

Dragon of Time Control

#Chapter 31 - 31 Tricky - Read Dragon of Time Control Chapter 31 - 31 Tricky

31: Tricky 31: Tricky Editor: Atlas Studios Uga Bone Crusher walked to the side of the sun sculpture step by step.

Then, he raised his hands and picked it up with some difficulty.

Veins appeared on his forehead because he had used too much strength.

The sun sculpture was not big.

It was a ball with a diameter of about a meter, including a foundation below.

However, because of Garen's careful treatment, it was now sealed in an extremely thick ice crystal, and the weight had increased greatly.

Coupled with the cold and bone-chilling ice crystals, it made Uga Bone Crusher shiver uncontrollably.

In order to not get frostbite, he used all his strength to quickly run out of the stone house with the sun sculpture and placed it heavily in an empty space.

The huge ice crystal attracted the attention of the ogres.

Garen watched as Uga Bone Crusher came into contact with the ice crystal at close range, but he was fine.

He revealed a thoughtful expression.

"When he looked at the eyeball on the sun sculpture, Uga was also not affected." "Only me and the pious two-headed ogre were affected." "Could it be that it's only targeted at species with spellcaster talent?" Garen shook his head and stopped thinking about it.

In any case, he had made up his mind to destroy this thing.

What it did and what creature it worked on had nothing to do with Garen.

Garen left the stone house and appeared outside.

Brand new scale armor, clearly defined dragon wings, and sharp dragon claws... As soon as Garen appeared, the ogres gathered here revealed a trace of fear.

Clearly, they had yet to recover from Garen's previous actions.

At the same time, a thunderous sound echoed above the Ogre Basin.

Bang!

Looking in the direction of the voice, it was Uga Bone Crusher holding the black hammer he had obtained from the two-headed ogre.

He raised his arms high and smashed it into the ice crystal.

When he used his full strength, blood light lingered on the black hammer, greatly increasing his strength.

Dense cracks appeared on the ice crystal, but it did not directly shatter.

Under the gazes of so many of his race, Uga Bone Crusher's face turned red.

He raised the black hammer again and smashed down.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Thunder-like sounds sounded continuously.

The frost ice crystal was slowly destroyed by it to the location of the sun sculpture.

Under Garen's expectant gaze, the muscles in his arms bulged.

The black hammer carried a whistling wind towards the main body of the sun sculpture.

Clang!

A metallic sound sounded and echoed in the air.

Under the stunned gaze of Uga Bone Crusher, the black hammer was bounced up by the huge recoil, tearing the skin between his thumb and index finger.

Blood flowed out as the hammer almost rebounded to smash his head.

The sun sculpture did not move at all.

There was not even a trace of scratch on it.

Garen's gaze focused as he thought to himself that this thing was indeed not so easy to destroy.

He avoided eye contact with the eyeball on the sun sculpture and looked around.

He said to the already eager ogres in a low voice, "My servants, use all your intelligence and strength to shatter this sun sculpture." After a pause, Garen's dragon roar shook the sky as he said proudly, "If anyone succeeds, I'll bestow the ogre with the bloodline of a True Dragon!" Now that there were enough servants, Garen decided not to casually transform them like before.

He wanted to use the dragon blood transformation as an incentive to stimulate their enthusiasm.

The Northern Ice Spirits had a huge advantage.

At the same time, after hearing Garen's words, the ogres revealed excited expressions.

All the ogres of the Bone Crusher Tribe rubbed their fists and stared at the sun sculpture with burning eyes.

Although the ogres were considered stupid, they were still intelligent creatures and had their own cultural inheritance.

They knew what a dragon blood creature was and knew that this was a rare opportunity.

Some of the ogres were even thinking that if they obtained the chance to transform their bloodline, they could challenge Uga Bone Crusher after their strength increased greatly and replace its position as the leader to become the number one ogre under the dragon wings.

After Garen spoke, he looked at his eager clansmen and took a deep breath.

He turned to Garen and said sincerely, "Master, please give me a chance to try again." His words were very nervous because he was afraid that his performance just now would lower his status in Garen's heart.

Garen did not speak and nodded slightly.

Uga Bone Crusher was overjoyed and said to Garen gratefully, "Thank you for your trust, Master.

I'm extremely grateful." Then, his expression became serious.

He separated the ogre crowd and began to retreat step by step.

Only after retreating more than 20 meters did he stare at the sun sculpture.

Uga Bone Crusher's body moved.

He held the black hammer tightly and began to run.

His several tons of weight left faint footprints on the ground with every step, and it was ferocious.

When he was still four meters away from the sun sculpture, Uga Bone Crusher roared and jumped high into the air.

In the air, he held the black hammer with both hands and raised it above his head, using the force of his fall and sprinting to smash at the sun sculpture.

Even Garen was unwilling to be struck by such an all-out attack.

A second later, the black hammer wrapped in blood light landed on a corner of the sun sculpture.

Bang!

The entire ground shook violently.

The frost ice crystals exploded into large pieces of ice fragments and landed on the surrounding ogres, causing their skin to be slightly swollen.

However, they did not mind this pain.

They stared at the Uga Bone Crusher and the sun sculpture without blinking.

Swish!

The black hammer flew out of his hands in the surging tide-like recoil.

Blood dripped from Uga Bone Crusher's wide palms.

His face was slightly pale as he stood on the spot in disbelief.

In front of it, the sun sculpture was smashed three feet into the ground.

However, what was unbelievable was that it was still not damaged at all.

It was as if the full-strength strike of the ogre, Uga Bone Crusher, was only as insignificant as a breeze.

Garen's heart skipped a beat and he could not help but look at the sun sculpture.

The feeling of being attracted came again.

His eyeballs seemed to have turned into black holes that attracted his mind.

However, Garen, who was already vigilant, broke free in the blink of an eye and stopped looking.

"I'm sorry, Master.

I failed and betrayed your trust." Uga Bone Crusher looked at Garen with a pale face.

Garen's expression did not change, making it impossible to see his expression.

"You did your best." After a simple response, Garen looked at the other eager ogres and said in a low voice, "Give it a try." Next, the ogres tried excitedly and left in disappointment.

After some smarter ogres discovered that the brute force they had always been proud of was really useless, they set up the sun sculpture on a bonfire to burn and threw it into a large iron pot to steam.

They used up all the intelligence in their small heads.

However, without exception, it was useless.

The sun sculpture silently allowed the ogres to do whatever they wanted.

32: Netheril (1) 32: Netheril (1) Editor: Atlas Studios "Troublesome thing." Garen looked at the sun sculpture and looked away to avoid falling into deep thought.

Relying on physical methods alone did not seem to have any effect on the sun sculpture.

"If I can't destroy it, I can just throw it into a corner?" Garen shook his head and felt that it was a pity to throw it away.

No matter what, it was an item related to the gods.

He vaguely felt that although this sun sculpture was strange, if it was used well, it might be able to bring about unexpected effects.

A moment later, Garen retracted his gaze.

His dragon claw touched his chin and he thought to himself, "The most important thing now is to understand what kind of creature the sun sculpture will affect." According to the current information, he and the two-headed ogre were affected and bewitched.

Ordinary ogres were not affected at all when they looked at the sun sculpture.

Apart from being indestructible, this thing seemed to be an ordinary wooden sculpture to them.

"Uga, carry the sun sculpture over there." Garen pointed at a large empty venue.

After Uga moved the sun sculpture over, he looked at Garen and seemed to want to say something.

However, in his vision, Garen's dragon wings shook, causing a whistling wind to surge into the sky.

In the blink of an eye, he disappeared into the night.

Garen flew at high speed and returned to the Ice River Domain.

He grabbed an ordinary Northern Ice Spirit and flew it into the sky without any reason.

In the air, the Northern Ice Spirit looked up at Garen and said respectfully, "Master, do you have anything you want me to do?" Garen lowered his head to look at it.

It was difficult to distinguish between a man and a woman, and the ice crystal face that had neutral beauty was filled with reverence.

"It's a small experiment.

If it succeeds, I'll reward you." Garen did not say what would happen if it failed, but the Northern Ice Spirit was more intelligent.

When it heard Garen's words, it vaguely guessed the consequences of failure.

However, there was no dissatisfaction or fear on its face.

Instead, it had an expression of pride in being able to do things for Garen.

This was the power of the dragon blood transformation.

It had a certain brainwashing effect.

As for inhumane things like using his servants to do dangerous experiments... In Garen's opinion, it was very normal.

His servants enjoyed his protection under his dragon wings, so they naturally had to sacrifice their lives for him when necessary.

In the end, they were only servants who served him.

Garen did not care what they thought of him.

Be it seeing him as a kind master or a ferocious evil master, it did not affect him at all.

Due to the fact that he was flying at full speed, it did not take long for Garen to return to the Ogre Basin.

The ogres had already returned to their usual appearance.

They surrounded the large iron pot and were talking about something.

Uga Bone Crusher straightened his body and carried a black hammer as he patrolled the basin, enjoying the status and power that belonged to the leader of the ogres.

Boom!

Garen landed on the ground and retracted his dragon wings.

He had already put down the Northern Ice Spirit and brought it to the sun sculpture.

“Master?” The Northern Ice Spirit looked at Garen in confusion, not understanding what it needed to do.

Garen said in a low voice, “Look at the sun sculpture on your right.” He suspected that the sun sculpture would only bewitch creatures with higher intelligence, so almost all the ogres were immune to its influence.

The intelligence of Uga Bone Crusher was considered high among ordinary ogres, but compared to the Northern Ice Spirit, it was inferior.

The intelligence of elemental lifeforms was generally much higher than adult humans.

Even if the Northern Ice Spirits were the product of failure, this failure was displayed in their combat strength.

Their intelligence was not low.

The Northern Ice Spirit followed Garen’s instructions and turned to look at the sun sculpture.

Garen untied the frost ice crystal and revealed its true body.

The eyeballs embedded in the ball, the appearance of the dark sun, the surrounding fine tentacles... They were all filled with a strange and chilling feeling.

The Northern Ice Spirit looked at the sun sculpture nervously and guessed that this was probably the small experiment that Garen had mentioned.

However, what it was puzzled about was that it was only a strange-looking sculpture.

What danger could it be?

Garen silently observed the change in the Northern Ice Spirit at the side.

As the scattered snow fell, the surrounding atmosphere seemed to have become much heavier.

In the first three to four seconds, the Northern Ice Spirit looked normal, as if it was not affected at all.

However, when it stared at the sun sculpture for more than five seconds, a change happened.

On the indistinguishable face of the Northern Ice Spirit, a pair of eyes carved from ice crystals suddenly became blank.

Everything else in its vision seemed to have disappeared, and only the existence of the sun sculpture remained in the world.

"He is born from the black fog.

He is the Creator of the black fog." "... "He is the Creator of everything.

He is the Supreme Sun." A low murmur that was difficult to understand sounded in her ear.

It was like the bewitching voice of a demon that entered her soul, causing the Northern Ice Spirit to involuntarily reveal a pious expression.

At the same time, the Northern Ice Spirit began to move, approaching the sun sculpture bit by bit.

Seeing this, Garen's expression became serious.

He berated in a low voice, "Stop!" The Dragon's Might swept out from Garen's body and swept past the Northern Ice Spirit.

Affected by the dragon's might, the Northern Ice Spirit's body shook, and a trace of clarity appeared on its face.

It looked at the sun sculpture in shock, but this trace of clarity was instantly immersed in a low murmur as it continued to approach the sun sculpture step by step.

33: Netheril (2) 33: Netheril (2) Editor: Atlas Studios Garen raised his dragon claw and chanted an incantation, mobilizing the surrounding elemental energy.

His Dragon's Hand was ready to attack.

However, after thinking for a moment, Garen put down his dragon claw and interrupted the incantation.

He silently watched as the Northern Ice Spirit sank into the strange power of the sun sculpture.

He wanted to see how this thing affected creatures and gave that black fog power.

As for the affected Northern Ice Spirit... its fate was already decided.

Next, when the Northern Ice Spirit walked within a meter of the sun sculpture, it closed its eyes and knelt under the sun sculpture with a holy and pious expression.

It lowered its head, and its face was covered in shadow.

A strange voice sounded from the Northern Ice Spirit.

It was not any known language on the Noah Continent.

Garen heard it clearly.

It was the low murmur he had heard when he was bewitched.

He memorized the intonation of every syllable.

Due to his outstanding language talent, he already had a certain understanding of this Evil God Language.

A few seconds later, something that made Garen's expression change happened.

Wisps of black fog, which were like threads or extremely subtle tentacles, stretched out from the main body of the sun sculpture.

They gently touched the body of the Northern Ice Spirit and entered its skin before disappearing.

The body structure of the Northern Ice Spirit was pure ice crystal, and it was an elemental life form.

Its body was a translucent solid.

If a foreign object appeared in its body, it was a clear scene.

However, after the black fog entered its body, it completely fused and disappeared, as if all of this was an illusion.

As for whether it was an illusion, Garen knew in his heart.

His gaze was sharp as he felt the energy fluctuation in the air.

He discovered that the elemental energy was wrapped in the black fog and injected into the body of the Northern Ice Spirit, causing its aura to become stronger bit by bit.

This increase in strength was even faster than the increase in strength of the Northern Ice Spirit after it became a dragon blood creature.

“What energy is this black fog itself?

Negative energy?

Energy from Hell or the Abyss?” “Or divine power?” “No, if it’s true divine power, even if it’s only a trace, it’s enough to kill me instantly.

The two-headed ogre used the power of the black fog when he fought me.” Divine power could ignore almost all magic resistance and physical resistance.

Only gods or those who grasped a unique power that was not inferior to divine power could block it.

Even legendary spellcasters or even ancient Red Dragons were most likely to be instantly defeated in the face of a divine power attack.

Garen did not interfere with the process of the Northern Ice Spirit’s prayer.

He frowned slightly and pondered the essence of the black fog energy.

Time passed bit by bit.

The night on the ice plain was still as dark as ever.

A few minutes later, the black fog power absorbed by the Northern Ice Spirit seemed to be saturated.

It opened its eyes and slowly stood up, turning to look at Garen.

Garen stopped thinking and also looked at the Northern Ice Spirit, sizing up the creature who had received the power of the Evil God.

Its appearance was the same as before and its aura was still as weak as a worm after restraining it.

In particular, the expression it displayed in front of Garen was as respectful and respectful as ever, as if Garen was still its only master.

“Great Master, do you have any other instructions?” Under Garen’s scrutinizing gaze, the Northern Ice Spirit lowered its head respectfully and asked softly.

Garen pondered for a moment and said expressionlessly, “Yes.” The Northern Ice Spirit was slightly stunned and subconsciously said, “What?” Garen narrowed his eyes and ordered in an unquestionable voice, “My loyal servant, I order you to kill yourself immediately.” The expression of the Northern Ice Spirit froze and it said in confusion, “Master...” From its appearance and tone, it was as if it did not understand why Garen suddenly issued such an order.

Before the Northern Ice Spirit could finish begging, Garen’s dragon claw moved slightly and he chanted an incantation.

The surrounding elemental power immediately became active.

Tier 3 Spell, Dragon’s Hand!

A lifelike translucent and ferocious dragon claw appeared above the Northern Ice Spirit’s head and slapped down ruthlessly.

The Northern Ice Spirit raised its head in shock.

Blood vessel-like black lines suddenly appeared on its ice-blue body, wanting to resist Garen’s attack.

Bang!

The Dragon’s Hand landed and crushed the Northern Ice Spirit from above, crushing its body into pieces of pale ice crystals.

The strange thing was that there were black lines connecting these ice crystals.

They wriggled slightly and tried to stitch up and regenerate.

Garen snorted and controlled the Dragon's Hand to crush the body of the Northern Ice Spirit into lifeless ice fragments.

The Northern Ice Spirit, who had just obtained a little black fog power, had increased its strength a little, but it was still as weak as a baby in front of Garen.

After killing the Northern Ice Spirit in one move, Garen called out to Uga Bone Crusher.

Uga Bone Crusher did not know what was happening here.

He glanced at Garen's expression and ignored the Northern Ice Spirit that had been crushed into powder by Garen.

He silently waited for Garen's order.

"Uga, go back and bring a few ogres with you.

Throw it into the remote ice valley crack." Garen spat out a Frost Dragon Breath and froze the sun sculpture again.

In the icy north, if no creature deliberately destroyed it, these frost ice crystals could exist for at least decades.

While Uga Bone Crusher returned to call the other ogres, Garen planted the Time Mark on the sun sculpture.

34: Netheril (3) 34: Netheril (3) Editor: Atlas Studios The power of the Time Mark passed through the ice crystal and imprinted on the sun sculpture.

The effect of the power of time was quite satisfying to the dragon.

This was the benefit of knowing how to cast spells.

Spells could do many whimsical things and had various wonderful uses.

Uga Bone Crusher brought the four ogres back and carried the heavy ice crystals together.

According to Garen's orders, they left the Ogre Basin and moved towards a deep ice valley 40 kilometers away.

Garen had passed by that deep ice valley in the past.

It was at least a thousand meters deep, and the cold wind was like a knife.

The valley walls were steep, and there was no trace of life at the bottom.

If he threw the sun sculpture in, it would not be easy for other creatures to come into contact with it.

When he needed it, he would rely on the connection of the Time Mark to find it.

Garen felt that this sculpture that could pollute the mind of a spellcaster could play an unexpected role at the right time.

For example, if any kingdom or church discovered Garen's traces and foolishly wanted to kill the dragon, he could throw this thing near the other party's headquarters and let them taste the power of the Evil God statue.

Not to mention anything else, a believer who was bewitched by the Evil God had relatively high intelligence and was very good at disguising himself.

After temporarily resolving the problem of the sun sculpture, Garen returned to the stone house of the two-headed ogre in the Ogre Basin and searched inside and out to see if there was anything else good here.

"If only there were other types of spellbooks." Just incantation and transformation spells were far from satisfying for Garen.

He was most interested in the protection spells.

It was not that he was afraid of death, but he simply felt that protection spells would be very interesting.

Cough, as a Time Dragon without a lifespan limit who grew stronger as time passed, his first priority was naturally to learn protection spells.

After lifting the cover of the Casanova Paladin and looking at the illustrations inside, Garen put down this book.

He closed his eyes and used the Tier 0 Spell, Detection Spiritual Light.

Items that carried elemental power would have a spiritual light.

This spiritual light was difficult to see with the naked eye, but it could be discovered through detection.

It was called an elemental spiritual light, a magical spiritual light, or an arcane spiritual light.

Powerful spells or powerful magic tools were surrounded by dazzling spiritual light.

If a low-level mage used the Detection Spiritual Light to see a legendary spell, it was very likely that they would be blinded by the dazzling spiritual light.

As for arcane spells, they were called ancient spells from a long time ago.

There were still some people who called spells arcane techniques, but there were not many left.

Compared to the numerous spells developed by the various styles now, most of the arcane spells of the ancient era consumed a lot of energy.

Of course, the power effect was also correspondingly stronger than ordinary spells.

It was mentioned in the Casanova Paladin that a Great Arcanist from another world had once taken a magic ship and crossed the crystal wall to come to Noah Continent to become friends with the protagonist.

That Great Arcanist came from a civilization called Netheril.

It was extremely brilliant and resplendent, and it could be said to be the golden age of magic.

After reading this, Garen yearned for it.

Grand Arcanists were equivalent to Legendary Mages.

Back to the topic, after Garen used the Detection Spiritual Light, he opened his eyes and scanned all the places in the stone house.

His gaze moved bit by bit.

When he saw the large bed of the two-headed ogre, Garen was slightly stunned, and then an excited and happy expression appeared on his face.

Under its hidden bed, a spiritual light seeped out.

Looking at the outline, it was the round gem that Garen liked.

Garen quickly stepped forward and shattered the bed of the two-headed ogre, revealing the hidden compartment below.

35: Sleeping and Growth 35: Sleeping and Growth Editor: Atlas Studios Looking at the bright elemental spiritual light, Garen could not wait to pick up the small wooden box and extend his sharp dragon claws to crush it.

However, when the dragon claw touched the small wooden box and exerted slightly strength, Garen's gaze moved slightly.

He clearly felt a rebounding resistance appear.

This resistance was not great, and he only needed to use some strength to break it.

However, breaking it with brute force would alarm the Spell Lock on it and might destroy the items inside.

"Tier 0 Spell Lock..." The power of spells was definitely stronger the higher the tier.

However, some spells with special effects, even if they were Tier 0, were also favored by high-level spellcasters.

For example, the Secret Technique Mark, and the Spell Lock on the small wooden box.

A box or door that applied a Spell Lock could prevent non-spellcasters from prying.

A dragon claw with dagger-like nails tapped on the small wooden box.

Garen muttered in his mind, "Open!" The elemental fluctuations surrounding the small wooden box rippled and disappeared layer by layer.

It was very difficult to defend against creatures who were also spellcasters because there was another spell specially to deal with this, the Tier 0 Spell Unlock.

Unless the mage who used the Spell Lock was far stronger than the mage who used the Spell Unlock, it was impossible to defend against the unlocking of other mages.

Opening the small wooden box, Garen looked at the shining gems inside and an obvious joy appeared in his eyes.

Inside were five irregular gems the size of pigeon eggs.

Red agate, obsidian, white crystal... All of them emitted a faint spiritual light surrounded by elemental energy.

The elements around the gem were more active than in other places.

On the Noah Continent, these shiny and beautiful gems that were like the stars of the earth not only had the function of decoration, but they were also magic items that were loved by countless creatures.

Gems had the effect of attracting elemental energy.

They could store extraordinary magic power.

The longer they existed, the better the quality, and the stronger the effect.

A top-grade gem contained magic power that could support the complete consumption of a high-level spell.

In addition, the concentration of elemental energy near the gems was higher.

Staying in the pile of gems for a long time could increase the speed of growth.

Garen picked up a red agate that was as red as flames and gently rubbed it on his face.

A moment later, he slowly opened his dragon mouth, pinched the gem, and slowly sent it into his mouth.

The process was a little hesitant.

“Should I eat it directly or keep it...” Garen was a little unwilling.

He was so poor that his small treasure vault only had tattered armor and a rusty sword.

Apart from reluctance, another reason was that eating the gem directly was a waste.

Leaving the gem behind and carrying it by his side for ten years was better than directly swallowing it.

Moreover, the quality of the gem would increase over time.

However, after thinking for a few seconds, Garen still made up his mind and threw the red agate into his mouth.

What he lacked now was the strength to deal with accidents and crises.

When he had enough confidence in the future, he would be worthy of putting away his hidden treasures.

Although he was unwilling, Garen still wanted to eat these beautiful treasures.

“Don’t blame me, sigh.” “You appeared at the wrong time.” Garen exerted strength in his throat and sent the red agate into his stomach.

His powerful digestive function was instantly activated as he digested the gem bit by bit and transformed it into pure magic power that flowed into Garen’s limbs and bones.

Magic power was elemental energy that could be absorbed into the body and controlled at will.

As the gem gradually melted, the magic wave gently swept through every cell of Garen's body, nourishing his body, and causing him to involuntarily roar comfortably.

He felt the numbness in his body ripple.

In for a penny, in for a pound.

He simply raised the small wooden box and poured the contents into his mouth.

The remaining four gems fell into Garen's mouth one after another and entered the dragon's stomach.

Like the agate, they were digested into pure magic power and swept through Garen's body again and again.

After eating five magic gems, Garen's eyes became a little hazy.

He felt vaguely sleepy.

It was not because he was exhausted and wanted to rest, but because his body had absorbed enough energy and nutrients and was about to grow again.

He needed a period of sleep.

"Hmm... I feel that I'm still a little short." His sleepiness was not very really urgent.

This meant that Garen was already very close to sleeping and growing, but he was still slightly inferior.

He originally wanted to take the time to learn the spells recorded in the [Incantation and Transformation Spell Encyclopedia], but to Garen, the best way to increase his strength was still to sleep and grow.

Therefore, Garen put aside the matter of learning spells.

He walked out of the stone house of the two-headed ogre with heavy footsteps.

After thinking for a few seconds, Garen summoned all the ogres and asked if there were any other traces of gems in the Ogre Basin.

He would reward them for contributing gems.

However, what disappointed Garen was that the two-headed ogre's collection was already all there was.

The ogre was not interested in such shiny things.

Those who did not have the talent to cast spells could not obtain benefits from the gems so there was no need to hide them.

Moreover, the two-headed ogre had already searched the area once.

Those five gems were the entire stock here.

Out of caution, Garen also activated the spell to detect spiritual light.

He patrolled the Ogre Basin and indeed did not discover any more spiritual light.

These stupid ogres did not lie to him.

Otherwise, Garen would make the guy hiding the gem pay with his life.

"Uga, if you find any traces of a gem in the future, obtain it by hook or by crook and hand it to me." "If it's too difficult, inform me immediately.

I'll deal with it myself." "Tell this news to all the ogres.

Their master needs gems to decorate the nest." Uga Bone Crusher scratched his head.

He did not know why the noble True Dragon and his former leader were interested in useless rocks, but he still nodded respectfully and said, "Yes, Great Master." Garen's dragon wings shook slightly as he planned to return to the dragon nest in the Ice River Domain.

However, just as he was about to take off, his gaze moved slightly.

He turned to Uga Bone Crusher and said, "Build a dragon nest for me in the basin with the size of an adult dragon." Uga Bone Crusher was slightly stunned and said carefully, "Master, there aren't many ogres in the Bone Crusher Tribe.

A dragon nest of this scale..." Garen interrupted impatiently and said in a low voice, "I only want the results." Uga Bone Crusher's face turned pale.

He lowered his head and did not dare to speak anymore.

Garen's voice softened.

He paused for a moment and said, "Find a few strong ogres.

I'll give you a chance to undergo the dragon blood transformation." As a large humanoid creature, the individual strength of the ogres was not weak.

One ogre could at least fight five Northern Ice Spirits.

After the dragon blood transformation, their strength could even increase further and they would be able to hunt some large magical creatures for Garen.

36: War in the South 36: War in the South Editor: Atlas Studios After hearing Garen's words, an overjoyed expression appeared on his face.

His mood was really fluctuating like a roller coaster.

A few minutes later, Garen carried out the process of transforming them using the dragon blood.

He transformed a total of six ogres, including Uga Bone Crusher.

Apart from Uga who was three meters tall, the other ogres were about 2.829 meters tall and were the biggest guys of the Bone Crusher Tribe.

Garen wanted to see what the Dragon Blood Ogre was like.

However, the effect of the dragon blood transformation would not appear immediately.

The few ogres were all sleepy now.

After they slept in a dragon-like manner and woke up, they would be considered genuine dragon blood creatures.

Without staying any longer, after Garen instructed some small matters, he flapped his dragon wings and stirred up a violent wind before disappearing into the sky in the blink of an eye.

After flying under the starry night sky for a period of time, Garen returned to the Ice River Domain.

The Ice River Domain, which was missing a Northern Ice Spirit, was as usual.

No Northern Ice Spirit cared about the whereabouts of the one taken away by Garen.

After becoming servants of a colored dragon, they were already mentally prepared for many things.

As the lord of this place, Garen was actually quite benevolent.

At the very least, he did not abuse his servants for no reason or directly kill them for fun.

The word servant sounded good, but in fact, it was only another term for slave.

Garen had the right to kill them.

Coincidentally, the Northern Ice Spirit had just returned with a hunting team formed by Terror Lizards and the White Hounds.

There were many injuries left behind by frost or fireballs on the bodies of the three Giant Feet Yaks.

They still had a weak breath left as they were respectfully sent to Garen by the hunting team.

The White Hounds whimpered and ran to Garen's side intimately, rubbing his hanging dragon claws.

These hounds had ice-blue fur mixed with some black stripes.

They were round in appearance, but they were not cute.

They had extremely huge mouths containing sharp and oppressive canine teeth, and the power of their bites was very powerful.

Apart from that, the White Hound could also spit out cold wind and master a spell-like ability.

Its strength was weaker than the Terror Lizard, but there were more of them.

They could give birth to four to five in a litter and were often in heat.

Their reproduction ability was considered alright.

In just two months, the number of White Hounds in the Ice River Territory had increased from more than 50 to more than 100.

They were the main force of the hunting team.

This magical creature that was relatively common in the Northern Ice Fields was the nightmare of many ordinary beasts, but in front of Garen, it was like a domestic pet.

He stretched out his dragon claw and carefully scratched the White Hounds' upturned stomach.

Looking at their panting tongues, Garen tore off a piece of flesh and threw it out.

When he stroked the White Hounds' smooth fur, if he was not careful, he would probably cut open their stomachs.

"Go eat." A few White Hounds wagged their tails and pounced forward, biting at Garen's reward.

Garen used the Frost Dragon Breath to freeze a Giant Feet Yak in the ice crystal.

After eating the other two, he chewed the ice crystal mouthful by mouthful and swallowed it whole.

This was a method he liked.

In the past, these three Giant Feet Yaks could make Garen feel a certain sense of satisfaction.

However, his body was just short of energy and nutrients to fall asleep.

It was as if he had not eaten anything and was still craving food.

The other hunting teams had not returned yet, so Garen could only think of a way to obtain the last bit of nutrients.

He retracted his dragon wings and jumped under the flowing ice river.

The originally calm meandering ice river suddenly became turbulent.

The undercurrent surged, and a white shadow wreaked havoc below, chasing after the natives in the ice river and groups of two to three-meter-long Ice River Sharks.

In Garen's ruthless hunt, how could the pitiful little sharks escape alive?

As the delicious Ice River Sharks entered his stomach, the sleepiness in Garen's eyes gradually became stronger.

Time passed bit by bit.

The ice river was still surging.

Countless crystal water splashes overflowed to the shore, attracting the curious gazes of some Northern Ice Spirits.

About an hour later, the manic river finally calmed down, but there was a faint crimson color in it with a faint bloody aura.

Garen swallowed the last shark and felt that it was a pity.

There were not many of these Ice River Sharks, but they tasted delicious.

He had always wanted to keep them for sustainable development, but soon, the Ice River Sharks here would go extinct.

If not for the fact that he was even more sleepy after eating a few Giant Feet Yaks and did not want to take the risk to hunt magical creatures, he would not have paid attention to the Ice River Sharks.

Due to the faint guilt, Garen thought that he could help the sharks in the future.

Before he could think too much, the surging sleepiness slapped Garen's mind like a tide.

He realized that it was time to sleep.

Shaking his body, Garen was as agile as a fish and quickly entered the dragon nest at the bottom of the river.

"I hope this sleep can allow me to obtain a new time ability..." He hugged the broken armor and rusty sword in his arms and lay on the ice bed, closing his eyes and falling asleep.

.....

While Garen fell into a deep sleep and grew, hundreds of kilometers south of his dragon nest, across steep mountains, through the dark and deep dense forest, and over the continuous Impassable Mountain Range, one could see a magnificent city capital after walking hundreds of kilometers south.

There was no extremely bright environment here.

It was daytime.

Coincidentally, the sunlight shone down, as if it had sprinkled a layer of golden powder on the magnificent city.

If it was in the past, this scene would be as beautiful as a dream.

The tulip flag of the Walker Duchy would rise up under the sun.

However, it was different today.

This was because this magnificent city was filled with debris.

Wailing and pain could be heard continuously.

Elite soldiers in fine steel armor rode tall war horses and were equipped with excellent weapons as they walked through the ruins and flames of war.

They waved their swords and slaughtered the citizens.

Bloody flowers fell to the ground and were trampled by the cavalry, turning into sinister and strange patterns on the ground.

It was clearly a sunny day, but the Walker Duchy, which was being ravaged by the flames of war, seemed to be in a dark purgatory.

No citizen of the Walker Duchy felt warm and comfortable.

The invaders came from further south, from the Mosha Duchy.

The Walker Duchy and the Mosha Duchy both belonged to the Kingdom of Timo.

They were ruled by Grand Duke Tulip and Grand Duke Thorn respectively.

This was because the Kingdom of Timo was declining day by day and was coveted by hunters like a giant whale that was about to die.

Every inch of flesh and blood on its body was secretly redistributed and priced.

The duchies that had long harbored ill intentions were restless and could not wait to eat the flesh and blood of this aging beast.

After the Chief Legendary Mage of the Kingdom of Timo died, some duchies took the initiative to start a war and started war with the others that were still loyal to the Kingdom of Timo.

In the originally calm south of the Noah Continent, because of the fall of the kingdom, the smoke gradually swept through the entire southern continent.

Grand Duke Tulip of the Walker Duchy belonged to the loyal prince's faction.

In the battle with the Mosha Duchy, because the other party had invited the help of a Red Dragon, he was no match for the other party on the high-level battlefield and fell into a disadvantage.

His defeat continuously accumulated, and in the end, it was like a landslide.

Today, his city capital was directly broken.

A thousand-man team of Mosha cavalry stepped through the streets and gradually approached the castle of Grand Duke Tulip under the lead of two high-level mages.

However, before they could take the initiative to attack, an old mage surrounded by fiery red elemental spiritual light rushed into the sky with a duo of man and woman who were filled with panic and fear.

The [Seal the Sky] spell that he had set up in advance did not work on the old mage.

The two high-level mages of the duchy immediately cast spells to pursue.

Between chasing and escaping, the few of them gradually entered the north.

37: Large Dragon 37: Large Dragon Editor: Atlas Studios The night was silent.

After nearly a month of sporadic snow, the feather-like snow fell from the sky with the whistling cold wind.

It was bone-chilling and the visibility had decreased to a point where it was difficult to distinguish between humans and animals more than a meter away.

In such weather, most creatures of the Northern Ice Fields would choose to stay in their nests.

After the snow decreased, they would go out to hunt.

Unless the stored heat was about to be exhausted and he was unbearably hungry, he would not choose to risk leaving his cave in such bad weather.

Somewhere in the Northern Ice Fields, at the location of a meandering ice river.

The surface of the ice river that had always been flowing slowly in the past was now covered in a thick layer of ice because of the sudden drop in temperature.

The Terror Lizards that were heavy enough to weigh a few tons ran on it.

Around the ice river was a simple building complex.

Most of the Northern Ice Spirits had happy expressions as they played in the snowstorm.

To them, this weather was their favorite.

A large number of gathered water elements nourished their bodies made of ice crystals, allowing them to become stronger.

Their unique visual perception could penetrate the obstruction of the snow and become their advantage.

Beside the house of the Northern Ice Spirit, there were simple sheds built.

The Terror Lizards and the White Hounds were resting inside.

The White Hound was an ice-type magical creature and was not afraid of low temperatures, but the Terror Lizard was fire-type.

The power of the fire element flowed in its body.

In such weather, they were all sleepy and did not have any energy.

Fortunately, because the lord of this place was sleeping, there was no need to form a hunting team to go out.

Two days later, in the calm Ice River Domain, all the Northern Ice Spirits who were enjoying the cold temperature in the blizzard suddenly froze.

Then, they turned around in unison and looked at a certain part of the river that was sealed in ice with reverence on their faces.

The sleeping Terror Lizards opened their eyes in confusion.

The White Hounds howled excitedly.

In the dragon's nest, a white beast covered in pure ice armor moved slightly.

Its eyelids trembled as it slowly opened, revealing a pair of resplendent platinum dragon eyes.

A terrifying Dragon's Might erupted from the white beast and swept through the space like a hurricane.

The surrounding creatures enveloped by the Dragon's Might froze and could not move for a moment.

After a month of sleep, Garen woke up.

He shook his head and chased away the last trace of sleepiness.

The dragon eyes that had recovered their clarity swept through the surrounding environment.

The dragon nest that used to be empty seemed to have shrunk greatly today and become narrow.

Garen felt that when he stood up, he could almost touch the ice crystal above his head.

This was not because the dragon nest had become smaller.

Instead, he had become larger.

With the help of the ice crystal reflection on the wall of the dragon's nest, Garen saw his current appearance.

There were pure white scales that were like mirrors, mysterious black scales that were embedded in the neck, sharp dragon claws, wide wings with clear fascia, and four curved dragon horns... Dragon horns?

Garen was slightly stunned and discovered the difference.

His appearance did not change much, but his scales had become even more outstanding.

There were many spikes on his face armor and dragon arm and tail, and the greatest change was that dragon horns had grown on his head.

Garen raised his dragon claw and touched the dragon horns on his head, his face revealing satisfaction.

Although he was a dragon, what had always made Garen feel regretful was that he did not have dragon horns.

Not only him, the dragon brothers and sisters, as well as the White Dragon Mother, did not have dragon horns.

It was because White Dragons did not have dragon horns.

At this moment, two thick and outstanding White Dragon horns stretched back along the dragon's eyebrows.

The other two smaller dragon horns also stretched out next to these two horns and snaked back, constructing a mighty appearance together.

At the same time, Garen sized up his current body size.

He was surprised to discover that he had actually grown from eight meters to twelve meters in one go this time.

His body had entered the category of a large dragon.

There was a very clear classification regarding the size of dragons.

From six to ten meters long, it was medium-sized.

Within ten to 18 meters, it was considered large.

From 18 to 30 meters, it was considered huge.

The White Dragon Mother was 16 meters long.

Like Garen, she was in the range of a large dragon.

Only a young White Dragon could grow to a large size.

Because the White Dragon was relatively weak, before it was in its prime, the White Dragon Mother could not become a huge True Dragon.

Unknowingly, Garen had grown into a large dragon that could make the newborn him tremble in fear.

He blinked and felt the surging strength in his body as if he could try to fight the White Dragon Mother.

Although his body was not as big as her, just the ability to accelerate was enough to make her unable to even touch his dragon tail.

His speed was fast, and he could really do whatever he wanted.

The White Dragon Mother was not an adult yet, and the ability to master spells was limited.

In battle, she only relied on her large dragon body to suppress others, coupled with her dragon breath and Dragon's Might.

It seemed a little weak, but that was actually the case.

Compared to Garen who had rich methods, this was a pure White Dragon.

As the last of the five-colored dragons, even if it was an adult, it was not very strong.

Thinking of this, some evil thoughts arose in Garen's mind.

To use a suitable sentence to describe it, "Yesterday, you ignored me.

Today, you can't catch up to me." When he thought of the treasure vault accumulated by the White Dragon Mother, Garen's thoughts could not help but appear.

A strange pleasure of revenge arose in his heart.

He had always remembered being ruthlessly expelled by the White Dragon Mother.

“Find a chance to face the White Dragon Mother head-on.” “If she’s not my match, I’ll snatch half of her... snatch 60% of her treasures.” After all, under her protection for more than a year, Garen had passed through his weakest period.

On account of this favor, he decided not to be so heartless.

If he could defeat her, he would only snatch 60%.

The remaining 40% was to repay the White Dragon Mother for her protection.

If it was a True Dragon, even if it was their mother, as long as they could defeat her, they would not hesitate to snatch all the other party’s treasures.

Putting the matter of snatching the White Dragon Mother’s treasure behind him for the time being, Garen focused his attention on himself.

“This sleep seems to have changed me greatly.” “Could it be that I’ve passed the baby dragon stage and become a child dragon?” Even in his sleep, Garen was still especially clear about the passage of time.

He knew that only a month had passed and he was still less than two years old.

In terms of real time, he was considered a baby dragon.

However, Garen could not figure out the exact flow of time on his body.

Calculating his dragon age according to the flow of time in reality seemed to be wrong.

Not to mention anything else, when he used Time Manipulation, he definitely experienced more time than other creatures.

It not only increased his agility speed, but it also increased the time flow around him.

Shaking his head, Garen no longer thought about how old he was.

He planned to calculate his dragon age according to real time.

38: Ability 38: Ability Editor: Atlas Studios Garen widened his dragon eyes as he looked at the illusory river that was difficult to see with the naked eye and impossible to detect with magic.

He took a deep breath.

The River of Time was mixed in the real ice river water and entered Garen’s body strand by strand.

This time, he absorbed more River of Time than he had in the past four or five breaths.

His connection with the River of Time had become even closer as he grew.

“The effect of the acceleration of Time Manipulation has probably increased.” Garen was not in a hurry to leave the dragon’s nest and silently explored his abilities after growing up.

Dragons did not directly learn their new abilities after waking up from their sleep.

Instead, they needed a period of time to figure out their own state before they could completely master the power they had grown up with.

In the dragon’s nest, Garen excitedly began to study himself.

He liked this process of gradually lifting the veil of the unknown and seeing the truth bit by bit.

A day later, on the surface of the frozen ice river, the snowstorm still continued to fall, adding to the thickness of the snow on the surface of the ice river.

If the blizzard weather continued, this snow would slowly turn into thicker ice.

Suddenly, the sound of the river flowing could be heard through the ice.

Crack!

Crack!

Crack!

The hard ice seemed to have been struck by a heavy object.

First, dense cracks suddenly appeared, then with a cracking sound, it shattered in an instant, and the ice and river water splashed everywhere.

A strong and mighty figure jumped out, and his dragon body was exposed to the heavy snow.

The snowflakes swirled and landed on Garen’s scales, but they could not stick to his body and quickly slid down.

Even in the dense and violent snow, Garen’s body was not stained with any snow.

Apart from understanding the new ability he had obtained after growing up, there was another reason why he left the nest.

The reason was very simple.

He was hungry.

Sleeping consumed all his nutrients.

After figuring out his ability and regaining his senses, the current Garen was so hungry that he wanted to eat soil.

Fortunately, he had instructed the Northern Ice Spirits to catch four to five Giant Feet Yaks and freeze them before eating them after he woke up.

Garen usually did not want to eat this kind of stale meat.

It did not taste good and the taste was unsatisfactory.

Moreover, even if it was frozen, a lot of nutrients would still be lost.

However, he was so hungry that he did not care about this.

The Dragon's Might shook, and a high and dignified dragon roar sounded.

Garen ordered the Northern Ice Spirits to move the stored meat over.

When they saw Garen's brand new appearance, the Northern Ice Spirits revealed shocked expressions, and the reverence in their eyes became stronger.

The reputation of a True Dragon had always been thunderous among all intelligent creatures.

There were many legends about them, but the Northern Ice Spirits had never heard of a True Dragon that grew as quickly as their lord, especially a White Dragon.

Their master was powerful.

This was also something worth celebrating for the servants, especially the dragon blood servants.

The strength and potential of the dragon blood creatures would increase with their master.

Joy subconsciously appeared on the faces of the Northern Ice Spirits.

At the same time, they offered respectful blessings and praise for Garen's growth.

“Great Master, your wings will envelop the entire Northern Ice Fields.” “Your name will resound throughout the Noah Continent.

Everyone will know about you.” “...” “...” As Garen wolfed down his food, he listened to the exaggerated praise of the Northern Ice Spirit.

It had to be said that although it was a little awkward, it was still quite exciting to be praised like this.

After eating the food he had stored earlier, Garen looked at Roy Ice River and said in a low voice, “Reorganize a team and start hunting.” Roy Ice River nodded and said happily, “Yes, Great Master.” The weather of the snowstorm would not affect the Northern Ice Spirits.

Their strength would instead increase in such weather.

Although it was difficult for the Terror Lizards to help, it was enough to have the White Hounds.

Garen thought for a moment and said to Roy Ice River, “Show me your current strength and let me see how much you’ve improved.” The difference in strength between the Northern Ice Spirits was not great.

Roy Ice River could represent the strength of the other Northern Ice Spirits to a certain extent.

Roy Ice River nodded and his expression became serious.

In its mind, if the strength it displayed was too weak, it might attract Garen’s dissatisfaction.

Not every creature was qualified to be the servant of a dragon.

As Garen had grown quickly, if they were always too weak and could not even satisfy his food needs, it was very likely that they would be abandoned in the end.

He raised his arms and grabbed his left arm with his right hand under Garen’s calm gaze.

Then, he suddenly exerted strength.

Crack!

The Northern Ice Spirit pulled off his own arm.

In an instant, it stretched and became a sharp ice crystal spear.

It was cold and the tip was sharp.

As for the broken left arm, there were clusters of ice crystals growing and quickly regenerating.

However, the color looked slightly dull, and the hardness was inferior to other body parts.

Immediately after, Roy Ice River held an ice crystal spear and charged at Garen.

On the way, he waved his ice crystal spear at the same time, triggering the surrounding elemental power and forming a storm of ice needles.

Hundreds of ice needles enveloped Garen, and Roy Ice River followed closely behind.

Garen's eyes revealed a trace of surprise.

He had not paid much attention to the change in the strength of the Northern Ice Spirit.

At this moment, the other party had completely displayed it.

Compared to the weak ice dagger previously, it was countless times stronger.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

The ice needle storms landed on Garen's body and shattered, not leaving a trace.

At the same time, Roy Ice River shouted and raised his arm like a bow.

The ice crystal spear stabbed at Garen with a strong wind, but he stretched out his dragon claw and blocked it.

Crack!

With a crisp sound, the tip of the ice crystal spear cracked, but it did not directly break.

Roy Ice River felt that he had stabbed an iron wall and could not advance no matter how hard he tried.

Moreover, dense cracks appeared on his arm because of the huge recoil.

“Master, this is already my strongest attack.” Roy Ice River put down the ice crystal spear.

His expression was slightly dim as he spoke to Garen nervously.

Garen raised his hand and saw a small white dot on the dragon claw scale.

He recalled the elemental fluctuations brought about by the ice needle storm and felt that Roy Ice River’s strength had probably reached the level of a Tier 2 elementary mage.

However, there was still room for improvement.

True intelligent elemental lifeforms were not weaker than intermediate mages.

With their current speed of improvement, they might reach the strength threshold of elemental lifeforms.

“It’s alright.” Garen did not praise him or show any reproach.

He only said this to Roy Ice River indifferently.

This made the nervous Roy Ice River’s heart skip a beat and he could not help but think the worst.

Garen thought for a moment and said to Roy Ice River, “In the future, focus your hunting on magic creatures or medium-sized beasts.

I need higher-level food.” It was not that he was tired of eating the Giant Feet Yak.

This kind of animal was not afraid of the wind and snow.

The meat was delicious and layered with fat.

It was what Garen liked to eat.

However, as he grew this time, the ordinary beast meat was a little unable to provide Garen with enough nutrition.

He needed food with elemental energy flowing in his flesh and blood so that he could welcome his next growth faster.

Opposite him, Roy Ice River hurriedly nodded.

In order to show his value, he said solemnly, “Master, don’t worry.

Your loyal servants will definitely not disappoint you.” Garen nodded slightly and flapped his dragon wings.

His body disappeared into the vast snowstorm with the wind.

The food he had eaten just now had only relieved a portion of his hunger.

He needed to personally hunt magical creatures to satisfy his growing need for food.

At the same time, he needed to test his new abilities.

39: Northern Violent Bear 39: Northern Violent Bear Editor: Atlas Studios Under the deep night sky was a white ice world.

The dense snow was like white elves falling from the sky, drowning the entire Northern Ice Fields in snow.

The storm carried snow.

In such weather, even Garen’s vision was much lower.

He had no choice but to fly hundreds of meters in the air and stare at the snow in the sky to find suitable prey.

At this moment, he did not use his naked eye to directly find his prey.

Instead, he used the Detection Spiritual Light.

For most magical creatures, if they did not have some natural camouflage ability, the elemental energy flowing in their blood would be observed by spellcasters in the form of spiritual light.

Some mages would determine the strength of the other party through the strength of the spiritual light and decide whether to fight or dodge.

Of course, this method was only for reference.

Any magical creature with a little disguise ability could converge their spiritual light within a certain range.

For example, because of the powerful anti-magic effect of the dragon scales, ordinary detection spells could not see the elemental spiritual light in the body of a True Dragon.

Coupled with the fact that True Dragons had long-range vision and stronger biological perception, generally speaking, when one discovered the existence of a dragon, it also meant that they had already been noticed.

In fact, because of the diversity of creatures, magical creatures would show spiritual light that was far stronger than their strength to scare away enemies.

Back to the topic, in the blizzard-ridden Northern Ice Fields, if Garen wanted to find traces of magical creatures in the vast world, using the Detection Spiritual Light was the best choice.

However, in such weather, even magical creatures would not move around casually.

Most of them would stay in their nests.

If the nest was deep and thick enough, the detection would also be useless.

Because there were more creatures than in the south and more prey, Garen was flying south.

Garen felt that with his current strength, as long as he did not court death and provoke a Legendary Mage, he could almost do whatever he wanted on the continent.

After all, dragons were the creatures at the top of the food chain.

He was gradually mastering the true ability of the Time Dragon.

Moreover, although White Dragons had always been called the shame of the five-colored dragons, that was compared to other True Dragons.

Adult White Dragons were magical creatures that could dominate the continent.

Not many people wanted to provoke an adult dragon, no matter the type.

Garen's current body had already reached the level of the young White Dragon.

Moreover, he knew all the spell-like abilities that the young White Dragon could master.

He was no different from ordinary young White Dragons.

The most different thing was that he still had the true identity of a Time Dragon.

His overall strength was already enough to step out of the Northern Ice Fields and wreak havoc.

However, he felt that there was no need.

As long as the Northern Ice Fields could satisfy his food needs, he would not leave here easily.

With the help of the violent cold wind, Garen used his stamina-saving gliding flight.

His dragon wings felt the strong wind and made a slight sound.

He lowered his head and looked down at the white world.

His platinum dragon eyes carefully searched every inch of the ground below, wanting to find suitable prey.

The further south he went, the higher the temperature became.

Moreover, the intensity of the snowstorm decreased.

Garen had already seen many ordinary beasts, including some large beasts.

He even saw a few ferocious beasts.

The so-called ferocious beasts did not have any spell abilities but were special beasts that mutated under the nourishment of elemental power and usually had extremely powerful bodies.

Most of them were large creatures that could unleash the ability of their race to the limit.

Every ferocious beast was a terrifying hunter.

Garen was not interested in hunting the ferocious beasts.

These guys all had extremely sharp senses.

Their biological instincts were powerful, causing them to be very troublesome to hunt.

Most importantly, the gains after a successful hunt were not good.

The flesh and blood of a ferocious beast did not contain elemental energy, so the effect of eating it was not stronger than a few Giant Feet Yak.

Before long, Garen passed by the head of a ferocious tiger.

This snow-white ferocious beast that was ten meters long raised its head and glanced at Garen.

Its body arched warily, and its four limbs grabbed the ground, ready to attack.

“Silver Aether Tiger of the Northern Ice Fields.

Tsk.” Garen glanced at the ferocious tiger and marveled at its size in his mind.

Then, he continued to move without looking back.

The meat of a ferocious tiger was not very delicious and its combat strength was very strong.

Moreover, Garen's goal was a magical creature and he did not want to be entangled with the ferocious species.

When Garen's dragon wings flapped and gradually disappeared from its vision, the Silver Aether Tiger gradually retracted its gaze and continued to lie in ambush in the thick snow, patiently waiting for its ignorant prey.

In the sky, Garen continued to fly and looked down to search for suitable prey.

About twelve minutes later, his eyes lit up and excitement appeared on his face.

A relatively conspicuous elemental spiritual light passed through the snow and attracted his attention.

Turning around, in Garen's vision, a polar bear that was also snow-white in color and had a heavy body with hair like steel needles was carefully moving against the snow as if it was protecting something.

"Northern Violent Bear..." The moment Garen saw it, he recalled the first meal that the White Dragon Mother had brought back for the young dragons.

Perhaps it was because this was the first time he had come into contact with the flesh and blood of a magical creature that it had left a deeper impression on Garen's young mind.

The taste of the Northern Violent Bear had always been unforgettable, especially the chewy and delicious bear palm.

When he recalled it now, the dragon saliva was quickly secreted and he felt hunger in his stomach.

The Northern Violent Bear in Garen's vision was even larger than the one his White Dragon Mother had brought back.

As a bear with a very thick and solid body, if it stood up like a human, it could reach nine meters in height.

It was undoubtedly a colossus, and the visual impact was almost not inferior to the 12-meter-long Garen.

Because of the dragon's body, the long tail and neck occupied a large portion of its body.

If Garen was on all fours, his shoulder height would be about 2.5 meters, and when he stood up, he would be more than six meters tall, about half the length of his body.

"It can be used to test my new ability." In the Northern Ice Fields, it was already an upper-level predator on the food chain.

Due to its strong body and powerful spell-like ability, there were few natural enemies.

Unfortunately, the dragon was one of them.

When Garen discovered the Northern Violent Bear, the other party also discovered him.

The reason why the Northern Violent Bear was called the Northern Violent Bear was that their temper was quite bad.

They were those boorish creatures who were either fighting or on the way.

However, what surprised Garen was that when the Northern Violent Bear in front of him saw him, it only assumed a combat posture immediately and let out a low roar filled with warning.

The roar passed through the whistling wind and clearly entered Garen's ears.

Garen did not think too much about it.

He stared at the Northern Violent Bear and focused his consciousness.

He took a deep breath.

The power of time was mobilized by him and lingered beside him, accelerating the flow of the River of Time around Garen.

Acceleration State: 5x Speed.

The dragon wings suddenly flapped, and Garen's body instantly transformed into a white afterimage that pierced through the vast snow.

Like a straight line, he quickly swooped down towards the Northern Violent Bear.

In the eyes of ordinary people, when Garen flew at five times the speed, the other party could not even see his shadow.

At this speed, Garen was like a huge dragon bullet that left the barrel.

In an instant, he pounced in front of the Northern Violent Bear.

40: Crushing 40: Crushing Editor: Atlas Studios The polar bear did not have a dynamic vision, but as a magical creature at the top of the food chain, its outstanding instinctive reaction allowed it to see Garen's figure at the last second.

However, it was too late to defend now.

Garen's sharp dragon claws were already close.

Slash!

The dragon claw pierced through the shoulder of the Northern Violent Bear, tearing through its fur and flesh and entering its bones.

Bang!

The body of the Northern Violent Bear was sent flying.

Garen grabbed its shoulder and sent it flying hundreds of meters, leaving a long ravine in the snow-covered ground.

It let out an unbearable painful howl and continuously struggled.

After coming back to its senses, the bear raised its claw high, but it did not slap Garen.

Instead, it landed heavily on the ground.

In an instant, a large amount of elemental power gathered and surged on the ground, as irritable as a volcano that was about to erupt.

Slash!

Slash!

Slash!

Thick ice spikes more than ten meters long rose from the ground and erupted from the body of the Northern Violent Bear.

They pierced through the air and stabbed towards Garen's body.

A thick ice spike collided with the dragon scales on Garen's body and broke with a metal-like collision.

Garen let go of his dragon claw at the same time and instantly left the area where the elemental energy erupted.

His defense was not weak.

The dragon scales that were attacked only had some cracks but did not break.

However, the defense of the dragon wings was slightly weaker.

It was not worth it to be injured by the other party.

After breaking free from his grip, the Northern Violent Bear stood up and roared at Garen angrily.

However, the large amount of blood on both sides of its shoulders made its roar sound fierce.

Garen frowned slightly and realized he had underestimated his current strength.

The talent of the Time Dragon was too powerful.

He felt that just by relying on the 5x Acceleration, it was enough to crush many powerful magical creatures.

He could deal with the other party without using the newly obtained time ability.

While Garen was thinking, the Northern Violent Bear could not sit still.

It ignored its injuries and ran.

A layer of ice armor appeared on its body, and its joints were filled with ferocious ice spikes.

It took the initiative to charge at Garen.

Garen was a little surprised.

This guy knew that it was not his match, but it still took the initiative to court death?

As expected of Violent Bear, it was indeed irritable enough to not think of escaping.

"I should try my new ability.

It's just a little wasteful." Garen did not dodge.

He even retracted his dragon wings and took the initiative to land from the sky, appearing directly in front of the movement path of the Northern Violent Bear.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

With a weight of at least dozens of tons, when the Northern Violent Bear ran at full speed, it stepped on the ground until it trembled.

Every step it took left deep footprints on the ground, and it was aggressive.

Time passed bit by bit.

A few seconds later, the Northern Violent Bear raised its foot and stepped into the space 20 meters around Garen.

At this moment, Garen focused his mind as his expression turned serious.

In the next second, an invisible wave burst out from Garen's body and instantly enveloped the Northern Violent Bear, covering a space of 20 meters.

In this range, everything seemed to have been paused and instantly froze.

Only Garen could move freely.

Flying snow, cold wind, ice crystals, voices... and a ferocious-looking Northern Violent Bear whose breathing had stopped.

Outside the frozen area, the snow was still falling.

The wind was also whistling and rolling, as if they were two different worlds... However, as long as they entered the area 20 meters around Garen, they would instantly stop.

This caused a large amount of snow to accumulate at the edge of the stagnant area, showing signs of piling up into a white boundary.

Spell-like ability, Time Stop.

The moment he used Time Stop, Garen's power of time flowed away at a high speed like a torrent.

It was the same for his magic power, but the consumption was lower than the power of time.

Therefore, he was not stunned.

He spat out a mouthful of Frost Dragon Breath and shot it straight at the Northern Violent Bear, quickly freezing it.

The motionless bear was now a target, suffering the high damage of the dragon breath at close range.

As Garen moved, the consumption of time power and magic power increased.

He stopped using Time Stop while feeling a bit of heartache.

In an instant, the wind sounded again, and the snowstorm in this small area moved again.

As for the Northern Violent Bear, it did not understand what was happening at all.

Its life aura had already weakened to the point of freezing, and it lost the ability to think in the ice crystal.

Soon, it died.

Such a death was not painful.

After all, its consciousness was still at the moment when it approached Garen.

“I’m about two years old.

The range of influence of Time Stop is 20 meters.

It might increase every year by about ten meters.” “Unfortunately, it can’t be directly used around the target.

Perhaps it can be used like that in the future.” Garen looked at the Northern Violent Bear that had died for no reason and pondered.

The consumption of Time Stop was even higher than when he used the Time Plundering Breath, but the effect was abnormal.

As long as the other party was struck, before the power of time was exhausted, Garen could do whatever he wanted.

It was a powerful ability that could turn the situation around.

“White Dragon Mother, hehe, I’ll be looking for you soon.” Garen blinked and the corners of his mouth could not help but curl into a bright smile.

After experiencing the true power of 5x Acceleration and Time Stop, Garen was already certain that the White Dragon Mother who was still a young dragon could not defeat him.

He approached the Northern Violent Bear step by step.

Just as Garen planned to enjoy this delicious meal, two weak whimpers mixed in the snow attracted his attention.

He was slightly stunned, then turned around.

At the place where Garen sent the Northern Violent Bear flying, the two small bears that had yet to open their eyes were exposed in the snow.

They whimpered, and their dog-sized bodies trembled in the cold wind.

“This...” Garen’s brows furrowed.

The moment he saw the two little bears, he immediately understood the strange behavior of the Northern Violent Bear.

After all, no matter how bad its temper was, it should have the survival instinct of a living creature.

It took the initiative to charge at Garen probably because he was threatening the bear cubs.

It had no choice but to risk its life.

Thinking of this, Garen shook his head and thought of the heartless White Dragon Mother again.

Under the same circumstances, if it was the White Dragon Mother, she would probably not hesitate to fly away to save her life.

The kinship between evil dragons was really too thin.

Garen turned around and walked towards the two Northern Violent Bear cubs.

He stretched out his dragon wings and blocked the snow and cold wind, causing the two little fellows to feel less uncomfortable.

The cubs crawled on the ground, pushing away the snow and feeling their way to Garen’s feet.

“The Northern Violent Bear’s intelligence is not high.

It's similar to a Terror Lizard.

I can raise it.

This little thing doesn't consume much food." Garen grabbed the two cubs and grabbed the frozen body of the Violent Northern Bear with his hind feet.

He flapped his dragon wings and flew towards the Ogre Basin.

He did not know any spells like keeping warm so the two cubs might die if they were frozen for a long time.

The fur on their bodies was not thick enough and could not provide enough warmth.

There were houses in the Ogre Basin that blocked the wind and bonfires that kept them warm.

It was more suitable to place the cubs there.

He could also go see the progress of his new dragon nest.