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Chapter 1741 Chapter 1741. Against Three Grandmasters

Murong wasn't flustered by Long's absurd speed. She focused her mana onto her finger and thrust forward just as Long's fist arrived. The nine suns that followed behind Long rushed forward and crashed into each other. The force of those suns multiplied with each sun getting fused. When all nine suns merged, Long's fist was wrapped in an intense ball of flames.

When the intense ball of fire came at Murong, black cold energy accumulated on the tip of her finger. This black energy turned into a giant black drill that spun forward. Its sharpness made it seem as if it could pierce everything.

The energies from the Nine Yang Exploding Suns and the Nine Yin Abyssal Finger collided. Hot and cold pushed at one another. The stalemate lasted only a second. The black energy was engulfed by the scorching sun.

Despite Murong's better control of mana manipulation, Long's higher stats from his two classes and beast form still fueled his martial art with a stronger power. Long's mastery of the ancient art also didn't lose to Murong.

Murong felt as if she was slammed by a truck and burned by a flamethrower at the same time. She yelled in pain as her body was again sent flying away.

While she was in the air, the energy from the Nine Yang Exploding Fist continued to assault her. Her Nine Yin Abyssal Finger had eliminated the power from four suns, but the remaining five suns exploded one by one on her body. When a third explosion was triggered on her body, her HP was reduced to a critical state.

Domon came behind her then. He put his palm on her back, stopping her momentum. Domon used Penetrating Wave Palm. The energy from his palm pushed the remaining nine yang energy out of Murong's body. He then used Iron Wall to protect Murong and himself from the explosion.

"Tha... Thank you...", Murong uttered.

"Drink a healing potion," Domon said. "Leave him to Wong and me."

Murong didn't object. She drank a greater healing potion and used Battle Monk's Meditate to recover her HP.

Long's Beastly Speed had ended, but he was still faster than the grandmasters. Out of the three, Wong was the fastest due to his battle monk class enhanced by the Muscle Tendon Transformation. Wong also had a super rare bloodline called the Ancient Ape Bloodline. This was a bloodline that consumed essences from humanoid monsters. This bloodline gave Wong a skill called King of the Ape. This skill caused his body to become hairy but increased all his attributes and greatly increased his speed.

When Long assaulted Murong, Wong used Fist Cannon to blow the celestial lindworm away. He then rushed to Long's back while masking his presence using mana concealment.

Unfortunately, his mastery of mana concealment wasn't at the same level as Jack's. When he was about to strike Long using White Bone Claw, Long sensed the attack.

Long's fast reaction allow his shadowless kick to land on Wong's belly before Wong's claw hit. The kick caused Wong to lose his breath. Domon's glaive came with the One-word Thrust, preventing Long from performing a follow-up attack on Wong.

With the breather, Wong's hands turned into a blur. He was using his martial art, Hundred Lightning Hands, to deal with Long's unnatural speed.

Domon adjusted his rhythm with Wong. He was also using his bloodline's skill, Wrath of the Beast. He again used Soul Pursuit Hurricane. The blade of his glaive turned numerous as it covered all of Long's escape paths.

"Hahaha! Master, this is so unlike you. The master I know would never have teamed up like this, but look at you! I wouldn't be surprised if people start calling you Domon's sidekick! Hahaha!"

"..." Wong didn't respond to Long's mocking. His hands continued to strike with ferocity.

Long's speed was fast. His arms parried the attacks with iron hand technique. But against unending barrages from two grandmasters from opposite sides, some attacks still hit. The most troubling thing was each of those hits targeted his pressure points. He felt his body become heavier and his movement dulled after receiving those hits.

His body was suddenly covered by a dark purple vest. This was his Chaos Armor. This armor not only protected him but all the constraint he felt was also gone. He stopped defending and let his opponents hit him at will. While that happened, he took a stance.

"Get back!" Domon warned as he jumped back.

Long's body erupted with a powerful shockwave. He was using his Beast Warrior level 70 skill, Beast Rage. This skill caused a damaging shockwave with the knockback effect when activated. It would then enhance the damage power of the user's next attack.

Eighteen eastern dragons charged out in all directions following the shockwave. Wong tried to block the dragons while activating Battle Monk's Steel Body to protect himself. He also activated his bloodline's second skill, Ape King Vitality. This skill greatly increased his defense and HP recovery rate for a short period.

However, the power of Long's Eighteen Subduing Dragon Palms was enhanced by the Beast Rage. Wong's hands turned numb just from blocking the first few palms heading his way. He tried dodging the rest but three palms landed on his body. The impact force sent Wong skidding back several meters.

Wong's HP was reduced to one-fourth even with the defense boost from Steel Body and Ape King Vitality. When he finally stopped skidding, he sensed an incoming attack from behind. He moved to the side just as Long's celestial lindworm charged past.

Although Wong managed to dodge the lindworm's attack, the lindworm suddenly changed direction. The lindworm's lengthy body coiled around his body, entangling him. Its head then opened wide as it attempted to bite Wong's head.

Wong's body was entangled but he had the time to reposition his arms so they weren't entangled by the lindworm. His hands caught the lindworm's claws before they hit him. He saw the lindworm's head coming then. With his hands still gripping the lindworm's claws, he pushed the claws until they squeezed the serpent's head that was about to bite him. He held both the serpent's claws and its head in that way. The two were now contesting in strength.

Domon's fast reaction let him put a distance before Long's Eighteen Subduing Dragon Palms was unleashed, but nine of the eastern dragons chased after him. He again used Reversing Heaven and Earth to redirect the ancient art and sent the dragons hitting the ground around him.

As soon as Domon was out of danger, he sensed Long coming at him. Long used Fist Lord's Astral Fists. Long's body zoomed toward Domon while creating multiple duplicates. The duplicates came at Domon from multiple sides. It was now Domon's turn to have all his escape paths blocked.

Chapter 1742 Chapter 1742. World Conquering Fist

Domon didn't panic. Before Long's duplicates arrived, two things happened to Domon's body.

The first thing that happened was all the armors on his body were transformed. He was now wearing ornate crimson armor with tiger carvings all over the armor's surfaces. The armor glinted with a fiery white aura. This armor was the result of his Tiger Arms Guardian's level 80 skill, Tiger War God Armor. It enhanced all his defenses as well as his stats. It also projected an aura that buffed all the allies in the vicinity.

The second thing that happened was he became larger. This was not a result of a skill that enlarged his body mass. It was only his muscles that bulged abnormally. Long identified it as the effect of the same martial art he was using, the Muscle Tendon Transformation.

With those buffs, Domon stored his glaive. His two arms moved in circular motions. Though they were not exceptionally fast, they accurately pinpointed all the assaults from Long's Astral Fists. Without expending too much energy, Domon's hands redirected all of Long's fists.

He even slipped in a counterattack after redirecting Long's attacks. A backhand strike onto Long's abdomen followed by a one-inch punch. Long was forced to take several steps back from the strike.

Long's was again alighted with the Nine Yang Restoration. The HP he lost from all the hits he received was quickly recovered.

"Tai chi fist... As expected from the former number-one martial artist," Long uttered with a sneer.

"Former? I very much think that no one has yet to take that title from me. Especially not a brat like you," Domon returned.

"Hehe. Tough words, old geezer, but I'm more surprised by you using my master's martial art. Did he teach you that art?"

"He did," Domon replied.

Long turned to Wong who was still struggling with the Celestial Lindworm. He said, "I'm disappointed in you, master. Didn't you teach me that a martial artist's purpose is to defeat his enemies? Giving your art to your rival. You have truly become weak. Pah! I am ashamed that you were once my master."

"A disciple who disrespects his master is nothing short of a waste, no matter how strong he has become," Domon preached.

"Save your outdated philosophy to yourself, old man," Long uttered. His body shot forward at high speed while his fist was aflame as if a comet. It was one of the non-standard battle monk's skills he possessed, Comet Fist.

Domon's glaive was back in his hand. His left hand used Tai Chi Fist to redirect Long's comet fist while the glaive in his right hand slashed at Long's neck.

The glaive was stopped when Long caught its blade using two fingers. With one hand disabling Domon's glaive, Long's free hand used Infinite Lightning Punches. Domon's

left hand executed Eight Gates Illusory Palms. Blurry images of palms and fists collided as the two contested at close range.

"Grrhh...", Wong was still busy with the celestial lindworm.

The lindworm was unwilling to let go of its entanglement, and Wong also didn't let go of his grip. The lindworm tried shooting its poisonous breath at Wong. But using his strength, Wong forcefully turned the lindworm's head away so the poison breath was directed away from him. The lindworm tightened its coil on Wong's body, attempting to deal damage, but Wong's Steel Body and Muscle Tendon Transformation resisted its strength. None of the two received any damage. They remained in a stalemate until a spin kick slapped the lindworm at its neck.

Murong had recovered enough by using Meditate and came to Wong's aid. With the interruption, Wong added another punch to the side of the lindworm's head. The lindworm's grip on his body became loosened after those two strikes. Wong freed himself by jumping out from the lindworm's loosened grip. He then gave the lindworm a flying spin kick right on its head.

The lindworm was reeling from the multiple strikes on its head. While it was still unbalanced, Murong charged at it using her Fifty Shades of Death. She combined it with Battle Monk's infinite lighting punches, creating unending torrents of different styles of strikes.

"Go! I will deal with this serpent!" Murong said to Wong. As much as she hated to admit it, Long was too powerful for her. She didn't think Domon and Wong were better martial artists than her, but they had better equipment and bloodlines. They stood a better chance of winning against Long.

Wong didn't argue. He used Rogue's light foot and rushed to where Domon and Long were tussling. Domon had activated the Weapons Festival. Considering Long's superior strength and speed, he was unable to keep up with the close-range exchange. The melee weapons he conjured helped keep Long from landing a hit on him.

Long saw Wong approaching. When Wong was near, Long uttered, "This is getting tiresome. Let me send you two to heaven!"

Long punched upward. Domon felt the mana converging. He wanted to jump away but realized that whatever skill Long was using covered a large area.

BOOM!

The ground below the three shone before it cracked and shattered. A huge image of a fist burst out of the shattered ground. Long was unaffected by this giant fist but both Domon and Wong were swept up by an overwhelming force.

What Long used was the level 80 skill from his Fist Lord class, World Conquering Fist. After sweeping up its target, the giant fist exploded in a brilliant light. Domon and Wong received tremendous damage from the explosion. If the two didn't have defensive buffs on them, they would have died from this explosion.

Domon still had around half his HP left because of his Tiger War God Armor. Wong was protected by Steel Body and Ape King Vitality, but his life was still reduced to below twenty percent.

When the two were still disoriented from the blast, Long appeared above Wong.

"So long, master. This will be the third time I defeat you," Long said. His fist punched down and struck Wong in the chest, taking another chunk of Wong's HP. Long flapped his dragon wings. With his fist still on Wong's chest, Long drove Wong's body down. Wong's body slammed hard into the ground at high speed. The impact should no doubt take out Wong's remaining HP.

Chapter 1743 Chapter 1743. Little Girl

Before Wong hit the ground, a thin soft light enveloped his body. When he was supposed to be dead after the powerful impact, his HP shot back up instead. This took Long aback. Long then sensed someone coming at him fast.

Long flapped his wings again and he shot away just as a mace swung into the space where he had been earlier.

"Grace. Thank you," Domon told the person who had just saved Wong.

Wong stood back up without a word. Both Domon and he had their HP refilled. Grace used Generosity of Hope once she saw that Wong almost died when she arrived.

"Little girl, this is not the place for you to play," Long said to Grace.

Grace glanced at Murong who was still fighting the Celestial Lindworm. She had summoned her companion, Oswald when she arrived. Oswald was currently helping Murong fight the lindworm. With the two working together, they shouldn't be in any danger.

Grace came here because of Muilan. After spending some time together inside the Space-time Chamber, the two martial sisters had become rather close. Muilan wore the Amulet of Rebirth so she didn't have to wait half an hour before reviving. After returning to life, she sent a message to Grace informing her about the situation. The battle at the wall wasn't pressing. They were winning, so she disengaged from there and flew over to see if Domon and the others needed help. It turned out they did.

Grace twirled her mace and said, "I will also be your opponent!"

"Hehe. Very well. If I kill you, perhaps it will piss your boyfriend enough to make him fight me seriously," Long said.

"From what I heard, you've already died in his hands once," Grace returned.

"Hmph! He was simply relying on his three classes."

"While you are relying on your two classes. Even if you win, it doesn't prove that you are a better martial artist than either Master Domon or Master Wong."

Long's face was slightly contorted. This was the first time his condescending face showed a different expression. "You are as maddening as your boyfriend. Very well then. Since you insist, I will gladly kill you!"

Long charged forward with the comet fist again. That skill was one with a short cooldown.

Grace activated Armor of Ego. She then executed the Mace of Selfishness. An image of a giant mace came slamming at Long from above. Long canceled his comet fist and swerved to the side. Eighteen eastern dragons appeared as he resumed his advance after dodging the mace.

Grace's mace split into two. She swung her twin maces using the Phantom Beating Sticks. Her legendary-grade weapon produced a shockwave with each swing. When her mace collided with Long's Eighteen Subduing Dragon Palms, she didn't lose.

Explosions of energy occurred around the two as they clashed. The shockwaves prevented the others from approaching.

Though their power appeared equal, Long was a better expert. One of his palms sneaked through an opening and landed on Grace.

PANG!

She was thrown back violently from the hit. Despite the look, she didn't lose much HP from the hit. Her legendary-grade armor enhanced by the Armor of Ego greatly mitigated the resulting damage.

Long grunted with dissatisfaction at the result. He knew from the exchange just now he wouldn't be able to defeat Grace as easily as he expected.

Domon and Wong came at his two opposite sides. Long used Twin Dragon Palms to receive the two's assault. Domon redirected the palm and struck back, while Wong forcefully caught the palm and counterattacked.

Grace spread her legendary-grade wings tool and sent herself whirling forward. She cast Chain Lightning while advancing. Being pinned by Domon and Wong from two sides, Long couldn't dodge the spell. He was still protected by chaos armor, though, so he wasn't paralyzed.

Grace arrived in an instant before Long and her two maces again struck with ferocity. When Long was fighting Domon, Wong, and Murong, he could still afford to take it easy. It was not so with Grace in the mix. Grace's damage power was high due to her legendary-grade weapon. The weapon also caused shockwaves that disrupted his balance. It was difficult for him to maintain his rhythm.

Domon adjusted his style to compliment Grace. While she provided the muscle, he covered her weakness and protected her when Long tried to counterattack. Wong, on the other hand, just brute force his way through.

With the three's coordination, Long ended up on the back foot. He continued to receive hits. If not for his chaos armor, he would have been defeated some time ago.

"Very good, you, insect!!" Long exclaimed. His body ignited with the Nine Yang Restoration. His HP recovered again. At the same time, he let their attacks hit his body while he took a stance. His joined palms burst into flames. He then made a wide swing using the Nine Yang Scorching Blade.

Long's execution of the ancient art was very fast. Out of the three, only Domon managed to counter with Power Strike but he lost in strength. Grace and Wong only had the time to parry. Grace parried using her mace while Wong used his arms reinforced by the iron hand technique. The three were thrown in three different directions from the impact.

Wong lost the most HP in the clash. If Long wanted to resume his intention of defeating Wong, now would be a good chance. But instead, Long dashed in Grace's direction.

"You, trash! Who the hell do you think you are? How dare you barge into this fight? You are nothing...!!!" Long shouted as he accumulated mana into his fist. Nine little suns were formed and they revolved around his arm.

Long considered Domon, Wong, and Murong as worthy adversaries. They were big names in the martial arts community. But who was Grace? She was a nobody. For her to fight him as if they were equal, hurt his pride. He intended to finish her quickly, just like that little girl he wasted earlier, so he could go back to play with the three old martial arts grandmasters here.

"Grace!" Domon called with worry. Grace's position was too far for him to reach.

Domon used Ki Wave. He was hoping it would dissuade Long from carrying out his attack, but Long just let the Ki Wave hit him without batting an eye. Long's chaos armor reduced much of the damage from the ki wave.

Grace didn't seem flustered, though. She stared at the incoming flaming fist. When the nine suns crashed into each other as they were heading toward her, she put her hand in their path. Long's flaming fist crashed into her opened palm. While Long's fist was flaring with intense fire, her palm was swirling with cold dark mist.

Chapter 1744 Chapter 1744. Nine Yang Vs Nine Yin

"Nine Yin Devouring Palm..." Wong uttered. He had heard from Domon that Jack learned the Nine Yin Scripture, but he didn't know about Grace.

Wong wasn't the only one who was taken by surprise, Long also couldn't believe what he saw. Who was this girl? He only heard of her being Jack's close friend. He never heard of her being an exceptional martial artist. From their clash just now, he knew for a fact that her martial expertise was way below him. If not for her exceptional equipment, he would have easily put her into the ground. How did such a girl learn an ancient art?

Long didn't believe his art would lose. He pumped mana into his fist. The nine suns flared as they rushed into Grace's palm, intending to burn her into smithereens. Yet, as the suns touched Grace's palm, it was as if they fell into a bottomless abyss. They just vanished into the dark hole in the middle of Grace's palm. They didn't even produce the violent explosion that was their supposed effect.

Long was shocked. He didn't want to believe it, but the fact was right there for him to see. Grace's degree of control of the Nine Yin Devouring Palm was at the level of a master already. The destructive energy from the Nine Yang Exploding Fist was unable to harm her.

Long gritted his teeth. The last of his suns vanished without a trace into Grace's palm. Not only she didn't suffer any damage but recovery numbers even popped up above her head, refilling all the HP she lost earlier. He decided to put a distance first and observe the situation before he was beset by Domon and Wong again.

But when he tried to move away, he found that his fist refused to detach from Grace's palm. There was as if a magnet that kept his fist glued to her palm.

"Wh—What...?!" He was startled by this. Then, another sensation caused him to become even more perturbed. He felt as if he was being drained!

The flames of the Nine Yang Restoration never stopped burning his body since he activated it when he was surrounded by his three opponents. Currently, the flames were dimming, and it was not because of his intention.

He looked at Grace in disbelief. It was her doing! The Nine Yin Devouring Palm not only absorbed the explosive power of his Nine Yang Exploding Fist, but it was also trying to suck the restorative energy of his Nine Yang Restoration. He could feel the mana fueling his ancient art was thinning.

He had heard the tale that the Nine Yin Scripture was created to counter the Nine Yang Scripture. He thought it was all nonsense. Now, he learned the truth of the tale. Nine Yin Arts might not be as powerful and intimidating as the Nine Yang Arts, but when the two clashed, the Nine Yin Arts had the advantage.

"Get off me, you, bitch...!!" Long shouted. The fist from his other hand slammed into Grace's face.

Grace was closing her eyes because she was fully concentrating on her Nine Yin Devouring Palm. She didn't sense Long's other fist.

She cried and reeled back from the punch. Her Nine Yin Devouring Palm was involuntarily stopped.

Long wanted to chase her and continued to dispense her punishments, but he suddenly felt a presence behind him. He had been so focused on Grace that he neglected his surroundings. Before he could turn back, he felt a strong impact on the side of his head.

Another hard impact slammed into him from above. His face was down on the ground before he knew it. He then felt a heavy weight pressing him from above.

"Stay down, Long...", He heard Wong's voice.

Hearing that instead fueled his anger. He pressed his two hands on the ground and heaved with all his strength. His two classes' strength enhanced by the beast form managed to push his body up despite Wong's One Thousand Pounds Mountain.

He had one of his wings slapped Wong while getting up. When Wong was distracted, he pushed himself out from under Wong's pressure. When he was freed, he sensed another attack. The executor of the attack was already close when he sensed the attack, hence he was unable to dodge.

The attack was Domon's One-word Slash done using a glaive enhanced by a mana-empowered Ki Weapon. The slash struck one of his wings. The slash not only caused damage but also broke the bone that held the wings. He could no longer use his wings properly. His flight ability was hampered.

Long never flew up even when he could because he didn't feel the need to. Now, when he was on the back foot, he couldn't do it even if he wanted to. His opponents came at him again.

"You, lot, think you are better?! Come then! I will take you all on...!!!" Long screamed.

He fought with ferocity unlike before. His mind was in turmoil. He also found that the flames of the Nine Yang Restoration wouldn't get ignited anymore. He wasn't sure if it was the aftereffect of Grace's Nine Yin Devouring Palm or because of the state of his mind. He couldn't think properly.

Under that state of anger, he received many hits from the two grandmasters because he couldn't properly utilize his martial arts.

"What have I taught you? Anger gives you power but you should never let it conquer you otherwise it will unbalance you," Wong said.

"Shut up! You are no longer my master!" Long exclaimed. "I am not conquered by anger. I am using it!"

"Doesn't seem that way to me," Domon uttered.

"Silence, you two...!!!" Long unleashed his Eighteen Subduing Dragon Palms again, forcing Domon and Wong back. Once he did, he felt a strong impact at the back of his head. It was a smite from Grace's mace.

"You can't even sense an attack now. You are saying you didn't lose yourself?" Wong scolded.

"You are not my master anymore...!!!" Long's shadowless kick struck Grace and sent her tumbling back. He then rushed forward at Wong.

Wong had lost some HP during Long's forceful battle just now. A healing light fell on him. Grace cast a healing spell when he saw Long advance toward Wong.

Long didn't seem to register the healing on Wong. He continued to go berserk on Wong. Domon stole some hits from the side when Long was focusing on Wong. While Long continued to barrage Wong with endless attacks, he suddenly found himself in human form.

In his convoluted state, he lost track of the duration of his beast form.

Chapter 1745 Chapter 1745. Foster Son

It was not only his beast form, but his chaos armor was also coming to an end. To make matters worse, his HP was not in the best condition. He had received many hits. Without his Nine Yang Restoration, the damage he suffered remained. His HP bar was below half.

Despite his anger, an urgency to preserve his life came to the surface. But that urgency was soon doused when he remembered he had the immortal soul. The unwillingness to bear the shame of fleeing from these people he deemed to be beneath him made him stay. He continued to fight ferociously until his chaos armor expired.

He still couldn't use the Nine Yang Restoration. He also couldn't flee with his three opponents blocking his way. Not that he wanted to flee, though. His pet was occupied by Murong and Oswald, unable to come to his aid.

Long threw away all the thought of retreating. He had only one thought now, to take down one of his opponents before he was defeated. He redirected his anger from Wong to Grace. She was the reason why the tide of this battle turned. Despite what had happened, he still thought she was the most unqualified one to face him. He couldn't bear it if he didn't kill her before he fell.

But Grace had excellent defense and exceptional healing abilities. Her bloodline, Grandmother Oak, further improved her recovery abilities. When Long's HP fell to a critical rate, Grace's was still above half.

Even if Long didn't want to accept it, he couldn't deny the reality in front of him. At the final moment when his HP was just a sliver left, he felt his mind clearing. He sensed the finishing blow from behind him. He was strangely at peace. Somehow, he accepted this defeat, but then he sensed something else came in between him and this killing blow.

Domon's glaive landed a strike, but not on Long as Domon intended. The blade of the glaive instead hit Wong's back.

"Wong...", Domon uttered. Wong received damage but he wasn't in danger since he had received Grace's heals periodically.

"Halt!" Wong shouted when Grace was about to strike. Grace was startled by the mana-empowered shout. She stopped.

Long just stood there with the tiny HP he had left. He stared at Wong and asked, "What do you want?"

"... I just want a few words," Wong answered.

"Heh! Want to gloat? Well, you did say the winner has all the right. Fine, gloat all you want," Long snickered.

"... I am sorry."

Long frowned upon the words. He thought his ears must have heard wrong. He just stared at Wong and thought maybe the one he was looking at was not Wong.

"I didn't think we would ever have the chance to talk, so I have to seize this opportunity. Please hear me out till the end," Wong said.

Long was still silent. He still couldn't believe his former Master was the one who was uttering these words.

"You know me as a man with few words... I taught you that we martial artists had only one strive. That is to defeat every opponent and come out on top. To become the one who stands above all. That is the only objective of a true martial artist. Well... I was wrong... And I'm sorry to have guided you down such a path."

Wong glanced at Domon for a brief instance before resuming.

"These past few weeks, I have spent time with who I always thought to be my rival, the one who is known as the best martial artist of our generation. My purpose is always to defeat him and take his place. But after these weeks I spent with him, I learned... that he is completely different from what I thought. Even though I've explicitly stated that my purpose was to defeat him, he didn't mind giving me pointers and helping me improve.

"I was at first skeptical, thinking he was just trying to mislead me, but it turned out my martial arts indeed got better after following his advice. He even taught me some of his martial arts willingly. You said I'm unlike myself. You are not wrong. You said I've become weak. You are wrong about that.

"I studied Domon these past few weeks. Unlike us, he didn't see fellow martial artists as rivals. The only rival in his mind is himself. He didn't try to overcome others. The one he is trying to overcome is himself. That's how he continues improving. That's how he will never stop improving. He loves martial arts more than anyone I've ever known. It is strange for me to say that I admit he is a better martial artist when I learned that, and I felt no envy whatsoever.

"My greatest regret is that I never get to impart this wisdom to you. I hope that I can correct this mistake and guide you back to the correct path. If you let me... my son."

Wong offered his open hand to Long.

Long just stared at that hand for the longest time. Domon and Grace stood watch beside the two.

When Long finally acted, he slapped Wong's hand away and turned around. The celestial lindworm that was still fighting Murong and Oswald was unsummoned.

"If anyone wants to land the killing blow. Go ahead," he said. He then walked away.

Grace moved but Domon stopped her. Long was walking in the opposite direction from the capital. He was not joining the ongoing battle there. The path he was taking showed that he had severed his ties with World Maker.

Wong just stared at Long's back in silence. Domon put a hand on his shoulder.

"Give him time," Domon said to him. "I'm sure he will come around."

Wong sighed. He knew how stubborn his foster son was. The time Long needed would be a long one.

"We are letting that brat go?" Murong came and asked.

"He will no longer be a problem to us," Domon said. "With this, Master lost another heavenly enforcer."

"Four heavenly enforcers," Grace corrected. "John sent a message in team chat that his side had apprehended the enemy's tactician, Linda. With this, Master's arms have been mostly severed. Only Ronald is left."

"He still has another powerful arm up there," Murong said as she looked up.

The dragons were still tussling up there, and it didn't look good for their side.

Chapter 1746 Chapter 1746. One-sided Battle

When Quetzalcoatl fell due to the chaos lance in his chest, Broidrireg had to fight Azzarilth alone. Broidrireg could only use quick spells in that condition, and he mostly had to perform evasive maneuvers while Azzarilth charged at him.

"You are still as slippery as I remember," Azzarilth scoffed.

"And you are always in a constant state of unrest," Broidrireg returned. "I have told you multiple times to find your inner peace. You never listen."

"Hahaha! You are still lecturing me? After all these millennia, you are still as insufferable as you were. No wonder the number of true dragons was declining."

"How dare you mention that?! If not for your betrayal, we wouldn't have been in the state we are now!" Broidrireg roared. He cast a spell that conjured uncountable water spears.

Azzarilth had chaos armor protecting her. She barged through those water spears as if they were nothing. Her claws slashed madly. They produced a net of void tears that surrounded Broidrireg.

Broidrireg retreated while casting. Several of Azzarilth's void-tear energies dug into his body. He roared from the pain but he maintained his concentration. He was lucky the attacks that hit him didn't trigger the cancellation of his spellcasting.

His spell was cast. A huge ice cube encased him. The ice cube endured the void tears. Its reflective surfaces shone and the chaotic energies from the void tears were reflected at Azzarilth.

Azzarilth expected this outcome when she saw the Reflective Ice Cube appear. She cast Teleportation to dodge the reflected void energies. She reappeared above the ice cube and her four claws slammed into the ice cube. The ice cube could only resist her brute strength for half a second before giving in. It cracked and shattered into diamond dust.

Broidrireg had been casting two spells under the protection of the ice cube. When Azzarilth destroyed the ice cube, he still needed another second for his spells.

Azzarilth was about to strike Broidrireg when a torrent of hot flames washed over her. She looked over and found an archdemon lord in the vicinity.

After seeing Quetzalcoatl fall from the sky, Jack sent the archdemon lord to aid Broidrireg. The archdemon lord's level was still too low to join this fight but Jack thought it was better than nothing.

Jack's decision wasn't wrong. Though the archdemon lord couldn't cause decent damage to Azzarilth, it still distracted her enough that Broidrireg was able to complete his spells.

A huge water orb encased Azzarilth while another giant orb with ten tentacles appeared next to Broidrireg. Broidrireg then retreated to prepare stronger spells. The Water Decapus and the Archdemon Lord assailed Azzarilth who was immobilized by the Oppressive Water Prison

"Hahaha!" Azzarilth was still laughing madly despite her situation. A burst of chaotic flames erupted from her body. These flames evaporated the water orb that was imprisoning her, before solidifying into a black fiery sphere around her.

She shot forward with this sphere protecting her. Her speed was even faster than before. The water decapus tried using its tentacles to stop Azzarilth but those tentacles burst into particles of water when they touched the dark fiery sphere around Azzarilth.

The dark fiery sphere was the Sphere of Svalinn, like the one Jygorth possessed. With Azzarilth as its user, this skill was even more potent. It provided Azzarilth with ultimate defense and increased her overall stats. Normally, enemies touched by the Sphere of Svalinn received dark-element damage, but her chaos armor was still active. She

manipulated the two active skills and caused them to interface and enhance one another. The Sphere of Svalinn now dealt chaos damage.

Broidrieg thought his two spells could delay Azzarilth enough that he could cast stronger spells, but it turned out it was not the case. Azzarilth's speed under the chaos-empowered Sphere of Svalinn was staggering. He was caught off guard. Azzarilth slammed herself into Broidrieg.

Broidrieg was flung from the slam. His lengthy body tumbled in the air as the spell formations he had been casting fizzled out of existence.

Azzarilth then veered to the other side where the Archdemon Lord was. It had been casting a spell. A blade of doom cut forth toward the approaching Azzarilth. She didn't slow. The flaming blade thrust into the sphere and was obliterated into cinders upon contact.

She smashed into the Archdemon Lord. If even Broidrieg couldn't withstand the impact, how could the Archdemon Lord? It was thrown by the collision, but it didn't fly far. Its body was forcefully stopped and pulled back toward Azzarilth.

Azzarilth used Telekinesis to pull the Archdemon Lord back. The archdemon lord tried to cast a spell while being pulled, but it froze when it stared into Azzarilth's eyes. It then screamed as if it was in immense pain. The spell it was casting was stopped.

Azzarilth's claw slammed into the Archdemon Lord when it returned to her melee range. The claw strike produced a large void tear. The claw strike not only caused tremendous damage but also left gaping wounds on the archdemon lord's body.

"Weak beings should stay out of this fight," Azzarilth uttered before she opened her mouth and released her divine chaos breath.

The archdemon lord was continuously burned by the chaos fire as it was sent tumbling down to the ground. When it hit the ground, a chaotic explosion resulted. Other land soldiers who were unfortunately in the blast radius mostly didn't survive.

As for the Archdemon Lord, it was lying still on the burning ground. Its face displayed agony. It still had a few HP left but it just lay on the ground without moving. What it suffered was Azzarilth's mind-dooming gaze. It was a powerful eye skill that not only incapacitated its target but probably also destroyed its target's mind. The archdemon lord would most likely just lay there until its duration ended.

A bolt of lightning struck Azzarilth after she used her breath attack on the archdemon lord. She turned to the one who sent the lightning bolt and chuckled.

"You almost die, and you still dare to come before me?"

Quetzalcoatl had freed himself from the Chaos Lance, but he was not in a good condition. His HP was less than one-third and there was a wound on his chest where the chaos lance pierced. The chaos lance was similar to the eldritch beholder's Dark Plaguing Spears. It had the effect of preventing heals and stopping recovery ability. The effect's duration from Chaos Lance was even longer than the dark plaguing spears. This meant that Quetzalcoatl had a high chance of dying if he insisted on continuing the battle.

"Quetzalcoatl, retreat!" Broidrireg ordered.

"I won't leave you and let you fight her by yourself!" Quetzalcoatl exclaimed.

"You, fool! You listen to me and retreat right now!" Broidrireg yelled. He had seen enough death of the true dragons. He couldn't afford to witness another one. He sent a mental message to Jack to ask Four Winds to forcefully unsummon Quetzalcoatl.

"Hahaha! Considering we are once a family, I will give you thirty seconds to decide to retreat. If you remain stubborn, then don't blame me," Azzarilth laughed.

"I won't leave!" Quetzalcoatl repeated his statement. He turned to Broidrireg and said, "You can't win against her alone. You need my support."

Broidrireg was about to say something when a deep voice echoed from the clouds above. "He won't be alone. I will fight by his side."

They looked up and saw a silver-scaled dragon descended from the clouds. The dragon was Eoranth.

Chapter 1747 Chapter 1747. Fighting the Mad Dragon

Azzarilth looked up and narrowed her eyes at Eoranth. "You look familiar...", she muttered.

Eoranth was displeased hearing the words. "You killed my father! I will take my revenge today!!" He bellowed.

Azzarilth's forehead went up. "Eoranth? Haha. How you have grown! You are like a splitting image of your father. Sadly, you will be joining your father's fate. I will be happy to arrange your reunion."

"It is you who will be meeting him today!" Eoranth returned.

"Quetzalcoatl Go back. I have Eoranth to support me," Broidrireg said to the wounded dragon.

"If the three of us work together, we can defeat her easier," Quetzalcoatl said.

"No. She is still too dangerous even with Eoranth here," Broidrireg said.

"Go back, Quetzalcoatl," Eoranth uttered. "You will just be a bother to us if we have to look after you."

Quetzalcoatl growled at Eoranth's statement, but he couldn't deny he wouldn't be of much help in his state.

Four Winds had tried unsummoning Quetzalcoatl after Jack asked him to, but Quetzalcoatl rejected the unsummoning by using his willpower. He now accepted the unsummoning request.

"Be safe, you two," he said before vanishing.

"Now that he is gone, shall we continue?" Azzarilth asked. "As you can see, I'm not fond of killing my own kinds. If you two are willing to leave, I will not stop you."

"Even me?" Broidrireg asked.

"Despite you imprisoning me for millennia. Yes, I hold no grudge on you."

"I don't believe you," Broidrireg said.

"Hehehe. Well, you are always the wisest among us. So, shall we dance?" Azzarilth asked.

Broidrireg turned to Eoranth and asked, "Where is Tiemezzys?"

Broidrireg sent Tiemezzys to go check Azzarilth's seal with an instruction that if the seal was broken, he was to find Eoranth and tell him the situation. The fact that Eoranth was here meant that Tiemezzys had carried out his mission.

"He is still around half a day flight from here," Eoranth answered. "I rushed here as soon as I got the news."

"So, it will just be the two of us," Broidrireg said.

"It is enough!!" Eoranth roared and charged forward.

Azzarilth simply sneered as Eoranth approached. The Sphere of Svalinn was still around her body. With a mighty swing, Eoranth smacked the dark sphere. Azzarilth shot down from the blow.

The touch should have caused Eoranth damage, but Eoranth's claws were enveloped by silvery light. Soul-infused Fist was protecting Eoranth's claws. Eoranth didn't stop. His wings flapped and he shot forward at high speed to chase after the falling Azzarilth.

Azzarilth's laughter reverberated in the air as she plunged. Those who heard her laughter did not doubt it was from someone mad.

Azzarilth suddenly shot to the side when Eoranth arrived. Her speed when the Sphere of Svalinn was in effect was terrifying. She shot back again when Eoranth was just realizing he had missed. The silver dragon didn't have the time to react when the flaming sphere slammed into him.

"Hrgghh...!" The slam took the air off from Eoranth. During his stun, Azzarilth moved at high speed in a back-and-forth motion. She continued slamming her sphere into Eoranth from different directions. Her speed made it difficult for Eoranth to follow.

Eoranth roared in fury from the treatment. Silvery flame coated his body. It was Soul Armor. The armor let him focus enough that he managed to catch Azzarilth's sphere with two arms before it slammed into him again. His grip was so strong that Azzarilth couldn't move away.

The sphere was touching Eoranth's body but it didn't cause damage because of his soul armor. With a powerful heave, Eoranth threw the sphere downward. The sphere slammed into the ground. Before it could move away, Eoranth fired his divine soul breath.

The location Eoranth threw Azzarilth was away from the armies that were storming the wall, so the soldiers were safe. But the shockwave from the explosion caused by the divine soul breath still threw the nearest soldiers to the ground.

Eoranth shot down before the explosion even subsided. He knew the attack just now was hardly enough to harm Azzarilth who was still protected by the Sphere of Svalinn. Azzarilth suffered some damage but not much.

Eoranth slammed into Azzarilth before she got the chance to get back up. He ran down punches at her and kept her on the ground. Throughout the punishments, Azzarilth's never stopped grinning.

"Not bad, you pup. I might say that you are almost as strong as your father," Azzarilth laughed while casting a spell.

Three spectral blades appeared next to her. These spectral blades slashed Eoranth. Eoranth ignored the slashes. His soul armor mitigated the damage. He continued to rain blow after blow. The two were trading blows with one another dealing minuscule damage.

"Eoranth! Don't stay too long in her melee range!" Broidrireg called from above.

In his aggression, Eoranth didn't hear Broidrireg's warning. Eoranth fired his eye beam and knocked Azzarilth's head to the side. When she turned her head back, Eoranth noticed her mouth was shining a dark purple.

Eoranth moved away before a torrent of dark light poured out of Azzarilth's mouth. Even with his soul armor, he didn't want to get hit directly by Azzarilth's divine chaos breath.

Azzarilth tried getting up now that Eoranth was off her, but she found her body much heavier than usual. She knew then that she had been hit by Broidrireg's *Densify Air*. With Eoranth keeping her busy, Broidrireg was free to cast his spells. When Eoranth moved away, Broidrireg unleashed his spells.

Primal Storm and Sky Tsunami followed. Azzarilth could only take the brunt of the damage by relying on the protection from the Sphere of Svalinn.

Broidrireg cast another spell that conjured multiple balls formed of solidified airs. These air balls then shot at Azzarilth and exploded upon contact. Eoranth didn't stay idle. He channeled his soul power into his hands and formed small soul balls. He then threw these soul balls at Azzarilth.

Their repeated ranged attacks caused a huge dust cloud. When the dust cloud settled, Azzarilth was up on her feet. Her Sphere of Svalinn was gone. If the sphere received too much damage, it could end before its natural duration.

Even after all that, Azzarilth was still grinning widely at the two.

Chapter 1748 Chapter 1748. Mind Disruption

The smile on Azzarilth's grin caused Eoranth's rage to rise.

"I'm going to wipe that grin out of your face...!!!" Eoranth roared. The air behind him exploded. He shot forward with a burst of speed similar to Wind Jet.

Broidrireg didn't want this battle to last too long. He knew Azzarilth still had some abilities up her sleeves. He had started casting his mega spell ever since he saw Azzarilth lose her Sphere of Svalinn. He expected Eoranth to keep Azzarilth busy enough so he could complete his mega spell.

However, he wanted to again warn Eoranth not to stay within Azzarilth's melee range for too long. He was about to speak when he noticed Azzarilth gazing up at him even while Eoranth was charging at her. His curiosity made him stare at her. Her eyes shone a dark light then.

"Damn it!!!" He cursed, but it was too late. He felt his mind enter a state of uncontrollable turmoil. The spell formation he had prepared fizzled out of existence.

Despite having the strongest mind below God's level, Broidrireg still failed to resist Azzarilth's Chaos-inducing Gaze. He struggled as he channeled mana to clear his mind. It was a slow process since he couldn't think straight. His concentration wavered at every turn.

While Broidrireg was struggling with his mental state, Eoranth's body slammed into Azzarilth. Azzarilth's chaos armor was no more. Without protection, Eoranth's soul-infused claw easily pierced through Azzarilth's scales. But instead of screaming, she continued to laugh.

"Is that the worst you can do, little pup? Your father fared better before I killed him!" Azzarilth yelled.

"I will kill you...!" Eoranth shoved his claws again and again into Azzarilth's body, but the mad dragon just laughed at the abuse.

As Eoranth repeatedly clawed Azzarilth's body, wounds started to show. Blood poured out of the wound. Seeing the wounds and blood, an extremely satisfying feeling washed over Eoranth. He felt this intense sense of ecstasy. He wanted to hurt Azzarilth more! He wanted to turn her into a puddle of blood and flesh and then he wanted to hurt her even further!

So, he clawed, and he clawed. He didn't remember how long he had been doing it, but he didn't want it to end. It just felt too good! Azzarilth had turned into an unrecognizable mess and yet, he still thought that it was not enough.

Broidrireg finally gained a semblance of control over his mind. His thought was still a huge mess and he couldn't cast a spell yet, but he could think a little already. He opened his eyes and saw what was going on below.

"No..." He uttered.

What he saw was Eoranth clawing something that looked like Azzarilth but it was not her. It was a dark mess that was neither solid nor liquid. Those who saw the scene would think that Eoranth was punching a giant dark gel.

Azzarilth herself was floating behind Eoranth. She simply stayed near Eoranth without doing anything. She could strike his back if she wanted but she just stayed there showing her devilish grin.

This was what Broidrireg wanted to warn Eoranth before he was hit by Azzarilth's Chaos-inducing Gaze. Azzarilth had another innate talent called the Aura of Madness. The talent caused enemies within her melee range to hallucinate. The longer the attacker was within the range, the stronger the effect.

As for the dark gel Eoranth was hitting, it was a replacement clone produced by her other skill, Chaos Substitution. She used the skill once she sensed Eoranth was hooked by her Aura of Madness. Eoranth's mind was clouded by rage. It made him more susceptible to her aura's influence.

Although Broidrireg couldn't cast spells yet, he wasn't going to just let Azzarilth do as she pleased. He swooped down.

Azzarilth sensed his coming. She knew she couldn't toy with Eoranth longer, so she drove her foreclaws forward. Her claws created long void tears that sliced through Eoranth's back. If Eoranth wasn't protected by soul armor, he would have suffered deep wounds.

Eoranth roared from intense pain. The pain snapped him out of the Aura of Madness' influence.

Azzarilth flew up when Broidrireg almost arrived. She cast Chaos Bombs at the same time. The bombs were thrown at Broidrireg and Eoranth. The explosions kept the two in place while she flew high into the sky.

Eoranth was shaking his head. His mind was still hazy. The feeling of madness was still lingering in his heart. "What... What happened just now...?" He asked.

"She can project an aura that disrupts the mind," Broidrireg told Eoranth. "Don't stay too long inside her melee range."

"You...", Eoranth sensed the chaotic mana within Broidrireg.

"I was hit by her disrupting eye skill. I won't be able to cast spells for a while," Broidrireg explained. He then said sternly to Eoranth, "You shouldn't let your rage blind you. It will be easy for her to make use of that rage and unsettle you. She is unlike any opponent you have faced. Even though your level is the same as hers, she is stronger. You cannot let your guard down. I fought her before with your father and we almost lost. Only through your father's sacrifice that I gained the opportunity to seal her."

"We are not sealing her this time!" Eoranth exclaimed.

Broidrireg sighed. "We are not," he agreed.

"How long until you can cast spells again?" Eoranth asked.

"I'm not sure. Probably a few more minutes," Broidrireg answered.

Azzarilth was waiting for them in the sky. She just floated there with a condescending expression. When she felt the two took too long a time. She cast Chaos Meteor Fall.

A meteor fall spell was powerful but the descent of the meteor was too slow. Against fast opponents, this spell was useless as they could escape the danger radius before the meteor arrived. Broidrireg and Eoranth were surely fast combatants, so this spell was ineffective against them. That's why Azzarilth didn't cast the spell on those two.

The meteor fell where the Allied forces' siege weapons were concentrated.

Chapter 1749 Chapter 1749. Two Lords of Dragons Against a Mad Dragon

The siege weapons were slow so they couldn't avoid getting hit. The soldiers who were guarding the siege weapons prepared defensive skills to block the meteor but one of Jack's clones that were nearby commanded them to leave those siege weapons. He saw who cast the spell and he knew those soldiers wouldn't be able to do shit against the incoming meteor.

It would be a great loss to lose those siege weapons but they had already made a hole in the wall. Losing the siege weapons would just be a financial loss. He didn't want the soldiers guarding the siege weapons to lose their lives as well.

The meteor landed and obliterated all the siege weapons within the impact zone. Different from the normal Meteor Fall, the chaos version caused a shockwave that radiated outward. This shockwave dealt chaos damage to those it passed through. Low-level and low-grade soldiers who were still fleeing from the impact zone were killed upon contact. The rest lost a large number of HP.

Broidrireg and Eoranth looked at Azzarilth who was floating above. They knew she did that to piss them off. Eoranth didn't care about the forces there because he was not a country guardian anymore, but he was still pissed because Azzarilth was looking down on them by giving them a time of reprieve.

Eoranth stomped one foot on the ground in fury before shooting upward.

"Don't let her use your rage against you!" Broidrireg warned. He wasn't sure if Eoranth heard his warning. He also flew up in a hurry.

Azzarilth watched Eoranth speed towards her with a grin. She cast a spell when Eoranth was halfway.

Eoranth sensed the spell took effect and made an abrupt stop in the air. A spectral prison appeared in front of him. If he didn't stop, he would have been trapped inside.

But because he had stopped, he lost his momentum. Azzarilth was the one who dove at him in return. Before he could react, she was already before him. She slashed her foreclaws in a cross movement. This was not a standard attack, but one that was executed using Blade Dancer's skill, Cross Slash. Her cross slash generated a very large X-shaped void tear.

Eoranth blocked the attack using his arms. He received damage despite the block. Before he could retaliate, a series of quick slashes assailed him. Azzarilth was performing Deca Slash. Eoranth continued using his arms to block. While blocking, Eoranth felt the fury within him rise again.

He didn't know before, but he understood now that this was Azzarilth's doing. He quickly retreated. His wings flapped and produced a sonic blast that blew Azzarilth away and kept her from staying close.

Once a distance appeared between Azzarilth and him, he sensed a strong mana from behind. A beam of water and wind shot beside him. This beam went straight for Azzarilth.

Broidrireg might be unable to cast spells but he could still use his Water Wind Jet Breath.

Azzarilth was quick enough that she erected a chaos-imbued magic shield to block the beam. The chaos shield might be sturdy, but it was not enough to withstand Broidrireg's breath attack. The chaos shield shattered and the beam struck Azzarilth and threw her higher into the sky.

Eoranth didn't waste this opportunity. Azzarilth wouldn't be able to move fast after the hit. He gathered his strength as he prepared his strongest attack, Annihilating Soul Beam.

Mana from the surroundings rushed into his mouth as he took a deep breath. The converged mana shone brightly before he fired it forward. The discharge created several rings of light that radiated outward.

Azzarilth sensed the immense power headed for her. She was still tumbling after getting hit by Broidrireg's breath attack. Knowing that she couldn't dodge the attack, she opened her mouth and fired back. A torrent of chaos energy poured out of her jaws.

The divine chaos breath and the annihilating soul beam collided in the middle. The collision resulted in a massive ring of destructive light that spread outward. The nearby clouds passed by this ring of energy were disintegrated.

The two energies went into a stalemate, but only for a moment. The silver beam from Eoranth slowly pushed the chaos breath back. The slow advance of the silver beam picked up in speed as the chaos breath was pushed until it was as if the chaos breath was non-existence. The silver beam devoured the chaos breath and shot forward at high speed toward Azzarilth.

When the silver beam touched Azzarilth, it erupted in a massive explosion. The beam didn't just stop after one hit. It expanded, producing strong energy pulses. On the final pulse, the explosion was five times the initial one. The one who watched from down

there felt as if the explosion covered the entire sky. Everything within the blast radius was obliterated. If this happened on the ground, it would have been catastrophic to whoever was in the vicinity.

Eoranth expected his ultimate attack to take out at least half of Azzarilth's HP. He watched the receding explosion with anticipation. However, when Azzarilth came into view again, the HP bar above her showed that she didn't lose much HP compared to before she was hit by the beam.

"How could...", Eoranth didn't believe what he was seeing.

"She used a spell...", Broidrireg said.

Now that Eoranth had a good look, he noticed that Azzarilth's body was slightly translucent. It was as if she was a hologram.

Eoranth gritted his teeth. Azzarilth cast Ghost Form after getting hit by the initial pulse. She only suffered the first blast.

"Hahaha, you didn't shame your father. That annihilating soul beam you have might even be more powerful than his," Azzarilth laughed. "Too bad I know about it."

Despite her seemingly chaotic madness, Azzarilth didn't fight without thinking. She had waited for Eoranth to use his ultimate attack before using ghost form.

"Eoranth, don't be hasty," Broidrireg said. "Let's fight defensively. We wait until Tiemezzys arrives before we go all out. I should still have a few hours when he arrives. With the three of us, we have a better chance."

Eoranth didn't like the idea but he supposed that would be a wiser move. After the clash, he must admit that Azzarilth was indeed more powerful than him. The chance of them winning wasn't that high.

If this happened in the past, he wouldn't have believed such a thing was possible. Broidrireg and he were beings that bore the title of the lord of dragons. To be unable to defeat an opponent even after the two of them worked together was unthinkable.

"Waiting for reinforcement, are we?" Azzarilth asked. "Unfortunately, it is my reinforcement that arrives first."

Azzarilth pointed using her finger. Broidrireg and Eoranth looked in the direction she pointed. On that horizon, they saw an incoming dark cloud, or so they thought. The sky had turned dark since night was approaching so it was difficult to make out things in the distance, but their dragon eyes could see things in the dark as well as during daylight. As they focused their dragon eyes on this supposed cloud, they found that it was not a cloud. It was a swarm. A swarm of dragons.

Chapter 1750 Chapter 1750. Azzarilth's Brood

The swarm of dragons that came numbered in the thousands. They all had obsidian scales like Azzarilth. The worst thing was, these dragons didn't look like they were newly born offsprings. Their appearance was that of adult dragons.

The reason for this was that this was not a brood produced after Azzarilth was freed. Even with the Eldritch Beholder's secret technique, only her kind could grow that fast. Dragons took an extremely long time to mature aside from their abysmally low birth rate.

The Eldritch Beholder's secret technique helped Azzarilth solve her birth rate problem but she couldn't do anything about their slow maturing process.

This incoming swarm was the brood that the Eldritch Beholder helped Azzarilth make during the ancient war. At that time, Azzarilth's brood had just been laid. She hid them away because they couldn't hatch yet. Hence, this brood didn't join the ancient war.

After the Eldritch Beholder and Azzarilth were sealed by Broidrireg, this brood inside Azzarilth's secret lair was forgotten by time. It continued to grow inside their eggs through the millennia. Without Azzarilth, they couldn't hatch.

Master knew about this brood because he knew the backstory of the ancient war. Game-wise, the lair where the brood was located was an area players would have to go to find the clue to Azzarilth's whereabouts. When they entered this area, a nearby egg would hatch and they would have to fight the dragon that came out. They would have to slowly progress through the area and slay the dragons one by one until they found the clue to Azzarilth.

The dragons that were hatched due to the presence of intruders would be in a weakened state. This allowed a small band of adventurers to progress through the area, albeit very slowly. These dragons were unnatural products, to begin with. They needed the eldritch beholder and Azzarilth to help them hatch if they were to have their full power.

This was what Master had done. When Master borrowed the Eldritch Beholder from Mistress to lay brood near Dritzaut, he also brought the Eldritch Beholder to Azzarilth's secret lair. There, the eldritch beholder used an enchantment to prepare the brood to hatch. All the brood needed then was their mother's presence.

Only after those preparations were done that Master went to negotiate with Azzarilth and made her his country guardian.

After Azzarilth agreed and was released from her seal. She flew directly to her secret lair. There, she saw that Master was true to his promise. She had been staying in that lair to help her brood hatch since then. She only flew to Dritzaut after the last of her brood was hatched.

The brood exited their lair with her but their speed was much slower. Azzarilth arrived in Dritzuut first while her brood was still making their way. Now, they had also arrived.

By that time, much of the Allied forces had breached through the wall. Master's divine earth titan had run out of duration. The zombie horde was also mostly routed due to the enemy's overwhelming number. Thus, the Allied forces were able to send their soldiers into the capital. The battle mostly took place inside the capital.

The Allied soldiers looked up at the swarm of dragons that suddenly filled the sky. The sight caused the soldiers' hearts to fill with dread. They dreaded if this insane number of dragons would make them their targets. Their fear was proven when the dragons started diving down toward them.

The dragons were not true dragons, though. Despite being born from Azzarilth, they were not through a natural process. They were classified as draconic monsters. Similar to the dragons that adventurers encountered in the wilderness. They couldn't speak. They just attacked based on instinct and if Azzarilth commanded them. Even so, Azzarilth considered them her rightful offspring. Her madness and desire made her blind to reality.

As mature dragons, these dragons ranged from level 70 to level 85. The lowest grade was special elites. Most were rare elites. Plenty within the swarm were mythical grades.

Though their number was much fewer than the Allied forces, each of them was formidable. One could take on thousands of soldiers on their own. The high-level officers in the Allied forces immediately turned their attention to these dragons. Otherwise, the low-level soldiers would be decimated.

Jack, who was going through the streets of Dritzuut under the invisibility spell, looked up at the dragons.

'So, this is Master's trump card all along,' he thought. If he hadn't gone with John's suggestion and waited. This brood would have arrived before they broke the wall. Then, it would be even harder to lay siege to the capital. He was glad that he had trusted John's advice. But even so, these dragons would cost them many casualties.

He hastened his speed. He had to hurry to save Jeanny and the others. Once he did, he would bring them to attack the throne room. If he could destroy the throne before Master arrived, this should affect the enemy's native soldiers. When that happened, they would have only the enemy players, the beholders, and those dragons to worry about.

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The battle had been a sure win before the swarm of dragons arrived. The enemies had been forced out of the battlement and were now fighting on the streets of the capital. But with the dragons' arrival, the battle had returned to a stalemate. The enemy soldiers

adjusted their formation to harass the Allied forces while they were busy with the dragons.

Some guilds had summoned their guild armies when their forces breached the capital. The rest also summoned their guild armies when the dragons attacked. They had to go all out now.

Outside the capital, a legion of 10,000 vampire soldiers stood watch. In the middle of this legion was Horatio, the Sangrod emperor. Unlike the other sovereigns, he didn't have the habit of involving himself directly in a battle. He stayed out here while his army fought inside the capital. He also chose to not hide inside Jack's mobile fortress because he didn't want to appear relying on his ally and also because the mobile fortress mostly fought on the front line as it did now against the Eldritch Beholder.

His country's war table was also the only one outside of the mobile fortress. Darius Armand was next to him operating the war table. Saint Jonathan was also there with them.

As Horatio watched the dragons attacking their forces inside the capital, he heard his soldiers warning him about an incoming force.

Horatio turned in the direction where his soldiers were warning him. In that direction, he saw an incoming force. Leading that force was someone he knew well. Archibald Silas, a Marcus loyalist and the former relic marshal of the Sangrod Empire.