

## Chapter 1412

However, Andrius noticed something.

This move was derived from the Fire-breathing Palm, but it seemed even more powerful.

"That's..." Andrius looked at the masked man in confusion and asked, "Is that an advanced version of the Fire-breathing Palm?"

"Good observation!" the masked man replied fluently without stopping his hands.

Whirr...

At the same time, a strong scorching heat started to spread.

"You..."

Andrius felt the boundless vastness within it and was shocked. "Are you trying to die?!"

In his estimation, at the masked man's current rate, his inner energy would be completely burned away within fifteen minutes!

Judging from his exposed skin, the masked man was already an elderly person. He relied solely on his inner energy to sustain his life...

Once his inner energy was exhausted, he would meet his end!

"Hahaha... Life should be as brilliant as summer flowers, and death should be as tranquil as autumn leaves!" The masked man did not care at all, becoming bolder and more open, saying loudly, "Wolf King, do you know who I am and why I'm passing on my secret techniques to you?"



Andrius shook his head and said, "No."

The masked man said without hesitation, "I am a descendant of the Flame Emperor, Lance Jones!"

What?

He was a descendant of the Flame Emperor?

Andrius was in disbelief.

Riiip...

At those words, the mask on the man's face ripped apart, revealing his true face.

Andrius looked over and instantly believed him.

It was an incredibly old face. The wrinkles on the face were almost melded together, making him horrifying to look at.

Andrius believed that experts like the masked man could only be corroded into such a withered appearance by unseen and intangible forces like time.

"Now, you understand!" The masked man continued to gather his strength and speak, "Scott and Liliana Jones are my descendants. I would never harm them.

"The reason I brought them here and forced you to come for a battle was to see if you would keep your promise and truly come to their rescue.

"Clearly, you did. Wolf King, you are deserving of trust."

Andrius suddenly understood.

Maybe the masked man had kept an eye on him ever since he entered the Northern Desert. The journey to Argos and Withers Cliff was his final test.

The moment he stepped onto Withers Cliff, the test was over.

After that, every move that the masked man performed was a lesson to him.

"I believe that I'm not mistaken!"

As time passed, the masked man, no, the Flame Emperor's descendant, Lance Jones's inner energy burned to its limit. His moves were filled with a destructive momentum.

However, the cost was that his life was also nearing its end.

"Wolf King, I hope that after inheriting my ultimate technique, you can help Scott and Liliana. Help them rebuild the Jones family and recreate our unparalleled glory of a thousand years also. In addition, eliminate our lifelong enemies, the Conways!"

With that, before Andrius could speak, Lance struck the mountain with a palm.

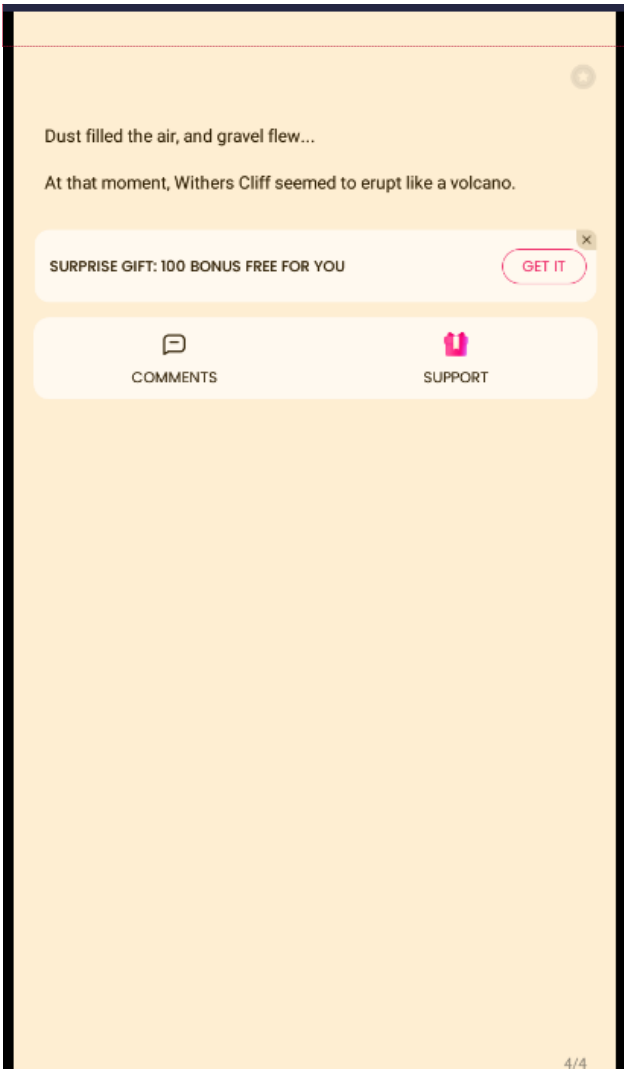
"Burning Heaven Scorching Earth!"

With his shout, towering waves of heat rushed in.

Rumble—

At the same time, the thunderous explosion resounded through every corner of Withers Cliff. It echoed for a long time without fading away.

In just a moment, Andrius felt the scorching head crashing down on him like a wheel. It felt like he was about to melt.



Commented [Ma1]: