

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 Tiyaode's spine.

Without any hesitation, Tiyaode 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...

Tiyaode discovered four people squatting in the bushes.

The four were cloaked, dressed as Secret Agents.

"You..."

Instinctively, Tiyaode was about to speak and simultaneously retreated, but one of them was too fast. Before Tiyaode could react, a hand chop struck his neck.

Bang!

Before he could even grunt, Tiyaode fainted.

The remaining three acted quickly, dragging Tiyaode by the legs into the bushes. One of the stout men even pulled Tiyaode's belt, not only tying him up but also removing his boots and stuffing his socks into Tiyaode's mouth.

The slightly thin one beside them took out the shoelaces from the boots and began to bind Tiyaode'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?"

"I'm from a decent family!"

The former 'Great Thief' stated righteously.

"Yeah."

"We just learned it from observing a lot."

"It's the first time we actually carried it out ourselves."

Luodeni added.

However, Taniel didn't believe a word of it.

Such coordination couldn't have been achieved without dozens of practices.

But Taniel had no time to care further.

The outside was in utter chaos now.

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! 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.

"I want the Sewock royal treasury!"

"And also..."

"1,000 virgin's blood and hearts!"

The one who said this was the 'man' on the right.

Compared to the 'man' on the left, the 'man' standing on Gista's right looked more human, at least not covered in maggots, though his pale complexion was still not natural.

The next instant, this 'man' transformed into a mist, disappearing from sight.

Bats appeared next.

Hundreds, thousands of bats.

Flapping their wings, they fearlessly plunged into the green mist.

In the blink of an eye, these bats merged into the green mist.

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."

"Rest assured, it won't be painful."

Saying such words, Gista waved a hand.

A poisonous fang, carved from bone, embedded into Prince Ruitai's neck.

Poof!

The neck was pierced through, Prince Ruitai's eyes widened, then all life left him.

The 'man' watching intently, holding the wooden staff, erupted into a shrill, grating laugh upon seeing the sight.

"Cackle, cackle, the contract holder is dead."

"Dou'er, the backlash you're suffering is stronger than expected?"

"Even your resistance is so weakened!"

"I'll take your corpse with me!"

Finishing, ghastly green light again shot from the staff.

Not only that, from above, translucent figures began to appear within the green mist.

Chapter 1674: The First Wave! (part 2)

A full ten Undead!

Seven newly ascended 'Professionals'.

One second-tier 'Professional'.

One third-tier 'Professional'.

And one is...

Fifth-tier 'Professional'.

Moreover, without exception, these Professionals are all 'assassins'!

The Undead 'assassins' emerging in the grim green mist absorbed the mist like sponges, their bodies starting to solidify.

Especially their hands, which grew wildly, becoming...

Claws!

Roar, roar!

Roars erupted from the mouths of these undead 'assassins'.

This time, it wasn't a silent roar,

But a real roar!

There were even visible ripples, like those on a lake's surface, layer upon layer.

The layers upon layers of ripples covered the great dragon Dou'er.

Immediately, the dragon Dou'er let out a wail.

And the other people in the conference hall swayed and fell to the ground.

Even if they were just slightly affected, they lost their mobility.

Especially Ershe Li, who, just having woken up, fainted again.

"Banshee's Howl!"

In a shrill shout, the previously pale-faced middle-aged man with crimson glinting in his eyes reappeared beside the 'man' with a decayed face and one eye missing.

"Ciqel, how did you do it?"

The middle-aged man asked.

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?

This idea left the middle-aged man feeling stifled.

And deeply humiliated.

Under normal circumstances, the middle-aged man certainly wouldn't be burdened, but today, inexplicably, he felt competitive.

"Gista has already killed its contract holder Ruitai!"

"Now, Dou'er is at its weakest in a hundred years..."

"It's the best chance!"

"If Ciqel can, why can't I?"

"Besides, the taste of Dragon Blood..."

Thinking of this, the red in the middle-aged man's eyes brightened.

The next moment, he transformed into a sky full of bats, rushing into the air.

These bats, unlike those that came before, weren't melted by the grim green mist. Instead, one by one, they lit up with red light, starting to attack dragon Dou'er's body.

Immediately, Dou'er's screams became more pronounced.

"Gista, aren't you coming to help?"

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.

Just killing; it was time-consuming.

These ten “Banshee’s Howl” almost cost Checkle ten years of his time.

But it was worth it!

Checkle always believed so!

The dragon Dou’er!

That was truly a creature of legend!

As long as the opponent is taken down!

The opponent’s body would be his!

And by relying on this corpse, he could step into the seventh tier!

The long-cherished seventh tier!

Therefore, even Checkle’s long non-pulsating heart surged with a hint of heat at this moment.

He urged Gista.

Gista nodded repeatedly and walked over.

Gista removed the City Defence Army’s cloak and spread it out on the ground in reverse.

Immediately, a complex Secret Art Formation appeared in Checkle's sight.

He almost greedily watched this Secret Art Formation.

This was a secret technique more precious than the "Banshee's Howl": Dragon Lance!

A secret technique capable of slaughtering dragons!

Even in the absence of corresponding spells, gestures, this didn't prevent Checkle from observing.

What if he discerned some clues?

Gista did not stop Checkle's peering.

This seemingly affable old man muttered spells softly.

Immediately, the cloak covered in various symbols began to illuminate, capturing Checkle's attention.

He couldn't wait to see the true face of the "Dragon Lance".

Then—

Poof!

A silver-white longsword pierced through his body.

Checkle looked at the sword-wielding Gista in disbelief.

"Sorry, Checkle."

"I didn't mean to deceive you."

"It's just that it offered too much."

Gista said with an apologetic expression.

It?

The different pronunciation made Checkle think of something.

"You actually cooperated with Dou'er?!"

"Have you forgotten how it used those rules to squeeze us out?"

"Did you forget how it 'expelled' us from the 'Extreme Day Council'?"

"Did you forget why we formed the 'Eternal Night Council'?"

"Did you forget that when it chose Ruitai, we chose the Sewock royal family?"

"We and it are mortal enemies!"

Checkle's cry was full of confusion and doubt.

Gista looked at Checkle with eyes full of pity.

"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.

Especially when four of the Secret Agents pulled out their revolvers, Gista became even more beleaguered.

"Gista, is this what you wanted?"

Qi Ke'er, now a wraith, sneered.

Bound by the [Corpse-speaking Contract], Qi Ke'er couldn't violate Gista's orders, but this didn't mean he would remain silent.

"Have you forgotten the previous vows?!"

Qi Ke'er roared angrily.

"Of course, I haven't forgotten."

"How could I forget the commitment to 'remove the Evernight Council'?"

"Don't you see what I'm doing right now?"

"Aren't I fighting it?"

Gista rolled away, dodging incoming shots, but when swords fell from both sides, he had no choice but to raise his hand to form a field shield.

Boom!

The field shield shattered instantly.

But it was enough for Gista to roll away from the subsequent attacks and once again form a field shield.

"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."

Gista said, justifying himself.

Such words infuriated Qi Ke'er and the middle-aged vampire, causing their phantom bodies to twirl.

Yet under the [Corpse-speaking Contract], they had no choice but to serve Gista.

The dragon Dou'er laughed loudly.

"See, this is humanity for you."

"Ignorant and greedy."

The voice was like thunder, instinctively making people cover their ears.

"But they..."

"Will achieve victory!"

Gista emphasized.

"Victory?"

"Too naive!"

"What do you think compelled me to agree to work with you?"

"Do you really think it was 'to annul the contract'?"

The dragon Dou'er halted, allowing Qi Ke'er, and the middle-aged vampire to assault him, lowering his massive head slightly to look down on Gista with golden vertical eyes filled with indescribable mockery.

"Could it not..."

Boom, boom boom!

Before Gista could finish speaking, his words were cut off by a dazzling explosion.

The source of the explosion was flame.

The flame came from the hands of those ten Secret Agents.

One by one, war-machine level fireballs crashed onto Gista's constructed field shield.

Multiple layers of field shields shattered directly.

Gista, with tattered clothes, used a beam of white light to withstand the blast's aftershock.

This white light was formerly the longsword and arrows.

Now, it had transformed into a shield.

The explosion not only left Gista in tatters but also blew off the hoods of the ten Secret Agents.

Beneath the hoods were uniquely distinct faces.

Some had faces covered in scales.

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.

Of course, not using dragons.

Rather, a Dragonvein Warlock.

But even so, none of the offspring of the Dragonvein Warlock survived.

Even if born, they were weak, like dogs.

How did they manage it?

But before this 'Tomb Guardian' could ponder over it.

The palms of the ten Secret Agents once again held fireballs.

Boom, boom, boom!

Another round of bombardment.

Gista dodged clumsily.

The dragon Dou'er shouted loudly.

"Gista, you disappoint me greatly!"

"Even now, can't you see clearly?"

"The 'contract' you've been so concerned about isn't what you think—Ruitai didn't 'contract' me, but I 'contracted' Ruitai!"

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."

"And then..."

"Gained quite a few attachments."

Dou'er looked at the ten first-generation "Dragonvein Warlocks," with pupils raised, showing neither tenderness nor intimacy, only disdain and indifference.

"So that's how it is."

"Then could you tell me."

"Since your purpose isn't to break the contract, what is your purpose?"

Gista looked curious.

At the same time, he raised both hands, seeming to surrender resistance.

Kicker, the middle-aged vampire undead also stopped its attack.

"Gista, are you really prepared to give up?"

Kicker shouted.

Not out of concern for Gista, but if Gista died, it too would fade into nothing.

This was unacceptable to Kicker.

Even transformed into undead, it was still alive.

But once it became nothing, that was true death.

"Giving up still holds a chance to survive."

"Resisting leads to a dead end."

"Born hybrids have natural 'profession,' the strongest among them has reached level six, the remaining nine are between level four and five, I don't have confidence."

"So, I choose to surrender!"

Saying this, Gista knelt to the dragon Dou'er on one knee.

"Master, please accept my allegiance!"

As he said this, Gista indicated for Kicker to unlock the "Fairy's Whiskers."

The eerie green fog started to fade.

The dragon Dou'er spread its wings, gradually regaining flight capability.

However, this didn't interest Dou'er.

It looked at the obedient Gista, revealing a sinister smile.

"A very smart choice!"

"What I do, of course, is for..."

"Source Point!"

"Obtaining a profession's 'Source Point' is too difficult, far better to create a special profession—then, use it as a stepping stone to find the original profession's 'Source Point,'"

The dragon Dou'er said.

"The original profession 'Source Point,' so that's it..."

"Since you are a 'Human Knight,' then your original profession 'Source Point' is 'Knight'?"

Gista asked.

"Exactly!" .

"It's 'Knight'!"

"A bunch of rigid fellows, unqualified to guard this 'treasure,' it should be me..."

"Dou'er!"

The dragon Dou'er's speech was suddenly interrupted by a loud shout.

Among the Secret Agents initially intimidated into unconsciousness by the dragon's might, five stood up.

These people tore off their cloaks.

Among them was Reedemur, a level five "Knight" who had once met Jason.

However, at this moment, Reedemur was not at the front but stood in the back with two others.

In front of him stood two people.

An elderly man, hair and beard all white, yet his body exceptionally strong.

The other was a middle-aged person wearing glasses, scholarly and refined.

"'Hammer Knight' Ken?! 'Knowledge Knight' Tel?!"

"Why are you here?"

"Weren't you supposed to be distracted with the 'Night Watchers'?"

The voice of the dragon Dou'er was filled with astonishment.

"Of course, I was the one who contacted them."

Kneeling on the ground, Gista stood up once more. This 'Tomb Guardian' pretended to bow to the five knights before turning to look at Dou'er, sighing softly.

"Alas."

"Someone has betrayed the 'Knight's Code'."

"As the 'Guardian' of the Knight's Camp, I couldn't just ignore it."

Gista spoke and waved his hand.

The dissipated mist of a ghastly green color thickened once again.

Once again, the dragon Dou'er was bound.

And it was not just that.

Five lethal intents had already enveloped it.

Two 'Knights' of the sixth-tier 'Guardians'.

Three 'Knights' of the fifth-tier 'Defenders'.

The 'Strong Strike' from the 'Knights' was already being charged up.

"Treacherous humans!"

The dragon Dou'er roared, spewing out a breath of dragon fire.

It knew that it had to stop these five knights' 'Strong Strike', especially the two sixth-tier ones.

Even its scales couldn't withstand such an attack.

Thus, the dragon breath was exceptionally fierce this time.

It was even continuous and unending.

However, Gista waved his hand, causing the middle-aged vampire to charge into the dragon breath.

"Gista, you XXX!"

The middle-aged vampire cursed.

But it did nothing to change the outcome.

In the scorching dragon breath, the middle-aged vampire turned to nothing.

It bought the five knights the perfect opportunity.

The next moment—

Five figures leaped into the sky.

Cold light flashed.

Blood splattered.

Even the dragon scales, which could only leave shallow marks under the 'Banshee's Howl', shattered in that instant.

A cross-shaped X scar appeared on the chest of the dragon Dou'er.

This was left by 'Knowledge Knight' Tel's rapier.

On the claws of the dragon Dou'er's front paw, there were clear signs of breakage.

This was caused by 'Hammer Knight' Ken's war hammer.

And on the dragon Dou'er's back, three slashing marks of varying depth were clearly visible.

Roar!

The pain in its body made the dragon Dou'er roar out.

It couldn't even remember how long it had been since it was last injured.

"Kill you all!"

The dragon Dou'er spewed dragon fire once again.

The five knights retreated repeatedly.

However, Gista, who had already retreated, waved his hand unhurriedly.

Outside the conference hall, two giant cannons were pushed in.

The caliber of these cannons was beyond imagination, large enough to fit three adults.

However, the secret techniques engraved on them made these two cannons unbelievably light, able to be pushed by just four or five Mystical Side individuals.

The massive cannonballs, requiring a cart to transport, had already been loaded.

"Fire the cannon!"

At Gista's command.

Boom, boom!

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.

Not until Gista was entirely reduced to ashes did the flames finally cease.

After completing all this, Prince Ruitai looked at the ten hybrids.

"Father."

Without any hesitation, the ten hybrids bowed and addressed him with respect.

A trace of complexity flashed in Prince Ruitai's eyes.

Ultimately, he turned to look at the coffin beside him.

He raised a hand to gently touch the black coffin.

"Mr. Ken, Mr. Ter."

"Thank you for your assistance."

Prince Ruitai finally spoke, the prince slightly bowing to express his gratitude.

However, the "Hammer Knight" and "Knowledge Knight" sidestepped, avoiding such thanks.

"Using us, Gista to break free of Dou'er's constraints..."

"Was this your goal?"

"Did you kill Sewock VI and Sewock VII for this?"

The slightly hot-tempered "Hammer Knight" directly asked.

The gaze in his eyes bore undisguised disdain.

As he asked this, the "Hammer Knight" gripped his war hammer tightly.

His stance was very clear.

If Prince Ruitai said yes, or attempted to evade, he would strike.

The ten hybrids... no!

A generation of "Dragonvein Warlock" immediately had their face turn dark.

Then, the ten of them discreetly stood behind Prince Ruitai, with one, more defiant in nature, even baring his teeth at the "Hammer Knight."

"Do you want a numbers game?"

"Or do you think your elite forces are superior?"

A crimson scale between his brows, his strength reaching the sixth tier "Dragonvein Warlock," the leader of the ten spoke directly.

The meaning was more than clear.

The knights numbered five, including two at the sixth tier, three at the fifth tier.

But they?

Including Prince Ruitai, there were eleven.

Not only were they superior in numbers, but also in strength.

Prince Ruitai was a dual sixth-tier professional.

His combat power far exceeded that of a normal sixth-tier "Professional."

And as the leader of the ten, he was also a sixth-tier "Professional."

Among his remaining nine siblings, two were fifth-tier professionals, and seven were fourth-tier.

In such a situation, they undoubtedly held the advantage.

"Knights are never afraid of battle!"

The "Hammer Knight" said as he was about to raise his war hammer.

The three behind him, Reed and others, were also ready to draw their swords again.

Yet they were stopped by the "Knowledge Knight."

This bespectacled, refined middle-aged man first pushed his glasses with an index finger, then quietly looked at Prince Ruitai, seemingly waiting for an explanation from the prince. .

And this time, Prince Ruitai did not remain silent.

He took a slight breath.

"It wasn't me who killed my brother; he committed suicide."

Upon saying this, Prince Ruitai paused, pain unconsciously surfacing on his face.

The "Knowledge Knight," "Hammer Knight," and the others were taken aback.

Suicide?!

Such an answer was a bit unexpected.

"Heh."

"Isn't it unbelievable?"

"Do you even think I'm making this up to fool you?"

Seeing the expressions of the five knights, Prince Ruitai couldn't help but laugh out loud.

His laughter carried a hint of mockery and helplessness.

"Your current expressions were just like mine when I learned my brother planned to commit suicide."

"Your current gaze was just like mine when I found out about the so-called 'Council of Polar Day' and the 'Eternal Night Council.'"

"Equally incredulous!"

"But these are the facts!"

"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."

"They mostly perished together."

"I was very discreet."

"However, Dou'er still suspected me."

"So..."

"There are them."

Prince Ruitai turned his head, looking at his children.

His eyes were still complex and helpless.

However, there was not a trace of disgust, coldness.

On the contrary, there was more guilt and... affection.

For Prince Ruitai, what could be more important than family?

Nothing!

Since his elder brother, Sewock VI, committed suicide in front of him, he knew what was most important in his life.

Family!

Back then, to protect his only family member, he could bear the stigma of 'fratricide.'

He could be considered a foe by the only family he wanted to protect.

He didn't care about any of that.

As long as his nephew was still healthy and alive, that was enough.

With the birth of his children.

This kind of love did not change.

Even if it needed to be hidden.

It still wouldn't change.

"Father."

The ten Dragonvein Warlocks looked at their father, some feeling at a loss, others with slightly reddened eyes.

They always thought of themselves as superfluous.

Believed they should never have come into this world.

Because their parents obscured them.

Even their mother more than once expressed the desire to eat them.

And their father kept agreeing, even fanning the flames.

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?!"

Sewock VII looked at Prince Ruitai, feeling his mind had already turned to mush.

When Prince Ruitai did not kill him, Sewock VII pondered why.

But no matter how hard this young emperor thought, he never considered this possibility.

His father had committed suicide!

It was not his uncle who killed him!

On the contrary, the uncle he had always loathed had been silently protecting him all along.

This...

Sewock VII could not accept it all at once.

"Sorry, little Walker."

Prince Ruitai said, raising his hand, wanting to touch his nephew's head as he did when he was young.

However, Sewock VII instinctively dodged.

Prince Ruitai was taken aback.

Then, he shook his head with a smile.

"Sorry, I..."

"It's alright."

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 giant dragon Dou'er, having fallen to the ground long ago without breath, began to 'decay'.

It was a kind of decay visible to the naked eye.

In almost a breath, the flesh disappeared.

Another breath later, only the skeleton remained.

A complete, yet scarred, skeleton.

This scene left the ten 'Dragonvein Warlocks' and Sewock VII unsure and startled.

The five knights were also on alert.

Conversely, Prince Ruitai was calm and composed.

This prince raised his head, looked at the empty ceiling, and said: "Come out!"

Wooh!

After a sharp sound of something cutting through the air—

Bam!

The ceiling of the meeting hall was smashed.

A giant figure reappeared in everyone's sight.

The golden vertical pupils were filled with unprecedented indifference.

"Ruitai!"

The roar whipped up a tornado inside the meeting hall.

Even the battle outside was halted by the shout.

Endless draconic authority, like a tidal wave, swept over everything before it.

Outside, the city defence army and secret agents fell like wheat under the scythe.

Not to mention the people inside the meeting hall.

Sewock VII turned pale, but Prince Ruitai stood directly in front of him.

The prince looked at the five knights and his ten sons and daughters.

"Can you buy me a little time?"

"Sure."

The five knights replied straightforwardly.

"Yes, Father."

The ten first-generation 'Dragonvein Warlocks', though trembling in fear of their mother, still gritted their teeth and agreed.

On the five knights, the brilliance of [Holy Shield] shimmered.

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.

"Alright!"

The young emperor nodded immediately, but as he was picking up the lance, Prince Ruitai had already started putting on the armor himself.

"I'm sorry."

"I hope you will be safe."

"If possible, please take care of your siblings."

Speaking these words, Prince Ruitai took the lance.

Then, he took a deep look at his nephew.

And then glanced at his sons and daughters.

"I am a sinner."

"Unpardonable."

"So, I do not seek forgiveness."

"So, I do not seek absolution."

"All I ask is for my lance to carry out my 'Knight's Code'..."

"Protect the family!"

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.