

# Mystical 1351

## Chapter 1351: Entrust 1

He did not refuse the Power of Abyss at all but absorbed it fully into his body instead. Since he had already spent so many years in the Abyss, his body had been corroded by the Abyss long ago until it possessed the Vitality of an Abyss Creature. Thus, the Power of Abyss was undeniably the greatest tonic for him.

Garen sniffed lightly and noticed that the smell of sulfur in the air around him had seemed to become much more intense.

The battlefield became clearer. The Demons had retreated once again in defeat. Without the support of their leader, the effectiveness of the high-ranking Professionals massacre was even greater than the cannon balls of earth.

Nonetheless, the Corpse Witches' Exploding Corpse Spells could cause the deaths of more than ten people each time.

Garen looked over from afar and saw that a seemingly countless amount of densely-packed light green Exploding Corpses were centralized on the battlefield and were bursting forth in a completely soundless manner. There were only light green shrouds of smoke that were permeating outwards and dispersing slowly.

A feeling stirred in his heart suddenly before he noticed that Deception Demon Master and the others had disappeared completely at an unknown moment when he turned his head to look.

"They've left, huh?" Garen exhaled.

They had left while Ann's enemies had found him. It looked like it was necessary for him to find Ann and talk to her now. He could not resist her enemies on his own in the Abyss.

Without a single trace of hesitation, Garen raised his hand and snapped his fingers before a shroud of black smoke that was shaped like a dragon shot out. The black smoke soared into the sky and burst into a gigantic and complicated-looking flower in the air.

Bang!

The flowers released a dull exploding noise that echoed throughout the entire battlefield.

All of the Demons and mercenaries that belonged to Vengeance Fortress retreated suddenly one after another. There were only a few maniacs that continued slaughtering and stabbing insanely because they were blinded by bloodlust and their brains were dominated by the Will of the Abyss.

Large crowds of Demons withdrew rapidly while Battleships, Succubi, Little Demons, and Elder Demons in the sky gradually gathered together in the direction of the base camp in an orderly manner.

"I can't stay in the Abyss any longer..." Garen looked at his numerous Demon subordinates before him and knew that he did not have much time left in the Abyss.

"The real battlefields are the Primary Plane, Astral Space, and the Heavens. This is not the first battlefield that is vital for us to invade..."

He glanced at the black ring on his hand that had already become slightly translucent without him knowing. These were the traces that were left behind after the Divine Weapon had finished silently absorbing the Soul Fragments in its surroundings.

Garen turned around and did not even turn his head before he walked towards the direction that he came from.

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Meanwhile, when Wanku Fortresses was breached by the Devils, Kratos led a group of Demons out and fled through the side door.

“Damn! This damned Garen should be executed and burned at the stake! He actually dared and was apparently brave enough to attack the encampment of another fortress that was part of the same alliance as himself!! Is he mad? Does he not want to get along with the rest of the Abyss or what?!!” Kratos cursed exasperatedly.

However, the expression on his face stiffened immediately.

Two imposing Half Elves with white cloaks draped over their bodies were currently in front of him and blocking his escape path.

“Lord Garen has been waiting for you for a long time, Kratos.” One of the Half Elves was playing with a short dagger that was glimmering with a dim light in his hand. The dagger resembled a fan that was spinning at high-speed while constantly flashing extremely difficult and magnificent slicing patterns.

“Get rid of them!” Kratos roared. His body enlarged suddenly from its shrunken state before he soared into the sky and shot himself into the distance to escape.

However, his subordinate Demons were smart enough to raise their hands and surrender.

They were merely Demons and were not any kind of loyal Slayers. None of them were willing to sacrifice their lives for a person who was doomed to die.

“Cherlyn.” The leading male Half Elf glanced at his companion.

The other one shook her head and took one step forward before taking down the longbow on her back.

She placed the arrow on the bow and pulled the bowstring.

Shh...

The bowstring tightened tautly immediately. It formed a full moon shape before delicate rings of green brilliant ripples were released from the body of the bow.

Hiss!

The arrow disappeared on the longbow instantly before collapsed in the faraway sky and fell downwards right at the sound of it as if it happened simultaneously.

“Let’s go. Take him back.” A look of admiration appeared on the male Half Elf’s face. “You’re becoming more proficient in Soul Intimidation.”

“I have a premonition that the refining in the Abyss this time is about to reach its goal already...” Cherlyn replied quietly.

“Are you going to break through already? Tch tch, you’re worthy of being a first-rate prodigy of the clan. You’re about to enter my realm within a short span of merely two hundred years... Level Thirteen...” The male Half Elf shook his head. “I don’t have anything good to say or to teach you anymore.”

Both of them led a crowd of surrendered Demons and walked towards the fallen Kratos immediately.

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Main Substance Plane

Northlands, Ten Thousand Woodlands.

Seemingly countless amounts of various wild animals and natural creatures were hidden all year long in the vast sea of trees in the woods that was located on the left side of Fiery Blaze Mountain Range. These gigantic woods that stretched over a continuous span of over ten thousand kilometers also concealed Half Elves, dwarfs, Dog-Headed Humans, Werewolves, and various other major tribes and races.

When the world’s first ray of sunlight streamed into the woods at daybreak, a gigantic tower that seemed to appear out of thin air was reflected there.

Sunlight cascaded on one side of the tower and reflected blue-gold shades off its blue material. Meanwhile, the other side looked peaceful and tranquil in the shadow of the sunlight.

It seemed that this tower had been standing upright in these woods for an unknown period of time.

A little rabbit with red eyes crawled out of its nest before suddenly sensing that something was blocking its daily warm sunlight.

It raised its head and glanced at the shadowy object before it seemed to turn dull abruptly.

The enormous tower before its eyes had clearly not been here yesterday.

It hopped around a few times and circled here and there while attempting to observe the tower from various angles. However, this colossal object did not change at all despite where the rabbit moved.

Chirp!!

The clear cry of an eagle echoed from the sky.

A little black dot flew towards the top of the tower from afar. It was a Roland Shadow Piercer, a legendary and extremely fast eagle species that could kill shadows.

It moved extremely quickly as if it wanted to fly towards the top of the tower and rest there for some time.

However, it seemed like some slight changes had occurred throughout the tower instantly.

A white ice ball that was suspended at the top of the tower was spinning there slowly.

Crack!!

It seemed like a white flash of lightning had streaked across.

The black eagle fell down at the sound of it.

It seemed as though nothing had happened. The tower was peaceful once again while the black eagle had not flown over at all.

The rabbit shivered fearfully before fleeing frantically.

A blurry large arched door appeared slowly at the bottom of the tower. Next, a young handsome white-haired youth walked out of the large door slowly before the same blurry door disappeared behind him instantly.

The youth was dressed in a white robe that seemed plain and simple while he held a short staff that was embedded with blue gemstones in his hand. A white-gold money bag was attached to his waist. From the looks of it, he did not seem much different from those traveling Wizards except that he was more aristocratic than them.

"The air in the Main Substance Plane..." The youth inhaled deeply before an infatuated look appeared on his face. "It's truly fresher than the air in the Abyss..."

This youth was actually Garen who had recently grasped the Ultimate Transformation Spell. Many years had passed since he had arrived in this world and transformed into a dragon's body. This was the first time that he was truly able to change over freely in the presence of any dragons.

After recently achieving Level Nine Arcane Arts, he was immediately able to grasp the spell that he had most desired to comprehend all along. He could perform various activities more freely when he was in his human form. After all, his dragon form was far too eye-catching.

His Wizard Tower had teleported with him and shifted to the Main Substance Plane. A large number of resources needed to be consumed for him to stabilize the space freely but Garen had accumulated a lot of it during these few years. Moreover, Lady Vengeance had also supported him with some strength that

allowed him to be teleported back to the Northlands in the Main Substance Plane from the Abyss that was located at a faraway distance.

“Fiery Blaze Mountain Range, huh? It just so happens that I can go and see Snow City. Although they banished me to the Abyss previously, I received a helping hand from them nonetheless...” Thoughts stirred in Garen’s mind as he reconsidered. “However, White Dragon Mountain has been troublesome so I might as well get rid of them together.”

White Dragon Mountain’s headquarters were located on a certain level in the Abyss. They had received the protection of the Abyssal Demon Dragons race while the Evil Gods were overseeing that place. He did not have the skills to proceed with vengeance temporarily but he still possessed the strength to take revenge on the branches in the Main Substance Plane.

“I don’t know what has happened to the Deladia Empire, White Dragon Mountain, and Snow City after all these years.” Garen did not hear about the situation in the Deladia Empire all this while. Now that he had the strength to protect himself when he returned this time, he was gradually not going to restrain himself anymore.

“It just so happens to be near Ann’s location. It’s time for me to see her as well...”

Garen did not bring any of the Abyss’ troops out with him as Vengeance Fortress was the base camp that he was managing. Andrew was temporarily replacing him in power there while holding the position of Deputy Commander. After all, that place was richly endowed in advantages. Thus, merely abandoning it would not be in line with Garen’s interests.

Since Cold Winter Tower had already become Garen’s Wizard Tower fully, it could be used as an armed vehicle to envelop him when he proceeded with shuttling through the Plane. The energy for that was mainly provided by the Elemental Pond.

Garen scanned his surroundings briefly before walking slowly in the direction of the right side of Fiery Blaze Mountain Range.

Within the woods, all of the creatures and animals along the way were dodging his aura automatically. Garen’s special Draconic Aura would release itself naturally and cause all of the wild creatures to evade his oncoming path unconsciously.

Despite the deceptive cover-up on his body that was specially added by Deception Demon Master which made it appear as if he only possessed a Level Twelve standard, he was still considered as an ultimate powerhouse in these woods because of this high degree.

Garen found it slightly strange at first before he suddenly recalled that this place was not like the Abyss that was filled with powerhouses. He shook his head and laughed in spite of himself suddenly when he remembered that it was the Main Substance Plane.

Garen hastened his speed. He stopped dragging his feet and charged fearlessly in the direction of Fiery Blaze Mountain Range directly.

Along the way, he encountered a few animals that did not dodge in time such as sika deer, little squirrels, spiders that were the size of washbasins, and white bears that were only as small as little chickens.

The strongest one was a gigantic squirrel with a white bone armor that grew over its entire body. This creature looked extremely fierce. Garen was unsure of this creature's level but it was suppressed by his Draconic Aura to the point where it did not even dare to move.

Garen passed through a vast expanse of the woods quickly in less than half an hour before he approached the central region of the entire Ten Thousand Woodlands.

"My clan's station is in front. Stranger, state your intentions for coming here!"

Suddenly, a loud male voice echoed from the front.

Garen's footsteps stopped suddenly before he stood in the middle of the woods firmly.

Two Elves who wore light green leaf wreaths on their heads walked out of the shrubs in front of him slowly. It seemed as though the shrubs had spread open automatically as if it was a living creature to avoid stabbing or wounding the two Elves that looked unusually harmonious.



Garen's gaze scanned across both of the Elves' bodies briefly before he noticed that they were both female Elves. It was a normal phenomenon for there to be more females than males in the Elven race.

"Respected powerhouse, do you have an entry invitation upon coming to our tribe?" one of the Elves asked Garen quietly in a fearful and respectful tone.

They were clearly two interrogators that were sent by the powerhouses of the Elven tribe when they discovered the direction that Garen was traveling in beforehand.

Garen smiled faintly.

"I was just passing through. I had never expected that there would be an Elf tribe here as I was only traveling towards Fiery Blaze Mountain Range."

"Fiery Blaze Mountain Range... Our tribe's headquarters are in front and a powerful boundary was arranged there. How did you charge through directly..." said the other Elf softly while an embarrassed expression appeared on her face.

Garen's nose twitched slightly suddenly before a trace of surprise appeared in his eyes.

"Do you have any connections with the nearby White Dragon Clan?"

"Yes, we have a business relationship with the clan over there. Their Elder often comes to our place here to purchase goods," answered the Elf frantically.

"Is that so..." Garen's expression turned milder. "I was also born there as part of the White Dragon Clan. Please help me notify them. I'm sure that you have a Teleportation Array here, right? Since I've already encountered them, I might as well return for a visit."

"Do you have any proof of your identity?" asked the female Elf who did not lower her guard.

“You just need to go back and inform your Elder that I, Garen, have returned.” Garen was confident that the clan had not forgotten him completely in a short duration of a few decades.

This name was unexpectedly effective.

Within less than half a minute, a group of Advanced Elves that looked like Elites rushed out immediately and invited Garen inside.

The inside of the elven village was filled with houses and buildings that were harmoniously built with vines and enormous trees. There were buildings that were over ten stories tall which were supported by giant trees and also little houses that resembled cages which were solely formed by vines that grew naturally. He could not seem to see any signs of anything that was unnatural when he walked inside.

Garen was led into a remote bamboo house where an enormous old man whose hair and beard were completely light green was already waiting for him there.

## Chapter 1352: Entrust 2

The old man’s body was extremely enormous and he was over five full meters tall. He seemed like a normal old man who was enlarged. He wore a light green long Druid’s robe with the symbols of a golden moon and a silver star on top. He also had a white looped ear of wheat that represented his over Level Ten Great Druid status.

This Druid’s aura was concealed fairly well as Garen could not sense his exact level despite detecting it carefully.

He was at the very least a Level Ten being.

After both of them had sat down facing each other, the old man sized Garen up once before opening his mouth slowly.

“You don’t have to detect it anymore. I’m currently located in the village and all of my strength has fused with the village’s Protection Matrix as one. Thus, I’m the entire Matrix. This Matrix has Level Fifteen peak powers. Although my Spirit Power is insufficient to control such great forces, it can achieve roughly Level Fourteen when I bring it into play.”

He smiled.

“Moreover, are there any mere level differentiations that can clearly describe everything that happens in this world?”

“You have a point.” Garen nodded in admiration. He lifted the cup of dark green tea that was prepared before him and tipped it into his mouth gently before a sweetness and fragrance that resembled honey filled his mouth instantly. It was tinged with the scent of various flowers that made it impossible for people not to relax their bodies completely and be drunk in it.

“This is a rare honey that was made by collecting more than three thousand different types of flowers and pollen. The cup that you drank requires a year to be made,” explained the old Elf. “It just so happened that we could get rid of the intense Abyss aura on your body.”

Garen’s heart trembled.

“You’ve managed to tell.”

Indeed as the other party had said, it was completely impossible to fully distinguish between power levels simply by relying on level partitions. Situations where great reversals occurred at times among opponents with a few levels between them were not nonexistent. After all, forces were merely a form of strength but schemes, strategies, military tactics, pitfalls, and other things were also parts of strength.

“I’ve been good friends with the Third Elder of your clan for many years. Although that fellow is obsessed with ambition and desires to truly become independent and leave White Dragon Mountain so that the White Dragon Clan can develop greatly, your clan has steadily deteriorated these few years, especially after you were banished,” said the Elven Elder quietly.

“Was it due to a type of pressure or an enemy?” asked Garen quietly while raising his eyebrow.

"An enemy." The Elder shook his head. "That's right, you can call me Green Beard."

"You can also simply address me as Garen," said Garen politely.

"Alright, Garen." Green Beard continued speaking, "During the Ten Thousand Dragon War five years ago when the Great Decisive Battle between the Deladia Empire and the Black Elves was ongoing, both sides threw in almost all of their own military forces. Numerous young adults who were in the prime of their lives were also thrown in by the White Dragon Clan naturally. The final outcome was..."

"They were defeated?" Garen furrowed his eyebrows.

"Yes, badly defeated." Green Beard nodded while a hint of melancholy appeared on his face.

"Badly defeated... From what I know, the Empire's forces should greatly surpass that of the Black Elves right?" said Garen in a puzzled manner.

"That's a given. Emperor Gus has achieved up to Level Fifteen critical unnatural powers in more than one lifetime. He also brought the Divine Weapon called Reversed Misfortune Dragon Spear that was basically unstoppable," Green Beard exhaled. "However, an unexpected variable has occurred."

"Variable?"

"Void Crevices. Numerous Void Crevices have surged out from the rear before an abundance of Void Creatures charged out. The Empire's troops were caught in the middle of a converging attack on both sides that resulted in a crushing defeat. One of the powerful creatures was even well-versed in our language. He called himself the Enchanted Hunting Demon Master. He was simply not an opponent that Emperor Gus could challenge. During the Ten Thousand Dragon War, he captured numerous members of the dragon race that had taken part in the war and slaughtered, devoured, and even enslaved them. Although it is unknown why he let off the part of the White Dragon Clan, the White Dragons fought fatally against the Black Elves because of the previous Ten Thousand Dragon War and suffered terrible casualties."

“Demon Master?” Garen laughed bitterly. He had never expected that the White Dragon would be let off after he ran around in circles and returned to his own world. It appeared that this Enchanted Hunting Demon Master was aware of some inside information. Perhaps it was because he knew Deception Demon Master or that Garen’s Therapist reputation had spread far and wide. There could be other reasons behind this but in short, the other party had given him some face.

“It looks like you know some things.” Green Beard could keenly notice Garen’s differences.

“It’s fine. It would be better for me to return personally for a visit and witness it with my own eyes.” Garen stood up.

“That’s good as well. My Teleportation Array here leads directly to your clan. It’ll be good for you to return for a visit and ask them questions personally. Actually...” Green Beard was about to speak but he hesitated and did not open his mouth in the end.

Garen glanced at him.

“Thank you very much.”

“Don’t mention it. I hope that you can unify the current clan properly.” Green Beard shook his head.

Garen left the bamboo house and walked in the direction of the Teleportation Array while being led there by a male Elf.

Along the way, there were numerous Elves around him that ran over to look at him. There were old and young men and women who watched him with friendly gazes. It appeared that the White Dragon Clan had previously left a pretty good impression on them.

Garen had even encountered a little group of human adventurers who were invited inside to drink tea. These people were strictly monitored as if they were prisoners. When they saw that Garen was receiving special treatment that was worlds apart from their own, this group of people clearly thought that it was unfair.

Garen stood on the Teleportation Array before a hazy layer of green light flashed and covered every part of his entire body.

The vast stretch of green flowed before his eyes before the green shades dispersed after sustaining for a few short seconds. A pure white ice wall now appeared before his eyes. He was currently located inside a crevasse that was not very big while an Elder White Dragon that seemed crippled was guarding it on the side. He opened his dragon eyes that were dim-sighted from old age and looked at Garen carefully.

“You are?” Since only the creatures that were approved by the Elven Elder could arrive here through the Teleportation Array, he did not display any malicious intentions.

“The clan has already reached this extent?” Garen did not answer his question but looked at him in a stunned manner instead.

They had actually sent a crippled Elder White Dragon to guard such an important Teleportation Array.

He released a hint of Draconic Aura lightly before that specialized Draconic Aura made the Elder White Dragon’s entire body tremble suddenly.

“I’m Garen.”

Garen’s voice echoed slowly.

The Elder White Dragon had yet to react before he saw Garen disappear instantly. Only a fragmented shadow that vanished slowly remained on the original spot.

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The whooshing sound of wind swept past the side of Garen’s ear and reverberated there.

He had transformed into his dragon body already and was looking down at the original White Dragon Clan below him. Numerous weak White Dragons had formed patrol groups that were flying around the

snowy peaks while the Dragon Whelps were currently wailing while being trained by their instructors in the middle of the snowy peak.

Several slightly muscular Adult Dragons were about to fly out now. When it seemed as though they had noticed this White Dragon that they had never seen before, they turned around and flew towards him immediately.

“You are...” One White Dragon could vaguely see a blurry but familiar appearance.

“Garen??!!” he yelled suddenly. “You’re Garen?!!”

His voice reverberated throughout the entire White Dragon Snow Peak suddenly before numerous drawn-out echoes surged out.

White Dragon Snow Peak was completely silent at first before it flared up instantly soon after that. A mere duration of a few short decades was not a long time to the White Dragons. Hence, it seemed as though Garen had only left for a short while.

Numerous White Dragons that were still here flew out one after another before encircling Garen’s body in the air.

While he was suspended in mid-air, only ten Adult White Dragons remained among the White Dragons that were circling around him while the rest were all Elder Dragons and Dragon Whelps. Moreover, these Adult Dragons had only recently matured not long ago.

The entire clan had truly weakened to this extent.

“Garen, you’ve finally returned! There’s hope for the clan now!”

“You’re the clan’s last hope! The Elders, all the Elders have...” wept one of the Young Dragons softly who was a Dragon Whelp previously.

After all, the Dragons who had grown up in the clan were still very sentimental towards the clan.

Meanwhile, most of the Adult White Dragons who had formed at the last moment had already died in battle.

Garen scanned his surroundings but did not see many familiar faces unexpectedly.

“Where are Satwo, Sathree, and Safour?” he asked quietly.

“Big Brother Garen!”

Several Dragon Whelps flew over while the surrounding White Dragon left some space for them. It was really Satwo and the others.

They had grown bigger and looked more mature. Perhaps they would become Young Dragons after more time had passed.

“You’ve finally returned.” A feeble voice echoed out of the exterior of the dragon herd suddenly.

The White Dragons become silent suddenly and made way for a passage.

An Elder Dragon whose entire body was wrinkled because of age flew inside slowly.

Although he was so old, Garen was still able to vaguely recognize his identity.

“Third Elder...” He had never thought that this Level Nine powerhouse would age like this within a short span of twenty to thirty years. He could see that Third Elder was not far from death anymore... His lifespan was almost exhausted and he was already walking towards the end.

Third Elder was still holding Tiamat’s staff in his hands. It represented the dignity of the Gods but it was currently dim and lusterless now.



"It's good that you've returned..." Third Elder looked at Garen. He used his gaze to entrust something complicated to him but there was also a deep gladness tinged there.

"My only aspiration, dream, and desire was to establish a clan where White Dragons could live peacefully... They objected in the beginning and imprisoned me but now that my energy is almost exhausted, it's unfortunate that I may not be able to see this dream anymore..." said Third Elder in a quivering voice. "Since Reyman has defected, our only hope is you..."

He reached his claw out and passed the staff to Garen.

"I was waiting for you all along... The prophecy told me that you would surely return."

Garen did not take the staff but stared at Third Elder instead. He had already started to release a deathly aura from his soul now. That was the disastrous effect that was caused by exhausting his soul excessively. It appeared that he had released a certain type of great energy that was enough to wreck his soul during the previous war.

Despite everything, he actually had a faint feeling when he was previously in the clan that Reyman was perhaps the Child of the General Trends and the center that all fate revolved around.

He would inevitably leave the clan. However, he did not show any intentions of returning even when the clan was so weak.

"Are you... unwilling?" Third Elder laughed bitterly. "That's true, it'll be easy for me once I leave but you'll be forced to take over this awful mess... I'm asking for too much... I..."

"I'm declining the Divine Staff only to represent that I'm not accepting Tiamat's faith," said Garen in a low voice.

He reached his hand out suddenly and grabbed the staff.

Pop!

He squeezed the crystal ball on the top of the staff that represented Tiamat and crushed it.

"I am me and Tiamat is Tiamat." Garen glanced at Third Elder's shocked expression and the surrounding crowd of White Dragons that were absolutely silent.

Garen lifted the staff suddenly within the White Dragon Clan that had nowhere to go at this moment.

"From this day onwards, I'm the Leader of the clan. Does anyone have any objections?"

No one made any noise. The White Dragons who were slightly stronger had left and abandoned this clan already.

The sound of the snowstorm was the only thing that could be heard at this time.

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In the underground part of a certain abandoned church in the center of a faraway empire at the same time.

A deep black silhouette burrowed out from underground and seeped into Reyman's mouth, eyes, ears, and nose slowly.

Reyman's dragon body shook violently while contorted, pained, and resigned looks flashed across his eyes. Nonetheless, he persevered determinedly from beginning to the end.

"Only by complying with the ancient will... can your final wish come true..." Numerous noises narrated in his mind in various languages.

Reyman's dragon body was currently turning black quickly at a speed that could be seen with the naked eye. It was not the black shade of Black Dragons but another kind of black that did not have a single trace of luster.

The fate of the world gradually induced different trustees.

Meanwhile, several black figures were madly invading the bodies of various beings in more than ten other places.

Similarly, several True Soul Demon Masters were stepping out gradually in various Void Crevices in the world before invisible and transparent Forces of Cause and Effect entangled and gathered around their bodies slowly.

#### Chapter 1353: Reunion 1

Reyman's eyes lost both of its pupils, leaving behind two distant eyes looking like black holes.

A chaotic aura of rage, scheming and bloodlust burst from his body.

In this small underground space, countless blurry spots of black light suddenly appeared, rotating around him like flying insects.

"I... I'm Reyman... Reyman...!!" The White Dragon struggled, trying to bellow out loud.

However, the blurry and distorted silhouette within his consciousness started laughing maniacally.

"No... I am Nimitras... The Child of Hell... Hahaha!!!" Another low voice suddenly burst out from his mouth.

Reyman's entire dragon body started to exude a strong and evil red halo. His body suddenly expanded a lot as black whips and ropes slowly emerged behind him. These long strip-like items kept fading in and out of existence, almost as if they were snakes weaving and climbing around, burrowing into the darkness, and coming out of the shadows.

“Let’s go, let us punish those invaders of the Void...” Reyman seemed to have finally calmed down, grinning with a sly smile.

Rip.

He tore open a black crevice directly in front of him, revealing a scene from the Shadow Plane. The grayish plane had many Shadow Creatures and alien creatures fighting with each other.

The portal that Reyman opened seemed to coincidentally be in the center of a small battlefield.

He rushed in without any hesitation. Very quickly, screams of pain and sufferings could be heard.

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It has been five days since he returned to the clan.

Garen was perched atop the new Dragon King Peak. This snowy peak was officially named by him to be Dragon King Peak, blatantly implying that he has no intention of giving in to the White Dragon Mountain.

Garen reviewed the whole situation with the White Dragon Clan.

Fifteen Mature Dragons, more than eighty Dragon Whelps, and more than twenty Elder Dragons, whereas all the Young Dragons fell in battle. Only a handful of them who were living abroad under a Symbiotic Contract managed to survive.

This was the current situation of the clan. As for the Third Elder and the other higher-ups, almost all of them had already exhausted their Life Soul. They had completely used up all they had after transferring all their powers to Garen, naturally dying in their own caves.

The Deladia Empire had already lost. The once glorious and powerful empire had rapidly fallen as Emperor Gus went missing in action in the Ten Thousand Dragon War.

Even the chances of their own survival had come into question, they could not spare any effort taking care of this weak White Dragon Clan.

Snow City had also lost two of their council powerhouses. The remaining wizards also incurred fatal injuries. In this destructive war, the biggest winners were no doubt the Void Creatures. No matter the Black Elf Empire or the Deladia Empire, they had both suffered an unprecedented amount of losses.

Garen did not make any extra arrangements. The clan's food supply was already running out, he had to transport some of the food over from the Cold Winter Tower. The Cold Winter Tower had food reserves sufficient for the clan to survive for more than ten years, all stored in the space equipment's vacuum.

Garen initially planned to use the ration in dire situations as emergencies, such as if the Wizard Tower got trapped in a space storm. Little did he expect that he would have to use it now.

No matter what, the Clan did help him back then when he was still weak and small.

Swiftly, he gathered all the White Dragons who could still participate in combat. The Void Original Opus had once again gotten new upgrades. Using the Despair Skull and the Death Bracelet, he absorbed potential aura and souls to further upgrade the Original Opus.

The key to it all, the strongest epitome of all Secret Techniques, had finally returned to him.

Hellfrost Peacock Queen!

It was Garen's strongest state back when he was in the Mech World.

He had already reached an even stronger degree than the original Hellfrost Peacock Queen.

Furthermore, with the Void Original Opus fully upgraded to 100%, this absurdly strong Secret Technique had finally returned to its original power.

Disregarding the series of frost abilities it gave, the Hellfrost Peacock Queen's Low-Temperature Winter ability had a lot of overlaps with the White Dragon's traits, so its power was near equal. Thus, it did not increase Garen's power by a lot, it at most added the Cold Chaos skill, allowing him to cause mental confusion.

However, the Hellfrost Peacock Queen's most important ability was the key factor for Garen's strength.

Distorted Seed!

Distorted Seed 5 (Creating chaos was one of the Hellfrost Peacock Queen's favorite past times. Stat increment raised to 12 times. Aberrations produced a pollution effect, objects that are polluted will automatically aberrate into a next-level distorted object, its stats increasing by 12 times. If the increment reached the upper limit, it would automatically stop.)

This was the key effect Garen would be relying on.

Garen managed to collect a large amount of food and Demon Cores without a hitch. Directly using the Hellfrost Peacock Queen's Devourer ability, he condensed all of it into tiny Distorted Seeds, planting them on the fifteen White Dragons over here.

The effect of the Distorted Seeds had a huge effect on the humans, but that was because a human's body foundations were too weak. For the White Dragons who were from the Dragon Clan, their actual foundation was very strong, the strengthening effect most likely would not be able to reach a 12-times multiplier.

This was not out of Garen's calculations, the White Dragons' with the seeds planted on them had only doubled their overall attributes. However, just with that, it was already absurdly terrifying.

An average mature White Dragon's attributes would usually range between forty points to thirty points and were classified as a Level Six Creature, However, after the seed was planted, their attributes just skyrocketed, reaching sixty to eighty points.

At the end of the day, the strengthening of the Distorted Seed also had its limit. Otherwise, if it could strengthen beings like deities by over 12 times, then they would be able to easily increase a level of their Divine Persona.

The upper limit of the Distorted Seed used the Hellfrost Peacock Queen as a benchmark, the upper limit of the Hellfrost Peacock Queen's strongest physical body would be equivalent to the maximum point the Distorted Seed's Strengthening could reach. Furthermore, this type of pure strengthening was also limited by the restraints of certain rules. A White Dragon's blood vessels cannot be upgraded too much before its body evolved, otherwise, their body might not be able to withstand the burden.

That said, however, these fifteen White Dragons were already upgraded to Level Nine creatures. With the entire clan in mind, this was already absurd.

They went from Level Six to Level Nine in just one day.

Garen's prestige shot up instantly.

There were now fifteen Level Nine White Dragons patrolling the area. Although they were mostly melee-type warriors, with Garen's personal Arcane Art Protection, Dimensional Confinement and other measures, no matter if it's a teleportation spell, projection spell, or even a real-life attack, nothing could bother him.

In addition, he was trying his best to use the Divine Weapon of Absorption, the Death Bracelet to absorb the shards of souls.

On the battlefield, there were too many shards that he managed to collect. Even if Garen had the willpower of his mind to help, he could only slowly digest all of it.

However, this peaceful life could not be maintained much longer. In such a chaotic era, Garen still made time to visit the Fiery Blaze Mountain Range. He had to meet Ann one more time.

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At the bottom of a dark abyss

An average-sized White Dragon slowly headed to the bottom of the abyss. His movements slow but sharp. He was completely surrounded by countless, smoky black, human-faces in the abyss, all rotating around him, but none dared to approach him. It was almost as if this dragon's body had something that they had feared.

It had been a long time since he was last at this place. But because the necklace that Ann gave him had been destroyed, Garen spent a lot of effort to find that weird snow typhoon and to once again return to this place.

As he nosedived into complete darkness, Garen could soon see a blurry seal at the bottom of the abyss.

Ann was seated at the side of the light ball seal, conversing with a creature completely engulfed in flames.

As if sensing Garen's, the flame creature looked up at him.

A chill went down Garen's spine. He felt tremendous stress with just a gaze from the creature.

"Demigod?" He guessed in his head.

"Garen, come down here," Ann turned her head and waved at Garen.

Suddenly, a huge distorted space enveloped Garen, then immediately teleporting him to Ann's side and the flame creature.

Ann was still very beautiful. Her black skirt seemed to have a lot of new patterns, he was not sure if it was her old one or did she get a new one. It was still mysterious and flawless.



“He’s the Demigod Lich Gawain. The two of you had some misunderstandings in the past, but it’s still not too late to bury the hatchet,” Ann said briefly.

Demigod Lich?!

Garen immediately became cautious of this fellow. Even an average Lich was troublesome enough to deal with, if you could not find their Phylacteries, they could never be killed.

To make things worse, this was a Demigod Lich. That means that this fellow could easily summon a million-strong undead army at any moment. These types of fearsome fellows were existences that could eradicate an entire nation with a flick of a finger.

Looks like the Void invasion had even caused all the powerhouses in hiding all over the world to come out and take action.

Suddenly a thought crossed his mind. Garen gave a friendly smile to the Lich and turned into his human form.

“His Highness Garen and my student had a scuffle previously due to a misunderstanding. However, since Ann came forward as a mediator between us, I hope we can let bygones be by bygones and create a friendly relationship.” The Lich’s body was still engulfed in flames, his attitude towards Garen seemed very friendly.

“Your student?” Garen said with a slightly confused look.

“Yes, he was living in seclusion back at the Fiery Blaze Mountain Range and had a few Suffering Knights as his underlings,” the Demigod Lich Gawain answered softly.

“Oh, it was him!” Garen suddenly remembered. The Suffering Knights that Garen killed at the beginning was the underling of this fellow’s student.

Seemed like this fellow was convinced by his student to take revenge personally. But after barging in and noticing that Ann was a powerful existence with a Middle-Level Divine Soul, he naturally decided to obediently make peace with Garen.

"A few years ago, I have officially pledged my loyalty to Her Excellency Ann, so I'm on the same side as you now." The Demigod Lich laughed as he answered. Through the flames, Garen could vaguely make out the appearance of a handsome young man.

"Garen, the timing of your return is perfect. I'm going to need you to help me send a letter." Ann said softly by the side.

"What letter?"

"How many Demon Lords and True Souls are you able to contact?" Ann bluntly revealed Garen's background without hesitation.

However, Garen was already at the stage where he did not mind. As long as Ann was still around, he would not have to be afraid of any of the remaining Gods looking for him.

He thought for a while.

"I should be able to contact the three Demon Lords nearby."

"Alright. I need to settle some slightly troublesome stuff, so the more helpers I can get the better. Of course, you can also participate. I see that your body has been through some sort of unknown change, maybe that might be of help to me," Ann said solemnly. "You can tell those Demon Lords and True Souls that I'm willing to pay them any reward they deem appropriate, as long as they help me with one task."

"What task? Count me in if you need my help," Garen answered seriously. What type of task would require Demon Lord and True Soul Level participants? Demon Lords were already Divine Soul Level, it's only the difference in strength.

Ann smiled gently. She knew that she was right about Garen back then. For an existence with this type of personality, she was right when she decided to help him back then. To an existence like Garen, as long as someone helped him in the past, he would always remember the gratitude they showed to him. From then on, he would not hesitate when they need his help.

She slowly raised her hands. A blurry black mist suddenly enveloped the three.

“Have you heard of the God of Time and Shadows?”

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Garen’s expression tensed.

The God of Time and Shadow. This fellow was an Ancient God. He was not one of the members of the many Pantheons who currently appeared in the eyes of mortals.

This was an existence who could control time, he was one of the most ancient Divine Souls in existence. Even the oldest Earth Mother could only at most level with him.

He was also the most secretive, rarely showing himself. Even when Miss Shar took over the Shadows, a part of his Divine Domain, he did not express any dissatisfaction, freely allowing his followers and priest to slip away.

“The Grey Shadow Society up north is actually the actual location of his church.” Ann continued, “the main goal of him creating the Shadow Council was actually to find my whereabouts.”

“If that’s the case, the rumor is true?” The Demigod Lich Gawain frowned.

“Yes, even though I’m sealed but they still could not find a way to effectively finish me off. Not even the pulling force of the Astral Space could harm me,” Ann explained calmly. “After so many years, The God of Time and Shadow Flame Elemental Thane has been searching for a way to kill me but to no avail. Five hundred years ago, I found an opportunity to directly strip off this entire sealing ground into the crevice with unlimited plane movement, allowing me to flow through the space tunnel. This would completely make them lose my tracks. After so many years of being sealed, it’s time for some payback...”

Gawain's mouth felt dry. He was engulfed in flames, but he started to feel a slight sense of unease.

"Your goal, it can't be to..."

"Your guess is correct..." Ann smiled slyly. "It's time to take back what's mine... all the Gods now are all in a mess, there's no better time to strike."

Garen shivered, Ann's intentions were clear.

Slaying the Gods!

Slaying Divine Souls with the same Divine Domain as her.

Shadow and Time, Ann's abilities were also in this aspect. Looks like the other Gods had specifically found a specialist Divine Soul to monitor the seal.

The God of Time and Shadow was someone with an Upper-Middle Level Divine Power. Although Ann had Middle-Level Divine Power, the two operated based on different concepts. After all, Ann had been sealed for so many years, she was excessively weak right now, otherwise, she would not have asked for the aid of the Demon Lords and True Souls.

"I'll go back and try to get into contact with even more Demon Lords and True Souls," Garen said after thinking briefly. "Of course, you don't have to worry, I won't just leak this plan out to anyone."

"That's fine," Ann nodded satisfactorily. "Garen, you truly have great potential. Within such a short time, your growth rate is so fast that it had even far surpassed that of the Void Creatures. You already have enough power to threaten a Demigod, maybe in a bit more, I wouldn't even be able to see-through you anymore."

What she meant by see-through was that if Garen truly entered the Demigod Territory and formed his own territory, although Demigods were still far from achieving the Middle-Level Divine Power, they were still beings on the same level. Thus, she would no longer be able to see-through Garen completely with her natural inspection ability.

After hearing this evaluation, the Demigod Lich at the side looked at Garen intently, reevaluating him again. He was initially friendly to Garen because Ann told him to.

Garen did not care much. If Ann wanted to slay the Gods, this was quite frightening news. He was still a long way from reaching the Divine Soul. Being able to threaten a Demigod does not mean that he could threaten the Divine Souls at the Divine Kingdom. An analogy for this would be that you might be able to stab a person in front of you to death with a knife, but it would not be that easy if your target was a country's President, even though a President was still an average human...

"Alright, you can leave first." Ann noticed that Garen looked like he had something to say to her. Hence, she decided to shoo off Gawain for now.

As soon as Gawain's ball of fire teleported away, Garen heaved a long sigh of relief.

He started to talk about his developments in the Abyss and the problems he faced.

Ann listened to his rants attentively.

"An Evil God?" After Garen finished, she pondered for a moment. "I don't have a lot of enemies within the Abyss, but Big Mistress is considered one of them. Looks like she's taking action...well, there's no rush now after I succeed in my plans, I will personally go talk to her..." Her eyes suddenly filled with a sense of bloodlust.

Casting a glance at Garen, she casually asked.

"You're also considered one of my pseudo-disciples. The Divine Weapon on hand is something someone else gave you, right? Don't you need stronger souls? What's the strongest soul you can absorb right now?"

Garen was at first surprised by her words but then felt delighted. According to his calculations, there was no limit on the number of strongest souls he could absorb right now, but if there were no new inspirations, it would not be able to condense the Soul Seeds and Soul Rings, only turning them into backup Potential Points. He currently already had a lot of Potential Points, there was basically no way for

him to use up all of it. What he was lacking right now were Soul Rings that could raise his Soul Limit. No matter if it's condensing True Souls or increasing the attributes, what he lacked was Soul Rings.

"As long as it's not a Demigod, I should be able to absorb it!" Garen answered directly. "However, the best-case scenario would be to absorb the soul of a territorial master with special inspirations. The level of power is not that important."

Excluding Divine Souls, there was no one who could compare to Ann's kill count.

"Master-level souls with special inspirations?" Ann frowned slightly. "I don't have too many of these types of souls, Major Gods, and the other Magic Gods and Evil Gosa all like these kinds of souls. These types of souls are Holy Souls and can be transformed into incarnations of Gods, it's far different from other souls."

She hesitated briefly before waving her hand.

Suddenly, a puff of grey mist appeared in front of Garen.

"These are two souls from masters of construction. They're the only ones I've preserved, the others I had already used as bartering resources."

Garen was in joy. He directly accepted the two souls with his Death Bracelet.

"Thank you, teacher!" He was once again reassured of his relationship with Ann.

Truly, without Ann's help in the beginning, he would have been completely annihilated by the Suffering Knights back when he first set foot here. He also learned countless things from her later on, hence having this sort of relationship with her was nothing much.

Ann also did not reject this sort of relationship. She only casually nodded her head and waved her hand again. Garen immediately disappeared from the bottom of this abyss.

When he reappeared, he was already in the sky of the Fiery Blaze Mountain Range.

“Oh right, I accidentally caught a Void Creature earlier. Her body seemed to somehow have an aura related to you. So, I decided not to eat her. I’ll let you investigate more for now.”

As Garen was preparing to set the transport spell back to the Dragon King Mountain, Ann’s voice suddenly transmitted over.

Without any time for him to react, he saw a black hole appear in the sky. Then, suddenly a small black cage was flung out of the black hole and fell into his hands.

The cage had a few small silhouettes in them.

One of them was a young girl in an earth-style mini-skirt. This girl had a head of waist-length black hair. She wore a super short pleated skirt, her face looked as delicate as a doll. She was sleeping soundly inside the cage.

The other two were a male with blood-red hair, down to even his eyebrows and beard; and a girl with long blue hair, and non-human eyes like embedded gems.

“Na... Nadia?!” Garen involuntarily reminisced of the Nine-Headed Dragon King he encountered back in the Blood Breed World.

After a few more looks at the beautiful young girl in the cage, he confirmed that she gave off the same impression as when he first saw Nadia. If not for him acquiring the Holy Phoenix Scriptures at the end, he most likely would not be able to deal with Nadia’s projection back then.

“Is that a Demon King? A Demon King Level Existence?” The other two were still awake as they seemingly made out Garen’s identity.

“Your Respected Excellency, although we were once pursuers, now that the Void has been unified, there are no longer any factions. We will pledge our lives to serve you, Your Excellency!”

The man loudly begged. He seemed to sense Garen's identity as a Void Pursuer, his face suddenly revealing a joyous expression.

"Are you guys Void Pursuers?" Garen asked softly in the Ancient Endor language.

"Yes, my name is Rosta, she is my companion Elphis. This one here is one of our targets in the past the Nine-Headed Dragon King Nadia. However, now..." The man Rosta laughed bitterly. This former great enemy was nothing more than an ant in the hands of the powerful creatures of this world.

They were the last remnants of the Ancient Endorian Civilization. They had always fought at the frontlines to secure and protect Ancient Endor's legacy. They had almost ended the Warlock's legacy completely, but they did not expect the Mother Stream's power to suddenly increase and pulled out a large number of True Soul Imprints that were almost fading away and ejected them with power. Within a brief moment, countless True Souls surged into the Mother Stream, the Warlock's Civilizations seemed to have returned to its golden era. Their mission had then came to an end.

Originally, they thought that Ancient Endor and the Void would once again have a massive war, but no one expected that both parties united and formed the two organizations, Void Temple and Mother Stream Alliance, joining forces to invade an extremely huge world.

After being captured by a Void Demon King, they were forced to be shot into this world as a test shot, without any hopes of returning alive but miraculously they survived.

"Nadia... She's actually the Nine-Headed Dragon King, huh?" Garen smiled. After coming to this world for such a long time, he had finally seen someone who had fallen as much as him from the start.

In the beginning, the Nine-Headed Dragon King Nadia did bully him a lot.

Now, looking at the Nadia inside the cage, Garen could not help but let out a grin filled with bad intentions.

From his point of view, although Nadia's power was excessively strong, with his current physique she was nothing more than an ant. It was like the difference between an Army Level with a Demon King Level, especially in terms of resistance. A Demon King would be able to resist most special abilities an



Army Level threw at him, but an Army Level would not be able to defend against the various special abilities of a Demon King Level. The two also had ordered soul suppression. When facing off, their attributes would be suppressed to a certain level.

With Garen's current Demon King Level, to defeat Nadia, just the ordered suppression would be enough to suppress most of her abilities to the original degree of the most basic Army Level.

In other words, the Garen now just had to purely rely on the attack based on the natural law of physics to completely crush her like an ant.

"Understood, I didn't think I would get a bonus reward this time around." Garen kept the cage and with a slash with both of his arms, he ripped open the space in front of him. Walking in, he arrived inside his Cold Winter Tower.

The Cold Winter Tower had already been transported over to the Dragon King Mountain. This type of top-level Wizard Tower was almost like a battleship fortress, it could move freely through space. However, the number of resources needed was slightly high. But to Garen, there was nothing money could not solve!

## Chapter 1355: Tiamat 1

After Garen became the Clan Leader of the White Dragon Clan, they officially renamed themselves the Cold Winter Dragon Clan, escaping from the White Dragon Mountain.

The main substance plane of the White Dragon Mountain was enraged as he sent out teams to capture them back. However, Garen was perched within his own territory, easily absorbing the two Master-Level souls. Unsurprisingly, the two Master-Level souls had been turned to shards and eaten as oatmeal by Garen. After absorbing a majority of the memories, within two days, he had condensed two new Soul Seeds.

The eighth Soul Ring had also officially started to condense together.

The more the Soul Ring progressed, its progress rate became increasingly slower. The Despair Skull and the Death Bracelet worked very well together, one absorbing the Potential Points whilst the other managed the discoveries from the shards. Garen started to ponder, should he take the initiative and search for the souls he needed...

After all, he was a Dragon of Disaster and not just a simple White Dragon King.

After hearing that the White Dragon Mountain sent a team, Garen was suddenly more interested.

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“What? Clan Leader, you’re personally entering the fray?” The newly appointed White Dragon guard leader Annie screamed out loud.

“Why are you so shocked?” Garen lazed on top of the Ice Sculpture throne, looking down at Annie and the group of White Dragons with shocked expressions.

“White Dragon Mountain sent a team here specifically targeting me, so I won’t bother showing them any mercy.”

“But...” Annie wanted to say something, but Garen raised his arm stopping her.

Ever since Garen was able to transform into a human form, he had always stayed as such. Now he sat on top of the throne, surveying the scene below him.

“I’ll leave the clan matters to you guys to deal with. If there are any emergencies, you can break the crystal rock outside my cave, I’ll get notified immediately.” Garen was not one to be tied down in one place by a clan. It was a chaotic period right now, with Void Creatures and various major planes waging war against each other. Just as the world order descended to its most chaotic era, this was the perfect opportunity for him to hunt for more soul shards.

Since he confirmed that souls with high inspiration could help him condense Soul Seeds and Soul Rings, then it looked like the Deception Demon Master’s method was definitely very useful.

Garen shifted his thoughts. He suddenly understood why so many Demon Masters and True Souls started to massacre everyone as soon as they arrived. As it turned out, the Enneahedron was not the sole factor behind it. Since he was already so far behind the other Demon Lords and Demon Masters, it just was not right for him to continue slacking off like this.

“The coverage from the Cold Winter Tower can protect the entire Dragon King Mountain. I had already set up the appropriate spells, temporarily casting Maze on the surrounding areas.” Garen waved his hand and tossed out a few silver-white seeds, dropping them into each one of the present White Dragons’ hands.

“This is my specially made Increment Seeds, you guys can decide whether you want to use it or not. After using it, you will be able to raise your overall physical fitness, but in turn, you’ll never be able to disobey me. The choice is yours.”

Garen looked at the few White Dragons who opened their mouth seemingly wanting to say something. Not wanting to be bothered with it, he used a teleportation spell and immediately disappeared from the throne.

He had already given out more than a hundred of these Distortion Seeds. The first batch was mainly used on the strongest White Dragon Annie and the other demons in the fortress that came from the Abyss. This type of Distorted Seed cannot control their will, but it was enough to force them to never have any ill-intent towards their Parental Garen. It also ensured that their lives were linked to Garen, so if Garen were to die, they would die as well.

After spreading the Distorted Seeds, Garen teleported straight back to the Cold Winter Tower.

Nadia was still unconscious in the tower. On the other hand, Rosta and Elphis had already been released by Garen, but they were restrained within the confines of the tower, not able to leave.

Garen teleported straight to the floor they were at.

The two were eating their lunch. Seeing Garen’s silhouette appearing from the teleportation spell, they immediately stood up.

“Lord Garen,” Rosta was the first to speak.

“What are your plans? Are you two going to leave this place, or stay?” Garen asked casually, sitting down beside the two.

His interest toward these two Void Pursuers was not that big. Their levels were around Level Eight or Nine at best in this world’s standards. He already had a lot of underlings that were at that level.

“We’ve already pledged our allegiance to you, sir, we will not go back on our words,” Rosta answered hurriedly. “Furthermore, since we just came to this world, there is no place we could safely call home, it’s only a matter of time before something happens to us if we leave,” he laughed bitterly.

Elphis who was standing beside him nodded in agreement.

“Originally, we were pursuing the Nine-Headed Dragon King Nadia, but now... her strength is barely comparable to that of a baby’s, then what’s the meaning behind in pursuing her?” Elphis said calmly, seemingly already seeing past that. “Ancient Endor’s descendants no longer require our protection. With the reappearance of True Souls, our presence is no longer necessary.”

Garen sighed as he tossed out two Distorted Seeds.

“Eat these, it’ll increase your strength. After that, go check out the library on the second floor, it has books on general knowledge. I’ll remove your restraints. As for what comes after, you guys can fight on in this world to grow and evolve. Go ask the snail for more specific details.”

With a wave of his hands, some pen and paper floated over from a short distance away. He picked up the pen and wrote down an address. It was not just any address, but rather a special Dream World address that only Void Creatures and the Ancient Endorians could understand.

“You can contact him through the Dream World, he will tell you guys all about this world and what you need to take note of.”

“Thank you, Lord!”

The two immediately bowed down in gratitude. Garen then vanished, leaving the two in the room looking at the Distorted Seed in their hands, smiling bitterly at each other.

This was obviously something he was using to prevent them from betraying him.

When Garen reappeared, he was now in the isolation room on the fifth floor.

This floor was mainly used for medical purposes. There were countless medical facilities, spells, books, and facilities, neatly placed inside this entire room.

Nadia was sleeping in one of the wards. She seemed to have woken up, staring blankly at the sunlight outside the window.

Click.

Garen opened the door and walked in.

“How’s your recovery going?” Garen grinned from ear to ear as he walked in, looking at the beautiful girl on the ward bed. She had glossy black, waist-length hair and porcelain white fair skin. Nadia was silently leaning back on the ward bed. The moment she turned around and saw Garen, her eyes widened.

“It’s you!!”

She shouted out in shock.

“That’s right, it’s me,” Garen walked over and sat next to her, still grinning.

“Looks like you’re doing well...” He raised his hand and gently caressed Nadia’s cheek.

“What are you doing?!” Nadia suddenly shouted angrily. “Don’t think just because you saved me you can...” She could not think of a word to describe Garen’s action in the heat of the moment.

“Can what?” Garen dodged her slap, his hand almost as if it had not even moved an inch, once again appearing at the same place. He lightly pinched Nadia’s soft cheeks.

“You are now my captive, so how about it? Do you want to beg me to set you free?!” He chuckled haughtily.

“In your dreams!!” Nadia wanted to create a weapon, but she noticed that her entire body was sore and she could barely move a muscle. Her face paled.

“Garen!!!” Her jet black eyes looked as if it was ready to spit fire. “To think that I had admired you a bit back in the day!!”

“Admired?” Garen forcefully pulled her into his arms, the two were now literally inches away from each others’ faces. “You once beat me up multiple times!!”

His burning aura seemed to be hitting Nadia’s face, causing her to turn her head away unnaturally.

“If it was not for that thing, do you think you can manage to suppress me?!!” She shouted loudly, seemingly very flustered. “Then kill me if you can!!”

“Kill you?” Garen seldom had the chance to meet with such a fun old friend, how would he even dream of letting her off so easily. “Why should I kill you? We’re both old companions, I would gain nothing from killing you.” He let go of Nadia, letting her fall back onto the bed.

“You bullied me so much back then, now the tides have turned, so now it’s my turn to bully you,” Garen joked, obviously in a great mood.

“Wait till I recover, then you’ll definitely be dead!!” Nadia’s rage was at her limit. She was grasping the pure white ward bed blanket tightly as she glared at Garen. The aura behind her even started to

condense into the black silhouette of the Nine-Headed Dragon, but this type of void aura suppression was nothing but child's play to Garen's current physique.

"Alright alright, stop being naughty. Rest your body properly, you can use this entire floor as you please." Garen came over to tease Nadia to relax his mood. Just as he expected, his mood turned better, and Nadia's turned worse.

He was building his joy upon other's sufferings.

Garen suddenly realized how evil he was.

Fondling his chin, he noticed that no matter how he looked at it, Nadia did not seem antagonized in his eyes anymore. Maybe it was because it was such a rare situation for him to meet a familiar enemy in a foreign new world. Although the two had a complicated relationship, where it was hard to even differentiate between friend and foe, at the end of the day, the sense of familiarity still existed.

After leaving the Cold Winter Tower, the plan that he had specifically crafted in the beginning will finally be initiated. Ever since he heard of the Deception Demon Master's methods, Garen started to have an insane plan. Within the next ten or so years, if he did not manage to get enough power to defend himself in this short period of time, once a huge war broke out, in the war between True Souls and Demon Masters, and Gods, in the midst of all the chaos in the Holy War, those who were not at the level of a God would be no different than ants.

Garen was not overly ambitious and only hoped that he would be able to make it through that huge war in one piece.

However, this was also quite an ambitious dream. Up till now, he had only been in one fatal battle.

After carefully packing up his stuff, Garen pulled out a map of the entire Northern region of the Primary Substance Plane. After looking at it briefly, he left the Dragon King Mountain.

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On a huge snowy plane, pure white snow continued to rain down from the sky.

In the middle of the sky, a gigantic globe-like sphere was moving at high speed underneath the pale white sun. It had a ring of satellites orbiting it. The entire sphere was completely white, and one could barely see it on a snowy day like this.

The sphere was more than a thousand meters wide, there were multiple intricately carved out ring-shaped spaces. Each space had a person in a white garb with a White Dragon symbol on its chest. These people came in all shapes and sizes, slowly patrolling their respective spaces.

At the upper peak of the structure, the sphere had a small floating platform. A sentinel guard was standing on top of the platform lazily, involuntarily yawning.

“Really, to think they’re sending an entire battle fortress. For a short distance like this, we could’ve just teleported over. Why do we have to fly over so slowly on this thing? I don’t know what’s going on in those Elders’ minds,” the sentinel ranted. Blue sparks flickered from his fingertips, displaying his terrifying spell power. For an average sentinel, to think he had at least a Level Five in Arcane Arts.

“Stop whining, we should almost be there. We don’t get a lot of chances to use the battle fortress anyway. This time, we’re mainly using it to intimidate our opponents, realistically speaking we might not even have to use it in the end.” The sentinel who was taking the next shift walked over while laughing heartily.

“Recently, there’s been a lot more Void Creatures, it might be our turn to head into the battlefield soon, so I guess this can serve as a practice run,” the first sentinel shook his head, saying.

“You sure have set your sights far, but I feel...” Just as the second sentinel was finishing his sentence, a voice cut him off, “there’s a situation!” He immediately tensed up, looking at the snowy skies afar.

Beep beep...

Suddenly, the fortress let out a sharp alarm tone.



“High energy creatures approaching at high speeds!” The supervisor’s Tower Soul sent out an alert, “please report to your stations and await further orders!”

At the center of the fortress, inside a wide control room.

Two Elders with white hair and beards were seated on two armchairs, frowning as they looked at the situation outside the crystal glass.

“What a fast speed!”

“Bordo, it might be someone like you from the Dragon Clan, should we take action?” The other Elder asked the Elder seated right across of him.

Chapter 1356

The Elder named Bordo did not reply, his eyes fixated on the crystal glass window.

“It’s a White Dragon’s aura... this timing...”

He was the high-leveled Elder who was sent by the White Dragon Mountain to intimidate Garen of the White Dragon Clan. He was also a member of the Dragon Clan Council. His powers were unfathomable.

“The target this time is to intimidate Garen and subsequently capture him. The advantages of the Cold Winter Tower’s representative cannot fall into the wrong hands. It’s the foundation that belongs to our White Dragon Clan,” the thought flashed in his mind.

“Continue on forward. The Full Moon Fortress does not need to fear anyone from the Dragon Clan. If he’s non-hostile, he will naturally stop. If not, then it’s his suicide,” he sent out the orders.

“True, the White Dragons around this area should all be Garen’s minions. Oh, he’s starting to slow down. Maybe he’s here to surrender?” The other Elder looked out with slight curiosity.

Outside the fortress, a white figure zipped through leaving behind a white line, lunging directly towards the white sphere fortress. His speed was slowly decreasing, and his Dragonic Aura was slowly kept away.

However, just as he was about one kilometer away from the white sphere fortress.

Boom!!

The white line suddenly accelerated, its speed instantly increasing multiple times from its original speed. This White Dragon hidden amidst the snowy skies seemed to have torn open a vacuum-like trail, leaving behind a snowless path in his tracks.

Using this terrifying speed that was unimaginable to a White Dragon, he violently crashed onto the white sphere fortress.

“What is he doing!!”

“Damn it! Is he crazy!?”

“It’s gonna hit!! Brace yourselves!!”

The White Dragons in the fortress were all shell-shocked. They did not expect that there were still creatures who would dare to use their physical bodies to directly slam into a battle fortress!?

He was an absolute madman!

The white line zipped through the air, leaving behind visible transparent ripples. At first, it almost looked as if it stopped in its tracks, but the next instance, it had already collided head-on with the fortress!

Boom!!!

With a huge crash, the fortress shook violently as it collided with the white line in mid-air. Its huge kinetic force was immediately dissipated with the huge collision.

Looking at the scene from below, the white sphere fortress building seemed to be chipped off in a huge area. Large amounts of white debris rained down from the sky.

Sparks of electricity and blue light started enveloping the surface of the white sphere.

After being hit, the white sphere started falling down from the sky at an angle.

“Anti-Magic Energy Fields!! This bastard!!”

The White Dragons on the surface of the fortress immediately transformed and flew out. All the White Dragons here were elites of the elites, every one of them was at the very least a Level Seven in Power. A Level Nine Great Wizard had once used the Ultimate Transformation Spell on them.

The fortress continued to nosedive.

Below, a large number of animal critters on the snow plains were running off in panic.

Boom!

The fortress crashed onto the snow plains below like a gigantic snowball. Powdered snow splashed everywhere like a huge ocean wave. Rings of wave-like snow flung in all directions due to the shock wave. Some of the arctic foxes and polar bears who did not get away in time were instantly decimated into meat paste.

After rolling for a bit, the fortress crashed into a small white pine forest and stopped moving.

Inside the fortress.

In the control room where the two Elders were in, a young man dressed in white was floating silently in mid-air, he was looking at the two Elders who were also floating in the air.

The three's Cold Regions seemed to be intertwined together, naturally emitting a terrifying energy field, causing the entire control room to be an icy cold space. It was almost as if the air itself has been frozen as well.

"Elder Bordo... I heard that you were coming over, so I just had to personally come to greet you as soon as possible..." The floating young man was Garen who had just left the Dragon King Mountain. After he received the report, he immediately set out to stop the team sent by the White Dragon Mountain.

He neither had his army nor his underlings with him. It was just him alone, a single dragon, directly confronting the team head on.

Bordo's face was green, standing beside the other Elder.

They completely did not expect Garen to have the guts to directly confront the White Dragon Mountain's team. After all, they had official positions as the representative of the White Dragons and even had the backing of the great Tiamat.

"Garen!!" He was grinding his teeth as he glared at his opponent. "You are committing a blasphemous sin against the Gods!!"

"Blasphemy?" Garen laughed. "The great Tiamat does not think that way. Why don't you try asking Lady Evil Dragon Goddess once more and see what they really think of me?"

As he spoke, his face started to transform him a human's face into a dragon's head. A pair of evil, powerful, strange but deep mutated dragon eyes appeared in front of the two Elders.

Among the pupils of those dragon eyes, there was even a pair of weird eyeballs.

Just from looking at it, the two Level Nine Elders had chills sent through their entire body.

"You!! ..." Bordo's entire body was shivering. He was pointing his finger at Garen trying to say something, but he noticed that he did not even have the power to open his mouth. His entire body's power was slowly draining away.

Bzzt bzzt bzzt!

A rune with a high-level protective energy field started flashing up on his body, but it had no effect. That gaze was so evil that even the Semi-Divine Weapon, the Light of Luiz, was destroyed immediately. Bordo's body started to melt like a lighted candle. His skin, hair, muscles all started to melt dripping in a gooey liquid.

The other Elder was in the same predicament. The two Level Nine Elder Dragons did not even have the basic strength to return to their original forms, all they could do was stare blankly as they melted away, disappearing from this world.

"How weak," Garen said in a mocking tone. "White Dragon Mountain had long forgotten its former glory. The White Dragon Mountain now is completely rotten... don't you think so, Your Excellency, the Great Tiamat."

He turned around and looked at the figure to his left.

A thin plain-looking White Dragon Guard had been standing there since an unknown period of time ago. Hearing the query, this Dragon Guard let out a sharp and ghastly laugh.

"How interesting... from the start, I had already expected that, if it was not that King's incarnation confronting us, then it would be those invaders from the Void. Looking at this scene now, I guessed I was right..."

"Too bad you came too late," Garen narrowed his eyes, his tone remained casual.

"Late? No, no, no... it's not too late," the Dragon Guard raised his head. He had a human's body but its face somehow had five different shrunken human faces of different colors on it. With so many tiny faces embedded on his head, it gave off an eerie but holy feeling.

"Even if this is just a temporary projection, if I wanted to defeat a Level Twelve small fry I would still be able to do it."

"Is that so?" Garen let out a weird grin.

A ring of formless distortion started being emitted from his body naturally, completely enveloping Tiamat within it.

Garen only stared silently at his opponent. His latent ability of Spiritual Poison naturally followed his gaze and slowly moved towards its target.

Whoosh!!

The ten eyes on Tiamat all blinked at once, both their gaze instantly locked onto each other. It seemed like a blurry energy field burst open in the air, a large number of items and rubbish in the middle started being blown in all directions.

The Spiritual Poison and Tiamat's Evil Eye attack collided with each other. Garen dodged slightly, his latent ability was pushed back. His Spiritual Poison had been canceled, and at the same time, Tiamat's Evil Eye attack landed on the metal wall behind Garen, burning dozens of small holes onto it.

Tiamat let out an evil laugh, his body lunging towards Garen but briefly staggered.

"Poison?" He was stunned.

His natural Poison Region took effect.

Garen laughed loudly as he charged forward.

'Natural Poison Territory: Anyone with Vitality Points below 50 will automatically enter an unconscious state, below 100 have a chance to be weakened (Lowered 1 to 4 Levels), Vitality Points above 130 will be immune to this effect.'

Obviously, the projection that Tiamat placed onto a mere Dragon Guard's body did not have 100 Vitality Points.

His opponent's aura rapidly fell.

Hmph!

Tiamat tensed his body up, a golden halo started to emit from his body.

'Warning! Warning! You have entered a Holy Aura Territory. Vitality levels being calibrated... Immunity chance 34%. If you fail to achieve immunity, the negative effects will be that your level is lowered by two levels. Holy Aura Territory is already in effect.'

Garen had not sensed it, but his brain's willpower had already sent out an alert rapidly.

"Holy Aura?" He suddenly felt his entire body turn heavy, almost as if he was chained with unimaginably heavy shackles. The Draconic Aura and the Arcane Art energy in this body both lowered by two levels and his overall attributes lowered by thirty points on average.

Getting shivers down his spine, Garen could no longer afford to underestimate his opponent.

The heavy Holy Aura was restraining him, causing his speed to be lowered by a whole lot.

The two did not transform back into their dragon forms but instead charged directly at each other.

Once Garen made contact, he immediately started using all his close-quarter combat moves, various Secret Technique moves, and killing moves. With the support of an immense power, a tremendous might burst out from his body.

As a Five-Headed Dragon, even if Tiamat was using an incarnation, he would still have nearly five times the Stat Points of a dragon of the same level. With the increased power of Garen's moves, the two clashed head-on.

After a brief exchange, the two got blown back. Garen's chest seemed to have signs of blood. His Strength Stat seemed to be far behind Tiamat's projection. His opponent's Strength seemed to be already near two hundred points!!

After calming down, Garen lenedt power from the fortress walls and kicked hard. With a loud boom, the impact created a huge hole. His entire body started to twist around, the surrounding air immediately had its temperature lowered.

His mouth opened wide.

Whoooo! A huge Frost Dragon Breath took shape as a cone and sprayed towards Tiamat.

"Fool!" Before Tiamat even finished, he felt his entire body tensing up. An excessively intense feeling of danger rushed through his body.

Immediately, he leaped away from where he was standing.

Boom!!

A huge metal beam from the fortress was raised up by a figure and violently slammed down onto the position he was standing just moments ago. The fortress behind had a huge hole broken through it, revealing the snowy scenery outside. The metal beam that was dozens of meters long got flung out like a brick, disappearing afar after a moment.

A huge burly man with unmeasurable strength appeared in front of Tiamat.

"Kill him!"

Garen's voice sounded from nearby.



With a slight smile, the muscles throughout the man's body started to expand. On his back, seven black-red Death Start Nodes slowly lit up.

## Chapter 1357:Release 1

Almost as if he sensed something was wrong, all of Tiamat's eyes narrowed as he slowly jumped backwards.

When compared to the man in front of him, his current body was definitely worse off when it comes to pure Stats. His opponent seemed to have some special Secret Method to enhance his body. His brute force was not as strong as his opponent, and all his other abilities had been temporarily suppressed by Garen. This caused his originally confident self to start wanting to retreat from his hunting mission.

Boom!!

Not even giving him any time to think, the size of the man in front of him had already expanded three times. He went from a normal human's size to that of half a fully matured White Dragon.

Roar!! The man let out an explosive battle cry as he shoved all ten of his fingers into the ground. Then, with a strong tug, the entire metal flooring had been bent and broken, being tossed straight towards Tiamat.

"Evil Dragon's Sight." Tiamat's ten eyes focused onto the metal board at the same time. Suddenly, a strong energy field was unleashed, stopping the metal board.

However, the energy field that was still sufficient last time barely lasted two seconds this time. With the energy field collapsed, the metal board continued to hurl towards him.

Bam!!

Tiamat instantly turned around and left his original position. Looking back, he saw that the position he was standing in had a huge hole in it.

Furthermore, the impact has caused the spherical fortress to roll slightly towards the same direction.

“Meteorology!”

Whoosh... With a strange cold breeze, more than ten translucent ice-crystal spears appeared behind him, silently flying towards his back at high speeds and agility, almost as if they were wielded by invisible creatures.

“Rainbow Jets.” Tiamat’s entire body suddenly emitted an intense and blinding rainbow light. Within the blinding lights, there were five rainbow colored dragon heads created from Divine Power mixed in. They furiously knocked off the spears behind him like a whip.

“Roar!” Out of nowhere, Tiamat opened his mouth and roared in Garen’s direction.

Boom!!

A five-colored Draconic Aura burst out from his mouth. Lightning, flames, cold air, acidity and poison, five fearsomely powerful Draconic Auras mixed together, creating a typhoon-like attack flying towards Garen.

Seven Lives jumped up high and attempted to punch through the Draconic Aura but to no avail. The terrifying Draconic Aura instantly decimated the muscles in his body, Even if he had twice the strength and fitness of Garen’s original body, but when facing an attack infused with Divine Souls, he would still be instantly destroyed.

The only thing Seven Lives could manage to do was to delay the speed of the Draconic Aura ever so slightly, and at the same time mildly weakening the Draconic Aura’s power.

Garen had already sensed it the instance the Draconic Aura was fired. He rapidly changed his position, only to find that this Draconic Aura typhoon seemed to have homing capabilities. At that point, he was completely shocked.

Not having enough time to hide, Garen opened his eyes wide. Two white light rays shot out from his eyes like a streak of lightning, directly flying towards the Draconic Aura Typhoon.

“Elemental Protection!” Using his very short buffer time, he started chanting a high-leveled spell chant.

A rainbow-colored barrier immediately erected in front of him, then a second one, and a third one. This type of adapted Level Nine Spell, Elemental Protection, was something that Garen memorized just to counter Tiamat. With the high calculation and processing power of his brain’s willpower, along with his high level of intelligence, these Level Nine spells would only take him a few days to completely analyze.

Ever since the day he broke Tiamat’s Divine Art crystal, Garen already started making preparations against every probable Divine Soul assaults and attacks. Even if Tiamat was only a God with a weaker Divine Power, even if he’s highly unlikely to personally attack him.

Out of the attacks he prepared for, the most famous of it was precisely the five different Draconic Auras that Tiamat shoots out with his five-colored dragon head.

Now his efforts had finally paid off!

Garen continuously erected five layers of elemental barriers, almost like a stack of rainbow colored glass blocking his front.

Furthermore, once the Poisonous Eye was unleashed, it instantly hit the center of the five-colored Draconic Aura, silently piercing it, shooting towards Tiamat’s projection with absolute precision.

It was an instant counterattack on his part.

The Draconic Aura typhoon finally struck. The five layers of Level Nine protection rapidly got shattered. However, the Draconic Aura also started to weaken, its speed also decreasing.

Taking the opportunity, Garen stomped down. His near two hundred points of agility instantly causing a terrifying explosive effect.

Even if he was being suppressed by the Holy Aura, at that moment he still disappeared like a ray of light, making it seem impossible for anyone to ever catch him.

This was a supernatural phenomenon that occurs when one's agility reaches a certain degree, Instantaneous Movement.

Garen's silhouette immediately appeared next to Tiamat, violently grabbing on to his opponents arm. In that instance, he casted a spell.

"Space-Time Anchor!"

A transparent energy wave rippled through Tiamat's body, making him unable to move.

Bam!

"You!!! ..." Tiamat was in shock. He did not expect Garen's speed to be able to get past his senses, instantaneously moving over.

With a raise of his hand, a bunch of black rays burst out from his hand.

These rays were all Level Nine Wither Rays. These type of rays was strengthened from a medium-level Weakening Ray. Every one of these rays dealt direct damage to the soul. As compared to Disintegrate which focuses on the material decomposition, this focuses directly on one's soul.

For an average Level Nine Spell, even a top Level Fifteen Wizard could only unleash them one by one. At best, they would implement some unique improvements, and through strong spiritual power and careful magical energy manipulation, to increase the power of their spells slightly.

However, it still could not release a whole bunch like this.

It looks like Tiamat had also made specific countermeasures to defeat Garen.

The bunch of black rays twisted around turning into the shape of a tilde and surrounding Garen from all angles. Due to the short distance and the fact that these rays travel at light speed, there was no way of dodging it.

At the same time, Garen's hand was also holding Tiamat down in place, not letting him dodge. The rays of the Poisonous Eye pierced through the five-colored Draconic Aura and landed on his body.

Hiss...

A strong sound of corrosion could be heard.

All of Tiamat's eyes suddenly opened wide.

"This is!! Corrosive Divinity??" A golden Divine Power armor appeared over his body, but the gold color of it was rapidly fading away.

After all, this was only a projection, to be able to bring so much Divine Power with him was already a miracle. He had already exhausted most of it. However, what Tiamat did not expect was Garen's stellar performance in every aspect. From Supernatural Instantaneous Movement to Poisonous Eye, a powerful incarnation that suddenly appeared, and even his natural latent Poison Region and Spiritual Poison. With all of these abilities added together, he was completely unlike any other Level Twelve existence Tiamat has ever seen. To say that he was a Level Fifteen would even be an underestimation!!!

"Just you wait!!!" He opened his mouth to say one last sentence, before instantly melting away, turning into a grey-white pus.

A golden dot of light flew up from the pus and flew towards the broken area of the fortress.

However, it was immediately caught between Garen's hands before it could fly off.

His face was in an abnormal shade of red. Although this battle was quite short, he still used up almost all of his trump cards.

The explosive combination of Supernatural Instantaneous Movement and Poisonous Eye was so powerful that even he himself was shocked. However, in order to prevent Tiamat from dodging the Poisonous Eye, he paid a hefty price.

At least more than twenty Withering Rays all landed on him

Even if his vitality was over two hundred, when facing against these types of top Level Nine rays imbued with Divine Power, at that point he felt as if his entire body was dehydrated. His skin, muscles and bones could visibly be seen to be rapidly weakening and withering away.

Quickly stuffing the golden light into his mouth, Garen directly flew off from the hole and disappearing into the snowy sky, completely ignoring the White Dragon Guards who came over to check on the situation.

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The Divinity was flying around within Garen's dark soul space.

Within this tiny crystal ball-like golden sphere, a small dragon with five colored dragon heads could be seen. That was Tiamat's original body's image. This Evil Dragon Goddess with five dragon heads was repeatedly letting out loud roars.

"It's useless."

At the center of the soul space, a huge tower-like pillar transmitted Garen's voice.

The pillar was made of layers and layers of Soul Rings, at the bottom of it was five colorless transparent Soul Rings, and then above it was red, orange, then red again.

"If it was your incarnation, maybe I would be left with no other choice but to escape. However, that was only a mere projection." Garen's fae appeared on the surface of the Soul Ring Pillar.

Countless colorless and transparent tentacles dangled out from the Soul Ring Pillar, furiously grabbing the Divinity with no place to hide. With a tug, the golden sphere Divinity directly flew into the Soul Ring Pillar and immediately got swallowed.

Although Garen had already used his maximum concentration, but he still underestimated the tremendous amount of messages taken from a Divine Soul's projections. It was not only just the messages from the Divinity's original body, but it also carried a lot of information and knowledge that Tiamat had transmitted over to this projection.

This was not just a simple destruction, but Garen was using the Hellfrost Peacock Queen's strong Devourer ability, directly attempting to devour his opponent.

The tremendous amount of messages started to turn into countless golden light spots in Garen's Soul Ring Pillar. They gather together and scatter about, sometimes exploding like golden fireworks, and other times looking thin as if they were fading away.

A Void Shadow of a small dragon with five colored dragon heads and a fierce white peacock were fighting inside the Soul Ring Pillar

When they first started, it seemed to be a tie. However, as time passed on, the five-colored dragon did not have any means of replenishing its strength, whereas the Hellfrost Peacock had an unlimited supply of Soul Power. Suddenly, the gap between the two had widened.

After an unknown amount of time, the white peacock finally bit down on the five-colored dragon's main dragon head's neck, knocking him to the ground.

Bam!!

Garen slowly opened his eyes, he was lying on an icy white plains.

A thick layer of snow had already gathered on top of his body, almost completely burying him.

He struggled slightly as he stood up. There were no creatures in the surrounding area. When he was groggily flying about just now, he did not pick a direction, but rather he was just headed towards where he felt was the safest.

He did not even remember how far he flew.

His entire body's skin and muscles felt like a dried up corpse, there was no signs of water. His human form self had already started to turn black all over. With a flick of his finger, he created a water mirror and looked at his appearance.

He literally looked like skin and bones, it was a pitiful sight.

"Looks no different from a mummy..." Garen dispersed the water mirror.

He immediately checked his own status via the Status Pane.

'Garen – Strength 210(34), Agility 210(22), Vitality 210(57), Intelligence 210(101). Potential 2829%. Soul Limit 210.

Seven Soul Rings: Five colorless, red, orange.

Level 10 Draconic Aura. Level 10 Arcane Arts.

Void Original Opus – 100%. Hind legs – Evil Soldier, Wings – Seven Lives, Tail – Demonic Book.

Combined evaluation – Near Demigod. Title – Winter Sigh.

Status – Extremely weak, Tiamat's Toxic Woven Flames (Damaged by Tiamat Draconic Goddess' Divine Power. You will receive a weakened version of the Five-Colored Elemental Draconic Aura Damage once every noon.)'



“How terrible...” Garen self-deprecated, but the next line did change his mood for the better.

On the Skill Pane, a completely new item had emerged.

Right at his original Identity Pane, in front of the “Void Pursuer”, a golden icon appeared.

‘Potential Quality – Divinity Creature, Void Pursuer.’

Garen gazed onto the “Divinity Creature” icon. Suddenly a gigantic flow of messages directly surged into his brain.

‘Devouring Tiamat’s Divinity success, attained special Divinity Creature typing.’

Below it, a list of special traits Divinity Creatures have was shown. All of them were icons for various activated abilities.

Listed first was ‘Frost Immunity’, ‘Enhance Breath’, ‘Elemental Resistance’, and ‘Enhanced Defense’. These four new abilities were the main ones. The remaining abilities were just some simple and practical spells like, summoning an Ice Element every day (Level equivalent to own level minus 2), using Cold Winter Weather three times every day (adapted Meteorology spell), Ice and Snow Hardening, Hail Spell, Eye of Frost, etc.

## Chapter 1358: Release 2

However, these types of spells were not as useful as the first four passive abilities.

Frost Immunity: Garen would be immune to all frost type attacks, including a part of Divine Power’s damage.

Enhanced Breath: Breath which was originally peaked at Level Nine, had been enhanced to Level Thirteen due to the Divinity’s modification.

Elemental Resistance: An increase of 10% resistance towards the four elemental attacks, namely Earth, Water, Wind and Fire type. In addition to Garen's 10% resistance since he was a Dragon, he now had a very impressive twenty percent resistance.

Lastly, the Enhanced Defense was his core skill.

Enhanced Defense: Divine Creatures shall gain 20 points of defense (currently 50). Negate Divine Power damage by 10%.

This was an overpowered effect as it meant that any normal physical attack which had the strength less than fifty points would be nullified by Garen. He, who already had a powerful physical characteristic that could nullify all attacks from low-level weapons had this ability further enhanced.

Warriors with fifty points of strength were equivalent to the human's high-ranking Knights. This meant that no one would be able to damage Garen's scale without a weapon with a unique attribute, regardless if it was the sharpest weapon in the world. This had yet to consider injuring the dragon body under its scales.

In simple terms, Garen was completely immune towards a forefront attack.

Furthermore, with Divine Power being nullified by 10%, it meant that Garen would be able to reduce an incoming Divine Power attack by 10%.

This was the power and special characteristic of being a Divine Creature.

Garen had officially entered the realm of Demigod.

The key difference between a Demigod and a typical living being was the immunity, resistance and the level of defense they possessed.

In overall comparison to a Human Warrior, he who was in a Demigod state would obtain a bunch of spells, a variety of resistances and unique enhancement in his attacks at the same time.

Although there was not much of an improvement in terms of his attributes and Life Force, his lifespan had increased tremendously.

Garen stood on the snowy ground as he reached out his hand. He felt that he could freely control the flow of the heavy snowstorm as if he had total control of the weather with this spell.

This spell would not exhaust his Spell Slot. He did not use a lot of his Spell Slots to begin with as he relied on his melee attacks to kill his enemies.

It was very important for weak beings to save up these Spell Slots but it did not matter to Garen at all as he was a powerful Dragon.

Perhaps he would be able to escape from the grasp of the Spider Web Spell by just wiggling his toenail. The Lower to Middle-Level Spell Slot was meaningless to him other than making his life a little bit more convenient.

“I need to recover my physical condition quickly...” Garen frowned. It was extremely dangerous for a Dragon to not have the power to protect itself in this chaotic era. Furthermore, Tiamat would be able to locate him at any given moment via the Prophecy Spell.

Garen guessed that the reason he was able to devour the Divinity this fast was not because he was decrypting the Divinity but to devour it completely with his Devour Ability. Naturally, the efficiency of the process was much better. Analogically speaking, it was just like using a handphone or taking it apart and researching it thoroughly. There was a difference between the two.

Most of the creatures were the user who used the phone directly whereas Garen was the other type. It played the main role as he had finished analyzing it thoroughly, he would be able to determine more similar Divinity characteristics from a Divinity. As long as he had enough computing power and storage space, he would eventually have the full picture of the Divinity Persona's structure.

In other words, if Garen were to study the Corrosive Divinity, he would be able to branch out and discover the Death Corrosive Divine Persona and even the Decaying Divine Persona. If he were to analyze the Time Divinity, he would be able to structure the Aging Divine Persona and so on.

The nature of Divinity was ultimately the realization of the universal law from a living creature. It was the natural evolution of the living flesh and the cells' will to understand the law of nature.

"The fastest way to recover my body is obviously devouring more stuff..." Garen looked around. In theory, the Devouring Ability from the Hellfrost Peacock Queen could convert anything into energy resources. However, items such as snowy water and normal stones would not be able to recover one percent of his body strength even if he were to devour a hundred million tons of them. After all, their characteristics were different and it would require a long time to digest them as well. Furthermore, these substances required less energy to devour as well.

Naturally, the best way to replenish his life force was to devour things which had a Life Force as well.

Garen set his sight onto a snowy hill nearby.

He then walked towards the snowy hill.

He soon arrived in a forest and a few Snow Wolves ran far away as they sensed his presence.

Garen ignored them as he reached out his hand and placed them onto a huge tree.

The tree which was covered in the white snow could be seen wilting with the naked eye. The snow started dropping down to the ground as the big tree which was as thick as a human's hug quickly arched down. Like an old human, it turned pale as its bark which was rich in water instantly turned rough and wilted as it became a black old tree bark.

On the other hand, Garen's complexion seemed to have improved slightly.

"It's unfortunate that I've only devoured a small amount of pure Divinity. Perhaps the effect will be much better if it were the Divinity with quality."

Garen quickly continued to the next tree as he finished absorbing the first tree.

As time passed, Garen soon finished absorbing the entire snowy forest. The skin and muscles on his body started to fill up and he at least did not look wilted anymore.

Garen moved both of his hands.

“This is too slow... Demonic Book!”

The space behind him distorted slightly as a fully black demon with a small violin in his hand appeared.

The man looked cold and handsome as his eyes gave off a faint gold luster.

“Master, what’s your order?”

He bowed down elegantly.

“I want to recover as fast as possible and I need to at least devour a huge amount of living beings. Since my strength is not up to par yet, I’ll let you handle this,” said Garen with a stern face.

“No problem...” The Demonic Book smiled as he gently picked up the small violin in his hand and placed the bow onto the string.

He slowly shut his eyes as if he was engrossed into the environment.

Sizzle...!

Suddenly, a huge and sharp soundwave spread across the snowy land with him as the epicenter.

A powerful and seductive melody spread across the land along with the snowy wind. There were distorted faces flowing together with the wind as they spread in all directions.

The Holy Phoenix Demonic Book's expertise was not in killing but an unparalleled seduction and hypnotism.

Soon, the living beings around the snowy land which heard the melody had their eyes turned red. They then walked towards the source of the melody as if their consciousness were completely buried.

As they walked slowly towards the source of the melody, Garen could feel hundreds of Life Force approaching him which were linked like a spider web. There were even dozens of humans, elves and dwarfs among them.

It felt incredibly intriguing as if he was at the center of all lives. These Life Forces kept approaching him without any sign of stopping soon.

Garen could not help but to give off an ecstatic cry.

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Far away at the east of the Primary Plane.

At the sky above the mountain range filled with yellow rocks.

Two golden doors slowly appeared. The doors opened up and two Majestic Gods glowing in bright gold came out from them. One of them had a pair of wings, clad in armor and had a long sword in his hand whereas the other had a Crystal Crown on his head and white fiery fire burning at the bottom of his feet.

During the evening hours, the blood red sun gradually set below the horizon as the yellow mountain range started to tremble.

"Fire of the Elves? You dare to come again even though I didn't eat you up last time?" A humongous snake head slowly appeared between the mountain range. It spitted out the rocks out of its mouth as it stared ill-intently at the God who had fires at the bottom of his feet.

“Leaving the Heavens shall be your greatest remorse.” The Huge Rock Snake started smiling like a villain.

“Greatest remorse?” The Fire of the Elves rubbed the crack on the Crystal Crown as his gaze was filled with killing intent.

“King of the Rocks, today is the day you die!”

A white gold wave-shaped dagger appeared in his hand out of the blue as he gently threw the dagger to the front. Suddenly, the sky turned dimmed as the sun was distorted, releasing a minute amount of gold fire from its center as it flew towards their direction at incredible speed.

“The Sun God’s Light!!” The Huge Rock Snake’s expression turned for the worse as it tried to dig beneath the ground to escape. However, it was too late.

A thin layer of Golden Light had blocked his path, preventing him from drilling further in. It was a Divine Power Barrier unique only to the Higher God, God of the Sun. The Fire of the Elves had even taken out the God of the Sun’s Divine Weapon. Was not he just a Middle God!!?

“To cause chaos upon the True Soul. Today is the day the war among the Gods starts!!” The Fire of the Elves looked like a savage as he nodded towards another God before both of them flew down.

In an instant, the golden light crashed onto the rocks, turning them into dusts. The dusts had covered the entire sky within tens of kilometers in diameter around the area.

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In the Void Temple.

“The King of the Rocks has fallen?!!”

The Void Temple was a huge metal vortex and was located at the center of a galaxy. There were countless of metallic rings structured similar to of a galaxy as it rotated slowly. Among them were hundreds of billions of metallic planets rotating slowly, forming into solar system of different sizes.

There was a pond the size of a planet at the core of the metallic galaxy and the source of the voice was the pond.

The pond was filled with silver liquid and ripples were constantly generated due to its viscosity.

"The opponent has started to make their moves... It's the God of the Sun that had attacked but that's fine." Another female voice could be heard. "This will happen sooner or later."

"Although the beings who had entered the region would improve greatly within a short amount of time, it bears a very huge risk as well. The risks and gains balance up very well." A voice of an old man chimed in.

"We can't just do nothing since they've already initiated," said the man who started the conversation coldly.

"The Mother Stream Alliance had already sent their Eye of the Slaughter. We should officially make our move as well..."

A man that was covered in silver metal slowly came out from the silver pond. His body was stabbed with dozens of weapons. These weapons were either rusted or glowing with silver and gold light. There was also a white, slanted bone dagger pierced through the top of his skull. As the sharp dagger was pulled out from his head, the white brain plasma solidified onto the sharp dagger.

This man was already considered dead and yet it flew out of the pond as if he was alive.

He opened up his hand as a small solar system started rotating on his palm.

"Lost. Are you trying to release that thing?!" The woman's tone from one side sounded rather uncomfortable.



“In this destructive war without compromise where there is no right or wrong. Is there anything more terrifying than this?” The Fallen True Soul started smiling gently.

The remaining True Souls and Demon Lords remained silent.

“God Fehra is nothing. The real trouble right now is the Abyss. That place is hell,” said the Fallen True Soul calmly. “The Child of Hell has appeared. Soon he shall incarnate into a being that could eliminate all beings. I’ve attempted to get in touch with the Abyss but I was rejected. This made me feel extremely uneasy.”

“The Abyss is trying to consume our souls. He’s trying to understand the secret rules of our world. I wasn’t able to stop it but nothing will not come out without paying a price for messing me around...!” The Fallen True Soul’s eyes turned black as he stared at the solar system in his hand.

#### Chapter 1359: Massacre and Divinity 1

At the northern region of the Deladia Empire, Corolla City.

Ding Dang Ding Ding Dang Dang~

The Red Horse Carriage rang its bell as it moved forward on the main street at the city center. The driver was an old man with a white beard and had a black captain’s hat on his head. He dressed up like a pirate and laughed like one as he looked at the excited crowd of kids on both sides of his carriage.

He received a lot of hustles and bustles from both sides as there were people shouting out to buy their snacks, cheering from the people and even the music playing from the poets. The crowds squirmed among themselves on the busy street, hence his carriage had no choice but to slow down to prevent himself from crashing into the passersby.

Boom boom boom!

Colorful streamers were shot up into the sky. Among the streamers, colorful powders were mixed among them and they dyed the whole area in colors as it rained down.

The mistresses were holding their children by their hand as they stood beside the clown who was selling candies.

The magicians and acrobatic gnomes stood high up at both sides of the street as they performed their beautiful arts. The youngsters who were out shopping by the streets applauded as they watched their performance.

The morning sunlight showered the entire city, painting it with a layer of faint gold.

The Guardians would occasionally patrol on the streets and one could vaguely see the Wizard from the northern region in their cloaks among them. These people were wearing a full body grey robe. They were either seen lowering their heads and kept quiet most of the time or speaking to their acquaintances softly, giving off a rather quiet and mysterious vibe.

The people around them would stare them in awe whenever they passed by them.

“There has been an increased amount of Void Creatures lately...” The Wizard in the patrolling team sighed.

“Right. I’ve received three reports just two days ago and all of them were reports of Void Creatures. None of them has yet to be solved and the unease within the city has started to spread.” The captain of the guardian’s expression was helpless. “The head captain has received an order from his superior that we need to fortify our defenses. However, how are we supposed to do that with the amount of manpower we have right now? It’s the Usha Festival right now. It’s an annual carnival festival enjoyed by all and we’re lacking the manpower to begin with.”

“Afterall, we don’t really belong to the authentic Deladia Empire where the higher management belongs to the White Dragon Mountain. The issues regarding the Void Creatures have been reported to them but we have yet to receive a response from them. It’s obvious that they are lacking manpower,” responded the Wizard softly.

“Hey, there’s someone performing a violin solo over there.” The female guardian seemed interested as she rushed towards the tall stage nearby.

The remaining patrol members had no choice but to follow along as well.

Far away above the stage, they could vaguely see a poet in a black cloak with a small violin. He was just about to place his bow onto the string and seemed to have just about to start his performance.

“For thousands of years, Corolla has been the border city under the direct order of the White Dragon Mountain. We have all of the White Dragon’s history as they developed until this very day. This city is the city of culture and art of Deladia,” narrated the man in black cloak softly with a metallic voice.

“It’s very fortunate for me to arrive here as I am able to see the peace and prosperity in this city. I wish to give you a melody, my own piece of melody with my utmost sincerity...”

“Dream... This melody’s name is called dream...” The black cloak started to pull his bow slowly.

The beautiful, slender, silk-like melody from the violin spread across the busy street. The melody was not overwhelmed by the other noise as it was extremely clear.

There was not much of a crowd below the stage before he started. However once he did, people started to gather to listen to and enjoy his performance.

As time slowly passed, the melody became clearer and louder. The crowd started to flood in and even a few patrols were firmly mesmerized by the beautiful and peaceful melody.

Then, the Wizard jolted as he came back to his senses.

“What happened? Did I just get pulled in by the melody?” He did not even like music and yet he became cold and quiet as if the melody had used the most beautiful moonlight and bathed him equally on his body, causing him to quietly calm down.

He looked around and realized that something was off. It was not just him as even the team captain, Aswan who was a Level Three had turned quiet as well. He was a rough man who hated music and he had become quiet because of this melody.

“That’s not right! There’s something off about this music!” The Wizard was alerted as he pinched his members who were beside him. However, there was no reaction at all. What was supposed to cause a hugely painful and screaming reaction did not occur at this very moment. They did not even frown when they were pinched.

The melody spread further and wider...

The black cloak on the stage started to levitate. He flew higher and higher as he gently landed on the highest bell tower nearby.

He remained quiet as he played his violin, as if nothing could disrupt his performance in any way.

The Wizard tried to scream at the top of his lungs to disrupt this performance but he quickly realized that he could not emit any sound at all.

He then adjusted his throat in an attempt to fix it but to no avail.

He was not able to make a single sound at all. In fact, he realized that the background noises that could disrupt the melody had gradually toned down to the point where it could not be heard.

Then, the performer in black cloak’s eyes gave off a red glow as he started to speed up the rhythm of his melody.

However, there was not a single sign of spell being activated at all.

It was just a normal melody and pure music.

Cling!

Suddenly, a soft and gentle voice could be heard among the densely packed crowd. A bald middle-aged man had used the cake knife in his hand and stabbed it into his own throat. He looked at the sky, revealing a mournful expression.

The blood flowed along his palm down to his arms as it dripped to the floor. However, the people around him did not seem to realize what had happened at all. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that none of them cared.

The melody started to turn sorrowful.

Cling cling!

Another two gentle noises could be heard as two people in the crowd used their fruit knives and stabbed it into their throats. They cried as they laid onto their own puddle of blood and yet no one cared.

The number of people committing suicide gradually increased as they picked up all sorts of sharp objects and stabbed them into their throats. None of them made even a cry before their deaths as they laid quietly on the streets.

Ten people... Twenty... Fifty... A hundred...

More and more people started to spill their blood as they ended their lives. The streets were then dyed completely in red.

The Wizard stood among the crowd as he tried his best to not listen to the strange melody. He was born with a lack of concentration, which meant that it was extremely hard for him to focus when he performed a specific task. This was also the reason why he was still a Level Two Wizard. However, this lack of concentration had become the reason why he was still alive.

Chills were sent down his spine as he looked at his own team captain Aswan unsheathing his sword and cut his own throat. He was still smiling as tears filled up his eyes even as he laid on the ground.

He tried to stop it but he could not control his body, as if his body was not under his control.

“What is going on!!??” He screamed within himself and yet he could still not change the current situation where his body was paralyzed.

The number of people committing suicide increased as the blood on the ground merged into a river. A flock of pigeons and other unknown small birds and insects started to revolve around the black cloak performers. Occasionally, they would crash onto the walls and buildings nearby and die from the impact. However, they were not awakened when their own kind passed away as they remained dancing around the performer at high speed.

“This is the music of death...” The Wizard could only think of such a sorrowful thought. It was also his last and only thought before he blacked out and became unconscious as he fell onto the ground.

Within half an hour, the busy Corolla City had turned into a dead city. Fresh blood had covered every corner of the city. All lives, regardless if it was an animal or human had ended their lives by this strange melody.

Those Void Creatures that had hidden among the crowds did not survive through this disaster as well.

Cling!

Finally, the Level Seven City Master took up his own blade and ended his life inside the main office.

Then, the melody from the Black Cloak had slowly reached to an end.

He gently played the final note as he put down his small violin. He then looked at the city with ten thousands of population turning into a lifeless city filled with fresh blood.

“What a beautiful melody...” A lively young man with his crystal gem-like skin appeared behind the performer.

He was in a white cloak and his eyes were mysteriously black. The white pupil could be seen in his black pupil and it looked extremely strange.

“Master, are you satisfied with your meal?” The Demonic Book turned around elegantly as he bowed.

“I’ve fully recovered.” Garen nodded satisfactorily. “Fifteen thousand people’s worth of life force. Fifteen thousand souls... The Despair Skull has been fully filled as well.”

He raised his left hand and a few colorful jewels had appeared on the black bracelet on his wrist. They were yellow and red in color and there were a total of five of them.

“I guess it is faster if we perform a massacre...” Garen was extremely satisfied as a jewel on the Death Bracelet represented a Soul Seed. Since he had five of these jewels, it meant that these tens of thousands of people’s souls had provided him a total of five Soul Seeds. This was completely different from secretly absorbing the souls in the Abyss.

He slightly opened his mouth and the five jewels on the bracelet instantly turned into five streams of light as they were absorbed into his mouth.

Garen then shut his mouth satisfactorily and closed his eyes as he enjoyed his gains.

Inside the dark Soul Space, he had finally filled up the eight Soul Ring. As he fused in the five Soul Seeds, the Soul Ring was instantly upgraded into a faint red Soul Ring. Then, all there’s left was to increase it to orange color and finally yellow color before he arrived at the Upper-Level Demon Lord Class.

An Upper-Level Demon Lord at its peak would be able to fight against a Lower God. It was not just an embodiment but an actual God descending to the mortal world.

Garen gathered the remaining transparent energy in his body on his chest inside of the Enneahedron. A bloodbath worth tens of thousands of lives had allowed Garen to form a grey-black Enneahedron.

Roar!!!

An angry dragon roar could be heard far away in the sky.

“Oh... It’s Tiamat’s power.” Garen raised his head and looked up as he revealed a smile. “Unfortunately, she’s one step behind...”

Pew!

Garen and Demonic Book disappeared at the top of the bell tower.

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The Corolla City, the ancient city under the direct command of the White Dragon Mountain had been massacred. The life of fifteen thousand people including their souls had vanished. They did not enter the Abyss nor hell and not even the Styx or Tiamat Divine Kingdom. All of them had mysteriously vanished.

As Tiamat did not have any church but a few worshippers and evil priests, practically no one was able to obtain any more clues from her side.

There were only a few lucky survivors that could describe what had happened then.

An evil and mysterious performer had hypnotized the entire city. He did not kill any of them. Instead, all of them had committed suicide! Corpses filled all the streets, small and big. Even the Level Seven City master had committed suicide in his own room.

However, this was a news that was worth paying attention to. The White Dragon Mountain was angered as they sent a huge amount of members to capture a genius White Dragon named Garen. However, all of them were killed by Garen when they engaged in a battle.

Within half a month, Garen had killed at least thirty Adult White Dragons, Elder Dragons, and Ancient Dragons combined.



For the next half month, it was not just Corolla City that had suffered as the Rosan City which was seven hundred kilometers away had suffered the same fate.

This city was not a city under the direct command of the White Dragon Mountain. It was a city belonging to the Black Streak Empire and at the border of the Black Elf Empire. The majority of the city consisted of soldiers and there were twenty-five thousand people died in this massacre.

The Music of Death had spread across the entire northern region.

As two big cities were massacred in a row, a huge amount of members from the church gathered together in an attempt to investigate the situation. However, all evidence had without a doubt pointed towards the new Dragon of Disaster, the White Dragon Garen.

## Chapter 1360: Massacre and Divinity 2

The White Dragon Mountain had requested a hunting order towards the Dragon Clan Alliance as the major churches had sent out their elite forces to work together.

There was evidence stating that Garen had achieved the peak of mortals, which was Level Fifteen. In fact, Tiamat's oracle might have suggested that Garen had already obtained the Demigod's Divinity.

A Level Fifteen Demigod Powerhouse would be impossible to be chained or killed without a Clone of God or three similarly powerful powerhouses surrounding him.

However, as the Gods were being suppressed by the Void in the overall situation, the Pantheons were still facing the constant destruction imposed by the three major Void beings. The Eye of the Slaughter seemed to have been revived as he was spreading the Evil Eye Church within the inner region of the Element Plane and he had also swallowed the Big Mistress' Church in the Abyss.

The Fallen True Soul seemed to have acted on his own as well as he started to spread something across the Primary Plane.

The Distortion Demon Master who was the only who knew his place had even started to gather and invading the lands. He had already occupied more than half of the lands in the eastern empires.

The Pantheons had formed an alliance and sent out a united group of incarnated armies to retaliate against the Distortion Demon Master. Ultimately, the battle reached a stalemate and they had barely stopped the Demon Master's Void Armies from advancing their invasion.

Under these circumstances, the Church Pantheon basically did not have the power to deal with Garen. They had no choice but to let the Dragon Clan Alliance to handle the situation.

The death from the war spread across the world as it covered the sky.

The True Souls and Demon Masters started to come out from the Distorted Void Crevice. The majority of the True Souls and Demon Masters did not belong to any organization. They were merely here to kill and increase their own strengths.

These monsters were even more terrifying than the Disaster of Dragons. They killed everything wherever they went as they did not want any witnesses to tell the tale. These massacres were similar to swallowing everything up as even their souls were not spared during the massacres.

Hence, these had caused a huge discontent from the Abyss and Hell.

The rumors of the Child of Hell has started to spread across the globe as a solid line of defense that spanned hundreds of kilometers was swiftly formed. This divine defensive line was very effective in preventing the advancement of the Void Creatures. As the Gods joined forces to cast an extremely huge Void Detection Spell and an actual Higher Divine Soul had descended into the mortal realm.

The God of the Sun, Osiris had brought his Blazing Legion from the Heavens. His Divine Kingdom could be seen through a portal which appeared just behind the divine defensive line. A swarm of Blazing Angels flew out of the entrance as they joined in the intense battle against the Void Creatures.

Garen, on the other hand, was currently in a district just outside of the divine defensive line, which was located within the swarm of Void Creatures.

The battle became more chaotic as death and blood spread about. The majority of the people in many cities started to flee. The number of people fleeing from the city grew further as the size of the city increased.

Many Teleportation Portals appeared on the Primary Plane as the Gods opened up the channels connecting the Upper Inner Plane to the Primary Plane. Countless of Elemental Armies, a variety of legions from different factions, Heavenly Creatures, Hell Creatures, Abyss Armies, and so on gushed out from the portals.

All of them had joined in the battle against the Void Creatures.

As Garen was wreaking havoc and searching for the Fragments of the Inspired Soul, the local forces had gained a slight advantage in the battlefield. However, a huge number of lower level citizens were massacred by the Void Creatures, causing a reduction in production as many cultivated lands were left unmanned. Hence, this had caused the gradual disappearance in logistics as well.

The number of humans was drastically reduced in this chaos and what had replaced them were the main clans from the higher plane. One of them that had become the majority was the armies of different layers from the Abyss and Hell.

The reincarnation of the Gods, Demon Masters, True Souls, Thane of Hell, and the Thane of Abyss. All of them whose existence only seen in the form of names in the ancient records had started appearing. They appeared in the Primary Plane as they killed each other in the sky, throwing the entire Primary Plane into blood and fire.

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An incredible huge grey snake's corpse was floating in the evening sky.

The snake covered half of the sky. Two bloody sockets were left behind as the eyes had been taken out. Its body was filled with densely packed white thorns and some of these thorns had already snapped in half.

It was still oozing out black gas around its body and this had frightened other living beings from getting near to its corpse.

Garen lowered his head as he looked away.

He quietly avoided the forces that way after him as he arrived at an inconspicuous area.

It was a coastline by the south.

A huge battle had just occurred here recently and that huge snake corpse which had covered half of the entire sky was the corpse of the True Soul which had fallen here. Its corpse was still oozing out a horrifying deadly aura even though it was dead for dozens of days. Any living being which had been infected by it would immediately grow old and die.

Garen strolled about alone by the port of the completely silent Crystal City.

This city was already dead as it was covered by the auras of True Souls and Gods during their battles here. All beings of Level Eight and below were instantly killed.

“Two Demon Masters and one True Soul had fallen here. Naturally, our battle result is glorious as well since we’ve managed to kill five Divine Souls and one of them was a Middle God.” A voice of a young woman appeared beside Garen’s ears. “We’re responsible in cleaning up the aftermath. The Soul Fragments you’re searching for does not lie here and even if it does, it has already been taken as well. However, this is the best place to obtain the inspiration of the Death and Decaying Divinity as the Divine Souls, True Souls, and Demon Masters who had fallen here are related to the two Divinities.”

“Thanks.” Garen nodded. The one who spoke to him was one of the Demon Masters of the Mother Stream Alliance responsible in this region. He found out about this place and purposely came here in hope to obtain some gains as he had received intel from the Snake Princess.

He had massacred over fifty thousand lives. Garen’s reputation had spread across the entire northern region as he became one of the strongest Demon Masters. Although he was still not the strongest, he was the most discreet when it came to killing. His melody of massacre did not contain any signs of spell as he would be able to force countless of people to commit suicide purely by sound hypnosis.

This was the main reason he became notorious.

“Alright. I’ll mind my own business and you should as well,” Garen replied softly.

“It’s nothing. I should be thanking you for giving me more work.” The woman started to laugh softly as her voice gradually faded.

At the port of the Crystal City, the most famous landmark building was the gigantic glass tower located at the center of the port.

It was the Wizard Tower that controlled the entire city’s central region, the Crystal Tower. It was managed by the City Master who was a Level Fifteen Great Arcanist.

Garen looked over at the Crystal Tower which looked like a broken wooden stick as the top half had already fallen onto the abandoned buildings beside it.

It looked like it was broken beyond repair.

It was also the place where the presence of Divinity was the strongest.

He blinked his eyes.

“Let’s do it.”

‘Beginning to scan for traces of Divine Power...” His consciousness had finally able to create an effect towards the external surrounding.

Its sensation surpassed Garen’s by dozens of magnitude as it utilized Garen’s current sensation and response towards the traces of spells.

It was able to quickly find any clues no matter how subtle it was.

Garen walked slowly towards the Crystal Tower in this ruins.

Both sides were filled with the lifeless white buildings which the majority of them had spired at the very top. The body of the buildings was filled with dome-shaped windows and the streets beside them were filled with the wilted corpses, shirts, broken stone or copper sculptures and so on.

As he walked past a pond, he could see it was polluted with black and rancid fluid. The birds which had died and floated in the pond did not have any maggots or flies feasting on their carcasses.

‘Traces of Death Divinity has been detected... Divinity Radiation Level 11%... 15%...’

Garen stopped moving as he pondered for a while before moving on.

‘Radiation is increasing... 21%... 27%... 30%.’

Garen halted once more. He raised his hands and he could see traces of his skin wilting. What was originally a well-stacked skin had started to wrinkle.

“What powerful energy... To be able to affect me in such a huge manner even when the battle has ended long ago. It is truly a battle of the True Soul Level.” Garen gasped.

“This place should be able to increase my deconstruction of the Decaying Divinity.” Garen sat on his knees.

He sat quietly as he felt the remaining residue of the energy and its aura.

His brain then started to compute at high speed.

Garen's Soul Limit had already reached two hundred and sixty points. The Despair Skull had given him Potential Points as it absorbed the souls whereas the Death Bracelet had absorbed the fragments while providing him Soul Seeds and Soul Energy.

Both were able to bring out the best in each other.

The first thing Garen increased was his Intelligence as it was the key in his brain's computing power. Two hundred and sixty points worth of Intelligence would provide him an incredible fast computing power.

The deconstruction of the Decaying Divinity had reached the critical stage. If he were to succeed, he would be able to fully understand the root of decomposition and construct a Divine Persona based on the decomposition.

"Perhaps the other Demon Masters have their ways in dissecting this issue, they definitely don't have the computing ability that is as advanced as mine. My computing power is countless times faster than theirs and even I need such a long time to barely be able to deconstruct a rather reclusive Divinity. If it were them..." Garen's method was completely unique and inimitable.

He loosened up and emptied his mind as he focused his energy on his computing power.

"What a chaotic era..."

Garen gave off a gentle sigh as the Enneahedron in front of his chest shattered, forming into pure energy that had entered his brain.

It was one of the ways to use the Enneahedron. This pure energy could be used to evolve or increase any aspect of his body, including computing power.

The energy of fifty thousand living beings that were massacred instantly nourished Garen's brain to the point where veins started popping up on his face.

Buzz!

A black halo slowly appeared behind Garen's head. The halo contained countless algorithms that were densely packed together as it started to spin slowly.

'Obtained an unknown source of energy, computing power is now greatly enhanced...' A message appeared in his mind and it was immediately dismissed.

The black halo behind Garen's head started to spin faster over time.

Pew pew pew!!

Suddenly, the halo gave off a big amount of black rays as they spread across all directions. These streaks of light were like iron as it penetrated through the grounds and Voids.

It then started to absorb the surrounding nutrients like a giant tree's root.

As Garen saw this, his slightly surprised and pondering expressions were written all over his face.

He then shut his eyes and immersed himself into computing once more.

As he took his posture, he had sat down for ten days.