

Wizard 753

Chapter 753: Gloomy Lamp Dragon! (2)

"Lord Kane, where did the Initial Ancient Saint go?" Levi inquired.

Following the sound, Kane glanced at Levi, particularly noticing his crimson scales. The Fire Lizard clan held a relatively high status within the Ancient Saint Empire.

Even in foreign cities, the Fire Lizard clan didn't face discrimination for being outsiders. After all, who would dare discriminate against a powerful tribe that had given birth to an Ancient Saint? Moreover, it was widely known that the Initial Ancient Saint was born into the Fire Lizard clan, giving them a somewhat transcendent status.

In Kane's eyes, Levi and Kaku, as a pair, were distinguished young members of the esteemed Fire Lizard clan, venturing out with his Green Lizard servant.

"The whereabouts of the Initial Ancient Saint have been untraceable for years.

The historical records have been lost due to constant warfare, and Ancient Saints typically live only five hundred years. Some exceptionally powerful ones might have a lifespan of a thousand years, but compared to the long history of the Ancient Saint Empire, it's just a fleeting moment. Therefore, it's highly probable that the Initial Ancient Saint has perished," sighed Kane. Among all the Ancient Saints recorded in history, the Initial Ancient Saint was the one he admired the most.

"If the Initial Ancient Saint were still alive, the Wind God Empire and the

Mosasaurus Empire wouldn't dare to act recklessly in front of the Ancient Saint Empire. The Initial Ancient Saint alone would be enough to suppress these traitors to the crawler civilization!" Kane expressed his frustration.

"Lord Kane, are there any nations to the north of the Yintis Mountains?" Levi inquired.

"I'm not sure about that. No one has survived crossing the Yintis Mountains. Those Feathered People, soaring high and overlooking the earth, are not to be trifled with," Kane shook his head.

Levi contemplated that, as of now, there were only three explored regions on this plane: the Ancient Saint Empire, the Wind God Empire, and the Mosasaurus Empire. All three empires originated from the crawler civilization, though they had diverged.

A common challenge faced by all three empires was the threat of "ferocious beasts."

"If the neighboring empires can contend with the Ancient Saint Empire, then there should be no shortage of Ancient Saints comparable to Fourth-Circle Wizards. From the known maps, there are dozens of Ancient Saints of this level. Even in the Wizard World, ordinary middle-level wizard organizations might struggle to produce as many Fourth-Circle Wizards. The conquest of this plane seems more challenging than I imagined. It's best to proceed carefully. Fortunately, these thirteen Ancient Saints aren't united. Maybe I can sit back and watch them clash, supporting a puppet dictator similar to the Initial Ancient Saint. This way, I can control the entire Ancient Saint Empire, rule from behind the scenes, and eventually absorb the Wind God Empire and the Mosasaurus Empire. I'll explore the broader boundaries of this world," Levi muttered to himself.

He had already formulated a preliminary plan in his mind.

"Kid of the Fire Lizard, if you're interested in the Initial Ancient Saint, and if the opportunity arises, you can visit the city-states where Ancient Saints reside. Black Line City is still a small place," Kane advised.

With a satisfied belly, Kane patted his stomach, stuck out his snake-like tongue, and left the tavern.

He and Levi chatted amiably, and it had been a long time since Kane had encountered a young crawler like Levi who was willing to listen to his talk.

"Thank you, Lord Kane," Levi smiled.

In the tavern, Levi and Kaku continued to enjoy some light drinks.

"Lord, where are we heading next?" Kaku asked.

"The Lord's Manor," Levi replied calmly.

In Lord's Manor, on the training grounds, A robust Lizardman, covered in gray scales and wearing bone armor, swung a large sword. The fierce wind generated by the sword's movements scattered dust and stones across the training grounds. An invisible heatwave permeated the area, creating an extraordinary spectacle.

This was none other than the ruler of Black Line City, Monka.

Members of the Black Line tribe were powerful “Black-Spotted Lizards” among crawlers. Known for their formidable defense and natural strength, they were courageous warriors.

"Lord Monka, there is a Fire Lizard seeking an audience outside," a servant announced.

"Fire Lizard?" Monka furrowed his brow. "Let him in."

Soon after, a Fire Lizard, adorned in crimson scales, entered with a rather ordinary Green Lizard crawler.

"Greetings, City Lord," the Fire Lizard respectfully said.

"What brings you to the Lord's Manor?" Monka inquired. "I wish to... become the city lord," Levi said with a slight smile.

Monka's expression changed.

In the next moment, Levi's body shot forward. The true form of a fiery dragon emerged, flames blazing, and runic symbols of strength flickering.

Monka raised his great sword and swung it at Levi. His blood boiled, white wolf-like smoke billowed, and scorching flames spewed from his mouth, turning the sword red-hot.

"Burning Heart Slash!" Monka roared in pain. He knew the visitor meant trouble, so he exerted his full strength.

Levi didn't dodge or evade; his scaled fist struck the blazing sword. The sword shook violently, cracking Monka's palm open, and it flew away, landing some distance away.

The red-hot sword turned the ground beneath it into charred soil within a short period, emitting flames. The temperature was evident.

In contrast, Levi's fist was unscathed, emitting only a faint wisp of white smoke.

"Too weak."

In the blink of an eye, Levi appeared behind Monka, his large hand gripping Monka's neck, and forcefully pushed him..