

Dragon of Time Control

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53: Fireball of the sun 53: Fireball of the sun More than an hour ago.

The Father of the Duke of the tulip family, a high-ranking mage, Molton tulip, was trekking on the icy Plains with his grandson and granddaughter.

On the Noah continent, nobles usually liked to use beautiful, noble, or meaningful things as surnames.

Many duchies in the South preferred plants, so their surnames were tulip, thorn, purple blue, and so on.

After months of war and smoke with the mo Xia Duchy, the Walker Duchy had been completely defeated.

The reason for their defeat was not only because of the enemy's strong Army, but also because the high level mages of the Walker Duchy had lost to the high level mages of the mo Xia Duchy in a crucial battle due to the intervention of a Red Dragon.

All of them had died.

Morton did not participate in that war.

Molton was a talented spell caster.

At the age of fourteen, he cast his first third-circle spell, fireball.

At the age of twenty, he reached the middle level, and his skillful use of bursting flames fireball made him famous.

Because he loved the fireball spell and adhered to the principle of "don't make up your mind when you're in trouble", he made his enemies and teammates fear him.

Some people had given him many nicknames for this.

Fireball barbarian, explosion maniac, violent red flame ...

To be able to give such a nickname to a knowledgeable spellcaster was enough to prove how much Molton liked to solve problems with only fireballs.

He stepped into the higher level domain at the age of 50.

However, due to an injury in his early years, he stopped at the high level of the seventh ring.

Since then, he stopped traveling and exploring the continent and returned to his hometown, becoming a respected master mage.

Molton didn't like power and status.

He was dedicated to studying stronger, faster, and more violent variations of the fireball spell.

He thought it was a kind of art.

Although his body didn't allow him to cast spells above level Seven, he was still addicted to theoretical research and never got tired of it.

As no one wanted to provoke a famous high-ranking mage who specialized in fireball magic, his son, Rio tulip, won the power struggle and became the king of the Walker Duchy.

The people respectfully addressed Rio tulip as the Duke of the tulip family or King Walker.

The Duke of the tulip family had followed the Army to battle and died in a battle that changed the stalemate.

Morden's personality and temper gradually stabilized as he grew older.

He was no longer the violent man who would throw a fireball at someone if they didn't agree with him.

However, his body was not as good as before.

He was more obsessed with the study of the fireball spell and gradually disappeared from the world.

When the Army of the kingdom of moxia arrived, he had just opened the wizard Tower that had been sealed for a long time and walked out.

Then, he heard the news of his son's death and the changes in the country.

The Furious Morton wanted to turn all the soldiers of the Principality of Mosha into ashes.

However, the Duke of thorns had heard of Morton's rumors and sent two high-level sorcerers with him.

They did not stop after the city was destroyed.

They wanted to eliminate the tulip family to prevent future trouble.

In the past, Molton would have released his anger at all costs.

Even if he died, he would make his enemies pay.

However, he could not do that now, because his son had left behind two young children.

The children weren't like Morden, who was in his twilight years.

They still had a long life ahead of them.

Looking at the two children who were scared and panicking, Morton calmed down and planned to take them to escape from the southern kingdom.

Under the pursuit of the two high-level mages, they would venture deep into the icy Plains of the extreme north.

This was because a high-level evocation mage who specialized in fireball magic was like a human-shaped nuclear bomb.

No one would be at ease with such an enemy living in the dark, and they would pursue him relentlessly.

In the depths of the ice plains of the extreme north, there was a good friend that Morden had made when he was young.

He was a kind and pure person who loved to help weak creatures and fight against injustice.

He crossed the plains, the forests, the mountains ...

Finally, they arrived at the icy plain.

However, under the relentless pursuit of two high-level mages whose magic power was no weaker than his at his peak, Morton's old injury reappeared.

His speed was getting slower and slower, and with the two children he had to take care of, he knew that he would be caught sooner or later.

At that time, his magic power would be exhausted, and he wouldn't be able to resist at all.

Thus, Morton decided to stop and rest while waiting for the enemy to approach.

The two six-year-old children, Lilith tulip and yamos tulip, looked at Morton with worry.

"Grandpa ..." How, how do you feel?"

The blonde girl with a pair of clear blue eyes asked weakly.

So similar ...

Morton looked at the little girl, Lilith, and a warm current surged in his heart.

His eyes flashed with reminiscence.

"We'll carry you, don't give up."

The little boy, Amos, had a tender voice, but his face was calmer than those of his age.

He had blonde hair like Lilith, but his eyes were brown, and his skin was wheat-colored, unlike Lilith's milk-like color.

Hearing his grandson's words, Morton smiled and touched their little heads.

"Silly child, your Grandpa is very powerful."

"They'll be the ones to escape next."

But ...

I probably won't be able to keep you company ...

The old mage sighed in his heart.

The only thing that comforted him was that the two children had inherited his talent.

They were only six years old and could already cast some simple first-circle spells.

Moreover, they were all evocation-type spells with great power.

In addition, he was equipped with excellent magical instruments.

As long as his luck was not too bad, and he did not encounter top ice field hunters like white dragons or Winter Wolves, there was a high chance that he could find his friend alone.

Lilith clenched her little fist and said happily, " Grandpa is the best.

Beat those bad guys away, and then we can go home.

Yamos was not as naïve as his sister.

Judging from Morton's depressed and reluctant expression, he knew that Morton would not be as relaxed as he had said.

Otherwise, why would he wait until now to decide to fight head-on?

The little boy gritted his teeth and remained silent.

A raging flame of revenge was ignited in his heart.

Time passed by silently, and not long after, two figures appeared on the horizon.

They were both men, middle-aged men who looked to be in their forties.

Their eyes contained the light of wisdom, and the elemental light around them was extremely dazzling.

"Morton, hand over the lava key and we'll give you a chance to live.

As long as you don't set foot on the land of the southern countries and sign a contract under the witness of the God of Light to never take revenge on the forces of the Mosha Duchy."

A strange light flashed in the eyes of the high-level sorcerer from the school of beguiling and control.

Invisible mental power swept toward the old sorcerer across the air.

Molton didn't move.

A magic field was raised around him, isolating him from the other side's confusion spell.

Time is truly merciless.

My era is over ...

Morton thought to himself in a self-deprecating manner.

The two high-level mages he had never seen before were acting as if victory was already in their hands, without a trace of fear.

Back then, which mage of the same level did not have a look of deep fear in front of him?

Without saying a word, he let the two children stick close to him and took off the ring on his finger.

He solemnly handed it to yamos and used a sound transmission spell to say a few words.

In the next second, the old mage's expression changed.

He became solemn, heavy, solemn, and with a hint of fanaticism.

He started chanting obscure spells ...

If there were any friends or enemies who were familiar with the old mage in the past, they would definitely run away at once instead of staying where they were.

However, the two high-level mages only cast many counterspells with cautious expressions, stacking many shields with different effects.

A pea-sized fireball appeared in front of Morton's staff and was aimed at the two in the sky.

Third-circle fireball spell?

The two high-level mages looked at each other, because Morton's casting movement was very similar to that of a fireball.

However, they knew that it was impossible for Morton to cast a 3rd-circle fireball, so they were more cautious and cast many defensive spells on themselves.

Then, the old mage's eyes were filled with excitement, but his face suddenly withered and turned as pale as paper.

He burned his life and spirit, and his magic power poured out like a flood that had opened the floodgates.

In the state of overload, he poured endless magic power into the small fireball.

Ninth-circle spell-solar fireball.

To be more precise, it was the ninth-circle spell, Molton's solar fireball.

He had stopped at the seventh-circle, but he had constructed more than one eighth-circle and ninth-circle spell model in his mind, all of which were high-level variants of fireball.

The price of using it was life.

“I’ll have to trouble you to say hello to my good-for-nothing son,”

The old sorcerer smiled with difficulty, and his already old face seemed to have aged a dozen years in an instant, like a lamp at the end of its life.

At the same time, under the shocked gazes of the two unknown high-level mages, the small fireball in front of his staff instantly rose into the air and appeared beside them in an instant.

It suddenly expanded and became a dazzling small sun, completely drowning the two of them.

Layers of shields shattered, and spells lost their effectiveness ...

The huge fireball rolled around and lit up the sky.

Just like its name, it was like the sun in the sky.

Below them, Morden raised his head, his eyes calm as he quietly admired the brilliance of the spells.

At the same time, he squeezed out the last bit of mana to form a shield around the two children, protecting them from the heat waves of the solar fireball.

The two children were immersed in the bright light of the spell.

They were excited and did not notice Morton’s strange behavior.

He used his staff to support his body and barely stood up.

His eyes gradually lost focus, and his vision reflected the flames in the sky.

The focus in his eyes slowly dispersed.

54: Little desserts (1) 54: Little desserts (1) Two days later, there was no movement in the Dragon’s Nest at the bottom of the river.

The river water flowed calmly, and the sleeping White Dragon below had not awakened.

At the same time, in the ice cliff territory on the other side, there were more than three hundred Arctic ice spirits in total.

They stayed in the territory according to garen's instructions before he left.

Some of them were training the White hounds and fear lizards, while the others were teaching the new students all kinds of knowledge.

Overall, it was a harmonious scene.

However, in garen's third territory, the ogre basin.

WUGA bones, who was 3.5 meters tall and looked like a small giant, couldn't sit still anymore.

This was because it had led the other four dragon vein ogres out to hunt for mid-sized and above magic creatures for garen these past few days, but they had not found any suitable prey.

The ice plains of the extreme north was vast, and the density of species was low to begin with, so magic creatures were even rarer.

If they were unlucky, it was possible that they would not encounter a single magical creature in a week.

Many futile attempts had made WUGA shattered bones a little worried.

It had only managed to hunt one during this period of time.

Although in its eyes, garen was a kind and compassionate Lord, it knew very well that garen would never accept a group of useless subordinates who could not even do a small thing well.

In order not to be abandoned by the true dragon Lord who was growing rapidly, WUGA bones decided to head south and hunt enough magic creatures for garen as food.

There were more magical creatures in the South.

"Uzhui, uno, Jannar ...

The four of you, follow me out of the broken bones Tribe.

This time, we must catch a prey that can satisfy master!"

WUGA bones called out to the four dragon vein ogres in the tribe.

Carrying the black nail hammer that was surrounded by blood light, they left the ogre basin in big strides and headed south.

The five dragon vein ogres were at least three meters tall.

They were all muscular and exuded an aura that was not to be trifled with.

They moved across the vast ice field, and as time passed, they gradually left the ogre basin and headed further south.

Along the way, the Dragon Ogres encountered many magical creatures, but unfortunately, the medium-sized magical creatures they encountered on several occasions happened to have extremely high perception.

After discovering the approaching ogres from a distance, they quickly fled.

The ogres had strong bodies and fierce personalities, but speed was not their strong point.

They could only helplessly watch their prey escape.

The creatures that could survive in the icy Plains of the extreme north were all very alert.

sigh, if this continues, WUGA will be abandoned by master ...

Garen's requirement was at least one medium-sized magical creature, but it could only meet garen's minimum requirement.

It was not what WUGA shattered bones wanted to see, otherwise it would have already reported its mission.

WUGA bones felt a little heavy in his heart.

Braving the scattered snow, he continued to lead the other ogres on their journey.

His eyes kept darting around, afraid of missing a suitable target.

Unlike it, the other four dragon vein ogres didn't care as much.

They just followed behind, as if they were slacking.

Ogres were mostly lazy by nature and didn't use their brains.

WUGA shattered bones, who was diligent and good at thinking, was an anomaly.

WUGA bone crusher knew the nature of his clansmen and had tried many methods to change them.

However, it was not easy to change the nature of a living creature.

He could only turn a blind eye and think of using subtle means to slowly educate his clansmen.

As silver-like snowflakes fell from the sky, a few dragon vein ogres walked to an icy Highland.

Looking down from the highest point, the view was wide and the scenery was vast.

The cold wind whistled and hit the exposed skin of the ogres.

Below it was the gentle slope of the streamline, and further away was the flat terrain.

There were high ground, basins, Hills, ice valleys ...

But most of them were still barren White Plains that stretched as far as the eye could see.

At this moment, the Dragon Ogres weren't in the mood to appreciate the bright and open scenery of the ice field.

Because in their field of vision, on the gentle slope in front of them, two white and tender human children, who seemed to be delicious, were looking up in shock and staring at them in silence.

There were two human children, a boy and a girl.

They were both wearing exquisite robes that were engraved with mysterious runes.

Cold winds from the ice plains of the extreme north blew past, but they were isolated by the invisible field that was automatically released by the robe.

In addition, on their wrists, necks, and fingers, there were shiny ornaments that were emitting a faint light and attracting the surrounding elemental energy.

The most eye-catching thing was the fiery-red staff on the little boy's back.

The fiery-red staff was 1.3 meters long, and its entire body was covered with flame-like patterns.

It was still emitting waves of heat, and a beautiful diamond-shaped crystal was embedded at the top.

There was a flame-like liquid flowing and rolling inside, and one could tell at a glance that it was not an ordinary item.

WUGA shattered bones was stunned for a moment before his heart was filled with joy and excitement.

It had remembered all of garen's orders, and it had always remembered that the true dragon Lord wanted to decorate the Dragon's Nest with magic gems.

WUGA bones, who had awakened a spell-like ability after the transformation of the Dragon bloodline, could now distinguish magic items.

He was staring at the two human children with excitement.

thank you for the gift of nature.

WUGA shattered bones growled in Jotun and said, "Catch them!"

It took the lead and ran towards the two children in big strides.

It was as aggressive as a tank, and the other ogres roared and followed behind.

"Run!"

After the little boy came back to his senses, his face turned pale.

He pulled the little girl and turned to run.

His intuition told him that these strange-looking ogres were very powerful and that he couldn't defeat them.

They were running very fast, as agile as snow monkeys who often survived in the ice plains of the extreme north.

They had obviously cast some spell.

"Roar, roar, roar, you can't run away, delicious snacks!"

Don't run, I'm going to eat you."

A dragon vein Ogre drooled as he shouted excitedly.

The ogres had this thought.

Humans were very delicious.

WUGA bones smacked the ogre's head and rebuked, " "This kind of human snack should be offered to master, idiot!

Stop drooling!"

Yamos and Lilith did not understand the language of the Giants, but the malice on the ogres' faces was so obvious that they could understand their intentions without the need for words.

A few minutes later, Amos and Lilith were surrounded by the Dragon Ogres, and their faces were pale.

Around their bodies, there was a bowl-shaped fire shield, blocking the ogres.

An Ogre curiously poked it and immediately started blowing on it.

His skin was red and steaming.

Because he had inherited the White dragon's bloodline power, the White Dragon's low resistance to fire damage also appeared on the Dragon Ogre.

Moreover, the quality of the fiery red staff was very high, and a very small amount of mana to activate a defensive spell could stimulate a good effect.

Seeing this, WUGA shattered bones was even happier.

This meant that the two human children were actually young spell casters.

In the past, the two-headed Ogre leader loved the flesh and blood of spell casters.

He thought that if garen saw the tribute he offered, he would definitely be very happy.

Thinking of this, WUGA bones crusher slowly raised the black nail hammer.

The muscles on its arm were like little mice, and the black nail hammer was wrapped in a bloody light, which made Amos's scalp numb.

"Hehe, little guy, you're now WUGA's spoils of war!"

WUGA bones crusher laughed hideously and smashed down with the black nail hammer in his hands.

Thump!

Under the horrified gazes of Amos and Lilith, the fire shield exploded into a large number of sparks and cracked.

After the first strike, the storm-like hammer landed on the fire shield, and cracks spread out like a spider web.

Soon, yamos 'magic power ran out, and his face was as pale as a sheet.