

# **Mystical 1331**

## Chapter 1331: Invasion 1

Central Territory – the Primary Plane.

The sacred Azerland Empire was a kingdom within the Central Empire and also the core area of the Fehra Cathedral.

Every year, there would be tens of thousands of pilgrims from all over the world who would piously kneel with every step they took as they made their pilgrimage. The cathedral here spread all over the country. The priests of the Fehra Cathedral would walk around in white robes to spread the glory and doctrines of God. Even the farmers here had a deeper understanding of the doctrine of God.

At this time, at the border of Azerland Empire, a young man in white clothes walked through the door of a pointed small white cathedral on the edge of a farm.

The white clothes on his body had grayed out, and tears and patches were faintly visible at the edges and corners.

The young man had a sallow complexion and was emaciated, yet his hair was still neatly groomed.

Approaching the church, he bowed slightly to the priest at the door, entered the cathedral, and sat on the bench with other people who had come to worship.

He lowered his head and lightly recited along with the choir's singing.

There were new people coming in. Combined with the more than a dozen people who had entered before, none of them were as pious as he was.

The priest stood at the door and looked at him tenderly, revealing a gentle smile.

He knew this man. His name was Mousse, and he had been living in the nearby town for more than ten years. He was originally a vagrant, but he found a new home here, set up his own family, and had his own children.

Most importantly, Mousse's piety for Fehra was unmatched by everyone here. Ten years plus past like a day as he constantly came here every day. He even influenced the neighbors around and his own family to believe in Fehra, and he also had a deep understanding of the doctrines of God, not as superficial as those ordinary believers.

"Maybe it's time to give him more responsibilities..." The priest thought so. He was about to be transferred to a larger parish because of his merits, and he had to find a new person to take over here. Since the last major incident at the Central's Meteor City, the elite priests and Divine Officers were transferred to the more important areas in Central, and so the defense forces in the areas with fewer supernatural forces here were naturally reduced.

Apart from being pious, Mousse had also worked as a mercenary and a bard. He knew a little Spellcraft, and his Spirit Power might be good. In accordance with his level of piety, he might easily become a Level One priest if he were to change his occupation to becoming a priest.

Thinking of this, the priest took the initiative to walk to Mousse's side and patted his shoulder gently.

"Mousse... About the matter I brought up to you the last time, how have you thought about it?" The pastor asked mildly. His age was enough to be the father of the other party, so it was normal to use this kind of tone.

Mousse hurriedly lowered his head in fear and trepidation.

"Lord Jacqu Jeffey, can I really serve as a missionary here? As a priest, a real priest. I feel that I still have a lot of shortcomings!"

"No, no, no..." the priest smiled and said. "Your ability, your piety, your concentration, Fehra sees it all in his eyes. All life forms who sincerely commit and truly believe in Fehra will get a bright and warmth return. This is the reward for your persistence all this while after such a long time. Moreover, there're more people who need you to redeem them and help them."

Mousse bowed his head and lightly recited the Fehra's Creed.

"I understand. But can a loser like me really take on such a heavy responsibility?" He was still not that confident.

"Rest assured. With your ability, you can do even better..." The priest patted him in a understanding manner.

Mousse lowered his head and a black line faintly flashed across his white eyes.

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### The Aqilean Snowy Mountain

In a certain layer in the Abyss, there was a large snowy mountain in the center surrounded by magma flames.

In an Abyssal level filled with magma, fire, and poisonous smoke everywhere, there actually stood a gigantic, mighty snowy mountain in the center area which had been releasing an incomparable cold air for countless years.

The cold air here condensed into a deep blue triangular ice-cone, which slowly rotated clockwise over the top of the mountain.

At this time, a tall man in black armor was standing on the edge of the snowy mountain. He had long hair, half golden and half silver, and it looked very strange.

A bat-like badge was worn on the chest.

The most bizarre thing was that his feet were not on the ground, but were hovering in the air. Black circuit-like fluorescent lines flashed occasionally from below his foot.

“Gerdmos, it’s up to you.” A voice came faintly from the air behind him.

“How is the gathering of the forces?” The black-armored man asked plainly.

“There’re already one hundred and twenty-three Dragons of Disaster who are in the record who have promised to come and assist. Coupled with the Chaotic Creatures, we just need to be in charge of opening the passage, and it will naturally trigger the friction between the forces of Abyss and the Light World,” the voice replied.

“Then let’s get started.” Gerdmos nodded, reached out his fingers, and gently pressed the air in front. A string of black pearl-like spots suddenly flew out of his fingertips and rushed into the sky.

Pooh!

After a dull explosion, the black pearls exploded one after another like fireworks, and the black fireworks-halo slowly blasted out a black whirling hole in the air.

Hee hee hee...

There was a strange laughter in the air, and large amount of flames and poisonous smoke around were madly sucked into the black hole like an underwater whirlpool, entering in big gushes.

Countless Fire Creatures and demons in the Abyss fluttered their wings, and like a large group of worms, regardless of red ones or black ones, they all swarmed toward the big hole.

“Fresh flesh and blood, flesh and blood! Hahaha!!” Some simple-minded Fire Trolls roared, dripping magma-like sweat all over their body as they flapped their fiery wings toward the black hole.

“It’s the smell of the creatures of Light World! Kill!!! Kill them all!” Sturdy Dual-Headed Red Fire Giants treaded their heavy steps, rolling up the magma flowing on their entire skin into magma balls and shooting them into the sky.

Like a densely packed stream of meteors, they rushed into the black hole of the Light World.

They and the Fire Trolls were the majority groups.

Underneath, Gerdmos looked up at the countless black and red meteors flying from all directions into the black hole he had opened up. His face revealed a slight smile.

“We have to act as soon as possible. Our action must not be found out by Fehra.”

“That’s for sure. All the Dragons of Disaster are in place. At your command, we’ll all charge into the Light World.” The hollow voice spoke in a deep tone.

Gerdmos smiled, looking like the most ordinary young man.

“Then... Let the massacre officially begin...”

He thrust forward, and the entire person exploded and turned into countless red flames. After a large number of flames erupted, his original enormous body was revealed.

It was an incomparably huge Red Dragon.

He had the same three horns, and red flames enveloped the horn in the middle.

His body was hundreds of meters long, and with a flap of his wing, all the snow substances and other demons around him were swayed by the huge air force.

The most striking thing was that the three red luminous balls gliding around him were like Elves flying around him automatically.

Whoosh!

A gust of wild wind blew by, and Gerdmos disappeared instantly on the spot, and circles of obvious ripples appeared at the black hole, as if something huge had suddenly entered it.

Just after he entered the black hole.

The red sky around the black hole pooled together, and large flights of dragons of various colors flew over from a distance.

Among them were the huge-sized Black Dragons, Red Dragons, and the smaller Purple Dragons, Blue Dragons, White Dragons, some Yellow-Brown Poisonous Dragons, Green Dragons; even Three-Headed Chimeras appeared here.

But no matter which dragon, they were all emitting a similar atmosphere.

It was a faint black gas.

Among the large flights of dragons, the weakest ones even exuded the power fluctuation of Level Ten.

The White Dragon Garen incarnated into was also among them. The poisonous snake on his back was extremely conspicuous. Flapping his wings and flying in the sky, his eyes were focused on the black hole in the sky.

“The demons that went before us will attract most of the attention. The Light World will think that it’s just a simple invasion of the Abyss’ forces, and so the forces sent out to suppress us will not be too great. As long as we are fast enough, everyone can quickly reach their designated location to quickly complete the mission assigned to them.” The Dragon of Disaster leading the team was the Dragon of Disaster of the Water Element Plane named Jane, nicknamed the Wrath of Ocean.

The mission this time was assigned by one of the three Monarchs, Gerdmos. If the mission was completed, one could acquire a thread of the true divinity. There was a lot of divinity in a Divine Stone, while the true divinity referred to the divinity that had been disintegrated. Although it might not have much content, it had a very important role in guidance. Just one thread of it could help Garen to perceive the Pearl of the Temple, and what he needed was the method to analyze the divinity.

Other Dragons of Disaster were obviously thinking so.

Jane spoke in a low voice.

“There are thirteen peaks in the Light World, and on each of the peaks are thirteen cities, all of which are made of lights and glass. The glass there is very tough and sharp, unlike the Main Substance Plane. Some of them even know how to use powerful defensive and offensive matrixes that are made of special crystals. All of you need to be careful. We can ignore most of the people of Light. The only ones we need to watch out for are the Keepers of Light. Each of the Keepers of Light were at least at Level Nine, and they are the ultimate powerhouse group among the Light People.

“We are responsible for handling all the Keepers of Light in the Eleventh City of the Eighth peak. In any case, just kill whoever you see,” Jane simply said.

“The four of us are all above Level Twelve. There won’t be any difficulty in dealing with a mere Eleventh City.” An arrogant Blue Dragon said disdainfully. He was the legendary Blue Dragon with the Holy Dragon’s Blood. It was rumored that when the Blue Dragons were in their most powerful period, their ancestors were called Holy Dragons, and they had far more terrific powers and talents than other dragon clans. They had an inborn horrific aura that suppressed the other dragon clans, and at the same time, they were innately immunized to all spells, living in the cold crystal peaks. But unfortunately, after who knew how many thousands of years later, their bloodline had weakened.

“Don’t be careless. King Light can teleport to any peak with the speed of light. Once he appears, we must retreat immediately,” Jane reminded.

“Rest assured. With me around, leaving is not a problem,” the Purple Dragon in the small team said confidently. “I have specialized in Space Spell for hundreds of years, so I’m confident in this aspect.”

“We’ll be counting on you then.”

Garen followed at the rear and did not speak but just flew silently. As long as he could get a thread of divinity, that would be enough. The biggest issue was how to ensure his own safety and get the most benefit at the same time while protecting himself.

The Light World, the Plane where the people of Light were at, was well-known for gems and crystals. Returning empty-handed was not his style.

The black hole in front was getting closer and closer, and soon the four dragons rushed in with all the surrounding dragons together.

In a cloud of black mist, Garen could only feel countless cold air lingering around him. This coldness was different from the cold he was familiar with; it was a kind of poisonous chill with a paralysis effect.

The darkness did not last long. As the dragons continued to flap their wings, a spot of white light soon lit up before them.

With a bang, Garen felt as if he had crashed into a transparent barrier. Violently breaking through, he wormed into it.

The sight before him was suddenly clear and bright, filled with a bright white light.

## Chapter 1332: Invasion 2

Countless white clouds layered to form an ocean of clouds. Above it, stood thirteen enormous white mountain peaks, each of them in the shape of a pyramid and aligned in an orderly manner.

Circular cities floated like meteorites, rotating around the peaks.

These cities formed a circle, rotating slowly around the mountain peaks as if they had been doing so for eternity.

Roar!!!

Suddenly, a gigantic Red Dragon emerged in the air above the thirteen mountain peaks. Its body was so long that it was able to encircle the thirteen peaks within its the center of its body.

A blazing red fire engulfed the Red Dragon's body, naturally emitting a high-temperature force field. Garen could see with his own eyes that the corners of the cities above the peaks were melting faintly.

The Red Dragon had three straight horns on its head, the center horn had connecting red lines formed by the fire.

"King Light... Fehra can't protect you anymore..." The Red Dragon's thunderous voice echoed throughout the entire sky and ocean of clouds.

Hum...

A white, jade-like shroud of light raised slowly from the thirteen peaks encircled.

The Red Dragon swayed his tail gently, and the light shroud was instantly smashed and shattered into numerous pieces of crystal glass, scattering everywhere.

Large groups of Fire Creatures suddenly emerged from the surrounding air. It was evident that they had used a certain method to conceal themselves before that.

Appearing now, the Fire Creatures charged into the light shroud, as large groups of white-armored warriors and demons also flew out from the light shroud to engage in battle.

These warriors were very special. They were separated from the head and the body; the head was suspended above the body, and the middle part, which should have been the position of the neck, was just a mass of air.

Each of them held a white lightsaber and a shield, and beneath their feet were white light paths as they fought hard with the demons in the air.

The giant black hole also loomed out of the air slowly, endless demons continuously to pour out from the black hole.

Meanwhile, the Dragons of Disaster including Garen dashed to the light shroud towards the Red Dragon.

Boom!!

Just then, an enormous white hand appeared from the ocean clouds below and grabbed towards the Red Dragon.

“Gerdmos, how dare you enter the Light World?! Today your body will remain here forever to become the nourishment of the earth!!” A solemn voice sounded from the ocean of clouds.

The Red Dragon smiled slightly, swooped down flying towards the direction of the big hand.

Garen retracted his gaze and looked front back left right around his surroundings. There were huge dragons and demons everywhere. At the front, the demons and some of the Dragons of Disaster had already begun to fight with the Light Warriors.

Every Dragon of Disaster was equivalent to a Catastrophic Level-existence. Even though every move made would be limited by the pure positive energy of the Light World and they could not display their very own catastrophic range-attack, but just the horrifying quality and strength of the body alone was not something the ordinary people of Light could resist.

“Follow me!” Jane puffed out a Dragon Breath, turning a few Light Warriors flying towards him into ashes. Fluttering his wings, he flew towards one of the mountain peaks.

“Our target is not here.”

The four giant dragons streaked through the battlefield like sharp swords. Following the light shroud, they charged into one of the cities above the peaks.

From far, these cities were no different from the small meteorites that flew around. It was only when they approached it did they realize that the city grew increasingly bigger and humongous. As the distance closed in, the surrounding airflow passed by swiftly.

Garen watched as the city quickly grew from the size of a fist into a grinding disc, and then bigger to occupy his entire field of vision.

“You have an hour to kill all living creatures within your sight. The mission is to completely destroy the city and those who succeed will be rewarded the assigned divinity from Gerdmos,” Jane reminded briefly of the mission that every dragon should know by now.

“So, if our team wants to get the divinity, we’ll have to depend on everyone.”

“Leave it to me.”

Still thousands of kilometers above away from the city, the Blue Dragon took a deep breath, bulging his chest up high like an inflated balloon before fiercely spewing out a Dragon Breath.

Boom!!!

The overwhelming Black Frost Dragon Breath gushed out, instantly covering the space of several kilometers square below. Some of the Warriors and Wizards who had just pounced at him were affected by the Dragon Breath. Instead of turning into ice sculptures, they melted completely in the Dragon Breath.

On the other hand, the Purple Dragon was fanning its wings. Every time they were flapped, a huge Summoning Matrix of a hundred meters in diameter would form below. Groups of violent Abyss creatures would appear from the Matrix. Consisting mainly of Berserk Tigers and Berserk Behemoths that were extremely bloodthirsty, they would kill anyone they saw.

In less than a minute, the Purple Dragon had summoned hundreds of Berserk Creatures, each reaching the degree of Level Five.

He raised his snake-neck high again, and his eyes suddenly released two purple light columns, which fell straight down like two laser cutting-lines.

Sizz...

The transparent glass buildings below collapsed under his purple shooting light, and some were cut into two sections before collapsing after a brief moment.

Jane was different from them. He hovered in midair with both his claws raised. The center of his claws was flashing a light like that of a blue seawater as if he was brewing something big.

Garen retracted his gaze from observing his teammates. Looking at the humongous city below, he thought about the skills his own skills. He did now know how powerful the Northern Trident Frost-Fire True Water Evil Technique could be exerted considering the suppression effect here was too great. It would be considered quite well even if only one-half of it could be produced.

“What should I use?” He gave a thought to it, and his wings slowly lit up seven black-red Death Stars.

In a flash of black light, a man that was covered in black appeared before him. He had seven black-red death points on his back.

“Seven Lives, I’m counting on you,” Garen ordered lightly.

“Understood.” The man’s muscles were unreasonably sturdy like no one else’s.

His power at this moment was roughly similar to that of Garen’s at about 120 points. Although it was not comparable to Garen’s own body, it was considered very scary.

But Seven Lives was unlike Garen. There was a major difference between them...

“First Star!”

Pap!

Seven Lives stretched out his hands and abruptly tapped at dozens of acupuncture points on his chest. His movements were so fast that both his hands were like the Thousand-Hands Guanyin as they brought out countless afterimages.

Squeak...

It was only the First Star, and his muscles could be seen swelling up madly like they were being inflated.

Garen, who was at the back, felt his eyelids jumping non-stop. He was connected to Seven Lives in body and in mind, so he had a complete understanding of all his attributes.

With just the activation of the First Star, Seven Lives' Strength had risen to the limit of 180 points, which was similar to his.

"Second Star!"

Yet Seven Lives was still not satisfied, he reached out to tap on the second acupuncture point again.

Numerous afterimages merged on his chest and finally turned into a triangular gesture with both palms joined together.

A vast amount of muscles seemed to be deforming as they twisted and floated behind Seven Lives. He was no longer flying with Garen's strength, but the muscles at his back had actually condensed into a pair of flesh-wings. The whole body's muscles were no longer like muscles, and he looked more like a heavy-duty robot wearing an armor.

With the Strength reaching the limit, Seven Lives did not break through this point. However, a layer of transparent cuticle-like matter gradually appeared around his body.

He gently made a grip.

Boom!

A cloud of gas directly blasted out from Seven Lives' fist. His strength at this Plane had even reached the horrific effect compared to when he was at a weaker Plane back then.

Landing quickly on the ground and under Garen's watch, Seven Lives grabbed hold of a huge building that was tilting toward him, turning it and flinging it out fiercely.

Boom boom!!!

The several tens-of-meters wide building was cast out by him as if it were an artillery shell, landing at a speed comparable to bullets at an area where it was mostly populated with the people of Light.

A massive mushroom cloud slowly rose, and a large number of people of Light were completely wiped out by the explosion which was comparable to a small nuclear bomb. Even the bodies' limbs were not necessarily found.

Seven Lives decided to simply pace slowly in the city. Eyeing the buildings at random, he would use a special technique to grab and hurl them out. Spacious paths were formed around him as a result of all the flinging he was doing, and the people of Light madly pounced on him. But no matter what spells and attacks were produced every time, not a trace of any of it was left on him. That layer of cuticle would completely block off all the attacks.

When the three Dragons of Disaster in the team saw this kind of force, even they were slightly stupefied. This was the horrific effect of the strength reaching an extreme point.

Garen hovered at a high altitude. Even without wings, he could float in the air with the power of his own Spellcraft.

Seven Lives' destructive power was even stronger than his, whose strength was restrained. In this kind of situation, having him carrying out pure destruction was sufficient.

From afar, he saw a group of Level Nine-Keepers of Light was finally dispatched. They were divided into three batches, and the first batch charged right away at Seven Lives. However, Garen was not concerned at all.

Seven Lives did not just merely have this ability as he had also inherited some of the ancient Nine-Headed Dragon's ability. The reason he was called Seven Lives was that he actually does have seven lives...

If he could not be killed seven times, then no matter how many opponents there were and how strong they were, all their attacks would be meaningless.

"Looks like your incarnation is being surrounded, Garen. Are you not worried at all?" Jane asked with a smile on the side.

"It's just a bunch of ants," Garen responded faintly. The Soul Divine Weapon, the Despair Skull, was in his hand without anyone knowing when.

After a vast number of weak souls died, they floated into the sky in a way that was invisible to the naked eye. However, they were intercepted and absorbed by the Soul Divine Weapon on their way to the Heavens.

At the same time, the mysterious Enneahedron in Garen's body was also absorbing them.

Garen felt the potential aura of the Soul Divine Weapon growing continually, and his mood was becoming increasingly cheerful.

He felt extremely delighted by the screams made by the countless lives below.

"Such wonderful sounds..."

"Is it?" Jane glanced at him. "Be careful, I'm about to start releasing..."

As soon as his voice fell, Garen felt a huge dazzling blue explosion in his hand.

Seawater!

It was endless seawater!!

The dark blue endless seawater continued to expand and transform as it suspended in the sky, quickly turning into an unparalleled giant.

The giant was composed of seawater and was dark blue and translucent. He only had a sturdy upper body, and he was raising his two huge fists.

Roar!!!

Garen was also dumbfounded at the sight of this fellow. This was not an ordinary Water Element Giant.

This was...the King of Water Element...!! A Level Fifteen-top existence!!!

#### Chapter 1333: Trouble 1

The King of Water Element was blue in color, and it opened its mouth to spew downward.

With a bang, countless water bombs flew down and densely rained onto the city below, turning into a tall Level Five Water Elemental Elder, directly engaging in battle with the people of Light.

Garen hovered on one side and did not intervene. He just quietly observed the battle around.

He was not being idle but was paying attention to the dangers that might arise.

The Light World was not a stable place, and there were not only these low-level people of Light.

Of course, it was also likely that there was a lot of wealth here at the same time.

Garen closed his dragon eyes and maximized his awareness. Numerous Spirit Power like that of silk screens were released and spread around toward the surrounding voids.

“The most precious place... in this city...”

The gradual increase of the Potential Points of the Soul Divine Weapon alone could not satisfy him.

“This side!” Suddenly, Garen’s body moved, and his whole body flew straight towards the city’s west side.

Jane hesitated before deciding to follow suit.

Garen was not worried about Seven Lives at all. Even if he was killed seven times, at most, it would need a little longer time for his own body to recover and to re-grow it. As for Jane, who was following behind, there would be a way to shake him off.

The two giant dragons quickly flew to the front of a tall glass tower. The figure of an elderly man sitting in a lotus position slowly emerged from the air in front of the tower.

This old person of Light had an amiable complexion, and his eyes were shut slightly, like a corpse without any breathing and energy fluctuations.

“This site is off-limits.” The old man spoke in a low voice.

Garen’s Spirit Power penetrated the tower. He could see a mass of white light that was beating like a heart shining in the inside of the tower.

“Move in!”

Garen suddenly charged forward and lashed his golden tail like a whip at the old man.

“Crystal.”

A crystal-like round shield appeared before the old man and steadily bore Garen’s dragon tail slam, while he sat in the air unshaken.

Jane did not listen to Garen but flew in an arc line from the side toward that mass of halo. His slender green body abruptly stretched out to become thinner, and the head was strangely thin and long like a noodle. He instantly dashed to the tower.

“Whoever grabs the treasure first, owns it!” He roared in a deep voice.

Garen only smiled slightly, and looked cautiously at the old man, and turned around to retreat.

The old man did not even look at him but extended his right hand to form a big hand in the air and fought with Jane.

The two entangled in battle and were equally matched.

Garen took the opportunity to retreat. His body shook, and suddenly the black seven-star wings automatically flew back to his body. At the same time, it brought back a vast horrifying potential aura. Clearly, Seven Lives did not just kill one or two high-level Keepers of Light during the massacre.

Some small Space Equipment appeared in the hands of Garen, and he threw all of these objects into his own Space Ring.

The city quickly fell back under his wings. Garen carefully searched for the places that could be plundered.

Boom!!

A tall and huge building like that of a palace was plunged through by Garen from a high altitude. After smashing through the roof and stirring up a commotion on the inside for a while, he shot out of it along with the raging bellows of the people of Light, as he snatched something from the inside.

“Kill him!!”

A few Keepers of Light gave chase. Even though their speed was not as fast as Garen, but they used a pure white disc-like flying tool to repeatedly teleport in the city, tailing him closely behind.

These Keepers of Light were surrounded by a strong Light aura. Some parts of their bodies even had a photochemical reaction and were completely like glass, emitting white light.

Each of their back had countless pure white light-filaments, and they were waving gently like white feather wings.

Each of these light-filaments was a high-concentration agglomeration of the Light Element, which could burn and vaporize any substance in an instant due to the exceptionally high temperature. There was also the conceptualization of some matters into essence involved, not just a simple increase of temperature anymore.

Garen was not bothered by all these. After plundering a palace, he continued to charge at a museum. Some of the people of Light on the street who were not skilled in attacking fled everywhere, while those who could not escape in time were directly crushed to death by his huge body as he landed.

The Keepers of Light yelled in rage from behind and tried to stop him, but their speed was lagging by one step every time.

After Garen's wings were restored, he could cause chaos and confusion within a hundred meters with a slight vibration of his wings, totally preventing them from identifying the direction of pursuit and could only keep up after his bum.

“We can’t let him simply fly like this anymore!” A Keeper of Light made up his mind.

“Rest assured. Lord Henary has already set out. The other two Lords have already teleported over here and are suppressing a few Dragons of Disaster on the other side.”

The whispers of the Keepers of Light fell into Garen’s ears.

He frowned slightly and sped up.

He was feeling a faint, inexplicable uneasiness. The Light World had always been Fehra’s most loyal group of supporters, and so it was impossible for Fehra not to have any contingency plan.

“Must be quick!”

He quickly sensed the area that he ran his eyes over.

The mission was to destroy the city sufficiently and it would be enough. At the moment, the Dragons of Disaster, together with a vast group of demons and Summoned Creatures, had caused enormous chaos, destruction, and casualties in the city, hence, the mission could be said to have been completed.

Almost none of the buildings in the entire city was complete. Most of them were ruined, some were blazing fire, black smokes were rolling into the sky, forming a column of smoke.

Regardless of how strong the forces of the Dragons of Disaster were, it still was not possible to surpass the forces of the entire Light World gathered together. Hence, fighting a quick battle and finishing it quickly was the core tactic.

Estimating the time, Garen once again rushed out from a huge and magnificent mansion. With a spurt of the Dragon Breath, he exterminated dozens of crystal arrows that were in pursuit from behind.

Suddenly, the whole world shook.

“Gerdmos...!! How dare you!!” A voice that was filled with infinite light rang through the entire city from the sky.

Pure white flowers descended from the sky, the countless lotus-like flowers rotated and slowly fell.

Lots of white-winged Elves appeared in the air and were intermittently visible. Their emergence was also accompanied by a faint sacred song.

Garen promptly looked up and saw a gigantic human figure in a golden armor, radiating a terrifying white light all around him, and on the back was a halo like that of a sun.

He held a sword with both hands and ferociously slashed downward.

A gigantic Red Dragon appeared in front of his giant sword out of thin air, and the horn on the head directly went up against it.

Then, there was a dazzling light.

Garen’s line of sight was directly submerged by the infinite white light, and nothing could be seen at all.

The endless amount of light energy wrapped around his body like a tide.

An intense burning sensation traveled through the scales of the skin, shocking him immediately.

“Must leave now!”

It was impossible for Fehra’s true form to appear, and so the one that appeared here must be his incarnation that was temporarily stationed here. Since his incarnation had appeared, the battle had clearly reached the end.

“Leave behind the Divine Stone!!” The incarnation roared, and the voice slammed into Garen like a ferocious wave.

His entire body was in a terrible pain, and he spurted out a mouthful of blood. He was instantly greatly appalled.

Just the voice alone could cause him fatal injuries!

“Must leave now!” He forcefully fluttered his wings, and his body flew away in the direction from where he came from.

Although it was all but white light before him, it was obviously a kind of blindness effect and would not persist for long. Garen had already memorized the topography of this place.

The mission he came for this time was just to be an onlooker and mingle about to obtain a thread of divinity. It was never his plan to be the main force against the enemy.

The other Dragons of Disaster were obviously thinking the same.

Garen heard a painful dragon roar from afar, and then felt the fluctuations of the Dimensional Jump from the Space-Time Spell. Clearly, someone had started to run away.

It was chaos all around as if countless life auras were closing in quickly.

Boom!!

A heavy thing aggressively stuck itself to his tail, pulling down his body that was rushing upward.

Garen shook his faint golden tail right away, and that unknown object was directly flung away. He continued to fly high up into the sky.

Amid the blindness effect, he could only see white and nothing else in front of him. He could only return the original way he came from based from his memory instincts and senses.

The screams of demons and Summoned Creatures continued to ring out below.

Ow!!

A sudden screech of pain sounded, shocking Garen.

The screech belonged to Gerdmos! He was obviously injured in the battle by the incarnation.

In the air over the city that Garen could not see.

A clump of dark red ball suddenly burst out of Gerdmos and landed on Fehra's big hand.

At that moment, the ball suddenly exploded and instantly turned into countless red flames, blotting out the sky and covering the earth as they gushed down at Fehra.

"You dare to detonate the Divine...!" Fehra's voice was submerged in the endless rumbles of the explosion.

His entire body was completely surrounded by flames, and a large amount of formless divinity turned into red lines like that of spider threads.

Garen's sight was almost back to normal. He too saw the countless red silk threads that drifted down and felt the divinity in it.

"The divinity of the Divine Stone! This is troublesome!!"

He ignored these divinities and flew directly out of the city and the mountain, rushing to the huge Abyss black hole not far away.

This was not the time for looting but to escape to save yourself.

Boom!!

A thunderous noise came from behind Garen. Gerdmos and Fehra's incarnation seemed to be fighting each other in the endless flame.

"Ha ha ha!! The mission is completely over. Dear all, this is the reward for all of you!"

Gerdmos seemed to be in an exceptionally pleasant mood. A vast amount of deep red silk threads suddenly shot out from the flames, and each thread automatically chased after the Dragons of Disaster that was flying to the black hole.

Garen was also caught up by one of the threads. The speed of these lines was strangely fast as if they had no mass. Just a flash in the space and a few kilometers was crossed.

The silk thread wormed into his claws. Garen tightened his grip and gently stashed it away. With a flapping of both wings, his whole body instantly disappeared on the spot and directly appeared in the black hole.

Blitzkrieg!

There was no doubt that Gerdmos' attack tactic had been successful. In the short period of raid time, he mounted a sneak attack on King Light, seized the Divine Stone, and then retreated when Fehra's incarnation had just come out. Although he was injured, the reward he reaped was far beyond such an injury.

"Still trying to escape!!"

Entering the black hole, Garen was about to return to the Abyss when he felt a distortion behind him, and a white light penetrated through it, aiming at his back.

Hiss!!

The beam hit him on the back, scorching him all over the body as his scales smoked.

Not only him, all the surrounding demons and giant dragons who had fled back were also struck by the beams.

Numerous demons were spontaneously ignited and turned into white ash, while the Dragons of Disaster could hold out for a longer time. Even so, several of them were still torched by the beams. They screamed in the flames, which had a sacred aura in it, and burnt into a large pile of ashes swiftly.

Resisting the pain on his back, Garen accelerated his escape toward the Abyss.

Pooh!

After passing through a layer of film once more, the familiar and chaotic power of the Abyss came over him, quickly entangling with and offsetting the power of the beam at Garen's back.

## Chapter 1334: Trouble 2

The power of Abyss had an extremely mighty devour and repulsive nature.

In the face of external forces, if it could not devour the other party, it would then completely eliminate it.

Garen flew out of the black hole, and by the time he returned to the Abyssal layer with berserk fires, he was already half-dead, which was still considered quite good. The other Dragons of Disaster did not even have the strength to fly and were free-falling, crashing into the sea of magma below falling into a deep sleep.

Fortunately, no matter how weak a Dragon of Disaster was, its dragon scales, which had a natural strong defense, and force field would protect it from being harmed by the mere magma on the surface.

Mustering his strength to fly out of the midst of the dragons that were like dumplings entering a wok, Garen gathered his wings and slowly descended on a dark solid volcanic rock.

He looked up at the bloody red sky and saw that the black hole was slowly contracting. However, he did not see the figure of Gerdmos, one of the three Monarchs. Presumably, he should be fine.

Garen glanced at the thread of divinity lying quietly in his Space Equipment. This was a true divinity, which had been disintegrated and analyzed by Gerdmos. Judging from the explosive nature of the Divine Stone, this divinity should be of fire attribute. Although it was not much of a right match with him, it still had its research value.

Even though he did not actually face a strong opponent in this blitzkrieg, the risk was indeed not small, especially the last move Fehra made out of rage. That beam was evidently a long-lasting kind of attack; if one could not return to the Abyss as soon as possible, then just that light beam alone would directly kill a Dragon of Disaster.

All the Dragons of Disaster, including Garen, were critically injured by it.

Standing on the rock, Garen turned around to inspect the wound on his body. In the middle of the wings on his back, the scales were directly burned... and something like a large piece of white crystal was formed at that spot. These crystals also exuded a pure light energy fluctuation that disgusted him.

“With such an obvious fluctuation, if I’m not in the Abyss but the other Planes, I’ll definitely be discovered by the people of the Fehra Cathedral in the first place.”

He looked up for a while until he saw no more Dragons of Disaster coming out, only then did the black hole finally shrunk and disappeared. Everything was completely over.

“It’s time to go back...”

Garen flapped his wings and headed toward the exit of this layer.

It was a huge underground cave. The cave might seem to head underground but in fact, as long as one entered through it with a special method, one could return to the Ten Thousand Abyss Plain at the topmost Abyssal layer.

Sweeping his sight around the tired and weak Dragons of Disaster, it was not that Garen did not have the idea of snatching the divinity. But for such a thing as the true divinity, one would only need a thread of it to learn the method of disintegration and analyzing. Once it was grasped, everything else would be much better. Having more threads was of no effect to him. After a brief consideration, Garen decided not to do it as it was unnecessary.

After searching around, he did not find the temporary team of dragon clans he was in.

“Hey, the White Dragon over there. If you can escort me back to the Natural Plane, I will use the Prickle Gem to repay you!”

A Natural Plane-Green Dragon was about to be submerged by the magma. Large pieces of white crystals coagulated all over its body, most parts of his body were obviously hit by the beam from just now.

This fellow’s aura, which should have been at Level Eleven, was now rapidly debilitating. His situation seemed very bad.

Garen was the more normal one compared to the others he saw nearby, as he could actually still move about freely even after taking a hit of the white light. Among all the Dragons of Disaster, only a dozen of them was able to do this.

“Me?” Garen looked around and could not spot any other White Dragon. Obviously, the other person was referring to him.

“Sorry, I’m not interested.” He lightly declined. The Green Dragon was instantly disappointed and wanted to say something more, but Garen had already fluttered away from his sight.

Continue flying forward, Garen soon met a few Dragons of Disaster who asked for help, all of them looking extremely weak.

This Plane was not the Plane that Gerdmos permanently remained at. He himself probably had the thought of plundering these Dragons of Disaster. In any case, the Dragons of Disasters were never a united group, and it was just a name for the group.

But since he was present, Gerdmos would absolutely not allow any existence to destroy his rules. And so, Garen could only suppress this tempting idea.

Feeling the divinity in the Space Equipment, Garen faintly felt that this time, he might be able to use this thing to analyze the divinity in his Pearl of Temple.

For the other Dragons of Disaster, a thread of true divinity probably could only speed up their progress or chances of becoming a demigod; but for Garen, he could totally build the Energy Machinist's Willpower Neuroprocessor and use the astonishing computing speed that was far beyond that of the quantum computer in the technology era to analyze the essence of divinity.

The divinity itself was a kind of sentiment, a sublimation of one's understanding of the self and the foundation of one's existence. At the same time, it also contained a kind of enlightenment and understanding of certain laws of the universe.

Once the understanding reached an incredibly high level and was incomparably compatible with the law of the universe, the creatures would naturally be able to resonate with the power of the universe due to this kind of compatibility, thereby improving the evolution one's self and turning into a Divine Creature, close to the status of a demigod.

Hence, divinity was actually a kind of knowledge, an extremely complicated and profound information. It was an interpretation of the laws of the universe.

Garen only knew this from Ann's books, so although he had not completely condensed his own divinity, he could sum up all the knowledge and information through the analysis of the divinity of other creatures.

In theory, his original soul was equivalent to a demigod level. The Demon Lords were not inferior to the demigods in the understanding of the laws of the world. It was only because they were not compatible with the laws of this world that they could not be a Divine Creature right away.

What Garen needed only was to understand the compatibility principle of this world, and it would be enough.

Soon, a huge black cave appeared in front of him. A few powerful Dragons of Disaster had just flown in and left an extremely intense aura of Light. They were obviously fatally injured by Fehra's incarnation. Being able to be faster than Garen, the weakest aura of these fellows were of Level Thirteen, while there was even a Level Fifteen being the strongest one!

Garen had just tucked his wings away and landed at the mouth of the cave when he felt a black shadow appearing behind him and disappearing in a flash. A Level Fourteen Black Dragon with bloodshot eyes darted straight into the cave above his head, giving the impression that it was just a flickering shadow.

"How swift and fierce! Going through the Abyssal layers also requires physical strength... this fellow actually dared to fly at full speed."

Garen felt that he needed a good rest.

He glanced at his own status.

'Garen – Strength 180 (100), Agility 180 (100), Vitality 180 (100), Intelligence 90. Potential 963%. Soul limit 180.

Status: Overall attributes declined, under the suppression and the curse of the Light... (All elemental resistance declined by half, easily found by Light attribute creatures, whereabouts could not be concealed)

"Damn it!" Garen could not help but cursed at the sight of the state of the attributes.

The three major attributes had all dropped by nearly half, and the elemental resistance had declined by half, especially the latter. This meant that he was initially immune to Level Nine-spells, but now, he might only be immune to Level Five-Spells and could only forcefully resist those of higher levels.

And if resisting forcefully, with his current 100-points of Vitality and weak state, he could only resist the frontal attack of a Level Nine-Spell...

“This is troublesome...” He rested for a while, trying hard to conceal the fluctuation of his aura, and began to fly along a special trajectory inside the cave.

The cave was not long, but each meter of flight was extremely difficult. One would need to resist the traction of this Abyssal layer, which was as great as the gravity of a planet.

Garen flew out a fixed trajectory pattern like a bee in the dark, and finally rose and rushed up to the sky.

Not knowing how long he had been flying, the darkness in front was finally faintly brightening up.

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Boom!!

The corpse of a huge Black Dragon crashed to the ground, splattering a large amount of blood and dust.

On the yellow plain with a huge black hole, everywhere was covered with incapacitated Dragons of Disaster. This was the path one must take when coming out of the Abyssal fire layer as it was the exit of the Ten Thousand Abyss Plains. All the Dragons of Disaster that had flown out before did not die in the raid but instead fell at this exit, which was almost a safety point.

Two tall men in red robes hovered in mid-air, and one was gently wiping the bloody sword in his hand.

The other person was the one who had previously gathered all the Dragons of Disaster to assault the Light World – Gerdmos.

He was smiling as he looked at the Black Dragon that was on the brink of death below.

“Noas, although I’m very sorry, I have a reason to do so.” Gerdmos seemed to have not been injured at all. His whole body was intact, and he was toying with a blood-red round stone in his hand.

“You... actually dared... betray the Disaster Scroll...” The Black Dragon’s eyes were filled with madness and rage.

“Betray?” Gerdmos did not have the slightest fear but just laughed lightly. “I never intended to betray the Disaster Scroll...”

There was a faint glint of contempt in his eyes.

“The Dragons of Disaster’s pitiful state like stray dogs should be reversed by me, Gerdmos.”

He opened his arms wide.

“Can’t you see? This endless Abyss has given me an unparalleled special talent. Can you still not see the current situation? Whether it’s the Void Creatures or each major Pantheons, between these two giants, we’re only an insignificant weak force, surviving in the cracks...

“Only by gathering the power of all the Dragons of Disaster, converging them into one and into my body... can we then have a glimmer of hope...” Gerdmos’ tone was monotonous, but his words were absolutely crazy.

His back was vaguely beginning to distort a horrifying shadow. A mighty power surpassing Level Fifteen and exceeding even that of the demigod was violently fluctuating around him.

“Come on... merge with me as one... to create a new future that belongs to us Dragons of Disaster...!” He slowly paced toward the Black Dragon on the ground.

“Ann... will not let you go!” The Black Dragon weakly gave a final roar of anger.

Boom!!

His entire body suddenly exploded. His soul together with his body completely turned into a huge bomb and disintegrated completely.

Chapter 1335: Eve 1

All the flesh and blood was devoured by Gerdmos in the explosion. A ferocious mouth split open from half of his body, swallowing all the flesh that shot toward him from the explosion.

“A pointless choice.”

Gerdmos straightened up, the mouth on his body disappeared naturally as if it had never appeared before.

Next, he slowly made his way towards the Dragons of Disaster who were on the verge of death. Unlike Black Dragon Noas, most of these Dragons of Disaster were no longer strong enough to fight back, they did not even have the strength to struggle or self-destruct. They could only watch as Gerdmos devour them.

The other man dress in red robe stood behind watching without making a sound.

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Garen flew through the dark cave slowly, there was only silence in front of him.

Bang!

He vaguely heard a huge explosion that suddenly rang from the front.

“Explosion?”

Garen paused for a little.

“How can there be an explosion here?” His vigilance heightened. This was the exit of the Dragons of Disaster, so if there was an explosion, perhaps it meant that there was a conflict.

Who would be guarding the exit when the Dragons of Disaster were critically injured? At such a coincidental timing too!?

Garen raised his guard.

The exit was in front of him, shimmering in white but he stopped and no longer moved forward.

A black Salamander with toxic all over its black body slowly fell behind his steps. He was clearly as suspicious as Garen was.

Neither of them spoke, but they exchanged glances as both felt that the situation was quite odd.

Garen stopped and did not move forward. He glanced at the Salamander, waiting for him to go ahead first so he could see the results.

The Salamander seemed to be toying with the same idea as well as his eyes fell on Garen.

Both of them looked at each other.

“Seems like something might have happened...” The Salamander spoke first.

"Seems like it," Garen nodded. "Are there any other exits here?"

"No, this is the only exit," the Salamander shook his head. "To be able to grasp our departing time so accurately means that there must be a spy. Without a mole, how could anybody know in such a short period of time of our secret gathering and raid, and our almost immediate departure as all of these happened in less than an hour."

"Maybe we can find Gerdmos," Garen said in a hushed tone.

"Hehe..." The Salamander chuckled, "if you are willing to go, I have no objections."

Garen could sense his doubts toward Gerdmos' intention and stopped saying further.

After a while.

"Then let's wait for more dragons first and we'll all rush forward together," Garen spoke again.

"Alright."

The two Dragons of Disaster waited quietly in the dark.

Soon enough, several huge Dragons of Disaster came from behind.

The Salamander explained the situation briefly. A few of the dragons who still had contact with those outside tried to contact them but there was no response.

Still pausing to move forward, the Dragons of Disaster's looks changed.

Nobody dared to just go out like this.

Minutes and seconds passed by and soon, more than twenty Dragons of Disasters had gathered together.

Garen stood among the crowd of dragons without making a sound. There were those who were stronger than him in the crowd so naturally, he had no place to speak up.

Among the colossal dragons on the spot, the most powerful one was a gigantic Bass Dragon that went with the nickname of Plague. Plague was surrounded in the middle by a group of dragons, his two long yellow brows hung down his old face.

There was no trace of force field from his body as if he was not much better than the average Dragon Whelp, but no dragon dared to look down on him.

He was publicly acknowledged as the highest Level Fifteen peak.

Moreover, he was the standard Wizard Dragon. This kind of Elder Dragon could live over five thousand years, and each of them was extremely clever with countless trump cards in their hands. No matter what situation they encounter, they would not panic at all.

“It seems that we have a traitor amongst us. Since this is our only exit and it has been blocked, our companions who have gone out beforehand would have most probably perished.”

Bass Dragon said in a low tone, “I’ve tested with a Prophecy Spell and the highest wheel of fate shows that we are now in an extremely critical moment. I am unable to predict much details as the one who cast this danger is too powerful. But there is one thing I understood, and that is...”

His huge dragon head turned and looked around.

“Only by uniting that all of us would stand a chance!”

“That dangerous?” A rare Red Crystal Dragon frowned. Crystal Dragons were extremely rare and they were immune to all sorts of spells. They had an incredible yet terrifying melee talent, but they did not have Dragon Breath nor supernatural powers so they could only rely on equipment.

This Crystal Dragon was wearing a golden crown on its head, looking wild and badass.

“Just speak up whatever idea you have. The longer we stay here, the more danger we’re in.”

Bass Dragon’s eyes swept through every single dragon in the crowd.

“I’ve heard that Your Excellency, King of Fantasy, has an extremely powerful Divine Weapon called the Infinite Fantasy. It’s able to create several ultimate phantoms that are close to an entity. Not sure if it’s true though?”

He looked at a petite little Purple Dragon. This Purple Dragon was a small female dragon with a calm expression on her face.

“So, are you saying that we could create illusions to confuse the other party? What if matrix sort of encirclements are formed?” The King of Fantasy asked.

“Even if it’s matrix, I will have a way to consume a large amount of energy,” Bass Dragon shot a mysterious smile.

“Your Excellency Moon, Your Excellency Green Hurricane, Your Excellency Fordoo, your strengths can be our backup...”

Bass Dragon was no doubt the most knowledgeable old guy on the spot. At a moment like this, he was so familiar with the techniques of each Dragon of Disaster as if he was enumerating his family’s valuables. He was even able to arrange each of them in the most appropriate position so that they could put their abilities to good use.

But the arrangements only included beings that were Level Thirteen and above. For the rest of them, they only played supporting roles as covers.

Garen was also one of them.

His biggest lethal effect was the Poisonous Eye that could kill Thirteen-Level existences in a flash. Other than having an unparalleled speed of shooting and the sudden flash it possessed, beings that were one of two levels above him could be caught suddenly even if it may be unintentional.

After Bass Dragon was done arranging everything, a group of Dragons of Disaster approached the exit slowly.

The light source exit was a distorted natural Teleportation Point. Upon entering, one would automatically be transmitted out of this Abyss layer. Not only that, it could accommodate up to tens of thousands of creatures at the same time.

The twenty over Dragons of Disaster walked over slowly, each of them conserving their energy. Some of them had their muscles tensed up so tight that their scales showed the same color, some of them had a layer of various protection spells upon themselves, some of them turned their bodies invisible that even a trace of force could not be noticed.

Some of them even cloned themselves into several avatars so that others were unable to distinguish between the real one and the clones.

Garen even saw a Dragon of Disaster's body that straight away melted into a pile of sand, approaching the light source exit in a fluid-like manner.

He stood in the middle of the queue, looking at the line of Dragons of Disaster that slowly approached the light source.

"Charge!!" Suddenly, Bass Dragon roared.

All the Dragons of Disaster accelerated simultaneously and rushed toward the light source at full speed.

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Boom!!

A huge explosion rose from the exit of the cave.

Gerdmos was slightly stunned but his expression quickly returned to his original, indifferent expression.

Looking at the twenty over dragons that suddenly stormed out from the cave, he smirked.

“You old Plague, I knew that would be a little trouble over here with you...”

He turned around and looked at the other person dressed in a red robe.

“It’s all on you.”

“Leave it to me.”

The red-robed person smiled.

They shook hands with each other.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh!!

All around the plain, red lights burst out from the ground heading towards the sky.

The blinding red lights beamed upwards to the sky straight like pencils, encircling all the fleeing Dragons of Disaster.

“Separate,” the red-robed man whispered softly.

With a huge buzz, the entire encircled area where all the Dragons of Disaster were at disappeared together. Even the red lights that broke out from the ground moments ago also vanished together.

Just as the red lights disappeared, dozens of Dragons of Disaster flew out of the cave once again.

“Phantoms, huh?” The red-robed man’s expression was unchanged. With another point of his finger, several beams of red lights continued rising and once again, enveloped all the new Dragons of Disaster and they completely disappeared again.

“It’s useless. No matter how many times you use a trick like this, it’s useless,” he said calmly.

Boom!!

Suddenly, his face changed slightly. There seemed to be something that caused a huge explosion and shock waves that managed to injure his internal system.

He raised his arm and a golden wound slit open at the back of his right hand. Drips of golden blood trickled down from the wound.

“What a good move! Divine Weapon Self Destruction!!”

Gerdmos who was by the side had a slight change of expression as well. Divine Weapon Self Destruction also depended on the Divine Weapon itself. The Divine Weapon Self Destruction did not have a great impact generally in the hands of humans. They were irrelevant to those who were already below the Divine Power, but for Dragons of Disaster, the worst Divine Weapons in their hands were at least created by Middle Divine Souls. Once these Divine Weapons self-destruct, the tremors caused would be extremely terrible.

“Nevermind, they have no more than three Divine Weapons in their hands!” Gerdmos said in a hushed tone.

As soon as his voice fell, he could see dozens of Divine Weapons shot out from the cave, exploding in all directions. It seemed to be radiating to all the areas around.

“They’re all fake!” Another red-robe man yelled.

Of course, Gerdmos knew they were all fake, but so what if he knew? What if there was a real one mixed among the fake ones?

He could not help but retreat quickly. The other red-robed man seemed to have the same thinking as him and retreated as well.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh whoosh!

To his surprise, all the Divine Weapons had a powerful surge force that broke through the blockade of the surrounding spells, going in all directions.

“Could they be real?” Gerdmos waved his hand and a large cloud of fire rushed toward the Divine Weapons.

Roar!!

One of the Divine Weapons could not withstand the scorch and straight away turned into a huge Green Dragon screaming in pain.

“It’s them! They’re trying to escape!?” Gerdmos’ expression changed. His body flickered as he instantly moved to the front of the Divine Weapon with the strongest force and reached out to grab it.

Boom!!!

The tremendous explosion instantly spread around the entire cave. Huge mushroom clouds accompanied the terrifying red shock waves as they spread out to the surroundings.

Gerdmos paled, completely stunned by the self-destruction of the most powerful Divine Weapon.

“Plague!” He bellowed. He was already heavily injured from the battle with Fehra’s Incarnation and so he was unable to use half of his strength anymore. Now after being hit by such a powerful Divine Weapon, his injuries immediately increased from the original fifty percent to an eighty percent of damage. Even the sacred fire was severely impacted and lost half of its strength.

This was an extremely powerful Divine Weapon. Even if he was one of the three Monarchs, he would not have been able to withstand the impact from the immense shock waves of the Divine Power and was fatally injured.

After being duped and looking at the ‘Divine Weapons’ shooting across the sky, he dared not approach and could only wave his arms to use fire clouds to block them.

“Doomsday Rain of Fury!” From the other side, a red-robed man opened his arms, the light of Divinity radiated from him, turning into red lights that shot into the sky.

The sky rumbled and clumps of dense, red clouds appeared quickly...

Boom!

A red meteorite fell from the sky and crashed onto the ground.

A second one followed, then a third... Countless meteors and meteorites fell from the sky and blasted as they crashed onto the gray-black plains.

The plains that were already rugged before became even bumpier with more pits.

Under the bombardment of the meteor and meteorites, some of the Divine Weapons that were scattered around straight away disappeared into phantoms, and some revealed their real true forms. They were all fleeing dragons, while some others were indeed Semi-Divine Weapons or Divine Weapons.

Garen was amongst them as well. An enormous meteorite fell right in front of him and with a bang, the huge shockwave made his body receded at least a few meters backward.

Whoosh!

Suddenly, a red-robed figure appeared before him. Gerdmos was holding a shrunken Dragon of Disaster by its neck, blocking his path with a ferocious look.

The intense blood breath and scorching Energy Field immediately fell on Garen.

Boom!

He suddenly felt his body sink, his body value that was already weakened by half dropped once again.

"The sixth one." Gerdmos had a calm expression as he reached out to grab his neck.

An invisible pressure locked onto Garen's neck, making him breathless and weak.

"It's Soul Coercion!!" He was shocked. Such a situation could only occur when the gap between souls was too large. The power of Gods, the power of Divine Souls, he never knew what kind of nature they were.

Now that he was truly facing it for the very first time, he immediately understood that this was simply an ultimate sublimated soul. However, what made it different from a True Soul was the state of the sacred fire of the soul that had the power of pure faith. They used that faith as a means to strengthen themselves, unlike True Soul who just absorbed all the power of a soul.

Faith was only a pure part of the strength of a soul.

Gerdmos grabbed onto Garen with a surge of an inexplicable aura of death.

Garen had a hunch that the second he touched this hand, his entire body including his Soul and Fighting Soul would be instantly taken away by the other person.

But he could watch as the arm inched closer and closer, unable to defend himself.

The difference between a Level-Twelve and a true God was indeed too big. Even after Gerdmos was heavily injured and he could not even unleash twenty percent of his powers, the changes of the nature of the strength was far beyond Garen, even as a Middle Demon Lord, could handle.

As the huge hand got closer and was about to touch the scales at Garen's throat.

"Ah!!!"

Right at this moment, Garen suddenly shrieked.

A black necklace around his neck exploded by itself, black smoke immediately broke out of it and wrapped Gerdmos' right arm.

"Ann!" Gerdmos' expression changed and he immediately retreated.

But it was too late.

An exceedingly gigantic dragon arm shot out from the black smoke and grabbed onto his right arm.

"Gus..."

Ann's seemingly perfect figure loomed behind the black smoke, but the voice that sounded from him was clearly a man's.

"No! No no no!!! Ann, that's not me!!!" Gerdmos' face twisted more with fear.

He yelled as he started running towards the back.

Drained, Garen looked at him escaping. The black smoke that turned into a dragon arm held him tight and soon disappeared from sight.

Not long after, gigantic transparent distortions blasted on the distant plain and the sphere-shaped distortion lasted for more than ten seconds before slowly dissipating.

"Go!" Suddenly, a brass-colored dragon claw grabbed him and lifted him up before flying away swiftly into the distance.

It was Plague the Brass Dragon!

With a solemn expression, it held onto Garen as it flew, turning back every now and then to check behind.

"That was just a projection of Ann, it won't hold him back much longer. We have to leave immediately!"

Garen felt weak to the point that he could barely open his eyelids.

The struggle just now seemed to consume much of his strength.

"Why... did you save me?" He asked softly.

"Why? That necklace of yours represents the subordinates approved by Ann. Saving you is equivalent to giving him face. Among the three Monarchs, Ann is known as the most brutal dragon of killing. Once

when he was furious, he swallowed up billions of creatures in just one breath. But because he comprehended the space-time laws too well, Fehra and the other Gods could only suppress him, not kill him, because if they kill him now, he would be able to reverse history and return from the past.”

Garen’s eyes opened wide. This was the first time he had heard of such a strong description of Ann from another dragon race.

Brass Dragon said in a hushed tone.

“Even plenty of powerful existences don’t even know how many Ann truly exists. He’s able to pull all three of his figures to the same space-time. He’s the most powerful Dragon of Disaster in history, and the most legendary dragon of the Dragons of Shadows. Your nature has a trace of a Shadow Dragon which can break free under the imprisonment of Divine Power because the Divine Imprisonment is just a kind of imprisonment and you Shadow Dragons are best at imprisonments.”

He cast a glance at Garen.

“Seems like you don’t know anything at all.”

Garen just recovered a little bit of strength.

“He didn’t tell me much.” He could see that Plague the Brass Dragon was really trying to save him.

There was a change in Brass Dragon’s eyes. “They’re catching up!”

Garen sensed a threat rapidly approaching him from behind.

Looking back at the sky behind him, a gigantic Red Dragon was flying towards them. There was a trace of bloodlust in the dragon’s eyes.

“There are a few powerful disciples of Ann in the Abyss, let’s pray that we can survive till their arrival.” Brass Dragon finally spoke the truth. He rescued Garen due to his relationship with Ann, which was a

good enough reason for Ann's disciples from the Abyss to come to the rescue. What he had been looking for all along was this unknown rescue.

Garen understood and no longer spoke so he tried to restore his strength.

His current body attributes had been weakened mainly because of a ray of Fehra's Divine Power that broke his Level-Nine spell immunity.

Facing these Divine Power natured attacks, he almost had no strength of resistance at all. Even with a stronger physique or if the other party weakened, his attributes were weakened by half so it was completely meaningless.

"Seems like I must study divinity and establish the Wizard Tower..." Garen had made up his mind. Facing the suppression of Divine Power this time around, his powerful physical strength did not do him justice at all.

Turning back to see, Gerdmos was chasing behind.

"We can't let this guy catch up with us."

As Brass Dragon flew, he threw something behind.

Boom!

The object exploded and turned into a giant made of elemental gas. Right when the Elemental Giant raised his fists preparing to smash downwards, Gerdmos' mouthful of Dragon Breath pierced through the giant's stomach, and his entire body started burning and slowly dissipated.

Brass Dragon started throwing all sorts of treasures messily behind. They had the most extreme self-destructive power that made those treasures unleash its great powers, but this kind of explosion could only be used once as it would self-destruct.

It was only a mere dozen seconds of effort and Gerdmos was getting closer and closer, and each time Brass Dragon threw out a treasure, it was just to block him.

Within the dozen seconds, he had already thrown out various high-leveled treasure, all of which were top-notch treasures that could make any non-Divine creature envious.

But Brass Dragon still threw everything out freely.

“If you have any tricks up your sleeves you better use it quickly! If we continue like this, we’re going to die!” Brass Dragon rushed Garen in the midst of pressing affairs.

Garen closed his eyes for a moment, turned his back and opened his eyes suddenly.

Whoosh whoosh!

Two white-blue rays burst out and shot towards Gerdmos.

It was the Poisonous Eye, which was also currently Garen’s most powerful attack.

He only tried its effect but unfortunately, when the two rays landed on Gerdmos’ body, they did not even leave a single mark on the scales.

He did not even need to defend an attack that could actually hurt a Level-Thirteen.

“Only Divine Power natured attacks can hurt him!” Brass Dragon explained impatiently. “Whatever Ann gave you in the past, just take it out quickly and use it! If he catches up with us, we’ll all die!”

Whoosh!

Just then, a huge fiery wing swooped by him. Although Brass Dragon dodge in time, half of his body was burnt black.

Garen did not possess anything that Ann gave him, he had not seen Ann for a very long time already.

“I’m the only hope of the Dragons of Disaster!!” Gerdmos yelled from behind. “If all of us merged as one, then we can truly become the greatest Dragon of Abyss!! All of you can’t escape! You can’t escape!!!”

He seemed to have gone absolutely crazy.

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In the endless, pitch dark canyon.

At the center of the ancient matrix, under the hazy halo, Ann’s eyes that were closed tightly slowly opened.

“Gus... why did you force me... I didn’t mean to, I really don’t...”

She mumbled repeatedly, helplessness and sorrow all over her expression.

Slowly, a black obscure black ring appeared before her that displayed Gerdmos who was chasing after Garen and Brass Dragon.

The sadness in her eyes deepened.

“Gus... why did you forget everything I said back then?”

As she muttered, she held out her hand and scoffed.

Her slender hand went straight into the Light Screen image and grabbed Gerdmos.

“No!!! No!! Ann! It’s not my fault!! Let go of me!!” Gerdmos was only as big as a worm in Ann’s palm.

“We used to be so in love with each other...” Ann spoke sadly, “I loved you so much...”

She closed her eyes and popped Gerdmos in her mouth.

Chomp chomp...

The crisp chewing accompanied by the screams of Gerdmos and the faint forces of Divine Power disappeared in Ann’s mouth.

She chewed slowly as if she was tasting the last taste of her once good friend.

“No!!!” Gerdmos turned out to be not completely dead yet, his sacred fire let out a heartbreaking scream till the very last moment.

Gulp.

But everything disappeared along Ann’s gentle swallow.

The Light Screen vanished, and Ann sighed. However, it did not give off the feeling of falsehood, but it was like he really lost a true friend, a former lover.

“It’s you again... hooligans...” Ann’s half-closed eyes opened wide. “If it weren’t for you guys, Gus wouldn’t have to die. Everything is your fault. Seems like I will have to have a good chat with all of you ...”

Chapter 1337

There was a soft swoosh.

Gerdmos' entire dragon body disappeared from behind suddenly.

As Garen and Brass Dragon were flying, they watched as Gerdmos, somehow, was suddenly swallowed up by a gigantic black hole, and there was no more sound at all.

"What happened!" Brass Dragon was shocked but still did not dare to stop and continued to fly forward, only coming to a stop gradually after flying out tens of thousands of meters away.

Garen broke out from his dragon claws and was finally able to fly independently. Only he could sort of guessed what had just happened.

Without a word, his eyes were fixated on the direction in which Gerdmos disappeared from.

"Thank you very much, Plague."

"It's really a great loss this time," The old Bass Dragon responded with a wry smile as if he had guessed something right. He looked around the surroundings.

The two dragons had somehow arrived at a large golden desert.

"This is the Desert of Dead Souls. We seem to have flown over hundreds of thousands of miles," the Bass Dragon sensed the area. There were no creatures at all. Clearly, they were all frightened away by their Draconic Aura.

"What are your plans next?" Garen glanced at the burned area on his back. The Divine Crystals were like maggots that clung onto him obstinately, it was indeed troublesome.

"I live in the Maggots Abyss, you can come to visit me if you're free. The pressing matter now is to get rid of the Divine Power of your body. Getting rid of these things is not as easy as it seems," Brass Dragon said helplessly.

"Is there a time limit for this state of weakness?" Garen was slightly shocked.

“It’d be nice if there was,” Bass Dragon sighed. “If your confrontation awareness isn’t strong enough, then he won’t be able to eat away your strength on a daily basis and convert all energy into Divine Power and strengthen himself. Fehra’s power is just that overbearing and disgusting!”

In the Abyss, he was not afraid at all to mention the God name, Fehra, who was far away at the Mountain of Heavens.

“Even I would need at least five years to get rid of it completely. Alright then, I’ll go back first. The other two Monarchs will definitely punish Gerdmos for destroying the order regarding this matter. Whatever happens after, we have nothing to do with each other anymore. Just a pity of my Divine Weapon though...”

He had a pained look on his face.

“The Upper Divine Weapon...” Garen’s face pained as well. The only thing that managed to injure Gerdmos severely was the only Upper Divine Weapon that the elder dragon took out.

He was no doubt a Level-Fifteen elite existence, his ample collection was indeed terrifying.

One Divine Weapon was already very powerful, but every single Divine Weapon was well-established and the owners could be traced. One destroyed was just one less weapon, but the elder yellow dragon was actually willing to use an Upper Divine Weapon to self-destruct.

Seems like the water behind him ran pretty deep too...

Garen reminded himself to stay vigilant.

Both dragons were somewhat restraint with each other. After exchanging contact information, they flew in the direction of their own nest.

Garen had somewhat gained a little benefit from the raid this time around. The analyzed true divinity was a huge help for him to build an analysis system of true divinity.

The whole void was now constantly trying to invade this world and the Gods of this world were actively responding against the invasion of the void.

Every creature was vigorously accumulating all their strength under this huge crisis, even Gerdmos, a Colossal Dragon that was comparable to Divine Soul.

The main force of the battlefield was still in those three places.

The Main Plane, Mountain of Heavens, and the endless Abyss.

From the information that Garen received from the snail man, it showed that there were already tens of millions of Void Creatures that had passed through the raid of the Gods' and churches' powerhouses and were scattered into the major empire regions of the Main Plane.

They straight away entered dreams of all creatures, almost impossible to be identified or found.

The church's powerhouses were trying to distinguish them by various means.

As for the Abyss, there seemed to be no movement. In reality, nobody knew exactly how many Void Creatures had entered this place, they were just not exposed.

Without any further sign of danger, he returned to the Vengeance Fortress safely.

The first thing Garen did was return to his own place to rest in the attempt to get rid of the Divine Crystals that were negatively affecting his state.

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In the dark Secret Chamber.

Dense blue ice crystals were condensed all over the black metal walls.

The ground was covered by a thick layer of white-blue snowflakes as well.

Garen squatted in the middle of the Secret Chamber, a faint white gas was constantly squirting out from his mouth and nose that kept the room temperature stabilized at a constantly low level.

Under the erosion of this white gas, the Divine Crystals on his back were slowly melting at an incredibly slow speed. If it was not for extreme fine observation, it would be completely impossible to see the Divine Crystals melt.

“Your Excellency Garen.”

Suddenly, a black mist appeared in front of Garen that quickly condensed into an enormous Wild Boar.

The Wild Bear weirdly stood on two legs and was dressed like a gentleman. A hoof was even slowly reaching up to the black tophat on the top of his head.

“It’s you, Gru.” Garen recognized him. This guy was just like the snail man. They had entirely given up on entering Dream World with their bodies and became a messenger between the great Demon Lords.

“What’s the matter?”

Garen shrouded in the white gas. The Wild Boar could barely see his situation but only sensed a huge surge of Chill that came rushing towards him. He shuddered and spoke hurriedly.

“Your Excellency Garen’s strength is getting stronger and stronger and no doubt worthy of being the Deputy Commander of Vengeance Fortress. Uh... I’m here because I have two news.”

“Speak.”

Garen responded calmly, too lazy to even open his eyes. As the white gas shrouded around him, he could sense nothing although the Wild Boar was standing face to face across him.

“The first news, after the information that you sent reached Mother Stream Alliance, two beings came forward claiming that they are your old acquaintances and they hope to see you,” Wild Boar said as he was weighing his words.

“Old acquaintances?” Garen opened his eyes, “What kind of old acquaintances?”

“One female and one male. From their looks, they seemed a bit broken down,” Wild Boar answered hurriedly.

“Let them come, we’ll know when we meet. What about the other message?” Garen closed his eyes again.

“The other news is that a Demon Lord nearby hopes that you’re able to share some of the tasks. The Alliance’s plan has reached the point where fortified points have to be opened up in the Abyss. However, in order to not attract the conscious of the Abyss to resist, the required manpower has to enter slowly. The three other Demon Lords nearby have already shared out some of the manpower. After knowing that you have a firm hold here, they hope that you can also join in.”

“Aiding the manpower...” Garen sank into deep thoughts and did not reply immediately. This was a big risk. Once discovered, even Lady Vengeance would be the first to kill him.

“A certain date a year later, Deception Demon Master Sandola will come to the Abyss. We are now just preparing for Her Excellency, Lady Deception,” Wild Boar whispered.

“Is there any benefit?” Garen was not a master of free labor. Moreover, he was not even aiding his own Endor’s people. Naturally, he had to be remunerated.

“Of course,” Wild Boar responded quickly. “Her Excellency, Lady Deception promised that whoever lends a hand in this matter, every single one will be rewarded a Ten Million Level Incantation Stone.”

Ten Million Level!

Garen was slightly moved. An Incantation Stone was something used to store Souls. It being Ten Million Level meant that it had at least tens of millions of Average Souls. Even during the Blood Wars, after he had been secretly snatching so many Souls from the Abyss for so long, he could still not get hundreds of thousands of souls. If he was to be able to get a Ten Million Level soul, perhaps he could use a Semi-Divine Weapon to filter and absorb through and think of the best way to increase his Soul Limit.

Moreover, if he studied divinity thoroughly, the number of souls needed would be greater.

However, the time span of one year was too short. He was still not finished with analyzing the divinity on his hands. With the information all undigested, he would be biting off more than he could chew.

He thought about it carefully.

"I'm in no rush, I don't need too many things at the moment. But still," Garen paused, "even though I may not be able to assist, I can provide supplies and safe hiding spots for those coming to aid and hunt."

The Wild Boar smiled with joy hearing Garen's words.

"Even if it's just that, we are extremely grateful to you. All the while, the Abyss never had many supply points. Therefore, if you can guarantee that you can provide the supply points here, it'll be of great help in our development."

"No problem, we belong to the same camp anyway, helping each other is what we should do." Garen nodded, "alright, you can go now."

"Alright, thank you for your generosity." The Wild Boar then slowly turned into black mist and disappeared.

Garen once again closed his eyes and started to get rid of the Divine Crystals on his back.

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In the following two months, Garen never stepped out of his residence. The three Blasphemy Knights, Irene and the other two, were responsible for all the miscellaneous affairs whereas Andrew was in charge of leading the Winter Army to join the Blood Wars.

Garen gave all of his war trophies to him for distribution.

There was no denying that Andrew was talented in leadership. After signing a contract with Garen, his strength was piled up under a large number of resources and soon reached the breakthrough point. He had been stuck at the peak of Level Nine for now.

After getting Garen's guidance, he also understood the real gap between Level Nine and Level Ten and above, and so he began to form his own unique ability.

During killing, this guy formed an incredible energy field which he termed Demon Halo, which was purely based on Garen's powerful frost energy field. He broke into Level Ten successfully.

This was good news.

Garen finally had a subordinate who was a powerhouse good enough as a line-up.

As for him, he was totally ignorant of the outside world, devoting himself to cleanse out the Divine Crystals even though the process of removing it was extremely slow and boring.

Hence he began to rebuild the device that Energy Machinists mostly rely on, the Willpower computing brain.

During his time as an Energy Machinist, the computing speed of a Willpower brain was even more powerful than the most advanced brain of the Mech era.

To analyze divinity, the brain of Willpower had to be the best method to analyze.

Every time during a Blood War, he would hand his Semi-Divine Weapon to Andrew to allow it to continue absorbing a large number of souls. Then, he would absorb the souls from the Semi-Divine Weapon and convert them into potential points.

As more and more potential points accumulate to the point that they were impossible to use, Garen would slowly turn it towards his intelligence.

In the time of accumulating the establishment of his Willpower brain, Garen set his place as a receiving point, welcoming the first batch of Void visitors at the same time.

## Chapter 1338: Development 2

“So this is the Vengeance Fortress?” Five men and women dressed in various clothes, looking as though they came from the circus, walked out of the Teleportation Light Portal slowly.

The Light Portal was the fixed-point teleportation portal that Garen had ordered some Wizards to make. It led straight to a place called the Green Oakstone Plane.

Similar to the Primary Plane, most of the inhabitants living here were humans.

“Looks like it,” replied a man who looked like he might be the leader in a low voice. “This is the territory of Winter Sigh, and according to the information, this place should be relatively safe. We can choose to join the Blood Wars under the name of Winter Sigh, and we can also use this place as a base for exploring the surroundings.”

“Let’s rest here for a few days before we make our preparations,” said a voluptuous woman softly.

There were only a few elder demons, more than two meters tall, standing guard around this teleportation portal. They did not even look at the situation over here and isolated this small area completely.

There was a newly-opened shop in this area, with all sorts of potions, scrolls, and magical items displayed on the counter within. The shop owner was a drowsy little Succubus. It was the relative Garen's two Succubi Subordinates had brought over.

The visitors from the Void took a stroll around the area and only found one hotel, one restaurant, and that one shop.

Every other part of that huge space was empty. They were clearly the first batch of visitors to arrive here.

Garen had put the few Level Ten powerhouses he had signed contracts with in charge of ensuring these shops' safety. They were scattered across a few spots around the area, and they seemed to be doing their own thing, but in truth, they were keeping an eye on everything that was happening in this area.

The visitors from the Void bought some scrolls and potions from the shop, and then looked for a Level Ten powerhouse, receiving the Winter Sigh's dragon-shaped insignia that allowed them to participate in the Blood War. After that, they left the city hastily, clearly in a hurry to join the slaughter in order to obtain more power and progress.

Lady Vengeance barely governed any matters here at all. That was why nobody really interfered with what Garen was doing in his own territory, and no one batted an eyelid even when he carved out an area and turned it into a temporary supply point for Void Creatures.

Anyone who could set up a supply point in the Abyss had to be either extremely crafty or extremely powerful.

If Garen had not used his connections with Ann, there was no way he could have gotten such immense authority from the start either. At the most, he would have had to work his way up the ranks from his initial position as an advanced thug, racking up contributions slowly.

But thanks to his relationship with Ann, he could leap all the way to the top because of the fact that he once studied under the same teacher as Lady Vengeance. He became Deputy Commander of the Vengeance Fortress, wielding awe-inspiring authority. That was also a stroke of luck.

Once the first batch of visitors arrived here, they realized that this place was relatively stable and decided to set up base here, beginning their Blood Wars to accumulate slaughters. Soon enough, word got out. There was a second batch, a third, a fourth...

Now, there were more and more visitors from the Void seeping into the major planes. They disguised themselves as various races and came to the Abyss one after the other, arriving at the supply point Garen had set up. Using the Vengeance Fortress as their base and Garen's name, they began to spread massacres everywhere.

Within a mere five or six months, the name of Winter Sigh began to spread rapidly.

And after an attack by a powerful Level Thirteen Thunder Elemental, the name instantly reached the pinnacle of popularity.

This Void Creature whose host was a Thunder Elemental had stirred an uproar by killing three of the opposing Hell Army Warlord-general's four sons. As a result, it was pursued for more than ten thousand miles and somehow managed to return to the Vengeance Fortress, barely avoiding death.

It wore the insignia of Winter Sigh, Garen's symbol, so with that, Garen instantly became famous.

At the same time, the Vengeance Fortress' reputation as a supply point was also beginning to spread through the ranks of the Void Creatures, with more and more Void Creatures arriving here. They carried Garen's insignia and symbol, hunting and slaughtering things all over the place. His influence grew, further and stronger.

Out of the several hundred fortresses that already existed in the Ten Thousand Abyss Plains, the Vengeance Fortress was originally just another new fortress, and the weakest one to boot. But these Void Creatures surged in by the dozens, massacring many devils around the area and even some of the more unruly demons.

The influence of the Vengeance Fortress also began to increase rapidly.

The businesses, such as shops and hotels, that Garen set up in the supply point area also began to gradually increase in number, and the rate at which he earned soul-cocoons sped up as well. His wealth snowballed, and the Void Creatures from all those different planes also brought plenty of rare materials that could be used for trade, greatly reducing the time Garen needed to construct his Wizard Tower.

Once he became aware of this beneficial cycle, Garen gave a share of the materials he had obtained as taxes to Lady Vengeance and the other Deputy Commander, instantly earning the approval of the Lady and the support of his colleague.

With the support of Lady Vengeance, Garen could easily suppress even some advanced-level disturbances that appeared at the supply point. His powers were drastically reduced right now, but with Lady Vengeance's support, even the strongest disturbance could be suppressed in the shortest possible time.

And the army under his control had also begun to search around for the materials required to build a Wizard Tower.

Large amounts of resources flowed ceaselessly into Garen's private space.

As his injury healed, he also bought many Wizard Slaves who were Level Five and above to help him construct the Wizard Tower.

Everything seemed to be on the right track.

In the blink of an eye, a year had almost passed.

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In the sky above the Vengeance Tower, Garen flapped his wings slowly as he flew. He looked down on the half of the fortress that was under his jurisdiction, patrolling it.

The Winter Army already had about five hundred thousand soldiers on reserve, comprised fully demons of different types. At the same time, Andrew had also built up a special elite assault squadron called

White Feather. There were only ten members in this team, and they were all pinnacle powerhouse Wizards from everywhere, from all the different planes. The highest-leveled one was Level Twelve, and the lowest was Level Ten. They all had vast resources as well as considerable authority. Some were even the heirs of some powerful factions that had come here to gather experience. They came from all walks of life and signed temporary short-term contracts, stating that they would only fight on behalf of the Vengeance Fortress for a short while. They could form a powerful Three-Dimensional Rune Matrix, and at their highest power, they could even temporarily confine a pinnacle powerhouse for some time. It was very impressive.

The army reserve and White Feather.

These two comprised Garen's greatest asset. His own powers were shocking, but that also meant he naturally needed to use many more resources. Thankfully Garen could make use of the Void Creatures' hunting and spreading out, and he also grabbed half of yet another large piece of land by the shores of the Underground River. That way, he could harvest many soul-cocoons every year to make up for his losses. Like this, he was more or less breaking even.

Garen looked down from his vantage point in the sky and saw many hunting teams come and go through the fortress' side door. They all wore the insignia of Winter Sigh. Some of the returning teams had suffered heavy losses, while others had a full bounty. And the exiting teams were all fully armed.

With such intense slaughtering going on, the area also spawned houses of desire opened specifically by Succubi, functioning as a place for the powerhouses in the middle of their slaughters to vent their desires and frustrations.

The place had a large collection of humans, Elves, and Succubi as entertainment tools.

Garen's two Succubi subordinates came up with this idea, and this also brought him a significant amount of profit every month.

There was even an auction house built in the small area. One of the Level Ten powerhouses Garen had signed a Soul Contract with in charge of hosting and running the auction house. Occasionally, when a small team obtained a treasure or item that was not easy to deal with, the auction house would simply buy it at a low price and auction it off at a higher price.

More and more people were gathering at the auction house nowadays, and even the powerful beings from the fortresses nearby would occasionally send their Projections over for a look.

The area, less than half the size of the fortress, was actually developing rapidly.

Every second of every day, Garen was earning a tremendous amount of wealth and resources. At the same time, he could also mobilize many various combat forces.

By the time he glided across the sky above the auction house, satisfied, Garen's injuries were already half-healed, and his power had also returned to Level Eleven.

Since he was flying lower now, he carried a treasure with him that hid his aura in order to maintain his dignity and authority as a Deputy Commander.

Soon enough, Garen flew to the most central part of the area. There was a spot there that was left empty, and about a hundred Wizards were busily casting spells there, building a tall cylindrical tower. There were also many Engineering Puppets floating outside the tower, laboring away constantly, looking busy as a swarm of bees.

The Advanced Wizard in charge of this place saw Garen land and hurriedly walked up to greet him.

"Deputy Commander, progress has reached up to 80%, and all the Magical Formations are more or less complete. All that's left is the Tower Soul. You just have to find one last Tower Soul, sir, and complete the Enchantment, then everything will be complete," explained the Wizard calmly.

"Very good." Satisfied, Garen raised his head and looked at the giant Wizard Tower, almost a thousand meters tall. For the sake of this tower, he had later expanded the area, until it covered a large piece of land outside the fortress as well. In order to expand the territory of the fortress, he had worked several tens of thousands of little demons and other slaves to death.

The entire Wizard Tower was like a slender, long white staff. There was a ball of pure white ice suspended above its peak, and a transparent ring of pale silver power circled around its middle.

There were four dragon statues depicting Garen himself in different poses built around the base of the Tower. The backs of these statues were all connected to the Tower, so they helped to secure the base while also functioning as decorations and defense matrixes.

The Advanced Wizard explained to Garen.

“If we can completely finish building it, the whole tower will have a flowing barrier of white electricity. In our initial test designs of this electric barrier, we found that it can reach Level Thirteen and can withstand twelve Level Thirteen attacks. If we have enough energy in the Energy Pools, and if the attacks come at a frequency of no more than one attack every five seconds, theoretically, the electric barrier could even defend the attacks infinitely.”

“Not bad...” Garen nodded, satisfied. His dragon eyes slowly lit up with pale blue lights.

The Energy Machinist Willpower Neuroprocessor was complete. He had a large number of potential points as back-up, and besides, he had done all this before, so he did not encounter any bottlenecks.

That was why he could reach the pinnacle that he had once accomplished within a mere month. Now, he was already beginning to rebuild the Biochemical Pool and the experimental platform.

With the large number of resources he earned from the Blood Wars and his businesses, Garen probably only needed a few months to create the best models of the Biochemical Pool and the experimental platform.

When that happened, it would no longer be just a dream to recreate the Energy Machinists’ Biochemical Army. This type of army would truly be a powerful military force that was loyal to him and him alone. The Biochemical Pool could create regular armies and soldiers, whereas the experimental platform produced absolute peak-level elites. The two complemented each other.

But all this was secondary, because the Abyss never had a shortage of cannon fodder and soldiers.

What Garen truly had his eye on was still the Willpower Neuroprocessor’s immense computing power.

The Energy Machinist training method he was recultivating was the most standard NIS training method from back then, because this training method was the most original. It may not result in the best creatures or effects, but the increase in computing power was excellent and evenly distributed.

And right now, Garen's eyes stared straight at the Wizard Tower. Instantly, his computing power spread out rapidly, and soon he obtained a series of matrices and structural data, proving that the Advanced Wizard was not lying.

"I hear that a lot of the materials you guys bought recently came from the dragons?"

Garen asked suddenly.

The Advanced Wizard paused and then reacted.

"Yes, the teams that returned recently seemed to have sustained significant casualties, but the materials they brought back all had a different degree of increase in quality, and most of them came from White Dragons. We're guessing that they might have come into conflict with White Dragon Mountain."

"White Dragon Mountain..." Garen mused.

## Chapter 1339: Construction 1

"We suspect that the most recent hunting teams may have come into conflict with the dragons of White Dragon Mountain," said the Advanced Wizard worriedly. "The White Dragon Mountain's in the sixteenth level of the Abyss, it's the territory of the Abyssal Demon Dragons. I'm just afraid that they might come here and demand answers."

Garen thought about it for a while.

“Don’t worry about it too much, the White Dragon Mountain is still far away from the Ten Thousand Abyss Plains. I have Lady Vengeance behind me, and no matter what, even if they come here, this is still my territory. Even a pinnacle powerhouse would not be able to do much. You guys just do your own thing.”

The Advanced Wizard still wanted to say something, but Garen stopped him.

“Alright, carry on.”

“...Okay.” The Advanced Wizard heaved a long breath. After he signed that contract, he had basically thrown his lot in with Garen, so he could not help but worry about these other troublesome possibilities.

Leaving the Wizard Tower slowly, Garen headed toward the right to continue his patrol. This was Andrew’s base.

Recently, he had opened a new large-scale fluorite mine nearby and was currently gathering people to go down and excavate it. At the same time, he was using these fluorites to construct a military base nearby, specifically there to defend the mine.

Garen casually waved his hand through the air, and instantly a half-moon screen appeared before him, displaying Andrew in his suit of armor sitting on a high seat as he discussed something with a bunch of people who looked like merchants.

“Looks like these are merchants from other planes. The development of the fluorite mine was on the right track as well...”

Garen did not disturb them. Turning off the screen, he checked on the progress of Irene and her two companions.

After he sold off that male knight once, the man had gone through a round of torture before Garen bought him back again, and this time he was a lot more obedient. He worked quietly and properly with his two companions, having clearly experienced the brutality of the Abyss’ slave market.

All three of them experienced changes in their personality, growing colder and more extreme. Garen transferred them, putting them in charge of punishments and other miscellaneous jobs.

That put them to good use.

The other vacancies were filled by the remaining Level Ten powerhouses.

“Sir, Kratos is requesting a meeting.”

Suddenly, the Succubus’ voice came from Garen’s bracelet.

“Kratos...? Why is he here?” Garen was slightly shocked. Back then, Kratos nearly killed him, and now he still dared to come to Garen’s territory. Before this, there was no trace of him at all, not even a glimpse of his shadow.

“I don’t know, but he did not come alone...” replied the Succubus in a small voice.

“Bring them back to my mansion, I’ll be back there in a moment.”

Garen thought about it for a moment and gave the orders.

His mansion was the safest place. Many powerhouses had placed many matrixes there, and Lady Vengeance had also personally installed a single-use secret mechanism that could be activated at any time to devastating effects. Even if the attacker was a pinnacle powerhouse, he would still have the time to escape and ensure his own safety.

Turning around and flying back toward his mansion, Garen quickly drew a rune in the air with his claw.

Instantly, the rune in the Void exploded apart and vanished.

“White Feather, awaiting your orders.”

A gentle woman's voice rang out slowly in the air.

"Target location, my mansion, set up a Collaborative Matrix. The guests this time might not be that easy to deal with," Garen said determinedly.

"Understood."

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In the giant white mansion floating in mid-air.

After he shrank himself, Kratos' body was only two meters tall. He was shaking his dragon head and looked left and right, considering the decor in this mansion.

Nearby, there were two other white-robed elders seated with him. Compared to properly he was sitting, these two elders were both closing their eyes slightly, sitting quietly in place, completely motionless. They seemed to be pretending to sleep.

Vaguely, several powerful auras gradually appeared outside the mansion. Kratos was not particularly strong, but his senses were unnaturally sharp, so he could sense that several auras, each at least Level Ten, were slowly surrounding this place. His expression also grew slightly solemn.

But when he turned around and glanced at the two elders subtly, his heart instantly settled again.

"For our clan to produce a new generation descendent like this, not bad." One elder opened his eyes, his expression actually comforted.

"Yes." The other elder spoke concisely, responding with only one word.

"Please have some tea." A Succubus waved her seductive waist, dressed only in a thin translucent veil, as she came up and served them three cups of blood-like tea.

“Has your master not returned yet?” Kratos ran his hand down the Succubus’ thigh, his eyes narrowed perversely, as he asked in a low voice. “It doesn’t really matter if he keeps me waiting here, but if he wastes the time of these two lords from the White Dragon Mountain, isn’t Garen thinking just a little too much of himself?” He purposely raised his voice as he said this.

One of the two elders frowned slightly, but did not respond.

“I see, so it’s the Elders from the White Dragon Mountain who have come visiting. It’s Garen’s fault for not greeting you in time.” Just as the Succubus was about to explain, a clear voice came instantly from outside the door.

The doors were thrown wide open, and Garen’s shrunken body flew in slowly, landing on the ground. He was just about as tall as a man.

“Since you know that we’re from the White Dragon Mountain, I believe you must also know the reason we’re here, yes?” One of the elders stood up, looking at Garen with an admiring gaze.

“The reason you two are here...” Garen paused slightly. “I truly don’t know. May I know why the two of you have come to our Vengeance Fortress? Pardon my bluntness, but my relationship with the White Dragon Mountain isn’t that good, is it...?”

“You’re being modest, Deputy Commander.” One of the elders laughed. “Although it is true that we’re not on the best of terms, no matter what you’re still a member of our White Dragon Mountain. The blood of the White Dragons flows through your veins. I believe even you cannot deny this, no?”

“That is indeed...” Garen did not know what these two were planning by coming here, but faced with two Level Fifteen pinnacle Ancient Dragons, even he had to be cautious.

“Then that makes things easier.” The elder continued to smile. “There have been indeed many misunderstandings between us in the past, but seeing that we’re connected by blood, none of that is a problem. Our Ancient Parliament has unanimously decided to allow you back into the Main Clan, back under the Main Clan’s protection. The Vengeance Fortress can also act as a base for our Main Clan in this area, what a happy coincidence.”

Garen looked at the smile on his face and felt his heart sink.

He did not know how his reputation reached that place, but seeing as the White Dragon Mountain had already sent someone here, that clearly meant they were planning to get serious.

The reason he had to escape to the Abyss in a hurry was that of two emissaries from White Dragon Mountain, and now that he had finally steadied his footing and begun to develop his influence here, that damned place still had the nerve to send someone here and try to take over his territory?

Could things really go that well for them?

He smiled coldly in his heart. Well, if you want to play pretend, two can play at that game.

“Although I desperately want to return to the great White Dragon Mountain Main Clan, unfortunately I’m also facing some challenging problems over here...” Garen’s expression was full of deep regret.

“Problems?” The other elder raised his eyebrow. “The two of us are here to solve your problems for you.”

The two Level Fifteen pinnacle powerhouses would be the strongest people here, aside from the Fortress Master. They did indeed have the right to say something like that.

“Oh?” Garen’s heart sank. What they were saying was becoming slightly obvious now.

But if two Level Fifteen powerhouses really wanted to make things difficult for him, all he could do was run away in an instant. However, without Lady Vengeance here right now, it was practically impossible to keep the two of them here.

In truth, by coming here, the White Dragon Mountain was already making their intentions quite clear.

They did not really care about him when he had not really developed yet in the past, but now that he was making ground and had such a vast enterprise under his belt, some of the for-profit organizations within the White Dragon Mountain was trying to devour him whole under the name of the Main Clan. White Dragons were selfish and self-centered by nature, so it was understandable.

But understanding it was one thing, for Garen to just submit to the White Mountain... That was bordering on a daydream.

“Whatever problems you have, just state them all and we’ll solve them for you,” said the other elder concisely. Anyone could tell at a glance that he was the straightforward and cold type.

“My biggest problem now is that I can’t steady my footing here in the Fortress... I lack truly high-level powerhouses here to help me hold the fort. That’s why many of the mercenaries from the outside planes don’t listen to my authority at all.” Garen’s expression was helpless.

“Although I really want to return to the Main Clan as well, I’m still facing someone who’s trying to challenge my position as Commander right now.”

He came up with a random excuse.

“Oh? Who dares to challenge your position?” The old man raised an eyebrow. “Tell me who it is, and I’ll eat ‘em!”

“It’s a guy called Nyirica.” Garen looked troubled as well. “I still haven’t recovered from the injuries I sustained from the last time I agreed to his challenge for a duel, and now I have no choice but to accept yet another challenge. After all, this concerns the position of Commander. These are the laws of the Fortress, and also the laws of the Abyss.”

“Nyirica?” The two old men exchanged a glance, indicating that they had never heard this name.

“That’s fine, we’ll deal with this person for you,” the slightly colder old man replied in a low voice.

Garen could tell that the two old men had stayed in their nest for too long and were not so aware of the ways of the world. Although they were powerful, they seemed slightly stiff when it came to these matters. They bought Garen's story, hook, line, and sinker.

Garen's heart was decided. As long as they went off in search of this Nyrilica, everything else could be easily dealt with... Once he thought of that, he began to approach the two old men passionately.

"This isn't just an excuse of yours, is it?"

Suddenly, Kratos' words instantly cooled down the atmosphere that had just begun to warm up.

The two old men looked at Garen suspiciously once more.

Garen hurriedly explained, "An excuse? Kratos, I know I offended you before, and we have some bad blood between us, but how could I possibly dare to simply lie to these two Ancient Dragon Masters? You just have to ask some questions around the Fortress to know whether or not this Nyrilica is the troublesome problem I said he is, so there's just no way for me to lie, now, is there?"

"That's true. If he's strong enough for you to find him troublesome, this guy must be no ordinary fellow. Such a being can't possibly be unknown around the Fortress. We'll just have to ask any passerby and we'll immediately know the truth," said the slightly friendlier elder, nodding his head in agreement.

The atmosphere instantly calmed down again.

"But who knows, maybe you found an outsider to be your accomplice, trying to..." Kratos did not complete his sentence and instead began to laugh evilly.

Garen saw the two elders turn their suspicious gazes upon him once more.

He cursed inwardly. These two geezers were pretty easy to fool to start with, but this Kratos was getting in the way. It looked like Garen needed to find a chance to kill off this guy as soon as possible.

The intent to kill rose in his heart.

But on the surface, he continued to perpetuate his lie.

“If I could find such a powerful outsider to collude with me, haha, do you really think I would still only be a Deputy Commander?”

Kratos was merely at the pinnacle of Level Nine, and yet he dared to act so bold in front of Garen.

Garen’s gaze on him instantly turned vicious.

Ans Kratos actually met his gaze, completely unafraid.

“I hear that Commander Garen was initially ambushed by the emissaries from the White Dragon Mountain, and that was how your essence as one of the Dragons of Disaster was revealed. In the end, the Snow City from the Primary Plane chased you here into the Abyss. It wouldn’t be surprising if you harbored a grudge against White Dragon Mountain...” Kratos had even investigated the intel about this matter thoroughly. Right now, he was staring at Garen with a malicious gaze.

“This guy...!” Garen’s heart sank, and as expected, he saw that the two elders had grown suspicious.

## Chapter 1340: Construction 2

“The White Dragon Mountain is by no means a single entity, there are many factions within it as well. Yes, I do hate those two emissaries to the core, but that has nothing to do with these two powerhouses before me. Besides, they’ve come here especially to help me solve my problems,” Garen retorted. “I have no interest in pushing away my own helpers.”

He looked at Kratos.

“However, you, Kratos, made an enemy of me in the past. You knew that these two masters are here especially to meet me, and yet you came along with them. Add that to your words from earlier, and are you sure you’re not here just to raise suspicions between us?!”

As soon as he said that, the two geezers’ gazes on Kratos changed slightly as well.

Kratos was completely flushed red as he stared at Garen with eyes full of hatred, but he did not know what to say just then either. His antagonizing attitude aimed at creating a rift between them was too evident earlier, which made it hard for him to deny right now.

“Alright, both of you, take a step back. After all, Kratos is here on behalf of Wanku Fortress. He’s here on business matters this time.” The friendly elder hurriedly tried to smooth things over.

“Hmph.” The other elder harrumphed coldly, and his gaze on Kratos had become slightly unfriendly as well.

Kratos knew that he could not stay here any longer, so he decided to just leave. Before he left, he gave Garen one fierce glare.

Garen hesitated but still did not make a move.

Kratos was here on behalf of the Wanku Fortress, which meant that if Garen attacked him now, he would be attacking the Wanku Fortress. That would definitely greatly anger the Wanku Fortress Master, and then it just would not be worth it.

Besides, since Kratos dared to come here alone, that must mean he had done all the necessary preparations. If Garen attacked and still could not keep him here, things would get very troublesome.

Garen persuaded the two elders properly and then sent someone to follow Kratos. As expected, the guy still had another bodyguard, another mysterious character with an obscure aura who followed closely behind him.

After he settled those two old geezers, giving them all sorts of tasty food, delicious drinks, and fun distractions, Garen turned around and left the mansion. Bringing two members of the White Feather Guard with him, he headed straight for an underground cave outside the city.

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Upon entering the underground cave, taking many twists and turns in the dark tunnel, he walked on for goodness knew how long, and finally saw the wall at the end of the cave appear before him.

Garen gestured at the two White Feathers behind him to stop, and he walked forward alone.

He knocked the wall lightly. The stone wall immediately began to fade on its own, like an illusion, and Garen instantly walked into another dark black ancient temple.

There was a faint illusion-like fog permeating through the temple. If you were not paying attention, you would feel as though this fog was everywhere, but when you looked at the fog carefully, you would notice that they did not seem to exist at all, and it was the distortion and refraction of light.

By now, a few figures had already gathered in the temple.

When they saw Garen enter, the figures all turned around.

“Commander, why did you summon us here so urgently?” said one voice drily.

“An important event is approaching, and this is the crucial moment right now. We should avoid meeting as much as possible, just in case anything goes wrong,” someone else said softly.

“I have an extremely troublesome problem that I need your help with,” said Garen seriously.

The group before him was a small group called Proof of Deception. They were an underground organization, and even the weakest of these members were at Level Twelve. One of them even vaguely had the aura of a Demigod.

A Demigod! That was a being as powerful as Lady Vengeance's true body, that was more than enough to become the Fortress Master of a fortress in the Ten Thousand Abyss Plains.

Such a being had actually appeared in this small group, and that was also the main reason Garen treated this group so solemnly.

If it were not for the fact that he was backed up by the almighty Ann, he probably would not even have the right to sit here and talk to these beings on equal terms.

Although Proof of Deception treated him relatively respectfully, they were not his subordinates. When they heard that he needed help, they instantly fell silent.

"This matter could even provide you more souls in preparation for the important event around the corner." Garen smiled faintly. "I believe all of you are still fretting over a source of Advanced Souls, no?"

"Oh? You have a way?" said the leader of the Proof of Deception, the one that almost seemed to be a Demigod.

Garen smiled.

"I wouldn't say I have a way, but I happen to have two ready-made souls..."

"If we can have two more pinnacle souls among the offerings to the Deception Demon Master, perhaps we might be able to speed up milord's rate of regeneration?"

"But what about the chaos that may cause?" said Proof of Deception's leader, frowning. "Every Level Fifteen peak powerhouse has deep roots and foundations. When they've reached that level, even if they die, their souls will be retrieved by the God they revere. If we steal such a soul, our troubles will be endless."

"I'm not afraid of trouble." Garen's expression darkened. "Besides, didn't we come to this world in order to create trouble?"

He was stuck at a bottleneck, and there were only two ways someone with enough power could break through to Level Twelve. One was in divinity research, but that required a Wizard Tower to block out the Gods' detection.

The second was the method he had newly discovered, utilizing the Enneahedron and the evolution of his Void Original Opus.

Throughout just the past year, he had seen some Void Creatures use the Enneahedron with his own eyes. They slaughtered indiscriminately within a few short months, and went from lower than Level Eight all the way up to Level Thirteen, advancing so quickly that even Garen could barely believe it.

These Void Creatures only stopped when they reached Level Thirteen, having apparently reached a bottleneck. But such a speed of progression had already surpassed how Garen's pace from back then.

According to his secret observations, those Void Creatures also seemed to be the souls of middle-level Demon Lords. Just like him, they had all sorts of special abilities, with a great variety of methods and incredible survival power.

If it were not for his relationship with Ann, Garen would have been in danger of losing his position as Deputy Commander a long time ago.

He exchanged communication methods with the people from the Proof of Deception.

Only then did Garen leave the Deception Hall, bringing the two guards who knew nothing and were only in charge of his safety back to the fortress.

The Blood Wars were going to start very soon. This also happened to prove an opportunity...

Garen's Wizard Tower was still missing the last Tower Soul, but this problem was easy to solve. He would not trust any other creature's soul to become his Tower Soul, so Garen simply decided that he would not have one. Instead, he would connect the Wizard Tower to his Willpower Neuroprocessor, using his own Energy Machinist computing core to control the Wizard Tower directly.

After all, the computing power of a Willpower Neuroprocessor was immensely terrifying, and controlling a mere Wizard Tower was nothing to it.

Finally, now that the matter of the Tower Soul had been settled, the construction of the Wizard Tower was finally approaching completion.

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The tall, white and slender Wizard Tower began to spin slowly.

Several floating construction platforms circled around it, carrying the many Wizards and Demons in charge of inspection.

The team of Wizards in charge of construction was also there, carefully overseeing all the data and changes.

A giant crystal displaying complicated colorful lines was floating beside the Wizard Tower, constantly displaying the balance and changes of the many elements within it.

Several hundred Wizards and familiars circled around it. Surrounded by people, Garen stood not two hundred meters away from the Wizard Tower, raising his head and looking up at the tall tower that pierced through the clouds.

Most of the staff in the area around it had already been dispersed temporarily, to prevent any accidents and subsequent casualties.

But even so, there were still many onlookers here for a piece of the action. Some of them were Demons, others were travelers from other planes, and there were even Void Creatures, all watching the happenings over there from a great distance away.

The whole Wizard Tower was situated in the lower left corner of the Fortress, close to where the city wall used to be. However, Garen had expanded the area of the Fortress, turning this place into a large oval. As a result, the Wizard Tower was now the center of this oval.”

“The last Divinity Barrier Enchantment.” The Advanced Wizard in charge of construction clapped his hands.

An old and frail Level Nine Peak Wizard walked up to the tower slowly and began to levitate.

The Divinity Barrier was just a classic spell that had been standardized as a formality. It was a Level Nine spell, so any Level Nine Wizard could do it. The only problem was that to enchant something with this spell required the caster to pay a heavy cost.

Usually, to enchant something with a spell of the same level, the spellcaster’s spellcasting level would immediately drop from the peak to the same level as the spell. That was an entire level’s worth of cost. And since it was a Level Nine spell, the enchantment of such a high-level spell would also take up some of the enchanter’s lifespan.

The old Wizard was using this enchantment as a cost in exchange for Garen’s protection over his son, a Level Five Wizard.

And for such a giant Wizard Tower, the lifespan and Spirit Power required would also be astonishing indeed.

After this enchantment, the dozen or so years left in his lifespan would also be completely exhausted, and he would die for real. Although there were a great many powerhouses in the Abyss, there were still many things a Level Nine Wizard could do. They were still considered above average in power.

To have one die for merely an Enchantment would be a huge loss to any faction.

Looking at the old Wizard’s back as he walked up to the Tower, Garen lowered his head slightly in a show of respect.

When he lowered his head, all the other powerhouses also lowered their heads respectfully.

The old Wizard's robes were slightly worn. Reaching out his thin and scraggly arm, he slowly pointed at the giant Wizard Tower.

A pure white ring of light blossomed from his arm.

The rings came one after the other, growing in number, gathering densely and forming a pure white board around the old man's arm.

There were countless circular marks all over the board, almost material in their essence.

The old man looked at the round board in his hand attentively, and his face was rapidly deteriorating away. His already thin muscles also shriveled up rapidly, what little blood that was left in his face gradually turning pale. It was as though all the life in his body had gathered into white board of light around his hand.

He began to recite a chant in a soft voice, and many tiny tadpole-like runes also began to appear on the board of light.

As the runes he sang increased in speed and number, the runes on the board increased as well.

All of a sudden, he swung his arm.

The board of light shot out explosively, crashing straight toward the Wizard Tower ahead.

Vroom!!!

Like a stone crashing into the water, countless transparent space ripples appeared on the surface of the Wizard Tower.

The sky instantly turned dark, and a pillar of pure white light descended from the sky, landing over the Wizard Tower. Even the blood-red sun of the Abyss could not hide it.

This was an instant of brilliance, obtained in exchange for ten years of life and all of his life force.

The old Wizard's body slowly transformed into specks of light, fading away.

Garen could vaguely hear the sobs of a young man, and he sighed slightly.

"As of today, the Cold Winter Tower is officially completed!"

His voice was magically magnified, trembling and spreading into the ears of all the creatures around him.

Far away, the two Ancient Dragons from the White Dragon Mountain also heard his voice, turning their gaze toward his direction in the distance.