

Mystical 1291

Chapter 1291 - Empire Novel

To be able to obtain such detailed information from Ann had already exceeded his expectations.

There was a lot of content recorded, even the dragon race inherited memory was not as detailed as this. Garen planned to bring back more goodies the next time he goes over.

Heavens, the Main Plane, and the Abyss.

The names of the three places flashed into his mind. This was the most fundamental core of this universe.

It was unknown how big exactly was the Main Substance Plane, it was like a gigantic sphere. He recalled the scene he saw when he just arrived, everything on the plane was yellow-brown. It was unclear what those cotton wool-like objects were, just that they were attached to the surface of the Main Substance Plane.

“Too bad this book’s not about the plane’s geography...” He shook his head and closed the book completely.

The main purpose of him coming here was to find the root of the Depletion of Mother Stream, but until now, he still had no clue.

Instead, he witnessed the absolute power of the strong ones here. The laws and restrictions here were at least able to suppress their strength by several levels.

His peak strength, while he was in Mech World, was on Planetary Level which was able to destroy planets, but here, Planetary Level was so suppressed to a completely horrifying extent. From what was mightily recorded in the books, it was approximately equivalent to a demigod level here. Even if he restored his various abilities at his peak, it was still impossible for him to destroy an entire planet, but destructing the plane was still possible.

Garen squatted inside the cave. The small range of White Dragon Clan no longer limited his vision, and so he projected his sight to other places far away.

After reviewing his current situation, Garen was extremely satisfied with the progress of his body growth.

Although the improvement of attributes has been raised to the requirement of three potential points in order to improve a little bit, he still managed to reach a whopping sixty points. This level of flesh was almost the highest level even for an Adult Dragon, and almost close to the apex of a White Dragon.

The most powerful warrior of the White Dragon race, the Adult Dragon Phosphorus, if other external forces were not included, was probably not able to surpass this level. Only his other aspects were above him, causing his flesh to exceed this certain level.

There was no doubt that Phosphorus' Draconic Aura was definitely a Level Nine.

Garen then remembered the King Gus incident. He did not want to just simply conclude an Eternal Contract with King Gus just like that. It would be hard to determine whether this kind of relationship built on without trust would be a good thing or a bad thing in the future.

"Garen! Garen!!" Suddenly, Safour's voice came from outside.

"What is it?"

Garen stood up and Safour came running in.

"Leona, Leona they just signed the Eternal Contract with the Deladia royals!!" Safour exclaimed frantically, "hurry, let's go see! Many dragons have left already." He was not aware of the discussion between Garen and Leona and rushed over with a look of incomprehensible shock.

It should be known that an Eternal Contract meant that one would give up half of his life to an ordinary mortal!

For example, if an ordinary person was to live up to eighty years old, let him give half of his life away to another dead person, he would then only live up to forty years old. To pass away at a time of one's prime was no doubt a big deal for any White Dragons.

"Let's go."

Garen was not surprised, he just did not expect them to act so quickly.

He followed Safour and flew out the cave. They crossed a small snowy peak and they could see the snowy ground below, ten or so White Dragons were gathered together. Some were Adult Dragons, some were Young Dragons, but most of them were Young Whelps and a few young people dressed in royal assembles.

Garen and Safour landed and spotted Leona and Boris among the crowd. Both dragons had a look of determination, clearly, they had already thought through this beforehand.

Upon seeing Garen's arrival, both dragons nodded slightly to him and continued standing beside two young people. One of the young people was a male and the other, a female. Their looks seemed beautifully crafted and they looked extremely tender and cute, but the guards around them were merely Level-Three ordinary elites. It was obvious that they were not the most valued ones in the royal family.

Several Adult Dragons had their mouths closed, but there was a subtle soundwave transmission in the air. Evidently, they were using a spell similar to ventriloquism and were currently communicating with Boris and Leona.

Garen recognized one of the Adult Dragons to be Leona's father who was a weak White Dragon. When his daughter was bullied, he shrank into the crowd and did not dare to come out. Facing his strong and determined daughter now, he still had a sad look on his face.

Leona's sister, Mehsa, was present as well. Standing on one side quietly, her expression was down and upset.

As for Boris, his uncle, an ordinary White Dragon, was there with a cool expression.

“Seems like you’re already sure about this no matter what I say.”

“Yes.”

Boris nodded.

“Alright then,” His uncle said indifferently. Back then when Boris was bullied, he did not step out and help either. The dragons who really cared about Boris and Leona were already arrested along with the Great Elders.

The rest of them were not exactly close to them and their relationship was weak.

Garen stood by the side and looked for a while. He did not squeeze in and greet the both of them. This was their own decision. Third Elder could only rely on such means to temporarily resist it.

“Come on, let’s go back,” Garen shook his head. Knowing that the situation had been set, Leona and Boris might soon leave them and who knew if they would ever meet each other again. They had to follow the Contractors back to the Deladia Empire to live. For them, this was just a place of sorrow, perhaps one day when they return with sufficient powers, they would be able to avenge their ancestors and save them from being arrested. But that day was too far away.

“But...!?” Safour wanted to say something but then realized that Garen had already flown off.

Garen was not worried that those two guys would get into trouble, even Third Elder did not see that those two tots would create problems or whatsoever. Level Nine was not just easily achieved by any dragon, what more, a wasted one that had lost half of its life.

Sure enough, not long after returning to the cave, Garen heard the news of Boris and Leona leaving with the group back to the Deladia Empire. A total of five White Dragons of the entire White Dragon Clan had signed an Eternal Contract, two of which were them.

With two fewer acquaintances, Garen’s life was even duller.

Safour, Sathree, and Satwo were always nowhere to be seen. If they were not participating in hunting activities, they were playing around with the Young Whelps. Soon, they forgot about the separation and the feeling of sadness that came with it. After all, they were still kids.

Garen sat still in the cave and meditated.

He had plenty of experience in martial arts but he had not been able to make full use of it. In addition to the understanding of the various laws of several worlds, after transmigrating between so many worlds, he had his own understanding of the laws of the world.

He gradually understood some limitations and unknowns clearly, he began to recall all the systems he had been in contact with so far.

Secret Technique system, Totem Light, Witches and the power of Blood Breed, Holy Phoenix Scriptures, and the strongest of all, Mech World's Willpower system and Energy Machinist's system.

"Even though this world is extremely repressive, its degree of inclusiveness is very strong. All these systems are usable, but some of the powerful forces are suppressed several levels below the original level. This way, the only things that can be used in all ways are the Secret Technique system and the Energy Machinist system."

"Willpower requires a variety of techniques of a Mech, and this will not work. Many of the materials here are different from those there and to rebuild the study of materials would be very troublesome and it'd take too much time. The Totem Light mainly has the power of evolving and degrading and finding the most powerful part of a creature's gene fragment. But this is considered as a knowledge system, and it's very likely that once leaked, it'll attract plenty of attention. If possible, it just shouldn't be used. So, what remains is the Witches and the power of Blood Breed which is mainly a technique used for Dream Weaving through dimensional worlds. I'm still not very clear about this and it feels very vast, perhaps I can try using it some other time."

Garen sorted out all the powers he had witnessed and listened to them one by one to see which ones were helpful to him now.

Now that his body had reached a certain level of change, it needed to be upgraded. That would take a lot of time and his strength was probably unable to be greatly enhanced in just a short period of time. Therefore, he had to think of another way.

“My Energy Machinist Willpower needs to be practiced again and it’s not urgent at the moment but my Void Confinement Essence can be activated by the power of dreams. Let’s see if I can make use of it here.”

Void Creatures and Warlocks were all masters of controlling dreams. Garen had never understood that, but now that his Soul Ring had really reached the Middle Demon Lord Level, he could faintly sense that the concept of dreams had slightly surpassed the essence of time-space. It was just a very weird yet mysterious existence.

Even though the restrictions here were wide, a weak trace of Soul Energy was not even able to escape the body. His understanding of the Void Confinement Essence was probably not applicable to foreign objects right away. However, it may be different if he was in a dream.

Garen pondered for a moment and looked at his accumulate potential points.

‘Safive — Strength 57, agility 57, physique 50, intelligence 19. Potential points 723%. Soul Limit 170, Level Five Draconic Aura. Level One Arcane Art Basics.’

His intelligence had only improved a little all this time whereas his potential points were only left with seven points. His Draconic Aura had reached Level Five, meanwhile, his Arcane Art Basics was still a mere Level One as he did not put much effort in it and he just did not have the interest of improving it at the moment. This combat force was taking too much time.

“Seven points attributes... it should be enough. To quickly recover to your peak strength, it’s worth the try,” Garen remembered the Wizard’s way of practice. Slowly crouching down on the ground with his eyes closed, Garen slowly drifted to sleep.

If Void Creatures were born with the ability to control dreams, then Warlocks and Witches were post-natal and they had to practice to acquire this ability.

Garen's soul belonged to the Demon Lord so naturally, controlling dreams was as simple as drinking water.

He quickly fell asleep in a minute.

Ever since he came to this world, this was the very first time he had a dream, the others were just simply a rest.

After his brain blurred for a bit, Garen suddenly found himself floating in the sky above a barren land. He no longer had the body of a White Dragon and Garen's human face and body was floating in the sky.

Above him, gray clouds loomed the sky and besides that, nothing could be seen anymore except the gray-brownish piece of wasted land with centipede-like tracks scattered all over the ground. There were no trees, there were no lives, just dead silence.

"This is strange, why would I dream about a place like this?" Garen muttered and began to look for something weird about the dream.

A dream was divided into several levels. The first level of dreams was the retrospective and illusion influenced by the biological instinct memory but most often, dreams of this level had some hidden meanings.

When the living body was in a state of sleep, they were able to receive clearer information and capabilities than in the awake state. Under normal circumstances, they were able to discover other worlds that ordinary creatures could not perceive.

Dark Energy and the Dark Substance World were just a part of it. Under such circumstances, the creatures could only come into contact with beings that were inaccessible under a blur state and they would be able to sense different mysterious symbols as well.

As for those signals, they would all turn into stimuli and be reflected in the dream. Due to the brain's lack of ability to think, they would turn into illogical parts of a dream.

Chapter 1292: Survival 2

Dreams could reflect all stimulation of an organism, both spiritually and physically. This was a special state amplified by an organism's Sensing Ability.

Therefore, dreams often reflect reality. For example, if one's stomach was pressed in an uncomfortable way, one would dream of being kicked at the stomach. Even dreaming about finding a toilet to pee or something along the lines was the stimulation of one's body presented in a dream.

There were big dream stimulations, and naturally, there were the small ones.

Garen soon found what was wrong with this dream.

He held his finger in the air.

"How can there be paper scraps flying at such a high altitude?" A white piece of scrap gently dropped on his finger.

He smiled softly, and the paper scrap instantly enlarged into an endless white slate that wrapped him up.

Everything around him turned white straight away, it was a blank white space. Opposite Garen stood a white swan dressed in a gentleman's costume. Standing upright like a human, it was wearing a black high-top hat and was motionless just like a sculpture. A wind from God-knows-where was blowing gently, ruffling its white feathers.

Garen frowned slightly.

He had been on this layer once when he was back in Mech World.

"This should be the second level," he muttered.

Mr. White Swan did not move at all as if it did not notice him.

Garen made his way over and circled the white swan that was still like a statue.

His purpose of entering the dream was to test out whether his Confinement Essence was usable. Other than that, he wanted to check out the differences between this world's dream and the previous worlds'.

But from the looks of it now, this world's dream was not much different from the other worlds.

Gurgle gurgle...

Suddenly, a rumbling sound of wheels could be heard from a distance.

Garen turned around and saw a brown snail that was almost a meter tall slowly moving toward himself.

The snail's shell slowly moved to his front and stopped. The sorrowful face of a man peeped out from the shell's mouth.

"It's been a long time since I've seen a new buddy."

Garen raised his eyebrow.

"You are?"

"I'm His Majesty, Indo Demon Lord's Thirteenth Demon General," the man said. "Seems like you have also discovered this world here."

"What do you mean?" Garen was stunned for a bit as his brows scrunched up even tighter.

“This is the second level. There are plenty of gaps between time-space and dimensional conscience. It’s not very quiet here so we need a safer place,” the snail man whispered.

“Follow me.” Garen turned and looked at the swan gentleman behind him. He reached out and lifted the hat and suddenly, he shrunk and entered from the bottom of the hat.

The snail man followed suit and swiftly entered as well. The hat was then once again held up by the swan gentleman as he proceeded to place it back on his head. Then, he resumed his original posture.

The third level of dreams.

Viscous liquid-like colored lights were flowing all around them.

Garen and the snail man floated right in the middle.

“Alright, there’s definitely no interference here. This is a temporary space that I just built. Speak, since I’ve already entered by accident, I’m sure the other beings have realized this, no?”

He did not expect himself to encounter an existence who was also from Mother Stream system during the very first time he entered a dream, and it was still a general too.

He could faintly sense a thick conspiratorial aura.

The snail man squirmed as he settled into another posture and face Garen up front.

“Most respected Demon Lord Master, you’ve guessed it. We have indeed discovered this world for a long time.”

“Discovered this place for a long time?” Garen frowned.

“Yes...” The snail man’s already sorrowful expression got worse. “Because of Mother Stream’s depletion, we have been looking for the cause everywhere. In an accidental situation, a Demon Lord Master came to this world and unexpectedly survived. When we found this place, the timing was just chaotic.”

“What do you mean by chaotic?” Garen felt that something was wrong. Clearly, he had just received the news regarding the Depletion of Mother Stream.

“It means that the two Demon Generals that we’ve sent out later on did arrive safely, but then we found out that the two Demon Generals were seven hundred years apart!”

“Seven hundred years? You mean, both of them who came in at the same time actually landed at different times?” Garen understood this time.

“It’s like this. The time we enter this world is not fixed. I don’t know if it’s our problem or the world’s problem itself. We won’t know. May I ask you when did you enter this place?” The snail man looked at Garen with sincerity in his eyes.

“Me?” He was uncertain himself either. If time had changed randomly, who knew when did he actually reach this place.

“Talk about the situation when you just came,” he had some reservations towards the snail man.

“Yes, master.” The snail man began to talk about the series of happenings before he actually came.

The more Garen listened, the more stunned he got. He had already expected that the flow rate of time he encountered when he entered the Black Hole may have been abnormal, but he did not expect it to reach this extent of abnormality!!

Mother Stream was about to be completely depleted, all the branches were reducing rapidly. Many of the Void Creatures and the Warlock Powerhouses had nowhere to rely on and they could not see their paths ahead. True Souls finally appeared and together with the Void Demon Masters, they lifted the Mother Stream’s Oath, eliminate the enemy’s camp, and worked together to find out the root of Mother Stream’s Depletion.

Garen carefully asked about the situation that he knew of and the current status, and after comparing both stories, he discovered that two hundred years have passed since he left.

In other words, in the process of entering this world, he had wasted a total of two hundred years!

“... Mother Stream is withering more and more, lots of tyrannical beings are already getting ready to enter this world. But so far, only a dozen was able to stand firm here,” the snail man whispered. “The Gods of this world also noticed something was not right and began a wide screening.”

“Why? Why such a big move and enter this world?” Garen was still curious. “Did you guys discover something?”

“The source of Mother Stream is directly connected to this world.” The snail man forced a smile. “All the True Souls and Void Demon Masters had carefully observed that our world is positive, which means this world is negative. If we’re negative, then they’re positive. We’re two endless dimensions, like two ends of an hourglass. When one side has more sand, the other side would have lesser sand.”

“You’re saying that the Depletion of Mother Stream is caused by the absorption of this world over here?” Garen was shocked.

“The specific time is more than ninety thousand years ago. I don’t know what happened back in that era that started causing Mother Stream to slowly deplete. Up until we found out about it, most of the hourglass had leaked to this side already... we suspect that perhaps it’s because this other world is absorbing.”

Garen suddenly remembered something he had previously come across as he was reading up the history. Ninety thousand years ago, three Supreme Gods appeared in this world, and those three Gods were the three top powerhouses who just suddenly rose without warning.

If they saw it that way...

“The Supreme Void Demon Master once said that this is the Battle of Survival. There is no compromise and we have no choice,” the snail man revealed a face of sadness.

“The Battle of Survival...” Garen’s heart sank. This war was not like before, how he was able to transmigrate to another universe if he died. This was an actual Battle of Survival that life and death actually mattered.

“Only if the number of strong enough powerhouses who die here was enough and we grab them and convert them into nutrients, then only can we turn the hourglass around. Mother Stream will be able to rejuvenate...”

“No wonder... no wonder those Gods would die without hesitation even when they haven’t started fighting, all Alien Souls weren’t exempted...” Garen recalled the scene some time ago in which he was almost killed.

The Void Creatures and Warlocks actually united... this was something he did not expect at all, but this also really proved that the entire Mother Stream was facing a moment of life and death.

“Then why did you come and look for me?!” From that moment, Garen’s stare toward the snail man immediately became fierce. In the third layer of dreams, one could only rely on the nature of one’s soul to communicate. No holding back, no lies, and no deception. That was because beings below the Demon Lord Level could only rely on their core subconscious to communicate, and the subconscious would never deceive.

“It seems like you’ve already established a foothold here, I hope you can start a massacre as soon as possible. The more True Souls that die in our hands, the more likely we’re able to save Mother Stream.”

The snail man said in a hushed tone.

“Also, is it alright for me to disclose your location?”

“You’re still able to keep contact with other existences?” Garen raised his brow.

“Yes... I’ve given up on all my powers and strength, only being able to survive in a dream. My only role is acting as the messenger to convey messages,” the snail man explained.

“How many beings were there the last time they entered and of what mechanism?” After pondering for a while, Garen asked.

“Fifteen Middle Demon Lords, twenty one Lower Demon Lords, seven thousand and above Demon Generals, a large number of Willpower Void Creatures and even the lowest leveled ones were in the group as well. The number’s probably at least tens of millions,” the snail man answered softly. “But they were scattered around so they landed at different planes of this world, not really many planes either. Although the Willpower Void Creatures were strong, being wisdomless was only put in as a cover to enter. As for the Main Substance Plane, I know there were two of them who survived, and you are the third one. The others are all in different planes.”

“So what’s intercepting us?” After hearing such a huge number but only so much survived, Garen’s heart skipped a beat. There were fifteen Middle Demon Lords, which meant that there were fifteen beings who were at his same level.

“Gods... all of the Gods!”

Garen went silent. He remembered the ceremony he had seen earlier and the few beings who were detected, perhaps they were also forced to land.

Unfortunately, to the Demon Lords, they had a long period of growth ahead of them after they arrive. Although short, it was still the period where they were the weakest. Once discovered by any of the Gods, they would face death.

So what about Ann? Garen suddenly thought of Ann. She knew he was an Alien Soul, so why did she still save him?

Chapter 1293: Probe and Patrol 1

The white stairs, the tall and sharp cathedral exuded a soft, gentle white light. From far away, it looked just like an ordinary cathedral. Apart from being slightly more magnificent, there was nothing peculiar about it. But if compared to the surrounding objects, then only was the horror of the cathedral revealed.

Nearby, a huge white airship that was carrying at least a few hundred people was slowly flying towards the cathedral. This airship that was almost a thousand meters big was just like a small fish, slowly coming in through a small hole above the cathedral and soon disappeared.

From far, small spots that resembled specks of dust under the sun could still be vaguely seen walking out of the cathedral door. They were actually Divine Officers dressed in white robes!

Small gray dots were densely packed on the stairs and they squirmed like water tides as they moved upwards.

Dressed in gray robes, these people took one step and one bow as part of their prayers. Slowly but surely, they gradually made their way toward the cathedral on the mountain peak that was shimmering in prayer light.

Blood splatters were scattered all over the stairs, but it all slowly absorbed into the white-jade material and disappeared, restoring the stairs to its original white innocent texture.

From time to time, two bright angels with long swords appeared by the sides of the stairs. On the left were angels with white wings, while on the right were angels with black wings. Together, they maintained the order of the crowd.

“This is the Main Plane’s center empire. This is Fehra’s Cathedral, which is also known as the Temple of Light and Fire. It is ten thousand meters tall, standing like a huge mountain right in the middle of the entire empire.”

Far away in midair, a large white airship was slowly flying towards Fehra’s Cathedral.

Visitors that seemed to be there for the first time gathered together in the airship as they listened to the tour guide introducing the place.

“Fehra’s Cathedral is surrounded by dozens of urban villages of different sizes and they all form the safety region sheltered by the Light and Fire Church. It is said that Fehra’s Cathedral was once built on a gigantic crater, and that is why this place is also known as Meteor City.” The tour guide had five, white

tentacle-like limbs that were dangling about like soft noodles. The other features were no different from a human other than its arm.

“Praise Gloria, this is really a cathedral?!” A mermaid exclaimed, her hand covering her small mouth as her lower body was soaked in water-like mist.

“It’s even bigger than the average mountain... really, it’s so straight and tall!!”

“The power of Fehra’s Light and Fire is infinite, and this is only one of such miracles,” a traveler exclaimed. “I’ve been here once thirty years ago, also for a trip. At that time, there were still many Sky Temple Knights patrolling around the sky. But now, even the Sky Knights are no longer wanted anymore.”

“Nobody dares to challenge Fehra’s authority, even light and fire burns and ignites in the endless abyss,” a devoted traveler said softly.

“Even the most powerful army formed by the entire Holy Spirit group, Sky Knights, who are stronger than the group known as the strongest, Golden Knights, are only just a little something compared to Fehra’s authority,” the tour guide praised.

“Praise Fehra,” all of them suddenly bent their heads and pressed their right palm on their heart. Calling the name of the Gods would actually attract the Gods so nobody dared to be disrespectful.

“Such a magnificent cathedral... really amazing...” Suddenly, a woman’s voice rose lightly from the back of the crowd. “Unfortunately...today, such a great miracle will be completely destroyed...”

“You...!” The tour guide and the group of tourists, as well as the passengers around, were stunned as they stared open-mouthed at the lady who just spoke. At a place where Fehra’s Holy Aura was shrouded, someone actually dared to say this!! Did she want to die!?? No, this was already not a question of life. Committing blasphemy at such a sacred place, that would cause one’s soul to burn for a thousand years by the Holy Fire!!

“Catch this psychopath!” A priest on the airship shouted.

“Up! Left, right, together!” The Church Soldiers stationed around quickly reacted and rushed toward the woman as they pulled out their swords.

The one who spoke was a lady dressed in a black shirt and skirt. Her face was beautiful and she had delicate skin. From the looks of it, she resembled more of a rich lady.

But what was most eye-catching was the little boy who was holding on to her left hand. The boy had one finger in his mouth, and he was sucking on the finger hard. Both of them looked like an ordinary lady and child, traveling and dressed wealthily.

The lady smiled gently and suddenly, a black mist started spreading everywhere and instantly covered the soldiers.

“A blasphemer!!” The surrounding Church Soldiers immediately pounced on both of them. As they shouted the Holy name of Fehra, white flames ignited on their bodies and all of them attacked the two from all directions.

The woman’s bright blond hair floated in the wind and she suddenly smiled.

“Agale, go... go destroy everything that you see...”

She let go of the little boy gently and pushed him forward.

“Can I eat everything, mommy?” The little boy took two steps forward and turned around with a vile smile.

“Of course...” the woman grinned. Her small cherry-like mouth seemed to be torn apart all of a sudden, both corners of her lips reached her ears. A scarlet red tongue popped out between her blood-red lips.

Suddenly, the little boy rushed forward.

Oh...!!!

His body expanded in an instant and his clothes were ripped apart exposing the black skin underneath. His whole body expanded as if it was a balloon being blown as it grew bigger and wider!!

In a blink of an eye, the body had already flown out into the air and transformed into a terrifying giant with had over thousands of arms.

Roar!!

He growled. The size of this giant was almost several times bigger than the whole Fehra's Cathedral. His skin was a dark shade of black and the most conspicuous part was his abdomen where there was a gigantic black door engraved with many symbols and patterns.

If someone could identify the meaning of those words, they would know the creature's true identity and origin.

On the airship, all the creatures exploded from the roar. Mists of blood slowly dissipated in the air. Traces of translucent thread-like objects flew out from where the creatures died and entered the mouth of the lady who was the only one left standing.

She once again showed a faint smile.

"Thousand-Armed Giant Agale, unleash all your powers completely..."

Roar!!!

Agale waved his thousand arms and grabbed the top of Fehra's Cathedral.

Immediately, the entire cathedral reacted.

White light glinted and flames rose as the cathedral began to shake violently. Sings and praises of countless people rang at the same time, buzzing like the bees as they shook heavens and earth.

“Eternal Fehra! You are the judge of life and death, you are the one who shines light and warmth, you are the master of justice and ignition!!...”

Chants sounded and endless praises transformed into more white flower petals that descended from the sky, slowly falling onto Thousand-Armed Giant.

What was even more bizarre was that the worshippers on the stairs seemed to be completely unaffected. They were protected by the white light. Although they were frantic, they gave their all and sang, more devout than ever. There was no sign of them escaping in fright.

Roar!!

Agale screamed and flung out his thousand arms, both his feet trampled on thousands of worshippers.

But more white flower petals fluttered down. Suddenly, black-winged angels and white-winged angels flashed beside him and started attacking him with all their might.

But it was useless. Whether it was the petals or their attacks, nothing harmed the Thousand-Armed Giant. Even the angels were polluted by the dark splotches on the giant's body and fell like dumplings.

“Combustion is eternal.” Suddenly, a man in a white robe with three eyes rose up from the cathedral. He only said one sentence.

Boom.

The multiple layers of clouds instantly spread out in the sky. The golden sun brightened countless times, and an immense golden light descended from the sky instantly weaving into a golden figure which darted in the direction of the man's body.

He was suddenly lit up and his entire body was ignited with golden flames.

“It’s you again, you petty Alien Soul!!” Though there was no sight of him opening his mouth, a mighty voice sounded which rumbled the surroundings.

“Eat! Eat it all!” Agale did not understand what he meant. It was one of the strongest soul of Mother Stream, with a bottomless stomach and was the guardian of the Door of Dimensions. There was nothing it could not eat in the world!

At the sight of the golden flames, his face revealed an even more greedy expression. Both his arms grabbed the black doors on his abdomen at the same time and pulled it open.

Bang!

The doors opened roughly.

Whoosh!

Black magma-like substance spurted out from the doors and surged towards the cathedral and the figure burning in golden flames.

The black magma actually suppressed the projection of Fehra’s transformation that was arriving and wrapped the golden flames tightly.

In the midst of the buzzing sound, a large number of different creatures swarmed out of the doors like flood waters. Some were face-less black monsters, some had figures like squids, some were deformed grotesque creatures that were like demons. Pure elements that formed flames of life, water flow of life, and elements of the earth. Gigantic monsters like headless bodies swarmed out, almost a hundred thousands of them. They exploded in the air and scattered all over Fehra’s Cathedral like raindrops, dropping all over the ground.

The massacre had begun.

A mass number of angels also swarmed out of the cathedral, but their speed was far comparable to the speed of those swarming out of the black gates.

The monsters and angels fought against each other. These angels were the most loyal and powerful heroes turned from mortal elite warriors. Under the attack of these monsters, their supposedly undefeatable bodies actually showed symptoms of pain, weakness, and powerlessness. Their vitality no longer maintained at an eternal state but was rapidly consumed by those monsters.

A large number of worshippers were also slaughtered by the monsters. Some were able to resist but their number was too small, it did nothing to help.

“Heavenly Fire.”

All of a sudden, a troop of golden knights arrived from a distant in the air. They rode on white Unicorn Creatures and every member had a burning phantom floating behind them. That was a virtual silhouette that burnt in white flames.

All the knights yelled at the same time and golden flames suddenly flared up from their backs. All the virtual silhouettes suddenly boiled and formed an enormous golden figure in the air. The figure had no face, only a white whirlpool that constantly moved on its face. It had a pair of wings, one was black and the other white. It was only slightly smaller than the Thousand-Armed Giant. It then leaped forward and slammed a punch right into Thousand-Armed Giant.

Bang!!

The fist was blocked by one of Thousand-Armed Giant’s arm. Both behemoths shook at the same time.

Right then, Agale made a jaw-dropping move.

In the midst of everyone’s angry roars, he bowed his head and bit the peak of Fehra’s Cathedral — the statue of Fehra!

Ka-chak!

Countless cracks appeared and spread across the statue.

Boom!!

Rays of golden light pierced through the black mud and the hoard of monsters, and a golden figure shot into the air from the black tide.

Countless divine runes surrounded him like silk ribbons, floating around him. Many fresh flowers carvings, mountains and oceans, precious stones and metals— all of these scenes flashed past him at high speeds, as though he was being wrapped up in an endless translucent screen.

“Blasphemer!!”

There was a stern roar of fury.

Psst!! Roar!!

Golden flames seemed to envelop the person, and like a sword, both pierced into the Thousand-Armed Giant’s forehead at lightning speed.

Agare roared out in pain.

The golden flames on the surface of the silhouette abruptly formed a human face.

A white pillar of light fell from the sky abruptly, and amidst the ceaseless golden sunlight, the white pillar looked particularly conspicuous, just nicely covering the face made of golden flames.

All of a sudden, the human face turned around and faced the airship levitating in mid-air. This airship was very close to it, and yet it had, quite eerily, taken no damage whatsoever.

“Fehra... So this is the authority of the Three Great Major Gods? It’s truly impressive...” On the airship, a woman grinned and looked at the face of golden flames from afar.

“Then we’ll end it here for now...”

Swoosh.

She instantly vanished from the spot, as though she had never been there.

There was a barroom, and the airship simply exploded. Within a few blinks of the eye, it had turned into white ash that scattered and rain down.

On the lush green plains, there stood many giant white-grey stones that looked like Ganoderma* (TN: a precious and expensive fungus shaped like an upside-down umbrella known in traditional Chinese medicine for its powerful medicinal properties).

These stones were narrow at the bottom and thick at the top, and looked like so many grey-white ganodermic staffs* (TN: lingzhi ruyi, an ornament originating from a fancy backscratcher shaped like a Ganoderma herb), growing up from the ground.

The blurry grey rain continued to fall endlessly over the sky and the earth.

On one of these giant Ganoderma, several Young White Dragons flew down abreast and landed on the stone surface. Pulling back their wings, they all looked at the White Dragon at the front of the line in unison.

“We’ve arrived at the Jumo Plains.” The Young White Dragon at the helm looked at his surroundings through the curtain of rain. Since he was standing on a grey-white rock almost a thousand meters tall, he could clearly see into the far distance across the plains.

“Garen, this is our first time on a quest, so if we get caught in a battle, you have to be careful.” The young dragon leader turned around and looked at a white dragon in the team whose scales were much cleaner and brighter than the rest.

This wd seemed to be about the same size as the Young Dragons, but his dragon horns were just some very short stubble, so he was clearly still a Dragon Whelp. Yet, here he was, out on a quest with the Young Dragons. There was only one Dragon Whelp that powerful among the entire Deladia White Dragon Clan, and that was Garen.

Garen nodded calmly.

“Don’t worry, Gamu, I’m here to train, not to make mischief.”

It had been more than five years since the last time he received news from the Mother Stream.

To the dragons, a mere five years was equivalent to one human year, and they passed in the blink of an eye.

But to Garen, he had changed rather considerably in these past five years.

Five years. His growth rate had already been obviously abnormal, to the point that he could be resistant to Level Seven Spellcraft even though he was just a Dragon Whelp. Such a terrifying physical body was so much stronger than even Black Dragons of the same age and level. That was why, in order to attract less attention from the gods, he chose to temporarily store his Potential Points, and grew only according to what was natural of his body in the past five years. At the same time, he would occasionally use some of the Potential Points on his Draconic Aura and Arcane Art.

He had as many as three hundred Potential Points, and only used about a hundred on his Draconic Aura and Arcane Art, until he had reached the upgrade limit for his Draconic Aura and Arcane Art.

After Garen found an extremely hot place, he had quickly increased his Draconic Aura up to Level Seven, and then it refused to go any higher. The Potential Points needed to progress from Level Six to Level Seven also greatly exceeded the total number of points he had spent on the prior levels, causing Garen considerable heartache. And it seemed that Level Eight required even more Potential Points. Garen had yet to encounter any bottlenecks in his understanding of this power, so maybe he needed to fulfill another special condition to progress.

Since no dragon was guiding Garen, he also did not dare to ask what special conditions Level Eight might need, lest he created too many shockwaves within the community.

His physical fitness could be attributed to unnatural talent, but that would not be able to explain away his Draconic Aura and Arcane Art. For example, to reach Level Six Draconic Aura, one would need to have truly experienced the aura of a battlefield. Garen understood it without ever stepping into a battlefield, wouldn't that be proof enough to the other creatures that he was a soul from another world?

As for Ann, he tried asking once, but Ann ignored him completely, saying that he would reach it when he reached it.

So Garen resisted. He left two hundred more points available and threw the rest onto the Arcane Art. Or rather, onto Intelligence and Arcane Art.

Arcane Art required a lot from one's Intelligence, and the actual progressing of one's Arcane Art can be accomplished through the accumulative training of one's meditation and spirit power to increase one's Intelligence. Simultaneously, the increase in Intelligence would play a crucial part in affecting the most critical areas of the Arcane Art. Out of these, the most prominent was Spell Slots.

Garen had increased his Arcane Art to Level Five, and even that took up a hundred points from what he had left. He had also consecutively borrowed a few standardized Weave archives about Necromancy Spells from Ann.

The fact that he could reach Level Five Arcane Art only proved to show that he could use his hand gestures, chants, and materials to unleash all of the Spells they had learned in Level Five.

Of course, the precondition was that he knew them, meaning that he had learned them before.

Once you reached Level Five and above, however, some crucial level-ups would require a special environment and some special research.

After Garen familiarized himself with the Spellcraft information, he ended up rather disinterested in further research. All he was interested in was the research Undead Masters had done into the soul. As for those Spells?

Those skeletons, zombies, or vampires that they summoned? One dragon's breath could wipe off so many of them. As for those so-called negative state Spells, he would simply use a Level Seven Immunity Spell. Only Level Eight fighters would be able to cause him some damage, so to him, these Spells were not particularly useful.

The only exception would be if he reached Level Eight and managed to learn the most critical Spell in Necromancy, Deathfinger. Although the chances of an instant death move like that working on him were extremely minuscule, that still depended on what level the powerhouse who unleashed it.

That was why he had only learned a handful of Spells in case of any emergencies. Everything else, he poured into the structure of his power system.

Although he did not take the weakness of the low-level Necromancy Spells seriously, Garen placed great importance in the research of the soul and the body.

It would also be extremely helpful to the usage and training of his training wheels as well.

At the very least, he had discovered a way for him to absorb the core of the Suffering Knight into his Soul Rings.

This was what he had been doing all this time, and the remaining two hundred points were to be put aside for now.

Be it his Arcane Art or his Draconic Aura, both had reached a bottleneck, and his physical fitness could not be too powerful either, so he chose to go out on quests in order to understand the general situation of this world better. At first, he wanted to go out through a summon quest, but something seemed to up

with the Wizard over there. After he summoned Garen last time, he never called him again, almost as though he had forgotten about Garen. If it were not for the fact that the Wizard would still contact him occasionally through long-distance communication with their wills, Garen would have assumed that this guy had already died in battle.

After some applications, Garen received a patrol quest.

Led by the captain of the Young Dragon Team, Gamu, they patrolled the borders of the Deladia Empire's southern plains, vigilant of the Central Empire's movements.

The rain seemed to be growing heavier.

Gamu looked around.

"There is a patrol supply point nearby, let's go rest there for now and stock up on some food before we get going again."

"Captain, this is already a border city very close to the Central Empire, so there will probably be many priests from the Church. How should we deal with that?" asked one White Dragon softly.

Outside of the Deladia Empire, the White Dragon Clan was not welcome in any other territory by the races there. Part of this was because the reputation of White Dragon Mountain was too bad, and part of it was due to the White Dragons' selfish nature, so there were always rumors about them betraying their other comrades in battle. They even tended to attack human trader convoys in order to steal their riches.

Another point was their disgustingly powerful breeding powers. To the other Dragon Clans, the White Dragons bred exceptionally easily, but at the same time, this put a large burden on the clan. Each of them took up a lot of supplies, and once there were too many of them, without a self-sustained source of food, all they could do was migrate after a certain amount of time. When they moved, all they left behind in their wake were patches of destroyed natural habitats and ecosystems. So it was not surprising that they were known as the representatives of Evil Dragons.

“The churches of both Mother Nature and Lord of Light and Fire have ordered our exile, but right now, we have a different identity now, we are the Deladia Empire’s patrol warrior. Now that we have this identity, they probably would not be so quick to attack...”

Gamu said softly.

“If they dare challenge us, we’ll kill them!” said a White Dragon angrily.

“They’re just a bunch of ants. As long we don’t meet a Silver-Striped Knight or higher, seeing how strong this team is, what else is there to fear?” The White Dragons clearly were not worried.

Garen stood among them, slowly resting and readjusting his breath. He now had Level Seven Draconic Aura and Level Seven physical fitness, so he was already a proper Level Seven apex creature. Even if they did encounter a Silver-Striped Knight, he was not afraid.

Closing his eyes slowly, he began to gradually bring out some of the Soul Energy from the Suffering Knight’s core.

He had already absorbed more than half of the core and only needed to absorb another third or so before he would have drained it completely. But even so, Garen could already clearly see that his Soul Ring had fully perfected the fourth Soul Seed and was beginning to condense the fifth.

The Soul Rings had five levels and leveled up once with every five Seeds.

According to Garen’s estimates, once he finished absorbing the Suffering Core, he would be able to enter the Second Color Phase.

The levels of a Demon Lord were divided into seven color phases, and entering the Second Color meant that he was truly making his way toward becoming an upper-grade Demon Lord.

When he reached the peak of the Seven Color Levels, that would be when he achieved True Soul status.

And the way he saw it, judging by how he had progressed so far in this world, Garen felt that it was quite likely he could achieve True Soul. This world had far too many resources...

After resting for some time, the White Dragons began to fly toward supply point Gamu had mentioned as well.

As he flew, Garen organized his corresponding level boundaries.

Not long later, two groups of humans, fighting against each other, suddenly appeared in the distance ahead of them.

One side was dressed in an array of colors and came from an unknown faction, whereas the other was dressed completely in white robes embroidered with a detailed red fire emblem. Some of these even wore silver helmets and shoulder armor that were carved with complicated divine runes. It was the Priests and Holy Warriors of the Light and Fire Church raiding another unknown group.

"We sure are lucky..." Gamu said helplessly. "We just said that we might encounter Priests, and then we bump into them straight away."

The five dragons stopped advancing, flying slowly in the air as they watched the battle from afar.

"Just let me eat them!" said a Young Dragon nonchalantly. "They're just a group of Level Two and Three ants."

"It'll be easy to eat them, but the trouble we'd attract later won't be so simple." Gamu shook his head. "Let's just fly over them, ignore them."

"I'm really hungry now." That Young Dragon was not very pleased.

"Gedd, now's not the time to be stubborn," warned Gamu. His expression grew stern, and the Young Dragon named Gedd quickly hid away his displeasure.

He looked around at the other dragons as well and noticed that another White Dragon was staring wide-eyed at the bright, sparkling things those humans had.

“O Dragon Goddess above, my eyes aren’t deceiving me, right? Those are Soul Gems! How could they be Soul Gems??” This White Dragon kept muttering. As though he realized Gedd was staring at him, he lowered his head quickly, but his expression grew greedier and greedier.

The two dragons exchanged a glance, and read the same intention in each other’s eyes.

This was in the middle of nowhere, so if they acted fast enough, even if they killed these Priests and took away their stuff, those weaklings would not be able to contact the Church in time at their level, so no one would be any the wiser as long as they got rid of the evidence.

Only those who are Level Nine and above would be able to use a Time Reversal Spell, but who would use such a resource-intensive Level Nine Spell on a couple of Level Two and Three Priests?

Garen watched all of this unfold before him.

Chapter 1295: Comrade 1

The group of White Dragons flew quickly past the sky on the right side of the battleground.

Gedd and the greedy White Dragon’s eyes casually landed on a Priest wearing a silver helmet who was fighting below them. The glow and aura of the Soul Gem came from him.

“White Dragons?!” There was a gasp from below and the fighting slowed on both sides. There were five Dragons in total, and every one of them was a Level Five Young Dragon. If even one of them descended here, it would be able to decimate everyone present.

After all, Level Five among the dragons and Level Five for regular occupations were not the same. To the humans, Level Five meant that they could use skills with Level Five power, whereas to the dragons, Level Five meant that they could be immune to Level Five Spells and other attacks of the same magnitude. That was the most terrifying part.

In other words, if any one of these Young Dragons landed among them, it could just stand there and nobody there would be able to harm it.

Everyone held their breaths, terrified that one of the White Dragons up there would decide that it was in a bad mood and so swoop down to eat every single one of them.

“The Evil Dragon Clan!” said the leader of the Priests, the one who wore that silver helmet, in a deep voice as he looked up at the sky. Hidden underneath the gem, his eyes shone with a deep-set hatred.

“Orelei!” warned an old Priest next to him sternly.

Silver Helmet harrumphed coldly, and said no more.

“The quest is more important,” said the old Priest.

“If we weren’t here to exterminate these heretics...” said another Priest in a low and contemptuous voice. However, he was immediately hushed.

Soon enough, the group of White Dragons flew past them.

Everyone heaved a sigh of relief.

The Priests turned their gaze back to the group they had surrounded.

“Kill!” Silver Helmet roared in his deep voice.

The people who were surrounded instantly wore expressions of despair, tightening their grip on their weapons and preparing for battle.

All of a sudden, Silver Helmet abruptly noticed that a gigantic shadow was flashing over the top of his head.

He raised his head hurriedly and saw a White Dragon with the body of a horse pounce down on him mercilessly.

“Protect the lord!!”

Two Warriors beside him drew their swords and dashed forward, standing in front of him.

Two Priests began to sing hymns in praise of their god, their hands lighting up with damage-inflicting white rays.

“Gedd!!”

At the same time, yet another dragon pounced down from the side.

The two White Dragons surrounded the most important member of the Priests’ party.

Psst psst psst! Many weak debuffing spells landed on their bodies, but they were completely ineffective. The dragons were fully immune to any spells lower than Level Five.

Bam!

Gedd smashed his head into Silver Helmet, and there was an explosion of bright light between the two of them, white light! The white light exploded between him and Silver Helmet like a sphere of light.

“Dammit!!” Gedd yelled loudly. He seemed to have been injured by something, and was crying out in pain.

The sudden attack and change in the situation had messed up the Priests’ and Warriors’ plan to surround and attack the group. Everyone was trying desperately to retreat, attempting to stop the White Dragons’ attacks.

The Evil Dragons and most of the human Priests had always stood on two ends of a divide, so attacks like these were not rare. The unexpected part, however, was that Priests were usually the ones to initiate a battle. This time, there were actually White Dragons who dared to initiate an attack on the Priests of god, so this was a challenge against the dignity of their god.

The two White Dragons stood among the Priests and Warriors, knocking away a few Warriors easily with a swipe of their claw or a shake of their head. Low-level spells were ineffective against them, but the Priests switched to using holy spells to buff up their Warriors. Rays of green and red light lit up on the Warrior’s bodies. They instantly rose the Warriors’ abilities by one level, and the strongest one even reached Level Four.

“Give us the Soul Gem! And we’ll go immediately!” After Gedd knocked away Silver Helmet, he stood on the spot and roared loudly.

“Two Evil Dragons! How dare you attack...!” Before the voice could complete the sentence, there was a tremor, and the whole earth seemed to sink abruptly.

Bam! An even larger and stronger White Dragon descended upon them from the sky, landing behind Gedd and the other dragon. This one had even cleaner, brighter scales, and its body was more evenly and gracefully proportioned. It was Garen, who had already noticed that something was fishy about the two dragons.

He had noticed it, and the captain Gamu even more so. The captain just happened to silently permit it, because the Priests from the Church of Fehra had killed White Dragons more than once or twice, so it was normal to get revenge once.

On the other hand, Garen had followed the two White Dragons who had slipped away during break time in order to earn some side income.

He had heard every word of their conversation just now using his peak-level physical abilities, and so he knew about the Soul Gem. As long as it had anything to do with the soul, he would be extremely interested in it.

“You two! What are you planning to do, sneaking back here?” Garen’s movements made both White Dragons jolt, but when they realized it was him, both of them heaved a sigh of relief. Anything was fine as long as it was not the captain.

“Don’t tell Captain, and we’ll give you a share!” said Gedd hurriedly.

Garen grinned.

“Sure!”

The Priests and the people they were surrounding gathered together. When they were being chased by dragons on plains like these, trying to escape was futile. Their only sliver of hope was to put up a fight.

“We’re from the Holy Tribunal! We’re currently representing the Church on a heretic extermination mission, are you sure the White Dragon Clan wants to get involved in this?” Just as the Priests were beginning to despair, an old Priest stepped up and said loudly.

“Heretic? I don’t care about any heretics, just hand over anything valuable! Or else you don’t even have to think about leaving here!” Relieved, Gedd and the other White Dragon looked at these Priests with a cold smile, as well as the other group who was being surrounded.

“You dare get in the way of Fehra’s all-encompassing light!?” Silver Helmet crawled up from the ground, blood seeping out through his priest’s robes at the chest.

“Sadly, the only god we believe in is Tiamat.” Gedd flew and pounced at the two guardians again, knocking them away harshly and then pressing the leader underneath his claw. He then began to search his body.

On the other side, Garen was slightly confused as he noticed something about the group of people who were being surrounded.

He sensed that within this group, there seemed to be something with a Soul Aura rather similar to his.

His gaze terrified these Warriors who were only at Level Two, and all they could think of was what if this Evil Dragon just accidentally ate them up. It was not unheard of for White Dragons to eat humans.

While the other two were in the midst of looting, Garen paid attention to their side while he walked over to question the other group.

“You guys are the heretics pursued by the Church?”

In his eyes, these people were just a random assortment of normal Warriors, and they did not even have the basic combat training to stand in a defensive formation. They were clearly just a group of ragtag soldiers.

“No! We’re not heretics!”

“We don’t really know what’s happening here either, Lord White Dragon. The Church suddenly rushed into our houses and just started killing us without even giving us a chance to explain.”

“They stole our possessions and defiled our wives and daughters! The great Fehra would never condone their violent existence!”

But Garen did not care about what they were saying about all, his gaze was trained on one of the members among them.

“Gerbera here, pleased to meet you, Your Majesty.” A voice resounded directly in his head.

“You are...?” Garen immediately recognized that he was using a method unique to Void Creatures to communicate information through the Dream Space. But this was extremely difficult to accomplish in real life.

Garen glanced at the White Dragons who were looting the other side, and waved his claw.

“Tell me, why are you guys suddenly heretics now? Wasn’t the Central Empire perfectly fine before?” The information he received when he started patrolling was that the Central Empire was still as peaceful and calm as before, and there were no signs of any heretic extermination operations at all.

“No, the Empire’s Meteor City has been attacked by an unknown entity! The Church is furious, so they’ve started searching for heretics. We were just caught in the crossfire.”

The member who had been possessed by a Void Creature stepped out and said loudly.

“Meteor City?” Garen was slightly stunned. Meteor City was the home base of the God of Light and Fire, Fehra, and now someone actually dared to attack that place?

“Do you know who or what it is?”

He transmitted a question through the Void Creatures’ special method.

“Sir, it’s a Thousand-Armed Giant. Other than the Void Demon Masters already known to our alliance, the Mother Stream is simply too big, and it has spawned innumerable powerful existences too. This attack was not factored into our plan at all, it was probably a stray Demon Master who participated in the probe.”

“How could it be? Isn’t there a fixed number of True Souls and Demon Masters?” Garen frowned.

“No, we don’t really know just how many powerful beings there are in the Mother Stream either, we just know that there are extremely many, more than you could imagine. Our alliance only represents one part of this power,” the being called Gerbera replied quietly.

“The Mother Stream is like an ocean, and the power that we know of is just a tiny bay. We just happen to be more united, there are many other stronger creatures who are simply unable to work together. They don’t give a damn about the alliance, and instead they have all sorts of mysterious and strange abilities. We don’t know just how many they have either.

“A Thousand-Armed Giant...” Garen had heard of this type of creature. In this Ancient Endor legends, this creature came from a race called the Hundred-Armed Giants and was the strongest among them. It was a terrifying creature capable of destroying entire civilizations.

“What happened in the end?” he continued asking.

“The Thousand-Armed Giant was ripped to shreds, and the God of Light and Fire’s Incarnation was projected into the mortal realm as well. The Projection was killed, but the Incarnation was doing okay, and was only slightly injured in the end. I believe the attacking Demon Master knows just how strong Fehra is now.” Gerbera said somewhat regrettably, “What a waste, they abandoned such a powerful Thousand-Armed Giant just like that, just to probe their powers. That’s a powerful existence that can rival an upper-level Demon Lord!”

“The Projection only has a few one-thousandths of Fehra’s strength, but the Incarnation would have at least one per cent. As a Major God, one percent of Fehra’s power could already kill off an upper-level Demon Lord and only sustain some light injuries...”

Garen was inwardly impressed.

“Then how did they break through the Barrier and maintain their original powers without having to reincarnate?”

“We’re not really sure about that... But I heard that on the other end of the Mother Stream, there’s an even larger Chaotic Territory. The Void Races there have something called a Distortion Door. It can distort everything and penetrate Barriers. They are parasites, so as long as the host allows them to stay, they can travel through worlds uninhibited while also maintaining their original powers. It’s just we haven’t seen it before.”

Gerbera explained softly.

Garen asked a few more questions. Gerbera answered them all, one by one, so Garen decided to just have him stay back, releasing everyone else.

On the other side, the Priests had also been completely wiped out by the two White Dragons. These White Dragons did not care about Fehra's Church at all, and killed them just like they said they would. They had obtained five whole Soul Gems and an assortment of enchanted equipment, as well as two high-quality Holy Spell Scrolls. Everything was Level Five.

"I want all the gems!" Garen walked over and glanced at the Soul Gems, his heart giving a heavy jolt. These things were just like the Soul Crystals from the previous world, he could condense them into a Soul Seed once he got enough of them!

"No! The gems are mine! You can choose something else! Seeing as you don't plan to spill the beans on us..."

Bam!!

Before he finished talking, Garen swiped his tail at Gedde, who wanted to continue speaking, without any hesitation whatsoever.

Gedde's body was sent rolling away by the tail swipe, and he left a long clear mark on the ground. There were drops of white blood seeping out from underneath his scales.

"Do you have any other opinion?" Garen looked at the other White Dragon.

This White Dragon gave a shudder and hastily nodded, then he realized something was wrong and started shaking his head instead.

"No! I have no other opinion!"

Garen nodded, satisfied, and walked up to the White Dragon, Gedd. He grabbed a Space Ring that belonged to that Silver Helmet from the ground in front of Gedd, and used the ring to keep away the five Soul Gems.

These things were called gems, but in truth they looked just like sweet potatoes, dusty grey on the outside, but a lot harder. If it was not for the fact that Garen could clearly feel how different the forces were, he would not have known that these were the so-called Soul Gems.

“Five Soul Gems? That’s a pretty impressive deal. Looks like these Priests have already imprisoned five heretic souls, each of them at least Level Three.” The only function Soul Gems had was to imprison souls, a gem without a soul inside was not called a Soul Gem. In other words, these five Soul Gems each had a soul trapped inside.

These souls had had their memories wiped clean, until all that remained were their most basic combat understanding and knowledge. These were maintained in order to become materials for the creation of more Holy Angels in the future.

On the other side, Gedd was crawling up, a hint of resentment and fury in his eyes as he looked at Garen. Then he hurriedly lowered his head and did not dare say anything else.

Garen’s power had reached Level Seven a long time ago, and Gedd had heard before that, as the strongest prodigy in the clan, the Third Elder had many hopes of Garen. Apparently, he might even sign an Eternal Contract with King Gus. A being like this was not something Gedd could offend easily.

“Alright, let’s go. We’ve been out for a tad too long,” Garen said casually.

The two White Dragons hastily packed up the treasures.

Garen turned around and glanced at Gerbera. His appearance looked just like a normal young teenage Warrior. He had wounds and blood on his face as a result of battle, and so he looked somewhat worse for the wear.

Gerbera blinked.

“Um, Your Majesty, this area is under the governance of the Black Fish King, so if you wish to obtain more information about our fellows here, you can contact him.”

“Black Fish King?” Garen was slightly stunned. “There are different territories under different managers?”

“Yeah, we’ve secretly infiltrated many places, and there are different beings in charge of managing each different place so that they can report large amounts of data back at any time. The one in charge here is the Black Fish King, and if he knew that there was a Demon Lord Level here, he would be extremely happy,” Gerbera replied hurriedly.

“Alright, I’ll go meet him.” Garen nodded. “You get going, it’s not safe here.”

“Yes.”

Garen left Gerbera alone, and brought the two White Dragons back toward the direction of the captain, flapping their wings and flying there. Soon enough, they caught up to Captain Gamu, who was pretending to rest.

Garen glanced at Gedd behind him and gave him a look.

Looking depressed, Gedd handed a part of the treasures he had obtained to the captain, passing it over to him quietly.

Gamu received it inconspicuously. The other White Dragons pretended not to see it.

“Alright, let’s continue on. We need to finish patrolling the entire border within a month, and then we’ll return to the clan as soon as we complete our quest.”

“Yes.”

All the White Dragons replied in their low voices.

“First, let’s find a supply point.”

The row of White Dragons flew into the sky again slowly, shooting away into the distance.

They soon completed their patrol quest, though that was putting aside the many dragons who also began to rob any creatures they met on the way, having seen how Gedd and the others struck it rich.

Garen waited for the dragons to go their separate ways, heading back in the direction of the clan. Along the way, he had found a location that was closest to the Central Empire, and used Dream Communication to meet the Black Fish King that Gerbera had mentioned.

In the limitless black ocean, there was no end in sight, the seawater rising and falling.

The sky was completely dark, but there was actually a white fog floating between the sky and the sea.

Garen stood on the seawater and saw precisely such a scene.

He had already reached the third grade of Dreamland and met the person in charge of this area, Black Fish King, directly. It was the owner of this pair of dead-fish eyes.

If they were in the real world, each of these eyes would be as big as a house and unnaturally terrifying.

“A new comrade?” The Black Fish King spoke in the Void language, his words reaching Garen.

“Black Fish King?” Garen asked.

“Are you here to ask me about the Thousand-Armed Giant?” The Black Fish King seemed to have been asked about this a lot already. “Agare, the Thousand-Armed Giant Agare. That was the name I heard from afar. He bit off the statue on top of the Church of Fehra, it was a statue of Fehra, so the Lord of Light and Fire lost his temper.”

He laughed, contemptuously and proudly.

“He deserves it. He actually oppressed me for a thousand years, and this time, even his incarnation was injured.”

This guy...

Wordlessly, Garen listened to the Black Fish King roar in laughter.

“Alright, I also want to know, has the Mother Stream taken any new actions recently?”

By ‘Mother Stream’, he meant the Mother Stream Alliance, an immense faction that put aside their previous differences in order to survive, thus achieving unprecedented unity.

“Actions? What actions would we need to take??” The Black Fish King continued to laugh. “The Mother Stream is beginning to retaliate instinctively, hahaha! Countless Void creatures and Ancient Endor beings have already been released into this universe. Into the deep Abyss, the Inferno, the Mortal World, the Heavenly World, and countless other dimensions. We are just pushing the waves along from behind the scenes.”

“You don’t seem to be worried at all?” Garen frowned.

“Worried? The Underworld River of this world is no match for the Mother Stream either. Be it the Will of the Abyss, or the many gods in the Heavenly World, this war cannot be decided by any one party. What’s the point of worrying?” The Black Fish King was completely unconcerned.

“Tell me, how many other Demon Lord Level existences are there around here?” Garen continued to ask.

“How many?” The Black Fish King looked at him strangely.

“Most of the Lord Levels have gone to the Abyss, those’re the best soul hunting grounds. In Blood Wars, the demons in the tower don’t care if you come from another world or not. They just want to win the wars. Nothing else matters!”

“Blood Wars, huh?” Garen was thoughtful.

“If you want to go, you can go through the Soaring Wing King, he’s a Level Twelve Great Arcanist hiding in that Snow City near your side. If you can’t find him there, you can go look for the Snake Princess in the Green Oak Forest. She’ll give you a Blood War Stone for free, and all you have to do is transmit your power into the Abyss. The demons there will help you pay the transmission price needed for battle,” suggested the Black Fish King. “On the precondition that you don’t mind dying for nothing, of course.”

“I got it, many thanks.” Garen nodded. He knew about the location of the Abyss’ Blood Wars. The place was called the Ten Thousand Abyss Plains, and had a poisonous dark red sun scorching down on many fortresses of steel. Even the greatest river of this world, the Underworld River, flowed from there.

The Ten Thousand Abyss Plains were the highest level of the Abyss, and had many bottomless abysses there. These abysses could reach each of the different levels of the Abyss at any time.

The conversation ended just like that.

Garen bid farewell to the Black Fish King and the two of them exchanged Dream Communication methods. To the Demon Lords, as long as they had a marker, it would not be difficult for them to directly project communication. It was the same principle as Nadia’s long-distance projected attack back then.

By now, Garen could freely use his Confinement Essence in the Dream World. Although his middle-level Demon Lord Soul Rings were weaker than the Black Fish King’s, his understanding of this Essence made up for the difference in ability. Even if he could not defeat the Black Fish King, he would not be confined and trapped in the latter’s Dream World.

That was why, in truth, he was not very afraid of upper-level Demon Lords either. If it were not for the fact that the restrictions in this world were too strong, and the pure power of his soul had been weakened too much to the point that it could not leave his physical body and could only affect it, he would have already returned to the peak of his powers from the previous life by now.

He did not encounter any more accidents after the patrol quest. After flying eventlessly in the sky for a few days, Garen returned safely to the clan. Where he continued to train.

Every year, he went to Ann and underwent the experiment.

Just like Ann said, not only did her experiments not weaken him, they even vaguely strengthened him.

Garen would also occasionally go out for a stroll. After understanding that there were fellow Demon Lords scattered around managing different territories, he visited the Snake Princess Demon Lord in Green Oak Forest and the Soaring Wing King nearby, in another direction.

Snake Princess was a small silver snake as long as an arm, and she looked very weak, but she belied extremely terrifying power. She was definitely Level Ten or higher.

On the other hand, the Soaring Wing King was slightly weaker. He only had a Level Nine physical body, but he actually held in his hand a Semi-Divine Weapon that directly increased his power to an unfathomable level.

Garen created a communication channel with the Back Fish King and these other two, allowing them to exchange intel.

Garen's advantage in intel was in the Deladia Empire. King Gus was a Level Fifteen peak existence, and there were plenty of powerhouses within the Empire. There were eighteen whole beings who were Level Ten and above, so they dominated this area, keeping all the other powers here silent.

And the Black Fish King was a powerful noble inside the Central Empire, so he had an advantage in gathering intel about the Church of Fehra.

The area around here was almost completely taken by Mother Nature's and Fehra's churches, so naturally, any intelligence about these two Major Gods was extremely valuable.

Meanwhile, the Soaring Wing King was a Great Arcanist, acting as a member of the Snow City's Arcane Organization Grey Shadow Parliament. It was independent and stood against the Deladia Empire. However, he asked Garen for information more often than the other way around. His intelligence channels seemed to more obstructed than the others.

Snake Princess was a Great Druid who believed in Mother Nature, and she also had the most variety of random resources and materials. She seemed to have many connections, and could obtain all sorts of materials.

The Black Fish King and the Soaring Wing King also bought materials from her quite often, and now there was Garen as well.

They called Garen the White Dragon King. Although this was the title of the White Dragon Mountain's Dragon King, no one cared.

As time passed, the situation grew more chaotic.

More and more Interdimensional Passages opened up mysteriously, and there was clearly an instability in space. A space-time crevice even opened up near the White Dragon Clan, swallowing up two Adult White Dragons that had gone out hunting and scaring the Third Elder into hurriedly sending his elites to draw out boundaries in case any other dragons wandered in.

A few more years passed in the blink of an eye.

Garen gathered two hundred more Potential Points. Add that to the two hundred from before, and he had four hundred now. He had always resisted from using them for fear of growing too overpowered and attracting the attention of the gods.

And he finally received news from King Gus, who signed an Eternal Contract with a princess from the Red Dragon Clan.

Only then did Garen heave a sigh of relief. He had it all planned out, if he were to be chosen as a contractor, he would go straight to the Abyss for the Blood Wars.

Right now, there were no outside eyes paying particular attention to him, so he finally started to secretly use all the Potential Points on his own attributes.

But he did not add them evenly. Instead...

Chapter 1297

He did not add them evenly.

Instead, he firstly increased one aspect to an extreme.

When it came to increasing his attributes, Garen had always been used to directly increasing them to extremes. Now that he had collected so many Potential Points, he prepared to do the same thing.

Since King Gus' contract had been canceled, he did not have so much attention trained on him anymore. That way, there would not be too many variables and concerns even if he drastically increases his powers.

Inside the White Dragon Clan, Garen lay in his cave, surrounded by many books he borrowed from the other White Dragons, as well as the ones he got from Ann.

He had generally calculated the general situation within the Clan, and once he added that to some of Ann's top-secret information, he obtained the truest of real-world statistics. Statistics about the physical fitness of the dragons.

Converted into the Attribute System that he used, it meant that as a member of the dragon race, the limit of his power in this world would be about ninety points on average. Theoretically, this was the limit that the bodies of those Ancient Dragons could reach. Any beings with these statistics would basically be demigods that were almost a thousand meters long and understood divinity. Once they reached this limit, the dragons would also slowly weaken due to the lengths of their lives.

This was the necessary rhythm of things.

The White Dragons were among the weaker members of the dragon race, so their limit was at eighty attribute points or so. However, they could use their Draconic Aura, Arcane Art, and other abilities to increase their actual power.

“Eighty points is the limit for all White Dragons, and I’m already at sixty points...” Over the years, Garen’s natural growth and development had already broken past the sixty-point mark. His Strength was at 61, Agility 62, and his Vitality was slightly weaker, but even that was at 53. Because he put too much into it, his Intelligence had increased directly to 49.

And he could still add four hundred whole Potential Points to this.

“Let me increase them to their limits first.” Although Garen was confident in his Soul Limit, he was still slightly worried. The restrictions of this world were a tad too strong.

Right now, he needed three Potential Points to raise his attributes by one point.

Garen stared at his Strength attribute, and his Potential Points instantly took a nosedive plunge.

61... 62... 65... 70... 80... When it reached the eighty, the increase stopped abruptly.

Garen frowned slightly.

He could still feel some space for improvement, but it seemed to be slightly harder to increase Strength just by itself. It felt as though something was restricting the increase of his Strength attribute.

He moved his body slightly and felt as though it was unbalanced...

By increasing his Strength to eighty points, he had used up as many as 57 Potential Points. He still had 343 remaining.

“It’s probably a result of the imbalance from the other attributes. Perhaps I should increase them evenly. As expected, extremism won’t work...”

When his thoughts reached that, Garen began to increase his Agility and Vitality as well.

His Agility had been at 62 points, and he increased it by 18 points, using up 54 Potential Points. And his Vitality was at 53 points, and he used five points to increase it to 58 before it started requiring three Potential Points for one attribute point. He used another 66 Potential Points before he could reach 80.

The last was Intelligence. All in all, Garen used up 257 whole Potential Points before he could have all attributes reach 80 points.

Lying down in his cave, Garen’s body was completely curled up. His body had already expanded rapidly until it was as large as an Adult White Dragon’s, and it was still slowly growing. Large amounts of transparent energy flowed under his scales, it was the energy from his Potential Points.

At the end of the day, Potential Points were actually a source of pure energy that could be freely distributed to the different parts and functions of his body.

This energy was now rapidly strengthening Garen’s body to an incomprehensible extent.

Garen’s scales were growing whiter and whiter, becoming more crystalline, glowing with neon light. His body was approaching the standards of utmost perfection. Small stabs of pain surged up endlessly from all over his body, and Garen resisted that pain, an indescribable feeling in his heart.

As though his body was a rubber ball, and the constant release of Potential Point energy was inflating his body quickly.

“Looks like this is a compulsory process when powering up. The stronger the laws, the more natural adaptation and adjustment time would be needed for attribute changes.” Garen glanced at his current status.

‘Garen — Strength 80, Agility 80, Vitality 80, Intelligence 80. Potential 14363%. Soul Limit 170.

‘Level 7 Draconic Aura. Level 5 Arcane Art.’

“I still have some Potential Points left.” He tried to continue increasing his attributes, but it seemed as though they could not be increased anymore for the time being, because his body had already reached its limit. This was already the limit for a single adjustment session.

Garen sensed that if he continued to increase his attributes, his body might be in danger of exploding, so he instantly squashed down that notion. Instead, he placed his attention on the thing that he had been researching for some time now.

The fusion of the knowledge and systems from the many major universes.

He had once used created the Ten Thousand True Technique while in a human body, and this could be used in most universe systems. Although he was in a dragon body now, the Ten Thousand True Technique was still usable, he just needed to adjust the basic training paths slightly.

And after joining the Young Dragons these past few years, Garen still used most of his efforts to figure out how he could incorporate what he had learned previously into the power system of this world.

No, that was not the best way to phrase. More precisely, he was trying to connect his understanding of the power system in this world with those of all the other universes, in order to form a system that could be used in all the worlds.

Garen had traveled through so many universes, and, especially in the Transmigators’ Lighthouse, he had encountered so many different civilizations and systems. He had learned and seen so much, far more than even Ann.

In these past few years, he had mostly been focusing his attention on this.

In the Mech World, he had once obtained two extremely overpowered martial arts techniques, namely the Nine-Level Tempered Body Technique and the Destructive Impact Fist.

He had once reached an extremely high realm in the former, but as for the latter, even Garen himself never reached the limit of the Destructive Impact Fist.

“In the end, I relied on the Crystal Confinement and understood the Shadow Dragon’s Void Confinement Essence, only then could I reach the pinnacle. This was a stroke of luck, but since I could not reach the limit in the previous world, maybe I can try walking this sort of straightforward path for once in this world.”

He had always sensed that the true essence of the Destructive Impact was extremely terrifying, and at the very end, it seemed to be able to understand a Conceptual Essence that went beyond Confinement.

The restrictions of this world were very powerful, so he could not use the Destructive Impact Fist. But since White Dragons were part of the dragon race, their natural fitness far surpassed that of humans.

Hence, Garen’s foundations were very powerful as well, and it would not be impossible for him to try fusing this brutally powerful martial arts completely.

He organized the different system and finally came up with a set that contained the essence of everything he had learned.

He used the Ten Thousand True Technique as the main body, the Destructive Impact Fist as the skeleton, and all the other system contents as the blood and flesh to fill it up.

A powerful form of martial arts that belonged fully to him slowly began to take shape.

This conclusive system no longer originated from the Mother Stream. Instead, it was usable in all the universes, or at the very least, it could be used unrestrictedly in all the universes Garen had experienced up until now. It was practically adapted to all of the universes’ original systems.

Hence, he gave this power system a simple name — Void Original Opus. Because be it the Mother Stream or anything else, everything originated in the endless universal void. That was also the origin of that name.

The Void Original Opus that he first arranged contained next to everything. All of the martial arts he had ever learned, the secret techniques, skills, and even the essences, he could use all of them through the Original Opus.

Be it secret techniques, or Willpower, or any other system.

The difference between this and other systems was that the Void Original Opus' roots did not lie in any form of power. Instead, it used the practitioner's body and soul directly.

The energy produced was something Garen called Original Energy. This Original Energy was unnaturally pure and clean and could be used in any universe.

Right now, his physical fitness had been increased to its limit, and Garen had also checked his Void Original Opus once more to make sure there were no loopholes. This Original Opus even included this world's Arcane Art system and Draconic Aura system. It could naturally tap into the strongest genes in the deepest part of the body, and this Original Energy came from his research in the Totem World.

Once he was sure there were no problems with the Original Opus, Garen finally became to practice this personalized system that he had created.

In truth, he had already sensed that the Void Original Opus was vaguely similar to the Living Secret Techniques he used to practice, and was a terrifying weapon that could truly last through the ages.

If he randomly created a Living Secret Technique Seed and released it, perhaps another shocking battle to snatch it would occur again in some ruins ten thousand years later.

The days passed, one by one, and Garen continued to stay in his cave training. Satwo, Sathree and the others brought him food and water. He practically ignored everything else happening in the world outside.

As time passed, his body grew larger and larger, rapidly expanding from the size of a normal Adult Dragon until it was more than twenty meters long and ten meters tall. He had directly become an enormous giant, comparable to some Ancient Dragons, but immediately afterward, he began to shrink

quickly as well, returning to the size of a Dragon Whelp within three days. And then he grew again and shrank again.

This cycle ended and began once more, for several dozen times consecutively.

The aura around Garen grew more and more fearsome. It was not Draconic Aura, but a special type of suppressed aura.

In the blink of an eye, more than several dozen days had passed.

“I wonder what Garen is doing recently? He hasn’t come out to eat for more than ten days now.”

Satwo had grown slightly as well. Although he still looked like a Dragon Whelp, he was one size larger than a regular Dragon Whelp. This was also a result of Garen’s influence, since he obtained a larger share of the resources, it allowed him to grow faster than others as well.

“Perhaps he’s cultivating his Draconic Aura, so that he can prepare to break through to the next level?” said Sathree softly. “What about Safour?”

“Out on a quest.”

“To the Black Horn Mountain Range again?”

“We’re Dragon Whelps, not Young Dragons. The last time we went to the Fiery Blaze Mountain Range, we sustained heavy casualties, so the higher-ups lowered the standard and changed the location. It’s only natural.” Satwo pouted. “What, did you think that anyone could do like Garen did, and just join the Young Dragons on patrol like that?”

Inside the ice cave, the two Dragon Whelps chatted idly in low voices. With Garen’s protection, they did not have to worry about being sent off to any quests that were too dangerous. In fact, if any of the

dragons in the clan were even slightly impolite to them, they would be dragged off by the Third Elder's Dragon Guards for a talk.

Now that the Third Elder had separated on bad terms with the leader of the Dragon Guards, Phosphorus, he was placing all of his expectations on Garen. He was raising and helping Garen however he could, hoping that Garen could replace Phosphorus and become the new strongest Dragon Guard leader that was also on the Third Elder's side.

That was why Garen and the dragons around him got the biggest slice of the pie for many matters within the clan.

Ever since Leona and Boris left, Garen no longer wanted to raise any conflicts against the Third Elder. Since he no longer had to worry about King Gus' Eternal Contract, he was also more than happy to enjoy the power and position given to him by the Third Elder.

Boom!!

Suddenly, there was the sound of a huge explosion coming from the cave Garen was in.

Sathree and Satwo were jolted and nearly fell onto the surface of the ice.

"What sound was that!?"

"It came from Garen's cave, let's go look!!"

The two Dragon Whelps reacted immediately and rushed straight to the cave Garen was in.

After a few turns and dashes, going through a long and narrow ice tunnel, the two Dragon Whelps quickly rushed into Garen's cave.

There was a mist of white steam inside, so they could not see anything inside at all.

“Garen?! Are you okay!?” Satwo yelled loudly.

Chapter 1298: Conclusion 2

Sathree was a female dragon, and she followed behind him carefully, blowing out her breath and flapping her wings hard so that she could scatter the large clouds of white fog.

“Garen??” Sathree started yelling as well.

The fog spun slowly in a clockwise rotation, like a whirlwind, with the most central area of the cave acting as the eye of the storm.

At the center of the fog, Garen was looking at a wall of ice in front of him, calmly. The mirror-like wall reflected his current appearance clearly.

On the surface, he clearly looked just like a normal Adult White Dragon. But there was a vague overlapping image in the mirror, and that image showed a completely different Garen.

In the overlapping image, his right claw was ablaze with golden flames, and the cries of a phoenix emanated from those flames. His left claw emitted a pale blue chill that vaguely rang out with the deep calls of a phoenix.

His left wing sparkled with seven black dead stars, and a creepy ice-cold trident appeared in front of his right wing.

His long and slender dragon tail waved slowly, and he could actually see the illusion of nine fearsome dragon heads at the tip.

And in front of his chest, in the very center of his torso, there was a shapeless black whirlpool. Specks of starlight twinkled in the whirlpool, blinking in and out of sight.

Phew...

He opened his mouth and blew out a breath. It was a faint cloud-like Dragon Breath, but he did not blow it out of his own accord. Instead, every breath he exhaled naturally had that special power.

This was a result of the Divine Statue Technique and Hellfrost Scarlet Snow Technique that he used to practice.

The truth was that every power Garen carefully cultivated to a certain point had left an indelible mark deep within his soul. And these marks had fully manifested now that he had successfully invented his Void Original Opus.

Everything he had ever learned had naturally manifested on his dragon body.

“The Void Original Opus is a conclusion of everything I had ever learned over time, and it also perfectly embodies the imprints on my soul from the beginning until now.”

Garen raised his claws. The left claw had an illusion of golden flames, representing the Holy Phoenix Demonic Book. The right claw had a pale blue chill, symbolizing the Hellfrost Peacock Mother.

And each of the other parts represented another part of his life’s conclusions and experiences.

“This is that so-called True Body that only forms at the peak of the Demon Lord level, right?” He had heard of this form before, when some upper-level Demon Lords wanted to reach the True Soul form, they needed to condense everything they had into one, and fuse that into one body. This would then force the body to evolve to its highest level, and from there, it would advance to the True Soul.

“This is an early form of the True Soul...?” Lastly, Garen glanced at himself in the mirror, pulling back the Soul Rings all around this body and storing away all of the illusions, keeping them inside his body.

At the same time, his body shrunk rapidly as well, returning to his original Young Dragon form.

This was a secret technique similar to the Bone Shrinking Technique that he used to hide himself.

The Void Original Opus did not have grades, only a percentage. Garen had tossed all of his remaining Potential Points into it, hence resulting in his current progress in change. His Original Opus had risen from 0% to 14%, in other words, more than 140 Potential Points could only raise his power by 14%.

The truth was, if it were not for the fact that Garen tried increasing his attributes again and found that they still would not increase, he would not have put all his Potential Points into the Void Original Opus like that so decisively, no matter how useless the Potential Points were.

The invention of the Void Original Opus gave him plenty of inspiration, and he vaguely knew that the reason his attributes could no longer increase was not because they had reached their limit. His Soul Limit was far beyond that of a normal dragon, so there was no way he could have been blocked. And the way his body was now meant that he had to evolve to a higher level, only then would he fulfill the rules of this world, and only then would he be able to continue accepting more energy and materials. According to the laws, this was practically a required evolution process.

There were no abnormal changes or increases in his physical attributes, but because of that, he had a feeling that his body could still evolve further.

Waving his hand and scattering the fog, Garen looked at Satwo and Sathree, who were walking in.

"I'm fine, there's no need to worry. I was just practicing my Draconic Aura and created some force waves because I got careless."

"Are you sure you're really fine?" Satwo asked carefully.

"I'm fine. You guys can leave now, I still plan to continue training," Garen replied with a smile.

"Alright, then..." Satwo and Sathree did not dare to say too much either, and they left in a hurry. If at first they still considered Garen their brother, the Garen they saw right now had long since left their reach. They already thought of Garen as their protector, someone like an older brother or a father.

Garen waited for the siblings to leave the cave before he started considering his current level.

“I must be at least Level Eight, perhaps Level Nine. But until I cross swords with a true Level Nine existence from this world, I won’t know their level either.” Garen was confident that he had already reached the highest level of physical fitness that the body of a White Dragon could achieve, only powerful Ancient Dragons who have lived for several thousand years could match up to him.

Eighty attribute points on average were enough to go against a giant warship in the Mech World, but the restrictions here were too harsh, so there was no telling how much power it could result in here.

Garen sensed that his body was still evolving and changing slowly, and this required time. He had a feeling that once he finished evolving, he could still continue increasing his body’s attributes and elements.

As for Level Nine, he was not particularly afraid of it. With just his body alone, he might already be immune to regular Level Nine spells. This was a privilege only enjoyed by the very highest-level Black Dragons.

He suddenly remembered the Suffering Knight core he had devoured earlier. Before he knew it, he had subconsciously finished digesting it. That thing had probably contributed to his evolution earlier as well.

He looked at his current Soul Rings.

Five Soul Seeds were fully complete and had already been raised to the Pale Red Color. It had risen from its original Colorless Level to Pale Red.

All five Soul Rings sank, leaving their initial position open. The silhouette of a new Soul Ring appeared where they used to be, and this glowed with a faint orange light.

“The second level, the second level of the Seven Colors Phase, needs me to find five more Soul Seeds and condense them into orange Soul Seeds. If I was still very young and weak, this would probably be harder than walking in air, but right now, well... After all, the Soul Seeds for the second level should require Soul Seeds of a higher quality than the first level. And more Soul Energy as well.”

He remembered the Suffering Knight core that he had devoured earlier. The Soul Energy contained inside that thing was definitely enough. Perhaps it could become a second level Soul Seed after purification.

There was also the grudge from before when he was hunted down. It was about time to cash in that debt.

“Perfect, I can test my abilities and see where I stand now.”

Garen grinned.

Fiery Blaze Mountain Range

Whoosh!

A white shadow instantly shot past the sky and flashed across the snowy peaks, leaving a long white line of air.

It was a long and slender White Dragon.

The White Dragon flew straight toward the depths of the Fiery Blaze Mountain Range. He did not linger for even a second.

The cold clean sunlight shone down on his body, glowing with a light that was as bright as a mirror.

There were only a few Hellfrost Giant Iguanas hunting around for food in the mountain range during the daytime. Some of the Elder Giant Iguanas sent their auras shooting into the air, drawing the boundaries of their own territory.

Garen swept past at a high speed and descended from the sky abruptly, pouncing mercilessly at an Elder Giant Iguana.

Bam!

The white shadow landed, and the Elder Giant Iguana roared madly as it covered its entire body with ice armor. At the same time, a gigantic rolling ice ball appeared, floating above its head.

But the white shadow crashed straight down at it, and the ball of ice shattered. The Elder Giant Iguana was smashed hard into the snowy ground, and its entire large body actually sank into the ground. The impact instantly knocked it unconscious.

Garen lifted the Elder Giant Iguana. This Giant Iguana was already at Level Six, but to him as he was right now, it was basically a massacre.

Garen dug the Demon Core out of the Elder Giant Iguana's head and wiped it on the snowy ground. Once he made sure it was clean, he tossed it straight into his mouth. There was a cracking sound, and he actually managed to chew and swallow the sturdiest Demon Core in one go, just like that. The pieces of the Demon Core, as sharp as glass shards, were actually unable to scratch or pierce the membranes and skin inside his mouth.

"Its Soul Energy is so weak..." Garen frowned slightly. A Level Six Demon Core like this only gave him two Potential Points.

What was the difference between this and the Level Five Demon Core he risked his life to obtain back then?

But this was also the disadvantage of having unnaturally exceptional talent. The longer he trained and the higher he reached, the harder it would be to simply rely on this to power up. That was because the energy requirements were too high, so the regular Potential Point sources naturally appeared insignificant when it came to higher level upgrades.

It was just like how a drop of water was more than what an ant could drink in an entire lifetime, but at the same time, it could barely wet the lips of a person.

“It’s better than nothing.”

Garen looked around him. Everything was covered in white snow, black stone and yellow earth revealed in some places.

“This should be the heart of the Fiery Blaze Mountain Range.”

He walked around the area casually. Since he did not know just where the Suffering Knight came from, he planned to reveal himself in advance and lure them out.

On the snowy ground, his heavy body meant that every step he took made crunching noises in the snow.

He emitted his powerful Draconic Aura. Although it was only Level Seven, it was already an extremely horrifying presence to the strongest creature here, the Level Six Elder Giant Iguanas.

All the Elder Giant Iguanas ran and hid.

Garen wandered around for half a day, and still did not encounter a second Elder Giant Iguana.

However, it seemed that there were many ruins in the Fiery Blaze Mountain Range. Slightly interested, he wandered around inside, but he did not discover anything interesting. Evidently, they had already been cleared out by others who came before.

The flying snow began to come down again, slowly.

Garen walked toward the area where the snowstorm was at its strongest.

Before he knew it, he had walked up to the front of an abandoned white palace that looked like a garden.

The palace was constructed out of large white stone bricks, and it was also being supported by tall and large stone pillars, each so wide they required several people to hug it completely. It was almost a hundred meters tall, so it looked imposing and majestic, but it was damaged in all sorts of places.

The ceilings had caved in on the internal structures, and the previously closed-up building had turned into something that looked rather like an open-air garden.

Garen flapped his wings and took flight, turning one circle in the air above the palace area.

The palace stood all alone in a valley, and he could barely see it at all from the sky.

There were many white stairs, concentrated in one area at the door to the hall, but many of the steps had been damaged. The two fire pillars guarding either side of the door had been snapped in half and fallen to the ground, while some of the beautiful and intricate carvings had been defaced beyond recognition.

Garen did not notice anything of value and was just about to leave this area.

Suddenly, his eyes glimpsed a strange statue outside the palace.

It was a grey-white statue standing in the midst of the snowstorm, and it looked just like a large hand with three fingers sticking out of the ground, reaching toward the sky.

There was nothing at all between the three fingers.

But Garen frowned slightly, because he knew this statue. He had always gotten his information from an assortment of sources, so he had practically forgotten which world he had gotten that information from. But one thing was for certain, this information did not come from this world.

A Projection Summoning Ritual?" The functions of this statue flashed past Garen's heart.

"It's clearly an object from another world, but it's somehow here as well?" He landed down there curiously and stopped right in front of the statue.

Chapter 1299: Power 1

Reaching out his claw and touching the statue, Garen felt a hairy, fleshy sensation on his claws.

The area in the middle of the sculpture seemed to have some type of strong electromagnetic field. It was a powerful energy field, separating the area in the middle into an isolated zone.

"More than 700 years ago, Caswell created the Universal Codex, which opened up the passage between the Void and this world."

Suddenly, an aged, low voice sounded from behind Garen.

Garen turned around and saw a tall silhouette in a green robe standing in the snowy plains a distance away. The voice came from him.

The silhouette was in a cloak with a hood, concealing his face.

"Then, all of you Alien Souls also came here through the passage." The silhouette raised his head slowly, revealing a fleshless skull beneath the cloak.

Two green flames burned in the place of the skull's eyes, and a dark, red blood colored symbol was carved on his brow area, giving a strong religious aura.

More than a dozen black Suffering Knights were coming out slowly from the snow plains around. They were all wielding various types of weapons, some of them were armed with swords, some with long spears, and some even had a combination of sword and shield.

Two of the Suffering Knights had silver striation etched faintly on the edges of their armor.

“Silver-Striped Knights?” Garen raised his eyebrows.

Silver-Striped Knights were at the very least at Level Seven, and if an Undead Silver-Striped Knight was well nourished, it could easily turn into a Level-Eight creature.

“This time, for you to come over on your own accord, what’s your goal?” The skull asked in a low voice. “After killing three of my Suffering Knights, your soul is something that I will definitely capture and keep in a gem.”

It seems that this was a very cautious lich. Garen recognizes the identity of the skull figure standing in front of him, it was the Great Undead Wizard. It looked like he had transformed himself into a lich, an immortal existence.

He did not attack immediately just because Garen came here alone. He would also definitely have his other reinforcements around this area. To think that his opponent would still be so vigilant against him.

“If that’s the case, what else is there left to say?” Garen grinned. “There can only be one reason I came.”

“What?” The Lich started to be even more alert.

Garen sighed, releasing a puff of white air.

“To negotiate of course.”

He originally thought Garen was about to make his move, but he did not expect it to be this. The lich was obviously a little stunned by his proposal.

Boom!!

Suddenly, the white silhouette flashed in front of him. In just a blink of an eye, the body of the White Dragon expanded, reaching the size of a mature White Dragon as it charged straight towards him. At the next instant, Garen had already appeared right in front of him. It was almost like a teleport!

Roar!!!

In a burst, the Level Seven Dragonic Aura instantly condensed onto the Lich's body.

The white dragon claws slammed on the Lich with tremendous force.

There was no sound. A transparent barrier had blocked Garen's claws, with large amounts of transparent sparks spilling out at the point of contact.

The barrier blocked his attack for a full second, but that was already enough for the Lich to react.

He raised his hand, revealing a black bracelet on his wrist embedded with five different colored gems, one of it started glowing red.

"Loss of Reason."

The sorcerer raised his voice to a high pitch.

A large, red net suddenly appeared in the air, it shrunk and wrapped Garen tightly with it.

This was a Level Eight spell, a unique spell formed by combining several different Psychic-type Manipulation spells 1 . Although it was only Level Eight, the practical effect was comparable to a Level Nine. It had been fixed onto the Lich's bracelet and was released instantly.

To other powerful people, the Psychic influence might have required a bit more time for them to react to it. However, it was useless against Garen with his thoroughly trained will. Even Ann had praised that his willpower was comparable to Holy Spirits.

The red net disappeared without any reaction on Garen's scales. There was absolutely no effect at all.

The green flames in the eye sockets of the Lich started burning more intensely as his bracelet released another spell once more. It was a shroud, black mist, engulfing Garen and his surroundings.

Its form changed so fast that even the surrounding Suffering Knights barely reacted in time. Two Silver-Striped Knights leaped a few meters in a blink of an eye, their two giant swords striking powerfully on the roots of Garen's dragon wings.

"Death Spirit Energy?" Garen was shrouded in the black fog. He felt that this black fog was not some simple spell, but one that added some sort of unique potion. The potion could rapidly erode his scales' resistance, minimizing his ability to resist magic.

He increased his alertness.

His wings flapped furiously as the two Silver-Striped Knights rushed over. In two flaps with a frightful eighty points of strength, the two Suffering Knights were flung away like a couple of chicks,

Although an undead Silver-Striped Knight was equivalent to a Level Eight, even when they were the same level they all had different specializations, some leaned towards strength and some leaned towards speed. In addition, at the same level, no one could compare against The Dragon Clan's power when it came to direct confrontations. This was the law of the world!

The Level Eights of human and humanoid races are more dependent on techniques and special abilities, such as special equipment and so on.

Just as Garen smacked away the two Silver-Striped Knights, he heard the rest of the Suffering Knights roaring in unison.

“Final Death Match!!”

Bang!!

The red area instantly covered the entire space around him and Garen had once again found himself in a strange special space like last time.

The surrounding Suffering Knights all pulled out scrolls at the same time. They were ancient, yellow scrolls just like the last time, each of them tied with a red string.

“In the name of death!”

Their chants rippled through space.

The scrolls started to open up one by one. Amidst the black mist, various types of creatures slowly revealed itself.

Roar!!

There were actually gigantic-sized beasts hidden within the scrolls!

Amongst them were Level Eight Earth Dragon Beasts and even Level Nine Bone Dragons! There were also some weird and powerful species that he did not recognize.

In an instant, his enemies had nearly doubled their force.

Garen also felt a special threat could erupt at any moment, giving him a chilling and numb sensation.

He was no longer clueless about spells now, thus he immediately identified the origin of this feeling.

“Deathfinger!”

The Lich’s voice rang out suddenly.

Whoosh!

A light green ray suddenly pierced through the red space from some part within the inner wall, targeting Garen directly at his chest.

Garen instantly felt a chill shooting down his spine.

I have the body of the strongest white dragon at its peak performance level, I don’t believe that you can kill me just with one shot of that Deathfinger!!

Whoa!

Amidst a loud roar, Garen spread his wings out and released a terrifying ripple of energy waves from throughout his body. It is not an effect of a spell, but the energy ripples that was purely a result of him just exerting his power.

The muscles on his whole body started tensing up to its limit.

Galleon lunged up into the air. Without any intentions of retreating, he headed straight towards the light green ray.

The body of an Ancient Dragon-level creature was definitely enough to directly confront any Level Nine existences without any disadvantage.

The light green ray hit Garen’s body, turning his entire dragon body in a shade of green for a brief moment. Then, nothing happened, as if the attack had never happened at all.

“Level Nine!! Within such a short time, you!!” The Lich’s furious voice came from outside the red space.

At that moment, Garrn’s dragon body started to expand. His huge body that was comparable to an elephant crashed straight onto the inner wall of the red space.

The rest of the Suffering Knights behind him were trying to keep up with his speed, attacking him from the back when they finally did so. The Bone Dragons, the Earth Dragons, and the different weapons of the knights all slashed from different angles towards Garen’s dragon wings on his back.

Clank clank clank!!

Sounds of successive explosions were like clashing metal. Garen’s scales on his skin started to emit a white-gold glow.

Not only his wings but his entire body’s scales were pale white-gold.

Divine Statue Technique!!

This was the strongest Body Hardening Technique that Garen had learned back in the first world. Now, this technique had automatically activated as a self-defense mechanism.

Using the Divine Statue Technique with the body of a Colossal Dragon as a foundation, it had reached a terrifyingly extreme level. His level of defense had reached an absurdly overpowered level.

Initially, Garen’s average attribute points were not even close to ten points, but with the Divine Statue Technique, he was able to block bullets even with just his eyelids. It was the epitome of Body Hardening Techniques! It was invincible!

Now the Void Original Opus had been raised to 14%. The first restoration that was revealed turned out to this amazing secret technique from his first world.

The greatest use of the Void Original Opus was to be able to use all the worlds that Garen had experienced and all the abilities that he attained as a foundation, and then, fuse them together, ultimately forming the body of the True Soul!

Despite the countless weapons slashing on the Garen's back, it had only left some faint white marks. It could not pierce through the skin even the slightest.

On the other hand, a few Bone Dragons used their huge body mass to try and knock Garen down but instead, he only moved forward slightly and the knocks served to add on to his momentum.

Garen concentrated his entire body's strength and with a loud crash, slammed into the inner wall of the red space.

With a crack, the inner wall of the red space broke into pieces.

As the pieces came crumbling down, it revealed the Lich with a look of disbelief plastered all over his face.

The dragon claw lunged to grab the head of the Lich with an exploding force. It was so fast that even the afterimages could barely be seen, crashing onto the countless barrier spells in front of the Lich.

The black runes flowing in the air tried to block Garen's claw but was instantly disintegrated. Immediately after that, a black locust-like smoke started flowing out, only to be dissipated even before coming into contact with Garen due to the immense shockwave from his claw.

The dragon's claws were closing on to the Lich's head. The threat of imminent death alarmed him.

The blood-colored symbols on his brow suddenly brightened up.

Ahh!!!

A huge and ferocious green succubus's face appeared behind him. As the Lich's mouth opened, a violent and sharp screech erupted in front of Garen.

"Succubus' Wail!?" Garen's heart tightened, "and it's a full appearance of a succubus!!"

If the previous Deathfinger was a Level Seven spell upgraded into a Level Nine, then this Succubus' Wail was definitely a real Level Nine spell. That would mean that the Lich in front of him right now had the gene of a banshee in his body before he turned into an Undead. Otherwise, it would be impossible to visualize the Void Shadow of a real banshee, and the Void Shadow would at least half the power of that skill!

The sound waves turned into a violent ripple of shockwaves, scraping through Garen's body. Even his white-gold Divine Statue Technique started to show faint signs of damage.

The huge body shrunk. Garen shrunk from being an elephant size to that of an average human, in an attempt to minimize the ripples' contact from the Succubus' Wail.

Chapter 1300: Power 2

It was not only affecting him, but even the Suffering Knights and summoned creatures behind him were injured heavily from the Level Nine spell. The Succubus' Wail is basically a large-scale area-of-effect spell with friendly fire. If the Lich had not been forced into a corner, he would have never used this spell welded on his brow as the last resort.

"The Touch of Despair!"

Taking advantage while Garen was still under the effects of the Succubus' Wail, the Lich's body fluttered upwards, his hands started making a lot of complicated gestures at lightning speeds, sprinkling large amounts of mixed and messy powder of an unknown material.

A purple matrix emerged from below on the huge snowy plains.

The snow was quickly dyed dark purple, and huge purple tentacles that were a few meters in diameter sprouted out from the purple ground, wiggling straight towards Garen.

These tentacles were like an octopus' tentacles. At the tip of the tentacles, it was densely packed with countless tiny suckers, whilst the suckers were covered with fine, sharp teeth.

A large number of tentacles tangled itself onto Garen, quickly weaving him into a giant purple meatball held high up in midair.

"I originally wanted to turn you into one of my undead! Unfortunately, you no longer have this opportunity! Now die for me!!" The green flames in the Lich's eye sockets burned intensely. Just an instant earlier, he felt that he was about to be killed. That strong, intense feeling of a lethal threat was something he had not experienced for many years.

Just a genius of the White Dragon Clan? That was enough to damage him?

His hand, still holding up a gesture, moved down.

The purple meatball began to sink down swiftly. The snowy plains were no longer covered in snow. Everywhere the purple light touches had already connected to a different dimension. Once something was pulled in, it would directly enter the torrential dimension storm that was the habitat of countless monsters. The countless powerful and terrifying high-leveled monsters aside, even if one were to survive the monsters' pursuits, without any specific landmarks or coordinates, he would only be left there to starve to death.

This was a spell that the Lich created himself. There were no other existences that could imitate it, and no existences could manage to find a countermeasure to it in such a short period of time. The only option for anyone caught in this was to keep on resisting and dodging.

Unfortunately, Garen's spell power was far from reaching this level.

“How unfortunate, such a powerful Alien Soul...” The Lich looked at the purple meatball as it was slowly pulled down towards the purple ground. He had calmed down, albeit feeling sorry that he had to resort to this solution.

“These purple tentacles are from a huge creature called the Ruins Monster. Even the Dragon Clan’s Level Nine powerhouses won’t be able to escape. No matter how much of a genius you are, you’re still just a White Dragon!” The Lich grinned.

At this moment, the huge meatball began to slowly expand, getting bigger and bigger, and then contracting rapidly.

The green flames in the Lich’s eye sockets flickered wildly.

“No, it’s impossible to escape!”

However, the power of this spell completely repels any other external forces. He could only watch anxiously as the purple meatball stopped in mid-air, contracting big and small swiftly.

The green flames in the Lich’s eyes flickered faster. This spell was already his most powerful one. If his opponent managed to break free even under his most powerful spell, and he had already exhausted his arsenal of spells and half of his spell slots for the last two continuous Quicken effects, he had no way of fighting anymore again.

The white, bone finger gently touched the last black jewel on his bracelet. After a slight hesitation, the Lich still could not decide.

“Retreat!!”

He finally made up his mind, barking out loud.

Swiftly, all the Suffering Knights, summoned creatures and two Silver-Striped Knights who were still moving instantly grouped to protect the Lich. A cloud of dark smoke suddenly enveloped everyone. As the dark smoke dissipated, the Lich and all the Suffering Knights had disappeared completely.

Poof!!

The purple meatball burst from the inside, and Garen was covered all over with fine, small wounds. The white-gold scales cracking into what looked like countless glass shards.

Streaks of white blood dripped down slowly through the scales.

He burst out of the meatball and shot up into the sky. The enormous force ripped off the purple tentacles pulling onto him from underneath.

Roar!!!

He howled loudly as his wounds healed itself under the naked eye. This is the powerful effect of having an 80 point vitality attribute.

The power of this spell was horrifying. It was impossible for any other White Dragon to escape even at their peak performance. If not for the Divine Statue Technique, Garen knew he would not have been able to escape with only these light injuries.

The spell was strong enough to trap even the strongest Black Dragon at its peak!

“Lich...!” Just within this short fight, Garen had already understood the Lich’s power.

The Lich was definitely above him in terms of powers, he was no mere Level Nine. To be able to utilize and show the full Void Shadow potency of the Succubus’ Wail, he was very likely to be a Level Ten.

“If it was a formal fight, I wouldn’t even have stood a chance against him, but his insistence on wanting to kill me caused him to pay a hefty price. No wonder he retreated voluntarily.” Garen understood what was going on in his opponent’s mind after pondering about it.

If he could not kill a creature like a Lich from the roots of his soul, it would just cause him even more trouble in the future. As long as the Lich's Phylactery was still there, the Lich will continuously reborn.

The purple matrix on the ground dimmed gradually. The huge monster roared to show its unwillingness to be defeated as its tentacles sank slowly back into the matrix.

"Unwilling to admit defeat?" Garon sneered as he looked down at the monster that is now only revealing its tentacles.

He took a deep breath.

Roar!!!

Roaring furiously downwards, the terrifyingly strong shockwaves slammed onto the tentacles. The entire matrix trembled slightly, and the rate of subsidence slowed down.

However, this was not the most crucial thing, but rather the fact that Garen's body had once again started to grow. It went from the size of a horse to the size of two elephants in an instant. He was now twice as big as the average fully-matured White Dragon! Thick tubes of his Meridian system could be seen clearly, his muscles were twitching like running water.

"Die!"

Bam!

He stretched out a huge dragon claw, grabbed hardly onto a large clump of large purple tentacles, and pulled it up with all his might.

A shriek of pain screamed from within the matrix, which sounded like a combination of a lion and a tiger but also mixed with the cries of a mountain goat.

The serrated teeth on the tentacles sawed onto Garen's dragon scales in a mad frenzy, but it could not hurt him except to barely leave a thin white mark on them.

Roar!!

Garen roared into the sky menacingly once more, shattering the layers of cloud. He grabbed madly on to the tentacles and pulled it upwards.

It was a competition of strength between these two huge forces. Garen's strength was not as powerful as this monster, but he had effectively delayed the tentacles sinking down into the matrix. However, the purple light of the matrix was fading away at a higher speed than the sinking.

That was what Garen had hoped to achieve.

" Silibala, guyiee... 1 " Suddenly a string of gibberish accompanied with the cries of an angry mountain goat rang out from the matrix.

It seemed to be a language, but it was not one that Garen understood. He ignored it and continued to pull on the tentacles so that they could not sink down instantly.

The voice suddenly changed to a different language, and in a span of tens of seconds, alternated into a dozen more languages.

Quickly, it managed to change to the Dragon language.

"You're an Ancient Dragon!! Bloody hell, only an Ancient Dragon at its absolute peak could have such tremendous strength!! Let me go and I will compensate you!!" The sound of the mountain goat rang out in urgency.

Garen's strength had far exceeded his expectations, and Garen was not afraid of his all-devouring sucker teeth. This was an outright miracle. He was just an ordinary White Dragon, but he had the strongest defense that only the Black Dragon Ancient Dragon at its peak could attain. If he knew this, he would have sent out his main tentacles to respond to the summon. That damned summoner Lich. Screw the

dimensional agreement. If he could not retrieve his tentacles this time, his actual body's will would directly be severed at the root of the dimensional link due to the Spacetime Dimensional Fissure. That would injure him fatally.

The Ruins Monster even wanted to devour the Lich's heart at this point.

"Compensation?"

Garen laughed coldly. Suddenly, he realized something, the Ruins Monster's strength had already become incapable of stopping him, seems like he was no longer an ordinary existence.

"So, you're actually an intelligent species. Alright, I want you to sign a summoning agreement!! When I require aid, I can summon you for help!"

"The power required for the summoning agreement is not something you can afford," the Ruins Monster said hurriedly. "You need 50 grams of Level Eight Soul Crystal powder, a power crystal of a creature that is at least Level Eleven! You can summon only my tentacles like the Lich. That way only Level Seven materials are needed."

"No! I just want the summoning agreement! You deal with the materials!" Garen's tone was firm. As the purple light of the matrix below started to fade away more and more, the Ruins Monster also started to panic more.

"Okay okay okay!! But only once! I have to pay a hundred times more materials than you and I can only afford it once! Any more than that and I'll rather sacrifice this part of my will!" The Ruins Monster was pissed.

"Deal!"

Garen rapidly concussed his soul as a preparation to sign the agreement. A summoning agreement was no stranger to him as a Level Five Arcane Level. After a few lines of simple chants, he exchanged coordinate information with the Ruins Monster.

From the matrix, a black and purple bracelet flew out and automatically attached to Garen's right claw.

The agreement was established, and the bracelet was the tool to summon the Ruins Monster.

This time, Garen was slightly wounded to the point where he spilled blood. If he did not get something out of it, he would have felt that it was not worth it.

Finally, he released the tentacles. With a whoosh, all the tentacles retreated swiftly into the matrix, and the purple light disappeared completely a moment later. The ground returned to its original, snowy state.

Although he now had a one-time summoning agreement with the Ruins Monster, Garen did not intend to pursue the Lich to continue their bout.

Now, unless he wasted his one-time Ruins Monster summon, otherwise in a direct confrontation against the Lich, the two sides will be quite evenly matched. Furthermore, if he could not find the other's Phylactery, even if he managed to critically damage or kill the Lich, his opponent can still reborn again in the future hence making no difference.

Speaking of which, the Lich may be stronger, but he also did not want to sacrifice too much as it was not worth the candle. Garen's power was not as strong as the opponent. The two have reached a stalemate.

Staying in the snowy plains for a little longer, Garen rested until his body was completely recovered before flapping his wings and flying away.

With this attempt of testing the waters, he had also managed to preliminarily gauge his power. He had definitely surpassed the peak of Level Nine. With the Divine Statue Technique enhancing his dragon body, he was not even fazed by the confrontation of a Level Ten Lich.

Even within the clan, he no longer had to fear the Third Elders. With Garen's current power, he could easily inflict critical damage to the Third Elders at any moment. After all, he was not a real Level Ten, but rather, he relied on the Divine Staff to reach this level, which was equivalent to the pseudo-Level-Ten.

Since he finally gained the power of self-protection, Garen had to start planning his next move.

In this war between the Mother River and this world, only by becoming a True Soul as soon as possible could he have the greatest chance of survival.

Thus, the first thing to do to reach a True Soul is to raise the Void Original Opus, and in turn, gain more Potential Points.