-age ceremony.

“Hmph, the strong Uga can even hunt a dragon.” Uga Bone Crusher bragged to the clansmen, then strode away and stepped onto the icefield under the worship of the other ogres.

Along the way, with the strong body of an ogre and his mind that was much smarter than ordinary ogres, Uga Bone Crusher had either created traps or ambushed many hunters on the icefield.

However, he was not satisfied.

This was because the two-headed ogre leader had once killed an ice python that was nearly ten meters long and as thick as a bucket.

It was stronger than all his prey so far.

Up until just now, after he left the Bone Crusher Tribe for a hundred miles, he actually saw a little White Dragon excreting!

Uga Bone Crusher knew the power of a True Dragon, even if the other party was the weakest White Dragon.

He turned around and left, pretending not to see anything.

However, when he recalled that his bold words really had a chance of success, he thought of the scene of the ogres surrounding him and the favor of the chubby ogre beauties.

He decided to use the thick wooden hammer he carried to sneak attack the little White Dragon in front of him.

As long as the sneak attack succeeded, he would have a chance to fulfill his dream!

“The history of the Bone Crusher Tribe will rely on me, Uga Bone Crusher, because I hunted a True Dragon when I became an adult!” Uga Bone Crusher fantasized in his mind.

At the same time, he quietly walked forward and carefully approached the little White Dragon.

However, just as this thought appeared in his mind, before he could take a step, he saw the little White Dragon suddenly turn around, its eyes filled with piercingly cold killing intent.

Uga Bone Crusher was stunned.

Then, his mind was filled with all kinds of records regarding the dragon and he became frightened.

He squeezed out a forced smile and said to Garen awkwardly, “Honorable True Dragon, I, Uga Bone Crusher, am only passing by.

I don’t have any ill intentions.” As he spoke, he quietly hid the wooden hammer behind him, but he seemed guilty nonetheless.

.....

Garen turned his dragon body around to face the creature in front of him.

He was nine feet, tall, human-shaped, and had dark rough skin.

His body was burly and powerful, and his muscles were all over his body.

His eyes were white with pitch-black pupils.

His entire body stank, and his mouth was filled with fangs.

He was wearing simple and crude beast skin, and he held a black wooden hammer that was still stained with dried blood.

After seeing that he had been discovered, the ogre muttered in a language that Garen did not understand.

The dragon inheritance only had the dragon language and common language.

Large human-like creatures like the ogres spoke the Giant Language.

Garen did not learn the Giant Language, so he could not understand.

After saying that, the ogre forced an extremely ugly smile.

“You’re laughing at me?!” Garen was furious.

His expression was not good at all.

In an instant, he flapped his wings and approached.

He opened his mouth and spat out a mouthful of frost.

Many people thought that dragon breath was an ordinary ability of dragons.

It was a method similar to the sweep of a huge tail and the flapping of dragon wings.

However, this was a misunderstanding.

The dragon breath was not an ordinary skill.

Instead, it was extremely powerful and difficult to resist.

It was the symbol of the dragon race that any creature had to treat seriously, and it was equivalent to a big move.

Even an adult dragon could not maintain its dragon breath for long.

Garen used a powerful move from the start.

Under the other party’s shocked gaze, the cone-shaped frost breath instantly covered the ogre’s body and froze it in thick ice crystals.

17: Giant Language 17: Giant Language Editor: Atlas Studios In mid-air, a white figure waved his dragon wings, bringing about a whistling cold wind.

Soon, he returned to the sky above the territory.

After aiming at an empty space without any servants, Garen released his dragon claw.

Bang!

The large ice crystal that was grabbed by his single claw fell and smashed a depression in the ground.

The commotion attracted the attention of many Northern Ice Spirits, but when they saw that their lord had returned, they went to do their own things as if nothing had happened.

In the ice crystal, the ogre's body was lifelike, and its face was filled with fear.

Garen retracted his dragon wings and landed below, sizing up the ice crystal in front of him.

He had shown mercy to the ogre and did not kill it.

He only froze it alive.

As for the reason for this, it was not that Garen suddenly liked the ogre, but that he restrained his anger the moment he spat out his breath.

He recalled that ogres were grouped creatures and rarely appeared alone.

The appearance of an ogre meant that there was an ogre tribe in this area.

"Ogre tribe... This Northern Ice Fields really won't let me live in peace." Garen did not want to wake up after sleeping and discover that his territory had been wiped out by the ogres.

Then, he would be surrounded by a group of ogres and cooked in a pot with onions, ginger, and garlic.

He looked at the frozen ogre in front of him.

After thinking for a moment, he controlled the ice crystal to turn into magical elements and gradually melt.

Plop... The ogre fell to the ground.

There were still some traces of frostbite on its body, but its outstanding physique made it open its eyes a few minutes later and look at its surroundings in a daze.

When it looked up and saw Garen's dragon body, the ogre seemed to be shocked.

It casually threw the wooden club away and kowtowed to Garen, speaking in the Giant language that the dragon did not understand.

Garen held his chin with his dragon claw and observed the ogre kneeling on the ground in front of him, feeling a little strange.

“This ogre doesn’t seem to be that stupid.” The dragon inheritance recorded the details of ogres.

What was most reminiscent of them was their rash, impulsive, and stupid personalities, as well as their strong bodies that could adapt to most climate environments.

On the Noah Continent, which was the place where Garen was, the footprints of the ogres were almost everywhere in the forest, swamp, desert, and frozen plain... It was a very common race.

After thinking for a moment, Garen spread his dragon wings and the shadow enveloped the ogre’s body.

While the ogre was trembling, Garen said in the Noah Common Language, “Do you speak the Common Language?” Hearing Garen’s voice, the ogre looked up in confusion.

Looking at its reaction, Garen frowned secretly.

He knew that this guy definitely only knew one language.

Since the language was different, it was difficult to ask for information about the ogre tribe.

There was not much use in keeping it.

It was better to give the Terror Lizards and White Hounds in the Ice River Territory an additional meal.

The ogre had a stench and an extremely ugly appearance.

Garen could not eat it.

With this thought, Garen looked at the ogre with a gradually dangerous gaze.

This ogre was indeed not as stupid as ordinary ogres.

It acutely saw through Garen’s thoughts and its expression immediately froze as it hurriedly spoke nonsense.

When he heard some repeating words, Garen’s gaze moved slightly.

“True Dragon?

Spare me?" For some reason, this was the first time he had heard the Giant language.

He did not know anything about it before, but with his current environment and the many words spoken by the ogre, Garen was very sure that he understood some of the words.

He recalled the legend of the Time Dragon in the dragon inheritance again.

Any knowledge, skill, or language was a skill that belonged to the Time Dragon.

"In terms of language, I seem to have extraordinary talent." Garen realized this and gradually restrained his killing intent.

As for why he only realized this now, it was because the knowledge of the dragon's inheritance was not completely stuffed into the dragon's mind.

It was more like a treasure vault hidden in his mind.

When it was triggered in a specific environment, the relevant information would naturally appear in his mind.

It was a knowledge inheritance that was unlocked by conditions.

At the same time, the ogre felt the fatal danger fade and heaved a sigh of relief.

However, as soon as it stopped begging, it was stared at by Garen's sharp platinum dragon eyes and lowered its head to beg for mercy again.

After thinking for a moment, Garen stopped the ogre from begging for mercy and used his hand gestures to communicate with the little vocabulary he had just learned.

After all, it was an intelligent creature.

Although the language was different, he could understand some of the general meaning through gestures and actions.

Moreover, Garen had just learned a little of the Giant language.

At first, it was a little difficult, but after the ogre understood that Garen wanted to learn his own language, it slowly became simple.

Garen pointed at the ground.

The ogre was stunned, then he spoke in Giant Language, "Barakhan." The meaning was the earth.

He looked up at the sky again.

The ogre understood and looked at the dark and cloudless night.

“Lacas.” The sky... Just like that, time slowly passed.

Garen was like a child who had obtained a new toy as he curiously learned a new language.

He understood each word and relied on the words to interpret the sentences.

He grasped more sentences and learned grammatical structures.

Moreover, the more foundation he knew, the faster his learning process became.

Three days later.

Garen could already communicate simply with the ogre.

Although his Giant language was still a little rigid, daily communication was possible.

Throughout the entire learning process, he did not feel impatient at all.

Instead, he felt excited and happy because he had obtained new knowledge.

The joy was so good that it surprised Garen.

On the other hand, Garen was surprised by his talent in language.

He had actually roughly understood a language by relying on the ogre’s description.

“If I had this ability in my previous life, or even just the joy of learning new knowledge...”
Speaking of which, he had already grasped five languages.

The Noah Common Language, Dragon Language, Giant Language, Chinese, and English.

There was no need to say much about Chinese, and English was something he originally had a certain foundation in.

At this moment, with the talent of the Time Dragon in language, he understood it without a teacher and grasped it at a deeper level.

Thinking of this, Garen could not help but shake his head and throw the past to the back of his mind.

After focusing his mind, Garen looked at the haggard and weak-looking ogre and said in Giant language, “Uga, how many people are there in your Bone Crusher Tribe?” As he

spoke, he waved his hand and gestured for the Northern Ice Spirits to carry a portion of food for the Terror Lizards and the White Hounds.

A basin of squirming fat Ice Field Worms.

These Ice Field Worms lived under the snow and usually relied on eating snow to survive, but the meat was still considered fat.

Under Garen's guidance, the Northern Ice Spirits raised them as daily food for their pets.

As long as he did not mind that white and chubby body filled with juice, the taste was not bad.

Garen would occasionally eat it as a snack.

It was cold in his mouth and the meat was delicious.

There was also a fresh snow fragrance.

18: Bone Crusher Tribe 18: Bone Crusher Tribe Editor: Atlas Studios Uga Bone Crusher, who had been hungry for three days, wolfed down the Ice Field Worms and replied to Garen.

"Hmm, there are a total of 44 people in our Bone Crusher Tribe.

Our leader is the two-headed ogre, and we also have 22 male adult ogres, ten female adult ogres, and 11 underage ogres." This traitor bluntly sold out the information of his tribe.

A two-headed ogre?

Garen was shocked.

In the ogre race, most of them were boorish ogre warriors who played with large wooden clubs like Uga Bone Crusher.

However, occasionally, subspecies with extremely high intelligence and could master spells would be called ogre sorcerers.

An ogre sorcerer was not necessarily a two-headed ogre, but a two-headed ogre was definitely an ogre sorcerer.

Apart from a strong body, they also grasped the ability to cast spells.

This was because they had two heads and could multitask.

They were much stronger than ordinary ogre sorcerers.

On the Noah Continent, only mages who knew how to cast spells had the right to speak.

Those who knew spells above the ninth tier were walking nuclear bombs.

They were respected wherever they went and could influence the decisions of the kingdom with a word.

The most respected identity would always be a mage.

Reality was not a game, and there was no need to consider the balance of professions.

A rich mage on the Noah Continent could defeat more than ten warriors of the same level.

Apart from combat ability, spells could also do many strange things.

For example, teleportation arrays, city shields, otherworld summoning, and so on.

“Two-headed ogre, that’s troublesome.” According to Garen’s understanding, ordinary young dragons did not have much chance of winning against a two-headed ogre.

If that two-headed ogre grasped a high-level spell, it would be even more troublesome.

As for ordinary ogres, although they were all strong, they were not much of a threat to him.

Thinking of this, Garen revealed a thoughtful expression.

After pondering for a moment, he asked, “How far is the Bone Crusher Tribe from here?” Uga scratched his head and said, “Not far.

Only more than 50 kilometers.” More than 50 kilometers... was a relatively long journey for ordinary people.

However, to creatures like Garen and the ogre, it was a very small number.

Before Garen could ask further, Uga’s next words made his expression change slightly.

“The tribesmen occasionally hunt near this ice river.

There’s a water source here, and there is abundant prey coming and going.” Creatures of different races had different habits and customs.

The ogres were a race that liked filth and did not like water.

Otherwise, when Garen discovered the small ice river, the ogres would definitely have occupied it.

At the same time, Garen frowned and his heart sank.

Didn't that mean that he could face the threat of the ogre tribe at any time?

It was fine usually, but if the ogres discovered the location of the nest while he was sleeping, it would be very dangerous.

That two-headed ogre needed to be guarded against.

Garen thought for a moment and said in a low voice, "Tell me everything you know about the ability of the two-headed ogre leader." Uga's eyes lit up.

He clearly knew that Garen wanted to deal with his leader, but under Garen's strange gaze, he actually said very happily, "Our leader is called Thyra Bone Crusher.

He's about the same height as me..." A few minutes later, Uga Bone Crusher told Garen the information about the two-headed ogre in detail and looked at him with anticipation.

Garen pondered for a moment and did not speak.

A moment later, he looked at Uga Bone Crusher with interest and said, "Tell me, why are you so enthusiastic about telling me information?" Uga Bone Crusher scratched his head in embarrassment and grinned foolishly, "I want to be the leader.

He's the greatest obstacle in my way." After a pause, Uga Bone Crusher sincerely knelt on the ground and said to Garen, "Great True Dragon, if you can kill Thyra and let me become the leader of the Bone Crusher Tribe, I swear to you in the name of the Sun God that the Bone Crusher Tribe will respect and follow your orders." Sun God?

Garen was slightly stunned.

Since when did ogres worship the Sun God?

Wasn't it the God of Strength or the God of Courage?

Moreover, there was no real Sun God on the Noah Continent.

Garen was a little puzzled.

In his dragon inheritance, there was no such god.

However, Garen did not think too much about this.

After all, there were many gods on the Noah Continent and countless religions.

Perhaps this “Sun God” was a new god that had recently appeared, so there was no record in the dragon inheritance.

However, no matter what, daring to swear in the name of God was not a small matter, regardless of whether it was a True God or a False God.

Those who broke the oath would definitely be cursed by the gods.

In a world with gods, swearing in the name of a god was the most serious contract.

It was not something that could be casually said.

As for the matter of killing the two-headed ogre leader that Uga Bone Crusher mentioned... Garen was a little tempted.

This was because according to the description of the two-headed ogre leader, although it could cast spells, the only spell it could use was the Forked Lightning Bolt.

Thinking about it, it made sense.

How could spells be so easy to master?

Although the two-headed ogre was a rare subspecies, it was not a very outstanding magical creature.

After having a certain understanding of the two-headed ogre through Uga Bone Crusher, Garen was already thinking of a strategy to deal with it.

How could he allow strong enemies to exist near him?

Moreover, it was the ferocious ogre tribe that ate everything.

Of course, if this tribe was controlled by him, it was a good thing.

The ogre's overall strength far exceeded all of Garen's current servants.

After subduing them, they could resolve many issues for Garen.

In the current Ice River Domain, after the Northern Ice Spirits transformed into dragon blood creatures, although their strength was growing day by day, they had just started after all and were still too weak.

The Terror Lizard and White Hound pets were not very strong.

The addition of the ogre tribe could greatly increase the strength of the Ice River Domain.

If they encountered any trouble, Garen did not have to take action to resolve it.

In addition, as his body grew, his appetite became greater.

The current hunting results of his servants were already a little difficult to satisfy Garen's appetite.

He needed more servants.

"Before I sleep next time, I'll destroy or subdue this ogre tribe." After a short thought, Garen made a decision.

He looked at Uga Bone Crusher without any change in expression and asked calmly, "How's the strength of the adult ogres in the Bone Crusher Tribe compared to you?" Uga Bone Crusher was stunned and said, "Apart from the leader, I am already the strongest ogre." Although he had just become an adult, he was already invincible in the tribe.

Otherwise, he would not have thought of replacing the leader.

Garen sized up Uga's body.

Three meters tall with hard bulging muscles under the simple tanned animal skin clothes... The height of an adult ogre was about 2.6 to 3 meters.

Uga Bone Crusher was indeed tall among the ogres.

19: Cloud Mist Technique 19: Cloud Mist Technique Editor: Atlas Studios "Lord True Dragon, are you thinking about how to deal with ordinary ogre warriors?" Every race would occasionally give birth to an anomaly.

Uga Bone Crusher had intelligence that was not inferior to ordinary people and was much smarter than ordinary ogres.

He observed the situation and guessed Garen's intentions.

To Uga Bone Crusher, his encounter in the past few days was simply a dream.

First, he had provoked the True Dragon and was about to be unlucky enough to die in its stomach.

Then, he discovered that the True Dragon actually did not kill him.

Instead, it stunned the ogre to the extreme that it learned the Giant Language in a short few days and even gave it a chance to replace the two-headed ogre... He had almost gone crazy wanting to be the leader, so he naturally would not let go of such a good opportunity.

Moreover, it was not shameful to submit to a True Dragon, even if it was an underage True Dragon.

Garen nodded calmly.

Seeing that Uga Bone Crusher wanted to say something but hesitated, he said in a low voice, "Tell me what you think." He had already seen that Uga Bone Crusher was different from ordinary ogres and did not underestimate his brain.

Uga Bone Crusher nodded happily, then patted his chest and said confidently in a muffled voice, "I know Thyra's hobbies and habits.

We can trick him out of the tribe." "As long as Lord True Dragon can kill Thyra, all the ogres of the Bone Crusher Tribe will become your loyal servants." Garen looked at Uga in surprise and thought to himself that this guy was really a traitor.

In order to be the leader, he did not hesitate to sell the entire tribe to the dragon.

"If that two-headed ogre knows that the tribe has such a traitor..." Garen shook his head and mourned for the two-headed ogre.

After thinking for a moment, Garen asked for more information about the two-headed ogre.

Then, he got Uga Bone Crusher to point out the approximate location of the Bone Crusher Tribe and let him stay in the Ice River Domain for the time being.

He flapped his dragon wings and his figure disappeared into the vast night sky.

In the air, Garen lowered his head to look at the Ice River Domain that had already turned into a black dot.

Then, he retracted his gaze and flew towards the Bone Crusher Tribe.

He did not leave any restrictive spells on Uga Bone Crusher.

Garen did not know any of such spells at the moment, and he did not restrict the movement of the latter.

He only verbally let it stay in the Ice River Domain.

This was also a test to see if this ogre really wanted to use Garen's strength to become the leader of the tribe.

If he was really smart enough, when Garen returned to the Ice River Territory, he would still see his figure on the spot.

Otherwise, Garen could only think of a way to destroy the entire Bone Crusher Tribe and not subdue them.

Whoosh!

Thousands of meters in the air, the whistling of the cold wind could be heard.

Without the help of spells, adult dragons could fly at full speed for a few days.

If they could control their speed and continuously fly in the air for half a month, as long as they did not find it boring, they could even fly for an entire year.

This terrifying endurance was because the dragon had a powerful heart as the source of its power.

There were four huge ventricles in the dragon's heart that were constantly pumping, providing endless strength to the dragon's body.

Due to the strength of the dragon heart, some scholars who studied dragons even described that if a hard rock was placed in the heart of an ancient dragon, the dragon heart could crush it into powder with a single beat.

Garen's dragon wings, which were ten meters long, were completely extended.

He used the airflow to glide, and his speed was not very fast.

He was only a young dragon, so it was still impossible for him to fly at full speed for a few days.

In order to maintain his stamina that could deal with accidents, Garen chose the most energy-saving glide.

Although his speed was much slower, it was stable.

Moreover, Garen was not in a hurry.

Due to the unique night environment, the Northern Ice Fields had been enveloped by the night sky, so it was a little difficult to distinguish the time.

However, Garen had an outstanding sense of time and space.

He was relatively sensitive to the flow of time and the change of space, so he would not misjudge the time.

He looked down and saw a strange small depression basin.

The ice basin was in the shape of a bowl, and small messy black dots could be vaguely seen inside.

True Dragons had a long-range vision.

As long as there were no obstacles in the middle, as long as one focused, they could see the scattered snow thousands of meters away.

Garen looked over and clearly saw that those black dots were simple and crude houses built casually with rocks.

There were also strong ogres surrounding the bonfire with large iron pots scattered around.

Yellow thick soup rolled in the large iron pot.

Occasionally, the limbs of some unknown icefield beasts could be seen, looking very terrifying.

Ogres did not only eat humanoid creatures.

They ate everything that was weaker than them and could be hunted.

Some of the ogres located in the deep mountains and forests might have never eaten humanoid creatures in their lives.

In the center of the Bone Crusher Tribe, in a large stone house that was covered in a few layers of animal skin at the top and looked relatively extraordinary, a three-meter-tall ogre was praying piously to a wooden ball-shaped black statue and chanting.

Its rough dark skin and signature black eyes and white pupils were no different from other ogres.

The only difference was that it had two heads that were close together, one large and one small.

Their eyes were closed as they prayed to the statue.

Suddenly, the two-headed ogre seemed to have felt something and suddenly opened its eyes.

The eyes of the large head flickered with a light that was more intelligent than the eyes of the small head.

It picked up a long staff from the weapon shelf in the house, a large hammer covered in frozen blood, and strode out of the house, looking around suspiciously.

After discovering nothing abnormal, the two-headed ogre raised its head and looked at the sky at the same time.

However, other than clouds that did not have any presence, there were only stars in the vast vision.

“Leader, what are you looking at?” “Is there food in the sky?” An ogre approached and looked up like a two-headed ogre.

After seeing nothing, it asked strangely.

Blue light circulated in the two-headed ogre’s eyes as it continuously looked at the night sky.

After a few minutes, it retracted its gaze.

The two heads looked at each other and shook, “It’s nothing.

It’s just a feeling.” After saying that, it returned to the stone house, put away its weapon, and continued to pray sincerely.

As the two-headed ogre prayed, in a world that ordinary people could not see, threads of black fog stretched out from the sculpture and touched the two-headed ogre’s body like tentacles.

Every touch made the two-headed ogre’s body tremble slightly, and the pious expression on its ugly face became even stronger.

In the sky, Garen was surrounded by a dim cloud that seemed to have fused with the night.

When he saw the two-headed ogre rush out of the house and look in his direction suspiciously, his heart skipped a beat.

“This two-headed ogre is not weak.

It can vaguely sense me from so far away.” If not for the Cloud Mist Technique, which he had grasped after waking up from his sleep, Garen would have been exposed.

20: Walking on the Ice 20: Walking on the Ice Editor: Atlas Studios The Cloud Mist Technique could create a cloud of mist to disrupt vision and senses, blocking some spell detection abilities.

It was a type of spell ability that a White Dragon could master when it was young.

It was best used with Aura Concealment to move around stealthily.

Garen had comprehended it when he was still a young dragon.

Of course, his current size was not inferior to ordinary young White Dragons, and it even slightly exceeded them.

Without removing the Cloud Mist Technique, Garen circled above the Bone Crusher Tribe for a moment and carefully sized up the situation.

Ten minutes later, he nodded imperceptibly and confirmed that the number of adult ogres here was indeed as Uga had said.

After thinking for a moment, Garen turned around and left.

However, he did not return to the Ice River Domain directly.

Instead, he used the Bone Crusher Tribe as the center and searched the surrounding 20 miles.

He did not fly fast but carefully looked down and scanned the various terrain of the ice plain.

Garen was looking for a suitable location to set up an ambush.

Although dragons were naturally powerful, they did not like to expose themselves head-on and directly fight.

On the contrary, dragons liked sudden attacks like falling from the sky or breaking out of the ground.

Although it had scales and wings, many of the characteristics of a dragon were more like a cat than a worm.

Time passed bit by bit.

About an hour and a half later, Garen's body froze, and his eyes revealed joy.

He retracted his dragon wings and dispersed the clouds around him before diving down.

Soon, Garen landed on an extremely smooth ice surface.

He turned his neck and looked around.

Under his feet was the surface of the lake covered in ice crystals, covering a radius of several kilometers.

In the Northern Ice Fields, because of the low temperature, it was very easy to freeze in a water lake like the one under his feet.

Only in the warmest short period of time every year would the ice crystals melt and reveal the lake water.

This place was the most suitable place for an ambush for the White Dragon.

Because there was no snowstorm recently, the snow on the ground was not thick enough to hide the dragon's body.

If he ambushed in the water that the ogres hated, attacking from under the ice was the best choice.

After landing on the ice, Garen carefully moved his body and was surprised to discover that the ice could actually support his weight.

At first, he thought that the ice was hard enough, but after walking and even running for a while, Garen discovered that he was wrong.

He could move freely on the ice without much effect, mainly relying on his dragon body.

The moment Garen's dragon claw touched the ice, it produced a strange force to support his body.

Moreover, the scaled claw increased the friction, allowing him to move freely on the smooth ice.

He was even faster than when he moved on the ground normally, coming and going like the wind.

Walking on ice... was a special ability belonging to the White Dragon.

Special abilities referred to the ability to be completely unaffected by spells and not be affected by anti-magic or magic-free areas.

Garen could walk on the ice mainly because of his unique physical structure, like the ability to see through distance and darkness, not spells or supernatural powers.

After sliding on the ice for a moment, Garen flapped his dragon wings and soared into the sky, returning to the Ice River Domain.

He had spent a total of a few hours on this trip.

If the ogre, Uga Bone Crusher, wanted to take the opportunity to escape, he should have long left the Ice River Domain and fled.

However, when Garen looked down from the sky, he still saw a familiar tall figure.

Uga Bone Crusher was sparring with the Northern Ice Spirit, Roy Ice River.

He cried out loudly and charged towards Roy Ice River like a tank.

As he moved, the ground shook slightly, and his momentum was not weak.

Fear appeared on Roy Ice River's humanoid ice crystal face.

He stretched out his hand, and the elemental power in the surrounding space instantly gathered.

A series of ice cones shot out from its palm like machine guns.

They were many times stronger than the ice dagger that it had shown Garen more than two months ago.

Unfortunately, when the dense ice cones landed on the skin of Uga Bone Crusher, they only made him grimace in pain, leaving white marks on the rough dark skin, but they did not really break.

The skin of the ogre was very tough and fleshy.

It was difficult for the ice cones shot out by Roy Ice River to leave any truly effective injuries.

A few seconds later, Uga Bone Crusher strode forward and rushed to the front of the Northern Ice Spirit.

He grabbed Roy Ice River with one hand and laughed loudly.

In the Giant language, he said, "Little guy, I won.

If you want to defeat the future leader of the Uga Bone Crusher, you're still far from it!" Roy Ice River did not understand Giant language, but from his expression, he roughly guessed the meaning of Uga Bone Crusher's words.

Although it had lost, it was happy about its increasingly powerful ability after becoming a dragon blood creature.

One had to know that before this, if he saw an ogre, it would be difficult for him to have any thoughts of fighting.

He could only take a detour and leave.

However, now, he could barely fight.

There was no unwillingness to admit defeat.

Roy Ice River, who was made of ice crystals, only said in distress, "Put me down.

I admit defeat." The ogre was very strong and could carry a few tons of things as if it was playing.

When he was grabbed by it, Roy Ice River felt like he would be crushed into ice at any time.

Although the Northern Ice Spirit would not die before its magic power was exhausted, it was a bad experience in the end.

Uga Bone Crusher raised his head proudly.

Because he did not understand the common language, he did not know what Roy Ice River was saying and only continued to laugh.

Roy Ice River was about to make some gestures to let the ogre understand when his face suddenly lit up and he looked behind Uga Bone Crusher in reverence.

Uga Bone Crusher's expression froze as he saw the shadow that stretched out from behind and covered his shadow.

He slowly let go of Roy Ice River and mechanically turned his neck slowly.

"Lord True Dragon, you're back." A smile appeared on Uga Bone Crusher's ugly face.

He was shocked in his heart and discovered that although the True Dragon's body was huge, it could fall without any sound.

Garen's face was expressionless as he said, "You seem to be getting along well with my servant." Uga Bone Crusher scratched his head and said in embarrassment, "The other ogres in the tribe are too stupid.

Your servants are as smart as me.

I like to communicate with them.” Although they did not speak the same language, just the communication of their gestures made Uga Bone Crusher feel that the Northern Ice Spirit was easier to communicate with than the ogres in the tribe.

It also had the thought of learning the common language and wanted to communicate with other intelligent creatures.

Garen ignored the ogre and looked at Roy Ice River.

He encouraged, “Although you’re not the ogre’s match yet, your strength still has a lot of room to grow.

You won’t be weaker than the ogre in the future.

Continue to work hard.” A simple encouragement made a rich expression of gratitude appear on Roy Ice River’s face.

Motivation from a True Dragon was not common.

Immediately, Garen grabbed the shoulder of Uga Bone Crusher with his claw.

Under a puzzled gaze, his dragon wings shook and flew into the sky.

The ogre’s weight was like a toy under the dragon’s claw as it was quickly brought into the air while trembling.