

Mystical 1311

Chapter 1311: Dragon Master 1

Dragon Urban Area Hotel.

Different from the Human Urban Area, the hotels and residences in the Dragon Zone varied in height and entrance level, some were high some were low. Some of them hung off a cliff, some of them were underground, while some had poisonous mist lingering around it, making it suitable for poisonous dragons to stay.

The magnitude of the building scale in this zone was huge and eye-catching, at least three to five times bigger than a regular human building. Dragons and Dragon Beasts of various sizes roamed the streets. The Dragon Beasts were horrifyingly powerful beings.

Walking from town area, one could observe that the surrounding buildings were pure white in color, while some shimmered in pale gold.

Garen and the two followed the guide's direction and arrived at a frozen, snow-covered pyramid-shaped building.

"Welcome, three honorable White Dragons." Two Dragon Lizards with seductive figures greeted them at the door. These lizards carried the dragon bloodline, and they were a mini version of the dragons. From a dragon aesthetic concept, their figures were considered sexy and suited their taste.

It was a shame that Garen did not respond to the winks thrown by these two Dragon Lizards.

"It's here," he lifted his head to look at the hotel's name, Blood of Moon Gaze.

"You must be Lord Garen?" As the two Dragon Lizards were lost in sorrow, out came another Dragon Lizard smiling saying, "Welcome to Blood of Moon Gaze, a reservation has been made for the three of you. Feel free to ask us if you require anything. Please follow me and I will show you to your room."

Garen nodded, and together with the other two, followed this slightly bigger Dragon Lizard into the pyramid. It was how he had imagined it to be, the place was compressed by space but the actual space was much more than it looked to be.

The hotel was specially designed for frozen Snow Dragons as cold, white air spurted out in funnels similar to air-conditioning, spraying down like wonderland.

There was a huge pond by the side, a few Snow Class Blue Dragons gathered closely with an old White Dragon, conversing softly.

Other than them, no other Dragon Clans could be seen.

Garen and the two entered and took a look around casually. Hive-like empty holes were everywhere.

Following the Dragon Lizard into a cave, the space within it changed and converted into a new, white frozen cave.

“This will be your room. You can knock on the door if you require anything and a waiter will come forth to serve you,” the big Dragon Lizard explained in a low voice.

“Thank you,” Garen looked around the cave. There were three independent caves divided in there. There were even special tools placed in the rooms, large-scale tools that provided dragons entertainment, such as... a huge hammock...

“If you want to play some interesting games, I can also provide some convenient services,” the Dragon Lizard chuckled.

Garen and the rest were speechless.

But seeing how Annie was implicated and stealing glances at him, she must be aroused...

Although dragons were lascivious, Garen still found it hard to comprehend their hardcore taste.

After gesturing for the Dragon Lizard to leave, the three retreated into their caves respectively. Garen had just entered his cave to rest when low moans and groans were heard coming from Annie's cave on the right.

Needless to say, Annie and Ken must be doing each other.

A human scholar once researched that apart from spending half their lives on sleeping or resting, dragons used the remaining seventy percent of their time to mate.

"Looks like there is some truth to that..." Garen was speechless.

Sleeping in a coiled-up position on the ice bed, he grabbed a bunch of frozen grapes. Tossing it into his mouth, he chewed and swallowed the sweet and sour grapes.

He began to rest and entered dreamland.

He charged to the third level with familiarity.

It was the same sealed room in a villa with a giant crow flying around it.

Garen opened his eyes and found himself sitting in the middle of the sofa.

Black ashes drizzled down lightly from the air, disappearing as soon as it landed on him.

"I have been waiting for you for a long time," Soaring Wing King's voice was heard coming from his back.

"Soaring Wing King, it was you who arranged the room?" Garen turned and stood up. He saw Soaring Wing King standing by the window, holding a staff. His back was resting on the window lattice with his eyes closed.

"Yes, are you satisfied? That's one of the popular hotels that most dragons want to visit. Blood of Moon Gaze has the blessing from the Reproduction God that could increase fertility to a certain stage," Soaring Wing King opened his eyes and gave him a naughty wink.

"Yeah, right... I don't have such a hardcore taste," Garen was speechless. "Alright now, let's talk about the plan you mentioned before."

"And your answer?"

"Answer... I can agree to it but I need some time," Garen frowned. "The time frame you confirmed is a little long."

"That's out of my hands. Other than you, I have another two candidates but they're no better than you," Soaring Wing King shook his head. "Getting in contact with that race is not just dangerous, it's troublesome."

"The God Damnator race is an enemy of God. It's the doing of the Gods that they're sealed in that dimension. Why is it your turn to suppress them now?" Garen asked.

"There're many reasons to it which you can't imagine. Moreover, this branch of God Damnatoms managed to escape the eyes of God using some special tactics. If it weren't because we noticed something amiss, and took it as one of the weapons to retaliate against the Gods, they probably would have broken out from the seal. These God Damnatoms are quite valiant, the consequences would be severe if they were to escape," Soaring Wing King explained in brief.

"So apart from guarding and reinforcing the seal, what else do I have to do?" Garen asked in detail.

"If you are able to obtain complete control at the crucial moment, and release them when we need them to be released, the Alliance would be happy. You have Enneahedron on you, you must have found a way to absorb Souls?" Soaring Wing King smiled.

"Yes."

"I need to remind you that the Enneahedron is basically snatching the Souls of this world and is the same nature as those Gods, so it is easy to be discovered by them. Once they're onto you, you will be taken care of the first minute so do not execute a massacre until necessary."

"How long do I need to defend?"

"Fifty years. During the fifty years, if you're willing, I will build a Wizard Tower in the Defending Zone. If you are alright to have the tower where the seal is, I will apply for an exemption for a majority of the materials. If you are not willing, then you would have to foot the bill yourself."

"Fifty years..." It has only been a few years since Garen arrived in this world. A price of fifty years seemed quite hefty.

The God Damnator race was a powerful existence, possessing great resistance against the existence of God and going against it.

Normally, the birth of one God Damnator would trigger fear in a country or even a dimension so the release of an entire God Damnator race would be disastrous.

It was also one of the bargaining chips that allowed the Arcanists to be able to maintain independence amongst the Gods. They held in hand with them thirteen God Damnator sealing venues and guarded the security of these seals.

Soaring Wing King wanted Garen to secure one of the locations and his goal was to have Garen grasp control of it for fifty years to cooperate with the Alliance to destroy this dimension.

"You're not the only one in this. The Alliance has sent forth another two powerful existences. It may be not successful, and the chances of success are low. We are trying our luck hence it would be best if we succeed but it's also quite alright if we don't."

"Fifty years is too long. I would need some form of compensation," Garen thought about it before continuing to bargain. Truth be told, he was already moved by it.

"If it's compensation, what do you want then?" Soaring Wing King pondered for a while. He thought highly of Garen. Even as a high-ranking Demon Lord, a development speed such as Garen's was still rare.

"I would need a large number of Demon Cores or Soul Crystals. The higher the level, the better," said Garen solemnly.

"Demon Cores? Sure, what specific level do you need?" Soaring Wing King's frown loosened up.

It might be difficult if he requested for other things, but Snow City had plenty of this Demon Cores.

"What's the most you can offer?" Garen asked.

"One level nine Demon Core, ten level eights and a hundred level sevens. What do you think?"

"It might be better if I hunt it myself then!" Garen exclaimed in disdain. "Hunting a few level nine beings in the ocean of another dimension is a lot more than what you're offering."

"It seems you're akin to things related to the Soul. Perhaps there's a thing you may like," Soaring Wing King smiled. "The Despair Head of Annas."

He gestured an arch with his finger and a floating silhouette instantly appeared midair. It was a gleaming skull.

As soon as this thing appeared, Garen felt a vast potential aura surging over but disappeared almost immediately as though it was all in his head.

"This is an unprecedented, semi-divine weapon left behind by a powerful godly being upon passing. It used to be a part of a death staff divine weapon. It was then disassembled so it's a semi-divine weapon," Soaring Wing King noticed that Garen was visibly moved.

“This semi-divine weapon can falsify and steal the power of belief. In it harbor the torrenting will of a great god. It could restrain any existence lower than your own level and decrease their reaction by two levels.”

Garen gazed at this semi-divine weapon intensely, unable to turn his sight away. He was lacking a multitude of Potential Points in the original void and this semi-divine weapon harbored at least a few thousand Potential Points. It was the greatest reservoir he had ever seen.

After putting many thoughts to it, Garen lifted his head.

“It’s a deal then.”

“Great,” Soaring Wing King was satisfied. “And if you would like to join the Blood War, it will not be a problem. I can send you directly to Ten Thousand Abyss Plains. The condition is that you must return alive or else everything will be wasted.”

“Of course,” answered Garen.

Waking up from his dream, it was already the morning of the next day.

Garen recalled the matters he agreed with Soaring Wing King, about the semi-divine weapon and guarding the sealing venue. These were two important matters.

He touched his right leg. A huge tumor grew at the back of it. It was obvious in red and seemed to be growing bigger.

“I need more Potential Points, more Souls... I will need to go to Blood Wars. The real battle fifty years later will kill me if I’m not strong enough...”

“Master Garen, someone’s is here asking for you, saying that you’re an old acquaintance who came all the way to visit you,” Annie whispered from outside.

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“Old acquaintance?” Garden could not recall of anybody from Snow City who was an old acquaintance.

“Male or female?”

“A female. She seemed elegant and strong,” Annie answered honestly.

“I’ll go take a look,” Garen really could not think of anybody knowing him here. Soaring Wing King would definitely not contact him out of the blue, otherwise, communications with Void beings would be exposed and he would be dragged into it too.

Stepping out of his cave, Garen only saw Annie present. Ken was out of sight but he was not bothered. Dragon Guards too have their own personal time and space.

Approaching the frozen cave’s door and experiencing a dimensional distortion, Garen appeared at the pyramid hotel’s entrance.

A petite girl stood out among the large beasts which were bustling around the busy streets.

Standing outside the hotel waiting for him was a cute, little girl dressed in a white blouse and black-laced skirt. She had light brown, wavy bangs and two, long ponytails tied up which tailed all the way down to her waist. Her skin was fair and delicate, giving an impression of a next-door sweetheart.

In her hands were a bouquet of white roses. Standing at the entrance of the hotel circled by large beasts, she seemed fragile and timid, and others could not help feeling the want to protect her.

This was the Dragon Urban Area, the residence and activity zone of large beasts. It was incomprehensible for a human to come over.

Garen and Annie caught sight of the girl as soon as they came out. She was hard to miss.

She was just too cute. Her pouted tender pink lips and puffy cheeks indicated that she was a little unhappy from waiting long.

But the second she saw Garen walking out, the little girl beamed with joy.

“It’s Garen! I finally see you! My beloved Lord Garen!!” She darted forward towards Garen, opening her arms. Her voluptuous breasts were undisguisedly facing Garen’s direction.

The Dragons around cast envious looks. This was typical, throwing oneself into somebody’s arm gesture. If Dragons knew of the Ultimate Transformation Spell, they could enjoy a long sexual lifestyle. No Dragon would let go of such a cute worshiper that even if one could not transform, any form of sexual activity would be considered a fortunate event.

Garen had not even gathered what was happening when he saw the girl darting over.

Dragons have natural urges, and the little girl’s heavy aura could not help but instigated hot-blooded impulses.

Garen could not help but opened his arms wide, fearing that the little girl would stumble on to the ground. Very quickly though, he realized something was not right. How could there be such a circumstance when his willpower was normally strong.

It was then that the little girl’s expression in her eyes changed. With a swish, the bouquet of roses in her hands turned into an exceptionally large, heavy metal hammer. It was engraved with countless dark golden characters, and the aura flowing on it surpassed that of level nine. It was a semi-divine weapon!

“Hahaha!! Another genius dragon is mine!!! Hahaha!!!” The little girl laughed maniacally, an extreme contrast with the earlier, cute appearance.

“A Dragon Master!!” Garen’s heart skipped a beat, startled. The metal hammer in the seemingly cute little girl’s was a heavy, unavoidable threat to Garen.

Given the extremely close distance, he would not be able to dodge in time. He decisively charged forward in full force.

Wham!!!

The huge collision burst open a wave of faint ripples around him.

The little girl’s face changed. She knew it was not good. Even if she was able to restrain Garen during this impact, she would suffer fatal injuries. The loss outweighed the gain.

“Damn you! To be my personal slave is your luck, yet you dare retaliate!!?” She shouted out loud. She immediately retrieved the contracted glow on the hammer and turned her focus on defending her body.

Wham!!!

The entire street rumbled from the impactful collision. The street surface between Garen and the little girl cracked open a rift. Snow City’s automated repair machinery went to work immediately, and the rift was repaired at visible velocity.

Garen rammed mercilessly onto the little girl. Strangely enough, the little girl’s physique looked light but she was in fact as heavy as a mountain. He only managed to knock her over, flipping three to four rounds before she stabilized herself.

“Don’t you dare escape!!”

The little girl screamed, as she stood firmly and wielded her little arm in the air. Three Red Dragons instantly charged out from her back towards Garen.

The three Red Dragons were in adult form. As they charged towards Garen, the dynamic air current pressed on both sides, high heat radiation spread out causing the temperature to increase rapidly.

“Let me!” Annie dashed ahead towards a Red Dragon. Ken too seemed to charge out of nowhere towards another Red Dragon.

The remaining Red Dragon pounced at Garen ferociously. There was no killing intent, but a bitter smile flashed across its eyes.

“Don’t fight it, it will save everybody’s time.”

Garen did not even look at him as his body suddenly expanded. His tail whipped out, leaving behind a trail of shadow.

With a loud wham, the Red Dragon was struck away, tumbling into the opposite building, creating ripples on the building’s protective film surface.

Beep!!

The alarm sounded in the Urban Area. Sounds of giant dragons’ fluttering wings could be heard from a distance. The security was on their way.

“Rola!” The Dragon Master girl screeched in a sharp voice.

Swish!

A shackle glowing in light yellow burst out from her chest, trespassing space and appeared in front of Garen’s chest before binding itself tightly around Garen.

Garen was shocked. The chain was abnormally sturdy that even his eighty point strength could not break him free.

The Dragon Master laughed in delight. With a gesture of her little hand, space tore open. She jumped into it, and Garen disappeared together with her.

The Red Dragons turned into shadows and disappeared completely in a puff.

“Contract, I swear with my Soul that you will forever submit to me, never resisting. What’s yours is mine, what’s mine is mine, not yours. You and I are one body yet separated. I swear to love you wholeheartedly, and willing to be lifetime partners with you. Together we rise, together we fall. We’ll spend when we have money, drink when we have water...”

A mess of chants rung in Garen’s ear.

He woke up leisurely from his momentary unconsciousness from the space-time teleportation, finding that he was still tied up. The little girl in black skirt was in front of him, muttering some weird incantation.

Wham!

Instinctively, his tail lashed out. The little girl flew at the sound and knocked only something violently before crying out loud.

“Damn you, Garen, don’t you know I hate it the most when someone hits my face!! You’re dead! You’re so dead!! Ah!!! Let me go, I want to kill him!!!”

At a wall of the cave not far away, the little girl was screaming, flipped, as she was held back by a Black Dragon helplessly.

One side of the little girl’s face was swollen from the tail’s whip.

Garen then realized that he was inside some cave. It was dark everywhere, except for a few spots lit up by some candles.

Eight giant dragons gathered around. There were Black Dragons, Red Dragons, Purple Dragons and Blue Dragons. He was the only White Dragon.

“I say, young lady, this fellow is only a White Dragon. Do you really want us all to concentrate our powers to restrain him?”

“Duh!!” Dragon Master Asilia screeched. “He is the strongest White Dragon in history, how can you all idiots compare to him!!?”

“Young lady, it’s not nice to hear that,” a Black Dragon replied listlessly. “It’s just a slightly stronger White Dragon, he could not be stronger than any of us Black Dragons?”

“Even my powers weren’t able to restrain him! You guys wait till he terrorizes you all!” Asilia continued to cuss out loud.

“If you can’t restrain him, all you will be scrubbing the toilet! Scrub! Toilet! Ahhhhhh!!” Asilia seemed to lose her mind a lot, as she started to shriek again while pulling her hair.

Seeing the expressions on the surrounding giant dragons, it was obvious that they were quite used to it.

Garen stood up, flipping his huge dragon tail.

“Dragon Master Asilia? You look like a kid who hasn’t grown up.”

“What!? How dare you say I’m a kid!?!? You’re dead! You’re sooo dead! Wait till we are bounded by contract and I’ll have you scrub the toilet for three hundred days! Three hundred days!!!” Asilia obviously believed that scrubbing toilets were the ultimate punishment.

"Alright, let's begin," the Black Dragon listlessly said. "I want to continue enjoying my life after this, I don't have time to waste here."

"Alright, little Asilia, stand further away. We are gathering our powers, don't let us hurt you," a female Red Dragon smiled.

"I'm joining in too!!" Asilia jumped in.

"No, there's no need. Although you share one-third of our powers, your body can't fully use this tremendous power. It's better for you to sit on the side and observe," a Blue Dragon reminded gently.

Garen looked at the eight dragons encircling him. Dragon Master Asilia seemed to be on good terms with these contracted giant dragons. These giant dragons did not seem unwilling. What an odd contracted relationship.

"Four adult dragons, four young dragons. You're willing to be this little girl's contracted giant dragon? How strange," Garen muttered.

If this was the only case, then it was fine but these dragons were not any regular dragons. They all had a special, rippling aura on them. Asilia must have her eye on their individual strengths.

"There's nothing strange. Once you sign the contract, you'll understand why," a Blue Dragon said lightly. "Although I don't know why Asilia took a fancy to you, a White Dragon, she must have her reasons with her decision."

Once the master-slave contract was formalized, there would be no secret. Garen did not want his biggest secret exposed but these eight dragons had some special formation that could combine their powers together. He was now tied up by that light yellow shackles that weakened his body by a tad.

"On behalf of Snow city, if you let me go now, I can still forgive you," Garen said solemnly. Asilia was the daughter of the Silver Tower Master in Snow City. Unless pushed to the extreme, he really did not want to offend this ability which peaked in the mortal world. As the President of Snow City, that monstrous old man held in hand a terrifying authority that was similar to King Gus. He was also at the range of the Silver Tower powers.

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“How arrogant,” a Purple Dragon answered listlessly. “Let’s do it so this little one will learn to respect his stronger elders.”

“Hehehe...” The Black Dragon rubbed his claws and snickered.

This group of fellows seemed to be quite the oddballs.

Garen had already made his point so he was not going to waste any more breath and got up. A layer of white golden color started to spread out over his scales.

“This little guy is about to make a big one, restrain him!!” The Purple Dragon shouted out loud.

The group of giant dragons bolted over. With Garen in the middle, the surrounding eight giant dragons stuck themselves onto the transparent barrier beside Garen, unleashing rays in varying tones of color.

Their movements paused for a moment before a powerful, large force burst out.

“Dragon Force Formation! This is the Dragon Force Formation I devoted myself to creating, you can’t escape now, hahaha!!!” Asilia had her hands on her waist as she laughed hysterically.

“You little pipsqueak better be prepared to lick my ass! Ha! Ha! Ha!”

This fellow was getting out of hand.

It was at this moment when the large multitude of colors clicked, and a horrifying white golden glow broke out from the chained shackles. Garen's body expanded rapidly into multiplying folds of his original size to twice the size of an adult giant dragon.

He gently swiped his massive tail.

Wham!!

The assembled Dragon Force Formation by the eight giant dragons crushed. The eight dragons flew out from the impact, whizzing in high-velocity wind.

"What!!??" Asilia was stunned and wham, she was knocked right in the face by one of the flying Red Dragons.

Wham!

She crashed violently onto the wall before tumbling down together with the Red Dragon. A human and a dragon laid on the ground whimpering, not being able to get up.

Bam, bam.

In just two steps, Garen came before her. He extended his large claw to dangle her up, as his tail made another sweep on a giant dragon which was trying to get up.

"Little girl, there's a price to pay for being so arrogant," he dangled Asilia by the collar like a pendulum.

"Let... me... go!!" Asilia shouted weakly. She was alright from that dreadful bang onto the wall. She must share much of the Dragon Force that her vitality was similar to a dragon's.

Roar!!

A Black Dragon bit Garen's wings from behind.

Garen swung his body casually, and the Black Dragon was tossed into the wall by Garen's wings. Runes appeared on the wall, but the wall did not crumble. The Black Dragon instead was smashed to the point that he was incognizant, with blood bleeding out of his seven apertures.

Wham! Wham! Wham!!

With three consecutive knocks, the claw on Garen's wing let go of the Black Dragon and left him to free fall. He had lost his strength to retaliate.

"You're next," Garen looked at Asilia. His malicious eyes gave this little girl the chills.

"No, you can't do this to me!" She shrieked.

"You can ambush me, yet I can't return the favor?" Garen curled his lips into a smile, "or maybe, you have another choice."

"What... what other choices?"

"Let me eat you," Garen made out an evil face.

"Ah!!!!" Asilia cried out loud. "You're dead!! Dead!! How dare you bully me!! My father will not let you go!!"

Garen's ears were ringing, his eardrums hurt from her sharp screeching.

"Stop crying!! Stop crying!!!" He roared.

But her voice got louder and louder, crispier and crispier, stabbing hard into his brain.

“Wa...! I’m going to die!!!” Asilia continued to wail.

Garen felt something sticky leaking out of his ears. He touched it. It was White Dragon blood!

He immediately tossed Asilia away.

But a terrifying force froze her in midair. Asilia’s cries continued but her eyes flashed a white silvery glow.

Garen felt his body weakened. He scanned his status. This voice depressed an average of ten attribute points.

He dared not stay on further and made a dash to the cave’s entrance. This Dragon Master was too weird. He glanced at the eight giant dragons on the ground. These fellows were conversing while lying on the ground, only the Black Dragon was wiping off blood from his body with a long face.

“I say, that fellow must not be able to withstand, right?” The purple dragon said while lying down.

“Once Asilia’s ultimate technique is out, it is without parallel! She is the direct bloodline of that lord after all.”

“There will be another companion joining us soon.”

“Isn’t that great? This time, this fellow is not just your regular valiant. We are easily shaken off.”

“You, a Purple Dragon, come talking to us about strength?”

“Let’s see how long he’ll last?”

“I’m betting ten seconds.”

“I bet one minute. He must be immune from level nine spellcraft. Tsk tsk, no wonder the young lady was so hung up on it. Already immune to level nine spellcraft at such a young age, you can just imagine how strong he will be in the future.”

“It can be a little troublesome. Such a young talent, if Tiamat were to get word of it...”

“It’s okay. It’s Snow City here, the territory of Ola. Tiamat can only rot in purgatory and abyss.”

The giant dragons were unharmed from the soundwave due to the contract, so they were in the mood to do small talks.

But Garen was not in the most pleasant mood. He felt the scales on his body loosening up. This sound wave of an energy seemed to be equivalent to a level nine Succubus’ Wail, perhaps even more powerful and could last forever. He might be immune to level nine spellcraft, but this sort of long-term damage would loiter.

Wham!

Garen hammered himself heavily onto the transparent barrier in the cave, creating clear ripples.

The massive force quaked the entire cave.

The eight giant dragons looked over with their jaws dropped. They didn’t think that Garen possessed such powerful strength.

Asilia was startled as well, and she stopped shrieking. The white silvery color in her eyes finally faded away.

Garen glanced at her in pain. He finally understood the reason why the three elders warned him to stay away from Dragon Masters. This little one... was just so strange.

The earlier powers... did not seem it could be wielded by just anybody. It was obvious Asilia harbored with her a deep secret. This secret must be related to the upper levels amongst Arcanists. He really did not want to be tied down to anything prestigious this early.

He gave another hard ram.

With a bang, the walls of the cave crumbled. The entire cave contorted and the scenery around changed. Garen suddenly found himself back in the streets of the hotel.

The guards and patrolling flying dragons had tightened their security around. His sudden appearance did not cause a panic but quickly, a lean elegant Blue Dragon walked up.

"You look fine?" The Blue Dragon was surprised. "Don't worry, Asilia has been taken away by the Tower Master to be taught a lesson. This time, she was too irrational. The Tower Master will be giving all dragons a satisfactory answer and compensation."

There were large groups of level two and three elites patrolling around here with a few veiled powerful auras that could be felt.

It looked as though that the attack had triggered a negative impact in Snow City.

The Blue Dragon blocked the mess on Garen. He was slightly surprised and felt pitiful. If Asilia and Garen had succeeded in binding a contract, things would be easier to take care of. The contract binding failed so Silver Tower would need to pacify the dragons with a satisfactory answer, otherwise, any dragon with the slightest talent would be forced to sign a contract and no Dragon Clan would ever want to cooperate with Snow City and that could be troublesome.

A few old dragons wielding white staffs flew over from a distance and landed gently by Garen.

"Thank Tiamat that Master Garen you're all okay. We are already in serious negotiations with Silver Tower. Don't you worry, this time we will definitely uphold justice for you!" They held with them a White Dragon Mountain emblem. They must be representatives of White Dragon Mountain. They reeked of heavy divine powers of Dragon God. They were Tiamat's dragon pastors.

Rushing over at the very first moment, they were here to brown nose.

Garen responded with a smile and exchanged greetings in gesture of graciousness. Soon, the group of dragons sent Garen off to the hotel to rest. Of course, it was not the same hotel but another. Ken and Annie rushed over, with a strong adult Black Dragon following behind them. Another exchange of politeness, this Black Dragon was a level ten in charge of coordination between humans and dragons in Snow City. Ken and Annie had apparently gone off to seek help.

A few of the White Dragons with contracts with Snow City nobles came over to express support. Garen responded all with open arms. The representative of Silver Tower, a level eight old wizard came over, showing concern and apologized on behalf. He also offered plenty of options in compensation.

The situation caused by the Dragon Master was then laid to rest but Garen was now wary of Asilia.

That white silvery eyes really stunk of godliness.

A shop in Dragon Urban Area.

Garen and his two Dragon Guards were hanging around in a department store swamped with various large beasts. There was no sight of any human. They were all large beasts with huge body types. Dragons were the main customers while the rests were oddly shaped dragon beasts or highly intelligent large beasts.

The boss was a large octopus ten of meters in height. Each of its tentacles has eyes, a natural surveillance camera.

The store sold many unique sparkly items. Some were enchanted while others were natural treasure, jewels or crystals. There were even unknown mysterious items. The lowest price was set at over a million gold coins, definitely not your regular rip off.

Garen stood behind two large-headed monsters, looking at a transparent crystal ball on the counter.

“Boss, how much is this?”

He squeezed in and grabbed the crystal ball, asking.

The octopus monster reached out a tentacle and sized Garen up.

“Twenty million, non-negotiable.”

“Void Crystal. It can imprison a soul from another world level eight above but below level ten. A must-have to build a Wizard Tower.”

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Garen nodded.

It was a must-have item to build an Advanced Wizard Tower and this item alone cost twenty million gold coins. Although its price was rather exaggerated, he would have already guessed that the materials required to build an Advanced Wizard Tower would be incredibly expensive.

He had obtained a batch of unique and shiny treasures that was adored by the Dragon Clan from the Silver Tower as compensation since his encounter with Asilia.

Then, he brought this wealth along with him and started to inquire about relevant materials required to building a Wizard Tower to estimate the total cost required.

He managed to estimate the total cost needed within a few days and the total expenditure was no lower than what Soaring Wing King had said.

He also gained a valuable piece of information in the past few days. He finally had a full understanding of Snow City and its circumstances.

This city was saturated with idle mercenaries and travelers ranging from Level Two to Level Five. The Battle Wizards, Mercenary Warriors, the Berserk Barbarians and the Dwarves formed the majority and next in line was the humans. Most of the pure humans here were high levels and the follow-ups were hybrids related to the humans such as Hybrid Half-Elf, Barbarians, and Human Hybrids. There were a lot of hybrids between humans and succubus such as the Wizard Disciple, who greeted Garen, had the rare Succubus blood flowing through his body.

The pure humans who had the courage to visit here were typically at least Great Wizard Level and above as this place was termed as the Wizard City. Great Wizards were often spotted in the streets as they were not considered valuable here.

Garen could sense one or two hidden presences that threatened him as he looked down the street.

“No wonder the Snow City is often said to be as strong as an empire.”

After having a clear overall picture of the items' prices, Garen went straight to the bookstore to buy a complete set of Basic Arcane Spellcraft books. He spent at least a hundred thousand on the books and ordered Ken to purchase the basic ingredients for the types of Spellcraft for research purposes.

He himself brought Annie along to the Wizard Tower located in the inner city where the Soaring Wing King lived.

It was the Dwarf Urban Area the moment he got out of the Dragon Urban Area. As Garen was not allowed to stop moving, he went passed through the Dwarf Urban Area directly towards the entrance of the Transportation Formation so that he could head directly to the address which Soaring Wing King had given him.

The transportation was incredibly fast as Garen immediately arrived at the Soaring Wing King's Wizard Tower – Black Crow Tower.

“Please wait for a moment. The Tower Master is currently giving his honorable guest his daily treatment.”

The Wizard Apprentice was a young and busty girl. She explained to Garen softly as she served him hot, concentrated tea.

Garen’s body had shrunk to the size of a dragon whelp so it was not a problem for him to sit on a slightly larger chair. On the other hand, it was not possible for Annie so she could only lay on the ground, resting while observing the surroundings cautiously with her dragon eyes.

The Black Crow Tower was one of the tallest towers out of the few hundreds of Wizard Towers. This was related to the social standing of the Soaring Wing King as he was a member of the Snow City and Grey Shadow Society at the same time. He was one of the highest members that could decide the fate of the Snow City.

Afterall, one would not be able to spot a Level Twelve anywhere. Hence, it was only natural for him to reach such a social standing with his strength.

Garen waited for a while and the Soaring Wing King soon appeared in this floor with a crutch.

He looked rather tired and he seemed to have exhausted a lot of his strength.

Garen stood up.

“Good day, your honorable Soaring Wing King.”

“The powerful White Dragon genius. I’ve heard of your reputation the moment I reached the city. Hehe. How can I treat you?” He was one of the renowned, best therapists in the Snow City as well.

Both of them acted as if they do not know each other.

"Of course not. The reason I'm here is because of this." Garen flicked his finger and shot out a pile of white mist which automatically formed into a clear image in mid-air, revealing his advanced technique in controlling the chilled air.

The image only appeared for a second. It was actually a pointless symbol and a signal of the promise between them.

It meant that Garen had finished his preparation and had come to fulfill the contract.

The Soaring Wing King smiled faintly.

"I understand. When do you plan to depart?" He was asking when he was going to participate in the Blood Wars at the Ten Thousand Abyss Plains located in the Abyss.

"I can go whenever I want since I can prepare myself at any given moment," Garen replied confidently. He had to strengthen himself within fifty years and the Blood Wars was the fastest and best option for him to hunt for Souls. Naturally, this was the assumption that he could survive.

"You should go and get prepared. You'll need all of the essentials, otherwise, you'll only know how valuable they are when you need them most." The Soaring Wing King reminded him in a friendly manner.

Garen nodded.

He wished to purchase some above average medicine from the Soaring Wing King as well since the Abyss' Blood Wars was filled with terrifying wars ranging from low levels to high levels. Despite him being a Level Nine being, it was of his best interest to not underestimate the harsh environment there.

Garen did not wish to stay in Snow City any longer as he had a feeling that the Dragon Master Asilia would not give up that easily. Hence, he decided to participate in the Blood Wars as soon as possible.

Entering a room together, Soaring Wing King sprinkled a huge amount of Isolation Powder, enacting an absolute divine barrier which ensured that the environment was safe to talk freely.

“Okay, I’ve prepared all of the items you required. The High-Grade Transporation Scroll, Positioning Stone, High-Grade Recovery Ointment and the Emergency Guard. Since you’re immune to Level Nine Spells, most of the Gain Scrolls are ineffective against you as well.” The Soaring Wing King reminded again, “You have to be careful out there. It is the eternal battlefield between Demon Batz and Tanar’ri. Try not to reveal your full strength as much as possible. Regardless if it’s the Abyss or the Nine Layers of Hell, there exist beings comparable to the Demigods and even the Evil Gods live in one of the layers as well. I don’t wish for you to die there this early and your corpse turning into materials. That would mean that our contract is ruined for good. I’ll ask you one last time, are you sure you want to go into the Blood Wars?”

He asked him in all seriousness.

“I’m very sure,” Garen nodded. Although Garen knew of the dangers of the Blood Wars, it was the only place that he could grow quickly. In this material plane, he would require a huge amount of Demon Cores in order to achieve his desired strength.

Recently, he felt that his body is undergoing a strange evolution. Thorns started to grow on his back and it seemed that he would be entering a new evolution soon.

Furthermore, he wanted to see for himself the horrifying war between the legendary Demon Tanar’ri and Devil Batz.

Regardless if it was the Potential Points or Enneahedron, both of these would require a huge amount of stolen Souls. This was a huge taboo in the material plane and would be easily detected by the God. However, it was entirely different in the Abyss.

“It’s not an easy task to find a more suitable person than you. I wish you good luck.” The Soaring Wing King said regrettably. “However, I believe that we Demon Kings are beings who experienced and survived countless battles and we will not simply die in this world.”

“That’s but of course,” Garen smiled as he curled his lips.

“These are your items.” Soaring Wing King passed a small ring to Garen, he took it and glanced at the contents inside. The Semi-Divine Weapon that was promised was included in it as well. Food, drinks, medicine and so on were all well prepared.

“Do you need armor and weapon?”

“What kind of armor is tougher than my scales? Weapon? My claw is much more powerful than any weapon existed,” Garen said without a care in the world.

“That’s true.” Soaring Wing King nodded. “When do you plan to leave? I’ll make preparations as well.”

“Let’s do it today.” Although he had only stayed in a small corner of the Snow City for a few days, he had yet to immerse himself in the city’s atmosphere, but given his concerns from being targeted by the Dragon Master, he did not wish to stay any longer.

“You can tell two of my guards the truth when I leave. I don’t wish to be dragged by them both.”

“How pitiful to call two Level Eight beings a burden,” Soaring Wing King shook his head. “By the way, you have to be cautious when you’re using the Despair Head of Annas. Most of the demons and devils in the Abyss are very sensitive towards souls and beliefs and you’ll be easily spotted.”

“I understand.” Garen nodded. Other than having an enormous amount of Potential Aura, this item is very useful in gathering Soul Energy. He could collect the Souls that had died in the war on the battlefield. However, he had to be discreet about it as collecting Souls would be equivalent to snatching the goods away from the Abyss.

“Do you have the overall intel of the Abyss?”

“I only have the intel for Ten Thousand Abyss Plains. There are a lot of steel fortresses built by the Devils. Since their management is very strict, you can only participate in the war alongside with the demons,” Soaring Wing King explained.

“What about those Demon Kings that had departed before me?”

“We lost contact with them. The chaos in the Abyss would cut off all communication from the material plane. Hence we are unable to keep in touch with them at all times.”

Garen then compared the intel he had obtained from Ann as he inquired about the Abyss’s intel and information.

There were two lowest and most basic life forms in the Abyss. The first one was the Demonic Worms, which was also known as the Abyss Maggots. They were the initial form of all demons and would slowly evolve via the trial of survival of the fittest.

The second life form was the Prayer.

When the Soul had been corrupted by the Abyss, the Soul would become distorted. They were at the very bottom of the hierarchy and were the workers and slaves. Some of them were even turned into materials for battleships.

Next in line were the demons in varieties of shapes and sizes. Among all of the demons, the Tanar’ri’s clan was the strongest and was the main force that fought against the Devils in the Blood Wars.

After having a clearer understanding of the situation, Garen found a portion of the Abyss’ most recent map. Since the geography of the Abyss often changed, it was not necessary to keep them for the long term.

He had also obtained another information from the Soaring Wing King. The largest Spacetime Dimension Fissure had been opened somewhere in the south and there were a huge amount of Void Creatures of different types gushing out from it. The priests from the major Gods and even the Divine Officers and Bishops had already gone to the scene

The Void Lords and the True Souls had engaged in a large scale war as they tried to secure the lands as their base.

As all of the Gods were paying attention on this end, the Demon Lords who had hidden hoped that they could grow quickly so that they could be on the field in fifty years time.

After making everything clear, Garen sent the two Dragon Guards back as he stayed behind to learn a thing or two related to the requirement to increase his Arcane Techniques from the Soaring Wing King. Naturally, he had to pay for it. Finally, he went back to the hotel with the Despair Skull, Semi-Divine weapon, and the signed contract.

There was one thing that he had to do before he went to the Blood Wars. He had to absorb the huge amount of potential aura from the Despair Skull. He would be able to reach a new height before participating in the Blood Wars if he were successful.

Chapter 1315: Disturbance 1

Evening hours.

Inside the Black Crow Tower.

After Garen and his underling dragons left the area, a small human figure came rushing in noisily through the Black Crow Tower's main entrance.

"Hahaha! I, the young miss, have returned! Garen! Get your ass out here! You're so dead this time!!" The small Dragon Master placed her arms on her hips as she laughed maniacally. Behind her was a sincere and honest looking tall man in black armor holding a two-meter-long hammer in his hand.

"Where's Garen?! Where's Garen!! I've received intel that he came to this place!!" Asilia shouted.

The waiters serving on that floor of the Black Crow Tower stared at her calmly as the Wizard leader of a class came up and greeted her respectfully.

"Your honorable Miss Dragon Master, Master Garen left just a while ago."

“Left?! What about Sir Black Crow?” Asilia’s eyes widened.

“He left as well. He headed out to look for some materials.” The female Wizard responded softly.

“That freaking immortal!” Asilia muttered softly. “He left? Fine. Considered myself unlucky! Did that brat Garen mention where he’s going when he left?”

“Uhm... no.” The female Wizard was shocked. How big of a hatred did one require to chase after a person in a residential area?

The female Wizard then stared curiously at the man behind Asilia. She unintentionally spotted the green black tattoo on the man’s body, chills went down her spine as she was stunned.

“Law Enforcer!?”

She was shocked as this Dragon Master had even called out a Law Enforcer, who was a main elite from the Silver Tower! They were the legendary elites who stood at the pinnacle of the Level Nine and they could face against a Level Ten for a long period of time with the top of the line equipment they had on them. Furthermore, the Law Enforcer was able to summon the shapeless and transparent Law Enforcers for assistance. These Law Enforcers were all Level Eight and all of them were the standard terrifyingly powerful killing machines.

“Whatever, he should consider himself very lucky!” Asilia was extremely unhappy since she was not able to obtain any intel on Garen. She then turned around and stomped her way out through the main entrance.

The stupid looking big guy followed her out as well.

Those who had visited the Black Crow Tower were high-level characters that were feared by many. Those people who were Level Seven and above had trained themselves for decades, so it would only be natural for them to have the basic experience and knowledge required. As a Wizard City, it was virtually impossible to encounter a powerful single unit Warrior. However, extremely smart Wizards could be seen all over the streets.

Although some Wizards acted on impulse, there was a common trait that all Wizards would have. It was that they were all not idiots.

The Law Enforcer was one of the violent individuals that should not be messed with the most in Snow City. This was something that could be clearly observed by the people who had visited the Snow City.

Hence there was not a single verbal conflict as Asilia walked out of the area with her man like a God of Plague.

After she had left for ten minutes or so.

Phew...

A sigh of relief could be heard at the very top of the Black Crow Tower.

Spiral Hotel.

“The special envoys from the White Dragon Mountain had been waiting for you for many hours.” The Dragon Lizard from the hotel told Garen softly.

A Level One Sound Transmission Spell was enchanted on a button as the noise was sent directly into Garen’s ears.

He was bringing Annie and Ken along and the moment they reached the hotel, he heard of such news relating to the special envoys.

“Special envoys from the White Dragon Mountain?” Garen instantly knew the objective of the opposing party.

“How many dragons are there?”

“A total of two and they’re all in their human forms.” The Dragon Lizard hostess replied softly.

“In their human forms huh?” Garen was slightly startled as he knew that the big shots had arrived. Those who were able to freely use the Ultimate Transformation Spell were at least a Level Nine Arcane Technique Masters. Furthermore, all of the key members of the White Dragon Mountain were of this level. This meant that they valued Garen a lot in order for them to send two members to see him.

“Be careful Master Garen. The White Dragon Mountain has been unfriendly towards us from the very beginning,” Ken reminded him softly from the side.

“I know,” Garen gently nodded as he signaled Annie with his gaze.

The three of them walked towards the Teleportation Points in their own respective caves. Number plates were erected on dozens of the Teleportation Points and Garen stepped into it as he found his number.

Colorful lights flashed across his eyes for a few moments and everything instantly brightened up instantly after.

He then found himself appearing in the center of a wide beehive-like cave.

The cave was white as it was completely covered with snow. Blue and White Dragons could be seen flying in and out of it and a few human-looking dragons could be seen standing beside the wine cooler at one corner. They were unexpectedly dressed in simple, summer wear.

Garen knew that as long as they were powerhouses without any special physical characteristic, they would require to enhance their temperature energy field in order to sustain in this central cave, which was an environment that was negative ten degrees Celsius cold. These humans who were chatting freely in front of him had no apparent spells activated. It was obvious that they were not human since they were able to stay in this environment naturally.

“The White Dragon Mountain’s Emblem.” Annie’s eyes sharpened as she was able to immediately spot the White Dragon shaped emblem pinned onto the two male and female’s chest. It was a simple outline of the White Dragon’s body and it looked clean and vivid.

Garen took the first move and walked towards them.

The two special envoys from the White Dragon Mountain spotted Garen coming towards them and the people around them started to leave respectfully. These people were friendly allies of the White Dragon Mountain and all of them were powerhouses who could use the Ultimate Transformation Spell. The weakest one was a Level Nine and there was also a Level Ten female lady walking towards Garen with a friendly smile.

Garen smiled back politely in response as well.

Level Nine and Level Ten was a very crucial gap as it would be extremely difficult to go across this wall. There were at least dozens of Level Nine beings that were unable to advance further. However, those who were able to reach Level Ten were basically able to become a member of the Snow City.

Since this woman was not a member, it was obvious that she was a powerhouse from other places. Afterall, it would be normal to assume that the Level Ten members would have their own social circles.

However, the most important crux was not this but a Level Ten would definitely have a powerful force backing them.

After sending this powerhouse off with his gaze, Garen then turned his head around and greeted the two special envoys from the White Dragon Mountain politely.

“I heard that you, two special envoys, have come to seek for me the moment I return. If I recall correctly, our clan and the White Dragon Mountain doesn’t see eye to eye, right...?”

His words were very respectful and straightforward.

The male envoy from White Dragon Mountain frowned for a moment before loosening up.

“That is indeed true. However,” he glanced at the two White Dragons behind Garen.

“The demarcation line for a clan should not be this obvious for a true White Dragon genius. Regardless, we White Dragons are a clan, am I wrong?” He gave a smile to show his friendly gesture.

“Okay, there’s no doubt about it. So what brings the both of you to seek for me?” Garen asked without beating around the bush.

“Obviously, we want you to return to our main clan, the White Dragon Clan.” The female envoy smiled gently as she said happily.

“Return?” Garen was not surprised since his reputation obviously had spread from the Underground City and the Dragon Master’s incident here in Snow City. His reputation would eventually spread towards the White Dragon Mountain. Only an idiot would not recruit a genius White Dragon that appeared out of the blue.

“The main clan has the best Legendary Crystals. Furthermore, we also have a large amount of inheritance, Semi-Divine Weapon, and Divine Weapons left behind by the Ancient Dragons. You may even obtain a personal guidance from Tiamat’s embodiment. As long as you have enough talent, accumulating everything should not be a problem for you.”

“The most crucial thing is that you’ll be under the protection of the White Dragon Mountain as long as you hand over the Pearl of the Temple.” The male special envoy smiled gently as they finally state their visit’s main purpose.

“Do you know? The Dragon Master has already mobilized a Law Enforcer to capture you.” As long as you hand over the Pearl of the Temple, we can protect you under the name of the White Dragon Mountain since even the Silver Tower is not able to ignore the White Dragon Mountain’s social standing.” The female special envoy said rather arrogantly.

Garen and Annie thought that they had heard wrongly as their expressions suggested that they did not hear what they had said clearly.

Did the White Dragon Mountain come all the way here to crack a joke? That was the first thing Garen thought. Did they decide to get their hands on the Pearl of the Temple?

Rumors had it that the White Dragon Mountain had become more and more arrogant and domineering as of late. Garen thought that it was just a rumor but he felt that the rumor was real when he came in contact with them...

"The Pearl of the Temple is an extremely valuable treasure. Even the Demigod would be tempted if they know that a person of a caliber such as you are wielding it. You won't have enough strength to protect it. It's better for you to trade it in for the White Dragon Mountain's friendship instead of leaving it as a seed of misfortunes. You can also be recruited into us along the way to obtain an even greater protection." The female envoy said in a proud tone.

"Protection?" Garen was on the verge of laughter instead of being angry. "Do you think I, Garen, requires protection from anyone?"

"The Law Enforcer who stands at the pinnacle of Level Nine is able to fight toe to toe against a Level Ten with their equipment. Are you sure you can escape from them?" The male envoy seemed to be threatening him as he spoke.

"Protect me? You guys?" Garen smirked. What kind of joke was that? The Soaring Wing King was situated in the Snow City. Although he was not able to negate the Space-Time Spell that was Level Eight and above, he would definitely act. A Level Twelve Arcanist and the Black Crow Tower that monitored the entire city at every moment was nothing to be messed with.

"The White Dragon Mountain is a second to none sacred heaven to the White Dragons. Countless of White Dragon geniuses had attempted to join us. It seems like you have yet understood the situation." The male envoy's tone turned cold. "We're not here to beg you to join us, we're letting you in because of the Pearl of the Temple. It's impossible for you to reach Level Ten without the top secret knowledge!"

"Whether I will be able to breakthrough is not for you to decide. I don't believe that no White Dragon that did not join the White Dragon Mountain is not able to break through." Garen said in a disdain tone.

"You're right. None of them has broken through yet." The female envoy started scoffing.

“Then I shall be the first one.” Garen was frightened but he still gave her a cold stare. “Let’s go.”

Annie and Ken followed along as they stared with hostile intent at the two envoys.

“How reckless!” Garen could hear the envoys behind him scolding loudly.

He had guessed that the opponent would most likely not spread the news regarding the Pearl of the Temple since this would mean that the amount of ill-intent people would increase if many people knew about it.

He was extremely unhappy with the White Dragon Mountain’s arrogant attitude in this conflict. They dared to treat their same kind with such an attitude since they were the only White Dragon Sacred Heaven who had a White Ancient Dragon among them. No wonder the clan did not see eye to eye with the White Dragon Mountain.

“Did the Dragon Master really summoned a Law Enforcer? If this is true, you might be in some serious trouble, Master Garen.” Annie spoke softly behind Garen.

“The Law Enforcer...” Garen’s gaze turned cold. That Dragon Master was truly a troublemaker since she was able to find a borderline Level Ten powerhouse for assistance. It had now become necessary for him to depart from Snow City as soon as possible.

He needed to return and absorb the Potential Points from the Semi-Divine Weapon as soon as possible.

Boom!

A loud bang reverberated the entire hotel at this moment as the explosion seemed to originate from the main entrance.

“Hahahaha!! Let’s see where you’ll run to this time! Garen, get your ass out of here!!!” Asilia’s voice reverberated the entire hotel and the sound waves had even transmitted to the underground.

Chapter 1316: Disturbance 2

Garen froze in his tracks.

“It’s the Dragon Master!” Ken said angrily. “Master, what should we do?”

“Let’s run! We don’t stand a chance against them when they have the Law Enforcer on their side!” Annie was feeling scared.

“Don’t panic,” Garen said calmly. “Let’s head out together.”

At the hotel’s entrance, Asilia was laughing like a maniac, her hands akimbo on her waist. She was dressed in a gothic black silk dress, two big black silk bows were tied on her head, which made her looked extremely cute.

“Get your ass out here! I want to take my revenge!” She shouted.

The entire hotel’s guest hall was filled with her buzzing and ear-deafening scream as it reverberated the entire hall. The Dragon Lizards which were responsible to greet the guests huddled in a corner hopelessly. The boss had even arrived at the scene. It was a sturdy big Black Dragon but he could not do anything against Asilia. The people from the Silver Tower would eventually come and make compensation for the losses but...

The surrounding was filled with dragons of different clans. There even was a series of half transparent Eyes of Clairvoyance, which were cast by the Wizards from far away to observe the situation.

The Dragon Urban Area had not been this bustling with noise and excitement for a long time.

The majority of the Wizards hated loud noises and it was the main reason why none of them would scream. However, Asilia was one of those exceptions.

“The Dragon Master is going all out again...” Someone started laughing discreetly. “Let’s see who’s the unlucky one.”

“I wonder if it’s Garen. I heard that there was a talented dragon called Garen who was called the future White Dragon King. I’ve heard that Garen and the Dragon Master had a quarrel on the street a few days ago and she must have come to take her revenge today.”

“I’ve just finished regulating the tranquilizer and I’m here to watch a free drama show.”

“You’re really into this.”

The crowd gradually grew as the hustling discussions became louder as well.

Three White Dragons ultimately appeared in the hotel as Asilia was on the verge of losing her patience.

It was Garen and the other two. Then, a group of dragons appeared as well and the two special envoys from the White Dragon Mountain was among them. They wanted to see, in a bantering manner, how Garen would handle the situation.

The Law Enforcer did not lack an equipment that could deal with the Dragon Clan on him. One could have guessed that he would have used an Advanced Enchanted Equipment as a grenade with the wealth of the Silver Tower at his disposal.

“I’m curious how this kid is going to go against the Law Enforcer,” the male envoy mocked.

“Make sure he doesn’t escape. Be prepared to make your move when he does so as well. We must obtain the Pearl of the Temple at all cost!” The female envoy stressed.

Both of them secretly took out a pair of black and white rings each and tapped on them with their fingers.

Garen and the other two dragons walked out of the Teleportation Point. Since Garen's body size was still of a Dragon Whelp, he looked extremely miniature and very similar to a Dragon Whelp. This made the other two Adult Dragon Guards look extremely threatening.

"Garen?" Asilia was confused and shocked at first seeing Garen in the form of a Dragon Whelp.

Garen ignored her and stared intently at the big, stupid looking man behind her.

He was also a being who stood at the pinnacle of the Level Nine that could threaten a Level Ten. This made Garen extremely wary of his unique aura on his body.

This aura could only be found in a person who often experienced battles.

"Capture him!" Asilia shouted.

The big doofus in black armor was activated as if he was a tank as his armors gave off a faint gold halo in an instant. It looked like the gold was glowing at the edge of the black armor. He leaped and went straight towards Garen.

"Critical Realm!" The Law Enforcer shouted as transparent and aqueous-looking Warriors with heavy shields appeared beside him. Their bodies were half transparent and they surrounded Garen from all directions. They stomped the ground with their powerful strength, emitting a thunder-like tremble.

Boom!!

The Law Enforcer used his hammer and slammed it into Garen's head mercilessly. His murderous killing intent filled up the entire air as it materialized into a blood red aura, tangling around Garen.

Roar!!

Garen roared. His body instantly grew to become the size of two Adult Dragons as he pounced on his opponent.

His scales gave off a blinding, bright white gold luster.

Two powerful beings clashed against each other fiercely.

Boom! Kaboom!!!

A shockwave spread across the room and pushed the Dragon by-standers off their feet.

Garen roared up into the sky as he pushed the Law Enforcer back. He spread his wings and blocked off the Warriors with heavy shields with the sharp claws on his wings. However, there were still a few transparent Warrior hitting his body.

Huh!!...

An immensely powerful Draconic Aura had been dispersed. Similarly, the blood-red halo spread out from the Law Enforcer's body as well. It was the Massacre Halo unique to them and it had nullified the Draconic Aura.

The hammer was swung to the top from the bottom, clashing directly against Garen's claw. Gold sparks danced about as colorful energy dispersed. Dozens of negative effects on the heavy hammer that were automatically activated was mostly negated by Garen. There was only one black poison type effect which had stained Garen's claw, knocking him to take two steps back. Although the opponent was not as strong as him, his attack contained a powerful knock-back effect.

"Law Enforce Summoning!" The big doofus shouted angrily as he tossed his big hammer up in the air.

Crack!

A stream of white thunder which was as thick as a water bucket struck Garen's head from above.

At the same time, Garen used his tails to attack the Law Enforcer who had just finished casting his spells by his waist.

Blood splattered as a loud thud could be heard. A huge amount of blood started to flow out from the Law Enforcer's waist and the thunder had completely engulfed Garen.

"It's useless." Garen's voice came from within the thunder.

"My body is able to negate the effects of even Level Nine Spells."

The Law Enforcer stood up quietly without saying a word. He seemed to have suffered a grave injury. His waist seemed to have been broken by the tail attack as blood started to seep through the crevice of his armor.

"Although you're stronger than me," The Law Enforcer said calmly. "I've won."

In that instant, a warhammer which was ten of meters wide came crashing down from above. It was the hammer that he had tossed up in the air moments ago! It had unexpectedly gigantified by at least ten times as it fell from above.

Garen raised his head up. Although the electricity around him was not able to hurt him, it brought upon a temporarily physical shackling effect. This caused him to not be able to move away from his current position.

His opponent was also a Warrior who had experienced hundreds of battle. Hence, the advantages he could gain from his flaw was very little. The best way to fight against a rough and straightforward fighting style was to clash head-on with them. The opponent would gain the higher ground and oppress him further on if he did not choose to do so.

He looked up at the incoming warhammer and gave off a deep roar as he tried to capture it with one of his claws.

He realized that something was amiss the moment he came in contact with it. The strength coming from the warhammer above him had far surpassed his limits. It was not something a living being was able to pull off. He must have used a special method and spell to increase the power and speed of the warhammer!

The horrifying strength within the warhammer had erupted out from it.

This strength was able to annihilate a small mountain in the External World. However, it was materialized into only a blinding white light here.

As Garen was covered within the blinding light, he rushed in front of Asilia as he tried to grab her with his claw.

Asilia mouth was wide open, preparing to scream as she stared hatefully at Garen.

As she was about to scream at the top of her lungs.

“Enough!!” An authoritative tone came from the sky above.

A spell effect similar to of a commanding spell was cast onto all living beings at the scene. This included Garen and Asilia who was about to scream. All of them were restricted.

Garen gave a sigh of relief. He originally planned to agitate Asilia to unleash her powerful scream to break the deadlock. Since there were many bystanders, the casualties would greatly increase if she were to scream.

This would force the powerhouses who were watching from the sideline to step in.

Garen stood still as he looked at this broken claws. It was the price he paid going against the warhammer. He broke his nails so that he could divert the impact and convert it into vibration, sending it to his feet and finally to the ground. He, who stood at the pinnacle of martial arts, would naturally know of such technique.

Although his opponent had experienced hundreds of battle, he was dwarfed compared to Garen the Demon Lord.

The tremble started to dissipate.

Asilia stared at Garen frustratingly even when she was shackled to the point where her cheeks were as big as a small bun.

Pew! A stream of white light flashed across her body as she and the Law Enforcer was sent away, disappearing from the scene without a trace.

It was only then the shackling effect was slowly deactivated.

Garen tried moving his body and whipped his huge tail around. He was obviously much more intimidating compared to the Dragons around him as he was much bigger in size.

“Finally, that little pesky plague is gone!” He gave off a sigh of relief. The fight was tiring and he was not able to kill them off as well. He could not hide away from them and yet it was in his best interest to not anger them as well. It felt like going to the Blood Wars immediately was the best option for him.

Turning around, he felt a slight pain in his tail. He instantly felt something was off since it was not possible for him to feel any pain with his high defense.

Ah!

A painful cry could be heard from behind him. He turned his head around to see the two envoys from the White Dragon Mountain were holding off a black spike with their hands as their physical movement was restrained by a black aura.

Garen then only realized that the black necklace around his neck had appeared. It was the key to enter the labyrinth given to him by Ann.

As he was stunned.

“It’s the Dragon of Disaster!!!” A sharp voice filled the entire area. It was filled with fear, anger, hatred and killing intent!

A huge thundercloud started to gather up in the sky. The countless purple thundercloud gathered together, forming a huge face as it stared at Garen.

The shackling power appeared once more as it restrained him in all directions.

The sky roared as it shot out an incredible sharp dragon spear. The strength which surpassed even the Level Ten automatically gathered the surrounding air and elements around the spear, forming circles of mysterious patterns on the dragon spear.

“It’s the Snow City’s automated attacking formation!!” A Wizard shouted in shock.

“Run!!”

Garen was dazed. He could only stand absentmindedly on the ground as he was not able to react at all as he was affected by a mysterious Mental Energy Field.

Chapter 1317: Enter 1

“I object!” Inside a colorful space that was encircled by numerous yellowish-brown spheres at the top of Silver Tower, Soaring Wing King and the other members were gathered in the center here.

If Garen looked over from here, he would discover that the yellowish-brown spheres were actually exactly the same as the various forms of large planes of existences that he saw when he shuttled here initially.

"I object."

After Soaring Wing King had spoken, another member who was in agreement with him all along now opened his mouth slowly instead.

A different member said, "I retain my opinion."

A white-robed Elder who wore a monocle with golden threads on one side was standing on the highest point as he held on to an extremely short, white oak staff. It looked like a little hammer when he held it in his hand, and he was using it to hit the palm of his other hand continuously.

"The Automatic Defense Mechanism has been activated. The matters regarding the White Dragon Garen's location, or should I say, whether or not we'll hand Garen over to White Dragon Mountain, depends on the respective attitudes of White Dragon Mountain and the White Dragon Clan that are seeking refuge with the other clans in the Deladia Empire. Although your honorable selves may feel that voting appears overly severe or formal, these choices are actually sufficient for us to proceed with casting our votes," said the old man in a sluggish tone.

"A mere little White Dragon may seem insignificant but the key points are the attitudes of both major forces. Although White Dragon Mountain is stronger than the clan by a large extent, it's uncertain whether they can become a part of our strength. Hence, I'm in favor of supporting the clan," said a female member in a red robe softly.

The fifth and final member wore a round hat that was embedded with diamonds. It seemed as though his squinted, smiling face was completely stiff.

"I, however, feel that it'll be considered as a great reward if White Dragon Mountain will be inclined towards us because of this. Although our Deladia has obtained the support of many of the dragon races, this is merely on the surface. In reality, everyone is well aware that the various colored dragon races are simply using our empire as a place to train their new soldiers. Even though the White Dragon Clan is seeking refuge with us, their forces are way too weak. Their strongest elder is a pseudo-Level Ten individual while White Dragon Mountain is a place where Ancient Dragons exist."

“However, the arrangements will affect the attitudes of the various major dragon races towards us this time, especially because the present trouble was caused by Little Asilia,” said Soaring Wing King while furrowing his eyebrows. “I maintain my doubts towards Diamond King’s opinion. White Dragon Mountain has been arrogant towards everyone else all this while. It would be an issue if they did not look highly upon our Deladia as well.”

“It seems like Soaring Wing King is in great support of the clan, huh...” Diamond King narrowed his eyes at him. “So, are you brave enough to make a bet with me for once?”

“What are we betting on?” Soaring Wind King was unwilling to display any sign of weakness.

“We’ll use the Blade of Kanbera that you won from me to bet on whether Garen can become the pivotal point that influences the standpoint between White Dragon Mountain and the clan. If White Dragon Mountain agrees to side with us because of this, you’ll give me that Kanbera Divine Weapon; if they don’t, I’ll help you enchant an item instead.”

Soaring Wing King immersed himself in deep thoughts. He was hesitating whether he should persevere and continue his support for Garen.

Diamond King continued, “I’m in favor of handing Garen over to White Dragon Mountain in exchange for their inclination towards us.”

“But what if this angers the clan and they break away from us because of that?” said an opposing member softly.

“Alright, alright. This issue ends here.” Since they had already voted, they would reach a resolution through the number of votes.

The Central President raised his short staff and shook it lightly before the image of Garen in the urban area appeared in the middle of the five people.

“Three votes against handing Garen over to White Dragon Mountain, one neutral vote, and one vote in favor.”

“But how will we deal with the Dragons of Disaster’s Imprint on Garen’s body?” Diamond King continued speaking.

“Dragons of Disaster...” The President shut his eyes and pondered momentarily.

Suddenly, new changes appeared throughout Garen’s image in the center.

The Thunderbolt Spear was suspended above the top of Garen’s head before it descended rapidly. It missed piercing into Garen’s head violently by a hair. However, it seemed as though Garen did not move or resist at all.

A black chain-like necklace appeared around his neck indistinctly. It was the Teleportation Necklace that Ann had given him.

Garen’s entire body was numb while countless hallucinations were filling the space before his eyes simultaneously. These effects were caused by the hypertoxic poison that was spreading throughout his whole body rapidly after his tail was stabbed.

These toxins were extremely potent. His terrifying Vitality was completely paralyzed now.

However, he was unaware that the two White Dragon Mountain Emissaries behind him were gasping in shock because of these obstructions.

“This is a poison that can even cause Semi-Divine Colossal Dragons to fall into a coma while their tongues become numb after being briefly injected! This fellow... actually didn’t faint at all! This is simply unbelievable!!”

“Aside from that, what is this black string necklace-like thing? I can’t find a way to undo it!”

Both the emissaries struggled with all their might. However, it was still impossible for them to break free from the rope on their bodies despite their various peak Level Nine spells and abilities that burst forth continuously.

The black rope extended out from the necklace on Garen's neck.

"After the Shadow Dragon, where is Ann, one of the three main monarchs of the Dragons of Disaster?!" roared the Matrix Spirit throughout the entire Snow City. A face that was made of thunderbolts appeared indistinctly throughout the storm clouds in the sky. It contained an incomparable amount of fury.

Garen recovered from the poison slowly. His overpowered Vitality that had reached its limits was already immune to the toxins. The poison was so terrifying that it could paralyze him for some time but that was the extent of its abilities.

The strength that was brimming on the top of his head made his whole body trembled slightly. This Matrix Spirit was a terrifying being that had existed for an unknown number of years. Unleashing its powers now, it was almost equivalent to half of Silver Tower Master's strength.

Silver Tower Master's strength was the pinnacle of the mortal world. Half of his strength would already be ranked at Level Thirteen at least. Pressure like this made Garen's breathing somewhat sluggish as well because he was terribly constricted.

The Draconic Aura throughout his entire body was firmly compressed into a ball that pressed up against his skin closely and could not escape at all. His physical fitness was also repressed until it deteriorated to twenty points on average, leaving him with an average of sixty points which weakened him to a huge extent.

"I don't know what you're talking about?!" Obviously, he could not reveal Ann's existence, regardless of whether he was doing it out of kindness or for his own safety. Once he had exposed Ann's whereabouts, not only would he lose the assurance of his safety, he would be rightfully charged with collaborating with the Dragons of Disaster. There was a possibility that he would be killed as a means of venting pent-up anger.

“Since you have the aura of that monster on your body, I won’t admit that I’m mistaken!” the Matrix Spirit roared angrily.

“Alright, Matrix Spirit. We’ll take care of this matter from here onwards so you can go back and rest,” The President’s voice rang out again.

A tremendous bout of intimidating strength forcibly suppressed the Matrix Spirit before the storm clouds vanished and the Thunderbolt Spear dispersed.

“Since you’re not one of the Dragons of Disaster and may have merely been unaware that Ann was one of the three monarchs of the Dragons of Disaster when you came into contact with her, this is excusable. Nonetheless, you need to be punished for the Dragons of Disaster regardless.” The President’s voice projected downwards from the sky as he said, “Soaring Wing King will have the sovereign rights to handle your punishment.”

There was a whooshing noise and Soaring Wing King appeared before Garen in the sky immediately. He was floating in mid-air, while he looked squarely at Garen.

Garen’s mind stirred frantically. “I humbly apologize for my ignorance and rashness. Perhaps I was completely unaware that she was one of the Dragons of Disaster indeed.” He lowered his head.

“So, are you willing to accept your punishment?” Soaring Wing King cast another glance at him instantly. The sovereign rights to handle this matter were something that he had struggled painstakingly to obtain.

“Yes, I’m willing,” Garen said hurriedly.

It seemed like Ken and Annie who were behind him could not interrupt at all. They were anxious and felt helpless because they were imprisoned by the Energy Field. As Garen was the greatest hope of their clan, they would be completely unable to return and explain to Third Elder if there were any severe tragedies.

“That’s good. Since the Dragons of Disaster had previously swallowed countless living beings, I will send you away to the Abyss to serve your sentence and accept the Blood Wars in order to exempt you from the responsibility of your offenses. If you survive, all of your offenses will be written off.” Not waiting for

the other members to speak, Soaring Wing King waved his staff. A red crack that resembled an eye opened up before Garen instantly.

Sent off to the Abyss to serve his sentence?!

When they heard about this punishment, the President was slightly dazed as well. This was not just a form of punishment anymore but a way to covertly send Garen to his death instead!

The Abyssal Blood Wars was not merely a place. He would be forced to battle endlessly there until he died of exhaustion because it was completely impossible for him to escape at all. Those without specialized regenerative abilities would only linger in the Abyss eternally until they assimilated and were contaminated into becoming a part of it.

This punishment was too severe!

Even Diamond King felt the same. At this moment, he felt that it was merciful for him supporting to hand Garen over to White Dragon Mountain. When he looked at the depiction of Soaring Wing King before him, he felt that he needed to reevaluate this person's character now.

Garen cooperated and plastered an astonished expression on his face as if he could not believe what he had just heard.

Without waiting for him to respond, Soaring Wing King pointed his staff before his Level Twelve Arcanist strength released a massive Energy Field that seized Garen immediately, flinging him into the crack.

Shh!

The scene before his eyes turned into a sea of red instantly as he felt his entire body spinning.

"He's a member of my White Dragon Mountain! You actually dared to deal with him arbitrarily?!!" The voice of the emissary of White Dragon Mountain could be heard indistinctly behind him. It trailed off further before Garen was soon unable to hear any more.

The blood-red tunnel flew before his eyes. It seemed as though he was in a long portal that resembled a winding, intestinal tract.

After an unknown period of time, a ray of light gradually appeared in front of him.

Boom!

He felt like a fish that had leaped out of the water's surface. The first things that he saw were the grey sky and the blood-red sun.

There were boundless black plains in his surroundings. The ground of these plains was completely empty except for large, exposed white rocks. He could not see any other creatures.

"The most important thing to do once you've arrived in the Abyss is to conceal yourself first," Garen recalled Soaring Wing King's advice.

He scanned his surroundings hurriedly and was fortunate not to discover any unusual creatures. He dug his tail into the ground below him quickly and excavated a hole rapidly in a back and forth motion before digging an extremely large pit quickly. Placing himself into the hole before releasing a circle of temporary guards to investigate the area and prevent any creatures from possibly approaching him, only then did Garen let his guard down slightly.

"I'm quite fortunate that no battles occurred to attract the attention of the demons and devils. I can set my mind at ease and absorb the Despair Head first before going any further."

Without saying another word, he began to set up a protective screen to isolate auras. He had no issues with low-level negative energy protective screens but it was impossible for the auras of Semi-Divine Weapons not to dissipate at all. Therefore, he needed to absorb all of the auras cleanly before they were vaporized.

Inside the pitch-black hole, Garen allowed the Semi-Divine Weapon called the Despair Skull to float in front of him. This skull did not look very different from an average human skull except for the golden flames that were burning in both of its eye sockets, the faint golden symbols in the space between its

eyebrows, and the large mouthfuls of purple mist that were surging out of its mouth and nostrils before they were absorbed by Garen in similarly large gulps.

He could clearly see that his Potential Points were rapidly rising at a speed visible to the naked eye.

“According to this speed, I can absorb all of these auras completely within five days.” Garen estimated the duration. If he had not been unexpectedly forced here at an earlier time, he would not have to be so afraid at all.

However, since the incident had already occurred, it would be useless for him to act any more grudgingly. The most important thing was to face reality.

He calmed his heart down before concealing himself inside the cave slowly and absorbing the potential aura.

A colossal creature was crawling leisurely towards Garen from a certain place in the black plains that was several kilometers away from him.

This enormous beast had the upper body of a Colossal Dragon and the lower half of a spider’s body. Yellow flames would burn across its back incessantly. It also had a pair of perpendicular gold-yellow pupils in its eyes that were incomparably fierce.

Numerous yellow insects that resembled ground beetles encircled the surroundings of this enormous beast. Several large colonies of these insects crawled up and down the body of the enormous beast as if they were cleaning its body.

“There’s a strange aura... near me...” (Abyssal)

The enormous beast opened its mouth to speak suddenly.

“It’s a dragon’s aura...” It used its nose to sniff. It moved the lower half of its gigantic body. Its body was over ten meters long and more than eight meters tall at least. Aside from its back, everywhere else was covered in a soil armor that resembled thick layers of scales.

“Should we take a look?” The numerous beetles converged beside it and condensed into a humanoid state that resembled a woman.

“No, there’s no need. Even if it’s a Colossal Dragon, it can’t escape the Ice Ant Tide that will engulf it in the evening.” The enormous beast was crawling again.

“If it can endure the Ice Ant Tide, only then it qualifies for me to go and look at it personally.”

It had established the rules.

Chapter 1318: Enter 2

The sun dimmed gradually before it descended below the horizon.

Icy auras gradually filled the air as well.

On the black plains, a long stretch of white “tides” surged out from the furthest point, sweeping across while charging toward the area at which Garen and the enormous beast were located.

Strangely, it spread open and uncoiled automatically in the area where the enormous beast was located. It continued moving forward as if it did not see the beast at all before it approached Garen’s position quickly.

Inside the cave, Garen could faintly detect the sound of certain movements. However, when the defenses that had been set up to stand guard outside did not have any responses, he suppressed the anxiety in his mind and continued absorbing the auras.

Hiss...

Suddenly, the faint sound of an insect that was tearing and biting something echoed into the cave from the outside.

Beep...

The invisible temporary defenses let out a sharp alert immediately.

Garen's heart trembled before he paused his absorption frantically and kept his Semi-Divine Weapon back into his Space Ring.

He turned around and looked at the entrance of the cave where seemingly countless, tiny, densely-packed white ants had surged inside there at an unknown time.

The ant colony that poured in was accompanied by a terrifyingly-low temperature that was as cold as negative seventy to eighty degrees, rushing inside frantically.

"An Ice Ant Tide?" Garen was obviously aware of this natural disaster. Although every single one of these Ice Ants looked tiny and were only the size of a human palm, they were genuine Level Two creatures. Their bodies were feeble, but their teeth were invincible and even dragon scales for no match for the tough bones that they could gnaw.

When he saw that so many of these Ice Ants were charging towards him, he sighed in relief instead. He would have been slightly worried if they were Fire Ants. However, since they were Ice Ants, and since he was, fortunately, an ice-type Colossal Dragon, it would be easier to handle them in this aspect.

He sprayed out a mouthful of Dragon Breath. Garen's current Dragon Breath already possessed the power and momentum of an Adult Colossal Dragon. His Frost Aura instantly made the Ice Ants livelier. Aside from their hard teeth, their most threatening ability was actually their naturally intense low temperature. Low temperatures of negative seventy to eighty degrees would accompany them as they moved and advance endlessly. Other than actual ice-type creatures, most other creatures could not handle these effects at all. Moreover, these low temperatures also harbored certain types of ice-type

toxins. However, Garen's Vitality was immune to it. Nonetheless, if another Peak Level Nine Wizard of the same level was here instead of him, the situation would probably be very troublesome, because when their magic spells would inevitably be exhausted; they would truly only be at the creatures' mercy when the ice-type toxins entered their body. Fortunately, Garen's physique was stronger and unlike theirs.

The movements of these large colonies of Ice Ants were slowed down when they were blown by Garen's Dragon Breath. When they increased their icy auras simultaneously, this made Garen feel as if the creatures on the other side were of a slightly similar species to himself.

The main characteristic of this Ice Ant Tide was that they would only gnaw at creatures that did not have low temperatures. Since the blood of White Dragons was at temperatures of zero degrees and below, they were naturally a typical example of low-temperature creatures.

Therefore, the seas of Ice Ants that poured in were pushed out easily.

It was merely a false alarm.

Garen exhaled but the feeling of unremovable chills that kept springing up remained in his mind. He scanned his surroundings, yet he was still unable to find any abnormalities.

He sighed in relief and was about to continue his absorption before a black shadow of a human-shaped smoke passed through directly in front of him suddenly.

Garen was about to hide but was unable to do it in time. However, he noticed immediately that the other party merely passed through his body directly. It seemed as though it was not substantial at all.

He felt his body weakening slightly at the same time.

Shh...

The humanoid creature condensed behind him and floated in the darkness of the cave. It was basically a shroud of black smoke that had formed into a human silhouette. He could not see its face at all, only its blurry limbs.

“Void Shadow?” Garen was slightly shocked before he said, “Isn’t this a creature from the Undead World?”

Creatures like Void Shadows were very troublesome. It was disastrous every time they appeared on the surface of the Main Substance World.

They were immune to the innate laws of things and even had a fifty percent dodging rate towards enchantments and spell attacks. Moreover, they would weaken the powers of the other party every time they touched other creatures.

The debilitation of their abilities was everlasting and extremely despicable. Unless you could kill the Void Shadow that had absorbed your powers, you would eternally lose the part of your strength that they had absorbed.

Garen furrowed his eyebrows faintly while looking at the Void Shadow before him. The most troublesome aspect of Void Shadows was not this, but the fact that most of them usually appeared in groups.

Every time they killed a creature, they would develop it as a part of themselves to form the next Void Shadow. Thus, these Void Shadows would appear in groups under normal circumstances. As a peak powerhouse in the aspect of physical attacks, Garen was the most annoyed at creatures like these that were immune to these types of physical attacks.

His Spellcrafting strength was only at Level Five, and he did not have any Enchanted Equipment either.

Garen had just thought of this before more than ten densely-packed Void Shadows appeared inside the cave. His scalp tingled immediately.

“This is troublesome...”

The previous Void Shadow had taken away half of his strength when it pounced on him once. If so many Void Shadows were to set on him together, wouldn't his strength which exceeded eighty points vanish completely within a few moments?

He felt as if his Vitality was strong while he was still standing on the Main Substance Plane previously. Aside from being immune to spells, he was also not very concerned with Spellcrafting and Arcane Techniques as he felt that there were no forces besides Level Eight Space-Time Spells that could challenge him. However, after he had experienced using spells in Snow City to strengthen his physical attacks such as Warhammer, and witnessed the supernatural powers that were brought on by the Void Shadows now, did he understand that purely walking on the path of physics was not the true path of this world.

"No wonder peak level Warriors also require the assistance of Enchanted Equipment and Divine Weapons."

While he was surrounded by a group of Void Shadows, Garen's mind stirred rapidly as he thought of a way to escape.

These were the effects of being restrained. A Level Eight Great Wizard here would have an easier time handling this than him. Thus, Garen was having a hard time now.

Whoosh!

More than ten Void Shadows pounced on him suddenly. Garen could not dodge them in this narrow space in time. Moreover, despite his great speed, the Void Shadows possessed pretty good speed as well. The distance between them was closed in a moment. These Void Shadows were clearly high-level characters.

The leading Void Shadow appeared first. It released a loud and sharp chirping noise that instructed the others to pounce over.

Garen opened his mouth and spat out a large mouthful of Dragon Breath that struck two Void Shadows precisely. Although his Dragon Breath was not a harmful spell, it was still considered harmful towards supernatural powers; it had certain effects towards Void Shadows.

The effects of the deceleration that was caused by the cold suddenly appeared throughout the bodies of both of the Void Shadows that were sprayed, but none of them were harmed. Since they were Undead Creatures, the cold could only decrease their speeds, not kill them.

Garen moved toward the right side suddenly. While he was surrounded by more than ten Void Shadows, his body shrunk suddenly. His physique decreased into the size of an extremely tiny Dragon Whelp before he barely rushed out of a crack in the encirclement.

It was pointless to strictly view these types of Advanced Undead according to their levels and divisions. They could only be destroyed using focused tactics. Thus, if the tactics were not focused, even first-rate Warriors would only be worn down to death by them while they were still alive.

Garen dodged inside the cave from left to right. Every time, he was only able to evade the Void Shadows' attacks by a hair's breadth. This made the leading Void Shadow abnormally irritated.

Chirp chirp chirp chirp!

It began yelling again.

The movements of all the other Void Shadows became more speedy immediately.

Garen timed this opportunity properly and rushed out of the cave at once before reaching the ground.

He remembered that his Semi-Divine Weapon, Despair Head, probably possessed supplementary soul attributes. Perhaps it would be effective towards the Undead.

When he thought of this, he took the Despair Head out of his Space Ring suddenly and grasped it in his claw before he targeted a Void Shadow and approached it.

The Despair Head looked like a normal white human skull that seemed unassuming.

Moreover, when Garen extended his arms and legs after exiting, his 80-point speed was instantly given full control as well. Hence, when he extended his claws, he instantly struck the Void Shadow that pounced towards him at the same time.

Chirp!

A pained cry rang out. This Void Shadow released a miserable howl before it retreated and returned frantically as if it was burned.

“Was that effective?!” Garen’s heart was delighted.

He continued to follow the same pattern. His speed had peaked at 80-points while his body had naturally become agiler once it shrunk. The Void Shadows were thrown and spun around by him. He had only encountered them a few times before five Void Shadows were struck by his Despair Head. By looking at their physiques, it was obvious that they had lost a lot of the black smoke that made up their bodies.

The leading Void Shadow was slightly fearful now. It began to make chirping noises as if it wanted to retreat.

However, Garen made a surprising discovery; he noticed that the potential aura of his Despair Head had actually increased slightly again.

Although they were merely traces of increments, his subtle responses were extremely accurate in this aspect. Moreover, since he was holding it in his own hands all this while, he could feel the differences throughout his Semi-Divine Weapon in the first instance.

“Was I strengthened by absorbing the soul auras of these Undead creatures?” An assumption formed in Garen’s mind.

He tried doing it a few more times while pursuing the Void Shadow that had already started to flee while continuing to press down against it and strike it.

He continued to hit another Void Shadow five times before this fellow finally collapsed with a thud. It actually exploded into pieces immediately, turning into a puff of black smoke that dispersed slowly before it died completely.

Garen could clearly feel that the potential aura of the Despair Head had strengthened once again. His heart was extremely delighted. If this method was feasible, he could simply use the Despair Head to hunt souls and would not have to follow the rules of the Blood Wars that would only grant him souls according to the battles that he had won. Instead, he could freely hunt souls and turn them into potential aura!

Bang!

Another Void Shadow exploded and scattered when it was violently smashed by Garen. After that, Garen instantly felt that his strength which was previously sucked away had not returned. Meanwhile, the potential aura of the Despair Skull had increased slightly. It had probably undergone an increment of five or six points in comparison to the time when he had just brought it out earlier. This was not a minor increment. He had smashed two Void Shadows into pieces while the remaining ones dispersed and fled. The rewards that he had gained this time were already enough to satisfy Garen greatly.

“This is equivalent to more than half a month’s worth of my natural earnings, haha!” Garen turned around and returned to his cave happily. He noticed that the sharp points had become longer and were more pointy. Hence, their growth speed had obviously started to increase. He believed that he could evolve into another state soon and continue increasing his attributes.

“I’ve heard that evolved states can randomly obtain a type of natural ability from the Original Energy Sea. Some obtain elemental abilities while others get supernatural abilities. They weren’t all beneficial, and there were detrimental ones as well. However, great advantages could also be obtained from the bad ones as long as they’re used properly.”

Garen was very hopeful toward the natural abilities that he would gain through his evolved state.

Legitimate White Dragons would naturally gain natural abilities such as spells like Ice Mirror Art, Frost Swallowing, and Spewing (in a large area) during adulthood. However, he was different as he had already accomplished certain stages during his childhood that none of the other White Dragons had achieved since the beginning.

Chapter 1319: Cooperate 1

Time flew as the days passed...

A week had passed in the blink of an eye while Garen was hiding in the cave.

He had never imagined that the potential aura of the Despair Head would actually require a longer absorption time than anticipated. Nonetheless, he managed to fully absorb more than two thousand points of its potential aura as he had expected.

This was an extremely large number.

Moreover, the evolution of his body had reached a crucial moment. The forces of his body's aura became unusually unstable.

He curled his body up inside the cave. His entire dragon's body was wrapped in a thick Ice Armor which made him resemble a perfect, snowy-white ice sculpture that did not move at all.

Pfoo...

A gust of white mist sprayed out of his nostrils slowly after a long time.

Bang...

Bang... Bang... Bang...

A series of heavy footsteps echoed from afar gradually.

The walls inside the cave started to tremble slightly, as the faint, powdery soil fell from the cave walls.

The sound of the footsteps moving toward the entrance outside the cave slowed down before stopping after that.

“Outsider...” A deep Abyssal voice echoed from the outside. “Are you not planning to come out and meet me?”

Garen opened his eyes slowly. Hints of grey-black membranes were already covering his eyes now, as though an additional layer of something was stuck to the surface of his eyeballs.

An unknown powerful being had come to visit him during this important evolution period now. It was extremely obvious that the other party had purposely chosen this time to arrive, right when he was in a vulnerable state. He was clearly harboring evil intentions.

“Who?” he opened his mouth and asked calmly.

“I was merely teleported here randomly. Please forgive me if I’ve offended you. I’ll leave this place quickly...”

The outside of the cave was silent for some time as if he was determining and considering whether to make a move or not.

Garen waited for a confirmation from the other side as well. Whether he was a friend or a foe depended on the other party’s intentions. His own attitude was revealed in its entirety already.

After some time had passed, more noises echoed into the cave from the outside again.

“I’m Kratos, the master of this domain. Ignorant dragon, it would be best if you left my territory immediately.”

“Forgive me, but I’m currently undergoing an important period,” Garen answered indifferently.

“That’s truly regrettable...” The outside of the cave turned silent instantly.

Boom!!

There was a thunderous noise before a gigantic dragon head that was burning with flames entered forcefully, trying to use its mouth to bite Garen’s body.

The size of this dragon’s head was almost similar to Garen’s entire physical state when he was enlarged. It was also extraordinarily ferocious. Intense flames poured into the cave and melted the frost that was covering it before large amounts of white mist rose.

Garen’s entire body turned sideways while his tail whipped over violently.

His tail coincidentally collided against the tip of the nose of the other dragon’s head.

Bang!!

After a dull noise rang out, the dragon’s head and Garen were apparently fine. Both of them merely fell backward because of the reacting force. They continued charging toward each other again.

“Level Nine!” Garen’s heart trembled. For some reason, he would always encounter such powerful opponents wherever he went.

When he collided against the enormous beast the second time, he took the opportunity to push himself upward. He sprang his entire body out of the cave and broke through the surface of the ground before flying into mid-air.

The sky was currently blood-red while it seemed like the surroundings of the sun were tied with a black chain; the earth was completely grey-black.

Garen could only see a full view of the entire enormous beast clearly when he flew up.

This was truly a colossal monster with the upper body of a dragon and a lower half of a spider. Intense red flames were even burning on the back of this enormous beast, resembling an abnormally-magnificent mane.

The enormous beast raised his head before a ball of orange light lit up in his mouth when he saw Garen flying.

Shh!

An intense ray of red light rushed toward Garen immediately.

A popping noise could be heard when the red light beam struck his scales, yet only a faint white dot was left behind. Level Nine immunity against spells was not a joke.

Garen was completely unconcerned because his body had expanded back into its full state and he had instantly become a few times more muscular. Next, he flew up high before rushing downward ferociously.

Whizz.

His intense dive created ear-piercing, whistling noises while his tail whipped up dense white blasts.

On the ground below, numerous imposing Rock Giants stood up on the ground. They followed the enormous beast's will and charged toward Garen to seize him.

The enormous beast moved speedily on its eight limbs while an abundance of intense, fiery whips shot out from its back. More than ten red whips covered the sky and earth while moving toward Garen to bind him.

Garen dodged from left to right. He went as far as to pass through the crack before colliding brutally against the enormous beast again.

A layer of multicolored light exploded in front of the enormous beast's body suddenly, blinding Garen's vision. This was a high-level, multicolored spurt. Aside from causing blindness, it also had vertigo-like effects. However, Garen was naturally immune to these effects that caused dizziness because they were considered as Spellcrafting effects.

He charged forward directly without the slightest worry.

Boom!

It seemed as though he had crashed against the enormous beast's head through the rainbow light.

Both of these gigantic creatures rolled around on the ground before flying far away. They left a deep scratch in the ground.

Garen's strength was apparently much stronger than that of this enormous beast. He did not release it in the cave previously. However, now that they were clashing together fully outside, the difference between the both of them could be seen clearly.

The enormous beast was clearly a monster that was inclined toward its own familial laws. It had not adapted to facing a monster like Garen that purely conformed to the innate laws of things.

"Stop! Stop this!" He roared. "We don't have to engage in this meaningless killing!"

Garen stopped in a timely manner after whipping his tail brutally against the waist of the enormous beast one last time. The enormous beast fell on the ground and rolled there a few times, causing earth-shattering, crashing noises and sending dust flying.

"What else did you want to say?" He looked at the other party in an engrossed manner.

"You... You have such powerful strength. You'll definitely achieve great successes in the Blood Wars! As long as I create a Sawtooth Shield for you, you'll surely become a slaughterhouse on the battlefield!"

The enormous beast named Kratos explained loudly. "I'm a master of Alchemy and weaponsmithing so I can help you forge these items! What would you say about helping me in return?!"

This enormous beast had currently broken one of its spider legs. Its body was filled with injuries and it faintly looked like it was in a sorry state. However, it came prepared with healing spells that were speedily treating its wounds now.

"Help me forge a weapon and shield?" This thought had entered Garen's mind long ago, but he had never anticipated to actually encounter a monstrous beast here that knew how to forge weapons and equipment. He glanced at the intense flames on his opponent's back while his mind could not help but be slightly hesitant.

When he noticed faintly that Garen was slightly suspicious, Kratos spoke hurriedly.

"I have a pretty good relationship with one of the Vice Chiefs of the Wanku Fortress' army because I've always been their head ironsmith. You may not be confident in my combat abilities but I'm definitely a specialist in the equipment-forging aspect! I'd also recommend you to go to the Wanku Fortress to participate in the Blood Wars."

"The Wanku Fortress?"

"Yes, it's a great fortress nearby. You don't have to worry about this because their Chief of Army is the Level Thirteen elder demon named Eyeless Nada. This place will be organizing a major decisive battle during this period of time. You can take a look around and ask the other creatures if you don't believe me," said Kratos loudly.

Garen felt that his back was becoming itchier and harder to endure. His mood was also affected, and that made him very uncomfortable.

"I'll take a look around before we go any further." Once he had finished speaking, he flapped his wings immediately and flew into the distance before the enormous beast could answer.

After coming to the Abyss, he had spent the last few days withdrawing himself in the cave all along. He had yet to really tour the sights here.

While flying at high-speed, Garen quickly left the cave area in which he was initially located and entered a dark green forest and swamp.

He could vaguely see several old women with long, cascading green hair and long robes who were floating around above the swamp. These were Demon-Hags who went around scamming tourists, mercenaries, and even demons. Obviously, if your strength was great enough, they would simultaneously be the most cunning businesspeople who mainly specialized in selling information, intelligence, and souls.

When the Demon-Hags appeared, several little demons that were dragging black scorpion tails could be vaguely seen haunting the surroundings as well. Signs of living creatures had increased.

Garen continued flying towards the depths of the swamp forest. He could slowly see some gigantic, light green, sludge-type monsters. These monsters that were in a liquid state had bodies that were entirely green and sticky. They hid in the swamp and would suddenly appear to grab the tourists, dragging them into their bellies while they were still alive before digesting them.

However, the sludge monsters here did not seem to show any indication of hiding at all. Web-like blood vessels glistened throughout their green bodies. These blood vessels appeared to be giving off white light faintly, making them extremely eye-catching.

He saw a gigantic hundred-meter wide sludge monster talking to several Centaur Warriors now.

“This is the trader Gusca’s domain. Dragon race outsider, you are not permitted to fly here.” Suddenly, a voice echoed from below. Immediately, Garen could feel an intense strength suppressing him toward the swamp below, forcing him to descend there.

He did not resist but landed there instead. He stood on a part of the swamp that seemed steadier before freezing ice into a flat area below his feet immediately so that he could stand there.

“White Dragon? ...Is he from White Dragon Mountain?”

“Probably not. He doesn’t have the badge of White Dragon Mountain on his body.”

"This is a valuable moving treasure chest... If we could kill one Colossal Dragon..." the voice trailed off.

Garen's terrorizing eyes scanned the area.

That noise rang out again.

"Using force and fighting at close quarters are prohibited here. Only fair trading is allowed."

"Traders?" Garen sneered several times. There were a few scattered tourists in his surroundings who were currently standing around and making deals with the Demon-Hags. Among them were humans, Orcs, and a rarely seen Earth Elemental.

There were so many traders in such a small area. One could well imagine that this domain seemed to be very famous here.

Garen walked around in the swamp while his heavy footsteps made banging noises wherever he stomped. He felt somewhat eye-catching and quickly shrunk his body into the size of a Dragon Whelp before flying around slowly.

These actions seemed very effective because a Demon-Hag, who was holding a walking stick, floated in front of him quickly.

"Outsider, is there any way that I can be of service to you?" Her shrill voice made people's scalps tingle and was enough to scare little children and make them cry on their own.

"I want to purchase a sufficient number of souls. Do you have them?" Garen grinned but managed to smile warmly.

"Souls?" cackled the Demon-Hag sharply. "This will depend on the grade of the souls you desire... If they're low-grade souls, I can give you more than ten thousand of them. However, if you're looking for the high-grade souls that are Level Five and above, I only have a few in my hands..."

"I can really buy them?" Garen was slightly shocked. "What if I want the souls of Level Ten powerhouses?"

The Demon-Hag's shrill laughter stopped abruptly.

"This... If you can give me a reasonable price that arouses the desire of the honorable Chief of Army, otherwise it would be impossible... You're also aware that we Demon-Hags work for the Fortress Master in reality..."

Garen pondered for a while and responded with some other rare materials that he needed for his Wizard Tower. He had never expected that all four of them would actually be available here.

"What do you use as the trading currency here?"

"Currency? No, no, no... We don't have such things here. We merely use soul-cocoons as the standard to measure values occasionally," explained the Demon-Hag.

"How about it? I have the best enslaved souls, architects, craftsmen, and alchemists over here to help you establish a domain. I also have beautiful and cute elf slaves, and even little princesses with the bloodline of the Elf King, hee hee hee..."

Chapter 1320: Cooperate 2

"I won't be needing them for now," Garen declined.

Garen got rid of these Demon-Hags who babbled on endlessly before flying toward the deeper parts of the swamp.

The ground of the swamp soon turned red gradually before a lofty black palace appeared in the distance. Numerous black War Puppets that were more than ten meters tall were patrolling the enclosing walls around the palace. These humanoid puppets with ox horns possessed extremely powerful shock forces. Since they were sturdy and durable, they were one of the best items that could be refined for guarding. One normal soul was all that was required to drive it for numerous years, making them extremely worthwhile.

Garen was obstructed by the War Puppets who refused to let him proceed any further. The level of the master here was unknown, and it was possible for various types of monsters to appear in the Abyss. There were no living creatures who dared to clash with an enemy for no reason. Hence, Garen did not force his way forward but withdrew and left instead.

He walked along another side before leaving this green swamp quickly.

However, he soon felt as if someone was watching him. After he had left the swamp, several little human silhouettes trailed him faintly.

Garen remained in his Dragon Whelp form. This physique looked extremely delicate and weak. Since it seemed like he was only at Level Four, it was not surprising that close-minded people were staring at him.

He found a hillock and flew there before descending in the shadows behind it. He turned around and waited for the pursuers behind him.

Shuffle shuffle...

Several faint noises could be heard before three translucent human silhouettes that were slightly distorted appeared at the top of the hillock. They were looking downward.

"Have we actually been discovered?" One of the people asked in a surprised tone.

Since they were already discovered, they did not bother to continue hiding. The Translucent Spell on their bodies vanished immediately. Three figures who were dressed in a silver armor were revealed. They were actually three knights.

A faint red Spirit Light was twinkling below their bodies. This faint red light was constantly centered around them. They radiated circles of blinding rays outward, representing their statuses as Blasphemy Knights.

The Blasphemy Knights were sentenced to be knights of the blasphemers by the Church of the Gods for various reasons. Most of them had entered the Abyss through special channels. This was the only way to prevent their lives and souls from being captured by the Gods and tortured forever.

After all, the Gods would punish the blasphemers extremely severely. Nonetheless, although the Abyss was a cruel place, it was still an opportunity for them to live.

Two of these three Blasphemy Knights were women while one of them was a man. They were not old and the armors that they wore on their bodies seemed to be of the same style.

"I want the skin and eyes of this Dragon Whelp, but you can divide the rest among yourselves," said one of the female knights directly.

"I could tell that its eyes seemed strange with one look. It may be some type of treasure. It wouldn't be good for us to divide everything up so early on, right?" said the other female knight unhappily.

"The way I see it, it wouldn't be too late to discuss this again after getting rid of our opponent..." It seemed like the sole male knight had already detected that Garen was aware that something was amiss. His gaze was glaring closely at Garen.

"Were you three the only ones that followed?" Garen glanced behind himself unhappily. He focused carefully and realized that these three idiots had really trailed him. It looked like most of the other traders were much smarter in comparison...

He considered these three knights carefully. By looking at the forces of their Spirit Light, he could tell that they were at Level Four. Were these three Level Four individuals actually daring enough to hunt a Level Four Dragon Whelp in the Abyss? Perhaps they had special hidden moves. Was it possible that they were unaware that the creatures in the Abyss that looked weak were the one you should provoke the least?

In a place like the Abyss, everyone was afraid that their strength was not powerful enough to be displayed fully. Nonetheless, they had to exhibit their strength to prevent themselves from being bullied or oppressed. Only the most powerful beings would intentionally show signs of weakness to purposely entice the hunters and prey on them instead... Meanwhile, it was possible that true weaklings did exist among the local demonic creatures. However, none of the outsiders were abnormally weak.

“Go!”

The male knight drew his Greatsword first. The blade was dyed with a faint red Spirit Light, while his Level Four forces increased to Level Five immediately. By looking at the taut muscles throughout his entire body that was now enlarged, it appeared that he had used certain temporary means of strengthening his powers.

Ahh!

He charged towards Garen fiercely and swung his sword!

Bang!

His Level Five Greatsword struck Garen’s head violently. Garen remained on his initial spot and did not move at all. There was not even a hint of white that remained on his scales.

However, a large crack had burst throughout the Greatsword.

The male knight’s face turned pale instantly. Garen had initially assumed that he would discard his Greatsword before turning around and running away. However, an unwavering look appeared on his face instead as he roared and said, “Rena, Irene! Run quickly!”

However, he did not retreat. Instead, he moved forward, continuing to charge toward Garen without surrendering.

The two female knights behind him reacted immediately when they were aware of the situation that had occurred. One of them ran off at once while the other was momentarily dazed. Next, she actually drew her sword and charged towards Garen. She clearly wanted to save her companion.

“Interesting.” Garen extended his claws and gently blocked the cleaving motion of the Greatsword. He exerted a small amount of strength before the force throughout the male knight’s entire body was instantly exhausted when he was shaken by an intense vibration. He fell on the side after being paralyzed.

“I’ll fight you to the end!” The eyes of the female knight that charged forward were red now. She assumed that her companion had died and proceeded to use full force to explode a ray of red light towards Garen. She had apparently managed to leap to a Level Six force instantly!

As expected, those who were able to teleport themselves here from other planes were not weaklings... Garen sighed mentally. It was not a big deal for the dragon race to randomly encounter Level Five or Level Six powerhouses. However, among the humans, these powerhouses were a level that could only appear once in several thousand people.

He extended his claws and gently blocked the Greatsword that the female knight was slicing toward him. However, Garen instantly felt that something was amiss because the Spirit Light of the female knight’s Greatsword had actually transformed into countless tiny red vines that tangled themselves around his claws firmly. Although the binding strength was negligible to him, this twining would be sufficient to cause most Level Five and Level Six powerhouses to tremble slightly. If their reactions were one beat slower, it was likely that this delay would mean the difference between life and death.

“How loyal. I was planning to devour you initially, but when I look at it now, perhaps you may be slightly useful.” Garen released a tremor in passing and transmitted it to settle the trouble with this female knight by numbing her and causing her to collapse on the ground limply.

The Secret Technique called Quake that he had transferred to himself was simply always successful in countering the close-combat and material-type Warriors here. Extremely fine skills like these could almost be considered as godly techniques to the people here.

Thus, although the effects of Garen’s other Secret Techniques could not be used anymore, he was still able to peak among the material Warriors because of this skill and his own powerful characteristics.

“Kill me, then!” The female knight was still strong-willed.

“Who said you could come over, Irene?!” said the male knight furiously. “Even Rena knew how to escape, yet you returned to save me despite having the chance to flee! Why didn’t you escape?”

“If you’re going to die, we’ll die together!” the female knight answered stubbornly.

The male knight was angered to the point where he was speechless.

Garen flapped his wings and flew in the direction of the female knight who had escaped earlier. Less than a moment had passed before he saw that woman’s fleeing shadow.

She had covered her entire body in disgustingly smelly swamp sludge. It was almost impossible to distinguish the style of the armor that she wore on her body. Her actions and movements were also slightly hurried. When she blended in with the scattered humanoid creatures in her surroundings, it was truly difficult to find her.

However, Garen had never judged people based on their appearances, but by detecting their soul’s aura instead.

When he pinpointed this woman, he dived downward and transmitted a tremor. He eliminated all of her resistances immediately before carrying her back easily.

Since his strength was already at 80 points, as long as his opponent’s vitality was not resilient enough and had yet to achieve 50 points or more, his Quake skill would always be successful and could cause them to fall with a single touch.

When he flew back to his original position, Garen was shocked to discover that there were two Demon-Hags who were actually sneakily collecting the two captive prisoner’s souls that had fallen weak on the ground. The souls of those two Blasphemy Knights were being extracted from their bodies quickly as half of them were already drawn out.

“You dare touch my spoils of war? You’re really asking to die!” Garen’s mind was upset. He discarded the female knight in his claws and rushed directly towards the Demon-Hags instead.

“Block him!” screamed one of the Demon-Hags.

A black, gigantic beetle that was seven to eight meters tall with sharp pincers moved towards Garen, attempting to pinch him.

Garen moved his claws from left to right in a ripping motion before an enormous force that was accompanied by vibrations transferred directly into the beetle’s body. This bastard turned weak immediately, making it obvious that his vitality was lower than fifty points.

Its head was instantly smashed by Garen’s claw. Its red and green brain matter oozed out at once after the collision, and it lay on the floor, unmoving.

Neither of the two Demon-Hags had expected that the battle would end so soon. They were instantly scared to the point where their souls had almost left their bodies. They turned on their heels and ran while abandoning the souls they were collecting earlier.

However, Garen’s 80-point speed allowed him to catch up to them instantly. He caught each of them in one claw as if he was grabbing balloons that punctured immediately. Both of the Demon-Hags flattened out with a whoosh and turned into two pieces of green human skin that fell on the ground. They were collected by Garen before he turned around and went back.

The green poison that leaked out tried to attach itself to Garen’s body. However, it was completely ineffective as it could only hold on for two seconds before Garen’s powerful vitality became immune to it.

The three Blasphemy Knights were thrown together by Garen. He used a few random vines that he had found on the ground to bind the trio together before grabbing them with one claw. Garen was planning to look for some subordinates to help him gather information because working on his own was truly too slow-paced. As he did not have an Ultimate Transformation Spell yet, his movements in his dragon race physique were too conspicuous. Frankly, it was better for him to find some substitutes.

While clutching these three Blasphemy Knights, Garen flew and briefly asked along the way in passing if the situation that the Fiery Beast was talking about was true. Indeed, he was not lying.

Garen returned to the location of his original cave quickly. If everything that the beast said was true, the matters regarding the forging of his weapons and equipment really rested on his shoulders.

He would probably need to add more than two thousand potential points into his Void Original Opus.

While flying along the way, he began adding his potential points there. It had only increased to 14% after he had added over 140 points previously. This time, he added 500 points in one go before seeing that his Void Original Opus had suddenly surged to a large extent.

It leaped directly to 64% from 14%. He could clearly feel that changes had occurred throughout his body. They were several subtle but extremely thorough changes. However, he did not have the chance to investigate it for now.

He threw the three Blasphemy Knights into his own cave first before Garen went to look for the Fiery Beast whose aura was not far from there. He released a small-scale barrier from Negative Energy Spells. These three fellows were already fully exhausted by him while their muscles and bones were injured from the quakes. Since they were too tired to move, he did not have to worry about them escaping.

“What do you say?”

The enormous beast raised its head and looked at Garen who was flying over while lying on its own building ruins.

“Have you decided to let me help you forge your weapons and equipment?”

“What are your conditions?” Garen knew that nothing ever came for free.

“I want you to provide me with High-quality Souls. Don’t reject me frantically because I can sense the special Soul Divine Weapon that you have. I’ve recently been researching a Matrix that allows me to

attempt to condense High-quality Souls. However, I'm lacking a Soul Divine Weapon. If the both of us cooperate, perhaps we can obtain even greater benefits!"

The enormous beast spoke sincerely. He was initially planning to snatch it forcefully, but it was unfortunate that he could not defeat his opponent...

"High-quality Soul..." Garen was aroused. If the quality of a soul was too low, it would be ineffective for him to absorb it as potential points anyway. This was similar to his current situation whereby if he absorbed the soul of a normal person to be used as his potential point aura, it would probably be ineffective. It would be useless even if he tried to absorb it anymore. Only the souls that were Level Three or above and had a certain density to produce qualitative changes were the ones that could provide him with some potential points to be absorbed.