

Dragon of Time Control

#Chapter 55 - 55 Fireball technique (1) - Read Dragon of Time Control Chapter 55 - 55 Fireball technique (1)

55: Fireball technique (1) 55: Fireball technique (1) In the dragon's lair that was covered in a layer of ice, a pair of Platinum Dragon eyes slowly opened.

Garen's body moved slightly.

He wanted to spread his dragon wings to stretch his muscles, but the slightly narrow Dragon Nest caused his dragon wings to hit the edge of the wall, leaving an obvious scratch.

"We should be safe now."

He calculated the time and realized that he had been asleep for almost two weeks.

Now, his stomach was empty, and he felt waves of hunger.

Garen grabbed the broken armor and the rusty iron sword, and quickly left the River Dragon's Nest with the turbulent water.

He reappeared under the sky of the ice field in the extreme north in the sparkling water that splashed all over the sky.

The bright and warm sunlight shone down from the sky, gilding the world of white snow with a layer of gold.

Garen raised his head to look at the sky and saw a Silent Sun, quietly emitting light and heat, nurturing all things.

The Golden sunlight fell on garen's dragon scales, and for a moment, he looked a little golden, as if he had changed from a White Dragon to a Golden Dragon.

"When I was sleeping, the polar night passed."

With the arrival of the polar day, if there was no particularly bad weather, the sun would cover the ice plains of the extreme north for half a year.

In this half a year, the ice and snow in many places would melt, revealing the yellow-brown frozen soil below.

Some plants with tenacious vitality would also welcome the blooming of life after surviving the polar night.

After observing the scenery of the extreme day for a while, garen flapped his dragon wings, and his body turned into a straight white line, speeding towards the ice cliff territory.

Not long after, he returned to the ice cliff territory.

After throwing the two ancient collections he had first dug up into the ice cliff Dragon's Nest, garen flew out of the Dragon's Nest in the still-howling cold wind and headed straight to an area in the Northwest corner of the territory.

A few minutes later, a group of huge strength mammoths appeared in garen's field of vision.

These large wild beasts were leisurely strolling in groups.

They looked like elephants, but their bodies were stronger.

When they moved in groups, the earth would shake.

They were covered in thick fur and had a pair of spear-like snow-white mammoth tusks, which the White Dragon Lady used as a mask.

However, what did not match their size was that this group of strength mammoths were quite timid.

Or rather, he was rather timid when he encountered a Dragon.

As soon as garen appeared, his Dragon's might spread out.

A group of strength mammoths that were not much heavier than him suddenly felt their limbs go soft.

They trembled in fear under the supernatural mental shock of the Dragon's might and did not even run.

He grew up in vain, Yingluo.

Garen shook his head and swooped down at a low altitude.

His dragon claws grabbed onto an adult mammoth before he quickly flew up.

The panicking strength mammoths instead broke free from the Dragon's might's shock and kept moving around in the air.

Garen lowered his head and let out a breath of Frost Dragon Breath, easily freezing this large beast into a popsicle.

They were neither magical creatures nor Berserkers, and their elemental resistance was pitifully low.

They could not even last a second and died instantly.

After bringing the food back to the Dragon's Nest, garen saw the pile of spell scrolls from the corner of his eye.

He suddenly remembered that he had a classic fireball spell in his magic scroll.

Ever since garen had become a dragon, he had never eaten cooked food.

At this moment, when he thought of the smell of cooked meat, he could not help but swallow his saliva.

isn't it a little too extravagant to use a fireball magic scroll to cook meat?

”

Garen picked up the fireball scroll.

What was different from what he had always imagined was that fireball wasn't a very low-level spell.

It wasn't a first or second-circle spell, but a third-circle spell.

It would be upgraded to a mid-level spell after another level.

In terms of pure power, some fourth-circle spells might not even be comparable to fireball.

I've never used a spell scroll before.

I need to practice using the dagger vortex in the future.

Garen thought of a suitable reason.

He moved his Dragon Claw and instantly opened the spell scroll.

Hu!

A rich fiery red elemental aura emerged from the magic scroll, and the magic scroll automatically started to burn.

Garen's gaze flickered, and he injected his spiritual energy into it.

There was a mention of the use of spell scrolls in the principles of casting spells.

One was to tear it open and throw it at the enemy, like throwing a grenade.

Although it was easy to accidentally hurt friendly forces, ordinary people who didn't know anything about magic could use it.

The second was to use his mental strength to guide the sealed mana after tearing it open, lock onto the target, and complete the spell.

He would consume a little bit of his mental strength, and the mana would be completely provided by the spell scroll.

This method of use was very accurate and not easy to make mistakes.

However, only spellcasters could use it this way, and it could not be popularized.

Garen guided the magic power of the fireball and locked onto the body of the strength mammoth beside him.

The flame immediately shrank and turned into a small fireball the size of a pea.

It looked harmless and even a little cute, but garen could clearly sense the highly compressed fire elemental energy inside.

Under garen's control, the small fireball whizzed through the air and landed on the remaining body of the strength mammoth.

Crash!

The air trembled violently, and a wave of heat hit him in the face.

The dazzling and turbulent flames burned, covering a radius of about seven meters, and the entire strength mammoth was wrapped in flames.

Garen blinked his eyes, secretly surprised at the effect of this classic spell.

"Evocation system ...

It's a pity that I don't have the knowledge of evocation magic."

He thought of the magic light he saw a week ago and looked forward to it.

The spreading flames gradually extinguished without the support of any combustion aids, but the flames on the strength mammoth's body were still burning.

Its hair was exuberant, which was a good combustion aid.

Very quickly, a rich meaty aroma that belonged to cooked food wafted through the air, causing garen's stomach to growl.

After waiting for a while more, when the fragrance of mammoth meat reached his nose, garen blew out the flame and ate it excitedly.

As there were no spices and the control of the fire was not good, the mammoth meat that was cooked this time was not delicious.

However, because it had been a long time since he had eaten cooked meat, garen was still satisfied.

Cooked food and blood food had their own merits in the taste and taste of Dragons.

One was rich in fragrance, while the other was extremely delicious.

He could accept both.

Not long after, after eating a strength mammoth, garen licked his lips, as if he had not had enough.

He went to catch another strength mammoth.

This time, he planned to eat it frozen for a change of taste.

However, just as garen returned to the dragon's lair and had yet to start eating, an excited shout mixed with the sound of the wind reached garen's ears.

"Master, WUGA has something good to offer you!"

"You'll definitely like it!"

Good stuff?

Could it be the magic gems I told him about before???

garen thought to himself.

56: Human_1 56: Human_1 Under the ice cliff Dragon's Nest, WUGA shattered bones was holding a humanoid creature in one hand with an excited expression on his face under the bright and gentle golden sunlight.

Garen had already landed, his eyes filled with shock.

He rubbed his eyes to prevent himself from seeing things.

However, upon closer inspection, the two humanoid creatures in WUGA bones 'grasp, who had faces full of fear, were indeed two young human children.

They looked to be about six or seven years old, with innocent and harmless looks.

"A human child?

Why would it appear in the icy Plains of the extreme north?"

Garen was suspicious, but before he could think about it, his eyes lit up and his breathing became heavier.

After the initial shock, he came back to his senses and his eyes were attracted by the many magical items that were flowing with elemental light.

This was especially so for the fiery red staff hanging from WUGA bones 'waist.

The elemental light was dazzling and the dense fire element curled around the crystal at the tip of the staff.

Inside the crystal, clusters of flame-like liquid rose, which looked strangely beautiful and mysterious.

Apart from that, the two children were also wearing robes engraved with runes, exquisite necklaces, bracelets, boots ...

All of them were magic items, wrapped in a faint elemental light.

At the same time, the two human children's faces turned pale.

They looked at garen's large dragon body with respect and fear.

The Dragon wings blocked the sun, and the shadow IT formed covered the ogres and the humans.

Dragon ...

Even six-year-old children had heard of the Dragon.

On the Noah continent, the adults loved to use stories of the five-colored Dragons eating people to warn their children not to stay outside at night.

In addition to the five-colored evil dragons, there were also all kinds of good Dragons that traveled in human society and left behind stories and legends with human friends.

Dragons were the creatures that humans on the Noah continent most yearned for and feared.

Garen stretched out his Dragon Claw and pointed at the fiery red staff.

WUGA bones immediately released the two children and placed them on the cold snow at the side.

He then raised the fiery red staff with both hands and offered it to garen respectfully.

Now that they were in the true Dragon's territory, these two little kids couldn't escape no matter what.

There was no need to keep holding on to them.

Garen glanced at the two human children, not saying a word.

Immediately, he retracted his gaze and looked at the fiery red staff.

Then, he asked WUGA shattered bones in Jotun, "Where did you capture these two humans?"

WUGA shattered bones immediately told garen everything that had happened.

Finally, it licked its lips, as if it had thought of something, and said to garen, "Master, human meat is very delicious, especially young children's.

You should eat it while it's hot.

If they freeze to death, it won't be good."

Garen was at a loss for words.

"You've eaten humans before?"

no, no, WUGA heard it from the old ogres.

But those old ogres also heard it from the older ogres ...

WUGA shattered bones shook his head in embarrassment.

It was not easy to see humans in the icy Plains of the extreme north.

It was impossible for ordinary people to come to the barren and cold icy Plains of the extreme north ...

Garen turned his head, his dragon claws playing with the fiery red staff as he looked at the two children.

The little girl was fair and tender, with a head of thick golden hair and milk-like skin.

At this moment, she was biting her lips tightly and did not dare to say a word.

She lowered her head and did not dare to look at garen, her body trembling non-stop.

At the same time, the little boy beside the little girl saw garen's gaze on the little girl.

He moved and protected the little girl behind him.

He raised his head stubbornly and looked straight into garen's eyes.

Garen was stunned, and looked at the little boy with interest.

His Platinum Dragon eyes were sharp and dangerous.

When he focused his attention on the little boy, a trace of Dragon's might naturally exuded.

The fear of being targeted by a top-tier predator was like a mountain pressing down on the little boy's face.

In the cold winter, he broke out in a cold sweat and slowly lowered his head.

Satisfied, garen kept the Dragon might.

He didn't like to look at creatures that he could kill with a breath.

Courage?

The courage of the weak was worthless.

If he were to release all of his Dragon's might, it would cause his mind to collapse.

That bit of courage was not worth mentioning.

"Where did you come from, and why did you appear in the icy Plains of the extreme north?"

Garen looked down at the two human children and asked in the common language of Noah.

Because he had retracted his Dragon's might, the little boy, who had a stronger personality, held back his fear of the five-colored evil Dragon.

He looked up at garen and said with a trembling voice, "If you want to eat, eat me.

Let my sister go.

She's very stupid and stupid.

She's not delicious."

As for the little girl beside him, she was motionless, as if she had been scared silly.

Her pupils were a little dilated.

Although she was the little boy's sister, her personality was very different from the little boy's.

Or rather, she was acting like a normal human baby when she saw a large dragon.

"Answer my question," garen said calmly, his voice low.

The Dragon's voice had the power to penetrate one's heart, causing the boy's already pale face to turn even paler.

He was like a piece of paper soaked in water, breaking at the touch.

Then, as if he had recalled something, the little boy suddenly clenched his fists, and there seemed to be a fire burning in his eyes.

He then slowly told garen what he knew.

As garen listened to the little boy's story, he was deep in thought.

The human nations in the South were at war ...

Now, a trace of the aftermath of the battle had extended to the icy Plains of the extreme north.

"What are your names?"

my name is Amos tulip.

My sister is Lilith tulip.

yes, " Amos answered honestly.

Garen didn't say anything else.

He toyed with the fiery red staff while thinking about how to deal with these two human children, the descendants of high-level Wizards.

On the other side, yamos 'voice was hoarse and his heart was filled with fear, but he still braced himself and took the initiative to say, " "Respected true dragon, if you like grandpa's staff, it's yours now."

Garen's gaze was deep as he lowered his head slightly and said, " you seem to be mistaken about something.

It's already mine, including all of you.

57: A great harvest _1 57: A great harvest _1 Garen's towering dragon head pressed down, and the breath he breathed out at close range hit Amos 'face, causing the little boy's heart to almost stop beating.

The petite and pitiful Lilith fainted on the ground without a word.

Garen looked at the two humans.

There was no pity or sympathy in his heart for his former kind, nor was there any prejudice or disgust.

He only had the same normal heart as when he looked at other creatures.

At the beginning of his birth, he was still a little like a person wearing dragon skin.

From time to time, he would recall his human self, and his emotions were wavering.

However, as time passed, he became purer.

Garen had already noticed this change, but he had never resisted it.

Whether it was a human or a Dragon.

He was who he was.

While garen was sighing in his heart, yamos was racking his brain, trying to find a way for him and his sister to survive.

After a dozen seconds, yamos suddenly grabbed onto a life-saving straw and hurriedly shouted, " "My respected true dragon, I would like to make a deal with you."

Garen's gaze flickered slightly.

He said calmly, " you're all my spoils of war from head to toe.

What do you have to make a deal with me?

"

Yamos thought of the whisper the old mage had whispered in his ear before he died.

His face darkened, but he tried to get himself together and said, " this spatial ring contains the magic research diary and many valuable magic materials left behind by my grandfather.

He stretched out his finger, and an exquisite ring glowed.

Garen glanced at the space ring and said, " "Although it's with you, it already belongs to me."

Yamos shook his head, took off the ring, and handed it to garen, saying, " the spatial ring needs to be accompanied by an incantation to open.

"Forcefully opening it will only destroy everything inside."

Garen held the space ring in his hand and observed it carefully for a while.

He cast the unlock spell, but it was useless.

There was indeed a different type of magical lock on it.

Garen was unable to unlock the spell lock that came from a high-level wizard.

He looked at yamos in silence.

Yamos was afraid that garen would have killing intent, so he quickly said, " I just want to live on with my sister.

I sincerely beg you to accept the ring and swear in the name of the Dragon God that you won't kill us.

Let us go and I'll immediately tell you the incantation to open it.

“My sister and I will also swear to the God of Light that we will not seek revenge from you in any way, directly or indirectly.”

The little boy's expression was apprehensive, and his words were cautious as he waited for garen's answer.

After that, garen checked the other magic items on them, but did not find any other storage items.

After picking up all the magic items, garen slowly said, ” “Tell me the incantation and I'll let you go.”

Before yamos 'expression could turn joyful, garen's voice paused, and he said indifferently, ” but do you think it's possible for a true dragon to swear in the name of God with a spell and a ring?

”

Yamos 'face tensed up, and he was unable to speak under the shadow of garen's dragon wings.

“What, what do you want?”

Garen's eyes were calm, and he said in a strange tone, ” “You can choose to believe the true Dragon's promise.”

“And then, swear in the name of the God of Light.”

Yamos 'expression kept changing.

He looked at his unconscious sister, and under garen's calm gaze, he finally lowered his head and said, ” “Mr.

True dragon, I believe in your promise,”

He told garen a spell.

Garen coordinated with the incantation and extended his mental strength to touch the space ring.

In his mind.

he immediately sensed a space of tens of meters cubic meters.

There were many casting materials piled inside, as well as similar-looking staves, robes, scattered magic gems, and.

large number of gold coins ...

There were also a dozen thick notes.

Garen's eyes lit up.

Not long after he had stolen the White Dragon Maiden's treasure, he had obtained more wealth than the White Dragon Maiden's treasure, and it was delivered to his door.

Such an easy harvest made garen unable to contain his joy, and his mood became cheerful.

At the same time, yamos' heart was in his throat as he looked at garen nervously.

He knew that it was time to decide his and his sister's fate.

Garen stared at yamos, and because he was in a good mood, he finally said slowly, "Make an oath."

He wasn't a chromatic dragon, and his personality was similar to that of a real time Dragon.

He was more neutral and focused on his own interests instead of meaningless killing and destruction.

Yamos was stunned for a moment, and then his face was filled with ecstasy, with the joy of surviving a disaster.

After he made the oath, Lilith, who had fainted, woke up and swore to God in a daze.

In the Noah continent, an oath was made in the name of the existing gods.

If one violated it, they would attract the attention and curses of the gods, and the consequences would be quite serious.

"Roy, send the two of them outside my territory."

After receiving garen's order, the extreme northern ice Spirit approached the two children, lifted them up, and brought them out according to garen's instructions.

After that, garen returned to the ice cliff Dragon's Lair with the harvest.

After throwing down the frozen strength mammoths that he had yet to eat as a reward for WUGA bones crusher, he returned to the Dragon's Nest.

In the ice cliff Dragon's Nest, garen's eyes lit up as he examined the space ring.

This bright white ring was made according to the size of a human's finger.

He could not wear it at all, and it was not even as big as garen's dragon scale.

A few seconds later, he chanted an incantation and focused his mind on the spatial ring.

Immediately after, a series of ripples appeared in the space, and a large number of things fell out, quickly turning into a small pile.

Most of them were magic materials that garen did not recognize ...

Some plants, biological tissues, stones with runes engraved on them ...

They were all well-preserved.

Other than that, what interested garen the most were the magic gems, the gold coins with the tulip family's pattern, and a dozen thick notebooks.

He poured all the magic gemstones and gold coins on his large ice crystal bed.

He was glad to find that they could barely cover his bed, but the thickness was a little thin, just a thin layer.

Garen took a deep breath of the cold air.

The elemental energy that had become denser made him feel very comfortable, and his blood flow seemed to have sped up.

Then, he lay on the uneven bed of treasures and put the pile of magic materials that he still didn't understand into the space ring.

He then put the space ring in the corner of the bed.

More than a dozen notebooks were placed beside him.

Garen carefully picked up the first one and started to read it.

This notebook contained the high-ranking old wizard's experience in the school of evocation's spells, especially the various fireballs.

It was filled with a large amount of space Records, and only a few words were needed for the other types.

the world's spiritual spells are divided into eight parts, with only fireballs and the others ...

Garen's expression turned strange when he saw the unusual obsession with the fireball spell revealed in these words.

At the same time, he continued to read with even more interest.

As time passed by, garen read the contents of the notes word by word.

His understanding of the evocation school of magic became deeper and deeper, especially the fireball spell.

Many of the basic rune incantations were memorized in his mind.

Garen put down the first notebook and shifted his gaze to the second one, then the third one ...

His face was solemn and serious, mixed with the joy of gaining more knowledge.

After three full days of non-stop research, garen slowly let out a breath and closed the last notebook.

He was still a little unsatisfied.

There were a total of 16 notebooks.

The eleventh book was the old wizard's lifetime of spell experience.

Garen had benefited a lot from his own knowledge and understanding of the evocation system after reading it.

But what made him even happier were the other five books.

If the five notebooks were spread, it would definitely cause a battle between the evocation school of thought's mages on Noah continent.

This was because they recorded a large number of seventh-circle and above high-level fireball variations.

There were three different types of ninth-circle fireball alone, and the spell model was densely packed with complicated and mysterious runes, making garen dizzy.

the value of these notes is more than everything else combined.

Garen had already memorized all of this in his mind, but he still kept all of the notes away solemnly.

Immediately, he closed his eyes and used his mind power as a pen.

He focused his mind and slowly outlined a spell model that looked like a fireball in his mind.

58: Speed-increasing spell (1) 58: Speed-increasing spell (1) The construction of a spell model was the first and most difficult step in casting a spell.

This process required the caster to use strong mental strength to create a flawless model from nothing.

The caster had to be able to imagine every detail, the shape of the runes, the order of the arrangement, the turning of the lines ...

An ordinary person's spiritual power, without training, was only enough to inscribe simple geometric patterns in their consciousness.

It was not an easy task to inscribe all the details of a burning fireball.

Garen's mental strength was sufficient.

However, when he was constructing the spell model, he had failed twice due to his lack of experience and spent more than an hour on inscribing the runes of the evocation school for the first time.

On the third time, he finally heaved a long sigh of relief, and his tense mind relaxed.

A life-like fireball, formed by more than three hundred runes arranged in a special way, was suspended in garen's consciousness world.

"It's done,"

Garen's face was filled with joy as he stretched out his Dragon Claw.

He chanted the fireball spell's activation incantation and injected his mana into the spell model.

In the next second, a small fireball the size of a pea appeared on garen's fingertip.

Compared to his body, it was like an insignificant light spot.

The third-circle fireball looked so harmless.

It was just a small fireball the size of a pea.

Who would have thought that it was the most powerful spell among all the inferior spells?

Go!

With a thought, garen reached out his hand and pointed.

The small fireball between his fingers suddenly flew out, drawing a bright line in the air, and landed on the ice crystal wall.

Crash!

The heat waves rolled and clusters of flames burned fiercely, covering an area of about ten meters in radius, causing a small area to be covered in a sea of fire.

The momentum was quite impressive.

“The spells I cast myself are much more powerful than the spell scrolls.”
Garen stretched out his dragon claws and placed them in the flames to roast himself.

Garen felt a wave of heat, but the instant contact was not enough to make him feel any pain.

His Constitution was mainly based on the time Dragon, so he had a high resistance to elemental damage of all attributes, unlike the White Dragon, which could cause double damage from fire attribute attacks.

After being in the fire for a while, garen felt a slight burning pain.

If he did not feel it carefully, he would not have noticed it.

This was the most powerful, and its effect was comparable to a level 4 spell, fireball.

The damage it could cause to him was very limited.

And he was only two years old.

Garen himself was not sure how high his magic resistance was.

Dragons 'magic resistance would increase as they grew older, and ordinary ancient dragons were immune to most mid-level spells.

Garen felt that when he became an adult, perhaps only legendary spells would be able to affect him, and even high-level spells would not be able to hurt him.

After warming his hands, garen breathed out the frost Dragon Breath, turned his neck, and froze the raging flames around him.

The burning flames were frozen in clusters of irregular ice crystals, looking like a work of art.

After that, garen did not continue to stay in the ice cliff Dragon's Nest.

He flew out and found a relatively open and flat land in the territory, intending to learn and test the power of his spells here.

After all, a Dragon's Lair was a place for sleeping and resting.

Garen was currently holding the fiery red staff, deep in thought.

Dragons could also use magic tools to strengthen themselves.

Although this staff size small to him, the effect was the same.

Garen held the fiery red staff as if he was holding a toothpick, his eyes focused and calm.

He cast the fireball spell again, but when he guided the magic power out, it did not leave the body directly, but passed through the fiery red staff.

On the staff, a fiery red elemental light suddenly lit up, and a large amount of elemental energy was absorbed into the crystal at the top, strengthening garen's magic power.

In the end, a fireball was shot out from the tip of the staff and landed on the ground forty meters away.

BOOM!

The area within a 15-meter radius was instantly enveloped in flames.

The power of the fireball spell was increased by about 50%.

The rapidly rising temperature melted a large amount of snow, revealing the brown frozen soil below.

this power is already a level 4 spell, and it's even stronger than an Ordinary Level 4 spell.

The Dragon Breath imitation spell that the Twin-headed Ogre had used before was not as powerful as this fireball spell.

Garen clenched his little staff, slightly moved.

After casting the fireball spell with the fiery staff, both the coverage and the temperature of the flames had been greatly increased.

Such a fireball spell would cause some damage to him.

In the old mage's notes, the third-circle fireball spell was the lowest level spell.

4.

circle explosive fireball, 5.

circle lava fireball, 6.

circle blazing fireball ...

If it was further enhanced by the fiery red staff, garen was looking forward to the future.

The acceleration state and time stop did not have any direct killing effect.

What he lacked right now was a method with strong killing power.

At the same time, garen suddenly thought of a problem.

Could the acceleration effect of time manipulation be used on spells?

Most spells had very fast attack speed and weren't easy to Dodge.

If he could attack at five times the speed ...

Garen's eyes were filled with excitement, and he began to try it out with great enthusiasm.

As he cast the fireball spell, he consumed the power of time at the same time, trying to extend the effect of the acceleration state.

Most of the initial attempts had failed.

Everything was always difficult at the beginning.

However, as time passed, the power of time slowly followed garen's will and added itself to the fireball spell he cast.

Whoosh!

The fireball, which had doubled in speed and was almost invisible in the air, landed on the ground and exploded into a large flame.

After the flames exploded, the deafening sound reached garen's ears.

"It's faster than the speed of sound,"

Garen's expression was both happy and disappointed.

He was happy because the accelerated state could indeed be used on spells.

He was disappointed because the acceleration effect on his spells was far less effective than on his main body, and the consumption was higher.

He used the power of time that was five times faster, but the speed of the fireball was only slightly more than double.

Since he did not spend much time on it, garen thought that there was still room for improvement in the accelerated fireball technique.

He was only disappointed for a moment, but he quickly became excited.

Even if he could not achieve the same acceleration effect as the main body in the end, it would be enough as long as he could achieve half of it.

His acceleration state was not static, and the effect would increase with age.

In the days that followed, garen's life became monotonous and simple.

Learning magic, researching the combination of time power and magic, sleeping in a Dragon's Nest with extremely active elemental energy ...

Although it was boring and monotonous, he enjoyed it.

59: Dragon's descendant (1) 59: Dragon's descendant (1) In the blink of an eye, a month had passed.

On a sunny day, garen had just eaten a barbecued ice blade Wolf, a strength mammoth frozen in ice crystals, and a fifteen-meter-long Icefall snake that was full of energy and magic.

During this period of time, he had been focused on studying spells and had not gone out to hunt.

All the food was contributed by the Arctic ice spirits and ogres, which saved garen a lot of energy.

In his opinion, this was the biggest benefit of having followers.

As for the battle power and growth rate of these followers, they were negligible to him.

After eating and drinking to his heart's content, garen came to an ice field with a radius of a few hundred meters.

There wasn't a trace of snow here, and the dark brown, hard frozen earth was covered with traces of various spells.

Black from the burning, white from the freezing, cut marks ...

Most of the old wizard's notes were his research experiences, the spell models recorded were mainly high-level spells, there was only one type of spell model from level three to level six, and there were not many that garen could learn.

And his current mental strength and magic power could support him to cast a 4th-circle spell at most.

When he tried to inscribe a fifth-circle spell model before, garen failed as he was unable to inscribe all of it even after his mental strength was exhausted.

Dragons' spiritual power also grew with age, and each time they slept, they would receive a substantial increase.

The meditation technique used by human spellcasters was not suitable for Dragons.

In the old mage's notes, there was a kind of fireball meditation method.

In the world of consciousness, one would meditate to form a giant fireball and let the flame burn one's consciousness to achieve the purpose of tempering one's mental power.

Garen had tried using it before.

Unfortunately, the increase in his spiritual power during meditation was minimal.

It was better to sleep on the spot and have a natural increase.

Garen had already learned the fourth-circle explosive fireball.

After the power had been accelerated and enhanced by the staff, even garen was secretly shocked.

In addition to the evocation school of magic, the curses and transformation spells he had obtained from the two-headed Ogre also didn't fall.

The frost and cut marks left on the ground were the result of these two school of magic.

The 4th-circle spell, freezing Pearl, and flame Pearl.

Garen had already mastered and understood the Dragon Breath imitation technique and the giant transformation technique.

He wasn't very interested in the two fourth-circle spells from the school of curses, because the frost Dragon Breath and the bursting fireball were equivalent to their superior substitutes, and their effects were more repetitive.

What he was most interested in was the Giant-Size spell that he had just learned.

On the empty ground, garen stretched out his dragon wings, eager to try.

He injected his magic power into the spell model of the giant spell, and under garen's control, cast it on himself.

In an instant, a thick layer of elemental light appeared on the surface of garen's body.

In the rising light, his body began to expand at a speed visible to the naked eye.

His dragon wings became wider and wider, and his dragon horns became thicker and larger ...

Soon, a sixteen-meter long, intimidating, enlarged version of garen stood on the spot.

His wingspan, which was even longer than his body, was nearly twenty meters long.

It blocked the sun and left a large shadow outline on the ground.

Garen's face was filled with excitement as he slammed his Dragon Claw on the ground.

Crash!

The ground trembled violently, and soil and stones flew everywhere.

A deep dragon Claw-shaped crater was left in the ground, and around it were dense cracks in the shape of tree branches.

The Dragon Claw clenched into a fist, and power surged.

Garen thought that in his current state, he could probably knock out the White Dragon Lady with one punch, and he wouldn't have to go through so much trouble that day.

As he felt the magic power in his body flowing away rapidly, garen played around excitedly for a while.

After he made a mess of the ground, he dispelled the giant transformation spell and turned back into a twelve-meter body.

The magic power consumption of the giant spell was not small.

However, because he had experienced a larger body, this sudden recovery made garen a little uncomfortable.

“I don’t know how long it’ll take for the evolution to enter a dormant state.”
Although he did not know the exact time, garen felt that it would not be too long since he was living in a Dragon’s Lair where elemental energy was very active.

He hoped that the next time he slept, he would be able to grow to the size of an adult white Dragon, which was the size he had now when he used the giant spell.

It would be even better if he could master some new time-type abilities.

At the same time, two violent bear cubs rolled over while playing around.

When they stood up like humans, they were already close to two meters tall.

They were clearly still Cubs, but their size was not much different from ordinary wild bears.

They even knew some simple spell-like abilities.

This growth rate was much faster than the average northernmost violent bear.

Garen suspected that it was because of his influence.

Other than that, their bodies were also tainted with a faint Dragon-type aura, and garen had not transformed the violent bear cub into a Dragon bloodline.

There are three main types of non-Dragon creatures with Dragon bloodline.

One was the most common type, a relative of a true dragon who had actively transformed its dragon vein.

The second type was like the violent bear cub.

Because it lived in the territory of the true dragon, it was unconsciously contaminated with the Dragon’s aura and slowly transformed with the passage of time.

As for the third type, they were the offspring of a true dragon and another species.

These Dragon bloodline creatures had their own name, Dragon descendants.

Although there was no reproductive isolation between true dragons and other creatures, the probability of giving birth to Dragon offspring was still much lower, so the number of Dragon descendants was very small.

However, the first generation of Dragon descendants might even have more than half of the dragon's blood and could transform into Dragons.

Their strength was much stronger than the average Dragon bloodline creature.

As he thought of this, a question appeared in garen's mind.

I'm a high-quality true dragon.

If I give birth to a dragon descendant with a creature of a different race, will it carry a part of my time ability?

”

if I mate with a real Dragon, will the Dragon Born be a time Dragon or a White Dragon?

”

if I can find another legendary dragon partner, will my descendants have the abilities of two legendary dragons at the same time?

”

Because of his desire to explore the unknown, garen suddenly had the urge to create a dragon descendant.

However, this urge came and went quickly.

As a young dragon Whelp who was not even three years old, this kind of thing was not within his scope of consideration.

The two young violent bears saw garen and came over to play with him affectionately.

After playing with the two violent bear cubs for a few minutes, garen returned to the ice cliff Dragon's Nest.

He lay on the large bed of ice crystals covered with gems and gold coins, found a comfortable position, and closed his eyes to sleep.

After mastering all the level four spells, garen was now in a relatively idle state.

There was no need to hunt, no new knowledge to learn, and other than sleeping and resting, garen had no other activities.

However, normal sleep could also help with growth, just that the effect was far inferior to the evolved sleep.

Garen himself liked to sleep.

When he was free, he would often return to the Dragon's Nest to sleep for a few days, lying on the treasure and enjoying the active elemental energy.

Now, he could understand why the White Dragon Maiden was always sleeping.

Three days later, garen woke up.

He was full of energy.

Since he had nothing to do at the moment, and his hands were itching to learn spells, but he didn't have the opportunity to use spells to fight, he planned to go out and hunt personally.

As for the target he was going to hunt, he had already decided.

60: The ferocious Tiger (1) 60: The ferocious Tiger (1) "I've hunted many magical creatures, but I've never tried a Berserker."

The image of a large, snow-white cat appeared in garen's mind.

It was the ferocious Tiger that he had encountered before.

It did not seem to be an easy opponent.

He was already disdainful of attacking ordinary creatures.

At the very least, only creatures at the level of the Arctic Bear or the Winter Wolf could arouse garen's desire to hunt.

Garen had never eaten Berserker meat before.

Although it did not contain any elemental energy, he felt that the taste of this violent species, which could crush most magical creatures with its violent body, would be quite good.

There were many cat hunters living in the ice plains of the extreme north.

Most of them were ordinary wild beasts, and a small number of them were magical creatures.

From the looks of the ferocious beast, garen could tell that its original form was an ordinary wild beast, a creature called frost Tiger.

Unlike the Tigers on earth, which were already at the top of the food chain, frost Tigers were at the bottom of the food chain in the ice plains of the extreme north.

Because they did not have any magic-like abilities, their bodies were not large, and most of the ice plains creatures could kill them.

However, after it became violent, it became a high-level Hunter, and it was not weaker than the Arctic Bear.

the power of.

ferocious beast is also derived from elemental energy, but what exactly is the process of becoming ferocious ...

There's no such record in the Dragon's legacy."

A normal wild beast's strength before and after going berserk was like the difference between heaven and earth.

If a true dragon, which was already at the peak of its ecosystem, could become a Berserker, what kind of sudden increase in strength would it receive?

As he had this question in his mind, garen was very interested in the ferocious beasts.

He rose into the air and flapped his dragon wings.

He left the Dragon's Nest and the ice cliff territory with a gust of wind.

Under the light golden sunlight, he flew toward the location of the ferocious frost Tiger in his memory.

In the icy Plains of the extreme north, powerful creatures usually had a relatively fixed territory.

As long as the ferocious frost Tiger was not dead, garen could quickly find its tracks if he headed to the place where he had last met it.

In the Arctic tundra, the reflection of the White snow seemed to cover the entire world with a layer of faint brilliance.

It looked beautiful, like a scene from a dream.

Without the obstruction of the blizzard, one's field of vision was extremely wide.

Garen flapped his dragon wings high up in the sky, looking down at the ice plains of the extreme north as he moved.

His long-range vision allowed him to clearly see the ground of the ice field even though he was thousands of meters in the air.

After the blizzard that lasted for a long time ended, many hungry creatures that had been enduring for a long time left their nests and began to move on the ice field.

Garen saw a large number of blood hunts along the way.

The weak creatures were hunted down, while the flesh and bones were devoured by the powerful creatures ...

Scenes like this kept repeating in this snow-white world, and even true dragons couldn't avoid it.

As he galloped in the sky, garen felt that his breathing was much smoother.

During this time, he encountered some flying magic creatures, many of which were large.

However, the moment these magical creatures saw garen from afar, they were very alert and took the initiative to distance themselves from him.

They did not dare to let him get close at all, including a white-feathered Icewind Eagle that garen had killed before.

Because he had grown to the size of a young dragon, situations like the first time he left the White Dragon lady's territory and was attacked by underestimation no longer happened.

Not long after, garen flew to the place where he had encountered the ferocious frost Tiger.

He lowered his head and scanned the surrounding area like a radar.

A trace of light flashed in his Platinum Dragon eyes.

Garen cast a detection spell.

The snow-white world in his eyes suddenly became colorful.

Fire, wind, water ...

Different elemental auras had different colors.

In the ice plains of the extreme north, the water and wind elements made up a larger proportion.

Garen's vision was filled with a large amount of green and blue, and the red fire element only made up one-tenth of the total.

Only when he raised his head and looked at the sun hanging in the sky could he see the intense and dazzling fiery red elemental spiritual light.

The elemental light that existed everywhere in these spaces had an illusionary and transparent color, and it would not affect garen's vision.

On the other hand, the elemental light on the magical creatures or magical tools was not transparent, and was very obvious to his eyes.

The Berserkers did not have any spell-like abilities, but their entire bodies had undergone a mutation through the stimulation of elemental energy, so they were also shrouded in elemental light.

It was just a little lighter than the magic creatures with magic power.

Garen searched patiently, circling and flying in the air.

After spending less than two minutes, his eyes stopped and he found his target.

A ferocious frost Tiger with snow-white fur mixed with some black stripes was lazily lying on the snow, carefully licking and cleaning its fur.

There were blood stains on its mouth and sharp claws.

It seemed that it had just experienced a battle and won.

After not seeing it for nearly two months, this ferocious frost Tiger's body had grown a little bigger.

The last time garen saw the ferocious frost Tiger, it was nearly ten meters long from head to tail.

Now that he saw it again, it was no longer nearly ten meters long, but slightly more than ten meters.

Other than having a slender neck and dragon wings that did not exist in felines, the Dragon's body was also a bit different.

Its body, limbs, and tail were similar to that of a cat.

The size of the ferocious frost Tiger did not look much smaller than garen's.

a normal frost Tiger is only three meters long, but a Berserker can grow to ten meters.

It doesn't seem to be its limit.

The difference in height was more than three times, but the difference in overall strength was not as simple as just three times.

The ferocious beast's extremely sensitive senses allowed it to sense garen's gaze from the sky when he was looking at it.

The ferocious frost Tiger, which was licking its fur, suddenly stopped.

It lowered its body and bent its four limbs slightly.

It raised its head to look at the giant dragon in the sky.

It opened its mouth and revealed its sharp fangs.

Garen's gaze was calm as he extended his dragon wings.

The shadow of his body instantly covered the ferocious frost Tiger, and an invisible dragon might swept past at the same time.

The Dragon's might with supernatural powers affected the ferocious frost Tiger.

Its body stiffened for a few seconds.

After it tried to come back to its senses, it did not run away immediately.

Instead, it became more vigilant, and there was even a hint of eagerness in its eyes.

It was not afraid of the Dragon's might.

The Tiger raised its head, and the brutal frost Tiger roared at garen.

Roar!

The deafening roar of the Tiger blew up the snow around it, creating faint ripples in the air.

The sound was not weak.

After a roar, the ferocious frost Tiger did not move and stared at garen's movements.

Garen looked at the ferocious frost Tiger that was not showing any weakness.

His face darkened, and then he slowly opened his mouth.

In the next second, the rumbling Dragon's Roar brought with it an overwhelming Dragon's might.

It was like the fierce Thunder between the dense dark clouds, and it swept toward the ferocious frost Tiger like a tide.

The mighty Dragon's Roar made all the creatures within a few kilometers of it fall silent, their limbs weak.