

Mystical 1261

Chapter 1261: Giant Iguana 1

His body's equally strong qualities were noticed when they were testing his standard level. Garen was revealing these things vaguely so that he would be taken seriously by the others despite not having the most valuable assets.

"They probably want me to focus on protecting Leona," he pondered.

A series of chaotic noises echoed from the outside of the cave.

Garen prostrated himself on the ground and began practicing his Draconic Aura and Condensation skills alone.

This was a lengthy process but the one thing that the Dragon Clan did not lack was time.

The current strength of the average Dragon Whelp was about eighteen points. Garen was not worried about being unable to finish this Quest at all because his strength had already greatly surpassed the average Dragon Whelp.

After waiting for a while inside the cave, it appeared that Leona and the others had finished their discussion outside.

Only then did they enter the cave.

"Garen Garen!" Leona yelled while flying into the cave. "We've finished discussing. You'll be one of the two main attackers. What do you think? Do you agree or not?"

"Main attacker?" Garen stood up. "I don't mind but what'll you guys be doing?"

Boris opened his mouth immediately.

“Leona and I both have specially made Enchanted Necklaces that can release Long-range Attack Spells. Don’t worry, we won’t disappoint you.” Although he was furious at Garen for ignoring him and returning to the cave alone, he remained courteous to him on the surface because he needed to assure Leona of his demeanor.

“What Attack Spells?” Garen revealed a surprised expression faintly.

Boris instantly raised his claws and pointed at the necklace in front of his chest in a somewhat proud manner. It was a chain of white pearls that had been strung into a necklace with a rare cerulean gem that hung below. It was extraordinarily dazzling and crystal-clear.

“Can you see it, Sleepyhead? My father prepared this outstanding item for me. It can release Level Five Dragonfire Spells three times a day.”

“Wow, that’s so cool?! My ring can only use Dragonheal Spells three times daily.” Garen did not react but Leona who stood on the sidelines was unusually excited now.

Level Five Spellcrafting. Although they could only use it three times a day, it was enough to guarantee their safety. Moreover, it was very likely that they had other similar Spellcrafting Equipment.

These were types of Enchanted Equipment that could only be specially made by Casters and Wizards. They required Enchantment and would consume costly materials as well as a large amount of Spirit Power and energy before they could contact Weave to release and enchant a spell. It was pretty good that both of these Dragon Whelps had obtained two pieces of Level Five Enchanted Equipment. These items could only be specially created by Level Six Wizards and Casters that could afford to consume a lot of energy. A single Enchantment could cause a Wizard to consume at least one of their Casting levels. In other words, a Level Six Caster who was on the borderline of having their rank promoted would drop immediately instead if they tried to Enchant a piece of equipment like this. Moreover, they would deteriorate and return to their previous state when they had just entered Level Six. This was a waste of Spirit Power.

“They’ve really spent a huge sum of money,” Garen pondered. The White Dragon Clan had declined terribly. There were merely five or six Elder Dragons who were Casters that were Level Five or above.

However, they instantly brought out two pieces of Enchanted Equipment. It was very likely that these items were collected articles that were seized from the humans.

“We don’t have to fear anything now that we have these two pieces of equipment.” Boris was a Dragon Whelp to the core. There was still a limit to his maturity in the end. Hence, being unable to stop himself from taking his strongest trump card out and flaunting it was a very normal thing for him to do.

After confirming that they had their own defensive forces, only then did Garen truly decide to join this unit. Perhaps it was the other way around. After all, he and Leona were already partners in the same group that had to move together while Boris and the other dragon had rushed over to join them voluntarily.

The group of dragons prepared to check the items that they had brought respectively. There were no Space Dimensional Pockets. Items like that were seized from the humans by the White Dragon Clan. However, they could not use it because they did not possess human Spirit Powers. The Space Equipment would collapse and lose its effectiveness completely if they opened it forcibly. Moreover, the White Dragons like themselves did not have the craftsmen to create these playthings.

They finished checking the map and the various tools and items that they would use in their daily lives. The four Dragon Whelps formed a team and flew towards the mountain valley where according to the map was where the Giant Ice Iguana was located.

They chose to go there during the night to take advantage of the night sky that would make it unlikely for the other creatures to discover them. The distance between the Giant Ice Iguana and the White Dragon Clan was somewhat far. They needed to thread across an even longer distance. Even though there were roads that were cleaned up by White Dragons that frequently came and left, there were still certain Earth Dragons that were scattered everywhere because they were too used to Draconic Auras. Most of these Earth Dragons had low intellect and were very likely to attack Dragon Whelps that were just passing by.

When night came and the purple moonlight was covered by the black night sky, Leona and the group flew straight towards the location that was indicated on the map. There was a long continuous stretch of black forests in a rising and falling mountain range below them. The deep sound of large beasts that were fast asleep could be occasionally heard. There were multiple continuous bursts over a period of time.

Garen flew in the middle of the team. Meanwhile, a young fellow named Saszt flew in front. He was the muscular Dragon Whelp who had followed Boris. This boy's boastful tone was very apparent but he loved following Boris's orders. Meanwhile, Leona flew at the back beside Boris. However, her gaze was always swaying across Garen's body.

Garen had impeccable physical fitness. Moreover, he was more well-proportioned and muscular compared to the average Dragon Whelp. This was a strong but also beautiful combination. It was no wonder Leona was gazing at him so fervently.

Boris and Leona who were beside him had spoken a few times. However, it seemed completely ineffective because it could not prevent her unabashed gaze. He was forced to give up helplessly. Meanwhile, his own gaze that was lingering on Garen became even more unsatisfied.

Garen could not be bothered with these bratty childish matters. He was currently lowering his head and looking down at the vast terrain below.

The pitch-black mountain range rose and fell from higher to lower altitudes continuously. Spots of bright white light that were swaying here and there could be seen occasionally. They floated around endlessly but no one knew what they were.

Drawn-out wolf howls could also be heard now and then from afar.

The group of dragons flew forward for over half an hour. Soon, they could see faint vortex-like phosphorescence that was blinking on one of the higher mountain peaks in front of them. The green phosphorescence formed a gigantic vortex that was spinning on the side of the mountain peak slowly. Under the illumination of the purple moon, it gave off a dreamlike sense of beauty.

"What's that?" asked Saszt softly while flying in front.

"That's the Thunder Snake Clan," answered Boris instantly.

"The Thunder Snake Clan, huh? I've heard my grandfather mention it before," Leona nodded as well. "They're a rare race of living creatures that depend on us for shelter to live. There were Manticores last time as well but it's unfortunate that they've all fled. Currently, there's only one Thunder Snake left."

“It won’t be troublesome if we fly over there, right?” Garen was concerned about the others.

“No, although the dependent relationship has lightened recently during these past few years, it’s unlikely for them to attack us spontaneously,” said Boris logically. He was clearly emulating the attitude of a certain Adult Dragon.

They flew past the Thunder Snake Clan from above. Garen observed the light green phosphorescent vortex. There were numerous moth-like insects inside the vortex that were blinking with light. Light green fluorescence was spreading all over their entire bodies faintly. This phosphorescent vortex was clearly created by these light green moths.

“Come and look quickly. It’s Beyber and the others!” Leona suddenly yelled while pointing towards the distant sky.

“Beyber? Where? I’ll definitely give him a good show after coming out this time!” The moment he heard this name, Boris who was pretending to be calm all this while flared up. He glanced over fiercely in the direction where Leona was pointing before actually seeing a little team of Dragon Whelps that were similarly flying past the borders of the Thunder Snake mountain now.

The fellow that was leading these few Dragon Whelps was named Beyber and he was always fighting with Boris. Neither of them was afraid of the other because they both belonged to the Elder’s bloodline. However, Boris was still slightly weaker in the end because he was beaten up more frequently.

There was a congenital black birthmark patch on Beyber’s right wing. Hence, he was very easily recognizable. He also had an extremely muscular physique.

He had obviously noticed Boris and the others here. He grinned while charging over from afar while faintly harboring some malicious intentions.

“That guy! He’s provoking me!!” Boris burned with rage and positioned himself as if he was about to rush over. However, he was immediately held back tightly by Saszt.

“Don’t, Boris! The swelling on your backside had just subsided so you can’t get hurt again! Our quest will be delayed if you get injured again now!” Saszt clearly did not know what to say to save Boris’s face.

“Saszt!! When have I been unable to defeat that bastard?!”

Boris’s flushed suddenly. This was the first time Garen discovered the states of White Dragons when they blushed.

“It was the day before. You were single-handedly beaten up by Beyber. I saw it with my own eyes. I’m doing this for your own good!!” There was a loyal expression on Saszt’s face while he hugged him closely without loosening his claws at all.

Oh!

When he saw Leona’s surprised gaze that was tinged with faint disdain, Boris was itching to find a crack to burrow through. Saszt’s strength was indeed great. Otherwise, there would have been nothing that he could have said to get this idiot to cooperate with him!

However, it was too late to regret it now.

“Don’t go and suffer another beating! Boris!!” Saszt yelled. Boris and the other dragons who were far away heard him as well. They could not help but roar with laughter.

“Pfft...” Leona could not stop herself from laughing either.

Garen shook his head silently when he saw the face of Boris the dragon that was flushed to the point where it turned purple. Boris knew that the image of himself in Leona’s heart was already completely damaged.

However, he had searched for this partner and encountered him on his own.

Boris raised his head and let out a drawn-out cry. He watched Beyber and the other dragons fly away into the distance while guffawing. As his own strength was insufficient to break free from Saszt, he could only roar madly in grief.

“Let’s go. Stop roaring,” urged Garen.

“That’s right. If there’s something wrong, we’ll go to the Hunting Area and settle it with them there!” Leona could not help but cheer Boris up.

The group of dragons experienced a lot of difficulty in calming down Boris’ emotions after encountering this minor incident. Boris scolded Saszt angrily before continuing to fly towards the Hunting Area listlessly.

Along the way, they passed through a little grey human campsite that was below them. Numerous human warriors walked in and out of the tents at times and they could even occasionally see a Wizard walking out of the tents.

“Those are the powerhouses of the Deladia Empire’s alliance. They’ve already united with our White Dragon Clan to form an alliance of Wizards.”

Boris was the one who explained. Since Garen did not laugh at him earlier, he had revised his impression of him and viewed him in a much better light now.

“Powerhouses of the alliance? How was the alliance act formed?” asked Garen.

“Rumor has it that it was formed through the dragon race’s Alliance Oath Spell. They pay us compensation so we respond when they summon us and come forward to support them. These Summoning Spells are unique. However, they’re only suitable for Adult White Dragons. We are currently not qualified yet,” Boris shook his head.

“Are these summon-type spells? I’ve heard that summon-type spells can be used to summon doors to other worlds where we can hunt down powerful creatures from different space-time dimensions to either enslave or engage in combat with them, is that so?” Garen did not have the information from the relevant books. Instead, he could faintly remember these contents from his inherited memories.

“Yes, it’s like that. Spells like these are listed in the stack of books that my grandfather collected. However, certain editions are incomplete. Since they weren’t very useful towards us White Dragons, no one really valued them highly. Many of these books were accidentally ruined because they weren’t preserved or taken care of properly,” said Leona regretfully. “Why? Do you want to learn Summoning Spells, Garen? If you wanted to do that, we might as well enslave the subordinate Earth Dragons and Dragon Beasts. We’d probably need at least Level Five or Level Six Summoning Spells to summon creatures like Dragon Beasts. It wouldn’t be that useful.”

“That’s true as well,” Garen nodded understandably. Actually, he was merely planning to try and see if he could open his initial main door to the Space-Time Universe. However, when he thought about the terrifyingly powerful beings that existed when he Transmigrated to this world, he knew in his heart that this was highly unlikely. The desire for mere advanced level Spellcrafting to achieve such a high degree was a wild fantasy indeed.

“My grandfather has dispatched two Dragon Guards to assist Deladia with defending the Wizard Tower. He can probably obtain complete Spellcrafting information in exchange. However, it will probably be very expensive. If you want it, you can go and contact those two ‘big brother’ Dragon Guards,” said Leona quietly.

“Yes, I know. Thank you very much,” Garen made a mental note.

Chapter 1262: Giant Iguana 2

When the group of Dragons passed through the human campsite below them from above, there were people on the ground who raised their heads and stared. However, they did not display any frightened looks because they were clearly used to this.

The Dragon Whelps’ hunting period was limited to one month. Therefore, numerous Dragon Whelps had obviously passed through this area already within the past few days.

They continued flying forward before a vast white snowy peak appeared in the distance. The top was covered in white snow while the bottom part was a long stretch of the light green and yellow mountain body. The entire snowy peak was unusually pure which gave off a simple and clean atmosphere.

The sun had currently exposed its head in the east slowly. It illuminated a large part of the sky while the halo of the purple moon was gradually covered by it.

Leona and the group of Dragon Whelps arranged themselves in a square formation while flying straight towards the snowy peak. The morning sunlight reflected across their bodies and illuminated faint golden-red glows.

A flock of gigantic wild geese swept past them from below at high speed. These wild geese were Level Two creatures that seemed as though they had sensed the auras of the Dragon Whelps. Hence, they accelerated suddenly and fled speedily.

In the wild, other than Earth Dragons, Dragon Beasts, and a few other advanced level creatures, most of the other creatures were not rivals of the Dragon Whelps.

“This is the Hunting Area. We’ve already arrived at the Fiery Blaze Mountain Range. Be careful, everyone. We’re not the only ones here. We may also encounter some advanced level Demonic Beasts nearby who came to hunt as well,” Boris reminded them loudly.

Garen flew in the middle of the team. He lowered his head and looked downwards. He could see a few little people who were moving slowly in the forest from afar. They seemed as if they were stumbling terribly.

As flying creatures, White Dragons naturally possessed extremely powerful sight. He narrowed his pupils quickly and stared below before noticing that the sparse black dots in the dark parts of the forest were actually humans that were walking slowly.

They wore tattered clothes and their faces were dull while their skin was dark purple. They were clearly not living people but they shared one characteristic with them.

That similar quality was their abdomens. All of their internal organs were clearly displayed in a manner that allowed people to see the black intestines and other organs that were coiled up inside. Their organs were wrapped up by a transparent membrane layer.

“Those are Walking Corpses. They’re monsters that were naturally produced by the poisonous gas here and their remaining energy before they died,” explained Boris in a quiet voice while approaching Garen.

“Walking Corpses?” Garen glanced at him briefly. This fellow’s posture seemed to indicate that he wanted to get closer to Garen.

“That’s right, they can’t be fully killed and they can revive themselves quickly after dying. Too many of the corpses in this forest were preserved in these zombified states because of the poisonous gas. Therefore, they couldn’t rot at all,” Boris nodded. He turned around and glanced at Leona once he had finished speaking. “It seems like you dislike Leona, huh?” he asked in a very quiet voice.

“Why would I want to like her?” asked Garen in response. Despite being rather smart, this fellow could only tell that he did not like Leona now... Weren’t his actions obvious enough?

Boris’s mood improved instantly. He patted Garen’s shoulder.

“If there’s anything that you need help with, you can come and look for either me or Saszt.”

“Just don’t come and bother me,” replied Garen indifferently.

Boris’s next words were suddenly caught in his mouth before his face began to turn red again at once...

Garen could not be bothered to save Boris’s face.

All the Adult Dragons of the White Dragon Clan were selfish. Within a short while, Dragon Whelps would be chased out of the nest and forced to become independent on their own. The affections between them were very apathetic and they only respected and paid attention to power. Adult White Dragons could not interfere in the matters regarding the nurturing of Dragon Whelps. Those who did would be naturally eliminated.

Therefore, acting in a perfunctory manner towards Boris was unimportant to him.

“Alright... Alright...” Boris tried his best to swallow his anger. “The Hunting Area is at the snowy peak in front. As the main attackers, you and Saszt will move forward and fight in a little while. No problem, right? Leona and I will perform long-range attacks.”

“Okay.” Garen had no qualms about this. He wanted to briefly observe the Ice Iguana first anyway.

The group of Dragon Whelps flew into the mountain range where the snowy peak was located quickly. Numerous shrouds of strong and weak densely-packed auras were constantly permeating and spreading throughout the inside of this area. Some of them soared into the sky as they were unimaginably powerful.

When they looked over from afar, they could easily see more than ten Giant Ice Iguanas of various sizes that were moving and strolling around in the snow. These creatures had low intelligence but possessed powerful physical bodies and Spirit Power. Their flesh also possessed extremely strong fertility increment functions.

Giant Ice Iguanas possessed four muscular legs. Their entire bodies were greyish-black but were wrapped in a layer of powdery snowy white dust on the outside. They looked like enlarged versions of lizards that were dragging long tails.

The only difference between them and the lizards was the dark blue notch in the middle of their foreheads.

The smallest of these Giant Ice Iguanas was as tall as an adult human. It was normal for the length of its body to be anywhere from five to eight meters long. At a glance, Garen could see that the largest one was a “super” Giant Iguana that was at least fifteen meters long. These Giant Iguanas had bodies that were fully dark green and covered in coarse scales. Their heads were surrounded by a circle of black-green fins. The shrouds of tyrannical auras were released by them.

The Dragon Whelps’ vision greatly surpassed that of the Giant Ice Iguanas. Therefore, they could see the other party while the Giant Ice Iguanas were unable to see them.

“The visions of Giant Ice Iguanas can only reach more than ten meters. Moreover, it’s very blurry as well. They use smells to detect their enemies. Thus, we have to be careful.” Boris was well-prepared with all kinds of information.

“I’ll go down and check it out first!” Saszt charged downwards alone before waiting for his instructions. He was aiming precisely at the smallest Giant Iguana.

He had just approached a range of fewer than twenty meters away. However, the Giant Iguana was already prepared. It swung its grey-black tail violently and drew it towards Saszt to counter him.

Saszt did not withdraw at all either. Since his strength was his advantage, he did not dodge at all but lowered his head firmly and struck it instead.

Bang!

The powdery snow on the snow-covered ground flew upwards before being scattered everywhere. Meanwhile, Saszt actually resisted the Giant Iguana’s swinging tail determinedly.

This was a smaller-sized Giant Iguana that was only five meters long but as tall as a human. Nonetheless, they were already considered as big guys to these Dragon Whelps. Although the intelligence levels of Giant Ice Iguanas were not impressive, they were indeed large and would not simply yield to the Dragon Race.

Saszt’s mind relaxed immediately after he had probed and discovered the upper limit of his opponent’s strength. Then, he fought and grappled with the Giant Iguana. He used his claws to attempt to scratch the Giant Iguana’s neck with all his might. Meanwhile, the Giant Iguana had wound its tongue around Saszt’s neck desperately which made it impossible for him to move forward at all.

Both of them rolled around on the snowy ground.

Leona and Boris who were watching covered their faces unconsciously and remained silent.

“He’s forgotten everything that we learned in the Combat Course...” said Boris helplessly.

Garen stood on the side and watched for a while. It did not seem like Saszt was in any danger because this little Giant Iguana had clearly come out to hunt alone which made it less risky for Saszt. Its strength was almost on par with Saszt at about nineteen points, more or less.

“Garen, go forward and help him!” Boris yelled.

Garen had no choice but to step forward. He aimed precisely for the Giant Iguana’s neck and prepared to hurt it before using his claw.

There was a banging noise.

The bone of the Giant Iguana’s neck broke off precisely when it was struck. Garen did not even have to waste a sliver of additional strength before the creature was instantly killed by him.

When the same strength was used by a person who had undergone training and one who had yet to experience those same exercises, the difference between the combat powers of those two individuals was actually very great.

Garen and Saszt were both Level Four Dragon Whelps. They possessed the same types of various Dragon Whelp abilities but Garen’s were stronger than Saszt’s in more ways than one.

Boris and Leona also felt that Garen’s previous clawing motion was very beautiful. However, they were unable to see the entire situation earlier. Therefore, they merely felt that Garen was able to solve this battle instantly because Saszt was already coiled around the Giant Iguana. They did not think that it was significantly amazing because they could have definitely done it themselves as well.

Saszt only crawled out from under the Giant Iguana’s belly while panting after the creature was finished off.

“You should’ve came earlier. That scared me. That fellow’s tongue was harder than the scales of the Elders, even to me. If any other dragon had been in my place, they would have been strangled and killed by him at the very first instance!!” Saszt could not help but start boasting after only saying a few words.

Garen shrugged because he could not be bothered with saying much.

“Alright, stop wasting time. Dig out its eyes and Crystal Core quickly because the smell of its blood will attract other creatures over,” Boris had a learned look on his face. As an old scholar of the Nurturing Center, this was naturally not his first hunt.

The four dragons gouged out the items and left quickly. Not long after, they could hear a weird croaking noise echoing behind them faintly. It seemed as though a strange creature had discovered the corpse.

Leona placed the eyeballs and Crystal Core into a little oval shaped can that she had brought.

“This is a preservation bottle that ensures that it won’t go bad for a short period of time. It can maintain its freshness for a period of two months and is excellent to be used during quests.”

After that, they encountered another Giant Iguana. It was slightly bigger than the previous one but not to a large extent. It had yet to break through to Level Four.

Compared to the previous Giant Iguana, this one was clearly more vigilant. It released its protective Ice Armor and covered its body immediately after seeing them. It formed a large sparkling white translucent armor instantly that protected the front half of its body. However, the back half of its body was not shielded. Nonetheless, since the Giant Iguana’s turning speed was very fast, there was clearly not a possibility that it would give Garen and the other dragons a chance to attack its tail.

Without wasting any time, Saszt charged forward and continued attacking. Since he had already said so earlier, Garen rushed forward as well.

This time, this Giant Iguana’s strength was much greater than the previous one. The Giant Iguana moved its head forward and attempted to collide it against the two dragons violently.

Garen moved aside but Saszt was unable to dodge it at all. His wing was scratched before an additional cut appeared in his scales suddenly.

“We’ll lift it together,” said Garen loudly. He had yet to display his 21 points of strength but had merely exhibited 19 points of strength which were at the same level as Saszt. He did this to avoid bringing attention to himself.

“Alright.”

Both dragons had just agreed before the Giant Iguana retracted its tail and swung it at them again.

The dull whooshing noise of wind could be heard when its tail fanned out a clearly twisted airstream that whipped towards the two dragons.

Saszt used all his strength to arch forward while Garen lifted both of his claws forward.

Bang!

They blocked it steadily!

The combined strength of both dragons was greater than the Giant Iguana’s strength. The Giant Iguana roared. It lowered its head and opened its mouth before its red tongue wound itself around Saszt while its tail swung itself towards Garen for the third time.

“Dragonfire Spell!”

At the moment, Leona roared loudly behind them.

Flames that were shaped like a single dragon exploded from her claws. They were accompanied by countless red stars that flew down and struck the Giant Iguana’s tail rapidly.

It appeared that both Leona and Boris had circled the Giant Iguana and arrived behind at its backside suddenly.

This was the combat tactic that they were referring to earlier.

The Giant Iguana's Ice Armor could only protect the top half of its body while its lower half was at a loss. Hence, it was much easier for the dragons when they used one of their stronger members to attract the Giant Iguana's attention while the others attacked it from behind.

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The red Dragonfire Spell crashed against the bottom half of the Giant Iguana's tail violently. The surrounding icy snow-covered ground melted while water vapor rose and turned into shrouds of white mist that diffused everywhere.

Garen and Saszt stepped backward frantically before hearing a pained yell immediately. The Giant Iguana in front of them finally burst forth in a frantic struggle. It released all of its strength and rolled on the snowy ground with all of its might.

However, the Dragonfire Spell was a Level Five Spell and could not be easily extinguished. The spell stuck to the bottom half of the Giant Iguana's tail determinedly like a maggot in a skeleton. It burned endlessly before the scent of flesh could be faintly smelled in the air where it was wafting.

Garen and Saszt took a few more steps backward hurriedly.

They could gradually see that the Giant Iguana's endless struggles had slowed down more and more. Finally, there was a brief banging noise when it crashed on the ground. Its entire body was burnt black which made it somewhat impossible to see its initial state.

"Tch tch, what great power! This is truly Level Five Spellcraft!" Saszt praised. He stepped forward and shifted it slowly while trying to see its entire burnt state.

“Don’t burn the Crystal Core and eyeballs.” He was slightly worried.

“The eyeballs certainly can’t be used anymore,” answered Boris helplessly. “Fortunately, it’s less likely that the Crystal Core will be so easily burnt and destroyed. The Crystal Core won’t be damaged so easily because it’s located in the hardest part of the Demonic Beast’s body.”

Garen followed him and walked over as well. He suddenly felt a large shroud of burning air currents surging towards his face in a slightly scorching manner. Luckily, the Dragonfire Spell would extinguish once the Giant Iguana had died.

He turned the Giant Iguana’s corpse over gently before quickly finding the Crystal Core in the Giant Iguana’s forehead that was about to be burned soon.

“Such high temperatures.” His own body temperature would maintain itself at around less than negative twenty degrees at all times. Hence, a shroud of white gas drifted out faintly when he touched the Crystal Core.

“How’s the Crystal Core? Garen?” asked Leona and Boris loudly when they rushed over from behind him.

“Yes, how’s the Crystal Core? Since this Giant Iguana was so fierce, I’m sure that the Crystal Core would be better.”

They walked closer towards Garen but saw that he was standing before the Giant Iguana alone and looking somewhat dazed.

“Garen?” Leona reached her claw out and shook it in front of his face.

“Uhh, I’m fine. I was just spacing out.” Garen returned to his senses. A hint of a sincere smile that came from his heart appeared on his face.

“Spacing out? You were spacing out even when you were collecting your spoils of war?” Leona could not understand him.

However, when she saw the Crystal Core, that round pale blue crystal that was already slightly blackened from the smoke in Garen’s hand, her attention was immediately shifted over there.

“Haha, we got another one. It’s actually much better than the previous one that we got in front too.”

The three Dragon Whelps gathered together and began celebrating joyfully.

After Garen had given them the Crystal Core, he walked towards the side and continued pondering on his own as if he had encountered an issue.

The issue that he had just discovered was actually an unexpected pleasant surprise.

The Crystal Core that was obtained from the Giant Iguana actually gave him a few slivers of potential aura.

It was not Soul Energy but merely potential energy that was similar to what he had experienced in the Totem World previously. The Giant Iguana’s Crystal Core clearly possessed the ability to increase his potential value.

His potential value had already increased by 1% when he was absorbing it previously within a short span of time. If he had finished absorbing the Crystal Core fully and obtained another three of these Crystal Cores of the same level, he would receive an additional Attribute Point.

“This is an unexpected surprise. I initially assumed that I could only accumulate it slowly throughout a long period of time, but now I see that I can walk on another path.”

However, this was considered normal when he thought about it. After all, the laws of this world were far more entirely comprehensive in comparison to the previous worlds that he had experienced. The presence of sightings from the Totem World that appeared here were normal as well.

“The Crystal Core and eyeballs are the two most important parts of a Giant Iguana. I don’t think that they would agree if I wanted to divide the Crystal Core on my own. The best method would be to go at it alone.” An idea formed in Garen’s mind. He was uncertain of his own position now. However, Level Four Giant Iguanas would probably not be an issue.

In the Fiery Blaze Mountain Range, Level Four Giant Iguanas were simply as abundant as ants in an anthill. There were everywhere and as long as you did not go to the densest areas, you would usually not encounter Level Five Giant Iguanas or even Level Six Elder Giant Iguanas.

Once the group of Dragon Whelps had kept their belongings, they continued on their journey and found another Level Four Giant Iguana. They used the same attack method and killed another one easily.

Since Boris’s Dragonfire Spell was the only one that could quickly injure and kill Giant Iguanas while Leona’s Enchantment was not the killing or wounding type but the healing kind instead, the group was forced to stop here temporarily. As the Dragonfire Spell could only be used three times a day, they decided to leave the last use in case they needed to defend themselves at any time.

Fiery Blaze Mountain Range was a long continuous mountain range that resembled a centipede. They were currently at the “tail” part of the “centipede”. If they walked forward, they would easily encounter many more Giant Iguanas. The Giant Ice Iguanas that could be seriously handled by the White Dragon Clan’s hunting formations were naturally not lacking in strength. The lowest leveled Giant Iguanas were Level Four at least. It was rumored that there were also beings that possessed higher intelligence among the Elder Giant Iguanas. The powers of these existences were unknown but their higher intelligence levels meant that they could find various other practice methods to improve themselves.

Once the group of Dragon Whelps had finished their work, they began looking for a place where to could set up camp and hide.

They had already entered the deeper part of the mountain range to hunt. As they would probably require a longer period of time if they were to leave and go outside again now, it was better for them to find a good cave to rest temporarily. In order to complete their quest this time, each Dragon Whelp needed to hunt five Level Four Giant Iguanas and obtain either their Crystal Cores or eyeballs. They could also acquire the Crystal Cores of two Level Five Giant Iguanas instead.

Since they had currently obtained the Crystal Cores of three Level Four Giant Iguanas upon entering this area, they had already completed the quest of one Dragon Whelp.

Moreover, they were fortunate to not have encountered the disturbances of any other Giant Iguanas when they were hunting.

They found a random place in a corner before the four Dragon Whelps dug a hole and burrowed inside it quickly. Next, they sealed the cave to prevent their auras from leaking out and attracting other high leveled Giant Iguanas. It was important to note that if they were hunting Giant Iguanas, the Giant Iguanas themselves would hunt them as well if they encountered them.

Inside the hole, Garen sat in one place alone while quietly eating the Giant Iguana's flesh that was roasted and cooked-through. This was a better piece of breast meat that they had randomly sliced off earlier. They had kept it as food supplies.

"This location is not bad. It's more secluded because it's at the bottom of a snowy cliff. Moreover, this place can be our temporary base because it's below a wind gap." Boris was relatively more experienced than the others.

The Dragon Whelps' mutual body temperatures caused the temperature of the entire cave to stabilize at around negative twenty degrees.

Leona stood on one side and continuously flipped the Crystal Core and eyeballs that they had obtained in her hand while not worrying that they were dirty. Instead, there was a greedy look on her face.

Meanwhile, Saszt was constantly replaying the events of the daytime battle in his head. He appeared more confident once he had fused these memories with the Giant Iguana's weaknesses that his tutor had mentioned previously.

It was currently already night-time outside now. The wind and snow mingled while the sound of violent whistling could be heard outside through the cave's ventilation hole.

"I'm going out for a while," Garen got up and walked towards the outside of the cave.

"Where are you going to go when it's already so late, Garen?" asked Leona frantically. During the daytime, Garen's performance was merely strictly according to the rules and not as excellent as she had

imagined. Meanwhile, the Dragonfire Spell in Boris's hand was excessively powerful. He could kill one Giant Iguana with each attack, rendering them completely helpless. This caused her attention to be mainly focused on Boris now.

"I'm going to make a few rounds in our surroundings. Don't worry, all of you should rest first. I'm just going to take a walk because I can't sleep," Garen answered flatly.

"It's very dangerous at night," said Boris in a concerned manner.

"It's fine." Garen had already started to push open the camouflaged snow wall as he spoke. He burrowed out of the hole in the snow that he had spread open. Next, he quickly resealed and restuffed the stone wall that was used as a door.

During the night, the natural purple moon had cast a hazy purple halo that penetrated through the snowstorm.

An abundance of snowflakes that were only the size of fingernails cascaded down sideways when they were blown by the wind. They fell on Garen's body and face and allowed him to clearly feel their fine striking strength.

He turned around his surroundings. He was currently standing at the foot of one of the cliffs. There was nothing but a stretch of pure whiteness before him. He could only see a distance of more than ten meters. Despite the illumination of the purple moon's halo and the natural Darkvision that White Dragons possessed, he could only see darkness any further than that.

He had merely stood at the cave entrance for less than half a minute but he could already feel both of his legs sinking downwards slightly. A part of his legs was already submerged in the falling snowflakes.

"Weather like this is advantageous to Giant Iguanas. No wonder they've lived here permanently throughout the years. It's fine when there aren't any snowstorms during the day. Nonetheless, the current night-time period is probably the time when they're most active."

Garen lifted his legs and walked forward gently one step at a time. He walked towards the flat area within the Fiery Blaze Mountain Range according to the directions in his memory.

Under this heavy snow, every single trace of battle such as the corpses and skeletons that remained would quickly be buried in the whirling snowstorm.

Garen did not dare to fly at all. Flying in this sort of weather where he could not see his way clearly would cause him to lose his sense of direction. It was the same everywhere. In the event that he fell headfirst into a herd of Giant Iguanas...

He could only inch his way forward while stepping in both deep and shallow areas. He orientated himself in one precise direction. He was too afraid to change his direction rashly because it was likely that he would lose his way back.

An enormous silhouette appeared in the whistling snowstorm quickly.

A Giant Iguana!

Garen focused and held his breath suddenly before lightening his footsteps.

He had never attempted to challenge a Level Four Giant Iguana on his own. Coincidentally, it was time for him to try it now.

The Giant Iguana had clearly noticed him earlier. The surface of its entire body was already covered in the Ice Armor in advance. This was a Level Four Innate Spell that possessed above-average defensive abilities.

Pfoo, pfoo, pfoo!

The Giant Iguana charged towards Garen directly in a somewhat annoyed manner.

The most common attack moves of these creatures included swaying their tails, headbutts, and biting or tearing. Coupled with their extremely thick armored skin and Innate Spells, these three moves were enough to render most middle-level creatures helpless.

Garen stared at the Giant Iguana carefully. His experience during the daytime battle had already allowed him to understand the Level Four Giant Iguana's data more thoroughly.

"Since its speed is around fourteen points, I can dodge it easily. Its strength should be somewhere between nineteen to twenty-five points."

He watched the Giant Iguana charge directly at himself. He could not block the impulse of this charging approach even if their strength was the same.

He shook his wings rapidly and swerved towards the right.

However, the Giant Iguana's tail twisted towards him head-on immediately. The combo moves that this creature was accustomed to using was occurring again.

Garen lowered his body. Since he was as agile as a human, he could easily evade the violent tail that was whipping towards him.

This Giant Iguana's body was almost seven meters long and it was not lacking in strength. From the sound of the whistling wind that blew past his face, Garen guessed that his opponent's strength was at least twenty-two points.

"It's unfortunate that its speed is too slow." Garen rushed forwards once he had evaded its tail. Coincidentally, there was a gap in the Giant Iguana's defenses at that moment when it was unable to turn around and attack in time. Garen clawed the Giant Iguana's backside then.

The strength of his claw and the Giant Iguana's own power were not much different but his own speed was much quicker. As the average Dragon Whelp could surpass the speed of this Giant Iguana, there was no way for it to hide at all.

Garen stabbed his claw into the Giant Iguana's backside violently.

An intense earth-shattering pained roar erupted.

Garen could only hear a thunderous noise in his ears instantly when he tried to remove his claw determinedly.

The tail swished back and forth and thrashed towards him at this moment.

It would simply be a joke if Garen were to be hit by this straightforward attack method.

He shook his wings gently and flew upwards before evading the creature's tail easily once again. Once he had reached this level, unless the difference between the attributes of both parties was far too great, opponents that did not possess close combat grades or realms that were strong enough could never defeat Garen directly.

The Giant Iguana's body was seven to eight meters long while Garen's current Dragon Whelp self had only matured to a petite body of more than a meter long. Since he could not endure too many strikes, he had to be extra careful.

Chapter 1264

Shh!

Garen struck the Giant Iguana's backside with his claw again.

As the top half of this Giant Iguana's body was covered by an Ice Armor, Garen would need to attack one area at least two to three times continuously before he could break its defenses. However, this was not the case for its buttocks and the areas behind.

The Giant Iguana's cumbersome body made it more troublesome for him to turn towards Garen. Garen managed to successfully strike him multiple times continuously as he attacked its backside.

Red blood flowed out of its buttocks continuously and trickled on the snow-covered ground before it froze into ice speedily.

The Giant Iguana's pained roars became quieter while the movements of its entire body began slowing down gradually as well.

Finally, after over ten minutes, the Level Four Giant Iguana lowered its head and smashed it against the ground when it was completely exhausted. It could only sigh while crawling on the ground. The Ice Armor on its body scattered.

Garen walked over and smashed his claw against the creature's forehead. Since it did not break open completely the first time, he replenished his energy briefly before scratching and cracking the surface armor and sticking his claw inside to dig out the Crystal Core. Next, he used both of his claws to gouge out its eyeballs quickly.

The eyeballs froze into balls quickly once they had left the Giant Iguana's body. Moreover, these eyeballs would only last for a maximum duration of ten days without a specialized storage method.

"This wasn't as simple as when we had Boris' Dragonfire Spell." Garen only felt the true power of the Dragonfire Spell now because it could destroy a Giant Iguana instantly.

He took the Crystal Core and felt it carefully. Indeed, he could actually feel the subtle potential aura that was constantly seeping out of the Crystal Core and burrowing into his skin. The potential value at the bottom of his field of vision was also beginning to increase slowly.

"I need to carry this with me at all times." He rubbed the Crystal Core against the powdery snow and got rid of the traces of blood. However, he became dispirited instantly when he remembered that White Dragons were not accustomed to wearing clothes and had no way of carrying many items. The important items that they carried with them this time were placed in the large leather sack that Leona wore on her body.

"This is somewhat troublesome..." He pondered and simply threw it into his mouth. There was a cracking noise when his teeth clenched down firmly on the Crystal Core and broke it into pieces. Moreover, he had almost damaged his teeth instead as well.

"So hard!" Level Four Crystal Cores were already so hard. If this were a Level Five Crystal Core, he would not have been able to bite it at all.

"It's truly troublesome." Garen could feel the broken pieces of the Crystal Core that he had bitten. The potential value inside was currently surging into his body rapidly while his mind was slightly consoled.

However, he could feel his teeth faintly cracking. He would certainly not do this again next time.

He thought that this would not be an issue because he had assumed that a dragon's teeth were the strongest parts of their bodies. He had never expected that they would break into pieces instead. Therefore, these were not minor losses.

He swallowed the Crystal Core in one mouthful. Garen glanced at the corpse on the ground before continuing to move forward.

Another black silhouette appeared in front of him quickly. One more Giant Iguana had appeared. However, this Giant Iguana was clearly much larger than the previous one. It was over ten meters long. A disdainful look flowed out of the Giant Iguana's eyes when it saw that Garen was tiny in comparison.

Garen's heart tightened before he retreated hurriedly.

"This excellent fellow... is definitely Level Five!" Its body was incomparable to a mere Level Four.

However, this Giant Iguana was clearly not prepared to let him go. Its body that was twelve meters long could apparently run at a speed that was faster than the previous Giant Iguana. The trampling of its four heavy limbs kicked up large amounts of snow.

By looking at its strength, Garen knew that his opponent was definitely more powerful than himself.

"I can't fight recklessly!" He shook his wings and dodged towards the left.

Whoosh!

Suddenly, a grey shadow swept over violently. The speed of this fellow's tail was at least three times faster than the previous Giant Iguana.

Garen was terribly shocked and hit until he could not react in time. The Giant Iguanas that he had encountered in the daytime could hardly move their tails this quickly.

Bang!

His inaccurate estimation of his enemy's speed caused him to be violently struck by its swaying tail.

Garen could only feel as if his entire body was painfully hit by the front of a train before his whole dragon body flew backward instantly like a rubber ball. Cracking noises echoed from his body immediately, indicating an unknown number of broken bones.

Its possessed at least twenty-three points of strength! Moreover, its speed was terribly fast!

Garen's mind was in a state of shock. How would he fight it?

He endured the pain and flapped his wings while flying towards his right swiftly.

He recalled all of the various skills that he possessed. Most of them were unusable because they were restricted by certain laws while the few types that were usable were mostly used by human bodies. Therefore, it was impossible for him to use them with his current White Dragon body. The only one that he could employ was a set of attack and one-hit kill moves that he had reformed with much difficulty during the past duration of time.

"I haven't tried out its effects yet so this is a good opportunity to test it out." When he was hit this time, Garen exhausted a lot of his energy in order to use the appropriate defenses. However, since his own strength was great as well, he did not lose any mobility.

Any other Dragon Whelp that had been in his place would probably be useless at this moment.

After flying more than ten meters away, Garen relied on flapping his wings to buffer the unloaded strength. When he descended once again, he could see that the Giant Iguana was continuing to charge towards him.

The speed of this fellow's tail was faster than usual. Moreover, it had currently surpassed him terribly. As he could not see clearly at all, Garen was constantly vigilant about the whipping tail.

Ice Pressure Blade.

Garen crouched down suddenly while raising both of his claws upwards. His body coincidentally burrowed into the uncovered space near the Giant Iguana's abdomen while his sharp claws scratched precisely and dangerously across the Giant Iguana's abdomen firmly.

The Giant Iguana could not swing its tail towards this area no matter how hard it tried.

Garen's claws vibrated at top speed endlessly. He used a strange frequency to adjust his fine arc before slicing the grain of the Giant Iguana's abdominal armored skin.

Shh!

The slicing motion made a single noise.

The Giant Iguana let out a frenzied, pained roar. It accelerated and charged forward but ended up helping Garen increase his friction and cutting strength.

A crashing noise erupted before a large cut appeared at the back of its abdomen when it was sliced open immediately. The areas that were covered by the Ice Armor were only inflicted with damage on the armor itself. However, a huge wound that was over three meters long had appeared white-grey in his white-grey stomach near its abdomen that was not covered by the Ice Armor.

Garen rolled away from the side of the Giant Iguana's body. Since the Giant Iguana was chaotically whipping its tail around in pain this time, there was no way for it to determine the direction that Garen had rolled towards.

Garen had just rolled away and had yet to get up from the snow-covered ground when he heard a fierce quake that was spreading out furiously in the direction of the Giant Iguana.

Bang!!

Large amounts of powdery snow were formed into a substantial shock wave that was sent flying because of the vibrations. This affected Garen as well who flew away when he was mixed in the snow.

He could not help but spit out a mouthful of blood in mid-air.

The four limbs of the Level Five Giant Iguana stomped on the ground violently and formed intense shock waves. These ripples were not force field ripples but were closer to elemental attacks.

“Level Five’s Earthquake...” Garen recalled the Giant Iguana’s skill. He had never expected that its power would be so great. However, it was useless now. Even if he had known about this skill earlier, he would still have to resist it firmly now. Regardless of how he dodged it, the only way that he could fully counter this Earthquake skill was to immediately fill the space around the skill user within a ten-meter radius with this type of low-frequency violent vibration waves.

Garen was badly injured now.

He had never expected that one Level Five Giant Iguana would be so difficult to handle.

However, the other party had belittled him as well. If his opponent had attacked at full throttle from the start and whipped its tail to increase its Earthquake skill directly, Garen would not have stood a single chance. He could have only fled with critical injuries then.

Hence, it was different now.

Garen flapped his wings determinedly and stayed far away from the Giant Iguana. Although he was badly injured, he exerted his legs and wings simultaneously. The Giant Iguana could not catch up to his speed.

Moreover, the key point was that the Giant Iguana’s belly was sliced open while its intestines had spilled on the ground. Since its intelligence was somewhat lower and it was provoked to the point of blind fury, it simply murderously pursued Garen with all of its might. Meanwhile, it trampled all over its own

intestines on the ground and smashed them into a pulp. More of its blood flowed out before the surrounding snowy ground was completely dyed red by its blood.

The dragon and Giant Iguana chased each other for several minutes before the Giant Iguana finally collapsed on the ground and stopped moving completely.

Its gigantic body lurched forward because of the drive before it dragged out a clear mark behind it.

Garen's entire body was covered in wounds while an unknown number of bones in his body were broken.

His vitality was only slightly stronger than the average Dragon Whelps but his upgraded strength was more significant than that. However, even if this was the case, he could barely break through the Giant Iguana's skin when he fused his strength with the Ice Pressure Blade skill. Hence, the difference between their power was far too great.

If this Giant Iguana had not been careless, it would probably be impossible for Garen to kill it even if he wanted to do so.

When he saw the Giant Iguana collapse, he dragged his own heavily injured body over and rushed there frantically.

He could already faintly hear the sound of the movements of other Giant Iguanas that indicated that they were approaching despite the surrounding snowstorm.

"I must hurry or else the spoils of battle may not necessarily be mine." Garen ran over quickly before digging his claw into the Giant Iguana's forehead firmly.

There was a puffing noise when his claw was apparently unable to break through its defenses but was only able to inflict a small wound instead.

The sound of footsteps around him indicated that they were closer now. Garen became slightly more panicked and clawed at it firmly again.

The little wound instantly expanded slightly before the white skull underneath was revealed.

However, the Giant Iguana was not completely dead yet. It let out a pained roar again but it was much weaker this time.

Roar!

Suddenly, within a distance that was very near, another similar Giant Iguana's roar echoed in response. The sound of footsteps that were coming from many others that were approaching around it stopped suddenly. They were clearly deterred by this low roar.

By listening to the noise that indicated the weight of the creature, Garen could immediately determine that the approaching Giant Iguana that had roared earlier would definitely not be weaker than the fellow that he had just gotten rid of painstakingly.

There would be no time left if he did not leave now!

He clawed at it furiously one last time before smashing its skull open. He dug the Crystal Core out with the smashed bones as well.

He turned around and fled before he could even take the eyeballs in time. He flapped his wings and flew off immediately.

At this moment, a tail that was as quick as lightning whipped behind him hurriedly. Despite clearly being unable to reach him because of the distance, the gigantic tail actually managed to sweep up a large patch of snow.

The snow crashed towards Garen in an earth-shattering manner as if it was a steel whip when it was acted upon by the tremendous force.

The Ice Pressure Blade that Garen had only recently learned was supposed to increase the attack abilities of his claws. However, it was useless in the defensive aspects.

He could only resist firmly.

Pfoo...

A large amount of snow fell on his body violently.

Garen could only feel as if his entire body was being pierced by needles before his whole dragon body was sent flying backward brutally. He did not know how far he rolled. He rolled and flew dizzily in the snowstorm in mid-air for more than ten seconds before dropping on the ground quickly.

It seemed as though he was directly flung on to the top of a cliff by the tail. The end of the cliff was in front of him while a boundless dark snowstorm was on the other side.

Garen held the Crystal Core determinedly before looking at his own state briefly. He laughed bitterly at once.

The situation was somewhat tragic now.

'Safive — Strength 21(5), Agility 15(4), Vitality 11(4), Intelligence 17. Potential 48%. Soul Limit 170'

Level 1 Draconic Aura. Level 1 Arcane Art Basics.

All of his attributes had deteriorated to these temporary states and were almost weaker by one level.

"Now I'll just have to see if this Level Five Crystal Core was worth this risk or not." Garen only felt the dangers of the Fiery Blaze Mountain Range now. No wonder the Adult White Dragons gave Leona and Boris Level Five Enchanted Equipment and were very uneasy this whole time. They also made it compulsory for them to form groups.

When he looked at it now, if he had formed a group and made sure that all of the other Dragon Whelps were of the same standard as himself, he might have been able to barely challenge the Level Five Giant Iguana. However, the movements of battle would bring numerous uncertain dangers. Just like earlier...

Chapter 1265: Opportunity 1

He had attracted a similar Level Five Giant Iguana immediately. If he had left slightly later, he would probably lose all hope of seeing the sun tomorrow.

Garen laid his back on the icy floor. The pain was coursing throughout his entire body. These injuries would probably take a few days to heal.

He pinched the Level Five Crystal Core and placed it in front of himself to take a look.

The subtle potential aura was currently surging outwards continuously and burrowing into his skin.

“According to this speed, I probably need three days before I can absorb the potential aura inside completely. The total amount is probably equivalent to one attribute point or a potential value of 100%.” Garen made these calculations mentally.

Since his Energy Machine Imprint had collapsed, he could only perform calculations on his own. Reconstructing the Energy Machine would require a rebuilding period which made it very troublesome. It was fortunate that this world could contain a type of strength such as Willpower.

Aside from Willpower, there were other types of Secret Technique strength that could be contained as well. However, the strength of most Secret Techniques was indeed slightly weaker in comparison to the grades of the forces in this world. Moreover, he did not come here this time to reconstruct his Secret Technique but to discover the reason behind the Depletion of the Mother Stream. If it was possible, he did not want to die with the Mother Stream. On the contrary, he wanted to alter the other systems instead.

He rested on the ice for a few minutes. Garen felt his body somewhat heal slightly. Only then did he crawl up slowly. He rubbed the Crystal Core against the snow-covered ground and cleaned it before placing it in his mouth in one go and swallowing it directly into his belly.

This Crystal Core was merely the size of a walnut. It was insignificant to a Dragon Whelp that possessed stronger devouring abilities.

Garen felt slightly safer once he had swallowed the Crystal Core. However, his stomach felt somewhat uncomfortable now.

“It looks like I can’t swallow it directly next time... I need to think of another way.”

He scanned his surroundings and vaguely estimated the direction he had flown. Next, there was a snapping noise as he flapped his wings and flew down towards the snowy cliff to return to his original path.

The snowstorm whooshed and whistled. Garen hid in the snowy night. Currently, he could not afford to provoke even one Level Four Giant Iguana because his speed had decreased too much. His strength and vitality had also deteriorated terribly. He was completely at wit’s end now and could only turn circles and make a detour.

It was fortunate that his intelligence was very high. Although his memory was not as good as usual, his brain’s sense of direction was also pretty amazing. He could find his way around in the snowy night while hiding as well as locate the place where his little group had hidden once again.

The snowstorm had lessened slightly. When Garen was standing at the entrance of the cave that was used as their hiding spot, the sky had already turned brighter.

He rolled on the snowy ground a few times to cover the traces of blood and wounds on his body in a layer of ice. Next, he smelled himself carefully to ensure that the scent of blood did not linger on his body. He also found some delicate white fern-like plants that were growing beside the cracks in the rocks. These non-poisonous plants produced strong sweet scents. After crushing it, Garen rubbed it all over his body multiple times.

Only then did he push the snow wall open before walking into the cave.

The three remaining Dragon Whelps were still snoring and sleeping soundly inside. Other than Boris who had sensed him entering and opened his eyes to glance at him blurrily, the other two did not respond at all. Saszt had even drooled all over the floor. His saliva had frozen into ice on both sides and fixed his large mouth on the floor, making him look very silly.

Garen resealed the hole in the snow properly while feeling as if this expedition had been truly somewhat risky.

He crouched down once again and crawled into an empty corner before falling asleep gradually. He felt the coldness that was constantly emitted from the potential aura before dozing off into dreamland slowly.

On the second day, after sleeping for twelve full hours, the four Dragon Whelps crawled up slowly and yawned continuously.

Boris pushed the snow wall open firmly before a gust of cold wind blew in from the outside. The four Dragon Whelps crawled out one after another. The layers of snow on the outside had almost buried the cave entrance.

They climbed a few steps upwards along the layers of snow. Garen yawned while his entire body ached. His entire body was terribly weak. Yesterday's critical injuries had finally displayed their formidable effects.

He glanced at the state of his current attributes.

'Safive — Strength 21(7), Agility 15(7), Vitality 11(6), Intelligence 12. Potential 68%. Soul Limit 170'

Level 1 Draconic Aura. Level 1 Arcane Art Basics.

"They've been restored slightly. However, I don't think that I can catch up to the values of average Dragon Whelps." Garen was helpless. It looked like he needed to hold back today.

“Garen, why do you look so dispirited?” Leona slapped Garen firmly from behind and almost knocked him down.

The area that she had hit was now aching with a fiery pain.

Garen was helpless.

“No reason. I encountered a Giant Iguana when I went out for a stroll last night. I ran in circles everywhere for a long distance before finally returning. I’ve exhausted a lot of energy.”

“You encountered a Giant Iguana? Oh my god, you’re so brave,” Leona sighed in shock.

Garen chatted with Leona while thinking about what he would do today. It was fortunate that although he was injured, the sharpness of his claws was not affected. Basic coordination would probably not be an issue.

During the second day of hunting, they encountered another new Level Four Giant Iguana quickly.

This fellow was taking large chomps out of a White Dragon Whelp’s corpse on the ground and chewing it.

When Garen and the group of dragons saw this scene, Saszt could not stop himself from charging over immediately. The battle began at once.

Naturally, the Level Four Giant Iguana was not their opponent when the Four Dragon Whelps could coordinate with each other skillfully. Saszt became the main supporting strength body while Garen followed from behind and used the Ice Pressure Blade to increase the strength of his claws and killing power. They managed to injure the Giant Iguana’s skin and although they could not kill it because of its Ice Armor, they could enrage it effectively.

Garen had clearly grasped the way the Level Four Giant Iguana moved. Although their speed was slower and their strength was much weaker, Garen was not afraid because Saszt was here to support him

significantly. When he noticed that the pieces of the Giant Iguana's muscles were moving, he could determine its attack direction. Hence, his own speed had decelerated greatly. Nonetheless, they could still dodge many of the Giant Iguana's oncoming attacks easily as Saszt was there to keep things in check and ward it off.

Therefore, the distribution of work here was very obvious. Saszt was mainly responsible for moving forward and providing the bulk of strength while Garen would spare some time to take revenge on the Giant Iguana. Meanwhile, Boris and Leona executed the Dragonfire Spells behind them.

They cooperated skillfully to take one Giant Iguana down. Saszt had suffered some light injuries while his muscles were faintly exhausted. After all, this was the first time that he had acted as the main attacking dragon. As Garen was fighting alongside him previously, the pressure this time was naturally greater.

Garen allowed the Giant Iguana to scratch and hurt his shoulder on purpose as well so that he could look as beaten up as Saszt.

Boris came forward to dig the Crystal Core out before giving it to Leona and placing it with the rest so that she could keep track.

"Come come come, I'll heal your wounds."

Leona could only watch from the sidelines all this while. Now that both Saszt and Garen were hurt, she instantly felt as if she could use her abilities now. She rushed forward happily.

This was the result that Garen wanted. He stood next to Saszt.

Leona raised her hand before them while a pure white water flowed out and gathered there. The fluid floated in the air before quickly condensing into a ball of water that looked as if it was milk that had gathered in one place.

Bleurgh.

A large mouth spread open in the surface of the milk ball before it exerted all of its strength and vomited some translucent light white sticky liquid. This sticky liquid dispersed into numerous little water droplets that flew towards Garen and Saszt continuously.

“It looks so gross...” Saszt’s entire body felt uneasy.

“Don’t worry, don’t worry. This is merely a fixed process of this spell. It’s not as if a real creature is vomiting this out...” Leona whispered as if she was slightly out of breath.

Garen felt a psychological block as well. However, he could only endure it to heal his wounds as soon as possible.

Among the sticky water droplets that flew out, almost one-third of them flew towards Saszt quickly while the remaining majority flew on to Garen’s body.

Most of these water droplets covered the surface of his body before burrowing inside through the cracks of his dragon scales and penetrating into his skin.

Garen instantly felt as if his entire body had cooled down, making him extremely comfortable. The aching areas received some effective relief.

This sensation lasted for several minutes before disappearing quickly.

“How miraculous! My injuries are actually healed!” yelled Saszt beside him in a happily surprised tone.

Meanwhile, Garen glanced at his statistics.

‘Safive — Strength 21(11), Agility 15(12), Vitality 11(11), Intelligence 17. Potential 69%. Soul Limit 170

Level 1 Draconic Aura. Level 1 Arcane Art Basics.’

"Its effects are pretty good. It restored an average of four points throughout my attributes during this one time. It can probably restore everything fully if I use it another few times." However, Garen knew that it was better not to reveal the fact that he had left to hunt alone without informing the others. Anyway, Leona had the Dragonheal Spell that could be used thrice in a day. Since he was always getting injured, he could heal himself quickly as long as he used it in the future. Meanwhile, he had also gained a deeper understanding of Level Four Giant Iguanas. Hence, it would not be a major issue because Saszt would be there to support him as well.

This group of Dragon Whelps would not provoke Level Five Giant Iguanas anymore.

"Come over and look, you guys. This Dragon Whelp's corpse really looks like Burdock from the third class." Boris was investigating a Dragon Whelp's corpse on the side. Only half of its corpse remained because the rest had been chewed up.

The other Dragon Whelps gathered over there. They looked at the corpse of the Dragon Whelp that was gnawed beyond recognition.

Leona was slightly afraid while Saszt was burning with fury as his fighting spirit increased. Only Boris and Garen remained calm.

"It was probably killed by a Level Five Giant Iguana. We need to be careful after this because there may be Level Five Giant Iguanas nearby. Don't act rashly," Boris whispered.

The three remaining dragons nodded.

After that, the group of Dragon Whelps continued hunting. They did not venture any deeper into the mountain range but wandered around the nearby area instead. They were looking for Level Four Giant Iguanas in particular to practice their skills. However, it seemed like they were not as lucky on the second day because they had only encountered one lone Level Four Giant Iguana. The others that they encountered were either in packs of three or four or were Level Five Giant Iguanas instead.

If it was not for the White Dragon Whelps excellent vision, the situation would have truly become tragic once they approached the Giant Iguanas.

They had merely hunted one Level Four Giant Iguana before the daytime scenery turned dimmed. Boris continued leading the other three dragons in search of a hiding spot. He had hunted here before so he knew the location of the safest hiding spots.

This time, they found a precipice in the middle of a cliff before they dug out a cave with all their might and burrowed inside. It would definitely be impossible for Giant Iguanas to discover them in terrains like this because they could not fly.

Garen did not dare to sneak out and hunt alone this time anymore. Instead, he was waiting for the Crystal Core inside his stomach to be absorbed completely. He would obtain one new attribute point because of this. Moreover, when he added it to his vitality, it would speed up the healing process of his bodily wounds.

Inside a deep cave in the depths of the icy snow

Darkness, coldness, and chills that were as sharp as knife edges spun slowly in the depths of the cave endlessly like an enormous twisting whirlpool.

On both sides of the cave, numerous sets of imposing knight's armor were positioned upright in a crouching stance with one knee on the ground. These sets of black knight's armor were empty on the inside while they held broad and heavy knight's swords with both of their hands. The edges of their swords pierced into the ground deeply. Seemingly countless strange symbols were engraved into their sheets of armor in a densely-packed manner. These symbols resembled tadpoles that were constantly swimming around. They were unimaginably strange and were all releasing faint auras of death.

"It's like... there's a kind of smell..." Suddenly, a gloomy voice echoed from the depths of the cave. It sounded like an old man that was about to die as the voice was hinted with an air of exhaustion and decay.

After a short period of silence, the voice sounded again.

"It's a powerful soul... A powerful Aberrated Soul. It smells good... Smells so good..." Greed and longing were indirectly revealed in the voice.

"Baschin."

Pfoo...

Among the sets of knight's armor that were kneeling on one knee on both sides of the cave, moss green flames were ignited in the eyes of the helmet's one of these armors.

He stood up and drew his giant sword out of the ground before taking long strides towards the path in the center of the cave. He faced the interior of the cave as if he was waiting for orders.

"Master, I await your instructions."

Chapter 1266

"Go bring that soul back here," The voice spoke.

All of a sudden, a black thread shot forth inside the cave. This black thread quickly wove itself into a round ring in mid-air, and then the center of the ring slowly split apart, forming a mirror inside.

The surface of the mirror was as bright as new, and it slowly began to reflect a line of white Dragon Whelps. There were four of them, hiding inside a cave and chatting idly.

The green flames in the Knight's eyes flickered for a moment, and then they instantly locked onto one of the Dragon Whelps.

This white dragon was well-proportioned, with strong muscles and scales that seemed brighter and cleaner than the other white dragons.

It bowed toward the depths of the cave and then turned around and walked out of the cave, clattering as it went. There was an extremely complex golden screen turning slowly at the mouth of the cave, blocking off all the threats that might walk out of the cave.

But the Knight seemed to be completely oblivious to it, walking straight toward the golden screen at the mouth of the cave.

As soon as the Knight walked into it, the translucent screen lit up with a whoosh, and a large cloud of black smoke was absorbed out of its armor.

The Black Knight walked out determinedly and managed to get past this golden screen eventually. Its foot stomped hard into the deep layer of snow outside.

Once it walked out, however, half of the many tadpole-like glyphs on its armor vanished, leaving only a small portion, and even those gave off an impression of aged fragility, as though it could fall apart at any time.

The Knight paid that no heed at all and just stood at the cave entrance, figuring out the direction. Then, it strode boldly in one direction. After a few steps, it actually began to fly.

Roar!!

A Giant Frost Iguana Elder rushed straight at it, racing at the Knight from underneath the snow. It was probably because the Knight had intruded into its territory. But when it saw the glyphs all over the Knight's body, the Elder Giant Iguana's pupils dilated abruptly.

"An Undead! Agony Knight!! Forgive me!!" It screeched in terror, an armor of ice instantly enveloping its entire body. This was Level Six Ice Armor, but at the same time it actually turned around and ran outward, showing no intention to resist whatsoever.

But before it got very far, a bolt of black light shot down from the sky. It was a spinning black Greatsword, the terrifying weapon three whole meters long, emanating large clouds of black smoke from all over its body as it spun rapidly downward.

Psst.

As easily as slicing through tofu, the black smoke Greatsword cut through the Elder Giant Iguana's neck. And then it spun once above the snowy ground, before returning to the Knight's hand in mid-air.

The Giant Iguana Elder's large head rolled onto the floor, the thick Level Six armor had put up no resistance whatsoever. Without any chance of fighting back, a Level Six Giant Iguana Elder was killed by the Black Knight, just like that.

"A boring, insignificant soul..." The Knight gripped the Greatsword, and the black smoke from the blade seemed to pull something out from the Elder Giant Iguana's body. The black smoke was a lot thicker than when it first came out and was currently flowing ceaselessly into the cracks in the Knight's armor.

After killing the Giant Iguana, the Knight did not even look at the corpse beneath it. It just flew in the direction it had decided on.

It did not move very quickly, but wherever it went, all the Giant Iguanas avoided it in terror. No living creature dared to stand in its way.

In fact, some Giant Iguanas actually got onto their knees and began to kowtow at it.

On the third day, Garen finally finished absorbing that Level Five Crystal Core before leaving.

As he expected, the Crystal Core he had risked his life to obtain gave him one Attribute Point.

And after a night's rest, his injuries had healed slightly and his average fitness returned to half its original value. Add that to his killing move, Ice Pressure Blade, and his combat power was about equivalent to Saszt's now.

After departing on the third day, the four Dragon Whelps moved at a significantly faster speed. They were pretty lucky this time, since they met two Level Four Giant Iguanas consecutively, both of which had gone astray from the pack. They were easily finished off with a few Dragonfire Spells.

Boris also tried to attack some Level Four Giant Iguanas head-on, but unfortunately, once it was weakened by the Level Four Ice Armor, the power of the Dragonfire Spell was not strong enough to harm the Giant Iguana's tough hide. Under these snowy conditions, the Level Four Ice Armor demonstrated its full power, whereas the Dragonfire Spell was drastically weakened. The increase on one side and decrease on the other meant that head-on Dragonfire Spells were practically useless.

The Giant Iguana soon released its Ice Armor again.

They could release their Ice Armor five times a day. It was a spell they were born with, so it did not consume too much of their power.

The group of Dragon Whelps kept moving from one location to another. Going through a long and narrow tunnel in the icy valley, they finally encountered another team of Dragon Whelps for the first time.

"Leona? Boris!" Outside the tunnel, the four Dragon Whelps stood together, discussing something. When they saw another group of Dragon Whelps walk out of the tunnel, the sturdiest-looking Dragon Whelp instantly started yelling.

"Toni!? How lucky, to think we'd meet you first!" Boris was instantly overjoyed, and he ran up to meet them.

"Toni, what are you guys doing here?" Leona asked as well. Clearly, she knew this Dragon Whelp.

"The way ahead is blocked," said Toni, depressed. "I'm waiting for other teams to catch up, maybe we can gather together and eat these few Giant Iguanas."

She looked left and right, and then approached Leona, whispering into her ear.

“There are two more Dragon Whelp teams around, but they’re all hiding now.”

“If there are so many Dragon Whelps here, we don’t necessarily have to take this path, do we? Are you waiting for something in there?” Garen asked in a soft voice.

Toni instantly looked at Garen, surprised. This one reacted really quickly, he could guess the truth even with so little to go on. He was almost on par with the cunning humans!

“Impressive!” She expressed admiration at Garen’s reaction. “There’s an Ice Stalagmite in there...”

“Whoa!” Boris and Leona gasped in unison.

The Ice Stalagmite was one of the rare and precious resources to come from this land of ice and snow. To Frost-type Creatures, that was a true treasure of the earth. A complete Ice Stalagmite could provide enough Frost Power to increase one’s power by one whole level. It worked on all Frost-type Creatures that were Level Six or below.

This was also the second reason the white dragons let their Dragon Whelps come here to hunt. They wanted the young ones to fight among each other, until only the strongest were left standing in their fight for the Ice Stalagmite. Only then could they truly become passable warriors.

“Looks like those Giant Iguanas are here to fight for the Ice Stalagmite as well,” said Garen softly.

“Yep. Two Level Fives, Four Level Fours. They’re split into two groups and standing off against each other now, but it’ll be any time now. There are at least Dragon Whelp Teams, including us, and we’re no match for them in a head-on fight. If both sides are left weakened after the fight, though, things might be different.” Clearly, it was not Toni’s first hunt either, her tone was very experienced and assured.

Garen had also noticed that the aura coming from Toni was stronger than Boris’. Looking at the shape of her muscles, he guessed that she was at least equivalent to Saszt in level. If she also had equipment fixed with Level Five Spells, she would truly be formidable.

Toni led the other dragons, including Leona and Boris, into the circle they had decided on before, and everyone banded into a temporary team. All of them were quietly awaiting any changes from up ahead.

It seemed as though Garen's team was the last one, no more Dragon Whelps came after them.

The other two Dragon Whelp Teams never showed up, nobody knew what they were planning.

Bam!!

All of a sudden, there was a large explosion of snow from up ahead, sending the snow flying everywhere.

Roar!

There was a tremendous, explosive roar from a Giant Iguana. This was followed by several more consecutive roars.

There were a bang and a dull thud. The Giant Iguanas on each side had evidently started fighting.

Garen hid in the circle of Dragon Whelps, listening to the sounds from up ahead. Since he had fought a Level Five Giant Iguana hands-on, he could tell almost immediately. The first roar had probably come from a Level Five Giant Iguana.

Not only did Level Five Giant Iguanas have Level Five Ice Armor, they also had a powerful non-discriminatory attack, Earthquake. They were also much faster and stronger than regular Giant Iguanas. That made them extremely powerful.

There were so many Giant Iguanas in front of them, killing each other. There were two Level Five Giant Iguana Crystal Cores right there, if he could get his hands on them, it would help him greatly!

"I just have to be careful."

He glanced at Leona and the other dragons. She was discussing something softly with Boris and Toni.

He knew how powerful Level Five Giant Iguanas were, so he understood how improbable it would be to kill Level Five Giant Iguanas with this group of Dragon Whelps. The only way would be to exhaust themselves using Level Five Spells, putting their own lives on the line.

But the Dragon Whelps would never be so coordinated, nobody would be willing to go there and be grievously injured from the swipe of a tail. It would be very dangerous to sustain serious injuries in a place like this.

Even Leona's Dragonheal Spell could only heal three Dragon Whelps at once, and it could only heal light injuries at that. After all, the Dragon Race's Magic Defense was too high, even Dragon Whelps would have their spell efficiency reduced by one level. This reduction applied to both positive and negative spells.

"But if I want to get those two Level Five Crystal Cores, it'd be a bit troublesome with so many Dragon Whelps around..." Garen added the recently-obtained Attribute Point to his Vitality without hesitation.

Instantly, he felt a cool comforting sensation flow out of his brain and spread to the rest of his body. He watched his status go from injured to barely injured, on the brink of recovery.

Looks like even if it was a whole potential point, it still was not as easy to completely heal a body as powerful as a dragon's as compared to when he was a human. Once the foundations were strong enough, the power needed to recover would naturally increase as well.

Well, at least he had regained his combat power. Garen bent down.

Boom!

All of a sudden, there was an intense jolt from up ahead. Garen could immediately tell that it was probably the Level Five Giant Iguana's Earthquake. And it was not just one either, both Giant Iguanas had used it at the same time.

As the Giant Iguanas wailed out, a Dragon Whelp from a hidden Dragon Whelp Team nearby could not help but fly up to see the situation. The Giant Iguanas could not see far anyway, so they were not worried at all.

“They broke the Ice Stalagmite!?” the Dragon Whelp roared loudly as soon as it glanced over.

The Ice Stalagmite was broken?!

Just then, Garen abruptly felt an immense potential aura surge out of the snowy area ahead of him.

“This potential aura!!!” His heart pounded madly. This potential aura was more than ten times that of a Level Five Crystal Core, if he could just get his hands on it!

Green light rose in his eyes. No matter what, he needed to get that Ice Stalagmite!!

Chapter 1267: Agony Knight 1

“As for these little ones, as long as I’m a little more careful, they shouldn’t be too much of a problem.”

Garen’s heart was decided, and he left the team quietly, walking toward another corner. All the Dragon Whelps were distracted by the forces coming from the intense battle, so no dragon actually noticed his departure.

Following the wall of snow, Garen slowly walked to a crevice and listened to the commotion outside.

If he wanted to get the Ice Stalagmite, his current abilities were not quite enough, so he needed to use some other methods as well.

Garen walked around the site of the battle once. There was a team with a few Dragon Whelps hiding nearby, and he could feel their gazes burning into his back when he moved to certain areas. Some of those gazes clearly carried a warning.

He was unperturbed, continuing to search and remember the lay of the land around here.

A simple but somewhat brutal plan formed in his mind.

“Whatever, I just have to make sure Leona and the rest dodge it.”

Garen considered this simple plan over and over again, and finally decided to make his move.

Deep within the snowstorm.

Outside the tunnel, it looked as though two circles, one large and the other one small, were huddled against each other.

In the first circle, there were several Giant Iguanas killing each other around a sharp and broken stone. In the second circle behind it, there were many Dragon Whelps lying in wait.

The whole thing looked like a skewer of candied haws.

One Dragon Whelp, on the other hand, flew out of the tunnel, upward and outward. Bracing against the wind and the snow, it landed on top of the candied haws’ circular mountain.

The snowstorm was extremely dense here, so he could not see anything clearly at all. But Garen relied on his powerful memory and computational power to quickly find a spot above one of the hiding teams.

He carefully imprinted this spot into his memory, and then went in search of other spots.

“Eh? Where did Garen go?” Leona noticed someone was missing from his team and was instantly confused.

“I saw him go out by himself, but I don’t know what he went to do,” replied Saszt honestly.

“I keep feeling as though Garen’s a little mysterious. I don’t know if it’s just me, but he seems to like being a lone dragon,” said Boris unhappily.

“I think so too, a little.” Leona nodded in agreement.

“He’s just one Dragon Whelp, ignore him for now,” said Toni nonchalantly. “It’s fine for us to work together like this, right? If there are no problems, shall we just settle with this?”

“Sure. Once the battle starts, clear off the other Dragon Whelps first,” agreed Boris.

“Then it’s decided.”

The two sides formed a temporary alliance.

The other Dragon Whelps did not have Enchantments, so they had no speaking rights here. They could not leave these leaders and operate on their own as Garen could. Without a Level Five offensive spell, they could not kill a Level Four Giant Iguana. Instead, they would be hunted down and killed.

“Hmph, it seems that Toni got some support, whad’we do?” Inside another dug-out cave, several Dragon Whelps gathered together and discussed in whispers.

“It’s fine, we just stay in here no matter what, and only go out once they’ve more or less settled their fight with the Giant Iguanas. They can have those few Crystal Cores, our true aim is the Ice Stalagmite!”

A Dragon Whelp with slightly red skin said softly.

“Can we really do that?”

“Of course, with my Magic Equipment, there won’t be any problems whatsoever!” said the reddish Dragon Whelp confidently. “Then we’ll catch them all in one fell swoop! Heh heh heh... If they’re seriously injured, we can demand that they hand over all the Crystal Cores.”

“Deth, you’re a genius!” The other Dragon Whelps began to gasp in admiration.

“Good, as long as you guys get it. You won’t regret following me!” Deth was extremely pleased with himself.

Garen lay sprawled on a very high cliff. Looking down, he saw that everything was completely white. He could not see or hear anything, the wails of the snowstorm drowning out the sounds from the Giant Iguana battle below.

He could not see or hear anything from up here.

But it was fine, Garen had already determined his location using his own sense of direction and memory. The Giant Iguana battlefield was directly beneath him.

Unlike the other Dragon Whelps, his intelligence far surpassed theirs.

The development of a White Dragon’s brain was not particularly advanced, and so it was naturally no match for his seventeen points.

He calculated the process slightly.

Garen began to use his claws to cut through the hard ground with his Ice Pressure Blade.

He smashed and stabbed at the ground, and with each cut he carved out deep slashes. He had already memorized the lay and path of the land here.

Soon enough, he had dug a gaping hole out of this elephant-sized snowy cliff, such that it could fall at any minute.

He could only accomplish this because he had the Ice Pressure Blade, an extremely high-sharpness claw technique.

Without hesitation, Garen flew upward and then smashed his body down hard.

Ka-chak.

The entire snowy cliff emitted a crisp sound, and whatever remained of the final link snapped instantly.

Amidst the howling of the snowstorm, that little cracking was not particularly ear-piercing or clear; instead, it was completely drowned out. Garen saw the entire elephant-sized snowy cliff roll down, rumbling as it went.

Not long later, barroom!

There was an enormous rumble, and he abruptly heard loud howls of agony coming from below. It seemed like he had managed to hit a Giant Iguana!

Garen tried to distinguish them carefully, but he could not tell which Iguana had been hit. Well, as long as he managed to hit one and break the stalemate, he considered it a success.

A battle must have erupted down there.

Garen quickly moved to where the other Dragon Whelps were hiding.

Using the same moves as before, he began to cut up other large chunks of ice. Sometimes he would meet rock, and then he would cut through that easily as well. Dragon claws had always been sharp and deadly. Add that to his special technique, and the degree of sharpness increased exponentially.

There was another rumble, and yet another chunk of ice went rolling down.

This time, he did not hear any sounds from the Dragon Whelps, probably because the snowstorm was too intense. Regardless, Garen knew with certainty that he had caught the Iguanas' attention.

This Dragon Whelp hiding spot was the closest one, so once a Dragon Whelp was injured, the smell of blood would be as clear as a lighthouse in the dark of the night to the Giant Iguanas and their acute sense of smell.

And then, once they discover that there was an ambush lying in wait, they would definitely finish off the hiding ones first.

He had carefully calculated it all, this spot just happened to be the nearest to the Giant Iguanas, so even if there was no smell of blood, it would still give the Giant Iguanas a sense of threat, forcing them to speed up the battle.

Garen did not linger and continued walking to the third position he had marked.

Only he could wander around like this in such a heavy snowstorm. The other Dragon Whelps did not have such a sense of direction and memory, and would easily get lost in the storm if they were not careful.

The third chunk went down as well.

Watching the broken cliff roll down, Garen noticed that this one seemed to be off-target. The storm had suddenly intensified, blowing it off-course.

“But it’s fine, I can grab the Iguana’s attention too by creating a commotion.”

He was not bothered at all. He did not touch the fourth chunk, however, because that was where Leona and the others were hiding.

Walking back the way he came, Garen patted down his claws, and all the traces he left behind were completely buried by the snowstorm.

Roar!

A Level Five Giant Iguana was hit in the back by a giant broken cliff. As a result, it was pressed onto the ground and could only roar out furiously as it stayed there, completely sprawled.

The other Level Five Giant Iguana was being surrounded by the four remaining Level Four ones. Hide, blood, and flesh was sent flying on both sides as they wrestled with and tore away at each other.

Two of the Level Four Giant Iguanas had large gashes clawed out of their sides, and the blood froze as soon as it began to flow, forming red ice crystals. Meanwhile, the only Level Five Giant Iguana had been blinded in one eye, and there was a deep scratch on one side of its neck. One of its back legs had also gone limp, so all in all, it made a pitiful sight.

Bam!

It made one last effort and used its final Earthquake, jolting away the four Level Four Giant Iguanas around it, but also finishing up the last of its power.

The four Level Four Giant Iguanas were also completely exhausted by this point and riddled with wounds. If it were not for the chunk of a snowy cliff that fell down suddenly from above, taking out one of the Level Five Giant Iguanas, the weaker ones probably would have no other choice than to turn tail and run.

Looking at the broken Ice Stalagmite a little off the center of the area, the remaining Giant Iguanas roared happily, as though chasing away the Level Five Giant Iguanas.

Battles between Giant Iguanas did not usually end in death.

Helplessly, the Level Five Giant Iguana helped its companion push away the broken cliff, and the two of them prepared to leave, one after the other, heads lowered dejectedly. Their Ice Armor had also been used up during the fight, so if they did not leave now, they might attract the unwanted attention of other Giant Iguanas.

Just then, a wave of huge tremors came from the direction of the only exit.

The few Giant Iguanas were instantly alert.

“Gooooo!!” Immediately after that, they saw a group of white Dragon Whelps rush out. They were only as tall as half a man each, but greed sparkled in their eyes.

There were more than ten Dragon Whelps in total, and they all made a mad rush for the Ice Stalagmite in the middle.

The Dragon Whelps went to the injury-riddled Level Five Giant Iguanas, the rings and necklaces on their arms twinkling with a rainbow-colored light. These were clearly Enchanted items, affixed with high-level spells.

“If a large boulder hadn’t suddenly fallen from above, we could’ve totally waited a bit longer before making our move!” said Boris exasperatedly. He looked at the Giant Iguana ahead of him and shuddered slightly in his heart. That was still a Level Five Giant Iguana, after all!

“What are you scared of, it doesn’t have any more Natural Spells left! Right now is precisely when it’s weakest,” said another Dragon Whelp on the other side loudly. It was Deth, who had originally planned to lie in wait and scavenge the final spoils. Now, however, he was a complete mess, having clearly been wounded by the broken cliff as well. As such, he had a stomach full of pent-up anger.

He was already chased out here by that cliff, so if he still refused to fight along with everyone else, the other Dragon Whelps would not be foolish enough to wait. Instead, they would make the first move. That was why he had to abandon his plan and make his own move ahead of schedule.

Even so, anyone would be slightly intimidated when facing a Level Five Giant Iguana like that.

“I’ll hold ‘em up!” A powerfully-built Dragon Whelp rushed out abruptly. Aiming its claws at the Giant Iguana’s eyes fearlessly.

Whoosh!

A giant tail swiped at him mercilessly with lightning speed, as though hitting a rubber ball, and sent the Dragon Whelp flying. White blood sprayed instantly. They did not need to see it to know that this Dragon Whelp was seriously injured.

It did not have as strong a Will as Garen, and fainted before it even hit the ground. It could not even reduce its speed, and so it crashed hard into a rock-solid wall of ice nearby, leaving cracks all over the surface. Many of its bones broke, and it seemed that this Dragon Whelp would not survive.

If it had reduced its momentum in mid-air, it might have been able to reduce the damage from the crash. But it had immediately fallen unconscious, so not only could it not mitigate the damage, it could not even tense up its muscles to resist the impact. Hence, the damage it received was much worse than it would have been usually.

“Don’t go up to it! Use Spellcraft!” Having witnessed that, Boris knew that a head-on attack would not work, so they could only use Enchantments.

If they attacked from the front, they would be killed instantly. The other Dragon Whelps knew that without him having to say it.

Chapter 1268: Suffering Knight 2

Garen tiptoed back to the place where Leona and the others were, but realized that all the Dragon Whelps had gone out to grab a share of the spoils.

He was in no hurry, either. It would be even better if he could just pick up his share after they had finished fighting.

He hid alone in the corner and listened to the endless barrage of loud wails and explosions inside, knowing that this was the Spellcraft explosions from the Enchanted Equipment.

Time ticked by, and soon enough, more than ten minutes had passed.

The sounds from up ahead were much softer now.

Only then did he get up. Having sufficiently rested, he walked slowly toward the battlefield up ahead.

As he moved forward, he saw red and white blood all over the snowy ground, and he accidentally stepped on something. It was the front limb of a Dragon Whelp that had already frozen into ice.

"How terrible..." Garen shook his head.

He continued to walk forward, and everything he saw was a chaotic mess. After he entered the large circular area, there were countless dents, holes, and scratches on the icy floor and walls.

Next to the giant Ice Stalagmite in the center, all four Level Four Giant Iguanas had been killed. There were charred marks and pale green acid trails on the ground, clearly the result of Enchantments.

Lastly, there were a few remaining unharmed Dragon Whelps surrounding the last Level Five Giant Iguana.

The Level Five Giant Iguana was now blind in both eyes, and its body was covered in black and green burn marks. It stood on the spot without moving, whereas the three Dragon Whelps around it had clearly finished up their Enchantments. They could only fly around it, occasionally smacking it, but evidently, their claws barely had any effect on the Level Five Giant Iguana. They could not even break its hide.

Looking at the injuries of the seriously wounded Dragon Whelps that littered the floor, they all seemed to have been hurt by the swiping of the Giant Iguana's tail.

Garen himself knew just how powerful the Level Five Giant Iguana's Tail Swipe was. It was not very strong, but it was far too fast. It did not have much of an effect on the muscly, thick-skinned Level Four Giant Iguanas, but it was just enough for Dragon Whelps, with their weaker bodies and lower strength.

The remaining few Dragon Whelps clearly had no other plans. Their claws could not break past the Giant Iguana's defense, so they decided to wear it out, until they wore this Level Five Giant Iguana to death.

Garen walked over to them as stealthily as he could, but he was still immediately noticed by the Dragon Whelps lying on the ground.

"Garen!" It was Boris, lying down in a small crater and being treated by Leona.

"You're just in time, go grab the thing!"

The three Dragon Whelps surrounding the Giant Iguana happened to be Toni, Deth, and another stocky Dragon Whelp whose name Garen did not know. When they heard Boris' voice, all three turned around to look at Garen.

That unnamed Dragon Whelp's eyes shone fiercely, and he actually ignored the Giant Iguana, lunging straight for the Ice Stalagmite in the center.

“Reyman, you!!” Toni instantly panicked.

That Dragon Whelp ignored her completely, dashing straight at the Ice Stalagmite.

He was very confident in his speed. Even if he was injured, he would still be the champion who obtained the Ice Stalagmite first.

The other Dragon Whelps also gave up on the attack and gave chase.

Garen smiled and chased after them as well. At the same time, he picked up a few pieces of ice from the ground.

The Ice Stalagmite in the center of these circle-shaped grounds was more than twice as tall as a Dragon Whelp, and looked like a pale blue, crystal-clear pillar of ice. Its tip was rather sharp, and the top half had already been knocked off, while the bottom half was still embedded into the ice layer.

The Dragon Whelps were chasing after the top half that had been knocked away. That was the true essence of the Ice Stalagmite.

Reyman quickly flew until he was above the Ice Stalagmite, and then he pounced down. A ball of purple light instantly appeared in his claws, and he tossed it backward.

Bam!

The ball of light exploded, turning into a fog of purple smoke that enveloped the two Dragon Whelps, Toni and Deth, behind him.

Only then did Reyman stand on the Ice Stalagmite, turning around to stare at Garen, who was walking up to him slowly. The last Dragon Whelp that had just shown up did not chase behind him stupidly, which was how he had managed to avoid the purple smoke.

“You sure are a vigilant one.” There was a black scar above Reyman’s left eye, the injury had nearly blinded that eye. As a result, the scar made him look slightly more brutal.

As a Dragon Whelp, he clearly already possessed the despicable and selfish ways of his elders.

“I bet you don’t have any more Enchantments now, do you.” Although it was phrased as a question, Garen’s tone was certain. “In that case, the Ice Stalagmite belongs to me. Hand over the Crystal Cores too, the four Level Four ones and the one Level Five from before.”

“What an appetite you have there...” Violence twinkled in Reyman’s eyes, and he tensed up all his muscles. His small body was only as tall as half a man, but it gave off a strange sense of power and muscle.

Whoosh...

A faint Draconic Aura spread from his body.

This Draconic Aura was clearly far beyond what Dragon Whelps like Garen who had just experienced it could do.

Garen felt a strong wind blow into his face, and his body actually began to turn heavy, as though he was suddenly carrying an immense burden.

Was this the Draconic Aura’s effect?

His heart jolted in surprise. This was his first time encountering the usage of Draconic Aura in actual battle. This Reyman was definitely no ordinary Dragon Whelp, for him to have such capabilities at this age, he must clearly be a high-level descendant from his clan.

“Interesting...” Garen only knew that Draconic Aura could strengthen a fighter’s physical fitness. However, he had not known that this thing could actually be used to oppress an enemy in battle.

His muscles tensed and relaxed, and he instantly eased up a part of the pressure from the Draconic Aura. A little bit of oppression pressure was nothing to Garen with his 21 Strength points.

He glanced at his status.

‘Safive — Strength 21-1, Agility 15(14)-1, Vitality 12-1, Intelligence 17-1, Potential 19%. Soul Limit 170.

Level 1 Draconic Aura, Level 1 Arcane Art Basics.’

All of his attributes had actually been reduced by an average of one point.

But even if he was being oppressed, he could still 20 Strength points. That made him stronger than regular Dragon Whelps.

Still, the reason he had not leaped into battle at the first chance was that he was slightly worried that the opponent might have saved up some Enchantments. If he got too close and was locked on by the enemy’s spirit power, he would not be able to dodge any Enchantments that easily. Instead, he would be forced to take it head-on, and that would really get dangerous.

Reyman looked at Garen, who remained calm, and had an ominous feeling.

He did not know where this little punk popped out from, but he somehow seemed to be unfazed by the Draconic Aura.

Whoosh!

All of a sudden, a white light crashed toward Reyman, aimed straight for his nose.

Reyman was caught by surprise and lowered his head hurriedly. Thankfully, he had trained his combat skills sufficiently and so he could react extremely quickly, just in time to dodge this attack. As soon as he bent over, though, he saw something white come flying at him.

Pff!

Reyman roared in pain and ran straight at Garen. His frustration and embarrassment had turned to fury.

Meanwhile, Garen was now certain that he had no Enchantments left. Putting aside his fear, he went straight at Reyman.

Lowering his head to avoid Reyman's claws, aimed at his neck, Garen lashed out with his elbow, his tail slicing through the wind as he whipped it out. It swiped Reyman's neck with a bang.

Bam!

He pounced forward immediately as well, stomping down on Reyman's stomach. His claws carved out several long and deep wounds on Reyman's stomach. He could almost see the bones in the abdomen.

With merely this little greeting, Reyman — an expert in close combat wrestling among the Dragon Whelps — was instantly defeated. He could not put up a fight at all.

Reyman slid out quite a distance, lying motionlessly in the snow. It was as though an electric current had passed through his entire body, and everything was trembling slightly. This shaking dispersed all of his power, until he could not even get back up.

He looked at Garen in the distance, and saw that Garen had no intention of giving chase. Instead, he landed on an Ice Stalagmite.

Garen flapped his wings, standing lightly on the edge of the Ice Stalagmite. Defeating Reyman was as easy as breathing to Garen. As long as the opponent was not in the same Realm as him, all close-combat battles would only result in instant annihilation, as seen in his eyes. The only reason Reyman could survive was because Garen had been merciful.

"The Ice Stalagmite... is mine now..." He crouched down with a smile, his claws pressing onto the half-pale-blue, semi-transparent Ice Stalagmite. Instantly, a tidal wave of potential aura surged into his claws.

Hiss... Garen could not help but exhale, feeling good. Within such a short time, he had already absorbed 10% of the potential aura.

“Good stuff!”

Ka-chak.

The black metallic boots stepped down hard on the snow and sank deep.

A suit of black knight’s armor, green flames burning in its eyes, slowly landed at the entrance of the tunnel outside the Ice Stalagmite.

“Is this where you ran to...” Its deep voice came from underneath the facial armor, and it strode into the tunnel, taking large steps.

Garen felt slightly bothered.

He did not know why. Looking around him, he did not find any Dragon Whelps that might pose a threat.

The Ice Stalagmite was just by his feet, so he thought about for a while, and then lifted the entire Ice Stalagmite in his arms. But that shudder in his heart made him impatient and uneasy.

His Soul Ring kept vibrating, as though it could fall apart at any time.

“Danger!”

Garen had come across this kind of situation many times now. The Ancient Endor Demon Lords all had overwhelmingly powerful souls, and their bodies fit the laws perfectly as well, so they were extremely sensitive about predicting danger.

A situation like this was surely no coincidence.

Although he did not know why he felt a sense of danger, Garen rapidly calmed himself down and quickly made some decisions. Carrying the Ice Stalagmite in his arms, he decided to just abandon the Level Five crystal cores, flying straight into the distant sky.

He had tremendous strength, and he flapped his wings, diving quickly into the snowstorm.

“Garen!!” Boris yelled from below. But all he saw was Garen vanishing into the sky, without once looking back.

His heart fell. Together with Leona, the one with the lightest injuries, the two of them helped Saszt up.

“Why did he run?” Leona was heartbroken. “Does he plan to keep the Ice Stalagmite all to himself?”

“Forget it, he obtained it by himself, after all. We didn’t do much either.” On the other hand, Boris recovered quickly.

Just then, he vaguely felt a black light flash before his eyes, as though something had flitted past quickly.

“Did something just fly past just now?” he asked, shocked.

“No...” Leona shook her head. “You must be seeing things.”

For some reason, Boris frowned.

“I keep getting the feeling that Garen isn’t that kind of a dragon...”

Not far away, Reyman was still lying on the ground, and his eyes showed just how deeply lost he felt.

He was the one destined to become Dragon King. Ever since he was born, he had had immense expectations piled on him. They poured all sorts of training regimes and resources into him, because he had unbelievable natural talent that allowed him to raise his Draconic Aura to Level Three even when he was only two years old. His average physical fitness could defeat even a Three-Headed Dragon Whelp as long as they fought alone.

But in front of that Dragon Whelp just now, he felt as weak as a baby.

“Am I too weak... or is he too strong?” Reyman sank into the depths of confusion.

Chapter 1269: Pursuit 1

Garen flew at lightning speeds. The snowstorm ahead of and around him grew denser and thicker, but he felt as though there was an immense danger that he could not shake off approaching him.

“The Soul Rings don’t lie, looks like serious trouble is brewing!” Garen had long since expected that the disharmony between his soul and his body would invite trouble, but he never thought that it would come so soon.

Panic began to rise in his heart.

But since he was carrying the Ice Stalagmite, he just could not increase his speed to its maximum limit. The only comfort he had was the massive amount of potential aura surging endlessly into his body from the Ice Stalagmite.

It had only been a short while, but he had another Attribute Point now.

Garen quickly added it to his Speed, and he instantly felt himself speed up. The anxiety in his heart eased up slightly.

Everything before him was a flurry of white snow, and he could not see anything at all, so he did not even know where he was flying toward. What he did know, however, was that if he did not fly and the danger behind him caught up, the results would not be as pleasant as he imagined.

The power level of this world was too high, and their research into the workings of the soul was too advanced. He could not hide himself well at all.

Whoosh...

Suddenly, Garen seemed to hear something ring out behind him.

He concentrated and listened carefully. Suddenly, his expression changed, and he sank downward fiercely, leaving his original position.

Psst!

Just as he sank down, a black light shot past the place in the sky where he had been just a moment ago, leaving a long trail of afterimages in its wake. After it broke past the snowstorm ahead, it vanished without a trace.

Garen's forehead began to sweat. He lifted his left claw and saw that the back of the claw — the hardest part — had a deep gash carved out of it. It had been sliced open by the snow scattered as a result of the black light bullet that he had just avoided.

"Well... This really is serious trouble..." He flapped his wings even faster.

Soon, he floated upward again, avoiding the bolt of black light as it came back.

Hugging the Ice Stalagmite carefully, Garen used all of his power to fly forward madly as fast as he could, unwilling to linger for even a moment. If he still had some doubts earlier, they had all been put to rest by now. That guy behind him was terrifyingly strong, and completely beyond his current capabilities to resist.

Thankfully, Garen's combat realm was too high, giving him a complete understanding and comprehension of the environment around him within a certain range. Otherwise, he never would have avoided that bolt of black light in time.

The unknown enemy behind him also seemed to have noticed that this attack was ineffective, so they stopped using it. Instead, they fell quiet.

However, Garen was not naive enough to think that they had given up.

Soon enough, the Ice Stalagmite gave him yet another Attribute Point. He quickly added it to his Speed as well. His speed was bumped up another notch.

The enemy behind him seemed to be slightly surprised and confused about how he kept increasing his speed.

In the middle of the snowstorm, the pitch-black Suffering Knight shone with black light as it flew, weaving through the storm. It had vaguely locked onto a small thing flying in front of him. The snowstorm was too heavy, though, and it was quite far away. The first time the Suffering Knight attacked, he had missed, and as a result, the little thing was wary now. It had gotten even faster.

"This is no longer the speed of a regular Dragon Whelp..." The Suffering Knight was slightly surprised.

But since its master had ordered it, it gave chase determinedly, even though it could not match up to the target's speed.

Any living creature would eventually grow tired, but it was different...

It looked down at the red symbols on the Greatsword, hesitated for a moment, and still chose not to activate it yet.

That was an Undead Imprint. When it had hit the little Dragon Whelp's claw just now, it had already placed the imprint on the Dragon Whelp. Once it was activated, the Dragon Whelp would be instantly dragged into the Blinding Hell, forcing the Dragon Whelp into a one-on-one fight to the death with the Suffering Knight.

But this was the Suffering Knight's strongest ability. If it activated that now, it would take at least two or three hundred years to recover. The target was a mutated soul, so it would not activate that ability unless it had no other choice.

The time ticked by slowly, and soon enough, a day had passed.

Garen had already absorbed all of the potential in the Ice Stalagmite and gained thirteen whole Attribute Points, but he did not add them all to his Speed. He was already fast enough to leave the enemy behind him in the dust, and Attribute Points were precious, so he could not use them up so carelessly. Besides, he had a feeling that even if he added them to his Speed, he might still be unable to shake off that enemy behind him.

There was no reasoning behind this feeling, but Garen subconsciously trusted this sort of premonition.

He had flown at high speeds for a full day, so Garen was already completely worn out. He desperately needed to rest.

Even though he was being nurtured by the Soul Energy, his body was still that of a normal Dragon Whelp. It was already quite impressive that he could stay on the run for so long.

The enemy behind him would occasionally take advantage of his weariness. When his speed decreased, the enemy would close the distance again, scaring Garen into picking up his speed again.

But as a result, he had also glimpsed the enemy pursuing him.

It was a suit of empty knight's armor, with a pair of green flames burning where its eyes should be. It was very similar to the Undead Knight in his Inherited Memories.

"I knew it! Dammit!" Garen had guessed that his soul's uniqueness would be discovered by a master researching the soul, but he did not predict that they would come for him so quickly.

It was just a simple trip out, and he was already being chased down by an Undead Creature.

He just could not shake off the thing behind him, and for a moment there, Garen was stumped as well. He had completely lost his way around here, flying around everywhere in this snowstorm meant that he could not find any location markers whatsoever. Luckily, he had not encountered any high-level Elder Giant Iguanas even after flying around for so long, otherwise he would be just as dead.

Rawrr...!

Suddenly, there was a violent woman's scream from behind him.

A green wave instantly scattered the snowstorm all around him, completely revealing the distance between the Knight and Garen.

The wave hit Garen's body directly without any obstruction whatsoever.

Garen's whole body stiffened, and he paused in mid-air for just an instant.

Pff!

Tiny wounds opened up all over his body, and white blood sprayed out of the gashes.

A pain that came from the depths of his soul jolted through Garen, rendering him so dizzy he nearly fell directly down.

His chest tightened abruptly. At first, he had thought that he could just keep running like this, but he had not expected the guy behind him to suddenly use such a terrifying attack.

He knew this Spell.

Inferno Horn... a Level Seven Spell that was created as a failed attempt to mimic a Level Nine Banshee's Wail. Even so, it also had a terrifying destructive effect on the soul.

This was a special technique that only the strongest Undead Creature, the Suffering Knight, possessed!

"A Suffering Knight... This is bad!" Garen felt as though he was experiencing enough bad luck to last eight lifetimes. He bumped into a Level Seven Creature so soon after coming out, and he was just a regular Level Four Creature. Even so, he was already being hunted down by a Level Seven Creature.

Withstanding the pain out of habit, Garen glanced at his status pane.

That glance and the condition of his status pane made his heart thump heavily.

'Safive — Strength 21 (19), Agility 17 (15), Vitality 12 (10), Intelligence 17 (15), Potential 89%. Soul Limit 170.

Level 1 Draconic Aura. Level 1 Arcane Art Basics.

Currently under influence of Inferno Curse: All attributes reduced by two points every hour, requires positive energy to dispel, or else it will only automatically wear off after three days of rest and waiting. If not dispelled with positive energy, the target will permanently lose an average of five points. Warning, this curse is stackable.'

It actually reduced all of his attributes by two points!

And that was not all. An unprecedented sense of weakness permeated through Garen's body ceaselessly. He felt as though his body was a bucket that kept leaking water, his power was constantly dripping out of it.

He noticed the Inferno Curse icon at the very bottom, and swore inwardly.

An average reduction of two points every hour, and if he did not use positive energy to dispel it, he would actually lose five Attribute Points per attribute forever!

That was ridiculous!

If he could not manage to dispel it and it was disabled automatically in the end.

Four Attributes would result in a total loss of twenty points! That would take up all of the Attribute Points he just earned on this trip out, wouldn't it?

Garen also noticed that his four Soul Rings, stacked on top of each other, were starting to crack slightly after that roar just now.

Evidently, this type of attack from the enemy was too powerful, and it was aimed straight at the soul. It was extremely strong.

No wonder the powerhouses of this world could even casually catch a creature from another dimension for their experiments.

"What now?" He was starting to grow anxious. If at first he had tried to wear out the enemy behind him, he had now completely given up on the plan after finding out that the enemy was a member of the Undead. Undead Creatures did not tire.

And he also noticed the last bit of information about the curse— the Inferno Curse was stackable.

“Dammit! This damned thing stacks!?” For the first time, he had the urge to insult someone’s mother.

Once was enough to crack his Soul Rings and potentially cause him to lose twenty potential points forever. How could he take one more hit!

He guessed that this might be because his level was too low and his Vitality was not enough, so he just was not strong enough. After all, that was a Level Seven Spell, and he had managed to endure it without dying despite being only Level Four. This was already extremely remarkable, in any other situation, it would practically be a miracle. Even if the Inferno Curse’s main effect was to weaken, and not to kill off the enemy, it was still very impressive for a Dragon Whelp.

There was a three-level difference right there.

Although he was panicked inside, Garen’s many years of experience allowed him to instantly calm down, suppressing any unnecessary emotions.

Under these circumstances, where he did not know how the enemy locked onto his tracks, the chances of hiding being ineffective were too high, so all he could do was run.

But if he just kept running like this, he would still end up dying eventually.

The Soul Energy in Garen’s heart slowly began to tremble. He started to carefully sense the presences of all the creatures around him. Although he could not let his Soul Energy leave his body to explore, he still had the Demon Lords’ Natural Ability, Dream Control.

As one of Ancient Endor’s Demon Lords, the most troublesome thing he could encounter was an enemy discovering his uniqueness when he was in his smallest and weakest state. Before Demon Lords came of age, it was also catastrophic for them to be discovered.

Even though they matured extremely quickly, if they were discovered at such a time, they would still only be one or two levels higher in terms of survival power compared to other creatures at the same level.

It was already very remarkable for Garen to withstand a Spell three levels higher than himself.

Put into perspective, it was like fighting a steel knife with a balloon, and the balloon actually managed to take a hit without exploding. It was practically a miracle!

His Soul Rings trembled slowly. Under these dangerous circumstances, he pinpointed the locations of all the creatures around him, and they all appeared in Garen's mind, rapidly using up a large amount of his Soul Energy. He could not care less, however. If he was going to be stingy about little things like that at a time like this, he would truly be done for.

"Bottom left!"

He rapidly decided on a direction. The Soul Rings had given him the safest guide in this difficult situation, and although this direction seemed to be extremely perilous as well, it was already much better than the other few directions.

Garen never thought for a moment that he would die in this snowstorm without knowing anything. Since the enemy did not kill him off at the first opportunity, this clearly meant that it had other considerations. As long as Garen still had space to maneuver, he would surely have a chance to turn things around.

Garen also firmly believed in that.

"It seems that after living peacefully for so long, I've also started to let myself go..." Garen began to reprimand himself. Perhaps it was because his days so far had been too easy and carefree, maybe that was why he had ended up in such a dangerous state without even knowing it.

The snowstorm was growing stronger.

He flapped his wings and sped up, diving toward the bottom left.

“Sure is running fast... Is that its final struggle?” The Suffering Knight sensed the Dragon Whelp ahead of it from far away, and had already noticed that the target’s speed was dropping. The second Inferno Curse that it was about to unleash faded slowly.

“Looks like it’s just a matter of time before I catch it. There’s no need to use up too much energy...”

It glanced at the glyphs on its Greatsword and decided not to activate it, after all.

Speeding up, it rapidly gave chase.

A vacuum layer separated the all-encompassing snowstorm around, and not even one snowflake actually touched his armor.

Chapter 1270: Pursuit 2

In an unknown snowy mountain range, the sharp and straight peaks of the mountains were reflected in the lake water.

The surface of the lake was as clear as a mirror, free of even the slightest ripple. It was just a sea of deep blue. Other than the reflection of the snowy mountains, all that remained was the blue sky.

The lake was oval in shape and not very large, bordered completely by the broken edges of the white ice. The water was so clear that it was almost transparent.

On one side of the lake, there was a large and quiet white snowy mountain, grey-brown in the parts that were not covered in snow.

On the other side, there was a layer of snowstorm clouds.

Looking at it from afar, the cloud layer was forced into the distance, enveloping the ground there completely within a flurry of snow. It looked like a completely different world from the quiet cleanliness over here.

The sunlight faintly fell onto the surface of the lake and the left side of the snowy mountain. It projected a faint golden light, but also some miniscule dark shadows on the other side of the mountain.

Boom...!

Just then, two figures abruptly shot out from the white snowstorm cloud layer.

The one in front was a smaller white Dragon Whelp that looked to be in bad shape, and seemed to pretty badly injured.

The one chasing behind it, on the other hand, was a pitch-black humanoid in black knight armor.

On after the other, the two of them shot out toward the snowy mountain like bullets, leaving a long white trail in the sky.

"Here?" Garen vaguely sensed that something was amiss with this place, but he did not have the luxury to dwell on it.

He felt weak all over. His attributes had been reduced twice consecutively, and his Agility had already dropped by four points. The Knight behind him was faster than him now, and the distance between them had been reduced from more than a thousand meters before to just several dozen meters now. Thank goodness he had added four points to his Agility in time, and he still had eleven points to be used, but he still managed to put a distance between them in time.

This was the place his Soul Rings predicted would be able to help him.

He had no other choice now.

The quiet snowy mountains, the mirror-like lake. This was a place nearing perfection, but there was no sign of life whatsoever. Even an idiot would have noticed that something was wrong with this place.

But this something wrong was precisely what Garen wanted right now!

He dashed straight for the snowy mountain fearlessly.

That place was the center of everything without a doubt. If there was something unnatural here, it would surely be concentrated there.

“This place!?”

Soon after the Suffering Knight entered this area, it sensed that its connection to its master had been instantly severed.

Shocked, it slowed down slightly and began to observe the snowy mountain ahead of it hesitantly.

Its surroundings were completely clean, without even a single living creature. The atmosphere here was heavy and dead, completely devoid of life.

A feeling that sent shivers down its spine rose from this place faintly.

“Should I continue to give chase?” The idea had barely occurred to it before it was immediately squashed down.

“The master’s orders are absolute, no degree of danger should stand in the way of my mission.”

It instantly tossed everything to the winds and quickly gave chase, showing no intention of leaving whatsoever.

“But I have to finish off that guy ahead as soon as possible... I can’t drag it on any longer.”

He looked down at the red glyphs on the sharp Greatsword as they lit up slowly. They glowed with a blood-like red light.

Garen could feel the strength draining out of his body and hurriedly added another point to his Vitality. He only had ten attribute points left, so if he could not dispel the curse this time, he would incur heavy losses even if he used up all of the attribute points.

His body felt slightly better now, and he flew toward a crevice in the snowy mountain, swaying as he went.

It was ice-cold in the crevice. Even though he was a White Dragon, he could still that piercing cold permeate through his entire body.

Resisting the discomfort, Garen sped up and flew into the crevice. The crevice had many twists and turns, curving around and around as it stretched on downward.

He could not see the bottom of the crevice below him. All he could see was a sea of pitch-black darkness, as though it was a bottomless abyss.

Psst!

Suddenly, he felt as though something brushed past his face.

Garen was stunned. That thing was extraordinarily fast. On the other hand, he was completely exhausted right now, his spirit stretched to its tolerance limit. Two days of non-stop flying without daring to take even a moment’s rest had pushed him, a mere Dragon Whelp, to his limit. That was why he had no idea what the thing that flew past him was.

“It does not have the aura of a living creature... Whatever! No matter what, it beats falling into the hands of a Soul Master!” He continued to dive head-first into the crevice.

The crevice grew wider and wider as he went, becoming larger and also colder, bone-chillingly cold.

Garen felt as though he was flying toward the center of the world. It was a very eerie feeling.

Ahead of him, there was only darkness without the slightest hint of light. Even if he had a natural talent for night vision as a White Dragon, he still could not find even a fleck of light. He had to rely on the flow of the current to sense the area around him.

The Suffering Knight behind him was growing closer and closer, as though it had gotten somewhat hurried.

Psst!

Psst-psst-psst!

All of a sudden, several black things shot past Garen abruptly.

His body stiffened abruptly, his body had somehow become completely frozen. He could barely even move his wings. His body began to fall straight down, toward the bottom of the crevice.

This time, they were too close together, so Garen could finally clearly see what the thing beside him was.

They were basically wisps of black smoke with human faces.

The black smoke swam quickly through the crevice like fish in water. It was thick and concentrated, and more currents of black smoke kept whooshing past Garen’s body.

One hundred, two hundred? One thousand, ten thousand, a hundred thousand? A million?" Garen counted these wisps of black smoke until he lost count, and only then did he see that there was light here now!

His whole body stiffened, and he allowed gravity to drag him toward, into the depth of the crevice abyss.

In his night-vision dragon eyes, he could vaguely see a ball of transparent light, lighting up slowly at the bottom of the abyss. It looked like white light, but its source was that foggy transparent sphere.

That light source was still at least several kilometers away, and from a distance, he could see that there were countless black smoke faces surrounding that light source.

This all-encompassing black smoke seemed to have a life of its own, and it flew around the light source, staring with distorted hatred in its eyes.

The countless black smoke surrounded the light source, forming a giant tidal-like whirlpool. That colorless light source sat at the bottom of the whirlpool.

And Garen felt as though he was falling toward the bottom of the whirlpool. He was completely helpless, and it was like he was falling into hell.

"This place... what is it!?" He heard the roar of a Suffering Knight behind him.

"Dosima, angelier... Silent flames of hell, eye of suffering, open up your arms, face the solidification of eternity..." He heard a deep voice singing a chant behind him.

Garen instantly felt a spine-chilling sense of threat surge forth from behind him.

His Soul Rings began to shake uncontrollably, as though it was encountering an unprecedented danger of the highest level. Many cracks appeared, one after the other, on the Soul Rings.

That illogical chant that also seemed to contain an unnatural magic power transcended the long distance and went straight into Garen's ears.

"...Final Battle to the Death!" When the last note ended, Garen saw light.

It was not the faint white light from beneath him. Instead, it was a blinding red light that blossomed from behind him, blood-like viscous red light!

That blood-like red color washed over him like countless waves, faster than he could imagine. Garen just felt as though the red light had appeared behind him in an instant, and was just about to touch his skin. A sense of weakness and helplessness, accompanied by suffering and despair, spread throughout his entire body.

"No!!"

He roared madly! The danger had come so quickly, and even if he had already mentally prepared himself a long time ago, when he felt that weakness all over his body, a deep-set terror still surged up from the bottom of his heart.

All his Soul Rings were trembling madly, many countless and tiny cracks appearing all over them. Even if he had to detonate all of his Soul Rings, he still refused to allow himself to fail without putting up a fight!

Garen's eyes began to shine with terrifying Soul Energy. If he lost his Soul Rings, he could still condense them again, but if he lost his soul, it was all over!

His eyes revealed an unprecedented brutal determination.

Ka-chak!

One of his Soul Rings exploded abruptly, turning into an immense wave of powerful Soul Energy that rushed about madly in his brain.

Each Demon-Lord-Level existence had, without exception, experienced countless challenges and growth before they reached the level they were at. Garen was no different.

In the history of Ancient Endor, there had never been an instance where a Demon Lord was abducted! Never!!

The first Soul Ring exploded, and Garen's strength, as well as his physical fitness, was forcefully doubled.

The second and third Soul Rings also abruptly exploded at the same time!

Countless soul shards scattered everywhere, and Garen's body expanded rapidly like a balloon being inflated. And he was still growing larger and vaster! He had grown into a mature White Dragon's body in almost an instant.

Finally, a small wound underneath his scales split apart.

Barroom!!!

At the bottom of the abyss, an unimaginable wave of heat sprayed out suddenly.

It was as though heaven and earth had frozen in an instant. Everything, all of it, seemed to freeze in time, held in place by the faint white light from the abyss below.

Inside the light source, a huge and terrifying golden eye opened slowly. A woman dressed in a black dress that was tight around her waist stood in the middle of the eye.

The woman opened her eyes slowly. Her skin was whiter than snow, her hair darker than the night, and her figure seemed to have been forged according to the most perfect golden proportions. She was completely flawless.

Although she had opened her eyes, there was no light or consciousness in them at all. As though she was still deeply asleep, she raised her left hand slowly, like a sleepwalker.

Her palm was aimed directly at Garen and the Suffering Knight.

Barroom!!!

There was another immense tremor.

A giant, unimaginable pressure traveled across several kilometers and instantly landed on Garen and the Suffering Knight.

Garen felt as though an entire giant mountain had fallen on top of him in an instant. That feeling was just like how he had felt when he flew toward the sun of the Mother Planet for the first time in the Mech World.

Heavy, immense, irresistible.

“...Draconic Aura!!” An agonized voice came from behind him. It was the Suffering Knight’s voice.

That was the last thing Garen heard.

Time seemed to be flowing backward... His body shrunk rapidly, and he soon returned to his original Dragon Whelp body. The Soul Rings inside his body had also somehow naturally returned to their original Soul Ring state, even though they had already been blown to pieces. They looked almost completely undamaged.