

Mystical 1341

Chapter 1341: Deception Demon Master 1

The construction of the Cold Winter Tower also signified that Garen could now officially increase his own Arcane Art abilities. It took him quite some time to reach that stage.

It did not matter how many other eyes he had caught with this move.

A Level Twelve being building a Wizard Tower was not really that big a deal, but the only thing that caught their attention was the scale of this Wizard Tower. It was just slightly too big.

But considering Garen's position, all the observers decided to put it aside.

Upon completion, the Wizard Tower was surrounded by a circle of white electricity, and the white sphere of ice floating above the tower slowly shone with a colorful light. That was the aurora-like effect of the Elemental Ponds absorbing a great amount of elemental power from the Void dimension.

Garen asked the Wizard in charge of the design to step up and burn all the design blueprints for the entire Wizard Tower in front of the crowd, while also transferring the key and password that allowed entry.

Only then Garen did walk up to the entrance of the tower alone, slowly.

As everyone watched attentively, he spoke the password.

"True knowing is everything."

Whoosh.

The door to the Wizard Tower opened slowly.

Garen walked inside, and the door closed again behind him.

Everything went back to the same calm silence it started with, all of the onlookers and builders carefully watching every movement within the Wizard Tower as they held their breaths.

About half an hour later.

Vroom!!

The entire Tower instantly lit up, and a silver veil of flowing light slowly began to envelop the statues of Garen's dragon body, placed around the tower.

"We did it!" The Advanced Wizard in charge heaved a vicious sigh of relief.

All the Wizards and Demons who had participated in the construction process also heaved a sigh of relief. This proved that Garen had taken complete control of the tower, and it also showed that there was nothing unusual at all with the operations of the tower.

The Cold Winter Tower officially marked its presence in the Fortress, on the ground of the Ten Thousand Abyss Plains.

Although it was still a very small tower right now and could not be compared to those peak-level Wizard Tower that had stood for several thousand, or even ten thousand years, Garen still believed that one day it would truly grow into a symbol of incomparably immense power.

The formation of the Cold Winter Tower meant that Garen's Arcane Art Level could finally have a chance of breaking through.

He dived head-first into the Wizard Tower's Elemental Pond and simply decided not to come out. The six Main Elements — earth, water, wind, fire, light, and dark — would naturally form a force field that was elementally-balanced in the middle of the Elemental Pond, so Garen stayed right here, sensing the different flows and principles of the different, almost material elements.

His Wizard Level instantly increased.

In a few short days, he had broken through his initial Level Five and reached Level Six.

After he successfully entered Level Six, Garen began to simultaneously construct the Biochemical Pool and experimental platform, while also performing his research experiments in order to escape the Weave spell. The Willpower Neuroprocessor's computing power was extremely immense, and while he controlled the operation of the Wizard Tower, he could also simultaneously perform two other high-difficulty missions. And because he had the energy provided by the Elemental Pond, these analysis quests of that level only required several months now, as opposed to the several years at least that Garen would have needed to take initially.

This level of efficiency was not something that could have been emulated normally.

As for regular Wizards, they would need at least several dozen years if they wanted to escape the Weave.

But the importance of all this would only come into play after the upcoming important event.

The Deception Demon Lord who originated from the Void, that terrifying being at the True Soul Level, was finally about to descend here.

The blood-red moon shone with viscous red light, and as a result, the Ten Thousand Abyss Plains did not look that different from how they did in the daytime. Here, the only difference between night and day was the level of brightness.

Garen kept the two Ancient Dragons occupied with the best food, drink, and activities until they were so engrossed in the enjoyment that they had nearly forgotten their initial motives. Over the past few days, their space equipment had been stuffed to the brim with all sorts of resources and treasures. At first, they had come here specifically to have Garen return to the Main Clan, but now they would rather Garen delay his return to the clan however long he could, so that they could play here for longer, earning more things in the process.

Garen did not know what Kratos was doing here, however, since all he did was accompany the two geezers with their feasting and festivities. Of course, he had to pay his own way through this, since Garen naturally would not foot the bill for him.

Under the glow of the moonlight, the Vengeance Fortress was colored with a faint hue of peacefulness.

The pillar of red rune smoke rising into the sky from the top of the Fortress also seemed to have dimmed somewhat. Lady Vengeance had gone to another Fortress, and aside during from the Blood Wars, she was not here most of the remaining time. Everything within the Fortress was completely managed by Garen and the other Deputy Commander.

“Something seems to be wrong with the energy forces,” said Kratos, frowning, as he hugged a beautiful lizardwoman. He was used to being cautious, and now he was in his rival, Garen’s territory. He had no choice but to be careful and cautious.

“Wrong? What could be wrong? We’re inside the Fortress now, and even if some Demons or Ghosts attack the city, can’t you see all those Demons patrolling outside? Garen’s patrol guards and checkpoint Wizards aren’t there for decoration purposes only. If anything happens, they will also raise the alarm immediately.”

One of the old Dragons was examining a treasure before him with a magical tool that resembled a magnifying glass, his face filled with intense excitement.

“To think we’d find something as good as this here as well, hahaha, we were so right to come out on this trip!”

Beside him, the other Ancient Dragon was slowly sipping away at a cup of thick, pale-green wine, his expression completely intoxicated.

At first, the two of them had been slightly wary, but by now, they were completely engrossed in enjoying the material pleasures.

A few sexily-dressed beautiful ladies from different races performed a provocative and seductive dance routine in the middle of the Hall. The music permeated through the hall, and there were even little Demons who were specifically there to unleash fantasy-like smoke and light effects for decoration purposes.

“Speaking of which, we’ve been here for so many days now, why hasn’t Garen indicated anything? He just keeps telling us that he’s busy, and refuses to follow the two of you back to the Main Clan to report. The way I see it, it’s highly likely that he has some other plans in mind,” said Kratos in a low voice.

“Other plans? Hehe, with the two of us here, what other plans would he dare have? In the Abyss, aside from the Abyssal Demon Dragons, the White Dragon Mountain is the strongest dragon clan around. As a White Dragon, no matter how you look at it, he wouldn’t possibly dare to completely offend the Main Clan,” said the Ancient Dragon with the magnifying glass nonchalantly.

“But you can’t not be wary,” advised Kratos.

“We don’t need you to remind us of that,” said the Ancient Dragon with the wine in displeasure.

“Sigh...” Kratos kept getting the feeling that something might happen.

Vroom!

A wave of imperceptible energy suddenly reached them from afar.

It was very much like the calm before an energy storm, and the three of them paid it no heed.

But what they had not noticed at all was that a faint red fog was gradually seeping in with the air from outside. It entered their nostrils, soundless and traceless, odorless and tasteless.

Slowly, several black figures gradually appeared within the shadows in the corners of the hall, walking toward the three of them. The strange thing was that the two Ancient Dragons, Kratos, and all the Demons and creatures around them were all oblivious to the approach of these shadows. They were right in front of them, but it was as though the dragons and the rest could not see them at all.

The black shadows grew closer and closer, closer and closer.

“These two are the sacrifices, Master Garen has indeed chosen us a decent gift...”

One of the black shadows spoke in a low and deep voice.

He reached out his hand and abruptly grabbed the neck of the Ancient Dragon before him.

Bam!!

There was an instant, enormous explosion between his hand and the Ancient Dragon, the surge of chill and ice bursting and splattering everywhere.

The two old dragons instantly jolted awake, countless layers of defensive spells lighting up with various colors all over their bodies, covering every inch of skin. It was the automatically-triggered defense from the many spells and items they carried and wore on their bodies.

But the defensive layers, at least a hundred in all, did nothing to make them feel safe.

The large black hand pierced through the wall of defensive spells as easily as one would poke through paper, grabbing straight for the old dragon’s neck.

“Descend, Thunder!!!” The eyes of the dragon who was caught shone with terror, but pinnacle powerhouses were naturally incomparable to regular creatures. All of his power instantly gathered at his brow, and a rune there immediately began to emit an unbelievably blinding blue light.

That was his very own unique Core Spell that he had condensed and formed ever since he entered Level Ten, an instant-activation rune that he had been working on all this time. In it, he stored the terrifying energy he had been accumulating for several hundred years.

The rune emitted a crisp 'ka-chak' and exploded directly, turning into a cloud of blue mist that shot toward the black shadow.

At the very instant that this tremendous explosive power was about to burst, destroying everything around it in the process, the black shadow figure actually grabbed it with one hand and condensed all of the power into becoming an even smaller blue pearl.

"Meaningless struggle," said the black shadow calmly, reaching for the old dragon's head with a whoosh.

But to his surprise, the old dragon's body instantly flashed once. Somehow, it was an Instant Teleportation Spell. The teleportation power of this spell was very impressive, and it activated at lightning-speed as well. That also meant that it took a lot of time to prepare, so the old dragon had clearly used a single-use magical item to keep it on him beforehand.

The flashing returned to normal in a moment, and the old dragon returned to his original position, his expression slightly panicked.

"A Demigod!!?? Who are you... I'm the White Dragon Mountain's..." Poof!

The large hand squeezed his head until it burst, and the impenetrable dragon scales put up no resistance whatsoever. A faint wisp of a translucent soul was pulled out by that large hand and stuffed into the black shadow's mouth.

"If it weren't for the Confusion Dew that Garen provided, these two guys might really have eluded us," said the black shadow thoughtfully.

The black shadows around him exploded apart instantly, and all the remaining creatures that were still alive nearby abruptly died and melted like wax. In the large hall, the other old dragon was also finished off by two more shadows working together.

After the shadows dissipated from the three of them, they raised their hands and saw that a large portion of their palms had completely shriveled up. The initially healthy skin and flesh had instantly become as thin and dry as sticks.

“Cough cough... one Kratos got away.” One of the black shadows seemed to have taken a final blow from the Ancient Dragon before he died and was grievously injured as a result.

“He didn’t get away, that guy was just an illusion, a projection to start with. His true body was never here to start with,” said another black shadow in a deep voice.

The Demigod black shadow wiped the blood from the corners of his mouth. His forceful suppression of the Ancient Dragon’s explosion just before he died had also cost the Demigod a high price.

“It doesn’t matter, what can a Level Nine brat like that do, even if he does have a protector? Prepare to receive the Demon Master’s arrival immediately.”

Although the three of them noticed that one had escaped, they had no intention whatsoever of chasing after him, with the clear intention of causing trouble for Garen. Otherwise, there was no way a Level Nine could have escaped this easily from the clutches of two Level Fifteen Peaks and a Demigod, no matter how strong that Level Nine was.

More shadows began to slowly appear behind the three of them, and then all of the shadows began to set up a great many red candles and white human bones, while also using a black oil-like liquid to paint complicated matrices on the ground.

Far away, Garen stood on the middle level of the Cold Winter Tower, looking into the distance through the crystal glass.

The radiation surveillance area of the Cold Winter Tower spanned half the Fortress, so he knew every detail about everything within this half of the Fortress. Naturally, he was also very clear about the

assassination over there. The powerhouses from Proof of Deception's attack on the White Dragon Mountain emissaries took place directly under his watch.

He could even clearly see that Kratos was escaping from the Fortress desperately under the protection of a mysterious person.

"A Level Fourteen guardian..." Through the senses enhanced by the Wizard Tower, Garen could easily tell just how strong the powerhouse protecting Kratos was. "Too bad, if they were surrounded by many matrices, we should be able to keep them from leaving. Looks like those people from Proof of Deception sincerely intend to cause me some trouble... They want me to take a share of the burden."

Naturally, Garen understood their intention. But that was fine, he was already a member of the Dragons of Disaster, after all, and he was also a Void Demon Lord to boot. It was not quite possible for him to mix with the White Dragon Mountain. Might as well make his stand clear as soon as possible.

He raised his head and looked at the sky, where the blood-colored moon was growing an even more vicious shade of red.

Chapter 1342: Deception Demon Master 2

In terms of the dream power that only Void Creatures could sense, there was an incomparably immense storm of dream power gathering slowly at the place where the attack just happened.

Garen had long since sent away any related personnel in that area. That was why he was not worried about any accidental casualties.

"Commander, a strange assault took place just now..." Andrew's hurried projection appeared behind Garen, kneeling on one knee as he spoke hastily. "The two Master Ancient Dragons were attacked by unknown powerhouses, and are currently..."

“Don’t mind that too much,” Garen interrupted him. “I’ve already arranged for this matter properly, just go around that area and settle everything else.”

Andrew fell silent immediately. Looking at Garen’s expression, it was obvious that this was all within his plan. Andrew’s heart gave a jolt, and he did not say any more.

“Yes. Allow me to take my leave.”

After his projection vanished, soon enough Irene’s projection also appeared behind Garen. Garen had given all four Generals a projection communication device that they could use for emergency communications.

“Milord, how should we handle the assault incident? The commotion this time was too obvious, the other lords are already hurrying on their way here,” said Irene with a serious expression.

By the other lords, she meant the higher-ups within the Fortress, such as the other Deputy Commander and the Demonic Behemoth leader.

The White Dragon Mountain was attacked by Level Fifteen powerhouses. It was highly likely that something like that would cause a huge riot, so it was a big deal for the entire Vengeance Fortress as well. That was why they had no choice but to be spurred into action.

“It’s fine, I’ve made the necessary arrangements for this, just tell them that they don’t have to worry.”

Garen said offhandedly.

Irene frowned, but seeing Garen’s calm demeanor, she chose not to say anything as well. With a bow, she vanished from the spot.

Garen looked at the site of the assault quietly.

Over there, a large amount of dream power was gathering into a giant funnel-shaped tornado, the energy forces so terrifying that even regular Demons could vaguely sense it.

Very soon, as time passed, several lights of different colors flew toward the center of the energy tornado. That was the other powerful presences, gone forward to see what was going on. Among them, Garen even saw the Demonic leader and the other Deputy Commander.

Meanwhile, Garen himself watched that enormous tornado quietly.

Soon, a request came from his Willpower Neuroprocessor.

“A powerful guest is requesting entry.”

“Approved.” Garen quickly allowed entry.

Immediately, he saw a wisp of black smoke fly into the Wizard Tower instantly, and in no time at all, it had darted to the eighth floor, where he was. It condensed into a humanoid figure of black smoke behind him.

The figure emitted a faint aura of divinity. It was the Demigod from Proof of Deception who had assaulted and killed the Ancient Dragon earlier.

In his arms, he carried a white and flawless baby girl. The baby girl was wrapped in only a ring of white cloth, and she did not cry. Instead, she looked at Garen with deep and ancient eyes.

“I’ll be relying on you for a period of time, Master Garen,” said the baby girl in a deep voice, speaking in the most standard form of the Void Language.

“It is my honor to be of service to the Deception Demon Master.” Garen smiled slightly, turning around and bowing at her.

As soon as the baby girl was born, her aura had already reached Level Six, as expected of a terrifying being at True Soul Level, who had accepted the sacrifice of two peak Level Fifteen souls.

“Don’t worry, Kunder will protect me at all times within this period of time until I regain my powers to a certain extent. Within this period, I will need you to start Blood Wars and create a large amount of slaughtering so that I may absorb many souls in order to regenerate myself,” said the Deception Demon Master calmly.

“But Lady Vengeance’s side... and the White Dragon Mountain won’t take this lying down,” said Garen, somewhat troubled. “I would suggest that we lay low for now.”

“It’s fine.” The baby girl waved her hand. “The White Dragon Mountain have their own things to worry about, I opened up two Void Crevices there, that’ll keep them busy for a while. Considering your relationship with Lady Vengeance, you should be able to deal with that, right? As long as you don’t fail, so what if you overstep your authority and start some Blood Wars?”

“Since Your Excellency, Lady Deception has considered everything so carefully, I’ve no choice but to agree.” Garen put away his troubled expression. Of course, he knew that she would have everything arranged properly, after all, a Demon Master was not invincible as soon as they descended here either. She needed time to grow, and this growth period would be the time when she was at her weakest. It was only right that she would make all the necessary arrangements.

“As a reward for your help this time, I can help you solve the bottleneck you’ve found yourself at regarding the condensation of your True Soul,” said the Deception Demon Master calmly.

Garen was stunned for a moment and then overjoyed. His Void Original Opus had been stuck at 70% for a long time now, and even potential points could not increase it. If he had the guidance of a true Demon Master at True Soul Level, he would naturally be able to progress much more efficiently.

At first, he was not too pleased about a Demon Master Level descending near him, but right now, he felt as though it was more than worth it.

Over the past period of time, he had been using the Willpower Neuroprocessor to analyze it for quite a while, but he still had no clue, and leveling up felt like it was a long way away. Now, he could finally see some hope.

“In truth, the problem is very simple.” The Deception Demon Master gave a cunning smile. “Your Soul Rings are too weak... In other words, you need a great deal of soul inspiration to condense into Soul Seeds and Soul Rings. It just so happens that I have a method here that can collect the essence of soul inspirations, thereby speeding up your condensation of the Soul Seeds and Soul Rings.”

“Oh? Please enlighten me, Demon Master,” Garen hurriedly asked respectfully.

“Actually, in every soul, there will be some degree of inspiration according to the contract rules, it’s just that some have more than others. Usually, if this inspiration is not accumulated to a certain extent until it undergoes a fundamental change, it won’t be successfully activated, so no one will pay any more attention to it. The ones that people notice are the inspirations of the successful, no one really pays any heed to the failures or those who don’t have the halo of success. But this is an error... My method is able to gather up the countless inspirations and form a complete Soul Seed or Soul Ring, speeding up your level increase progress,” said the Deception Demon Master with a smile.

“A method like this surely comes with a heavy price, right?” asked Garen carefully.

The Demon Master nodded.

“You guessed right, this method needs you to condense soul divinity until your soul reaches the Demigod level at the very least, only then would you be able to prevent the amalgam of soul inspirations from mixing up your own purity level. If you don’t have soul divinity, it would be very easy for the large amounts of impurities to pollute your own Soul Ring, and your gains would be outweighed by your losses. You might even cause your own level to drop.”

“So it still comes back to divinity in the end?” Garen was thoughtful.

“divinity is a very mysterious thing that exists in this world, it is an evolution and fundamental change of the soul, but it’s high and almighty. It has the ability to command all the souls, just like a king, and can even activate the power of a world’s most fundamental laws.” The Deception Demon Master’s words were clearly meant to goad Garen into creating slaughters of his own accord. He needed to condense more Soul Rings, after all, and that would require him to instigate more slaughters. It just happened to coincide with her needs, resulting in a straightforward and honest ploy that Garen had no choice but to follow.

"I understand." Garen's way going forward from now on gradually became clear to him.

If he wanted to achieve the True Soul, perhaps it was truly as the Deception Demon Master said.

He needed to first achieve divinity and the Demigod level, then he had to collect a large amount of soul inspiration essence to form even more Soul Seeds and Soul Rings. Only then would he be able to achieve a breakthrough in the Void Original Opus, and eventually reach the True Soul.

"In the very beginning, since the inspiration won't repeat, it'll be very easy to condense the Soul Seed. But as it goes on, there will be more repeated inspiration, until finally you reach a day when most of the inspirations you get are only reruns. It will become harder and harder to condense new Soul Seeds and Soul Rings, and that's when the Demon Lords have to continuously explore new frontiers, accumulating lots of different inspirations, regardless of how long it will take," the Deception Demon Master continued.

"And right now, you guys have an unprecedented opportunity. This world has many different inspirations from our world, and barely any repetition at all. divinity is also a shortcut to condensing Soul Seeds and Soul Rings. divinity, plus a large amount of soul energy, is actually already equivalent to a high-level Soul Ring. That's why the more divinity you obtain, if you can complete them, you'd actually also be able to turn them into Soul Rings and Soul Seeds."

"In other words, I can use divinity to condense Soul Rings, and I can also find soul divinity. Once I've reached soul Demigod level, I can slaughter souls at a large-scale and may be able to gain inspiration from it," Garen concluded.

"That's right, the former is stealing divinity, it's a lot more dangerous than you'd think. There are already a lot of powerhouses fighting for divinity, and even some Gods. The latter is much safer, you just have to steal one type of soul divinity. As for the remaining slaughter, perhaps even normal people would be able to provide you with enough inspiration to condense your Soul Seed." The Deception Demon Master gave him two options, but both also required slaughtering and stealing.

Still, Garen had no other choice right now.

In the blink of an eye, more than two months have passed.

The Deception Demon Master simply took up residence in the Cold Winter Tower, absorbing many souls and soul cocoons every day. Sometimes, she would even go to the area around the Underworld River, killing and plundering indiscriminately. Thankfully, she did not attract the attention of any powerful beings. After all, she only slaughtered relatively weaker creatures.

Under her constant ushering, Garen also started some small-scale attacks against the Demon Fortress opposite them.

He had five hundred thousand soldiers in his reserve army, and their average level was above Level Two. There was also the elite team of Wizards, the White Feather. That was enough for him to start a small-scale Blood War in his own.

And within the Wizard Tower, because Garen had his Divine Power Barrier, he officially began analyzing the divinity ahead of schedule.

Firstly, he gathered all the divinity together and merged them into the Pearl of the Temple. Then he isolated the true divinity that he had obtained, researching it with his Willpower Neuroprocessor.

The largest benefit of the Willpower Neuroprocessor was that it could automatically utilize the large amount of information and inspiration from the storage of Garen's memories, computing and analyzing them.

Garen just needed to input the command and could leave the rest to it. It would automatically carry out the command and analysis.

The divinity he got from Gerdmos was a wisp of divinity regarding decay. It was full of all sorts of inspirations and understanding regarding decay. Even though it was only as large as a strand of hair, it actually managed to contain several tens of thousands of pb worth of information. Even the Willpower Neuroprocessor could not completely finish analyzing the information in it within a short period of time. After all, it was not a mess of nonsense inside, it was all advanced inspirations, such as words and diagrams regarding decay, and even things like personal first-hand experiences.

Since there was so much information there, it was no wonder that becoming a Demigod required centuries at the very least. Some even took up to a thousand years.

Garen put it on his quest list in his mind and glanced at the estimated completion time.

‘Fifty-eight years – sixty years.’

Such a period of time was already god-like to most advanced existences, but Garen was still unsatisfied with it.

And after he added the divinity analysis mission, the energy consumption of his Elemental Pond instantly reached a new level. And this was the true divinity that Gerdmos had analyzed before. If it was a completely disorganized divinity, it would probably take even longer.

Thankfully, the computing speed of the Willpower Neuroprocessor was actually based on the strength of one’s Willpower, and the strength of one’s Willpower had its fundamental roots in the strength of one’s soul.

Since he had no other way, Garen had to choose this method, the slowest way to strengthen his Soul Seed.

That was to hunt for high-energy crystals, such as Soul Cores...

He had also tried ready-made Soul Cores, but they had barely any effect on him anymore. A Level Nine Soul Core could only give Garen one-third of a Soul Seed. Clearly, this was just as the Deception Demon Master said, most of the inspiration inside had repeated and was gradually becoming unable to condense into more Soul Seeds.

But he had obtained a large Soul Seed upgrade from the Suffering Knight back then, so he might still be able to do that now. Maybe if the quantity increased, there might be a slight change in quality.

Besides, those that could condense Soul Cores all tended to be Necromancy creatures. As a result, Garen soon began to make his plans around an Undead settlement nearby.

Chapter 1343: Trade 1

The area nearby Vengeance Fortress was a mysterious place flagged with white mist. Almost all creatures that enter would be lost and returned to their starting points. Apart from higher level existences that could enter and leave at ease, the rest could not.

This land was a white zone wrapped around by the lingering clouds.

There were white towering trees and bushes everywhere. The plants here were all in withering states. There were no leaves, only dry branches. Even the bushes were mostly shrubbery without sheds of leaves, only thorny vines winding in threatening gestures.

A group of living beings in black were slowly heading for this mist.

This group of creatures was led by a tall tough man followed by a mix match of demons, humans and elves. There were even a few Air Elemental Beings.

The lead was a man with cold features. The shape of his muscles was obvious from his clothes.

“It’s here.

“All the soul crystals that the lord needs are here.

“Pay attention and don’t wreak too much havoc.”

“And we, White Feathers, need your advice?” An Air Elemental Being with white fabric shrouded around him coldly smiled.

“My only wish is that you don’t ruin the matter,” The leading man coldly blurted.

And it was at this moment.

Wham!!

With the dull crash, a puff of white air current exploded within the white forest. These air currents whooshed open like broken strings, spreading out to all direction, howling an ear-piercing screech.

“Quick! They’re getting away!”

An Air Elemental Being shouted out.

Those on the team immediately took action. The casters put out a large electrical web and rays of positive energy.

There was also a huge explosion that scattered the white air currents apart, creating a powerful murderous soundwave.

“Disastrous Rain of Fury!”

A demon in black robes wedged open his cape and tore apart a scroll.

Rip!

Bright yellow flames gushed out of his eyes as a large fiery three-dimensional sorcery formation appeared on the air.

“Boundless Electrical Web!”

An eye-catching electrical current rune beamed up in the palms of another Air Elemental Being.

Two large level eleven ripples spread out from the two and overlapped between one another.

“Uniquely level eleven spellcraft!!” A terrified voice was heard from the woods.

“Compound spell, go!!”

Bounteous air currents surged to one direction, toward the team in a distance.

But it was all too late.

An enormous red light beamed from the sky and over a hundred fireballs the size of a knuckle dropped down like raindrops.

Each fireball exploded before it touched the ground like a red firework on a slow release.

The forest was ignited and crackled in flames. The sound of collapsing and crackling kept buzzing on.

The great fire distributed quickly.

With the descent of the rain of fury, the entire vicinity within several kilometers was engaged in this massive level eleven spellcraft.

Apart from this rain of fury, a few of the cracks and nooks of the space were stretching out in shapeless transparent and invisible electrical web.

These electric current unseen by the naked eye were as thick as a baby's limb. Countless streaks of electric web conjoined together to form an even large electrical current web, locking the surface tightly that no living being could escape from such fate.

The demons and Air Elemental Beings were masters of the same White Feather team were well coordinated to the point of flawlessness.

"The combination of two level eleven spells is basically the same effect of a level thirteen spell... How powerful!" The lead gasped lowly in admiration.

Everywhere in sight was burning in red flames. The glaring light scorched and scattered the entire white mist. Screams and wails could be indistinctly heard.

"These Souls of Mist race aren't strong in combat but they have a way with soul powers.

"Perhaps we could collect some valuable data for commander," The man in the lead said in a low voice.

"We will pay attention," The casting demon of the White Feather demon lightly nodded. "The lead force is about to come out, everyone be on alert.

"Do not let even one escape."

"Understood," The White Feather comrades answered.

Swish!!

A white vapor soared for the sky and flew to a distance.

"I'll go!" An Air Elemental Being shot like a sprung arrow, chasing after the white vapor.

The two parties could be seen intertwining from afar, with an occasional blast of energy source rippling.

Nearby, steams of white vapor gathered to be a large white cloud, plunging towards everyone.

A female elf of White Feather calmly raised her arm, an emerald ring in her hand lit up in green.

“Divine weapon!!?? No!!!” The white bat whimpered in pain. Green vines and branches grew out of his insides and almost in an instant, the large white bat was completely covered by these green vines.

The female elf smiled and took a step back.

“Helena, you have already broke through level twelve yet you use a divine weapon on a level ten undead, that’s too much, isn’t it...?” Someone from the team laughed.

White Feather was masters of various paths paid handsomely by Garen. Most of them has a mysterious past but he wasn’t bothered by their history. As long as they had the ability, he couldn’t care less about anything else.

The majority of these fellas came from mysterious and powerful backgrounds as a handful of them possessed semi-divine and divine weapons. Garen himself only possessed a semi-divine weapon that was gifted by Soaring Wong King.

Divine weapons were hard to come by as it couldn’t be purchased in the market. Only those family and forces that cultivated deeply would have access to them.

This elf was only level twelve yet she dared show her divine weapon off. It could be due to either overconfidence and arrogance or not fearing of any accidents that may occur.

Those who entered White Feather would naturally would not be the latter.

“As it is a request from lord commander, how could I let him down,” The female elf smiled in response.

“The earlier leader here is only a clone.

“Be careful everyone.

“Although only a Level Ten Non-Failing, we still must be wary,” The leading man warned in a loud voice.

“Everyone here is an important edit of our Vengeance Fortress so it’s best not to have any fatality from a tiny mishap.”

“You really are as naggy as grandma!” A Dirt Elemental Rock Monster impatiently commented.

The man smiled awkwardly. He was one of the generals under Andrew. He was in charge of the team here because Master Andrew himself couldn’t stand the arrogance of these people.

But up until now, everything has been going on smoothly.

Seeing the earlier killed white bat dispersed, a white sharp rock fall from within. The man sighed within. He recognized it. This was the soul core which was the target of the task. Although a part of this clan leader’s soul core, but at least it was a start.

There were flames and electrical current everywhere and only the area where everyone stood and moved about at, the flames and current would spontaneously avoid.

A level ten clan, was swept away in one go by the elites of White Feather.

Peak of Cold Winter Tower.

Six oval-shaped swirls of various color floated in the air, forming a large circle. It consisted of yellow direct elemental look, blue water elemental pool. Green wind elemental pool, red fire elemental pool as well as black and white negative and positive energy pool.

Within the six main elemental pools was a silver elevator in the tower. It was solidified with a layer of semi-transparent hazy film.

Whirl...

A soft whizzing of elevator sound was heard.

Garen was slowly raised from the center. He was wearing a black armor with high defense.

This was full body armor specifically for a deputy commander of the fortress.

It was heavy and large, weighing more than a ton in weight. A regular living being wouldn't be able to wear it, much less hold it up.

But to Garen, he could shrink his dragon body to fit into it yet still maneuver with ease and as carefree as could be.

Behind the armor were decades of pitch black whips braided with metal silks. It could also said to be tentacles that could be controlled by spirit power. Garen used them as extra hands.

This set of armor was built with a special bone attribute. It could not be influenced by arcane energy flow or transmission. It could also prevent any injury that results from possible explosion towards the body due to experimental spellcraft so Garen put it on.

His motive this time was to adequately mobilize the elemental pools.

The six main elemental pools were respectively connected to six elemental plane rich with various elements which in turn, connected to the violent energy windstorm plane. They used an enormous force field to cluster the violent energy elements so that they were tamed and gentrified into complete energy source for the system.

Garen's mission up here to was to use the torrenting energy current to execute an Energy Machinery creation familiar to an Energy Machinist.

He walked out of the elevator platform and first went to the most gentle blue water elemental pool to look at the whirling blue swirl. He slowly extended his claw to dab lightly of the blue elemental fluid.

The highly concentrated elemental fluid was gasifying on his claw.

Garen brought it to his mouth for a taste.

"Not bad, concentrated enough," He nodded, satisfied.

He swept a glance over to the screen in the mind of his willpower. The remaining quota on the usage of the water elemental pool appeared there.

"Idle energy source – 32%"

Garen left the elemental pool and found two empty nests specially vacated in a corner of the tower. He left them out as space for biochemical pool and experiments.

He gently sprinkled out a bronze metal ball.

This was a biochemical pool seed that Garen created. He was, after all a top Energy Machinist in the Mech world and had collected various research information. He created a biochemical pool seed easily, utilizing the abundant materials from the abyss.

Of course, this would only work if it were him as he stood above the civilization of the Mech World, having countless amassed formulas and theorem at his disposal. After an execution of a complicated calculation, a biochemical pool seed that was most up to standard and pure came to light.

The establishment of a biochemical pool signified that an Energy Machinist could officially nurture his own Energy Machinery and bio-soldiers.

Garen quietly watched as the biochemical pool seed dropped to the bottom of the empty hole. It rumbled and tumbled a bit before ripping out a black fluid.

The fluid was thickening and amassing and quickly occupied the entire space in the hole.

It hasn't been ten minutes when the biochemical pool was completed.

This was a large pool that was oval in shape and filled with green glowing liquid. The condensed liquid was bubbling like the wriggling of creepy crawlies. It emitted a dull green glow.

Around its edges was a startling black protection ring that formed a layer of isolation that separated the air within the space of the biochemical pool and the outside world.

"Biochemical pool established... Connecting command control..."

An instruction order was heard from his willpower mind in Garen's brain.

"Connection succeeded.

"Name defaulted to Pool No. 1.

"Testing Nutrition composition... Test succeeded, composition complete.

"Please insert cultivating Energy Machinery seed."

Garen was not in a rush to carry out. For starters, an Energy Machinery template was not easy to come by and another thing was that an Energy Machinery required a smart chip to be controlled with. He was lacking in the methods of controlling. It would be fine in a technology world to use a simple method of electrical energy source as the driving force of the smart chip but it was easy for elemental wizards to cause interference here. So although he could easily create a smart chip, preventing interference was the main difficulty.

Moreover, once his biochemical pool was built, it has another function.

Chapter 1344

Garen flashed a faint smile.

Clap clap clap.

He gently clapped.

With a rip, a boundless distorted black hole appeared before him. A string of bloody rune characters and symbols flashed in the black hole. A female snake face appeared in the middle.

“Snake Princess, have you found the person I want?” Garen said to the woman in the black hole. He was conversing in the standard void language.”

Snake Princess was one of the few Demon Lords in the main plane who contacted Garen. Her powers were astonishing. She was the level thirteen Great Druid and a merchant of treasures and materials in Green Oak Forest.

“I’ve only found one of what you want. After explaining the situation, those who would willingly accept your request isn’t much unless they’re left with no other choice,” Snake Princess gently answered.

“It’s alright, as long as you can find it,” Garen was not bothered.

“This person’s descended body took a fatal blow. Apart from his soul being able to communicate, he isn’t much different from a living corpse. He has tried many ways, even consulting the Church’s pastors but to no avail. Now it’s up to you,” Snake Princess reminded. “But, I need to warn you that this person has quite the background. If you’re not certain then it’s best to reject this task. Although you’re at the abyss, the lesser the feud the better.”

Garen’s brow raised.

“How would we know if it works without trying?”

Snake Princess nodded in display that she understood.

“And the other thing that I need, have you found it?”

“Of course, I have plenty of resources. As long as it isn’t a divine weapon or top level soul, everything else is inexhaustible!” Garen opened his arm and sighed, “It’s Heaven for the powerful and hell for the weak.”

Indeed, the abyss connected to multiple planes. The Underworld River absorbed large amounts of sinners’ souls and fashioned a trade of soul for other resources.

Sometimes clones of gods would conceal their identity to seek what they wanted here.

“It looks like the abyss is a great place but I really don’t have a background like yours.” Snake Princess shook her head. “Alright, I’ll teleport the person. You place the stuff up there.”

Garen nodded and retrieved a dilapidated black helmet from his space equipment. This was a Holy Light Helmet from ancient dynasty. Although it was decrepit, the formation on it has great research value. It found favor amongst positive energy professionals. Moreover, it has quite the historical value and was priceless in the nobles’ clique from the main plane.

Behind the black helmet was a white line that released a dull white glow.

Garen swiftly placed the helmet on the right edge of the black hole and gave it a push.

With a swoosh, the helmet was swallowed into the darkness and another item came out of the left terminal of the black hole.

Garen extended his claw to press on this thing, then pull outwards.

Badum, it was a long black coffin.

Hiss...

Abyss aura from within the wizard tower quickly eroded towards within the coffin.

Any creatures that came to the abyss would naturally become a living state of the abyss template through the abyss aura. Their capabilities and vitality would rise with overall strengthening in resistance.

Of course, this was if the living being stayed in the abyss for a long term but for the earlier event where it was eroded by the abyss aura the moment of entry was a first for Garen to witness.

He cut off communications with Snake Princess and placed the coffin aside. He changed the black hole.

A large fish head appeared in the black hole. A black fish head.

"White Dragon King, this really isn't the time." There was flesh and blood at the edge of his mouth as if he was in the middle of a meal. He did look dissatisfied with the interruption.

"Black Fish King, I'm here on official business." Garen smiled without being offended. "Have you found the person I want?"

"I found two, but their levels' a little low. Do you want them?" Black Fish King asked.

"What level?"

"Level three," Black Fish King answered.

"Only level three huh..." Garen frowned.

Level three void parasite creatures. How could such a weak void being enter this world? Struck by incomprehension, Garen gave it a thought.

“Never mind then. Don’t you need back up there? How many do you need?”

The moment he heard it was something he needed, Black Fish King immediately wiped his mouth and was in full spirit.

“I’m here at Central Empire, the strongest territory of that god. My alias as a Great Duke requires a few talents on the assassination part. I don’t need your men to come straight over but I’m thinking of sending some over to you for some secret training. How about that?”

“Condition?” Garen frowned.

“They’re void parasites. One person to participate in blood wars each month, no question on life or death. I’m giving you combat power for free and you’re asking for conditions?” Black Fish King widened his eyes.

“I don’t have that much time to teleport them back and forth for you.” Garen was impatient.

Black Fish King hesitated.

“Then how about this? Aren’t you lacking in divine weapons? I can’t do divine weapons but semi-divine weapons, I can gather a few. Do you want them?”

“You should mention that earlier! Of course I want them!” Garen immediately flashed a bright smile.

“One semi-divine weapon as compensation. Let’s set it to a year, how about it?” Black Fish King immediately bargained.

“Deal.” Garen locked in on the deal.

“One week later I will set up the teleportation formation. Confirm the coordinates and I will send people over,” Black Fish King briefed and cut off the connection.

The black hole slowly dispersed.

Garen turned his attention to the coffin that he dragged out.

Walking over to open the coffin, a beautiful female elf wearing a feathered headband lay quietly in it.

“Honorable White Dragon King, I am Lola, the main party of this trade.

“My parasitic body is damaged quite severely but I do not wish to abandon this body.

“I hope you will be able to assist in repair.”

A voice transmitted into Garen’s ear via soul power.

“I’ll try but dare not guarantee.” Garen could tell the crucial damage of this body.

The body of the elf harbored a massive amount of positive energy fluid up to level fifteen. This fluid at a certain stage replaced her blood and maintained the body’s circulation that this top class Demon Lord was trapped in this body, unable to grasp control.

This sort of trouble... No matter countless methods were deemed useless...

Garen felt the pinch. It was taking apart a ticking time bomb and he did not know which part could trigger it.

This level fifteen energy was enough to tear apart half of his newly built wizard tower.

He dragged the coffin into the biochemical pool.

Opening the isolation chamber, he carried the female elf and placed into the biochemical pool.

The clothes on the female elf was naturally disintegrated to nothingness by the high level corroding liquid, leaving her completely naked.

Hence, it was led to the abnormal scene, the female elf was covered from head to toe in white scribble lines. That was the skin's inability to sustain the flow of positive energy within that the surface burst into thick cracks.

Through these cracks, it could be seen that white glowing position energy fluid were slowly moving.

"Sample has entered the biochemical pool."

"Warning, warning!"

"Energy of sample is overly concentrated, immediate neutralization required!!"

His willpower mind immediate issued an alert.

It was fortunate that the biochemical pool has the function to secrete so as long as there was sufficient energy, it would secrete corroding biochemical limitlessly.

Garen wielded his claw and a streak of blue line flew out of the water elemental pool not far away, pouring into the edge of the biochemical pool.

Large amount of biochemical liquid was swiftly poured into the pool. The corroding nature of the biochemical liquid and the positive energy within the elf counteracted, causing a hissing sound.

It could be seen that there were still other large few major energy source in the elf and they began to circulate.

Garen watched as his heart skipped a beat. If these energies were to explode, the entire Cold Winter Tower could be completely destroyed! The level of the energy was close to a Demigod level. No wonder Snake Princess gave a word of advice to refrain him from taking the job.

He paid his full attention, devotion and spirit onto this female elf.

All the calculation ability in his willpower mind was left to keep the energy balanced between the biochemical pool and within the elf.

But strangely, the positive energy in her body seemed to take growth itself as even though the corrosion was counteracted for a long time, there was no sign of weakening.

This gave Garen a pain in the neck.

"I have tried many methods of different civilization. Other Demon Lords have engaged technology in attempt to solve my problem, but shame..." The elf's voice was heard with a hint of regret, "If you're able to solve my problem, I will gift you a Soul Ring as a reward."

Soul Ring!

Garen caught himself breathing heavily. He got to give it to this top level Demon Lord who was liberal with money. He could guarantee she was any regular top level Demon Lord or else talking about gifting a Soul Ring wouldn't be this at easy.

Other Demon Lords did not have Garen's kind of talent. He could gather many top science and technology. The knowledge they accumulated would be as complete as Garen's.

Over ten strategies scanned past his mind and Garen immediately locked his focus on one.

"I may have a way that is able to solve your problem," he said.

He suddenly thought of a great idea.

If he could heal his person and get his name out there, perhaps it would open up a big business among the void creatures.

Since he could not find command controls of a smart chip for the biochemical pool, he might as well forego it and use biochemical pool to create and nurture bodies!

He could specially provide satisfying bodies for descending void creatures! He could shorten the time for void creatures to strengthen themselves. He could guarantee their safety while they were nourishing and strengthening themselves.

He could use this method to ask for Soul Seeds in return.

Garen was hit with a revelation. The various biochemical knowledge accumulated over several worlds finally came to play.

Perhaps other Demon Lords would have his accrued knowledge but to reach the height he was at would take many, many years. Moreover, they may not have the strong calculation ability his willpower mind has. He was backed by the abyss and Ann who has his back. The environment was definitely secured and blood wards could be first as the void being's first testing field.

He has great resources and influence combined. This secured and safe advantage wasn't something the other Demon Lords could compare to.

Chapter 1345

He has such an advantage.

This way, he could completely establish the most well-equipped logistics and trial base for void creatures. It would be uniquely irreplaceable.

He was struck with a series of thoughts yet Garen's hands did not stop.

He started to walk to the side of the biochemical pool. His claw swiftly drew up tiny tadpole-like symbol at the side of the pool.

His claws were huge but the symbols he crafted were fine and intricate, giving an illusion of delicate beauty.

"I'll leave it to you." The female elf may have seen too many promises so she casually answered without much expectation. She then slowly closed her eyes. This was the only body part she could be in control of.

Garen did not bother with her. He was now completely focused on the new symbols he engraved.

"Establishing structure scan on bio-sample."

Instruction from his willpower mind echoed in his head.

A layer of dull white glow permeated over the elf.

"External cells in collection... Cultivating beginning..."

Garen watched with his eyes wide open at another elf body born of the biochemical pool through combination of cell nucleuses from the elf's hair cells. It started from a loaf of meat into a complete body that was exactly the same as the female elf.

Both bodies were almost identical. The only difference was that the duplicated body did not have the vast positive energy and assembly of other few energy sources the original has.

The duplication process took no more than ten minutes, completed under the watchful eyes of Garen.

The duplication was actually the simplest process. The next step to come was the hardest.

The concern to solve was to have the female elf able to take control of her own body as well as take off the load of overfull positive energy in her body.

“Only precise transfer can be used...” Garen frowned. In the biochemical technique known to him, only this method could nail down this situation.

Precise transfer, was a process to transfer blood and bodily fluid, combining both in one body. He could use such foundation to balance out the strenuous burden in the body.

A duplicate could sustain half the burden. If that an additional body to balance it out, it should be able to dissolve the problem in the original body.

“But the precision requirement for the precise transfer is overly high... There may be a lot of Demon Lord class masters who are well versed in technology and civilization in this world, but they don’t have my strong willpower mind. This technique perhaps could only be done by name...” Garen guessed in his head. The Mech World that he went to was a mother stream in a faraway place.

He arrived at that place by chance, an existence without a hint of life source.

“Please be careful, I will be performing an energy transfer on you.”

“Please try your best to keep your soul ripples calm.”

“It’s best to refrain your body from any changes,”

Garen reminded.

“No problem,” answered the female elf in a low voice.

Garen nodded.

He extended his claw and aimed accurately at the female elf.

Swoosh!

Large amounts of white silk threads shot out from the edge of the biochemical pool, wrapping the two bodies nice and tight.

An area of void darkness, in a faraway astral space borders.

If the internal plane, primary substance plane as well as upper plane formed a top-to-bottom unified structure,

Then the astral would be the space they discharged amounts of impurities, useless garbage and corpses.

It would be at the bottom of this humongous structure. It discharged massive quantities of rubbish, floating into the astral.

Thus engulfed by the astral creatures that resided within. The astral creatures that grew stronger from the engulfment would invade other major planes and be crushed by powerful existence in them.

This formed a standard cycle of substance source.

Astral, just as its name suggested, seemed like a world of countless stars. It was multi-colored with heaps of rubbish and energy compounds. They glimmered various shades of danger as they floated around, harboring massive astral energy and air of deadness in them.

It was said the place where the gods had fallen was hidden within the astral space.

Even for gods upon their passing, would be pulled into the boundless astral space by force, becoming a part of death.

This was a place that the God of Death could not manage.

This was the borders of astral space, in endless void darkness.

An enormous space as huge as the silvery white moon was rotating, tumbling, closer and closer to the astral space.

Within the space was vast green plains, river streams, high mountains, a sun that looked real, forest, hills, flora and fauna as well as creatures of various races. Anything and everything could be found there.

It was as though a silvery white moon was a complete little plane.

“Ravenwer! You think you could escape from me by running here?”

A loud and sharp sound cut through the void. Just the tremor of the sound brought about mammoth energy and law. The surface of the silvery white moon appeared in severe billow and distortion.

“The dignity of god permits not blasphemy!!” A stern voice came from within the moon. It sounded like a man and a woman.

Swoosh!

A silvery figure appeared on the moon surface. Separated by a white protective layer as he watched the void on the outside.

The figure was glowing in silver. He wore an elaborated and grand silver armor. He was handsome. His pale blue hair was fluttered slightly to the back.

He held in his hands two shields. A tower shield and a little round shield. On them were carved a lion and a unicorn respectively.

“God of Spring Water and New Moon, this is your Divine Kingdom?” A large white eye ball stretching over thousand meters appeared in the void.

It was rotating, its blood-shot eyes reeked of greed and bloodshed.

“In my Divine Kingdom, my power will increase by a fold.

“If you have guts, then follow me in.” Ravenwer tightened his grip on the shields as he exclaimed.

He has already informed the gods that he was well acquainted with. They were in the midst of rushing over but whether or not he could hold on until their arrival would depend on now.

“Divine Kingdom? It’s just that small little plane wearing a weak armor...” The large eyeball regarded as beneath it, “Go, my children.”

The iris beamed in red.

Wham!!!

The loop of red in the center of the eyeball surged out tides of void creatures.

They were black creatures in appearance of bats but they were different from your regular bats. Their speed and strength were off the charts. Their claw and fangs glimmered in dull red. Black fogs in shape of eyes hung over the top of their backs.

These bats varied in size. The largest one were as big as football fields while the small ones were the size of face basins. When they swarmed out the eyeball, they were still in compact sizes. They quickly expanded as they flew out in a short distance. The swarm raced towards the silvery white moon.

The large eye ball swiftly rammed onto Divine Kingdom moon.

“Destroying a plane, isn’t as though I’ve never done it before! Die!!”

A screeching voice in the void made a dash to the moon and quickly faded away.

It could be indistinctly seen that creatures, souls, holy spirits were fighting at close quarters with the void bat army in the moon.

That large eyeball was in intense battle with the owner of Divine Kingdom, Ravenwer.

Numerous silver runes shackles appeared around the silvery white moon. Arcanic and divine runes were covered all over that its impact would be unimaginable.

The shackles sealed off the situation internally. No one could see clearly what was happening inside.

More than ten minutes later.

Crackle!

With a crisp noise, the entire silvery white moon cracked open a huge rift.

Wham!

The moon broke apart from the middle, scattering heaps of an awful mess, pulling over by the astral space’s gravity.

A white eyeball the volume of over ten thousand meters leaped up from within.

“You will be the first sacrificial offering of my coming to this world, hahahaha!!!!” The large eyeball laughed arrogantly in a sharp tone.

With a swipe, it disappeared out of sight.

All that was left was a two-section silvery white moon mimicking two large piece of land falling towards the astral space...

God of Spring Water and New Moon, Ravenwer has fallen.

The primary plane was shook. There were many water elemental clans within the elemental plane that worshiped the God of Spring Water and New Moon. A moderate Divine-Power level god has fallen?

But the truth was, the divine images that many water elemental clans worshiped lost its divine glow. Divine names and literature in the divine temple cracked open.

This meant that Ravenwer did not just abandoned his divine duties, he has completely passed.

Various Churches of North, East, South and West as well as the center of the primary plane immediately called for an emergency notice.

What they had thought was a small concern of a void rift invasion, played an important element in the oracle to the fall of Ravenwer.

This shook the churches.

The thirteen empires of the East combined their statement to clear as well as keep watch the borders of all void rifts to prevent any possible intrusion of dangerous creates into the primary substance plane.

This was a colossal project as out of the thirteen empires, each empire's territory surpassed over a hundred million square kilometers. They could only depend on far distance wizard towers to communicate and disseminate tasks. To monitor such a huge territory would require manpower and resources far beyond anything in comparison.

The union of west ocean also halted their internal battle and small-scale divine war as in the oracle. They teamed up together to clear and administer all void creatures.

The area of the ocean was much larger than land. There was still the boundless sea waters that was equivalent to several plates of land. This project was on a larger scale.

The gods of human, elf and dragon divine system from the center and remaining two directions released an oracle all together, targeted towards any void creatures to summarily execute. Their souls would also perish.

The impact brought about by the fall of a moderate Divine-Power level god in his own Divine Kingdom to the world was unparalleled.

Before all this, even an invasion of void creatures to Meteor only caused a slight reaction. They didn't think that there would be a strong existence amongst the void creatures. And because of this, no one thought that they would be a threat to the almighty supreme organization that was high above.

And now, this threat truly existed.

The upper plane with Fehra as the leader of many gods became wary. They move in numbers and no one dared to move individually.

Outer layer of black hole, void.

A huge floating black crown was slowly headed to another world in the black hole.

The crown's diameter expanded in ten thousand light years. Its volume was beyond huge and in it were revolving planets and meteors.

Right in the middle of the crown, within a black palace that was surrounded by distortion, rock pillars of various sizes erected on the ground. Each pillars bore a bloody eye that was wide open. The eye shimmered dully of different patterns and designed. This represented different communication signals.

A total of eight rock pillars in a circle, forming a standard round formation.

Chapter 1346: Absorb 2

"Hahaha!!! Indeed, Banishing Eye of Massacre to that world is really a smart choice!!" A red Stone Pillar laughed proudly yet savagely.

"Eye of Massacre doesn't have the restraint of our Mother Stream Alliance and Void Temple there.

"He can eat whatever he want and I'm afraid this may be a big problem," Another blue Stone Pillar voiced in a female voice.

"Our Alliance now has newly additions of Lords and True Spirits."

"Even if Eye of Massacre develops to its peak, we can still team up to suppress him."

"There's nothing to be afraid of," The red Stone Pillar impatiently rebutted.

"They would definitely lay siege on Eye of Massacre there."

"It's a great opportunity for us to probe their ability," said the black Stone Pillar in a low voice.

“Eye of Massacre’s ability is equivalent to our powerful True Spirit.”

“If they are of no cause of concern to us then we can just take them by force.”

“If they could easily encircle and suppress then we should head to Void Temple and there to discuss...”

“I think it’d probably be unsettled...” Another green Stone Pillar gently laughed, “Eye of Massacre’s most terrifying ability is to self clone. Just give him time and he could clone multiple young selves in a short time. These young bodies are revered for their same ability as him to limitlessly engulf as nature.”

“Let’s play by ear... We’ll just prepare everything we can...” The black Stone Pillar gently summarized.

Garen spent over ten days at Cold Winter Tower before his first body precision operation was completed.

He has the massive calculation ability of his willpower mind to thank for, he successfully had the duplicated body sustain half the original body’s energy.

This greatly eased the pressure of the positive energy in the elf’s body onto the soul.

After reducing the pressure by half, the female elf’s own strong top level Demon Lord’s soul was enough to regain control over the body.

In order to thank Garen, she immediately left a dull red Soul Ring as compensation for this treatment.

And through this female elf with a mysterious background, Garen’s reputation took off. Many Demon Lord therapists that couldn’t treat elves before made way to the abyss in attempt to learn from his experience and techniques but could only retreat once they realized that it was from Garen’s own willpower mind that this method worked.

The practice of willpower was development crystallization of another civilization system. If it was without Garen's teachings, it would be impossible to master. Moreover, even if the way of cultivation was obtained, it required at least many many years of fumbling about before it took shape. In such a rushed environment, there weren't any time for them to take their time in learning.

Hence the reputation that a White Dragon commander of Vengeance Fortress was a powerful therapist swiftly spread out within Void Creatures.

Many of the severely wounded Void Creatures taken in by over hundred fortress of the abyss came to look for Garen for treatment.

But soon when his rates were published out, even more Void Creatures became intimidated.

This was because Garen's rate started from one Soul Seed and went up to a Soul Ring.

Such an expensive price to pay was not something a regular Demon Lord could afford.

But Garen wasn't bothered by this. If they came to him for every little sickness or wound, then he would be taking business away from a lot of therapists and offending those from the same trade. It would also take up a lot of his time. The loss outweighed the gain.

He wasn't lacking in materials neither in manpower.

Every small-scale blood wars every few days, Garen would gain substantial spoils, not just souls but riches in space equipment of dead fighters that would go into his and a few other coordinators' pockets.

Furthermore, he received taxes from endless stream of trades by Void Creatures that made him well-heeled in no time.

But after obtaining the Soul Ring, and dull red Soul Ring at it, Garen went into seclusion. He needed to digest this prize given by that top level Demon Lord.

The Soul Ring was determined by color, with the lowest being colorless, then red, orange, yellow, green, blue and purple color stages. This meant the increase in terms of density.

The dull red Soul Ring was the second stage, red. Its concentration was more powerful than that of a colorless Soul Ring. The higher he went, the concentration required and difficulty of density would increase.

The Demon Lord elf was generous. It would be easy to imagine what kind of stage Soul Rings she herself possessed.

So compared to Deception Demon Master's massacre suggestion, Garen felt that this way was safer and much more secure.

He has reached the point of his sixth Soul Ring. The first five Soul Rings were the lowest, most basic colorless Soul Rings.

And the highest he has was a dull red Soul Ring. This was his wealth accrued for a period of time arriving in this world.

There was also the Pearl of the Temple. If he was greedy at that time and absorbed it to be used as Potential Points, then he would be able to advance further anymore.

After Garen has deciphered a decadent divinity, he realized that he didn't have the ability to continue analyzing the divinity of the Pearl of the Temple. Just that streak of decadent divinity requires decades to completely analyze. So he extracted the divinity and poured it into the Pearl of the Temple that he could use it like a Soul Ring to absorb.

If the Pearl of the Temple was used as a Soul Ring to absorb, it could provide him great Soul Power of one complete Soul Ring.

Upon learning that the stage of his Soul Rings was lacking, Garen prepared to focus on increasing the level of his Soul Rings.

Clang... Clang... Clang...

A lingering bell and heinous laughter rung above Vengeance Fortress.

The small-scale blood wars has begun.

There were tight shouts, screams and howls heard indistinctly outside. Abyssal Demons from every layer started to gather.

The blood wars was not fought solely on military force of the fortress itself. The leading players were the abundant demons from many layers of the abyss. They were set by various layers of Thanes of Abyss to join the killings in order to delight the will of the abyss while chipping away the quick-growing population.

Garen entrenched himself in his wizard tower. Large crystal screens in ocular form were erected around him, displaying a bird's eye view of the entire scene on Vengeance Fortress.

Staring from above, extensive amount of Abyssal Demons and mercenary groups from different worlds surged out endlessly from within the fortress. Amongst them were small demons, large demons, Sawtooth Tail Demons, Chained Hammer Demons and Elephant Demons as the main force.

There were some never-before-seen Corpse Cannibal Monster, Corpse Ghoul, Decayed Zombie, Zombie, and so on and so forth. A few rare Chaotic Abominable Snowmen appeared in the army. They were all silver and white, lugging a huge rock and ring and rings of drifting ice hung beside them. Their bodies were even taller than the tallest demon.

Bartoyen Demons teleported by a few fortresses locked in confrontation with them afar. These were two monsters of completely different nature. Each of them having level ten and above abilities.

There were large amount of troops amassing over from the outer world as well as Aboleths 1 . These smiling fish persons were covered with dull blue poisonous thorns. They wielded extended limbs that was tied to their limbs. Each of their attacks brought about frozen effects. Their body's defense was as tough as steel. They were at least at level three in combat power.

"Even Aboleths are here... Could it be that Salt Water Marsh noticed the development at my side?" A sense of alert struck Garen.

Salt Water Marsh was one of the strongest demon prince of the bottomless abyss, residence of Demogorgon 2 but this strong Demon Thane rarely participated in Blood Wars. It should not be much of a problem...

"It could be the intention of a few clan commanders." Garen was too lazy to think further. He has Ann to back him. Ann was one of the three Dragons of Disaster and was at moderate Divine Power level. She was also the fiercest Dragon of Time and Shadow. Her fierceness was far from being compared to gods or Demon Thanes. He believed Demogorgon would not be willing to be sucked into this...

"Upgrading my ability is main priority." He closed his dragon eyes and scanned through his stats.

"Garen — Strength 180(140), Agility 180(140), Vitality 180(140), Intelligence 172 with potential 1123%. Soul limit 180.

Six Soul Rings — Five colorless, one red.

Level 8 Draconic Aura. Level 6 Arcanic Art.

Void Original Opus — 70%. Back Limbs — Evil Soldier. Wings — Seven Lives. Tail — Demonic Book.

State —All Attribute Points decreased, Light suppressing curse... (All elemental resistance dropped by a third and easily spotted by Light attribute creatures. Inability to cover tracks)

Overall evaluation — Level twelve. Title — Winter Sigh."

“The attribute has recovered a lot.”

“The recent Potential Points will all be spent on Intelligence with one more point before it’s full.”

“Now the priority is levelling the Soul Rings.”

Garen reined in his focus and took out the little white bud that the female elf gave him.

Gentling dabbing on it, the bud slowly bloomed.

A slight sound of music lingered from the core, together with a faint floral scent.

Swoosh!

A bleak of white light shot out and hit Garen between the brows.

A heavy clash rammed his head forcefully back.

A dull red ring plunged towards his Soul Ring system in his willpower.

The five Soul Rings circulated in slow motion beneath while the red Soul Ring remained still and afloat above. This was Garen’s current Soul Ring system.

Upon the assault of the red ring, the six Soul Rings trembled, releasing strands of transparent threads, covering the incoming ring from all directions.

The threads snapped one by one by the powerful velocity but as the threads snapped, the speed of the shooting ring swiftly decreased.

Garen expanded his Soul Power to probe within the Soul Ring. He was pleasantly surprised.

“She even helped me wipe out the will imprint.” That female elf must really be thankful for his treatment or else she wouldn’t come to wipe out the will imprint as it would exhaust much Soul Power. If it were Garen, it would require at least a few years of Soul Power to wipe out and assimilate the Soul Ring but now he didn’t need go through the trouble.

He could just merge it.

His Soul Power attracted this new Soul Ring to fly towards his six Soul Rings structure. He was in precision command of the velocity while leaving out a structure space that could be added in his Soul Ring structure.

Click.

A soft noise was heard.

This Soul Ring steadily landed at the top of his entire structure.

“Such a shame. This one Soul Ring isn’t enough to become Orange.”

“I originally thought that with these two Soul Rings, I’ll enter the yellow layer and become top level Demon Lord.”

“I can’t believe what a distance this leap would be...” Garen frowned and immediately felt that for this seventh Soul Ring to become orange, he would require at least another two Soul Rings.

“No wonder that person was generous.”

“In their eyes, even if they lost this red Soul Ring, it wouldn’t hurt them one bit...”

He thought about it before taking out a black and red little pearl.

“Pearl of the Temple...” This pearl with divinity could gift him another Soul Ring but the absorption process was not without its twists and turns.

“I’ll give it a try!”

Garen gritted his teeth and tossed the pearl into his mouth. He then closed his eyes.

Chapter 1347: Confidence 1

The Pearl of the Temple entered his throat like a scalding glass ball. Garen crushed it with his fangs and it shot out large amounts of thick liquid.

A sort of fishy liquid in oil form flowed in Garen’s mouth. He did not taste it and gulped it down whole.

Within his Spiritual Soul Space, a pitch black ring slowly took shape in the dark shadows. The ring slowly rotated and headed for Garen’s Soul Rings core structure.

Different from the Soul Ring before, the insides of this Soul Ring lingered with streaks of fiery black aura. That was one of the special divinity harbored within. Garen could differentiate with difficulty that this divinity was of the Undead attribute.

In order to completely absorb this Soul Ring, he must first overcome the effect of this divinity.

The divinity at this moment was equivalent to the will of the Soul Ring. Hence, it has to be banished before it could be absorb in full.

Garen shot large amount of transparent threads from the core structure, in attempt to cocoon the black Soul Ring.

But massive amount of corroding gas was released from the Soul Ring and melted away the threads.

"It's not working." Garen frowned. If this kept up, he would only exhaust the Pearl of the Temple and the Soul Power of his Soul Rings for nothing.

He thought about it before taking the semi-divine weapon, Despair Skull out.

This gloomy human head-looking skull's chin was bobbing up and down by itself. Its black eye sockets was burning with hollow blue light.

A faint white thread from the forces of the divine weapons crept in from Garen's claw into his Soul Space, making a dash towards that Pearl of the Temple Soul Ring.

Unlike from Garen's earlier thread, this strand easily plunged inside the Pearl of the Temple Soul Ring. The divinity in the Soul Ring and divinity of the divine weapon reached a certain stage of merging.

"Looks like this works." Garen was relieved from seeing a result from the method he had earlier decided for the Pearl of the Temple.

He started to cautiously control the thread of the divine weapon, tugging the divinity out of the Pearl of the Temple.

This was a painstaking effort as each time the thread would break without reeling in much of a distance. But Garen showed no signs of impatience. He slowly pulled with perseverance.

"Level Seven Arcane Art course analysis complete."

His willpower mind prompted.

The majority of resources and calculation of Garen's willpower mind was used to calculate and analyze divinity while the remaining deciphered the next levelling method of Arcane Art. This sort of levelling didn't just depend on Weave to level but rather ancient knowledge of the non-Weave casting.

The advantage lay on the ability to dispatch elemental energy at will without the restriction of the regulated upper limit for Weave but the disadvantage was the long and delayed release time of a spell. It was far from the Weave spell that was swift and quick.

He was already a level six wizard and after building the wizard tower, his wizardry level was increasing swiftly each day.

Various spell matrix and various Spirit Power construction structure was just child's play to Garen. It was his basic instinct to him as a secret warrior, as an Endor Demon Lord towards power, any power or energy control.

As for the total capacity of knowledge and Spirit Power, he has quite an abundance of nourishing Soul Power. He just needed to add on Potential Points and his velocity would be multiple fold over a regular Demon Lord. It would be multiple way ahead over a genius wizard.

"Level seven Arcane Art's done?" Garen was surprised. He had imagined it would have take longer.

His gaze was fixed on his attribute stats. His eyes halted at the column on his Arcane Art level. There was no control nor comprehension difficulty. He knew the next step to increase it.

Such a development to him who has Potential Points, was simply easy.

It was just using a little bit of Potential Points to cut short the accumulation time, that was all.

His sight lingered a few extra seconds and swoosh, the data on his Arcane Art level changed.

The Arcane Art went from level six to level seven and he only used up five Potential Points.

“Establish level eight analysis.” Garen assigned the task and have his willpower mind to work.

He himself continued to close his eyes to the tugging war of his Pearl of the Temple.

“Leave this to me.”

Suddenly, his back limbs transmitted his thoughts. It was Evil Soldier. He who similarly mastered secret techniques, was also the most qualified to replace Garen in executing this job.

“Alright then, you can handle it.” Garen’s body made way of his awareness and allowed Evil Soldier to take over.

They were actually one body. They were only one person with different faces. It was similar to handling multiple tasks at the same time, but it wasn’t harder than handling multiple tasks at the same time though.

“This tugging war would need around ten days. I possibly wouldn’t be able to help you within these ten days,” Evil Soldier said these words before beginning his management task.

“I will be in charge of the training of Draconic Aura.” Demonic Book in form of his tail transmitted his will. He was the embodiment of Holy Phoenix Demonic Book and similar to Evil Soldier, he was of one body with Garen.

“Then I will take over learning the Arcane Art, hastening the research. With the wizard tower, perhaps I could comprehend the relation between space-time plane and elements in no time and seek a faster breakthrough. As for Seven Lives, you should go participate in the Blood Wars and play your potential to the fullest, to snatch us Potential Points and Soul Power the soonest. I’ll leave Despair Skill with you,” Garen’s true form ordered.

“No problem.” Seven Lives walked out and Garen’s pair of wings naturally disappeared.

With the highest rate of survival but one without wits, combat most suited him.

A few of his incarnations and true form has their own assignments.

Once Seven Lives' identity has been taken care of so that everyone knew he was his incarnation, Garen started to move to a Plane Laboratory one layer beneath the highest layer.

Plane Laboratory.

With the distribution of assignments, there was a huge consumption of Potential Points.

Seven Lives has taken the semi-divine weapon to go out hunting while Garen's true form took a break and saw the decrease of Potential Points slowing down.

It seemed that Seven Lives has started his highly effective killing spree and has the semi-divine weapon absorbing and converting into potential aura at the same time.

The research on Draconic Aura and Arcane Arts would require the consumption of Potential Points.

Garen did a mock calculation of the required time and progress, hanging the progress of Draconic Aura in the stats column.

"Level 8 Draconic Aura — In midst of upgrading to level nine..." Demonic Book that formed his tail has left the wizard tower to elsewhere to seek for rare environment to upgrade the Draconic Aura. Level nine Draconic Aura was at a critical juncture that required harsh environmental conditions. As a Frost-type giant dragon, Demonic Book needed to find at least an extremely low temperature area.

Regaining his spirits, Garen focused his true form's attention on the matter at hand.

The Plane Laboratory has numerous rooms used to summon and hold in custody, special creatures of other planes, worlds or dimensions. All the surface on the walls and ground was engraved with rune characters and symbols. Various different space restraining jewels were inlaid in them.

Just the consumption of a layer has occupied half of Cold Winter Tower's spending. What a terrifying rate.

Garen walked to the summoning formation in a corner. Around the back was a gloomy and empty dimensional prison. Not one creature was captured.

"Research a variety of different plane forces' effects and changes on creatures and solidify these forces at the same time that a transformation and evolution common law be grasped."

"This is the crucial point to enter level nine Arcane Art."

"I specialize in necromancy and I should carry on my level nine Core Spell selection..."

Every level ten powerhouse has to choose their own core abilities, the same for Arcanists as well. Garen too needed to consider the selection of his core spell entering into level nine. It was quite late for him to do so as many wizards would start to strengthen one or a genre of spell by level five or six. Garen upgraded at a rapid speed due to Potential Points and so he hadn't had the time or energy to think about these things.

He took out a spell book from his space equipment where it was recorded all the basic spell models that he knew. Any deviation or variant would come from basic spells so selecting the core would start from there.

There was not much level nine spell for basic spell models but all represented a different direction in terms of research.

The Succubus' Wail on pure attack, Energy Draining Spell on negative state or Ultimate Rotting Capsule Spell on biochemical research attack as well as Life Concealing Spell on biochemical research defense, etc.

There were also Undead Disaster on summoning control and Soul Binding Spell on toying with souls.

Garen wasn't lacking any subordinates, what he needed was the genre he could raise his abilities on.

He originally chosen his core ability to be his Poisonous Eye. He wanted to combine the elevation of Arcane Art with his Poisonous Eye that this ability would be strengthened and elevated too.

As a basic model of a level nine spellcraft, the one that could merge with his Poisonous Eye was Energy Draining Spell.

Energy Draining Spell was a level nine spellcraft that could weaken the enemy by decreasing their levels by two to four levels.

Of course, at the prerequisite that the enemy wasn't immunized to magic defense.

Once this terrifying level nine spellcraft took effect, if the enemy wasn't immunized then even at level ten and above, they would be weakened by at least two levels. How terrifying.

But as a wizard, this genre of spellcraft would require to penetrate countless protective forcefields before it could make it to the enemy.

So in actual fact, its function wouldn't come to full play unless it was against a defenseless enemy.

But if it were blended together with his Poisonous Eye, perhaps he could use the penetrating corrosion of Poisonous Eye to bypass this and then bring Energy Draining Spell to its use. This way, even if the enemy was in no state against Poisonous Eye, Energy Draining Spell could also weaken their state at maximum limit.

Garen weighed in his options and mocked an analysis of possible success rate.

Once arcanists reached level nine, they could compress their selected core spell onto themselves or onto an item. Of course, this would require utmost patience and concentration of the spirit, as well as total grasp over this spellcraft.

"Analyze energy Draining Spell, conclude completion time," Garen ordered.

The remaining willpower mind and calculation ability could manage one task with difficulty. Although the velocity would lessen, but it was still faster than any regular wizard by multiple folds.

“Assignment established, analysis begin. Level nine Energy Draining Spell...”

Responding a feedback, Garen pressed on a summon binding formation button on the wall.

Hiss!

A layer of protective barrier erected onto a formation in the corner.

“Summon selection, Heavenly creature.”

“Summon selection, level five. Random summon.”

The command voice of the wizard tower was heard.

Garen moved his claw and gently poured in a thick and powerful Spirit Power to initiate the positive energy pool stockpile on the peak of the wizard tower.

The formation was like a caged prison and its internal and ground immediately let out a dull white ray of light.

Swoosh!

A grey-feathered angel in white battle armor appeared in the formation. This angel wasn't a pure form of human appearance. The head was of a roc. The neck was covered up to the upper half of the body with grey feathers.

“Roc-feathered Angel, huh?”

Garen narrowed his eyes and could tell immediately the race of this summoned fella.

Chapter 1348: Confidence 2

The Roc-feathered Angel was one of the most famous Summoned Creatures in the Heavens. It was known for its power and gentle nature but another key factor of its reputation was its extremely close-knit relationship with upright Wizards. One of the famous spells in low-level Spellcrafting that was called the Roc-feathered Angel’s Eye was researched collaboratively by the Wizards and these creatures.

“Damn Abyss aura! I’ve fallen for it!!”

This Roc-feathered Angel appeared irritated immediately after being summoned out. Although the Abyss aura here was isolated by a Matrix, it could still be detected by his keen senses.

This fellow was holding a silvery white flail in his hands. The wings on his back flapped a few times and made popping noises while he glared ferociously at the White Dragon that had properly released a Matrix already.

“Evil White Dragon...”

Garen ignored his words. He wanted to thoroughly research Energy Draining Spells but its main difficulty was to clarify the concepts of the supposed levels towards living creatures. He needed to know the types of beings that were used as indicators to differentiate between them.

The first part of the Energy Draining Spell’s effects was to decrease its opponent’s level for 24 hours. The toughness of their Vitality would be evaluated once again during the next part before the Energy Draining Spell would erupt in a one-time erosion. If the opponent could not endure it, their level would decrease by one grade permanently.

This was the most terrifying part.

Powerful pursuing and killing abilities were the best match for Energy Draining Spells because it would not spare one's opponent any time to stop for their wounds to recuperate.

Thus, even if their opponents did not die, their skin would still molt extremely disgustingly.

Garen curled and uncurled his claws while looking at the Roc-feathered Angel inside the Matrix that did not seem afraid of him at all.

"I should dissect it first..." He felt somewhat nostalgic towards his old self from the previous Totem World. This feeling was slightly similar to his past.

He walked towards the Matrix slowly while harboring a tinge of reminiscence.

Time passed little by little.

More than a decade had passed in the blink of an eye... Major changes had also occurred throughout the entire situation.

The Void Crevices had also increased. It seemed as though the normal masses on the Primary Plane had also discovered their presence and the existence of Void Creatures.

Meanwhile, since the church of the Gods could not be concealed either, they simply proceeded to make it public in an attempt to encourage everyone to participate in the Void Creature hunting movement.

Certain violent Void Creatures engaged in massacres wantonly and slaughtered the regular masses while causing extreme fear among the populace.

However, massacres brought about power throughout both sides. This applied to everyone regardless of whether they were Void Creatures or the common people of this world. This was an internal strife between these two great worlds that left to leeway for compromise.

Several normal Warriors suddenly felt as if various aspects of their bodily strength and physical fitness had rapidly increased after they had killed a Void Creature by a fluke. They were instantly pleasantly surprised.

It would not have been a big deal if these instances had only occurred once. However, it caused a great stir suddenly when this phenomenon happened numerous times.

Large-scale spontaneous Void Creature encircling and suppressing movements were launched.

Both sides were engaged in a mutual massacre where there were no rights or wrongs but only their yearning and greed for power.

As more than a decade of slaughtering and conflict passed, certain forces and beings with powerful abilities gradually became well-known during the battles.

Among the Gods, more than ten Gods died consecutively as if they were meteors that fell from the sky after the first Middle God passed away. These Gods were quickly replaced by powerful and terrifying beings from the Void.

There were three representatives that could move forward in this world and live as comfortably as the Void Creatures as well.

Eye of the Slaughter had divided himself to spread all over the major planes. After the terrifying Demon Master Level creatures that were encircled all along had devoured four Gods consecutively, their powers then swelled to seemingly unstoppable levels. When they had finally personally fought Mother of Nature in a major battle, they were later injured terribly by Fehra. After escaping by the skin of their teeth, they decided to lie low. Nonetheless, they had successfully accomplished extremely terrifying military exploits.

Mother of Nature was also badly injured before she fell into a state of deep slumber. This was simply a situation where both sides suffered!!

This incident greatly shocked all of the Gods in this world. They became even more anxious and cautious while encountering Void Creatures.

Distortion Demon Master.

After leading her pets to cause havoc throughout Meteor City and destroying Fehra's Divine Statue, she could still escape unscathed. Next, she devoured all of the lives within an entire great empire in the east. The numerous Demon Masters among her subordinates became the nominal leaders of the Mother Stream Alliance. They occupied the domain of that empire directly before repelling the Pantheon's Holy War army many times. They were currently embroiled in a fierce fight.

This throne had foreshadowed a conclusion that involved a seemingly infinite number of corpses and souls.

There was also the Fallen True Soul in the end. The body of this individual who was the strongest True Soul among the Ancient Endorian True Souls had stretched over several planes. Moreover, there were numerous True Soul powerhouses among her subordinates whose powers were at strong Divine Power grades at least. After ambushing one of the vast mountain ranges in the south with lightning speed, they occupied it as their territory. Their organization was called Void Temple. The formation of their members was extremely complicated but their overall forces were much stronger than that of the Mother Stream Alliance. However, their social order was chaotic and there were no restrictions. Thus, the True Souls started wars unscrupulously on their own.

These three powerhouses were terrifying mainstays that rapidly emerged prominently within a decade of the war. They had opened up numerous Void Crevices and led in an almost inexhaustible amount of Void Creatures that were currently embroiled in a fierce battle with the local original inhabitants of this world.

The powerful beings that had accumulated in the Void after numerous years were seemingly uncountable. Moreover, the strength that was accumulated from their massacres had achieved the peak level of the mortal world whereby they could not advance anymore. They required a greater amount of various types of Inspirations and breakthroughs.

Thus, the high-ranking forces such as the Primary Plane of this local world and the Mountain of Heavens of the Upper Plane had gradually fallen into a declining state.

Their territory gradually fell into their enemy's hands step by step. The Pantheon forces that were led by Fehra shrunk back at every step.

The situation was momentarily unusually far from good.

Meanwhile, Garen sheltered himself in Vengeance Fortress during this ten-year duration to improve his accumulation slowly but steadily.

His Poisonous Eye had already successfully fused with the Energy Draining Spell while his power had upgraded itself to the next level to reach Level Fourteen.

Meanwhile, Garen had successfully extracted a drop of the Purgatory power's essence while researching the forces in the Planes. This was a huge advancement in the aspect of biological modifications.

His body had also healed to a completely healthy state as well because Fehra's previous curse had disappeared fully. Moreover, the Pearl of the Temple's Soul Ring had also fused into his body's composition completely too. This allowed Garen's seventh Soul Ring to turn orange successfully. He had entered the second phase of the Seven Colors Phase. He could advance to the Upper Demon King Level as long as he entered the next stage.

Once his Arcane Technique was upgraded to Level Nine, Garen used his Potential Points, to accumulate an abundance of knowledge and techniques in an extremely short span of time. He made rapid progress in the Space-Time and Plane aspects.

Additionally, his Draconic Aura had achieved Level Ten even quicker due to the Demonic Book's practices, Level Nine Arcane Technique, and his own powerful Poisonous Eye and terrifying physical fitness.

Without the Space-Time Spell's restriction shortcomings, Garen integrated powers had already entered Level Fourteen successfully now.

However, he did not reveal them inside Vengeance Fortress. Meanwhile, Seven Lives moving about outside all along during these years. He took the Semi-Divine Weapon Despair Skull and absorbed Potential Points everywhere.

Most of these Potential Points were used to upgrade his Arcane Technique research and Draconic Aura.

The average beings including Upper Level Demon Kings that wanted to increase their Draconic Aura, Arcane Techniques, and physical fitness to this level needed at least a few hundred or even a thousand years to be able to do so if they did not have the help of Potential Points. However, Garen was different... This was his advantage.

Thus, no one knew even until now that Garen had actually successfully entered the level of peak powerhouses in the mortal world already.

Aside from him, the other beings did not seem to be making any progress. It was almost impossible to even dream of obtaining any obvious improvements within such a short time of merely a decade or slightly more.

Andrew was the only one who could barely upgrade to Level Eleven. However, it was obvious that he had become increasingly exhausted as it continued.

Garen gave him another Semi-Divine that he had obtained from trading. Since that Semi-Divine Weapon was basically used for attacking, Garen was not interested in it at all. His strongest asset was his own body and he did not need the support of a Divine Weapon in any way.

After he had achieved Level Fourteen overall, Garen began to set about preparing for his Void Original Opus to be upgraded.

However, several surprises finally appeared in his smooth sailing life at this time.

“Someone has been spreading rumors that there are Void Creatures among my subordinates?” Garen narrowed his dragon eyes while looking at the other core members below him with a somewhat pondering gaze.

Andrew, the Level Eleven Undead Knight had only been transferred to the position of an Undead recently. This fellow’s pursuit of strength had already reached an insane degree. The Semi-Divine Weapon called Sword of Nuhas that he carried on his back was an overpowered Greatsword that possessed Soul Intimidation abilities. This was also the present that the Black Fish King had given Garen while trading with him.

The General that was successfully promoted by the White Feather Squadron was called Mander but his last name was unknown. Perhaps he had another identity but Garen was unconcerned. This man whose face could not be seen clearly because he was constantly shrouded in a black robe was so mysterious that some people even feared him.

He was currently the captain of the White Feather Squadron.

Next up were the president and vice president of the small-scale association called Cold Winter Claw. This association was established by the two Abominable Snowman ringleaders that had arrived at the fortress initially. Through Garen’s support, these two Level Twelve Abominable Snowmen managed to quickly draw in a large crowd of upscale mercenaries and Abyss Demons including their enemies the Bartoyen Demons. These beings who were their members had one similarity which was their love for slaughtering and their bloodthirsty nature.

Finally, there were the three Chiefs of White Dragon Mountain, the Demon-Hag tribe, and the Corpse Monster Party organizations who were all powerful beings between Level Eleven to Level Fourteen.

These were half of Vengeance Fortress’ forces that Garen was currently controlling.

Aside from Garen, no one knew that the Demon-Hag tribe, Corpse Monster Party, and one of the Abominable Snowmen among the group of powerhouses in front of him were actually Void Creature parasitic bodies.

Despite being a Level Fourteen being, Garen outward manifestations were only at Level Twelve all this while. Although he had the help of the Wizard Tower, his Arcane Technique level was not considered

high. Moreover, since he had never revealed his great Spellcrafting powers, he had gradually faded from everyone's memories.

Cold Winter Tower looked more like an ornamental building instead of a Wizard Tower that was high above the masses.

"There are no Void Creatures among my subordinates. As the head, I would naturally know this matter best..." said Garen flatly. "It's obvious that someone is trying to give me additional trouble by spreading these rumors at a crucial time like this when Void Creatures are our main enemies..."

"However, people have been spreading information and saying that an extremely powerful Void Creature is hiding inside your Wizard Tower, Commander. Someone personally witnessed her flying inside before disappearing completely..."

The White Dragon Mountain Emissary had an unfriendly look on his face when he spoke. The Void Crevice had caused a large number of deaths in White Dragon Mountain while two of the Elders that they had sent were assassinated at the same time. Moreover, their souls were even offered as sacrifices. Tiamat was so furious that she sent an oracle so that Garen would cooperate with all his might and investigate. However, Garen had declined.

Everyone could see that there was something wrong with Garen because of this as he had the audacity to refuse the Dragon Goddess' oracle. Any other White Dragon who was in his place would have probably been divinely punished instantly. However, Ann who was behind Garen caused Tiamat to be too afraid to charge into the fortress directly.

Lady Vengeance was overseeing that place. The high-level beings were actually already aware of the relationship between her and Ann.

Almost everyone assumed that Garen was only so confident because he was relying on Ann. However, no one knew that he was actually relying on Deception Demon Master who was hiding in his Wizard Tower.

This woman's powers were completely indeterminate now. Was she a Demigod? Perhaps a Lower God? Garen could not tell either. He merely knew that another day that Deception Demon Master existed was another day that he could borrow her power.

He was confident enough to face any force as long as he had this relationship.

Moreover, it looked like Deception Demon Master was planning to use him as a form of protection so that she could develop herself in the Abyss for a longer period...

Chapter 1349: Evolution 1

"It doesn't necessarily mean anything just because someone witnessed it." An unenthusiastic expression remained on Garen's face.

"Are you saying that you aren't planning to admit it, Commander?" said the White Dragon Mountain Emissary angrily. He had already viewed this mere Level Twelve commander in a bad light long ago. His insignificant forces depended on the strong beings behind him while he used his powerful connections to intimidate others and lead powerhouses that possessed strength that was far greater than his own. This was simply an insult to the honor of strong individuals like himself.

He was a Level Fourteen White Dragon in White Dragon Mountain who knew exactly what was going on!

"What is he not admitting? You can't just make false accusations like this, Lord Cavenly." Andrew remained on the side and interrupted fearlessly.

"Andrew you brat, do you have the right to speak when I'm talking to the Commander?" Cavenly of White Dragon Mountain glared at Andrew fiercely.

"Alright, alright, stop fighting. These Void Creatures or whatever are fine on the Primary Plane, so when they're in our Abyss, who would care about these things?" screeched the representative Elder of the Demon-Hag tribe slowly. "Even if there were Void Creatures, why would it matter? We've never concerned ourselves with the origins of any creatures. As long as they're in the Abyss, they're one of us."

“Blasphemer!” Cavenly of White Dragon Mountain’s eyes widened before he glared fiercely at the Demon-Hag Elder.

“Tiamat may be your goddess but she is not ours. You should be more careful when you speak, Cavenly.” The Demon-Hag Elder did not seem afraid of him at all.

“Silence!”

When Garen saw that the people below him were about to quarrel, he simply clapped his hands and made some noise.

“Don’t concern yourselves with the rumors that other people are spreading. Right now, I need you to launch a surprise attack,” instructed Garen.

“Surprise attack?” said the Abominable Snowman Sara. “I’d like that! What kind of opponent are we facing this time, Commander?” He hit both of his fists against each other firmly while itching for a fight.

“Our goal this time...” Garen smiled faintly before continuing, “Is Wanku Fortress...”

“Oh?” The Abominable Snowman was slightly shocked.

Although the relationship between fortresses was not amicable now, they were still in the same alliance nonetheless. If they were to ambush another fortress, this would probably cause the other fortresses to unite and attack him instead.

No one objected. Everyone was considering Garen’s real intentions of bringing up this goal to ambush them.

“Does anyone object?” Garen spoke before them instead.

This plan was not formulated by him. On the contrary, it was simply Deception Demon Master’s demand.

This woman was not very content with only controlling half of the fortress because the laws in the Abyss were not treated as rules anyway. Although they were part of the same clan and alliance in name, no one had ruled that he could not ambush other fortresses. On the other hand, the Abyss would become more joyful because of this. The only issue was that they would have to bear a slightly greater pressure.

Since it happened to be time for them to proceed with an expansion anyway, Garen might as well aim his first goal on Wanku Fortress.

"I object," said Mander, the Captain of the White Feather Squadron in a low voice. "With our current forces, our probability of successfully ambushing Wanku Fortress would be too low. The success rate of the plan is not great."

"It doesn't matter." Garen raised his hand. "Two of Wanku Fortresses' Deputy Commanders will dispatch people to be in charge of solving that. Moreover, I believe that their Chief Commander and Fortress Master will have a favorable final destination." He did not state it clearly even though it appeared that he had other arrangements already.

Fortress Masters needed to be at least Level Fifteen powerhouses while simultaneously having solid backgrounds. It was also possible that they were the incarnations of certain powerful beings. However, Garen actually dared to say these words lightly.

This caused the hearts of everyone on site to tremble slightly at once.

"Since it looks like the Commander has decided already, we should just leave it at that," said the party leader of the Corpse Monster Party quietly. "We can't do anything that is out of our abilities but we can still do everything that's in our power."

"The massacre will bring even more resources and souls. Moreover, I need all these things," said Garen, smiling.

The main point was determined then. Another round of war had erupted due to Garen's few sentences.

Numerous Demon armies and large crowds of mercenaries and slaves charged towards Wanku Fortress that was adjoining to them. While being led by various leaders, more than a million powerful armies rushed rapidly towards Wanku Fortress that was shaped like a human ribcage.

The news traveled throughout the surrounding domains and the other fortresses quickly and immediately provoked the resentment of the Demons. Meanwhile, the Devils did the opposite. They did not actually go and attack the Void's Vengeance Fortress. On the contrary, they converged with Vengeance Fortress' army and attacked Wanku from the side.

Hell Army's fourteenth division commanded over a million Devils and brought thousands of Floating Hell Battleships and various battle fortresses that covered the sky and earth as they rushed towards Wanku and launched their general offensive.

Wanku's Commander was left with no alternative but to personally put his hand to the task out of fury. Together with his two subordinate Deputy Commanders and three first-rate powerhouses, he brought the Divine Weapon Bow of Extermination officially out to war. He was going to face a powerful opponent who was about to arrive.

Hell Army's Commander Black Jade Horn brought his Hell Divine Weapon as well to undertake the task and fight Wanku's Commander directly.

The sky was split into red and blue halves respectively that dyed the Abyss' dark red deathly still sky into two different colored domains.

Numerous flames were suspended in the red sky while an abundance of blue ice crystals were floating in the blue part of the sky.

Two silhouettes of which one was red while the other was blue were colliding against each other violently now on the boundary in the middle of the two parts of the sky. They were like comets that constantly shot towards each other before turning around. They dragged their long comet tails out behind them again and again while they clashed against each other and released thunderous quaking noises.

The red figure was a Demon in flaming armor who held a double sword in his hand. He was a standard Bartoyen Demon that had a cow's head, a bear's body, and the legs of an elephant. Great high-temperature flames would also burn throughout his entire body constantly. He held a flaming Greatsword in one hand and a pitch-black crystal Greatsword in the other. An Energy Field that was made of terrifying temperatures that reached more than ten thousand degrees twisted in his surroundings endlessly and scorched the air until it was completely blurry.

He was the Commander of Wanku Fortress, the Level Fifteen peak Bartoyen Demon— Ron.

The blue figure on the other side wore an armor that was made of ice and a silver crown on his head. He was a muscular Warrior whose lower body was vaporized while his upper body had the same appearance as a human male except that both of his eyes were profoundly dark blue while his hair was burning with fluttering blue flames.

He was the Hell Army's Commander Behemoth Dark, a peak Level Fifteen existence. He held a gigantic ice hammer in his hand tightly. This was his specialized Divine Weapon, the Ice Warhammer.

The changes that were occurring in both parts of the sky were caused by the terrifying energy radiation that burst forth when the black crystal sword and blue warhammer clashed against each other constantly.

The mere repercussions that erupted from the radiation made the Abyss' adverse circumstances even more frightening.

There were not many soldiers below who dared to approach this place.

On the other side, numerous Demons and Devils were engaged in a mad slaughter. The light from their energy and their Spells that blasted forth occurred endlessly in waves while arrows, rolling stones, kerosene, corroding poisonous gas bombs, Exploding Corpses, and other various war weapons crisscrossed continuously.

A few of them had rushed too deeply into battle while their eyes were red with bloodlust. They had just chopped off a Devil's head before they were immediately crushed into minced meat by the other Devils.

The Thorn Archers and Skeleton Archers shot their arrows and caused them to come down in torrents as Magic Arrows that carried various symbols rained down like a storm and caused numerous deaths on the battlefield.

Various large-scale Battle Spells like Meteor Fire Shower and Cold Winter Hail covered the sky and earth while enveloping numerous battle areas.

The entire battlefield was filled with chaos, massacres, and wails.

The Demons attacked the side where Vengeance Fortress' military base camp was located.

A smaller-sized White Dragon was sitting on a specially-made metal seat while numerous elite first-rate powerhouses were following it from behind and gazing from afar at the Energy Tide that was flaring up in the sky on the faraway battlefield.

The White Dragon was Garen who was currently leading an army forward from Vengeance Fortress.

"The moment has almost arrived now and it's time to prepare for the great battle that is about to begin," he said in a low voice. "Your Excellency, are you prepared?"

"Prepared? No no no..." The woman in the black robe behind Garen laughed quietly. She looked like a normal elite woman who was merely standing behind Garen but everyone on site knew that she was the one who had truly initiated the war. She was the supreme and unparalleled being that came from the Void— Deception Demon Master.

"There's nothing to prepare," smiled Demon Master while answering.

"My powers can be restored at a rapid pace. As long as I devour most of the souls during this war again, more than half of my powers can probably be restored. Meanwhile, you..."

She looked at Garen who was in front of her.

“The only thing that you need now is the guidance of some qualitative changes... Level Fifteen qualitative changes...”

“Qualitative changes?” Garen’s powers could naturally not be hidden from Deception Demon Master. The disguise on his body was also arranged by Deception Demon Master. As a Demon Master who was named after lies, this individual’s disguises and tricking abilities were second to none among the Demon Masters. The Gods could not even dream of seeing through Garen’s true powers even if they came here.

However, he still remained as a Level Twelve White Dragon in the eyes of the outsiders.

“Yes, qualitative changes... I’ll give you the Wanku Fortress Master’s core as a gift to repay you.” Deception Demon Master spread her hands out before the shrunken Void Shadows of the two Head Commanders who were engaged in battle in the faraway sky appeared on her palm slowly.

The shrunken versions of them seemed to be clashing on her palm endlessly as if they did not realize that anything was wrong.

“Qualitative changes...” Garen had a vague idea in his heart. The core that he had decided on was the Poisonous Eye. However, as its rate of progress increased recently, changes finally appeared throughout the Enneahedron that had not stirred all along. The Enneahedron was the most effective key core that used the accumulated power from slaughtering when Void Creatures entered this world.

Even though Garen had killed so many creatures, he had not seemed to realize the functions of this plaything towards himself.

However, he could suddenly sense on this battlefield now that the faint vibrations had finally appeared throughout the Enneahedron that had blackened already.

Crack...

Subtle, brittle cracking noises echoed from the Enneahedron slowly. Garen focused on it mentally before quickly discovering that an unending stream of various faint split marks had appeared throughout the inside of the Enneahedron.

As the cracks increased, Garen gradually sensed that faint changes were slowly surging upwards from the lowest root level of life. It rushed towards his head steadily after flowing throughout his entire body.

Deception Demon Master glanced at him and smiled but remained silent.

“He’s started evolving. Since the Enneahedron apparently needed to accumulate for such a long time before it could erupt, it looks like his body’s evolution needs even more sources,” said another Void parasitic body powerhouse quietly.

“That’s normal. I’ve never seen the Snakeback White Dragon branch of the White Dragon Race before,” giggled another female Demon charmingly.

More changes occurred throughout Garen’s body as the Enneahedron collapsed.

He regained his initial gigantic physique suddenly and broke the chair instantly. He was about to soar into the sky but Deception Demon Master waved her hand gently before he returned to his previous state immediately.

From an outsider’s view, Garen was still sitting on the chair and speaking to his subordinates happily. However, Garen’s body was already flying in the sky in reality. Large, contoured pieces of muscle appeared throughout his entire body while layers of molted skin began to show up on his skin as well.

Hiss!!

Garen raised his head and roared suddenly. There was a tearing noise before two pairs of fleshy wings that resembled cicada’s wings appeared on his back suddenly. His original dragon wings shrunk gradually and turned into slender fleshy wings that were exactly like the two other pairs. All three pairs of these body parts that totaled into six wings flapped on Garen’s back slowly. These wings did not have scales on the surface and were fully dripping in blood from top to bottom. They looked like wings after they were flayed as damp mucus flowed across their surface.

Shh!

Suddenly, a seemingly infinite and countless amount of densely-packed light green eyes burst open on Garen's six wings instantly. These little eyes resembled fully-formed blisters that blinked on his wings slowly and looked on with purely evil and greedy gazes.

Hiss!!!

Garen lifted his slender snakelike neck and released an ear-piercing, sharp whistle fiercely.

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He finally discovered the true function of the Enneahedron now.

It was used to accumulate killing energy to allow one's body to fully evolve and advance to a higher grade from its foundation after that.

The White Dragon's initial evolved level was clearly unlike Garen's own as it would gradually develop by enlarging their physique and hardening their skin. On the contrary, perhaps it was due to Garen's own exercises or because of certain factors that caused his evolution to fully break away from the initial and normal domain.

He currently had three pairs of wings on his back that flapped slowly and were completely covered in numerous light green eyes. Meanwhile, the numerous poisonous and unimaginably fierce snakes that were initially on his back had currently crowded together closely and were releasing soft hissing noises continuously.

Meanwhile, both of his eyes on the front of his body had enlarged while two slightly smaller eyeballs had apparently grown in the middle of his original ones. It seemed like they were embedded in the center of his pupils. These two smaller eyeballs could even turn and blink on their own in an unimaginably strange manner.

Garen's entire body felt warm and incomparably comfortable.

Once the evolution was fully completed, Garen glanced at his current state. He saw that various major changes had occurred indeed. It would have been fine if the Enneahedron's functions did not react at all as the changes that occurred the moment it activated were truly terrifying.

'Garen— Strength 210, Agility 210, Vitality 210, Intelligence 210. Potential 2829%. Soul Limit 210.

Seven Soul Rings: Five Colorless, Red, Orange.

Level 10 Draconic Aura. Level 9 Arcane Arts.' 10 Potential Points in one month. 10 Potential Points to upgrade one attribute.

Void Original Opus— 70%. Hind Legs— Evil Soldier, Wings— Seven Lives, Tail— Demonic Book.

Comprehensive evaluation— Level Twelve. Title— Winter Sigh.

These were still considered normal but there were tremendous changes in the sections below.

Core abilities—

Poisonous Eye (Energy Draining Spell effect): Level Fifteen.

Natural Poison Region: Those with Vitalities below 50 will automatically fall into a comatose state and lose their lives while there is a probability that those with Vitalities below 100 will appear weaker (and be demoted by 1 to 4 levels), but those with Vitalities above 130 will be immune to the effects.

Spiritual Poison: There is a certain probability that psychological disorders, weakened curses, amplified negative emotions, and other unfavorable effects will appear in beings that are below Level Fifteen after they are watched attentively by Garen's Eye of Evil. Positive energy cannot get rid of this but those with Intelligence levels of 100 and above will be automatically immune to these effects.

These were the special abilities that he had obtained. They were simply normal skills that could be activated without needing to consume energy. Thus, they were as easy as eating and drinking to Garen. The Natural Poison Region was basically a toxic Energy Field that was naturally released by his body. It was equivalent to the biological fields that radiated out of human bodies naturally. As long as he was alive, it would release itself endlessly.

Meanwhile, the Spiritual Poison came on its own. Unless Garen suppressed it willingly, any beings that looked at him face to face would not be exempted from receiving the Spiritual Poison's appraisal.

On the contrary, the other one was truly a great surprise to Garen.

'Talent of a member of the Dragon Race that has evolved to the Ultimate State— Dragon's Heart.'

When this ability appeared abruptly, Garen had yet to understand its functions clearly. However, the explanation that appeared after his gaze fell on the top immediately improved his mood tremendously at once.

'Dragon's Heart: An evolved ability that naturally appears when an Ultimate State member of the Dragon Race evolves to the peak level. It can only be used once. Those in the Ultimate State can choose to use the Dragon's Heart to increase one of their body's abilities such as Vitality, Strength, Speed, or effects of Innate Spells. (Increment effect + 2 Level)'

"An upgrade of two levels... Tch tch." Garen naturally understood that the two levels that were being referred to here were not as simple as adding two points to his attributes.

If these two levels were differentiated according to the laws of this world instead, that would be terrifying...

His current comprehensive abilities were around Level Fifteen but these were upgraded by relying on his strongest ability, the Poisonous Eye. The Poisonous Eye could be extremely threatening towards Level Fifteen beings and could even affect them by decreasing their levels. This was the factor which had truly allowed Garen's comprehensive evaluation to reach Level Fifteen.

He was clearly aware that his powers would only peak at Level Twelve or Thirteen if he did not have this Natural Ability.

In comparison to the upgrades of the Dragon's Heart, the other minor increments towards his average attributes and Soul Limit were insignificant.

Garen did not hesitate at all and immediately drew the faint warm currents of the Dragon's Heart that was entrenched in his own heart towards the position of his two eyes directly.

Several changes appeared throughout the abilities of both of his eyes quickly.

It changed into a new state immediately from 'Poisonous Eye (Energy Draining Spell effect): Level Fifteen'.

'Death Glare (Energy Draining effect): Terrifying poisonous attacks that are slightly bound by laws. It disregards levels but those with 2 or more Divine Personas are immune to the effects.'

"Divine Personas, huh?" Garen knew that the Great Arcanists in this world used Divine Souls to differentiate between levels. There was feeble Divine Power, weak Divine Power, average Divine Power, powerful Divine Power, and supernatural Divine Power. These five stages used minute Divine Persona digits respectively to differentiate them into ranges.

"According to the information in Ann's book, weak Divine Power requires at least 10 Divine Persona or more while feeble Divine Power only needs 10 of that or below, which refers to the range of anything above 0. In other words, my Innate Core Spell is already sufficient to threaten Gods with feeble Divine Power?"

Garen had a vague idea in his mind.

Demigods did not have Divine Personas but only had Divinity instead. They had to complete their Divinity to form a Divine Domain before they could accumulate a large amount of Worship Power and ignite the Sacred Fire. Only then could they truly fuse their Divinity, Divine Domain, and Divine Power with their own bodies as one to form Divine Personas. They would only truly be considered as Gods then.

Thus, Garen had already obtained powerful abilities that could threaten Demigods now.

Once his evolution was complete, Garen shrunk his body and descended slowly.

It appeared that the gazes of Deception Demon Master and Garen's two other Demigod subordinates had become exceptionally sensitive at this moment. Initially, Garen could not sense the powerful extents of these three individuals but now that his strength was upgraded to its limit, he could really sense the exact details of the trio's powers. He met the trio's gazes before instantly feeling that his scales and skin were scorching hot and aching as if they were being pierced by needles and sliced by knives.

"Your Excellency, thanks to you, I've finished evolving successfully," Garen respectfully thanked Deception Demon Master for her protection. If it was not for her, his exact identity would probably have been fully exposed instantly.

Revealing all of one's powers in the Abyss was an extremely and undeniably stupid thing to do.

"The Enneahedron can help evolve and upgrade the essence of living creatures. From the looks of it, the various genes and Soul Imprints that you accumulated from the very beginning are very complicated. Their current state has been influenced by your soul and your body's breakthroughs to a certain degree. Moreover, have you still been analyzing Divinity recently? It should probably be related to the poisonous or corrosive types."

Deception Demon Master could see through Garen's current state with one look.

"Your Excellency's insight is very perceptive," Garen admitted calmly.

"Your powers are currently already equivalent to a Demigod's," said the Demigod Kunder softly.

Garen's eyebrows knitted together briefly before he said, "But I haven't analyzed Divinity completely yet?"

"But your essence has already been affected by Divinity..." Kunder was the Demigod who had protected Deception Demon Master in the very beginning and was also Proof of Deception's Chief Leader. "Otherwise, you wouldn't have transformed into this state."

Garen was suddenly speechless. He lowered his head and looked at his own body.

Indeed, the effects of Divinity had silently seeped into every cell of his body already. From the moment when his Poisonous Eye was strengthened, it seemed as though there was a consciousness in his body that developed in the direction towards corrosion and poison.

“Your eye makes me feel threatened. Once you finish analyzing Divinity successfully and fuse it into your body completely, that’ll be the time when you become a Demigod,” explained Kunder.

These people were extremely friendly towards Garen because he had initially helped them shield Deception Demon Master.

“Do you still remember the method that I told you about previously?” Deception Demon Master smiled suddenly.

“I remember.” A faint glimmer flashed across Garen’s eyes.

Deception Demon Master had previously mentioned a way for him to absorb a large number of Fragments of the Inspired Soul during battle so that he could upgrade his Soul Ring.

“Despite being a Deputy Commander, it’s simply embarrassing that you actually only have one Semi-Divine Weapon. I’m giving you this.” Deception Demon Master threw over a jet-black ring that was engraved with countless decorative patterns.

“I’m leaving immediately after this war. This is a reward for that period of time when you protected me,” said Deception Demon Master quietly.

Garen could feel that this black ring contained powerful distorted energy the moment he touched it.

“Divine Weapon!” He could not stop himself from making a noise.

“You may face tremendous trouble once I’m gone so I’d suggest that you shift to another place immediately and leave the Abyss,” advised Deception Demon Master. “I’ve recently encountered

numerous fellows that possess great powers in our surroundings. From the looks of it, they came from the Dragons of Disaster that were chasing you from behind. Thus, you should be careful.”

“Is it Ann?” Garen narrowed his eyes. “I understand.” His opponent would clearly be at the God Level at least if Deception Demon Master thought that they had great power. If they were not the Gods of Heavenly Mountain, they would be the Evil Gods from the Abyss itself that were living in other levels instead. However, he did not know why they were troubling Ann.

“Alright, go then. This ring can absorb the resentment, hatred, and other negative energy of the souls within a distance of over ten thousand kilometers around you. It will also transform these things into the purest Soul Fragments simultaneously. You can find the fragments that you require from it. However, it’s slightly troublesome in the end. I seized this thing from the hands of God of Death. Although I’ve changed its appearance slightly, it’s best if you conceal it somewhat when you use it. Don’t let anyone discover your specific location.”

“Understood.” Garen nodded gravely.

Boom!!!

Suddenly, a gigantic shroud of smoke exploded in the faraway sky where the victory and defeat had finally been determined in the battle between the two Head Commanders.

The Fortress Master of Wanku Fortress suffered a painful pounding against the side of his waist by the blue Warhammer Divine Weapon. He raised his head and yelled before swinging his double sword madly towards his opponent and attempting to slice him. However, the Divine Weapon’s tremendous vibration caused him to drop his own weapon immediately.

Hell Army’s Commander sneered fiercely before numerous cold Hell Chills extended towards the Demons’ bodies madly as if they were living creatures.

“If I wasn’t being held back by two other Deputy Commanders, would you really still assume that you were my opponent?” he guffawed loudly in his Hell Language.

“No!!!” Wanku Fortress Master’s entire body exploded violently.

A gigantic terrifying red cloud that extended throughout several kilometers exploded before a delicate Demon Core shot in the direction of Garen's group.

A popping noise could be heard when Garen caught the Demon Core precisely. He could feel the frightening soul and fiery abilities that were surging inside. It was really Wanku Fortress Master's Origin Demon Core.

"Keep it." Deception Demon Master seemed unconcerned. "Moving on, if you want to continue upgrading your Soul Ring through the most primitive route of accumulating True Souls, you won't need a huge amount of Inspired Fragments. Perhaps you'll improve faster when you've just started but your speed will decrease after that. Meanwhile, another method of this world allows you to thread on the path of condensing your Divine Persona. Recruiting followers will be an extremely slow process in the beginning but will become faster later, especially in a chaotic time period like this when all life forms desire more peaceful lives. It's most suitable for recruiting disciples."

"Understood..." Garen nodded. It appeared that the Commander of the Hell Army was one of Deception Demon Master's people as well. It was no wonder she was so certain.

In the dark, he could sense that more of the Power of Abyss seemed to be converging in his body. His body had also started to receive subtle increments throughout his characteristics.

The Will of the Abyss was clearly proceeding by instinctually rewarding them for their chaotic essence.

Aside from slaughtering his enemies, he had even turned around and gotten rid of a Fortress Master who was actually an ally of his side. These chaotic actions had increased the Abyss' admiration.

Garen immediately felt that the Power of Abyss in his surroundings had increased by a few times instantly.