

# Mystical 1271

## Chapter 1271

It was as though everything returned to the state when he first entered here.

Garen completely lost consciousness.

As for the Suffering Knight behind him, his entire body armor exploded like an expensive crystal glass shattering into millions of pieces. Countless black characters and symbols attempted to escape like tadpoles but were frozen by a vast Draconic Aura. Bam!

All the characters once again exploded into finer pieces. This time, they disappeared into the most basic negative energy flow into the air.

“Lord...!” The Suffering Knight’s last voice echoed into the abyss before nothing could be heard again.

Everything returned to peace. The Draconic Aura subsided and as just it was in the beginning, as though it never appeared.

A school of black smoke with human faces encircled Garen. They attempted to creep into Garen’s skin and ears. Every one of them wanted to occupy Garen, this young dragon’s body.

However, there was a thin layer of light over Garen’s body that prevented him from any harm.

As time slowly passed, it was a permanent darkness into the abyss without being able to tell between the night and day.

An unknown time had passed until Garen slowly regained consciousness.

His compact surroundings of black smoke with human faces dispersed like scared little fishes. At the time same, Garen, who was levitating as a result of being cupped by them, took a sharp fall.

He immediately fluttered his wings, struggling to stay afloat.

Seeing the darkness everywhere, Garen recalled the earlier situation.

“What just happened?” He felt a splitting headache.

The Suffering Knight who pursued after him was gone. He suddenly remembered.

“Could he be killed by the earlier Draconic Aura?”

He was most pleasantly surprised by the Soul Rings that he detonated remaining intact. It was a miracle.

He clearly remembered that at the final crucial moment, he blew up all his Soul Ring to obtain the upper limit of the strength. Who would have thought that all his Soul Rings remained in one piece?

“How funny!” Garen muttered in his heart. Although he didn’t understand what happened, it was obvious someone had saved him.

He drifted in the darkness and stared beneath him. He saw a colorless light source not near away from him.

He flew downwards. It seemed that this unknown existence saved him. As he has been rescued, he should head down to thank it face to face.

As he flew down and closed in, Garen landed at the edge of this huge light source.

The light source was small, only at a diameter of over ten meters. It was pale white within that light source; the insides could be seen indistinctly.

He circled around this light. The bottom of the abyss was flat, as though someone had polished a smooth surface as there was no staggering when on foot.

This wasn't a small palace.

Garen went around the place and sensed indistinctly.

He found a stone tablet in the surrounding.

The pitch black stone tablet was half-rooted on the ground with the other half on the surface. There were words engraved on the side. It was the Draconic language with which he was familiar, yet the semantics were somewhat ancient.

Garen carefully read the words with the little light.

"Guilty of heinous crime... All-Devouring Dragon... Earth's Core Capital..."

The content after that was muffled, as though it had been scratched all over.

Garen couldn't restore it despite carefully studying it long. He tried to claw at the stone tablet.

Shhh.

His claws instead were ground into a layer of powder.

The durability of the stone tablet was so hard that even his sharp dragon claw left no mark. This left Garen in surprise.

He spun around the light source again in the darkness and found the same stone tablet at another two areas. There were similar handwritings engraved on them respectively.

One of the stone tablets read "Forbidden Zone."

While the other stone tablet was "Slumber, Do Not Disturb, Disaster."

The remaining writings were too blurred. Many of the sentences in the middle could not be made out.

Garen looked through the stone tablets and investigated around once more.

The odd thing was that this was the center of the abyss, yet none of these black smoke with human faces dared approach it. They seemed to be afraid of something.

Garen gave it a thought before walking to the outer area.

Walking along the surface of the abyss, he went about and around.

He finally got a hold of the structure here.

The entire abyss was the size of several soccer fields. It was circular in shape. The light source protecting the stone tablets was just located just right in the middle.

It was soon when Garen found a sticky black thing in an empty area. He felt the presence of this thing to be similar to the Suffering Knight who had gone after him. So he captured it.

This thing was soft like a sticky rubber ball. There was a large symbol beaming in dark red. It looked like the letter Y, but with a twist.

The moment he held it in his hands, he felt a breeze of Soul Power aura leaking from within the rubber ball.

"Soul Power!" Garen was delighted and swiftly retrieved the ball and held within his claws.

Strangely, looking at the light source from afar, Garen could clearly see what was within it.

It was a golden round object of a dragon's eye. In a dim light glow, it wasn't clear. However, it could be distinguished that it was a dragon's eye with a golden vertical iris.

Garen was shocked.

If this was in some other world of the large beasts, it would be understandable. However, for this world of dragons to have birthed such a large eyeball, its body must have been quite the size.

In this world, such a large dragon definitely wouldn't be a nobody.

Staring from afar, he could somewhat make out a woman in a black dress standing afloat within the dragon's eye.

"If this was a seal that could seal the person inside, that must be one hell of a power." He was struck by this idea.

Looking at the dragon's eye, he thought about it before shouting out loud.

"Thank you, Lord, for rescuing me. I am Garen, a warming of White Dragon Clan."

His voice echoed in the darkness, but it received no response.

It was silent. The woman inside the round light source remained still as though she didn't hear his screams.

"Thank you, Lord, for saving me!" Garen shouted out once more. This time, even louder.

Yet, there was still no response. It was still silent at the bottom of the abyss.

Garen was hesitant but remembered the content on the stone tablets. Could the woman within be in deep slumber? Could it be that she rescued him unconsciously? Impossible!

Even with an unconscious defense, he himself wouldn't be about to leave unscathed at this rate unless the other party specifically protected him.

"This is not a place that you should come to. You should leave." Suddenly, a cold male voice was heard from the light source.

The moment Garen heard this voice, he felt the Soul Power quaver and resonate. It was as though the other person's faint noise was enough to break his Soul Rings.

His blood rushed as his heartbeat raced. He only calmed down moments later and that was when he realized that the curse on him was lifted.

Taking a few deep breaths, he gave one last stare at the woman in the center of the light source.

Garen fluttered his wings and flew upward, exiting the abyss.

It was as though he had the will of the woman in the light source this time, as the black clouds with human faces gathered beneath him in tides, swiftly holding him up and tossing him out to the outer world.

Garen took one last look below as the light source reached further and further out of sight, dimmer and dimmer until it disappeared from plain view.

"Once out, do not mention to anybody about here. Remember!" That clear male voice shot through the distance and snuck into his head.

Garen wasn't puzzled that although the person was a woman, she carried a male voice. These major existences had various peculiarities, so this was not something out of the norm.

He only felt odd that the person rescued him for no reason at all. A Level Seven Suffering Knight was easily crushed like an ant by her, let alone Garen who was weaker.

With such a doubt hanging over him, Garen was fired by the black smoke out of the rift of the Snow Mountain. It wasn't long before he was flying back to the blizzard on the other side of a lake of ravaging snowstorm.

Within the abyss.

The woman within the light source made a motion, stretching her arms slightly.

"White Dragons have always been selfish. Their souls are as dirty as black dirt. Who would have thought there'd be an odd one out here. His soul is as clear as crystal..." The male voice echoed within the light source.

"Odd one... Hehe... Striving huh... Such an interesting little white dragon."

It reminded her of herself in the beginning. An oddball within the dragon race, going against the nature of their race all the same.

A sense of fatigue crept within her as she fell back into slumber, or perhaps delved back into practice.

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Once Garen was about to find his way back to the clan in a struggle, over a month has passed.

After he returned to the family, all the dragon whelps thought he was dead and didn't think he would actually return. The dragon whelps of the nurturing center, especially the dragon whelps that lived from snatching ice stalagmites, stared at Garen in a displeased manner. He snatched away the trophy, the largest ice stalagmites after all. It was a good thing there were several Level Five and Level Four Crystal Cores shared by all. Otherwise, their hatred towards Garen would have deepened.

Upon returning, Garen explained what happened to Satwo, Sathree, and Safour, saying he lost his way in the blizzard and lost the ice stalagmite with no hope of bringing it back. He finally made it home with much difficulty.

Originally, the few siblings did not believe it, but seeing the wounds on Garen's body as well as his lack of strengths, they took his word for it.

Garen had yet to attend any classes during his return when Saszt, Boris and the lot arrived at his residence to ask about the situation.

"What! You lost the ice stalagmite!?" Boris's mouth was wide open in disbelief.

Saszt, who was beside, was clearly distressed.

"How did you lose it? If I knew you were going to lose it, I would have gone ahead and given a few bites!"

Leona was more concerned about Garen's body.

"What's the news on your injury? Why are there this many wounds?"

"Wounded by Giant Iguanas..." Garen helplessly replied, "I lost my way halfway and encountered a few Giant Iguanas of high levels. I could only scatter about but was caught by a Level Five Giant Iguana. After a round of being beaten up, good luck allowed me to find my way home."

"Blame your greediness!" Leona said with contempt.

"I was prepared to snatch it away and bring it back to share within us secretly. Who would have thought..." Garen made an aggrieved face.

"Really?" Leona was dubious. It was easy to win over little girls.



"Of course it's true. We are a team!" Garen said out loud. Of course, he wouldn't dare mention that he planned to pocket it at a time like this.

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"I believe in Garen!" Boris exclaimed with a face of sincerity.

"Me too," Saszt added. However, before speaking he stared at Boris. He had always followed Boris' lead.

The few dragon whelps started to get active in Garen's cave as they conversed about recent events.

"Oh, right, Garen." Boris became serious. "That's one thing you need to be careful about."

"What?"

"Reyman, our White Dragon Clan's most talented dragon whelp, has been coming often to ask about you.

"He seemed to have harbored ill intent after losing to you." Boris was worried.

"Reyman, huh...?" Garen recalled this dragon whelp which he killed within seconds. He was the only one that left an impression with that nice Draconic Aura.

"You need to be careful.

"The elders are nurturing him as the future White Dragon King." Leona was concerned.

"Don't worry, I'll take care of it."

Garen nodded in a gesture that implied he understood.

“Don’t lower your guard,” Boris ultimately urged. “And another thing, the completion of your task has most likely fallen through...”

“ ... ”

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Elder’s Peak of the White Dragon Clan.

Deep into the cold cave, four old White Dragons bearing staffs were quivering as they shook on four large icy pillars. Around the icy pillars stood with many sharp icicles that wrapped their bodies in the middle.

On top of the four staffs, a dull white glow was released, shining over the entire cave.

“The West clan has come in contact with us again.

“How should we respond this time, Great Elder?” One of the old dragons asked in a low voice.

On the highest icy pillar was an old White Dragon with wrinkles all over and a pair of droopy eyes. He didn’t seem focused.

“Our collaboration with the King of the Deladia Empire has just begun, yet they kept announcing a ban on dragons, Do they think that we are still that small clan that split up? Ignore them.”

“Great Elder, can the Deladia Empire really lead us to glory? The expedition this time had caused a loss of ten summoned adult dragons. Not to mention, the Clock of Fate is unhappy with us lifting the ban on the participation in the war of the Deladia Empire. They could send out wizards to join the battlefield,” another Elder whispered, “I am worried that the loss will outweigh the gain.”

“But we are left with no choice,” Great Elder dully replied, “take advantage of Dragon Beasts and Earth Dragons.”

“We suffered much loss on Dragon Beasts and Earth Dragons at more than a hundred of them!” The last elder shrieked with a withered female voice. We have a total of over a hundred twenty adult White Dragons in our clan, and this counts the new members that had sought refuge recently. The next maturity would take at least fifty years. We can’t wait any longer. It hasn’t been a year and we already lost ten clan members...”

“Your Excellency Hurricane Erger has given me his words that the intensity of the war will lessen.

“Unless it was out of absolute necessity, they will not seek our help,” Great Elder cut her off. “So do not worry, Tasha.”

“The nobles of the Snow City should never be trusted,” Tasha rebutted.

“But we found no better snow mountains to inhabit. All the human nations cast us away and only this place... Only this place was willing to take us in and provide us with a level of protection. Shouldn’t we offer them a little return?” Great Elder asked.

For a moment, the few elders were silent.

“The next batch of young dragons will be fifty-two years later. Hopefully, we can make it until then...” Tasha uttered in a low voice and flew away, leaving the ice pillar.

Thus, the meeting of the elders ended.

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The classroom valley at the Elder’s Peak.

Garen was crouching lazily in a corner, looking at the remaining dragon whelps grapple and wrestle with each other with enthusiasm. After the hunt, the members of dragon whelp lessened by a third. Now that with some new additions to the class, there were about fifteen to sixteen whelps.

Garen swept a glance around in boredom. He realized that no dragon whelps dared look him in the eye. Those he swept a glance at quickly turned away and lowered their heads.

It seemed that his performance when he sped killed Reyman was over the top and these dragon whelps were no idiots. Who would willingly be tortured with such a discrepancy of strength between them?

So basically no one was willing to be in the team as him on this one on one combat. Leona, who originally teamed up with him, immediately sought another to practice with.

In a bored stiff state, Garen started to reflect upon dividing his remaining attribute points.

There were still ten points left that he did not add on account of fleeing, mainly because of the fact that adding or not made no differences. Rather than using them all, it was better to leave it for recovery in order to sustain longer in battle.

Now, he could deliberate on how he could divide them.

The best thing was that he obtained the core of that Suffering Knight. It should be a core as that was what he guessed. This item could endlessly nourish his Soul Power. It was equivalent to a few Soul Rings.

This way, the accumulation of his potential aura could hasten from five points in two months to five points in a month. It was a terrifying speed.

He got to give it to a Core of a Level Five being. Garen knew that if Lady Luck was not on his side, he probably would not have come across such a treasure.

Adding this to the mix, he now had sixteen attribute points to distribute.

After returning, he did not hesitate to distribute them evenly on his strength, agility, and vitality.

He realized that all three of these attributes could not be ignored in this world. The dragon race naturally had stronger physical dispositions. By wielding this nature to its fullest extent and with his safety ensured, he could then focus on spellcrafting.

Strength should be targeted on destroying defenses. If he didn't have enough power to tear the skin of his enemy, then killing them would pose a problem.

Agility would be useful for fleeing. It could be of great use when snatching resources and treasures.

Vitality was crucial as this attribute could exempt many types of spellcraft. The higher the vitality, the higher the level of the types of spellcraft that could be exempted. Even those that could not be exempted would be weakened to the lowest limit. It would be very useful.

After careful consideration, these three attributes could not be disregarded.

Garen then distributed evenly on the three.

He immediately felt a major change.

"Safive — Strength 26(26), Agility 26(26), Vitality 19(19), Intelligence 17 with potential 19%.

Soul limit 170, Level 1 Draconic Aura, Level 1 Arcane Art Basics."

"Strength has increased from 21 to 26, the same could be said about Agility, from 21 to 26. Vitality went from 13 to 19."

He felt his body expanding tougher.

"Let's start the combat practice assessment!" The White Dragon instructor yelled.

"Scramble over!

“Follow my line up and start to fight one-by-one!

“Stop when I say stop!” The instructor was a new adult dragon. His little eyes reeked of viciousness, as though he had harbored ill intentions.

It was said that he was originally teaching the youths. However, after violently abusing over ten young female dragons and causing a public outrage, he was transferred to the dragon whelp’s combat class.

More than ten dragon whelps obediently stood together. Garen, too, stood up with them.

“The top three of the assessment will obtain one Kavan Gold. You should know the use of Kavan Gold. I do not need to reiterate its importance. So work hard, you little bastards!” The instructor roared.

The dragon whelps numbered one and two flew up onto the ice block ring in the middle of the valley.

It was a dull combat and the winner continued to fight the next one. This competition was weighed on the highest number of wins and the lowest number of losses.

With no exception, it was Garen’s turn on stage.

He stood on the ring and looked down.

“I guess no dragon would dare come up.” He looked at the instructor. “Just announce it a win then.”

The instructor glared at him. Dare there be a dragon more arrogant than him. This left him a little displeased. He looked down at the group of dragon whelps. Indeed, each one of them was intimidated.

“What a bunch of losers!” He cursed under his breath.

“Garen! I will fight you!” Suddenly, a high pitched voice was heard coming from the valley entrance.

A physically-tough dragon whelp plunged over, fluttering his white wings and landing on the ring. His eyes were fixated at Garen.

“Reyman?” Garen recognized this dragon whelp. No, he didn’t look much like a dragon whelp any longer. Reyman’s body resembled more of a youth’s, about the height of a human adult at four meters high. He was a towering being.

Garen looked at his size. He wasn’t far off compared to him.

They were considered the genius of the dragon race so their growth was faster than any regular dragons.

However, Garen knew that his current strength and agility was at 26 points, well above the standards amongst the young dragons.

Based on his observations, a regular dragon whelp would average below nineteen points. They would first grow in strength then equip the remaining attributes with the growth until their youth where their strength, agility, and vitality would average around 20 to 30 points. Naturally, it would increase the level of their magic resistance and spellcrafting. Adulthood would raise them to an average of between 20 to 40 points. If spellcrafting endowment was added, then they would be considered the top amongst the Level Six Beings and could combat against some weaker Level Seven Beings.

Garen did a comparison upon returning and found out that if the Suffering Knight were to meet with two adult White Dragons, then the one taking flight would be him. This was the true ferociousness of the dragon race, considering the White Dragon Clan was one of the weaker types.

“You sure you can beat me?” Garen stared at Reyman with interest.

“You are fated to be the strongest general under me!” Reyman was full of confidence as he shouted, “Come! Come under my wing, we will lead our clan to utmost glory!”

“Under your wing?” Garen smiled, “I will only go under an existence stronger than me.” Saying this, he recalled that woman at the bottom of the abyss rift. He could confirm that that woman definitely of a dragon race. Even if she wasn’t the strongest among the dragon race, she was at least an ancient one.

“Then I will defeat you!” Reyman was overconfident. It could be seen that there were scars and wounds that were freshly healed on his scales all over. He must have gone through some tough training from returning.

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Roar!

Reyman did not waste any breath and charged ahead. He swiped his tail and clawed at Garen’s waist.

However, Garen’s claw had already blocked in front of him.

With a parry, the two claws smashed onto each other.

Garen did not move while Reyman flew away from the impact. He fluttered more than ten times to counter the force.

He hung in midair and started to chant incantations.

“This guy actually cultivated spellcrafting as well?” Garen was stunned as he saw a green bracelet on Reyman’s wrist beamed in a dim light. He charged forward to elbow him.

Wham!

It was blocked, but Garen’s tail managed to whip at Reyman’s mouth.

Ow...!



The whelps beneath saw that Reyman took a hit on his mouth and couldn't help but yelp. This was equivalent of having a human stomped on the mouth by a foot, an utter disgrace!

Reyman's incantation was cut short as he was blown away by the lash.

He knocked onto an ice wall with a bam and the impact left a mark resembling a spider web.

Such a powerful display of strength had the instructor's eyes twitching.

Garen stood on the ring, swiping his tail as he casually looked at Reyman who was attacked far away.

Another speedy kill...

"You're too weak.

"You should return and train for a longer period," He threw these words and then stared at the instructor.

"Can I get down the stage now?"

The instructor looked at him three times before slowly nodding.

"Yes."

This fellow's strength was similar to a young dragon. How ferocious! He was considered a genius amongst the dragon race.

However, it was mainly his fighting instinct that allowed him to strategize appropriate attacks at the right time. He was naturally born to be a fighter.

“Wait! I wish to challenge you!” Suddenly, a dragon whelp flew high and landed on stage.

It was a young whelp that followed Reyman from behind. He garnered no attention in the beginning but now that he suddenly made his appearance, he attracted everyone’s attention. After Reyman was killed so quickly, he dared to challenge. He must have something up his sleeve.

Garen carefully looked at this dragon whelp. He was smaller than Reyman. Although he wasn’t as tough-looking as him, he was still bigger than any regular whelps.

“Who are you?” He asked directly.

“Cuboshaw, brother of Reyman.” The dragon whelp’s ears were special, being long like an elf. His eyes were bright as they gleamed in unknown confidence.

“Then, come.” Garen didn’t mind who would come at him. They were all a bunch of little children anyway.

He had just said these words when Cuboshaw swooshed to his right, clawing at his waist. His speed was faster than Reyman more than a tad. He was similar to Garen’s speed.

Garen was struck by this. The growth of his body wasn’t extraordinary. If it weren’t for the nourishment of the Soul Power and the increase on his attributes, he would be a regular little White Dragon and Cuboshaw’s speed could have caught up to his agility at 26 points. It seemed that there was no lack of innate and acquired training, he must have gone through some brutal training.

“So it seems I can’t underestimate the dragon race training in this world...” He pushed his elbow to block his opponent’s claw. At the same time, he tilted his head to spew a mouth of white dragon breath that formed into a white sword stabbing at Cuboshaw’s face.

“Roar!” Cuboshaw released a compressed vigorous pressure. It was the Draconic Aura!

This Draconic Aura was explosive and had Garen’s speed and reaction slowed down by half a beat. This gave him a chance.

He didn't care that his face that was frozen with a dragon breath. He lowered his head to ram into Garen's back.

Bam! Cuboshaw's tail lashed onto the back of Garen's right limb, causing a dull collision. The area at which he was whipped seemed to bring about an attributable attack as Garen's white scales was dyed to pale blue. It seemed to be some sort of poison as Garen's back leg grew stiff.

Stomp stomp stomp!

After the attack, Cuboshaw retreated three steps and landed on the other side of the ring.

A cloud of green poisonous gas spurted from a ring he wore on his right claw, engulfing Garen within.

"Garen! How sneaky you are to use tools!" Leona, who was beneath, couldn't bear to watch any longer as she yelled out with concern.

"That's right! It's not fair to use spellcrafting tools on the ring!" Boris and the rest hollered.

"What's not fair? Whether it's winning, losing, life or death, the human will not give you any fairness on the battlefield! They have always bullied others with numbers!" Cuboshaw smiled coldly. "If I were to kill him here, then it can only be blamed that on his lack of skill and no one else."

"Instructor!" Leona looked at the instructor with disdain.

The instructor who was the only one who could stop this did not make a move. He stared coldly at all the dragons.

"What he said is true. We should stop at nothing to win. This is the practice taught to us by the humans. Many dragons die in the hands of the humans for standing firm with the old stance."

Cuboshaw continued to smile coldly. He disregarded the dragon whelps that were stirring below.

“So you’re saying that I can also carry with me a spellcrafting tool in a competition!?” Boris coldly rebutted. He could tell that the poisonous gas was a Level Five spellcraft. No matter how strong a dragon whelp, they would sustain a major injury. Although Garen’s body seemed tougher than any regular whelps, he was still worried that he would be unable to bear it. Looking at the section where the green fog enveloped, he started to grow anxious.

“If you dare, you can come up on stage to try it out,” Cuboshaw was confident.

“What’s there to be scared!?” Boris was agitated as he fluttered his wing to fly up there. However, quickly he was pulled back by Saszt from behind.

“Boss, no! Cuboshaw has at least three enchanted equipment and he himself is a genius in spellcrafting. He could blast at least five times the spellcraft. There’s no point for you to go up there!”

“Then tell me, what can we do?!” Boris was enraged.

“I’ll go!” Leona charged forward and got up the ring.

“Isn’t this Great Elder’s seventh granddaughter?” Cuboshaw recognized Leona. “What? You’re up here to avenge your little boyfriend?”

“Shut your mouth!” A white glow overcame Leona and gathered into a white light blade before her. She shot it at Cuboshaw with a swoosh.

However, the light blade contorted by an unknown force when flying midway that it exploded into a spark of light.

“It’s Counter Current Disturbance!” Leona recognized the spell craft. It turned out to be one of the

With a swoosh, Cuboshaw’s figure appeared in front of Leona. His claw mercilessly struck at Leona’s face.

“A lesson for you to know that with impulsiveness, comes punishment...”

Cuboshaw flashed a malignant smile. With this move, Leona’s face would surely suffer a large scar that would permanently disfigure her.

“Interesting,” out of the blue, Garen’s voice was heard from the poisonous gas.

Immediately, a white figure blazed out and knocked to the side of Cuboshaw.

Wham!

A weight similar to a mad elephant rammed onto Cuboshaw. He wailed out loud as he was knocked away.

Swish!

It was not known when Garen dashed out of the poisonous gas. He was unscathed. He followed up with a vicious claw on Cuboshaw’s waist.

Wham!

Another loud crash was heard as Cuboshaw crashed onto the ground being seized by the waist. The pain almost had him unconscious. He must have broken a few bones around his waist.

“Cuboshaw!” Reyman watched with anxiousness. It was really a fight to the death for Garen! If this were to continue with another two strikes, Cuboshaw would lose his life!

The instructor beside was watching with eyes twitching. He was gasping in awe within on the viciousness of Garen.

The last claw that Garen raised was aimed at Cuboshaw's head.

"Help!" Cuboshaw finally lost his cool as he screamed out.

"It's over," Garen violently whipped his claw downwards.

Wham!

His claw could not make it all the way down. The instructor had somehow made his way before him with his claw locked against Garen's.

"Instructor, what is the meaning of this?" Garen curled his lips into a smile as he looked at the instructor who was no more than half a meter away from him. This adult White Dragon body was similar to an elephant and taller than him by a tad. His physique was much tougher.

"Do not overdo it. It is not allowed to stir trouble in the Nurturing Center," The instructor coldly answered.

"But earlier, he intended to bully my friend." Garen smiled.

"I said, do not overdo it." The instructor frowned.

"I said, earlier he intended to bully my friend." Garen returned with the same words. The smile on his face was slowly fading away.

"I don't care. This is a ring and whatever I say, goes!" The instructor grew impatient.

"Whatever you say, goes? Then go to hell! Roar!" Garen howled and knocked onto the instructor. His claws repeatedly struck over ten times like lightning. His tail was a stake stabbing at the instructor's face. He exploded with a full-blown cold killing intent.

The instructor felt chills as he immediately camouflaged in full body ice armor. He lowered his head and drew in Dragon Breath while at the same time, clawing both claws at Garen.

Kaboom!!

Two White Dragons, big and small, collided with each other, exploding a white layer of ice fog.

A white figure flew out and landed with his claw on the ground. It pulled a long hissing scratch before stopping.

The white figure was Garen. He bent over with his head down without moving. The muscles on his body were in baling knots that it gave off a unified solid feeling. A stretch of slight white chill lingered around his body and faded. Drops of dragon blood slowly dripped onto the ring from his right claw.

And on the other end, the instructor's figure emerged from the white fog. He was clenching onto his abdomen. It looked as though he was suddenly startled and suffered no wounds.

He stared at Garen coldly for long before uttering one sentence.

"No exceptions the next time!"

"Thank you for your understanding." Garen smiled and got up as a human would with two back limbs erected. His white tail was gently swiping behind him like a python.

The instructor howled before turning and fluttering his wings to fly out of the valley. It wasn't long when he disappeared out of sight.

"Class dismissed," A voice was heard from afar.

Woah!

The dragon whelps below burst into an uproar. Garen dared defy an instructor! And an adult White Dragon, too!

## Chapter 1274: Youth 2

Cuboshaw lay on the ring but no one knew whether he was dead or alive. In the earlier chaos, Garen slashed a claw in the face, disfiguring him. He was now being picked up by Reyman.

“You need to be careful, Garen. Cuboshaw is very vengeful...” He looked and whispered at Garen.”

“You should be more worried about him,” Garen didn’t mind. He was happy, but it was not about this. Instead, during his encounter in the Level Five poisonous gas attack, he made a pleasant discovery.

His soul and body were freed of his disharmonious state without any reason. Now, even if an Undead Master or a Soul Master was to stand before him, they would not discover the odd state of his soul and body.

That poisonous gas itself brought about soul temptation and corroding effect.

However, as a principal attack toward the soul, Garen had a strong fitting soul so he wasn’t afraid of this sort of attacks. So, this level five spellcraft was less harmful than a pure corrosion.

Moreover, Garen’s vitality had reached the higher standard of a young dragon that could weaken spellcraft by a level. Hence, he was immune to the majority of corroding spellcraft. The remaining harm was nothing to him.

It was then that he broke free from the encirclement and rescue Leona.

“Garen!” He turned and was welcomed by Leona’s passionate embrace, “You’re just so cool!”



Leona's entire body was hanging on Garen.

The White Dragons respected those who were powerful. As long as one displayed a strong enough strength, he would earn respect and receive attention.

As he had resolved the harmonious issue of his body and soul, he didn't have to keep a low profile. Receiving attention would gain him more resources and obtaining the fastest growth was the matter at hand.

That was why Garen took the opportunity to go full force in the end, letting the instructor experience his current ability.

If everything were to go well, the instructor should be on his way to the Elder's residence. Discovering one with a great promise was a great phenomenon for the future of the White Dragon Clan. He would receive great rewards from this.

"Garen, you really scared the shit out of us..." Boris and Saszt got up the ring together with the three siblings, Satwo, Sathree, and Safour who rushed over from the news and gathered around Garen.

"I really thought you were done for!" Saszt patted his chest and gasped.

"Five is the strongest!"

"Yes, Garen is the strongest." Sathree, Safour and the rest had full confidence with Garen.

"But it's better not to go against the instructor the next time." Satwo was still feeling a little uneasy. He recalled Garen's earlier arrogance to challenge an adult White Dragon. If this was the wilderness, he would have been eaten up without questions asked.

The last move pulled by Garen scared him to a full-blown sweat. His body was now still trailing with icy bits from condensing the sweat.

“The next time I’ll see who would dare to bully me in class!” Sathree was beaming with pride.

Garen was hemmed in the middle but was lost in his thought on how he resolved the harmony issue. However, no matter how he tried to recall, the only possible lead was that encounter down in the abyss.

His Soul Rings had all exploded yet in the end, miraculously resumed to normal.

Without a doubt, that powerful existence at the bottom of the abyss saved him.

“I really need to find a chance to return for a look,” Garen did not like the idea of owing anyone, moreover this was a life-saving debt. He needed to find an opportunity to return the debt. Although he was now weak, as a Demon Lord the speed of his growth surpassed any regular being. He would seek an opportunity in the future.

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The instructor fluttered his wings and glided a half round from the side of Elder’s Peak into a pitch black cave. An old White Dragon crouched at the entrance of the cave. He opened his eyes to give a glance but did not move as though he was still asleep.

The instructor flew another few hundred meters inside the cave and quickly arrived a large hemispherical grotto. A deep blue cold lake was right in the middle of the grotto.

An old White Dragon twice the size of the instructor mounted in the waters. This old White Dragon was flipping through a huge human reference book with interest. A pair of large-sized presbyopic spectacles were framed on his nose.

“What is it again?” He did not bother to lift his head as he threw the question. He seemed to know the arrival of the instructor.

“I found a budding dragon that I think can enter the Gifted Camp,” The instructor respectfully answered in a low voice.

“What kind of budding dragon?” The elder dragon yawned, “Hand-to-hand combat or spellcrafting?”

“Hand-to-hand,” The instructor quickly replied. “He is highly skilled in combat.” He added on in fear the elder dragon might pay no attention.

And of course, the moment the elder dragon heard it was hand-to-hand combat, a streak of disappointment flashed by his eyes.

“You should know that our White Dragon Clan only has three slots in the Gifted Camp and only the geniuses of the Spellcrafting department can draw the attention of those old farts.

“Fine fine, what’s the level of his Draconic Aura?”

He casually threw another question.

“Er... Level one... He just grasped the fundamentals.” The instructor was hesitant.

“Just a newbie with Level One Draconic Aura yet you want to waste one recommending slot?” The elder dragon finally lifted his head and fixated his gaze at the instructor on the opposite end of the lake. “Are you sure you’re not kidding?”

“No, not kidding.” The instructor solemnly nodded. “He’s not even one year old but his body has reached the standard of a young dragon! He’s really outstanding!”

“No matter how strong his build is, although the bodies of the dragon race are tough, there is a limit to it.” The elder dragon sighed. “The Arcane Technique is able to exhaust the Time-Space Mysteries.

“And this is limitless. You need to understand this.”

“However, if supplied with one of one Ice Stalagmites every month at the Gifted Camp, he would definitely become the strongest warrior at earliest!” The instructor wasn’t willing to give up.

“Return. Warriors can only achieve immortality with Draconic Aura. If his Draconic Aura is no good, then he’s not good enough and too young at the present. Let’s have a look after a period of time.” The elder dragon waved his arm and a large force caged the instructor up. This was an arm of a wizard that instantly tossed him a few hundred meters out of the cave.

Landing outside the cave, the instructor still could not reconcile. He found one with great promise with difficulty to turn around from his awkward situation yet Great Elder did not approve of it.

“I can only observe for now.” He fluttered his wing and flew away.

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Deep within the Fiery Blaze Mountain Range.

In a dark cave beneath a snow peak.

“Baschin’s destroyed... Even his Soul Imprint did not make it back.”

A hoarse voice was coming from deep within the cave.

Green flames lit up in the eyes of knights in armor packed on two sides of the cave. The dark cave beamed a path of dull green.

“Only by destroying all imprints entirely in an instant or sealed in an isolated space would he be unable to escape the Soul Imprint,” A knight in armor glowing in silver pattern responded in a low voice.

“Is there such an existence close by?” The hoarse voice asked.

“No findings,” The silver-patterned knight answered in a low voice.

“Then it must be due to that abnormal soul. An abnormal soul inhabiting in a White Dragon whelp... Perhaps it’s a lure.”

“The White Dragon Mountain wouldn’t feud against us out of the blue. It could be a misunderstanding. I heard that a little White Dragon clan moved around here. It could be their doing.”

“Should I send troops to crush them?” Another silver-patterned knight opened up.

“No... The clan must have an ancient dragon on watch.

“Master’s wounds have not healed completely.

“I can’t attack an ancient dragon.” The earlier silver-patterned knight rebutted.

“But Baschin can’t just die in vain,” the withered voice continued, “The lead should be on that abnormal soul.

“Use the Soul Detector to monitor the soul.

“Strike him once he leaves the White Dragon territory.”

“Understood,” The two silver-patterned knights answered in unison.

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The life in the Nurturing Center on Elder’s Peak was disinteresting.

At least, to Garen. It was training every day, study, training, study, and repeat. They were taught a few basic techniques which were valuable to regular dragon whelps. However, for a combat expert like Garen, it was meaningless.

So he started to nap in class.

It was odd as the instructor treated him with leniency and the other whelps dared not say anything as Garen's ability surpassed them all.

Even though it was Garen was sleeping, the truth was, he was slowly training his Draconic Aura.

The Draconic Aura was also an application of the spirit power so even ancient dragons and elder dragons proficient in Arcane Technique who did not bother with the Draconic Aura would still have a forceful suppression of the Draconic Aura. It was the reason.

Garen's soul power was naturally powerful but his spirit power was different from the will power of the Mech World. He hadn't grasped fully the relation between spirit power and soul power.

His body build naturally grew bigger. With the round core sacrificed by the Suffering Knight, he gained five attribute points in his pocket every month.

In a blink of an eye, a year of peacefulness has passed.

Garen was over a year old and graduated early from the dragon whelp's Nurturing Center. He did not participate the second hunt and following the words of the instructor, his participation in the whelp's hunt would be an act of bullying. That would be truly unfair.

So Garen officially joined the youth class.

There were many classes for dragon whelps but only one in the youth class. There were over forty dragons in it. The difference between ages varied widely, There were some forty over years old while some over more than ten. However, Garen was the only one year old there.

Even Reyman who was coined the future White Dragon King did not possess the qualification to join the youth class that early.

However, Garen wasn't the least bit concerned about this. The reason he left the idling whelp class and joined the youth class was for the chance to go hunting in order to obtain more Crystal Cores to speed up his growth.

The youth class could participate in the summon system of the Deladia empire's human wizards.

Following the Dragon Alliance Treaty of the end of year 445, the young dragons could forge a deed with wizards by paying a certain fee as a price to summon young dragons into battle from a far away distance.

This was one of the contents of the agreement signed by the elders and Deladia Empire's King.

This was why Garen wasn't that opposed to joining the youth class that early in order to integrate sooner into human society in this world.

The instructor had witness Garen's combat strategies with a seasoned hand. Only the battlegrounds of young dragons could provide Garen a better chance to grow.

He had, after all, patted his chest before the elder.

To allow a dragon whelp to join the youth class was rarely seen in history...

## Chapter 1275: Summon 1

Kevin Rother was a regular noble wizard. His declining aristocracy had regained a little incline thanks to his qualification as a wizard.

However, all this faced tremendous change as he was struggling to revitalize the household.

He was selected amongst the wizards to become one of the chosen ones who could forge a pledge with a dragon.

This was of the utmost glory and in the entire Deladia Empire; only wizards at Level Five could be called Great Wizards and be at an equal social class as nobles. Level Four wizards were at an awkward phase where they would be neither here nor there.

Kevin thought that being thirty over years old, his wizardry potential had reached its maximum and he could improve no further. Yet, who would have thought he would be struck with such a good luck.

“Perhaps it could bring about a turn for the better for my daughter and family.” He was holding this thought as he went ahead to the empire’s assessment point.

In the circular building of the assessment point, he found out that he wasn’t the chosen minority.

Those chosen for the pledge constituted about more than ten wizards in just their town. Amongst them were Level Three and Level Two wizards. God knows how these Level Two wizards made their way in as the Dragon Alliance Treaty required a large payment to sustain just one time summon.

“Your turn.” Kevin was pushed in the line from behind. He returned to his senses and walked ahead to sign his name on a book.

“If you are selected by the dragons, this badge will become your summoning tool to communicate coordinates.

“Don’t lose it,” The official in charge of general affairs gave a reminder. He was also a Level Five Great Wizard and he said so coldly, carrying an aura of a commanding authority.

“Understood, sir.” Kevin took the badge and left the pack in a hurry. He shifted his head to look at the line behind him. There were still seven eight of them. He felt a little perplexed.



Walking out of the assessment point, he turned back to look behind him with worry. Wizards from far and wide were still rushing into the white, circular, bread-like assessment point, getting up and down the horse carriages and walking in.

These wizards had one thing in common: wealth.

Kevin felt a little down in the dumps. Upon receiving news that he had been selected, he thought he had lucked out. However, he didn't think that there were this many who were selected as well.

"Wizard Kevin."

A crisp voice was heard coming from the side.

Kevin turned to the voice. It was a young lady with green skin. He recognized her. It was Selena, the only Druid around town.

"Tree Crust Spell?"

"Master Selena, have you encountered some trouble?" He asked in shock. The Tree Crust Spell was only cast on self during battle. This was a Level Five spellcraft and could last for a long time. It could last up to a day.

"No, I just came across a berserk wild boar," Selena did not explain further. Druids had always remained neutral and cold. They rarely spoke to outsiders on their private matters.

"But as for you," She looked at the badge in Kevin's hand. "An advice for you. If it were me, I would never accept this badge. Once you summoned a dragon, you'll know what's bound to happen."

Selena and Kevin were on good terms. Both of them often traded potions and materials with each other. For her to offer an advice, it was already going out of her way.

"You mean...?" Kevin wasn't an idiot, he quickly connected the dots with recent activities in the empire.

“The higher-ups of the empire have signed the Dragon Alliance Treaty with Red Dragon, Black Dragon, White Dragon, Green Dragon, a total of thirteen clans.

“There’s over a hundred adult dragons and a few hundred young dragons that joined the treaty.

“Why is all this happening?”

Selena dully said this and glanced at the badge in Kevin’s hand. “Don’t let the people around you be sad.”

Saying this, she left following the dirt yellow streets to the direction where she stayed without paying attention to Kevin anymore.

Kevin stood in front of his horse carriage, his mind was blank for a few seconds. He wasn’t like Selena who was a Level Five professional. For a professional at a Great Wizard level, even a Druid could be referred to as a Great Druid. It was a qualitative change from a Level Four and the channel of intel would be different. It was obvious that the input from Selena was a gesture arising out of goodwill.

“Master?” The coachman whispered at the side, “Do you want to leave?”

Kevin lowered his head and looked at the badge in his hand.

“Kevin?” A gorgeous female wizard saw him from afar and called in a tender voice, “You’re able to get a badge? Tsk tsk, really just about anyone can get their hands on the badge now, huh?”

The female wizard was accompanied by an old man in a Great Wizard robe. He was approximately over fifty and had a tough build. He dully glided his glance at Kevin.

“I hadn’t seen you for over ten years.

“You’re still making no progress, Kevin.”

“Great Wizard Chandela, Alice.” Kevin forced a smile and responded politely.

“The Grey Robes of Grey Shadow Society really is random. They just give such an important badge to just anyone,” Alice said in a sour attitude, “giving a badge to a low-level wizard who has no hope of leveling up. One summon would cost him his entire inheritance, what’s the point?”

Other wizards and passerby looked over. Kevin felt those surrounding them were looking at him as their gazes were scorchingly stabbing at him.

“What was it you said to me before?” Alice wasn’t going to let him off the hook. “There will be a day that I will stand before you as a Great Wizard! I’ll let you taste the feeling of regret!” She imitated an impassioned tone. She then stared at Kevin who has his head down with sarcasm.”

And now? I still hadn’t tasted the feeling of regret...”

“Can I go now?” Kevin felt miserable. He acted out in a sudden impulse and made a bold statement. He thought that he would be able to triumph over nature, surpass the endowment restriction and become a Level Five Great Wizard. Yet, more than ten years had passed, and he still remained a Level Four without any hope of breaking through.

Level Five was a stage where any professionals would admire with envy. To be able to reach this stage, they would uncover a specialty that was uniquely theirs.

And a Level Five Great Wizard could be more powerful than any regular wizard by a large margin. The key was the technique to cast instant spells.

To be able to grasp the instant casting technique on Level Zero and above spellcraft. Although this would exhaust double the everyday spell slot, such a technique would give the wizards an upper hand in battle without chanting.

This was a qualitative change.

“Just go then. You respond with the same line all the time, it’s so boring!” Alice was obviously trying to put him down. As a matter of fact, although wizards weren’t as ingenuine with etiquette as nobles, they wouldn’t go too far in public. Alice did this as the conflict they had had was overwhelming.

When she broke up with Kevin and found the present Great Wizard partner, she once felt guilty and planned to offer Kevin a hefty amount of compensation, but Kevin chased her out of the door in public, tossing all of them out. He even threw in a promise boldly saying that he would one day make a breakthrough to Great Wizardry and stand before her, making her feel the taste of regret.

Yet, more than ten years had passed. Their daughter was now over ten years old yet Kevin remained in Level Four like the majority of low-level wizards who could almost never see the day they would make a breakthrough into Level Five.

Only one in a hundred wizards could make a breakthrough into Level Five. It was considered a high ratio. This was as cruel as an apprentice at a threshold to formally become a wizard.

Kevin got up the horse carriage. Even the coachman felt his face burning. He hit the horse’s rear hard, rushing to leave the scene.

The houses and shops on both sides swept past one by one. The outsiders started to gather more and more on surrounding roads but Kevin did not have the mind to observe this.

He was bottling up with rage and wanted to release it, but he didn’t know how to.

He dared not take action. The Great Wizard that Alice found had his own wizard tower. There were high and low ranks between Great Wizards. Great Wizards that has the support of nobles to build their own wizard towers were different amongst the common Level Fives.

A Level Five Great Wizard within the range of the wizard tower could fight against a Level Six professional.

Hence, that old man that was named Great Wizard Chandela wasn’t someone he could just go against or defy.

Now he just wanted to return him to see his daughter. As long as his daughter was able to have a better development and future, everything else did not matter.

His daughter now was his everything.

He placed all hope onto Maria.

The town wasn't large. The horse carriage exited the town and passed Forest Cathedral to his household residence. A little estate that wasn't that bad.

A large pinwheel lay erected between a few areas of infertile land. A black stone house was deep within with its own front garden. Looking from afar, one could see a figure caring for the plants in the garden.

Kevin looked at the figure in the faraway garden. It was a young graceful teenager more than ten years old. She was similarly dressed in a wizard's robe, but there was a special white robe with a moon crescent symbol embedded in the chest.

That crescent moon represented an elite group under the Grey Shadow Society – Moon Trace Watchers. Those who were chosen to join the Moon Trace Watchers were absolute geniuses who were elite and had the chance to venture immediately into Great Wizardry.

The Grey Shadow Society was a large wizard organization that stretched across the Deladia Empire. If the Snow City of Deladia Empire was the highest assembly point for imperial wizards, then the Grey Shadow Society was the entire region, including all the wizards' gigantic alliances in all five major empires. They represented the glory and ultimate achievement of battle wizards in the north. It was not something that could be compared with the Snow City. It was worthy of the strongest existence of the highest order.

Every time he changed upon this crescent moon symbol in his daughter, Kevin would overcome with deep comfort. Although he couldn't make it, his daughter could.

The horse carriage galloped along the pathway between the fields and reached the front of the house.

Kevin got down the carriage and instructed the coachman to park the carriage. He took large strides to his daughter.

“Maria.” He wasn’t close but his loud voice was heard first. “Weren’t you in Casweya? How did you find the time to visit me?”

## Chapter 1276: Summon 2

Maria shifted her head over. She had an oval face and white skin. It was just that her eyes were a little small; this was caused by nearsightedness from reading and studying. Her small eyes ruined her overall appearance, channeling an aura of reservedness.

“I’m back for a matter. Father, why did you head out? I made my way back to inform you of an important matter!” She spoke with seriousness and let go of the watering can in her hands. Kevin noticed that watering pot had run out of water for a long time, yet she did not realize this. It was obvious the matter for which she returned was important.

“What is it, you say?” His mutter hid a few syllables and released a still boundary around to prevent any leakage of sound.

The half transparent membrane slowly spread out, enveloping over the both of them. The noise from the outside world was completely isolated while the voices inside wouldn’t be able to make their way out.

Maria looked at Kevin gravely.

“Father, do not accept the badge from the Dragon Alliance Treaty of the empire! Do not ever!”

Dragon Alliance Treaty? Badge? Kevin was stunned. First, he received an advice from Selena and his daughter came from afar to warn him.

Even a silly person like Kevin would know something was wrong.

He was about to surprise his daughter with the badge he clenched behind his back. Hearing this, he simply couldn't whip it out.

"Why?" He struggled to calm down and asked in a low tone.

"Those who held the badges distributed this time have the obligation to participate in war and required to go into battle!" Maria answered in solemnity, "These badges could definitely summon the dragons, but they too are obligated to join the battle."

"Battle? Against the Black Streak Empire?" Kevin felt his throat going dry. He had some prediction that he had to pay a price as every want needed to be obtained by sacrifice. He just didn't think that this badge would require him to pay such a high price.

"Yes, the moment of your acceptance of the badge and signing your own name would automatically count as signing an agreement to participate the war against Black Streak Empire. Our Deladia Empire is located at the juncture between the North and South. We must first take care of the Black Streak Empire separated in the middle in order to seize the rich soil of the South. This is a war that could destroy an empire; it not a child's play!" His daughter, Maria solemnly declared.

"This is news gathered from mother. She specifically came to warn me from receiving that badge. Only those wizards who have no more hope would gamble by accepting the badge."

Looking at Maria's concerned face, Kevin felt lumps up his throat. He didn't know how to tell his daughter that everything was too late.

He knew what he was made of. He was only a wizard who thrived through wizardry potions. If he could depend on his accumulated savings on selling potions to summon dragons a couple of times, then if he were to stand in battle his death would almost be inevitable.

He had never actually battled anyone before. He was a purely academic wizard.

The badge was already in his hands. This meant that the deed was sealed.

Kevin tightened his grip on the badge. He felt helpless and depressed.

Compared to the resources on his mother's side, he was only a regular little Level Four wizard. He possessed no strong connections and could not provide his daughter with enough assistance.

As for her mother, she would often bring her to gatherings of those young nobles, receive advice from other Great Wizards, and travel abroad to other wizard organizations for study exchanges.

This was how his daughter came about to be a Level Four wizard at a young age, entering the Moon Trace Watchers and becoming a genius elite that was nurtured with importance.

Seeing her father's expression, Maria sensed something amiss. She immediately became nervous.

"Don't tell me, father, you...!"

Kevin took a deep breath in and looked into his daughter's worried eyes. In the end, he nodded.

"I have already accepted the badge..."

These words had Maria's heart sink deep but more so was sorrow. As a wizard, she had already considered the worst case scenario before her arrival.

"It... It's okay. Don't you still have me? Don't worry, father. I have arranged everything."

"Arranged? What arrangement?" Kevin was stumped. He didn't think that his daughter could be this calm.

Wars against the Black Streak Empire had been known to always lead to major losses. Joining the battle, even if he was a wizard, the chances of him returning was only estimated at one in four.



Maria drew a deep breath in and regained her composure.

“Don’t worry, I have upgraded to a Level Four battle wizard!” She extended her arm to grab Kevin’s hand. “This time, I will protect you!!”

Gazing at Kevin’s hesitation, he quickly took out a small round black rock.

“Look, this is the proof of my drop out. I have discontinued my studies. You need not worry about my studies. I have taken care of everything...”

Smack!

A clear and crisp sound was heard.

Kevin’s hand was raised up high. He gazed at his daughter in sorrow, pain, and disappointment.

“Did I say I need your help?! Who told you to drop out! Who told you to drop out! Huh!?”

Kevin couldn’t help it as his tears gushed out of his eyes. He would never have thought that not only could he not help his daughter, he even became her burden.

What was the battlefield of the Black Streak? It has a death toll as high as one in four! If anything were to happen to his daughter joining him in battle...

“It’s okay,” Maria’s right cheek was swollen but a smile still beamed through. “I have already dropped out and your badge may not be able to summon a dragon. We don’t need to worry too much. Maybe we’ll be able to summon the strongest black dragon?”

Kevin looked at his daughter with torrenting pain creeping up wave by wave.

Finally, the father-daughter duo couldn't help but embrace each other and whimpered.

They did not resemble one bit the honorable wizards.

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At night.

All the wizards in town and wizards who accepted the badges gathered in the town center. A huge canopy was built there. All the citizens around were moved out to leave this town.

Accepting the badge was equivalent to signing an agreement. The empire would be in charge of the aftermath. Those who survived the battlefield and established a certain meritorious service would regain freedom and the dragon in pact would naturally be the wizard's personal pledged partner.

This was the so-called high risk, high reward.

To be pledged partners with a dragon, even a low-level wizard would pose a huge threat to high-level wizards. After all, even the weakest White Dragon and green dragon clan was a level six standard in adulthood.

So under such conditions, naturally there would be many wizards willing to take the risk.

Kevin, together with his daughter who was dead set on following him, participated in this Summoning Affair at night.

He brought along his large amount of summoning materials based on the requirement. A mountain of gemstones, heptachromic gemstones and a small bottle of sulfur. It was said that it could increase the chances of summoning a black dragon and a red dragon.

This time they could choose the strongest black dragon or the second, red dragon. They were really fond of volcanos.

Carrying hope with them, they were dressed in long robes and standing in the midst of the crowd. Tens of wizards formed a circle and listened to a Great Wizard of the empire in the center speak nonsense in the center. Most of their thoughts were running through the kind of dragons they would be able to summon in a moment.

“The empire has sacrificed a lot to be able to sign the Dragon Alliance Treaty with the dragon clans. I hope everyone would appreciate this opportunity and chance upon the benefits from the risk. Think about it. Once you return from the battlefield, you can have a dragon partner of your own. Your social standing in this empire will be equivalent to that of a Great Wizard.”

The Imperial Great Wizard shouted with a tone of instigation.

“Tonight will be when you summon your pledged partner. Once you have summoned, you can not go back on your word. The successful wizards will heed the enlistment and onward to the border for mopping-up operations to battle with warlocks and wizards of Black Streak Empire. The process isn’t as dangerous as you’ve imagined. There will be hunting troops and assassination troops that will be assisting you. As long as you’re careful enough, completing the mission is a cinch...”

Hearing the Great Wizard’s nonsense, Maria tightened her grip on Kevin’s hand. She could feel the nervousness of her father.

“Don’t worry, father. I am here with you. It will be okay.”

“I’m alright, I’m alright. It will be fine.” Kevin nodded but felt sorrow creeping in. As a father and a senior, to think needed his daughter to comfort him in turn.

“I have participated in assassination and hunting talks in the academy. Don’t worry, it will be alright.” Maria was calm. It didn’t look like she was faking it.

Kevin felt his palms searing but gave his daughter a gentle smile, although even he felt his smile was stiff.

The success and failure would be known tonight. If he could summon a black or red dragon, then his safety would be ensured by a whole lot.

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Garen had recently distributed the majority of his attribute points evenly between attributes. He only left a bit on his Draconic Aura.

Within the span of more than a year, he had accumulated 62 potential points. Adding these potential points onto the attributes wasn't the same as other worlds that require many points to increase just one attribute. There were no restrictions here as one potential point was equivalent to one attribute point.

However, Garen suspected that it might be due to the fact that this body had risen to an essential change stage.

Once this body achieved a qualitative change, to rise it would require an amass of more potential points to a tad of attribute increase. This was the process of forcefully increasing a qualitative change. Truth be told, heaving the body would require a huge supply of energy and couldn't be done just by mere potential points.

Yet Garen had yet to meet with this circumstance. He suspected that either the potential points here were embedded with enough energy, or that the body of this White Dragon had yet to reach to the qualitative change level.

Overall, he took sixty points out of these sixty-two potential points to be evenly distributed among these attributes which were strength, agility, and vitality, each attribute by twenty points.

The remaining two points was appointed the Draconic Aura.

Muscles defined everything.

Garen had always believed in this.

Strength was everything. He was most proficient in this strategy. The majority of his combat strategy hovered around the sportsmanship of strength above all so increasing strength and mass was the fastest way to effectively combat and ensure survival. The remaining free time after could then be used to research on the wizardry system.

The required potential points for Draconic Aura was two points. Adding these, his Draconic Aura was now level three.

## Chapter 1277: Communicate 1

Initially, he did not plan on adding to this as increasing muscle masses to their optimum was his goal. However, after joining the youth class, to participate in the Dragon Alliance Treaty and hunt at the battlefield, the lowest condition was a Level Three Draconic Aura.

Garen wasn't interested in the Draconic Aura. He only went to Level Two in a matter of a year. He used these two potential points to increase it to Level Three in order to reach the minimum requirements.

The White Dragons gathered around the stone platform that resembled a sundial that they had performed a divine assessment at Elder's Peak.

More than fifty young dragons quietly observed the white elder dragon holding a staff in the middle, listening to his speech. (TN: Raw dictates elder dragon as 'it' but previously mentioned the gender as male)

"The Deladia Empire did not reach an agreement with just us.

"There's the black dragons, red dragons, green dragons and the most powerful wizardry dragon, the purple dragons, that signed the war agreement. Once you as pledged summoning targets are summoned, you must remember not to cause any conflict with other dragon clans. Exercise self-control as there's no clan to protect you on the outside. Once you stir up trouble, no one will save you. Only you can save yourself or perhaps your wizard companions. To the other respective clans, we, the White Dragon Clan's vitality is not as black dragon nor red dragon, our venom couldn't be compared to those

of the green dragons, our wizardry couldn't match the purple dragons, but we have our advantages. The Frost Dragon Breath isn't much here, but it is a huge threat to other races and species, so pay attention to this and be careful not to spew the dragon breath just anywhere."

"Basically, don't spit at random places," a White Dragon whispered beside Garen. He was Reyman (TN: Author referred Reyman as 'It' here). This fellow was spiteful of Garen joining the youth class, so he acquired special privileges to enter himself.

"I hope my companion is a Great Wizard," One female dragon muttered at the side. It was Mehsha, Leona's older sister. Because of Leona, she became close to Garen. In the beginning, she took extra care of Garen, but now the relationship between them was mutual.

"Ditto," Reyman whispered.

Garen wasn't bothered by it. He had now increased 21 points evenly on three attributes in just a little over a year. An average of twenty points was brought about by the increase of attribute points. This was an abnormally terrifying average increase within one year compared to the natural growth of this White Dragon body.

In other words, if he had not had the increase in attribute points, this White Dragon physique could not slowly grow strong with a slight average each year. It would be impossible to join the youth class or compare to these young dragons.

Now, Garen's main three attributes had reached a horrifying 46 points. His entire body seemed smaller than an average young dragon, but no one could tell that the power hidden in his body surpassed that of an adult White Dragon.

Having his strength at 47 points was above the average of the adult White Dragons. If it weren't for Garen being wary of causing a scene and keeping it concealed, he would have reigned over the youth class.

If time allowed, he could achieve the power limit of the soul. His limit wasn't referring to the restriction of the White Dragons here. Instead, it referred to the attribute limit accumulated from reincarnating over and over.

“When will the summoning begin?” Garen did not ask about anything else but this.

“I don’t know. Now we are sending out the token positioning. Once the wizards begin to summon, they will automatically communicate via consciousness to reach a deal before opening the teleportation portal,” Mehsa explained, “the profit of the teleportation is out of the wizard’s pocket. Although it seems to be our pay, after subtracting the materials to open the teleportation portal here, whatever left that’s ours isn’t much.”

“Another thing, this is also our only best bet of obtaining other resources. The nearby hunting activity does not provide a hunting ground for us young dragons to set out,” Mehsa added on. “I heard that we will be battling it out with those from the Black Streak Empire. I wonder who will be our enemies?”

“There seems to be all kind of living beings, mainly the Demon Warlocks and various other demons.”

A few of the young dragons were murmuring softly beside.

Garen had on an indifferent face as he stood amongst the group of dragons. He was full of brawn but wasn’t outstanding in stature. The young dragons around him dared not come close to him. Only a few familiar dragons stood at close range.

The elder dragon in the middle raised his staff and chanted out loud. He then scattered some powdery substance. The glittery substance fluttered into the hands of all the White Dragons, becoming a frozen flower.

“Bring this back with you. These are the coordinates. There will be the first summoning tonight, you can take whatever item from the summoning wizard as fixed coordinates of a summoning portal. You won’t be needing this item then,” The elder dragon raised his voice.

“As for the gain of your compensation, it would depend on yourself. Seize the opportunity well.”

The elder dragon then cast a teleportation spell and opened up a glowing portal. He walked into it and disappeared in an instant.

The white glowing portal swiftly diminished into dimness.

The surrounding White Dragons then dispersed. Each of them carried a frozen flower with them. Some of them were discussing in low voices, some of them wrestling about without a care in the world. It seemed that the attitude of the White Dragons was different toward this battle.

Garen, together with Mehsa and Reyman, flew toward their new residence.

The location that was once a cave was completely abandoned. Garen depended on special privileges to reside in a cave of a peak nearby the training site.

Bringing along Safour and the rest in, the clan has started starting to secure the source of their meals.

They flew in the direction they came from.

Mehsa was chattering casually about the latest gossip while Reyman was analyzing the frozen flower in his claws. The three dragons were flying side-by-side.

Beneath them was the starry glow of lamps in the night. Within the thick forest were the many soldiers of the Deladia Empire. They were holding a torch or carrying a spear walking around a tower.

"These matters will be accompanied by the Deladia Empire's Level Five Great Knights. The territory near this place is divided into five Great Knights, all of whom are Level Five," Mehsa was well-informed. "Of course, to us dragons, Level Five is nothing.

"We'll at the peak of level six once we're grownups."

"But, to be adults we need at least another few decades," Reyman suddenly added.

"That's why many humans just can't wait. They are a species with a short lifespan. Life's too short that they hope that they're able to summon adult dragons to be their pledged partners. We are only secondary." Mehsa laughed at herself.



Garen did not speak, instead, he lowered his head to look at the soldiers in the forest. These soldiers looked like the whites of Earth from afar. Their skins were pale, with tall and sturdy builds. One look was enough to tell that they lacked sunlight. The armor on their bodies was mostly large silver pieces of chest plates. It seemed that these soldiers were carefully selected to be able to be stationed here.

Suddenly, he felt something buzzing in his head. The frozen flower in his claw was emitting a man's voice.

"I, Kevin Madgerski Raydra, once again call upon our alliances outside the summoning portal in the space-time borders to face battle together on account of this reward."

A short Draconic language incantation was shouted out in chant.

Garen felt bees buzzing about in his head. This was his first summon, and quickly the summoning rewards were listed out one by one. Each of them was explained about their functions and values, all of which was introduced by this person named Kevin.

"It's starting! It's starting! My summoner is talking to me." Mehsa suddenly stopped her nonsense and cried out loud.

"Me too." Reyman nodded. He took a glance at Garen. This White Dragon that he made a resolution to defeat had his eyes closed all the same. It seemed he has too, received a summoning.

"I received over ten," Reyman whispered.

Garen popped open his eyes and gazed at him in amazement. He then continued to tidy up the various voices in his head.

It wasn't just Kevin. A pile of different voices was jumbled in his head. Different summoners were reciting Draconic language in different accents.

Large amounts of material rewards were displayed.

This summoning was basically a seller-seller selection process.

The White Dragons were selecting a buyer and spoils that came with it, while the summoners were selecting base on the dragon's strength.

The crucial point was that the reward of the first summoning was only the most basic compensation. If they were fronted with a strong enemy in later days, then they must increase from this basic compensation.

Garen was now selecting his summoner. He could see the amount of the summoner's material rewards. At the same time, the other party would be able to observe his appearance.

Just as he had expected, the tens of buzzing voices that were echoing in his head at first slowly reduced to only five to six after the exchange of image projectors. A few master summoners with rich rewards had obviously given up.

The remaining five to six voices consisted of two humans and three dark elves. Garen did not know how the dark elves made their way into the Deladia Empire. These beings that lived underground and loved spiders were not very welcome, but it wasn't something he needed to consider now.

He should be making a decision now.

"So many humans. Over ten of them. Not bad." Mehsa started to stir. "And fifty over dark elves!"

"Me too, with over twenty humans and three dark elves. But never mind these dark things, they're way too ugly!" Reyman muttered.

Level Five Draconic Aura really commanded the market...

Garen sighed. He was a little regretful not upgrading his Draconic Aura to high levels. He didn't think that the selection process in the summoning would be executed this way. The others wouldn't be able to see his ability and could only pass judgment base on appearance and Draconic Aura.

His current Draconic Aura was only increased to Level Three after a year. It was considered quite high amongst dragon whelps. Yet, within a group of young dragons, it was nothing much as they were more at level four, five and even six.

“Heed my call and Reederdarisha’s call, oh great dragon race...”

“Oh warrior from the sky who overlook and look upon everything, your flesh and blood will be with me, I will forever battle...”

“...The Large Axe Tribe will be your most faithful and dependable companion! Come, all my cash in here!”

Among these few summoners, only three materials were sizeable. Of course, this was in comparison with other summoners. The first was a dark elf named Zoel. Who would have thought this dark race was rich as although she took out peculiar items, the majority of them were rare shiny Crystal Cores.

Garen chose her without any second thought.

However...

When he pushed his awareness over for an exchange, that Zoel carefully sized him up before revealing a face of disappointment.

“Damn! It’s a dragon whelp! Deenisha! Deenisha! Get over here!...” The voice traveled far and the communication was cut off. It was obvious the summoner was not satisfied with Garen.

Indeed, no matter how much of a genius Garen was, they were going up to a war. The wizards required immediate combat effectiveness and not future potential. A dragon’s potential served no purpose to them as that would only prove at least a few decades away.

## Chapter 1278: Communicate 2

Garen was speechless about having his communication cut off like this. He could only turn to the person with the second highest Crystal Core reward. It was a soldier dressed in full armor and helmet. It seemed to be a man who was serious and solemn.

He quickly pushed his awareness over.

The soldier first was stunned then proceeded to communicate with Garen.

“Your Draconic Aura isn’t much.”

“My Draconic Aura may be a little weak, but it reached the standard,” Garen argued.

“You’re still a dragon whelp?” A frown covered the face of the soldier under the helmet. “I have no objection on smaller beings but I need to ask this beforehand, can you breathe fire?”

“... I’m sorry, I’m a White Dragon... I can only breath ice...” Garen was helpless.

“White Dragons can only breath ice? I thought all dragons breathed fire... Erm...” The soldier was dumbfounded and quickly regained composure, “Then I apologize. I need a fire-breathing dragon. This has been a dream of mine since little,” He apologized endlessly, “sorry, sorry.”

“It’s alright...”

Garen did not know how this person could initiate a summoning ceremony. He didn’t look like a wizard.

The third.

It was a tall muscular bald man. He wore gold earrings, two bronze wristbands and had a chest full of hair. Beside him was the carcass of an unknown large beast.

“Quickly now, I pay a handsome reward. The Large Axe Tribe never discriminates against companions. Even though you’re very little, even though you’re only a White Dragon and not the black dragon I want, it’s okay. Leave the war to me. You just need to stand behind and breath fire!” The bald man said crudely.

Garen looked at the carcass beside him. Although it was camouflaged, that was a dragon, right? A young dragon that hadn’t died for long.

Did this person think he was an idiot? Only an idiot wouldn’t be able to see through this obvious summoning trap.

Garen was speechless. The supposed summoning trap was to bait dragons through rewards then proceed to kill the dragon for materials, treasure, and resource.

These tactics were normally done by evil wizards. It must be some disturbance by the Black Streak Empire.

He decisively ended the conversation.

It was empty and vast in his mind.

The remaining summoners were simply too wretched.

There wasn’t any Demon Core and Garen only needed them. The majority of these summoners were weak. The weakest was a Level Two. Seeing her pale state at the verge of spewing blood, bringing this companion to war would be inviting death with open arms.

Ignored.

He looked at another one. A tall skinny pole, wearing an impoverished wizard robe. The reward was a few old-looking antiques. Yet, there were no wizardry elements to them. How silly of him to summon a dragon with these things.

Ignored again.

The last one was this Kevin's voice that first jumped into his mind. Although he hadn't yet responded to him, he did not give up.

Garen was a little surprised. He offered to push his awareness over to be in touch with him.

"Do you have Demon Cores?"

"Yes, I have two, two Level Fours!" Kevin seemed frightened and immediately replied. He released out a summoning request and any dragons with a slight compatibility would heed this request. However, up to now, the summoning ceremony was almost over, yet only a little White Dragon responded to him. He had already made up his mind to give up and thought that there would not be any dragon that would take to him.

The things that he could take out to attract the dragons were too little after all, apart from some jewels. The dragons loved collecting these jewel, but the main attraction was the tools or scrolls that were useful to battles.

He heard nothing from the black dragons and red dragons that he was the most hopeful for. The purple dragons cut off communications from him at the first second.

As communications broke off one by one, Kevin fell into a deep slum.

But at the very last moment, he didn't think the last contact transferred over his awareness.

"It seems that you don't have any other dragon choices," said Garen in a low voice.

Kevin was in awe as he lowered his head without saying a word. He hadn't always been a confident person even as a Level Four wizard. Furthermore, he was facing a White Dragon that was the weakest of all dragons, but a dragon whelp was still a valuable kind of level four beings. His unrealistic hope was lost and he should be lucky to have a dragon that was willing to choose him.

Garen still has plenty of other choices such as the underground black ghosts but he really didn't like these dirty-looking coals. Not just their appearance but the spider goddess that these black coals worshipped. That fellow was known for teasing souls, and if an abnormal soul such as his were to go over...

"Right, him then. I don't have any other choices." Garen helplessly stared at Kevin.

Kevin could see in Garen's eyes that misery loved company. Both of them were leftovers from the selection and could only depend on each other.

"I'll say... Could the rewards be replaced by Demonic Cores from now on?" Garen started bargaining, "I don't oppose to jewels."

"Sure, no problem," Kevin answered swiftly.

"It's best not to look for me if it's a battle with no Demonic Cores. It's not worth it," Garen continued to demand, "if it's a Level Five being and the risk of danger is heightened, then you need to increase the reward to at least one Level Four Crystal Core."

"This... Isn't it a little expensive?" It was hard on Kevin as his income wasn't that expandable, and taking out two Level Four Crystal Core at a time was already much. Yet, now Garen requested for three Level Four Crystal Cores for every summon.

Three! That was a lot as it would be enough to buy the most expensive villa in town and hire over ten beautiful maids for a month of hedonism.

"This is already really cheap," Garen casually added. "Just see how you manage it. Don't tell me you can't even take out these small number?"

He seemed casual and indifferent during negotiations, but he was, in fact, serious within. This person was his only way and best bet to swiftly gather the Demon Cores.

Ever since he got in trouble with that Level Seven Suffering Knight, Garen felt that something dangerous was waiting for him in the outer world mountain range so he dared not hunt for Demon Cores himself and stayed within reach of the Elder's Peak.

Now this summoner here would be the main source of Demon Cores for a long time. He mustn't take this lightly.

"And, the summoning should not be less than once in a month," Garen continued. If he were to summon him once in a blue moon, what would he gain then?

"Your requests are... too high. I can't bear the expenses..." Kevin was silent for a long time before answering in difficulty.

Garen was also speechless.

The two stared at each other. For a moment, nobody said anything.

After a while, Garen helplessly asked.

"How much can you take on?"

No matter how horribly he fared, he was still a dragon. A White Dragon whelp that was a level being. Even if a Level Four wizard was employed, it wouldn't be this cheap, right? If one Level Four Crystal Core was used to open the summoning portal, wouldn't that mean Garen could only earn that little profit only?

"I... I only have these two Level Four Crystal Cores..." Kevin's face was flushed red as he answered with his head lowered. "If I sold my house then I can push in one Level Three Crystal Core..." This was all his inheritance.



All these years in order to provide for his daughter's studies, he devoted himself to making potions and the profits were mostly for his daughter's spending. Wizardry was the most expensive profession as just the wasted materials on experiments each year was enough to cause bankruptcy to a village noble. A small part of those failed experiments could be used to exchange some resources while the remains could only be destroyed and wasted. There was just so much money burned off in a year.

For most regular people, Kevin was financially doing well. However, to the dragon race, he was poverty-stricken and poor to the point that he couldn't afford an underwear.

"These can be the cost for a one-time summoning..." Garen had no words but he has lost all other contacts. He has to choose this person. If he knew this would happen, he would have chosen... Sigh... He suddenly recalled that nobody chose him, apart from this Kevin.

In other words, he himself was left with no other choice.

"So, I can only depend on myself?" Garen thought to himself. He first had some certain expectations that perhaps he could earn higher level Demon Cores through summoning to increase his growth. It looked like now it was just wild wishes.

This person named Kevin was not only a poor man. He didn't seem like a combat wizard. He was the academic type. There would be no hope for him in war. There was no telling how long he could survive.

"Okay okay, don't come bother me if there's no matter then." Garen forcefully sighed and cut off his dream of earning Demon Cores.

"Now give me something from your side. And that's it."

"Oh... I'm sorry. I'm just too poor... This is the deposit for the first summoning," Kevin helplessly placed his Level Four Crystal Core up the summoning ceremony.

With a swoosh, the Crystal Core disappeared and appeared before Garen. Garen's awareness has also left a mark on Kevin.

The human and the dragon had instantly sworn in a partnership through the exchange.

“That’s it then. I like to sleep so don’t look for me if you don’t have any matters. Let’s talk when you have collected enough Demon Cores,” Garen left these words in a depressed mood and cut off the communications.

On the other side.

Kevin walked down from the dimmed lit summoning formation. His daughter went up to hold onto him with concern.

“How was it, father? Did you manage to pledge a dragon?”

Looking at his daughter’s eyes of expectation, Kevin wanted to deny as pledging and not pledging made no difference considering Garen’s attitude. Yet, he didn’t want to see his daughter’s disappointed face, so he nodded and forced a smile.

“I was lucky to meet a White Dragon. Although White Dragons are the weakest dragons, but the fella I met is very strong. I was surprised at first. That head, that body, couldn’t be compared to a regular White Dragon. He was basically equivalent to a black dragon. He’s really strong!” He was unexpectedly proficient in spinning lies. But the request for rewards is simply too much... He needed at least three Level Four Crystal Cores. I convinced him to lower to two level four and one level three Crystal Cores.” Kevin pretended to put on a satisfied but pocket-burned face.

“This is still very expensive. But at the very least, father, you have a dragon companion. You have at least a trump card at the battlefield.” His daughter was genuinely happy for him.

“So it’s best we do not summon him frequently but only at crucial times,” Kevin quickly added. Although he didn’t want to lie to his daughter, he really did not want her disappointed.

After settling on the summoning contract, Garen retreated back to the cave. A Level Four Demon Core wasn't even the least bit enough.

Safour was carefully drawing something in the cave. It seemed to be some learning task in the spellcrafting course.

Sathree and Satwo were off somewhere. They were recently seen out and about.

"Hey, four," Garen pushed aside his restlessness and casually asked. "Do you know where did Satwo and Sathree go?"

"I'm not sure... I think I heard Satwo mentioned about going to some underground palace to hunt. I heard that it's an accompanied combat with those from the Deladia Empire," Safour turned to answer.

"The Deladia Empire?" Garen was stunned. This Deladia Empire seemed to be everywhere. Its relation with the White Dragon clan seemed to be closer.

"Yes, now all the dragon whelps are to participate in this teamwork to nurture combat compatibility." Safour glanced at Garen and found that he was a little agitated.

"I'm heading out to buy some materials." He found an excuse to leave promptly. He really didn't want to be the receiving end of Garen's foul mood.

"Buy materials?" Garen was stunned again.

He flew out and followed Safour from behind. They quickly flew to the bottom of the Snow Peak to a block built by humans. It was bustling there. There were five or six tradespeople bawling with a dragon guard at the side, protecting the peace.

The trades here must receive the permission of the elders.

"I really don't know how these people obtained the White Dragon's elders' approval." Garen flew down and followed behind a few dragon whelps. He retrieved his wings and left Safour alone as he walked to a stall to have a look.

The tradesperson was shouting a language he did not comprehend. However, this did not hinder them from communicating as the tradesperson immediately flashed a smile and proceed to raise a sign in Draconic language saying, "One Level Three Frost Type Crystal Core to exchange with two items."

Garen was speechless as he looked at the items in the stall. There were all shiny, manmade items that could blind one's eyes. Apart from them being pleasing to the eye, they had no function.

What caught him speechless was the dragon whelps that bought them. A dragon whelp beside him was forthright to whip up a Level Three Demon Core to trade for two glass items at another stall. It was obvious that the items were glass-made ones that did not worth anything.

"What a ripoff!"

Garen was speechless and went around other places. Some of them were selling man-made oil painting, some were selling high-quality imitation antiques, but most of them were selling various book reference.

These book references were extremely expensive and were sold by the number of Demon Cores. Moreover, they weren't useful. They were all literature like novels and poems. They were mostly not even in Draconic language. Garen only recognized headings in the banners the tradespeople raised.

Leaving the trading street, Garen gave it a thought that if he wanted more Demon Cores to enhance himself, heading out to hunt was still the way to go.

He was still in debt of that mysterious woman's help, it stood within reason that he should go and thank her.

Although he felt that the outside harbored great danger, if he wouldn't head out due to danger and hold himself back just because of danger, then he wouldn't call himself Garen.

He thought about it before flying off.

The current him was no longer the person from a year ago. Perhaps that danger wouldn't pose that big of a threat.

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Fiery Blaze Mountain Range.

Beneath an area of overly white snow, the ground started to rumble.

The noon sunlight was just beaming down, reflecting a white glow on the snow.

Clang!

Suddenly, the snow area was pulled open. A large amount of snow splattered about. A human-like life form in black armor was held in there.

Hiss...

The snow on the surface of the human-like life form's armor melted and vaporized, giving others the feeling that it was at a boiling level. In truth, the armor almost bore no warmth, it even possessed an even lower temperature than the snow around.

"It's here..." This human form was the Suffering Knight that attacked Garen earlier. His body was covered with layer and layer of something similar to black oil. That black oil started to melt and drip onto the ground, but the droplets strangely disappeared.

"It's here... Have you informed master?"

At the other side, about a few thousand meters away, a black Suffering Knight erected from the snow the same way. The surface of his body was covered with a thick layer of something in oil form.

“Master can see it earlier than we can. Let’s first capture this abnormal soul. We should be able to find out what we want to know from it.” The two Suffering Knights were a few thousand meters apart yet they were conversing as though they were face to face. Their voices weren’t loud but could transmit to each other’s ears.

Swoosh!

The two Suffering Knights soared to the sky and headed in the direction of Garen.

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The white snow mountain had a sharp peak as a volcano.

Looking from afar, the snow mountain was blue all around. Flying toward the snow mountain, Garen felt the air was cleaner. Compared to the era of technology, the cleanliness of air was far beyond imagination.

Leaving the White Dragon Clan’s territory, he dashed toward the Fiery Blaze Mountain Range.

The last time he was shuttling back and forth within Fiery Blaze Mountain Range and was pursued unintentionally and arrived at the place.

Now, to find that area again would be difficult as he was sought after during that time and had the snowstorm affecting his vision.

Flying above the mountain range, Garen gazed down.

With shrouds of white clouds lingering, the dark mountain figure appeared indistinctly under the camouflage of snow.

He could sometimes see Giant Frost Iguanas moving around the mountain.

These Giant Iguanas had poor visions. They were only able to sniff their enemy at close range. The mountain was bustling with activity as he could see more than ten Giant Iguanas scattered around.

“This sort of place is what we call a good place to hunt.” Garen sighed deeply as he charged down toward a Giant Iguana.

He planned to hunt while looking for that woman that saved him.

The Fiery Blaze Mountain Range had Giant Iguanas that were at least Level Four. The remaining were either Level Five or level Six. Of course, it was still the outer range here, so although these level four Giant Iguanas were at the same level as him, it was only a representation of their spellcrafting and ability. On strength and vitality, Level Four Giant Iguanas were still considered powerful.

As a safety precaution, Garen followed the wind’s current down and slowly flapped his wings to a pass near the Giant Iguana to prevent it from smelling his scent.

His current strength and agility were beyond the past. His strength at 47 points had him similar to an adult White Dragon. An Agility at 47 points enabled him to zip pass tens of meters in a second without acceleration. A Vitality at 40 points would have him collide with a Giant Iguana unscathed.

The present Garen was an adult White Dragon in the clothing of a whelp.

The Giant Iguana afar was lowering its head chomping on a snow deer’s carcass. Red blood was splattered everywhere. There were some areas where it was frozen to red icicles.

Garen gently landed on the ground. His strong limbs deeply scratched into the snow. He crouched his body and paced himself towards the Giant Iguana.

The Giant Iguana took no notice as its white sharp fangs were feasting the snow deer’s carcass in large bites, making crackling noises.

Swish!

Garen leaped forward and took a tiger bite.

Similar to a white snowstorm, he pressed onto the Giant Iguana and took a bite, tearing its throat apart. The decades of meters in distance went by in a flash.

Blood sprinkled out and splashed on Garen's face, but he wasn't bothered.

He stood up and got up from the Giant Iguana. His claw grasped mercilessly on the collapsing Iguana. He looked on as it whimpered and struggled in pain but was tightly clasped by his claw.

With a swish, Garen clawed and drugged out the crystal core in the Giant Iguana, waving it around in his claw.

"Level Four Crystal Core, as simple as that." He had given up on obtaining and hunting Crystal Core through summoning. That pest of a wizard was perhaps on the battlefield and have died in some corner.

"Next up."

He left the Giant Iguana's carcass and fluttered his wings in the air.

He quickly targeted a Level Four Giant Iguana.

Using the same sneak attack tactic, the Giant Iguana did not even lay eyes on Garen's shadow and activate its frozen armor when it was bit in the throat in a blink of an eye, breathing its last.

The tactic was similar to assassination and succeeded at any turn.



Using the same way, Garen continuously gained two Crystal Cores. He started to aim at the Level Five Giant Iguana he wounded the last time.

The Level Five Giant Iguanas were larger than the Level Fours, especially that long large streamlined tail that actively whipped around like a python.

If someone was fooled by the Level Five Giant Iguanas' heavy build and appearance, they would be met with extremely swift tail-whipping once they were close.

Garen had shared that fate the last time.

This time, he planned to make an attempt.

Without any disguise, Garen landed on the snowy ground and took large strides toward the Giant Iguana.

The back of this large Iguana has a burned scar. It seemed that it once battled with an enemy proficient with flames and left a mark. Its skin was tough and a layer of thick frozen armor covered its entire body. Different from Level Four, the frozen armors of Level Five Giant Iguanas could cover their entire body.

Sensing danger nearing, the Level Five became alert as it lowered its head at Garen. Arching its body, he was in a position to charge ahead.

"It looks like it has a certain level of intelligence." Garen burst into laughter. A Level Five Giant Iguana wouldn't normally use its head to attack. Yet, for this Giant Iguana to pose in such a position, it was obviously trying to confuse the enemy so those who thought it would approach with the head would let their guard down about its tail.

However, Garen wanted a face-on attack, so whatever the Giant Iguana was planning on, he wasn't that much bothered.

Walking over, Garen started to accelerate towards the Giant Iguana when the distance between them was about fifty meters apart.

The Giant Iguana tensed up its muscles.

Roar!

It howled out loud, causing the ground to tremble. This Level Five technique burst out as a trembling splattered some snow around the area. A large wave of tremor mixed with snowflakes was going to collide onto Garen who was charging over.

Garen did not avoid and used his elbow to block head-on, banging violently onto it.

Chapter 1280

Wham!

With a large slam, the Giant Iguana took a few steps back. The ice armor on its frontal head had a huge crack. Its quake was destroyed and his Level Five ice armor was almost broken apart.

The powerful effects of Garen's 47 points of Strength had finally made an appearance.

This was the strength of an adult dragon and an adult dragon was the peak of a Level Six being.

Hence, Garen relied on this advantage to combat against a Level Five Giant Iguana. A Strength of 47 points entered the range of Level Six, meaning collision was equivalent to an adult dragon ramming into the Giant Iguana. The result went without saying.

The Giant Iguana was knocked out of senses and shook its head violently. Its eyes reeked of hesitation and fear.

Garen was done testing the levels of his strength. He was without reserve as he took large strides forward to claw the back of the Giant Iguana.

Crackle!

The ice armor cracked open, so did its skin. In the end, the crackle was the breaking of its bones.

The Giant Iguana was on its knees by Garen's claw. Its limbs were torn apart neatly.

Roar!

The Giant Iguana cried out in pain.

Garen could quickly hear footsteps of surrounding Giant Iguanas rushing over.

"It was the same the last time. It seems Level Five Giant Iguanas travel in groups. Now that it's happening again, it's not a coincidence."

He did not leave. He wanted to see the extent his combat abilities had reached.

At a similar disposition, he was confident no one could take him face on.

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Two dark figures were shooting past the snowy mountain range like two black swords, sharp and conspicuous. All the Giant Iguana Elders bowed down in respect when they saw them from below.

They were the God from deep within the snow mountain. The subordinates of the mysterious existence of the Fiery Blaze Mountain Range.

It wasn't just an Undead Wizard behind these Suffering Knights. If it was just a Suffering Knight or an indeed master, the ultimate Giant Iguana Elders would show no fear. They were great in numbers after all.

However, behind the undead master, stood that existence that they dared not offend.

The Undead Wizard was also the last straw in the dark, protecting the Fiery Blaze Mountain Range from outsiders, plundering and killing at will.

As long as they did not proactively offend the Suffering Knights, everybody was safe.

The two Suffering Knights soared high and headed towards outside the mountain range.

Swoosh!

One of the Suffering Knights landed on the ground and looked at the messy blood stains and the carcass of a Level Four Giant Iguana that had been killed not a long time ago.

“He isn’t far.”

The other Suffering Knight landed and nodded at him.

“His powers have grown fast. He’s grown a lot in a year.”

“You said so yourself. It’s only a year. How much can he grow?” The other didn’t take it to heart. “The person we need to take precautions of is not him, but the existence that may appear behind him.”

“You’re right.”

Both of them investigated the scene. Its Demon Core was dug out, but it was the same for its eyes. There was nothing that could be salvaged.

They carefully inspected the possible direction to which Garen had left.

The two Suffering Knights soared into the sky and flew towards the direction of Garen.

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Wham!

Four Level Five Giant Iguanas gnashed their fangs at Garen but they were shook off by Garen at the same time. They scattered away.

He was surrounded by four Giant Iguanas. All of them were Level Five Giant Iguanas. Instantly, the Level Five Giant Iguanas coordinated well with each other to encircle him and set off an earthquake.

Yet they were flipped over by Garen, a dragon.

The four Giant Iguanas somersaulted in the air like bowling pins, rolling far off and crashing onto the ground heavily, whimpering out with pain.

Garen stood in the middle unscathed.

If these Giant Iguanas were to come forth one by one, it may perhaps exhaust him out. However, all of them coming out at once gave him enough leverage and opportunity to spot their weak point. Moreover, his strength matched up with his speed to immediately erupt in action, creating a sort of explosive effect.

Four Level Five Giant Iguanas were all pushed away to the sky.

“Too weak!” Garen stood in the center without a scratch. With a minute difference in disposition, he was well-seasoned in combat skill which completely made up the difference in disposition. He burst out an ability that was well past his actual data and this created this over-exaggerated phenomenon.

The four Giant Iguanas fell onto the ground everywhere. Two of them knocked onto a nearby cliff and rock, rolling a few rounds. For a moment, they still didn’t even get up.

They were shaken by Garen's strength mixed with a high-level skill. The shock was enough to injure their insides.

Garen slow paced toward one of the Giant Iguanas. He was prepared to dig out his Demon Core.

Suddenly, he lifted his head and stared at the faraway sky.

Two enormously strong sources of aura were shooting toward him at a high speed.

"That again?" Garen was familiar with this aura because he still carried with him the core that that being that hunted him.

The black figures flashed before him like the descending of two flashes of lightning. Two Suffering Knights dripping in black oil instantly appeared in front of Garen.

"You guys..." Garen narrowed his eyes and asked.

Swish!

He quickly left the place. The snow beneath his feet now had two snow pits.

The party wasted no time as they made a move. One knight took out a black knight's spear in shape of an umbrella and swiftly maneuvered at him with sturdy yet accurate precision. It was as though he had predicted all of Garen's evading position.

The other knight appeared at the side like a bat and drew a peculiar semicircle arc. A long black sword appeared in his hands. The exquisite long blade was as fine as a finger. He could flick five six blade lights in a matter of a second. At the same time, he flew to the side of Garen's waist.

The two were so well-coordination with each other. One of them took the front while the other at the side, as though they had done so many times.

Roar!

Garen opened his mouth and spewed a mouth of cold dragon breath but stronger, was the sound waves of the huge dragon howl.

He unleashed a terrifying dragon howl. With a 47 point Strength and 40 point Vitality, this formed a powerful sound wave weapon and exploding to the front and his sides.

The humongous sound wave compressed the air and violently rammed face-on onto the two knights.

Buzz!

The actions of the duo paused. They didn't think that Garen's explosive roar was this powerful. They must have miscalculated that they lacked in energy, causing their movement to slow down for a moment.

Taking the delay of this very moment, Garen did not retreat. Instead, he plunged on and pounced forward.

His claw viciously grabbed onto the knight's spear of the Suffering Knight, adding his high-level skill shock as well as the Ice Pressure Blade he was proficient with into the mix. His claw snarled at the weakest point at the side of the knight's spear.

The Suffering Knight didn't think he was this quick and was abruptly raised up that his knight's spear slanted away and stabbed to the top of Garen's head.

However, the strength of a Level Five professional was revering. The Suffering Knight was also an expert in hand-to-hand combat, so this Suffering Knight followed the flow to stab upwards. A sharp knife jumped out of the handle of the spear and cut towards Garen.

Garen's tail whipped the side of the knife, knocking away the direction of the attack.

Yet, at that moment came the attack of the other.

The black fine blade pricked at Garen's waist like needles, drawing five six sharp blade lights as if they were sufficient to penetrate anything, as they made contact on the scales by Garen's waist.

At the slightest distance, Garen contorted the muscles of his waist and pierced through an impossible space between the blade lights.

"Suffering Eye!"

The Suffering Knight at the side shouted out. His black fine sword fired a black light, sinking into Garen's scales.

Roar!

Energy from Garen's entire body fired up, taking the Suffering Knight by the spear and ferociously smashing at it.

The combustion of his energy was so vast that the two Suffering Knights thought they were battling with an adult White Dragon.

Not only did he appear to be like an adult White Dragon, Garen's disposition was similar to an adult White Dragon. If his actual battle experience was factored in, perhaps only the most experienced Dragon Guards could face him.

Wham!

He couldn't retrieve his spear fast enough that it hit violently onto the Suffering Knight's helmet.

The heavy sturdy knight's spear had a huge indent from the shock of Garen's terrifying power.



The Suffering Knight flew backward and a large amount of black oil and black smoke from his body splattered out.

“You have a death wish!”

The Suffering Knight in front of him was furious as his knight’s spear lit up a red symbol.

Once Garen saw the symbol lit up in red light, alarms were blazing in him. He quickly retreated and flew away without hesitation. His speed was faster from the time he attacked.

Out of the sudden, the red symbol on the spear of the Suffering Knight instantly dimmed without a locked-in target. The speed of his opponent was simply too fast.

With a joint attack of two Level Seven professionals, he could still continuously tried many attack and defense.

If this fight of Garen’s was to be spread, it would definitely create a great stir in the White Dragon Clan.

“It’s that thing again from the last time? Too bad, without locking in, it is meaningless.” Garen smiled as he flapped both wings and erected to the sky, flying far.

In a short time frame of close combat, he managed to catch them by surprise. However, if he were to stall, then the red symbol locking technique was something scary. Immediately getting away was the best choice.

“He’s trying to escape! Seize him!!” The wounded Suffering Knight got up in embarrassment. He had been smashed tens of meters away that his helmet sunk in. This was the most humiliating moment in the history of his countless battles.

His helmet was crushed in by a little White Dragon that was only a few years old. If words were to travel, then he would be a laughingstock in presence of their master!

He didn't need to stay more as the Suffering Knight with the knight's spear soared into the sky and sought after Garen.

The two Suffering Knights could not halt a White Dragon whelp. This was a definite blot in their fame as knights.

Two black lights, one on the front and one at the back, pursued closely behind Garen.