Menu 1671

Chapter 1671: Inside the Hall! (2)
Whether it was Tofft's sudden 'fierceness' or the special squad he meticulously trained, all exuded an aura that sent chills down Tiyabode's spine.
Without any hesitation, Tiyabode retreated once more.
This time, he almost retreated to the edge of the bushes.
Moreover, once the opponents approached the bushes, they dove in without hesitation.
Then
Tiyabode discovered four people squatting in the bushes.
The four were cloaked, dressed as Secret Agents.
"You"
Instinctively, Tiyabode was about to speak and simultaneously retreated, but one of them was too fast Before Tiyabode could react, a hand chop struck his neck.

Bang!
Before he could even grunt, Tiyabode fainted.
The remaining three acted quickly, dragging Tiyabode by the legs into the bushes. One of the stout men even pulled Tiyabode's belt, not only tying him up but also removing his boots and stuffing his socks into Tiyabode's mouth.
The slightly thin one beside them took out the shoelaces from the boots and began to bind Tiyabode's fingers and ankles.
The two cooperated seamlessly.
Taniel standing nearby twitched his mouth slightly.
"You guys often do ambush and kidnapping, don't you?"
Taniel asked in a low voice.
"How could that be?"



Gunshots!
Roars!
Shouts of killing!
It was like a battlefield.
This was completely different from what he imagined a funeral would be!
In Taniel's imagination, a funeral should be solemn and dignified!
Even if things turned ugly at the end, the earlier part should still be like this.
At least, it should leave some decency for the deceased.
No!
It should be said as dignity!

After all, Sewock VII was an Emperor.
He should have such dignity.
But this scene before them?
Completely shattered Taniel's expectations.
"Is Ruitai so eager?"
Taniel murmured softly.
"Ruitai?"
"It's not Ruitai."
"It's someone else!"

Jason answered his friend's question, while Matthew squatting beside him and Luodeni, who was too stout so he could only crawl, immediately threw questioning glances filled with inquiry.
The two weren't fools.
Recalling the earlier bizarre events quickly.
One disguised as a Secret Agent.
The other was simply an intelligence dealer.
Thus, both had considerable knowledge of Tofft.
Though his abilities were decent, he was jealous of abilities, narrow-minded.
Could such a person be so 'fierce'?
Possible.
But more unlikely.

The two were previously puzzled but uncertain, but after hearing Jason's words, they immediately confirmed.
"Who is it?"
The two whispered.
Jason did not answer but signaled the three to continue hiding.
Then, Jason vanished into thin air.
Matthew and Luodeni were shocked.
Though both were accustomed to Jason's mysterious comings and goings, such a direct disappearance was a first.
Especially Matthew, being a 'Assassin' of the third order, was very familiar with Stealth and concealment, but he could detect nothing.
It was as if Jason truly disappeared.

As for Luodeni?
The Diviner's intuition never worked on Jason.
And this time was no exception.
Taniel, however, was used to it.
"Stay hidden!"
"That team rushed into the small conference room!"
Taniel said, lowering himself to the ground.
In the distance, the team of ten Secret Agents carried Sewock VII's coffin into the small conference room, aiding Ershe Li to rush in as well — the three City Defence Army officers were scattered but soon followed inside.
Not only these people.

Several more City Defence Army officers also rushed in.
However, most were Secret Agents.
A whopping twenty-five or six people charged in.
The present small conference room was to the side of the large conference hall.
Small only by comparison to the large conference hall of the Imperial Palace.
In reality, it wasn't small at all, being the size of a football field.
Plus, it's just the main hall of the small conference room, not counting the additional rooms.
Therefore, as those people rushed in, the small conference room did not appear crowded.
All the intruders were staring at the figure standing in the conference room.

Dressed in a black military uniform, with a stern look.
When those sharp eyes glanced their way, whoever made eye contact felt as if their skin was being pierced by a blade.
Ershe Li felt the same.
However, Ershe Li's anger and loyalty to the youth made him impervious to this pressure.
"Ruitai!"
"You won't even leave the Emperor the last bit of decency?"
"Are you so eager?"
He shouted angrily.
After shouting, the head of the Secret Agents swung his sword and charged at Prince Ruitai.
But before the head of the Secret Agents could get close, a whirlwind struck —

Whoosh!
The enormous wind pressure not only halted the head of the Secret Agents but also made him stagger back two steps.
Chapter 1672: In the Hall!
Everyone in the conference hall instinctively looked up, toward the direction from which the fierce wind was coming.
Dragon!
Giant Dragon!
A Red Giant Dragon with its wings spread was hovering above the conference hall!
Everyone was filled with dread.
Not only because they were facing this legendary creature, but also because, just moments ago, before this dragon flapped its wings, not a single person had noticed the existence of such a colossal presence above their heads.

This legendary creature was even more powerful than they had imagined!
Everyone thought so silently in their hearts.
"Did you think relying on Dou'er would make us submit?"
Ershe Li steadied himself and roared.
The response the Secret Agent leader received was the dragon Dou'er flapping its wings once more.
This time, it was directly aimed at Ershe Li.
Invisible wind turned gray.
The gray tornado instantly enveloped Ershe Li.
The next moment——
"Ahhhhh!"
A cry of agony echoed from within the tornado.

Ershe Li rolled and crashed into the wall of the conference hall.
Bang!
With a dull sound, Ershe Li rolled his eyes and passed out.
One strike!
Just one strike!
Instant kill!
A true instant kill!
No one doubted that Dou'er could kill Ershe Li if the dragon wanted to, Ershe Li was undoubtedly dead.
That's what everyone believed.
As for why Ershe Li wasn't dead?

Naturally, it was Prince Ruitai's command.
Everyone thought so too.
And Prince Ruitai didn't even glance at the unconscious Secret Agent leader; his eyes fell on the intruding City Defence Army troops, then turned to the cloaked Secret Agents.
Finally, his gaze settled on the black coffin.
Prince Ruitai stepped toward the coffin,
The ten-man team carrying the coffin immediately set it down and respectfully stood aside.
This scene left the remaining Secret Agents stunned.
But the City Defence Army seemed to have expected it.
Prince Ruitai stood beside the coffin, raising his hand to stroke it.

"I didn't want this either."
"But you blocked my way."
"It really is"
"making it necessary for me to kill you!"
Prince Ruitai spoke softly.
However, in the pin-drop silence of the conference hall, everyone heard his words clearly.
Especially the just-awakened Ershe Li.
"Ahhhh!"
"Ruitai, I will kill you!"
"Kill you, you bastard!"

The Secret Agent leader shouted, wanting to brandish his sword again, but he couldn't even stand properly, let alone accomplish that.
Prince Ruitai turned around, looking at Ershe Li with disdain.
Not just Ershe Li.
Prince Ruitai gave the same look to everyone remaining.
This prince raised his hand, waved it, and said blandly——
"Kill them."
Roar!
With those words, the mighty dragon Dou'er let out a thunderous roar.
Suddenly, an innate sense of fear surged from within each person's heart.

Indomitable.
Unresistable.
Many people began to tremble all over.
Dragon's Might!
The next moment——
Flames roared, scorching fires obliterated everything.
Dragon Breath!
But amidst the flames, a sudden bright light shone.
It was
Ershe Li.

The Secret Agent leader charged forward with a longsword in hand.
The longsword unceremoniously pierced into Prince Ruitai's chest.
Prince Ruitai was dumbfounded, incredulously looking down at the longsword in his chest.
Ershe Li was even more astonished.
Even to the point of being at a loss.
What happened?!
He couldn't even stand properly just now, how could he have charged forward and struck Ruitai?
Although he dearly wished for the other's death, how could this have happened?
While Ershe Li froze in place, a voice with a hint of laughter was heard——

"Do it!"
Chapter 1673: The First Wave!
After a light laugh, the entire conference room immediately became filled with an eerie chill.
The City Defence Army officers who rushed in were suddenly ashen-faced, their exposed skin turning blue, and a putrid stench emanating throughout the space.
Corpses!
These officers, mere moments ago living, had now completely transformed into corpses!
And, they were
Moving corpses!
Silently howling, with a stench so dense it suffocated the ordinary, the officers who stormed in one by one leapt into the air towards the dragon.
Whoosh!
The scorching Dragon Breath then descended upon them.

Before even reaching the dragon, these corpses were charred.
Then—
Boom! Boom!
Successive explosions rang out.
Each corpse exploded into a sky full of green mist.
Not ignited by Dragon Breath, but self-detonated.
As soon as these green mists appeared, they quickly merged, enveloping the dragon in mid-air.
Roar!
The dragon Dou'er immediately let out an angry roar.
Dragon Breath spewed out in torrents.

However, the Dragon Breath, capable of easily melting steel, was useless against the green mist.
It was as futile as extinguishing a fire with gasoline.
The green mist gathered more and more.
At this moment, another light laugh was heard.
Unlike the previous gentleness, it was now filled with eerie chill.
And it was unhidden.
Thus, everyone's eyes instantly shifted to the three City Defence Army officers who rushed in first.
The three of them wiped their faces, revealing their true appearances.
In the middle was an elderly man with hair and beard long since turned gray, looking amiable like a neighbor's grandpa.

While those on the sides were less agreeable, or to be accurate, faces that would scare most people to tears.
The recent laughter came from the 'man' on the left who was missing an eye, with maggots crawling back and forth in the empty socket.
Tearing off the military uniform of the City Defence Army, this 'man' hunched over, waved a wooden staff in hand, and said in that eerie voice: "Gista, what are you waiting for?"
"Get on with it!"
"Remember, Dou'er's corpse is mine!"
After speaking, this 'man' raised the staff, pointing at the dragon in the sky.
A ghastly green light shot out from the staff.
The green mist immediately increased.
And churned.



Immediately, the green mist increased again.
At this moment, the green mist had already shrouded the entire conference room ceiling, and appeared almost solid.
People could only hear Dou'er the dragon's roars, but could no longer see Dou'er's figure.
Even the heat of the Dragon Breath was felt no more.
Only an eerie cold remained.
Like the depths of winter, breath became visible in the air.
Ershe Li exhaled visible breath, repeatedly wafting it across Prince Ruitai's face.,
This prince tried to dodge but had no strength left.
Weakly, he looked at Gista, who was approaching behind Ershe Li.

"Gista!"
Prince Ruitai roared in a low voice.
"Ha, my lord prince, I am here."
Smiling lightly, Gista bowed, performing a respectful gesture.
Then, abruptly pushed Ershe Li aside.
Hiss!
Bang!
The Secret Agent leader, with his longsword, rolled aside as blood gushed from Prince Ruitai's chest, hitting a column, eyes flipping white, fainted once again.
Gista stepped aside, avoiding the spray of blood.

While Prince Ruitai's body slowly crumpled to the ground.
However, as he was about to fall completely, Prince Ruitai supported himself against the black coffin.
Forcibly, Prince Ruitai steadied himself.
Witnessing this scene, Gista merely shook his head with a smile.
Then lifted a foot.
Seemingly disgusted by the blood, Gista did not kick Prince Ruitai's chest but aimed at his ankle.
Bam!
Just barely supporting himself, relying on the black coffin to remain upright, Prince Ruitai fell straight to the ground.
"You truly are in a sorry state!"
"However, all this will end."







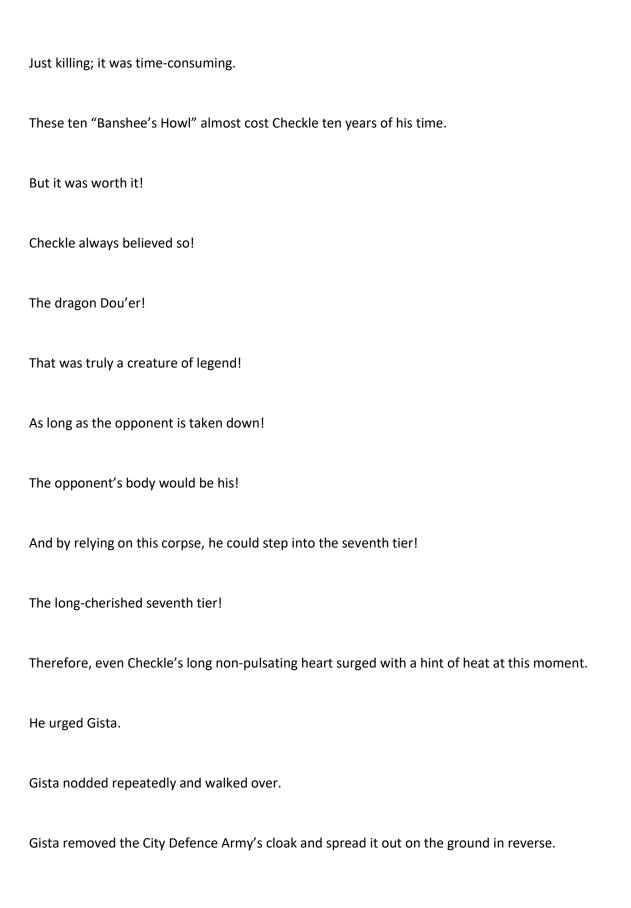
Such words should never have been uttered.
But the middle-aged man was just too shocked.
To know, the 'Banshee's Howl' is a secret technique that can rival a full-force strike of a sixth-tier 'Professional'.
However, such a secret technique has harsh training conditions, and generally, people on the Mystical Side cannot reach it.
In fact, in the last twenty years, not a single Mystical Side person in Sewock could use the 'Banshee's Howl' secret technique.
As for learning 'Banshee's Howl'?
It's like crossing the river carp.
But none ended well.
Some died.
Some went crazy.
Some became idiots.
The few who remained normal were aimlessly adrift.
And now?

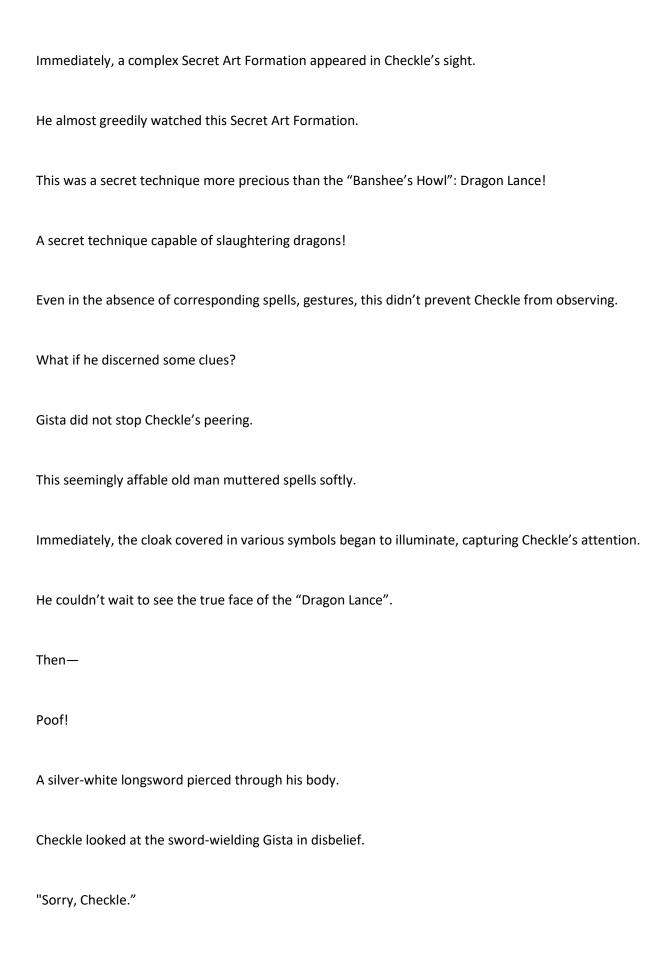
Ten 'Banshee's Howl' just appeared like that.
This left the middle-aged man speechless with shock.
And more surprising is still to come, as the Undead who released the 'Banshee's Howl' 'assassins' turned into every shadow, skimming past the dragon Dou'er's body like swifts.
Every pass elicited a roar from the dragon Dou'er.
Especially that fifth-tier 'assassin', leaving blood marks on dragon Dou'er.
The legendary dragon defense seemed to have no effect at all.
"How is this possible?!"
The middle-aged man exclaimed again in shock.
He couldn't help but look at Ciqel.
At this 'Tomb Guardian' whom he usually looked down on!
In his understanding, although the other party was a sixth-tier 'Tomb Guardian', they were the lowest rank among the sixth-tiers, incomparable to Gista or himself.
So when Gista contacted them and discussed the plan, he considered himself the main force.
But now it seems, maybe
He was just a foil?

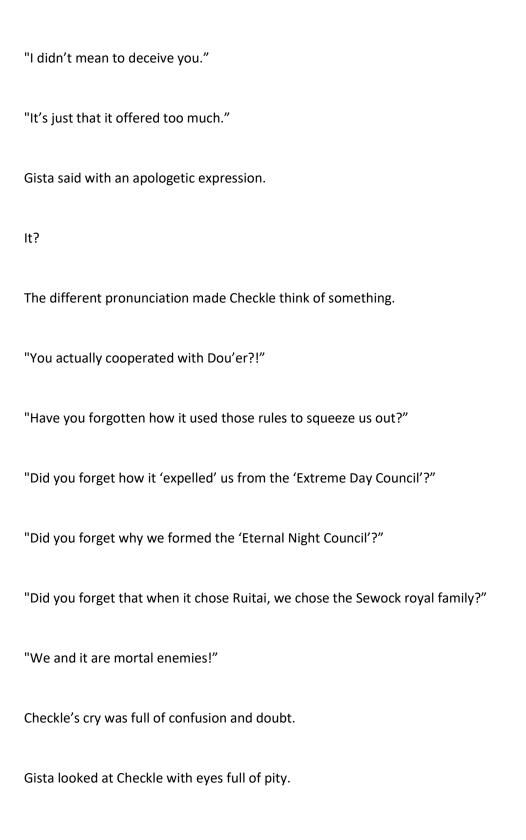


A completely exposed Ciqel kept his one eye fixed on the giant figure beyond the grim green mist, not daring to be distracted in the slightest. This green mist looked simple, but it was actually a 'weapon' painstakingly refined from the corpse of a fairy specifically to restrain the dragon Dou'er. To battle a dragon, you must restrict its flying ability. This is common knowledge. Otherwise, letting it soar in the sky, constantly breathing Dragon Breath, would be unbearable for anyone. But being a legendary creature, the dragon Dou'er isn't bound by any iron or rope. Even secret technique tools are useless. Only the 'fairy's beard' can bind the dragon. However, the elves had long disappeared from Sewock and could only be found on the outskirts of Eastwalk. To bind the dragon Dou'er, Checkle had spent ten years gathering these "fairy beards". Of course, there was also the "Banshee's Howl"! This was simpler than the "fairy beards". He merely killed some people who had gone mad, turned into idiots and muddle-headed because of learning the "Banshee's Howl", continuously refining these souls into a different type of "Spell Scroll".

It wasn't difficult at all.







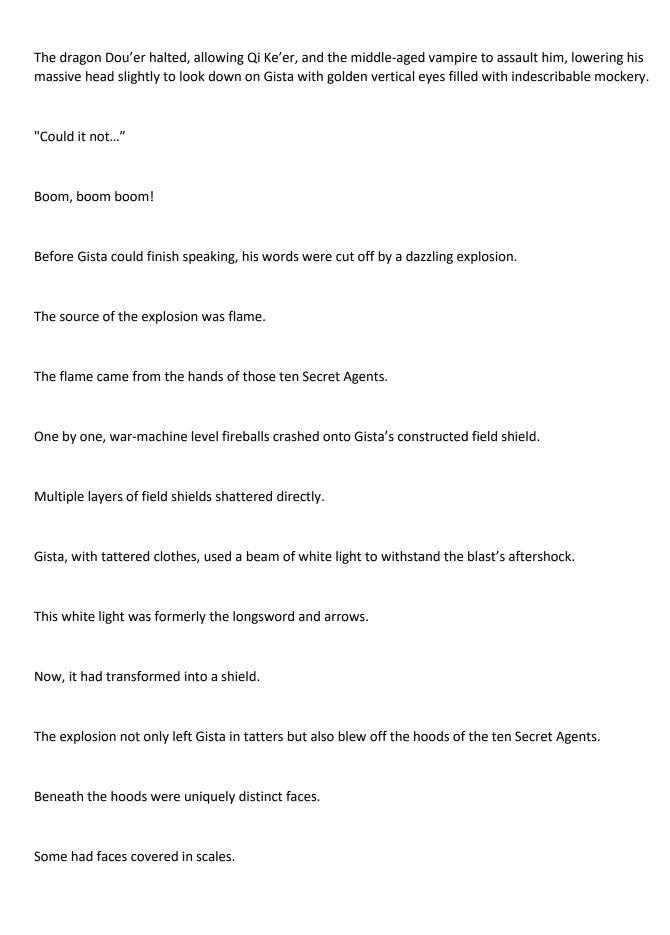
"They said you hurt your brain in the 'Fairy Forest', which is why you turned yourself into this ghostly state, and then refining 'Banshee's Howl' further aggravated your condition, I originally didn't believe it."
"Now, I do believe it."
"Can't you see it even now?"
"I am its collaborator."
As Gista spoke, he twisted the silver-white longsword.
White flames abruptly rose on the sword.
"Ahhhhh!"
Amidst a series of miserable cries, Checkle was reduced to ashes.
"Alas!" .
"I didn't want to do this either."
Gista said, releasing his grip.
The silver-white longsword transformed into an arrow and hovered in his palm.
"Go!"
With a low shout, the silver-white arrow swept across the void.

The middle-aged man, who had been escaping since Gista's move but was entangled by the dragon Dou'er, was directly pierced.
Like Checkle, white flames consumed his body.
"Gista!"
The middle-aged man roared in anger.
But, the fact did not change.
He ultimately died.
Within the entire conference hall stood Gista and the dragon Dou'er hovering in mid-air.
One person on the ground, raised his head.
One dragon in the air, lowered its head.
They looked at each other, then almost spoke in unison—
"Take him (it) down!"
Chapter 1675: Your Turn, My Turn!
The dragons Dou'er and Gista roared simultaneously.
Immediately——

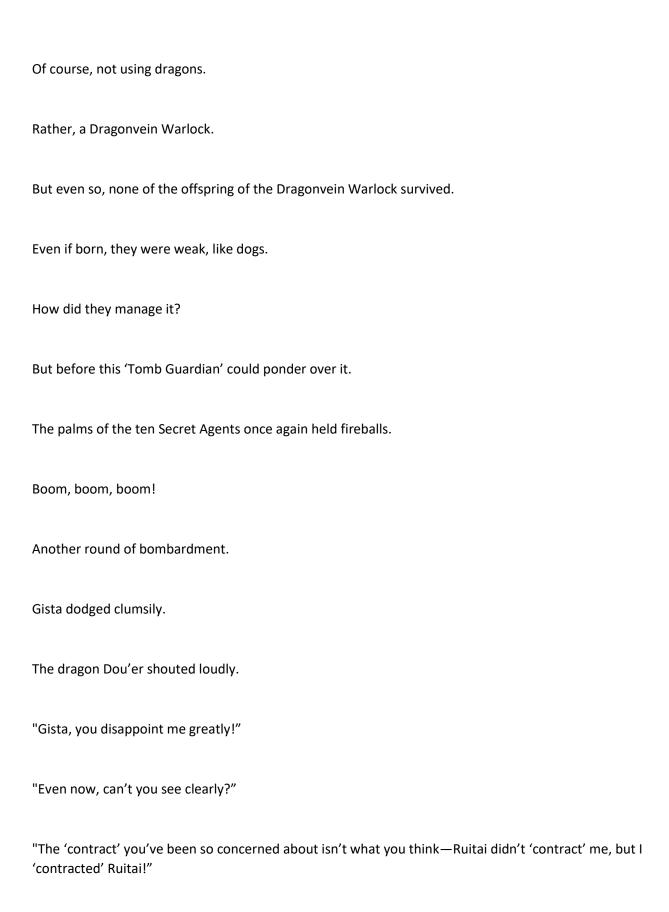
The first ten Secret Agents to enter hurried straight for Gista.
The shadows of the recently deceased Qi Ke'er and the middle-aged man hovered before the dragon Dou'er.
Battle!
No room for retreat, only close combat!
Qi Ke'er raised his hand and shot out arrows of acid.
After becoming an Undead, the middle-aged man became even more unpredictable, appearing at the most unexpected places for the dragon Dou'er. Although he couldn't truly break through the dragon scales' defenses, he could still create troubles.
Dou'er, bound by the 'Fairy Whiskers', roared continuously. Yet he couldn't break free from such a bind.
He could only be passively beaten.
However, Dou'er did not fall into a disadvantage.
Not only due to the strength of a legendary creature, but also because
Under the siege of the ten Secret Agents, Gista was in great danger.
Lacking the defense of the dragon Dou'er, Gista, although skilled in swordsmanship and agile, found himself overwhelmed by the considerable and well-coordinated strength of the ten Secret Agents.



"You're doing it?"
Qi Ke'er sneered, watching Gista, who was in a sorry state.
"Of course!"
"If it weren't for my choice to cooperate with it, do you think even with the 'Fairy's Whiskers', you'd have a chance to strike?"
"Absolutely not!"
"It's even more powerful than we anticipated!"
Gista panted and once again formed a field shield.
"Is this your reason for killing me?"
Qi Ke'er's voice was filled with anger.
"Naturally not."
"I killed you simply because the resources in our 'Evernight Council' are inadequate for two 'Tomb Guardians' to ascend to the seventh level."
"As for him?"
"He was just incidental. After all, keeping a decently strong vampire around was just too much of an eyesore."

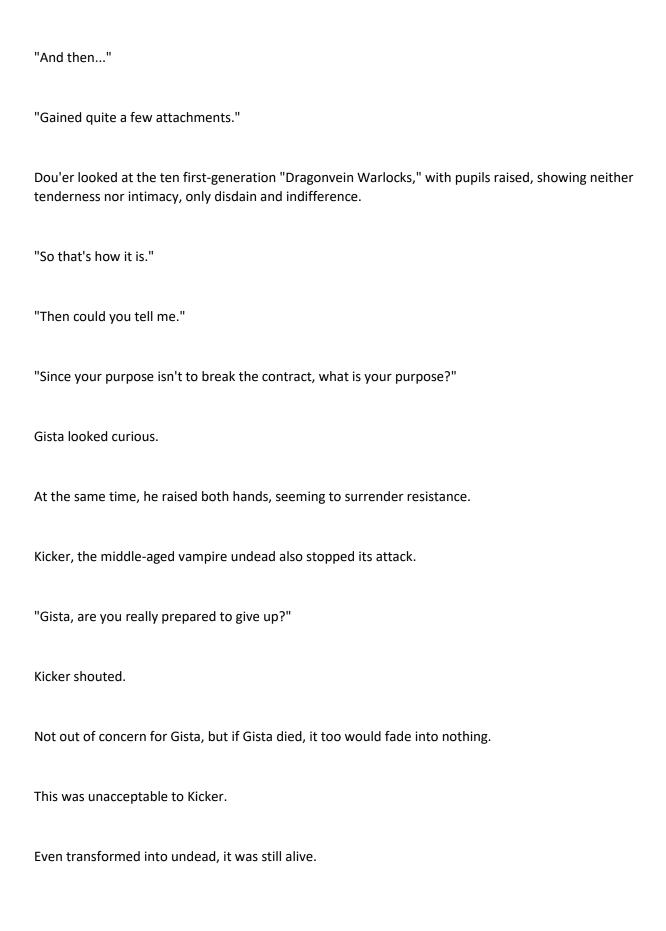


Or possessed yellow vertical pupils.
Or had ram horns growing from their foreheads.
"Dragonvein Warlocks?!"
"No!"
"Mixed Blood?!"
Gista exclaimed repeatedly.
The unusual appearance of the ten Secret Agents and the heat emanating from them informed this 'Tomb Guardian' that they were unlike normal awakened-blood 'Warlocks', being far more primal and violent in nature.
Equivalent to first-generation 'Dragonvein Warlocks'!
Very powerful!
And very rare!
Because, the dragon's might combined with human frailty ensured that their bloodlines were difficult to merge perfectly.
Even if merged.
The offspring couldn't be considered human.
Gista had attempted similar experiments before.



Chapter 1676: My Turn, Your Turn! (part 2)
After these words echoed, even the ghostly Kicker and the middle-aged vampire were taken aback.
In everyone's impression, it has always been "Dragon Knight."
This is mentioned in all records.
But "Human Knight"?!
This is the first time they have encountered it.
A strange, absurd feeling emerged in their souls.
It made Kicker and the middle-aged vampire involuntarily look at the deceased Ruitai.
Their gaze was indescribable.
Curious?
Compassionate?
Or perhaps probing?
All of these.
At the very least, they were curious about how Prince Ruitai accomplished this.
"Ever since your word was born, humans have always ridden great dragons to battle, so why can't dragons ride humans to battle?"

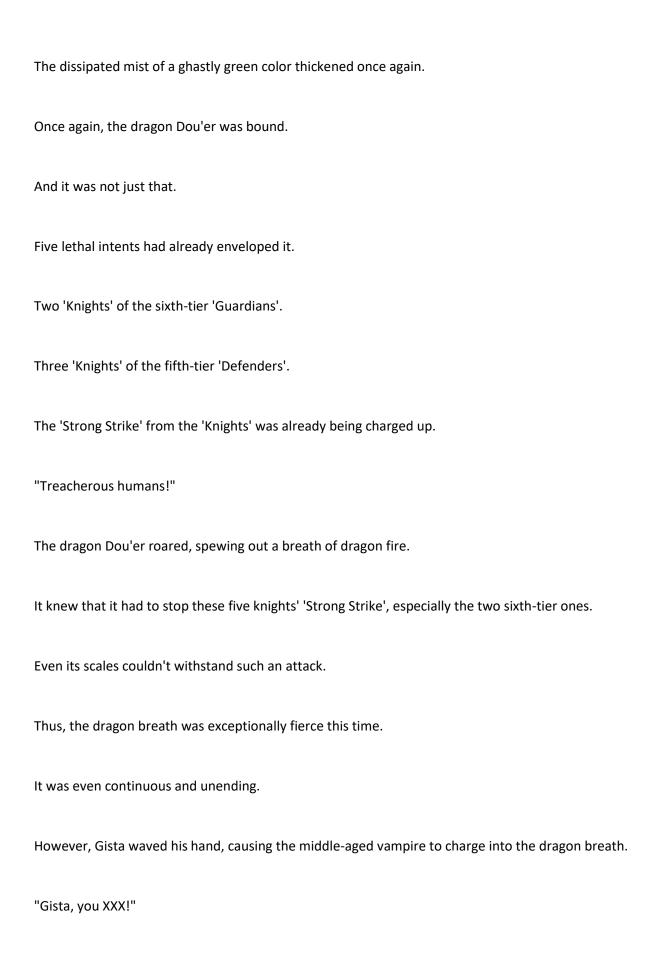
The dragon Dou'er split open its mouth, revealing incomparably sharp teeth, forming a terrifying smile.
"So, that's why you wanted Ruitai dead?"
Gista asked.
"Hmm."
"As my mount, I can't directly kill him, it goes against the 'Knight's Code.'
"But killing him with the enemy's sword doesn't matter."
The dragon Dou'er nodded straightforwardly.
"His Highness Prince Ruitai is not merely your mount."
"There is also"
"A companion."
Gista emphasized.
He attempted to provoke the other party, but the dragon Dou'er was unimpressed.
"At most, just a toy."
"Momentarily amused."

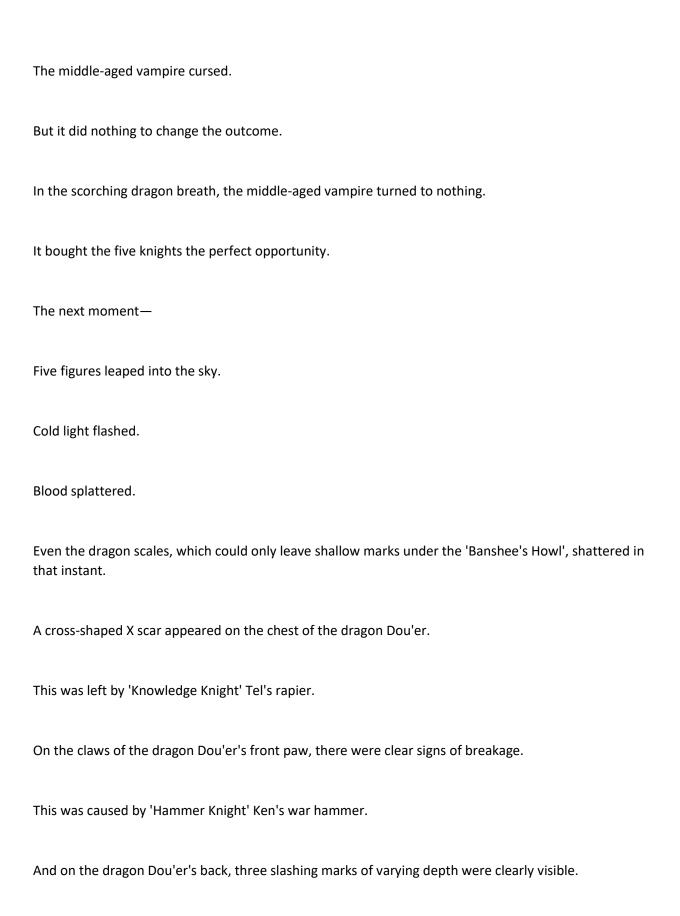


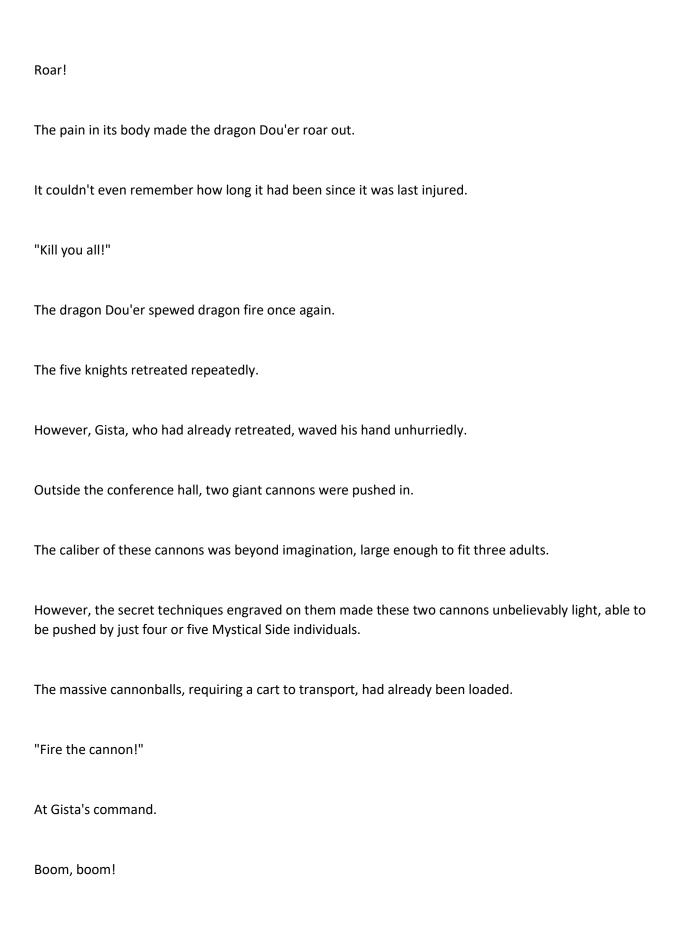










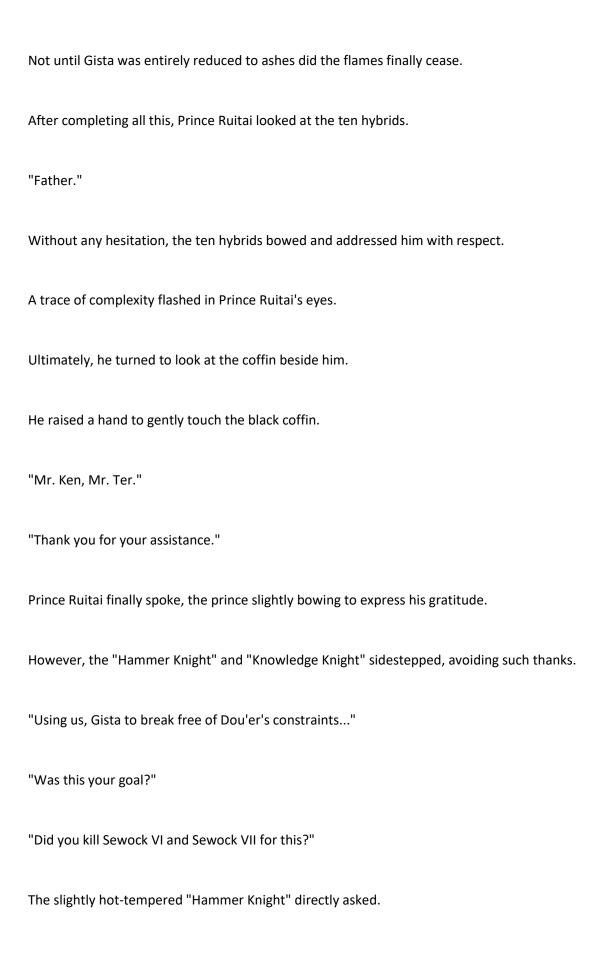


In two earth-shattering explosions, the two blazing-red cannonballs slammed into the body of the dragon Dou'er.
The specially crafted warheads exploded upon touching the dragon Dou'er's body.
Louder than the previous two dull booms.
But with massive force.
Two streams of molten metal shot out, striking the body of the dragon Dou'er.
This time, not only did the scales shatter.
The dragon Dou'er's body was burned through with football-sized holes.
"How effective do you find my 'Dragon Slaying Cannon'?"
Gista asked with a sly smile.
"Kill you!"
"Kill you!"
The dragon Dou'er kept repeating these words.
In return, it was met with consecutive 'Strong Strikes' from the five knights and the bombardment of the 'Dragon Slaying Cannon'.

Under such attacks, the dragon Dou'er was teetering.
The assault continued for a brief moment.
Without any surprise, the dragon Dou'er fell from the sky to the ground.
Boom!
The entire conference hall trembled thrice.
Gista's smile froze as he looked down at the long sword piercing through his chest, turned around in disbelief, and exclaimed at the person behind him—
"Ruitai?!"
Chapter 1677: Everyone Has Their Own Convictions
In the distance, the colossal dragon Dou'er fell, the dust not yet settled.
But the wounds on its massive body were all too real.
Especially the so-called "Dragon-Slaying Cannon," which had inflicted a fatal wound on the dragon—a large gap, big enough for a person to pass through, appeared where the neck connected to the head.
The blood didn't even splatter; it was evaporated by the high heat.
This scene made everyone's face change dramatically.
Because no one expected Gista to have such a secret technique tool like the "Dragon-Slaying Cannon."

Yet, just when everyone's attention was captivated by Gista, what they saw was Gista, with a sword piercing through his chest.
Surprise filled everyone's eyes.
Along with traces of disbelief.
Especially Gista himself.
"You're not dead?!"
Gista was quite confident in his attack.
That sword should have been enough to kill Ruitai.
"Died."
"And came back to life."
Prince Ruitai said calmly.
Gista was startled, then suddenly understood.
"Was the secret technique from your previous deal with Tercon?"
Gista asked.
Prince Ruitai did not answer, only twisted his wrist, slicing with the sword hilt.
Poof!

Centered on the heart, half of Gista's body was severed.
However, Gista did not die.
The immense vitality brought by a sixth-tier "Professional" allowed this "Tomb Guardian," after stumbling and falling, to still look at Prince Ruitai and say clearly, "We were all deceived by you, we thought you only cared about the barracks there"
"No!"
"From the very beginning, you were pretending!"
"Weren't you?"
Gista's voice suddenly rose.
His eyes tightly fixated on Prince Ruitai.
Prince Ruitai still showed no intent to answer, raised a hand, and a far more powerful flame erupted than before, engulfing Gista.
"Ahhhh!"
The flames covering Gista's body drew out his unparalleled screams.
However, it was to no avail.
Prince Ruitai had no intention of stopping.





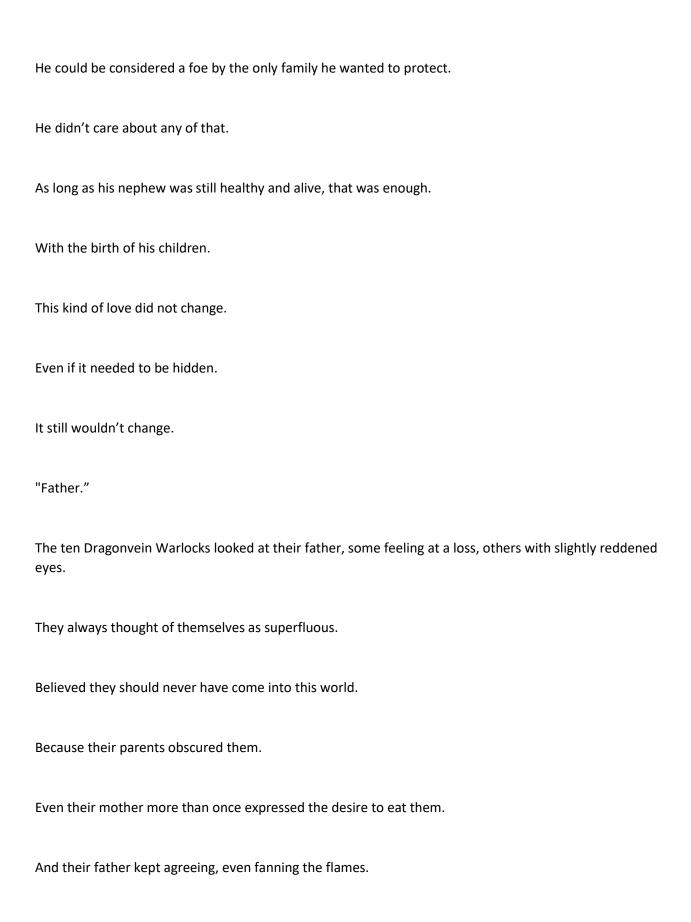




"Two organizations, hidden in the shadows, whose development wasn't known for how long, possessing terrifying strength and power, suddenly appeared in front of me—everything I once prided myself on seemed insignificant before these two behemoths."
Chapter 1678: Everyone Has Their Own Convictions
"It's even laughable."
"I almost instinctively wanted to escape."
"Because they, and they, were too strong."
"But my brother chose to face it—'As a king, I cannot avoid it. I enjoy honors and resources that the common people do not have. At such times, I must fight to the death!'"
"That's what my brother said at that time."
"Then he failed."
"When he failed, he handed a letter to me, who was preparing to flee." .
"He told me he had prepared a ship for me to go overseas and resources enough to support my advancement to the rank of Level Five 'Professional'.
"He told me he wasn't a good king, nor a good father, let alone a good brother. He hoped to give us the best, but he was always unreliable."
"I finished reading the letter and didn't leave."
"Because I wasn't a good younger brother either—"

"I never listened to my brother."
"When I learned that the two giants were not only superficially united but actually secretly opposed, I had a bold plan in my mind, a rebellious plan that might destroy the two giants."
At this point, Prince Ruitai's eyes gleamed with killing intent.
That kind of cold, ruthless killing intent.
"So, I bore the title of 'fratricide', defected to one side, and intentionally displayed greed and ignorance because only that way could I numb them, and only that way could I explain why I ignored my nephew. Only that way could my nephew get support from another organization—if they didn't want their rival faction to dominate, quickly controlling Sewock."
"Luckily, the plan was still somewhat successful."
"My initial plan succeeded."
"After that, I became the current Prince Ruitai, and my nephew became Sewock VII. We opposed each other."
"And little by little, I figured out everything about the organization I pledged allegiance to."
"I also learned why they suddenly targeted Sewock."
"Thus, I had a slight chance."
"I continuously cast baits, provoking them to incessantly fight, maintaining a rather good balance where those members involved in the extermination of Sewock disappeared."
"Along with them disappeared the members of the organization supporting my nephew."

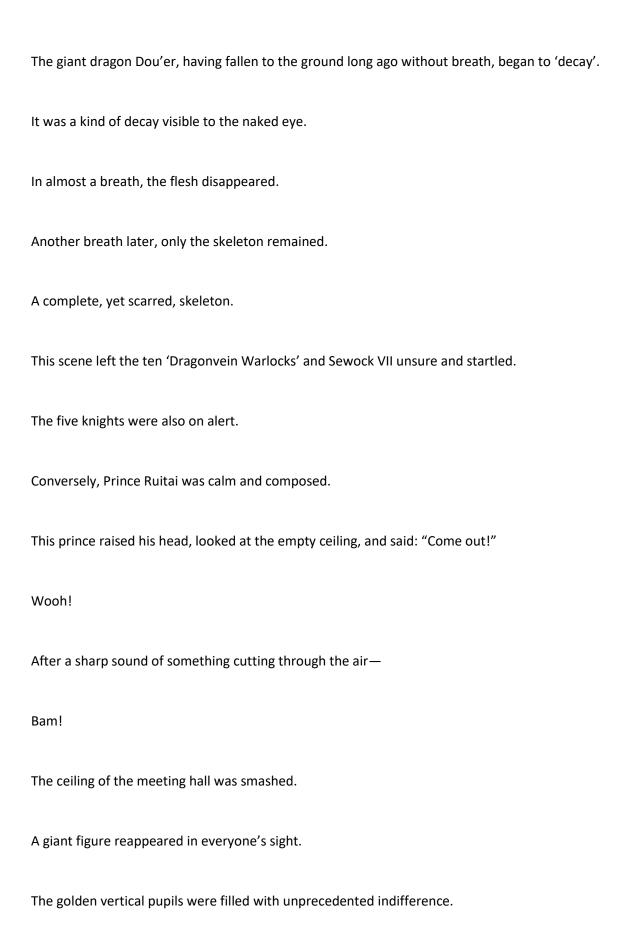




Yet in the end, they survived.
Because every time after the father fanned the flames, the mother would change her mind.
Then they were sent away.
After experiencing countless beatings from their father, once nearly dying, they were sent away.
At that time, they hated their mother, hated their father even more.
Until
They discovered their father had arranged everything for them.
"Evidence."
The 'Knowledge Knight' spoke.
Saying this, the guardian knight of the Knight's Camp looked at the black coffin.
Clearly, this guardian knight had guessed something.
Prince Ruitai pushed open the black coffin.
A shocked Sewock VII sat up just like that.
"Everything you said is true?!"



Prince Ruitai waved his hand, looking unconcerned, then turned to the five knights.	
The 'Hammer Knight' scratched his head, looking at his friend.	
Reed, and the remaining two knights, had long turned their gaze to the 'Knowledge Knight'.	
Chapter 1679: Everyone Has Their Own Convictions	
"So that's how it is."	
'Knowledge Knight' sighed.	
Although he had sensed something earlier, he hadn't expected things to be this complicated.	
He knew about the 'Eternal Day Council' and the 'Eternal Night Council'.	
But that was after these two organizations appeared in the Sewock Kingdom.	
Even after they started 'supporting' Prince Ruitai and Sewock VII.	
As for before?	
He had no inkling.	
As the protective knight of the camp, this left the 'Knowledge Knight' feeling derelict in his duty.	
And just as this guardian knight pondered how to make amends, an unexpected incident suddenly occurred.	





The flames in the hands of the ten first-generation 'Dragonvein Warlocks' blazed again.
Under the intertwining of the two glories, Prince Ruitai lifted Sewock VII from the sarcophagus and then tugged at the secret compartment beneath it.
Click!
With the sound of gears, a rack rose.
A lance.
A set of armor.
Neatly arranged upon it.
"Little Walker, could you do me a favor?"
Prince Ruitai asked.
"Wha-what favor?"
Sewock VII stammered.
He wanted to call out 'uncle', but for some reason, he couldn't get the word out.
"Help me don my armor."
Prince Ruitai said.



The voice was very low, and except for Sewock VII who was close by, no one else heard it.
Then, Prince Ruitai slowly put on the helmet.
The next moment—
"Humility!"
"Mercy!"
"Justice!"
"Valor!"
"Honesty!"
"Honor!"
"Sacrifice!"
Buzz!
Endless radiance began to sparkle on Prince Ruitai, when the first word 'Humility' appeared, it was already dazzling, and by the time the last word 'Sacrifice' appeared, it was as resplendent as the sun.
Amidst the dazzling radiance, that voice echoed throughout the entire Tert—
"Knights, to die is to be reborn—"

"Charge!"
In an instant, a figure composed entirely of light shot into the sky, piercing the dragon with a single blow.
Amidst endless dazzling light.
The dragon howled and writhed.
At the original spot, clad in armor, holding the lance high, Prince Ruitai was silent.
Sewock VII stood there dumbfounded.
A moment later, a cry echoed out—
"Uncle!"
Chapter 1680: Jason: Let Me Show You All a Magic Trick!
Prince Ruitai's glorious strike, the evil dragon fell from the sky.
The young king cried out in sorrow.
The elder guardian stood unwavering.
"Father!"

The mixed-blood children wailed.
The battling knights swung their weapons even harder, bidding farewell to this somewhat peculiar "friend" in their own way.
Perhaps, not even called a "friend" before now.
But at this moment, their actions earned their recognition.
"Dou'er!!"
The 'Hammer Knight' raised the war hammer high, the [Strong Strike] unleashed, causing the dragon's falling body to crash deeply into the ground.
The 'Knowledge Knight' wielded a thin sword that once again left bloody marks on the dragon.
The two guardian knights held nothing back.
Yet
"Hahaha!"

Mad laughter echoed from the deep pit, as the evil dragon Dou'er stood up again.
Even with a millstone-sized wound on its chest, visible from both front and back, it didn't hinder its rise.
This wound was left by Prince Ruitai's strike just moments ago.
The wound was healing at a visible speed.
"You know nothing about dragons!"
Dou'er said in a deep voice.
Then, its gaze fell upon the standing figure, its golden slitted eyes full of disdain.
"Is that all you have?"
"I thought you"

"Silence!"
A loud shout interrupted Dou'er's taunting words.
It's Sewock VII.
This young emperor stood before Prince Ruitai, drawing the long sword at his waist, pointing directly at Dou'er.
"I will not allow you to insult my uncle!"
The young emperor spoke, word by word.
"Heh."
Dou'er chuckled softly, the disdain on its face growing stronger.
"Who do you think you are?"
"A rookie who's never seen a real battle, what right do you have to speak to me?"

"Give me"
"Kneel!"
As the last word fell, Dou'er roared.
The dragon's might emerged.
Instantly, the young emperor's face paled.
Yet, despite the fear in his heart, his body trembling, he remained standing.
Standing before his uncle.
He could not retreat.
Even if cowardly, it's still the same.

Because, behind him is his uncle.
His last elder in this world.
The vast dragon's might caused double vision in his eyes, blood continuously sprayed from his mouth and nose, and the bones inside his body made cracking noises.
However, he still did not retreat.
Even if
Death!
He would not retreat!
If he retreated now, he would hate himself for the rest of his life.
He does not want that kind of life.
Having lived that kind of life, even with everything, he would not be happy.

After all, that is not what he cares about the most.
When his uncle stood in front of him, delivering a glorious strike regardless of life and death, the young emperor realized what he cared about most.
Family!
Memory of his father, his mother.
The uncle fading before his eyes.
And the children his uncle left behind.
These are what he should care about.
Everything else?
Unimportant.

Unimportant.
"I, Sewock VII, swear by my name!"
"The cycle never ends!"
"Blood feud never ceases!"
"I will kill you!"
"I will ensure the 'Council of Extreme Daylight' and 'Eternal Night Council' crumble into pieces, never to reincarnate!"
The young emperor spoke softly.
"Hahaha!"
Dou'er laughed wildly again.

It mocked Sewock VII's lack of self-awareness.
"Even Ruitai couldn't do it!"
"Can you?"
"And"
"Words like these shouldn't be spoken aloud; you should silently tell yourself in your heart and then choose your opportunity."
Dou'er spoke maliciously and mockingly.
Then, the dragon's pressure intensified further.
Sewock VII swayed.
He opened his mouth, but no sound could come out.
Even exerting all his strength, he couldn't make a sound.

He couldn't even refute Dou'er.
He knew well Dou'er was merely toying with him; whether he said those words or not, he and Dou'er were already mortal enemies, the kind that wouldn't rest until one is dead.
But now, under Dou'er's pressure, he couldn't even resist.
Helplessness!
Hatred!
Sewock VII, more than ever, hated his weakness.
"If I were just a bit stronger maybe"
Resentment!
Regret!

Sewock VII bit his lips tightly, blood trickling down his mouth, turning his lavish funeral clothes to filthy.
Then
Warmth atop his head.
It was the warmth he remembered.
Sewock VII trembled all over.
He turned his head incredulously.
The breathless Prince Ruitai placed his hand on his head.
"Uncle?!"
"Father?!"
Sewock VII, a generation of 'Dragonvein Warlocks,' exclaimed.

Yet, there was no answer.
There was only
Strength!
Surging strength began rushing into Sewock VII's body.
The original Power System was almost devastated.
A new Power System.
More pure strength began to establish itself.
Still the special class 'Lord' of the 'Knight'.
But unlike the previous incomplete 'profession' given by the 'Eternal Night Council,' this time it was a truly complete 'Lord.'

Complete in profession.
And also complete in land.
This was a 'Lord' born from the entire Sewock land!
"Ruitai!"
Dou'er let out a roar, guessing something.