

GREED: ALL FOR WHAT?

Chapter 1461 A Lesson From The Past.

Xander shook her head in wonder. "Beelta is a lot of things, but she is no fool. There was no way to anticipate that Master wouldn't end up in Armageddon, and there was no way to anticipate that a high rank demon could skip the demon lord stage and directly become a demon king."

Beelta didn't know that these things were even possible. She gambled with confidence but lost everything. Now the demon gods of the abyss are doing the same thing. They banded together to kill the Chaos King, only to realize that they were feeding him.

It was too late by that point. They had to gamble even more to get rid of the Chaos King, but they are only digging their graves deeper. Xander believes that if their losses continue, there will come a point where nothing the demon god can do will save them from the fate of total death.

"Who would have thought that just a thousand years ago, Master was running away from the abyss and had to give up his armies, but now it is the demon gods that are running away to hide?"

The threat of demon gods in the abyss has never been more clear than now. It wasn't clear because demon gods rarely eat when they are full. If their power capacity is full, then imbibing more energy won't help them in any way, so they rarely attack demons. But they can do so.

That was the threat of demon gods in the past. There is a possibility of being attacked by a demon god if they see you. But now, it has become a certainty that demon gods will attack anything in their sight. It is all thanks to the Chaos King.

Aeternus is only hunting demon gods and demon kings that appear in his sights. He disdains attacking weaker beings or even putting in effort to attack planes for demon kings. But demon gods, who have been fighting with their lives on the line for several days on end and are in desperate need of energy, will eat anything.

So it is not only Xander that is hiding in an abyssal plane. Many other demons are not stepping out of their planes. As if that will save them when a demon god comes knocking. It won't, but it is oddly working. They have Aeternus to thank for that.

The voracious water has been stalking the abyssal planes because he knows that they contain a lot of energy for desperate demon gods. So the abyssal planes have become his new bait. The desperation of the demon gods has made it into a tempting bait, which

has in turn helped him acquire a morsel or ten thousand morsels from the demon gods who came for them.

The demon kings and weaker demons don't know this. They still think they can die at any moment, even when hiding in the plane. But they don't have any other options. In fact, Xander can easily become the demon lord of the plane she is hiding in, but she is pretending to be an ordinary demon so that she won't draw attention if a demon god comes knocking.

This is undoubtedly a good idea because demon lords or demon kings will be the first targets of demon gods that attack. Many demons know this. That's why many demon kings who created abyssal planes as their kingdom detached them from the abyss in a bid to escape. That decision might kill them, but it is better than getting eaten by a demon god.

It is clearly a bad decision to make, unfortunately, demon lords can't even do that. They don't have enough control over their abyssal planes to do that. They can only give up their position and become demon nobles again.

The thought made Xander chuckle. "They are finally doing what Beelta didn't want to do. It is a pity that it is too late now."

The effect of Aeternus gluttony and rampage through the abyss can be felt by every demon. Demon gods are hiding, and so are demon kings and demon lords. For a time, those three states of demons have become scarce in the abyss.

As for the rest of the demons, they can feel the impact of Aeternus's hunt in the turmoil of sin energy. This is because most of the fights with the demon gods have been in the energy sea or affected it in one way or another. This contaminated sin energy in various degrees and made the demons who live on it more violent, proud, lustful, gluttonous, slothful, or envious.

Xander wondered, "It is unlikely that Master can be stopped. So things will become worse. But what else could be worse than this?"

She doesn't want to know the answer to that question. Instead, she spent most of her time digging deeper into the ground of the plane. She can hide in the phantom realm, but demon gods can see her in it. She knows that because Aeternus looked at her after he was done eating the rest of his subordinates and army.

So she needs a physical hideout to feel any modicum of safety. She, like most demons, including demon gods, is hoping that the Chaos King will become a world ender soon so that he will be kicked out of the abyss. It is only then that they will regain peace.

But they know that for that to happen, a lot of demon gods must contribute generously. She can't help in that aspect. But she will try to remember their names and their

sacrifices, and one day she will tell other demons of them so that those brave and courageous demon gods will never be forgotten.

The protector, the guardian of order, and the enforcer of rules in the void universe looked on with glee. Its gaze is upon the realm that holds most of its attention. Everything in the realm was clear to it, including what Monarch High Heaven was doing to prepare for the era of conquest and his true identity.

Chapter 1462 A Wheel In A Machine.

This realm tree is the High Heaven realm. It will be the focus of its attention if only for the realm lord. It wouldn't take its eyes off of it if that high elf called high heaven hadn't become the realm lord or broken any rules. It is because the protector has a lot of be concerned about just because of his identity.

That identity has already broken a lot of rules. As if that isn't enough reasons for the protector to gnash its non-existent teeth as it monitored the high heaven realm, there is also a gestating godling in the realm.

It is something that has never happened in the void universe. Godlings are not born in realm trees. Realm trees don't have what's needed to make them. Godlings are born in the void. That's why the most notorious races created from godlings can live in the void easily more than those created in the realm trees.

This unique situation of a godling gestating in a realm tree might be the first of his kind, but it has only brought deep hatred from the protector. It has made it unhappy for many years. But it is happy now because its plan has worked. Draco had moved into action after it went to warn him.

The Protector's gaze bypassed the darkness of the dark side, the barrier of the law matrix, the protection of the realm tree by the world spark, the protection of the ancestral grounds of dragons, and fixed on the dragon egg that it loathed so much.

It said in anticipation, "Soon. Soon. Very soon."

It is quite a letdown that one of the strongest beings in the void universe, so powerful that world gods call him the Overgod, had to resort to schemes to have its way. But this is the way of the world. It may be powerful, but there are rules that bind its existence.

Those rules are impossible for it to break because they are part of its existence. It can't even break the rules by mistake. It is just like how a mortal can't dig out their brain through their nose by mistake. Hence, it had to scheme to get its way.

The rules limit its power, but it isn't bitter about it. After all, the maintenance of the rules is why it exists. The protector understood that it might be powerful, but it is just a wheel in the operation of the void universe. It is just a tool forged by the creator to accomplish the purpose of the void universe.

The protector understands this, so it isn't bitter about the handicap, even though it doesn't know what the purpose of the void universe is. This is because it doesn't need to know the purpose of the void universe to do its job. All it needs to know is that it can't attack Origin gods at all. That will be the same as the void universe attacking itself.

It knows that someone harming themselves is an action that mentally disabled entities would take, so it knows that such an action will affect the purpose of the void universe in a detrimental manner. It doesn't know the purpose of the void universe, but it is smart enough to understand that the void universe must care about Origin gods because the support of the void universe is why they are immortal.

So if it can't attack Origin gods, it surely can't go into the high heaven realm to crush that dragon egg and stop the birth of a godling. This will surely nip the propagation of Chaos in the realm, and it should be a good thing, but he can't do so.

The Protector could have waited for Legion to become a world god, but it would be too late by then. It had threatened Legion in the past, but that threat would only be dangerous to Legion if it were a weak world god. That is unlikely to be the case with a godling for a clone.

Legion's Supreme Beast clone has achieved something in that vein, so the Protector knows with certainty that Legion would be a very powerful world god. Of course, the power of a world god is nothing compared to the power of an Overgod, but the power of a world god becomes significant if the Overgod can't attack world gods wantonly.

This is the reason why world gods still exist at all in the void universe. If it had its way, then there would be no world gods. That means there would be no Usurpers who steal the power of the void universe. Unfortunately, it doesn't have its way so it can put all its confidence on eliminating Legion when they become world gods.

It can only sigh when it thinks about the Chaos perpetuating in the void universe and say, "The Creator must have a plan, and his plan is supreme."

Then it would shrug and say, "Besides, the end of the void universe will not be the end."

So the Protector remained content with watching its scheme unravel. It is shackled by rules, so it has to enjoy little victories like this.

It all started with a fight. Legion-8 watched it happen. He was forced to participate in it as if he were one of them, but he was more of a bystander.

The three of them were wrestling. They were growling at each other and pushing and pulling. They rolled around on the dirt and tried to vie for supremacy. However, supremacy was not so easy to acquire. None of them was willing to give an inch in the fight.

They were young, but they were also smart. Two of them ganged up on the third, who was the biggest. She was the biggest and the strongest. They couldn't beat her alone and couldn't risk being divided, or she would beat them separately. So they cooperated to defeat her.

Legion-8 decided to go along with the motion. He didn't have much of a choice. It is this or nothing. Besides, there's a benefit waiting for him at the end.

A/N And so it begins. We finally see Legion-8. But which one is Legion-8?

Chapter 1463 Competition.

It was a smart idea, but the two smaller ones didn't like it that they had to cooperate. It hurt their pride to have to rely on another for victory. But they had no choice. They had to cooperate or suffer a loss. A loss will hurt their pride more than cooperating. Besides, there was a lot at stake here.

Their fight was mostly for fun, but it had serious repercussions for the hierarchy. As proud creatures, they do not like losing, even if it is to their siblings. They may be weak and have only been born for a little over a year, but their need to dominate is ingrained in them. It is the dragon way.

They stopped fighting when they heard the howling of the wind. All three of them turned towards the only opening in the cave in expectation. Their expectations were not subverted. A massive-scaled creature blocked out the light of the sun and flew into the cave. The three of them sensed the familiar aura of their mother in the creature. So they ran to her excitedly.

They became three fast bundles of excitement and anticipation that crashed into the far larger beast. The large beast brought her head low and nuzzled them with her jaw. Her

head is more than a hundred times bigger than their whole body, so she had to be careful not to crush them. They screeched and gurgled in happiness due to the ministrations of her affection.

She said to them with a deep, rumbling voice that made the floor hum, "You are all filthy. It seems you have been wrestling again."

"No, we have not been wrestling." They rejected that claim while trying to be as convincing as possible. They shook themselves free of dust to appear clean to their mother. Unfortunately, it didn't work.

She didn't believe them. She could see that they were filthy. The black soil of the cave had marred their features. They were black all over, so it was clear to her that they had been wrestling in her absence.

She smiled and said to them, "You know what this means."

They knew what she intended to do next, so they ran. They tried to scatter in different directions this time around. They have learned that lesson quickly.

"Good," she said in admiration. "Scattering will make escape better."

They are learning and growing up fast, but it is not good enough to escape her. She pressed one of her clawed forelimbs on their retreating tails. Just one hand managed to cover and press down the tails of all three of them.

She is very fast for a creature her size. She was able to pin them down before they got far. It helped that she expected their reaction. They are not the only ones capable of learning.

Then she licked them with her tongue. Transparent saliva fell on them in waves. The acidic saliva ate through all the debris on their body. It revealed their sparking blue scales underneath the black soil. It is the same blue scales as their mother's.

The three of them screeched in resistance through the entire process of getting a bath. The bath was not painful. Their scales protected them from the corrosive saliva. But they don't like being submerged in their mother's saliva. So they struggled, albeit ineffectively, against her.

The bath was quick, but they were quicker to shake themselves clean of her saliva immediately after she let them go.

She said to them, "Now it is time to eat."

She dropped what she was holding in her other clawed hand. It fell to the ground with a thud. It was the prey that she got along the way.

The three of them rushed to the dead prey and began nibbling on it. The way they struggled against its skin made her chuckle. The prey is bigger than each of them. It is about three times bigger than the three of them combined. It is obvious that the prey was stronger than them when it was alive.

Even in death, the prey isn't something they can defeat easily. Its defense is ordinary furred skin, but it is tough enough to give them trouble. They had to combine their efforts to create a gap in the skin. Then they dug in with gusto.

There was no injury on the prey for them to take advantage of because their mother didn't touch the beast to kill it. The heart of the poor beast had given out when she locked her majestic gaze onto it. Then she picked it up and brought it to feed her dragonlings.

She could have helped them out with breaking the skin of the dead prey, but she didn't. She watched them struggle because it is necessary for them to work for their food even if they are still weak. It is struggle that brings out the potential of the strong.

They have immense potential as dragonlings, but they need adversity, no matter how little or how early, to make sure that their potential doesn't go to waste.

"I shouldn't have worried." She thought to herself in amusement at the sight of her struggling offspring.

They were pushing against each other to gain access to the gap that they had opened together. They didn't ask each other for the opportunity to eat. Instead, they fought each other for the opportunity to eat. The sight warmed her cold heart.

A warm heart was a previously alien emotion to her. She didn't think highly of making offspring before. As a powerful being, making offspring serves no purpose for her. She believed that only weak races that needed to acquire strength in numbers needed to reproduce. So she used to look down on making offspring.

She is not the only one with this belief among her race. Most of her race thinks so too. If not for their ingrained instincts to produce at least one offspring before they can leave the plane, then they wouldn't have bothered to reproduce. If not for that instinct, their disdain to reproduce, coupled with their low fertility, would have made their race extinct.

A/N: Please reread this chapter. I made a mistake yesterday when I uploaded it. I uploaded the wrong one.

Chapter 1464 Tradition.

So she made these three bundles of joy because she had to make offspring. It was a must for her to do so before she could leave the realm into the void and become a divine dragon.

She came begrudgingly to their ancestral grounds for that sole purpose. She didn't expect that she would grow attached to her little ones after they hatched. Her affection for her dragonlings made her feel a little anxious for the last egg that hadn't hatched yet.

She looked toward it now. The lone blue egg with white sparkles on its surface stood in her egg nest. It didn't hatch along with the others.

She thought to herself, "Maybe I made a mistake. But it is not too late yet."

She laid four eggs, but only three hatched. She might have made a mistake during the incubation period, which caused the delay. Such a mistake is possible despite her instincts and ancient memories. No one, including dragons, is perfect.

But things haven't reached the point of no return yet. She is certain of this because she can feel that the egg is still alive. It can still hatch, so there is no need to give up yet. Besides, there are other reasons that can explain the delay, and most of them are good.

Her attention returned to the three bundles of trouble. She watched them eat with rapt attention. They aren't fighting anymore. The wound on the prey has become large enough to accommodate three of them eating at once. But they are still competing.

The fastest eater will eat the most. It is a simple competition, but it will determine how quickly they grow. The biggest one of them has won several times in previous competitions. It gave her a lead over the other two that might extend to other advantages in the future.

The eating session ended with another bout of fighting. They had to fight for the last scrap. The two smaller ones cooperated to deprive the biggest one of more flesh. They fought until only the bones were left. Their teeth still can't break the bones yet, so they had to let it go.

The end of the feeding frenzy was marked by belching. It indicated that they have had their fill and are expelling gas that they swallowed with their food.

She said to them, "It is time for another bath."

This time, they couldn't run before they were drenched. They were far too heavy to move, much less run. But that didn't mean that they wouldn't express their dislike for baths.

They cried out at her with their tiny, undeveloped voice, "Baths are boring, mother."

"Yes. It makes us wet."

"We don't like being wet."

They didn't move, but they spoke a lot about their dissatisfaction.

She said sternly to them, "I don't care. You will do as I say for as long as you live under my care."

There are moments when she can be soft, but there are also moments when she cannot be soft. Moments that require toughness are moments like this, where hierarchy must be established or maintained. They must know who is in charge beyond any doubt.

They told her, "We know, mother."

"You are in control. For now."

They know that they have to do what she says, but that doesn't mean they won't resist. It is their very nature not to bow to another person, even if that person is their mother and is capable of squashing them like bugs.

They shook themselves off after the saliva removed the green blood from their scales. Their mother discarded the bones and said to them, "It is time to sleep."

That got them excited even more than the prospect of eating. Eating is good, but they don't need to eat. The ambient mana is enough for them to subsist and grow. It would be slower than eating, but it is always available and free.

Sleep, on the other hand, is the favorite pastime of their race. Plus, they always get something from their mother before they go to sleep, so they are very eager to go to sleep.

They whined at her, "Tell us a story, mother."

"Tell us about the great ancestor."

"I want to grow up as strong as the dragon king."

It was truly whining because their tiny voice sounded like it.

She smiled at them before she grabbed them by their tails. Then she hauled them over to the nest. She placed them in the small structure made of wool and feathers. Then she lay next to it and placed her head beside the nest.

The nest was too small for her, but it was more than large enough to contain the younglings.

"Alright. I will tell you the story of how the ancestral ground was built by the dragon king."

She decided to indulge them. She doesn't need to tell them since they don't need it to sleep and they already know the story. But it is tradition for mothers to tell their dragonlings stories. Her mother did so to her, and she will do so to her dragonlings.

She started. "The great dragon king was mighty. He was also proud. He had the right to be proud because he was so mighty that he could grab an indestructible fragment of the void universe with his bare hands. He did so to establish the ancestral ground of the dragon race. You can imagine his might..."

They can truly imagine his might. No dragon has seen the dragon king or witnessed this event, but several generations of dragons have acquired enough knowledge and information to help paint a pretty accurate picture. So the three younglings could imagine the story with reliable accuracy as their mother told it.

They can see a mighty being with unrivaled power strolling through the void universe unhindered. He doesn't have a distinct form in their imagination, but his unparalleled might is very clear. It is certain to them that nothing can stop the dragon king.

Chapter 1465 Certain Death Or A Chance At Death.

The formless but powerful dragon king grabbed a landmass floating in the void universe. This landmass is small compared to the others. But it is three times bigger than a plane. Even so, this landmass couldn't compare to the size of the dragon king.

He was able to push it down from its lofty position as an immortal land to the seedbed of the void universe down below in the void. He did this after dropping his blood on the landmass.

In the seedbed of the void universe are several trees. They are as tall as the dragon king and as numerous as stars. The dragon king didn't approach the trees. Instead, he searched for the hidden saplings.

The hidden saplings are smaller than the normal trees and are difficult to find, but they couldn't hide from the dragon king. Nothing could hide from him. He soon found one, so he approached it.

He was far too big compared to the sapling, so much so that he cast a shadow over it. The shadow brought the whole sapling into darkness that couldn't be dispelled by the light of its sun. This announced the presence of the dragon king to the sapling.

He was greeted immediately when he got close to it. A black apparition appeared in front of the dragon king. They spoke for a while. Then the dragon king smashed the landmass onto the sapling. The sapling collapsed with a single hit, and every living thing within it died.

The dragon king wasn't disheartened. He continued his search for more saplings. He found a lot more in his search. Some exploded after agreeing with the dragon king, and some were smashed for disagreeing with him. This continued until the dragon king found a special sapling.

The apparition of this special sapling asked boldly, "What do you want?"

It should have been afraid, but it was not. It is because it was too stupid to be afraid of the dragon king. It is an emotionless entity that runs on fixed rules. Fear is not one of its imperatives. At least, not yet.

The dragon king declared, "Little one, you have two choices. You either do what I want or die."

The emotionless apparition asked again, "What do you want?"

If it had eyes, it would have rolled them, and if it had emotions, it would have felt and displayed exasperation because this is the second time it is asking that question and because it is not afraid of the dragon king.

"I want you to do something for me. It will be very painful for you, and it will cost you a lot of your energy. You may even die attempting it, but it will help you if you survive it. And I will protect you until you grow up into a full realm."

"Now choose. Certain death or a chance of death with a chance at greatness. You better choose wisely. Do not believe that it will be difficult for me to destroy you."

The Will of the realm considered the proposition. It looked at the landmass held within one of the many claws of the dragon king. It also noticed that there was something on the landmass. It could feel the signs of life from whatever it was.

What it felt from the landmass was very powerful. These sensations make it clear to the Will of the realm that it is about to be invaded by something powerful in the form of life.

The Will of the realm balked at the idea. It wants to survive. It really does. But it is against the rules of its existence to allow a world god to tamper with its operation. Especially on its operations related to the birth of life in its budding realm.

The void universe doesn't look kindly on beings such as the dragon king. The Will of the realm doesn't either. It believes that they are thieves, and one has come to it in its state of weakness.

Unfortunately, the sapling hasn't proven its value to the void universe yet. If it had produced remarkable races with high potential and a nurturing environment to raise them, then it would have received the protection of the void universe.

Now it doesn't have that protection, so it is vulnerable. Should it capitulate or not? Should it die or violate one of its instincts? It considered its choices very carefully as it remained silent for a while.

This decision was made further difficult because the dragon king had stated that it might die even if it agreed. If it were like most of the other realm trees, its decision would be obvious. But it was special. Its mind was more lively than others, and it was capable of compromising.

"What do I need to do?" It asked the dragon king.

"Good answer. It seems you are one of the few with an agile mind. Which race of yours has blessed you with intelligence?"

The apparition didn't answer that question. It had decided to compromise to live, but it would never compromise when it came to the safety of its children. It would rather die than divulge their secrets or expose their weaknesses to be taken advantage of.

The dragon king didn't mind the silence. He sneered and said, "You willful spirits and your stubborn mind. If you survive this, you will prosper, and your children will grow up to be strong. You might even have a realm lord if you are lucky. So not only will you be able to survive this vulnerable period, but you will also be able to survive the end of the universe. What's not to like?"

There were surely a lot of things that the Will of the Realm did not like about the situation, but it didn't state them.

Then the dragon king said in disdain, "It doesn't matter anyway if you like it or not. You have no choice in the matter."

The dragon king asked the Will of the realm some more questions to determine its situation.

Chapter 1466 The Contingency Plan That Failed.

When he was ready, he advised the Will of the realm, "Think of the benefits as you undergo this painful process so that you can hold on. I know that you don't have mortal feelings or weaknesses, but you might need the motivation. Find a way to motivate yourself so that you can survive. Think of your children if you must. Either you survive or you will explode, and they die."

The dragon king then explained what was to be done to the sapling. The landmass was then pushed into the sapling. Most saplings are bigger than the landmass, but they always explode when they try to assimilate the indestructible fragment into their existence. The problem is not a matter of size. There's just too much of a difference in their state of existence.

Unexpectedly, this sapling managed to survive the grafting process. It is because it is truly special. It had broken up its core and separated them into different spaces. This was a dangerous and exhausting process. But it ensured that the different races had space to grow.

The indestructible landmass was anchored to one of the separated spaces. The sense of rejection wasn't high because the whole core wasn't fighting against the indestructible landmass. Just one of the separated spaces was sacrificed to allow the grafting.

It was still painful, as part of the Will was destroyed in the process. But it succeeded, so the dragon blessed the sapling with energy so that it wouldn't collapse under the burden. This continued until the period of assimilation was over. The sapling had survived and had grown stronger because of the experience.

The dragon king chuckled and said, "You greedy thing. You took more than you needed."

The sapling was indeed greedy. It took more energy than it needed to survive and used it to create a powerful race of its own. This is a race with potential borrowed from the blood of the dragon king.

The dragon king mocked it. "Unfortunately, power is not enough for greatness. Wisdom and knowledge are necessary. If you had those, then you would have created a more powerful race than what you managed to cobble together."

The dragon king knew what the sneaky Will was trying to do. He knew that the Will was trying to create a countermeasure to what he did.

The Will succeeded in creating a race with the power it stole. It is a race with a huge amount of potential and an absurd affinity for power. They were even paragons.

But the sapling was too young and inexperienced. It couldn't create something better. It certainly couldn't create something as powerful as the descendants of the dragon king.

The dragon king didn't mind the scheme. He said, "This is good too. If anything, they will serve as a foil to sharpen my offspring."

The dragon king had used his blood to create a powerful race in the sapling. For this reason, it protected the sapling until it matured into a tree. This happened very quickly due to the presence of the two races with immense potential in the realm.

The maturation of the realm meant that it had gained the protection of the realm. Beings like the dragon king would need to fight the void universe itself to harm it.

"Goodbye, little one. I hope you do not die with the universe, and I hope the race you created won't disappoint you."

Then the dragon king left the seed bed. Its prodigious form ascended to continue its mission.

The three younglings marveled as they heard the story. They can just imagine how much effort and time the dragon put into searching for immortal lands, grafting them into realm trees, and using them to raise his descendants. These feats alone show just how powerful the dragon king is, and they filled them with awe.

Their mother said to them, "And that is how our ancestral ground was created and why it is indestructible. It is not like the weak and puny planes that reject us and are too weak to accommodate us. And we are also not like the puny race that the Will of the realm created from the energy of our ancestor. Unlike them, we were actually created for greatness."

The three of them agreed. "Yes, we are stronger."

"We are dominators of magic and not servants of mana like them."

"We are the greatest race."

The dragon king was right. The race the Will of the realm created couldn't achieve greatness. They had potential, but they were too sympathetic and kind. They didn't want to hurt anyone. All they wanted was to live in peace with others, so they didn't actively pursue strength. That was to be the cause of their doom.

This special race liked peace, but their flesh could also resurrect the dead. They ought to have kept something like that secret, but the two of them sacrificed their flesh and the power contained within it to help others. Unfortunately for them, others were greedy, and they were weak. They couldn't defend themselves when enemies came to enslave them.

What's worse is that their immense potential wasn't inherited by their offspring. So the plan of the Will of the realm died with them when they died. The only remnants of that special race are their diminutive descendants.

Unlike their parents, who were magic and mana themselves, their descendants became servants of mana. It is something that makes dragons laugh whenever they think about it. After all, they were made with the same energy. One died, while the other prospered and became feared throughout the whole realm.

Of course, the dragons ignore the fact that these so-called servants of mana managed to produce a realm lord while they struggle to create concepts with more than one law.

But they are not wrong. Dragons are far stronger than high elves and their weak ancestors. They were made from actual greatness, not the energy produced by greatness. They are power incarnate and will one day be as great as their dragon ancestor. The blood of their ancestor is the source of their power and their pride.

Chapter 1467 What Was Lost.

The dragons don't think much of high elves at all. They just can't because high elves are the diminutive descendants of the ancient elves created with the energy of the dragon king.

Most of the properties the two ancient elves gained due to the energy of the dragon king were not inherited by the high elves, including the ability POWER stat that paragons should have.

The energy of the dragon king degenerated into Natural mana in high elves. It led to the loss of many abilities, which include the ability to enslave every creature, the ability to resurrect the dead, the ability to control the growth rate of any being, and the ability to copy the power of any creature.

The high elves can't enslave any creature anymore or siphon life from those creatures. They can only coerce and enslave beasts. Sentient creatures are beyond their capabilities and they can't even siphon the life force from beasts.

High elves also can't resurrect the dead. Instead, they have to rely on the dead husks of their ancestors. One can imagine just how powerful the ancestors were if their corpses could produce Life energy that could heal any diseases, or injuries and extend the life span of mortals.

High elves can't control the growth rate of any creature anymore. Their ancestors used to be able to help any creature reach maturity in a day or make an old creature younger. The best high elves can do is make it easier for plants to grow.

Then there is the major loss of their ability to wield any form of power. Ancient elves can copy any ability just by seeing it once. High elves can't do that anymore. The best they can do is shapeshift their form into those of others, which has limited them to copying just the physical traits.

If there is anything to fear about high elves, it is with their variant descendants. High elves are descendants of a powerful race created with the combination of the energy of the dragon ancestor and the law of life. It made them capable of reproducing with a lot of races, including demons.

Some of those variants managed to awaken some of the traits of the ancient elves. The wood elves, for example. They awakened the ability to enslave living things and siphon life from them.

That is how they turn into dark elves. They are limited by the number of bonds they can create, and they are weak, but it is still something dangerous. Of course, it is only dangerous to weak creatures, not dragons. But it is something to note because dragonlings are susceptible to it.

Then there's also another one of the variants created by demons, the Supreme Beasts. Those ones have given dragons a lot of trouble. The long-lost potential of their god-like ancestor to copy abilities emerged in them through the hybridization with the potential of demons. Specifically the demon of envy.

But even so, the dragons managed to invade and destroy the home plane of the Supreme Beasts. All they had to do was descend onto to the weak plane with their strong bodies and wreak havoc on it. It fell apart in their presence, like a house made out of straw.

They had to pay a heavy price to Mother High Heaven for that crime, but it is something that dragons will be able to hold over the Supreme Beasts forever. If even the most dangerous variant of the high elves became homeless because of them, the rest of the variants and the high elves themselves are nothing to hold in high regard.

It becomes extra laughable that the Supreme Beasts had to ditch the full ability of their ancestor to copy unlimited abilities because they couldn't make it work enough to go past the one-star Origin god level. It is something the dragonlings thought about and smirked at as they slept in the embrace of one another.

They thought to themselves, "And to think Mother High Heaven made the ancient high elves to counter us dragons. How laughable."

That was their last thought before sleep took them.

-----Growing Up.

The three dragonlings and their mother, who wished to become a divine dragon, spent their lives this way for another year. They slept, woke up, played, ate, and listened to bedtime stories, then slept again.

The three dragonlings grew bigger every day, thanks to the special care that she showered them with. Eating nutritious flesh every week has a good effect on dragonlings. It is much better than subsisting on mana.

The three dragonlings had stopped sleeping in the nest at this time. They prefer to sleep on their mother. Her head is still large enough for them to lie on. It wasn't until the third year that there was a change in their lives.

The fourth egg began to shake. The three of them were wrestling again in the absence of their mother. Their fighting filled the cave with loud sounds of clashing, but they heard the silent cracking of the eggshell, so they stopped fighting. They all turned in the direction of the nest with surprise.

"It seems the fourth is ready."

"Let's go see."

They rushed to the nest to watch the hatching process. They knew what to expect, but the sight still filled them with excitement. Seeing something and experiencing it personally is better than having memories of it in their bloodlines.

The fourth broke his shell and poked his head out of it. He opened his eyes to the world and was welcomed by the sight of three heads and three pairs of gleaming eyes staring at him.

He scoffed and said to them, "What are you looking at?"

The first replied, "We are looking at you, runt."

She is the biggest and the strongest. There is no way she is going to take that kind of tone from a late bloomer. She is just too proud to take that kind of tone from a runt who hatched late.

Chapter 1468 Silent Observer.

The second and third, on the other hand, don't mind his tone too much. They approached the egg and used their heads to bash it.

Fourth screeched at them, "What are you doing?"

"We are helping you."

"Hurry up and come out."

Fourth yelled at them, "Go away. I don't need your help."

But the second and third didn't listen to him. They giggled as they broke his shell. Even the first joined in amidst fourth's yells for them to stop. They disregarded his demands and hatched him. Then they surrounded him and looked down at him.

"So this is how we looked when we hatched."

"Were we so small?"

"I don't think so. I think he is stunted. He spent too much time in the egg."

"Yeah, he is a runt."

They spoke to each other while examining their new brother. The fourth, on the other hand, was not so excited or happy about the inspection.

He asked them, "Don't you have something better to do?"

"We don't."

"And you can't make us stop gawking at you."

He looked around for help but didn't find it. So he asked them, "Where is Mother?"

They ignored his question. Instead, the first asked, "Why did you take longer in the egg?"

The other two also stared at the fourth and waited for his answer. They expect him to know why he spent so long gestating. All the eggs on the plane hatch at the same time, as long as they are in the same cycle. Each cycle is a thousand years and it is determined by the dragon spirit.

Eggs that are mature have to wait for their cycle to hatch. That means if an egg matures a year after a cycle, it has to wait until the next cycle before it can hatch. The last cycle was almost four years ago. If he hatched now, it must be that he had become mature before the cycle and was delayed by something.

The three of them hatched a month after the cycle, but he took four years. There must be a reason for it, and he must know it. Now they too want to know it.

They know he will know why he was delayed, just like he can already use his divine sense to speak the moment he was born. His bloodline memories, ancestral bestowal, and awareness of when he was in the egg ensure that he is not ignorant of that fact. They want to know that reason because it is very important.

The fourth replied. "Mind your business."

"Come on."

"Tell us."

The first got closer to his face and asked seriously. "What did you see?"

They want to know if the fourth is a runt or if he is special. Those are the two reasons why his hatching was delayed, despite having matured many years before the cycle.

They suspect that he is special. He looks like them, but he feels different. He has small blue scales, two small knobs on his head, and two weak and small wings on his back. They can't tell exactly what's different about him, apart from the fact that his blue scales are not cold to the touch like theirs.

But the fourth refused to divulge his secrets. So they threatened him.

"We will beat you if you don't speak."

Fourth said defiantly, "Go ahead. Do your worst."

They know that it is unlikely that he will tell them, even if they beat him. Dragons are too proud to be coerced by a little pain. Even a dragonling will not be covered by the threat of pain. But the first still went ahead to fulfill her threat. As a dragon, she will say what she says she will do. It is a matter of pride.

She also has to put him in his place. She has to establish the fact that she is the strongest. That is also a matter of pride. So she used her hand to press the fourth to the ground of the nest.

He was pressed beneath her claw in a show of dominance. The amount of force that she applied to him did little damage to him compared to the posture that she forced him into.

The fourth promised vengeance. "I will get back at you for this. I amount of force that she applied to him did little damage to him compared to the posture that she forced him into.

The fourth promised vengeance. "I will get back at you for this. I will beat you up."

"Give it your best try." She said with pleasure and disdain.

She knows just how humiliated he must be. An injury to one's pride is often more severe than a physical or spiritual injury. She doesn't need to hurt him physically to hurt him. The act of forcing him down beneath her claws is more than enough to wound him.

It is more useful than a physical injury because he won't talk, no matter how much she beats him up. So rather than aim to make him talk, she can aim to humiliate him, which is an easily achievable goal.

The shameful posture he was forced into hurt the fourth's pride. But it also emboldened his stubbornness to refuse to divulge his secret. He is young, but he is not foolish. He knows that the more someone wants to know something, the more important that thing is likely to be. He also knows that one shouldn't divulge their advantage to others. So he endured her torments and waited for salvation.

The second and third became bored and returned to wrestling. Their growling and yipping could not match the sounds of the screeching of the fourth and his loud declarations of vengeance that he made with his divine sense. But it came close.

Fortunately for the fourth, salvation came quickly. Mother arrived soon after. Her voice arrived before her body. "I see that you have all introduced yourself."

She has been watching the events in the cave even when she was far away, so she saw everything that happened. She didn't choose to interfere and only decided to appear now. But Legion-8 knew that she must have been watching. He suspects that she would have interfered if anything had been out of place.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc.), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 1469 More Food.

Mother's divine sense spoke to them while she was still far away. But to the dragonlings, there is no difference between her being here physically or with her mind. They straightened up immediately and scrambled to look innocent.

First sister stopped trampling on the fourth brother and rushed with the other two towards the cave opening.

They saw her flying form rushing towards the cave. Their cave is high up a mountain, but she is flying even higher. Her majestic and beautiful blue form streaked through the air with four outstretched wings.

"Doesn't Mother look powerful?" Second asked Fourth.

Fourth replied with awe, "She is."

This is the first time that fourth is seeing his mother, and he is already captivated at first sight. It is not a strange reaction. Every dragon respects and admires strength. They respect themselves and their personal strength the most, but they also admire the strength of other dragons.

The existence of strong dragons outlines the future of the dragonlings and shows them what they are capable of. The ultimate goal that every dragon pursues is to be like the dragon king. Any dragon that has gone far on that path is therefore admired for its strength.

Mother slowed down when she was about to reach the cave. She then gripped its edge with the claws on her two massive hind limbs. She spread her wings, and it blocked out the sun. Then she roared triumphantly.

It is clear to them that Mother is happy. They wanted to rush to meet her, but they didn't because of the rules. They can't leave the cave unless they receive permission from her, and they haven't, so they remained sitting still in the cave, waiting for her to enter.

They watched her body shrink to fit the opening of the cave. Then she entered the cave. It was then that they swarmed her.

"Look at my babies." She said proudly.

Then she scooped them up with her divine sense and brought them up to her head to examine them closely. Most of her attention was on the fourth.

"Nice of you to finally join us."

Fourth cawed at her. It was a cute sound that made her lick him with her tongue. Then he screeched in happiness. The aura he sensed from her is the one that he sensed for the past 10,000 years he was in the egg. He can also sense the connection of blood through the contact that they just made. So he is certain that this is his mother and not someone pretending to be. It made him let down his guard and trust her.

"You are so small. You will need to be fattened up." She said to him.

That made him perk up. "Food?" he asked hopefully.

"Yes, food. But first, a bath."

"No baths." They all screeched.

Mother didn't listen to them. She made sure to wash them over with her saliva. It was after the bath that she gave them their food. The first three were given two prey to eat. They are the same size as the prey now, so it isn't difficult for them to eat it.

The first three have to share two, so the competition is high. They spent most of their time fighting over one and ignoring the other. It was after they ate the first carcass that they decided to focus on the second one.

As for the fourth, he was given a whole prey. He had it all to himself, but it wasn't so easy for him to eat it. Unlike the others, he doesn't have help in breaking the defense of the prey. He is also much smaller than they were when they hatched, so he is weaker. He had to do it all by himself. No one helped him. Not even mother.

It is a blessing and a curse that he got the whole prey to himself. There is no competition for his food, but there is also no assistance to eat it. He was still eating the surface muscles by the time the other three were done with their meals. The three of them didn't join him because that would offend Mother.

The fourth became the one that got preferential treatment from Mother. She gave him more food. She even intervened in their wrestling occasionally. As long as she was around, she wouldn't let them beat him too much.

He got beaten in her absence, though. But he didn't tell her that. It is a matter of pride. He took their bullying and used the anger to fuel his determination.

It is a good thing that he didn't tell Mother. Mother would have been disappointed if he had, and she would have likely punished him. She is aware of the bullying in her

absence, but she didn't tell the other three to stop it. It is because she believes that it is important.

He is a runt, so it is important to give him extra care because of his disadvantageous start, but it is also important to temper that care with adversity. She doesn't leave the cave for long periods of time. Her hunts and patrols are short. If he can't even bear that short period of pain, then she will have to increase the adversity he experiences to temper him.

The four of them grew up quickly thanks to the constant feeding from Mother. This continued for 7 more years until it became the 10th year after the last hatching cycle. It was then that they finally got permission from Mother to leave the cave.

All four of them were speaking excitedly.

"This is so exciting."

"Our first outing."

"I can't wait."

They were full of so much excitement that they were practically hopping on their little paws. Their excitement is due to something bigger than the little freedom that they are about to experience. Their first outing entails more than that, and they are looking forward to it.

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Chapter 1470 The First Outing.

All four of them waited patiently by the opening in the cave. There is a path that leads down the mountain from the cave. But beyond the path is the open sky. It is as if they are living beside a cliff.

Mother went outside through the opening of the cave. Then she grabbed them with her solidified divine sense and pulled them out. They came out of the cave for the first time. They can't fly yet, but being so high up in the sky is still exhilarating.

Mother said, "Down we go, little ones."

Then she flapped her four wings and plunged down. They didn't go straight down. Instead, they glided across the landscape and created some distance between them and the mountain as they descended.

The four of them roared in excitement all the way down. Their soft, undeveloped vocal cords made their howls sound like coughing. It was so cute that Mother couldn't help but grin. Their happiness was infectious.

Mother wasn't fast, so they could take in the scenery. Her divine sense formed a barrier that protected them from the wind so they could enjoy the sight of the yellow trees. The mountain they are living on is surrounded by them. The earth and soil are red. It made the yellow leaves especially beautiful.

Even with her slow speed, it didn't take them long to reach their destination. Mother dropped them in a small groove. The groove is only small compared to the size of the mountain. It is 4 kilometers across. While the mountain is 107 kilometers tall.

"We are a tenth of the way down. You will start your training from here, and we will work our way down."

They weren't listening much to her. Their attention was on their environment. It is different from the bland and deary cave that they have lived in since they hatched. Their small, shining eyes were focused on taking in everything that they could see. But they heard her, so they indicated so.

"Alright, Mother."

"Can we go now?"

"Not yet." She said with a scoff. "Not until you hear everything I have to say."

They turned to her then.

She resumed warning them. "You have 12 hours. I will be here waiting for you."

"You can go now."

They scrambled away after getting her permission. The four of them scattered into the sparse woods of the groove. Their first training session has begun.

The groove is mostly a grassy plain surrounding a blue lake. There are some shrubs and trees, but most of them are short. They are all shorter than Mother. So no matter how far the four of them go in the groove, they can always see the form of Mother, like a small blue mountain that stands out against the yellow trees. They can't get lost with her standing out like this.

The fourth chose a random direction to hunt in. He said to himself, "This is my opportunity to finally grow."

His demeanor and posture changed as he went further from Mother. Something previously dormant within him began to awaken. His demeanor seemed to have changed from that of an ignorant dragonling to that of an experienced hunter.

His eyes narrowed, and his senses peaked. Sounds, images, and sensations from the environment went into his mind through his physical senses and divine sense.

His steps were clumsy at first. He was making a lot of noise. But that changed as time went on. His steps became light. His posture shifted as he hunched. The muscles of his limbs coiled with powerful potential energy. He released that potential energy little by little as he walked, but he also replenished it as his form shifted.

He started out in a random direction, but he wasn't going in a random direction anymore. He has gained direction from the traces in his environment. He is stalking prey now. He is certain of it.

Mother had dropped them beside the lake, so it is not surprising that he came upon the tracks of a prey so quickly. This prey has just returned from drinking from the lake, so its trail is fresh.

He can smell the fresh scent in the air. He can see the fresh depressions in the ground. His divine sense can feel the traces that the prey left behind as it passed through the shrubs. Even its dentition is clear to him from the bite marks left on the leaves it passed by. From all of these, he knows that he has a good chance of subduing it.

He combined every detail he noticed into a profile for his prey. "It has six hoven limbs and weighs 1217 kg. It has one large bushy tail and two short horns, and it is an herbivore."

It is just the right type of prey for him. It is not too big, so it won't be dangerous to hunt. It is not too small either, so its flesh will make the hunt worthwhile. It is also an herbivore, so the fight will be easy.

The frizzy and long hair that it left behind indicates that it is a bushy-tailed govon. As an herbivore, its first instinct would be to run when it spots a predator, so Fourth has to be sneaky and quiet so as not to spook the prey.

Even if he spooks the prey, this hunt shouldn't fail. The bushy-

tailed govons are very fast. Their six limbs give them a high initial acceleration potential. So it will certainly be able to create a large distance between them. But govons can't keep up their fast speed, especially not the bushy-tailed govon. So as long as he doesn't give up, he will be able to catch his prey.

Every possibility had been mapped out in his mind. It is not something a novice hunter can do on their first hunt without any training. But this itself is his training. After all, experience is the best teacher.

Experience doesn't necessarily have to be yours to learn from it. You can learn from the experiences of others too.

Chapter 1471 Hunting Experience.

The experience of others is something fourth is not lacking in. He may be young and hasn't seen much of the world, but he has a lot of experience gained from his predecessors. So he wasn't caught off guard when the three-tailed tunda pounced at him during his hunt.

A translucent blur shot out from a shrub close to him and swiped a claw at him. His body leaned back at the last moment to dodge the attack. A paw with four white claws ripped the air in front of his face and passed by. His coiled muscles sprung into action after that.

His muscles were already coiled before the assault. Leaning back had compressed them further. So he simply let go of the contraction. They relaxed, and in so doing, they catapulted him forward. His neck and the head attached to it sprung forward like a spring, and his opened mouth latched onto the neck of the tunda.

He bit down with so much force that his teeth managed to cut through flesh and reach the spine in the neck. The tunda yelped in pain. It tried to swipe him away with its other forelimb, but he moved backward and dragged the tunda with him.

The tunda is bigger than him. It is also heavier than him. But that didn't stop it from being pulled forward. This caused it to be destabilized. Its attacking forelimb lost its momentum and only managed to swipe ineffectively on his blue scales.

Fourth wanted to drag the Tunda to its death. By dragging it like this, he is further worsening the injury to its neck. The tunda tried to stop itself from going forward by digging its hindlimbs into the ground, but that only made the situation worse. The rows of teeth lodged in its neck were forced to rip out a large chunk of its neck.

They separated after that bloody tug of war. Both of them won. The fourth gained a large chunk of flesh, while the tunda gained its freedom. But that obviously is not good enough for the tunda.

One shouldn't lose a part of their neck where major arteries and veins reside. One might just bleed out and die. This is a lesson that even an ignorant beast that thinks it is a smart idea to attack a dragonling knows.

Fourth knew that lesson, so he was smug as he thought to himself, "It must know now that I am not the easy prey it thought I was."

He also chuckled. It was a grating sound, similar to the calls of some birds. It definitely set the tunda on edge. It became even more agitated.

The Tunda is far from dying yet because what Fourth took out of his neck is just a small portion of the neck. It is an important section, but unfortunately, it won't lead to death immediately because his mouth is small compared to the size of the tunda. So Fourth decided to stand back and defend.

The tunda, on the other hand, wanted to drag him down with it. It pursued him, and they clashed again. The Fourth turned around to run. This emboldened the tunda. It pounced on his back to pin him down. But it received a lashing from the spiked tail that Fourth smashed against it.

The tunda was smashed out of the air. The force of the tail struck it against a tree. The fall didn't injure it as much as the damage to its torso from where the spikes on the tail struck it.

Much worse is the exacerbation of the injury to its neck caused by slamming into the tree. It tried to rise, but it failed to do so. It is a mana beast, so it doesn't possess weak points like lesser beasts, but losing too much blood means weakening.

Mana is contained in the blood. To lose blood is to lose mana. But that doesn't mean that the injury is debilitating. A mana entity is not dead yet until their head is crushed. The fourth knew that too. So he was cautious when he approached the tunda. He wasn't deceived by its attempt to look weak. Fourth approached in the same hunched posture, ready to pounce or retreat if need be.

The tunda continued to pretend. It struggled to stand, and it mewed weakly. And when it did stand, it was with a weak posture. It looked all but ready to drop at the slightest touch. The large amount of blood coming out of its neck is testament to that. If one didn't know that it could stop its bleeding, one might be fooled.

Fourth struck. He raised his clawed paw slowly and brought it down on the tunda. The tunda snapped at his hand. It missed because the attack was a feint. But it didn't give up. It sprung into action, using its bigger body to smash into him.

If the attack were to connect, Fourth would be floored. His small body wouldn't be able to withstand the collision. Then the tundra would gain the upper hand, and most importantly, the tundra would be on top of him.

But fourth was prepared for this kind of desperate action. He dodged slightly to the left. He used the spike on his wing to rip the side of the tunda as it barreled past him. He also made sure to use his tail to smash the tunda's head.

His last attack failed. The tunda wasn't caught off guard by the tail again. It bit it and held on to it. But that's just stupid. By doing so, it exposed its back to Fourth. He pounced on one of its hindlimbs and snapped it. That sealed the fate of the stupid tunda that sought to kill a dragonling.

The tunda lost its speed. This is something it can't pretend to do. Fourth capitalized on this weakness to deal more injuries to it. He harassed it far beyond the threshold of pretending to bleed. The tunda finally lost its life after a few minutes of violent ripping from an eager dragonling.

Chapter 1472 All You Can Eat.

"That brings back pleasant memories." Fourth said after the battle.

This is his first time hunting, but this is not his first experience hunting. He has a whole lot of experience with hunting in his memory. These memories helped him become a knowledgeable and seasoned hunter right from his first hunt. If left alone to take care of himself, he is sure that he would be able to survive in this forest on his own.

Even so, he is not unscathed. There are shallow grooves on his scales where the tunda scored some hits. One of his wings is also injured. He folded it against his back most of the time during the battle, but it was still damaged. But all in all, his first battle was a success.

He looked around to make sure there were no enemies nearby. Then he began to drag the tunda toward Mother's position. That's where he is going to eat it. He can eat it here, but it is not safe. Mother will surely be able to save him if he meets with danger to his life here, but it is better to prevent that by sticking close to Mother.

If he is close to Mother, then no enemy will try to ambush him. Plus, he can keep his prey safe with her and return to hunting with peace of mind. He still has the trail of a bushy tailed govon and he doesn't want to lose it. Eating now will slow him down, so it is better to save his bounty for the future.

He made all these considerations very quickly before he decided to drag his prey to mother. The tunda is heavy, so he has to put in a lot of effort to drag it. But he couldn't complain because it was all part of the training.

Training is a good thing for dragons. It is not like the training of the ancient dragons in that dragonlings are not born ignorant. Their bloodline memories make them rather informed of what they are to do and how to do it.

So instead of fighting at the edge of death to acquire predatory instincts and skills, they will be fighting at the edge of death to excavate generations of predatory instincts and skills.

Training is dangerous. But it also means that they get to eat whatever they hunt. They won't be limited to the single meals that Mother gives them every few days. They can eat as much as they can kill.

In a way, training is a buffet for dragonlings. It shouldn't be called training anymore, but dragons are creatures of tradition. They are not going to stop calling something training because of the advantage of ancestral memories.

Fourth had been looking forward to training because, despite Mother's special treatment of him, he is still the smallest of the four of them.

The first three have an advantage of time over him, which is keeping them in the lead. If he can't beat his siblings, then his performance will be abysmal during the naming ceremony. So he is extra dedicated to training.

He dropped the tunda in front of Mother. Then he rushed back into the forest to hunt more. His tiny feet bounded on the forest floor with excitement.

Mother had her eyes closed, but she wasn't sleeping. Her divine sense had enveloped the whole grove and the entire mountain. So she is constantly monitoring the situation and can spring into action to save her dragonlings at any moment.

The mountain doesn't belong to just her, so there are other mothers who have brought their dragonlings out for training. Some of them are accompanied by their fathers, which is a rare sight.

This is usually the case when the fathers are young or first-time fathers. If the fathers are older, then they usually don't care about this stage of growth of the dragonlings. The novelty of having offspring has worn off on them, so they would rather do something else than cater to some dragonlings that don't need them.

She mated with an ancient and powerful dragon. It is not by chance. Male dragons her age were not strong enough to defeat her. So she had to find a more powerful male among the older dragons to defeat her.

The mating ritual of dragons is basically a fight. Males get to mate when they can defeat the females in battle. In this way, the strong females are paired with the strong males.

This tradition ensures that the next generation of dragons is stronger than the previous ones.

Hybridization between strong parents always produces stronger offspring. But this situation has made it so that the father of the four doesn't care enough to visit his offspring yet. He might never care enough to visit them in their lives.

The care of the dragonlings falls on her shoulders. She is to protect them during their training. In the meantime, she chats with the other mothers who live on the mountain. They speak about any news they have heard recently.

One of the news stories that has been going around recently was about the attack on a plane under the control of the Supreme Beasts by some dragons. It is said that the attack ended in a massive victory for the dragons even though they couldn't enter the plane to fight.

Another noteworthy story is about a plane that was destroyed in a struggle between an ambitious dragon and an inhabitant of a plane. The ambitious dragon failed in gaining control of the plane and is recruiting dragons to help it defeat the resistance of the plane.

There is also news of two Gemini twins turning on each other and how it has affected their race both in the immortal lands and in the realm tree. There were many other stories which Mother used to while away her time while her dragonlings trained.

This training session continued until all four of them had eaten their fill and fell asleep. Then Mother took them back to their cave, where they would sleep for a few days.

Chapter 1473 The First Ability.

She will bring them down for another session of training after they wake up. Then they will eat to their fill again.

This cycle of hunting and sleeping will continue until the younglings awaken their first active ability.

Dragons are born physically superior to most races. They are strong and have incredible defenses. Their scales defend them from both physical and magical damage. Their dense muscles also grant them strength enough to be at the top of most races. They can also grow to massive proportions, so no one can bully them with size. But those aren't what make them Supreme.

Those features are just passive abilities. They are the base features that every dragon possesses. It is not until they awaken active abilities that they become worthy of the title of Supreme race.

This is a title that they earned long before they produced their first Origin god, so it is a title that they deserve completely. Very few races deserve this title like them. In fact, they are the yardstick to determine who deserves the title. Any race that can fight them or defeat them is the true Supreme race.

The awakening of the active abilities of the dragonlings happened during one of their breaks during hunting. They have been hunting for 4 years now and have grown bigger because of it. Unfortunately, despite his dedication and hard work, fourth is still the smallest. But he isn't discouraged. He may be the smallest, but he is the fastest.

He and second are standing aside to watch a fight between the first and third. Third has grown to become the biggest amongst all four of them. First felt threatened by the difference in size and wanted to teach third a lesson. So first challenged her to a fight.

The challenge doesn't look like the harmless wrestling that they engaged in when they were younger. No one is to interfere in this fight. The stakes are too high to allow for interference.

First showed why she should be first. She was able to beat third despite the disadvantage of size. They have the same bloodline memories, but it is clear that one of them has excavated more of them than the other. First was able to show exquisite skill in fighting. Third was soon losing.

Third was pushed back and was forced to give ground because of first's aggressive moves. A claw here and a tail swipe there kept third on the back foot. This continued until she was pushed against a tree. It was not by chance. First had herded her in this direction. She was the more experienced fighter.

Third couldn't move back anymore. First said to her. "Admit defeat."

Third didn't want to admit defeat. She opened her mouth to roar. The sound that came out of her mouth sounded like a choking cough.

First mocked. "If that is a roar, then it is the weakest roar I have ever heard."

It truly is the weakest roar, but Third didn't give up. She tried again. However, First didn't give her the opportunity. She swiped her claw at third's face. The claw slapped her head. It made third angry. She lunged at first. The distance was too close and third was too big. First was ran over. She hit the ground because of the collision. Then third pressed her down with her weight.

She opened her mouth to roar triumphantly. This time, the sound that came out of her jaws was not crippled. The air that was ejected from her mouth created a deeper sound. It carried a hint of force.

Third became happy because of her roar. She roared again, just like she did earlier. Her roar came out better. It is not a cough anymore but a bellowing. It resonated with the air and with the other dragonlings.

Fourth and second joined her. They too raised their jaws to the air and ejected air out of their lungs. The air was mixed with their divine sense, and mana was roused violently to create a loud sound.

First pushed third aside. Then she also joined in. The four of them became immersed in that feeling. It is like casting a spell. Air from their lungs rouses the air mana in the environment in a manner dictated by their divine sense to create the roar. They tried again and again until they got the hang of it. It is the first spell and ability that dragons master. It is the dragon's roar.

Mother opened her eyes and roared in jubilation. Her roar is not the weak sound that they produce. It caused the ground to thrum and the trees to shake violently as if there was an earthquake.

Her roar also contains a psychic impact. Any being that hears her roar will be forced to kneel and bow before her. It is because she has infused it with dragon force. It is the sign of dragon's might. Only the strong can resist it.

Mother smiled at them. "Very good. Tomorrow we begin the second stage of training."

That doused their enthusiasm. They stopped roaring and then scattered into the forest to hunt more. They are going to need the extra energy tomorrow.

They hunted for the rest of the day and ate until they were bursting. Mother brought them to the top of the mountain for the night. She went to sleep, but the dragonlings couldn't sleep. Not with tomorrow looming over their heads.

Third said to them. "We have nothing to fear. We should just follow our instincts, and we will be fine."

She has taken the lead subconsciously. Her victory over the First has filled her with confidence. But First is not one to give up.

First proclaimed defiantly. "I will be the first one tomorrow. It will prove that your victory was a fluke."

Third replied with her eyes narrowed, "We'll see."

First and third stared daggers at each other while their two brothers watched impassively. The two sisters wanted to fight, but they knew that they shouldn't. They need all the energy they can get tomorrow.

Chapter 1474 Anxiety For Success.

Success tomorrow means partial freedom from Mother. Failure means they will lag behind the others in their progress. To lag behind the others is to lag behind all the dragonlings hatched in their cycle.

Fourth was the only one not concerned. It is because he has already succeeded in the second training. He has just been waiting for this moment to show off.

Unlike the others, who couldn't sleep because of anxiety, he couldn't sleep because he was too excited. The four of them stayed by the opening of the cave, looking out into the darkness and waiting for the sun to rise.

The cycle of light and day is not fixed in the dragon continent. This is because the position of the plane is not fixed. It moves about freely in the realm. Daylight comes when they move into the path of either of the suns. The addition of the third star has only made things more random. But it has increased the amount of daylight that they experience. So they didn't have to wait long for the sun to rise.

The sun didn't disappoint them. It rose majestically and brought light to the plane. Then another sun appeared on the opposite side of the horizon. The second sun is setting, but they entered its path before it finished setting, so the duration of its light will be short.

The dragonlings didn't have to remind Mother before she spoke to them. Her voice rang in their minds like a bell. "Prepare yourself."

They began to prepare themselves. They stretched out their small wings and expanded them to their full length. Their minds were set, and they already knew what to expect, so they were as prepared as they could be. Even then, some of them couldn't help but start to panic when Mother's divine sense grabbed the First.

First was lifted up and out of the cave. She was brought away from the mountain. Her body hung beyond the edge of the cliff. Beneath her were the open skies. Then she was dropped to the ground.

First began flapping her wings. The muscles of her chest contracted and relaxed repeatedly and vigorously to cause her wings to beat on the air.

But flying is not as easy as flapping wings. The air currents have to be sensed. Then she has to decide whether to go against the flow or go along with it. She can't do both of them or none of them if she wants to fly. She has to choose one, and the way she flaps her wings will be in accordance with her decision.

So the first thing she tried to do was feel the airflow with her divine sense and her wings. Then she tried to attune the rhythm of her wings to the air currents. This is not something that can be easily done while falling in the air.

She has memories of flights and the instincts needed to master them quickly. But she is falling, and her heart is thumping in fear because she knows that her mother will not stop her from hitting the ground.

She won't die because Mother will cushion her fall, but her failure will lead to far more than physical injuries. Failure will wound her pride, so it is best if she can focus on flying, but she can't focus on flying because she is afraid of failing.

She is just too anxious. She is thinking more than doing. The thought of third surpassing her filled her mind. It was then that Mother's voice rang in her head.

"Focus. Dominate the wind."

That brought her out of her mental quagmire. It also spurred her on and made her focus. Her performance improved immediately.

Her divine sense was turned into a sphere around her that collected information for her. She was able to identify the air flow around her. She decided to go along with it since it was easier to do. She oriented herself in the direction of the wind and flapped her wings along with it.

She managed to get herself gliding. Her wings are incapable of creating the thrust needed to keep her large body afloat, so the next thing she has to do is augment her flying with mana.

She is to weave mana into the air through her wings. That will enable her wings to become capable of lifting her body. Her wings will serve as the foundation for a large levitation spell that she will continue to use until she becomes transcendent.

But knowing how to do something is different from doing it. Knowledge is different from wisdom. The first generation of dragons struggled to fly too. But they managed to do so because their wings were large enough to carry them.

Generations of evolution in dragons have eliminated the need for wings. This is because wings become redundant at certain levels, and dragons can fly without them. So energy is directed towards more useful things like the toughness of scales, dragon breath, or the power of their inner world.

This has caused wings to be eclipsed by other parts of the body in later generations. So wings don't develop as fast as they should in the dragonlings anymore. It is why her wings can't carry her body on their own, no matter how skilled a flier she is. It has to be assisted by a spell. It is this spell that is stopping her from flying.

Ideally, she should be able to weave the spell since she was able to weave the dragon roar yesterday. But that little experience is not enough, and the flight spell is more complicated than the dragon's roar. All she managed to do was angle her fall towards the lake in the groove. Then she fell into it.

"I failed." She said in sadness.

Mother spoke to her through her divine sense. "Practice makes perfect."

Then Mother grabbed her and lifted her into the air. On her way back to the top, she passed Second brother falling to the ground. He was flailing about like she did.

Chapter 1475 The Greatest.

She thought to herself, "It seems Second is going to fail too."

That thought cheered her up. Then she met Third. She, too, was failing to get the hang of flying. The sight pleased First very much.

It cheered her up enough to encourage herself, "I mustn't slack. I must get it right on this turn."

It was fourth brother's turn by the time she was brought back to the cave.

Fourth said to her with arrogance. "Watch me."

She watched him. She wanted to see him fail. But she was disappointed. She saw him drop, but he didn't scramble to reorient himself like them. He stopped falling after a few seconds. Then he flew away down the mountain.

He roared in victory as he soared. "I am the greatest."

First couldn't believe her eyes. She asked in disbelief, "How did he get it on the first try?"

She thought flying would be easy to do until she actually tried it. She knows that everything looks easy to do until one tries to do it. But she didn't expect it to be so

difficult, despite having memories of it. But Fourth seemed to have gotten the hang of flying in a few seconds.

Mother answered her question. "Don't mind him. He had already mastered the dragon's roar and flying a year ago. He has been working on the third spell, the dragon's majesty, in secret. That's why flying is not difficult for him."

That stunned First. She expected to hear that fourth had the advantage of flight because he had the smallest body. Never in her wildest dream would she expect that he was already working on dragon's majesty.

She still couldn't believe what she heard. It was hard for her because she didn't expect him to have left them all in the dust and yet pretend to be weak. It made her angry and ashamed.

She said with determination. "I am ready, Mother."

"Good. You have to continue to strive for the best. Don't underestimate anyone. I suspect that your second brother is the most talented of you all. He is hiding himself even more deeply than Fourth."

"What?!!!" First said as her eyes widened.

She couldn't understand how the second brother, whom she saw fail, could be better than the Fourth brother.

But Mother didn't enlighten her about her confusion. Mother lifted her into the air and brought her far away from the cliff.

Mother said to her, "Do not be dismayed. Remain proud in your strength and defy all opposition. Spread your wings and fly."

Then Mother dropped her for another try at flying. It is what the dragonlings will do for today and several more days to come until they learn how to fly.

The first training session for dragons is hunting. They are to hunt until they awaken the roar of defiance. The dragon roar is the first spell that they have to accomplish. The second one is flight. The third one is dragon's majesty. The fourth one is dragon's breath. The fifth one is dragon's tongue and the last one is dragon's domain.

Each spell rises in difficulty and requirements. The third spell, dragon's majesty requires dragonlings to gain preliminary control of their dragon heart. They will then be able to pressure other creatures into submission with their aura. The first of them to accomplish it was the fourth.

The Second brother was the first to learn how to fly, after the fourth. It wasn't the first sister or third sister who achieved it. Second didn't learn how to fly until the next day. First and Third were much later than that. One can imagine just how far ahead Fourth was.

They didn't have to imagine it. Fourth showed them the distance between them when he mastered the dragon's majesty well ahead of the others.

Second was also the next one after Fourth to achieve dragon's majesty. His performance was enough to surprise First and that would have been all if Mother hadn't told them that fourth is not the most talented one.

Fourth took the lead when he became the first to fly. He gained freedom from Mother in that he could leave the cave without her permission. He had to return to the cave for the night, but he was allowed to roam around the mountain range and hunt to his limit. This gave him a few days worth of time to get ahead of the others in terms of nutrition.

His freedom increased when he gained dragon's majesty. He didn't need to return to the cave as long as he remained within range of Mother's divine sense. That restriction was to be removed after he became able to produce dragon breath.

First and Third were still struggling with dragon's majesty when they were given a rude enlightenment about Fourth's talent.

They were practicing diligently when their attention was drawn to Fourth who was flying about over the mountain in triumph and breathing dragon fire.

He roared in excitement. "I did it. I did it."

His shouts certainly drew their attention, if the sudden thunderclaps didn't. They saw blue lightning bolts shoot out of his mouth. His lightning dragon breaths are what's causing the thunderclaps.

First said in understanding. "So his talent is lightning. He must have gotten it through an ancestral bestowal. That's why he hatched so late."

Lightning is not an element that they should have because their mother is a water dragon and their father is a fire dragon. The only elements they should have innately are fire and water.

The other way to acquire other elements is through the gift of an ancestor in their lineage. But to do that, hatchlings will go through a trial while they are still in the egg. Most trials are short, but some are long and can cause delays in hatchling. That seems to be the case with fourth brother.

First also took part in the trial since it is open to every dragon in the egg. It didn't go well for her.

Chapter 1476 Dominators Of Mana.

She remembers what it felt like too. Her groggy consciousness was dimly aware of certain imprints in her bloodline. Exploring the imprints brought her mind into a dreamscape of her ancestor, where the trial took place.

There were a lot of trials in that dreamscape, but she couldn't take them all because they had requirements for soul strength. She could only take the small trials of her dragon ancestors who were much closer to her in lineage. The farther away the dragon ancestor is, the higher the soul requirement.

The ones close to her also didn't offer special rewards since they were also dragons with fire and water affinities. Even so, they were very difficult trails.

Of all the trails she took, she didn't pass even one and didn't gain any ancestral bestowal from any ancestor. The fourth, on the other hand, appears to have passed at least one. That means he gained the approval of that ancestor and was granted an activated ancestral imprint that will provide assistance in times of danger.

In theory, if a dragon has a strong enough soul when they are in the egg, it can gain bestowal from every dragon up to the dragon ancestor since every dragon is related. But most of them fail to go beyond a generation or two of relationships. The best that any one of them can achieve is what Fourth has achieved.

Fourth passed the trial of a lightning ancestor who was far away in relation to their parents. This means that his soul was more powerful than theirs when he was in the egg. It also means that he is very smart since he could pass the trial.

Third said to first, "It is no wonder he is progressing so quickly in training. His soul is stronger than ours. His intelligence is obvious, too. He knew to lay low and trick us by pretending to be weak. He has always been ahead of us, even before we were hatched."

She thought back to how she had bullied him when he had just hatched. Whatever damage to his pride she did seems to have returned to her now.

She gritted her teeth and ground them against each other as she thought to herself, "He must have been secretly smug while we were beating him."

"It is not over until it is over."

She didn't languish for long. She picked herself up mentally and continued to work hard. She and third who used to fight each other have stopped doing so ever since Fourth left them in the dust. Instead, they have dedicated all their time and energy to hunting and training.

They grow stronger and more skilled every day. But they can't overtake Fourth, who seems to be making faster progress. This made it so that they couldn't bear to relax at all. They have gained freedom from Mother, but they are not enjoying it at all.

Only fourth could relax. The others were always meditating. What they are trying to accomplish is the dragon's majesty. It is the first ability that requires the use of the dragon heart. The more difficult one after it is the dragon breath, which fourth has accomplished. It shows the wide gulf between them.

They are in a race with Fourth and all the other dragonlings hatched in their circle, but being fast doesn't guarantee victory. They still have a long way to go and a lot of time to do so. Victory is not determined by talent. It is determined by power. If they are the strongest, then they will win. They will have the last laugh if they manage to beat him, and they have a little more than 900 years to accomplish it. So they were not discouraged, despite being aware of the disparity between them and fourth.

Dragon's majesty requires the use of the dragon heart. The dragon heart is where their soul and consciousness of a dragon are. It is also a physical part of their body, so they can sense its presence as a tangible object. What they have to do is rouse it and make its power manifest in the world.

The dragon heart is the foundation of their supremacy. They have learned how to weave spells by using their divine sense to shape the mana in the world. Now they have to use their divine sense to bring the dragon force from within their dragon heart into the world. Unfortunately, it is not easy to do.

Dragon force is an intangible power, but they have to wield it like a limb or a physical tool. It is easier said than done. Still, it is easier to do now compared to the ancient dragons, who had to grope around in the dark.

They have memories and instincts so they know what to do. All they have to do is meditate and look inward. When they find dragon force within them and can move it, then they will be able to bring it out.

Dragon force is a power capable of amplifying almost anything. They can use it to empower their physical strength or their spellcasting. They can use it to amplify dragons's roar into dragon's majesty. The amplification of dragon force will add psychic pressure to everything they do. Such that the dragon's roar will produce a psychic impact in addition to the shockwave of sound.

The next step is dragon breath. To do this, they will use dragon force to cast their innate elemental spell. When doing so, their dragon heart will light up and can be seen glowing beneath the weak scale on their chest. This highlights their only weakness, but it is not so easy to kill them.

They will then move on to master the dragon tongue after achieving dragon breath. This is the fifth training objective. The dragon tongue is just a way to cast spells with dragon force without the need for spell structures.

The possession of dragon force has made it so that dragons don't need to coerce mana gently into the shape and function that they want. They dominate mana with dragon force, unlike the weak-willed elves.

Chapter 1477 Foundation Of Supremacy.

The last training objective is the dragon's domain. It involves creating a domain around them with dragon force. Ambient mana is subjugated to their will through the use of dragon force. This prevents mana from being used by others and can magnify their dragon tongue.

Unlike dragon tongue which can be brute forced, dragon's domain is a challenge in the manipulation of dragon force. A dragon's domain is meant to suppress mana within it so that no one else can manipulate it. But this suppression is not absolute, like the dragon tongue. When two dragon domains clash, it is the dragon with the stronger and better control of the dragon force that wins.

This last objective is the most important objective to accomplish before any dragonling can go for the naming ceremony that is held every 100 years. Any dragon without a dragon domain will not even be able to survive the naming ceremony, much less struggle against the other dragonlings. And if they want to stand a chance at receiving the help of the dragon spirit, then their skill in manipulating dragon force must be superior to others.

Every dragonling is a mana entity, so there is no clear disparity in strength. But the manipulation of dragon force which is the foundation of supremacy will create a large disparity between them. This particular factor is what the first, and third are counting on.

The acquisition of skill is their hope to overtake Fourth's talent and defeat him. As long as they work hard on their control of the dragon force, they will have a good chance of defeating him.

Training continued for many years until it became a hundred years after they were hatched.

Mother asked them. "Which one of you wants to go for the naming ceremony now?"

First answered. "Not me."

Both Second and Third also rejected the chance to test themselves now. They want to wait another hundred years. They will hone themselves during that time and increase their confidence in success.

Only fourth was confident enough to test himself. He said to Mother. "I am ready."

Mother asked him. "Are you sure?"

"Yes. I feel like I have reached my peak. I can still improve, but it will be slower. Any delay will just let others catch up to me."

Mother agreed. "Alright. We will leave tomorrow. I will call your father and see if he will come."

They were all surprised. Even the second, who is usually silent, couldn't help but ask. "Father is coming?"

"I am not certain. It is tradition for the fathers to be present when their first offspring are attending the naming ceremony. However, you lot are not his first offspring, and he is very busy, so he might not come."

Second spoke. "I would like to see Father. He is very strong."

They have never seen their father, but they know he is very strong. This is from the memories they have of him and the difficulty of his ancestral trial. In the trial that he gave them, he wanted them to destroy the resistance of a plane.

In the trial, they had the power of a transcendent, but their father wanted them to invade and subjugate a plane with hundreds of transcendent defenders.

It seems unfairly difficult, but it is something that their father has done and succeeded in. The trial was a replay of their father's exploits. Their father once invaded and subjugated a plane, and he did the bulk of it in less than an hour because he sat at the planar gate and waited for the defenders to amass so that he could take all of them down at once.

Unfortunately, they couldn't replicate his success. They were defeated in the trial and lost his bestowal. They would like to meet such a powerful dragon, even if he were not

their parent. It is something that a normal dragonling would want, so Second's request was not out of place.

Mother placated them. "Yes, he is strong. But is also very busy, so don't have high hopes."

The dragonlings were disappointed, but it wasn't because they wouldn't meet their father. They don't care that he is their father. They only care about the kind of power that he represents and meeting such a powerful entity.

He is very powerful, so he represents a powerful obstacle to overcome. Being their father is just a coincidence. He was at the right place at the right time to be their father. But he is very strong because of his dedicated efforts. It is clear to them which identity they should admire. That admiration is also accompanied with the wish to defeat him.

Dragons grow stronger with age, so it is expected that their father is stronger than them. Their father is also stronger than other dragons in their memories, so defeating him will not be easy.

Dragons believe that the only entities worthy of being their rivals are other dragons. The first rivals that dragons encounter are their siblings. Then their agemates. After their age mates are the older generations, like their parents.

They have to overcome every one of them. In this way, they will be able to grow strong enough to become like their dragon ancestor. It is why dragons keep trying to usurp Mother High Heaven. They are trying to replicate what their ancestor achieved.

The dragonlings continued to train even when the sun finally set. The sun didn't come early, so the night was prolonged. That didn't mean much to them because they trained all through the night and were still busy when the sun came up.

Mother didn't leave yet because the dragon spirit hadn't called for the naming ceremony yet. She was waiting for its call before she would take fourth to the naming ceremony.

Another sun rose while they were waiting. This makes up two suns in the sky. It increased the amount of heat they had to bear. There wasn't much of a change apart from that.

Second looked warily at the second and last sun that appeared in the sky. He muttered. "That is weird. I thought I felt something."

Chapter 1478 Something Strange.

The other dragonlings heard what he muttered and looked up, but they saw nothing amiss. This is not the first time that two suns will be in the sky. It just means that the dragon continent has moved into the path of the two stars. It is nothing strange.

Mother also hasn't moved and doesn't appear concerned. If she doesn't think there is anything to be worried about, then there is nothing for them to be worried about. So they stopped paying attention to the sky.

Only the second continued looking at the second star. He continued to do so for more than an hour. Nothing happened during that time. But it turned out that his worries were not unfounded.

Something strange did happen after two hours of its appearance. The second sun enlarged, and the heat from it increased.

Second became agitated. He said, "It is falling from the sky."

He didn't need to shout. The second sun was falling towards their mountain, so the others noticed the change quickly. It was practically bearing down on them.

"What's going on?" Fourth asked in confusion.

No one had the answer to that question, so they had to ask Mother.

"Mother. The sun is falling."

But Mother ignored them. She continued to lie on the ground with her eyes closed. They don't believe that she is sleeping, despite how she looks. Her divine sense is still active, so she is awake. But they don't understand why she is ignoring them and the falling sun.

First said. "There is no need to panic if Mother is not panicking. Maybe it is an illusion."

They regained their confidence because they didn't think Mother would watch on as something this dangerous happened to them. If Mother is not concerned, then they should be mildly concerned at most. They can't be unconcerned anymore, considering how terrifying a falling sun is.

"But what is it?" Third asked. "If it is an illusion, it can't be a star. If it is not dangerous, it can't be a falling sun. So what is it?"

Fourth suggested. "It could be an enemy performing the illusion. It has to be a very powerful enemy for it to fool us."

They didn't reject that possibility because they were aware that anything was possible. It is unlikely for an enemy of the dragon race to find the ancestral grounds of dragons and

attack dragons openly in their own homes, but it has happened before and it can happen again.

Besides, it could be that someone is playing a trick on them. Maybe this is all a harmless test by some eccentric dragon passing by.

They didn't have to wait long to get the answer to the cause of their predicament. The sun had fallen so low that they could see its surface clearly. It is a sphere of fire in the most thorough sense of the word.

They can see pillars of fire erupting from its scorching red surface. The whole sphere seems to be made of liquid fire, so it looks like lava. It is flowing like a liquid too, and it is erupting with the occasional pillar of fire.

It didn't surprise them that the sun also had a divine sense. The sun spoke to them through it. "Remove your protection, Rajin. Let my children feel my warmth. I promise I won't kill all of them."

Their Mother sighed and said, "I take it back. I wish you hadn't come."

She is regretting her actions, but she did release the barrier that she had created around them. The dragonlings were hit by a heavy and scorching aura. It was then that they realized that Mother had always been protecting them. The star was not an illusion. It is an actual attack created by their father.

They can't see their father because the ball of fire filled their vision. Directly support the authors on WebNovel!

entire vision. It was more than a hundred meters across, and it was blazing hot. Then again, their father might be inside the ball, so they wouldn't be able to see him, no matter how small. They can't see their father because the ball of fire filled their entire vision. It was more than a hundred meters across, and it the ball of fire is.

Their father said to them, "Listen, little ones. I won't stop until one of you dies. All you have to do is hold on until the first of you dies."

They felt it in their bones that their father wasn't joking. He truly intends to weed out the weakest of them. They have always struggled to surpass each other, and they can say for certain who the strongest one of the four of them is. But they can't say who the weakest is. Now they will know, and they will watch the weakest die.

They will lose one of their siblings, but they are not concerned about it. They are more concerned about themselves and don't want to be that sibling, so they focused on surviving.

They formed a domain of mana around themselves like a cocoon. The cocoon of mana was roasted constantly, so they can't survive if they make it a static defense. They have to expel the heated mana and replenish it with fresh, cool mana around them.

Defending against the heat from their father is not easy. Not only does the cocoon of mana around them have to be thick and heat-repellent, but it also has to be dynamic in that they can expel heat by shifting the mana out of the cocoon and replenishing it with fresh mana, all the while maintaining the toughness and stability of the cocoon so that it doesn't collapse due to the constant shifting of its structure. Any mistake, and they might die.

Fortunately, the heat of their father is focused on them and not their environment. Otherwise, they would have no cool mana to replenish their cocoon with.

What they don't know is that their father was bombarding their environment indiscriminately. It is because of Mother that their environment is cool. If not for her efforts, one of them would have faced defeat quickly.

Chapter 1479 Where Does Your Supremacy Lie?

Their father said to their mother, "You are only prolonging their suffering, Rajin."

She said stubbornly, "They deserve time and a chance to show their full potential."

He allowed her to continue interrupting. But he warned her sternly, "Don't just get in my way."

Beneath them, the dragonlings were suffering, unaware of their conversation. Even though they had cool mana to replenish their cocoon with, they were still struggling.

Father said to them with a stern voice full of rebuke. "I am disappointed in you lot. None of you passed my ancestral trial. I will teach you all a lesson today. The weak do not have a right to survive."

They are truly struggling. This is because the rate at which they are replenishing their mana cocoon can't keep up with the heat bombarding them. Father is increasing the heat intensity, so they have to do something other than passively defend themselves. Unfortunately, they can't move, so they can't run away. They have to look inward for a solution.

Fourth was the first to make a different move. He began making mana shields with mana. These shields were different from the cocoon in that they were thinner and

denser. This makes them more difficult to make than the cocoon. He faced more difficulty since he was using more than one shield.

He substituted the cocoon for the shields and was piling them on top of each other and replacing them as they were destroyed. They were like fragile bubbles in the face of the heat bearing down on them.

Second also made his move. He made barriers made out of Earth around himself and froze the earth with ice to make the barriers colder. This granted his defense durability and heat resistance.

He used the earth beneath them to replenish his shield easily instead of relying on cool mana. He was also able to expel the heat into the ground faster. But this was for more difficult to set up and operate than the cocoon of mana.

Third was surprised at the ease with which her two brothers cast the spells. She didn't know that they were so proficient with the dragon tongue. She, on the other hand, is struggling with maintaining the pure mana cocoons.

She said to console herself. "At least I am not the weakest."

She is not the weakest. That title goes to First, who is struggling and failing to maintain the cocoon around herself. She had made a mistake that disrupted her cycle of mana replenishment. This increased the heat in the cocoon, while the increasing intensity of the heat bombardment made it increasingly difficult to expel this heat.

The disruption caused her to lag behind in her defense, so she is struggling to keep up, but it is clearly a losing battle. The cocoon could collapse at any moment now.

First may not know this, but third is sure of it. It filled third with pity. The two of them are the females in their litter, but they are also the ones with the strongest bodies. Their weakness is that they have poorer control over dragon force. That weakness is working against them when they need it the most.

The heat was rising, so the difficulty of their defense was also rising. First was falling behind as the test went on. Her cocoon unraveled faster than she could keep up with the heat. Soon, her body was made to bear the heat.

The steam rising from her body is a telling sign that her body is not doing a good enough job of it. Her scales charred, and she began to smoke.

First was being burned alive. Her blue scale blackened and turned to ashes, but she didn't scream. The pain of her flesh being cooked seared her mind, but she still didn't whimper or show any other sign of pain.

Father seemed to have smelled weakness, so he increased his aura on them. It caused the rate at which her body was destroyed to increase.

His voice boomed in their minds like a thunderclap, "Discard the pain of the body. Let go of the shackles of mortality and let your mind be liberated. Where does your supremacy lie?"

First had been charred to the bone by now. But she still replied. "Supremacy comes from within."

Dragon force blossomed from within her with that declaration. Her output of the formless power seemed to have increased now that she didn't have the burden of her powerful body.

It was as if the heat had removed the blindness caused by her body on her sensation of dragon force. In the absence of her body, the only thing she can rely on is his dragon force. She managed to create her domain and set up large layers of barriers to protect herself, despite the increase in difficulty.

Father laughed. His voice became louder. "Good. Show me the extent of your resolve."

He sounded as if he was egging them on, but he was the one getting carried away. The intensity of the heat spiked again and continued to increase with his good mood.

The dragonlings did everything to survive, but one of them had to fall. It was third who couldn't hold on anymore. Her cocoon collapsed abruptly, and her flesh was exposed to the heat without protection.

The effect was immediate because she was exposed to more heat than before. She didn't lose layers of flesh gradually, like First. Her blood evaporated instantly, while her flesh lost its structural integrity. It burned and cracked.

She pleaded for mercy. "Please, Father."

Her voice was faint and strained. She was clearly on the edge of death. But Father didn't stop. All she received was his cold glare through the all-consuming heat.

He demanded without mercy. "Show me your resolve to live."

She has resolve, but she doesn't have the power to live. Her flesh left her existence faster than she could bear it. She turned into ashes and died. Her ashes were scattered into the wind.

Chapter 1480 A Precious Gift.

Her death marked the end of the test. The heat disappeared immediately. It left the dragonlings feeling cool and lightheaded. It was almost as if they were never under the threat of fiery death a few moments ago. Fortunately, that experience was very traumatic, so it is not something that they will ever forget.

The ball of fire shrank down. It eventually reduced into a humanoid form with a large tail behind him. They knew at first sight that this was their father. His tail was as long as he was tall. It is also on fire.

He is mostly red because of the bright red scales on his body, but there is a crown of white horns on his head. The shape of the horns is not fixed. It fluctuates and shimmers like a flame. It is the manifestation of his concept. It is why he is called White Fire.

He didn't use his white flames on them. In his opinion, he had been lenient enough with them. The fact that only one of them died is proof of his benevolence.

He spoke proudly. "This is good. You lot performed above average in my descendants before one of you died. It shows that you have been working hard on your training. Take this as your reward from Father."

The imprint in their bloodline that represents their father lit up immediately. It means they have gained a single instance of assistance from their Father. In their time of need, a single full powered attack from their father will appear from the imprint.

They had failed to acquire the imprint while they were in the egg, but they were given a second chance. All they had to do to get it was survive enough for one of them to die. It has made the imprint more precious to have.

The dragonlings didn't thank him. Mother on the other hand, just scoffed while she focused on healing them. She created a bubble of green water that she drenched them with.

None of them complained about this bath. Even First who hated baths the most, was grateful. Her burnt flesh was healed, and she was restored to prime condition in seconds.

No one spoke. Not even the birds and the ants in the forest. Every living being was cowered by the might of this powerful dragon. Father had withdrawn his aura, but his majestic presence remained. He is like a volcano that no one wants to trip off or disturb lest it erupt.

Even Mother was silent. It is not a surprise to the younglings. After all, Father had to be stronger than Mother for them to be born. As for them, although they are silent because they are afraid of their father, that has not reduced their admiration for him.

Neither has the death of one of their siblings made them hate him. Instead, it has stoked their determination to overtake him. They want to beat him more than ever before. But that's for the future. They have to be fearful in the meantime.

Father didn't mind the silence. He said to them, "You performed well, so you are qualified to go to the naming ceremony. I can be rest assured that this trip won't be a waste."

Then he shifted his attention squarely to Second. "As for you, I have a feeling that you were holding back and could have done more. If not for your mother's interference, maybe I could have caught you off guard and got you to show just how much you're capable of."

Second didn't say anything. He didn't cower or look away from Father's glare. He just continued to look straight ahead.

Father eventually turned away from Second. He asked them, "Which of you wants to go for the naming ceremony now? All of you can go. You will surely survive it. You won't embarrass me or yourself after surviving my test. But if you aim to win the final prize, then you are still far behind."

They considered the question seriously. Even far more than they did when Mother had asked them the same question.

The test they just went through pushed them to their limits and beyond. They succeeded in manipulating dragon force in ways they couldn't before. So they are confident of surviving the naming ceremony. But Father is also correct in that they are nowhere close enough to win the grand prize held every thousand years.

They need that grand prize if they want to have more than one law in their concept. If they are to defeat their father in the future, then having more than one law will come in handy. If Father is already this strong as a single law Sovereign, then they will be stronger if they can have two laws.

Father looked at their contemplating faces and laughed. "What are you thinking about? There is nothing to think about. The best decisions are made in the thick of battle. I will take you to fight so you can see if you have a chance."

Fourth thought about it and he felt it was a good idea. Fighting does bring out the survival instincts buried in their bloodline. That's why they hunt for training. But they have outgrown the threats in the forest, so their training has been lackluster.

Fourth thought to himself. "If I fight another dragon, it will at least make me certain of my chance."

He was inclined to take his father up on the offer and was about to express his willingness, but Mother interjected before any one of them could express their opinion.

She said to Father, "They will only go if they want to. You will not force them to. You have done enough."

She stood up to express the seriousness of the situation. Mother's dragon body overshadowed Father's humanoid body, but that doesn't mean anything. Size doesn't equate to strength. Even so, it is clear that he would have to go through her to get her dragonlings.

A/N: This extra chapter is for Aspect and his contribution of 22 golden tickets.