

# Mystical 301

## Chapter 301: Partner 1

Picking up the silver plate and fork on the ground, Garen was just about to return to the hall of the villa to continue practicing his tactics.

Suddenly he heard a loud explosion in the distance, together with the Unihorn Lizards' strange cries and the dead babies' wailing. He could even hear someone yelling and cursing.

With one leap Garen was on the roof of his own house, half-crouching in the giant hawk's nest made of dead branches and dried leaves as he looked into the distance where the sounds were coming from.

In the area between the suburb and the produce market, a man and a woman were ordering around two brown bears and one black wolf, while they were surrounded by six or seven Unihorn Lizards. There was even a swarm of more than ten dead babies crawling towards them quickly.

These dead babies were evidently not really babies, otherwise there couldn't possibly be so many of them.

Garen narrowed his eyes, wondering if he should go over to save them. Suddenly those two yelled out, and with a moment's slip, a Unihorn Lizard bit through a brown bear's neck, causing it to dissolve into a puddle of mercury. The two turned around and tried to run, but the dead babies soon caught up to them. The totems were finished off first, and then the two were also drowned in a flurry of dead babies' chomping. Their limbs and heads were instantly torn into several pieces and shared around.

"So this is the fall of totem users, huh... If I didn't have my Silver Totems, I would probably have ended up the same way. There's no way I could have lasted that long outside." Garen sighed inwardly. As long as he was outside alone, he would bump into some monsters eventually. If he had released his primitive totems to fight, he would have soon attracted large groups of monsters. In the end, he would have been surrounded and killed.

The only way to guarantee his own safety would be to end the battle quickly, and then to pull himself out of it and leave.

Garen understood that the mistake just now was most likely because of the dead babies' Dizziness Attack ability. He had encountered it before too, and even with his calibre he had been slightly dizzy before he could recover. These two stood no chance with their bodies.

Sliding down the roof quietly, he suddenly noticed that there were still letters in the letter box outside his villa.

He was rather surprised, but he didn't go get them himself, sending a Blue Back Lizard to crawl over instead. It used its teeth to open the mailbox, and took the letters inside in its mouth as it ran back.

Standing in the hall on the first floor, Garen took the letters and then closed the door.

There were three letters. Two of them had stamps, and were notifications from the suburban's community to pay management fees.

The third had no envelope, and was merely a folded piece of white paper.

Garen opened this one, and looked at it closely.

'Garen, if you can see this message, please come find us at No. 128, Queen's Side, in the inner city ASAP. I'm already here with Andy and Jessica. --Goth, 15 Aoril, night.'

"15 April? Wasn't that just yesterday?" Garen was thoughtful.

That was the first line, there was still a second line after that.

'Garen, if you're still alive, then please inform us as soon as possible. It's getting more and more dangerous here. The monsters are getting more concentrated. There seems to be some hidden danger in your house, so I don't dare to go in carelessly. If anyone sees this message, if anyone knows anything about the owner of this house, please bring this letter to No. 128, Queen's Side. Look for me, Goth, and we'll give you a reward for your troubles.' The ink of the words hadn't dried yet. It had evidently just been added on.

Garen heaved a little sigh of relief. He didn't think Goth would actually find his place stealthily. The past few days, he had been hiding in the house, and made the Deep Swamp Croc hide too while the Resonance Hawk lay in wait on the roof. The parasites were patrolling the area as well, no wonder Goth didn't want to just come in.

But to think that under such circumstances, he was still thinking of Garen, and had come here twice continuously. Even Garen's heart was slightly warmed by that.

Goth really was a decent friend. Once he recognized you, he would walk with you to the end.

Keeping the letter, Garen's expression looked thoughtful.

"According to the original chain of events, now should be the time when Goth grows at an accelerated pace, and it was also in this period of time that he experienced some unbelievable things Should I or should I not go over and follow him...?"

He hesitated.

"Following Goth would be the fastest way to improve myself, but without a certain strength in hand, opportunity can become danger. I can't improve as quickly as Goth, but so I will definitely face more dangers than he will."

He felt for the Silver Totems around the villa. As long as he stayed quietly outside, and kept himself out of the issues in the inner city, he could also grow continuously and inconspicuously, it's just that he would not improve as fast as he would if he went with Goth.

"The fragments in my memory only indicate that this is when Goth grows rapidly, but it didn't mention the details. That way, if I go in there and it causes the butterfly effect, I might even make it so that Goth can't survive this period in one piece."

"Should I hunt on my own, or follow Goth into the heart of the storm...?" Garen hesitated. "My original goal was to get my hands on a decent core totem by following Goth, but to think I found a different path instead. And now that I got the Crystal Derivator, I have the chips I need to improve. It's not worth it to join any more quests."

He held the door with his hand, looking at the grey sky in the distance. Under the layer of grey clouds, a large swarm of black dots were flying towards Iron Tank City. One enormous Unihorn Lizard was especially eye-catching, with black bone thorns growing from its head to its tail down its back. The whole row were of different lengths, and it was three times the size of a normal Lizard, reaching seven or eight meters.

This monster had been circling the inner city for many days. Garen saw many totem users come out of the inner city one by one, but none could defeat it, and it killed a few people instead.

And then the whole inner city shrunk into itself. It no longer expanded, and no one came out anymore.

Rawr!!

The BTL roared downwards, as though provoking them.

Right underneath it, a tall white tower with screw-like ridges was holding up a semicircular shield. The shield only appeared when it was being attacked, rippling with white light.

Garen looked at the screw-ridge tower from afar.

"Iron Tank City's strongest combination of tactics for defense, impressive as expected. I just don't know how long it will last."

He closed the door, and returned to the second floor study, continuing to study the Sight Sharing tactic.

After two more days staying in the villa, the Deep Swamp Croc ended up with a total of 7 parasites, distributed to patrol the villa surroundings separately. The potential points he had gotten at the same time were just enough to successfully evolve the last Grey-feathered Hawk.

All three Grey-feathered Hawks had evolved into Resonance Hawk. These giant birds with wingspans of more than four meters were unbelievably strong, like the most ferocious predators. With Garen's villa as the center, they hunted non-stop in all directions. Any monsters or Lizards that entered their sight of

vision were killed with their talons and brought back to the nest. Otherwise, they were used to make parasites for the Deep Swamp Croc, or to be eaten.

With such a strong force, Garen decided to return to the War Guild's underground hall again. He should give an answer to the Guild on whether or not he was going to join. If he could get some evolution knowledge on how to rear a totem, it would be a decent help for the nurture of his little group.

Before he left, Garen ordered the totems he had to hunt on their own outside, it was okay as long as they didn't hurt humans.

Many Unihorn Lizards and dead babies kept flooding into the outskirts of the city. Resonance Hawk no. 1, the Deep Swamp Croc and the others had more prey than they could hope for. They didn't dare to touch those moving in droves, and could only work together to kill small groups of monsters. If there were more than ten, they wouldn't attack.

The hunting proceeded uninhibited, and the Blue Back Lizard kept digging in the kitchen to look for a water source.

Everything seemed to be progressing in a good direction.

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"The world would eventually sink into darkness and shadow anyway. All of us need to unite, and worship the will of the God of Deject. The apocalypse is coming, and all believers as well as non-believers will face the judgment of the apocalypse! No one can escape! None! What we need to do is beg..."

Garen had just walked into the underground War Guild when he heard a man's voice chanting something loudly, his emotions high and passionate.

In the dim hall, there were only two candlesticks lit on the counter, the pale yellow light making the atmosphere dark and heavy.

There was the smell of blood and disinfectant in the air, thick enough to make one nauseated.

Garen walked into the hall, glanced around it and saw five or six people scattered around and sitting on the chairs. It seemed unusually cold, most of the seats were empty.

On the blackboard hanging above the counter, there was a condensed name list of the dead.

Garen looked around on the list for a while, and couldn't find neither Angel's nor Thomas' names. Only then did he walk up to the counter and knocked on it.

"Do you need a transfer map? Most of the people have transferred, to the underground guild in the north." The young lady at the counter said, looking exhausted.

"The north guild? What happened, I was outside these past two days." Garen frowned.

"You actually don't know?" The girl said in surprise, "There are too many underground scavengers, we had no choice but to focus our energy to protect a limited area. We can't defend this place for long. The only ones left here are loons with a death wish. I'm leaving tomorrow too."

"Underground scavengers..." Garen had never heard that monster's name. "Forget it, how many underground spots do we still have in the outskirts."

"About four, I guess. Taking away this one, there are three in the other directions. I bet they're all starting to shrink now. They're all about the same scale as ours, you can forget about transferring to those spots, it's useless," the girl said dejectedly. "See that fatty yelling on and one over there? That guy's a devotee of the Church of the Apocalypse. Last time there was still someone to throw him out, but no one cares about him now. It doesn't matter how much of a fuss he kicks up, no one has the energy anymore."

Garen looked at the fatty, who was still preaching loudly.

"Once chaos descends, people like this would always appear, it's very normal. Does that mean that Mr Caddy and the rest have transferred too?"

"They left a few days ago. Look at the people in this hall, they're mostly suicidals here to brave the danger, while two are waiting for someone else," the girl at the counter said mildly.

"Is there a way to contact people in the inner city?" Gare asked with a frown.

"Unfortunately." The girl shrugged.

Garen left the counter and walked to a place beside the wall where he sat down, quietly observing the few remaining people.

Other than the cult fatty, the ones remaining in the hall were all injured to some extent. Garen's burnt eyebrows hadn't grown back yet, so he still kind of fit in here amongst the deadbeats. The only odd part was that his clothes were too clean.

After sitting for some time there, he heard footsteps coming from the tunnel to the right of the hall. Soon enough a fair-skinned man walked out, looking at everyone in the hall with an expression of unease and panic.

"Can someone protect me during transfer? Ten million in fees! Ten million rums!!" he yelled loudly. "Is anyone willing?"

"Scram! Idiot!" A man with a long, untrimmed beard was evidently unhappy, as he stood up and smashed a beer mug at him.

Clang!

The metal mug hit the wall, making a crisp sound, and spilling the beer inside everywhere.

The fair-skinned man shirked a little, and returned to the tunnel, standing at the entrance and now too afraid to come back in again.

Garen looked at them coldly, sitting motionlessly at the side.

Sitting quietly in the guild, he occasionally looked at the potential points in his attribute pane increase slowly, while his pet subordinates hurried to continuously kill more of the surrounding monsters. He had just finished up his potential value, but now there were 4 points again, which made him more and more relaxed inside.

The number of parasites had also stabled at about seven. Some would die occasionally, and others would become successfully one at times.

Chapter 302: Partner 2

It was morning when he came down. He sat in the guild for a good three to four hours, when it is almost two, Angel finally came.

She was wearing a black mantle, covering herself tightly. She wore a veil over her face too, only revealing a pair of pale blue eyes.

She sat in front of Garen and tapped the table with her fingers, but there were no waiters to serve her, she could only sit around.

"You're not bad looking." Angel evaluated Garen. "Much better off than I am."

"Have you advanced?" Garen paid more attention as she looked at Angel, his eyes lighted up. "Looks like you don't need my help anymore." He looked behind Angel, a group of three, Goth's group slowly sat down, their gazes fixed upon Angel's direction.

Angel waved her hands, much like saying her hellos.

"I guess I'm alright.", her hands were crossed and placed on the table.

"Now is the time where we need combat powers. When you were not around, Mr Caddy from the guild pulled me into the ranks of the branch president, the condition was to pardon my crimes, and also to



give me a suitable complete evolutionary nurturing knowledge. Of course, this requires missions to be completed as a price.

"Then did you not convert along with them?" Garen calmly looked at Angel.

"Listen up, Garen. I, Angel, am not someone who forgets her roots!" Angel tightened her eyebrows, "If you had not give me a hand when I needed it most, I would never have the chance to be exposed to the War Guild. I would have probably died off at some god-only-knows what corner alone!

"I am just a form one totem user, you are a form two totem user, there's is no future for you to follow me." Garen shook his head.

"Hey!" Angel perched forward suddenly, paying close attention to Garen, eye-to-eye. "In all my life, you were the first who truly treated me well. No matter what your reason could have been, whatever the motive, I, Angel am someone who may have killed countless people, but never one who forgets her benefactor. Whatever, let's go, come with me, we will convert together."

At this moment, it was obvious that she was sincere when she wanted to bring Garen, perhaps the core totem evolved, the Shackles of War was one thing, but Angel had accumulated for far too much.

Garen could see, she hadn't just evolved the panther, she also had her talent fully utilized with sufficient resources and knowledge. Coupled with the previous totem nurturing experience, this explosion had propelled her like a rocket into sky.

Garen squinted at her, without immediate reply.

He was clear, even though Angel locked down her core totem with the Shackles of War, but it was thought that she had her totem confirmed for quite some years already. She should be able to change her core totem and not be limited by the Shackles of War.

"Follow me, I will protect you!" if you feel that your abilities aren't strong enough and are unable to show off your manliness, that's your own problem." Angel said, without much thought behind it.

"Thanks." Garen smiled lightly, "But i'm not the kind of man who lives under another's protection.

"Why? Is it very embarrassing to be protected by a woman?" Angel sarcastically asked, "I'm telling you, Garen, I have triumphed over tens of hundreds of men under my feet! If i am not this victory-driven, I would not have survived to this point! I really do not understand why do you need to protect your ego? Does your dignity matter more than your life?

"It's not about this." Garen exhaled. "I have reasons not to leave."

"Your pride is the reason!" Angel did not let go of any chance to tease, "Be the little man you are when you have no capabilities, being protected by women isn't some shameful thing, at least you're able to be protected by someone!"

"Alright, let's not talk about this." Garen waved his hands "Look at me, do I look like someone who needs to be protected?"

"Whatever, you should hide more, don't end up on the blackboard the next time i see you." Angel shook her head, stood up and walked to the trio behind him, said a few sentences softly.

The trio is two made and a female, all wearing black mantles. He could only roughly make up their genders based on their body sizes. Each of them had strong, bloodied scents emitting from their bodies. He was unsure of whether it was their blood or someone else's.

After Angel talked to the three people, she turned around to greet Garen. The four of them then soon left the hall.

Garen sat on the table alone. The crystal derivator must never be exposed, and in turn so must the Silver Totems. There were no issues for him to control that many form 1 totems, but if that amount of form 2 totems appeared, then it will cause a racket, and attract unnecessary attention much like the Prodigy Aska. At this point where, he doesn't possess the strength to face off with Obscuro Society, Garen would like to avoid too much attention placed on him.

After sitting for a little while longer, he went to the counter to purchase a map of the Iron Tank City, and proceeded to leave the hall.

At the waterway outside.

Two male totem users were transporting creatures' carcasses; the creatures have not died for too long, they were commanding two White Bears to move the creatures in piles inside a crater.

The two men had obvious fatigue on their faces, and were slightly shocked as they saw Garen walking out.

"Are you walking this way?" One of them asked.

"I need to go back to take some things." Garen answered simply.

"Better not go, there are more creatures sighted outside now."

"Why do you care so much about other people?" The other person interrupted.

Garen did not pay further attention, he climbed along the ladder up to the exit, slowly popping open the cover and exited the waterway.

The sky outside was gray with a hint of a drizzle.

Garen just came out, and rushed into the shadows of the castle walls with extraordinary speed, hiding his aura to avoid the creatures.

Above him was a swarm of Unihorn Lizards flying over slowly, they were packed densely to each other and there might have been hundreds of them. Among the swarm, there was one red-skinned giant lizard, its size is evidently larger than the rest.

The swarm towered over Garen's position, failing to recognize the human that was hiding there.

Still in the shadows, Garen took out his map.

Iron Tank city was a giant white round circle; on the circumference was a label: City castle wall.

Within and beyond the castle walls were large amounts of buildings and housing, densely packed like a giant white mushroom. In the centre was a small circle, with the label: Inner City Area.

In the middle of the Inner City Area was a white dot. The label on the dot says: Spiral Tower.

Coincidentally, on the lower right corner of the map's castle wall line, and the place he stayed sat just beyond it. . The district was placed on the rightmost border of the cluster of buildings beyond the cluster wall, on the right side beyond the cluster was a large wasteland, abandoned and uninhabited.

Garen carefully walked along the direction heading back. Each time, he advanced by getting in and out of the cover of shade. Sometimes, he would bump into some death babies, but they were no match for his speed.

As he approached the position of his district, it should already have been been a deep territory with lairs of monsters. Garen ran into the staircase in the tilted tower, and suddenly heard the some soft sound of voices from within the tower.

He stopped his footsteps, looking into the dark black void of the staircase, a soft voice came out from the right room of the second floor.

"I can't believe there would be survivors that would still be alive." He wasn't interested in helping these people, and he couldn't help them anyway, people who cannot hide their aura were only going to bring him trouble, luring many creatures.

He sped out of the corridor, ahead of him was the hunting ground for Resonance Hawk, should be slightly safer, without the creatures roaming freely, a bigger crowd of creatures will also be easily spotted and avoided.

Walking along the main path, on both sides was dense forest, deathly quiet. Intermittently, there were cries from a baby coming from afar, which sent chills to the heart.

As he walked to the neighbouring houses of his villa, Garen let out a sudden "eh", his gaze fixed upon this house's bush at the front porch..

Garen looked to his left and right, a black stag beetle was rustling by from his back, patrolling the entire district. Parasites' patrol radius have engulfed the entire parameter of the district.

Garen observed the skies around him carefully, there were no traces of large groups of creatures, only then did he approached the bush. He softly peered open the bush, and in front of him was a young girl, covered with wounds and blood stains.

"That girl who followed me home the other day?" Garen's brows frowned. He recognized this person, she is one of the girls who had followed him and Angel on his road rushing back, on the same carriage, as he was guarding them into the city. He recalled that she had introduced herself before, her name was Lala.

He tapped that girl's face, no response. He extended his arm nearer to her nostrils; there were some vague breathes.

On the girl was a black, pleated short skirt and a white satin shirt, under the skirt was a long black pantyhose that was full of holes, revealing wounds that had traces of blood. The skin of the black long boots that she was wearing were bruised and damaged, completely losing its exclusivity and elegance of the original little buffalo skin boots.

Pa Pa.

Garen slapped her with force

"Are you alive?" he asked softly.

"Ugh..."

Lala weakly opened her eyes, with a very exhausted look. It seems as though she could not clearly see anything, both her irises didn't seem to be focused. She saw a blurry silhouette moving, the voice seemed so far away that he couldn't hear clearly at all.

"He... Help.." she struggled to say the two words, then she tilted her head over, fainting once again.

Garen stood straight. He frowned. To be honest, he did not want to save anyone and add more burden to him, but coincidentally, he met someone he had met before, and by the looks of it, it seems like she ran out from the suburbs, going through hurdles to get here. If it weren't for Resonance Hawk's patrol parameters, and the fact that this place was clear of free roaming creatures, plus that the larger crowds would not consider such a small meal, this girl would definitely not be alive.

"Screw it, count yourself lucky! I am lacking a janitor, in any case." Garen squatted and lifted her up, with one arm under her armpit, marching in big steps towards his villa.

This girl is just a normal person, and does not possess any threat to him; which is a key reason as to why he would save him.

Furthermore, if he were to stay alone for about a few months time, being completely alone was also not a feasible idea.

Chapter 303: Beginning 1

The window was splashed with falling rain.

Garen served up a hot cup of coffee, standing by the window.

On the large bed behind him, that girl called Lala was lying down on the bed massaging her head, not fully conscious.

"Are you awake?" Garen turned back to the bed, this Lala girl's motive of coming here was obviously to get some form of protection from him. It's just that he had his own agenda to accomplish, staying by his side is not that much safer compared to somewhere else.

The girl tried to get up. The clothes on her body had not been touched by Garen; they were still the original dirty attire from before.

The first thing she did was to check her body for traces of possible harassment. She relaxed herself . Following that, she placed her gaze upon Garen who is standing by the side of the window.

"Thank you, for saving me once again." her voice sounded sore, obviously she is having a flu. "If it wasn't for you last time, we should be dead by the roadside outside the city."

"I always expect for returns when i do something, I have saved you twice, how do you intend to return the favor?" Garen looked at her calmly. "If there is a behaviour of wanting something, it is only natural to consider the price, there is nothing that can be gotten without paying a price in the world. Don't you think?"

"I understand." Lala's eyes shows that she seemed to understand, "I am but a weak lady, what else can i give you? Or rather, what do you intend to take from me?" Her speech is clear and without hidden meanings.

"The cleanliness of this house, the daily chores and housework, very simple requests. The condition is that I provide shelter and food, how's that?" Garen answered coldly. "Also, as a man with normal sexuality, to be able to see a clean and cute lady at home, will improve my mood greatly too." He spoke straightforwardly.

Lala lowered her eyes: "Your demands are reasonable, I am willing to work in order to exchange for my safety and livelihood. Under this isolated environment, you are able to suppress your desires and stay respectful to a lady, you are a good man."

"Good Man?"

Garen laughed without voice. He extended both arms, looking at his clean, untainted palms. These arms, who knew how much blood had tainted these arms, innocent ones, sinful ones, or even just plain brawls, but such is life.

He snapped back into reality, laughing sarcastically.

"I'm glad to get to know a partner of an opposing gender which is rational, but I will remind you, there are many places in the house which are prohibited for you, you best not run around. If you wish to go out, leave me a note. I will arrange for it. The medications are placed by your pillow, and for your information, this is my first time taking care of someone outside my family."

"It is my pleasure." Lala relaxed and smiled. As she looked at Garen calmly leave the room, she exhaled in relaxation. Auntie had already arrived in the city safely, in one night, her entire world collapsed, countless creatures killed people around her; the ones who she were familiar with, the ones who weren't, too many lives have been taken away as she watched.

"Sufficient food, sufficient safety, warm blanket..." Lala had not had a moment where she thought of things she normally had to be a luxury.

Garen walked out of the guest room, tidied his collar and walked back to his master bedroom.

Standing in front of the mirror, he took a good look at himself.

His smooth bald head had have a layer of short hair now. On the outside was a grey mantle, so long as he wore the hood and lowered his head, nobody will know who he is.

He pulled open his wardrobe. After some flipping through, he took out a greyish-white inner tee to be changed into and wore the pieces that would make up the complete leather armor he prepared previously.

Two round shoulder pads, forearm guards, knee guards, calf protectors, boots, and then a helm with a chest plate.

As he wore all of those, the person inside the mirror looked similar to the guards of Iron Tank city.

After giving it some thought, Garen took off the helm and wore the grey mantle again.



"Now this is much better." He satisfyingly said as he looked at himself.

The mantle covered the entirety of the armor, giving him a muscular look.

"Next, let's look at what my little babies are up to." he focused on the attribute pane.

"Strength 2.66. Agility 2.72, Vitality 2.76. Intelligence 2.53. Potential 632%. Possess the qualifications of a Luminarist "

6 points of Potential points.

Garen squinted his eyes, he glanced over the totem pane, the amount of parasites had dropped to five, which should be due to another battle happening.

"Let's have the blue back lizard evolve instead, the success rate for third form evolution is too low."

He triggered a thought.

Soon, the doors were nudged open, and three blue back lizards slowly walked in. The last one closed the door under Garen's control.

This kind of deep blue colored lizards normally inhabit the desert areas, so their survival abilities are really strong, with extreme tolerance to hunger and thirst.

Garen squatted in front of the three lizards and touched their heads.

"From now on, you're Number 3. Deep Swamp Croc will be Number 2. This will ease identifiability. I'll have you evolve first."

His gaze placed on the blue back lizard's icon, quickly, three points of potential points disappeared in a quick jump.

Number 2 blue back lizard shuddered for a moment,, and then started vibrating intensely, as if something were vibrating immensely inside its body.

Jiii.....

Number 2 let out a painful hiss. Its body rapidly grew from about a meter, quickly elongating to two meters, three meters, four meters, five meters!

Its height also grew from ten-odd centimeters, quickly to twenty centimeters, thirty centimeters, fifty centimeters, more than one meter!

Its skins started to show a bronze-like yellow tone, the teeth slowly grew out of its lips.

The entire lizard's body looked more and more like a crocodile

Between its four legs, it grew another pair of short legs, becoming a six-legged creature. Its back also spouted a row of dense spikes.

The most eye-opening aspect of the creature is its eyes. From the original jade green, it turned into a clear white, as though there were no irises in them.

This lizard's evolution scared the other two lizards. They quickly hid, avoiding the quickly expanding Number 3 that was hissing in a scary manner.

Garen stood in front of the now evolved lizard, feeling that this fellow looked like the rumoured Komodo Dragon, one that could eat something that was its own size.

He looked at the totem icon within his vision. The blue back lizard changed its icon.

"Evolved Lizard( Unnamed): Blue Back Lizard's second evolution form, Form 2 creature totem. Upgradable, evolution success rate: 34%. Potential point consumption: 500%.

Ability: Petrification (Any creatures making eye contact with it will be damaged by the Petrification Light), Fast Tunneling."

"Petrification?" Garen noticed that this evolved lizard's eyes had a hint of green light within its white eyes.

"Rename as Petrifying Lizard."

He changed the name on the totem, then only he carefully checked out the Petrifying lizard.

Petrifying Lizard laid on the floor, motionless, almost lazily, just like a bronze statue.

Garen took a turn around the lizard, extended his arms and touched its skin; very coarse and tough, like hardened leather, but with a hint of warmth.

He tried touching the spikes on the Petrifying Lizard's back; also very tough, much like an awl, poking out of its skin one by one, forming a straight line from head to the tail.

"Go hunt something for me." Garen instructed as he opened the door

The lizard crawled slowly out of the door. Its movements are extremely slow, like an old grandpa at their seventies or eighties, the round belly was almost as good as being dragged on the floor. The six paws slammed the ground as it walked.

Garen shook his head, speechless.

"Stealth doesn't work, use your fastest speed!" He ordered.

The Petrifying Lizard then increased its speed. It was apparent that it was trying its best; the six short limbs just struggled to move forward, but the speed was only comparable to a tortoise at best.

"This speed!..." Garen had a hidden impulse. "This is only a feeder during close quarters combat!"

Bringing the Petrifying lizard out of the villa, Garen came to the backyard, where there was leftover Unihorn Lizard carcass.

"Attack that carcass!" Garen ordered.

The yellow lizard struggled to crawl into a five meter rang of the carcass, both eyes glared at the carcass.

Without any visible movements, the carcass started turning into a greyish white rock-like form from the bottom to the top. Soft crackling sounds were heard as the rock spread.

Three seconds later, the carcass completely turned into a stone statue.

The Petrifying Lizard spat out a red core, it didn't seem a tad bit tired.

Only then, Garen felt consoled.

"Petrifying Lizards can only be used as a defense against ambushes, it basically could not keep up with other creatures' speeds at all."

Ah!!!

A loud scream of a lady was heard from the main door.

Garen stomped once, and suddenly turning into a shadow, showing up at the front yard of the villa.

Lala was covering her mouth at the doorstep, staring at the large black beetles walking past the lawn in fright, the saw-like rows of teeth in the black beetle looked horrendous, scaring her pale. She was holding onto the doorframe as she felt weak in her knees.

Seeing Garen's appearance, her voice was trembling while her fingers pointed at the beetles.

" Bug!! Monster!! There's a monster!!"

"They're my little babies, don't be afraid" Garen waved his hands so that the beetles left their field of vision.

After calming Lala's emotions, Garen told her not to go out, otherwise it would easily attract the monsters into the house. Luckily there was the scent of the dead unihorn lizard lingering, completely suppressing the scent of Lala that was within the villa.

He looked at the remaining potential points and he felt that the three points spent on the Petrifying Lizard was not worth it. It didn't matter how strong the petrification was, it had to first land on the opponent. The remaining three points, he did not plan to spend it on the Blue Back Lizards.

The two blue back lizards have already dug out some underground water from the kitchen, or perhaps taking a turn underground for as they dig for underground water. To have a well near the the kitchen, it will be much easier to use water.

After settling Lala, Garen wore his grey mantle and hoodie, checking his body, "I should go into the city to check on the situation... so long as i'm cautious, I should be fine.

Chapter 304: Beginning 2

Inner City. Central Treetop District.

In the luxurious dark brown study room, a man with a golden beard stood next to the window, silently looking at the towering spiral tower. The tower felt like three spikes drilled out of the ground and intertwining each other.

The white light shining from the top of the spiral tower reflected upon the skin of his face, showing a hint of silver luster.

The forehead of the man showed a deep frown, and his face showed a maturity and vicissitudes brought upon by time. On his muscular body, flaunted a set of dark, golden body armor.

"No news from Leah?" The man asked in a deep tone.

Behind him were four men and women wearing luxuriously, standing quietly. No one dared to speak out.

"How long can the resources within the inner city last?" The man turned around and looked at his own four trusted subordinates.

"Lord Duke, the inner city has plenty of resources. It would suffice for a year or two, but with more and more creatures outside, I am afraid..." A fat aristocrat stood up to answer..

"The Governor Leah has gone missing for fifteen days, there may have be some meddling done by the Obscuro Society." A middle-aged woman said in a deep tone, "The key now, is that as long as the stationed General Tyrone and the Duke work together, defenses should be able to hold for a long time; enough to wait until the RAL's reinforcements arrive. "

"I'm afraid the Royal Alliance is too busy saving themselves." A thin man gloomily said.

Suddenly a burst of footsteps came from outside the study room.

The door was opened without permission. Then entered the adjutant of the Duke, called Vignal, who has always been a matured middle-aged man who now looked pale and panicky.

He quickly walked to the side of the Grand Duke and whispered a few words in his ear.

Suddenly, the people saw that the appearance of the Grand Duke had also changed; his forehead frowned a lot more suddenly.

He glanced around his audience.

"Gentlemen, I'm afraid we're going to usher in a bad fight." His voice was heavy.

Boom! ! !

As the voice faded, the spiral tower on the left of a gorgeous courtyard, suddenly burst into a sky of flames.

The fire suddenly swept the entire area equivalent to the size of a football field, the entire white courtyard was engulfed. Crimson fire almost instantaneously engulfed the white light of the tower.

Everyone seemed to hear the roar of the air in the distance; anger, helplessness, hopelessness, sadness.

No one had ever known the roar of human beings alone could contain so much meaning.

Everyone unknowingly stood up.

"That's ... General Tyrone's mansion ...." The fat aristocrat only felt the dryness of his own voice.

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General Tyrone was assassinated by his own biological son and adjutant, and finally his totem exploded, bringing his son with him.

One of the three strong pillars in the city had fallen.

The news spread like a hurricane across the inner city, everyone heard the roar from the mansion. Such sadness, helpless, unbelievable consternation, served as a remembrance to everyone

Now, there was only the Grand Duke .....

At a white courtyard in the Queen's District.

Goth was wearing a white bib as he sat in front of the white bed and looked at Jessica. This usually quiet girl suddenly looked pale, as if she was scared sick.

"Why were you so careless to catch a flu and not realise it until you catch a fever, and you say I don't pay attention to my body." Goth held Jessica's hand carefully, his eyes full of tenderness and affection.

So many days within the inner city defense corps, the two people shared their difficulties, and have established relations with each other.

Jessica shook her head, just laughing.

"Every time I say that, you gave me that look," Goth said, in dissatisfaction, "You're always disobedient."

Jessica put up a pouty smile. "As long as you accept your father's apologies, I will listen to you."

"Could you not mention this? So annoying." Goth scratched his head in distress, "Mom's the same, you too. Didn't I say, I'm not blaming the old man."

"Can you say you do not blame him with this attitude? You haven't even called him father once." Jessica shook his head. "No matter what he had done to you, after all, he has since repented. He is your father, and no one can replace that."

"Can we stop talking about this?" Goth gently smiled, he was defeated. "Forget it, you rest first, I'll go to back work."



He got up, covered the quilt for Jessica, kissed her on the cheek, and stepped out of the ward.

Upon closing the door, standing outside at the end of the corridor was Andy. He looked tired. His eyes were deep and he looked very gaunt.

Goth came to him and the atmosphere suddenly became heavy. No one first spoke, the both of them just stood there.

Andy took out a cigarette, lit it, only taking it down until the cigarette burned to the butt, he took a deep breath.

"How long can Jessica last with that illness?" Goth whispered.

"The doctor said she has only six months left," Andy said hoarsely.

The two fell silent again.

The scarlet red cigarette on Andy's hand continued to release a faint white smoke.

"Is there any other way over there?" Goth whispered again. His face lost the relaxation and calmness that he had when he was with Jessica.

"My father searched all the doctors, the Luminarist, and the medicine professors." There was no such thing as ... "Andy lowered his head and said, "Stay with her. My father is waiting for me, I will go out first. "

He turned to exit the corridor.

Goth looked at his back. "There is a way," he said, "rest assured, she'll be fine."

Andy paused, moving on and quickly leaving the corridor.

Gothic pushed his back against the wall alone. What went through his mind was unknown, but the touch of loneliness and determination on his face was apparent.

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Outside the hospital, opposite the shadow of a white cylindrical building.

A tall man dressed in black robes was quietly looking at the exit of the hospital. He stood by as people walked past him. A team of patrol soldiers was constantly passing him by, and occasionally some totem users, but no one found his presence. People seemed to think of him as the air, no one gave him a second glance.

"Let's go ...." he whispered.

He gently stretched out his right index finger. A pale red light appeared on his fingertips; the ball of light slowly suspended, up and down.

Hiss!

With a soft spark, the man in black robe disappeared instantly from the place he stood.

Pa!!

Behind the original man in the black robe's position, a silhouette in gray robe slowly came out. The face under the hood was indeed Garen.

He quietly looked at the location of the black robe that disappeared.

"Here ... finally ..."

He smiled at himself.

"Maybe Goth and then rest thought I was dead."

He saw the whereabouts of the black robed man just now. If he hadn't felt the presence of the other party, he estimated that, like the rest, he would have brushed it over.

He recognized the logo on that black robe. That was the Obscuro Society insignia; only they would wear black robes all year round in order to distinguish themselves from totem users of other organizations.

He did not intend to act directly with the Goth and others. With the help of his Secret Techniques, he was able to hide in the darkness, in a way that was not found by the people of Obscuro Society. This way, he could get the most benefit at this crucial time.

For example, if there is a clash between Goth and Obscuro Society, it would be the best opportunity for him to wait. If he followed Goth, not only there was there a chance he would be exposed, he may also be targeted for close surveillance. It was estimated that there was no way to get the most out of the situation.

Garen pulled his hood down and covered his face. He was not sure what motivated Goth to embark on the road to heroism, but now the tentacles of Obscuro Society had emerged.

He came out of the villa into the underground passage of the War Guild, going straight into the inner city. The objective was to use another method to keep up with Goth's progress.

Standing in the shadows, Caldon quietly watched the hospital entrance and exit. Soon, Goth's figure came out from the exit. He looked calm, his eyes with a faint trace of anxiety.

Garen quietly kept up with him. Slowly releasing his Qi, closely following his tracks.

They quickly walked along the street; Goth quickly walked into a bistro. He came out shortly after, and walked directly toward the inner city's border line.

On the frontier defense, there were dragon guards in the sky; the ground had dense frontier defense totems, each of them large black wolf-type totems patrolling back and forth.

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Totem users guarded each exit, all black panthers totem users. They looked like they had amazing speed.

Gode took a white badge and showed it to the totem user guarding at the exit, took back the badge, and directly crossed the border line, walking into the tunnel within the castle walls. Both sides had rows of guard soldiers. They were unable to fight in the frontlines, but good military qualities made them great at detecting signs of danger.

Goth looked at the door. Garen was also following along, mixing within the people entering and leaving. He took out the badge from the War Guild to be shown to the totem users guarding the borders.

This man with a small white beard looked at the medal. The three lines marked on top showed this person's rank in the guild was three. His face suddenly revealed the expression of respect.

"Sir, please keep your badge, are you going out hunting again?"

"Yeah." said Garen simply.

Most of the people coming in out were refugees who had been rescued, as well as those totem users who got rescued. Few people went out, and all the totem users who go out would be respected by many.

People who dare to go out in this environment were those who were willing to sacrifice themselves for the stability of the inner city. It was worth everyone's attention.

Garen walked in the door while he basked in everybody's attention and respect.

The figure of the front of Goth was out of sight, but his spirit could detect his position. Garen picked up his pace and followed closely.

As he exited the doorway, the ground littered with carcasses of unihorn lizards, the pile of carcasses were surrounded by the stench of flies around them, the buzzing sound from the flies are very annoying.

Gallon quietly keep up with Goth. Along the way, he saw carcasses of new monsters appearing on the ground from time to time. There were dead babies, unihorn lizards, and also a kind of leopard monster who walked on two legs.

This monster was earthy yellow in color, like a shrunken version of the Tyrannosaurus Rex. There was a triangular cone on its head, while its forehead has a hole that sprayed acid.

Garen looked at this new monster, which had yellow acid on the edge of the round hole in its forehead. He dabbed the liquid with a small stone and a sour, smelly, yellow smoke suddenly appeared on the stones. The dabbed surface of the rock immediately showed a coke black burnt surface, popping up many small yellow bubbles.

Garen tossed the stone aside and continue to keep up with Goth.

He realized that the direction Goth was heading to was the most famous hospital in Iron Tank City - David Jones Hospital, who specialize in treatment of many rare diseases. However, it was now a dead zone.

"Jessica is ill, and he here to find medicine?" Garen had his doubts.

Within the deserted dead white city, the streets, Goth and Gaen advanced quietly forward, in front of the is a steeple-like building which seemed like a church.

The white spire church was not damaged at all, only darkness ensued from beyond the open door, constantly blowing bursts of chilly wind. In front of the stone floor were a few beaches of dried blood.

Goth, softly, suddenly hid behind a stone on the right.

A large group of unihorn lizards suddenly flew over the sky. These lizards were actually all red lizards, their body size was almost double the average, monstrously huge.

They glided across the ground, swept up a strong gust and rolled up a large swathes of yellow dust. Shadows flew past the shelter of Goth and Garen. Only when there was completely no movement, the two slowly come out from their hiding place.

Chapter 305: Following 1

On the desolate gray city streets, the pair were like two black spots on white cloth, speeding towards the steeple.

The wind howled across the street, and onto Goth's hair backwards constantly. His gaze turned up to the church door in front of him. He quickened his pace, and entered the church.

Garen, underneath the stairs at the church's entrance, hid behind a stone platform behind the steps, quietly releasing his Qi to scan the interior.

Inside the church

Goth stood by the door, glancing around the church, looking blankly, his body lit up with a gray-black totem, and a dark-feathered bird appeared slowly on his right shoulder.

"Come out," he cried aloud. "I know you're here!"

His voice constantly echoed off the walls, reverberating deep within the building.

Roar...

All of a sudden, behind a row of pews at the front, a black lizard emerged. It was much smaller than the normal giant lizard, only the size of a dog, the horn on his forehead flickered with silver light, its eyes were flashing with a bloodlust.

"I've been waiting for you for a long time." The silver horn lizard said. It slowly climbed to the front of Goth, two meters away.

"Have you made a decision? Join us, you'll get what you want." Its voice was like a hoarse middle-aged man.

"Is this your body? Or your totem?" Gode looked wary.

"Wouldn't you know when you try?" A smug, silver smile emerged at the corner of the silver-lined monitor lizard.

A dark shadow flashed by.

It suddenly disappeared from its original position and rushed towards Goth, still by the door.

In mid-air, its four claws turned into sharp spikes, slashing towards its adversary. The sharp edge missed, but the waves in its wake were too quick to avoid.

Chi Chi Chi!!

Goth suddenly took two steps back. Four spots of blood appeared on him, and a little bit of blood soaked through his clothes.

"Some reach you have!" His eyes bulged open, uncomprehending.

Silver horn lizard sneered and once again turned into a dark shadow, hurtling towards him.

Chi Chi!

Two more spots of blood emerged after the exchange..

"blackfield bird, go!" He completely unable to understand how he was being hurt, he stumbled toward the church walls, trying to rely on constantly changing positions to avoid the lizard's attacks.

"We know your secret ...." The silver horned lizard sneered and said, "Your totem, the blackfield bird, though powerful, is connected to your ontology. As long as the blackfield bird is hurt, you too will be injured. "

As it spoke, it raised his right claw and lunged forward.

Scoffing, the Blackfield bird rushed to avoid the attack, suddenly enlarging in midair. From the size of a palm, it grew rapidly into a giant three-meter bird.

It shrieked, hovering in the air within the church, before diving towards the lizard like a giant eagle after its prey. It sped downwards like a sharp arrow.

The huge blackfield bird body was suddenly inflicted with several deep gashes, and Goth finally understood.

"Iron Feather Volley !!" He was relentless as he sent a command to his bird.

Suddenly, the blackfield bird's feathers shot on end, aligning themselves below the silver horn lizard. The black feathers slowly glowed with a glimmer of silver light. The huge, black body of the bird quickly spread a distorted force field and enveloped the silver horn lizard.

The force field was formless, and the lizard was held in a vice grip as if being crushed by a gigantic fist.

The black bird shrieked, Chi Chi Chi!!

All its feathers are shot out like a volley of arrows, a dense shower flying towards the silver horn lizard.



Bang bang bang!! Unrelenting bangs could be heard as some feathers hit the lizard. Most of the feathers hit the ground, stirring up large amounts of dust and gravel.

After all the feathers were shot, they quickly flew back to the blackfield bird as if they were boomerangs, and regained their original form.

The blackfield bird shrunk back to its original size and flew back to perch on Goth's shoulders.

Dust clouded the church, leaving nothing to be seen. After a short while the dust gradually settled down, and Goth could finally see the situation of silver horn lizard.

The silver horn lizard was shot full of holes but it was still struggling to stand on the ground.

"What strong ability. The traction field does not allow the enemy to escape and the attacks used after the release could indiscriminately attack any target around the perimeter. The ability of the blackfield bird is indeed rare." The silver horn lizard was just distracted momentarily and sustained serious injuries. However, it remained calm with no signs of panic.

"Goth, your growth is really amazing."

The silver horn lizard replied, before quickly turned into a silver-colored light, shining into the dark spots within the church.

The silver light disappeared in the shadows, and out of it came a voluptuous woman with wavy hair. One of her hands was adorned with five black gem rings, while the other hand was twirling with her blonde hair, her demeanor relaxed. A black robe was draped fittingly to the body and outlined her bodily curves.

"Tell me where the medicine is!" Goth clenched his lip and said aloud.

"Want to save your little lover?" replied the blonde woman with a smirk, "we'll talk after you win."

She waved a single hand and five silver lights shot out suddenly, transforming into five similar silver horn lizards. The regiment completely surrounded Goth and the blackfield bird.

Roar!

A lizard suddenly arched its body and let out a low growl. The first lizard, initially gravely injured, had now returned to normal.

Goth had a sudden realization and his pupil contracted momentarily.

Suddenly, the five lizards lifted their right claws and hurled themselves towards him all at the same time. Five almost shapeless sharp waves came at him from unseen directions.

Boom!!!

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Garen's back was against the stone wall as he stood on the left, just below the stone steps. He was quietly observing the movements inside the church.

From the moment Goth entered, there had been constant bursts of roars, as if a fierce fight was going on.

Even now, the movements inside did not die down. Instead, they appeared to be growing bigger and bigger.

Garen kept practicing portrayals with both hands while listened quietly to the situation.

Chi!

An invisible sharp wave flew out from the church gate and ruthlessly split open the stone steps on the platform.

Without a sound, the stone platform's corner was cut off and the ground was left with crescent-shaped knife marks.

Garen squinted and walked gently to touch the knife marks. The cut was more than 10 cm into the stone slab, forming lines of black slits.

"Powerful," he praised, "surely, the person going against Goth is a Form 2 totem user, and is not a perverse player either."

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Inside the church.

Goth gasped as he supported his upper body on his knees. His forehead continued to shed streams of blood, leaving a stream of dark red along his right cheek.

The blackfield bird on the side had its feathers scattered, like a hairy little hen. One side of its wing looked broken and both its eyes looked dead, as it was barely standing on the ground. It looked gravely injured.

In front of the bird and the man were five silver horned lizards, lying on the ground, all of them decapitated, rapidly becoming mercury.

The blonde wavy-haired woman looked horrified, her gaze on the wall gazing steadily at Goth. Her arrogance vanished.

"You! You actually ....!"

"Where's the medicine?" Goth walked over, grabbed her collar and slammed her against the wall. "Tell me! The medicine! Where is it!" His bloodshot eyes betrayed the tendencies of a wild beast, just a sliver away from losing control. .

"I'll tell you! I'll tell you !!" The woman sputtered hastily, "The medicine is...."

Chi!!

An invisible wave instantly split blackfield bird's body in half.

Chi!!

With another squeal, the bird tumbled to the ground.

Goth also followed suit a muffled scream and doubled over. His chest collapsed, and his mouth spewed blood as he coughed..

"As for the medicine, I'll reveal that to your dead body," The woman's face was covered with a flirtatious smile, but all of a sudden, her face froze. "you!!"

Bam!

The blackfield bird swooped up once again and into Goth's body, turning into a dark shimmering layer, covering his whole body.

"This is!!!" The woman's expression suddenly panicked, not mock panic, but a real, guttural panic pulled from the depths of her psyche

She turned to flee. The last silver-headed dragon lizard flew up and grabbed Goth, trying to stop him from chasing.

Suddenly, an invisible giant force field dispersed and shrouded her within.

Bang!!

A huge roar came from within the church, dust was kicked up and rows of chairs and tables were thrown in all directions. The dust settled to reveal a crater in the earth, more than 20 meters across.

The instant after the explosion, all was silent.

The remaining dust eventually dispersed into the air, and in the middle of the pit, Goth held the woman by the neck with one hand. His face was deathly pale, barely managing to hold the body.

"Tell me, where is the medicine?" He asked hoarsely. "Otherwise, I'll kill you!"

The woman kicked her feet as her face turned purple.

"I... I do not know.... the important things are kept with Lord Ansella! Don't kill me!"

Goth's expression was grim, his hold on the woman who had lost the power to resist. Suddenly he saw her struggling, begging and even actually crying outright as her tears flowed into two clear traces of water.

The totem user in front of him was not exactly that flirtatious enemy, but more like an ordinary young girl, at the age of only twenty at most.

"Don't kill me, please! Don't!!" The girl cried splinters.

Looked at her pleading eyes, Goth's heart softened, and gently put her down.

"Where's this Ansella you speak of?" He whispered.

"He's... He's behind the black wall in Copenhagen, in the place marked with the dark sun. Wait until night falls to find him!" The girl quickly told him what she knew, "we are under his leadership, he knows the most. It was on his request that I came in contact with you! It's not my fault!"

Goth sent silent for a while.

"Scram." His face was overcome with calm. Retracting the blackfield birds, he finally saw what was left of the girl's six silver horn monitor lizards. Not one survived, all turned into mercury. He then turned to exit the church.

The blonde girl looked at Goth's silhouette vanish, and her eyes flashed with hate.

"Well go then! Best you die while you're there! Then I can easily finish what I have to do!" She said, her heart cursing him fiercely.

Goth's figure disappeared out of the church, and the girl managed to get up and look at the five dark gemstone rings on her hand, and suddenly grit her teeth.

"Don't you want to save your little lover? If you manage to save them, my name will cease to be Sallora! And that Andy as well. We should have just killed them all!"

Her face was deeply resentful. Her five well-developed totems were destroyed; a devastating blow to any totem user.

Chapter 306: Following 2

"Now i need to go back and nurture them again... Fortunately, with my past experience, I still have one lizard to breed with, otherwise it would have been utter misery!" She walked into the depths of the church.

Suddenly there was another set rhythmic footsteps outside the church.

The woman suddenly turned around and looked to the church door.

A tall, burly gray-robed man walked in slowly. Apparently under the gray robes was a set of armor, with a subtle hint of his facial characteristics.

The man only had some golden hair on his head, his eyebrows very light, handsome face seemed a little dead, his expression unusually pale.

As soon as he entered the church, his gaze quickly locked onto the woman.

"A totem user with so many totems, pretty good luck."

"Who are you?" The woman suddenly became wary.

"It does not matter who I am, but what is important is how much of a surprise you can give me." The man grinned, and that white set of teeth reminded people of the sharks in the sea. "An elite Totem User who cannot fight at all, I'm really lucky."

"You !!" The woman still wanted to speak, but in the blink of an eye, the man instantly disappeared from where he was.

What followed was a blackout. She didn't know anything after.

Garen stab the woman's eyes with two fingers, his fingertips dug into the depths of her brain, feeling a warm, paste like texture.

He slowly pulled out his fingers, and gently flicked them. The brain pulp and blood dislodged by the force of inertia, falling on the ground in the distance.

Splat!

Woman croaked on the ground, her eyes were stabbed into two bloody holes, red blood slowly rolled down the cheeks to form two red lines.

At this time, Garen did not pay any attention to the movement of the body at all. Instead, he focused his attention on the properties pane below the field of view.

One of the potential value this time shot up like a rocket, the figures changed at an alarming speed!

An unexpected feeling of surprise suddenly poured into Garen's heart.

A full 10 seconds later, the potential figure slowly stopped. At this point has reached an alarming value!

1344%! !

From the original remaining 3 points, it suddenly spiked to 13! Garen earned 10 potential points just from killing that female totem user.

"It's a lot more worth than the one I killed earlier!" Garen compared the form 2 totem user killed in the previous attacks, and they were simply not in the same league.

"Now with 13 potential points, I can focus on upgrading one totem, and see how it goes after my strength increases."

Garon squatted down and searched the girl for a while to find a dark booklet and a leather bag with items. He glanced at the five gemstone rings between the fingers of the girl, hesitating, but did not take them off in the end.

If Obscuro Society attached tracking signals in these, it will be very troublesome. Better be safe than sorry.

After looting, Garen quickly left from the side of the church. He dashed out from a broken window, his speed was utilised to the maximum, and he quickly disappeared into the shadow of the city.



Following Goth back all the way into the inner city, Garen looked at Goth walk into his own residence to recuperate, and he quietly left. Then, he proceeded to the inner city war headquarters.

Headquarter's basic buildup pattern is similar to the branch, but the venue was much larger. Hanging on the wall were a lot of skulls of the freshly hunted unihorn lizards.

Garen found a corner to sit down and ordered a cup of unexpectedly expensive coffee. He slowly drank the dark liquid alone.

People walked in and out of the guild. The wounded were continually rushed in, pulled out, then rushed toward the hospital in the city. They were brought in from the underpass and were injured on their line of duty.

He sat alone in the corner, using his gray robe to cover himself tightly. His gaze fell on the totem pane.

This time he was prepared to focus his potential points to evolve the Deep Swamp Croc. The ability of the parasites of the Deep Swamp Croc was a great addition to his overall strength. Although in contrast to its ontology, it was not tough enough, but this parasitic ability is enough to make up for everything.

Parasitic beetle was simply the perfect cannon fodder, used to amass numbers and for reconnaissance, were quite cost-effective.

"Just that, the chances of evolution to form 3 is too low." Garen's brow furrowed as he looked at the Deep Swamp Croc at the totem pane.

'Deep Swamp Croc: Second evolution of the short tail croc, form 2 creature totem. Can be improved, evolution success rate of 24%. Potential consumption point: 500%.

Ability: explosive ambush, steel armor plating, parasitism. '

"One in four chance. I'll try my luck." Garen made his mind, his gaze set on Deep Swamp Croc icon.

The potential points went fuzzy for a while, and decreased by 5 points.

The Deep Swamp Croc icon also blurred for a while, and a few seconds later, cleared up once again, and nothing else happened.

"There's still another chance!" Garon looked calm and tense, and he was mentally prepared. This low probability made it likely to fail many times, it might not necessarily get evolved even once out of four times.

The second time.

His gaze once again condensed on the icon.

The potential points got blurry again, and the Deep Swamp Croc's icon did the same.

The icon cleared up, and was still the original Deep Swamp Croc icon.

"Failed again..." Garen took a deep breath, "no matter, following Goth will yield more chances for more potential to be credited in the due time. Form 3 totems are never common, how many totem users have failed to advance their totems after so many years of cultivation? if it was that simple, there will be many form 3 by now.

He was very aware of his own advantage. Unlike a typical totem user, he did not need to make the careful use of resources and money, to be able to succeed in evolution, and neither did each failure result in the destruction of the totem as well.

When evolution using potential points failed, the totem would remain the same as before, this was his greatest advantage. Even though potential points were difficult to gain.

Standing up, he walked to the guild counter in front of the council. From a total of five windows, he chose the furthest of the left-most windows with the words 'Enquiry Counter'.

He lined up as he slowly waited for his turn.

In front of people queuing up, they took turns to choose the information listed above. All the information held by the headquarters of the guild was listed down, and one could attain their desired piece without a word. The catch was that you couldn't ask for further details.

Soon, the red shirted lady in front of him left the counter with a gloomy expression. It seemed that she got some bad news.

Garen walked up and looked back to the eyes of the people behind, showing them a gaze which warned them not to get too close. The man in white behind him smiled, and then stood farther away.

Garen turned back to the counter, and looked inside the selection of items.

There was a black desktop with five options; five words are round boxes.

From left to right, they were: tracing, resources, monsters, routes.

Garen pressed on the resources boxes. The employee inside gave out a list.

He took over and looked at the top of the rows of resources and treasures, all of which were listed in detail.

'Rice - Location: Southern City District warehouse points, the estimated reserve of ten people a year. Intelligence price: two hundred thousand silver sheets. '

'Soy sauce - Location: Whitewing Chamber of Commerce warehouse, estimated reserve of 10 people for three years. Intelligence Price: 900,000 silver sheets. '

'Potato - Location: Whitewing Chamber of Commerce warehouse, estimated reserves of ten people in January. Information is valid: two months, priced at 50000 silver sheets. '

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Rows of various dietary resources were all listed. Garen looked from top to bottom, and soon his gaze fell on the totem resources.

Among the totem resources listed in the outskirts, there were inactivated totems, maintenance tools, unit factories, totem notes, and tactical notes, at the end. He actually saw an intelligence on permanent tactic.

For twenty thousand silver sheets, you could get them.

Obviously that was not very difficult. That is, there were other reasons which made it hard to pick up.

Garen roughly swept his eyes across. The permanent tactic, although he wanted it, he did not have the strength. Bought some intelligence on the creatures, took a thin booklet and he sat back in position and looked up.

After sitting in the guild for a while, Garen went back to the counter receptionist to buy a copy of the latest Insider briefings, along with some essential anti-fever and anti-inflammatory drugs. Then left a message to Angel, and then he walked into the underground passage, toward the direction of the outer city back.

Goth was seriously injured, he need to at least to rest for a period of time to recover. He happened to go back and visit. Now that his power had expanded considerably, he could go out to search for the resources needed, and also hunt more potential points on the side.

From the briefing, Garen saw the latest mission completion forms, with Angel leading the team in sixth place and among the top dozen of teams. It was unusually eye-catching.

This also made Garen extremely satisfied with his own standards. Angel's friendship, and the shackles of war as a link, did serve some function.

As long as Angel does not give up the core totem and strengthened it, when a the strength of the totem reaches a certain threshold, she would definitely be unwilling to give up the core easily, and this side of the link will become closer and closer.

From now on, the shackles of war did not reflect Angel's signs of replacement of the core totem.

Going back to the underground passage and taking advantage of the emptiness inside it, Garen took out all the things that he looted; a booklet, and a bag.

These are the things that a form 2 totem user of Obscuro Society carries around. That guy's ability was very hard to handle. It belonged to a type of air compression cutting, and was very powerful.

With more totems under their control, without tactics but to purely relying on the totems, its power is very powerful already.

Garen looked back at such an encounter, the winner would be the one who attacked first. If he had attacked first, he would rely on ambush tactics. The resonance hawk's attack was still very powerful, provided he was able to determine the location of the other totem users.

If his opponent attacked first, the invisible sharp edge of the blades combined with their speed, the resonance hawk and other totems may not be able to dodge, it was likely to be a disadvantage.

In fact, during simulations, the opponents' winning percentage was much higher. That kind of speed, and it's very sharp air edge slash from the silver horn lizard is very tough to deal with.

If it wasn't because of Goth's core totem was destroyed, Garen did not dare to appear in the final minute to loot. Especially when the last outbreak of Goth, the air explosion that produced, it was never clear if Goth had caused it or that woman, but whatever that did, the crater it left was really terrifying..

Chapter 307: Adventure 1

Back at the War Guild Office in the outskirts of the city, there was almost no one else left, except for two guards who had stayed back to change shifts. As they watched Garen walk out, a surprised expression appeared on both of their faces, but they remained silent.

As he walked back calmly to his own villa in the suburbs, Garen realised that the entire area had become a paradise for his pets. All of the monsters that were scattered around here had been taken care of already, and only a few clusters of them remained in the surroundings. There were no solitary monsters left to be hunted.

Light rain began to drizzle down from the sky, as dark grey clouds began to appear.

As Garen walked into his courtyard, two Parasitic Beetles that had been keeping watch earlier now crawled towards him from both directions and climbed onto his body. The Giant Hawk and Resonance Hawk that were perched on the roof, stood up from their nests and let out a crisp whistling noise.

After taking out his keys and opening the front door, Garen walked inside, and closed the door with the back of his hand. Clad in a maid's outfit, Lala walked towards Garen and, without being told, took his grey robe from him, and hung it on the clothes rack on the side.

"You've had a long day," Lala said softly.

"And you've adapted really quickly," said Garen teasingly.

He walked towards the sofa and sat down, as Lala attended to him and helped him change into a pair of clean slippers. Next, he brought the freshly made cup of black tea to his lips and sipped slowly.

"The tea has become cold."

"Forgive me, although we still have water in the house, we're almost out of firewood, and I didn't want to use it carelessly," said Lala as she stood on the other side of the room.

"This is a problem," nodded Garen. "I'll think of a way to sort it out. The smoke from the burning fire where we warm ourselves will definitely catch people's attention. Try and see if there are other ways to solve this."

"I will," nodded Lala in a hesitant manner.

Garen drank his black tea slowly as he leaned against the sofa and closed his eyes. A few moments later, he noticed that Lala had not left, and was still lingering at the side. He opened his eyes again.

"Is there anything else?"

Lala tugged at her white apron hesitantly.

"Although I've already troubled you greatly, but there is still something I would like to know.. How my family is doing in the inner city? As well as my friend, my only good friend Biz."

"The number of people entering the city are far too many, and they have been spread out messily. It would be very troublesome to find specific people," said Garen as he furrowed his eyebrows. "I have a lot of things on my mind, so in exchange, think wisely about the reward you will give me. If it is suitable, I will proceed to deal with this matter with my own hands."

"Yes, sir," nodded Lala. "I'm extremely fortunate to have met an employer like yourself."

"You're welcome."

Garen lifted his cup of black tea and finished it in one gulp, before looking around the hall and noticing that the whole place was now spotlessly clean. He smiled with satisfaction.

"I'll be going upstairs now. Unless there's an important matter, please don't disturb me. Right until dinner time."

"Alright."

Garen walked into his study room and locked the door.

The windows of the study room had not been closed, and the wind lifted the curtains up, allowing some moisture to creep into the room.

He walked over and closed the glass window, before sitting in front of the desk.

Once again, he took out the items he had gotten from the blonde woman, and spread them out on the table.

There was a leather bag and a little notebook.

The brown leather bag was the size of a fist, but no one knew what it was that was hidden inside to cause it to bulge.

Garen opened the knot on the bag, and poured out the contents with a crash.

The items that fell out onto the table were apparently a huge pile of various gemstone jewelry. There were rings, red rubies, diamonds, as well as the most expensive amethyst.

A surprised expression appeared on Garen's face.

"Could it actually be that?" said Garen as he recognized the effects of the gemstones and jewelry.

"Evolving gemstones... Various Key Primers required when evolving Totems. Red represents the direction of the flame, purple represents directions that are currently unknown, while diamonds represent natural evolution. There really is an abundance of them here."

Garen's mouth spread into a satisfied smile.



"I won't be able to use these things, but other Totem users will surely find them to be of much help. The amethyst is a Evolution Primer required by many Totems. While using other sources during to nurture totems, high quality gemstones are needed as Primers during the Key Evolution period, in order to result in the desired result. If these criteria are not met, it will result in a chaotic evolution, as well as certain totems being evolved without any powers at all. These things can be exchanged with others for great returns."

He kept the gemstones as well as the women's jewelry. Garen's gaze then fell onto a different item.

A black leather little notebook.

He opened the front page of the notebook carefully. There were tightly packed scribbles inside, written in messy handwriting, with the order all mixed up. It was obvious that this was an essay of sorts.

Garen flipped through the notebook for a while, and skimmed over the words he could recognize.

"Eh?" he said as he sat up straighter, his gaze focusing suddenly, as he stared at one of the pages in the little notebook.

He took the quill from the pen holder and opened the bottle of ink, before dipping the pen into it.

He copied a line of words from the book onto a piece of white paper.

'15th March, truly an interesting time. A man who was an old wealthy business man on the surface, turned out to be a strong Totem user in secret. Once the quest has been completed, find someone to get rid of him. Advanced skills like Solidifying Tactics are not things that can be easily protected by old men like himself.

Garen copied down the name of the place from the back of the notebook. The words in the notebook were slightly blurry and messy, which made them quite difficult to differentiate. Even though the contents were written in the Ender language, he still understood them, except for a few crookedly written characters that were hard to distinguish. However, he was certain that the name of the place he had written down was definitely in Iron Tank City.

He took out the map of Iron Tank City and began looking at the place names one by one. Immediately, his index finger paused on a specific location.

"Niester Region, this is a famous immigrant district. The people living there are all immigrants from other areas, all of which are either rich people or skilled elites."

He kept the map and wrote down the address of the place. After that, he looked at the sky outside.

"It's still early, I can go take a look."

After saying goodbye to Lala, he willed his totems to prepare to leave.

He exited the villa, and jumped onto the top of the wall, looking at the totems in his possession quietly.

The three Giant Hawks on the roof circled around continuously and let out sharp deterrence-like howls, as if warning the other monsters in the sky that this was their territory.

On the ground, the Deep Swamp Croc commanded the eight Beetles to line up in the courtyard.

Garen left two of the Beetles behind, and arranged for the Petrified Giant Lizard to guard the house, while he took the remaining six Beetles out with him.

After that, he tried to recall the route from the map, and brought his totem herd around to the city, as they moved forward slowly.

Immediately, the Resonance Hawk found a hole in one of the city's wrecked walls. It looked as if it had been damaged by a large monster.

Garen took the Giant Croc and Beetle into the city through the hole, which led to the craftsmen district in the inner city.

Grey-white bungalows were placed together in a row, and built tightly against the city wall. The insides of the building were completely empty and eerily quiet, except for the occasional sound of wooden doors and windows being blown closed by the wind.

The ground was covered with moist black soil, and there were white bones and blood stains everywhere. Meanwhile, numerous hammers and iron mats were scattered in the blacksmith shop by the road, and a few arrows were stuck in the pillars of a wooden building.

Garen was flanked by the Beetles and Giant Crocs, as they dashed into the area.

They spent some time turning circles around the clusters of buildings in the inner city, before hearing a voice echoing softly suddenly.

"Jegula, setingdiya,"

Garen furrowed his eyebrows, unable to understand what was being said. It sounded like a localized native dialect, unlike any of the languages of the Three Strong Empires.

He ignored it, and suddenly the sound of a woman sobbing emerged from the same direction as the previous noise.

The first voice grew louder and colder, as if it was scolding the woman.

Garen continued to ignore them, and passed through this region. In this chaotic world, only the strongest were the most powerful. Incidents like these were common occurrences everywhere, and could be seen anywhere.

Quickly, he passed through this vast region, and after continuing his journey forward for a period of time, he ducked down suddenly to avoid a large herd of Unihorn Lizards that flew past him in the sky. Although these monsters considered Silver Totems as one of their own and would not attack them without reason, in the event that they were provoked, they would still attack them, even if they happened to be of the same species.

Garen walked carefully until it was almost evening, before the crossroads of Niester Region finally appeared in front of him.

Along the way, he found six underground cellars in the outskirts of the city where survivors had been hiding. Many of these underground cellars had become private little kingdoms ruled by the strong. They hid in these underground cellars and became the kings they had always dreamed of becoming, wantonly enjoying themselves while trampling over the dignity and interests of other people.

Garen did not pay any mind to these people. Instead, he followed the address that he had memorised earlier, and rushed towards the rich businessman's residence in the region.

Immediately, in the middle of the white buildings, a white house with a round silver roof appeared in Garen's line of sight.

A large White Bat was perched on top of the silver roof of the house.

The bat was huge, as tall as five meters and as wide as four. Both of its white wings leaned against the roof, as if they were two pieces of white rags, as long as ten over meters when stretched open. Looking from afar, it looked like a white glider.

Garen willed his totems to spread out and surround the silver-roofed building. This house was the place where the rich businessman lived. It was obvious that this place had now become the White Bat's residence, and if the rich businessman was not hiding, it would mean that he had been killed already.

Garen hid behind broken wall, poking his head out carefully to size up the Giant Bat.

A black iron chain hung around its furry neck, and the end of the chain was a red ball of flesh made up of a man's corpse, dripping blood continuously.

Garen looked closely, and noticed that the black iron chain seemed to be growing out of the bat's chest. Apparently, it was not something that was man-made.

He released his Aura carefully, as white-gold coloured ripples emerged slowly, covering the bat's body at once.

Hiss!

The bat opened its eyes immediately, as if it had suddenly felt something. It shook its head from side to side, and began looking around at all directions.

A large splash of blood splashed through the air, sending Garen's Aura back to him temporarily.

Whoosh!

Garen let out a low groan, and held his chest.

"To think that a monster's blood could be this powerful!! My Aura comes from the polymerization of my Three Energies, and are not of this world. I'm surprised that it could use the circulation of its vital energy and blood to force my Aura back to me. Amazing!! The high levels possessed by the vital energy and blood, if compared to the previous world, would not be able to be destroyed even by bombs or missiles. Only nuclear bombs would be able to destroy them!"

This was the first time he had encountered a situation like this. After achieving his Godlike Accomplishment, the vital energy in his whole body expanded to reach the limit of a human, and from then on, even wild creatures could not be much stronger than him. However, upon encountering this bat, who's vital energies were powerful to an alarming degree, he knew that it meant that it also possessed extremely powerful vitality. Therefore, as long as it was not killed, it would be able to recover to its initial state, and bounce back immediately. Creatures like this with extremely powerful vitalities were the hardest to defeat.

"In order to go in, it looks like I have no choice but to kill this monster," said Garen as he narrowed his eyes and hid deeper inside.

Once he had willed them, a Black Beetle crawled slowly into the courtyard of the house, as its large ferocious mouth pointed towards the Bat and screamed loudly to provoke it.

Hiss!!

The Bat ignored the Beetle completely, and acted as if the others were not there. It lay down again and prepared to rest. But the moment the Beetle tried to enter the building, the White Bat hissed and let out a warning noise.

Garen thought about it for a while, and decided to release the Neon Butterfly quietly, before using its poisonous powder to stain the claws of all the Resonance Hawks, as well dusting some on the Deep Swamp Crocs and Beetles as well.

Even though the Bat was an Aberration creature released by the Obscuro Society, the nature of its attacks still bore similarities to that of the Totem Light, and its specific strength was still unknown.

Garen took out the monster information pamphlet that he had gotten from the War Guild and began flipping through it.

Chapter 308: Adventure 2

He found information on the White Bat immediately.

‘Giant White Bat: Possesses strength almost equivalent to a Form 3 Totem. Extremely dangerous, likes collecting corpses and rolling them into ball-like shapes, and applying pressure onto the creature’s blood by squeezing their dead bodies lightly, to create an artificial blood circulating environment. Their size determines their strength, and the largest Bat has a wingspan of twenty meters, while the smallest ones have wingspans of ten meters.

Abilities: Ultrasound Wave Impact, Iron Chain Cage.’

"Almost a Form 3 Totem, huh... How impressive," said Garen as he narrowed his eyes.

Currently, his three Resonance Hawks and one Deep Swamp Croc were all at the level of Form 2 Totems. One of the Resonance Hawks were extremely powerful, and would probably be able to fight the White Bat, while the Deep Swamp Croc could launch a surprise attack in the dark. As for the Beetle, it would only be able stay alert around their surroundings. Meanwhile, the Neon Butterfly and Black-Striped White Tiger were left out of the equation, because as Form 1 Totems, regardless of their strength,

speed, physique, and even abilities, they would still be surpassed by their opponents, and would only result in more casualties if released during battle.

However to face off something with this amount of strength, even if they attacked him together, Garen was still slightly wary of the probability of them actually defeating the bastard.

"That's it, we'll just have to try. A monster that has almost achieved Form 3 will definitely grant me an abundance of Potential Points once I've killed it. Furthermore, there may be unexpected rewards inside this house as well. This is also an opportunity for me to see the true power of my current strength," said Garen as he made up his mind, and prepared to make his first move.

A few Beetles spread out and kept watch, making sure to stay away from the house in the process.

Three Resonance Hawks circled around the perimeter of the house slowly. Meanwhile, the Deep Swamp Croc shook its giant tail and crawled into the shadows carefully.

A heavy atmosphere began to seep into the air slowly, as the White Bat seemed to sense that something was amiss as well. It folded its wings suddenly, and pointed its opened mouth vigilantly in all directions, releasing soundless Ultrasound Waves, as if it were judging the current situation.

"Resonance Hawks, go!"

Garen willed and commanded them.

The three Resonance Hawks flew in from three different directions and charged towards the Bat at the same time. The sarcomas on their heads began to bob up and down violently, as they grew redder and more blood-coloured with every moment.

Three shapeless vibrations flew towards the White Bat and crashed into its body.

Thump! Thump! Thump!!

A loud heartbeat echoed from the White Bat's body instantly.

Hiss!!

It opened its large mouth and let out an angry roar. The roar was not loud, but a huge gust of white gas came spraying out with it. The White Bat tried to stretch its wings open to fly, but it was obvious that it was tired and having some difficulty getting up.

It shook its wings a few times and realised that it lacked strength, before beating them once again more violently, while its white eyes suddenly turned bloodshot.

Hiss!!

Once again, it let out a loud roar, as the sound of its flapping wings rang loudly throughout the air.

Opening its large mouth, the Bat suddenly released a series of silent sound vibrations, instantly hitting the Resonance Hawk on the left.

Hum!

The Ultrasound Wave Impact suddenly crashed into the Resonance Hawk's body. The Hawk let out a sorrowful whine, as the feathers on its body seemed as if it had been blown by a strong gust of wind. It began falling to the floor in a heap. No longer could it continue to stay in the sky, as it began to fall and crash onto the roof, its whole body dripping with blood moments after.

Garen was left in shock, and quickly decided to command his other two Resonance Hawks to move forward and attack.

The two Resonance Hawks charged forward ferociously, one at each side, and cornered the White Bat from both the left side and the right.

Bang bang!



The loud noise sounded through the air twice, as the claws of the Resonance Hawks clashed with the wings of the Bat. The two Resonance Hawks had managed to suppress the White Bat, and had collided with it until the Bat nearly lost its balance. The flesh on the sides of the Bat's wings were scratched up slightly, making it look like shredded pieces of white paper.

The two Resonance Hawks looked like two black dots as they flew around the White Bat, constantly looking for openings to attack.

The three of them fought in the air, as black feathers and white flesh endlessly floated downwards, showing that both sides had suffered losses and injuries.

The White Bat's angry hissing noises grew more frequent, and it continued to beat its wings violently, making the chain on its chest shake harder in all directions.

A loud banging noise could be heard, before the corpse ball on the chain fell and crashed onto the body of the first Resonance Hawk that had not managed to dodge in time.

The impact from the collision almost caused it to fall. Resonance Hawk No. 1 let out a sorrowful howl. Its chest looked like it had been dented inwards slightly, but the bird continued to flap its wings as it charged towards the Bat without any sign of death or dying.

Garen looked up and watched the fight from below. He knew that close-range combat like this was the best way to defeat the White Bat. Once the distance increased, the Ultrasound Waves and Chain Attack could take down any opponent easily. This was especially true for the Ultrasound Wave Impact that worked well in far distances, because it provided range-type damage.

Garen had already read the information about the White Bat. When this monster appeared on the battlefield, it always took at least three air-combat Totem users to get rid of it, and these fights always resulted in damaged Totems. Its terrifying Ultrasound Wave Impact was extremely powerful, and had already killed at least fifteen Form 2 Totem users. It was a formidable opponent, a bomber-plane type killer. It was similar to the White Dragonhawk in the human sense.

Garen controlled both of the Resonance Hawks quietly, commanding them to lead the White Bat slowly towards ground-level to continue their fight there.

A few moments later, the three creatures arrived near the shadowy areas near the wall where the Deep Swamp Croc was hiding.

Suddenly, a large black figure reflected outwards from the shadows, violently landing onto the White Bat's body.

Tch!

The Giant Croc used its large mouth to bite down on the Bat's neck brutally. Just like a wild animal trap, the Croc's sharp fangs snapped down on the Bat's neck quickly, not releasing it at all.

The Deep Swamp Croc's large body was now wrapped around the Bat. Suddenly, large quantities of sticky white blood began to flow out of the Croc's mouth. It was the White Bat's fresh blood.

Hiss!!

The White bat hissed in pain and began struggling frantically, as if it was about to drag the Deep Swamp Croc up into the sky.

Out of the blue, the two Resonance Hawks flew towards them. They flapped their wings a few times, as their four claws attached themselves to the white wings.

The three beasts pressed their opponent against the ground, as white blood continued to pour out continuously like an endless stream of water.

The White Bat struggled for a few good minutes, and then stretched its big mouth open suddenly. The sound of empty air leaking out sounded out from its throat. Finally, all movement ceased.

At this moment, Resonance Hawk No. 1 relaxed itself as well. As it lay face up on the ground with its sharp beak open, its eyes turned white and it continued inhaling, but did not exhale. Its breastbone sunk in deeply, an obvious sign that something was not right anymore.

Garen walked out of his hiding spot and looked at No. 1 who was currently in a bad state, as a series of emotions began to bubble up inside his chest.

"You're very brave," he said as he crouched down and stroked No. 1's feathers and watched him gulp air slowly, noticing that he had almost stopped breathing. There was an indescribable feeling in his heart.

Just then, the Potential Value at the bottom of his field of vision began to change.

From the initial three-plus points, it began to skyrocket suddenly.

Four points, five points, six points, seven points, eight points, ten points. Finally, it stopped.

"Seven point Potential Value, it's not worth it..." said Garen as he looked at his gravely injured Totem herd with a heavy heart.

The body of the Resonance Hawk began to melt slowly, and instantly became a pool of red blood. Even the feathers were not left behind, as all of its remains flowed into the white puddle of the Bat's blood, and dyed it bright red as well.

Garen looked at the first Resonance Hawk that had been hit by the Ultrasound Waves. Every trace of it had long disappeared, and now the only thing left was a pool of blood on the roof.

His heart continued to grow heavier.

"Two Resonance Hawks for a seven point Potential Value. This Potential Value of this White Bat is not as high as that of the blonde woman that Goth defeated. It's obvious that it wasn't as powerful as that blonde woman, but it was still so difficult to kill," said Garen as he inhaled deeply. "Looks like I'll need to continue working harder..."

He ordered the Deep Swamp Croc to drag the White Bat's corpse into a dark place to hide it.

Garen allowed the two Beetles to follow him, as they walked towards the main door of the silver-roofed building together.

At the entrance at the main door, the wooden door had been smashed open, and lay at the floor by the doorway. Inside the hall, countless dead bodies lay on the ground, and all of them were bleeding from all crevices.

Garen walked closer to one of the corpses and examined it closely.

"He's been dead for over a day, and they aren't any obvious external injuries, so he must have been killed by the White Bat's Ultrasound Waves."

There were both male and female corpses, old and young. It seemed like they were having a meeting, before the White Bat's surprise ambush got rid of them.

Garen stood up. "Such terrifying Ultrasound Waves, good thing I managed to order the Resonance Hawks to attack in time. And good thing the Resonance Hawks possessed frighteningly powerful strength, if not this would have ended badly."

He surveyed the corpses for a while, but could not find anything of importance.

Following the wooden spiral staircase on the left to the second floor, he saw a white-haired old man lying on the second floor corridor with his head separated from his body, and his neck nowhere to be seen.

The old man wore a white robe that had been embedded with an agate gemstone, and the light green agate had been soaked by his blood, causing it to be dyed in a shade of dark red.

Garen walked over and searched the old man's body with his hands, before quickly finding a white jewelry box.

This jewelry box had been pressed against the old man's chest, making it obvious that it was an important item.

Garen took the box and got up, before opening it.

In the middle of the velvet layer inside the box, a little dark-spotted Stone Ball with a white base had been placed there.

Garen took the Stone Ball out and looked at it closely, before realising that the dark spots were not actually dark spots, but tiny words and symbols that had been written closely together, forming little black spots.

He looked at the inner part of the box's lid where something had been engraved, and recognized it as Endor writing.

'The Eye of Isaiah -- Behold the gaze of the one who stares.'

"Endor writing?!" Garen felt an illusion as if he had returned to the Secret Technique world. "This place apparently has a connection to the previous world!"

He held the Stone Ball, suddenly feeling as if the symbols of the War Shackles on his left arm were beginning to heat up.

"Looks like these are Solidifying Tactics. I didn't expect it to be connected to the Endorian writing." There was no doubt in his mind that this item was used to train Obscuro Society Totem users before they embarked to seize items. Now that it had fallen in his hands, he wanted to use it immediately, to see the effects.

He rolled up his left sleeve, and pressed the Stone Ball against the silver arrow symbol.

Hiss...

The Stone Ball started to melt quickly, and fused into Garen's left arm.

On the silver arrow shape near the front of his War Shackle, a new white-grey Stone Ball symbol had appeared.

Garen felt like his whole body had gained an additional, mystical strength. This strength felt like a warm hot spring that flowed through his body from his head to toes, like a snake that continuously slithered down his body. Every inch of his body began to feel warm.

He looked towards the War Shackle Pane at the bottom of his field of vision. On the first empty spot out of two, a Stone Ball symbol had appeared, and below it was an explanation written in symbols and words.

'War Shackles:

Effect 1 --

Eye of Isaiah: Originates from the mystical Endor civilization Tactics. This Tactic allows an individual to possess all-seeing eyes, as well as the ability to see more than the average human.

Ability: Totem users will be gain Exhaustion Ray ability once a day. Area of attack: Eyes.'

"Exhaustion Ray?" said Garen as he rubbed his eyes, vaguely feeling like both his eyes had undergone a slight transformation.

He looked at the Attribution Points in his Attribution Pane.

His Attribution Points that had reached their limits much earlier had now increased apparently!

His Vitality had increased from 2.76 to 2.82.

He remembered clearly that he had checked them before leaving, and his Attributes still remained at the initial amounts. Now, however, his Vitality had apparently undergone a new increase.

"Don't tell me that the Solidifying Tactic can actually increase a Totem user's physical fitness?!"

## Chapter 309: Evolution 1

After he had received the Eye of Isaiah, Garen continued to investigate the house. Apart from some silver rums and some jewelry, there was nothing else left.

Only then did he leave the house, before looking at his remaining Resonance Hawk waiting outside, with its exhausted, injured body. His heart dropped for a moment.

"Go home!"

His will sounded more like an order.

Suddenly, the Deep Swamp Croc and Beetles began to move respectively, as they gathered around Garen and crawled outside.

The Resonance Hawk had calmed down now. Currently, it was facing some difficulties flying, and could only perch on the Deep Swamp Croc's back as they travelled together.

On the road back, Garen took the opportunity to stop by to search the medicine shop by the street. This area was quite a distance from the inner city, thus many shops had yet to be looted by the inner city dwellers. Garen hid himself in his Silver Totem herd, and managed to find a lot of medicine easily.

The road back seemed to be experiencing a peak of monster movement. Every ten minutes, a large herd of a hundred over monsters flew closely over his head.

On the ground, a large group of Dead Babies could be seen. They crawled crookedly, looking in every direction for a member of their species to kill. The crawling movements of these purplish-red coloured baby herds made them look like purplish-red worms that continuously let out wailing cries.

Garen had no other choice but to let the Deep Swamp Croc and Beetles hide him from view. He used the Bone Shrinking Secret Technique to hide himself in a closed alley while the Deep Swamp Croc and Parasites blocked off the entry points to prevent the monsters from entering. This was how he evaded

countless monster armies. However, this also led to a few Parasites being devoured by starving Dead Babies, while the three remaining Parasites huddled close beside the Deep Swamp Croc.

Once the Dead Baby army had passed them, Garen quickened his pace, and went in the direction of his villa to return. As the armies grew more frequent, Garen became such that he did not dare to linger anywhere for a long time, because he knew that it would be a serious matter if he exposed himself.

There was no guarantee that he would not attract a swarm of monsters as strong as the White Bat in the next minutes.

He hurried back to the villa, where it was completely silent, with only two Beetles crawling around, patrolling the perimeter.

The suburbs also had some additional nomadic Dead Babies, and another black-skinned monster.

The black-skinned monster had sharp spikes all over its body. It was as tall as a human and resembled an upright hedgehog, with bloodshot eyes and sharp, long black claws, as if it possessed a pair of iron claws. It walked through the streets with an arched body, looking like a camouflaged hunter.

Garen returned to his villa carefully and decided not to go out anymore. He let the Deep Swamp Croc and Beetles go out hunting by themselves, to bring back a corpse for them to feed on.

He entered his study and began to practice his Tactics tirelessly.

Many days passed, and within this period of time, Garen carefully allowed the Deep Swamp Croc to accumulate Beetles, and before he knew it, the number of Beetles had increased to ten. The Resonance Hawk's injuries also began to heal in about ten days, and it was finally able to go out and hunt.

Garen allowed the Resonance Hawk to provide assistance to the Deep Swamp Croc in the beginning. It would endlessly capture stray monsters and give them to the Giant Croc to be used for its Parasites.



A few more days passed, and the number of Parasites finally reached twenty. This was the limit, as twenty Parasites would only need to eat once every week to be full. However, Garen was worried about their frightening consumption rate, and decided to just capture all of the stray monsters in the vicinity.

After two of his Resonance Hawks died, he attempted to turn the captured monsters into new Silver Totems for himself. Unfortunately, these monsters could not be empowered or controlled, apparently because they were highly resistant to this.

Garen finally understood why the Obscuro Society were unable to control these monsters.

Garen used the twenty Parasites as consumables and began to release all of them while constantly assessing the movements in his surroundings.

Immediately, a monster herd with less than fifty monsters nearby the villa, were marked by Garen. Most of these were new monsters. Recently, the density of these monsters had increased, and it was obvious that most of them had come over because they were attracted by the people in the inner city.

Although Garen's hiding abilities had increased, he was still too afraid to come out alone, as the density of the monsters outside was too high, and there were no dead ends he could use to hide.

Under the cover of his Beetle herd, he returned to the ruins of the War Guild once again, following the tunnels to enter the passageway to the inner city.

The two guards from earlier had disappeared without a trace. Bloodstains could occasionally be seen on the floor, making it impossible to tell if they were still alive. Garen was shocked but not afraid as he walked along the road, before finally arriving at the inner city.

There was a tense atmosphere in the inner city, but Garen did not have any time for this, as his goal was Goth.

After waiting for another five days, Goth finally left again.

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Inside a white house in an unknown area of the outskirts of the city

Boom!!!

A shapeless figure caught a man in a black robe violently, as if a large shapeless hand had suddenly thrown him in mid air.

"Where is Ansella??!!" Goth's eyes were bloodshot, as he growled at the man.

The corner of the black-robed man's mouth was bleeding, and a frightened expression was plastered on face as he looked at Goth. "We underestimated you... Goth, stop looking for Ansella, when you finally find him you'll..." Suddenly, he stopped himself from continuing.

"Then, tell me! What about the medicine? The medicine to cure Jessica!" In one movement, Goth pulled the man towards himself.

"Medicine...? It's always been with Lord Ansella. That's the one and only antidote," replied the man quietly.

"Where is the real Ansella?! I'm not looking for a substitute like you," said Goth as he used all his might to suppress the anger inside him.

"I don't know. I only know the whereabouts of another Ansella, but I don't know if he is really the Lord himself. I've only been following his commands and carrying out his orders this whole time. It would be useless for you to kill me." The man's face was indifferent.

"Tell me!"

The man told him an address softly, and watched as Goth walked out of the hall without turning back, disappearing into the dark night in the blink of an eye.

Finally, he could not handle it any longer, and flopped onto the floor to sit.

"Hehe... All my effort, even if they were destroyed, it would only last a moment..." His gaze fell unto a mercury puddle not far from where he sat. That was where he had spent many years painstakingly nurturing Core Totems and Secondary Totems. Suddenly, something flashed in front of his eyes, as he looked towards the shadows in the hall.

"Who?!"

The shadows quietened down for a moment, before a figure in a grey robe walked out slowly. It was golden-haired Garen, whose eyebrows were also lightly gold now, walking out of the shadows as he raised his chin slightly.

"Which level are you positioned in the Obscuro Society?" Garen asked the man quietly.

"Who are you?" said the man as he furrowed his eyebrows. "Why should I tell you?"

"Because of this," Garen sneered as eight Black Beetles crawled out behind him, before surrounding the other man. "Just because Goth didn't kill you, doesn't mean that I won't."

"These are?" The man blinked, before recognizing what they really were. "Silver Totems?! Don't tell me you're..." He shut his mouth immediately, as a wry smile appeared on his face.

"You've managed to find me. I don't have anything left to say, so just kill me then. I'll just accept this as an atonement for all my previous misdoings."

Garen knitted his eyebrows together and glared at this man. He could tell that this man knew a lot of things. However...

He raised his head and looked at the outsides of the house. After hesitating for a while, he finally raised his hands.

Tch!

A black line flew past and nailed itself at the man's forehead. It was a black piece of wood.

A shocked expression appeared on the man's face, before he fell face up on the floor.

Garen turned and walked into the darkness, his grey robe billowing behind him, as he disappeared quickly through the window.

A few seconds later, a dark figure entered the main door slowly, and crouched beside the corpse.

"Dead already?"

\*\*\*\*\*

Every time Goth went outside to look for the supposed Lord Ansella, it was unfortunate that he could only find substitutes or counterfeits. He killed some of them but could not bear to kill others and ended up letting them go, only for them to be killed by Garen who was always following from behind.

Out of these people, some of them were strong while others were weak. The strong ones were almost as strong as the blonde woman, while the weak ones were merely Totem users who only possessed single Totems.

Garen had followed Goth for over forty days straight, before Goth finally ran out of clues. The injuries on his body had also accumulated, and worsened in an instant. He became bedridden, and had no choice but to rest to heal himself.

Garen did not linger on the road, and decided to return to his villa in the suburbs. During this period of time, he had managed to perfect the Sight Sharing Tactic after much practice.

He opened the door and walked into the hall, before taking off his grey robe and passing it to Lala.

Within the days of constantly following Goth everywhere, during his periods of hiding, he once encountered a terrifying Giant Spider, and nearly got caught and turned into food.

However the rewards that he gained were also extremely satisfying.

He had managed to kill six lost Obscuro Totem users right and left, and had finally manage to obtain thirty-over points of Potential Value. Including the acquisitions that his Silver Totems had gained from their hunts, Garen now had almost forty Potential Value points.

He never once had so many Potential Points in hand before. Garen controlled himself and did not use them immediately, so that he could accumulate them in preparation for the moment he would finally use them to attack a Form 3 Totem.

"You're back?" Out of habit, Lala took the grey robe from him and prepared to wash it immediately.

"Hold on." Garen stopped her. "Be careful during this period of time. The density of the monsters outside had been increasing rapidly. Don't open the curtains carelessly, and don't go to places where you can be seen easily. The clothes should just be dried inside."

"Got it," Lala answered immediately. Seeing that Garen had instructed her so strictly, she was now aware of the severity of the problem, and nodded her head in agreement determinedly.

"I'm going upstairs now. Don't disturb me unless it's an important matter," Garen instructed.

"Yes, sir."

Garen walked towards the study on the second floor. His footsteps beat against the stairs rhythmically, releasing a clap-like noise.

"This time, I need to obtain a Form 3 Totem first. If I don't, I won't be able to keep up with their strength for much longer. The monsters in my surroundings are increasing, and if I don't have enough strength, I won't be able to protect this house either."

Inhaling deeply, he walked into the study and shut the door tightly.

On the floor of the study, the Deep Swamp Croc began crawling across the floor quietly. Its little green eyes stared at its owner intently.

Garen walked over and crouched in front of it.

"This time it's all up to you, No. 2," said Garen as he stroked the Deep Swamp Croc's head and said to himself. This was a habit that he had recently adopted. Ever since Resonance Hawk No. 1 died in battle for him, he began to form this habit.

The Deep Swamp Croc crawled a few steps forward before turning its head to look up at Garen, unable to understand what he was saying.

Garen stood up and took two steps backwards.

"The forty point Potential Value that I've accumulated this time, must definitely be used to reach Form 3 in one go!" he said as he took a deep breath, before his gaze fell onto his Totem Pane.

Chapter 310: Evolution 2

'Deep Swamp Croc: The Form 2 evolution of the Short-tailed Croc, Second Form Creature Totem. Upgradable, Probability of successful evolution: 25%. Potential Point cost: 500%.

Ability: Explosive Surprise Attack, Iron Hide, Parasitism.'

"Forty Potential Points, that would mean eight chances. I don't believe that it can't go any higher!" Garen's gaze remained on the Deep Swamp Croc's body. These were all the Potential Points that he had gotten from Goth. Goth was currently heavily injured, and would not be able to go out and hunt Ansell. Likewise, he would not be able to receive more Potential Points as well, and thus, these Potential Points were all that were left for him to use to gain more.

If he failed again this time, the only thing he could do would be to slowly depend on his luck.

"Begin!"

Garen stared at the Deep Swamp Croc's icon for more than three seconds.

Suddenly, the icon shook vigorously and became blurry. Under Garen's hopeful gaze, the icon began to become clear quickly again.

It was still in its initial form!

Garen's expression remained, and he resumed the process.

Three seconds later, the icon became blurry again, and then instantly became focused, without any other changes.

"Again! I don't believe this!" Garen's gaze grew serious. Continue!

The third time!

Failure again!

The fourth time! Fail!

The fifth time! Fail!

The sixth time! Fail!

The seventh time!

The icon became blurry for a moment, and then became clear once again.

"Failure again..." A reluctant expression flashed in Garen's eyes. Suddenly, he looked at the icon properly once it had become focused again, and his voice caught itself in his throat. "This is...??"

The Deep Swamp Croc's icon disappeared, and was replaced by a new unknown icon.

Roar!!!

The Deep Swamp Croc could not help itself and roared softly, as its body began to turn into a dark brown colour. Its body started to expand as well, and it grew from its original five meters, immediately lengthening to six meters, seven meters, eight meters...

The Deep Swamp Croc's body expanded and soon reached the maximum capacity of the room. Garen stared at it with his mouth opened and his eyes dazed, as it broke the window frame and jumped out of the window, falling into the garden below.

Its body expanded endlessly, as it had finally underwent many years of growth in this short space of ten seconds.

Garen stood at the window that had just been broken open, and bent his head downwards to look outside.

The entire ten meter length of the garden was now almost fully occupied by the Deep Swamp Croc's body. It had grown to almost fifteen or sixteen meters in length, and possessed a seven to eight meter wide body, resembling a large dinosaur from the Jurassic period.

The strangest part was that its initial head had grown in a slightly crooked manner, while an extra clump of flesh had grown on its right shoulder. The clump of flesh kept growing rapidly, transforming into something new. Finally, it grew into a large head that was the exact same size of the Giant Croc's original head.

Bang bang!!



It was unknown when an extra pair of large feet had grown from the Giant Croc's abdomen, and were now violently stepping on the ground. The six legs supported its large body altogether.

Finally, it completed its evolution, and had transformed from its original crocodile-like image into a salamander. Its two heads began to snap their big mouths in opposite directions, as its large mouth roared silently.

Shh...

Both of its mouths exhaled a large gust of smelly wind.

Garen finally snapped out of his state of shock. He looked at the brown Dual Headed Salamander below and realised that his Potential Points had been well-spent.

This sixteen meter long terrifying beast crawled around in his garden, looking as if it were a giant dinosaur from the past. Its size appeared to be slightly bigger than the White Bat that he had encountered earlier.

"Too bad it's not a Form 3 Totem, but a mere Silver Totem instead!" Garen lamented as he looked at the Totem Pane in his field of vision, looking at the icon section carefully.

The icon of the Deep Swamp Croc had really been changed into the Dual Headed Salamander's image.

'Dual Headed Salamander: The Form 3 evolution of the Deep Swamp Croc, Third form creature, Final form cannot be upgraded.

Ancient informative message: This terrifying beast existed in the ancient Behemoth era, which was at least twenty million years ago. They were the overlords of the amphibians, and possessed great strength as well as unmatched defenses. They generally live in dark, damp maze-like caves underground, and have a strong territorial sense, and are extremely possessive.

Abilities: Digging maze-like caves, Life Biting (Creatures that are bitten by its left mouth will unconsciously allow their life force to flow into the body of the beast, creating a healing effect)

Dragon skin (Strong dragon scales that are able to prevent damage inflicted by most weapons and sharp teeth)

Dragon roar (Loud roar that will cause deafness and dizziness in all surrounding creatures, in order for the slow-moving Salamander will be able to catch up to its prey and swallow them)

Parasitism: The Dual Headed Salamander can lay its parasitic eggs inside the bodies of its enemies, causing painful injuries, and finally creating a single-headed ferocious Form 2 Deep Swamp Croc. The rate of egg production is one per week.

"Shh!!" When he looked at the Deep Swamp Croc, Garen could not help but sigh in relief.

The Deep Swamp Croc could create Parasites on its own, while this Dual Headed Salamander could create more Deep Swamp Crocs.

"I've gained so much this time!" Garen looked at the strong Dual Headed Salamander below him, and felt his heart fill up with satisfaction.

How!!!

In a faraway part of the sky, an ear piercing howl echoed towards him, sounding like a leopard's roar.

Immediately, a terrifying Giant Bird with a wingspan of more than ten meters flew towards the Dual Headed Salamander quickly. The body of the Giant Bird was jet-black, and there were eight yellow claws growing out of its abdomen.

The Giant Bird was illuminated by a yellow glow that looked like a halo around its whole body, as it flew towards the Dual Headed Salamander.

The Dual Headed Salamander raised both its heads and roared at the Giant Bird fiercely. The head on its right side had on a fierce and cunning expression. It stepped backwards slightly, as if it was gathering up its energy, and preparing to snap at its opponent.

Garen hid himself behind the curtains, and subsided the overwhelmingly conspicuous smell of his blood, as he quietly watched the battle between the two large beasts. The Giant Bird in the sky was obviously a Form 3 Totem, and had come here because it was attracted by the Dual Headed Salamander.

The battle between both of the Form 3 beasts was something that he could not intervene anymore. He could only wait for the conclusion quietly.

The Giant Bird continued to circle the sky, as if it was looking for an opportunity to dive down and capture the Dual Headed Salamander, but was wary because it felt somewhat threatened. After circling for a while, it gave up on this initial thought of starting a battle. It outstretched its wings and let out an angry roar, before flapping its wings and flying far away.

The shadow of the Giant Bird's wings flew over the villa instantly, as it disappeared into the faraway hills.

Shh!!

The Dual Headed Salamander arched its head upwards and let out an arrogant roar.

Garen stood behind the curtains, and looked at the Dual Salamander down below through the crack.

"Go out and hunt," he instructed through his will.

The Dual Headed Salamander bowed its head suddenly, and began surveying its surroundings from left to right, as if it was sniffing something.

Immediately, he confirmed the location, and his large body began to head towards the produce market near the suburbs.

Crash crash crash...

Its six brown large legs seemed like six stone columns as they stepped on the ground, causing some of the small stones and white bones on the ground to be stomped into smithereens.

Garen jumped out of the window, and stalked it stealthily from behind.

As the Dual Headed Salamander walked on the road, all of the other monsters ran to hide. It mattered not whether they were Dead Babies or Unihorn Lizards, once they saw the Dual Headed Salamander approaching from a distance, they acted like mice who had just seen a cat, and would run away frantically.

The Salamander did not linger for long, and ran straight towards the produce market, as the loud sound emitted by its footsteps caused some of the buildings to shake slightly.

Garen followed it and continued forwards. Instantly, a rectangular shaped market made up of large grey and white caravans appeared in front of him.

There were large holes in many of these caravans in the markets, and a few Unihorn Lizards were resting on the roofs. Meanwhile underneath the shade of the caravans, a few Unihorn Lizards that had glowing red bodies were busy chasing and fighting each other.

There were nearly a hundred Unihorn Lizards in this place!

"Don't tell me this guy actually wants to provoke this herd of monsters?" A thought flashed in Garen's mind. Out of all these Giant Lizards, even if one of them was Form 3 it would be scary to think that...

Before he could even finish his thoughts, he saw the Dual Headed Salamander speed up suddenly, as it ran towards the grey and white caravans and began to knock them down. It seemed like a large freight carriage had just crashed into them.

Crash crash crash!!

The Unihorn Lizards flew up frantically, as if they were a startled pack of birds, as they flapped their wings quickly and let out weird cries.

The red Unihorn Lizards also flew up, and dashed towards the Dual Headed Salamander. They were greatly angered by this monster that had disrupted their sleep. The red Unihorn Lizards began making housefly-like buzzing noises.

These noises caused the listeners to feel drowsy, and made their whole bodies exhausted as well.

They made this noise while they circled the Dual Headed Salamander, endlessly looking for an opportunity to fly down to attack it.

But the large difference in size, made them seem like a group of children forming a circle around an adult.

The Dual Headed Salamander stomped towards the front of the caravans, and both its heads turned upwards suddenly. It stretched its blood-red mouth open, and roared in both directions.

Woo!!

A loud sound wave caused the air pressure to increase, creating a shock wave that could be seen with the naked eye, that spread outwards towards its surroundings like a water wave. Most of the Giant Lizards were affected and were forced to the ground, causing a loud banging noise as throughout the ground where they landed.

Bang!

The Dual Headed Salamander used one of its heads like a warhammer to hit one of the red Giant Lizards, causing it to fall out of the sky mid air. It landed on the ground violently and the Salamander took a large bite out of it and crunched hard, causing fresh blood to spray all over its own face. The entire red Giant Lizard was snapped into two separate parts.

Garen's mouth gaped opened, unsure of what to say.

He looked at the Potential Points at the bottom of his field of vision and noticed that there had been an increase of two points, but when he looked at his fearsome Dual Headed Lizard, he realised that it had won the battle effortlessly because of its opponent's lack of strength.

The red Giant Lizard possessed strength that was equivalent to a Form 2 Totem. A Silver Totem was unlike a Primitive Totem because their essence was accumulated in their own bodies. On the other hand, the essence of a Primitive Totem was always stored with their Totem users instead.

This was another reason why he could gain Potential Points from killing Silver Totems, but would not receive any benefits when merely killing the Totem user.

The death of the red Giant Lizard allowed Garen to gain two Potential Points at once. This meant that it was equivalent to the lowest ranking Form 2 Totem user.

The Dual Headed Salamander let out a loud roar, causing the hundred over Unihorn Lizards to fall on the floor like dumplings. They became dizzy and were unable to get up for half a day, a sign that they had all been stunned.

Meanwhile, the red Giant Lizards struggled on the floor weakly as they tried to get up. Their resistance was slightly stronger, but they were still unable to get up, much less flee from here.

The battle ended right as it was getting started.