

Mystical 1251

Chapter 1251: Clan 1

“This space...” After multiple attempts, Garen had completely given up on the idea of using his Soul Energy to explore the area.

At the same time, he noticed that there was a cord-like object attached to the inner wall of the eggshell and a soft liquid was flowing into his body from the umbilical cord.

“So these are nutrients?” He tugged at the umbilical cord and it was indeed very firm.

It was pretty obvious that he was in an embryo inside an eggshell, and such eggshell embryos often only appear with special creatures.

Garen searched through his memories and knowledge for almost half a day and instantly listed dozens of potentially similar species, but further verification was needed.

Time passed slowly.

The exterior of the eggshell gradually heated up as an unbearable heat was transmitted from the outside as if someone was toasting it with fire.

Garen started to feel hot, but the heat just got worse and worse he was almost unable to bear with it any longer. A subtle whining sound came from the small meaty object by the side that sounded like grains of sands, pitiful indeed.

Hu...

Suddenly, a breeze blew by and the temperature of the eggshell dropped instantly.

Inside the eggshell, Garen wriggled his body as he changed his position. Kicking the meaty object aside, he enjoyed the rapid decrease of the temperature.

“Esgula... Mildi...” Suddenly, a loud yet solemn voice rang outside the eggshell.

Garen was startled for a bit. After all, this was the very first time he heard something obvious outside that belonged to a creature, and it was a rhythmic voice, though it was an unknown language.

Hiss...

Soon enough, he was aware that something was not right.

The umbilical cord on his stomach began to glow, giving off a faint white shimmer like a lamp. Not only did it illuminate the inside of the eggshell, it shone on his current weak body.

White...!

Everything was white. Whether it was the inner wall of the eggshell or his body at that moment, everything was completely white.

By the light, Garen lifted his claw and noticed that it was a beast-like claw and there was no sign of humanity at all. The skin of his beast-like claw was covered with tiny scales, reflecting the white light faintly like a mirror. It was unusually beautiful.

“This body seems really weak,” Garen thought. Looking at his Attribute Pane below, there was nothing on display. Who knew when would his attributes restore. However, there was no doubt that his talent and power originated from this world. If he wanted to clear this up, the only chance he had was to be incubated and break out of the eggshell.

Garen tried out his body’s strength and surprisingly, his body’s strength far exceeded what he had imagined.

“Seems like my soul is too strong already, I guess most human bodies aren’t able to accommodate me without modification, and that’s why I’ve entered such a tyrannical creature’s body,” speculated Garen.

As he made various speculations in his mind, a soft and warm liquid suddenly oozed out of the umbilical cord on his stomach. There seemed to be a special unknown Information Stream in the liquid. Just like a trickling creek, the Information Stream poured into his mind along with the liquid, entering the surrounding air of his Soul Rings as if it was engraved, turning into many interesting patterns.

Garen’s immense Soul Energy system quickly rotated, consuming a large supply of Soul Energy. It soon found the language system of the Information Stream and differentiated them properly into his brain’s language region.

Once he was done with all the work, ten minutes had barely passed.

Garen cast a glance toward the meaty object by the side and realized that it was also receiving the Information Stream through the umbilical cord as well. Obviously, it was not all meant for him alone.

“Legend says that certain powerful creatures have an innate inheritance even before they are born, might this be the so-called innate inheritance?” Garen made a wild guess. He believed that his soul was strong enough to a certain extent that the type of body he chose was definitely not any weak types, so it would not be surprising at all if he was to receive innate inheritance.

After the language system passed in by the umbilical cord was completed, he began to use it as a tool to view other information.

With a look, he immediately fully understood what kind of being he was.

‘I’m one of The Great Colorful Dragon Clan, I was born to be incomparably noble, being the apex predator at the top of plenty of food chains. We, the dragon race are born honorable, growing into Level Five creatures. We have brutal close fighting abilities and of course, talent and spells of great lethality...’

An unknown voice swayed in the depths of Garen’s heart, repeatedly narrating the various powers, glories, and honors of the dragon race.

The voice kept repeating over and over again until Garen was annoyed, but the mass of meat by the side was enjoying it. Lying there motionless, slight Soul Energy emitted from it showed that it was extremely concentrated at the moment.

“Dragon race?” From the Information he had, Garen quickly read about the specimen he belonged to, White Dragon.

The voice continued steadily, reading out the information accordingly. It barely reached one-third of its contents before Garen finished all the content sent in from the Information Stream.

He also understood his current identity.

A White Dragon!

To be precise, he was a young dragon belonging to the White Dragon Clan.

“Interesting!” This was Garen’s first time reincarnating into a non-human race. The transmitted Information obviously had personal emotional characteristics, it was evident that the previous generation of White Dragons had amended the contents with their own emotions. In the beginning, it was an explanation of the lofty status of the dragons’ superior position. After that, it was just some basic knowledge of common sense. Then, regardless whether the young dragons were able to stand it, huge and complex knowledge of customs, taboos and other information all swarmed inward. It was obvious that the information were all prepared to store within the minds of the young dragons and as they slowly grow up, the information would all open up. This was the normal growth of a young dragon.

But clearly, Garen did not fit into this normal category. With a few glances, he had already finished reading through the information. This Information Stream in comparison to the Black Hole was practically the difference between an ant and the Sun, even filling a tooth gap was not enough.

However, soon enough, the transmission of the Information Stream came to a halt.

The inheritance had ended.

The outside quietened down once again as time passed by slowly and Garen started to feel bored all over again. The inheritance had allowed him to understand what kind of place he was at.

Main Substance Plane.

His inherited memories called this place as such.

The place was very, very huge. It was so vast to the point that even if White Dragons fly at their highest speed, three hundred kilometers per second, for nineteen years, they would still be unable to see the plane's edge. Plenty of ethnicities stayed here as well, but humans were the largest ethnic group that occupied the land. They were powerful, greedy, and they were like grass that could not be burned out by a prairie fire. Another group appears in a blink of an eye after one group dies and they had innumerable strong people.

Since the disappearance of the dragon race from twenty thousand years ago, they had completely fallen into a state of decline. Although the inherited memories praised the greatness and glories of the dragon race, Garen's sensitivity could sense the hatred against humans and dwarves, especially humans. They hunted the dragon race using special crafts to keep the bodies, and they even made all kinds of powerful equipment for the dwarves.

They were more disgusting and greedy than the devils from Hell and demons from the abyss.

Those detailed yet boring contents were quickly swept through by Garen, just so he could instill the hatred and loathing of the young dragons toward human beings.

The main concern of Garen was the environment here.

Clearly, the environment of this world was pretty similar to plenty of Western myths he had once seen on Earth.

What shocked him the most was that there was a God here!

Some Gods descended on gospels or miracles and there was a large number of believers who established organizations and built the country. Some Gods blended into daily lives such the God of Poetry, the God of Wealth, the God of Water, the God of Forests etc.... All sorts of Gods who were powerful and promising. Not only they had ordinary high-ranked warriors as their subordinates, but they had demigods who ignited the sacred fire, Holy Spirits that were pure and innocent. Various religions divided ninety percent of the entire Main Substance Plane.

“Gods... The Gods here, what way of existence do they have?” Garen continued to analyze the inherited Information in the eggshell.

There were no firearms here, no powerful weapons like nuclear bombs and guided missiles, at least. That was because gunpowder was extremely unstable! Furthermore, the powerful force here was way beyond a technological world like Earth.

The more powerful ones here were the wizards.

There were two round moons in the sky. One was the Goddess of Wizards, founder of Weave, and also the Goddess of Magic, Mystra. The purple moon represented the core of the Weave, and was not just any ordinary planet.

On the other hand, the other moon was black in color. Only necromancers and believers who held control over dark shadow energy could see it. That was the Black Moon, and it represented another Weave — Shadow Weave. It originated from the Dark Goddess Shar and it was created to fight against Mystra.

These two Weaves were this world, or perhaps, the main transmission system of this plane.

Garen did not quite understand the concept of this plane.

The planets he was familiar with were the galaxy and the nebula. However, there were no specific forms here, and replacing them instead was the plane, various sizes of plans that constantly changed.

A plane was a sphere that resembled a planet that constantly rotates. From the inherited information, this was the only point he could understand. The others were understandings of Hell, the abyss, and the human world.

Among them, the Information had knowledge of the human world and Hell the most.

Part of the reason was perhaps human beings were their biggest enemy, whereas Hell was an evil plane adjacent to the Main Substance Plane. The White Dragon Clan once recruited young dragons to enter Hell to run training sessions for a period of time as hunting creatures of Hell was a sign of adulthood.

But now, everything seemed different...

Garen could see the end of the inherited information.

Decadency was no longer inevitable for the Dragon Clan. Even though they still existed at the top of the food chain, they could simply no longer live alone because once they were left alone, they were highly likely to be attacked by countless, greedy dragon slayers. Their bodies, their treasures, and all their wealth were completely sucked clean by those greedy maggots.

Even when faced with such evil people, some of the Dragon Race even turned and joined them, which was simply unforgivable!!!

The anger in the inherited information was just like a virus, even Garen was almost infected by it as hatred toward humans grew within him. A burst of Soul Energy exploded from his Soul Ring all of a sudden, canceling out the intense negative emotion he felt.

He then continued watching.

Chapter 1252: Clan 2

‘Those traitors, those fallen ones who have abandoned their vengeance and race, will soon be turned into Soul Basins by the Great Dragon Goddess Tiamat and burn for all eternity in the abyss!’ That was the loud cry of hatred inscribed in the White Dragon’s inherited memory.

“Alright then... Clearly, White Dragon’s ancestors were badly slaughtered by humans.” At this sight, Garen had basically finished reading all the content.

Throwing aside the parts his subjective emotions got involved, he did get plenty of information about this world.

Priests, wizards, warlocks, and other professions that involved the ability of casting spells were part of the high-ranked combat forces of this world. The cavalry, swordsmen, assassins, thieves and other occupations formed the abnormal yet complete society system of various armed forces.

Compared to the strong human races and the equally powerful dwarves and elves, the current dragon race had already vanished completely. On the other hand, the White Dragon Clan were located in the northern parts of the plane, building their nests deep in the cold northern ice mountains. While this nest Has not even lasted for a hundred years, the White Dragon Clan would move every once in a while to other regions so they could avoid humans who might find them.

The powerful and evil Dragon Goddess Tiamat did not protect her own kind whereas the White Dragon Clan constantly moved around. But as the Main Substance Plane was gradually occupied by more and more human beings, the places they were able to hide reduced dramatically. As part of the evil Colorful Dragon Clan, they were different from Metallic Dragons. The White Dragon Clan had long expected that sooner or later, they would have to battle the humans.

No... Perhaps it would not be a war, but a massacre.

There was already too many inherited members of White Dragon who weakened so much they were not even able to leave the plane. A large part of White Dragons was even just slightly stronger than white lizards. Besides their mighty dragon bodies that were still able to handle close combat, they would just be beasts that were slightly bigger in size.

Their intelligence slumped due to the lack of food.

Knowing this, Garen was completely speechless.

“Such a large dragon race, but even if White Dragons were the weakest among the Colorful Dragons, it’s indeed incredible that they could fall to this point.”

Time slowly passed by as he poured himself into his boring research of the inherited information.

The dragon egg seemed to become fragile over time and inexplicable surges of energy were transported into Garen’s body and the body of the meaty object by the side all of a sudden through the umbilical cord.

Garen could feel his body getting stronger and stronger, his scales and nails getting harder and harder.

Crack.

Suddenly one day, as Garen accidentally scratched the eggshell the inner wall of the eggshell actually broke into pieces.

He glanced at the side, the meaty object had also developed into a Dragon Whelp and it was slamming its four tiny claws at the inner wall of the eggshell with all its might. After that, it started biting bits and pieces of the eggshells as it shattered while showing a look of intoxication.

Staring at the falling pieces that still had white slime here and there, it did look a bit disgusting. Instantly, his appetite went away.

Garen smashed the eggshells for a couple more times before he stumbled out.

Everything was white outside. Meeting his gaze was a piece of white-bluish ice. He was at a huge arched cave.

There was nothing in his surroundings, just a soft grey-white fur padding placed below the white gigantic egg.

After Garen got his entire body out, he heard chewing sounds of the cracking eggshells coming from behind him.

He turned around and have a look.

There were four other white dragon eggs laying in the grey-white fur-padded nest. Among the four eggs, two of them managed to climb out and both eggs were broken. The white Dragon Whelps that crawled out, including him, made a total of four heads, being a two-headed dragon crawled out of one of the eggs.

Garen observed the Dragon Whelps carefully. They do not seem much different from a small lizard that grew out its wings, perhaps slightly bigger in size. They were almost the size of a human's head. For a wine barrel-big dragon egg that was grey-white in color to have two Dragon Whelps was just nice.

He looked at the Dragon Whelp that came out from his same egg. Its scales all over its body was just like a mirror, reflecting the layers of ice and the cave's inner walls in its surroundings.

Hiss... Hiss hiss...

Garen's brother called out to him several times. Though he was unsure what language was it, Garen actually understood his words!

"Still not eating? This is really good and it's nutritious for us!" The sentence translated like this.

Garen was speechless. He wanted to speak but he soon realized that his breaths were naturally spurted out.

Whoosh.

White gas came out of his mouth, hitting the ground before him. A condensed layer of white frost appeared on the ground and the original ice surface was covered by a whole new layer of white frost.

“You can eat it, I’m not hungry.” Garen only managed to say this finally, relying on the language in his inherited memory to respond.

Garen was a bit embarrassed as he had forcibly seized most of the nutrients of the eggshells, and so he stopped snatching the scrap bits of nutrients left now.

Both brothers stared at the snow on the ground enviously. This was a phenomenon of overnutrition... They could only have enough energy to hold their chilled breaths when they had the sufficient nutrients.

Garen looked at the other two Dragon Whelps. No wisdom or rationality could be seen from their eyes as they fought with each other, snatching the eggshell fragments. Obviously, they were specimens of low-intellect.

Due to the sole nutrients and lack of food, the White Dragon Clan had plenty of multiple births, and multiple births were the cause that brought out weaker and deformed White Dragons that were more adaptable to the environment.

These malformed White Dragons did not have the best mental development and their bodies were weaker by half, but they were more adaptable to less food and a single source of food. They could even thrive in harsh conditions.

Their small sizes also lead to a reduction in their usual energy consumption.

These deformed White Dragons did not even have the rights to fly as their wings were degraded, so they were no different from Earth Dragons. Most of the time, deformed White Dragons were just straight away called Earth Dragons.

“The other two are Earth Dragons, that’s unfortunate,” Garen’s brother sighed, “Why can’t they be the same as us?”

“I don’t know.” Garen shook his head, “Maybe it’s congenital.” They all had inherited memories. That was why they could speak and they were knowledgeable right when they were born, it is just that their minds were not fully mature.

Crack...

The two other eggs seemed to be disturbed by them as they cracked open suddenly. Small Dragon Whelp heads popped out from inside.

Three of them had wise eyes while the other, sadly, was another Earth Dragon.

"Four siblings altogether," The Dragon Whelp biggest in size spoke up.

"Them too!" Garen's brother said loudly as he pointed to the other three Earth Dragons.

"No, no! They're just waste!" The biggest Dragon Whelp was even bigger than Garen, almost as tall as two basketballs stacked together. In comparison to the weak body of Garen's brother, he was almost twice his size.

"They're not waste!" Garen's brother responded unconvincingly.

The two Dragon Whelps at the side stood on both sides as they started their first quarrel since birth.

Garen ignored the group of little brats who were fighting, walked to the side alone and sat on the warm ice.

The surface of the ice was warm, perhaps this was the first time he felt this. The White Dragon's body temperature was actually much lower than a normal creature's. Their optimum temperature was below freezing point as White Dragon's blood were never above zero degrees.

At this moment, Garen started feeling a little troubled.

He had just realized an extremely serious problem.

“My Soul Energy, it can’t leave my body anymore!” Garen felt the seriousness of the problem. If his Soul Energy was unable to separate from his body, his Soul Seed would not be able to as well because Soul Energy was much thinner than Soul Seeds. If this thin energy could not escape his body, let alone Soul Seed which was high-density and not to mention Soul Ring which was even denser.

“This means that in a few years’ time, my soul will completely form as one together with this body! If this body dies, then I’ll die too. My soul will collapse, and even the chance of reincarnation will be completely lost.”

Garen swiftly concluded.

“So this is the trouble with High-Dimensional Space?” He began to analyze and thought thoroughly where the root of all his problems was. The greatest reliance of the Endor Demon Lords was the ability to reincarnate and reborn endlessly. They did not have the innate talents of transmigrators and they would suffer a huge loss if their souls were to transmigrate even just once, but they could strengthen their souls through training and solidifying their souls. With that, they would be able to reduce the amplitude of damage caused when they transmigrate.

The average creature would not be involved in the soul level and they had no way around it all because the Demon Lords’ Soul Rings were able to separate from their bodies, so the death of their bodies would only harm a small part of their Soul Energy. After that, they were able to quickly reincarnate and bounce back.

But now, Garen could sort of feel that he had lost his reincarnation ability, and it was probably related to the exhaustion of Mother Stream. Or perhaps it was also related to the rules of this world.

He quickly scanned the attributes below. Fortunately, his talent and powers had reappeared. He vaguely figured out a little bit of the origin of this ability of his, and he was ready to use this thing once again.

Talent and powers were able to increase various physical qualities of his own body in the midst of developing.

Now that he was reborn as a White Dragon, his foundation was already alarmingly powerful. If he was to add some attribute points to this foundation, the future development would be absolutely unimaginable.

“For the time being, just don’t worry too much. I still have the protection of White Dragon Clan, so my youth days shouldn’t be too big of a problem.”

Garen suppressed the doubts in his mind. Even if it was the Demon Lord, it would for sure take some time to grow after reincarnation. Now that his Soul Energy was unable to get out, he had lost the method of using his Soul Energy to influence the outside world in combat. It also meant that he could only count on this weak body of his to fight now.

The body of a newborn baby White Dragon was approximately the size of a basketball and they would crawl around on their round bellies. At this level, even two ordinary human soldiers could kill them with just a few shots. According to the legendary powerful Dragon Race, even newborn babies had the defense mechanism of a Level Two soldier and they were even able to kill leopards. Their speed was indeed astounding.

But the White Dragon Clan was after all declining.

Garen heaved a sigh. The only thing he could rely on now was this small body. Since his Soul Energy was unable to penetrate through his body, it could only be converted to strengthen his body now.

Originally, his Middle Demon Lord Level Soul Energy could directly Dream Weave and manipulate creatures easily. According to the inherited memory, although the rules of this space were very advanced, creatures could still be born with strong souls, but creatures below Level Four could not avoid having their souls be manipulated by him. But now...

Soon enough, an enormous White Dragon slowed down its wings as it flew in the cave.

A snake’s neck, bat-like wings, a massive body that resembled a lizard, and a white chill slowly spreading from the mouth.

This gigantic creature was almost three meters high and nearly the size of an elephant.

Chapter 1253: Threat 1

Although the scale of three meters was nothing in the eyes of Garen, it was different here. This was High Dimensional Universe and the rules here were abnormally limited. A member of the White Dragon Clan could simply grow up to three meters in size, so how powerful would the beings of higher levels be?

It should be known that as the rules tightened, more energy would be consumed to maintain an extremely rigorous internal body structure if one wanted to develop such an enormous body.

“Children. I am your mother, Cocoreila. It is time to accept God’s baptism.” White Dragon fell onto the ice like an elephant and with heavy steps, it took a few steps forward before bending its head and spurt out big breaths of Chill.

However, this Chill that was blown at the Dragon Whelps did not feel cold at all, but warm instead.

As soon as they saw White Dragon, all the Dragon Whelps, including Garen, felt a natural sense of envy from the bottom of their hearts.

“Cocoreila.” Garen remembered the name. If nothing went wrong, this White Dragon would become a protector and relative of his for many years in the future.

“Recently, several Alien Souls have fallen into our region. By accepting the baptism of the Dragon God, we’ll be able to identify these alien creatures. Pastor Pasola has already requested for the Gods so all of you have to go through baptism. Although I don’t think anyone can actually break through our clan’s strong enchantment silently. But the process has to be done.”

White Dragon Mother Cocoreila whispered as she explained.

“Alien Souls?” Garen’s heart skipped a beat. He himself was a typical alien right now since his Soul Ring have yet integrated with his current body. The Soul Ring was his true soul as the Demon Lord and it could be clearly seen from the content of his inherited memories. Once the Gods here found out about the problem, then...

The Gods here could simply destroy the plane or create a whole new plane, their existence was extremely powerful. It should be known that a plane was a lot bigger than a planet, even possibly the size of a galaxy.

He already knew that the creatures he encountered that wanted to gobble him up when he transmigrated through this space were likely to be powerful Gods of the outer domain!

Those powers were so powerful that even talent would hide away as well.

He compared the powers to his own Soul Ring's strength. The powers of the Gods could almost be compared with Mother Stream's tributaries, and even one of Mother Stream's tributaries was way beyond an average True Soul.

"This world is too dangerous!!" A strong sense of vigilance immediately surged through his mind. In the inherited memories, the Wizards and Arcanists of this High-Dimensional Universe often created different weird and powerful creatures of various time and space universes through all sorts of dimensional summoning. From there, the creatures were either enslaved or slaughtered to be used as materials.

This kind of horrible behavior was completely no different from the most prosperous period of the Warlocks, perhaps even tyrannical.

In other words, this world that he had arrived at was probably the most brilliant civilization of the ancient Warlocks, maybe even stronger than the Warlocks.

Garen immediately raised his guard.

God's baptism, he had no idea whether he would be noticed. But once discovered, even if his Demon Lord Level did recover, he did not think there was a way he could escape from all sorts of Alien Souls and the greedy eyes of the Wizards and Gods with his current strength.

This place was unlike other places. The studies of souls here were far comparable to the other worlds.

"This is troublesome..." Looking at the White Dragon's intense stare directed at them Dragon Whelps, Garen's heart sank.

"I must think of a way!" The idea quickly swam around Garen's mind. He was not sure of what kind of God's Baptism was it, but if the Gods were to notice something wrong, the consequence was definitely not something he could bear.

"This place is not something I have experienced from the previous worlds... This is a place that can really endanger my soul!" Garen's mind began to set to work, all sorts of plans popped into his mind. His Soul Rings violently collided against each other, producing colorless sparks of friction that broke out combined with his Soul Energy.

However, without fully understanding the nature of God's spells, there was no way for him to deal with it.

"Come on children, let's go." White Dragon Cocoreila said in a hushed tone. She carried the three Earth Dragons in her mouth as the other Young Whelps fluttered their wings as they flew up shakily.

No matter how much dragons deteriorate, they were still able to fly as long as they were not Earth Dragons.

Garen was no exception. He also flew up shakily as he fluttered his wings. With that, a group of Young Whelps followed behind White Dragon as they flew out of the cave.

Hu...

A gust of chilly wind blew on them.

Garen blinked a little as he looked into the distance, the outside world was wide and open. Numerous ice field of greys and whites were spread all the way to the horizon before his eyes.

Grey clouds loomed, and right below it was White Dragons flapping their wings, flying around the snow mountain they were at.

Garen kept a distance between Cocoreila. Almost all the Dragon Whelps were captivated by the magnificent scenery, except Garen, who kept looking back at the nest that he flew out from.

The sharp white snowy peak was already just a short distance away. Almost dozens of White Dragons swarmed around the sharp mountain peak. Some of them were big, some of them were small, but even the smallest in size was at least six meters long and three meters high whereas the stronger ones were seven or eight meters long.

Mou~~~!

White Dragon's roar sounded extremely weird. It was long and it seemed that they did not have to change their breath, easy roar lasting a solid twenty to thirty seconds, indeed strong and powerful.

Since Garen had lost his Soul Energy detection ability to explore around, he could only observe these huge creatures visually.

He suddenly thought of a problem.

There was an insurmountable relationship between the High-Dimensional Universe and the Low-Dimensional Universe. Just like characters of a comic, they had completely incomparable differences. However, the red light of talent and power could bring him directly from a low dimension to a high dimension. He could not imagine what kind of being that existed could have such an ability. It was no longer just controlling the rules of time and space, but the direct promotion of the essence of life beyond the level of a Low-Dimension Universe. Such means were much more terrifying than an ordinary person turning into a God.

But after a simulation played in Garen's mind, he seemed to have another more absurd guess.

According to the formation of Mother Stream, he could simulate a possibility of the origin of the Black Hole.

“Could it be that I myself am a creature from the High-Dimensional Universe and the red light is just something that takes me to Low-Dimensional Universe and experiences transmigrating, so that’s why creatures there don’t kill me. If I die, I’ll just continue to reincarnate endlessly. But now that I’ve entered another High-Dimensional Universe, naturally, I’ve completely lost the ability to do so.”

Garen was more and more aware that his assumption might be true.

“If I’m a creature of the High-Dimensional Universe, that explains why I’ve never met anyone from the same world as myself at Lighthouse. At the same time, it explains a lot of unexplainable things. The red light is just obviously something that helps me cross the barrier, nothing else about it. I’m just entirely adapting to the rules of this world all by myself.”

“It’s time. Get ready to land.” White Dragon Cocoreila’s voice pulled him back to reality.

A row of White Dragons had already flown to a huge circular flat surface. It was the top of a mountain peak, just as if someone had used a knife to cut the peak of the mountain to create such a huge platform.

In the middle of the circular platform was a sharp black metal needle that looked like a sundial timer.

There were dozens of White Dragons who were on the platform already, along with their dragon whelps. Cocoreila had also brought Garen and the other Dragon Whelps down, then searched for a place before kneeling down. After that, there were still several White Dragons that came swooping down, standing or kneeling down silently on the platform.

Garen was getting surer of his own assumption, but his current crisis was not whether he was a High-Dimensional Creature, because of no matter what his origin was. Facing this world, he still had only one identity — Alien Soul.

As more and more White Dragons landed, Cocoreila placed her Earth Dragon Whelps on the platform which she carried in her mouth and waited quietly.

“Don’t move around. If you get too close to the other White Dragons, they will kill you,” she warned.

Only then did Garen remembered that even if the White Dragon Clan lived together in groups for survival, their cruel and selfish nature could never be covered up. After all, they were still the evil Colorful Dragon Clan and they were extremely vigilant about everything.

Mou...!

At this time, almost all of the White Dragons have arrived already. The circular platform was densely packed with over twenty adult dragons and hundreds of Dragon Whelps. All the adult dragons had their long necks bent downward, bowing down on the ground as they let off gentle humming sound.

An enormous White Dragon that was over ten meters in size descended slowly, landing at the center of the circular platform, right beside the long needle.

It had a white staff in one of its claws that was above his head and gently settled on the ground, standing with its two hind legs just like a human.

“May the great Tiamat bless us.” This White Dragon was obviously not young anymore. He raised the white staff into the air and a white mist appeared on the top of the staff. Whistling sounds of winds could be heard as if there were white snowflakes floating about in the mist.

A text-like symbol emerged, suspending right above the mist as it shimmered a white fluorescent shade. From far away, the symbol resembled a five-headed flying dragon. It was just an outline of it with extremely simple lines.

Thump.

A shimmering ripple that was like a heartbeat started spreading from the symbol and instantly diffused into the entire white circular surface area.

Garen’s heart almost jumped out of his chest. He felt an intense pressure that suddenly fell onto the top of his head as if some horrifying creature was watching them as if a giant was watching them like ants on the ground.

But he could clearly feel that no surge of energy was passing through their bodies, the elder White Dragon's action just now was just merely calling for the attention of God.

"Danger!" Garen felt extremely uneasy.

He seemed to have a sort of illusion as if his deepest darkest secrets were looked into by a great existence.

The feeling was making him very uncomfortable. It was like being stripped naked in front of a crowd and standing on stage with countless spotlights shining on his little junior...

Although the metaphor was completely ridiculous, it was nevertheless extremely appropriate as to Garen's current feelings.

"No!! No!! Roar!!"

Right at that moment, a loud voice thundered as a Dragon Whelp soared into the sky. Flapping its wings as it flew into the distance, its body emitted a strong Soul Energy Force.

Garen's heart skipped a beat. That level of Soul Energy Force was a Void Creature!! They even came to this world!? How was this possible!?

Even though his Soul Energy was unable to escape his body, he could still feel the level of the Void Creature parasitized in the Dragon Whelp's body.

"That's at least three Soul Rings!" He swiftly registered the level of the Void Creature that just escaped. His intuition was telling him that this fellow had probably followed the void that he entered when he came to this world.

All of a sudden, the elder White Dragon's staff in the center moved and a white Light Beam shot out, striking accurately at the Void Creature that was trying to escape.

Hiss...

A subtle sizzling sound of burning meat could be heard. The White Dragon that was parasitized by a Void Creature was instantly bound by the shot of white Light Beam, tied together as if bounded by ropes and thrown into midair.

With a swing, it directly pierced into the sharp metal needle in the middle of the circular board, instantly becoming a skewer.

Roar!!

“No!! How can I die here!?”

The Void Creature roared loudly in Void Language, but to no avail, the metal needle had penetrated his chest and blood was trickling down the needle. At the same time, the majestic gaze on top showed a look of satisfaction.

Frightened, Garen listened to the Void Creature howling as it struggled, becoming weaker and weaker. The Soul Rings of the Void Creature began to explode one by one, but the tremendous force generated was all completely suppressed by the gaze above their heads. Just like the hold of a feather, it seemed effortless.

Three Soul Rings!!!

If it was well utilized, that horrifying existence was not much different from him. Even in the Endor Civilization, it was still considered the Middle Demon Lord Level! The tyrannical existence that was able to rule several planets was actually here, skewered like a prey that was hunted down.

“Next family.” A loud rumble rang once again in Draconic Language.

Garen then only realized that the Void Creature was discovered through the one-to-one inspection as something abnormal was noticed.

He wandered around and peeped out from the gap by the side of Cocoreila's body. He saw the other corner of the circular board, and there stood a white arched stone door. White Dragons were carrying along their Dragon Whelps through the stone door. Clearly, that was the tool used to detect Alien Souls.

Chapter 1254: Threat 2

"That thing is able to detect Void Creatures, it's highly likely to be able to detect me! What should I do?!" Garen thought frantically. As a Demon Lord based on Soul Rings, even the Void Creature with three Soul Rings was completely vulnerable under the attack, so there was no way he could make it through! Even if he resisted it, it was just the equivalent of a mixture of cheese and eggs. It would be meaningless!

On the circular board, families of White Dragons began to pass through the white door along with the Dragon Whelps. Waiting further behind the dragons, Garen watched the line in front of him get shorter and shorter. As the circular board began to turn, the white door was getting closer to him already.

"Pass."

An Elder White Dragon that was guarded by the white door casted a glance toward the few White Dragon families that were behind.

"Hurry up," he urged impatiently.

A White Dragon family walked toward the white door.

Whoosh!

Suddenly, a figure shot out from this family and fled in the distance. Even if Garen was not a practitioner of Soul Energy, he could still clearly feel the Soul Energy that broke out this time around.

This was also a Three-Soul-Ring-Void-Creature and three of his Soul Rings instantly exploded at the same time. The force that blasted out was so immense, his speed surpassed the Elder White Dragon's in a blink of an eye, reaching a point that no creature could ever keep pace with.

"Idiot." The Elder Dragon that had a staff in his hand barely raised his eyes. Not even moving, he just watched as the Dragon Whelp flee.

Chi!

The symbol at the top of his staff once again shot out a beam of white light. Same as the last time, it tied the Void Creature together and pulled it back in an instant. Soon enough, the black needle on the circular board pierced right through it.

"In the eyes of the great Tiamat, all guises and lurkings shall be exposed," the Elder Dragon spoke loudly in a Draconic Language that sounded close to singing.

All the other White Dragons piously bowed their heads to show respect. Even though some of them were of selfish dragon races who would not actually fully believe in Tiamat, they still showed respect on the surface as it was as effortless as lifting a finger for them White Dragons. After all, the only one who was truly protecting them all was still Tiamat.

The group continued to move forward.

Garen watched as the white door got closer and closer. His heart was almost at the edge of his throat already.

"What should I do!?" His brain had never worked this fast as he tried to find a way to deal with the current situation.

One by one, the White Dragon families walked into the white stone door and exit from the other side, quietly waiting at the other side of the circular board.

"It's your turn, hurry up," the White Dragon who was guarding the door cast a cold glance at Cocoreila.

“Yes, respected Dragon Guard,” Cocoreila responded reverently, then led the way into the white door and stepped out from the other end with her Dragon Whelps bouncing along behind her.

Garen gritted his teeth and jumped in.

Chi!!

A bright white Light Beam instantly lit up the sky.

With a bang, the entire circular board shook slightly. Garen’s sight was blinded by the white light before him.

“It’s over!” A chill washed over his head as the Soul Rings in his entire body began to shake violently. As a Demon Lord, his dignity as a whole did not allow him to be killed without the slightest resistance!

“You dare to run!” Before his sight faded, he could vaguely hear the roars of the Elder Dragon.

The white light passed far in front before his eyes over ten meters from him and landed on one of the White Dragon Whelps that was attempting to sneak out the circular board.

All of a sudden, the white flame ignited and the Dragon Whelp howled in pain. It was just a blink of an eye before it burned into white ash and was blown away by the wind, disappearing into the snow.

Garen was sweating all over as he stood in the middle of the white stone door.

“Stupid, what are you still doing here? Scram!” The Dragon gave him a tail, causing Garen to almost flip over.

Instead of being angry, he was happy.

He was actually fine!!!?

“Sure enough, it worked!” Garen let out a sigh of relief from the bottom of his heart as he looked at the Soul Ring deep in his soul.

On the other hand, he would turn into a native of this world completely.

In order to escape the crisis earlier on, he simply combined his Soul Ring with his body thoroughly. A combination as such was equivalent to the Demon Lord giving up his ability of reincarnation, merging himself completely within the shell of this creature.

If creatures die and Demon Lords die, Demon Lords would no longer have the right to simply transmigrate between worlds anymore.

This method was not something all Demon Lords knew, but an imprisonment law that Garen had learned from Shadow Dragon some time ago. It was said that such an imprisonment would imprison himself into this current body.

This was also the point he was confused about.

If the rules of the Shadow Dragon could be used, perhaps the other upper laws would be usable as well?

Garen had gotten through the crisis. Looking at the Dragon Guard that just pulled his tail, he climbed back to Cocoreila’s side quietly and waited as he began to simulate the other things he had just realized.

But unfortunately, body simulation practiced a lot of other things. Except for a couple of Living Secret Techniques, the others had to be modified before using due to the different laws.

“But this means that everything I’ve learned can be used, they’re all actually significant. They just require some slight modifications,” Garen’s crisis had passed, and so he felt brighter now.

“So it is very likely that this High-Dimensional Universe is able to accommodate all the laws of the Low-Dimensional Universe, but just because the laws here are more comprehensive and upper-leveled, creatures of a Low-Dimensional Universe may be incomplete. With that, this means that all the knowledge I’ve gained is not useless. I just need to perfect everything according to the rules here!”

Garen felt comfortable.

Between High-Dimensional and Low-Dimensional Universes, he originally guessed that there was just one difference in dimension. But now, the difference in gap did not seem that high anymore, perhaps only just half a dimension.

The Gods of this world represented the highest powers. They may be able to use High-Dimensional enslaved creatures, but they could not simply adjust space-time. According to his inherited memories, there were also come Gods who were able to travel through different space-time.

“This type of connection seems a bit like advanced space-time, but more powerful than an advanced universe,” Garen began to analyze indiscriminately.

After all, he really was almost caught and nearly became a skewer. This experience was something he never wanted have again. If he was to die in a frontal battle on a battlefield, he was just afraid of this powerless feeling that he could not understand.

“Alright, all families inspection has ended. You can all return now.” The Elder Dragon standing at the center ordered.

Then only did all the White Dragons heaved a sigh of relief. Fluttering their wings, they began to fly back to their nests along with their little ones.

Cocoreila was the same as well. Once again, she carried the three small Earth Dragons in her mouth as Garen and the other five Dragon Whelps followed behind. However, she was not heading back to the original nest, but she flew away from the snowy peak and toward the other white mountains in the distance.

“Mother, where are we going?” A Dragon Whelp asked innocently. It was the most courageous one who asked, the Dragon Whelp who was born the strongest. This fellow wanted to fight the second he was born, clearly, he had an active personality.

“We’re going to our original home. This is the Elder’s Peak, it’s not our home.” Cocoreila answered in a gentle tone. As she had three small Earth Dragons in her mouth, her speech was not clear at all.

“What about our father?” Another Dragon Whelp asked.

“I don’t know. We White Dragons have too many fathers already, I didn’t find out who my father was either. Lavido and I just broke up last year so perhaps you can call him Father,” Cocoreila answered quite hesitantly.

Garen rolled his eyes.

White Dragons’ marriages and relationships were not just complicated in general. Due to low fertility, one mother dragon may simultaneously mate with more than ten male dragons until she gets pregnant. Therefore, these White Dragons that were born would not usually know who their father is.

“Can I have milk?” A Dragon Whelp asked aloud.

“Go back and eat,” Cocoreila roared in response, “We’re still flying.”

She was flying slowly as she still had to take care of the Dragon Whelps.

But soon, she heard a groan. A Dragon Whelp, regardless of her consent, had rushed to her abdomen and started to suck on her teat.

White Dragons actually needed milk.

Garen learned a new point of view toward the world once again.

The group of Dragon Whelps instantly began to compete for the teats as there were only three of them so they had to take turns.

As for Garen, he was just rolling his eyes by the side. To ask him to compete for a teat with the group of brats, you could just forget about it. According to his inherited memories, although one could choose to drink one's mother's milk, a Dragon Whelp could always opt for meat directly.

The white snowy peaks moved underneath them slowly. No birds dared to invade this area as it was the dragon's territory. A dragon's prestige was enough to scare away any creature below Level Four, even weaker ones would be scared to the point they degrade.

Therefore, a large number of social creatures did not dare to invade the dragon race's place of residence.

After Garen got through his crisis, he had begun to consider using his talent and powers to quickly improve his strength. This world was too dangerous.

He just used the laws of imprisonment to fuse himself into this body, but his soul was still too powerful for the body. If he was to encounter a soul-wise grandmaster, not to mention a God, just a human Necromancer or a high-ranked Wizard who was involved with the studies of souls, they would easily notice his abnormality or that something was off about him.

It was obvious that the Elder Dragon earlier on merely relied on the staff to use magic. As for why the Gods did not notice his abnormality, it was perhaps just a rough alarm system.

Garen suspected that the scan might have just been a mechanism of intimidation. It seemed that the Will of the Gods were watching over them but in reality, the Gods were probably not leisurely watching the White Dragon Clan's baptism one by one. Although Tiamat was not loved by many of the good dragons, she was still respected by many dragon races. Her believers were broad. There were White Dragon Clans not only at the main plane but countless planes as well, it was practically impossible to actually attract the attention of the Gods.

"The strong incompatibility of my soul and flesh has to be solved as soon as possible! I'm still a hidden ticking time bomb staying here! I might be discovered any time!" Garen's heart quickened at the

thought of it. Unlike other places, the powerhouses who were experts in the studies of souls were too many over here. There was even a Soul God!

Once discovered as an Alien Soul, he may face a situation that was worse than death. Even possibly becoming experimental material to be dissected was considered a light case.

Moreover, the White Dragons still had to go through another baptism when they grow up. By that time, he may face such troubles. What if the Gods really did look around occasionally...

This time he got away because of pure luck, but not necessarily next time.

Garen quickly made up his mind.

In his inherited memories, the custom of the White Dragon Clan was to accept the newborn baptism of Tiamat when they reach the age of ten. This adult baptism was most likely to involve souls, so the chances of being discovered then would be much greater!

If this incompatibility problem was not solved, he would be discovered sooner or later!

“In ten years, this problem must be solved!”

Chapter 1255

The hideout was located on a faraway snowy peak at Elder's Peak.

The snowy peak was not too high, probably just half length of Elder's Peak at most. Large green forests surrounded them and occasionally, a few yellow trees could be seen. Huge flocks of Earth Dragons were roaming nearby. Some of these Earth Dragons were the deformed White Dragons whereas some were hybrids of Earth Dragons and other creatures. More or less, they still had the blood of a dragon.

Cocoreila brought Garen and the other Dragon Whelps to start a life here. She had thrown the three Earth Dragons off the mountain peak, leaving them to fend for themselves.

She brought the remaining five little guys into a dragon den and settled down, surrounded by the ice.

A dragon den was just like a bee's hive. There were many huge hollows, and each of them was enough for a Dragon Whelp to live inside quietly. It acted just like a single room.

Life inside a dragon den was boring and tedious. Every ten days, Cocoreila would bring back a prey she had hunted down. Sometimes it was a giant creature which was enough for everyone to eat for a few days, sometimes it was tiny animals. Sometimes, there were still distant families of Earth Dragons.

There was no fire, so a White Dragon's way of eating was to freeze the meat with chilled air and then chew it up. It was just like eating biscuits, crunchy and a bit fishy, but still very fresh. As for the Dragon Whelps, they have been eating such things besides the first few days when they still had milk.

Soon enough, Garen started to like this way of eating.

He lived in a small hole on the left side. All he had to do every day was just eat and sleep, move his body around after waking up, and just continue eating.

On the other hand, the other Dragon Whelps were different from him. They enjoyed messing around and fighting each other.

Furthermore, it was not just the playful kind, but real actual fights. White Dragon Mother Cocoreila, however, did not pay much attention to the Dragon Whelps' fights. From her perspective, it was a method of training for them to hunt prey. The inherited memories clearly stated it already.

As for Garen who never participated in any of the fights, he was being antisocial in the eyes of the others. After all, there was no other dragon who was willing to get in contact with him as well.

And so, time passed day in and day out. Garen constantly searched for things and treasure that were able to improve his body's qualities. The physique of the White Dragons in this world was too strong already.

As a Dragon Whelp, his body qualities had increased an average of ten points in just less than two months' time!

Strength, agility, physique. This three aspects had had an average steady growth from the original one point to an average of over ten points. It was simply horrifying.

Garen still had not used his Soul Energy to nourish his body as he had already found a better use for it.

Boom!

“Saone, you’ve lost! You must give your portion of meat today to me!” In the dragon den, two Dragon Whelps panted as they loosened their grip on each other. Both of them were bruised and scarred everywhere, apparently the aftermath of a fight.

On the side, two other Dragon Whelps observed silently whereas Cocoreila had gone out to hunt again. Since the Dragon Whelps were still growing, they required a huge amount of meat, hence why she had to keep hunting in order to meet the needs of the five Dragon Whelps.

“Alright, alright. I’ve let you go easy today, I wasn’t in the best condition!” Saone was the Dragon Whelp with the biggest head, but surprisingly, he could not fight against Satwo. As for Sathree and Safour, and Garen who was named as Safive, nobody could beat him, except for Garen who had never fought against him.

“Not the best condition again, how many times have you not been in your best state already? Haha...” Satwo laughed, his blue draconic eyes settling on Sathree and Safour who were standing by the side. The two little guys were immediately scared and shrunk back.

Satwo smiled in satisfaction. Apparently, he was extremely satisfied with his intimidation effect. He had finally established the first step as the leading authority among his brothers and sisters.

“After the newborn baptism, we shall begin our lives independently. Mother will no longer take care of us, and we shall have to do our own hunting by then. I propose that all five of us, brothers and sisters, should live together before we grow up.”

He said loudly, "When we are weak, we have to live in groups! This is knowledge engraved in our blood!"

"I agree." Sathree was the first to reconcile. He was already scared of being beaten up by Satwo. It was alright if everyone's physique was almost the same but Satwo's muscles were too solid, and so he had a larger explosive power. If they fought one on one, even Saone with such a gigantic head could be easily flipped over. This added to the fear they had of Satwo.

"I think we should conquer the Earth Dragon creature," suggested Saone.

"We can't beat them." Satwo shook his head, "I've sneaked down the day before and tried already, even the weakest dragon is still stronger than me."

They were still Dragon Whelps, and even Saone who was the biggest in size was just almost as big as a wolf. It was practically impossible for them to beat those strong Earth Dragons.

As for Cocoreila, besides providing them with food, she had nothing else to do with them. Feelings in a White Dragon family was very indifferent. After a longer period of time, they would even drive others of the same kind out as they were competitors.

White Dragons were generally selfish, and Cocoreila was particularly prominent in this area. She was currently completely exhausted by the serious burden of raising five Dragon Whelps, and so she was gradually disliking these little things who get everything without working for it.

This kind of situation was not uncommon at all. A White Dragon's fertility was not weak at all, being able to give birth after another decade to a considerable number of Dragon Whelps. That was why many Dragon Whelps were likely to be driven out of the dragon den and forced to survive alone.

Because of such dangers, Saone and the other dragons also began to think about their future lives carefully.

However, they were still two months old after all. Even if they had inherited knowledge, their minds were still not mature enough.

The four little dragons gathered together and began to discuss the arrangements for the future.

At the entrance of his small hole, Garen squatted down as he stared at his brothers and sisters below. He had been observing these Dragon Whelps for the past couple of days already and their average physique was estimated to be approximately ten points. Saone was the strongest one among all, reaching twelve points whereas Satwo was the fastest, reaching thirteen points.

The level was about there already. The world of dragon race was still indeed powerful, and they were now just ordinary whelps, which was almost equivalent to ten times of an ordinary human's strength.

However, Garen was still using the basic human standard unit data of the previous worlds as he was still unclear of the human qualities of this world.

He crouched before the entrance of his hole and yawned.

He had a look at his current physical attributes.

'Safive – Strength 13, agility 13, physique 11, intelligence 17. Potential 0%. Soul Limit 170.'

Safive was a name simply given by Cocorerila. The White Dragon Clan was declining more and more and if there were not a matter of a threat of survival, perhaps an organizational system like a clan would not even appear at all.

It did not matter to Garen anyway. His sole purpose of coming to this world was no any other reason than investigating the source of Mother Stream's exhaustion. At the same time, if he could find a better road of change, he would straight away transfer as well. This world was clearly brand new and full of vitality for him.

Although dangerous, benefits also existed at the same time.

“So this is the results after two months of training.” Garen shook his head silently, “Just a little stronger than they are. Seems like the human form of training methods are not really effective for the dragon race...”

For the past two months, he had been exercising according to the way of practicing Secret Techniques. However, perhaps it was the incomplete rules, the results were not much, just slightly better than these Dragon Whelps who used the traditional way.

“Well, it’s still better than nothing. Let’s look at talent then...”

Garen settled his gaze on his own accumulated Soul Energy. The four Soul Rings, to be exact, were actually three complete perfect Soul Rings and a half Soul Ring, which generated two months’ worth of Soul Energy, all of which were accumulated by him. But not all were used directly on his body.

That was because he had discovered that after entering this world, his talents and powers seemed to have some subtle changes. They were now able to absorb his own Soul Energy to strengthen his body.

“Since when did this start?” Garen tried to recall and it seemed to have started since he completely fused his Soul Ring into his body.

“Since I can absorb Soul Energy now, I’ll have a look at the conversion efficiency of my Soul Energy into potential points.”

Garen squatted down and looked at the four Dragon Whelps below who were in the middle of a discussion as he slowly started to maneuver his accumulated Soul Energy, moving them toward the position of his talent and powers.

His talent and powers were located right in his eyes, or perhaps where his eyes were.

A tremendous surge of Soul Energy poured into his eyes rapidly.

Without blinking, Garen kept his gaze at his potential points.

Swoosh!

Sure enough, his potential points began to rise quickly, 20%... 50%... 110%... 150%...

The numbers jumped sharply.

His Soul Energy consumption was also alarmingly big.

After ten minutes, all his accumulated Soul Energy had completely entered the position of his talent, and fully converted into potential points.

“521%. That’s still okay.” Garen looked at his own data, a five-point attribute point could be used. It had only been two months’ time so it was pretty good already.

“Although the stronger the body, the more difficult it is to upgrade later, but at least I can still pass through my weak youth stage quickly.”

Garen looked at the Dragon Whelps below and added the five-point attribute point fairly to his strength and speed with zero hesitation. Cocoreila had become increasingly impatient with raising them so they were likely to be chased out of the dragon den to live independently at any time. Maybe they might be even eaten by dangerous creatures before they even live to their newborn baptism. For now, he should prioritize his own survival skills to protect himself.

Hunting was the only way to protect one’s growth and development.

After the addition, Garen looked at his attributes.

‘Safive — Strength 16, agility 15, physique 11, intelligence 17. Potential 21%. Soul Limit 170’

Swoosh!

Garen waved his claw, making a sharp whistling sound.

The laws of this world were extremely abnormal. Such physical qualities were not as strong as it was in other worlds but it was already suppressed here. Even Air Slash could not be used at all.

Garen continued crouching reluctantly as he waited for Cocoreila to return with food.

The sky gradually darkened and soon, it was nighttime. The sky turned dark already.

The dragon den was empty, only a few pieces of gem equipment that were collected by the White Dragon shimmered faintly.

Garen had heard Cocoreila introduce it once. This luminous equipment was a solidified Level-0 trickery lighting system. Trickery was a sort of spellcraft that intrigued him, that urged him to want to understand this power system. But obviously, the Adult White Dragon was not concern about this aspect. The Dragon Race was naturally immune to all spellcraft below Level Four, so far apart from the Level-Five Great Wizards. The other low-ranked Wizards were not even able to break them at all.

So that was not worth paying attention whatsoever.

Even the scales of the Young Whelps now were immune to Level-One spellcraft.

“Why isn’t Mother back yet?” Saone asked in a hushed tone, “Usually she’s back by this time already.”

“Maybe she was caught in the middle of something,” Satwo guessed.

“There are no creatures around that can actually threaten Mother though,” Safour did not like to talk much, but it seemed that his intelligence in analysis was better.”

“Just wait for a minute, maybe she’ll come back in a moment,” Saone suggested.

And so, the other Dragon Whelps continued waiting.

According to his inherited memories, family relationship between White Dragons as it is gave off serious insecurity.

Time passed quickly and a few of the Dragon Whelps took a nap and woke up once again. By the time they realized it, the sky was already bright again...

But mother dragon was still not back.

"Mother's still not back," Satwo said in disappointment.

"Maybe there's too much food from this hunt and she's trying to figure out how to get them back," Sathree responded in a hushed tone.

"Yes, it happened the last time too," Saone regained his confidence. "Satwo, let's go play wrestling!"

Satwo agreed happily and the two Dragon Whelps began to mess around.

As for Safour, who was more intelligent, got somewhat worried. He stood at the side of the cave and looked out from time to time, hoping to see their mother's huge figure.

Garen was still crouched in his own cave. He had already realized that something was wrong and that Cocoreila had probably abandoned them.

This was not uncommon at all in the Colorful Dragon Clans. Among Colorful Dragons, White Dragons were the weakest, but their fertility was the strongest. In addition to their extremely selfish nature, many mothers of White Dragons would abandon their whelps at the dragon eggs stage. There were also those who only abandon their whelps after the eggs were hatched, it was nothing unusual at all.

Hu...

He sighed.

From the treasures that were decreasing day by day in the dragon den, he had already been aware of it. Cocoreila obviously planned this earlier on already, transferring the treasures out bit by bit from the dragon den. Now she may have completely abandoned this few Dragon Whelps of hers.

Relative to the Earth Dragon creatures and other dangerous beasts in the outside world, including humans, Dragon Whelps were fragile. Once they were discovered, especially by human beings, getting caught to become a contracted beast was considered a good case as so often would they be slaughtered and broken down into various materials to be made into spellcraft objects.

That was because besides special groups of creatures, human beings rarely domesticated dragons of Colorful Dragon Clans, especially the most selfish White Dragons.

Fortunately, this place was not far away from the White Dragon Clan. They were still under the protection of the White Dragon Clan so they would not be in much danger. They could survive by hunting for themselves.

“Let’s wait for a while more,” Saone’s voice was heard again from below.

Garen got up and returned to his hole to rest.

In a blink of an eye, two days passed already and Cocoreila had yet to return.

Even Sathree who had always believed in their Mother was shaken by now.

“We’ve been abandoned,” Safour was almost sure of his own speculation.

The other three Dragon Whelps remained silent.

Garen had just finished training and was just about to lie down and take a break.

He had temporarily reformed a set of common combat techniques that was suitable for Dragon Whelps. There was no specific name to it, just a simple exercise that trained different body combat skills.

At his level, even if he had a different body, his melee ability of the same stage would still be the strongest. He was confident that even if the four Dragons Whelps outside combined forces, he could easily deal with them without even using his abnormal physical qualities.

Although they had simple fighting techniques in their inherited memories, but knowledge was still knowledge. After all, one must put in the effort to train in order to convert it into one's instinct.

Just as he sat down, he saw Saone and the other Dragon Whelps were squeezing their way into his hole.

"Safive, we're going out to hunt, do you want to come along?" Satwo had clearly established his position as the leader, standing at the forefront as he yelled.

"Hunt?" Garen stood up, "What are you planning to kill?"

"I don't know, but we have to go out and search for something to eat," Satwo answered with a look of confusion. Clearly, he did not know what to kill as well.

None of the creatures that Mother had hunted were ones they could realistically deal with.

"If we don't go out, we'll starve to death here." Safour seemed to be more sensible, "Either way, we can only go out."

Garen certainly understood this. Now that Cocoreila's Draconic Aura was still here, no ferocious Earth Dragon creatures or any other powerful creatures would dare to invade the surroundings. They were still safe, but they still had to leave this place as soon as possible.

It was just the matter of where to go and how. These were the things that should be carefully considered.

They just did not dare to live in mountain caves as this anymore. These places were often visited by fierce birds, they could not possibly take care of themselves.

After slight contemplation, Garen then agreed to go out altogether.

The group of Dragon Whelps fluttered their wings and flew out of the dragon den swiftly. They knew that it was unlikely of them would return anymore.

Under Garen's directions, the five Dragon Whelps flew into the layers of clouds, using the clouds to cover their bodies. The nearby region was the White Dragon's domain so it was unlikely that they would encounter other ferocious birds, hence it was safe for them.

For Garen, it did not matter to him where he goes. Either way, he just needed time so that he could use his Soul Energy to constantly transform his attribute points to strengthen his body. The efficiency of converting Soul Energy was not bad at all, requiring not much of consumption. Furthermore, it was different from before. His Soul Energy used to be evenly spread throughout his body, but after being converted into attribute points, Garen could control his preferred attributes.

As for the leadership authority of the several Dragon Whelps, he was too lazy to bother. It was just nothing in his eyes.

Large green forests loomed beneath the clouds and without realization, the group of Dragon Whelps had flown in the direction of a colder region. Garen remembered that this was the direction of the White Dragon Clan Elder's Peak.

Roar!!

All of a sudden, a loud roar of a dragon sounded from below.

A white shadow rushed into the sky, crashing right into the Dragon Whelps, causing them to fall apart from each other.

“Get out of my domain.” This was an Adult White Dragon. Rising from the snowy peak below, he was now hovering in the air, bellowing right in front of the group of Dragon Whelps that were broken apart.

The five Dragon Whelps, including Garen, was knocked senseless by the immense airstreams.

Garen kept his mind calm and collected. As he stabilized his body, he tried to figure out the value of this Adult White Dragon.

“Strength and speed should be at least thirty points and above! Below forty points!” He quickly came up with a slightly accurate data.

Too strong...!

Garen then looked at his own value. His strongest attribute was only seventeen points of intelligence. Just a mere struck of the airstream and he had lost balance already.

His eyelids twitched for a bit. Garen and the other four Dragon Whelps could only turn around and leave, they could no longer stay her any bit longer. The Adult White Dragon behind them roared loudly once more before flying back to his snowy peak. Garen clearly sensed the death glare shot behind them. He knew that if they met an Adult White Dragon in the wild, they would all become slaves of the dragon or perhaps food.

If it was not because of the fact that White Dragons liked killing each other, with their fertility, they could have long dominated the Colorful Dragon Clan.

Returning along the same path was basically impossible.

“What should we do now?” Saone asked.

“We are going to hunt,” Satwo answered firmly.

“But what can we hunt?” Safour also issued a question. “What can we possibly hunt?”

“We’re too weak,” Sathree felt helpless and disheartened once again.

“No, we can go and have a look in the forest, perhaps we can find something to eat,” Garen spoke up. He did not want to mess around with these brats anymore. The appearance of the White Dragon had made him realize that this world was no less dangerous than any other places, and perhaps even more dangerous.

“Forest?” Satwo looked at Garen, “Safive, have you been to the forest? There are Elves there, and giant bears. We’re not their opponents at all.”

“You don’t just casually encounter giant bears and Elves in all forests...” Garen was completely speechless. The dragon race inherited memories only shown dangerous attempts into the mind, but not much of the specific details. They mentioned the forest, but they only let the dragons be aware of the dangerous creatures in it.

Therefore, Dragon Whelps would not know that there were weak creatures as well in the forest.

“I’ve realized that Safive is more certain of his own judgment,” Safour seemed to observe Garen’s difference.

“So what? I’m the boss!” Satwo waved his claws.

“Alright, alright. You’re the boss. But we’re heading to the forest now,” Garen nodded casually.

“Yes, we’re going to the forest,” Satwo repeated. This was their only choice. In the case that all dragons had no plans or ideas, this was the only path they could choose.

As they flew in an unfamiliar direction, the surrounding temperature was getting warmer and warmer.

Large hawks and birds gradually began to appear below them.

“We have to go down, there will be a lot of powerful birds here that we can’t deal with,” Garen suggested. He had noticed a giant eagle earlier on that had wings about ten meters big and its strength and speed were estimated to be twenty points and above. It was terrible.

“Alright, let’s go down,” Satwo immediately accepted Garen’s suggestion.

The group of Dragon Whelps descended quickly, finding a gap in the dark green forest below.

Several deer that were drinking water quickly ran away.

“Food!” At the side of the deer, Satwo yelled and pounced forward. However, he immediately tripped over a branch of a tree at the side and fell to the ground.

The other Dragon Whelps by the side broke into laughter.

Garen, however, walked aside alone and observed the woods around him.

He immediately saw footprints at the edge of the creek. The footprints have yet disappeared and from the looks of it, it was a human footprint.

“Human...” His vigilance was immediately heightened. He was a human being himself. From his inherited memories, he knew the how precious dragon skin was for human beings to be used as materials. From there, he also knew that if he ever encountered a group of human beings, he would surely become a moving treasure in the eyes of the other party. Once the news spread out, it would definitely attract more humans.

“This is troublesome. There seem to be human activities around here... So close to White Dragon Clan,” An idea popped into Garen’s mind.

Howl!

A leopard who was drinking at the creek looked up and snarled at the Dragon Whelps, obviously unhappy that the Dragon Whelps were interrupting him drinking water.

“But we are the great dragon race!” Saone was furious that a mere small leopard actually dared to provoke its dignity.

It fluttered its wings and flew toward the leopard, squirting out a mouthful of Chill.

With a pounce, the leopard easily dodged the white Chill, but Saone was quicker than him. Innate qualities of the dragon race were basically impossible for this ordinary leopard to overcome. After a while, Saone threw himself forward and pressed onto its head as it struggled on the ground.

“That’s too easy, haha!” Saone laughed. Its strength was way stronger than this grownup leopard, pinning it down effortlessly. “How should we eat this?”

“Let’s freeze it first!” The Dragon Whelps rushed forward. If it was not because of their young age and still did not have a Draconic Aura, the leopard would not have probably bumped into them and had straight away fled.

After the first prey, there would be the second one, and soon enough, a wild boar appeared in their field of vision.

The wild boar was decked in a thick yellow rock armor. Almost as tall as a human, it looked mighty powerful.

Facing the wild boar head on, the Dragon Whelps were unable to cope with its strength at all. After breaking multiple huge trees, the Dragon Whelps joined forces to fly around the wild boar in an attempt of making it dizzy. The wild boar indeed lost its balance and Satwo sped up immediately, crushing the head of the wild boar with its claws.

And that was another meal. The Dragon Whelps divided the food together and Satwo was awarded the huge head.

However, apart from Garen who was on his toes the entire time, nobody else noticed that in the woods not far behind, a group of humans wearing light armor were silently moving in their direction.

“It’s Dragon Whelps...” An old man dressed in a close-fitting long robe squatted down and examined the remaining bones of the leopard. “This leopard was a Level Three Lightning Leopard and its speed is already extremely fast, but it was still killed.”

He paused, “From speed, strength and the claw marks, it should be the works of Dragon Whelps. The White Dragon Clan’s just nearby, Adult White Dragons wouldn’t simply eat their prey on the spot. Moreover, there should be more than one Dragon Whelp, and they would make a bunch of good materials.”

“Your Excellency, should we search for the dragon den first, or kill these Dragon Whelps first?” A man in green armor with Greatswords in both his hands whispered.

“Our priority is to kill an Adult White Dragon, and the rest shall be discussed later on. But then again, it is rare to encounter Dragon Whelps that are so far away from their group...” The elder Wizard sank into deep thought, “How about this, Karel.”

“Here, Your Excellency Sara.” A scrawny old man in a black robe walked out from the troop. His hand held a cypress staff that had a skull on its top that looked eerie and terrifying.

“You can bring this two White Silvers over and get rid of this nest of Dragon Whelps. You can take sixty percent of the materials,” the elder Wizard commanded.

“As you wish, Your Excellency.” the creepy old man smiled.

“Be careful of the appearance of Adult White Dragons. These Dragon Whelps are just Level Four, be careful of their ice spits, they’re actually just slightly stronger than Level-Four beasts,” the elder Wizard said.

"I'm already a Level-Five Great Wizard, Your Excellency," the creepy old man said confidently.

"Go then."

Chapter 1257

"We must leave this place."

Garen got up and said to the Dragon Whelps who were drinking water. He did not want to leave alone. He was still too weak by himself and needed these Dragon Whelps to move around with him, not just for power, but as a cover for his identity. Once his abnormality was discovered, problems were likely to arise and he would be easily noticed.

"Why do we have to leave?" Satwo asked.

"There are humans here," Garen whispered. "If they're moving around this area, they obviously have some sort of purpose."

"Humans? We can kill them straight away. They're just food," Saone thought otherwise.

"We may be able to kill them in the future, but not right now." Garen shook his head. "Are you guys moving?"

"No, there is water source here. Where there's water, animals are bound to come by. Therefore, if we stay here, we'll be able to find good food," Safour said with a witty tone.

"As long as there's endless food, we will continue to advance!" Sathree exclaimed loudly.

"As long as we advance, we'll be able to go find Mother!" Saone continued.

"And as long as we're able to find Mother, we'll all be safe!" Satwo waved his claws.

Bang!

A huge claw that was clenched into a fist landed on his eyes.

Instantly, Satwo stumbled backward. Before he could figure out what was going on, he saw Garen flinging another punch towards him.

“No! You...”

Bang!

Both of his eyes were completely bruised.

Saone was furious that he actually dared to hit the boss! He rushed forward and tried to entangle Garen into close combat but it was pointless.

Garen took a step back and simply kicked his leg causing his knee to land right on Saone’s abdomen.

Oh!

Both Saone and Satwo fell on their butts. Their heads were spinning and they were completely stunned.

“Now I’m the boss,” Garen walked to the front of both dragons and waved his claws.

“Alright... Alright, you’re the boss,” Saone was convinced right away.

There was still a look of dissatisfaction in Satwo’s eyes, but from the strength and speed of Garen’s movements, he was obviously no match for Garen. With a huff, he gave in reluctantly.

“Now, we’re leaving this place,” Garen confirmed his authority as the leader and proposed decisively to leave.

Sathree and Safour were shocked by Garen's sudden burst of powers.

The group of Dragon Whelps sorted out the leopard meat cubes and brought them one by one, tied them up with large leaf vines from the trees before flying away wobbly into the distance.

Roar!

Suddenly, a low rumble was heard from the forest below.

Something dark darted out from the woods. It seemed to be a gigantic, black wild boar.

The wild boar was covered with a black iron armor, rushing straight towards the group of Dragon Whelps. It had blood-red eyes and it reeked badly.

"Rise!" Garen shouted.

The wild boar was at least twice their size, rushing over like a car. He did not want to fight against this fellow.

All the Dragon Whelps immediately increased their heights but a beam of grey-white light shot out from the back of the wild boar, hitting Saone's hind legs.

"Ahhh!" Saone howled in pain.

The ray was actually able to break through the dragon skin's magic defense. Although they were only Dragon Whelps now, their epidermis was still able to immunize Level-One magic and even a certain resistance towards some Level-Two spellcraft. However, looking at Saone right now, the ray was clearly far more than just a Level-Two spellcraft.

After struggling for a while, Saone completely lost the ability to flap his wings and fell from the sky.

The other Dragon Whelps were shocked. At this moment, the selfish nature of White Dragons was truly manifested. All the Dragon Whelps ignored Saone who had fallen and flew away frantically.

Garen cast a glance towards Saone who was below him. The gigantic wild boar had its head up waiting for it to fall and there was a creepy old guy in a grey robe wandering beside the wild boar.

“Human...” Garen’s heart shook. His strength and speed were incomparable to Saone. Moreover, Saone’s body was temporarily frozen as he continued falling. Before he touched the ground, Garen once again fluttered his wings and fiercely squirted a mouthful of Chill towards the old fellow.

When the white Chill rushed to the old man, it seemed to be blocked by a transparent barrier.

The old man smiled and extended his right hand. A Void Shadow of a white skeletal hand could be seen around his entire palm, wrapping his palm within it. Looking from afar, it seemed as if his entire arm was just skeletal.

The skeletal arm pierced through the screen and grabbed onto Saone who was trying to escape.

Garen who was in the sky immediately felt the intense threat and darkness from the white skeletal arm. It felt as if he was standing at the cliff of an abyss, the cold feeling surged straight into his mind.

Garen could feel his hair standing on end and his Soul Ring instinctively judged his reaction. This old man was indeed very strong! Definitely not something he could deal with right now!

Without hesitation, Garen turned around and fled. Soon enough, Garen caught up with Satwo and Sathree who were in front of him and they quickly left the place. As for Saone, the odds were against him.

The old man below hesitated as he looked at the fleeing White Dragon Whelps.

“There’s actually more than one. That’s unfortunate, they’d make such good material.”

Grabbing Saone in his hand, his sharp but bent fingertips pierced through the Dragon Whelp's skin.

Saone screamed in pain, wailing loudly as he felt the excruciating pain. White blood flowed from the wound and dripped on the ground, covering the small meadow with a white layer of frost.

After being caught by this old Wizard, he could not fight back at all.

Garen followed the Dragon Whelps as they flew and soon enough, everyone was back together except Saone who was nowhere to be seen.

The group of dragons flew along their original path, staying silent the entire time.

"Saone... is he going to die?" Satwo whispered. No creatures could actually stay calm the first time they faced death.

"The outside world is too dangerous..." With his head bent, Safour spoke as his body trembled.

This was also the first time Garen felt that this world was not just generally dangerous. Before that, there was a God's inspection, and now he had just encountered an old man who looked strong and abnormal. Besides knowing some human combat techniques himself, his other strengths could only be used after the completion of the laws. However, it would take too much time to complete the laws and he could not even guarantee his own safety right now.

"There are only two options," Garen said in a low tone.

"What two options?" Satwo asked quickly. He found that among them, Garen was the most assertive and most knowledgeable.

Sathree and Safour immediately looked at him as well.

“Humans have appeared in our surroundings and obviously they’re not here to just hang around leisurely. Look at the man’s strength just now, there’s no way he was here just to deal with us Dragon Whelps. If we want to be safe, we have to get far away from this place. We should find the White Dragon Clan Elder’s Peak and tell them about our findings. There’s a specialized Dragon Whelp Breeding Institute in the clan, we can go in and learn to fight.”

Garen carefully explained his plan.

“I’m planning to go to the clan’s breeding institute, what about you guys?”

The other Dragon Whelps were as clueless as headless flies. Saone had just died right before their eyes and they were frightened to the point where they had lost their definite views. They simply listened to Garen and set off in the direction of the clan.

After they safely arrived at the White Dragon Clan, Garen explained their situation to the White Dragon guard and they obtained the entry permit.

It was evident that the White Dragons had long known that humans were nearing by and did not refuse the Dragon Whelps who came into hiding. Besides Garen and his group of Dragon Whelps, there were other White Dragons who had brought along their Dragon Whelps to seek shelter nearby the clan’s Elder’s Peak.

Due to the disappearance of their mother, Cocoreila, Garen and the other Dragon Whelps had arranged to enter the breeding institute, as he wished for.

The White Dragon Clan’s Dragon Whelp Breeding Institute was an organization set up for Dragon Whelps who had lost their parents or families because they did not bother about their Dragon Whelps. There were over fifty Elder White Dragons in the entire race and five of them were in charge of looking after the Dragon Whelps. There were also many dragon beasts and Earth Dragons around who were managed by the White Dragons as a safety precaution.

Inside the institution, the Dragon Whelps were taught how to fight, how to hunt, and what creatures to look out for that were threats to them. They were also taught about the environment needed to advance, the conditions, and the storage of miscellaneous food.

What attracted Garen's interest was the practice of spellcraft.

When they were selecting their classes, Garen chose the Arcane Art Course without hesitation instead of the Actual Combat Course that most White Dragons would choose.

For White Dragons, as long as they stepped into adulthood, they would have dragon scales that would immunize all spellcraft below Level Four and their powerful Draconic Aura would be equivalent to a no-loss Level-Three spellcraft energy field that was able to control large groups of Earth Dragons as well as dragons. Moreover, they would have several Ice-type spellcraft of Level-Six Ice Mirror Art and two kinds of Frost Breath.

Every Wizard that faced an Elder White Dragon with such strong constitution and terrifying powers had the ability to reduce or even exempt the effects of the spells that were Level Four and above. With the swipe of a tail, the force could actually go up to a Level Six creature's top strength. No spellcraft screen or Wizard's armor could possibly resist such a strong force. The instantaneous burst of power would be as much as a Level Five lethal spell.

This kind of horrific talent was why the White Dragons, even some of the dragon race, rarely focused on learning Spellcraft. Only those Elder Dragon whose lives were too long would choose to practice Spellcraft because they were too bored.

"Are you really sure that you're choosing Spellcraft Course? Don't blame me for not reminding you that the most suitable path for us dragon race is to first improve our melee ability and only choose Spellcraft when we can protect ourselves because by that time, we'll have sufficient time to practice Accumulation," the young dragon that was in charge of registration reminded. "Also, we won't be responsible for your meals. In the process of learning, all of you will learn to hunt stronger preys and through this process, elementary Spellcraft is completely useless for dragons."

Garen nodded as a sign that he understood.

"I understand."

"No... You don't." The young dragon shook her head, her long slender snake-like neck made her as beautiful as a white swan. Clearly, this was a female dragon.

"Even though we are from the dragon race and we have a vast amount of spirit power, this doesn't mean that we can advance quickly. Like humans, we need at least ten years or so to reach the standards of Level Four, and this is if you're talented. If you don't have talent, it'll take at least sixty or seventy years. As for Level Four Spellcraft, it'll only cause a small damage to Adult Dragons. It's very weak!" She emphasized once more.

"I understand." Garen had known about this already. "That's why I've also signed up for Combat Course."

Stunned, the young dragon stared at Garen carefully.

"Alright then, since you've already made your decision." With a few strokes, she wrote down Garen's name on the paper. Not Safive, but Garen.

Ever since they got away from Cocoreila, Garen had changed back to his original name.

"We'll conduct recruitment applications every once in a while to enter different environments to train Actual Combat. If you die, don't blame me for not informing you," the young dragon said in a low tone.

Garen smiled.

"May I have your name?" This was the first time he had encountered such a kind-hearted fellow in the White Dragon Race.

“Ola. The name’s Ola. We don’t have many dragons inside the spellcrafting course as we have only about a dozen Dragon Whelps. While our classes are flexible, our examinations are held on a timely basis. You’ll be informed on a monthly basis on the stone inside the Elder’s Peak,” Ola explained. “We need to receive something in return for passing down our knowledge and techniques to you guys. In this world, knowledge, and techniques are not to be passed down for free. Hence, you’ll need to work for the clan in exchange for them.”

“What’s the job about?” Garen understood the concept behind. The selfish White Dragon Clan would not give them anything without a reason.

“Battle.” Ola’s explanation was clear and simple. “With the humans or other living beings. This is to expand our territories. If you accept the terms, please press your claw here.” He placed a leather paper in front of Garen.

Garen then went through the contract written in Draconic Language.

Then, he pressed his claw onto it. Henceforth, his life was bound by the clan until he turned into an adult.

This was unavoidable. Despite being much stronger than typical living creatures, the hatred he could attract was far more than the typical living creatures. Without the clan’s protection, he would not be able to go anywhere more than ten kilometers.

Rumor had it that the humans had decided to build a colony nearby the clan’s location and they seemed to be planning a fight with the clan to the death.

Garen flew out of the registration office after dismissing himself from Ola. He went directly towards the combat course for registration. He then returned to the emergency assembly point where he noticed Satwo and the other two dragons already there waiting for him. Since they had only registered for one course, they were much faster than Garen.

“The instructor is Instructor Dragon. There will be an inquiry day every three days and we can go and inquire about anything related to combat. However, we only have half a day to ask the questions. Then, we will have a monthly examination.” Safour’s question was extremely concise and clear.

“Rumor has it that those humans that had killed Saone had decided to stay and not leave the area. This is too dangerous. They’re not even scared of the clan!” Satwo shouted.

A group of Dragon Whelps was chattering noisily between a stone crevice in the snowy peak.

Adult White Dragons and many Dragon Whelps could occasionally be seen flying past the gap of the snowy peak. They were just a group of inconspicuous members.

“We must work hard,” Safour said. “Let’s ignore the humans. I’ve already asked and I found out that less than five out of a hundred Dragon Whelps can reach adulthood safely. Most of them would either be caught and slaughtered, not strong enough or careless before reaching adulthood. We don’t have a guardian since our mother is no longer around.”

What he said was the truth. Garen and the rest were a group of fragile beings without the protection from their kin. The Elder’s Peak would not protect them unless they were nearby the Elder’s Peak. This was impossible as they were required to finish their missions in exchange for knowledge. However, they had to leave the proximity to complete their mission. It was an infinite cycle.

Garen understood the situation best as he had even inquired regarding the overall situation of the humans stationed outside. They were a group of powerful Wizards from the nearby Deladia Empire. Their leader was a Level Seven Great Wizard named Gushan. Since his arrival, he had already gotten into a conflict with a White Dragon’s family and he almost killed an adult White Dragon without going all out.

Despite this incident, the White Dragon Clan did not dare to wage war against him as Gushan was being backed by the enormous Deidala Empire. Rumor had it that this human race empire had quite a few Level Seven Great Wizards in their arsenal, dozens of them. They even had an even higher ranked Eternal Blazer. Only the top Wizards who were Level Eight and above could be crowned as the Eternal Blazer. Only the Ancient Dragons from the Dragon Clan could face against such existence, which strength was better than the Level Seven Great Wizards by leaps and bounds.

Hence, the clan could only hold their grudge even when one of the Adult White Dragons was almost killed. The innate selfish personality of the White Dragons did not allow them to put their lives on the line unless they benefited from it. In addition, the Deidala Empire was simply an existence that they could not fight against.

This clan was not under the care of an Ancient Dragon and what they had were just a few old Dragon Priests. The Evil Dragon Goddess Tiamat would never show herself when they fought against the humans as she once had her wings both wounded by the human's God of War.

Time flew as spring passed in a blink of an eye and the scorching hot summer arrived.

Garen had started gaining knowledge and techniques from both of the courses that he attended.

The combat course syllables were very easy and hardly consumed his energy. His main focus was the arcane art course as he had placed all of his attention it.

There were at least ten other Dragon Whelps that were as obsessed as him towards Spellcraft as they sat together in a valley somewhere in the snowy peak.

Garen was sitting on the right as he listened to the teenage dragon's lecture quietly.

It was out of his expectation that Safour had enrolled in the same arcane art course as him. However, Safour had to give up on the combat course as he was not as energetic as Garen. The former was sitting on a stool carved from ice behind the latter as he listened intently to the lecture.

Despite the blizzard howling outside, it did not affect the teenage dragon's boisterous voice.

"Level 0 Spellcraft is also known as Level 0 Trickery. Its application is very narrow. Other than performances, its general use is to determine the quality of a Wizard's Spirit Power. However, it is the very foundation of every Spellcraft, hence, it is a step that we have to take," the teenage dragon said loudly.

"While there are a total of fifty-six types of traditional Level 0 Trickery, we only need to be able to use ten types to fully master the basic energy manipulation for all types. These would be your foundation after selecting the sect in the future."

The teenage dragon reached out its claw as a small ball of light lit up above it.

“This is an Illumination Spell.” He started wavering its arm but the ball of light remained stationary as it was grasped within the latter’s palm. “I used the snowball I have condensed as an illuminating object. Then, I cast the Illumination Spell on it and this is the end result.”

The Dragon Whelps had witnessed many objects that had been cast with Illumination Spell by their own family members. They were very calm and quiet as it was a given that they were not surprised by such a small trick.

Then, the teenage dragon started explaining the means to regulate the Spirit Power as he cast a simple Illumination Spell.

Garen soon understood the concept of Spellcraft as he listened attentively to the explanation.

In essence, Spellcraft used the basis of Spirit Power to draw the subtle energy from the universe. The latter could be categorized into different types which would result in a variety of simple and complex derivative alterations. Hence, this would naturally form Spellcraft Systems of different types and levels.

It was equivalent to a chemical chain reaction. When a Wizard wished for a specific chemical reaction, he would then required to follow the sequence as they put it the specified material.

The same could be said about Spellcraft. The final form of the Spellcraft was an end result of reactions. In order to create the desired end result, one would need to focus on their Spirit Power to balance and guide different types of energies to collide, fuse and react together. A complicated reaction would occur, achieving the final effect of Spellcraft.

The variety of energies in the air would be equivalent to the different ingredients required for a chemical reaction. The role of the Spirit Power was to control how the ingredients were introduced, such as the number of ingredients required, the methods of mixing and leading them together.

“... Hence, we need to focus once we release a spell. As it is a channeling process, it will be hard to continue channeling once the process is interrupted or you’ve missed the time to react,” the teenage dragon explained the theory behind Spellcraft.

“What is Spirit Power?” A Dragon Whelp stood up and asked loudly.

“Spirit Power is the amount of your concentration.” The teenage dragon smiled, revealing his white sharp fangs. “You’re placing all of your Spirit Power onto me as you’re paying full attention to my lecture. Since you’re paying attention to me with all of your senses, the moment I released an enhanced Illumination Spell...”

Pew!

Suddenly, a blinding ball of light exploded from the teenage dragon’s hand.

Wow!~

An alarming cry was heard.

It seemed that the enhanced Illuminating Spell had considered the Dragon Whelps’ endurance. Despite the consideration, the group of Dragon Whelps was blinded by it as they screamed.

Garen managed to evade the ambushing attack.

“Alright let’s take a rest. Everyone is free to do their own things and we will continue when the hourglass is two thirds through.” The teenage dragon then took out a golden hourglass and placed it on the snowy floor. Then, the black fine sands started to flow from the top to the bottom.

Garen and the other Dragon Whelps rubbed their eyes as the blinding flash was very impressive.

Garen sat alone on the stool and started to recall the situation around here recently since he was bored.

The clan and the Deidala Empire had seemed to come to an agreement as the adult dragons were no longer being attacked. The people from the Deidala Empire had, in fact, stopped their attacks on the Dragon Whelps as well. Instead, they had started building something deep inside the forest.

According to Ola, There were wars occurring at the border of Deidala Empire as two major empires decided to invade the Deidala Empire at the same time. It was very likely that they might come to an agreement with the high ranking elder dragons of the Elder's Peak, where the White Dragon Clan might assist the Deidala Empire by participating in the war while they received protection from the Empire in return.

He pondered as he glanced at the Dragon Whelps around him. He wondered how many Dragon Whelps would survive from this war.

The Dragon Whelps from the White Dragon Clan was never valuable as the White Dragons were too good at breeding once they were matured. In addition to that, it would require many years for the Dragon Whelps to mature and the price was simply too much.

"How troublesome... To improve and reach equilibrium with the soul within ten years is too difficult. I need to think of a plan or else this world's mystery is the only path I can take."

Garen started frowning unconsciously.

"Garen! Garen!" Safour, who was behind Garen, patted on the latter's wings.

"What's wrong?"

"Satwo has delivered our food to us," Safour whispered.

Garen suddenly understood the situation.

He did not have enough time to go out and hunt for his own food lately as the two courses had consumed most of his time. At times like this, Satwo, who was already impressed with Garen had decided to share a portion of his food with Garen. It was the same case for Sathree as well.

These two Dragon Whelps felt Garen had his own definite views of his own. He was extremely calm even when they encountered a powerful Wizard back then. Their impressions towards him had changed since then.

Garen and Safour stood up as they walked to the entrance of the valley. There, they saw frozen food on the ground which was placed by Satwo and Sathree. They stared at Garen and Safour from afar before turning around and flying away into the distance.

Both of them walked towards the food and started to gobble them up quickly. Safour, on the other hand, basked under Garen's glory as he ate along.

Garen had become the leader of this group of Dragon Whelps as he had gained both mental and physical recognition of the other Dragon Whelps.

Although the White Dragons were selfish, they would still listen to the stronger ones as such was the law of nature.

"Let's eat up," Garen took huge bites after bites as he munched on the raw meat as he quietly thought about other stuff.

Chapter 1259: Mission 1

He had been in the clan for some time. However, he could not find a better way to increase his attribute points at a faster pace other than the most primitive way which was to nourish it with his Soul Energy.

Garen quickly finished the meats before going back to the class. The content of the Arcane Art Courses was not much as it required the dragon whelps to train on their own most of the time.

Hence, the class was dismissed rather quickly.

After Garen bade goodbye to Safour, he went towards the Combat Course. Coincidentally, both courses did not clash against one another as one was in the morning whereas the other was during the afternoon.

The Combat Courses was much more lively than Arcane Art Course. Although it was one of more than ten Combat Courses, it already had at least twenty dragon whelps.

Similarly, the class was held inside a cold and windy ice valley. There was a huge disc-shaped platform at the center. The platform was also known as the Battle Arena and it was surrounded by many stools that could be used for resting. There were also a few dragon caves which had unknown purposes. These caves had many icy blue stalagmites by the entrances and they had been used as decorations by the White Dragons as they gave off blue illumination. These stalagmites were very valuable towards the humans as they contained nourishment that could enhance their bodies. This was because it had fused with the dragon's aura for a long period of time.

Garen mixed himself among a few Dragon Whelps as he flew into the ice valley in low profile. He looked around and realized that the teacher had yet to arrive. However, there were quite a number of Dragon Whelps who had already arrived. Some of them were flying and fooling around in a corner while some were sitting quietly as they ate with their heads down. There were also some chattering among themselves in groups.

"Hey Garen!" A light blue-scaled Dragon Whelp flew over and greeted him.

"Leona? Is there anything you need?" Garen gave her a cold shoulder.

"Can't I find you to play together if nothing is going on?" Dragon Whelp Leona said unhappily. "Come and see the Snow Dragon I've built!"

She then happily pointed at the Snow Dragon nearby. However, Garen viewed it as a carrot no matter how he looked at it.

"Ugly..." He commented on it casually.

"What do you mean ugly!?" Leona was unsatisfied with his comment.

“It is ugly. I never argue with other dragons,” Garen said casually as he went to his seat.

There were three Dragon Whelps pushing and yelling at a weak and small Dragon Whelp near his seat.

Garen ignored them as he sat down. The stools and tables here were mimicked from the humans. Although the designs were simple, it was solidly built.

It was not the first time he saw Dragon Whelps bullying other Dragon Whelps. However, as long as he was not involved in it, he would not bother speaking to these kids. These Dragon Whelps did not dare mess with him because of his firm muscles and lustrous scales. It was the reason why he had a peaceful life thus far.

Leona flew towards him and sat in front of him as he sat down. They had been designated as partners in the Combat Course as Garen was obviously the best in terms of physical attributes during the Combat Course’s trial. It was the higher up’s intention to train Leona together with Garen as Leona was, in fact, the daughter of the clan’s Elder Dragon. Hence, it was normal for her to have special privileges.

Despite Garen wanting to ignore this little girl, he had to put up a perfunctory act with her as he did not dare be hostile towards her.

“Garen, do you know? Sister Ola is about to have sex with Uncle Cartel,” Leona came over and whispered to Garen.

“...” Garen stared at her speechlessly. “What are you trying to say?”

It was a given that a little female Dragon Whelp did not know what embarrassment was as this was a concept applicable only towards the humans. It was nothing out of the norm for the White Dragon Clan which encourages breeding.

“I plan to go and peek on them. Do you want to join me?” She said furtively.

“No.” Garen rejected her immediately. “I have a lot of things to do. There’s also work and practices from the Arcane Art Courses.”

“Aren’t you curious?” Leona whispered.

“Not even the slightest,” Garen urged Leona to turned her head back to the front as the teenage dragon teacher was about to start his lecture. The instructors here were all part-timers hired at the last second. They were all young dragons that had experienced fighting against powerful foes as each of them had records of killing Level Seven creatures.

The lecture had commenced. There were not a lot of theories and explanation as many of the White Dragon’s battle techniques were inherited. As long as the Dragon Whelps were able to tap into it and practice the techniques, they would soon be able to use them naturally.

The Dragon Clan was born with a powerful body. When matured, their strength and speed would be equivalent to the human’s Level Seven Great Knight. One would be known as the White Silver at that level. Rumor had it that the White Silver Knights in the human tribe possessed a high prestige, where they would able to perform guardian duties to an Earl in his territories.

Hence, what the dragon whelps required to learn was how to utilize their already powerful physical characteristics. Furthermore, one of the main things the Dragon Whelps needed to master was a technique called Draconic Aura.

The Draconic Aura was a natural skill of the Dragon Clan where it could oppress the others. Its potency would naturally increase as the dragons aged. However, the Dragon Clan had invented a training method for the Draconic Aura to further enhance its effectiveness. It was similar to a human training their body and techniques in order to achieve the life force of a Knight.

The class started quickly and similarly to the Arcane Art Class where they were only teaching the foundation, the courses here were all basic foundation syllables.

However, there was an old White Dragon in silver armor on the platform. Although its wing looked rather relaxed, the dragon’s gaze gave off a powerful coercion. That was a Draconic Aura which was much stronger than the average adult dragon.

As the Dragon Whelps sat down and turned down their volume, he started speaking.

“I am Baesman. I believe everyone here knows me since you’ve been here for some time. However, today is different as I will officially pass down the techniques of master Draconic Aura. I will also officially announce the overall job description, the dates, and the details of your missions.”

His mighty voice in Draconic Language kept reverberating within the ice valley.

“The Draconic Aura Techniques!” Garen was excited as he could finally get in touch with the world’s skill system. Despite the Arcane Arts Courses teaching them the basics and knowledge of Spellcraft, Arcane Technique, and the effects of different types of Spellcraft, they had not taught him the training methods. On the other hand, the Combat Courses was earlier in this aspect.

He was not the only one that was excited as the other Dragon Whelps felt the same as well.

Leona was the only one that had uninterest written all over her face. It seemed that she had known of such a thing and had learned it a long time ago.

Garen stared at her and found out the reason why this person had such tremendous strength during basic training. He was nowhere near this female Dragon Whelp’s strength even though he had added points into his strength attribute.

The Dragon Whelps in the course started buzzing among themselves.

Roar!!

Baesman, who was on the platform roared loudly. The intense dragon roar’s reverberation turned into shockwaves as it shocked the Dragon Whelps to the point where they utterly routed. Some of them were so scared that their heads were tilted on the ground and they lost all the strength in their limbs.

“I, Baesman Raghasa Rossavizi... hate living beings making a ruckus in front of me!” The instructor started to move its wings aggressively as he screeched. A frightening sensation of coercion was released

from his body. It was similar to being pressured by the atmosphere as the Dragon Whelps did not dare to speak due to the coercion.

Garen was shocked that he was under its effect as he could not breathe properly. He was ecstatic as the skill system was completely new to him.

However, he realized that Leona, who was sitting in front of him had given off a faint pressure to neutralize the majority of the Draconic Aura's pressure.

There were a few other Dragon Whelps among the rest who gave off the same Draconic Aura similar to Leona's. The only difference was its strength.

Garen held himself together with brute force to prevent himself from falling down to the snowy ground.

The surrounding became quiet.

Then, the dragon instructor continued its lecture.

"The theory behind the Draconic Aura practice is very simple. What we need to do is simply feel the Draconic Aura that we release naturally. Then, we will try to grasp it and ultimately control it so that we can use it freely as a weapon whenever we want."

The dragon instructor moved its heavy body around as it walked, giving off a thumping noise with each step he took.

"This weapon will follow you forever! It will remain within your skeletons even after death. Your skeletons will carry along the Draconic Aura so that low-level beings will not be able to get close to you! This is the nobility that we dragons are born with!" The dragon instructor said excitedly as he raised his heads up like a snake.

"You can use the Draconic Aura for other reasons rather than just being a weapon. We can keep it within us and use it as a tool to enhance our physical bodies. It will make us stronger and tougher! Our scales will become more solid and we will have sharper claws."

“Now, I will introduce you to the discovery of Draconic Aura.”

Baesman then started to explain the existence of the Draconic Aura.

The Dragon Clan was indeed a powerful tribe.

This was the first impression Garen had after listening to the lecture.

The Draconic Aura was actually a natural and powerful Energy Field produced by the Dragon Clan. The dragons were able to produce an external Energy Field that could mentally oppress living beings at all times.

All of this originated from the Dragon Heart's heartbeat. The Dragon's Heart was extremely powerful as its rhythm required the movement of numerous myocardium. These muscular heart tissues contained many little beings that gave off electric excitation. They gathered together to form a powerful electricity which ultimately caused electric excitation from the remaining body's muscles. This energy would naturally spread out and influence the natural surrounding. This was the basic theory behind the Draconic Aura.

Naturally, there were other complicated processes involved, but the most important thing was the electricity within the Dragon's Heart as it was the leading source of energy.

Instead of having a brain, dragons had Dragon Crystals. The Dragon Crystal and Dragon's Heart were located in the brain and body respectively. These two were the basic organs that maintained a huge dragon's physiological activities. Naturally, the electricity produced from a Dragon's Heart would be extremely powerful as it was the powerhouse of the dragon's huge body.

Learning the basic of Draconic Aura was not the only main focus of the Combat Course. They also had to learn the anatomy of a dragon and the methods to quickly kill a giant dragon. Furthermore, they had to learn how to kill off a powerful human as well as normal humans who were the main enemies of the White Dragon Clan.

Although the syllables of the anatomy lessons were just scratching the surface, it was detailed enough that there was mention about the dragon's muscles and fibers.

Garen managed to learn in detail without using his powerful Soul Ring. He was able to quickly understand the contents with his body's high intelligence. He had seventeen intelligent points the moment he was born. The source of this development was his powerful soul and the nourishment he obtained while he was inside the egg.

The discovery of Draconic Aura was simpler than the rest as instructor Baesman taught a simple technique.

All one required to do was to push the snowflakes away and avoid them from landing on one's body.

In order to achieve this, all he required to do was to follow the prescribed imagination process. When the mind produced a ripple, he then had to focus and imagine that there was nothing above his head. In other words, it was basically imagination and concentration. All he had to do was to discover and activate it through a special process as the Draconic Aura was an innate skill to all dragons.

Chapter 1260: Mission 2

Garen tried a few times. Initially, it was ineffective. However, his soul was simply too powerful and he was able to vaguely sense the minute trajectory of the snowflakes above his head after a few trials.

The change was so minute that if Garen would not have been able to detect it if he were not paying a close attention. His Draconic Aura was currently not strong enough to influence the external objects. This was the only effect he was able to produce as of now after he gathered all of his Draconic Aura.

"Alright. It's time to hand out your missions." Baesman, who had just finished explaining the basics started speaking up once more.

“You’ll have to give in order to receive. Your mission is to head to the ice forest in the south and hunt for the Giant Frost Iguanas. The heart and eyeballs from the Giant Frost Iguanas are very valuable in breeding the Black Teeth Wolves as they could greatly increase their fertility rate.”

The Black Teeth Wolves were the White Dragon Clan’s livestock similar to how humans raising pigs.

“The Giant Frost Iguana typically ranges from Level Three to Five and they’re best for you to train yourselves. Naturally, you’ll have to retreat when you encounter the Elder Giant Iguana. Since we treat them as a source of food, they would definitely view us as a threat. The Elder Giant Iguana is a Level Six living being. You’ll die if you don’t run away from it.”

He then started to point out the Giant Frost Iguana’s weakness, behavior, and its abilities.

As Garen listened attentively, the lecture soon reached to an end.

All of them returned back to their quarters to sleep to get some rest before continuing the lecture the next day.

Garen’s dwelled together with Satwo and the others in a cave located at the foot of the snowy peak. It was originally a bear cave. However, it had been deserted for a long time and it seemed to have been scared off as the White Dragon Clan arrived. As the foot of the mountain had a high temperature of twenty plus degree Celsius, it was rather uncomfortable to the White Dragons which preferred a cool environment. It was also not safe enough, which was the reason why no dragons came to this area. Only Garen and the other orphaned dragons would come here as they had no other place to go.

He kept alternating attending classes and resting, leading a peaceful life as a month passed in a blink of an eye.

Garen then had accumulated a few Attribute Points.

Garen decided to put in all of his accumulated Attribute Points before it was time for him to start his mission.

The dragon was laying down deep inside the cave. Garen started to observe his own Attributes and found that he had grasped the basics of Draconic Aura. While he could use his Attribute Points to increase the Draconic Aura's level, he did not wish to rush it as this skill required a long time to master. It would catch a lot of attention if he were to improve too much within a short period of time. He would be easily discovered by those with powerful spellcraft capabilities. Everything would be over if they found out that their soul was abnormal.

Since he was not able to add the points to his skills, he could only add them to his physical attributes. It was very cost effective for him to add them to his Physical Attributes in the early stages.

Coincidentally, Safour had gone to the Arcane Art Courses to discuss the content of the missions with a few other Dragon Whelps and found out that they had to go together.

Satwo and Sathree had gone out to hunt earlier and were already on their way.

Garen was the only one left inside the cave and would participate in hunting the Giant Frost Iguana the next day.

"I can be immune towards diseases and even a lot of Spellcraft if I have a strong Vitality and Strength. Furthermore, I will have the ability to evade fast and dangerous spells as well. I might even be able to avoid being locked by the Caster as well. The latter would not be able to injure me even if he had a high-level spell. I will be able to increase the Arcane Art's learning pace if I were to increase my intelligence. Although I have yet to officially learn Meditation, it is still very useful."

Garen decided to increase his physical attributes instead of intelligence after hesitating for a while. One would not be able to learn Spellcraft in a short amount of time. This was especially true for the Dragon Clan, which possessed a powerful physical body.

"I'll enhance my speed, strength, and agility equally. I had the high-speed development similar to every other Dragon Whelp when I was born. However, it only lasted for about two months and the situation wouldn't reappear now that everything has calmed down. I have accumulated about five points worth of Attribute Points for the past two months. Since I have a mission to fulfill and since the Giant Frost Iguana is not fast but powerful, I will just add them into Strength for now."

It would be better for him to finish the hunting missions earlier as this meant that he would obtain more rewards. Garen had also planned to breed a few Black Teeth Wolves so that he would not rely entirely on hunting nearby the area around it was too dangerous. Satwo and the others might be captured and killed off by the humans if they were not careful.

He could breed them within a certain area inside his own cave. He would have to wait it out and see the circumstance in terms of breeding the wolves' offspring. If it was not feasible, he could use them to exchange for other items such as books related to Arcane Arts.

Garen's learning pace far surpassed any other Dragon Whelp and since he had to follow the other Dragon Whelps' pace in class, he felt that he had wasted a lot of time and talent.

Garen looked at his own Status Pane after decided the path he wanted to take.

'Safive – Strength 16, Agility 15, Vitality 11, Intelligence 17. Potential 527%. Soul Limit 170'

He had placed all of his Attribute Points into Strength without any hesitation.

His Strength instantly rose from 16 to 21.

He could clearly hear the sound of his muscles tightening up. It sounded like a spring and even more like a reinforced bar being tightened.

He felt his limbs becoming firmer and heavier as the muscle density had increased.

He then whipped out his claws and attacked the ground inside the cave. A clear dragon claw mark could be seen as it was at least ten centimeters deep.

This was an end result of Garen's casual strike.

"A fully grown White Dragon's Strength is approximately between 30 to 40 points. I still have a long way to go..." Garen sighed softly as he eased his tightened muscles.

Although he was able to produce such power with 21 points of Strength, the adult dragons would be even more powerful since they had at least 20 more points than him. According to Garen's analysis, it was not just Strength as the remaining three Attributes of an adult dragon were between 30 to 40 points.

They were incredibly powerful as Garen might not be able to break an adult dragon's defense even if he had 30 points of Strength. This had yet to account for their incredible regenerative abilities.

This was under the assumption that his opponent decided to let him attack him without fighting back using any high-level spells. It might cost him his life if his Vitality was not high enough when he was hit by the spells.

After a detailed comparison, Garen understood that the difference in strength between him and the matured White Dragon was still incredibly far apart.

"However, it requires a Dragon Whelp at least fifty years to mature. This means that I will have an additional enhancement from my Attribute Points other than growing strong naturally. This means I will most likely be able to surpass a matured white dragon in less than fifty years," Garen estimated in his heart.

After adding his Attribute Points, he stood up and walked out of the cave.

The area outside the cave was covered in a layer of white frost, coincidentally forming the shape of a fan as it froze the cave's surrounding area. Since it was a cave inhabited by the White Dragons, the temperature was naturally lowered.

The forest surrounding it was still filled with greeneries. As there was a faint Draconic Aura and the White Dragon Clan's coercion, one would not be able to see any dangerous living being nearby. However, there were only a few harmless and small beings hiding about here and there.

"Hey~!" A Dragon Whelp flew towards Garen from afar as she shouted at him. "Garen. It's time to move out."

It was Leona. She was slim, graceful and even her scales were much more lustrous and purer than a typical White Dragon. She looked like a White Crystal Dragon and was extremely beautiful.

However, as Leona flew, two Dragon Whelps appeared behind her and both were clearly male dragons.

Leona landed in front of Garen as she put her wings away.

"It's time to go hunting. It's my first time going out for a hunt. Are you scared!?" She screamed out of excitement.

"What's there to be afraid of?" Garen did not like speaking to her. However, the more he acted so, Leona would try to speak to him even more. She had said that being cool and cruel is a necessary trait for a White Dragon! She had very strong intuition and seemed to have inherited a portion of the elder's Classification talent. She could probably vaguely sense that Garen was much stronger than the rest of the Dragon Whelps.

The strong ones would often receive a different opinion from the rest.

"Are you really not afraid? The Giant Frost Iguanas has an innate spell called Ice Armor!" Leona said loudly. "They are much stronger than us and it would be dangerous if we were hit by them."

"Can they fly?" Garen turned around as he walked towards the cave.

"Uh, no..."

"Then there's nothing to worry about. We can fly," Garen said casually.

"However, we won't be able to achieve anything right? How are we supposed to hunt?" Leona was puzzled.

"He's just a coward." The two Dragon Whelps flying behind her landed as the muscular one shouted.

"Listen to me Leona. If it were me, I would blow the Giant Frost Iguana up into the sky with my breath!"

He patted his chest.

“You? Forget about it. It’s still possible if it were Boris.” Leona looked at the other Dragon Whelp who was slightly more well proportioned.

Boris the Dragon Whelp looked at Garen calmly and it was obvious that he was rather unhappy with Garen’s impoliteness.

“Is he really the one you must team up with? Although I don’t know if he knows how to fight, no one will like his attitude.”

“Garen is born with this cold personality. He’s not as unfriendly as you think he is,” Leona defended him.

“If we form into a small team of three, we will definitely be able to kill the Giant Frost Iguana if we strictly follow the battle strategy. I have already thought about the procedures and it doesn’t matter if he’s required,” Boris said coldly. He was also a direct descendant of an Elder Dragon. He was slightly unhappy that there were still a few Dragon Whelps who dared disrespect him.

He had feelings towards Leona even though the latter’s elder was slightly weaker. However, he would be able to produce excellent offspring if she were to become his partner purely for reproduction.

“Leona, I don’t like you getting along closely with that Garen guy,” Boris said softly.

“Boris, Garen is my partner and my friend!” Leona was discontented.

Although Boris was discontented as well, he did not show it.

“How about this. He can join us but his loot will depend on how well he performs. If he performs badly, don’t blame me that I decided to give him nothing.”

“Great!” Leona was instantly happy upon hearing it.

Garen was speechless as he stayed inside the cave. He had heard of the name Boris before, who was a few years older than him. He should be at the age to use his Draconic Aura to train his body and he seemed to have taken a liking towards Leona.

The Dragon Whelp Nurturing Center did not nurture Dragon Whelps that had just hatched and Garen was considered to be the youngest of them all. On the other hand, Boris was the earliest batch and had been around a few years longer than Garen.

He wanted to ignore these kids but he would have attracted a lot of attention if he were to hunt too many of them alone. It was not a bad idea for him to take cover in this small team. Since Leona was naive and the higher up definitely had their intentions when they decided to place her together with him.