

Mystical 1361

Chapter 1361: Collaboration 1

In the pitch-black Abyss

“Ann, everything’s been properly arranged,” said a blonde-haired woman dressed in red softly, floating in front of Ann.

“Are all the fifteen nodes we set up in the north complete?” Ann’s back was facing the woman as she played with a dagger with a black handle that glowed with a faint silver light. An indiscernible red light flashed across the dagger occasionally.

“It’s complete. Each of the fifteen nodes will be guarded by a Demigod,” the woman replied hurriedly.

Ann turned around, frowning.

“It’s too bad that you’re the only one under my wing that I can use, Mura and the others left too soon... They couldn’t even wait for my reappearance.”

“Even with your mighty abilities, milady, there’s no way you could have saved them. That’s the inevitability of time...” The woman’s expression had a hint of melancholy as well.

Ann was the leader of the strongest Dragons of Disaster, the Three Monarchs, so she would naturally have extremely powerful forces under her command. At first, she had five Dragons of Disaster with the power of Lower Gods as her generals, but now this woman was the only one left. The incomparably powerful and glorious sect from back then was now reduced to slightly over twenty Demigod-level powerhouses. As for those below Demigod-level, they were practically negligible.

“I’ve contacted some people, it all depends on how the general situation goes. Even if I don’t have many people, I still need to make my move. This is the best time right now,” said Ann calmly.

“The time?”

“One week from now...” Ann raised her head and looked at a certain direction. Her gaze seemed to penetrate countless barriers, finding a powerful being hiding in the darkness. “He can’t escape...”

Garen woke from his immersion.

He glanced at the time, and the timekeeper in his Willpower Neuroprocessor told him that it had been more than ten days since he began his immersion.

Without knowing it, he had noticed that black circle of light that grew ever more complicated and sophisticated at the back of his mind. It was something like a ring of light, and inside it, there was a large amount of data and many runes, flowing, moving, and computing. The carving of most of the patterns and runes around the ring of light had been completed, but there was still a small section that had yet to be done.

“A Decay Divine Persona, is it?” Garen reached his senses toward the thing his Willpower Neuroprocessor had created using that wisp of Divinity. He had never seen a Divine Persona before, but that did not mean he could not find out what ring of light actually was.

He used more than twenty years and most of the computing power in his Neuroprocessor, and now that he had finally gotten this thing as a result, it had to be related to a Divine Persona somehow.

“A Divine Persona is the final product of Divinity lit up with sacred fire, and it can use the Divine Domain to convert Divine Power. It requires the input of everything, the soul and the Willpower. Right now, I’m still a single independent unit, so I clearly don’t count as a Divine Persona. In that case, what is this thing?” Garen observed the black circle of light behind him, somewhat confused.

This thing was emitting many black silk threads, absorbing a special something that felt like Soul Energy from the Void surrounding him, as though they were so many tree roots.

The thing that was being absorbed came with hints of terror, fear, hatred, antagonism and other similar emotions. Clearly, this was the power of fear and respect unique to Dragons of Disaster.

“What do I represent?”

Garen frowned slightly.

“What do those who treat me as their enemy see me as?”

As soon as that question rose from his heart, it was as though he could instantly hear a great many different voices.

“Cold Winter Dragon, I curse you! May you be confined and tortured forever in the bottomless Abyss.”

“The Lord of Hell will someday tear off your skin and flesh, drying them out the gates of hell!!”

“I will get my revenge! Someday, I’ll kill you!!”

“Cold Winter Dragon, I want your life in exchange for my son’s!!!”

Countless voices surged up from the bottom of his heart.

Garen watched these voices quietly. It was strange, to be hated by so many survivors. It was his first time feeling something like this.

Other than that, there was also the power of worship from those who feared him. These beliefs were much simpler, mostly they just involved praying that he would not appear and spread the Wintry Death.

“Looks like this thing truly is a semi-completed product. It’s just that I’ve yet to properly decide what I represent.” Garen understood now.

Ann represented time and shadow, so her Divine Persona will convert all the power of fear and worship into Divine Power of time and shadow, or rather, the power of Disaster.

“The Divinity and Divine Persona I have constructed are based mainly on Decay, so I’ll temporarily set my position as Decay for now.” Garen mused over it for a while, and directly decided on this rarer Divine Domain.

‘Confirming the Divine Domain... Initial determination — Decay. Includes rotting, wasting away, and can extend to aging and death as a result of the passage of time.’

The Willpower Neuroprocessor instantly gave him a response.

The instant he decided on his Divine Domain, Garen abruptly felt his body shudder. The ring of black light behind his back began to tremor abruptly, rapidly finishing up the remaining incomplete patterns and runes. Within a few dozen seconds, the whole circle was utterly complete.

Once the ring was complete, it looked just like a wheel of burning flames wrapped around a large ring. Many dots of black light spread and scattered from the edges of the ring. It looked eerie and creepy.

Mysteriously, Garen could vaguely feel a powerful gaze staring at him from across the endless distance.

That gaze was icy cold and emotionless, and carried with it the aura of death. Even the faraway distance could not hinder its penetrating stare.

“The God of Death... Did the overlap in our Divine Domains result in a conflict over the worship power?” Garen’s heart gave a jolt. He knew that the Divine Domain he had settled on probably overlapped with that of the God of Death, and in that case, there would surely be a divine battle to fight over that Divine Domain.

“I just only determined my Divine Domain and I haven’t accumulated enough Divine Power yet. Looks like I’d better stay out of the way for now...” An intense wariness rose in Garen’s heart.

The God of Death was a true Higher God, in name and in power, and was one of the more formidable presences even among the Divine Systems. Going head-on against him would not end well at all.

When that thought occurred to him, the ring of black flames behind him automatically hid itself, but he could still feel those many root-like black threads connecting him to those lives and souls that feared or hated him. They were still providing him with an endless supply of that immense worship power.

And this power of worship was also flowing like a stream into his Divine Persona, before it was converted into wisps of energy like black threads, merging into his Soul Ring structure.

‘Now condensing tragedy power, please select: One, store and increase your Divine Persona. Two: use immediately to power up yourself.’ A message came from the Willpower Neuroprocessor.

Garen glanced at his current level.

‘Divine Persona: 1.’ It was standard, weak Divine Power.

“I can even use it to strengthen myself directly?” He had not expected it to have this ability. Usually, Divine Power was mainly used for consumption, as well as to accumulate and increase the level of one’s Divine Persona. The stronger the Divine Persona level, the more Divine Arts one would be able to use to respond to one’s worshippers, and the more power and authority one would have.

Garen carefully looked through his current status.

‘Garen — Strength 260, Agility 260, Vitality 260, Intelligence 260. Potential 12829%. Soul Limit 000.

8 Soul Rings: Five Colorless, Red, Orange, Red.

Level 10 Draconic Aura. Level 10 Arcane Art.

‘Potential Quality — Divine Creature, Void Pursuer’

Void Original Opus — 70%. Hind leg — Evil Soldier, wings — Seven Lives, tail — Demonic Book.

Overall comments — God of Decay: Divine Persona 1. Title — Winter Sigh.’

“My Soul Limit has turned to 0?” Garen was slightly taken aback and then overjoyed.

He sensed his current condition carefully, and felt as though the converted Decay Divine Power had directly turned into a thin membrane that covered the surface of his body. This membrane was even growing ever stronger as more Divine Power was converted.

“This should be the so-called Divine Power Shield, looks like most Gods rely on their Divine Power as a protective force field. To them, Divine Power was more like a layer of natural armor, armor that could withstand attack. It only needed to consume a certain amount of their Divine Power.

Garen quickly came to a mental conclusion.

“As for the strengthening and leveling up of the Gods’ own true bodies, almost no books mention it at all. I couldn’t even find any mention of Gods powering up their own bodies and 神体 Divine Bodies in Ann’s books. Mostly, they just assimilated and evolved gradually alongside their Divine Power, until they finally become one with their Divine Power, their bodies turning into the incarnation of their ocean of Divine Power.”

“On the other hand, True Soul Demon Masters simply use all their power to strengthen their own bodies. Looks like the two options the Willpower Neuroprocessor gave me act as the boundary line between True Souls and Gods...”

Garen’s heart instantly became clear.

“If I choose to accumulate, the Divine Power will automatically turn into a Divine Power Shield, that’s the God Route. If I choose to strengthen, then that’s the True Soul Route.”

Naturally, there was no hesitation at all here.

Garen went straight for strengthening. Although the Gods were strong, they were also extremely limited by their own worship power. It was fine when they had plenty of worship power, but if ever that was reduced, their Divine Persona's level would drop, and they would be affected instead. On the other hand, the True Souls just used all their power to strengthen their own Elements. There was no chance of outside interference.

It was clear at a glance, which one was better.

This was also the crucial reason why the Gods in this world grew weaker as they fought more wars, because the regular civilians and worshippers were being massacred in large numbers. This was the source of their Divine Power.

‘Select Strengthening.’

As soon as Garen decided on an answer.

Instantly, that thin layer of Divine Power began to be slowly absorbed by Garen's Instinct.

Garen's current body had the terrifying Devouring Instinct of the Hellfrost Peacock Queen, so unless he purposely held back from devouring something, any energy that got too close to him would all be absorbed and devoured by that Instinct.

“The Gods don't have a Soul Limit, probably as a result of the unique nature of their souls. I have the characteristics of both a God and a True Soul, so I might probably be an extreme minority in this world...” Garen guessed.

From now on, he was also a God with a little Divine Power, albeit an extremely weak one.

But without the restriction of a Soul Limit, he could practically increase his own attributes endlessly.

He gave his Semi-Divine Weapon, the Despair Skull, a quick glance and made some rough calculations. He still had a couple thousand Potential Points left.

Without a shred of hesitation, he activated the Devouring Instinct directly, beginning to absorb the Potential Points inside freely. At the same time, his Willpower Neuroprocessor automatically converted them into Intelligence.

That was right, he did not increase any other attribute first, but went straight for Intelligence, the one that he had increased first earlier.

Without the attribute limit, he immediately increased his Intelligence first, as it was the most crucial to his Willpower Neuroprocessor.

His Intelligence decided how fast his Willpower Neuroprocessor could analyze divinity, and it also decided the speed of his Divine Power conversion via his Divine Persona.

Divine Power had to be accumulated across time, from the creatures who worshipped him, so it could only be gathered through plundering. Soon enough, he was going to join Ann's raid operation, so Garen was already planning to make the biggest preparation in anticipation of this operation.

"Now, it's about time I got started on Ann's matters." Garen organized the information he had about the True Soul Demon Masters.

He got up and instantly vanished from the spot.

"A raid?" The Deception Demon Master looked at Garen in the Water Mirror lazily. She was lying on her side in a black palace, surrounded by pools of blood, corpses, and skeletons everywhere. It was clear that she was slaughtering some God's temple.

"The God of Time and Shadow, that fellow's not easy to deal with..." The Deception Demon Master frowned. "The point is, what do I get in return?"

“Ann just wants the Time Divine Persona, and we can split the remaining Divine Personas, according to how much power we contribute,” Garen explained. The first one he went to was the Deception Demon Master, because she was the closest to him, after all.

“You just entered the God level and already you dare to participate in a raid of this level? Casavon’s Divine Kingdom is no joke, y’know? After that Divine Kingdom was increased, a ton of Holy Spirits reached Demigod Level, they could crush you just by piling on top of you,” said the Deception Demon Master, confused.

Chapter 1362: Collaboration 2

“Naturally, I have my own plans.” Garen did not explain. The truth was he never wanted most of the Divine Persona, he just wanted to obtain a wisp of the Death divinity. Just a wisp of divinity, and his Willpower Processor would be able to make that into a complete Divine Persona. That was why his needs did not conflict with Ann and the others, who were fighting, at all.

At the most, he would ask for a few Divine Crystals. Those were made by condensing pure Divine Power, and that just happened to be what he needed right now.

“Okay, it just so happens that we need an overwhelming victory to settle the score over here as well. The way the Sun God killed the King of Enzo gave us quite the blow...” said the Deception Demon Master with a cold laugh. “I hear that they’re raising some Child of Radiance, hehe. They’re gathering all of their divine authority and power into one Incarnation in the hopes of fighting against our rapid approach.”

“The Child of Radiance, the Child of Hell, they’re all just their means of fighting back,” said Garen offhandedly. “Alright, then, I’ll go contact the other Demon Masters and True Souls. Of course, if you could contact some other helpers as well, it would be better if we had more assurance of safety.”

“Mm.” The Deception Demon Master’s attitude toward Garen had changed as well. Although Garen was still very weak, he was already a God in every way and form. He was, in essence, the same as level as her, so her manner of speed was much more equal now.

The Water Mirror vanished, and the Deception Demon Master touched her chin.

“I wonder how this guy leveled up. It’s not been that long since we last met, and he’s already on his way to becoming a God?”

“I’ve been a Demigod for so many years, and yet I still lack that most crucial step,” said Kunder with a sigh, walking out of the darkness. “After deciding on a Divine Domain, you’d still need to accumulate worship power, gathering it up to light up the sacred fire before you can build your own Divine Kingdom. He’s already halfway through that...”

“Yeah... Although it’s not complete by any means, he already has worship power. Now all he has to do is withstand the killer pursuit of any Gods whose Divine Domain overlaps with his, and he’ll be able to light up his sacred fire steadily, forming his very own Divine God. He has to use the energy provided by the illumination of the sacred fire to support the operations of his Divine Kingdom. This’s an inevitable process.”

The Deception Demon Master’s expression was one of admiration.

“The Divine Soul System of this world is just a shortcut that speeds up the strengthening speed by gathering the power of all creatures. It’s much, much faster than how we had to bust our backs and gather every ounce of power ourselves from the bottom up. In just a moment, he’s finished walking the path we took several millennia to cross.”

“But there’s a huge flaw as well, taking a shortcut means paying a price.” Kunder shook his head.

“That’s right...” The Deception Demon Master did not say any more. “A price...”

The Earth Demon Palace

There were countless black smoke figures floating everywhere, crowding in every inch of the ancient and evil grand hall. They danced, baring their fangs and claws like evil ghosts and demons, some notes of

an eerie and cruel music slowly spreading from the Void in accompaniment with the dance of the black smoke figures.

Above the grand hall, a man with a strong body and a scorpion head sat crookedly on a tall and large throne. He tapped the armrest lightly in time with the music, seemingly rather engrossed in it.

After Garen powered up, this was the nearest Demon Master's Demon Palace — the Earth Demon Palace.

Its owner was a powerful Demon Master from the Void, the Scorpion-Headed Human, Jirhas. He was in charge of the cleanliness and security of this area, and operated under the name of the Distortion Demon Master.

“What an impressive song and dance.” Garen clapped his hands lightly, sitting at the VIP seat on Jirhas' right. Although he had no idea what was so attractive about this ghostly song and dance number, he still knew how to say a few praises to fulfill the most basic manners.

“Does Her Highness Ann have such performances at her place as well?” Jirhas asked with a laugh, looking at Garen sideways.

“Naturally, my master has no such thing. Perhaps only your place would have such a unique song and dance, Demon Master Jir,” said Garen respectfully.

“Of course.” Jir nodded. “I understand what you mean, we have always communicated and cared about Her Highness Ann to a certain degree. Since she's one of the few powerful existences in this world with the same needs and interests as us, we've always placed much importance in Her Highness Ann's potential.”

He stretched out his hand, and a black wine glass appeared, floating above his palm. He sipped some wine from it lightly.

“Regarding this matter, it's a rare moment when we all share a common goal and interest, so cooperation would not be a problem. However...”

He paused.

“However, what?” Garen’s expression did not change as he waited for Jirhas to continue.

“However, Her Highness Ann still belongs to a different camp, after all. My master’s always wary of outsiders to a certain extent.” The Scorpion-Headed Man gave an eerie smile. “If the one we’re working with is you, however, perhaps that will put our hearts at more ease...”

They had done their research on Garen’s roots, he was a textbook example of a Void being with a proper background and a bright future ahead. Each trace of the Secret Techniques on his body was an extremely pure example of a Void Demon Lord’s foundations. Besides, his progress speed was much faster than most Demon Lords, he had only taken a few years to go from a middle-level Demon Lord to almost becoming a God. After all, the God level was a peak-level existence, just like Demon Masters and True Souls. At this point, he was basically at the pinnacle of two worlds now.

The only difference in strength now was the comparison within the same level.

Garen frowned slightly and did not continue that thought.

The Scorpion-Headed Man, Jir, did not seem particularly bothered.

“As long as you’re willing, we can make all the proper arrangements. You just have to coordinate with us from the inside, and it won’t be that hard at all to take down the entire Dragons of Disaster party.”

Garen understood what he was getting at now. They were actually dissatisfied with Ann and were looking for another being that they could support as her replacement.

“Sorry, I...”

“There’s no rush. Take your time and think it over. Her Highness just rendezvoused with us recently, but we were very disappointed in her performance. She’s already lost the necessary will to push

forward. Instead, she actually said that she wanted to retire to another plane once she was free of the seal..." Jir shook his head, his expression slightly taunting.

"She actually wants to retire in the middle of an era as great as this?"

Garen's heart gave a jolt. Clearly, the situation right now was that the Void Creatures were unhappy with Ann's pacifist attitude. For all he knew, they were already secretly supporting another existence, hoping to replace her.

Now, they wanted him to cooperate with them, probably to increase their chances of success and reduce the degree of uncertainty.

He did not doubt the power of the Void at all. The Distortion Demon Master was a peak-level Demon Master that could fight even Fehra head-on, so in this world, the Demon Master was considered as powerful as the strongest powerhouses among those with the truly powerful Divine Power.

"No need to worry, our Mother Stream Alliance has a few Gods as well, their Divine Personas were all formed by killing and devouring middle-level Divine Souls in the middle of the wars. They're powerful enough, but without a Dragon of Disaster, there's no way to lead this group. Her Highness Ann can mobilize many Dragons of Disaster and have them fight in a group, so she's a partner that we really need to work with," consoled Jir.

"No matter what, this raid is a compulsory chance for our camp to fight back, so we hope you can participate in it." Garen stayed silent for a while and then stood up.

"As for my Master's matters, I hope you guys can continue observing for a while longer. Perhaps you will notice some other changes."

"I'll join the raid, but as for changes... Here's to hoping." Jir waved his hand nonchalantly. "In that case, goodbye."

"Goodbye." Garen's figure disappeared abruptly.

Jir was not worried that Garen would tell Ann at all. From what he could see, Garen and Ann were not all that close, and besides, Ann probably had an idea about what they were thinking to some extent. It did not matter whether she knew or not, now that Ann was being repelled by the Gods, even if she wanted to hide and avoid them, where could she run to?

Garen's figure appeared on some black plains. There was not a blade of grass growing anywhere around him, but instead, there were black stone shards everywhere, evenly spread out on the ground.

This was the teleportation point marker he had left here in advance. It was less a thousand kilometers away from the clan he was returning to.

The sky was covered in dark clouds, as though it was going to rain soon. Occasionally, he could hear the rumbling of thunder coming from the clouds.

After he received that information from the Demon Master Jir, Garen's feelings were rather complicated as well. It seemed that there was a huge rift and conflict between Ann and the Void.

He was stuck in the middle and it made things very awkward for him.

He wanted to reduce and resolve this problem, but it was slightly frustrating. He could not change Ann's decisions, and the will of the representative from the Mother Stream Alliance was also unacceptably strong.

"In the end, my power still isn't enough!" Garen frowned slightly. Ann saved his life before, so no matter what, he could not let the Mother Stream Alliance use him to take her down. On the other hand, he would definitely offend the incomparably powerful Mother Stream Alliance. In that case, be it himself or Ann, they would probably face an even more troublesome ending if they went against the Demon Masters from the Mother Stream Alliance, resulting in the Demon Masters' embarrassment turning to fury.

"How do I find a middle point..." For a moment, Garen was frustrated as well.

Whoosh...

Suddenly, a mysterious cold breeze blew past him. Garen vaguely sensed something strange.

All of a sudden, the alarm bells in his heart went off, and he immediately moved, disappearing from the spot and reappearing somewhere nearby, several hundred meters away.

Barroom!!

The place he was just standing at had abruptly turned into a sea of ice crystals. The surface of the plains within several dozen meters had completely frozen over.

A large White Dragon, more than twenty meters long, rose gradually from the surface of the ice. It was as though he had crawled out of a deep well, his claws digging into the ground and forcefully pulling out the lower half of his body.

The dragon scales all over this White Dragon's body glowed with a hint of platinum, and he had a crystal-clear diamond-shaped crystal embedded into his brow. On his head, he wore a platinum crown, and it was as though the stars and the clouds were constantly reflected, rippling in his gaze. It was a scene as beautiful as the Milky Way.

Roar!!

The White Dragon roared madly at Garen's direction, an immense and powerful energy force spreading around.

"Garen! You killed the Elders, resisted against Her Highness Tiamat's Incarnation, and killed your innocent relatives from the White Dragon Mountain. Today, all of your crimes will be completely judged and concluded right here!!"

"White Dragon King, rather than staying in the Abyss, you actually dare to run out here in pursuit of me?" Garen's expression was dark. "Aren't you afraid of dying outside, resulting in the White Dragon Mountain losing even a land for them to rest?"

“With your powers?” The White Dragon King laughed wildly. “Upon mine body, God descends!!”

He spread open his wings, and his entire body abruptly emitted an intense white light.

‘Warning, warning, you have entered the vicinity of a Holy Aura. Beginning identification of Tiamat’s Holy Aura, Divine Creatures cannot be identified, identification failed... Vitality Identification passed, removes effect of the Holy Aura.’

A large amount of information instantly came from his Willpower Neuroprocessor.

Garen frowned. This time, Tiamat had clearly descended here using her own Incarnation. Even with his divinity and Divine Persona, his Divine Power was still weak, and it actually could not make him immune to the effects. Thankfully his Vitality was too powerful, the slaughtering over the past period of time had accumulated and resulted in up to 260 points in his terrifying Vitality stat. Almost no creature in this world could surpass him now. It was the perfect chance to see how much more powerful he was after condensing his Divine Persona!

“The last time I was completely suppressed by you, but let’s see who suppresses whom this time.” Garen’s expression did not change as he pounced forward, his entire body instantly ballooning into a giant White Dragon.

The three pairs of wings on his back unfurled slowly, the countless green eyes covering every inch of his six wings opening with an aura of unbelievable evil. As though to accompany those eerie compound eyes, an overwhelming and decaying aura began to permeate through the air.

Boom!!

The White Dragon King abruptly sprayed five-colored Dragon Breath out of his mouth, crashing hard into Garen’s body as the latter was shooting through the air toward him.

Burning heat, chilling cold, powerful poison, numbing itchiness, and lightning. Different types of Dragon Breath energy crashed into Garen's body hard with a huge momentum.

Along with the Dragon Breath, the White Dragon King, Tiamat's Incarnation, pounced mercilessly, pressing down on Garen and trying to use his immense power to suppress him.

The dragon scales all over Garen's body began to melt, but he paid them no heed. He rushed straight through the Dragon Breath, taking it head-on, and all the powerful Five-colored Dragon Breath could do was force him to close his eyes, lest they were burned.

He also had a Divine Persona now, so his resistance to Divine Power attacks had risen again. Besides, his Vitality was also much stronger now than it had been before, and the stacking of these effects had finally triggered a fundamental change. The damage the Five-colored Dragon Breath did to him was almost negligible.

"Imprisonment Spell." Tiamat's voice gave a screech, and suddenly a pitch-black cage enveloped Garen, who was still rushing forward. It became a black square cage.

He opened his mouth wide and bit at the cage.

Bam!!

The cage instantly shattered, and a giant dragon's tail from within whipped Tiamat's face hard. It sounded like a bolt of dull thunder, the giant impact creating faint space ripples in the air.

"Dragon Race Control!" Tiamat was forced to stagger by that whip, and there was instantly a large flash of golden light from his body. The Level Nine Holy Spell was cast almost instantaneously and released directly.

At his level, all Holy Spells were practically as fast as a change of his will. The only thing was that there was a limit to how many casts he had daily.

Unfortunately, while the Level Nine Dragon Race Control was a Holy Spell unique to him as the Dragon God, it still had barely any effect on Garen, whose Vitality was terrifyingly high.

He had been immune to Level Nine Spells a long time ago. It went without saying that they would not work on him now.

The misty glow formed by that golden light landed on Garen's body and then vanished without a trace, having no effect whatsoever.

"Pollution Meteor..." Before Tiamat could finish saying the name of the spell, Garen instantly appeared before him, crashing his claws into his chest with a bam.

Bong!

Tiamat took several steps back, and his spell was also interrupted. He shook his head but was not injured at all.

A thin golden membrane had blocked off Garen's attack, rendering Tiamat completely unharmed.

"The Divine Power Shield?" Garen raised an eyebrow and activated all of his 260-point Speed.

Swoosh!

He instantly appeared behind Tiamat's back and whipped down hard with his tail.

The attributes of Tiamat's Incarnation were also clearly over two hundred. He turned around immediately with decent reflexes, and four other dragon heads appeared beside his, all biting at Garen harshly.

Psst!

Garen suddenly felt an intense pain in his tail, and he moved aside, instantly and hurriedly.

Only then did he realize that his opponent had taken a small bite out of his tail. His heart turned cold, but before he could react, Tiamat moved instantaneously beside him as well, biting down hard once more.

“Since the Holy Spells don’t work on you, I’ll just use my sharpest teeth to swallow you directly!” Tiamat said, screeching with laughter.

The two giant White Dragons had practically become two balls of shadows, moving and wrestling at high speeds on the plains. Occasionally they would fly into the air, or crash down hard into the ground. Anything that would touch them now and then would instantly explode into dust, just like an illusion.

Garen could move instantaneously because of his high speed and agility, and Tiamat could perform instantaneous movements too, but he was one step faster than Garen in terms of reflexes. This was the difference in their Agility attribute.

As an Incarnation of God, only then did Garen get a deep understanding of why only Incarnations could fight Incarnations most of the time. The strength of the True Soul and God Levels lay in their bodies that had been powered up to the limit over an infinitely long period of time. Just this one Incarnation had more than two hundred points in Speed and Strength. Add that to the solid Divine Power Shield that was extremely hard to pierce through, and this was practically a fearsome, indestructible war fortress.

But the difference between them and the True Souls was that the Gods’ own increases in attributes were based on the Divine Power enveloping their bodies, whereas the True Soul Demon Lords simply relied on their own bodies.

“As I expected, you really are a Void Creature!” Tiamat sped up, chasing after Garen and laughing coldly.

“Saber of Domination!!”

Suddenly, an expanding ball of darkness exploded before him and enveloped Garen in an instant.

The giant black saber within the ball slashed at Garen soundlessly, its blade carrying a faint layer of a purple glow.

It was as though the giant saber instantly became enormous before Garen's eyes, smashing down on him like a mountain range. It was so powerful that even Garen, with more than 260 points in Strength, felt suffocated and unable to fight back.

"Divine Persona Evolution!" Garen was shocked. Tiamat's Persona had domination in its definition, and this ability was clearly his using the Divine Persona to mobilize the most Divine Power he could.

When he was going through Ann's books, he had read somewhere that the Divine Persona represented Authority, and this Authority was the embodiment of the rules. Going against the Authority was going against the rules, and this was not something normal power could resist. Only Authority could resist Authority.

"Corrode!!" he roared deeply, his entire body emanating with large clouds of purple-black fog. That wheel of black light appeared behind his head directly.

The purple-black fog came into contact with the black saber head-on, and instantly, the black fog fell apart and scattered. It was because the difference between their Authorities was too large.

Disregarding the Black Fog completely, the black saber slashed onto Garen's body mercilessly.

Rawr!!!

Amidst the howl of pain, a deep cut appeared on Garen's body. The black saber disintegrated, and the black fog enveloping him dissipated completely as well.

"What a powerful body you have, to think you went straight up against my authority and still managed to survive!!" Smiling evilly, Tiamat began to condense the black ball of Authority once more. "How about another go, then?"

"Poisonous Eye!"

Suddenly, two dark-green rays smashed into Tiamat's dragon head.

The speed of these rays was so fast that even he could not dodge them, despite his two hundred points in Agility. They hit him straight between his brows.

The rays actually carried the faint Authority of the Decay Divine Persona. Although Garen's Divine Power was very weak, and the destructive power he obtained from activating his Authority was not quite enough, it was still far stronger than the previous Poisonous Eye, that had only been Level Fifteen.

As a grandmaster-level powerhouse in terms of combat and killing, Garen just had to see the way Tiamat used his power once with his Willpower Neuroprocessor, and he already understood the best way to use Divine Power to the strongest effects.

Divine Power Authority, and the Divine Power Shield, these were the Gods' strongest spear and shield!

Tiamat was the Evil Dragon God in charge of Domination and Evil Dragons, so if the one fighting here was simply a pure-breed Evil Dragon, his power would naturally be suppressed by four or five levels. Since Garen was actually a Void Creature, he managed to avoid this form of suppression.

So the only thing that had an effect on him was the Domination aspect.

Tiamat had been just slightly careless. He did not expect Garen to learn so quickly, so he was instantly hit by the Poisonous Eye with the Decay Authority. A large hole was formed in the Divine Power Shield around the middle of his brows as a result of the corrosion, and the golden Divine Power all over his body instantly reached over to fill the gap, quickly mending the hole.

If Garen could not instantly break through the Divine Power Shield and kill the one inside, an attack of this extent on a God would only produce one result.

As long as they still had Divine Power, Gods would not fall.

“The difference in the Divine Power we’ve accumulated is too large!” Garen was shocked, and he rapidly retreated backward.

He barely avoided the Authority that fell down like a blanket. Half of his upper body was still flowing with platinum-colored blood. That terrifying cut stretched from his neck all the way to his chest, and had nearly cut a third of his body off.

“Retreat!” The idea flashed past Garen’s heart. The power of Tiamat’s Incarnation was not something he could hope to fight against right now.

Without a shred of hesitation, he turned around and teleported again, appearing immediately in the sky several hundred meters away.

“Tryna run, huh!!” Tiamat smiled sinisterly, and gave chase with his entire dragon body. To his surprise, however, Garen’s speed was actually a notch faster than his.

He could not really sense it when they were fighting in close quarters, but as soon as there was a distance between them and Garen started running, the minute difference in this attribute of theirs instantly became clear.

The two Colossal White Dragons began a high-speed chase, flashing across the sky above the black plains more than ten times within an instant, traversing several kilometers in distance.

“Poisonous Eye!”

There were two hisses through the air. Garen turned around suddenly and shot out two rays of green light from his eyes, the rays landing on Tiamat’s body as he was caught unprepared.

His Divine Power Shield gave a jolt, and another large hole was instantly torn through it, but it quickly recovered again.

Tiamat was quite shocked at first, and he paused. Immediately after, he realized that he was uninjured, and he continued to go after Garen in a rage.

The two White Dragons ran away and gave chase respectively, all the way from day to night. Time passed by slowly, and this lasted a whole six days.

They crossed the black plains, flew across vast golden deserts, and entered the sky above the massively wide ocean.

Every time his Poisonous Eyes healed, Garen would turn around and hit Tiamat with them without fail. At first, Tiamat did not even intend to chase him any longer, but Garen's actions provoked him into continuing with the chase relentlessly and furiously.

Throughout these six days, Garen continuously used the Poisonous Eye countless times. Tiamat was just an Incarnation, after all, and he was possessing the White Dragon King's body. Although the White Dragon King's body was powerful, it still could not take the long-term invasion of a Divine Power that was not his own, and he finally buckled under the pressure.

Above the bright blue ocean and the roiling waves, two Colossal Dragons shining with a white glow flew past the ocean at high speeds.

Psst.

Suddenly, a large crack opened up in Tiamat's chest, spewing out white dragon blood.

"What's this? The Incarnation of the Dragon God can't even apprehend me, a normal White Dragon?" On cue, Garen turned around and taunted him.

"You're asking for it!!" Tiamat raged and continued to give chase once more.

Psst psst psst!!

In an instant, several arrows of blood exploded from his body and fell into the seawater beneath him. The water instantly turned platinum in color, as did the seawater around that spot.

In front of him, Garen turned around instantly, the countless green eyes on his six wings winking deviously.

“After being chased for so long, it’s my turn now...”

He flapped his wings abruptly and actually stopped dodging, rushing straight toward Tiamat.

“Saber of Domination!!” Tiamat condensed the power from all over his body and created another black ball that enveloped Garen.

The black ball scattered, and Garen continued to rush at him, his body all covered in blood.

“Saber of...!!” Tiamat attempted to gather his Authority again, but suddenly he spewed out a mouthful of platinum-colored dragon blood.

“You’re done for!!” Garen laughed heartily as he teleported to Tiamat, his dragon claws turning into two shadows that smashed into Tiamat’s body mercilessly.

At the same time, Tiamat’s body had stiffened as a result of the backlash from the way his Authority had been interrupted, and he could not move, so this hit landed squarely on his body.

Boom!!!

A cloud of white smoke burst in the sky over the ocean, and the golden Divine Power Shield appeared once more, blocking Garen’s dragon claw.

But the immense power also caused the Shield to ripple distortedly.

Chapter 1364: Incarnation 2

Garen used all four of his limbs, all the joints all over his body instantly turning into a storm of attacks. That formidable power and speed burst forth, and he used the shock technique from the Secret Technique users to continuously emit bursts of penetration power in an attempt to destroy the insides of Tiamat's body.

The Divine Power Shield grew gradually fainter and more distorted. Clear cracks began to appear on it.

Tiamat had been forced back several times now, and when all was said and done, this was still merely an Incarnation of his, so it was incomparable to the strength of his own true Godhead. The White Dragon King's body was slowly growing unable to keep up, such that he did not even have the power to whip his tail in self-defense. All he could do was take one hit after another, as Garen continuously sent him flying backward over and over again.

“Poisonous Eye!!”

Two more green rays hit the front of Tiamat's body.

Bam!!

There was an enormous sound, like glass shattering. Tiamat's body finally collapsed under the pressure, falling apart and exploded instantly.

The limitless golden Divine Power gathered up once more, forming a golden illusion of a dragon.

“Cunning fellow! Don't think you can get away so easily!!” Tiamat roared furiously.

“Escape?” Garen laughed coldly. “I didn't keep you busy for so long just to escape in the end!”

Before he even finished speaking, he rushed forward, opening his dragon jaws wide.

Hiss!!

Amidst the loud devouring sounds, he swallowed all that golden Divine Power, completely unafraid of Tiamat's possible retaliation.

“Without a body as a vessel, even Divine Power can be interrupted by the lowest level Blasphemy Priest.” Garen's gaze grew colder. His mouth kept on swallowing the large amounts of golden Divine Power.

Tiamat knew that he was at a disadvantage now, and he struggled in frustration and anger, but it was useless. Without a body as a vessel, his Divine Power was as floaty as a lily pad without roots, unable to produce any powerful effects. It just kept being absorbed by Garen at high speeds.

As the devouring continued, his voice became smaller and dimmer.

Garen could sense limitless power coming from the devouring. His body kept expanding and growing like a balloon being inflated, and there was even a faint layer of gold forming on the surface of his body.

‘Devouring Divine Power... Devouring Divine Power... Beginning the strengthening...’

Waves of golden Divine Power were rapidly converted into pure Soul Energy, sinking into Garen's Soul Ring structure. None of the Divine Power was stored up in order to increase his Divine Persona. Instead, Garen just used all of it to strengthen himself directly.

The texture of the Divine Power was unexpectedly strong, one wisp of the Divine Power, equal in volume, could somehow be converted into two wisps of Soul Energy.

Garen took one last merciless gulp and swallowed the illusory golden dragon before him completely. Without a hint of hesitation, he teleported away from the area, afraid to linger for even a second.

He had devoured all the Divine Power from an entire Incarnation, but Divine Power was not the only thing included in there, there was also something extremely troublesome—a part of the God's divinity!

Tiamat's divinity of Domination and Evil Dragons!!

It was only when Garen took that last bite and swallowed the entire Incarnation that he knew just how much he had lucked out this time. This divinity was as complete as roughly one-third of the true divinity, so he just to derive some things slightly and complete it, then he would be able to form a complete Divine Persona of Evil Dragons and Domination in no time at all!

In the battlefields of the Eastern Empire

Countless flaming meteors fell from the sky, dying the sky a shade of blood-red.

Eerily, the earth beneath the flaming meteors was a sea of frozen ice. Countless blocks of ice rapidly formed Ice Elemental Giants that stood up from the ground and roared angrily into the sky.

Waves chock full of countless Void Creatures kept surging out of the many distorted purple Void Crevices. From a distance, it looked like a chute channeling rubbish as Void Creatures of all colors, creatures that could not be named, surged madly into the battlefield. They were completely unafraid of death, and under the leadership of the Demon Kings, they rushed towards the Ice Element as well as the landing spot of the flaming meteors.

On one end of the battlefield, there was a tower covered with white bone spikes. At the top of this tower, a rich-looking wife dressed in a pitch-black long dress and wearing crescent-shaped dangling earrings was looking down calmly at the battlefield where almost a million lives were killing each other.

Three large and strange monsters floated in the air behind her.

The first was a giant Three-Headed Wild Boar, the second was a white sphere that looked like a circle, but also had a clear human face on its surface.

The third was a platinum-colored metallic spraying machine, but its top half was a cow whereas its bottom half was styled after a robot. It seemed to be a powerful existence from a technological civilization.

These three powerful presences floated behind her back, watching the enormous battlefield below as well.

“Have you found him?” asked the rich lady, frowning.

“No,” said the Three-Headed Wild Boar in a deep and low voice, shaking his head. “There were no traces of the Child of Hell’s aura, it looks like he’s pretty darn good at hiding...”

“You must look beyond the surface,” said the Balloon Man with a smile.

“Do you mean you got a lead?” said the Wild Boar unhappily.

“Of course I don’t, but we have Kar, don’t we?” The White Balloon looked at the last member, the Bull-Headed Robot.

“I’ve scanned the whole area and found 132 suspicious points. Three of them may be searched,” said the Bull-Headed Robot in a low voice.

“Do it.” The rich lady glanced at him. “You’re the expert at this.”

“Understood.” The Bull-Headed Robot nodded and took one step forward.

Psst!

His arm actually pierced right through the space in front of him, wriggling into a crevice that had opened up vertically. There was a hissing sound as he pulled a blood-red figure from within, with one yank.

“The first.” The Bull-Headed Robot stuffed the blood-red figure straight into his mouth, chewing roughly a few times and swallowing.

“It’s not...”

He repeated this process a few more times. They saw him pull out a pale-red snake shadow from the Crevise and stuff it into his mouth once more.

“This isn’t the one either.”

“The third one.”

He reached out his hand again, tearing apart the Void and sticking his claw inside.

Ahhh!!!!

An abrupt, piercing, and terrifying scream came from inside, and a red figure dashed past at lightning speed, trying to escape by flying outside.

The Bull-Headed Man gave it a glance and opened his mouth slightly.

Barroom!

There was a huge sound, and it was as though his mouth had expanded several times in an instant, covering this entire piece of space completely.

That darting red figure also finally screamed out before it was swallowed up.

“This is the one...” The Bull-Headed Man began to chew roughly. “The Child of Hell...”

“How’s the taste?” asked the Balloon Man, fascinated.

“Not very good. Tastes like Purgatory, so the taste of sulfur is very strong. It’s not nice at all...” replied the Bull-Headed Man honestly.

“How disappointing...”

The Three-Headed Wild Boar let out a sharp breath.

“Let’s go.” The rich lady turned around and vanished instantly. The three Demon Lords also made their figures fade and vanish, as though they had never been there.

Nobody noticed that in a certain corner of the battlefield, a dragon shaped like a black shadow was emerging from the dark shadows.

It was quietly devouring the corpses nearby, and the aura it emitted also continued to increase slowly without stopping as it devoured more.

A flaming meteor fell from the sky and landed nearby, just enough to illuminate this small area for an instant.

The black dragon figure raised its head slightly, revealing a face Garen had once been familiar with – Reyman.

Astral Space

In the Astral Space with its glorious colors that went around emanating terrifying radiation everywhere, many spheres formed from countless pieces of trash, bodies, and other miscellaneous items.

The powerful attraction and radiation filled this entire space that was in danger.

A silver-white line gradually appeared in an empty corner of the Astral Space.

The silver thread flowed down slowly, and almost seemed to print out the eerie body shape of a man. He was covered from head to toe with wounds that looked as though he had been pierced through with weapons, and some of the weapons still linger on his body. He just looked like a corpse that could not be any more dead.

The man opened his eyes and held open his palm. In the middle of his palm, there was a condensed item made from countless pitch-black mosquitos and insects. It was as though all the countless insects had gathered together to form a sphere made of insects.

“It’s about time you came in handy...” he sighed softly, lightly tossing the insect ball in his hand toward the front.

The insect ball exploded tracelessly, and now it turned into countless insects flying all over the place and scattering everywhere. It seemed that the radiation and gravity here were practically ineffective on them.

The man watched this scene quietly, until all of the bugs had flown away from the corner he was occupying.

Dragon King Peak

Garen was all curled up his own dragon cave. All this golden Divine Power just kept beating, the Divine Power that had come from Tiamat was still struggling inside his body. But he had already converted most of it into Soul Energy.

Since he had the Divine Persona now, he no longer had a Soul Limit. That was why he just decided to use all the Divine Power he had just obtained from the fight against the Incarnation in order to increase his stats.

The wisps of divinity were converted into Soul Energy and then turned into Potential Points. Garen kept adding them onto his dragon body.

Right now his Soul Ring structure could not level up because he lacked inspiration, and it just so happened that out of Tiamat's divinity that Garen had obtained that day, one part was unneeded.

He did not need the Evil Dragon divinity at all, so he just converted it into his Soul Ring.

The divinity in an Incarnation was more than he had found in the Pearl of the Temple back then. According to Garen's initial estimates, a completed divinity could be converted into four red Soul Rings. That was quite the haul!

However, completing the divinity required some time...

"The operation has begun."

Suddenly, Ann's voice echoed around his dragon's cave.

Garen opened his eerie dragon eyes with double pupils. "Understood. I'll be there immediately."

There was an instant flash of bright yellow across his pupils.

After he absorbed three Red Soul Rings that were converted from the completed divinity, he finally managed to condense a Level Yellow Soul Ring as well.

There was another Red Soul Ring on top of his Yellow Ring, too. That made nine Soul Rings in total, standing in the Soul Space like a tall tower.

Garen could clearly feel changes happening in his body, but he could not tell exactly what these changes were. It was a strange, imperceptible feeling.

Even so, it was obvious that he had an instinct. He felt as though he could enter Dream Space directly with his body, as though his body could shift and weave through the semi-dreams and semi-reality.

This was a very strange ability.

He did not know what this ability was actually useful for, but clearly its most basic function was to avoid attacks.

He could use his actual body to leap into the Dreamland and then instantly jump out again. With this method, he could avoid any would-be fatal hits. He also vaguely sensed that this ability seemed to have something to do with the rules of conversion between the material and the spiritual. After all, the Dreamland was purely a Spiritual Space.

As he got up from the ground, the golden Divine Power all over Garen's body retreated rapidly, as though he had gone back to being the normal White Dragon he used to be.

When he walked out of the dragon cave, two Adult White Dragon guards who were standing at the entrance bowed at him slightly.

"I'm going out for a bit. If anything happens, get Annie to solve it." Annie was the White Dragon who had protected him way back when he headed for the Snow City. Although her personal life was a mess, she was very powerful.

"Yes."

"If anyone comes from the White Dragon Mountain, tell them to wait for me to come back." Garen left those last words and then flapped his wings, instantly vanishing from the spot.

Standing at the peak of the snowy mountain, Garen pulled back his wings and looked at the lake on top of an extinct volcano in the distance. Over there, he could vaguely see three figures standing there, all of different colors.

The woman surrounded in black was Ann, the woman in purple was the Deception Demon Master, and there was a Scorpion-Headed Man there as well, the Earth Demon Master.

All three of them were surrounded by a naturally-occurring yet terrifying glow of energy. That was the Radiance of God that they made absolutely no effort to hide, a phenomenon naturally derived from their essence as a result of their bodies reaching the True Soul Level.

This was a battle between True Souls. As of right now, Garen did not yet have the right to participate in a battle of this level.

After all, even Tiamat was just a Lower God, and this time, he might very likely have to face multiple Gods with Middle-Level Divine Power. Although it was only a one-level difference, such a distance still meant that even two Lower Gods may not be able to defeat one Middle God. Gods such as the God of Time and Shadow were also particularly adept at battle, so there was an extra multiplier there as well.

That was why Garen had been arranged to watch from the distant sidelines, and placed in charge of sweeping other Demigods or Holy Spirits.

That suited Garen just well, since he was not particularly interested in a complete divinity. He just needed one wisp of divinity, and then he could perfect himself, eventually absorbing it and converting it into his Soul Ring. If he had enough Divine Power, then all he needed was to determine his Divine Domain, and he would be able to condense a Divine Persona. To Garen as he was now, that was not particularly difficult.

“Still not here yet?” Garen frowned slightly. They had been waiting in this state for three days now, but Casavon, the God of Time and Shadow whom they were expecting had yet to make an appearance.

Garen came here in order to steal many different types of divinities. As long as he had enough divinity, he just had to use a little more time and he would soon have even more Soul Rings.

Garen waited patiently and glanced at the color of the sky.

The sky was slightly grey and dreary, the heavy layer of clouds threatening to pour at any moment.

Occasionally, a herd of black migratory birds would fly here from the distance, flitting past volcano the lake. They did not notice the three terrifying presences beneath them at all.

“He’s here.”

Suddenly, Ann’s voice spoke by his ear.

Garen’s entire body stiffened, and he hurriedly pulled back his aura.

He looked into the distant sky beside him. A Three-Eyed Grey Dragon with golden wings had appeared there. It had a large stomach, and like a snake, its tongue was extremely long and red. However, its skin was stone-grey.

“Golden-Winged Dragon Mother, get ready.” Garen recognized her, this grey-colored three-eyed Colossal Dragon was Ann’s other student, so she was Garen’s senior sister in a sense. She had been following Ann for a long, long time before Garen was.

“I’ll take left and you go right. There are others in charge of the other two sides.”

The Golden-Winged Dragon Mother spoke in a quiet voice.

“Understood.”

Garen nodded and instantly flashed a few times with her, until both appeared in the sky above the volcano lake, taking left and right respectively.

At the same time, two others appeared in front of and behind the volcano lake, dressed in black clothes, their faces hidden.

The four of them promptly formed a square formation, surrounding the volcano lake.

Red light glowed from all four of their bodies at the same time.

The red light grew more and more intense, shining wider and wider, until they rapidly spread and wove together, forming a large and dense red net in the sky above the volcano lake.

The large net was several dozen kilometers in width, enveloping all the space around them completely and resulting in a blood-colored web ball.

“Maintain for ten minutes,” said the Deception Demon Master’s voice.

Barroom!

The corner of the blood-colored web that Garen grabbed with both claws abruptly gave a huge jolt, as though something had happened inside. He applied some force mercilessly, steadying the net he held in his claws.

The other three probably did the same as well.

The ball of net shook for a while and then rapidly fell silent as well.

But Garen was astute enough to notice that large flocks of Colossal Fire Birds were slowly appearing behind him.

These Colossal Birds were burning completely from head to toe. Their eyes were like emeralds as they all rushed toward his back.

Caw caw caw...!!

Amidst the sharp cries of the birds, Garen flapped his wings once. An invisible circular territory of intense poison spread out wide. His unique Natural Poison Region was like a membrane of transparent fog that could not be seen with the naked eye, slowly reaching out.

The fog of the Poison Region enveloped the flocks of Fire Birds, and instantly, the flames burning all over bodies of the many Fire Birds became fainter and smaller.

Their cries became hoarse, their flames growing smaller and dimmer, until finally they fell from the sky like so many dumplings.

“Ann!! How dare you...” Suddenly, a menacing man’s voice came from within the ball of net, sounding blurry and hoarse, as though it came from an extremely long distance away.

The ball of net began to shake violently, as though there was something inside trying to fight its way out.

Garen grabbed the corner of the ball of net even harder, turning aside slightly. Behind him, the countless Fire Birds gathered together, forming a figure of fire.

It wore black armor, and the body inside the armor basically had the same dark-red texture of lava. It was basically an Elemental.

Garen narrowed his eyes. Casavon had three powerful Gods under his command, and one of them seemed to match this person before him perfectly in terms of their physical appearance.

“The Elemental Thane... Aer.” If the one he faced before was an Incarnation of Tiamat, the one he was about to face this time was the true Godhead of a Lower God.

“A mere Dragon of Disaster..” Scorching hot flames erupted from underneath this Fire Elemental Thane’s helmet, and his body kept emitting large gusts of black smoke and high-temperature heat waves from all over his body.

“How dare you offend His Highness Casavon!”

He raised his scimitar and pointed it at Garen.

“To thy soul, I shall...” Bam!!

All of a sudden, a giant black beast pounced at him from the side.

The beast grabbed him tightly in mid-air, and the two of them wrestled and rolled. In mid-air, the beast suddenly sprouted a pair of large black bat wings.

Rainbow-colored circles of light burst forth as a result of the clash between the waves of energy and Divine Power, exploding between the two of them.

Garen watched this scene quietly. Since Ann had arranged so many things, it was only natural that she would not have forgotten to consider the manpower Casavon had under his command.

The two Lower-God-Level Thanes fought each other madly. One was the Earth Elemental Thane, the beast arranged by Ann, and the other was the Flame Thane.

The mountains and river beneath them rose, and crevices appeared between the giant boulders, revealing the lava that flowed beneath.

The powers of the Earth and the Flames tangled and wrestled with each other. It was a natural phenomenon as a result of a leakage of the two Thanes' power.

Amidst the loud rumbling, several black shadows began to appear slowly on the ground beneath them. The black shadows contracted abruptly, turning into several purple-black metallic giants that were each more than ten meters tall.

These Giants wore sharp triangular masks, and they held long black swords in their hands, their entire bodies covered in many mysterious carvings.

They leaped, their movements nimble, and all pounced toward the four people holding up the net in mid-air.

“Shadow Masks. They’re from the Grey Shadow Parliament.” Golden-Winged Dragon Mother snorted coldly. “Careful, each of these Giants is a Level Fifteen Sword Master from the Giant Clan.”

“Leave this to me!”

A woman in black slowly appeared in mid-air beside them. The woman had dark golden curved horns on top of her head, and she wore a black suit of armor that covered her entire body. In her hands, she held two long and thin swords. Her long purple-red hair flew in the wind.

“Chaotic Space-Time!”

She abruptly raised her swords high, and a piercing sound immediately echoed through the entire vicinity.

Psst!!

A ray of purple-red light abruptly shot out of her blade, shooting straight into the air where it turned into a long thin line of purple-red, piercing through the clouds.

“Come, my most loyal clansmen!!” The woman screeched with strange and eerie laughter.

Buzz... Suddenly, a large current of purple-red clouds swirled in mid-air, turning into an enormous tornado that spun slowly in the sky.

With a crackle, a bolt of purple lightning shot past, and the entire sky dimmed.

Immediately, countless purple-red moth-like insects flew out of the tornado. These insects seemed to be several dozen times the regular moths, and each of them had eyes that glowed with a faint neon red light. Their vicious-looking mouthparts opened and closed constantly, as though they were trying to chew something greedily.

The insects pounced down from the sky like raindrops, flitting past the woman and leaping downward.

Roar!!

A Giant roared furiously, waving its Greatsword rapidly until it looked like a wheel as it moved into a sword dance. But even so, it was blocked by the many purple-red moths.

The moths' bodies were extremely hard. Even if they took a hit from the Greatsword, they would only sustain a tiny bit of damage. Then, they would shake their heads slightly and go charging forth once more.

Beneath them, the several dozen Giant were instantly surrounded by the countless moths, intercepted in mid-air.

On the ground, a Giant Sword Master wearing a black cape with golden trimmings looked up at the woman who had summoned the moths.

Without wasting any breath on small talk, the Giant Sword Master created an Excalibur in his hand, condensing it out of blue electricity. He took a few quick steps forth, borrowed that momentum, and stomped down hard.

Boom!!

The blue light shot into the air, the Giant Sword Master and the woman crashing into each other in mid-air. Black and blue Holy Aura Territories rose around the two of them, cutting off all the gazes from the outside world completely.

Garen pulled back his gaze.

The battle between the two sides was growing larger.

A few grey-robed old Wizards gradually appeared in the distant sky. There were still the faint vestiges of the forces from when they leaped through space, so it was clear that they had leaped here using a matrix.

As soon as these people appeared, they lowered their heads and began to chant a spell quickly, their hands scattering countless crystalline powders into the air.

“The leaders of the Grey Shadow Parliament!” Garen recognized these five old Wizards, they were all peak-level Great Arcanists from the Northlands. Even the weakest one was at Level Eleven. The highest-leveled one, on the other hand, was a Level Fourteen Great Arcanist.

Each of them had the faint image of a tall tower floating behind them, symbolizing the fact that they each had a huge Wizard Tower and Elemental Pond supporting them.

Garen glanced at Golden-Winged Dragon Mother’s direction. She was already exchanging blows with a yellow shadow, and bolts of gold-colored Divine Power sprayed out of their battle. Clearly, her opponent was also a Lower God.

“Looks like I’ll have to handle this on my own.” Garen did not think that this was the extent of the Grey Shadow Parliament’s firepower this time.

Just then, the chanting stopped abruptly.

The bodies of the five old Wizards suddenly gathered together, and actually molded into one clump like mud. Then, they quickly turned into a Warrior dressed in a huge white suit of armor and wielding two sabers.

“Emperor!!” the Warrior roared in a low voice. A white star suddenly lit up in the sky, and the white starlight pierced through the clouds and the tornado, shining down directly on his body.

In an instant, countless magnificent and holy patterns continuously appeared all over the Warrior's body.

He took one step forward, and his body disappeared abruptly, reappearing behind Garen.

He swung his saber!!

A diamond-shaped crystal appeared in front of the saber and was instantly shattered by the blade.

Bam! The countless crystal shards shot toward the back of Garen's head, hiding the trajectory of the saber's tip.

"Decay," said Garen in a low voice.

A cloud of black fog erupted from his body, covering everything within a several-dozen-meter radius. It covered the Warrior as well.

This was his Divine Persona's Authority. He could use his Divine Power to activate a powerful ability, as an embodiment of the laws. Everything trapped in the fog was limited by the laws of this place, and so began to decay slowly.

Be it their stamina, strength, speed, or essence, these would all fade quickly with the passage of time.

Pfft pfft pfft!

Countless crystal shards all landed on Garen's body.

However, it was as though they were crashing into wood. They left no trace whatsoever.

The tip of the blade also pierced into Garen's scales mercilessly, and the thin golden layer of the Divine Membrane was instantly broken through. The tip of the blade tapped directly against the dragon scale, emitting a piercing screech of friction.

"Dragon Light Slash!!" The Warrior used all the power in his body once more, and an arc of golden electricity burst forth from his hand, extending along the blade and instantly reaching the top. It became a huge force that propelled the blade forward viciously.

Pfft!

The arc of lightning shot out of the blade tip and struck into Garen's scales.

The Warrior's other hand abruptly turned into a blood-red tentacle of pure energy which wound itself around one of Garen's wings fiercely, with a smack.

"A Divine Weapon?" Garen raised an eyebrow. That blood-red energy tentacle meant that the opponent was clearly using a Divine Weapon to temporarily block of his Decay Authority.

This was also because he had too little Divine Power. If his Divine Persona was not limited to such weak Divine Power, if he had the Divine Power of a Lower God, then unless it was a Middle- or Upper-Level Divine Weapon, it would have been impossible to go against the power of Divine Authority.

But Garen was not surprised in the very least. If the opponent did not have at least this much power, how would they dare to participate in a battle of this level?

"Saber of Domination!" With a shake of his hand, he emitted a pitch-black ball that instantly enveloped the Warrior before him. It also swallowed up the red tentacles.

This was Tiamat's ultimate move, but since it was part of the Domination Divine Persona's Authority, Garen managed to absorb it into his Authority as well after a period of analysis.

This was the benefit of concentrating all his potential into his increasing his Intelligence. Within a few short days, he had completely digested Tiamat's Authority.

“Unfortunately, since it’s the natural ability of the Divine Persona, I can only use the Lower-Level Authority once without a cost. If I wanted to use it a second time, I’ll have to add on some extra Divine Power as a starter. Garen calculated how much Divine Power he had saved. He left just a wisp to allow the Divine Shield’s protective mechanism to run and operate automatically, and converted all the remaining Divine Power into Potential so that he could strengthen himself.

The Divine Power he obtained from devouring Tiamat pushed his Intelligence all the way up to 400 points. Unlike before, he now needed twenty Potential Points to increase his attributes by one point, so it was quite the cost.

400 points in Intelligence caused the computing speeds of the Willpower Neuroprocessor to increase to an unbelievable level. The computing tasks that required several days, and took Gods several months, now only took him several hours.

Chapter 1366: Hunt 2

The black ball slowly dissipated, and on the body of the white-armored soldier who reappeared, was a horrific saber mark. The saber mark had almost slashed his body into two pieces, and a great number of red blood vessels wormed out from the gap of the wounds, waving madly like a dancing snake.

At this moment, a faint feeling of pain was spreading at the body part where Garen had used to forcefully resist the opponent’s attack.

His brows knitted together, but such an attack could only make him feel pain. Some of the scales’ surfaces were ruined, nothing more.

Boom!

His tail twined round the Warrior in front of him and entangled him tightly.

Sizz...

The powerful might was not something even the Incarnation of a Lower God could compare with. Garen's 260-points of Strength was fierce, tightening the Warrior more and more...

He raised the other party up high over his head. Lifting his face, Garen opened his dragon mouth, and a large amount of blood was squeezed out, dripping into his mouth.

His snake-like tongue flickered continuously, licking the blood that spilled over his mouth.

"Sure enough, it's the Incarnation condensed from Faith... hahahaha, such a pure blood of worship... what a free delivery of Divine Power!!"

Garen's eyes gleamed ferociously as he laughed out loud. He casually flung away the Warrior at his tail, and the gigantic bloody colored ball of net behind him finally began to fade.

At this moment, three golden lights shot up into the sky and fled in three different directions.

"The Wheel of Time!"

Ann's voice echoed throughout the space around.

In that instance, everything stood still.

Only the three flying golden lights were still flitting away, but their speed had slowed down by a great deal. It was only then that Garen could clearly see that the three golden lights were actually three panicking golden Gods.

"Turn."

The Deception Demon Master's sound rang out.

In a trice, the heads of the three golden Gods fell right away, as if they were sliced off by a sharp weapon.

“Go!” Ann said nothing more, raised her hands to release four golden lights, which fell onto Garen and the Golden-Winged Dragon Mother, the four net-weavers.

In a cloud of distortion, all the combatants on the scene who were from Ann’s side disappeared at the same time.

Just at this moment.

Bang!!

An incomparably enormous golden beam descended from the sky.

A golden angel flew out from the golden light. She had six pairs of wings, her entire body was like a gold sculpture. Holding a short-handled flail, her eyes coldly scanned below.

“Shadow Dragon King...”

When Garen opened his eyes again, he was already in the Abyss at the place where Ann was sealed at.

Ann was exhausted, her entire body was constantly swallowing and spitting out a large amount of golden Divine Power, which was a sign that the Divine Power had not been completely digested.

“Casavon is dead. I didn’t expect another two Middle Gods to be there. This time we almost failed!”

“The God of Knowledge and the God of Raging Wind. Both were of middle Divine Power and had vanished without a trace a long time ago. No one expected them to be hiding in that place, waiting for us.” The black-armored woman spoke in a low voice.

“I’ll take my remuneration with me. The impact this time is too great. Fortunately, we moved quickly.” The Deception Demon Master came out of the darkness from one side.

“What I want is the God of Raging Wind’s Divine Persona. The Divine Crystal doesn’t matter to me.” No one knew where the Earth Demon Master Scorpion-Headed Human was hiding, and they could only hear the voice.

“The one that came later was the Higher Divine Power Lord of the Golden Angel, Fehra’s strongest right-hand man; also a pure God with a holy nature who is in charge of purification! Fortunately, we left fast. This fellow is not much inferior to Fehra’s Incarnation!” He said gladly.

“The three Divine Personas will be equally divided, while the divinity will be given to the other existences who had given assistance. More than two thousand Divine Crystals were extracted, and it can raise 20 points of Divine Persona. Are you sure you don’t want it?” Ann looked at the Earth Demon Master.

“No,” the Scorpion-Headed Human said casually, “what we lack isn’t the Divine Crystals... to convert the Divine Power into the energy that could enhance ourselves takes too long. What we lack is divinity. Complete divinity. Unfortunately, they’re all too fragmentized by you in the battle.”

“Divinity?” Ann pondered.

Garen and the Golden-Winged Dragon Mother quietly listened to the distribution of spoils at the side.

Hearing the words of the Earth Demon Master, he also instantly understood.

Other Demon Masters could not perfect the divinity as fast as him. His horrific computing power could even extend the perfected divinity into the existence of a Divine Persona.

It seemed that although other Demon Masters could also perfect the divinity and convert it into a Soul Ring, obviously it would cost a lot of time and effort, so they were not interested in the over-fragmented divinities.

“Fragmented divinities? I’d like to be allocated some of each. I don’t need too many in quantity, just want more types. Is that feasible?” Garen thought about it and took the initiative to go forward to speak.

“Some of each?” The Earth Demon Master frowned slightly and thought of something. “Are you...?”

“I want to try perfecting the divinities,” Garen nodded and frankly admitted.

“Alright. Divine Power isn’t of much use to us unless you want to focus on the path of the Gods. Otherwise, the Divine Power could only be used as a consumable item for the means of attacking.” The Deception Demon Master nodded on the side.

“The Divine Crystals... since you guys don’t need it, I wonder if you could sell some of them to me?” Ann suddenly said.

“How many do you want?”

“We’ll talk outside,” Ann said lowly.

The three Middle-God powerhouses disappeared at the bottom of the Abyss.

Some sundries-like objects were instantly scattered from mid-air and divided into four parts as they flew into the hands of Garen and the net-weavers.

There were still two combatants who were empty-handed. But no dissatisfaction was shown on their faces. Obviously, there had been other arrangements beforehand.

Garen collected his own share. It was more than a dozen little balls that looked like lustrous balls of yarn.

He had now transformed into a human figure, and he reached out his index finger to gently touch a small red ball.

‘Divinity discovered, category: storm. 1% completeness.’

Then he touched another silver one.

‘Divinity discovered, category: literature.’

‘Divinity discovered, category: poetry.’

Garen touched all the divinities one by one.

These dozens of divinities came from the God of Time and Shadow, the God of Knowledge, and the God of Raging Wind respectively. They were threads of divinity from the different Divine Domains that the three Middle Gods were in charge of.

“If I can perfect these divinities...” Garen’s heart was slightly looking forward to it. Some of the Divine Domain divinities could enhance the computing power of his Willpower Neuroprocessor.

For example, one of the God of Knowledge’s divinity that was called Logic could completely enhance the computing speed of his Willpower Neuroprocessor.

“Well, we can now leave. Be careful, I smell the aura of the God of Death on you,” the Golden-Winged Dragon Mother on the side reminded gently. “Maybe it won’t take for the God of Death to pay close attention to you. Once you utilize the divinity that overlaps with his to form the Divine Domain and attempt to condense the Divine Persona, it will trigger a Holy War.”

Garen was astounded.

“Understood. That is to say, he’s just taking note of me now, right?”

“Yes, just taking note. He pays attention to all the existence who have grasped the divinity of Death.”

Garen nodded silently.

But being amid the whirlpool of the war between two big Worlds, he had no reason to give up the capital that was in his hands to enhance his strength.

“If nothing unexpected happens, Ann should be able to reap a major gain this time. Forming an alliance with you guys, the Void, can help her to ascend to a new level.” The Golden-Winged Dragon Mother sighed slightly.

“Ann is already at the peak of the Middle Divine Power. A new level... is it...” The black-armored woman’s voice faltered, but she still could not suppress her shock. “She had just broken out, and already she had accumulated such a foundation?”

“She did not just break out...” The Golden-Winged Dragon Mother spoke with another deeper meaning to it.

“Isn’t this better? Hehehe...” The black beast fanned his wings and laughed deeply. It was him who had helped Garen to block the first wave of enemies.

“Only in this way can we protect ourselves in this chaotic era...” the black-armored woman said solemnly.

Garen stood by the side and did not speak.

Just for... self-protection?

He suddenly recalled what the Earth Demon Master had said to him.

No one was a fool. Regarding his ability in which he could quietly perfect the divinity into a Soul Ring, perhaps the Deception Demon Master had been aware of it. After all, she had been together with him for so many years.

Perhaps this was also the reason why the Distortion Demon Master thought that he had the most potential.

Although it was still too early for him to replace Ann, it had not been a long time until now, and already he had reached the combat power of a Lower Divine Power. Becoming a Middle God soon would not be difficult.

He recalled the Earth Demon Master's last meaningful gaze, and there was a hunch in his heart.

"Alright then, I'm heading back first," he said plainly. "This is the way to contact my Tower. You are all welcome to come and visit."

He shot out a white cold light, which separated and landed before the other three.

"If there's a chance, I'll certainly come to visit. This is the coordinates of my deep pool."

The other three tyrannical existence also exchanged information with one another. In this chaotic era, more friendships represented more security. No one would reject befriending a Lower God powerhouse.

Garen nodded and vanished instantly.

The remaining three were silent for a moment.

"Garen, there shouldn't be anyone else who's more talented than him in the White Dragon Clan..." The Golden-Winged Dragon Mother sighed.

“How many years did it take for him to reach this level? I feel that his bone age is too young...” the black beast remarked in a low voice.

“Less than fifty years,” the Golden-Winged Dragon Mother answered.

There was a moment of silence.

The other two clearly showed an astounded expression.

“That’s really... indescribable.” The black-armored woman smiled bitterly. “Compared with him, what have we been really doing all these years...”

“No... it’s different.” The Golden-Winged Dragon Mother shook her head. “Ann once told me that Garen had the inheritance of the God of Pharmacy of the previous generation. He’s different.”

“No wonder.”

The God of Pharmacy was the most mysterious God in this big world, and it had created countless mysteries and weirdness. Even the most powerful major Gods could not tell what his true form was. In the end, it was due to the rise of another God of Pharmacy that the Divine Domain was discovered to not have been occupied. Only then it was known that the God of Pharmacy had fallen.

That was to say, until the fall, no one was still able to know what his true identity was, and who the Godhead was.

Chapter 1367: The Onset of Doomsday 1

Cold Winter Tower

Garen's figure instantly appeared on the Transportation Formation at the bottom floor.

He looked around, and a metal Golem came over and bowed slightly at him.

"Where's Nadia?"

"At the third floor. Seems to be reading a book?" The Golem replied in a low voice. These Golems had a certain intelligence. They were high-performance Golems created by Garen using the technology of the Mech World, which could be considered the integration of Arcane Technique and technology, and they were extremely horrific, as they already had a standard capability of Level Six once they came out of the experimental platform. Moreover, they could even continue to grow.

Garen had built a total of three of them; one to manage the Cold Winter Tower, one in the Abyss, and one in the production logistics.

"What about Koala?" Garen asked. "How's the progress? Ask him to come see me."

"Yes."

The gigantic body of the Golem bowed his head in reply.

Garen strolled to the Transportation Formation that led to the third floor. The Cold Winter Tower did not have stairs for each level. Instead, they were each an independent space and could only rely on the Formation to travel to and fro.

After a burst of white light, the second floor of the Cold Winter Tower was a place like a strategic research room, and at the center was a large universe Plane simulation scene.

On the khaki colored Main Substance Plane ball, the space of the upper-level Heavenly Mountain and other Upper Planes was a huge white disc, while the bottom also had a large disc, but it was black, which was the space of the Lower Planes; some were also named the Inner-Level Planes. On the side of it was a large cloud of colorful misty things floating over there; it was the Astral Space.

The Astral Space extended numerous tentacles, linking the Upper, Middle, and Lower Planes. Some blood-like objects could be clearly seen flowing from the Planes into the Astral Space, and from the Astral Space, they would flow back into the Planes along the tentacles, forming a large cycle.

Around the whole model was a vast Dark Void, and there were huge colorful plates faraway in the Void. They were the Divine Kingdom of each major Higher Gods. There was also a huge black hole in the middle, which was the node connecting the Void and this World.

Garen walked up to the simulation scene and swept his eyes across the situation shown on it.

‘According to the latest data collected, the scene authenticity is estimated at 67%.’ The Tower Soul, which was also Garen’s Willpower Neuroprocessor, gave a feedback.

“67%? That’s not low...” Garen nodded with satisfaction. “What is the general situation at the moment?”

‘The Void has completely suppressed the local Pantheons and has dominated nearly 50% of the local territories. Besides the big seas and the ocean, there had been major massacres at many places at the Main Substance Plane. The situation is very good. However, there are some tricky characters that can’t be detected even by the levels of the Distortion Demon Master; for example, the Child of Hell and the Child of Radiance.’

‘The Child of Hell. It’s estimated that there are dozens of them, each of whom is of different race, and their form is uncertain. The Child of Radiance is one person, and his identity is unknown. Their location is uncertain.’ The computing power of the Willpower Neuroprocessor was now far beyond than that of the average top-level Energy Machinists. In the Mech World, the Gods would also be considered an incomparable existence.

“How’s the Biochemical Pool?” Garen turned around, and a semi-transparent micro-black, thin little Golem suddenly appeared behind him. This Golem was only the height of a person, and the figure was slender and thin, looking like it could be easily fractured. However, there were sharp and pointed protrusions and spiked blades everywhere on it, giving a feeling of fragility and danger at the same time.

“Reporting to Master. The embryos bred in the Biochemical Pool has reached a thousand in numbers. All are placed in the soil under the Cold Winter Tower, and the Protection Matrix has been activated to safeguard them. We can stimulate their hatching at any time to join the battle.” Koala the Golem answered sharply.

“Types?”

“There are ten Razor Wolves Type 1, and they’re estimated to be at this world’s Level Five. The remaining basic units are Berserk Werewolves, which have flying and drilling functions, and their strength is evaluated at Level Three. The stock of Abyss resources that were recently shipped here have been exhausted,” Koala replied quickly.

“It’s fine,” Garen was not very satisfied. “Release all the Razor Wolves and collect the needed data in time to prepare for Type 2.”

“Understood,” Koala hesitated. “Master, do we need a Willpower Connection?” he asked cautiously.

Although it was hatched and produced from Garen’s Biochemical Pool, without the execution of the Soul Connection, these bio-weapons could not enjoy a mighty augmentation from Garen’s Willpower. In addition, because Garen was a Demon Lord, there would also be a natural strengthening to his subordinates.

This Demon Lord’s strengthening ability was acquired when one reached the Army Level. All the soldiers would be strengthened following the enhancement of the Demon Lord at the same time.

“No rush...” Garen blinked. “I’m going to have a big enhancement soon. The enhancement needs a better Type 2.”

“Understood...” Koala nodded and instantly faded into the darkness. He was basically an assassin-type Golem.

Garen had a final look at the simulation scene. The black representing the Void and the white representing the locals were constantly twisting and slaughtering at each major Planes. Through the

information from the Abyss, he was able to gather a lot of information from the innumerable Planes that were linked to the Abyss. He then in turn simulated this huge scene.

After watching the simulation scene for a while, Garen turned around and walked to the darkness on the side. A black crystal stone pillar automatically raised from the ground, and a large amount of information from the Vengeance Fortress was displayed on it like it was a screen.

After he had left the Abyss, the powerful Evil Gods around the Vengeance Fortress did not have any other targets, so they ceased all activities and left. Instead, the forces of the White Dragon Mountain had entered the fortress, changed their previous rampant behavior, and quietly waited for his return.

“The White Dragon King is dead. Looks like the White Dragon Clan will have to find a new reliance,” Garen snickered. He had a terrible intuition for the White Dragon Mountain. The representing Elder from the White Dragon Mountain now appeared in the frame and was exhibiting a peaceful and submission deportment, clearly being oppressed by the other forces so that they had no choice but to seek other assistance from the outside.

“Andrew.” Garen gently tapped the picture.

“Master.” A commander in black armor appeared on the crystal stone screen. “What are your orders?”

“How’s the current situation at White Dragon Mountain?”

Andrew had unwittingly broken through to Level Twelve, but his aura was close to saturation. Obviously, his soul had reached the upper limit. Many creatures had their own limits, whether it was the soul or the flesh, and only very few powerful inheritance could help the creatures to break through this limit. This World had a lot of top-level life energy cultivation methods, while the Worlds Garen had previously transmigrated to mainly focus on the Void’s various Secret Technique inheritance.

What Andrew had been practicing was the powerful inherited secret method of his own household, which was the Knight’s Technique that many knights studied. However, he could only reach Level Twelve in the end, and that was already considered very terrific. After all, he was only from a duke family of a small empire; how strong could the inheritance of a duke household from a remote small empire be?

“White Dragon Mountain is under the coercion of the Abyssal Demon Dragon Clan, so they’re now stuck in a difficult position and are seeking foreign aid everywhere,” Andrew quickly replied. “There was a time when they sent someone to try to bribe me, but I refused.”

“How ’bout Tiamat? How come she didn’t care for them?” Garen sneered.

“Tiamat seems to have disappeared without a trace. Even the Evil Dragon Priests had also vanished. The White Dragon Clan have lost their refuge and are faced with the duress of being swallowed up by the Abyssal Demon Dragons. That’s probably the key reason why they come to ask for your help,” Andrew said plainly.

“Disappeared?” Garen gave it a thought. “How much accumulated resources are left?”

“The consumption was not huge. Recently, we organized another Blood War and have reaped abundantly. There’re a hundred units of Abyssal supplies that could be given out.” Andrew simply summed it up. The Abyssal supplies was a unit determined by the internal department of the Cold Winter Tower. One unit of Abyssal supply could support the functioning of the Cold Winter Tower for a month. It could also produce a hundred Berserk Wolves, so it was a very large unit.

“Sent them all over. I need to open up a new territory here,” Garen ordered.

“Yes.”

Switching off the communication, Garen went directly to the Transportation Formation and entered the third floor.

The third floor was temporarily refurbished into a medical and reading floor, and a lot of data were placed here on the rows of bookshelves at a side.

Nadia was wearing a black blouse, a mini-skirt from Earth period, and long black socks. Her slender and symmetrical figure leaned against the seat, as her dark long hair draped down the back of the chair, straight and smooth.

Rosta and Elphis, the two Void Pursuers, also sat opposite her, quietly reading their books and counting something with a pen.

Seeing Garen appeared, all three tensed up slightly

“His strength is stronger...” Rosta was stunned as he felt an endless horrific aura spread over. Glancing at Elphis, both of them saw from each other’s eyes a sense of impotence as they smiled bitterly.

Nadia also felt the enhancement of this aura, and there was another layer of coldness on her face.

The human-form Garen was dressed in a white aristocratic outfit with a silver edge. He had white gloves on, and his figure was slender, giving others a cultured and elegant temperament.

“How’s things? I’m sure you three are doing fine in the Cold Winter Tower?”

He went to the table.

“Come and sit. I’m here to tell you all something.”

He swept his eyes across Rosta and Elphis. Both their aura was obviously enhanced a great deal due to the Distorted Seed, probably reaching the standard of Level Ten. Although they were still fragile like a child in front of him, but they could already manage to gain a foothold in this world. This was the power of the Distorted Seed.

“The two of you, what’s holding you back from advancing is that you have to find a point of convergence that you want, condense all your strength, purify it, and focus on that point as the core. Only then can you further enhance.” Garen gave some pointers to the two subordinates. Elphis and Rosta were also Void Pursuers, so he naturally had some sense of identity with them.

Then there was Nadia.

He turned his head around and looked at this old acquaintance.

“What about you? Almost comprehend it all? Regarding the situation of this World.”

Nadia closed her eyes and was silent for a moment. She then opened her eyes, and her pupils were filled with an unruly luster.

“What about that? What do you want to say?! Want me to succumb to you?” She taunted. “Even though I’m very grateful to you for saving me, but don’t think that I will succumb to any existence!”

“I don’t intend to oppress you,” Garen smiled. “I just feel that by leaving you here, any time when I’m in a bad mood, I can come to you to vent it all out. And after that, my mood will be fine,” he joked.

“You!” Nadia was ignited, and her eyes began to blaze with fury.

“Forget it. Master Garen is just joking with you...” Rosta, who was a kind old man, quickly began to soothe and smooth things over. Judging by his proficiency, this was clearly not his first time doing this.

Garen shook his head and stopped teasing her.

“Alright, back to business. Nadia, I can let you go, but with your current strength of less than Level Nine, and now is the time of great war between the Void and the Pantheons, if you don’t group together but choose to act alone, I suppose you won’t even make it for a week. Do you believe me?”

He did not lie to her anymore. This was the truth.

Now, whether it was the Void or the Pantheon, even the Lower Gods were afraid to act alone, for fear of being pursued and assassinated by the other powerhouse group. Not to mention her, a mere Level Eight-existence.

Nadia was silent, biting her lower lip slowly. She wanted to find a reason to refute, but she was not one with a silver tongue, and she herself was well-aware of the facts.

“So, seeing that you are an old friend, I’ll give you two choices,” Garen extended two fingers.

“One, join me. I’ll give you a Distorted Seed so that you can advance to around Level Ten, which will be sufficient for you to protect yourself. At the same time, like Rosta, you’ll be a small commander in my Cold Winter Tower.”

“I refuse! I don’t like to command whatsoever!” Nadia refused flatly.

“Then it’s the second one,” Garen smiled. “Be my personal bodyguard. I’ll grant you the Soul Connection. As long as I advance, you can also benefit and advance. I’ll be having a major leap soon, you can also seize this opportunity. But as an Army Level, you should be aware of the disadvantages and advantages in this respect.”

Nadia did not say anything.

The Soul Connection was actually the means by which the Army Level or Demon Lord-Level established its own army. After the establishment of the connection was successful, whenever the Demon Lord or Army Level advanced their strength, they would also simultaneously spur their subordinates to advance together.

The advantage of this was that one could progress quickly with a genius. The downside was that you must absolutely obey the Demon Lord or Army Level regardless of any order; even if they want you to go take your life.

Such a connection was almost impossible to be rid of, and no one had ever heard of anyone who could be released from it. It was said that only when the strength of the subordinates exceeded that of the Chief of Army or the Demon Lord by a great deal that it was possible to break off the connection at that time.

However, such a result had never appeared.

“Do you still actually want to enslave me?!” Nadia fixed her gaze coldly on Garen.

Chapter 1368: The Onset of Doomsday 2

“I don’t have such a thought,” Garen smiled. “I have countless powerful subordinates in the Abyss. To be honest, I don’t lack you guys. But since our relationship is rather different, as Rosta and Elphis are the only Void Pursuers left, while you’re my old friend, naturally it’s necessary to take care of my acquaintances first. Am I right?”

Nadia bit her lips, and her eyes revealed a mixed feeling. She also remembered the tragic experience of just entering the world and being simply caught like a chick or rubbish.

“Let me consider it.”

She originally wanted to immediately refuse in rage, but when the words reached the tip of her tongue, they unconsciously came out with another meaning.

“Give it a good thought.” Garen was not in a hurry. His plan would not be delayed due to Nadia.

“Rosta, you guys come with me.”

“Yes.” Rosta and Elphis instantly responded.

The two stood up and followed Garen to the Transportation Formation. With a whoosh and a flash of light, they disappeared directly from this floor.

Nadia quietly watched the few people left, and her heart was wavering more and more.

She had already reached the upper limit of strength enhancement, and she could not advance anymore as she was at the Army Level. Although she could advance herself in this World through slaughtering, but just like what Garen had said, it was too dangerous.

“Perhaps... I should really consider it.”

Garen the trio appeared directly in the center of the Elemental Pond at the top floor.

The six Elemental Ponds around were still emitting horrific energy fluctuations. Upon just entering here, Rosta and Elphis were entirely stiff and were directly impacted by the violent elements. They could only freeze on the spot and could not move at all. The enormous energy pressure made them, the Gods, felt sore and painful in their skin.

Snap.

Garen made a bright snapping sound, only then did the energy concentration around the two returned to normal.

“This is the core of the Cold Winter Tower, the source of all power. I’ll cultivate here, while you’ll connect with my soul first. After the imprint is marked, you’ll be able to advance along with me.”

“Thank you for going through the trouble for us, Master.” The two quickly thanked.

“In the future, you guys will be responsible for the troops that manage the Cold Winter Tower at the Main Substance Plane together with Koala and the rest,” Garen casually said. “I have other things to deal with. The lesser the Soul Connection of the army, the greater the enhancement that will be equally shared. I plan to look for only ten existence to be enhanced.”

Rosta and Elphis were stupefied. With an army of only ten people, this meant that so as long as Garen advanced, the help for them would be a terrifying qualitative change. This would be almost like a skyrocketing leap in strength.

Garen was not bothered, because what he needed now were powerhouses; enough powerhouses to assist him; not cannon fodders, since he already had lots of those. Whether it was the Abyss or the

Biochemical Pool, he could create sufficient powerful cannon fodders. However, he was lacking those who could really become his right-hand man.

“If there’s no other opinion, then let’s get started,” Garen said plainly.

“Yes.” X2.

As soon as the voices fell, Garen flicked his fingers and shot out two reddish translucent rays, precisely piercing the center of the two persons’ eyebrows.

The impact hit them hard to the point their heads were raised, and instantly fell into a coma.

The reddish light continued slowly, and Garen stopped looking at the two but walked to the Biochemical Pool to observe the latest changes. What was needed next was just the passing of time.

Initially, he had determined the places for Andrew and the other senior subordinates, coupled with Rosta the trio from this side as well as the few whom he had selected from the White Dragon Clan, Satwo and so on. There were only ten places in total. All of them were to command the enormous army under him.

After streamlining the Abyss’ army, now it was close to eight hundred thousand, all of which the lowest level were Level Three-cannon fodders, while the highest was Level Six junior captains.

Garen planned to have this force stay in the Abyss and strengthen them.

He intended to build another large army at the Main Substance Plane and to mainly construct with the Biochemical Pool and experimental platform.

“Next, it’s time to study the divinities...” Garen looked at the more than a dozen little divinity balls in his Soul Space. “I wonder, how much will I achieve after I have completely constructed and absorbed them? I really look forward to it...”

He simply chose to sit on the edge of the Biochemical Pool and quietly closed his eyes.

Behind the Alliance of the Gods.

Holy Light City.

This was the famous city Fehra was born in, and it was rumored that here was the origin of all light.

At the center of the city, a long string of bell chimes continued to ring out.

Numerous airships floated in the air and scattered down countless white petals as countless believers and people prayed piously.

Because of the Void Creatures' wanton slaughter, the population had been greatly reduced, but at the same time, it had also led the existing people's belief in the Divine Souls to reach an extremely pious level. This was because only the Divine Souls could kill the Void Creatures to eliminate all disasters and persecution.

Inside a huge cathedral in the center of the city.

The Holy Light Cathedral was the miraculous cathedral that was the core of the entire Holy Light City. It was where the Divine Souls had personally demonstrated their Divine Power.

Dozens of Gods had appeared before, of whom the most number of times was naturally Fehra the Major God.

At this time, all the top Cathedral leaders were gathered here on the inside, and Demigod-level powerhouses were seen everywhere. Even some former Popes who had reached the Lower God-level but still stayed in the mortal world and had not established the Divine Kingdom had appeared here.

“Praise the Gods!!” The current pope, Pope Chius, hailed loudly.

“Praise the Gods.”

Everyone called out in response at the same time.

“Evil stirs up the World, but Light will come,” The holy chief judge came forward and exhorted loudly. “Heroes will naturally emerge in troubled times. The oracle has been revealed, and I will now confer Bishop Anselon Kyrgyz with the position of the Chief Knight of the highest order, commanding one thousand and twenty-eight Knights of the highest order.”

A handsome young man with a faint golden light all over him and a gentle smile on his face slowly walked up to the center of the Cathedral, escorted by a group of Golden Knights.

He had on him a dark golden armor, was carrying a helmet in one hand, and his long blond hair wavered as he paced forward.

The sacred and grand music began to sound, and as the young Knight continued to advance, golden holy lights were ignited on the bodies of the Cathedral leaders on both sides, showing their respect.

Rays of holy light illuminated continually from both sides consecutively, turning into golden beams of light.

Everyone began to pray in a low voice.

The Pope got up and personally handed him a platinum long sword, which represented the command of the Knights, with both hands.

“Anselon, the Lord has been watching you all the time.” The Pope smiled mildly at him.

“His subordinate understands.” Anselon bowed his head and respectfully reached for the sword.

Just when his hand touched the sword.

Whish whish whish!!

Countless white golden rays burst out from the long sword.

Boom!!!

The Divine Statues of Fehra and the other dozen of Gods in the Cathedral all lit up at the same time, and countless white golden rays descended from the Divine Statues and converged on the Pope.

“It’s an Incarnation!!”

“It’s the Incarnation of the great Fehra!!”

“Oh my God! The Major God actually chose to come down!”

The surrounding Cathedral leaders were surprised. At the power transfer conferring ceremony of the highest armed forces, the new commander actually received the glory of the Major God’s personal arrival!

This was simply a miracle of all miracles and a glory that had never been seen before!

The countless holy light converged on the Pope, transforming him into a Light-man.

His body seemed to have gotten taller, and twelve pairs of white wings spread out from his back. An intense and mighty-to-the-extreme Holy Aura pressure naturally spread out.

“Anselon, I will personally grant you a completely new authority and identity,” Fehra’s majestic voice sounded from the light.

Anselon could not resist the shock, and he quickly bowed his head even more respectfully, facing Fehra’s Incarnation.

“Praise my Lord! The Light of my Lord shines through thousands of Planes,” his voice was quivering.

“Your feats will be turned into a Holy Sword; your kindness will be turned into the Holy Light Shield; your justice will be integrated into the countless hearts of justice; your anger will be turned into a boundless iron!” Fehra the Incarnation sang loudly in a poetic tone.

He made a grabbing action with one hand, and countless golden light gathered into a delicate and gorgeous armlet. It flew to Anselon’s right arm and was automatically attached there.

“I will confer on you the highest title, the Light of the World. Your mandate: Anti-Void’s Crusader! May your feats be worthy of our trust toward you.”

Anselon’s face was clearly excited.

“The body and the soul of your subordinate will perish together! I vow to give everything for the annihilation of the Void!”

Fehra’s Incarnation nodded with satisfaction and gently passed over the sword in his hand.

Anselon caught it gently and kept it, a deep piety and sacredness on his face.

Numerous rays and flames erupted on him as if he had turned into a white golden humanoid torch for a moment.

Clang!

He pulled out the long sword and lifted it high. A horrific force like that of a Holy Aura spread out all of a sudden.

“I, who am also the Child of Radiance...” Fehra’s Incarnation slowly spoke.

“Child of Radiance...”

The hearts of the leaders and powerhouses around who were watching the ceremony instantly trembled. The long-circulated Child of Radiance had finally officially appeared today. It was rumored that he was the powerhouse with an infinite potential who could confront the Child of Hell and the existence of the Voids upfront. It was just that no one knew who he was.

Now everything was finally clear.

“The Child of Radiance...” Anselon’s eyes had completely turned white.

He raised his sword high as if it was the most precious treasure in the world.

At this moment, everything of him was sublimated, whether it was the soul or the flesh.

Fehra’s Incarnation opened his mouth again.

“This is the Holy Glory Sword, blessed by the Gods, and it will be your...”

Whish!!!

In an instant, everything stood still...

The white golden sword had unexpectedly penetrated between the eyebrows of Fehra’s Incarnation.

Anselon's face was calm as he held the sword and fiercely exerted extra force forward.

Whish.

The blade once again stabbed deeper.

"You...!!" Fehra's Incarnation was completely stunned. Even he did not expect that the person he chose to be the Light of the World would actually do this to him...

The leaders and the crowd around were also stunned.

Everyone's mind went blank.

This was the Holy Light Cathedral, the most central part where countless powerhouses gathered together. The holy arrival of Fehra's Incarnation actually had his head pierced through by a sword at the conferring ceremony?

"Is... is this just a joke...?" A Demigod's face was slightly blanched.

"Is this some kind of a special ceremony?" The chief judge and others did not dare to think in the direction of profaning the God.

"Yeah, maybe it's a special ritual which requires Fehra the Major God to use his Incarnation as an offering to the sword?" Some people looked for a reason to justify.

Pop...

A drop of holy blood dripped from the edge of the blade to the ground.

A very deep black began to diffuse from the center of Anselon's pupils.

There was a savage and strange smile on his face.

“What a pity... the blessings of the Gods, countless glory in one body, fame and fortune, prestige, and credibility; you have it all. Even I myself, a king, am a little enticed...” His voice suddenly became like that of a woman, sharp and demonic.

“You... who are you!??” Fehra wanted to break free, but he discovered that a very horrific and powerful black field had wrapped around him tightly so that he could not move at all.

Hiss...

The Excalibur was slowly pulled out, and it brought out a slick of white golden blood.

“I'm the Star Region Demon Master, Tinn Yinger...”

The blade was pulled out.

Only then did all the Cathedral leaders were completely awakened and realized what had actually happened.

However, everything was already too late. Just when countless holy lights were about to erupt, a bloody red light ball with a mixture of black suddenly exploded, completely shrouding the entire Holy Light Cathedral. The horrifying and intense evil force caused even the countless holy lights to be eclipsed.

Tinn Yinger, was a peculiar Demon Master from the Void who was proficient in disguise and scam. He orchestrated the bloody massacre at Holy Light Cathedral, causing the downfall of thirteen high-level church members and the death of Pope Chius who was known as the Holy Light.

Just as the Void rejoiced, the strengths of the native world could feel the past prime sense of a decline. The culprit, Star Region Demon Master, Tinn Yinger managed to escape from God as well as obtaining light and fire divinity and divine powers, emerging as the ultimate winner.

When news traveled to other three major forces, it has been more than half a month already.

Tinn Yinger was originally an equivalent to a regular Demon Master but killing Fehra's incarnation with the Excalibur in disguise, he absorbed and engulfed Fehra's divinity, part of his Divine Persona and divine powers, instantly elevating to be one of the few strongest Demon Master, matching powerful existences the likes of Eye of the Slaughter and Distortion Demon Master.

A Demon Lord categorized the top four strongest into one independent layer, calling it Elona, meaning 'the strongest' in the Void Language.

The strengths of Elona level were four from the Void Mother Stream, that is Distortion Demon Master, Eye of the Slaughter, Star Region Demon Master, and the final and strongest True Spirit — Fallen True Soul.

And three from the native world were Fehra, Mother Nature, and God of Purification Twelve Wings Golden Angel. Beneath them were other high-level gods.

No matter how great of an ability, it was way behind the Void. This was the crucial key in the native's steady retreat.

In the continuous battle, both Eye of the Slaughter and Mother Nature were the first to sustain severe injuries, then Fehra's incarnation suffered a sneak attack by Star Region Demon Master and his Godhead was damaged extensively.

The strongest two were not in a complete state.

Under such circumstance, the Void finally began its full force attack.

Fallen True Soul was the first to wage war. The Void Temple invaded the Upper Plane under his command and many positive energy planes erupted war. Decades of high-level Demon Lords were bred from this war. They upgraded themselves through slaughter whether adapting tactics through Enneahedron or snatching divinity and Divine Personas.

Distortion Demon Master initiated the war to unify the East and started to kill all believers, sparing only abiding citizens for production activities.

The entire East was drenched in seas of blood. In just mere ten days, it was completely overtaken.

This world would fall in just decades...

The stars representing the Gods in the sky were shaken, dimming into darkness. At times, it could be seen that the stars fell into the mortal world, one by one...

Cold Winter Tower.

Garen's huge dragon body sat with his legs crossed in the biochemical pool. A monster soldier with a head of a wolf and body of a human was tossing all sorts of nutrition and chemicals into the biochemical pool but mostly, it was all kinds of energy crystal cores.

A lot of demon cores and crystal cores from the deep abyss were tossed into the biochemical pool and swiftly melted in it.

In half a month, upon completion of all Soul Connections, Garen continued to delve deep into his practice. Currently, many little crystal balls of various colors were hanging over his head.

This was Divine Personas obtained upon crystallization. Although these were singled-out divinity, the Divine Person derived from it was individualistic, but upon refinement, Garen received up to fifteen single Divine Personas.

This was a terrifying power. This meant that he could create a Demigod with fifteen individual Divine Personas in a short amount of time!

Of course, it would be such a waste to use this stuff to create a Demigod...

Garen naturally had a plan.

“The essence of divinity is the realization of intel. This means that it could be duplicated,” he opened his dragon eyes wide. His iris was gleaming with wisdom.

“And to upgrade my Soul Rings, repetitive realization will be useless. Since there is only a single effect, I could first duplicate a copy of these Divine Personas and store within my Willpower mind. Once these Divine Personas become Soul Rings, I can reconstruct the Divine Personas and even though by then these Divine Personas are useless to me but may be effective to others...”

Garen has a machine-heavy calculating and storing ability that could not be compared with any other existence. Even the most powerful computer of the Mech World was unmatched by his Willpower mind. It was at an unparallel height of wisdom, reaching a limit no Energy Machinists could imagine.

“Logical Divine Persona can help heighten my calculating ability.” Garen swallowed a silver crystal.

After a brief silence, a black ring with silver lights around it appeared behind his head.

His Willpower mind’s calculation speed increased by a large margin.

“Unknown calculation law discovered, absorbing complete data... optimizing calculation structure...”

“Capability upgraded. Overall evaluation, increase of 31% in calculation speed.

His Willpower mind continuously provided feedback.

Garen carefully brought his senses to play. It seemed that Logical Divine Persona, Decaying Divine Persona as well as his Willpower mind blended into the black glowing ring behind his head. The complicated patterns and symbols on it and massive distorted energy in it were spewing columns of many different structures. These structures harbored unimaginable law and reasons.

The black glowing ring was spreading tentacular threads invisible to the naked eye, endlessly absorbing fear and power of faith from the Void.

Garen reached his awareness out into one of the tentacles and a disarrayed wooden cabin in the scorching heat appeared before his eyes. A malnourished skinny boy sat in a corner in fear. He was muttering and praying his name. He was hot all over with a high fever. He seemed to be on his deathbed. It was not limited to Garen, there were also other frost-type gods, evil gods, malicious gods' names uttered in repetition.

“Andrew’s former territory, huh...” Garen fell into deep thoughts. When he reduced Andrew to submission, that dukedom created a disastrous cold winter that froze several hundred thousand to death.

Now the weather was scorching hot there and these people in turn desperately prayed for his appearance.

“Idiotic Faith. How disinteresting like bundled up threads. Once Faith has fallen, the Gods gradually lose their strong cornerstone,” he did not even have the slightest intention to respond.

The Thread of Faith was the source of energy that could possibly pull the Gods into the astral base. This was not the motive that he was going after.

He turned up to look at the Divine Personas on top of his head. Without hesitating any further, he started to swallow each and every one of these Divine Personas to form Soul Rings.

He held back up copies of these Divine Personas in his Willpower mind. As long as he duplicated from his copies, established his Divine Powers and positioned Divine Domain, he could quickly structure Semi-Divine Personas.

As long as the sacred fire was not lighted or the Divine Kingdom was not built, then he would not be meddling into the Holy War of Faith and he would not be in any trouble.

As he was swallowing, the entire Cold Winter Tower began to tremble and howl loudly, like a living being that was greedy and huge.

The Cold Winter Tower was erected at the highest point of Dragon King Peak. In a range several hundred kilometers, all residing White Dragons, Dragon Beasts, and generals from the abyss who came for the handover, gazed at the direction of the high tower.

They could feel the energy from the Cold Winter Tower gradually surging, sensing its velocity. In a mere hour, there was a 20% increase of the original.

Bop.

The mug in Nadia's hand almost fell onto the ground from the huge tremor. Her face tensed up and she lifted her head to look up.

"It's Garen..." She had a complicated look on her face, a streak of disappointment flashed past her eyes. "He's upgrading..." She suddenly knew that she may have missed the best opportunity to level up her ability.

Roar!!

Somewhere at Dragon King Peak, Satwo roared into the sky. His body was growing at a rapid speed visible under the naked eye. His back started to grow thick manes and tentacles like poisonous snakes, a White Dragon with Snakes on his back.

He was obviously under the effect of Garen.

Satwo was originally a Level Six when suddenly under an unknown aura, he felt like he was a sponge absorbing water non-stop and his body's energy rose to an extreme level.

Level Seven... Level Eight... Level Nine...!!

It was not just him, a few of those with Connected Souls were also rising to great heights.

The rest were Satwo, Rosta, Elphis, Andrew, and Chaotic Abominable Snowman, each of their individual energies rising.

These energies directly rose their levels by one to three levels.

Satwo had the worst foundation of all, hence was raised three levels to reach Level Nine.

As for Andrew and Chaotic Abominable Snowman, as their levels were already high, they only got up one level to reach Level Thirteen.

Even so, it was already horrifying enough.

They were passively triggered by Garen to level up, especially Rosta and Elphis who were pressed to choose an ability that they were proficient at as a core and upgraded straight to Level Ten.

Garen's engulfment went on for a week.

His aura, too heightened over a week before it ended.

Cold Winter Tower's ripple level could not be differentiated. With a thick layer of distorted dream power surrounded Cold Winter Tower, no one would know for sure to what stage Garen has reached.

But everyone, every dragon, knew that Garen must have far surpassed Demigod and reached an unknown realm.

In the Seventeenth Layer of the Abyss. Barren land.

A shade of yellow mist shadowed the sky, reeling in a heavy and suppressed feeling.

This were the dwellings of the Abyssal Demon Dragons and White Dragon Mountain. As the layer of the Abyss with the biggest changes in temperature, the territories could reach up to several thousand in temperature degree, yet there were also some areas with temperatures so terrifyingly low that everything froze there.

Red, dark red, blood red, golden red, a sea of magma occupied half the region of this plane.

Ice blue, purple-blue, pale blue, black blue, endless glacier snow mountains occupied the other half of this plane.

White Dragon Mountain was at the highest peak at the mid-point of this entire Abyss plane.

In a cavity of a huge snow mountain.

Thousands of White Dragons gathered to attend the frequently-held Elder's Meeting in the huge square. Standing at the highest point, the evil eyes of ancient dragons and elders glimmered.

They were staring together at a space in a cavity, seemingly waiting for something.

White Dragons here were quite different from Dragon King Peak. The dragons here mostly balanced out the levels of their spellcraft and Draconic Aura. Their entire disposition was far higher than Dragon King Peak.

No one made a sound. Only ripples from voice transmitting spells were ricocheting in the air.

It was dead silence in the cavity.

The leading dragon was the remaining White Dragon's Great Elder, Gaelain. She was clenching the Frozen Spell Beads tightly in her hands. The beads were Imprint Divine Weapon that represented Royal Chief of the White Dragons.

Hiss...

Finally, a black rift in the shape of an eye ripped open in space. From it, soldiers in white armor marched out with a strong Void aura.

Over ten strong existences were top notch experts far higher than Level Ten.

"White Feather Squadron..." Great Elder Gaelain said in a low voice. She exchanged glances with the other two elders on the side. As one of the few high-level dragons that could transform into human form, she naturally sensed the capability of these existences the first second. The other party did not show any intention to conceal and arrogantly put their individual strong forcefield on full blast.

Following them, was a powerful swordsman dressed in a black heavy armory. It was Andrew, the terrifying general that commanded tens of legion in the Abyss.

Chapter 1370: General Trend 2

"I represent my Master to take over the forces of White Dragon Mountain. I am Andrew Gordra. Please hand over the authority," the powerful swordsman removed his helmet, revealing his handsome, fair face. His eyes were burning in purple flames, representing the core ability of him advancing to Level Ten.

“I wonder if Lord Garen...”

“Master is extremely busy and has no time to attend to this little matter,” Andrew cut off the Great Elder’s speech.

“Little matter!!?” The Great Elder expression fell.

The entire White Dragon Clan switching allegiance was a little matter?! She forced down her heart of dissatisfaction and piled up a smile.

“Our main clan is facing the pressure of the Abyssal Demon Dragons and is in imminent peril. I wonder if Lord Garen is...?”

“Master has his own arrangements,” Andrew dully replied. The forcefield of his aura was distorting and tumbling about from the recent upgrade to Level Thirteen. It was difficult for him to control.

Currently, in the entire White Dragon Clan, only the Great Elder and Second Elder were at Level Thirteen. The rest were beneath that. The strongest Level Fifteen chief perished during the battle with Garen and since then the clan has been in an awkward state. It was only when the incarnation of Tiamat fell in the hands of Garen that the White Dragon Clan panicked.

It was during then when the Abyssal Demon Dragons launched their attack, in an attempt to gobble up this piece of fat meat when White Dragon Clan was at their weakest.

Under such ill conditions, everyone underestimated the White Dragon Clan’s limit to their lack of integrity. They begged Garen for mercy. They would have Garen take the place as King of White Dragons and worship Garen as the White Dragon Clan’s new Dragon God.

In exchange for Garen’s assistance to the main clan.

But who would have thought that Garen would only send over one subordinate and only a Level Thirteen one at it!?

Such an ability was not enough to retaliate against the terrifying Abyssal Demon Dragons with Demigod capabilities!

“Master has already personally gone to take care of the Abyssal Demon Dragons. You don’t have to worry about it.”

Andrew’s response was simple. Personally took care of it? To what extent? Was it retreat or defend? There was no further information on it.

“Alright, hand over the Chief’s Divine Weapon,” Andrew looked at the Great Elder, the purple flame in his eyes flickered.

Having reached this stage, Gaelain did not have any more choices, neither did the White Dragon Clan. If they did not want to be diminished to smithereens then this was the only path to take.

Garen played a decisive role between the forces of the Void and Dragons of Disasters and his importance surpassed that of the White Dragon Clan. It did not matter whether White Dragon Clan existed or not.

Gaelain gritted her teeth, flew up gently and landed toward Andrew.

Garen was formally announced as the new King of White Dragons, replacing the White Dragon King as well as Tiamat to be the strongest existence among the White Dragon Clan.

Once the Abyssal Demon Dragons got a hold of this news, they remotely negotiated with Garen and tacitly approved of Garen’s action to merge the White Dragon main clan.

Both parties initiated some small-scale probing and the final verdict was that the Abyssal Demon Dragons acknowledged and honored Garen as the Double-Pupiled White Dragon King.

Meanwhile, a lava sea region turned to become a poisonously dead region in the polar region of the Abyssal plane, that even the strongest Demon Dragon King would not survive there.

Time flew by quickly and it was ten years later.

The rumors of Child of Hell spread far and wide that almost all war survivors claimed they saw his existence.

While the Void and native land were at war, it allowed the Child of Hell to accelerate his growth.

Eye of the Slaughter launched a new battlefield with various major elemental planes in the Inner Plane. Distortion Demon Master took the entire East by force, wiping out the forces of the Church again and again.

The Void Temple of Fallen True Soul wantonly launched full attacks with forces of all Gods in the main plane. The attacks did not allow any chance for the Gods to gasp for air or give them to recuperate.

Divine Powers was severely exhausted and the Gods were weakening quickly.

Preying Demon Masters and True Spirits were like hunters on the side observing their hunted's last struggle, awaiting the Gods to exhaust to death.

No one was willing to sustain the prey's deathly blow.

The native world was becoming dead that with void rifts appearing in the Abyss and Hell, the multitude of Void Creatures was surprising the Demons and Devils of the two major regions.

The Blood Wars seemed to have transformed into a chaotic battle between Demons, Devils, and Void Creatures.

In these ten years, Garen continued to hunt. The five Generals under him reigned slaughter everywhere. Out of the five, Elfie and Satwo died in war while the remaining three Generals overcame the test of blood and fire, rising to the top.

The divine inventory and creatures that were hunted were transported to Cold Winter Tower.

At the same time, Garen was purchasing various Divinity from Void Creatures.

He had collected all the Divinities that he could in these years, only those that were remote or complicated Divinities were left.

Such as Light and Fire Purifying Divinity, War Divinity, and Lady Shar's Demon Web Wizardry Divinity.

These belonged to the Upper Compound Divinity. Its complexity was beyond any simple individual Divinity. Its calculation was massive and challenging.

But even so, Garen absorbed more than a hundred different Divinities and Divine Personas through collecting and structuring of Divine Personas.

His Soul Ring structure went from yellow level, stepping into Upper-Level Demon Lord stage, to leaping into unknown boundaries.

Even he did not know if he was considered a True Spirit.

The Soul Rings themselves reached their highest hue, all seven colors were achieved. The accumulation of Soul Rings and even the absorbing of created Divine Personas had his Soul Rings producing a special and different glow from the other Demon Lords.

It was although the entire Soul Ring structure emitted an all-knowing special glow.

The Divinities were easily obtained. The various battlefield brought about the fall of Demigods. Many of the Demigods had more than one Divinity. Garen paid a minimum price in exchange for many Divinities.

Through resources and trade, he purchased Divine Power Crystals. He consumed Divine Powers to transform into Divine Personas to be absorbed.

The pile of Divinities represented the complete perception of rules. With the clash of two worlds, these rules became common basic rules in the universe.

Very soon, as he absorbed too much, almost all Divinities started to be immune to him. Many of the Divinities were repetitive and ineffective.

The path that Garen could go forth, was already at its peak...

“True Spirit... As its name suggests, is finding the true you. The actual core within your heart,” Deception Demon Master and Garen were strolling on a vast blue ocean.

The sea waters did not fluctuate under their feet. It was as peaceful as the surface of a lake while outside the range of a thousand meter, waves were rumbling and tumbling with chaotic traces of windstorms and tornadoes.

Both of them seemed to be in a blissful heaven.

Deception Demon Master was dressed in a purple-red long robe. She looked like a beautiful and young regular teenager. Purple sparks intertwined between her fingers.

Tall and sturdy, Garen looked like elegant royalty strolling his territory. His shoulders were draped with a wide, white fox-skin cape.

“Divinity can have you upgraded to the highest stage. Now you’re facing the last test of entering True Spirit,” Deception Demon Master smiled. “You’re very close to True Spirit now.”

“But I’m not there yet,” Garen frowned. In recent years, his reputation as the Double-Pupiled White Dragon King was getting popular, especially after his success in escaping the wrath of God of Death. There were people who assumed his abilities has reached Middle-God level.

But no one could prove this.

Higher God was basically being a named Demon Master at a True Spirit level. Up till now, all the current Demon Masters and True Spirits in this world were at a position to face Higher Gods.

“Well, isn’t your Void Original Opus able to merge and comprise everything to discover your heart’s true code?”

Deception Demon Master smiled.

“True Spirit, isn’t that the truest soul? The real nature of souls? Then what is considered true and real?” Garen still had not grasped it. Just this explanation and definition was too ambiguous.

Now that Divinities were ineffective to him, his Soul Rings has crystalized almost every perception of information that was obtainable. Perhaps in all of Demon Masters, he was considered the most complete.

So much so that his Soul Ring structure began emerging in a special glow that he himself could not comprehend.

Word that he could perfect Divinities has long gotten out and many other Demon Masters swiftly did the same and a lot of Divinities and Divine Personas were imitated. Although these other Demon Masters did not have Garen’s powerful calculation ability, there were many of them and everybody was working toward the same goal.

Some of them even sought after Garen to buy the Divinities and Divine Personas required to complete their own Soul Ring structure.

This was a prosperous time for the Void!

Deception Demon Master was the closest to Garen and traded many Divinities and Divine Personas with him. She, too, entered uncharted realms.

“Your accumulation is too much that a regular Demon Lord couldn’t possibly be as well-equipped as you are. Your current structure is basically equivalent to us old folks who have lived tens of thousands of years, maybe even more. With such a collection, you should find one that could comprise all nature with perception. Once you enter True Spirit, your powers will erupt to an unimaginable height.”

“This is an era of achievements. It will be soon when other Demon Lords imitate me,” Garen was not bothered. He took the path of Divinities and Divine Personas and now there were already many Demon Lords imitating him.

“But you’re different,” Deception Demon Master smiled. “Your physique, your dragon body is overwhelmingly powerful...”

Garen was struck in the heart.

His Soul Ring structure could provide him over a thousand Potential Points every day. These Potential Points, together with the endless massacre by his three Generals, provided him with many high-level energy crystal cores and soul energies absorbed from divine weapons. All these added up to five thousand Potential Points each day.

Such a state had been going on for over a year. During this period, he leveled up the most here. All his Potential Points were added to his attributes.

If other Master Demon and True Spirits could imitate, then the surge of Potential Attribute Points was something that no other beings would be able to imitate or learn.

“You’re actually not a true True Spirit anymore. At the very least, the growing rate after becoming a True Spirit wouldn’t reach the strength of your body,” Deception Demon Master casually commented. “After all this time, your Divine Personas are still at the lowest level, then where did the Divine Power crystals that you purchased go?” She smiled mysteriously.

Naturally, they became Potential Points.

Garen did not answer but looked at his overall attributes.

‘Garen — Strength 1120, Agility 1160, Vitality 1160, Intelligence 2400 with potential ???, Soul Limit ???.

12 Soul Rings: Five colorless, red, orange, yellow, green, cyan, blue, purple.

Level 15 Draconic Aura. Level 15 Arcane Art.

Void Original Opus — 100%. Hind Limbs — Evil Soldier, Wings — Seven Lives, Tail — Demonic Book, Front Limbs — Hellfrost Peacock Queen.

Comprehensive evaluation — All-Knowing God: Divinity 1. Title — Double-Pupiled White Dragon King, Evil Eye Dragon King.

Potential qualities — Divine Creature, Void Hunter.’