

# Mystical 1321

## Chapter 1321: Evolution 1

If he had a High-quality Soul, perhaps he could gather a large amount of low leveled souls to obtain potential points. Moreover, he could gain the greatest benefits on a battlefield like this.

Once his train of thought had cleared up, Garen discussed everything in detail with the enormous beast Kratos, such as the exact particulars and theories of the Matrix. Both of them were fellows who did not adhere to the principles of good and evil. Finally, Garen became clearly aware of the origins of the enormous beast's Matrix, although he was secretive about it. He relied on absorbing the souls and Prayers who had died in battle during the Blood Wars. Although there were not many, he did not dare to snatch souls from the Abyss. However, a mere 0.01% of that amount was enough for those two fellows to sneakily eat until they were full.

After discussing this matter for some time, Garen naturally did not dare to simply believe the other party. However, when Kratos vowed solemnly to find an Underworld River Oath for them to sign this contract, Garen then waited for this Underworld River Oath.

Meanwhile, he continued spending time in his cave instead while interrogating the three new captives that he had acquired.

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After watching Garen's silhouette left, Kratos arranged a Flame Isolation Boundary in a circle carefully.

Next, numerous beetles burrowed out of the ground behind him and formed themselves into a seductive female body.

"How did it go? How did it go with Maffey and Bakiloa that you contacted?" Kratos' expression appeared solemn now after he had changed from his previously cautious attitude.

"I've informed them already. Bakiloa is extremely impatient. He was testing out a large-scale Blood Formation before I interrupted him. You will need to bear the cost," answered the beetle-woman softly.

Kratos' face was slightly contorted while a pained look appeared there faintly.

"Is Bakiloa willing to come?"

"Yes, but he's extremely furious. He said that if you can't give him a satisfactory reply, even the Wanku Fortress will not be able to stop him from devouring you." The beetle-woman shivered. "I lost one-third of my torso just to meet him once."

"He's a Level Thirteen being indeed. He plays a part in the Soul Matrix this time as well. Anyways, our success rate will increase greatly as long as we obtain a Soul Divine Weapon." Kratos' gaze turned gloomy. "I really don't believe that a mere little White Dragon can pass through three of our encirclements."

"What if he really succeeds?" The beetle-woman asked anxiously.

"Then it won't make any difference if we give him a share or not. I'm the only one who can activate the Soul Matrix. There's nothing to be afraid of because I won't be harmed no matter what happens," said Kratos with a darkened expression. "There's me, Level Eleven Maffey, and Level Thirteen Bakiloa, unless the Thane of Wanku... Hahaha."

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When Garen returned to his cave, the three Blasphemy Knights still remained unmoving there even though they were already awake and aware. Their pupils and face were the only parts that could move while the rest of their bodies were still numb.

The trio's faces turned pale from fright when they saw Garen walking into the cave. Their gazes stared at Garen's large mouth closely. They clearly thought that Garen was probably going to eat them.

Garen's pure white body passed through the black Negative Energy Barrier. The inside of the cave was completely empty. There was nothing inside because Garen's food and water were stored inside the Space Ring that Soaring Wing King had given him.

He walked toward one of the female knights and approached her one step at a time. Next, Garen grinned and exposed his mouth full of pure white and straight teeth.

Shh!

He bit the female knight's head in one go.

Ahh!

A sharp pained cry rang out before Garen loosened his mouth. He looked at the female knight who had fainted and shook his head wordlessly.

"What are you afraid of? I was just scaring you for fun." He was only joking around like this because he was extremely bored.

"Irene has always been cowardly," said the male knight roughly. "If you want to kill someone, kill me first!"

"Still so strong-willed." Garen shifted his gaze to look at this fellow instead.

He walked over and kicked this bastard away with one foot. Now was not the time to control these few people yet. He would wait until his Void Original Opus had finished simulating its original abilities. It would be perfect if he could condense an Aberrated Soul Seed like the one that he had in the Vampire World or perhaps the Hellfrost Peacock Queen's Distorted Seed.

Garen twisted his body once he had walked to the center of the cave. He had recently increased his Void Original Opus to 64%. Thus, he could already feel that numerous changes were occurring throughout his body.

The Void Original Opus was originally a key factor in gathering every single trace of his strength to advance his True Soul.

This 64% value had already consecutively activated several Secret Techniques that he had practiced previously.

The Northern Trident Frost-Fire True Water Evil Technique, which was one of the more crucial ones, was already activated perfectly. The following one was the Seven Star Life's Secret Point that he had practiced previously. These two sets of skills that were worth being called as terrifying Demonic Techniques were finally refined and launched.

This instantly made up for more than half of Garen's martial power system within his entire body. It also replenished his supernatural powers greatly. If he encountered another Void Shadow, at least it would not be so troublesome anymore, since he could use his Semi-Divine Weapon to torture it slowly to death.

He looked at his remainder of more than 1600 Potential Points. Once he had removed 500 points, these were his only leftovers.

"I'll try again and see if I can use these leftover percentages to rush upward." Garen could vaguely sense that the Void Original Opus would require more Potential Points towards the back.

When he had added five hundred points previously, he could already faintly tell that the percentage would increase very quickly when he had first started but had become more strenuous towards the end.

"I'll try again."

He continued focusing his gaze on the Void Original Opus. His Potential Points continued to decrease greatly while the increments of the Void Original Opus rose once again.

Garen did not seem to notice that seven blood-red black stars had already started to gleam faintly on the wings on his back. These black stars were completely pitch-black, save for the faint red light that was dispersing around it. A still, strange and deathly aura permeated slowly and dispersed throughout the surroundings of the cave.

64%... 65%... 67%... 70%... After that, it got stuck.

After reaching 70%, the Void Original Opus got stuck immediately while his Potential Points continued decreasing wildly.

Garen had spent more than 60% of his Potential Value to increase it by 6%. However, even though it had stopped suddenly towards the end, his Potential Value continued to decrease while his Void Original Opus remained static.

His Potential Points that previously stood at over 1600 points quickly decreased to only 1400 points. After that, since his Void Original Opus was indeed unable to absorb the Potential Value anymore, his Potential Points stopped decreasing.

Garen could clearly feel that his body was somewhat bloated. It seemed like a large amount of gas had surged into his body as if he was a balloon.

“I can’t increase it anymore, huh?” He moved his body. “My current physical fitness has probably restricted my increments. The few powers towards the back of the Void Original Opus are too strong. It has fully revealed that this body is incapable of loading it completely.”

After all, the Hellfrost Peacock Queen Secret Technique that he had gained during the later period was already considered an extremely powerful and terrifying Demonic Technique. The Void Original Opus would simulate and fully restore and repair it to its original state.

In other words, all of the Secret Techniques and Demonic Techniques that he had practiced previously would fully reappear and converge in this body.

When he opened his eyes, Garen could clearly feel that his right foot was slightly swollen. He lowered his head to look at it before noticing that a strange, dark blue sphere that resembled an ice ball had apparently grown on his right hind claw.

His heart trembled slightly when this blue sphere separated itself from his body suddenly while his right hind leg disappeared at the same time as well.

This blue sphere fell on the ground and cracked on its own before an imposing, faceless man arched out from the middle, holding a halberd.

The muscles throughout the man's entire body were extremely taut, and his height was over two meters. His skin was pale while his long, dark blue hair flew in the wind. A silent evil energy permeated around this man's entire body.

Aside from the halberd that he was holding in his hand, there were numerous translucent halberds behind him that were naturally slowly frozen by the frost.

"You're my right foot?" Garen's mind stirred faintly suddenly before he opened his mouth and asked this question.

The three knights inside the cave were currently staring dumbfoundedly after they had witnessed this scene. Intense chills that were tinged with evil energy poured into their bodies silently. They did not seem to notice that strange faint shades of blue had appeared throughout their bodies while their temperatures had started to decrease automatically.

The man with long blue hair nodded faintly. His body was naturally covered in a layer of magnificent and exquisite light blue Ice Armor.

"I obey you, my master."

He seemed to have his own intelligence, but his awareness was interlinked with Garen's own, making it seem as though Garen was conversing with himself or perhaps if he was talking to his reflection in a mirror.

Garen felt as if both his wings had shown signs of breaking away from his body at the same time. He complied with the stirring in his heart and allowed both of his wings to separate themselves from his body naturally.

Both wings fell on the ground and naturally transformed into an imposing muscular man with a black colored body. Both of his arms were spread open as if they were two gigantic wings.

Seven black-red, closely-packed cavities appeared on his back slowly. This man did not have a face as well, but his stern, short black hair and exaggeratedly burly muscles gave off an extremely terrifying sense of forcefulness.

This was Garen when he was the Overlords of the Blood Breed World and the pinnacle of the world's martial arts.

He relied on the Seven Star Life's Secret Point to dominate the entire world at that time. He was peerless and if it was not for Nadia's appearance in the end, perhaps he could have ruled over the martial arts of that world for more than hundreds of years.

"You're my pair of wings." Garen looked at the other person calmly.

"Of course," answered the man in a similar low tone.

Garen looked at these two body parts that had separated themselves from his body naturally. These were clearly the works of the Void Original Opus. Originally, they were neither fully unified nor had they converged in one specific body. On the contrary, they were separated into different individuals to match each other and combine together. When these individuals finally gathered, it was time for the strongest body to appear.

"The final one." Garen could feel his long tail disappearing, before an elegant man, whose entire body was wholly black, reappeared while holding a violin.

The most unique part of him was his eyes. He had no other features on his face other than two eyes. His left eye was red while his right eye was golden.

"In my heart, everything is possible," said the man calmly. "My master, I'm very glad to meet you."

Garen noticed that a golden lotus was engraved on his violin.

This was the manifestation of the Holy Phoenix Scriptures, or perhaps the Holy Phoenix Demonic Book.

“Is this the path to domination?” This impression appeared in his heart faintly when Garen looked attentively at these individuals.

Achieving seventy percent of his Void Original Opus had revealed three of his previous states. The only ones that were missing were the Crystal King of the previous Mech World and the Hellfrost Peacock Queen.

Regarding these three individuals, Garen named them Evil Soldier, Demonic Book, and Seven Lives respectively.

When he looked at his dragon body that was already incomplete and imperfect, Garen’s will stirred before these three individuals returned to his body and transformed back into his right leg, two wings, and tail.

Two of the three knights had already fainted when Seven Lives appeared. When Seven Lives had just manifested, they were already contaminated by Evil Soldier’s ominous Spirit Energy that froze their bodies stiffly. Their entire consciousness and even their souls were inflicted with a temporary shock.

When he saw that his body was complete now, Garen faintly sighed in relief.

His right leg, both wings, and tail were the three parts that were flowing with powers. They were completely different from the strength within his own body.

## Chapter 1322: Evolution 2

With the tail being the most powerful part, the Holy Phoenix Demonic Book had a strong, overbearing power. When the long tail swayed gently, Garen could sense the horrifying urge to destroy everything locking its path. This sort of motive, or perhaps willpower, caused the Demonic Book energy which flowed in the long tail to rotate according to a mysterious track, which then produced a stronger power.



“It’s like... It’s still cultivating!” Garen suddenly understood the principle, a sense of absurdity arose within his mind.

A part of his body was actually cultivating a constantly powerful force according to his independent Willpower.

He tried maneuvering this kind of power, and it could actually be used regardless of each other.

“If so, with the tail added, there are still two other places. Together with myself, isn’t that equivalent to having four individuals practicing and strengthening one body at the same time?!” He was surprised and happy.

At this moment, he still did not know the extent to which his powers had reached. The variable was too big, and until then, it was still unknown how powerful a role the Void Original Opus played.

“What I need to do now is to test my true strength.” Garen glanced at the three knights on the ground as he stood up and walked out of the cave.

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On the plains far away from Garen’s cave, a gigantic black Hound was slowly moving toward the ruins of the Fiery Beast.

This huge Hound was black in color. It might seem just like an ordinary hound from a distance. However, upon closer inspection, its body was actually composed of countless corpses and human bones.

This was an enormous Corpse-Hound. He was at least ten meters tall or so, and his massive body was twenty meters long. His eyes were made of two dark hollows, and blood-red mucus trickled down at the corner of its mouth occasionally. Its sharp teeth slightly exposed at the edge of its mouth.

Far away, all creatures around could already sense the deadly aura emitted from him, they would flee just from far away.

The Corpse-Hound was generally one of the favorite Undead Guards of Necromancers and Great Liches, but this Corpse-Hound was evidently out of control.

It had a clear row of black spikes on its back, which was a sign of that it had no ruler.

“Maffey, oh! My dear Maffey, you’re finally back!!” Kratos the Fiery Beast quickly rushed out of his ruins as the Corpse-Hound rushed in his direction from far away.

His eight legs were spider-like, moving steadily. However, with the dragon’s head above his body, it looked a bit strange.

“Hiss... Hiss... Just nice, I haven’t eaten. You promised me a thousand high-quality corpses. That’s really generous, Kratos. Hiss...” the Corpse-Hound said loudly as he exhaled.

Kratos squeezed out a smile as he resisted the stench of the Corpse-Hound. “Come to my site first, and we’ll see. I’m sure you must be clear about my request, then?”

“Of course... Hiss...” Corpse-Hound grinned. “Bakiloa is already nearby, and his Teleportation spells are the best.”

“Bakiloa... So fast...” There was clearly a stunned look on the Fiery Beast’s face as a trace of fear flashed in his eyes.

“If you’re unable to satisfy him, hiss... You’ll really be in trouble this time,” Maffey snickered.

A loud bang sounded suddenly, and the two gigantic creatures looked up into the distant sky.

An evident expression of sneer and anticipation appeared on the Hound Maffey’s face, while Bakiloa’s face remained serious and cautious.

Soon, blood-red clouds floated across the sky from a distance.

These clouds were like living creatures, squirming at the edges. Their cores constantly twisted and converged as a huge human face emerged. It was the face of a man with a beard and hair.

It was almost the same as the Matrix Spirit Garen had seen in Snow City. However, those were Thunder Clouds, and these were Blood Clouds. Furthermore, the size of them this time was almost twice as large.

The Blood Clouds turned over and almost covered the plains. The sun in the sky was also blocked as well as it turned reddish and grayish.

“Kratos, if you even dare to deceive me, this time I’m really going to swallow you up!” The huge Blood Cloud rumbled furiously. It was an Abyssal that sounded like the screams of squally winds and the screams of humans.

“Bakiloa, have I ever not fulfilled something that I’ve promised you?” Kratos gave a slight apple-polish smile. “Even if you don’t believe me, do you not believe in the Wanku Fortress behind me? After all, I am the Blacksmith’s First Seat.”

Bakiloa was a mass of cloud that had no fixed form, and this had become his trait as the climate life. He was born in the intersection between the Abyss Underworld River and the Heavens. The Void Universe there would intertwine with the immense evil powers of the Abyss and the pure spirit energy, gradually forming large clumps of clouds. One of them produced the weird but special life of Bakiloa.

He had two extreme personalities, and his personality changed every Abyss Month. This personality was a mixture of the pure and devout spirit energy of the Heavens, and the evil selfish powers of the Abyss. His personality was generated by random according to different proportions, even he was unable to determine his own character for the next Abyss Month.

Once when he met up with his old friend Kratos, he just turned into an indifferent, hopeless character that was ignorant toward all matters. The extremity of this personality was self-destructive as he was just about to devour every life that was in his sight before blowing himself up.

The result was that Kratos was almost swallowed alive. If it was not for the Chief of Army of the Wanku Fortress, which was also the thane, who pulled him out, he would have probably turned into nutrients for Bakiloa already.

“My most respected Bakiloa, I hope you are in a good mood during our meeting this time,” Kratos said cautiously.

Maffey, however, was not really afraid of Bakiloa. He had escaped under the mouth of this fellow once and he was best at escaping. His confidence for this area was extremely strong.

“I’m in a bad mood, really. Your Emissary interrupted one of my important experiments at the most critical time, If you can’t pay a price that satisfies me, then I’ll consider killing you right now.” Bakiloa was in a furious mood. He continued howling and the storms whistled. The airstream was increasing rapidly and the surrounding temperature was rising tremendously. The temperature at the plains had risen by more than ten degrees and it was still heating up.

“Please rest assured, this time I’m letting you make a move just for a Soul Semi-Divine Weapon!” Kratos made sure he emphasized the term when he said the word ‘soul’.

“Soul Divine Weapon?” As expected, Bakiloa had slightly calmed down.

“There’s also another heterogeneous White Dragon with a very good talent. He has a powerful body and the energy contained in his flesh can definitely satisfy you.” Kratos grinned. His heart was slightly relaxed now as Bakiloa’s mood seemed to be traceable. This was the best time to negotiate with him.

“Where is this thing?! Bring me there immediately!!” Bakiloa was getting irritable.

“Hold your horses, I shall bring the both of you there right now...” Kratos replied softly, pleased.

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“An abnormal Force Field?” Garen felt a bit fretful.

“Could it be that there’s a problem over at Kratos’?” The Abyss was full of frauds and scams, so he had every reason to be worried about Kratos’ ulterior motives. That fellow seemed to be a scoundrel, so it was natural to meet some helpers to get some help.

“Seems like I still have to be more careful.” Garen thought about it and felt that the Force Fields that came from the distance suddenly was unusual. Just as a precaution, he grabbed the three Knights and left the cave.

Somehow, sometime, a big clump of red clouds had appeared in the distance, slowly moving towards his side.

“It seems that the abnormal Force Fields are caused by these red clouds? Perhaps it’s related to the strange messy weather at the Abyss.” Garen frowned. He thought about it and decided not to care, then returned to his cave and soon disappeared within.

The red clouds in the distance moved in quickly the moment he returned to the cave.

Below the red clouds, Kratos and Corpse-Hound were running swiftly as they followed the pace of the red clouds.

Kratos kept pulling out pieces of metal elliptical rune paper. The yellow rolls of paper were constantly burned into black ashes that disappeared into the wind. The black ashes were all scattered everywhere and was then naturally swept up by the strong winds of the red clouds blowing toward the open space around Garen’s cave.

Rows of black ash were automatically arranged into a series of complex yet detailed symbols and words, forming a huge circle of Abyssal and Rune powers.

The entire circle surrounded Garen’s cave, placing him right in the center. It was at least kilometers in diameter when the last speck of ash completed the circle.

Buzz!

The entire circle suddenly began buzzing and shaking. Black threads floated from the ashes and were interwoven into a net spreading toward the sky. It grew longer and bigger as if they were black vines.

“Devour everything!” A human face emerged among the red clouds and watched Garen’s cave below greedily.

His massive body made of clouds was pressing down entirely.

Boom!

The cave collapsed immediately, but there was nothing in it.

Kratos’ face froze while delight shone in Maffey’s eyes.

As for Bakilooa, he was stunned. The stare he had at Kratos was so cold it could possibly freeze everything.

“This is what you call a heterogeneous White Dragon and Soul Divine Weapon!? If you want to die, you can just say it. I’ll gladly grant that wish of yours!”

“No, no, no! Bakilooa, please listen to me, the situation is certainly not like this!” Kratos shook his head frantically, a trace of fear flashed through his eyes. “The White Dragon has been living here all along! It’s true, and I swear under the oath of Soul and Underworld River!”

“You still want to lie to me!?” Bakilooa was completely furious. He swooped down as immense red clouds shrouded Kratos. An oppression of such a colossal Soul naturally had a certain Decree Spell effect. Moreover, it was the power of the Decree Spell of a Level-Nine peak, it would be a steady flow of power unlike those released only once by the average creature. Bakilooa seemed to be releasing this terrifying, endless surge of oppression, immobilizing Kratos.

“No! Master Bakilooa! You must listen to me! It’s not what you think it is!” Kratos shouted. Watching the red clouds that were almost reaching his head, he finally sensed the true shadow of death. It was not that he did not want to fight back, he did resist it, but nothing happened; it would only irritate the other person.

The gap between Level Thirteen and Level Nine was that different from the gap between Level Five and Level Nine.

## Chapter 1323: Blood Wars 1

“Wait!” the Corpse-Hound Maffey yelled by the side, “Kratos is right. Technically, there’s still a White Dragon out there and three humans. There seems to be the scent of Blasphemy Knights.”

He sniffed with his sensitive nose and revealed a look of greed. “Such perfectly strong flesh, if I’m able to eat it, perhaps I can safely pass the next Bottleneck.”

The movements of the red clouds that were swooping downward immediately stopped.

Bakiloa turned and looked at Maffey.

“Are you sure?”

“Of course!” Maffey glanced at him with dissatisfaction. “Are you doubting my sense of smell?”

Bakiloa did not respond, instead, he set his steely gaze on Kratos, withdrawing the big clumps of clouds that retracted back to the sky.

“From what you’ve said, he probably hasn’t gotten far, maybe nearby here that we can catch up. Can you confirm which direction he headed off to?”

Maffey continued sniffing.

“Should be that direction...” He raised his head and suddenly began running in a direction.

Bakiloa and Kratos then followed behind hurriedly.

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Garen continued flying, the frequency of his wings flapping had reached an astonishing speed.

A large area of the Abyss' ground swept under him. A steel fortress at his right side shot out a large number of black smoke pillars that were surrounded by large blood-red runes. It was clearly a sort of spell.

Garen could vaguely recognize the style of this fortress. The Devil and Demon's Fortress were different. The Devil's Fortress was extremely orderly and beautiful with a hint of grimness.

As for the Demon's, it was just messy. Moreover, they were too lazy to even bother with all the repairs to the insignificant places. Because of the brutal fights and battles that often damaged the internal structures of the building and the surrounding walls of the fortress, they never bothered maintaining it anymore.

"It's the Demon's Fortress." Garen simply identified the soldiers below.

Somewhere beneath the fortress and the big gate on the ground, a ruthless battle was happening right at that moment. Devil Soldiers that had horns on their heads were battling against chaotic strong Demons. Green, blue, and red blood scattered everywhere.

Several tall Balor Demons were entangled among the troops, fighting the giant beasts and giant squids.

Garen swept across the sky and attracted the attention of some of the creatures below. However, the war was getting heated up, nobody could turn their attention away.

As for Garen, he sensed a strong aura that was closing in on him.



“He actually caught up.” It bothered him that after drilling a hole underground and escaping from another place, not long after he was away, he could see the place in where he originally lived being surrounded by a large array of spells. He could also sense Kratos’ indistinct aura.

He instantly knew that Kratos had definitely brought trouble upon him.

Fortunately, he escaped right on time.

“This is Kaqiu Plains, we can’t fly anymore. There are flight restrictions here, time can’t stop over two Magic Points on the battlefield. Otherwise, the Thane of Fortress will kill us!”

The male Knight that was clutched in Garen’s claws started shouting.

“Thane of Fortress? What level of a powerhouse is the general Thane of Fortress?” Garen asked casually.

“Generally it’s the peak level, Level Fourteen,” the Knight answered honestly, “We can’t fight against the Thane of Fortress’ prestige. They still have many men of below Level Nine. If they work together on a spell, they can easily imprison or even kill a being of Level Ten and above,” Irene, the female Knight, continued.

“Level Fourteen...” Garen shivered. He once witnessed the power of a Level Fourteen, the speaker back in Snow City, who was also the father of Dragon Master. By just casting a spell far away, he was already able to suppress all the Wizards that were present in the area. If he was to cast a spell close-ranged, perhaps the power would be more than doubled. He was not an existence he could fight against at the moment.

“Let’s go down first and we’ll see.” He then flew lower toward the battlefield.

Behind him, he could vaguely see the large clumps of red clouds almost chasing up.

Kratos’ aura was getting closer and closer already, there was also a mixture of two inexplicable, unfamiliar force fields.

“He indeed found people to help.” Garen sneered and looked back at the red clouds behind him.

“We can’t actually help you with anything, so can you let us go?” Irene was the most naive one among the three Knights. After noticing the people chasing behind them, her face paled and she began pleading Garen.

“Let all of you go?” Garen smiled and glanced at the trio. “You guys were the ones who wanted to kill me in the first place, it’s not going to be that easy for me to just let all of you off the hook. Come on, let’s join this Blood War. We can avoid those three fellows behind too.

The bloody atmosphere and extremely broad battlefield was just the right place for him to hide his trail.

Garen rushed straight toward the battlefield, where a mess of massacre was all over the place.

A Gnoll in black armor swung a hammer toward Garen’s back.

With a swipe of Garen’s tail, he immediately smashed the spell barrier that was emitted from the Gnoll with a bang. The Gnoll flew on impact and was broken into half by the waist mid-air, both halves of its corpse fell onto the two Devils who were battling.

The Fiery Devils lingered in the flames and smoke. They wore blood-red robes and held long barbed whips. One of them slashed the whip toward Garen’s head.

“Die!”

With a smack, Garen caught the whip in his claws and pulled hard, pulling the Fiery Devil over and exhaled a breath of Dragon Breath.

The icy Dragon Breath was mixed with a cold toxin, and the Fiery Devil instantly froze into a block of ice.

There were all just creatures that were no higher than Level Six, they stood no chance against Garen at all. He could simply wipe out the entire space with just a mere swipe of his tail, or just a simple stretch of his claws.

He was basically a war machine in this sort of low-level battlefield.

His claws were already covered with flesh and armor fragments after just a few minutes.

Roar!

All of a sudden, a green fat Bullhorn Devil stared at him.

This fellow was carrying an enormous mace that was at least five meters wide. It had a long tail much like that of a Tyrannosaurus Rex's. The tail resembled his third leg, supporting his bulky body as he walked towards Garen shakily.

The monster was almost two heads taller than Garen, looking down at Garen from his height.

The monster suddenly opened its mouth and spat, spewing out large black worms that flew toward Garen's body. At the same time, the mace on his shoulder slammed down like a phantom.

Bang!

As Garen's wings blocked before him, seven black-red stars flashed on his wings. It was hard, and the strength was unusually terrifying. The seven stars suddenly grew brighter. Garen immediately felt a steady stream of strength surged through his wings, increasing his strength by more than half.

With this strength, he gently moved his wings and firmly blocked the monster's wings.

He was originally as powerful as this guy already. However, after this enhancement, he surpassed the other person. The fat devil had a great fall and soon, fearless Demons swarmed forward and started biting crazily.

Garen did not care much but just went forward and lashed his tail ferociously.

With a loud rumble, the fat Devil exploded straight away and turned into black bugs that flew around.

The surrounding Demons cheered.

“You’ve crossed the border! Dragon Race Mercenaries!” A Devil leader shrieked.

“So what if I’ve crossed the border?” Garen was too lazy to even bother. He was surrounded by Demons and Devils. Most of the Demons here were Gnolls, Fiery Devils and fat Devils like the one just now.

The Devil Leader screamed as he drove the large crowd of Fiery Devils toward Garen. As for he himself, he retreated back. The Devils that were being driven away had reddish eyes, they were clearly under some sort of stimulation.

The atmosphere everywhere was hectic.

Demons screamed in an insane manner as they darted out from Garen’s side, heading toward the Devils.

They then exploded to death, row by row, by the group of Warlocks’ spells. Yet, there was no sign of retreat.

Flames, strong acid, huge rolling stones, and magma bombs fell from the sky one by one onto the groups of Demons and Devils. Blood and the shattering sounds of Souls could be heard among the screams.

Garen stood on the battlefield with three of the Blasphemy Knights. In this battlefield, Garen could just open his wings and he was able to block and flames, rolling stones, and even strong acid. If he simply exerted a little bit more strength, he would be able to smash the crowded Devils into death.

His body scent was perfectly hidden in the bloodshed of this battlefield.

Gnolls were constantly torn into pieces by him and at the same time, he vaguely felt that a surge of evil yet distorted strength slowly seeping into his body in the process of killing.

This strength then proceeded in nourishing his body, accelerating the evolution of his body.

“So this is the Power of Abyss huh?” Garen immediately understood. The creatures that were involved in the Blood Wars would cause the increase of creatures killed, which would then gain the reward of the Abyss’ Will, thus gaining more powerful strength. This strength consisted a natural effect of creating chaos in one’s mind and if it was not stably digested, if this chaotic essence was not suppressed, one would eventually become extremely chaotic, turning into a war machine that could only kill. One could ultimately die on the battlefield.

Hiss!

With just one claw, Garen beat the Fiery Devil into ashes and he instantly felt his back loosen up. It was as if his back finally broke through something that was bound around him, piercing through his scales and releasing them all out.

He heard the exclamation of the three Knights behind him and turned around to look at his back.

Only then did he realize, at right that moment, his back was covered with rows of black venomous snakes.

His back that was originally like a Stegosaurus, full of spikes, was now full of soft venomous snakes. These venomous snakes looked ferocious with black spikes all over their heads. They looked just like sharp whips.

“Is the evolution finally over?”

Garen quickly glanced at his Status Pane. (TL Note: The author’s original script wrote something along the lines of “his IDE Status Pane”, this is probably a typo.)

As expected, there had been new changes in his status. Just right below his Attribute Pane, there was a new row of status.

‘Status: White Dragon Level 2 Evolutionary Body — Snakeback White Dragon. Spellcraft talent, Poisonous Eye.’

Garen then only discovered that his eyes seemed to be filled with a new kind of power. This power was like the liquid compressed within the eyelids; it was flowing around, yet it did not affect his vision. He felt that he could just use this strength and unleash it out at any time.

So he found a Devil that rushed before him, a slightly icy Devil, a white-skinned man that was wrapped in a white chilly fog.

With two subtle slurps, two rays of white-blue Light Beams shot out from Garen’s eyes and hit the icy Devil as quickly as a sudden clap of thunder.

Ah!

The Devil suddenly let out a scream and melted like a candle, turning into a gooey solution in less than two seconds flat.

## Chapter 1324: Blood Wars 2

Garen instantly felt that both his eyes were starting to accumulate the power again. Yet, from the looks of it, it was going to take some time.

He had a look at his status.

‘Poisonous Eye — Consists of the Natural Ability to use three gazes a day to poison the enemy. Vision +5, the eyeball will not be eroded by most toxins.’

“The recovery time should be within five minutes,” Garen calculated.

Soon enough, some high-leveled Devils finally fixed their gaze on Garen after charging about on the battlefield.

Two Level-Nine Chained Demons approached Garen. Their chains were entwined with black flames. It was the unique Sin Flames of Barto’s Hell. If a creature was ignited by it, the remorse and regrets from the deepest part of their heart would grow rapidly and from there, resulting in a hopeless tendency to self-destruct. They would seize the opportunity to kill the creature swiftly.

The two Level-Nine Chained Demons looked like tall and strong men with sharp, gray iron helmets.

They were bare-chested, they had green-grayish skin and solid muscles. They had a black belt that was gray by the edges with a skull around their waist, but their legs were just bizarre black goat hooves that looked furry.

“Surround him!” The two Chained-Demons had long noticed Garen. This White Dragon’s physique was unusually strong so they could capture him as their slave. If he was seriously injured, they could still get a good price by selling him off.

They flung their chains, and a huge amount of black words and symbols came flying out of the chains, surrounding Garen wholly.

“Hell Trial!” One of the Chained-Demon roared in Devil Language.

Numerous black words surrounded Garen and instantly formed a gigantic black funnel, positioning Garen right at the bottom of the funnel.

There was an extremely disgusting sticky substance hidden in the immense Attractive Force. It was blocking all of Garen’s nose, mouth, and other parts that could be used to breathe.

The severe suffocation was making Garen physically uncomfortable.

He bellowed, and his entire body began to shake in a high frequency, attempting to get rid of the sticky substance on his body. However, it was useless. The sticky substance was neither a spell effect nor a supernatural force, but a special physical attack created by spells. It was not fighting toughness with toughness. Instead, it was disguised in a different form, directly causing the creature to suffocate and lose consciousness.

Garen used up several ways, but he was still unable to get rid of the sticky substance completely. Suddenly, the contempt he had when he killed the small Devil earlier on completely disappeared. In such a short moment, two Level-Nine peak Devils had surrounded him. He could imagine the most important key here was not the sufficient power, but to be able to learn a powerful life-saving way.

You could be strong, but there were those stronger than you here.

Garen used every trick, the Dragon Breath as well as all other physical means, yet they were all useless. The suffocation kept up with him. If it was not for him being able to hold his breath for a long time, he would have probably lost consciousness due to the lack of air.

“Try it one last time.”

“Garen focused his gaze and stared into the black funnel right in front of him.

Swoosh swoosh! Two rays of white-blue Light Beams shot out. They were not eye-catching, looking just like normal ice rays.

However, the power it generated left everyone staring dumbfoundedly.

Two Level Nine Peak merged together and released a spell that was close to Level Ten, but it just melted. Within less than half a minute, they turned into a puddle of pale blue viscous liquid on the ground.

The suffocation that Garen’s body felt instantly faded.



The body after evolution was indeed extremely different.

The power of this Innate Spell had actually reached the standards of a Level Ten, making Garen particularly happy.

Level Nine to Level Ten was a key threshold. Clearly, the biggest indication of his evolution was that he managed to break through this threshold.

With 50 years worth of preparation for the great war, he could once again make great use of his Potential Points to improve his attributes.

“Soul! A lot of Souls...” An evil soft voice suddenly swooped across the top of Garen’s head.

It was a massive, white Entropy Ship that was made up of a myriad of naked human bodies that were still squirming. This was the gigantic Warship that the Demons used to weave through planes. Making an appearance here clearly meant that there was a special task here. This sort of Entropy Ship had a Soul Will itself. It was not a dead ship, but a gigantic monster.

The huge skull in front of the Entropy Ship howled loudly, as two bottom planks opened up and scattered a huge amount of Demon Seeds.

These Demon Seeds were like black Dandelion seeds, but once they get into contact with a Devil’s body, they would grow and parasitize on its body. Soon, it would take over the Devil’s body and turn it into a complete new demon.

“Parasitic Demons,” Garen recognize this type of Demons. He cautiously dodged the seeds that were sprinkled all over. Once contact was made, this sort of thing would not joke around regardless of who you were.

They had a crazy desire for flesh and blood, friend or foe alike.

Therefore, although the Entropy Ship mainly scattered the seeds in the direction of the Devil’s camp, Demons that were unable to dodge in time were also sucked to death by the Parasitic Demons.

“The counterattack of the Demons is finally about to begin.”

Garen saw a large group of tall gigantic Demons rushing out behind him from the Fortress gate all the way to the depths of the Devil’s army. Each of these Demons was at almost the same state as Garen, some even much taller than him. They had all sorts of strange forms, even Garen’s Snakeback White Dragon appearance was seemingly insignificant among them.

He mixed himself in the crowd as they rushed toward the Devil’s army. Among the giant Demons, most of them were Level Eight, whereas the stronger Gods were at least Level Ten or Eleven. It was extremely terrifying.

Only Demons would hire external mercenaries to participate in battles, whereas Devils were more dependent on their own troops to kill.

Cthulhu’s Hell and Thanes had something like a Reincarnation Pool. Dead Devils only needed to consume just a little energy and they would be reborn again, it was just that they would not have their original memory. That was why they were not worried about the number of Devils decreasing.

While Garen followed the troop rushing forward, he began to try increasing his Potential Points sneakily.

He still had more than a thousand four hundred potential points untouched. Now that he had finished his evolution, it was the right time to use them.

As soon as his gaze strayed for a while, his Potential Points immediately dropped whereas his Attribute Points increased rapidly.

The first thing that Garen improved on was his physique. With a strong enough physique, he could then be immune to higher leveled spells and negative states. Also, his self-healing ability would be even better. In the Blood War of the Abyss, strength was not a priority, survival was.

So physique was his first choice.

His physique was initially 80 points, which was already the maximum limit. However, now it was still rising quickly.

81... 82... 83...

Soon, Garen realized that something was wrong.

Despite his Potential Points being consumed a little bit too quickly, his attributes were increasing slowly.

He paused for a while and began calculating.

“It’s actually changed to ten points to raise one point of an attribute?!” He was shocked, but it was understandable. Now that he had reached eighty points, which was basically an unprecedented degree, it was normal to have a higher requirement of potential points.

“Thankfully, this is the Abyss Blood War, it’s still pretty easy to collect Souls and replenish my Potential Points.”

As he went along with the crowd of rowdy Demons, Garen continued improving his physique.

This time around, there seemed to be no limits.

One thousand four hundred potential points were soon consumed until there was not much left.

As for his physique, it actually reached an unprecedented level. 180 points!

He only had a mere four hundred-ish potential points remaining.

Garen’s body did not seem to have changed much. However, the color of the scales all over his body darkened, and there was a faint shimmer of a natural white-gold. There were some special textures that

could make people feel dizzy without even using the Divine Statue Technique. Those were the powerful natural symbols.

180 points, this was Garen's current Soul Limit's peak. Even though he had absorbed Soul Rings later, his Soul Limit was increasing slower and slower. The Soul Seed condensed after absorbing the Soul Energy later was completely different from the quality of his original inspiration. Therefore, the improvement of his Soul Limit was still extremely limited. Even after absorbing so much, he only managed to increase ten points of his limits from 170 to 180.

However, Garen was still very satisfied nevertheless.

180 points of physique, even Garen himself was not very clear about this concept. He looked around, and Cliffon Demons with gigantic horns surrounded him. These Demons had a huge head, a furless gray-black body, and four extremely thick elephant legs. A sort of green mucus constantly dripped from their abdomen. Hence, when they passed by, they naturally left a trail of venom. That was why they were also known as Ecological Destroyers, the most hated Demons of Elves and living creatures of nature.

"What are you looking at!?" Garen's arrogance and ignorance caused a dissatisfaction among the group of Cliffon Demons. These demons that were also known as Demonic Behemoths were much bigger in size than Garen. At ten meters high, they turned around and bellowed impatiently.

Garen was just about anxious over not finding an opportunity, and this Demonic Behemoth's powers seemed to be around Level Ten. This was exactly the kind of opponent he could provoke at the moment.

He confirmed that his Poisonous Eye had finished accumulating, and he looked at this Demonic Behemoth in an even more impatient manner.

"What are you yelling for! Yell more and I'll kill you!"

"What!?" The Demonic Behemoth's eyes were wide open, as though it could not imagine a Level-Nine creature would actually dare to challenge it. After acquiring the Power of Abyss in the Blood War, there was the possibility of mental confusion and impulsiveness. The originally bloodthirsty and impulsive Demonic Behemoths were now even more barbarous; they could not stand being provoked.

With a bang, they rushed toward Garen.

A small hill over ten meters in size was coming right at Garen, and the immense Attractive Force had naturally locked onto Garen, making it impossible for him to dodge.

“You dare to challenge me!” Garen was furious, he looked as if his dignity was just insulted. He then directly charged toward the fellow without a care.

By this time, he had already used up the remaining four hundred potential points and piled them up on his strength.

Four hundred points were equivalent to forty points of strength. His original eighty points of strength straight away rose to 120 points, which had far exceeded the limits of the general biological body. Even an Ancient Dragon could never reach Garen’s current level. Purely physical wise, he had reached a peak.

Bang!

The two giants crashed into each other, sending out a clear shockwave.

## Chapter 1325: A Chance Encounter 1

The Demonic Behemoth stumbled four steps backward, fell with a thump onto the ground and could not get up anymore.

Garen also felt a tremendous force crashing into him, as if he had slammed against a wall.

“It truly is the Demonic Behemoth. Its strength comes from the dark vortex in the depths of the Abyss. With the support of the dark vortex that swirls all the time, it doesn’t just merely aid the outburst of the body’s strength.”

Garen had an epiphany. His 120-points of Strength was already on par with the Demonic Behemoth's. Even exceeded it.

After all, the Demonic Behemoths were one of the demons with the highest strength in the Abyss, not to mention the Dragon Clan; even the slightly weaker demigods would not choose to wrestle with them when encountering them.

The Demonic Behemoth that fell collided with two elder demons that were moving forward. These elder demons with sharp blades in their hands and long horns on their heads were about to rage, but they quickly fell silent and dared not speak a word when they saw that it was a Demonic Behemoth. They hurried away immediately.

A Level Ten-Demonic Behemoth was one of the top strengths ranked in this team. The one who could knock out this fellow would naturally not be a simple existence.

The Demonic Behemoth shook its head and got up. It was not injured at all. "That's rather strong?" It could not believe that it was knocked down by someone from the Dragon Clan. The Dragon Clan, this kind of reptile, had always been skinny and weak, and only the higher-level Dragon Clan could scare him. A little Level Nine-White Dragon that could actually knock it over was absolutely unthinkable!

"I must have seen wrongly as my head feels a little dizzy." He shook his head and charged at Garen again.

Boom!!

There was another thundering sound. The Demonic Behemoth fell back at the same spot and stared vacantly at Garen.

There was not even a mark on Garen at the spot where he had caught him with his claws.

"Get lost!" Garen roared impatiently.

The Demonic Behemoth seemed to have finally recognized the reality. Panting heavily, he silently lumbered away from Garen.

Garen rampaged among the gigantic demons. Wherever he passed, no one dared to cross him.

A few Level Ten-demons were knocked over to the ground by him.

Charging through all the way, the team very quickly reached the Devil's Army.

Both parties fought and killed at close quarters, and nothing could be distinguished.

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"He has joined the Blood War!" Maffey said, displeased. "I hate the Blood War the most. There're so many delicious corpses swaying about in front, and yet I don't dare to go devour them. This is simply the cruelest torment in the world."

Corpse-Hound brought Bakiloa and Kratos along and stood by the edge of the Blood War battlefield to watch from afar. They did not dare to go any closer as they could be forcefully dragged into the battlefield by the Will of the Abyss.

Bakiloa had completely retracted the cloud on his entire body and landed on the ground. He had transformed into an elemental life form that was formed completely through the condensation of red clouds. He was not clothed at all; even the skin and muscles were just masses of slowly drifting bloody clouds. On his head were two curved horns, while his face was that of an old man's.

"Can we still catch up?" He asked impatiently.

"I don't think so." Maffey shook his head. "The smell inside is too mixed up. Even I have no way."

Kratos had a stiff expression on one side. If he could not find Garen, he would be in deep trouble.

"I know the vanguard of this fortress. Maybe we can go inside to search. A White Dragon is also rather eye-catching here. After all, this is not the Dragon Clan's battlefield."

"I hope it turns out as what you have said..." Bakiloa said coldly.

Kratos did not dare to answer back. He quickly led the two behemoths toward the Blood War.

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Garen was killing wantonly. One after another, the devils were smashed into pieces under his claws. As he spewed out a Dragon Stream with his mouth, a vast number of devils would be frozen into ice sculptures, dying completely.

Little demons flew up from behind and pounced onto the back of his wings, trying to pierce his wings with their steel forks, but to no avail. They were directly thrown off with the spreading of both his wings. His wings could now use the exertion of force as the basis. With the Seven Star Life's Secret Point as the foundation, he could break out an even stronger force. Because his own basic strength was too great, and the enhancement of the Seven Star Life's Secret Point was not developed for the Dragon Clan, so the increase was limited. However, it could also bring about a 150% enhancement to its original strength, which was a one-half improvement, reaching a terrific 180 points!!

Garen was a horrifying meat grinder on the battlefield. The surrounding devils and demons were slaughtered wantonly by him. With a swing of his tail, and wherever the platinum trail swept across, all the creatures would be cleared off. Some even directly exploded and turned into blood mist.

The Will of the Abyss continued to strengthen his body. The more creatures one killed, the greater the reward the Will of the Abyss would grant that being. It did not care whether you were the existence of other worlds.

Garen felt that he was growing non-stop, and every creature that died under his claws brought him a huge influx of soul power.



After filtering this strength through the Semi-Divine Weapon, the Despair Skull, and removing the messy memories and all kinds of chaotic emotions in it, it transformed into the purest soul power, which was absorbed by Garen and turned into Potential Points.

He watched his Potential Points begin to rise again.

A Level Five-little demon could benefit him, while a Level Seven and Eight-monster could grant him with more than ten points.

And now he had killed at least dozens of little demons and more than ten Level Seven and Eight-monsters. The potential aura rushed madly into his body like a waterfall.

Garen could not be bothered to look at the others and directly added the Potential Points to the attribute points. He watched his attributes climb continually.

A huge black scorpion darted at him, raising its stinger to strike Garen's head.

The black scorpion was almost as tall as Garen, and it was also considered a big guy on the battlefield.

The tip of the poison sting shone with a faint white light.

Whish!

Garen's claws caught the poisonous sting in an instant, and he wrestled with the scorpion.

He suddenly jerked hard. Roar!!!

With an angry bellow, Garen actually lifted the entire scorpion straight up and hurled it sideways. Boom, boom, boom! All the devils and demons around were swept away.

"Tyrant! Kill him!!" A thunderous voice sounded in the devil's language from the opposite side.

Boom!!

A bloody red foot similar to Garen's size descended from the sky and stepped onto the demons in front of Garen. Even a Demonic Behemoth was directly squashed, fleeing awkwardly with half of the body left.

The owner of the foot was a huge humanoid devil with bright red skin. It had three eyes, but they were not on the face. They were at the crotch instead... The place that should have been the head and the face was just a shroud of huge mass of dark clouds. The rest of its parts were almost the same as a normal human being.

"It's the Devil Warlord!!" Some demons were fleeing in horror toward all directions.

The Warlord of the Devil's Army – a powerful existence that could command millions of demons, and their power was often incomparably savage. They were not necessarily the most powerful race, and they could have also grown from a variety of weak races.

Just like the humongous Warlord in front, he revealed the power that was not lower than that of Level Eleven or Twelve the moment it appeared. It was unknown how long his gigantic body had been evolving.

"Nagolas!" The Devil Warlord leaned down and grabbed at Garen with its huge hand.

Garen looked up at the bloody red palm that was almost of his own size. He did not avoid it but wanted to test his current strength. He stomped his hind leg, and the earth behind him collapsed directly, causing dust and smoke to diffuse into the sky.

Leveraging the tremendous strength, Garen rushed directly toward the huge hand.

Apart from him, there was no other demon around who dared to face the Warlord. All of them had shunned away.

Garen's wings illuminated seven black stars, and the entire dragon's torso muscles constricted, like an arrow released from the string.

Boom!!

Garen's body collided fiercely with the huge hand and directly penetrated it, forming a blood-hole. One could see the view at the back through the center of the palm.

"Nagolas!!" The Warlord once again roared, this time with great anger. The blood-hole in his huge hand healed quickly, as if he had never been hurt.

Two giant hands grabbed at Garen with lightning speed. He bent over his height of a hundred meters, and his three eyes shot out rope-like black lights, attempting to capture Garen.

In theory, this Warlord was at Level Twelve!

This was the comprehensive calculated fitness according to Strength, Agility and et cetera. But the battle was not just a matter of numbers. The most important things were strategy, tactics, and practical skills.

Although Garen was only at Level Ten at the moment, his combat experience was not ordinary, and he was not inferior to the top warriors in the Blood War. Furthermore, the crucial point was that his physical fitness was also extremely scary, almost the same as the Warlord's, except that the height of his body was far less cumbersome than the other party.

The two engaged each other, and Garen did not expect that the Devil Warlord's skill was actually not inferior to his!

After fighting for a few moments, although the Warlord was cumbersome, its battle techniques were very skilled. It could be said that there were no flaws, and they did not seem to be inflexible.

Moreover, every attack the Warlord made was accompanied by a huge explosion, which exploded as soon as it came into contact with anything. This was the part that annoyed Garen greatly.

His attack, on the other hand, would cause penetration damage once it made contact, which was to destroy the opponent through vibration.

However, the Warlord's skin was too thick, and the penetration strength showed no response at all.

The two monsters were entangled and created a battlefield by themselves. No devils nor demons wanted to be involved, and they all fled away.

Looking from afar, one could only see a red giant surrounded by a flying white dragon. Both went on the offensive and the defensive, and from time to time, one would get hurt or the other would be knocked over.

This was the first time Garen had encountered a high-level opponent who was on par with him in terms of skill, and this astounded him.

This Warlord was already the equivalent of the upper Demon Lord level, and his battle techniques were very skillful. Being a veteran in battles, Garen had repeatedly used various ways to try to lure him into advancing, but they were all seen through, and he himself was nearly deceived instead. The other party's abundant battle experience exceeded that of any individual he had come across. Even Slayer from back then was a far cry from the other party.

"Nagolas!!" The Warlord once again yelled.

Garen did not know what he meant by this, but both sides had been fighting for a long time and had the notion of retreating. He looked at the Warlord's three small eyes and quickly drew back, pouncing toward other low-level devils.

The Warlord had long been irritated and directly shifted his target, lunging at other demons.

Blood Wars; the biggest meaning of it was not battle, nor the elimination of grudges and hatred.

Instead, it was to deplete the ever-growing huge fecundity of the Abyss and Hell... So slaughter was the basis of the Blood Wars.

For the Abyss's and Hell's Monarchs, this was actually a circulation process of the internal energy. Because there were too many devils and low-level demons in the Abyss, so every once in a while they would set a time to lessen the population together...

Garen charged into the group of low-level devils, and the red Devil's Army was like having a drop of white milk dripping into a bloody sea, which erupted in an instant.

The platinum shadow flitted around, and Garen's claws, wings, and Dragon Breath all became a terrific weapon that would kill with just a touch.

There were devils all around. Garen did not know how long he had been slaughtering. He was tirelessly killing, and the continuous supply of energy was expended after being besieged by several dozens of Level Nine-existences. Even with his 180-points of Vitality, he was struggling a little. Feeling slightly depleted, he then slowly pulled back.

## Chapter 1326: A Chance Encounter 2

When Garen came to, there was a mixture of countless skeletons, flesh and blood everywhere. Crackling sounds were heard as they were ignited by the corrosive air, releasing a green smoke.

There were demons constantly rushing past him to the frontline. They were Tanar'ri's little demons and elder demons. They were had long pointed tails, black bat wings on their backs, and horns on their heads. Their form was extremely distinct, which was the standard demonic form that humans had in mind.

Others were some oddly-shaped war machines; huge black turtles with sharp teeth, and giant cyclops with black scales all over their face.

There were also devil rays floating in midair, their whole body covered with huge stingers. Each one looked like a balloon, and they could burst out numerous stingers like arrows raining down.

In addition to the various kinds of demons, there were the mercenaries from each major Planes.

Humans and Humanoids had the most in numbers. Garen saw that most of those who rushed past him were Dog-Headed Humans. They were shouting an inflected Draconic Language and waving a chain or a hammer, while some of them had gleams of spells in their hands as the Will of the Abyss fanatically drove them to charge on.

The Blood War was about to come to an end, and the devil's offense was further repelled. But overall, they still maintained their advantage. If it were not for the Demon Fortress releasing the last batch of huge demons into the battlefield, they probably would have directly stormed through the fortress gate.

"Respected Powerhouse, take out your military merit token. It's time to reward you according to your accomplishments." A Demon-Hag floated before Garen and spoke in a sharp voice.

"Lead the way." Garen smugly glanced at her. Each different Demon Fortress was an independent kingdom. Any powerhouse could become the Thane of Fortress, regardless of race or standpoint. The general Fortress Master was the top powerhouse, at least Level Fourteen.

Level Fourteen and Fifteen were already the culmination of the mortal world, but they could only be the Thane of a small fortress here. This was the Abyss – a bloody land where the sun that was chained up shone upon.

There were even a few hidden demigods here, and there were some Evil Gods and Thanes of Abyss who lived in certain layers of the Abyss. These were the true Gods, not something the mortal existence could compete against.

One must be careful here.

Garen generally knew his own limitations. In the battle with the Devil Warlord, he had already understood that his overall strength should be at about Level Twelve. With the Soul Divine Weapon, Poisonous Eye and et cetera as his trump card, and as long as he was not caught off guard by the Space-Time Spell, he could rely on the fluctuation of spells to forcibly distort and interfere. In this way, he could still manage to reach an unbeaten level.

“Even if I raise both Agility and Intelligence to 180, it probably would be at about Level Thirteen. There’s a massive difference in strength for every level after Level Ten. It would be best to advance myself here and hunt for more devils as Potential Points.” Thoughts were running through Garen’s head.

He had shown his strength, and presumably the Thane of the Demon Fortress here would attach great importance to him.

Led by the Demon-Hag, Garen stepped out of the battlefield and stalked in from the fortress gate that was surrounded by spikes of white bones. Teams of crawling Abyss monsters were transporting the corpses from the battlefield into the fortress to fill up the damaged walls and the gaps in the building.

These giant demons’ form were like the enlarged version of the Skeleton Warriors, except that their bones were much thicker and their body was also five or six meters high. They were full of might.

The corpses were transported by black rays. They fanned their wide wings and dumped the piles of corpses, whether they were devil or demon.

Some black rays began to greedily chew on the corpses before they had finished dumping them.

Teams of well-equipped warriors with two sharp spurs on their backs patrolled inside the fortress. The spurs on their back formed a perfect ring behind their heads, and they looked well-disciplined.

The Demon-Hag took Garen all the way to the highest point of the Fortress.

They passed through an equipment production zone, and in it was full of dwarves, human blacksmiths. There were also many slaves who were cursed and forced to labor there.

They passed through a trade zone and a battle zone.

Very soon, they came to an enormous palace made up of white bones.

The guards were two white-silver statues of more than ten meters high. Leaning over, they studied Garen carefully. After that, they silently moved and let open the entrance.

A little demon with purple skin flew out and took over the task of leading the way for Garen.

“Please come with me, respected Powerhouse.” The Little Demon was a female with a beautiful face. Except for the wings on her back and a long spur-tail, all the other parts had grown into a human woman form.

As soon as he entered the palace, his heart panicked a little.

The Fortress Master at the highest place in the palace was a Skeleton Lich in a red robe. Her eyes flashed red and her hand held her chin to reveal a thoughtful look.

A few guests were seated below, and Kratos was actually among them!

“Welcome, our powerful White Dragon warrior.” Clap, clap, clap...

The Skeleton Lich clapped lightly and had the voice of a dignified and graceful lady.

“As a mercenary who joined the battle out of the blue, Master White Dragon, what kind of reward do you want to compensate your military merits this time?”

Garen glanced at Kratos, who glared at him fiercely from the left, and the two other weird creatures.

One was a black Dog-Headed Human who was discharging black gas all over, while the other had the skin of red clouds and looked like an elemental life form composed of red magma.

Both of these fellows showed a lot of hostility, greed, and bloodthirstiness.

Garen now had some faint understanding on what those above Level Ten centered on.



“Reward?” He withdrew his gaze and looked at the Fortress Master. Before the presence of a powerful Level Fourteen, these fellows should not dare to mess around.

“I want enough souls! High quality souls!”

Kratos’ pupils constricted from the side. The human form he had turned into was a miniature version of a giant beast, and the outer appearance was basically unchanged.

“This fellow is taking advantage of the fact that he has a Soul Divine Weapon that can purify the soul of its impurities. But he can’t directly absorb the soul, so what’s the use of wanting those souls?”

“In any case, capture this fellow first!” Bakiloa transmitted his voice coldly.

“High-quality soul?” The Fortress Master gently locked her white bone-hands together and gave it a thought.

“With your battle achievements, I can give you ten Level Ten-souls, mmm, complete Level-Ten souls, without any damage. In addition, your Level Ten-core was just formed right... It seems to be based on poisons. I will give you a White Bone Giant Pit, which can produce two White Bone Giant Demons every week. If you are willing to join me, I can endow you with your very own personal territory. How’s that? Slaves, wealth, treasure... Whatever is that that you want, you can have it all! I can also supply you with a vast army and let you return to the Primary Plane to take revenge against those enemies who once drove you into the Abyss!”

Garen instantly understood that the other party was recruiting himself.

Glancing at Bakiloa the trio’s surprised expression, his mind suddenly became clear. Obviously, the Fortress Master was using them as a threat and adding on other benefits to tempt him to join her.

He came here to kill and to upgrade himself anyway. It did not matter to him whether he joined the Blood Wars or not.

“Okay, I’m in.”

The Fortress Master giggled.

“How pleasant!” She rubbed her bony hands and began to look at the three fellows on the side with a malicious intent. Kratos’ face immediately turned white. Maffey was slightly nervous, and only Bakiloa was not bothered at all. He was confident that even if his Level-Thirteen strength could not resist the Fortress Master upfront, at most, he would only be seriously injured and could still escape.

But presumably, the Fortress Master would not kill them off just because of that.

It rolled its eyes and hit upon an idea, and it began to snigger too.

“Lady Vengeance, what if we join your Fortress together? Can you meet our conditions?”

“You guys?” Skeleton Lich seemed to feel funny and laughed out loud.

“Bakiloa, I have heard of your reputation long before. You’re capricious. Contract and terms are inherently meaningless to you. Even the Underworld River Contract couldn’t restrain you. Your character changes every Abyss month, who would dare to use you?

“And you, Maffey. Just your enemies alone are enough to give me a headache. Your strength is ordinary, but your fleeing skills are exceptional. Still, you just love to create trouble everywhere.”

She looked at Kratos.

“There’s still you, Kratos, The Thane of Wanku Fortress has already contacted me to send you back quickly. Having you stay here is impossible.”

She spread out her two hands.

“You see, in this way, what good do you guys still have for me? Master Garen, on the other hand, has actually killed numerous devils for me and has played a big role on the battlefield.

“In addition, not to mention the other relationship between him and me...”

Skeleton Lich remarked with some other implication.

“If that’s the case, then we won’t bother anymore.” Bakiloa saw that things could not work out and did not want to speak any nonsense. He was not strong enough to beat the other party, so he could only leave. His body exploded with a boom and disappeared from the same spot.

Maffey snickered and disappeared next. It was just their projection that was present. Which individual in the Abyss was not cunning and cautious?

Kratos gave a hateful look at Garen as he knew that there was no other way now. Having also feuded and made an enemy for no reason, he was feeling unusually frustrated and chose to leave as well.

Only the Skeleton Lich and Garen were left in the White Bone Grand Hall.

“Garen, is Ann doing well?” The Skeleton Lich suddenly opened her mouth and mentioned a name that somewhat stunned Garen.

“You! ...?” He cautiously narrowed his eyes. “How do you know that I am associated with Ann?”

The Skeleton Lich suddenly laughed.

“How do I know? When I was studying the Arcane Technique with Ann, I’m afraid even your mother wasn’t born yet!”

This fellow’s aura suddenly changed and the entire body actually emitted a horrific aura as profound as that of a black hole.

This force enveloped the entire grand hall. It was even vaster than the ocean and more magnificent than the sky, and there were countless black smoky human-faces flying in it, which were exactly the same black smoky human-faces as those in Ann's Abyss.

Seeing this, Garen believed immediately. This kind of black smoky human faces could only have come from Ann.

"Dragon of Disaster..." he murmured.

"Yes... This is just one of my incarnations." The Skeleton Lich answered with a smile. "My real body is hidden in a certain dark layer of the Abyss, while I usually just use this identity to move around on the outside."

#### Chapter 1327: Anti-Summons 1

Dragons of Disaster was a code name for a group.

Most of them were at least demigods, because demigods could take advantage of people's fears and draw strength from them to strengthen themselves.

Dragons of Disaster, as the name suggested, was to create disasters so that all lives would fear them, enabling them to gain more Fear-Power.

Ann was one of the three Monarchs, and now it seemed that this Fortress Master Lady Vengeance should be one of Ann's students.

Garen slightly tested the other party's understanding of Ann, and soon he began to relax. She was even clear about the place where Ann was now at.

Since it was completely confirmed, Garen felt at home with the other party. He told of the reason he was banished as there was nothing to hide about it.

"You're really unlucky." Lady Vengeance shook her head, and the red light in her eyes showed a trace of sympathy.

"I think so too," Garen said helplessly. "Had it not been the necklace of the Dragons of Disaster trying to protect me, it wouldn't have been exposed. If it were exposed anywhere else outside the city, it will not stimulate the Matrix Spirit of Snow City. That is to say, this series of chain reactions led me to this state that I'm currently in."

"So what plans do you have? Is it just to stay here and be a general at my place, or...?" Lady Vengeance said, "To be honest, I personally hope that you'll stay. I have just recently seized this fortress and haven't gained a firm foothold yet. So as you've seen, even the Devil's Army almost broke through to my door."

"Sure. Anyway, I was just thinking of participating in the Blood Wars for a longer period of time and obtaining more souls." Garen nodded.

"Alright then. I'll just appoint you as the Deputy Fortress Master. You can form an army by yourself. Whether it's made up of mercenaries or demons, it's all up to you. You can freely obtain the materials from the warehouse." Lady Vengeance was very trusting of Garen.

"Aren't you afraid that I will take the things and leave?" Garen felt slightly strange.

"There's nothing to be afraid of. The necklace on your body will enable Ann and us to find you at any time." Lady Vengeance revealed a cunning smile.

Even though Garen did not know how he read this kind of emotion off a skeleton's face.

"Ok..."

Garen had not expected things to have taken a new turn.

However, his current strength that was comparable to Level Twelve and was not considered too low to be a Deputy Fortress Master.

“It’s just that we’re now like generals without an army, so you have to go recruit more manpower.” Lady Vengeance scattered a vast amount of white luminous powder with a whoosh. The powder fell on the ground, turned into a round arch door, and a tall red skin demon with horns walked out of it.

This fellow was like a tall blacksmith, and his muscles were all bulky, like a magnified version of a male human. Its chest muscles were inlaid with a black round gemstone, and a faint roar like that of a bear could be heard coming out of it.

“Miss. What have you summoned me for?” The bullhorn-demon asked presumptuously.

“Bilu, this is Lord Garen, the deputy commander who has just joined us. Since you are also a deputy commander, you should get acquainted with him in the future.” Lady Vengeance pointed to Garen.

The demon named Bilu glanced at Garen his eyes and studied him seriously.

The strength that emanated from Garen’s muscles immediately caught his senses.

“Welcome aboard.” He stepped forward, walked over to Garen and extended out his hands.

Garen stretched out his claw and held his hand.

Sizz!!

The two thick arms exerted a great force, and Bilu’s entire body’s strength was activated. The blood vessels on his whole body was bulging. Looking up, he saw that there was no change in Garen’s complexion, who was still carrying the same faint smile.

“Terrific!” He took the initiative to let go of his strength.

Garen also followed suit.

“There’s still much to learn from you. Please teach and guide me in the future,” he said modestly.

“Rest assured!”

“Alright. Now that you two have met each other, our Vengeance Fortress will have to rely on your support. I normally will only come out to assume personal command when it’s the crucial Great Blood Wars period. The usual times will have to rely on you all.”

Garen understood the Great Blood Wars she mentioned. It was not all large-scale investment in the Blood War every time but usually just small-scale killing. After a while, a great company would be dispatched for the decisive battle. At this time, there would even be the presence of those above Level Ten.

Generally, there were only Level Eight or Nine at most.

After that, Garen stayed in the Vengeance Fortress. With his relationship with Ann, Lady Vengeance seemed to trust him very much, and almost all the affairs were handed over to him and Bilu.

Bilu was a Level Thirteen forged elder demon, which was a branch of the Balor Demons. There was a large number of Tanar’ri little demons and Demonic Behemoths under his command, and they were also his assault elites. There were also some mercenaries who had just recently joined him.

After Garen came aboard, he acquired the control of a group of miscellaneous army and the control of three Dimensional Random Teleportation Portals.

The purpose of the Dimensional Random Teleportation Portal was to randomly recruit mercenaries who could potentially appear on the Outer Plane.

Sometimes, it was some hapless fellow who accidentally entered the Abyss when the teleportation failed; while some other times, it was some idiot who was framed by others and was teleported here.

Most of those in the army were practitioners who took the initiative to participate in the Blood Wars. Their strength level was uneven, but the lowest was Level Four. Nonetheless, Level Four in the Abyss was equivalent to a little demon, which belonged to the vulnerable group and was only slightly stronger than the Demon Maggots.

The Dimensional Random Teleportation Portal was the first source of conscription.

The second was that the demons would gather at each layers to help out and participate in the Blood Wars. This was the strategy decided by the masters of each abyssal layers. The Abyssal Layer Masters were the famous Thanes of Abyss from all of the Planes, and they were not someone the Thanes of Fortress could not compare with. Most of them were the lower Divine Power Level, and the stronger ones could even compare with the powerful Gods. The span was enormous. Moreover, their status and authority had been acknowledged by the Will of the Abyss, and they had a lot of mysterious and unknown abilities.

This part was not managed by the Fortress Masters, but they could fight for these armies' battlefields to join with their Fortress.

Garen's second source of conscription was to fight for the cantonment of these armies.

The third was the edge of the Underworld River.

That was where the famous Demon Larvae were. During the seasons, both sides of the Underworld River would have a vast number of foolish creatures and souls that died from pursuing evil.

Under the development of the Underworld River and the Power of Abyss, these souls would gradually turn into cocoons and then break out from it, becoming the demons' favorite food – larvae.

Larvae were usually born not even reaching Level One. Apart from their sharp teeth and tone, even an ordinary human soldier could kill them.

However, as they devoured and killed each other to evolve, their level of strength would gradually increase. At the same time, they would evolve into different kinds of demons according to geographical factors and other conditions.



This was the largest and most important source of conscription. Vengeance Fortress occupied thousands of square kilometers of the Underworld River Plain, and half the area was also divided to Garen.

These were the basis of the three major sources of troops, and one could recruit high-level generals and cannon fodder. After learning about the situation, Garen roamed about the Vengeance Fortress.

The Forging Department was managed by an old gray dwarf man, who was a slave to Lady Vengeance. In addition to working hard to survive, he could not escape due to the power of the contract.

For the Logistics Department, a Six-Armed Snake-Demon was in charge of it. This fellow was greedy and lascivious. He was also responsible for the distribution of the slaves captured from the war. Before Garen had made any moves, this fellow was sensible enough to take the initiative to curry favor with him.

The rest of the little generals on patrol were a mess, often killing each other and switching. Garen could not be bothered to pay any attention to them at all, but familiarized himself with the main characters.

After that, he went directly to the Cultivation Room assigned to him. It was a large floating building, just behind the right side of the Fortress. On the edge was the Fortress' Pillar of Fire that was never out.

The Pillar of Fire rose to the sky, like a plume penetrating the clouds, and it was surrounded by a large number of protective runes. There were also many wizard slaves working hard to repair and maintain the Rune Matrix.

Garen's house was a white, cold villa that looked like a birthday cake.

He shrunk his body size and flew in from the main door. There were already two Succubus with a long tails kneeling on the ground to pay their respects.

"Welcome back, Master!" Except for the tail, the two Succubus looked almost similar to the pretty ladies of a human beings. Their skin was tanned, their figures were smoking hot, their long hair were loose, and their hips were slightly raised, giving off an infinite temptation of sexiness. Coupled with their

natural charm, which was a kind of spell, theirs were radiating their magnetism all the time. That was why this kind of creature was a kind of resource goods in the Abyss.

It was noted that these two Succubus were above Level Five. As a biological tool for seduction, this level was very high. Obviously, they were carefully selected by the Six-Armed Snake-Demon from logistics.

However, Garen did not really appreciate this kind of creature very much. Due to his former identity, he preferred purebred humans.

Shrinking his size, he flew in from the main door. A large number of dark blue crystal lights automatically lit up on the inside.

A variety of furniture were available, and the most prominent of which was a large collection of jewels and gemstones of various colors placed at the center.

When Garen saw this, even though he knew that the value of these things were not that great, but because of his Dragon Clan's nature, his mood was still quickly brightened up.

What surprised him was that there were three familiar figures tied up in a corner and could not move.

They were actually the three Blasphemy Knights who were previously captured by him.

"It's you again!!" The male knight glared at Garen.

"Master, this is the contract of the three slaves." From the side, a Succubus wiggled its waist and gently leaned on Garen, handing a black leather paper roll.

Garen took it and skimmed through the contents. It was a Soul Contract which was written in the Demonic Language, and it was nothing more than a stipulation that these three guys could never betray him.

“Then again, I’m a male. What do I want males for?” Garen also felt that the male Blasphemy Knight was an eyesore.

With a wave of his hand, the male knight’s contract was thrown to the Succubus. “Take it to the logistics and sell this fellow. I don’t need any species other than female humans and elves.”

“You!!”

“Don’t!!” The female knight, Irene, begged. “I beg you, don’t sell off big brother!”

“Irene, don’t beg. Isn’t it just re-selling again? At this point, what else is there to be afraid of!?” The male knight was strong-willed.

The other female knight simpered however.

“I’d be very happy to serve such a strong powerhouse like Lord White Dragon.”

“Shameless!”

“What is there to be shameless about? It’s just to live a better life.”

“Even if we fall, we would not be called a knight if we break the Cavaliers’ principle!!” Irene argued.

“Rena! I can’t believe you are such a person!” The male knight showed a disdainful look.

“Alright, alright. At this point, everything is up to me.” Garen walked over, grabbed Irene and looked whimsically at her.

Although she was wearing a dirty knight armor, it still could not stop Garen’s savage sight.

She felt that her entire body was seen clearly as though she was not wearing any clothes.

“Aptitude is good. You can be a seed.”

## Chapter 1328: Anti-Summons 2

Garen advanced toward Rena. He also picked her up and sized her up; breasts, buttocks, waist, body figure, muscle tone, and face.

“Your aptitude is not bad too, and even better still. It’s amazing...” At first, Garen thought that Irene, with such an upright and pure personality, might have a better aptitude, but he did not expect Rena, who was so afraid of death, to be better.

The male knight on the side had been dragged out by a Succubus to the Logistics Department.

Garen did not care whether the two knights were loyal to him. He just wanted to have some subordinates whom he could temporarily dispatch for errands.

What was more, Dragons were salacious creatures. It should be time for him to release his long suppressed instinct.

The problem now was that the Wizard Tower must be built as soon as possible. Unfortunately, his plans could not keep up with the changes as he was suddenly banished. It would be very risky if he were to return to the Main Plane to build the Wizard Tower.

“I’ll just build it here then since there’s Lady Vengeance’s support, and she’s also partly considered as my senior sister. There’re also a lot of materials in the Abyss. As long as I have power, I can just wantonly plunder.”

Garen’s mind was made up.

Although he had a way to deal with the Space-Time Spell, the Ultimate Transformation Spell still made him feel very excited. After all, he had long been used to being a human, and changing back to that form would be much more convenient.

Settling down at the residence, there were various slave-chefs who made different dishes from different Planes. Garen had eaten frozen meat for so long, and finally, he could refine his diet. He chose two human chefs to bake cakes and cook meals for him.

The interior of the house was consolidated with Space Spell, and so although it did not look big, the interior was large enough to accommodate several football fields, which was very spacious.

The Logistics Department sent the chefs, servants and other manpower responsible for chores.

After Garen organized all the work in the Fortress, he decided to go and visit the ground of his three major sources of conscription.

He first headed to the Dimensional Random Teleportation Portal.

This was the place to recruit advanced warriors and generals. According to the demons' style, they would disregard whether it was a wizard warrior or monster that was teleported over and have a fight first. If they could beat the other party, the latter would become their slave. Otherwise, they would grant them the right for a dialogue at an equal level.

Unlike the devils who liked to trade with the creatures, demons primarily used force.

Garen flew for a while, spent more than ten minutes flitting through most parts of the Fortress, and soon descended beside three round luminous spheres like that of white marshmallows.

At the edge of the luminous spheres, there were three Level-Five Wizards releasing a steady fluctuation of Arcane Technique. A large number of elder demon guards were patrolling and staying alert on the outer layer.

When the three Level-Five Wizards saw Garen flying over, they retracted their hands that were releasing a purple arc and bowed to Garen.

“We pay tribute to Third Commander.”

Garen was the third-ranking commander, and the news of his appointment had directly spread throughout the Fortress.

“Resume your work. I’m here to see my three portals.” Garen gently landed on the ground and circled around the three luminous spheres.

“Third Commander, the creatures that teleported through these three portals are inconsistent. Sometimes it’s a one-time group, while sometimes there’s not even one creature in more than a month. This depends on luck.” An old Wizard reported nervously.

If it were not for their knowledge of stabling the Dimensional Matrix, they, who were merely Level Five, would become targets that were preyed on and could be eaten up unknowingly.

“Are there any ways to be more proactive?” Garen asked.

“Of course,” the old Wizard replied. “We can send out demons that are powerful enough through the portal to respond to those demons’ Summoning Spell. Generally, if the Summoner’s contract has a loophole, or the cost isn’t enough, the demon can seize the opportunity to break out of the Matrix’s restraint and capture the Summoner to the Abyss instead to become a slave.

“This is one method. Another one is to have someone with great ability to directly enter the Void to capture the randomly teleporting wanderers. Many travelers from various Planes will encounter a variety of crises, and thus get lost in the Void and cannot find the right direction, so...”

“Understood...” Garen nodded. He was currently in urgent need of a few men at his disposal. “I’m going to try the second method, responding to the summons and capturing the Summoner.”

He was aware of the schemes in this regard.

In the Main Substance Plane, such legends were often circulated.

In order to retaliate or for some cruel reasons, an aristocrat who did not have any foundation in Spellcrafting would use their own blood to engrave the Demon Summoning Matrix to actually summon an extremely powerful horrific demon to massacre a whole territory. He himself would also gain a mighty evil power.

This was actually the second way to summon.

It was not the Summoner who was having the initiative, but the demons in the Abyss who was responding on their own accord. Some of them were eyeing the well-to-do aristocrat's resources in their territory, while some were targeting the huge negative energy of hatred they bore on them, and some were there for other reasons. Anyway, each had their own plans.

Garen intended to learn from these seniors.

He went around a few rounds and carefully observed the three teleportation portals. As he was about to leave and enter the portal, he felt a slight jump in his body all of a sudden.

The Enneahedron that was almost forgotten by him was actually beating at this time.

He looked at the Enneahedron, only to find that this thing was actually beginning to swim under his skin, and the inside seemed to have absorbed a lot of bloody red mist.

He suddenly remembered the large number of devils that he had just slaughtered in the Blood War. He originally thought that those low-level devils were useless to him, but he did not expect that the Enneahedron would snatch those souls.

"I wonder how much help this thing can be to me." Garen had some anticipation and let it do its own activities.

Before responding to the summons, he decided to go obtain the reward he was entitled to first.

He went straight to the Logistics Department.

The Six-Armed Snake-Demon had long prepared the souls.

He brought out a team of ten complete human souls from a grayish white tent.

Each of these ten souls was almost like a living person, and there was not any sign at all that they were souls. Indeed, as Lady Vengeance had said, they were extremely whole.

Moreover, the soul fluctuations they released were indeed Level Ten.

“The ten souls are warriors, assassins, wizards and warlocks. There are the races of White Elves, Half-Elves, humans, which were all personally chosen by you. But to be honest, the human souls are not the best-selling ones.”

The Six-Armed Snake-Demon waved its six arms, indicating a few little demons on the side to bring out another group of slave-souls.

That was a group of standard Drows. Each Drow had a chain locked around their neck like a dog. They were all female, and some kind of saliva-like mucus was dripping from the edge of their mouth, looking as if they were tamed until they had lost their mind. However, seeing their curvy body figure, delicate skin and seductive posture, even Garen could not help but be slightly tempted.

These Drows were exceptionally beautiful, and there were innocent-looking ones, charming ones, peaceful ones, and sexy ones. Various styles were available.

“How do they look? They’re also Level Ten-souls, and their bodies can be reconstructed once they’re thrown into the Blood Pool.” The Six-Armed Snake-Demon snickered sinisterly. “The most important thing is that these Level Ten-Drows here are all well-taught and tamed. They can comply with you to do all kinds of tricks. Their physiques are good, so they won’t be easily battered, and they will loyally protect you and guard your safety, just like dogs! Hehehe.”



“Forget it, I still want the original team.” Garen resisted the temptation in his heart and stuck to his choice. What he wanted was efficiency, to have the talents that could really help him get things done, not bodyguards and playthings.

“Well, if Commander wants them, you can come to me at any time. The slaves here are the property of Lady Vengeance, so you only need to pay a hundred soul-cocoons in exchange for a Drow-slave. The price is cheap, absolutely reasonable!”

Garen shook his head. Naturally, he would not believe a word the Six-Armed Snake-Demon said.

Taking with him the new team of Level Ten-souls, Garen went to the Blood Pool at the Logistics Department. After spending some cost and almost using up all his valuable possessions, only then did the bodies of the ten Level Ten-souls were reconstructed. It was nothing more than a simple reconstruction of a low-level body this time, and they would still need to re-enhance themselves step by step again. But since they were originally a Level Ten-soul, and their soul energy, knowledge and memory were still present, the process of re-enhancing would be relatively fast.

The expressions of the ten souls were all indifferent as if there was nothing to live for, and every part of their body was inlaid with a special rune that would make them obey Garen completely. Being subjected to someone as such, no one would be able to see any hope no matter how powerful one could become. Naturally, they would have little to none motivation to continue strive on.

What Garen did not expect was that the load of controlling such ten souls actually occupied half of his soul’s Spirit Power. Even he, the Void Demon Lord who was the most powerful and the expert in regards to the soul, was at this kind of state, not to mention the other demons.

It was no wonder that no one in the Fortress used this kind of method to control a large number of powerhouses.

The load required for this was too great.

Temporarily leaving the souls in his residence, Garen once again flew back to the Dimensional Random Teleportation Portal.

After offering a greeting, he officially flew directly into one of the portals.

Countless Summoning Wills pounced on him like a spider web. In the endless white light, Garen carefully chose. Because his fame had not spread to other Planes, so the ones he received were those with no specific targets, which was the summoning of Abyss Demons using the extensive Summoning Matrix.

Only when he had become famous could he teleport to other Planes, and that there would be people specifically summoning him with his name. At that time, he would not be suppressed by the strength of the Plane. At the same time, there would be an additional summoning-protection ability, which meant that in the process of summoning, his power would be transmitted, and the Power of Abyss would also help him to form a protection against the Matrix, so as to avoid the interruption of the summoning process. When he became even more powerful, he could also enchant and summon the surrounding creatures faraway to protect the Matrix from interference.

Of course this was much later.

What he needed to do now was to first find the one he wanted to choose from the countless Summoning Wills.

“The strength must not be too weak, and the scope has to be more active. Can’t be too rigid, and there shouldn’t be a too strong suppression force around...” Garen carefully deliberated.

After all, some of the top Wizards would also use the demon’s kind of Anti-Summons during their experiment to deceive and seduce the demons to go forward, and then immediately use the Restraint Matrix to capture them for experiments. This was also extremely dangerous. Once the wrong choice was made, he would not even know where he would die at.

Chapter 1329

Boom!

Garen grabbed a white spider-silk and tugged at it fiercely.

The extremely-slender silk was actually much tougher than a steel wire, as it did not snap with such a violent pull.

Garen followed the stretch of this spider-silk quickly, and the entire dragon-body moved like a flowing liquid.

Soon, he saw a large circular hole suspended in the white space. The big hole led to a room that was like an aristocrat's study room.

A deathly pale young man with blood all over him was lying on the floor. It seemed that he was losing too much blood. An unparalleled resentment was rising from his body, and this resentment was even almost condensing into a tangible black gas.

"I... Andrew Gordra, vowed here... even if I have to give my soul, will never ever let the Malone Household acquire Gordra!!!"

The young aristocrat's resentment had reached an extremely horrific point. Garen did not know what hatred had brought him to this state, but this did not prevent him from responding to the summons.

If such a soul could be transformed into an Undead, it might be a good helping hand to him.

This fellow, with his strength around Level Seven, was a standard Silver-Striped Knight. He was poisoned with some incurable poison so the body was of no value, but the soul was still at Level Seven.

Garen shook his body and moved in through the hole.

His body slowly formed in the study and quickly condensed from the platinum liquid into a ferocious White Dragon that was slightly taller than a person.

"I heard your summon and your appeal from the Vengeance Fortress. In accordance with the ancient contract, I will fulfil your desire. In return, your soul shall belong to me forever."

Garen loudly chanted the standard Divine Power Notes of the Contract Matrix.

The young aristocrat in front finally showed some pain and delight from the revenge he was about to get out of hatred.

“Kill... Kill everyone...! This is my only wish...”

Garen leaned down and stared into the other party’s eyes.

“Your wish is my command.”

His voice had just faltered.

A bloody red three-dimensional rune suddenly emerged between the man and the dragon. The rune was like a token, and it rotated several times before instantly blasting into bloody red luminous spots and dissipating.

Garen waved his wings and took out a Soul Crystal. The young man’s soul floated out of his body, turned into a cloud of white smoke, and wormed into the crystal.

After this, only then did he scan around the room.

Although the study was full of aristocratic furnishings, they were extremely shabby and ancient. It was apparent that there were only a few books on the shelf, and the desk had accumulated a thick layer of dust.

“Poor little fellow.” Garen looked at the young man. If the Level Seven-soul were to be assimilated into the Abyss, coupled with this huge resentment, perhaps after being transformed into an Undead, his strength could increase to Level Eight. Entering Level Eight as such a young age, the potential was beyond measure.

“I’ll just treat it as doing you a favor.”

“Damn it! Who snatched my pawn!!” Suddenly, there was a scream of anger from the hole behind him.

There obviously was another Abyss existence that wanted to seize this soul.

“Get lost!” Garen impatiently flapped his wings, and a horrific Level Twelve-strength instantly slammed at the hole, pushing back the fluctuations of the strength that was about to spurt out.

The Level Ten-existence over that side immediately quite down and did not dare to speak a word. But for sure, there would be full of resentment. A Level Twelve-existence actually came over to fight with him, a Level Ten, for a Level Seven-soul. This was simply shameless, alright!?

Garen ignored all these.

He beat his wings and flew off.

Boom!!

The ceiling above was smashed by him, and a dark ice barrier formed by a mixture of frost and negative energy floated around his entire body. This barrier blocked all the dust and dirt on the outside.

Garen charged upward, slammed through the first floor, and darted out of the two-story building. His surrounding was finally an open space.

He had rushed into a vast area from a small space in a flash.

Surrounded by a vast expanse of forest, he was at the top of an ancient blue-grey castle. The fort tip of the ancient castle was shattered by him, and it slowly slanted toward the left and fell.

Horrifying human screams were heard coming from the castle beneath.

“It’s a giant dragon!! The evil White Dragon Clan!!”

“No! That’s not an ordinary White Dragon. It’s an Abyss White Dragon!!”

An old Wizard looked up at Garen in despair from the inside of the castle.

Soldiers gathered, longbows and giant crossbows were set up, and giant arrows with special enchanting luster were fixed on them.

Several Silver-Striped Knights had silver armor on them, and they clustered around a tall knight in a platinum armor, as they rode their battle-horses and galloped over from a distance.

“Dare to destroy the Grand Duke of Gordra’s castle, even if you’re the Dragon Clan, you still have to pay the price with your life!!” The leading platinum-knight roared. The giant sword on his back slowly glowed a faint golden light, as was he as he pulled it out and held it in his hand, he was like a god descending to the world.

Garen flew in the air above the castle and overlooked the bottom, as if watching countless small ants gathering and using a variety of weapons to challenge him.

“The grand duke of a remote little country?” He immediately spotted the specificity of the situation here.

The desire of the Summoner was to kill everyone, and the scope should be within the territory.

“Resolve it quickly.” Garen was now a truly powerful existence in the Abyss. The combat power of Level Twelve could be counted as a massive disaster in any place.

“How to resolve it?” Garen was slightly bemused. All his combat power was focused on melee combat, and it was not very useful for this kind of extensive destruction.

However, the contract still had to be fulfilled, otherwise he could not get the soul of that Summoner which had a great potential.

Scratching his head a little, Garen suddenly felt his wings were touched by many furry things.

He looked down and saw that the giant crossbows and giant bows had shot out numerous sharp arrows and bolts at his wings. The little itchiness he felt from just now was caused by these things.

“How about this.”

With a thought, his hind foot slowly fell off and automatically transformed into a sturdy and tall man with long dark blue hair.

“I’m willing to serve you.” The man had no face, and a vast dark blue chill spread around him.

“I leave it to you... Destroy the entire territory,” Garen said plainly.

The man nodded and flew up high into the air.

Whish!!

Suddenly, he released an enormous dark blue light, and his whole body completely turned into a gigantic blue light ball, releasing stunning blue lights in all directions.

Garen looked up at this fellow and had no idea how he planned to do it. But, he was transformed from his own right hind leg and had the highest peak strength of the Northern Trident Frost-Fire True Water Evil Technique. His strength was only a little weaker than his own Level Twelve-combat power and was equivalent to Level Eleven.

With such strength, the destruction of a grand duke’s territory in a remote country should not be difficult.

Looking at the massive blue ball that broke out overhead, Garen watched quietly to see what this fellow planned to do.

Whish whish whish...

In the gigantic light ball, countless densely packed ferocious blue frost halberds of various shapes suddenly shot out.

Each of these halberds flew out in high speed, like a cannonball firing into the distance, and slammed into the ground.

The area that was smashed directly erupted huge clouds of hemispherical blue bubbles. The places covered with the bubble halo were all condensing a thick tough ice.

“Meteorology Manipulation?” Garen recalled that at the great completion of the Northern Trident Frost-Fire True Water Evil Technique, there would be a supernatural ability, which was Meteorology Manipulation.

He looked up at the sky, and it was all black clouds. The temperature suddenly took a dive from more than twenty degrees Celsius, and pale blue snow fluttered down.

Fierce shouting were heard coming from the little people and horses below.

When the snowflakes landed on them, they could immediately feel an intense chill from the depths of their hearts.

The halberds were still bursting out of the light ball. Dozens of halberds were flying out every second, turning a regional forest into a world of ice and snow.

“Gordra!” Suddenly, a golden figure shot up from below, roaring the name of the territory and rushing to Garen’s chest, who was circling at the top of the castle.

The golden sword clenched in his hand was stabbed at Garen’s heart like a golden lightning.



“Stupid.” Garen did not make any move, but let him lunge upward to fiercely stab him with the sword at the dragon scale at his heart.

Clang!!

In the tremendously dull crashing sound, the figure convulsed, and the enormous reaction force caused blood trails to emerge all over his body. All his skin erupted, and a vast amount of blood sprayed out and spattered down.

There was not a trace left on Garen’s dragon scale on the other hand.

“Merely a Level Eight-knight...” Garen’s complexion did not change. With his current physique, even if his internal organs were severely damaged, they could also recover by themselves in a very short time.

His 180-point of physique brought him an absolutely unparalleled terrific recovery strength and defense.

Even the Ancient Dragon’s body was far from his current body. Perhaps only the legendary Three-Headed Golden Dragon Kings was likely to have the physical strong that could match him.

This golden figure was obviously the thane here. His attack failed and was seriously injured instead. This instantly caused the morale of the entire castle that was just mustered up to suddenly collapse.

Large groups of soldiers fled and dispersed.

“It’s basically a massacre.” Garen had no interest in this kind of dull matters. He dully flew down to the castle, where there was a pathway connecting to the Abyss Plane.

“Looks like I can just leave this kind of boring matters to them in the future.” Garen felt that he should use all three of his incarnations.

An immense blue chill blanketed the territory. Wherever it reached, all the escaping soldiers gradually slowed down, and their whole body would be covered with a faint blue.

Soon their blood was frozen, and each of them frozen in their original postures and trapped on the same spot.

The blue chill was like a life form as the cold wind whizzed past with an eerie low pitch. The entire castle was completely frozen into an ice sculpture by the tremendous chill in less than a few minutes.

Inside the castle, Garen's gigantic dragon body slowly descended in front of the hole. He turned his head and spit out a Dragon Breath.

Whoosh...

The huge Dragon Breath was like a white smoke-cloud. It instantly rushed out of the study, turned into countless white stars and scattered around, adding a layer of frozen chill to the entire castle. At the same time, it also brought along Garen's very own Abyss imprint.

This was to mark this place as his handiwork and territory. Since he was related to Ann the Dragon of Disaster, Garen also decided to simply do something associated with the Dragons of Disaster.

After doing all this, Garen then turned around and wormed into the hole, quickly disappearing.

## Chapter 1330: Layout 2

The Death Sigh, or as some places called it, the Winter Sigh, and the name of Snake Dorsum White Dragon quickly spread in a remote small country in the southwest.

The fame of the Death White Dragon's Winter Sigh spread extremely fast, and for this reason, the Central Empire Wizards' Guild officially issued a statement – to designate the Deputy Commander of the Vengeance Fortress, Snake Dorsum White Dragon Garen as a Catastrophic Level-Dragon of Disaster.

Having the ability to freeze the entire tens of thousands of square kilometers of the duke's territory within half an hour, Garen's strength had reached an extensive strategic level.

The Central Wizards' Guild together with the Northern Snow City confirmed that this Garen was the White Dragon Garen whom they originally banished.

The disaster this time caused more than sixteen thousand deaths and over two hundred thousand injuries, so it was classified as the 'Deep Blue Freeze' incident.

Garen's calamity title, Winter Sigh, was completely set, and was listed on the Dragons of Disaster's official list.

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## Snow City

Soaring Wing King stood at the observation deck at the top of the lofty Wizard Tower and gazed at the panoramic view of the entire Snow City in the distance. Snow descended slowly and glided past his beard and hair.

He was dressed in a white robe and behind him stood a young man in a black cloak.

The chimes of the giant clock at noon slowly sounded from the distance. Several huge Airships gradually rose from Snow City and turned about to fly away.

"He actually survived the Blood War," Soaring Wing King remarked.

"Yes, Teacher, and the so-called General Guild has officially classified Deep Blue Sigh as a Dragon of Disaster. You might be criticized for sending him into the Blood Wars back then." The young man was a little worried.

"It's just a so-called General Guild." Soaring Wing King was not bothered. "Submitting to the Gods, away from the real path of Arcane Technique. Don't worry. I have my own plans."

"Then Victor will retire." The young man bowed his head and said respectfully.

"Go, everything will be done according to the original arrangement."

"Yes."

After waiting for the young man to leave, Soaring Wing King retracted his gaze from the distance and extended his right hand. A transparent crystal ball slowly emerged from his palm.

"It seems that I really didn't misjudge you." He sighed in a low voice, turned around and slowly walked into the Wizard Tower, looking like an ordinary and debilitated old man.

A few years passed in a trice.

Garen had participated five times in the Blood Wars in the Abyss, killing and acquiring numerous souls every time.

The only regret was that his Potential Points had been completely depleted and could only be supplemented by various Demon Cores and high-concentration compounds, which did not have a very high efficiency. During these five years, he would also convert the Soul Energy that was produced in him every month into Potential Points.

He had gotten almost 1100 Potential Points.

The Enneahedron was also enhanced to the point where its color of red was almost black. It seemed to be close to saturation, and Garen did not know what would reaction it would have next.

His current focus was to replenish all the other two attributes. The first to be completed was Agility. Although Intelligence was becoming insufficient, it did not interfere with the development of his overall strength.

Agility was promoted to the limit of 180, while Intelligence was only up to 90 points due to the deficiency of Potential Points.

At this point, all of Garen's strength had almost reached the limit of a Middle-level Demon Lord, completely restoring his original peak power, except for the Void Original Opus that was still stuck at 70%. There was almost no room for improvement for the rest.

After reincarnating for so many times, all the accumulation of past experiences were almost completely transformed into strength, which was now reflected in this world.

The enhancement of Agility to the limit of 180 did not just bring Garen an increase in speed. The speed limit of this world was 100 points, and upon reaching it, Garen naturally acquired a special ability – Flash. This ability did not consume any Spells, Spirit Power, nor Soul Energy, but only the exhaustion of physical strength. Just like sprinting all the way, although it was merely a physical movement, yet he could reach the point of short-distance space penetration.

The simple increase in speed naturally evolved into this ability. Garen had also discovered that there were natural weird symbols faintly appearing on his scales.

Obviously, this was something that was naturally derived after reaching the limit of the law of the Plane.

Every time he flashed, he could span a distance of a hundred meters, which was the maximum degree after Agility reached 180 points.

Upon reaching Level Ten, the cores that were present would form a type of special spell or special ability or strength that was completely unique to one's self.

Taking Soaring Wing King as example, his core ability was related to his nickname.

There was also Lady Vengeance, of whom her core strength was to wreak vengeance. As long as the target of hatred was identified, the Vengeance Imprint would be in effect, so that once the target appeared in front of her, any disguise would be of no use. And if the other party's level was lower than hers, they would then be weakened by the imprint's oppression, and all their attributes and level would be reduced. It was extremely terrifying.

Meanwhile, some of the powerhouses above Level Ten also each had their own nicknames. For instance, the Storm Judge, the Earth Chant, the Radiance of God, and so on.

These nicknames were actually the embodiment of their core strengths, which was unique to them.

Many of the strengths were derived from the strengthening of the original spells and abilities, and Garen also intended to strengthen himself from this aspect.

He now had Flash and the Poisonous Eye as his ability and talent.

Especially the Poisonous Eye; upon its release after the completion of its charge, the power could almost threaten the existence of a Level Thirteen, which was particularly terrifying.

When Garen exchanged moves with the other deputy commander, this ability almost stripped off a layer of the opponent's skin. If the other party had not reacted fast enough and instantly shed its skin, that party probably would have taken the hit and would have badly injured its vitality.

At the same time, this also reflected the horrific force of this ability of Garen's.

A near-perfect horror, coupled with the special talents, Flash and the Poisonous Eye, Garen's strength was getting closer to that of Lady Vengeance and truly matching the position of being the Vengeance Fortress' third hand.

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"This year's Underworld River Wind is about to develop." Garen settled in his own Fortress and mentioned with his eyes half-opened.

In the vast white cold space, there was nothing around, not even any furnishings. Only a huge knight in a dark blue armor half-knelt in front of Garen.

The knight was covered in thick ferocious armor, and on the shoulders, head, elbows and other joints were sharp and vicious barbed thorns everywhere. A twisted dragon pattern was vaguely seen illuminating gradually with a light blue shimmer on its chest.

“Yes, Master. It is time to collect the soul-cocoons, and perhaps there’ll be some Demon Seeds with excellent qualifications.” The knight answered in a deep voice.

“Andrew.” Garen’s gaze fell on the knight. “In just five years, your strength has improved from your initial Level Seven to Level Nine. Regarding your talent, even I can’t help but to marvel at it. But...”

His tone shifted.

“You’ve now been stuck at this level for two years. Not only there was no improvement in your strength, there’s even some regression.”

“I’m sorry...” Andrew’s head bowed even lower, feeling ashamed.

“Back then, I was satisfied with your hatred and completely destroyed the Gordra Household. This had cut off all your encumbrance, but it has also made you lose the opportunity to perceive more positive things,” Garen said lightly.

“I don’t understand.” Andrew’s eyebrows knitted together slightly under his helmet.

“You’ll understand sooner or later,” Garen replied with a deeper implication to it. “Now, I have a new task to hand over to you.”

He looked at this capable aide of his for these past few years, and his heart was gratified. With the presence of the few capable aides he had trained in the past few years, he was able to have more time for his own cultivation.

Andrew was one of them, and there were also the two Blasphemy Knights who were captured back then. Among them, Rena the female knight had also advanced to Level Seven. Being able to reach this point from the initial low level, she was also considered a very terrific talent. On the other hand, Irene was only Level Six. Even with the large supply of resources, she had not been able to advance quicker, and this showed that her aptitude was indeed worse.

Garen and the three had signed the highest level Underground River Oath, so he was not at all worried about them betraying him.

Only Andrew's strength was considered the finest among the three assets. The rest were just using their brains to deal with trivial things, while Andrew could be put in an important position.

So this time, as Garen himself had to leave for an important matter, he decided to hand over the task of recruiting to Andrew. In these past few years, through the three major sources of conscription, Garen had recruited more than a dozen generals, all of which were above Level Seven and below Level Nine. There was no stronger existence.

Meanwhile, there were quite a number of cannon fodders. Level Four and Five demons and mercenaries were a dime a dozen with more than ten thousand of them, so Garen was not lacking any of these at all.

"In addition, you can also recommend candidates from the underlings. Those with outstanding military merits can be taken in." Garen gave a little command. "My trip this time will probably take a while for me to return."

"Understood."

"If there's anything that you can't handle, you can go find Sean."

Sean was the chieftain of the Demonic Behemoth squadron in the Fortress, commanding the mighty Demonic Behemoth elites, which was the most powerful deterrent force in the entire Fortress.

After being defeated by Garen, it tried to get payback for the next few years, but to no avail every time. In the end, it was finally convinced and became good friends with Garen instead. Although it did not



have much authority, it was a force directly under Lady Vengeance and was not subjected to the two deputy commanders.

“Yes.”

Andrew honestly heeded the command.

Garen was then relieved and allowed him to leave.

Andrew, this fellow really followed him with sincerity and with no other intention. As for the other two female knights, they were still resisting at first. But later on, they went with the flow. Since Garen did not force them anyhow, they directly accepted their fate.

This time, Garen’s true purpose of arranging all kinds of affairs was to further enhance his own strength.

As his body had almost reached the limit, advancing further would require him to upgrade the Soul Ring layers and increase the Soul Limit. This however required a tremendous amount of Soul Energy. Now that he was at the limit of a Middle Level Demon Lord, entering the Upper Level would only need the prolonging of time and a large amount of sentiments.

There were forty years left until the initiation of the Grand Plan, and a mere forty-years was not enough to enter the Upper Level at all. Hence, the only way was to find other routes. Only by hunting a large number of high-quality souls, absorbing them after treating them, and condensing them into Soul Seeds would work.

This kind of high-quality souls did not necessarily have to be of high level; those great scholars and artists with special sentiments also had the potential to be absorbed.

Besides, there might be an overlap in the sentiments of the many high-level powerhouses, and that would not help Garen to condense Soul Seeds.

Just when he was scratching his head, there came an invitation from the Dragons of Disaster.

To organize an extensive raid in a certain layer of the Abyss. Led by Gerdmos, one of the three Monarchs, to plunder the positive energy Plane – the Light World.

That was where the people of Light lived.

These fellows with no necks had always been abhorrent. As one of the main fighters summoned by the Wizards from various positive energy camp, they had a very malicious attitude towards the evil Colored Dragon Clan.

Initially, the Dragons of Disaster mainly spread fear to gain greater abilities and beliefs; this time, they went with the purpose of revenge.

The chief of a certain clan among the people of Light was planning a grand action against the evil Dragons of Disaster. It collaborated with many ethnic groups in the Light World, as well as some ethnic groups from the Heavens and the Light Elves of the kind under Mother Nature.

Prior to this, they had killed a Level Thirteen Dragon of Disaster named Storm Warlock and had actually gotten a Divine Stone unexpectedly.

Gerdmos, one of the three Monarchs, was heading there for this Divine Stone.

Garen still had the Pearl of the Temple he acquired back then in his hands as he had not been willing to eat it. He had been trying to perceive the divinity in it but still had no clue for a long time. If he had the Divine Stone, with the help of the Divine Power in it, he might just be able to understand the divinity.

He somewhat felt that the understanding of the divinity might be good for the Void Original Opus and Soul Limit.