

Mystical 1281

Chapter 1281: Talent 1

Garen flew at a high speed up above in the white snowy mountain as he was moving toward the perimeter outside of the snowy mountain. He recalled his feelings and sensation back in the day when he flew about casually as he tried to find the magical place once more.

Both the Suffering Knights were in tight pursuit from behind and they were clearly enraged by him. They had tried countless of time to corner him by splitting up so that Garen would move to a certain direction. However, Garen had completely ignored them since his speed was faster than theirs. Hence he would fly about in his own path.

As he was flying around, he vaguely noticed that some of the Elder Giant Iguanas that he passed by were very respectful toward the Suffering Knights. Since they seemed to be allies, Garen did not dare to fly deeper in. Instead, he decided to fly toward the outskirts.

The sky gradually turned dark as the night approached. The three of them were still flying in the sky at high speed. The mountain ranged below them seemed to be endless as they flew into an unknown area.

Garen soon gradually realized that the snowflakes started appearing more and more as they danced chaotically with the strong gale.

A tornado-like blizzard had started forming.

Garen flew into the tornado blizzard that had yet to fully form and felt a familiar sensation welcoming him.

“This is it!” He was slightly delighted. He was extremely familiar with the blizzard which lasted for days as he was chased by a Suffering Knight in the same condition for a few days last time.

He was able to hold up against a Suffering Knight for a long period of time. It was way easier than before now that he was twice as fast. However, Garen did not wish to simply get rid of the Suffering Knights’

pursuit, so he would occasionally reduce his speed to kite them along to prevent them from losing sight of him.

“Damn it! Where is this guy trying to escape to!? We’re in a blizzard! We’ll be taken to a place that isn’t worthwhile at all!” The Suffering Knight who was holding a Knight’s Spear could not help but curse out.

“I feel that he is kiting us.” The Suffering Knight with the sword pondered as he spoke softly. “We have to find a way to inform the higher up. Perhaps he’s planning to lure us to a stronger being that is backing him. Didn’t he... do that the last time?”

“Be careful.”

“Don’t worry... I will use what the superior gave me when it’s necessary.”

The more Garen flew, the more familiar it became. It was the same circumstances as before, where he could not see anything in front but a pure white blizzard. Garen could not have differentiated up and down if not for the gravity pulling him down.

However, he was familiar with this sensation.

“This feels really strange...” Garen’s Soul Ring felt a very slight vibration that he had not experienced before. It felt like the air around him was trembling.

He tried to fly straight on, fighting against the blizzard’s resistance and paying close attention toward two of the Suffering Knights tailing behind him.

Two days had passed in a blink of an eye.

Garen had no idea how long he had been flying and estimated that he had been doing so for the past two days and nights. However, the blizzard did not seem to have an end, as it kept blowing strong at him.

However, he felt that he was approaching closer towards the eye of the blizzard.

At last, the blizzard's pull became stronger as Garen flew towards where its strength was at its peak.

Pew!

In a blink of an eye, everything was clear in front of him.

He had, once again, flown out of the blizzard.

What appeared before his eyes was a pure and serene azure lake. The calm lake water mirrored the huge snowy mountain in front of him. The sky was completely blue; it did not feel like he was at the Fiery Blaze Mountain Range at all.

The air was so clean to the point where bacteria were seemingly unable to sustain in such a condition.

Garen once again felt the strange ubiquitous presence.

He turned around to look at the humongous blizzard cyclone which connected the sky and earth as two Suffering Knights clumsily flew out from it. However, they did not seem to be tired at all as they recovered the moment they got out from it.

"The Undead live up to their name. They really don't know what exhaustion means." Garen laughed coldly. He then turned his head around and ignored them as he flew directly towards the snowy mountain.

He started searching for the crevice that he found last time.

Soon, he found the crevice that he found on the side of the snowy mountain and went inside it.

“It’s too dangerous here!” The Suffering Knight holding the Knight’s Spear said softly as he flew to the entrance of the crevice Garen had entered.

“We have lost contact with our superior. It seems that he uses this method to kill our comrade.” The Suffering Knight with the sword said sternly. “Should we pursue?”

“Can we catch up?” The Suffering Knight with Knight’s Spear questioned back. “I feel like he’s kiting us.”

“Should we start setting up here? The superior will solve this incident if he arrives.”

“No. It’s unwise to do so without knowing our opponent’s background. It will bring a lot of trouble to our superior.”

“They can’t do anything to us as long as we don’t enter it.” The analysis of the Suffering Knight with the sword was very spot on.

“Very well.”

Both of them were once warriors who had survived hundreds of battles. Although a portion of their soul and mind had degraded after turning into an Undead, they were still equipped with a very high awareness and trait.

They did not follow Garen into the crevice. Instead, they started flying around slowly as they analyzed the surrounding.

Garen followed the path as he kept flying downwards.

He did not care if the other two were tailing him as he kept flying downward with his curiosity fully filled up in his heart.

The crevice became larger and darker as the end of the abyss was too dark to be seen.

The crevice gradually turned into an abyss in which darkness swallowed everything, be it living or the other.

Garen dismissed it as he flew straight down to the very bottom.

He did not know how long he had been flying, as the concept of time did not seem to be applicable inside. Ultimately, he could see a faint white light at the bottom of the abyss.

“This is it!” He was excited as he hastened up and flew towards the white light.

Black smokes with countless human faces started appearing again as they surrounded him. They were sighing in such a manner that it felt like they were either crying or chuckling at the same time.

Garen ignored the black smoke. Although they were rather terrifying, he had nothing to fear as they were unable to harm any living beings.

He flew directly toward the light source, and soon the transparent sphere appeared before his eyes once again.

“I’ve come to repay you, the one who saved my life!” Garen floated in the air as he shouted loudly in Draconic Language.

His voice traveled towards the ball, scaring the black smoke faces away like terrified fishes.

The light source did not respond. It was completely quiet as if there were no living creatures within it at all.

Garen did not panic as he waited patiently.

After ten minutes or so...

A movement started to appear at the bottom.

The light ball became half transparent, revealing a woman in a black tunic skirt.

She widened her eyes, but it gave off a sensation that she was not focusing her sight at all.

"Why have you returned?" Her lips did not move but her deep and hoarse voice had transmitted into Garen's ears through a special method. Although she was speaking in Draconic Language as well, she had an ancient accent when she spoke.

"I've saved you last time, but that doesn't mean I am in the same mood to do so again..." The woman's voice sounded like a man's. It did not fit along with her physical beauty at all.

"I come to this place because I want to know how my life savior looks like. My name is Garen and I am from the White Dragon Clan. I'll definitely repay you in the future when the opportunity arises!"

Garen said with a serious look on his face.

"I don't need you to repay me back." The woman responded. "You can't repay me, to begin with."

"Whether you accept my gratitude is your concern, and it's my decision to repay you, whether you like it or not!" Garen said straightforwardly. "I just want to do what I believe is needed!"

His words were so decisive that it seemed to have caught the woman's interest as she looked at him with her senseless gaze. Her eyes were like a torchlight as a blinding light instantly beamed out from it, causing Garen's eyes to turn red. He was on the verge of tearing up even though he was hundreds of meters away from her. He felt that It was as if he was shot by a laser beam.

“Interesting...” The woman’s deep tone had a hint of laughter. “A little kid from another plane... Your soul... is quite special.”

Garen was shocked but he immediately calmed down. It was very normal of her to be able to see through him since she was able to casually fix his Soul Ring when it exploded.

“Special?” He lowered his head in an attempt to avoid directly into her eyes as he said sincerely. “I know my soul is special, but I don’t know which part of it is special at all.”

“Anguru Byron, the God of Pharmacy, once created a multi-dimensional medicine and released a total amount of sixteen million five hundred and fourteen hundred thousands of them... I didn’t expect to be able to see a successful sample here.” The information which the woman gave out in a deep tone had greatly shocked Garen.

“The God of Pharmacy?!” He was astonished.

“You’re in a very interesting situation and possess a very high research value.” The woman revealed a smile on her perfectly calmed face.

“What you’re saying is that the reason my soul is special is due to the multi-dimensional medicine created by the God of Pharmacy?!” This was the very first time that someone was able to determine the origin of his soul’s deepest and darkest secret.

If she was not lying to Garen, then her existence is way much higher than Garen’s...

A lot of thought went pass his mind in an instant, but he managed to suppress all of these thoughts in an instant as well. All of his thoughts could be under strict surveillance as he faced against such a powerful existence. Any of his ill thoughts would be observed just like a bacteria under a microscope.

“The quality of your soul has reached to a certain strength as you trained on your own. I am interested in your process of enhancing your soul as it may be beneficial to my own training,” The woman continued speaking with a weird male’s voice.

“What you’re suggesting is...?” Garen trembled.

“I will make a deal with you.” The woman said in a deep tone.

“A deal?”

“You have two choices.” The woman said softly. “First, you’ll cooperate with me with my experiments until I fully understand the reasoning behind the change in your soul’s quality. As a reward, I will give you a prized item you wanted, which will be able to strengthen your soul. Its effect will be ten times more compared to the one you currently have on you.”

“Ten times more...” Garen understood that she was referring to the Suffering Core he had picked up. The core was able to increase his potential points twice as fast as before.

If he were to obtain a treasure that was ten times stronger...

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Now, Garen wrapped the Suffering Core with a leaf and hanged it at the back of his hind leg so that he could enhance his Soul Energy whenever he wished.

He would be able to obtain thirty Potential Points in a month if it was ten times stronger. This would greatly reduce the time required for his progression!

He only required a maximum of ten years! He would then be able to recover back to his strongest form where he would be able to destroy an entire planet!

It was an incredible temptation as he did not have to search for resources high and low in the future and potentially put himself at risk. All he had to do was to cooperate with her in her experiments.

“Second. You’ll cooperate with me to finish my experiment and I shall adjust your soul and give you a similarly-powerful ability.”

The woman explained calmly.

“You. Which one will you choose?”

The abyss fell into silence as a subtle matter had subtly seeped into Garen’s conscious to tempt and shake his ideals. These matters seemed to be released from the woman’s body. They were colorless, odorless and shapeless, similar to a worm.

Garen did not respond instantly. It was as though the woman did not have any concept of time at all as she remained still, waiting for his response.

Perhaps time was counted in terms of years to these beings and a year would be equivalent to an afternoon nap for them.

“I...” Garen finally spoke up. Half an hour had passed before he finally opened his mouth.

“I don’t want anything.” He blurted as it ached his heart. He felt rather unfortunate as it was an ultimate temptation to him, regardless of the first or second option. The temptation was similar to putting a scrumptious meal in front of you when you were hungry or placing a clear water in front of you when you were thirsty.

“To repay you for saving my life, I don’t want anything and will cooperate with your experiments unconditionally!”

Garen suppressed the temptation and the dilemma in his heart as he felt that his Soul Ring had become purer than before. He withstood the temptation in his mind and made a decision which resonated with his desire without being influenced by external factors. This was considered a training to him as well.

“You don’t want anything?” The woman was shocked.

She pondered for a moment before revealing her understanding gaze.

"I see..." She seemed to have noticed the small change in Garen's soul and finally revealed an expression on her face for the very first time.

"You were able to withstand the temptation and make a decision based on your belief. Impressive. Since you've already decided, how about you come to this place every year on this day to help me with my experiment? Are you fine with that?"

Garen nodded.

"I understand!"

"You have to understand that this is your own decision. I will not give you any reward," the woman repeated.

The woman looked at him in silence for a while before the surface of the light shook.

The black smoke resembling countless of faces gathered swiftly and fused together on Garen's neck, condensing themselves into a long, thin and exquisite black gemstone necklace.

"This is the pass for you to enter here so that you don't have to spend so much energy rushing in. No living being can enter this place without my permission," the woman said calmly.

"Understood." Garen lowered his head and touched the necklace. It was cold and had an unexplainable clear sensation; it was as though he was touching some extremely clear water. The sensation was extremely weird as he was clearly touching an actual item.

"My name is Garen. You are..."

"You can call me Ann." The woman shut her eyes as the light membrane returned to its muddy state where no one could see clearly what's inside.

“Ann...?” Garen repeated.

Ann did not respond; it was obvious that she no longer wished to converse with him.

Garen pondered for a moment before flying out of the abyss as he flew towards the crevice.

What surprised him was that these black smoke faces did not dare to fly around him after the black gemstone necklace was placed on him. Instead, they avoided him out of fear.

Ann had given him the most important piece of information. If she did not lie to him, then Garen finally knew that his gifted ability was one of the accidental successful products from the medicine that was created by Anguru Byron, the God of Pharmacy who produced tens of millions of them.

Garen believed that Ann had no reason to lie to him, so her words were very believable.

He kept pondering as he flew his way back to the outside world.

If the abnormality of his soul was really caused by this world’s medicine, that meant that this world’s God was able to communicate with his original world where Earth was located.

His heart was brimming with excitement as he thought of this. It had been so many years. It was his deepest desire to return back to Earth and live the day before he transmigrated. His exhaustion grew each day as he wandered outside again and again as he transmigrated.

He had been trying to go back all these while but he could not find any information related to his world.

As Garen flew out of the crevice, the first thing he saw floating outside were the two Suffering Knights waiting for him.

“You’ve finally come out. I thought you’d already died inside,” the Suffering Knight holding the Knight’s Spear sneered.

“I thought I could have taken you down in an instant but we almost messed up instead. Let’s see how you’re going to escape from us this time,” the opponent spoke in an extremely confident tone.

Garen tried to sense behind him to realize that Ann wasn’t responding at all. It seemed she had decided not to meddle in. She was definitely in the better mood last time when she assisted him.

He could no longer hope that Ann would help him once more.

Two Level Seven Suffering Knights... Tsk tsk. Their existences were considered a high-level undead even among the undead beings, second only to the strongest Level Nine Horrifying Knights. They were considered as the upper-class beings among the knights. If they were to be placed in the human civilization, a Level Seven being could become the lord of a remote country and be awarded by the title of Earl.

On the other hand, the Deladia Empire which was located in the north was an empire with an incredible strength. Two beings of this level could simply appear in the wild and Garen only had himself to thank for his incredible luck.

“Although Ann will not help me, I have promised her that I will assist her in completing her experiment. If I were to be in a life-threatening situation, doesn’t that mean her experiments will never see its end? That means...” Garen had made up his mind. Although it was rather impudent of him, it was necessary for him to achieve victory so he was willing to look past this shamelessness.

He sneered in his mind as he looked at both of the Level Seven Suffering Knights with malicious intent. He decided to use them to test Ann’s attitude towards the experiment.

“Both of you.” Garen reached out his dragon claw. “Come at me at once.”

He gave them a scornful look.

As expected, both the Suffering Knights were not easily irritated by his gesture and decided to attack him at once.

The steam of black light rushed toward him as red symbols appeared on both the sword and spear at the same time. The symbol's light which resembled the color of a fire suddenly exploded and instantly sucked the three of them inside, disappearing instantly in mid-air.

"The Final Death Match!" Both Suffering Knights and Garen appeared inside a narrow red dimension at the same time. They seemed to be trapped inside a spherical dimension.

Both Suffering Knights yelled as they rushed towards Garen at the same time. He was not able to avoid in such a narrow space and there seemed to be a law that prevented him from evading at all. The only thing he could do was to face them head on!

The two Suffering Knights had managed to create a dimensional rule which completely favored them. The dimensional rule was based on the real world and stood above the real world at the same time. It was the first time Garen witnessed such a strength.

However, Garen had never feared to fight against others head on! It was a good opportunity to test his limits as well.

Garen mustered all of his strength and as he was about to release them, an excruciating pain could be felt by his waist! This pain took him by surprise and he had lost all of the strength that he mustered a while ago. With this instant delay, he had no choice but to stare at both of the Suffering Knights' weapons that were quickly approaching him.

The scales on his body stood up as he felt an intense danger fast approaching him.

Draconic Aura!

Boom!

Garen instantly gathered a Level Three Draconic Aura and exploded it in front of his chest instead of the fast approaching weapon in front of him.

Boom!

His body was instantly pushed back by a small distance due to the explosion, allowing him to avoid both of the incoming weapons.

As Garen avoided the crisis, he diverted the flow of his entire body's strength and crawled up into a white ball.

Pew!

Then, he widened his body and attacked with his dragon claws while using his Ice Pressure Blade and Vibration Technique. At the same time, the wings on his back started vibrating at a high frequency. The 47 points of his Agility was instantly pushed to its limits as he focused all of his strength onto his dragon claws.

This was the absolutely invincible Unrivaled Dragon Claw! It focused on attacking the chest areas of its opponents!

Garen did not know why he recalled the line of a certain movie he had seen in the past. However, his current posture could be considered as an extremely authentic dragon claw attack, right?

As he recalled this strange idea, what was considered an extremely mighty posture had become a dreadful posture.

His claws were heading directly toward the Suffering Knights' chest...

"How dare you!" What surprised him was that the Suffering Knight with the Knight's Spear was actually a female. She was embarrassed and angry at the same time. She, who already had pushed her strength to its very limits, had decided to even squeeze every ounce of her strength out as her anger engulfed her.

The dragon claws, knight's spear, and black swords clashed against each other within the red dimension.

The incredibly tough dragon claws cracked before it shattered into millions of pieces. Both of his hands were almost amputated as well. His claws were not amputated because of his incredibly high defense and 40 points of Vitality. Even so, he had suffered tremendously.

The white dragon blood spilled everywhere as he was pushed to the inner wall of the red spherical dimension.

Ultimately, he was only a Level Six. His strength would have been shocking to everyone since he was not instantly killed when faced with two Level Seven beings.

However, he was surprised as both the Suffering Knights in front of him had suddenly lost their defenses as they did not pursue after him immediately. They stood still as they took out a small yellow scroll each from their pauldron's crevice. The scroll, which was tied with a red thread, had its thread pulled open as both of them were about to open up the scroll.

"How dare you!"

Suddenly, the entire red dimensional space started trembling.

The space shattered, revealing the snowy mountain and blue lake outside of the red dimension.

Ann's voice traveled instantly from an unknown location as an invisible power and landed on both Suffering Knights.

Boom!

Both the Suffering Knights were instantly lighted with a black fire. The fire did not possess a high temperature, and it gave off an extremely shrilling aura.

"Have mercy!" Both Suffering Knights cried out.

Creak!

The black light flashed in front of Garen and blinded him in the process. Both the Suffering Knights who were on fire vanished instantly as if they had never existed.

He looked at the sky in front of him shockingly...

"It ended just like that?"

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"You still aren't leaving yet?" Ann's voice instantly appeared in Garen's mind.

Garen was speechless as he levitated in the air. He stared at the crevice pitifully as he hoped that Ann would throw out the Suffering Cores. Since she might not see them as valuable items, he would gladly take them away.

It would be a waste for him to not take these cores.

However, it seemed that Ann did not intend to throw them out.

Garen shamelessly waited for a while longer and reluctantly left after realizing that it was hopeless.

He turned his head around and looked at the snowy peak before flying back into the blizzard.

He was unsure of Ann's identity, but he knew that she was way above him, especially when he first witnessed the ridiculous power where time seemed to have been reversed. Garen had never encountered such a ridiculous power, even when he was in the Mech World where the laws were the most lenient.

To be able to instantly recover what had already been destroyed. Something this ridiculous could only be referred to as a miracle...

Garen then flew into the white blizzard which connected the sky and the earth, carrying the remnants of his doubts along with him.

It was different from the previous experience as the necklace on his neck vanished as if it had never existed. At first, Garen could not see anything in front of him, and the next thing he realized was that he had already arrived at the entrance of the Fiery Blaze Mountain Range, which was directly in front of him.

The sky was already dark, and the purple crescent moon showered everything underneath it with a silver moonlight.

Garen was certain that he was inside the blizzard a moment ago; there was no longer a single indication of a blizzard around him.

“The blizzard appears at one second and disappears at the next. This is indeed mysterious... Perhaps it is a secondary plane independent of the primary plane?”

He did not put much thought into it; it would be pointless even if he had done so.

He increased his speed as he started flying toward the White Dragon Clan.

Deep within the Fiery Blaze Mountain Range.

A faint green fire was burning inside the cave.

“It happened again... They couldn’t even release the Projection Scroll in time.” A pale, old voice came from the depths of the cave.

“We have already lost three knights. We have never encountered such a loss since the past few thousand years,” the silver-striped Knight said softly.

He and another silver-striped Knight were kneeling down in front of the green fire.

"I've done enough preparation this time but they couldn't even open up the scroll in time... My tracker had disappeared as well." The old and pale voice sounded confused. "Perhaps there exists a secondary plane nearby, since leaving the primary plane is the only way to disconnect the tracker that I created."

"Master, do you wish to negotiate with the White Dragon Clan?" A beautiful female voice came from one of the dark corners.

"What's the point of looking for them? Even the White Dragon Clan does not wish to provoke the being behind that abnormal soul. That being is, at the very least, a Level Nine since it was able to eliminate two Level Seven instantly," The old and pale voice responded.

"What do you mean?" The female voice sounded puzzled.

"We shall wait and see. Soon, something will happen to that small clan... And we will act when they're too busy with their own affairs. The movement of the Snow City... is soon..."

"I understand..." The female voice stopped speaking. She seemed to have recalled something as she understood what he was referring to.

Four months had passed in a blink of an eye.

Garen had holed up inside the clan ever since his return for several reasons. Firstly, he was waiting to be summoned to collect Demon Cores. Secondly, it was obvious that the opponent had an incredibly-powerful organization backing two of the Suffering Knights whom he encountered back then. It was an organization so powerful that he currently could not fight against. Hence he decided to stay within the Elder's Peak to continue his training.

The rest of the teenage dragons from the teenage class had been summoned to participate in the war and only a few dragons had yet to be summoned. Garen was one of them. He even suspected that the summoner had accidentally died somewhere in the battlefield.

Since there were no updates, he decided to wander around within the White Dragon Clan.

Ever since he was reincarnated into this world, he did not dare to wreak havoc everywhere because his soul was unique. There was supervision being done by the God, not to mention the old White Dragon God lived in the area too. However, he felt that he had almost solved the issue in which his soul and body were not coordinated with each other.

Hence, he finally had enough courage to start understanding the overall situation around him.

He would set out every morning and start moving around the residential area. He would slowly fly around the Elder's Peak and avoid places protected by the Dragon Guards as well as private properties that had obviously been spread with the Draconic Aura.

It took Garen four full days to finish checking out the entire White Dragon Clan's area.

The Elder's Peak was not just a single peak. With the main peak as the epicenter, there were thirty-two other secondary peaks surrounding it, all of which housed the strongest and highest authoritative White Dragons.

Further out from the main peak was the residential area of the weaker White Dragon families. The outermost regions were the forests and breeding grounds. There were humans from the Deladia Empire living in the forest, together with the Thunder Snake of the Vassal Clan. There were also Dog-headed Humans as the minority. They knew how to speak in the Draconic Language even though they had just migrated here for less than a year. The Sacrificial Scroll unique to the Dog-headed Humans were the popular currency among the humans. They relied on the White Dragon Clan to protect them from the wild creatures and the small market that the humans had created had started to develop. The items that could be bought had expanded, and the variety had increased as well. Naturally, the prices had become more reasonable.

Occasionally, living beings from the other clans would bring their specialties along to make a trade as well.

They had been breeding dragon beasts species in groups in the breeding ground. They were the main cannon fodders in the war and would often be sold to the humans as pets or carriers. The material

required to create the Dragon Leather Scroll which the Wizards required originated from them as well. The Dragon Leather Scroll and the Dragon Blood Ink actually did not derive from the bodies of the authentic dragon clan. In fact, they were products obtained from these dragon species.

In these aspects, the White Dragon Clan seemed to have reached a long-term agreement with the nobles from the Deladia Empire.

Garen realized that the humans within the clan had steadily increased over time and the Elder's Peak had enacted an Act preventing any conflict between the human and dragons. The majority of the White Dragons were willing to obey the law after several severe punishments toward a few Adult White Dragons. After all, conflicts were not the only thing humans was able to bring upon them. They could also bring upon all kinds of food, resources and shiny objects which they adored.

As the White Dragon Clan worked alongside with the Deladia Empire, their food and drink were greatly assured for the past year or so. All they had to do was to give up some items that did not matter to them. These items included the dragon scales that had been shed off from their body, dragon claws that had to be cut off due to overgrowth, or previous collections which they were bored with or no longer benefited them. In return, they would obtain a luxurious life and no longer be required to go out to risk their lives as they hunted for their own food.

Garen returned to his cave at the mountainside as he took a turn around the entire Elder's Peak. He had a slight gist of what the humans were trying to do.

They planned to domesticate the White Dragon Clan to the point where they could not live without them. Then they would form an alliance or even enslave them!

However, these were none of his concern. Perhaps it would be better this way as it would be a win-win situation compared to the wandering lifestyle.

He returned to his cave as he continued to accumulate his Potential Points. Three months had passed in a blink of an eye, and a new batch of dragon whelps had been born.

The day was the sixteenth day of the seventh month.

A new batch of dragon whelps had hatched in the clan and had enrolled in the Nurturing Course. The Soul Inspection was being held on the Elder's Peak. It was a major event as the soul inspection ceremony was still held by the Great Elder.

Garen did not head out to see the ceremony. Instead, he decided to stay inside in his cave alone to rest. He had started to value the Draconic Aura after he realizing its effect during the battle with the Suffering Knights.

However, something seemed to have occurred during the Soul Inspection ceremony. Sathree and Safour, who had attended the event, rushed back to the cave.

"Something terrible has happened!"

Sathree shouted as he rushed towards Garen impatiently.

"Something terrible has happened in the clan. Garen, how could you have the mood to stay inside here. Let's go have a look!"

"Something terrible?" Garen widened his eyes as he looked at the hysterical Sathree and Safour.

"What's going on? Isn't the major Soul Inspection ceremony being held right now?"

"It's the Soul Inspection. Boris' grandfather is in trouble!"

"It's not just them, Leona's grandfather is in trouble as well! The three elders had allied with the humans and betrayed the clan!"

"They'd imprisoned the Great Elder and said that he's a rebel!"

Both dragon whelps took turns to inform Garen as to what had transpired as they rushed toward him, trying to pull him to the scene.

“Boris and Leona are currently being isolated and questioned! Saszt tried to save them but he was taken away by his parents. We couldn’t think of any idea and had no choice but to come to you to solve this issue!”

“Garen, you always have a solution to a problem. Please think of a way to help them!”

Although the dragon whelps are naturally selfish, they had befriended Boris and Leona after getting along with them for a long time. They came rushing back and reporting everything because they were friends.

Garen was pulled out of the cave by two dragon whelps and they flew directly towards the Elder’s Peak.

He had obtained thirty-five Potential Points since his return seven months ago. Thirty out of the thirty-five points were all added to his Strength, Agility, and Vitality, pushing his Attributes to an unprecedented state. The remaining five points had been used to increase the effect of Draconic Aura.

Both of his Strength and Agility had reached 57 points and his Vitality had reached 50 points.

Garen’s body size was technically no different compared to a typical teenage dragon, which was the size of a horse. Still, his fighting ability had technically reached the level of the strongest matured White Dragons.

His powerful Vitality had given him a stronger Spell Immunity and an even higher physical defense.

Garen brought two of the dragon whelps along and rushed directly toward the sundial-like interrogation platform which was located at the side of the Elder’s Peak.

A lot of White Dragons and humans could be seen gathering over there from afar through the white mist.

The sundial was a complete mess as the sharp long needle was broken; a battle seemed to have occurred there.

Boris had been restrained by two teenage dragons as he was pressed onto the ground, unable to move at all. All he could do was to give off an agonizing roar.

The entire situation was divided into three parties. The first one was the humans in a gorgeous silver gold attire. They were in a group, and aura kept oozing out from the strongest humans among them. Two of the warriors in golden armor had caught Garen's attention as the weapons they were holding were releasing a terrifyingly powerful threat; it seemed to be weapons that had been stained with the Dragon Blood.

One did not even need to look to know that these two Warriors were incredibly powerful.

On the other hand, the White Dragons were separated into two groups where one was a bigger group than the other.

The third elder was smiling with a staff in his hand as he represented the majority of the dragons. He had two White Dragon Guards in a silver heavy armor by his side as he spoke to the minority of the White Dragons. There were a huge group of powerful Adult White Dragons hovering in the air behind him as they kept growled at them.

Most of the White Dragons in the minority were all adults; all of them were in disdain, annoyed and angry.

"The second elder will never betray us!"

"You can't simply judge the second elder with your evidence!"

"This is a conspiracy!"

"Third elder, are you trying to let the Great Tiamat see through your evil soul?!" The strongest Adult White Dragon among the minority group walked out and shouted.

“See through me? I can see through your despicable souls!” Third Elder’s slender dragon face smiled. “Right now, before the First Prince of Deladia and with His Highness the Prince as our witness, we’ve just put the faction in order and completely eliminated the tumors that were hiding within the clan all along. This should be a great and glorious occasion! Phosphorus, as the strongest warrior of the clan, you shouldn’t obstruct me!”

“This isn’t just an obstruction, you’re destroying the clan!” The Adult White Dragon named Phosphorus spoke in a deep voice and took one step forward, while several shrouds of intense Draconic Aura was released from his body slowly.

This Draconic Aura was so enormous and powerful that the air around him had distorted naturally, while numerous fine black lines would appear occasionally. These lines were cracks that had split open when the surrounding space could not help but tremble.

Third Elder smiled and lifted his staff. The end of the staff was releasing a dim, white light to block off the Draconic Aura. This was a divine strength with the characteristics that greatly surpassed Draconic Auras; it could nullify its Coercion.

There was a pale-skinned man with handsome features on the side where the humans were clustered. He smiled and looked at the rod within the White Dragon Clan before him while being protected by two Golden Knights.

“Our Deladia Empire has reasons to believe that your honorable clan can definitely obtain even more glorious developments than before under Third Elder’s leadership. As long as your honorable clan agrees to engage in deeper levels of relations with us, both of our parties will receive extremely exceptional mutual benefits respectively.”

While these important figures were having a discussion, Garen took this opportunity to squeeze into of the group from the White Dragon faction from the back quietly.

His Young Dragon physique appeared insignificant among the herd of Adult White Dragons that were the size of elephants. He squeezed past them before being pushed in front of Boris quickly.

Although Boris's entire body was wounded, he did not give up on struggling at all and resisted with determination. However, the White Dragon that was restraining him turned around and slapped him immediately when he was tired of Boris's struggling. He was beaten until blood flowed unceasingly from his head. The other dragon was completely unconcerned that he was on the brink of death.

Leona was slightly better-behaved. She merely remained on the side and cried terribly while being immobilized by fear.

All of the other Dragon Whelps, who were usually on good terms with them, were currently nowhere to be seen.

Without the protection of their grandfathers, Leona and Boris were merely Dragon Whelps that were slightly stronger than the rest. There was not much of a difference between them and the other dragons.

Third Elder's oldest grandson Wylow was currently showing off his strength before the two dragons.

"Look here, look here. little Boris who was so unimaginably arrogant a while ago has now been obediently restrained below me. He can't even turn his body around to get up! Leona, I'd already told you earlier that you wouldn't have a future with Boris. Do you regret it now?" Wylow sneered cynically.

"I've already signed an Eternal Contract with His Highness the Second Prince. The entire Deladia Empire that has sworn to this is currently behind me! Do you really think that depending on the Great Elder, that single old man, is equivalent to resisting a whole, powerful empire? Idiot!"

Wylow was already a five-year-old Dragon Whelp, but he had taken a liking to Leona who was always playing with Boris. He was clearly humiliated because of the conflict that happened between Leona and Boris previously.

He was currently beside himself with joy now that he had gained the upper hand suddenly.

"Fight me if you have the skills!!" roared Boris while panting gruffly.

Wylow seemed to pay no mind. He cast his gaze towards Leona who was on the side instead.

“What do you think? Can you see my current powers now?” He sneered. “You’ll only have to listen to me obediently if you want to save your granddad. I’ll go to the place where he’s located and ask my grandfather to show him mercy. Since you adore me so much, you’re probably really happy that I can release your granddad, right?”

Leona’s tears trickled down her face terribly. She had initially assumed that today would only be a day for her to watch the show. It was supposed to be a day of great joy; she would have never imagined that such a horrible mishap would happen.

She was merely a normal little Dragon Whelp who was completely powerless, unable to resist this situation that she was encountering.

Wylow was surrounded and protected by Adult White Dragons, leaving her with no way to revolt at all.

The Dragon Whelps and Young Dragon bystanders around them did not dare to make a sound. Too many White Dragons had received favors from the humans now. Moreover, the White Dragons possessed selfish natures and would not concern themselves with unrelated matters. Hence, numerous cold gazes were the only things that were cast their way.

Leona merely felt extremely exhausted. She truly missed the time when her grandfather protected her previously. That sense of security and relief...

Plop.

She felt an external force pushing her back suddenly. It was a great force that caused her to fall in front of Wylow immediately.

She struggled to get up, but she was instantly and violently restrained by a large amount of strength behind her.

“Release me!” she cried loudly.

“Oh no, stop crying. I won’t mistreat you the next time we’re together!” laughed Wylow loudly while walking behind Leona.

“Let me see how this little female dragon has developed? It looks like you’ve matured pretty well!”

The surrounding White Dragons laughed in a slightly lewd manner.

Wylow became even more pleased and proceeded to reach his hand out and grab Leona’s tail. Apparently, he was planning to lift her tail to look at her reproductive organs below.

Even though the White Dragons were considered to have slightly less polite than humans, actions like these were unfathomable in public in front of a large audience. He was actually thinking of looking at a female dragon’s reproductive organs while a crowd of so many White Dragons looked on around him.

Aside from insulting her, he did not even view Leona as a dragon at all!

He was going to display her most private areas and show them to everyone around him. These actions were considered obscene in any civilized groups.

“That’s enough! Stop!”

A voice interrupted Wylow’s laughter suddenly. He felt his dragon claw drop suddenly before a Young Dragon appeared before him instantly, holding one claw above his own.

“What’s your status? How dare you speak to me like this?” Wylow’s face darkened. His grandfather was currently the most powerful individual in the entire clan. Thus, he could simply act as he pleased unscrupulously. A burning fury ignited in his heart when this dragon actually dared to step forward and stop him.

The White Dragon who had rushed out was naturally Garen. His Young Dragon physique stood in the middle of the White Dragons around him without the slightest hint of awkwardness or fear.

“This matter ends here.” He glanced at Wylow indifferently. “If this matter passes the point of no return now, you may not have anywhere to go when you encounter difficulties in the future.”

Although his relationships with Boris and Leona were nothing special, they were still his friends in the end. When they were in trouble, it would be impossible for him not to appear personally and check up on them regardless of his feelings or rationale.

However, he was unwilling to terribly offend Third Elder who was currently in power.

“Garen... You’re Garen?!” Wylow had actually recognized him unexpectedly. A hint of fear flashed in his eyes suddenly.

He remembered the other party. He had initially assumed that it would be unlikely for Garen to come forward for Boris and Leona, as he thought that Garen’s personality had always been cold. However, it looked like this assumption was inaccurate now. Nonetheless, judging from Garen’s state, it seemed as though he had only come forward because Wylow had gone too far.

When Garen defeated Reyman in the beginning, the Elders in the clan, including Wylow’s grandfather, had unanimously agreed to use Garen as the breeding focal point when they were cultivating a mate for him. After the observation period had passed, they had basically already determined that Garen was currently the most talented White Dragon in the clan now, while even Reyman merely ranked behind him.

Wylow’s grandfather valued him appropriately as well.

Hence, the White Dragons did not want to fight with Garen to the point where things were strained.

“So this is Garen, huh.” A trace of a smile appeared at the corner of his mouth immediately before a hint of a triumphant look flashed in his eyes when he looked at Leona on the ground.

“Since you’ve appeared personally and made this request, I’ll grant it! I won’t shame you this time.” He would get another chance to settle his scores with both of them anyway.

The last sentence that he had added earlier came from his heart.

Garen nodded and that was considered as his response. He would not have bothered with an insignificant figure like this fellow if his backer was not Third Elder.

“I’ll certainly need to invite Brother Garen over to my cave to spend time with me when I’m free. Grandfather and Father have admired you for a long time.” Wylow walked forward at the last minute before throwing these sentences out.

“We should definitely do that if the opportunity arises,” Garen simply said that as a form of courtesy.

Only then did Wylow happily take his few White Dragon Guards away before they turned and left.

Garen watched them left into the distance before they returned to Third Elder’s side. He could see Third Elder smiling and nodding at him from afar among the flock of dragons to indicate his approval.

Garen returned the smile to show respect.

As an Elder and an Oracle, Third Elder had Level Nine powers at least. Moreover, his strength would probably reach Level Ten as Tiamat’s staff could arouse Divine Power simultaneously.

Generally speaking, all Professionals who had surpassed Level Nine were already known as Pinnacles.

The highest-leveled Professionals were usually ranked at Level Nine. From Level Six onward, there would be an extremely huge difference between each level. Many accumulated years would be needed to charge forward and achieve the rank above. They could not make an impact and upgrade themselves easily unlike Level Six and below.

Level Ten beings had already obtained the authority to impact the demigod realm. Obviously, there were very few individuals who knew how to become demigods in the end. The Secret Book of Becoming Demigods had always been the most prized secret in the clan because it was a scarce resource that the Gods controlled strictly. Only those who had chosen to join the Gods, passed the faithfulness

assessment, and signed a contract with an extremely powerful binding force that resembled the Underworld River Oath could obtain this type of knowledge.

Level Nine was actually the highest position within the entire mortal realm already. This was the summit of relying on one's own body to train and practice. Moreover, it was also the apex of what all beings could achieve by depending on their own determination and talents.

The supernatural realm that was considered as the inhuman layer came after that. Obtaining or realizing divinity and conviction before igniting a sacred fire was not something that normal beings could achieve without inheriting it. Its degree of complexity greatly surpassed the fantasies of any life forms. They would have to experience extremely brutal murders and struggles as well.

Therefore, Garen understood that he currently did not have the right to clash with beings like this no matter what.

Moreover, there was no need for him to provoke the issue now that Boris and Leona were safe.

"Are you okay?" He turned around and looked at Leona. This girl was lying on the ground and crying pitifully before she clambered up and pressed herself against Garen's chest tightly when she heard his voice.

"Oh..." Everything that happened to her today was extremely cruel indeed.

Boris crawled up beside them. His body was covered in blood while both of his arms were fractured. When he saw that Leona had flung herself into Garen's embrace, his complexion turned white while his entire dragon's body seemed like a suppressed but active volcano that could erupt anytime.

Garen glanced at him.

"You should go home. These matters are already out of your control," he sighed.

Some of the onlooking Dragon Whelps in their surroundings wanted to approach and comfort them. However, they did not walk forward in the end and merely watched the three Dragon Whelps.

Safour, Sathree, and Satwo were among the flock of Dragon Whelps, but Garen instructed them not to come out.

“Thanks for the things you did today.” It seemed like Boris was squeezing the words out through the spaces between his teeth. He clenched both of his claws tightly while his entire body trembled slightly.

The Enchanted Equipment that he wore on his body originally had now gone missing. It was clearly snatched by someone else.

“It’s fine. Both of you need to be careful next time,” Garen reminded. “It doesn’t look like that brat will let you off so easily.”

“Yes.” Boris nodded vigorously. He scanned the four corners and looked through his entire surroundings seriously as if he was trying to engrave everything in his mind deeply.

Everything that happened today would perhaps remain in his memory forever!

Chapter 1285: Contract 1

The incident that happened during the ceremony had greatly provoked Boris and Leona. From that day on, they were unusually determined to practice their Draconic Auras. They would often ask Garen for help regarding various problems as well at the same time.

Garen did not hold back from teaching them. His knowledge was excessively plentiful to the point where these two little fellows had the misconception that he was an Elder Dragon with an abundance of experience.

It seemed like none of the difficulties that they had encountered were too hard for Garen.

More than a month gradually passed like that.

Third Elder stabilized the overall situation and imprisoned both Great Elder and Second Elder while announcing that they had officially formed an alliance with the Deladia Empire. The princes and princesses of the Empire would come and select partners from the clan to form Eternal Contracts.

Eternal Contracts were unlike ordinary Soul Contracts. Lives would need to be linked in exchange for these contracts to be signed. These were formidable commitments that every creature could only sign once in their lives.

They did not have any other functions except for their only purpose, which was to share lives.

In other words, the lives of the dragon race and humans that signed these Eternal Contracts would be treated as one before they were split into two equal parts after that. The dragon race whose lifespans greatly surpassed the humans would undeniably find this extremely unfair.

The dragon race's lifespan would be reduced by at least half due to this. Moreover, human lifespans were usually insignificant in comparison to that of the dragon race.

The weaker members of the dragon race would live to at least a thousand years old.

This rule had caused dissatisfaction among numerous White Dragons, especially the members of the dragon race who had set themselves high above the masses. No dragon would be willing to make an agreement with a Contractor unless they were of the standards of specialized Level Six Professionals or above.

However, the side of the Deladia Empire had taken the initiative to explain that only princes and princesses who had potential would sign these Eternal Contracts on their behalf. It was not difficult for promising geniuses with aristocratic statuses to become Level Six Professionals in the future.

Moreover, the Deladia Empire truly possessed an abundance of princes and princesses on their side. There were a few hundred of them at least. The geniuses that were selected from this group of people did not fall too short. However, realistically they would not be valued highly in their own country despite their aristocratic statuses because there was a surplus of them.

Hence, their positions would be greatly secured if they could find a powerful White Dragon to sign a contract with them.

Thus, this activity was quickly launched in the Dragon Clan. However, it was only limited to Adult White Dragons because they were currently the ones that could form into the greatest powers and forces within the shortest amount of time. Humans could not spare a few decades waiting for Young Dragons to become adults. As for Dragon Whelps, that was simply impossible.

Therefore, this transformation would not affect Garen greatly.

He continued training in his own cave. His Draconic Aura had finally reached Level Five after being upgraded by his Potential Points. After training himself painstakingly and consuming all of his last ten Potential Points that he had accumulated, it was beyond his expectations that he only reach the Level Five stage.

Draconic Auras that were only at Level Five or below had to be stimulated by certain specialized realms before they could be upgraded. That was only one of its fundamental changes. It was similar to all the other professions as there seemed to be only one dividing line before Level Six could be achieved.

Another change that he had discovered was that his body's attributes had finally exhibited certain phenomena which meant that his Potential Points needed to be increased.

He would previously require one Potential Point every time he wanted to increase one attribute. However, it had directly jumped to needing three points now. Now that his body had undergone a single change, it seemed that his previous Potential Points were not as effective anymore.

After all, Garen's current Attributes had already surpassed fifteen points on average by now. He belonged to the standard domain of Level Seven creatures.

Since the standard of a regular Adult White Dragon was between thirty to forty points, he had already greatly surpassed the normal standard now.

According to Garen's secret observations, the strongest Warrior named Phosphorus and the five Ice Dragon Guards who were his subordinates were perhaps the only ones who possessed characteristics that were stronger than Garen among the entire White Dragon Clan. He could not seem to see the limits of Phosphorus' power, but he knew that he had achieved the Level Nine standard at least. It was naturally impossible for him to lack great power as a Warrior who dared to directly confront Third Elder who was a Level Ten existence.

If the Elder was considered as the strongest source of combat power within the entire clan with the presence of the Divine Staff, Phosphorus and his Ice Dragon Guards were the strongest forms of support and strength in the clan. Phosphorus grasped the military power in the palm of his hand completely while all of the Dragon Guards and the training of the Teenage Class were arranged by him.

Garen received an invitation after training in the cave for a short while. It was an invitation from Third Elder.

Third Elder's grandson had given him some face and released Boris and Leona the last time. Therefore, he needed to pay a return visit no matter what this time as an indication of gratitude.

After all, this was an extremely brutal political struggle. It was highly likely that Garen would not eliminate someone completely as he did not want to ruin his attachments towards the clan.

Garen tidied up briefly and brought a few little gifts which were the Crystal Cores of the Giant Frost Iguanas that he had brought back when he left to hunt. He had yet to finish absorbing them completely and left a few for future use. It was a good time to use them now.

It was a good opportunity for him to give them out as little presents now.

Garen left the cave immediately and followed the Dragon Guards that had arrived before flying towards the highest point of the Elder's Peak.

A white ice palace was being built there now without him knowing. Numerous human and dwarf craftsmen were currently hard at work up there. White Dragons would fly around the area occasionally to protect it.

These people were not surprised when they saw Garen and the two other dragons flying over. They had clearly arrived here some time ago and had already gotten used to it much earlier.

They flew along the side of the palace toward the back before quickly descending in front of the entrance of a large cave where numerous frozen water stalagmites had formed. These sharp frozen water stalagmites enveloped the main door that led to the cave. All of these pointed stalagmites were as dangerous as sharp thorns that were aimed precisely at the entrance of the cave. They seemed like sharp swords that were suspended above the head of every creature that entered in order to deter them.

“Please enter. The Elder is waiting for you inside,” said The Dragon Guard to Garen softly.

Garen nodded and drew his wings before taking long strides toward the inside of the cave and walking there.

Bang, bang, bang.

The deep noise of his footsteps could be heard when he stomped on the cave floor, yet he left no traces behind. Since numerous White Dragons had already threaded on this ground countless times, it was already extremely solid to a terrifying degree.

There were two Dragon Guards who were keeping watch on both sides within every hundred meters. When they saw Garen entering, these Dragon Guards awakened from their dazed states and merely glanced at him indifferently before collecting their thoughts and resuming their rest. They were clearly here to rest while keeping guard.

Powerful billowing Draconic Auras permeated throughout the interior of this entire cave endlessly.

Garen encountered five consecutive Dragon Guards along the way. Their Draconic Auras were ranked at Level Six at least. The thing that secretly shocked him was that the powers of Third Elder’s subordinates were clearly not weakened simply because the strength of the other two Elders had diminished.

The pure white cave that was tinged with light blue extended all the way towards a distance of a few kilometers. Garen only saw Third Elder who was currently talking to a human in a section within the cave where a skylight was located.

Sunlight cascaded through the skylight and formed a light pillar that coincidentally fell on Third Elder's aged dragon scales. It gave him a few additional white halos, making him appear slightly younger.

Meanwhile, the person to whom he was currently speaking was around one hundred and eighty centimeters tall and considered to be average among the humans. However, the gold cloak on his body was draped over a dark gold full-body armor that he wore underneath, while a powerful sword that was embedded with colorless crystals hung at his waist. The circular crown on his head that was embedded with gold gemstones was the most eye-catching aspect of him.

The gazes of that man and Third Elder shifted over simultaneously and fell on Garen just as he had entered.

Whoosh whoosh!

It seemed like two consecutive fiery lasers had landed on his skin. Garen could only feel his entire body tremble violently before his ears were fully deafened instantly. His ears were then filled with a humming noise that sounded like the buzzing after thunder. Subtle internal wounds appeared within his body immediately.

The Draconic Aura throughout his entire body was released hurriedly. He covered his body in a defensive force field while his Draconic Aura increased from Level Three to Level Four to barely nullify the terrifyingly intense pressure that was brought on by the gazes of those two individuals.

His mind understood suddenly that he had chosen an inappropriate time to enter. Third Elder and this king were clearly exerting pressure on each other as a more convenient way to exhibit their powers as bargaining chips for negotiations. The frightening strength of these two Level Nine powerhouses had instantly landed on his body the moment he entered. Thus, this was the main reason why he had nearly vomited blood.

"Is that Garen?" Third Elder withdrew his pressure first.

Meanwhile, the other man smiled faintly and withdrew his Coercion as well. It seemed as though he had transformed from a prehistoric beast back into a regular middle-aged man.

There was a little black goatee below his chin while his short black hair made him seem experienced and tidy. He looked grave and strict from head to toe. Moreover, he gave off a dignified, lofty, and unapproachable air even when he smiled.

“So, what do you think about reaching a deal now about the matters that we were discussing, King Thunderclap?” Third Elder glanced at the king.

“Were you referring to this little White Dragon before me?” The King asked in a slightly pondering manner.

“Of course,” said Third Elder in a faintly proud voice, “as the most talented White Dragon in my clan, Garen will surely meet your requirements.”

“Requirements?” Garen’s eyes narrowed when he vaguely felt that the discussion between these two individuals was regarding him. “May I ask what you were going to tell me when you called me here, Elder?”

His mind felt somewhat uneasy when he thought of the news of the Eternal Contracts that were spreading like wildfire recently.

“I’ll need a period of time to observe,” said the King quietly. “You know that my choices include the Black Dragons and Red Dragons as well.”

“Your Majesty the honorable King Gus, Garen will definitely not disappoint you if you choose him. I believe that there are but a few prodigies in the other Dragon Clans that can rival Garen.”

“However, you must understand that Black Dragons are naturally immune to all spells below Level Seven while their hand-to-hand combat skills are stronger than White Dragon Whelps of the same age. Meanwhile, the magic abilities of Adult Purple Dragons are equivalent to Level Seven Great Wizards. These are better choices in my opinion,” said Gus while smiling.

“But will the other Dragon Clans promise to sign Eternal Contracts with you?” Third Elder smiled.

Indeed, both of them understood that if the White Dragon Clan was not helplessly forced into a corner with seemingly nowhere to go, they would not choose to sign Eternal Contracts with humans with short lives and become the dependents of the Deladia Empire.

The entire White Dragon Clan had turned into the shame of the White Dragon Mountain merely because of this. After becoming the shame of the entire dragon race, they abandoned themselves and gave up their nobility and pride as creatures with longevity. They would be spurned by the rest of the dragon race in the future.

This was a heavy price to pay.

Therefore, Great Elder and Second Elder had objected to it all along. However, they had never expected that Third Elder would secretly collude with the top-rate human powerhouses to take action immediately and imprison the both of them under house arrest. Had they not possessed excessively strong powers and loyal troops, Third Elder would have probably killed them long ago.

The King smiled and shook his head while looking at Garen.

“There’s no rush now.” He needed to find someone who would be useful to him before he could sign this Eternal Contract. After all, they would live and die together. Hence, if the White Dragon here was too weak and was killed by someone else, wouldn’t he instantly die as well?

“You may continue your deliberation, then. As a Pinnacle, you should have a three-hundred-year lifespan at least. Moreover, members of the dragon race with stronger talents have longer lifespans. Therefore, they will be even more beneficial to you,” said Third Elder while continuing to recommend Garen.

Chapter 1286: Contract 2

“I’ll consider it.” Gus nodded faintly. There was a brief whooshing noise before he actually disappeared.

The body that contained enormous strength forces earlier was actually just a projection!

Garen's heart trembled slightly. He had already understood why these two individuals were talking about him.

A hint of dissatisfaction stirred in his heart immediately. He was not fully against the idea of being able to sign an Eternal Contract with a peak powerhouse. However, aside from merely rejecting it, he would become the peak existence sooner or later. Therefore, he was completely unconcerned with how this Eternal Contract could help upgrade him.

Moreover, this contract would require him to reduce his lifespan by half and give it to another person for no apparent reason!

Unhappiness arose in his heart faintly because Third Elder was deciding on his behalf.

"Garen, come here." When Third Elder's voice drifted over, Garen raised his head and saw that the Elder was looking at him attentively with a gentle gaze.

He lifted his legs and walked toward the front of the Elder slowly before standing on the spot where the other man was standing earlier.

"I have been summoned by the Elder. What are my instructions?" He asked in a slightly respectful tone.

Third Elder sized Garen up from head to toe. It seemed as though his powerful gaze could see through Garen.

"I'm sure that you must've overheard our conversation earlier?"

Garen hesitated for a moment before nodding his head soon after that.

"Yes, is it about the Eternal Contract?"

"It's fine if you understand." Third Elder turned around before taking a black, leather-covered book out of the enormous bookshelf behind him. These books were the size of bathtubs when they were opened by humans, but they were merely little books to the dragon race.

The whooshing noises of turning pages could be heard when he flipped the book open before the book skipped to a certain page in the middle automatically.

"King Gus is the strongest existence in the Deladia Empire. He's also King Thunderclap who has grasped the Thunderclap ability. He'll become a demigod if he advances to the next step. He's wildly ambitious and hopes to find a member of the dragon race who will sign an Eternal Contract with him to extend his lifespan to its maximum limit. Since his selection choices span across all the dragon races, we've recommended you from our clan."

Garen was silent.

"You must understand that King Thunderclap is truly the most supreme being. There are people who have surmised that his powers have already reached the peak of this physical world as he had achieved the Level Fifteen grade in theory. Once he has chosen you, your social status and powers will receive explosive increments," said Third Elder in a tempting manner.

"Level Fifteen?" Garen was slightly shocked. "Didn't you say that Level Nine was the highest peak?"

"Level Nine is the peak of the Professionals and that's the end of the road for them. Only those who have finished walking on the path that is considered their own can continue moving forward. In theory, one only needs to break through Level Fifteen and achieve Level Sixteen before becoming a demigod. King Gus has almost reached the final step. However, his lifespan is nearly insufficient..." said Third Elder while smiling.

"Then what is the difference between Level Nine Professionals and the beings that have surpassed Level Nine?" Garen did not reply or state whether he agreed or not, instead another question was asked.

"Difference?" Third Elder pondered before answering properly, "There's no great difference. The dividing line between Level Nine focuses on Spellcrafting. In reality, the difference between the corresponding levels spans across an extremely vast divide. Moreover, Level Nine Professionals have

already reached the peak of all creatures. If their levels are upgraded again after that, their greatest power will be their Level Nine Spellcrafting grade. However, there are great differences between their usage limits, endurance, quantity, types, and strengthening abilities among other things.”

He flipped to another page of the book before he continued speaking.

“Take, for instance, a Level Nine individual who still needs to chant and can only use Level Nine Spellcrafting. Compare this with another person who has five Level Nine Spell Slots daily and can also exist promptly. Who do you think is stronger?”

“Understood...” Garen had roughly understood the difference. He continued staying silent.

“So what are your aspirations regarding the Eternal Contract?” asked Third Elder gently.

Garen furrowed his eyebrows. He was careful not to expose his emotions when he replied.

“If King Thunderclap is willing, I’m naturally indifferent. Good opportunities like these are hard to come by.” His opinion did not actually count because this plan was clearly something that Third Elder had seized determinedly. If he was not grateful for this, it would mean that he had failed to appreciate his kindness. When he was faced with a terrifying being that was comparable to a Level Ten individual, Garen did not even have the confidence that he could even succeed in escaping from his soul.

This was easily not just a grade.

After Level Six, there would be an enormous division every time one passed a level. It was equivalent to the differences between Spellcrafting powers.

“That’s good.” Third Elder smiled. The traces of the faintly menacing atmosphere lightened as well. “Study properly. I’ll inform you once we have more information about this matter.”

“Thank you very much, Elder.” Garen lowered his head. Third Elder was an Elder Dragon who had lived for at least thousands of years or even ten thousand years. He had a vast amount of experience and

would certainly not be easily tricked by Garen. Therefore, he could not expose even the slightest bit of unwillingness.

“Good. You may return first, I’ll summon you if any matters arise. Also, please remember to prepare yourself. The battle on the border had started immediately, and you will be summoned soon. They’ve been preparing themselves all this time for this battle throughout the last ten years.”

“Understood.”

Garen put his presents down and turned to leave politely. Only then did he go down before proceeding to walk out of the cave.

“That’s right. Regarding the matter with Boris and the other dragon, if you were really displeased, I’ll tell Wylow to be mindful of himself,” said the Elder simply.

“Thank you very much, Elder!” Garen turned around and bowed again. He had received a satisfactory answer in the end.

Clearly, Third Elder was saying these things to him directly because he was giving Garen face by using his status and position to pay attention to such insignificant matters. He was making sure that Garen would be grateful.

Otherwise, he would never have minded these trivialities because of his honor as the Elder.

After retreating from the Elder’s cave, Garen passed through the corridor that was being protected by the Dragon Guards and discovered that these guards were Level Seven beings at least. As Adult White Dragons were usually Level Six beings, the Level Seven White Dragons here were clearly meticulously strengthened through cultivation.

After leaving the cave, he flapped his wings and flew from the entrance of the cave before charging downward along the edges of the snowy peak outside.

The Dragon Whelp Training Institute that he had previously attended was located at the middle level of this snowy peak. He heard a series of cold sneers just as he flew past this area.

“Beat him! Beat him up! I’ll take care of everything as long as you don’t beat him to death!” It was Wylow’s voice.

Garen looked over in the direction of the voice. He instantly saw that a few Dragon Whelps had currently surrounded another Dragon Whelp. They were punching and kicking him in the canyon where the Dragon Whelp combat training class was located. They would occasionally lash at him with their tails by using numerous merciless whipping-motions.

Wylow stood outside the circle and yelled insults.

Garen furrowed his eyebrows slightly and looked carefully at the Dragon Whelp that was being bullied before realizing that it was actually Boris.

The banging noises that came from the kicking and punching echoed over continuously, while the Dragon Whelps sneered and hit Boris violently.

Garen charged downwards immediately.

Bang!

He landed behind the group of Dragon Whelps firmly. He fell on the ground heavily, causing the snow to fly and scatter everywhere when it quaked.

His movements gained the attention of Wylow and the other Dragon Whelps instantly.

“It’s Garen, huh?” he said while forcing a smile. He felt slightly apprehensive when he saw that Garen was clearly taller and more muscular than him. However, his confidence was immediately restored when he quickly remembered his new status as a White Dragon who had already signed an Eternal Contract with a prince.

“What’s wrong? You thought of coming back to see everyone in the Dragon Whelp class suddenly?” he said while trying to stall.

“What are you doing?” said Garen coldly, “have you forgotten the things that I said previously?” After being repressed over at Third Elder’s place earlier, Wylow was a complete eyesore to him now.

“But we’re not doing anything? Haha, we’re just teaching Boris some combat techniques.” Wylow squinted his eyes and looked at Garen sideways. “Garen, there’s nothing here that concerns you. I’ve given you Leona, already so don’t be ungrateful.”

“Ungrateful?” sneered Garen. “For the Elder’s sake, I’ll give you three seconds to leave.”

Wylow was dumbfounded and felt as if he had misheard him. Did Garen actually dare to speak to him like this?

“Did you just... say that? Three seconds?”

“One.”

“Garen, do you really think that I’m afraid of you?”

Wylow’s expression darkened immediately. Numerous muscular Dragon Whelps moved towards Garen and surrounded him after being signaled by Wylow. The Dragon Guards who were patrolling the surrounding area flew over here when they noticed that something was amiss. They were clearly focused on guarding Wylow’s safety at all times. It looked like Third Elder was extremely favorable towards Wylow indeed.

“Two.”

However, none of this was enough to scare Garen. As Garen was someone who would probably sign a contract with King Thunderclap, even Third Elder would have to consider Garen’s attitude towards himself in the event that the contract was successful in the future. When that time came, he would probably become a key existence that could influence King Thunderclap’s attitude.

Wylow was unaware of this, but he was already certain that since he had signed an Eternal Contract with a prince from the Deladia Empire, Garen would surely not be brave enough to do anything to him!

Moreover, since there were numerous protectors in his surroundings, what was the worse that Garen could do besides hitting him?

“Garen, mind your own business!” Boris roared stubbornly despite being assaulted. “Who told you to worry about me?! Go away! Go!” One of his eyes was almost swollen to the point where he could not open it. There was a faint hint of worry in his gaze when he looked at Garen.

Bang bang!

Both of the patrolling Adult White Dragons landed behind Garen and encircled him.

“Garen, don’t act rashly. After all, Wylow is Third Elder’s closest grandson,” said a White Dragon softly.

Garen turned around and glanced at the two White Dragons. Next, he looked at Boris whose entire body was covered in wounds, almost crippled from the beatings. A hint of impatience flashed in his eyes.

“I’m warning you not to concern yourself with the matters here.”

His words that were tinged with menace instantly angered the two Adult White Dragons faintly. They had never expected that this prodigious White Dragon with a reputation that had spread far and wide would actually be so wild!

Despite being a prodigy, he was merely a Dragon Whelp. Nonetheless, he was apparently daring enough to threaten Adult White Dragons. This simply meant that he was unaware of the complexity of things!

The commotion here had attracted the attention of many other Dragon Whelps who were attending classes inside. A few Dragon Whelps ran out in succession, while one instructor who was among them walked out as well. It was actually a teacher who had taught Garen previously. He was about to stop this incident when he saw it but it was too late now.

“Garen, I gave you face last time,” said Wylow coldly. “I’ve heard that you have three more brothers and sisters, right? It looks like I have to take good care of them...”

“Three.” Garen spat out the final word.

The entire place turned silent at once.

The entire bodies of the two White Dragons stiffened while they glared closely at Garen. Two shrouds of Level Six Draconic Auras pressed down on Garen’s body instantly.

Garen circled his surroundings and scanned them.

Boom!

He exploded a large pile of snow suddenly before the length of his entire dragon body increased by several meters dramatically. The muscles throughout his whole body condensed frantically like surging water. Level Six Draconic Auras could not suppress him at all! Garen’s entire physique had instantly expanded by one whole degree.

Those two Adult White Dragons pounced at him fiercely and attempted to press Garen down. However, Garen pushed them away violently towards his left and right sides respectively the moment they touched him.

Bang! Bang! Both of the Adult White Dragons were instantly sent flying by him with just two movements as though they were just pieces of trash before crashing against the frozen wall on the side painfully.

Bang!

Garen used one claw to grab Wylow who was dazed with fear. He grabbed at his neck and suspended him in mid-air.

He was almost as enormous as a full Adult White Dragon after his entire body had expanded, while the scales that covered his body were twinkling with a cold pale sheen.

Shh!

A scorching hot ray was shot out from the hands of one of the Dragon Guards on the side. It was clear that another Dragon Guard who had rushed over was taking action now.

“Put him down! Garen!”

Chapter 1287: Underground City 1

The Dragon Guards’ rays were released at astonishing high temperatures, rapidly melting the ice and snow nearby within a radius of several meters. However, upon landing on the side of Garen’s waist, the rays were quietly absorbed by his white scales.

Shh!!

All the Dragon Whelps and onlookers gasped in shock.

This was Level Seven immunity!!

The Dragon Guard had immediately used a Level Seven Spell – Scorching Ray. It was a Level Seven Spell strengthened and derived from Level Four Scorching Radiation. Although it was initially a Level Four Spell, once its composition was revised and intensified, it could stir up the powers that were released by Weave, and as such was truly a Level Seven flaming ray!!

However, Garen seemed to be immune to it?!

He was actually immune to Level Seven Spells at this age??!!

It was really...

None of the Dragons knew how to assess Garen's talents anymore.

Particularly the instructor who had recommended him in the beginning. Gaping with his mouth wide open, he was speechless as he was in a complete state of shock. His only thought was, oh man I'm so gonna get rich!...

The two Adult White Dragons that were whipped away crawled up slowly. Upon witnessing this scene, they broke out in cold sweat, too afraid to step forward.

When they saw Garen's current physique and recalled the frightening strength that he had used to strike them, they realized that he had surpassed the normal White Dragons and they were not able to challenge him anymore.

Gradually, the red ray dimmed. Garen's dragon scales only had bits of faint, black burn marks; the rest were not affected.

The Dragon Guard who was holding that scroll which was released earlier looked embarrassed. He looked at Garen dumbfoundedly, not knowing how to react as Garen grabbed Wylow by the neck. This may not be his strongest spell, but the powers of the other spells were not anymore greater than this. If this spell was not able to hurt Garen at all, the other spells could only hurt him to a limited degree as well.

"You're really irritating." Garen lifted little Wylow to his front, lowering his head to look at him closer.

"Kill me if you can!!" Wylow's face was green from anger and fear. He was angry because he had been badly humiliated, and afraid because he did not expect Garen to be so fierce.

"Kill you?" Garen's ferocious dragon mouth curled slightly at its corners, exposing his sharp, pearly white teeth.

His body's Level Five Draconic Aura erupted fully. He had managed to offset a large part of the Draconic Auras weakening effects towards himself so that the value of his attributes would only decrease by one point on average.

Even so, his age was a concern to the surrounding members of the dragon race as they regarded him as a challenge that was hard to surpass despite everything.

"I won't kill you, of course." Garen drew back the corners of his mouth and grinned, "however, I can let you experience what is pain."

He grabbed one of Wylow's arms with his other claw while smiling menacingly.

"You..."

Shh!!

Ahh!!!

Amidst the violent, tearing noise, Wylow could be heard screaming in pain. He could only stare blankly at his right arm, which was literally ripped off. His flesh and muscle membranes were torn ragged, a large amount of white dragon blood spurted out.

Seeing this, the surrounding dragons felt intense chills surging from their tailbones up to their heads. Garen dared, he actually dared to rip off an arm of the Elder's grandson?!

This was simply too brutal!! It was simply unimaginable! He was extremely audacious!!

"Enough!!"

A dragon's ferocious roar echoed in the distance suddenly.

It was Third Elder!

His enormous, white body glided over swiftly, bringing with him a powerful and fearless Draconic Aura and using most of it to pressure Garen.

Garen turned around and flung Wylow away in passing. Wylow rolled on the ground a few times before he stopped, fainting from the pain.

He looked at Third Elder, who was flying towards him.

“Do you have any instructions? Elder?” His expression remained unchanged. Noticing that Garen could still remain calm despite causing such great ruckus, the surrounding members of the dragon race could not help but secretly admired him.

Third Elder was holding the Divine Staff, which emitted a ray of white light that shrouded Wylow who fainted on the side.

He only looked at Garen after that. Surprisingly, he merely furrowed his eyebrows gently and glanced at Boris, who was almost crippled by the beatings, and the other dragons surrounding Garen.

He remained quiet and did not say a word. He looked over at the other dragons around him numerous times before an Adult White Dragon approached him and explained the situation to him quietly.

Third Elder remained silent for ten whole minutes, the atmosphere was oppressively quiet.

His last gaze finally landed on Garen. The corners of his mouth drew back as Third Elder actually squeezed out an extremely natural-looking and gentle smile.

“It looks like I didn’t explain everything in time beforehand. Regarding my promise, it remains unchanged. But Garen, don’t you think that you’ve gone too far?”

“Elder, I was momentarily furious and could not help but acted rashly...” Garen suddenly understood that the Elder had already decided between him and Wylow. He immediately put on a helpless face tinged with some grievance.

He sensed that Third Elder’s gaze was scanning his body continuously. Third Elder was clearly extremely satisfied with the potential that Garen had displayed today.

“That’s true as well. Wylow had never experienced great obstacles since young. It was also beneficial for him to have you demonstrate to him the true definition of a powerhouse. Perhaps it will influence his future development positively.”

The Elder nodded casually.

“Alright, this incident ends here. Garen, regarding your matters, I’ll contact the other side as soon as possible. You can standby for more information. Don’t worry, you have a very great chance!”

Finishing his words, his gaze scanned Garen’s entire body from head to toe as if he was admiring an exceptional treasure. The longer he looked, the more satisfied he was.

“Thank you very much, Elder!” Garen replied with respect immediately.

Witnessing the conversation between the Elder and Garen, the other dragons looked as if they had seen aliens. They could not understand what had happened between the both of them that made the Elder ignored his favorite grandson’s critical injuries while openly favoring Garen instead!?

Boris hovered and stayed behind. Despite being the one who knew Third Elder’s personality the best, he was completely stupefied now. Third Elder, who had an extremely selfish and cold personality, had actually handled Garen so magnanimously even though the latter had challenged his dignity. This was more unbelievable than if White Dragon Mountain had instantly transformed into Black Dragon Mountain!!

Nonetheless, he could not deny it because the truth had happened right before his eyes.

However, none of the dragons knew that while Garen had breathed a sigh of relief, he was also secretly vigilant of Third Elder's selfishness.

The true nature of White Dragons was that they were naturally selfish and cold, which could be vividly seen in Third Elder. If his own grandson was merely a bargaining chip that he could discard at any moment, outsiders would be worth even less.

He had already prepared in advance to display his powers in the clan. As long as he displayed his elite grade as an Adult White Dragon and leveraged on his age and talents, Wylow would be insignificant. In a clan where powerhouses were revered, no one would even dare to say anything if he killed Wylow.

However, it would be slightly risky depending on how much Third Elder valued familial attachments.

Therefore, Garen did not go to the extremes and merely tore off one of Wylow's arms because broken limbs could be perfectly reattached within a short period of time by using Divine Art. His actions may seem brutal, but in reality, Wylow's injuries would not be critical with the Elder's help.

This was also a subtle action that he used to probe Third Elder.

The results, however, made him bitterly disappointed. Third Elder was indeed a ruthless character!

"These matters shall end here then." Third Elder released white light from his staff while dragging Wylow up from the ground. He scanned through the area one last time before his gaze paused on the Adult Dragon Guard on the side, who was still holding the Level Seven scroll in his hand.

"You, come with me."

That White Dragon's body trembled before he frantically lowered his head respectfully.

"Yes."

“Don’t disappoint me... Garen.” Third Elder looked at Garen one final time before turning around and flew away

Garen looked on while they left.

He stood at the same spot silently, his physique shrunk back to its original state again. He did not look any different from a normal Young Dragon. No one could have imagined that the tough atmosphere had actually burst forth from him.

He waited until the silhouettes of Third Elder and the other dragons had disappeared completely before he turned around and walked towards Boris.

“Are you alright?” He reached his hand out to support him.

“Still okay...” Boris struggled and tried to stand on his own but could not raise his body. “You shouldn’t have worried about me. Although Third Elder was smiling happily, he’s definitely harboring a grudge in his heart. Despite whatever methods you’re using to temporarily suppress his internal fury now, you will definitely face his worse retaliation the moment you make the slightest error.”

“Since doing this, I’d naturally know that these are the consequences of my actions. Don’t worry.” In his mind, Garen had a definite idea of what he was doing. “I’ll send you back to your cave first.”

“Thanks.”

“We were friends since the beginning, so you don’t have to say such things.”

Garen ignored the stares of the other dragons around him. He grabbed Boris and flapped both of his own wings before flying towards the snowy peak in the distance.

Shhh...

“That really hurts!!”

Inside a narrow little cave, Saszt was applying medicine on Boris’ wounds carefully. Leona, who was beside them, rushed over with the medicine from home.

This pitiful little girl was looking at Boris, worried.

Garen sat at the side and looked at Boris who was lying on the ground groaning.

“What are you guys planning to do now?”

“Plans? What other plans could we have?” It seemed as though Boris had matured greatly after experiencing the things that happened during this period of his life. “It’s impossible for us to leave this place because Third Elder would never release us. Thus, we can only live in the snowy peak. Due to this, we don’t stand a single chance of breaking free from his grasp.”

“I... I miss Grandfather...” Leona could not help but started crying again. Her delicate narrow dragon eyes were recently always slightly swollen. She was clearly crying often every day. The dragon scales that covered her body which was initially clean and beautiful now appeared somewhat dirty. There were obviously no specialists to help her clean them anymore.

Bang!

Saszt punched the cave wall.

“Wait for me to grow up! Wait for me to grow up! I’ll definitely put on a good show for that bastard!!” He gritted his teeth.

Garen looked at these three Dragon Whelps helplessly.

“Frankly, you cannot leave this snowy peak nor can you escape from the Elder’s supervision. If this persists, it will be completely meaningless even if you grow up. If you don’t leave the snowy peak and experience other things, you’ll never be able to grow and achieve the same Level Nine grade as the Elder.”

“Level Nine... Haha, the regular dragon race like ourselves could never even dream of reaching Level Nine in the beginning without seven or eight thousand years of intensive studying. However, there are only a few members of the dragon race who can live over seven or eight thousand years. There are the rarest beings in the dragon race.” Boris was realistic and calm. He glanced at Garen and said, “it might be possible for you but the rest of us aren’t prodigies. If we can’t break through to Level Seven by the time we reach five hundred years of age and are unable to extend our lifespans, it will be eternally impossible for us to even hope of achieving Level Nine.”

“Perhaps there’s a way that will allow us to break free from Elder’s control,” said Garen quietly.

“What way?!” Boris was suddenly shocked. His gaze was closely fixed on Garen.

Saszt and Leona were also surprised. They looked at Garen immediately. They were at a complete loss now and could not even see a sliver of hope.

“Eternal Contract,” said Garen lightly.

“Are you talking about the Eternal Contracts that are signed with the princes and princesses of the Deladia Empire?” Boris responded immediately.

“Once you’ve gained the protected statuses of the royal Contractors, you won’t merely be members of the White Dragon Clan as you’ll gain half of the status of the royalty of the Deladia Empire. Even Third Elder wouldn’t be brave enough to suppress your growth openly,” Garen explained briefly.

“But... our lifespans will be reduced by half!” Saszt was slightly hesitant.

“You can consider it, but this is the only way. Only by borrowing the strength of the Deladia Empire will you stand a chance of obtaining normal space for growth.” Garen stood up, “I’ll be leaving first. You can

look for Safour and the rest and tell them to inform me if any matters arise. I might have to leave for a period of time so you need to be careful during this period.”

“Leave?”

“Yes, there’s a Summoned Battle...” Garen sensed the Summoner’s request in his mind. According to the contract, as long as the other party had provided sufficient remuneration, he could never reject their requests.

Garen’s heart stirred as he flew out of the cave. Translucent wavy ripples had suddenly extended in mid-air outside the cave at an unknown moment. Garen’s slender body charged through the ripples directly before he vanished without a trace.

This was his first Summoned Battle and he hoped that Kevin would not disappoint him.

Chapter 1288: Underground City 2

In the lush green, white pine forest on the border of Deladia.

The scorching, crackling flames of a great fire were currently burning in an explosive blaze. The red light soared into the sky while numerous red Giant Hawks hovered around.

Several black-skinned elves with pointed ears rode on the backs of these Giant Hawks. They held bows and arrows, and lances that were used for throwing while glaring menacingly at the area where the large fires were burning below. Dozens of red hawks circled and formed an enormous red whirlpool.

There was apparently a faint green semicircular shield that was currently being supported in the center of the great fire. Five or six people were standing scattered under the shield, they were dressed in Deladia Empire’s military uniforms. Three of them were Wizards. There were either three or four stars on their black wizard robes which indicated their ranks as either Level Three or Level Four Wizards.

Kevin and his daughter Maria huddled together closely. The shield was released by him.

“Never would I have expected that we would be captured by the Giant Hawk Elf Forces after we had just encountered our third battle...” There was a slightly pained look on Kevin’s face.

There were two Warriors and an Archer in this group. There was a total of six people here including the father and daughter duo who were both Level Four Wizards. They formed a standard match.

This was a battle group that was formed by the dragon race Contractor Kevin to obtain the Core. When they came out to proceed with their border hunt this time, they had never anticipated finishing their luck from the two previous times. They had encountered a large contingent of Giant Hawk Elf Forces this round. With the ability to fly at high altitudes and throw burning or exploding-type weapons and arrows, these Black Elves were the nightmares of all Wizards that were Level Five and below.

“Father, the captain of the group of Black Elves in the sky seems like he has silver stripes. He’s definitely a high leveled existence. If we kill him and take him back as proof, we’ll meet our quest quota for the next two months.” Unlike Kevin’s currently pained state of mind, his daughter Maria was brimming with confidence.

“My lord and lady, I have terrible news! Another two groups that are being led by Contractors have arrived. They’ve surely noticed the commotion here!” reported the only archer who was concurrently holding another post as a scout loudly.

“We must get to work immediately, or they’ll definitely steal the credit!” Maria urged her father.

“Don’t worry, we’re just slightly inexperienced.” Kevin exhaled firmly. The arrival of friendly forces would be the best-case scenario. Otherwise, it was uncertain whether he could get rid of the Giant Hawk Forces in the sky if he could not accurately grasp the little White Dragon that he had summoned.

“But...”

Roar!!

Suddenly, a long and muscular Young Blue Dragon flew over from the faraway sky. The cerulean Blue Dragon had smooth dragon scales while the length of its body was five to six whole meters long.

“Haha, the captain of the Black Elves with Silver-Striped one as well. My luck is actually pretty good today.”

“Houston, I discovered him first so don’t even dare of stealing my credit!”

Another Red Dragon with an even bigger physique flew over in the sky. Shrouds of red halos were lingering around this Red Dragon’s whole body. It was apparently a prodigious Red Dragon that naturally possessed scorching radiation.

“Mark, do you really think that your Contractor can win a fight against us?” It seemed that the Blue Dragon was unexpectedly not afraid of the other party. “Although I can’t beat you, I can still stall you temporarily. However, you Contractor is another story... haha.”

Both members of the dragon race surrounded the Black Elves in mid-air. However, they were not rushing to put their hands to the task but were arguing with each other instead.

Maria and the others below paced in circles frantically, unaware that Kevin had mentally sighed in relief vigorously.

They saw that another Young White Dragon was about to appear in the sky quickly before Kevin secretly cut off the connection of his contract passage while the faint light of his Contract Matrix extinguished itself on the ground naturally.

“Let’s go. There’s none of our business here anymore,” said Kevin softly.

“Father, you’ve acted too slowly. Otherwise, this credit would have been ours definitely,” grumbled Maria.

“It’s fine, we’ll find another place...”

Hum!

Suddenly, a deep distinct voice echoed throughout the minds of all the dragon race Contractors here.

“All Contractors, head towards the message transmission site immediately and gather there. All Contractors, head towards the message transmission site immediately and gather there. The location of the unique Underground City has been discovered, and the Pearl of the Hall may be hidden there. You must definitely fight to obtain it.”

The voice repeated itself in their heads three consecutive times.

“Pearl of the Hall...” Kevin’s mind stirred. The revolving core of the Black Streak Empire’s Underground City — Pearl of the Hall had numerous mystical effects.

Its most renown effect was its ability to improve aptitudes and forcibly modify souls to increase the probability of breakthroughs for numerous Professionals who were unable to break through their limits.

The Pearl of the Hall’s most valuable aspect was that it was a first-rate treasure that could sufficiently increase the probability of breaking through to Level Eight when it was used.

Furthermore, the Underground City was also the predecessor of the Black Streak Empire and the remains of the Black Elf Empire, hence there would definitely be an abundance of rare treasures inside it. Moreover, the Black Elf Empire was an infamously greedy empire that possessed a myriad of treasure and wealth.

“Must we go?” Kevin knew in his heart that he had no other choice. This question was undoubtedly insignificant. Military orders could not be defied and his misdemeanors would definitely be recorded if he did not go. Since he was currently wearing his badge now, there was no leeway for him to struggle at all. He was worried that the little White Dragon that he had contracted was not even at Level Five... if he rushed in like this, would it really be alright?

Unlike his fearful and dispirited self, Maria and the few other Warriors were enthusiastic now after Kevin had relayed this information to them.

“Underground City, huh. Although we certainly won’t be able to obtain the Pearl of the Temple, there is an abundance of treasures there. As long as we can get a few random antiques or good items, we will definitely earn a lot of money if we sell them!”

Maria was very knowledgeable and knew many rumors regarding the Underground City.

Wizards belonged to a profession that included huge expenditures. They only had the right to upgrade their own levels without having to consider about wastages or depletion once they had a sufficient amount of money.

“Let’s go then...” Kevin glanced at the few members of the dragon race in the sky one last time. The few dragons that arrived after that had already started to slaughter the large contingents of Black Elves that were escaping in the sky. Seeing the power and ferocity of these dragons that belonged to other people, he lost even more confidence in his own contracted dragon.

His dragon was already a member of the weakest White Dragon Clan. Moreover, he was also a Dragon Whelp... The average Dragon Whelps were mostly only at Level Four.

The surrounding flames weakened when Maria used her staff to release a Hydropower Spell. This Level Three Spell induced a small amount of rainwater that fully drenched the surrounding areas that were covered in flames earlier before the high temperatures were lowered by the water vapor immediately.

Kevin chanted a few sentences quietly and waved his hand to release a Level One Squall Spell that blew the water vapor away.

The group then rushed speedily towards the direction that Kevin was pointing at.

White Dragon Clan Elder’s Peak

A shroud of ripples had instantly appeared in mid-air in the cave where Garen stayed. Garen charged out of the ripples in one go and appeared disorderly from head to toe.

“Damn Kevin!!” he cursed loudly and furiously. His expression was extremely contorted.

He was passing through space when the summoning of his contract was abruptly severed on the other side. This caused him to frenziedly crash head-first into the Spatial Barrier that had closed in front of him. Next, he rolled around and was dragged back like a tractor while being inflicted with vertigo along the way.

The inexperienced, useless Wizard over there was actually unaware that one-sidedly ending a contract without prior information would cause the Contractor on the other side to be seriously injured at any time because they could not react promptly?!!

If he had neither possessed exceptionally agile reflexes or qualities that were incomparable and far beyond that of the average Young Dragon, he would probably be completely and heavily wounded because of this. Regardless of one’s level, the slightest problem when passing through a space portal would surely be a major issue.

When he landed in his own clean ice cave, Garen panted hoarsely in an extremely indignant manner. He saw that his entire body was covered in dark blue bruises. These injuries were formed when he crashed around in the space passage. He was extremely furious.

“Don’t even think that I’ll put in any effort for you the next time you summon me!” Garen was furious. He was initially already impatient with that penniless good-for-nothing Summoner. He had never expected that the other party would actually still dare to pull this move.

He already had thoughts of instantly severing contact with him if he did not have to wait for the contract time to arrive as he could only be relieved after the battle ended.

Several days later...

At the edge of an enormous underground abyss on the border of Deladia.

More than ten battle units had gathered in a temporary campsite at the border.

The campsite was arranged in a circle while transparent floating Sentinel Eyes were installed in its surroundings. These were guarding devices that were created by the Wizards which could be repeatedly used for ten times.

More than ten units had their own large tents in the campsite. Hints of black patterns that were deeply engraved could be faintly seen on the edges of the largest tent.

Every single person at the campsite was currently standing outside their tents, while more than ten units of dragon race Contractors were all looking at a man in blue armor who was standing at a high place.

The man's features were as beautiful as a woman while his short blue hair was raised up high like a blaze of fire. His body was slender and tall, and he wore exquisite dark gold crescent-shaped studded earrings on both of his ears.

The man crossed his arms at his chest and looked down from above at all of the other dragon race Contractors below him. He gave off an agile and brave but arrogant attitude.

"I'm Blue Void Reisman. I've temporarily gathered all of the nearby Contractors here. In the name of the royal family, I shall be the highest in command here. Honorable lords and ladies, are there any objections?" He said in a low and deep voice.

"No objections. If Master Blue Void is leading the group, I think that we won't have to worry about any danger," said a white and grey-haired elderly Wizard softly as he stepped forward. Although he had spoken quietly, his voice was amplified by his spells to the extent that it resounded through their surroundings.

"I don't think that there'll be any issues if we're led by Master Blue Void of the White Knights who has been renowned for a long period of time," agreed another voice.

"Rumor has it that Master Blue Void is about to advance to Level Seven. Being able to reach this stage at twenty-six years of age is worthy of..." the voice trailed off.

A middle-aged female Wizard stood forward.

"I was wondering if Master had a deeper understanding of the Underground City? Our sixteen Contractors here have gathered the strength of sixteen members of the dragon race. It's unlikely that it will be dangerous in there. However, obtaining the greatest benefits and snatching them from those Black Ghosts will depend on the leadership strategies."

Blue Void's expression remained unchanged.

"I have a map relevant to the Underground City, and I've also prepared some methods to counter and get rid of some sections of certain organizations. I only need the assistance of your honorable selves in certain places to help me conserve strength in those areas."

Kevin and his daughter were standing in their own unit while looking at Blue Void who was on the platform far away.

"Level Seven at twenty-six years old... Truly amazing."

"It doesn't matter because I won't lose to him!" said Maria softly.

However, Kevin knew the difficulty of wanting to break through Level Four. For humans, breaking through Level Four meant crossing a threshold of qualitative changes. Even though numerous people had advanced to Level Four when they were only ten years of age or older, there are also those who were delayed at Level Five for over an entire decade and were still around. Moreover, they would need to exhaust even more resources, time, and energy when they reached Level Six after that, and almost a few times worth as well. Results such as achieving Level Seven at twenty-six years of age was an impossible stage to accomplish for the average Professional and even prodigy who did not possess the great forces, resources, and priceless support that the royals received.

“If nobody has any other objections, we can leave now,” Blue Void said loudly from the front.

There were no sounds from below, indicating that everyone was pleased and satisfied with his arrangements. Blue Void then started dividing everyone into several groups and the respective tasks each group would be in charge with.

As protected ones, all the Contractors were surrounded in the middle. After all, their safety was directly linked to the existence of the summoned dragon race.

As a Wizard, even if it was a Level Nine Great Wizard, without any special physical attributes or equipment or casting a spell shield upon oneself, even a Level One Warrior could easily kill him. However, once the Wizards were well prepared, the power they could erupt would be way horrifying than an entire troop of Warriors.

Therefore, the safety of the Wizards was at the top of their list.

After everything was settled, the groups slowly walked out of the camp site. Warriors were scattered everywhere whereas Archers were at the inner layer with the Wizards and Contractors right in the middle.

Kevin was the one who stayed in the innermost, grouped together with a Contractor and a Level-Four Wizard whereas his daughter, due to special relationships, was arranged to be by his side.

The team slowly descended along a small stone ladder at the edge of the abyss, and soon disappeared into the darkness of the abyss.

The mysterious snow mountain.

The pure white snow mountain and the azure lake were calm and peaceful, yet seemed remorselessly dead without any living creatures.

There was no sun over the blue lake, only white clouds that floated slowly but there was still a white light that was shining upon the surface below.

Whoosh!

A gigantic White Dragon glided across the lake, causing large ripples and waves.

The White Dragon had a slender snake neck and strong and powerful limbs, its slightly blue-ish wings on its back fluttered gently as if it had a weird yet natural frequency. It was well coordinated and natural.

Roar...

The White Dragon growled slowly as it darted in the direction of the snow mountain.

The instant it closed in the snow mountain, the White Dragon once again rushed and entered a translucent whirlpool, vanishing into thin air.

"You're here?"

Everything went black, Garen suddenly felt that he had fallen directly into the bottom of the abyss.

The translucent light source was right in front of him, shimmering in a faint white light as Ann's voice could be heard from inside.

"I came to fulfill the agreement." Garen realized that he was standing in front of the light source, his mind calmed down.

"It seems that you're still trustworthy, and punctual," Ann spoke lightly, "my experiments are divided into two categories. The first one is the Soul Toxic Test. Please come with me."

“?”

Garen did not understand how he was supposed to follow her. Ann’s presence was clearly locked within the light source.

But very quickly, he soon understood what Ann meant.

Poof.

A beautiful lady wearing a black tunic skirt walked out slowly from the light source. Her hair was silky smooth and her skin even delicate than the best jade.

This was a perfect lady.

This was Garen’s first thought when he saw Ann for the very first time. She was so perfect she did not even seem humane.

This kind of perfection was not just the perfection of Heaven and Earth, but the kind of perfection that no flaws could be found. Whether it was her temperament or her body, she was completely flawless in all aspects.

“Come with me,” the clear manly voice that came out from Ann’s mouth instantly destroyed her perfect temperament.

Seeing that she just made a turn into the side of the mountain wall, Garen quickly followed.

As the both of them walked towards the mountain wall slowly, Ann explained in a hushed tone.

“Don’t be surprised by my abnormality,” she glanced at Garen’s confused face. “Every hundred years, I’ll switch genders and voices. For this coming hundred years, I’ll have the body of a woman and the voice of a man. Then the next hundred years, the body of a man and the voice of a woman.”

“Uh...” Garen was a little speechless. It was still alright if Ann had the body of a woman and the voice of a man. If he just happened to meet Ann in the body of a man with the voice of a woman... that would be extremely hard for him to adjust to...

“Also, I’m not as what you think, sealed in this place.” Ann turned back and walked towards the stone wall. She reached out her hand and pressed on it lightly.

An arch door slowly and silently appeared on the stone wall, in the middle of the black door were two scarlet red bloodshot eyes.

Click.

The door opened, and Ann walked in.

Garen quickly followed.

Inside was a pitch black hollow space without a trace of light. But with the body of a White Dragon, Garen was born with the talent of Darkvision. Coupled with the faint, white light that was coming from the outside, he could vaguely make clear of his surroundings here.

A laboratory.

This was no doubt a laboratory.

Some unknown blood-stained creatures were bound onto the white experimental platform and in the corner were some wheat-like rings with blue, electric current flashing from time to time.

There were a lot of small grooves on one side of the wall with red candles placed in it. There were probably more than hundreds of them.

Swoosh.

All the hundred over red candles suddenly lit up and a bright yellow flame instantly illuminated the entire cave.

Ann walked to a corner where a lot of garbage and utensils were placed and searched around, finding a very sophisticated looking silver-white metal machine.

“Come here.”

She waved at Garen.

Garen hurried over. Although he did not know what she was up to actually, he did agree to cooperate with her experiment and so naturally, he had to keep his promise.

“Drink it.” Ann opened the silver-white metal machine. Inside the elliptical machine was a Light Ball full of tentacles. She held it up and passed it to Garen.

“Drink?”

Garen accepted the Light Ball, how do I drink this? He was stunned.

“Try to imagine, and use your Soul to touch it,” Ann explained.

Garen composed himself and looked at it. It did not seem harmful and his Soul Ring was not sending out any warning or whatsoever, so it should be alright...

He thought so in his mind.

His Soul Energy reached out and touched the object.

Swoosh!

The white ball of light vanished instantly as it seemed to have disappeared underneath the skin of Garen's arm.

Before Garen could even react, he felt a cold and intense aura that emerged in his soul rushing straight for his Soul Ring.

Before it could reach his Soul Ring, boom!

The white ball of light exploded and a mass of green paste splattered all over the place, even the Soul Ring.

Garen suddenly felt a strong sense of nausea stirring up in his stomach. He had a strong urge to puke.

"This is...?"

"Do you feel anything?" Ann looked at him curiously, "This is my latest Soul Explosive Potion. It's able to separate the parts on Alien Soul that is not pure enough."

"I..." Garen felt more and more uncomfortable. His stomach felt as if there were a thousand roundworms wriggling around and the discomfort was unimaginable.

His body tensed up and he fell onto the ground. Wriggling on the ground, he bit his mouth shut. He had a feeling that once he gave in the urge to puke, his Soul might suffer an unimaginable harm.

"This potion lasts for two days so, in these two days, I'll give you a lesson on the basic general knowledge of this world. Oh... It's not that kind of general knowledge, but the more high-end part," Ann said casually. "This shall serve as my reward to you for cooperating with this experiment."

Garen was not able to speak anymore, he could only listen. He resisted the immense urge to vomit and listened to Ann's words quietly.

Ann led Garen to a room's door. The room appeared abruptly on the mountain wall as if she just used a chalk to draw out a door. With a push, one could enter the room.

Garen was then placed inside the room by Ann. The room was filled with books, bookshelves, and piles of books.

In the middle of the large heap of books was a gray-yellow translucent map that was floating in the air.

"This is the Main Plane. I don't know where did you come from but," Ann paused as she sat down before the translucent map that was floating.

"No matter what time or space it is in the Main Substance Plane, this will always be the core."

At this moment, Garen felt slightly better and less nauseous.

"Core? So, it is the center of everything?" He asked reluctantly.

"Almost... every year, tens of thousands of creatures from different worlds wander into the Main Substance Plane and they're always caught by researchers to be used for various experiments. These researchers, some are Great Arcanists, some are Holy Spirits. Some are scholars of the Abyss, but most of them are Gods."

"Human Gods, Elf Gods, Dwarf Gods etc., there are many Gods in the Main Substance Plane and just an average God's power is able to build up a small God so there were plenty branches of Gods, small and big. For example, the Great Human God, the symbiont of Light and Fire, the Almighty Fehra."

"So we can call for the Gods here?" Garen was somewhat surprised. It was known that Fehra was the strongest God of the Human Gods and the most powerful God. Even calling out for a God in the isolated face was very likely to be discovered so after a period of time, Fehra could pay close attention to the situation here straight away without disguise.

"Yes," Ann nodded. "I've made some preventive measures so no matter which God you call out to, it won't be a problem."

Garen understood and did not ask anymore but in his mind, he was starting to guess Ann's identity.

Ann pointed to the floating transparent map.

"I've already helped you solve your body and soul coordination, but your soul is still far stronger than your body. This is unusual itself so no matter how you coordinate, you can't cover this up. A strong soul that is formed naturally is always recorded down by the Gods hence," Ann cast a glance towards Garen, "you still have to pay attention to some creatures, they can still see through your essence."

"Oh?" Garen looked as if he was listening carefully.

"First of all, all the demigods, or other higher existences." Ann came before a bookshelf where a book flew out automatically, floating right before her. It then began flipping the pages itself.

Soon enough, another book flew out automatically and floated beside her as it started flipping through the pages itself as well.

"Second, the Holy Spirits. They have a sense of divinity and most of the powerful Holy Spirits are even stronger than demigods," Ann's delicate index finger pressed onto a page in the book.

"And thirdly, the scholars and thanes of the Abyss. As long as they have divinity or they're so powerful to a certain level of existence, they can notice your problem."

"Then... when can I settle this once and for all?" Garen asked in a low voice.

"It's very simple. Once your body is strong enough to be worthy of your soul, by then, you'll have a perfectly coordinated existence," Ann smiled. "Your talent seems to be extremely powerful but in reality, your body has a limit in the plane. The soul does not affect the limits of the body, that's the iron law, that's why no matter how strong a warrior is, he must truly understand divinity in order to break through the limits of his strength. But Wizards are different, they can choose to understand divinity or continue to study Arcane Techniques."

Garen did not refute. The most special aspect of the Mother Stream System was that a soul could influence as well as determine the limits of the physical body. But for Ann, perhaps she had already taken that into consideration.

In his heart, Ann had become an omnipotent know-it-all.

“Some of the stronger existences of the Main Substance Plane lived on land, the Heavens, the Chaos Sea, the stars, the great kingdoms, the bottomless abyss and the purgatory. These are all places you have to pay close attention to. Once your soul enters these places, those existences that have a strong sense of smell toward souls would instantly find you. And once you’re captured, you’ll be destroyed.”

Ann explained slowly. From time to time, she would look at Garen with a weird stare. Her eyes glimmered with gold, silver, and even a little like a crystal-like Milky Way vortex. Her gaze upon Garen was as cold as the tip of a knife, cutting Garen to the point his scales ached.

But this was obviously part of the experiment, and so he could only bear with it.

“Really strange though, there are parts of your soul that I can’t understand,” Ann fondled her chin as she muttered, “It seems that the potion’s effect is running out... continue to drink.”

Just like performing magic, she pulled out another white mass of light that was full of tentacles.

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Garen received it conscientiously and continued absorbing it. Once again, the immense nauseous feeling re-emerged.

He could barely hold the urge to bend over and vomit but immediately resisted it again.

“Such strong willpower. Very persistent,” Ann nodded with satisfaction. “You are now qualified to become a Holy Spirit. If you are pious enough, that is.”

“Thank you... for the compliment...” Garen squeezed out the words. His entire body was shivering and coated with cold sweat as he crouched on the ground, too afraid to move as he feared he would vomit. He felt an excruciating pain in his abdomen as strong surges to puke washed over him.

Ann stared at Garen in awe.

“Your soul’s strength has dropped slightly. Seems like this soul toxin really does have a debilitating effect. Maybe it’s because your resistance is relatively high, that’s why I thought it wasn’t working at first...”

She bent her head seemingly in deep thought.

At the same time, the floating books around her would flip its pages occasionally. Text and symbols would appear from thin air, so obviously, she was recording notes.

As time passed by slowly, Garen finally got through the potion’s effect. He was so exhausted that he almost fell asleep.

Right then, Ann’s raitensed her head once more.

“Cooperate with me and do a set of movements. Your spirit should be coordinated.” Upon finishing her words, she began a set of dance-like movements that almost seemed like an awkward social dance, but there were also some weirdly difficult postures.

Garen did not know how he was supposed to keep up with her. He had the body of a dragon. But since Ann said so already, he used his four limbs as arms and legs and started moving slowly.

With just one move, he instantly heard a cracking sound from his Soul Ring followed by the sight of crack lines, causing his heart to jump.

“Don’t worry.”

Ann waved her arm and everything around them suddenly stopped.

Swoosh...

Garen's movements began to move around in a rigid and automatic way as if time was moving in reverse. He repeated the movements in reverse, from the last part to the first part, until he fell back to the ground just as if he had never started.

Garen stared and the cracks on his Soul Ring instantly disappeared!

"This... is the power of time...!" This was not the first time he had encountered such a power. The last time his Soul Ring ruptured, it was this surge of energy that rescued him, and this time, again.

Everything was back to normal.

Garen was able to move once again.

"You must constantly practice this set of movements with this toxin. After one year, I'll be back to see your results. Understand?" Ann asked calmly.

"Understand," Garen replied conscientiously.

Seeing that he was so cooperative, Ann seemed to realize that her trading principles were not really met.

She pondered for a while.

"Why not this, I'll mark a set of maps of the plane for you, indicating all the places that you shouldn't get close to and I'll send you a set of books. You can choose freely here."

“Thank you very much,” Garen responded eagerly. What a joke. Being able to control time, an existence like Ann should have reached a certain terrifying extent. The knowledge accumulated by such a powerful existence was no doubt hard to find in the majority of other places!

What Garen yearned most was the overall understanding of this entire universe. He just simply had no clue what he should pay attention to in this world.

This was naturally the time not to be courteous.

He braced the nauseous feeling and quickly scanned the bookshelves around him.

Spellcraft books were all written in different languages that could not be understood at all. Moreover, they were clearly locked by mana and it would be impossible to read them if one was not a certain level or did not understand the decryption method.

Potion books, he was not fond of using potions so this was a book he was unfamiliar with.

Garen’s gaze soon landed on the History books.

The History of the Main Plane.

This book was just perfect for him.

“Are you done selecting?” Ann could sense that he had come to a decision. The book automatically flew out of the shelf and landed right before Garen.

“Thank you.”

“This book is really suitable for you, so you can adapt more easily,” Ann nodded in agreement with his selection. “Go now.”

She waved her hand and Garen could feel everything spinning. His whole field of vision turned upside down and together with the books, they disappeared from the study room immediately.

Ann fondled her chin. All the books around her closed together slowly and flew back to the shelves automatically.

“There’s actually something I can’t resolve. God of Potions is indeed worthy of praise,” she mumbled to herself.

She held out her index finger and drew a stroke in the air. In a flash, a crack appeared in front of her and Ann stepped inside it.

It was unsure what was on the other side of the crack, only white rolling hills could be seen below. The sky was blue and golden sunshine shimmered as Ann floated midair. Suddenly, her body expanded tremendously and rushed forward.

Roar!

Her body expanded and she transformed into a gigantic, ferocious black dragon.

The black dragon was almost a few hundred meters long and she looked just like a black battleship. She had three horns on the top of her head which had colorless current arcs flashing around them.

Hu...!

The Black Dragon’s enormous body suddenly disappeared on the spot and when it reappeared, it was already a couple of kilometers away.

The huge Black Dragon flew over the mountains, across the ocean, through a gold desert, and in just half an hour, she finally arrived at a black plain.

“Pasala.” Ann’s loud voice spread toward below, causing large groups of animals that looked like ants from above to panic and flee in fright. Some of the weaker ones were even scared to the point they peed or paralyzed on the ground, not even dare to move.

“Ann?”

A thick female voice rumbled from below, young yet majestic.

“Aren’t you still in meditation? Showing up so casually like that, the Shadow of Ampsey will not let you off that easily.”

Ann’s huge black dragon face showed a look of disdain.

“I’m meditating, not escaping. Do you really think that I’m afraid of him?”

“Alright, I believe that you don’t fear him. So why are you here?” Pasala’s female voice asked.

“I’ve discovered a way to improve my physique’s existence through talent,” Ann said shortly.

“So what? No matter how strong a body gets, when it faces the distortion of time-space, a Level-Nine spell can throw it right into the abyss of the sea of worms and you’d be completely devoured to death by the endless worms. Not understanding the laws, a stronger body doesn’t mean anything at all,” Pasala said truthfully.

“Of course I know that, but I’m just only interested in this kind of abilities. He was created by the God of Potion’s first accident,” Ann responded mindlessly.

“The God of Potions?” Pasala hesitated, “now this is something worth studying. So what do you want coming over here?”

“Give me a Death Crystal,” Ann said bluntly.

“No. I have only secreted this much over a hundred years, what’d I do if you take all of it away?” Pasala rejected immediately.

“Let’s trade then,” Ann said with a low tone. Pieces of her black dragon scales started falling off her gigantic body automatically and flew downward.

The dragon scales that were a meter long spun quickly and just like a falling meteor with flames, it crashed into the plains.

Boom!!!

A deep crater appeared on the ground. However, the ground surrounding it started wriggling like a living creature around the crater, and soon filled the hole up.

At this sight, a smile crept upon Ann’s face.

In the cave.

Garen quietly lingered in his own cave and right in front of him was the book about the history of the Main Plane.

Pages and pages of the book flipped slowly. The pages were not just symbols and text that he could not understand anymore, but in a twisted unexplainable way, the Information Stream could still be conveyed into Garen’s brain in distinct symbols.

This was quite similar to a Wizard’s reading technique, but slightly more advanced than that because this type of Information Stream was all automatically converted into Draconic Language and Garen only understood Draconic Language.

“Ninety-five thousand and three hundred years ago, three Supreme Gods suddenly rose up in the Main Plane and they were Fehra the God of Light and Fire, Ellafy the Mother of Nature, and Avon the Dragon of Eternity. After the invasion of the abyss, the Purgatory and Main Plane overlapped and war broke out... Demons and Inferno creatures trampled over the land of the Main Plane, the sky was shrouded in flames and poisonous gas, evil spirits bewitched the people and killing desires swept upon all beings.”

The content of the book flowed through Garen’s mind slowly.

“Human and all intelligent races were faced with a major crisis and so the three Supreme Gods each chose the heroes of the war and gave them divinity to become Gods. However, some of those who accidentally acquire the lives of the evil from the abyss had confused the boundaries of the war. The abyss has been raging for thousands of years and has finally been driven off...”

Garen read the pieces of history carefully.

“After the Battle of the Abyss, this book recorded the Battle of the Gods. The Dragon of Eternity and the two other Gods had a conflict and after being defeated by the two Supreme Gods, he disappeared. As for the God of Elves’ Mother of Nature, after helping Fehra the God of Light and Fire, they turned against each other. The Elves lost but Fehra suffered an immense loss as well. With that, they signed the Republican Treaty.”

He skimmed through most of the parts of the praise and proud descriptions of the Gods and skipped to the important parts straight away. But then, he found something strange.

After the Battle of the Abyss and the Battle of the Gods, there were still new Gods, demigods, and heroes that popped out constantly. According to his dragon race’s inherited memories, Garen realized that with those many Gods who had fallen in battle, the Main Plane was still showing faint signs of prosperity.

He suppressed this doubt but he failed to find any answers in the book. Theoretically, even if the war was victorious, there would usually be ‘ ten thousands deaths of the enemy and eight thousand deaths of one own 1 ‘ but there was no sign of this here.

With a general understanding of the Main Plane’s history, Garen analyzed the entire world’s geographical environment through the book.

Numerous planes rose and fell, surrounded by a cosmic ocean called the Chaos Sea. Among all the planes, there were the main three that stood absolutely upon the Main Plane.

The positions of those three planes from the top to bottom were:

The highest one on top was the Heavens, which was the main land of peace for the kingdom started by the all the Gods. Most of the kingdoms were connected, creating network branches between the Gods in order to cooperate and defeat the loss of the Chaos Sea. It was heard that the three Supreme Gods were the founder fathers.

The middle one was the Main Substance Plane, which was where humans lived.

Right below at the bottom was the endless abyss.

As for the Purgatory Plane, the Shadow Plane, the Main Elements Plane, the Ether Plane, and so on, were all attached in between three of the Main Planes. There were also many other strong Planes that were privately established and those were attached to the edges, and those other planes that were chaotic and messy were too many to enumerate like fishes in the sea. Nobody would ever know how many planes were there exactly.

But Garen only roughly knew as much, he would have to find a more detailed geographical plan to analyze carefully next time.