

Mystical 311

Chapter 311: Fantasy 1

The Dual Headed Salamander ate the Unihorn Lizards slowly, as if it were enjoying a snack. It went around looking for the ones it liked best, picking the fatter ones and discarding the skinny ones. Even the Unihorn Lizards, who were only slightly skinnier, were rejected.

In this short period of time, this ferocious two-headed beast had eaten six red Giant Lizards. Now a large herd of Unihorn Lizards were crawling on the ground before flapping their wings and flying away. Terrified, they ran in all four directions, not wanting to come near at all. The same also applied to the red Unihorn Lizard.

Seeing that it was impossible to catch up anymore, the Dual Headed Salamander then turned away and looked around at its surroundings, waiting for Garen's next order. Both of its heads had long, snake-like necks that stood up straight in mid air, waiting to lunge forward and bite its enemies like a snake.

"Too fierce..." said Garen softly, unable to deny this fact any longer. Six red Unihorn Lizards would be equivalent to twelve Potential points.

This evolution would help him regain almost one third of the Potential points he had used.

Garen noticed that out of the red Unihorn Lizards that the Dual Headed Salamander had killed, one of the larger sized ones had not been fully eaten. There was a blood-red coloured egg sticking out of its abdomen and beating continuously like a heart.

This egg was slightly over a meter tall, and was giving off a light silver glow.

Garen leaped up and landed on the Dual Headed Salamander's back. He found a hollow area to hid there, before using his grey robe to shield himself further.

"Go back. Now."

Now that he had a Form 3 Totem, Garen had the right to steadily replenish his Potential points, to ensure that his Impact Core Totems could be upgraded to higher levels. If he were to single-handedly

nurture Core Totems to be evolved, he would only obtain a low percentage of the points he required, and even if he accumulated the few points he had over the span of a year, he would still only be able to reach Form 2 Totem levels. By then, he would have easily been taken out by the Obscuro Society and Terraflor Society already. After all, his old man Vanderman had offended the Obscuro Society, and those bloodthirsty bastards would never be satisfied with just leaving a true-born son like himself alone.

Meanwhile, the higher ups of the Terraflor Society also held a life-or-death grudge with Vanderman.

"Fortunately, I finally have some self-preservation skills now. Even if the Great War broke out and Iron Tank City fell into chaos, I would still be able to protect myself somewhat," Garen sighed in relief.

Form 3 Totems, even if they were merely Silver Totems, were still equivalent to those of Elite-level in various cities. In Iron Tank City, there were almost five thousand Totem users, and less than fifty of them were Form 3 Totem users, the undefeatables, said to be the ultimate pillars of strength.

In Garen's case, he was considered to have only touched the threshold of elite strength.

As for the Grand Duke and Grand General levels, one would definitely need a Form 4 final stage Totem. It would also require various secret and powerful means, which could include specially researched non-animal type Totems. In some of the monster information books that Garen had purchased from the war Guild, they mentioned certain unusual organizations that possessed Aberration Totem types.

These powerful Aberration Totems were far superior to most Totems, as they were aberration types that were specially forged and nurtured for strong individuals. An example of this would be the Grand Duke's Platinum Dragonhawk, the most suitable Core Totem for a Grand Duke.

The Form 4 Aberration Totem, which was also designated as Form 5, was also officially acknowledged as the strongest level that had ever existed in the whole world.

Some of the information that Garen had collected clearly proved that point.

Form 5 had always been the unspeakable secret of the aristocrats and the royal family. It was also the true reason for the foundation of their existence that had been passed down from one generation to the next.

Putting his thoughts aside, Garen tapped the Dual Headed Salamander's back lightly.

Shh...

The Salamander exhaled impatiently while one of its heads looked up at the Unihorn Lizard with the parasite. Its footsteps echoed loudly as it stomped on the ground, as it ran in the direction it had come from earlier.

Perched on its back, Garen resembled a tiny grey moth, as he lay on top of it gently, keeping his eyes downcast the whole time.

On the road back, Garen heard the loud cries coming from the inner city once again.

Strange cries of monsters could be heard throughout the sky as the ground shook slightly, causing some decrepit houses to toppled down instantly. Explosion-like noises echoed endlessly, one after another, continuously without stopping.

All of the monsters in the surroundings had gathered here because of the noise, and Garen took the opportunity to jump up and stand on one of the Dual Headed Salamander's heads so that he could look into the inner city from afar.

In the grey-white sky nearby the city, a large cluster of small black dots along with another cluster of small dots, mostly silver-coloured, were fighting with each other. Within the silver dots, a large Platinum Dragonhawk continuously punched through the air as it flew, as if it were a sharp knife continuously cutting the small black dots into smaller pieces.

Perched on the back of the Platinum Dragonhawk was a tall man in gold armor, holding a sharp spear. Every time he pierced his weapon through the air, another red Giant Lizard would be killed.

"Is that the Grand Duke?" Garen squinted while he travelled further away on the Dual Headed Salamander, as the war zone in the inner city became blurrier the further he went.

Garen jumped off of the Salamander's head and landed on his back, before checking the current amount of Potential points. After the Deep Swamp Croc's evolution, there were only five Potential points left, but after that he had accumulated another twelve points, increasing the final amount to the current total of seventeen points.

When he returned to the villa, the Dual Headed Salamander's large body frightened the other Totems and caused them to prostrate before it, before Garen instructed it to dig an underground maze for itself in the backyard, to be used as its nest.

Garen himself jumped off the Salamander's back, and leaped a few times before going into the broken window on the second floor, into his previous study.

In the period of time after that, Garen allowed the Dual Headed Salamander to go out and hunt every day, while he hid inside the villa and practiced his Tactics.

He had not expected that Lala would have been so well-behaved. Every time she heard a loud, terrifying noise coming from outside, she was too afraid to walk out of the door to take a look, and was now completely unaware of what was happening outside.

This made Garen change his initial thoughts of explaining everything to her. Instead, he had now decided that he was not going to explain anything that was unnecessary.

Garen spent about four or five more days in his villa, and evolved his remaining two Blue Back Lizards into Petrifying Lizards. After that, he began accumulating Potential points, in preparation to impact the Black-Striped White Tiger.

'Core - Black-Striped White Tiger: First Form Totem, upgradable. Probability of successful evolution: 11%. Potential point cost: 700%.

Abilities: Tail Whip, Puncturing Crunch.'

With only an 11% success rate while requiring seven points each time, this cost was not something that most Totem users could bear. This was also the reason why the Black-Striped White Tiger had not achieved a successful case in so many years.

The cost was greater than most of the Totems, while the success rate was smaller than most of them. Moreover, information regarding post-evolution nurturing was inadequate, and almost impossible to find.

Only those who used the method of high Potential points to evolve their Totems like Garen could afford to pile on the evolutions.

The Dual Headed Salamander's terrifying rank suppression made him invincible in the midst of the surrounding red Giant Lizard herds. Every time it left, it would roar loudly, and would always successfully capture at least five red Giant Lizards. Furthermore, when it cooperated with the Resonance Hawks and the Beetles, they would always return with at least ten of their prey.

Five days later.

Garen stood in the garden of his villa and looked around. The sky above him was clean, and there were no monsters flying there. This area had finally become the Dual Headed Salamander's territory. Ever since it scared that Giant Bird away, other large beasts no longer flew past here anymore.

He stood beside the red Giant Lizard that was currently the Parasite host, and crouched down to stroke the red egg gently. He felt a warm and hard sensation creeping up his hand, as if he was touching a burning piece of rubber.

The red egg would jump occasionally, following the regular and rhythmic beat of a heart.

Moments later, the jumping movement became more frequent, and became faster as well.

Pop! Pop! Pop!

Tiny cracks began to form on the surface of the red eggs.

Ka-chak!

A soft noise could be heard. It sounded like a watermelon getting sliced open.

The red egg split open from the middle, and out crawled a half-meter long, black-coloured baby crocodile. The crocodile opened its mouth and exposed its red tongue, which had a ferocious-looking tip, the most impressive of all its mouthparts.

"It finally hatched, the small-scale Deep Swamp Croc," Garen stood up and watched as the little crocodile began to chomp on the corpse of the red Giant Lizard that incubated it.

Only when the little crocodile had almost finished eating did he turn his gaze away, before looking at the Pane of the Black-Striped White Tiger in his Totem Pane, his eyebrows furrowing suddenly.

"In these five days, I've obtained over sixty points of Potential Value, but failed and lost most of them apparently. This Black-Striped White Tiger is impossibly hard to evolve..."

His mood began to darken. Sixty-three points of Potential Value, and a grand total of nine evolutions, who would have expected that he would not even succeed once. All of these had caused Garen's bad mood. He had used all of his accumulated Potential points on this because he was hoping to reach the next level in one go. Unfortunately, the situation was not as simple as he had imagined.

"The monster herds in the surroundings have almost been all hunted to death. The Salamander's influence is becoming too strong, and it's only a matter of time before it catches the attention of the Form 3 monsters. I cannot let this continue any longer."

Garen looked at all the Totems he currently possessed.

Silver Totems: Dual Headed Salamander, Resonance Hawk, Petrifying Lizard, Howling Wererabbit.

Primitive Totems: Neon Butterfly, Black-Striped White Tiger.

The Howling Wererabbit's icon was greyed out, showing that it was probably suffering heavy injuries, or was already dead. In this terrifying and chaotic environment, in order to survive properly, one would need to rely on their individual strength.

Moreover, the evolution percentages of the Primitive Totems were frighteningly low. It would be more cost-effective to evolve the Silver Totems first. After all, once a Primitive Totem was broken or had suffered injuries, in the event that there were no Totem repairing skills, the strength of the Totem would just gradually decrease.

Although the Silver Totems possessed weaker powers, they could still rest and restore themselves like living creatures. The most important factor was that the probability of successful Totem evolution for Silver Totems was much higher.

Garen looked at all of his Silver Totems. The Petrifying Lizard was the only one that could be evolved, and its evolution percentage was still very high.

'Petrifying Lizard (Unnamed): Form 1 of the Blue Back Lizard's evolution, Second Form Creature Totem. Upgradable, Probability of successful evolution: 34%. Potential Point cost: 500%.

Abilities: Petrifying Gaze (Any enemy creature that makes eye contact with it will be affected by the Light of Petrification), Rapid Drilling.'

"A thirty-four percent probability, I could take a chance and try. I'll go and take a look at the situation in the inner city first, before I begin to evolve the Petrifying Lizard. I definitely need more Form 3 Totems. Including the Dual Headed Salamander's parasite, I could surely forge a Totem army!"

A plan began to form in Garen's mind.

"I should go and check on Goth and the others, I'm not sure if the wounds that Goth had sustained from earlier have healed by now. Jessica's illness should be cured too, right? The time taken for me to go there and come back should be sufficient for the Salamanders to regain their Potential points."

He had attacked the Black-Striped White Tiger so many times, but they always ended in failure. Garen wanted to take this opportunity to cool down, and subside his emotions as well. At the same time, he wanted to see how Jessica was doing. Although history showed that she was alive and well, he was still worried in case there were any changes.

Chapter 312: Fantasy 2

In the inner circle of the city.

The four block district in the inner city looked very depressing.

What was once a lively place filled with crowds was no more. Now, most of them were in bandages.

In the hospital, Andy and Goth were walking along the white corridor.

Both of them tried to hide their expressions as best as they could to prevent Jessica noticing that something had went wrong.

"Don't worry. It's fine. Everything will be fine." Goth patted Andy's shoulder.

"Perhaps." Andy put on an unnatural smile.

As they arrived the familiar ward of Jessica, Goth opened the door and saw a man in grey robes peeling apples as he sat in front of Jessica.

He saw Jessica smiling at them, and he couldn't think of an apt explanation.

As the man in grey robes heard the door being opened, he turned around and revealed a handsome, gentle smile.

"Goth, Andy, long time no see."

"Garen!!?? Goth's voice was unusually high as he pointed at Garen in shock and disbelief.

Andy, who was at one side, was very surprised as well.

"Garen, didn't you...?"

"Did you guys assume I was dead?" Garen started to laugh. "I was hiding in a corner of the ruins below and survived on the food I found inside. I took the opportunity to escape as the creatures were attracted by the battles in the inner city." As he told the story, he was very emotional and seemed to be traumatized as well.

Goth opened his mouth, as if he wanted to speak up, but he couldn't utter a single word. He went towards Garen and gave him a big hug.

Andy was so happy he started to smile as well.

"It's good to see you return unharmed."

Both of them were in a major slump due to Jessica's unfortunate incident. Their moods lifted slightly as they found out that Garen was still alive.

Goth patted Garen's back with a considerable amount of force.

"Don't make me lose another friend again." He said in a deep tone.

"Why?" Garen was confused. "What happened."

Garen didn't pursue further, and instead gave a smile to Goth, as he realized that Goth did not want to talk about it.

The three of them were talking about their recent life inside the ward. Jessica was lying in the bed listening as she smiled.

The group of four was finally gathered together again. It was worth celebrating, as none of them were absent.

Unlike the emotionless Goth, Andy could feel that Garen didn't come back as what he had told. This person, who was once his partner had become more and more mysterious.

After the three of them chatted with Jessica, the three of them went to a restaurant together to have a proper meal.

Garen crossed his fingers as he placed them onto the table and calmly looked at Goth and Andy, who were sitting opposite him.

"Alright, can you guys tell me what actually happened?" He calmly stared at them as he asked in a deep tone.

The atmosphere had suddenly become heavy.

Goth and Andy's expression was completely unnatural.

Garen noticed something was wrong and he stared at Goth.

"That's not right! What happened to your left eye Goth!?" His voice was anxious. Deep in his heart, he had already recognized Goth as his friend. However, they were things that were out of his expectation, as if the history had started to change.

"Left eye?" Andy was shocked as he looked at Goth's left eye. "What about your left eye?"

Goth awkwardly turned away.

"It's nothing. I didn't get any proper sleep lately and am feeling a little bit uncomfortable." He muttered as he tried to come up with an explanation.

"Don't move!" He stood up and pushed away Goth's left hand that was covering his left eye.

The took of them had a clear look at Goth's left eye. That pupil's color was not Goth's original color, but a lifeless color of red. It was an ocular prosthesis.

Goth silently allowed his two friends to look at his left eye.

"It's nothing big really. Actually... I was just trying to complete the quest. At least I survived. He muttered.

The atmosphere among the three had gotten worse.

Garen looked at Goth without saying another word.

"Goth, is it... because of Jessica?"

Andy gripped his fist as he lowered down his head.

Goth revealed a relaxing smile.

"My left eye was injured by a creature a few days ago and I lost my sight afterwards. Madam Madeleine had created an artificial eye for me. It's nothing to be honest, since I can still see with one eye, right? Loosen up a bit you two. Relax. It's a rare occasion that we are able to gather together and isn't it good that everyone's alright?"

Garen didn't expect this to happen to Goth while he's away for such a short while.

Although he wanted to rely on Goth to keep obtaining the potential points, he didn't want to obtain it in such a fashion.

"Let's talk about Jessica." He sighed as he sat down.

"Jessica is fine, trust me." Goth gestured his hand. "I found a doctor from the Duke Household to treat her. Have the people from the Duke Household ever failed in treating a sickness before? Don't worry, I believe that Jessica will recover very soon, and the four of us, the Panther Group, will be together once again. We will then win the war, and obtain awards from the Duke, get knighted by the Royal family and reached the climax of our life as we become important figures. Hehe... It's so exciting whenever I think of this!" Goth started to daydream as he spoke.

"You're just daydreaming..." Andy couldn't help but to give him a punch.

The food came just in time, and the atmosphere was no longer tense. The three of them started to talk about their current situation in life and future plans. Among the three, Garen was the one who was bombarded by the most questions. However, he was able to not raise any suspicions about his experience, as he had already prepared a scripted answer beforehand. He then added a few details along the way, and it was completely flawless.

Even Andy, who was calm and analytic, was fooled by him.

As they were eating their food, a young man in purple shirt came into the restaurant. This man was handsome and had an elegant smile. He scanned around the scarce restaurant and immediately walked towards Goth and the gang.

"Doctor Elielan!" Goth stood up immediately as he was the first one to notice him. "Why are you here? Come! Let's eat together."

Andy stood up as well as he smiled wholeheartedly. After greeting him, he waved at the waiter to come and serve him.

Garen smiled politely as he had a good look at this purple shirted man. He could faintly feel a sense of familiarity from him.

"I am Garen, one of the members of Panther Group." He reached his hand out.

This man, Elihan smiled back as he reached out his hand and greeted Garen.

"I am Elihan, the specialist who will be responsible for Jessica's sickness. It's a pleasure to meet you."

"Same here."

With such a minor interaction, both of them knew that they were hiding something from each other.

Or rather, both of them could feel each other's true personality with their own unique methods.

Both gently shook hands for a very brief moment.

Goth and Andy immediately asked about Jessica's condition the moment Elihan sat down. On the other hand, Garen was sitting at one side as he listened to the three of them quietly.

They had their meal for at least an hour.

Goth and Andy invited Garen to sleep over at their place, but Garen denied.

After multiple large scale wars, the population of the inner city was reduced drastically, and most of the houses were vacant. Totem users didn't even need a money to stay over at a place. They only needed to register from the clerk and they would be granted access to a space to live.

Garen casually found a decent house to live in.

The next morning, He went towards Jessica's ward and found the ward doctor who was responsible for Jessica.

"The condition of No. 128 Jessica? Whom are you to her?" The doctor questioned Garen skeptically.

This middle aged female doctor, who was preparing to leave the office with a report was interrupted by this man in grey robe.

"Yes. I am her friend. It's just that the rest of her friends are hiding her conditions from me and didn't tell me the truth. I only wanted to know the truth." Garen nodded seriously.

"Her actual condition?" The female doctor frowned. "Patient Jessica has a rather strange sickness. It looks like a rare condition; we're basically keeping her alive by using painkillers and anti-inflammatory drugs. However, she only has less than half a year left..." Perhaps the doctor had seen too many people passed away and her expression was rather regretful.

"I am very sorry. Jessica is a very wonderful lady."

"It's okay. Thank you doctor." Garen's heart sank, and he stood by the entrance, watching the doctor leave as she was welcomed by the nurses.

He walked towards Jessica's ward with heavy footsteps.

It was early in the morning, and the sun wasn't even up yet.

Garen stood at the ward's window and looked quietly at Jessica, who was fast asleep.

"Reality and history had completely gone into different directions... What will happen next?" His emotions were fraught with complexity.

He opened the door and sat beside Jessica. Suddenly, she opened her eyes and looked at him calmly.

"Didn't you go out with my brother yesterday? Why are you here this early?" Jessica smiled as she tried to get up from the bed.

"I came alone. I didn't expect your condition to be so complicated. I have been wanting to check up your condition, since I have some medical knowledge that I have learned in the past." Garen answered softly.

"You have a medical background?" Jessica tried to laugh but couldn't help herself and coughed.

"Alright. You should get some rest and have some faith in me." Garen used his finger and pressed onto Jessica's pressure point at her neck.

It was a pressure point that supplied blood to the brain. He had learnt this when he was practicing secret martial arts. He can cure some sickness by pressing onto it gently and kill the person if he used an incredible amount of force onto the pressure point.

Everyone who practiced the secret martial arts had some basic understanding of a human's anatomy. Garen, who stood at the peak of the martial art world, had immense knowledge in the human's qi and blood circulation could be considered a medical expert.

Jessica yawned as she started to feel sleepy.

"Alright then. I'll sleep a little bit more. I'm not sure why but I feel very sleepy all of the sudden." She laid down once again and was soon fast asleep as she covered herself with the blanket.

Garen stood up and looked around. Once he was firmed that no one was around, he took off Jessica's blanket.

He placed his hand on Jessica's head and a white golden aura slowly seeped into her neck as he tried to feel the blood circulation in her head.

He then checked her heart, internal organs and her physical condition.

After a thorough analysis. Garen sat down as he frowned.

"Her qi and blood circulation are normal, just weaker than usual. Her organs are completely fine as well. In fact, she's much more healthy than average people. What is going on?"

Suddenly, rhythmic footsteps could be heard outside of the ward.

Garen immediately stood up. Although Jessica and Garen were good friends, Jessica was still Goth's partnet, and he must maintain a certain distance towards her.

As he was about to turned around and leave, A mysterious silver light suddenly flashed on Jessica's face.

"This is!!??" Garen stood still as he had seen this silver light somewhere!!

Click.

The ward's door was opened.

Doctor Elielan who was in a purple shirt came in with a smile on his face.

"Eh? Sir Garen, you're here too?" He was surprised to see Garen's back.

Chapter 313: Reaching Out 1

Garen slowly stood up, to turn around and stare at Elielan, who was in a purple shirt.

The two of them stood against each other and didn't say a word.

Garen quietly stared at Elielan, who was in front of him.

He was a young and elegant person. It was not just his shirt that was purple in color, even his pupils were dyed in dark purple, and he seemed to be carrying a slight smile on his face all the time. He stood at the entrance and gently closed the door as he stared calmly at Garen.

"Why the expression? Why do you look so serious?"

He gently and calmly asked.

Garen squinted his eyes and didn't say a word.

Elielán walked towards Garen and sat beside Jessica.

"Perhaps you have some misunderstanding about me? Although I don't know how I have wronged you, I apologize for my wrong doing."

He took out a pair of purple spectacles from his shirt's front pocket and as usual, he had a calm smile on his face.

Garen was emotionless.

"I want to know..."

"Your visions were blurred, right?" Elián cut off his speech. "It's very common to have a blur vision early in the morning. Perhaps you should take some rest."

"Looks like you know..."

"You can leave now as I am about to examine Jessica's sickness." Elielán cut off Garen's speech once again.

Garen's cheeks twitched as he stared at him.

"To understand her condition? Do you know her..."

"Can you please leave this room immediately? I need a quiet environment." Elielan did not change his expression as he raised his voice.

Raged, Garen pulled his collar.

Bam!

The chair was knocked down to the ground and he pulled Elielan up and placed him in front of him.

"It's common courtesy to let a person finish his sentence. If you do not wish to abide by this rule, I will cut your tongue out and you'll remember this forever.

"It's best for you to let go of my collar." Elielan said calmly as he pushed his spectacles up.

"Are you threatening me?" Garen smirked. This feeling felt very fresh to him as he hadn't been threatened by anyone for a long time. He was the one who had been threatening everyone all these while.

Boom!!

The ward's door opened as Goth and Andy rushed inside the ward.

"Garen! Elielan! What are you two doing?!" Goth rushed in and took Garen's hand away from Elielan's collar as he stood in between two of them. "Let's talk things out. Has there been any misunderstanding between the both of you?!"

He and Andy each grabbed hold of Garen and Elielan as they fear these two would start a fight.

"I came here early in the morning and saw Garen was already inside Jessica's ward. He was sitting beside Jessica and was trying to cover her with the blanket. I wasn't prepared to enter the ward yet but I had

accidentally knocked onto the door and made a sound. He rushed towards me with rage and pulled my collar as he saw me. I don't even know what his deal is." Elielan started to explain softly.

His words were extremely misleading.

Although he didn't blurt out the obvious, his statements suggested that there was a scandal between Garen and Jessica. It was as if Garen came early in the morning to visit Jessica so that he could do something dirty to Jessica when they're all alone.

Imagine a sick and gentle lady and a strong muscular single man in the ward together, and the man would lose his temper when was afraid to be found out, and decides to threaten the opponent by holding him by the collar.

Andy and Goth looked at Garen skeptically as he heard it. They couldn't believe that Garen was such a person hence they needed an explanation from Garen.

"I came alone so that I can understand her condition. I know a little bit of the art of medicine. I wanted to see if I could be of some help. Jessica herself had even agreed to it." Garen replied calmly.

He didn't mention that there was a possibility that Jessica was being empowered.

Empowerment was currently the Obscuro Society's most confidential asset, and very little people knew about it. Furthermore, he wasn't sure whether Jessica was really being empowered, hence he needed more evidence before making any movement.

He had thought of the possibility of empowering a human when he obtained the Derivator. The Obscuro Society must had done some research on empowering the human body since they had already tried it on so many animals.

However this required concrete evidence.

Elielan obviously was the key to understanding the whole situation.

""It's just a misunderstanding." Goth obviously believed Garen's explanation. He believed that his friend would not be seduced by physical appearances.

Although Andy was rather suspicious of his explanation, he believed that Garen would never harm his sister in any way.

Afterall, Garen had save his sister's life. If he wanted to further his relationship with Jessica, he would have the best chance back then.

This incident was brushed off as Jessica woke up, and her explanation was the same as Garen's. Everyone stopped commenting anything afterwards.

However, the relationship between Garen and Elielan had obviously worsened.

Because of Garen, Andy and Goth had obviously distanced themselves away from Elielan, since they were in a life and death situation together.

After leaving the hospital, Garen's mood didn't change for the better, so he left a message by his mailbox outside his house. After that, he went to his villa outside of the city through the War Guild's underground passage alone.

He could feel that the history was currently deviating from what he knew, and was heading to a future that nobody could imagine.

Garen, who was in his grey robe, was staring quietly at the big circular hole at the back of his yard.

The edge of the hole was stabilized by the black stone which looked like an artificial fence. It was a unique adhesive secreted by the dual headed salamander. It could be used to solidify soil, and he could use it to build his own underground palace.

Garen stood in front of the 7 to 8 meter hole, silently looking.

Cool breeze blew out of the hole and flapped his grey robes in the wind. The breeze was very cold and brought a faint stench along with it.

The hole was completely dark, and the end of the hole could not be seen at all.

Garen picked up a stone and threw it in. A faint echo of an impact was heard after 10 seconds or so.

"It managed to dig to such depths in such a few days?" Garen praised. "No wonder the dual headed salamander was able to create its own labyrinth."

Garen clapped his hand and yellow petrifying lizard appeared behind him.

"Go in and check it out." Garen pointed at the hole.

Szzz...

The petrifying lizard responded and slowly crawled into the hole, and soon disappeared into the darkness.

The other two petrifying lizards crawled to the spacious field behind Garen.

Garen looked at these two petrifying lizards with concern.

He wanted to check out the condition of the petrifying lizard as he came back from the inner city. To his surprise, the three petrifying lizards were bored to death, and decided to petrify most of the villa. The surrounding walls, floors, trees, windows, and even the bread that had just been freshly baked...

Most of the place of the villa had been completely petrified while he was gone for a few days.

Petrifying things seemed to be their hobby.

"Let's see what will you guys evolve into." Garen muttered as he looked at the two petrifying lizard in front of him.

He set his sight onto the petrifying lizard's icon on the totem's pane.

'Petrifying lizard (unnamed) : first evolution of blue backed giant lizard, a second form of totem being. Can be evolved. Success rate 34%, Potential points consumed: 500%.

Abilities: Petrifying Gaze (Whichever beings who stared at their eyes would be damaged by its Light of Petrification, Rapid Drilling.'

"I have collected about 30 potential points within these few days in the inner city. Let's try my luck."

He looked at the petrifying lizard, which was on his left, and had a rather rough and sharp back.

"Number one is dead. From now on, you're called Copious Thorn."

The one on his right obviously had a very eye catching teeth.

"You'll be called Big Teeth."

Garen casually named both of his petrifying lizards.

"Let's evolve Copious Thorn first."

He set his sight upon the icon of Copious Thorn, and could see its name behind the icon had indeed changed to Copious Thorn.

He focused for three seconds, and 5 potential points immediately disappeared.

The icon shook violently and became clear again in the following three seconds.

"It failed... Again." Garen didn't change his expression. He started to notice the laws of evolving using potential points. He might still be observing at the moment, but perhaps he could prove his it soon.

He set his sight onto the icon for the second time.

The icon went blurred for a moment and became clear afterwards. He had failed again.

"I knew it!" Garen started to had some idea. "Again!"

The third time!

The icon was blurred for a moment and he failed once more!

This was the fourth and last time.

Garen stared at the icon. Copious Thorn's icon started to vibrate violently and didn't become clear as fast as before. This effect lasted for at least ten seconds.

Sizz!!!

He suddenly heard the roar of the giant lizard. Garen immediately looked at Copious Thorn.

This petrifying lizard was struggling in agony.

It was rolling on the ground as dust flew into the air. It was as if its body had become boiling water and its body started to bubble up with blood. The bubble soon exploded and became a white substance that covered its skin.

At the same time, its body size expanded from four to five meters to five to six meters. It then continued to expand to seven to eight meters until it reached twelve meters! Its strong body had changed its color from brownish yellow to pure white, as it was completely covered by the white substance. The sticky substance solidified in a very short time, and became hard and reflective scales which covered the giant lizard's body.

Garen had to take at least ten steps back to allow enough space for the lizard to evolve.

What was originally a yellow lizard had become a gigantic monster, pure white in color. It was as if time was accelerated, and one could see its growth with the naked eye.

Similar to the legendary elegant white dragon of the west, its back had a pair of bat-like humongous white wings. Its long tail swifted across the yard and produced a whirring sound from the friction.

Garen stared at the white giant beast which was eight meters high and spanned twelve meters long. He was filled with surprise and happiness.

Woah!!

This giant beast that resembled the white dragon had four thick legs, and its body was filled with streamline and muscular textures. Its neck was as long as a snake, and its head, which was in the middle of the sky, had a triangular white membrane that stood vertically like a shark fin's when it surfaced out of the water.

The two humongous white wings gently opened up and the wild winds blew away the weeds in the garden.

It lowered down its neck and gently placed its head in front of Garen to show its loyalty towards Garen.

Chapter 314: Reaching Out 2

"This is really surprising..." Garen couldn't believe it. It was as if he was witnessing a legend or a folklore. This gigantic beast in front of him looked exactly like the humongous dragon mentioned in the legend of the west.

"Oh right! Let's look at its abilities!" He recalled the most important part and placed his vision onto the totem pane.

'Petrifying White Dragon: third evolution of the petrifying lizard. Third form totem beings. An ultimate being that cannot be evolved further.

Ancient Genetic Information: This terrifying creature likes to petrify their prey before consuming them. They liked to consume different kinds of quality gemstones or jades to increase their physical attributes. During the ancient era, they stood at the top of the food chain in the mountain ranges. The time when they were active was unknown, and they had a strong interest in collecting items such as gems, diamonds, crystals and even strong creatures they have petrified. They had an unusually invested hobby.

Abilities: Agility Light of Petrification (Able to reduce the enemy's flexibility in a huge area and reduces the joints' sensitivity. This terrifying ability is why they're not afraid of group battles)

Dragon Skin (The strong dragon scale that is able to negate the attacks from normal weapons and sharp bites)

Heart of Petrification (The white dragon has a total of three hearts. It can petrify the enemy with its breath. It could also use either of its two hearts as a petrification grenade that covers a wide area of effect. Naturally, this would hurt its body)

"The Petrifying White Dragon... It's incredible!" Garen walked towards the white dragon's head, which was as tall as him. The huge dragon eye was black with a silver vertical pupil in the middle.

He reached out his hands and gently caressed the white dragon's head.

The sensation was cold and hard, similar to touching a snake's scales or a sturdy rock.

Garen suddenly had an idea that he had not thought of before as he looked at the beast in front of him.

"If it is the legendary giant dragon... Then... Will its blood give a human endless and mysterious effects just like the legend said?"

With this thought in mind, Garen had a sudden urge to find out whether the legends were true or not himself.

"Stand still and don't move!" He commanded.

Roar!

The white dragon roared softly, raised his head up and didn't move afterwards.

Garen walked to the side of its body and took out a black dagger that he always brought along with him.

"I believe I won't be able to break its scale." He suddenly recalled that he would not be able to harm a totem without the totem light's properties in his attack. He could probably damage a form one totem with his strength but what was in front of him was a form three totem.

Immediately, he willed.

The dragon and him were waiting at the back yard.

Time was passing every second.

Lala, who was in the villa, tried to see the situation outside multiple times. However, she understood Garen's order and didn't come out of the villa by herself. This girl was either very timid or very smart.

She knew what she needed to know and need not know.

She sat on the sofa in the living room as she read the historical novel in silence. She ignored the roar of the white dragon outside, and continued flipping her book as she read.

She already knew that she knew too much of Garen's secrets, and to leave the mansion would be impossible. She was glad that she was able to rely on a strong person during the chaos. What made her feel even more glad was that this strong person did not demand her at all.

She was very satisfied that she was able to pass her days like so.

Soon, dense and strong footsteps could be heard outside of the villa.

That beast with the big head had returned.

Lala placed down the book and thought that she couldn't avoid seeing a glimpse of that beast through the window.

Its skin was dark grey, and part of its body had completely blocked the whole window. The scale on its body kept moving, and soon sunlight would come through the window once again, after the the beast moved away.

"What kind of a figure have I encountered?" She started to feel curious. She was constantly surrounded by weirdly shaped beasts and insects, and the whole villa seemed to have become a base and a nest for monsters.

Only that man could casually enter and exit this place.

At the backyard

Garen silently watched the dual headed salamander run back from afar. The backyard could not accommodate two huge monsters, hence the dual headed salamander had no choice but to knock over the surrounding walls so that it barely stood beside Garen.

Two huge beasts, A pure white colored one and a dark grey one. Garen couldn't be seen as he was completely squeezed in the middle.

The body of the dual headed salamander was slightly larger than of the petrifying white dragon. Two of its head reached towards the petrifying white dragon's body and started sniffing at it. It was as if it was curious as to how this huge beast appeared and could it be eaten?

Roar!

The petrifying white dragon roared fiercely at it as white mists started leaking out of its mouth, ready to fire its petrifying breath.

Garen stood in the middle and willed both of them into a relationship. After that, he quietly ordered the things that he had thought of beforehand.

The Petrifying White Dragon reluctantly took a few steps back and opened its right wing to reveal his muscular side body. He then moved to the mouth of the dual headed salamander.

Munch!

The dual headed salamander took a huge bite at the petrifying white dragon's body without holding back.

In a blink of an eye, a big amount of white colored blood gushed out and landed into the small hole underneath it and it took no time to fill up the small hole.

The dual headed salamander retracted its heads and made some noises to show dissatisfaction. It seemed like something went wrong to its mouth and was slightly uncomfortable.

The petrifying white dragon blew the white mists onto its wound and the blood immediately clotted.

Garen then squatted just beside the pool of white blood.

He quietly looked at the White Dragon's blood as he could smell a very strong stench coming off of it.

The White Dragon's blood looked just like an expired rotten milk, with bubbles kept coming up to the surface. As these bubbles popped, the released a huge stench.

He extended his index finger and gently dipped it into the white colored blood.

An intense pain travelled through his index finger.

Sizzle...

His index finger's skin swiftly tightened up.

Garen pulled back his finger and had a look at it. What was an originally white skin had become slightly grey, as if it was petrified.

"What a powerful corrosion!" Garen moved his finger. He had deactivated the Totem Light's defense on his own and tried to test the true effect of this dragon's blood.

"Looks like it still can't be used." Garen gave up on the idea of bathing himself in the dragon's blood. It was obvious that part of his finger had been petrified. Perhaps dragon blood was beneficial to a human body, but it was definitely not the case for the blood of the petrifying white dragon.

"What a pity..." He looked at the two beasts beside him. "Go hunt, both of you. Kill anything that may threaten our territory's beasts."

The Petrifying White Dragon roared softly and opened its wing to soar elegantly up in the sky as four of its limb moved forward. A white halo could be seen surrounding its body, and as it flew higher and further, it soon became a small white dot.

The dual headed salamander roared softly.

All of the sudden, two crocodile heads emerged from the shade in the vicinity of the garden and kept making noise. The sound of insects crawling about could be heard as well.

These parasites were at least thirty to forty in number and it was a nest of an army as they marched.

As Garen raised his head and looked at the white dragon up high in the sky, he felt vibrations coming from the derivator which he always brought along side him.

He immediately took out the Crystal Derivator.

This red colored ball was throbbing in silverlight, and a crystal clear message appeared in the center of the ball.

'Incoming message from the outer realm, do you want to connect?'

Garen was shocked.

"A communication request?! Does that mean there are people with Derivators nearby?!" He recalled that this crystal ball was a terminal used by the Obscuro Society to control the Silver Totems, so it was impossible to not have a communication functionality.

Garen could feel that there was a possibility that he would lose the Derivator.

He hesitated for a moment as he looked at the communication request.

'The communication level had increased to emergency. Do you want to accept?' The crystal ball changed its sentences and a yes and no choice appeared at the bottom of the crystal ball.

Garen placed his grey robe on his head and covered his face. He then squatted down and made a rough mask by cutting the solidified white dragon's blood with his heads. He placed it onto his face, even his eyes were covered.

After these preparation, Garen then reached out his hands and gently pressed 'yes'.

In a blink of an eye, the crystal ball produced red ripples and a woman with a deep tone could be heard.

"I didn't expect there is still an Elemental General in the Iron Tank City. Didn't those damn monsters had kill all of you? This is very rare." He paused for a moment. "Do you not speak? Looks like you're the legendary Jess."

"It's obviously him since I have already found Ania and Jeffs' corpses, and they looked terrible! Hehe." The teasing voice of a man could be heard, "Where are you now Demetrius? I am at the Ender Kingdom managing the situation. These monsters had destroyed part of the nests. If not for me, there would be no survivors at all here."

"I am currently at Canbria. The situation is complicated but manageable. How about your side Jess? Your side is very crucial; the Grand Duke's White Dragonhawks are not easy to deal with." Demetrius asked Garen.

"My side?" Garen replied calmly. "It's alright. Everything is fine and smooth. It's just that most of my underlings are dead." He purposely said with a strange and hoarse sound.

"What happened to your voice?" Demetrius asked suspiciously.

"I have hurt my throat. Took me a long time to recover." Garen replied emotionlessly.

"The current situation is like so. I could only manage to get in contact with eleven generals at the East Continent. Based on the current positions we are in, three of us will be formed as a team." Demetrius

explained simply. "I didn't want to contact you guys as well. However, I have to request for assistance from you guys, since it is an emergency."

Chapter 315: Jess 1

"Urgent situation? Is this not urgent enough? Ever since the meeting, we've been running into nothing but trouble. What can be more urgent than this?" the man's voice dropped an octave.

Demetrius didn't bother with him, and continued talking, "Now there are two things from HQ. First, is the mass amount of mutations in the experiments destroying the research bases. They want us to be extra careful, they even sent a report about a specific beast that we should watch out for. Secondly, a traitor has escaped from Obscuro, they want us to find and arrest this person. He was last seen within the three of our jurisdictions. From what we know, he sustained severe burn injuries and has mostly blacked skin."

"They only seek us out when they're in trouble," the man scoffed.

"Don't get all grumpy Andora, your mission is the most important. The King of Ender is a rare master of Aberrations. You can't just understand him with biology or chemistry anymore. Make sure you don't mess up when the time comes," Demetrius sounded unhappy.

"Alright, that's it. I hope you two will keep these two issues on your mind. Also, Jess, if you can, HQ wishes that you acquire the treasure in the Grand Duke's mansion," Demetrius added.

"Treasure?" Garen was piqued.

"It should be called the Heart of the Dragonshadow or something. Along with my Crown of Thorns, it is a special type of treasure," Demetrius said coldly, "Alright, I have other business to tend to. We'll talk again when we have time."

With a loud clapping sound, the voice cut off.

"I should get going too. Let's keep in touch Jess. Honestly, among the three generals, you're the more likable one. If the Grand Duke is too much trouble, I can come help you out," Andora said coldly and cut off too.

"Thanks."

Garen watched as the Crystal Derivator slowly turned back into its original red, and a short text indicating the signal had been cut off, then only he sighed a breath of relief.

It was only a few short minutes, but they were enough to have Garen sweat all over.

"Elemental General... If there are only three in Iron Tank City, then these three must be considered amongst the top masters in the city. Combined, they might even be able to topple the city's order. Also, who would've known that those mutants in the wild were actually runaway experiment subjects of Obscura."

Garen carried the Crystal Derivator, something that he used to rely on, now felt dangerous.

"I need to find a way to eliminate the threat quickly," He planned to understand the Derivator properly.

After a moment of thought and murmuring, Garen let the Dual Headed Salamander take most of the bugs out to collect some potential points while he sulkingly walked back to the villa.

In the next few hours, Garen stayed in the villa trying to figure out the Crystal Derivator's functions and purpose. This was top priority for him as it was related to his greatest energy source, so he put everything aside; even on Goth's side he only left a letter saying he had to go away for a while, and warned him about Elielan.

After ten plus days.

Finally, Garen found something new in the Crystal Derivator.

Something about the command chain.

In the scarlet colored study, Garen sat beside the broken window that had been broken by the Petrifying White Dragon, which was also in turn partially fixed by the Petrifying White Dragon's solidified spit.

Garen sat with his back against the book rack facing the study table. On his left was a mattress filled with all sorts of notes and rolls of paper. Under his feet were a ton of loose paper on the carpet.

There was a horrible stench in the room as well.

Garen just kept staring at the Crystal Derivator on the table, continuously fondling it with his fingers.

Finally, the derivator glowed a soft red. In the middle, a line of Kovitan text appeared.

"Would you like to connect to the derivator network?"

"Do I have control of all subordinate derivators?" Garen suddenly understood, the derivator could issue and accept commands using voice, so he spoke back in Kovitan.

"All derivators can be controlled by superior derivators. Lord Garen, your derivator is a "General Level" derivator, your immediate superior is the marshal level, and your immediate subordinate is the colonel level."

"Serial number: 0032gcr, your derivator is the east state's 32nd. There is a total of 10 derivators in the Kovitan region. Your rank is General, under you there is Lieutenant General, Brigadier General, Colonel, Lieutenant Colonel, Major. Please select which rank you would like to command. You may modify the selected user's derivator usage privilege at your own will."

Upon discovering this, many inexplicable things before made sense now.

Garen stared at the five different choices floating in the interface.

"Since I can modify their usage privileges anytime, that probably means that the people above me can do the same to me as well. I better be careful."

He squinted his eyes, feeling even more threatened than before.

"I need to find out how the derivator controls its users. Those experiment mutants should've been under control but yet they managed to shake loose the influence. How did they do that?" Garen suddenly thought of the traitor mentioned by Demetrius.

"Perhaps I can find an answer there," he suddenly had an epiphany, "Let me see what I can do with my subordinates for now."

He tapped the derivator softly.

"Lieutenant General rank selected, you have two subordinates that can be contacted,"

Two names appeared on the derivator.

"Lieutenant General Helis, Lieutenant General Kuiman."

Both of the names were grayed out, and there was a text saying "not contacted" behind their names.

Upon reading that, Garen remained expressionless and continued to scroll down to the next row of names. Suddenly five names popped up, two of which were grayed out, and three were red with a row of text saying "contacting..." behind their names.

Garen's heart skipped a beat.

He reached out and tapped on the name of one of the brigadier generals.

"Brigadier General Harry," he said softly, "where are you now?"

The other side hesitated for a moment before replying, "General Jess? I am now based out of White Dew City. The Governor's house here has been completely overrun. I don't know what HQ wants out of this, how is any of this relative to our initial mission?" It was the voice of a young man, "I don't know understand why we're dragging innocent people into this mindless war."

"Do not question the actions of the ones above us," Garen replied in a coarse voice.

"You share my thoughts too? I am so honored!," Harry seemed surprised, "I always knew that among the Three Generals, you were the warmer one!"

"I would like to ask you a question, could you answer me honestly?" Garen asked softly.

"Please ask away," Harry's mood seemed to have improved.

"About the White Dragonhawk plot in the Grand Duke's place, how much do you know?" Garen quickly asked about the situation closer to him.

"White Dragonhawk plot? This is under the purview of General Jeffs, I am not privy to the details of it. However, I am particularly close to General Jeffs' Brigadier General Ally, I can ask her."

"Thanks, that was my first question, now for my second question; could you tell me how many men do you have under you right now?" Garen's eyes seem to reflect worry upon asking this.

"Subordinates? Under me? Immediately beneath me there are 32 Colonels, 109 Lieutenant Colonels, 188 Majors. We practically control all of White Dew City. Do you intend to move about a large amount of manpower? Sorry, I don't mean to question your intentions sir." Harry quickly changed his words.

"You didn't lose many men?"

"Thankfully the derivators came in time, else it would've been a mess." Harry replied with certainty.

"Lastly, there has been a traitor recently that escaped from HQ. He is charred from top to bottom, so his skin is black, keep an eye out for him," Garen passed on orders from above, "Alright, how about this: if I ask of you to get me ten third form totems, do you think you can do it?" He was now directly trying to test the abilities of this man.

Harry hesitated.

"Third form totems would be a bit tricky. From what I am able to do now, I can control two at most and they're both animal forms. The rest you will have to check with the other Brigadier Generals. You usually don't ask much, why the sudden interest? Oh, I'm sorry, I'm overthinking again."

"Mm, that'll be all," Garen cut the line.

After this, Garen tried to contact the other generals and colonels, some were just silent, seemingly either dead or that they broke their derivators.

One Lieutenant General, three Brigadier Generals, twelve Colonels, thirty-eight Lieutenant Colonels, and over two hundred Majors, all directly under him.

By 'directly under him', it meant that these men would only take orders from him and nobody else.

They were practically his own private army now.

Garen contacted as many of his subordinates as he could, these would be his men now.

After he was done contacting all of them, the sky was started to turn dark. The sunset light shone into the room, illuminating it with its golden glow, emanating an aura of warmth.

He put down the derivator.

He finally understood two things.

"The first, is Jess's old image," Garen took out a piece of paper and with expert mastery and control, he quickly sketched out the shape of a silhouette.

Chapter 316: Jess 2

The strange floating man who was dressed in a black robe as on the paper suddenly became clearly visible, like an odd image.

He did not have legs, his robes covered him from head to toes. From the front, only his pale and delicate jaw could be seen.

"From the subordinate's description, it seems like this Jess is a somber figure - suspicious, untraceable, huge and less bossy. No one knows his specific strength, nor has anyone seen his body type." Garen described Jess's outlook in details with the information he retrieved.

"These characteristics of him are very useful for me to pretend to be him," Garen kept his pen.

"Following up is the second point; to estimate this as a whole, even though General Jess has lost his strength, but if he can directly or indirectly control over fifty heads of third form series of animal totems, it would at least be over a hundred heads for the form two totem. This is a huge power. If Jess's strength does not excel the Grand Duke's, then it is equivalent to the entire Iron Tank City's power. This kind of power is still secretly in the plan, don't know how many totem users are part of the Obscuro Society in Iron Tank City but it's even tougher if we don't want the city to collapse..."

Garen got unusually scared at the thought of it.

However, Obscuro Society's strength was really overwhelming even with the monster's leftover powers after the mess. If it has fully recovered, the estimate would be much stronger.

But this doubt momentarily floated on top of his head - unless the hole he first went in with Goth was really a Form Two totem users' residing tunnel?

Merely Form Two totem users but they can protect the General's exceptional derivator?

Or let's say even if Obscuro Society has the confidence, did they think no one would be able to unlock the derivator in three tries?

Garen reminisced the last time the shooting white spirit light exploded. That explosion startled the whole of Iron Tank City; the shooting spirit light was much more gleaming than the lighthouse but only the furnace inside exploded.

What kind of factory furnace had such a huge force?

One doubt after another appeared in his heart.

"By the looks of it, Goth's underground experience wasn't that simple," he seemed to have made a conclusion.

"That's it. Now, we should focus our energy on solving the derivator's control's hidden problem," Garen diverted all his attention onto the headquarter's traitor. If this person could be found, maybe then he would be able to provide some news and reports.

"Just in case, try your best to accumulate the Dual Headed Salamander's and Petrifying White Dragon's hunting potential points to its fullest for me. As well as before lifting the hidden problem, the potential points cannot be put on the Silver Totems."

Garen made his decision.

History has already deviated. He must then face the what's to come next, on his own.

Garen's potential point also altered as time changed, increasing more and more as days passed. Once he triggers the stronger third form monsters, he would then mobilize the department to capture the monsters. If it was really strong, then he'll avoid it for a moment. By going back and forth with it, his potential point would slowly increase to an objective point.

Garen used it all up on the revolutionizing the White Core Tiger. Unfortunately, throwing in hundred over points did not even reveal a single bubble. This made his mood uncomfortable.

The surrounding bunch of monsters has slowly been wary towards Garen's mansion. They started gathering, it was getting more and more difficult to brush up potential points. Often he would bump into two or three third form monster, surrounded by a huge herd of second form monsters and first form monsters.

One after another third form monster formed a huge army, segregating the whole outer part of Iron Tank City.

Garen occupied the east side of the city, six heads of the third form strange birds occupied the city's west, the north and south side have been occupied by appalling numbers of more than hundred heads of third form monsters. Moreover, the number has been increasing. This force belonged to Iron Tank City's main suppressor, the monster's army. There were even an extremely tough Three-eyes Black Panda among them - this monster's body was humungous, with thirteen meters tall and twenty meters wide. Its speed ability was exceptionally strong, around its body lingers a huge scale of odd mauve emmanuel. These type of emmanuel-covered-body monsters possessed a dramatic increase in speed ability. Not only are they not afraid of death, but each one who defeated it completely their senses.

The Three-eyed Panda and the Grand Duke's Petrifying White Dragon have been confronting each other for a long period of time; they both fear each other. But the human strength of Iron Tank City got weaker each time they fought; with that, the lesser they fought. Instead, the monsters fought more and more.

Basically the Three-eyes Black Panda did not even need to raise a hand for the Grand Duke to show his moves. That was the only way to prevent the defense ring from receiving too much impact.

Garen has many times seen the fight between the Black Panda and the Grand Duke from the east side of the city.

The Black Panda jumped on the top moving building, looking far and wide. The surrounding buildings and he were like blocks of wooden houses - with a push, it would be destroyed; with a knock, it would fall.

On the side, Garen couldn't help but continuously piled potential points on the Black-striped White Tiger. Primitive totem and silver totem's evolution had their differences, in which even he couldn't see through clearly.

And in the city, the situation was getting worse.

Garen was not able to meet with Goth and company the few times he was in town. Jessica's health condition has been miraculously improving, it seemed to have a very strong turning point.

On the other hand, Goth and Andy had both participated in defense ring against the outer city's monster battle.

Especially Goth, he was nowhere to be seen.

Inside the hospital ward, Jessica wore a white patient-uniform while sitting on the bed, gently rubbing her stomach and her face showed a slight trace of happiness.

Garen sat at the side, peeling her apples.

A faint morning sunlight shone on the both of their right sides, the floor showed the shape of the window with white spots.

"When did you realize that?" Garen lightly asked, as he continuously peeled the apple skin.

"About a few days ago. That time, I felt like throwing up and after the doctor came over for a checkup, I gave him a huge scolding." The delicate face Jessica showed at first suddenly became gentle and sweet.

"Goth, that bastard is really not genuine." Garen shook his head, "Even with your health, he was still thinking about it..."

"Don't blame him, it's me." Jessica interrupted Garen, "I was the one who wanted to give him a child." Her face carried a small hint of a smile.

Garen carefully hid his observation of Jessica's complexion, he suspected that Jessica must have been empowered.

Goth pushed open the hospital ward as he saw Garen sitting by the side of the bed, quietly peeling an apple. Ever since he received the news about Jessica's pregnancy, he immediately rushed back from the front line, to witness it for himself.

"Garen?!" He fiercely patted Garen's shoulder as he was a little shocked.

"Andy, Elielan and I were just talking about you yesterday. Elielan said he blamed you wrongly the last time and wanted to apologize to you but he couldn't find you. I didn't think that I would see you here. What's up? You're here to see Jessica?"

"No, I'm here to see you." Garen stood up and split the apple into two; one for Goth, and one for Jessica.

"Let's go. Let's give Jessica some time to rest, we can go out for a chat," as he pulled Goth out of the room without explanation.

"What's the issue? What's the rush?" Goth unsatisfyingly said as he gnawed on the apple. After Garen pulled him out of the hospital ward, the two of them found a quiet corner and faced each other.

"Alright, can you say what's the issue now?"

"What is wrong with Jessica's health?" Garen paused, and then asked again, "She looks to me as if she's much better than before"

Goth relaxed slightly and smiled.

"Even though there is no way she could fully recover, but now, it should not be the same as it was half a year before. You can relax."

"Last time." Garen appropriately said his next phrase, "The last time, there was actually a reason behind why I told you to be careful of Elielan."

His face, along with Goth's became serious.

The air slowly got a bit heavier.

Garen paused. "I've once come across a type of Obscuro Society's special tactic - the name was Empower. It is a type of special method that could control living thing's behavior."

"What are you suspicious about? Empower? Jessica has been Empowered? That's what you wanted to say right? That you can rest assure, Elielan has mentioned it before. We have also come across similar Silver Totems; the characteristics are quite clear, Jessica should be fine. After you reminded me the last time, I've checked. Don't worry!" For a moment, Goth relaxed and uncaringly patted Garen's shoulders, "you've been thinking too much, you should relax a little. Don't always be suspecting of everything."

Garen frowned. As he observed Goth's expression, he also doubted his own decision-making skills.

"After empowering, you have to destroy the controller thoroughly. Only that can you lift the empower off the living being."

"Destroy the controller?" Goth pondered.

As he achieved his goal, Garen did not say more. Instead, he pulled away from the topic and asked about the city's current situation. Knowing that Goth and the Grand Duke have now met, he felt happy for him, from the bottom of his heart.

Once again, the two parted in their own ways - Garen was focused on capturing the Obscuro Society's escaped fugitive. Being able to escape from the headquarters to here, he must not be an easy person. If it was the original Elemental General Jess, then maybe would not fear each other. However, he's only a fake good now and his abilities are more or less the same as the General's. If his identity was exposed, he believed even the General could not beat him.

Not to mention the Lieutenant above, General's level.

Back at the mansion, Garen was able to concentrate on practicing his tactics. Finally, he was able to sight share this skilled tactic exercises, which can be used for practical purposes.

He sat by his mansion, the parasitic beetles under his hand spread out and crawled towards all directions; the Dual Headed Salamander controlled the Four Headed Deep Swamp Croc and commanded over hundreds of parasitic bugs, as they spread out everywhere.

After putting in over a hundred potential points, the Black-striped White Tiger seemed to show a bit of movement. Even though the evolution failed, but its body surface started to show circles of much thinner stripes; it looked as if it was a White-striped Black Tiger. Its body size was gradually getting bigger too, developing in the direction of a Behemoth.

This gave Garen more hope.

There was only a result when over a hundred potential points were given, but this made him let out a sigh. By witnessing the difficulty level, he finally understood the reason why after so many years, no one had been able to successfully nurture a second form Black-striped White Tiger.

Every minute, every second was washed away.

Garen took all his potential points and used it on the Black-striped White Tiger's body. The parasitic beetles' army became increasingly more and it has triggered the attention of the surrounding third form monsters. When the number of beetles hit two hundred, Garen finally stopped the parasites from forming. He only allowed the Dual Headed Salamander's parasitism on the Deep Swamp Croc. At the same time, he relied on his Sight Sharing tactic; continuously using the silver totems to control the surrounding situation,

As time passed, the monsters around increased in numbers. The high-level monsters became more and more. In a short period of two months, the third form monsters increased by ten heads.

Garen stayed in his remote mansion, even he felt the downpour in the city will cause a sense of terrifying repression.

Chapter 317: Defector 1

Screech!!!

A huge white dragon flapped its wings slowly, creating large, whistling gusts as it glided through the grey skies.

Garen, who was in his gray robes, gazed at the Petrifying White dragon gliding by as he stood by the window. His focus didn't change at all as he seemed lost in his thoughts.

He was standing in a new study room.

The room was entirely white, including the walls and floors. The wall cloth and carpets smelt like newly washed, moist laundry.

After standing for a while, he turned and looked at Lala who was rearranging things.

"Have you moved everything that was in the previous study room?"

"Yes sir." Lala returned the cloth to the basin. "Do you have any other orders? The time now is 3 o'clock in the afternoon. If there is nothing else, I will fix the hole in the study room."

"You can just nail up a few layers of woods." Garen ordered.

"Okay." Lala hesitated. "Air will leak it though."

"Don't worry about it."

"Then, I will go now."

"Alright."

Garen turned around and sat at the desk with his gaze out of focus, as though he was looking into the distance.

Lala gave him a strange look before walking out of the new study room, gently closing the door.

Her footsteps slowly faded.

Garen sat by the table without moving.

After some time, a clear clicking sound was heard from his arms.

Garen refocussed his vision as he blinked and rubbed at his temple points.

"Hmm... This Tactic, Sight Sharing still requires more time before I can get used to it... The situation and the sound it makes doesn't tally up, much like those soundless movies in the theatre."

He started to feel suspicious after he'd rested for a while. He took out the exquisite golden pocket watch from his pocket and realized that the clockwork had stopped.

Garen wound up the pocket clock gently so that it could run again.

"It's been so many days. How long has it been since I met Goth? Ten days? Twenty days? I can't help but feel that something's weird about Elielan." He put down the pocket watch as he frowned.

Suddenly, Garen's face was filled with surprise. He stood up and looked at the white abandoned building through the window.

Among the abandoned city walls and buildings, a black beetle as tall as half a man was swiftly scurrying towards the villa.

A black pants leg could be seen in its mouth, and it was dragging a weak-looking dark human body.

This body which was in long black clothes had all of its hair burnt out. The hand and legs that could be seen were covered in blackish red ulcers. The body left an obvious, dirty trail as it was dragged along by the beetle.

The beetle scuttled on the flat terrain towards the villa hastily as it dodged a few large craters.

Garen opened the window, and lightly leapt out of it as he exerted some force with his legs. He landed in the villa's garden daintily. As he regained his balance, he personally greeted this black beetle which had dragged a person along with it.

As he took a step forward, a foul odor wafted in his direction.

Garen frowned as he carefully inspected the body.

The body was completely burnt black and literally all visible skin was coated in blackish red blisters. These blisters of all sizes appeared in clusters, morbidly similar to grapes. Some of them had already burst due to the friction and a yellowish black viscous substance could be seen flowing out of them.

Furthermore, its hair was completely burnt off and half of the skin on its head appeared to have been ripped off with great force, as the underlying flesh could be seen.

Garen narrowed his eyes as he observed this body, and he was suddenly cautious.

"Interesting. Let's assume you found me on your own accord instead of me finding you. I will not believe in such a coincidence. Out of this enormous range, you chose to faint in my territory."

He muttered to himself. He then walked closer, squatted down and pulled open the person's shirt.

He pulled off the outer black shirt and without any underwear, a pair of half rotten breasts, covered in purple red blisters, was revealed.

"A woman?" He covered her body with her clothes and stood up as he tried to resist the horrendous smell. "Since you found me on your own, I really want to see what you're going to do."

Garen turned around and walked into the villa. A Deep Swarm Croc gently flicked its tail and rolled the girl on its back, carrying her while following Garen.

The villa's entrance was already opened by Lala, who stood beside it. Her expression was completely calm; she had seen too many strange scenarios and it was obvious that she was used to it already.

She followed the Deep Swarm Croc which was following Garen and she couldn't help but feel shaken at the horrible state of the body. She was unable to resist covering her nose as she got closer to the eye-watering stench.

Nauseous couldn't begin to describe the foulness of the odour.

"Go bring some clean towels and water and help clean her up." Garen ordered quietly.

"Okay. I will go get some warm water!" Lala rushed towards the kitchen.

With his left hand on the person's shoulder, Garen turned around and easily picked up the giant croc with his other hand to provide support for the girl.

"Who are you?! Are you not Jess!?" Her eyes fluttered open in shock as she stared at Garen.

Even though she'd finally spoken, her voice was that of a broken wind-box as most of the words that came out of her mouth were just noise. Unexpectedly, her accent was a pure Daniela accent.

She suddenly got up and shrunk away from Garen.

"Jess? You sure do know a lot." Garen squinted at this girl who'd been balded by a fire. "What fearsome vitality. With such an injury, if you were a normal human you'd be a fried corpse. By the way, your Daniela accent is very accurate."

"Daniela accent?" The girl was puzzled. "What is that?"

"Tell me, why are you looking for Jess?" Garen asked softly in the Daniela language. He had picked up these commonly used languages during his time in the inner city. He didn't have to worry about wasting potential points as he had a lot right now. The current him looked very intelligent.

"Jess?" The girl was suddenly baffled. "That's right... Why am I looking for Jess? Who is Jess?" Her eyes were clearly filled with confusion.

She then suddenly covered her head with her hands and squatted down as her face twisted in agony.

"My head... It's hurts...!!" She tumbled to the floor and squirmed about like a disgusting worm, leaving a pool of sticky viscous substance on the tiles.

The stench started to spread and Garen, who had a supersensitive nose started to feel nauseous.

As he scanned the woman's blood and qi's circulation, he could clearly see it.

Her blood and qi were mostly stagnant in her brain and the remaining parts of her body were incredibly weak, so weak that she was just barely surviving.

It looked like a very messy tangled red thread and the only place to unknot everything was her head.

"What is your name?" Garen asked softly as he used a secret martial art to send the message directly into her ears.

"My... My na.. Name?" The girl's head was in complete chaos. "I can't remember! My head hurts so much..."

She grabbed her head tightly as she curled up on the ground like a caterpillar about to burn to death.

At this moment, Lala came in with a silver basin and a black towel, but was stopped by Garen.

Garen was baffled. "Let me handle this. You can go and do the other tasks."

"Yes." Lala didn't enquire further and turned around with her head down as she proceeded to do her remaining duties.

Garen gently picked the woman up and carried the towel and basin with one hand as he went up to the vice bedroom on the second floor.

Along the way, he tried to ask this person some basic questions and found out that she had forgotten everything. Furthermore, based on her qi, she didn't seem to be lying.

This woman seemed to have suffered severe head damage. Through her qi, Garen found out that her brain was damaged; a quarter of her brain had already turned into a mush. Amazingly, she hadn't died and had survived.

"This is a miracle!" Garen exclaimed as he lay the woman's head down and gazed down at her unconscious body. Her face could've been from a horror movie. It was ugly, swollen, smelly and rotten. It was literally purple rotting meat. If not for her breasts that left persuasive evidence, nobody would've been able to make out her gender. As a matter of fact, no one might've even see her as a human.

With just a light touch, Garen's palm was filled with the stick and smelly substance. "With this look, those dead babies by the roadside would have classified themselves together with you. Severe infection throughout the body and purulence. You're as good as dead had I not discovered you."

He locked the door and soaked the towel in the warm water. He then wrung out the towel and gently wiped off the sticky substances on her face.

With fingers that were as sharp as blades, he cut off the woman's long shirt and pants to reveal the swollen body underneath it.

Garen then cleaned the girl's body with the utmost care as he removed the dirt and blood clots. He managed to clean up her body after changing a few basins of water through Lala.

He then closed the door firmly to ensure that Lala would not enter the room no matter what.

Alone, his palms started to glow red, resembling a sculpture made out of gem.

Garen took a deep breath as he stood in front of the woman.

"Buzz!!!"

A loud buzz emitted from Garen's mouth as he moved his fingers swiftly across the woman's chest, head and legs.

The sound waves constantly vibrated her body. Garen felt like he was treating a burnt corpse as he placed his fingers onto pressure points that felt like rotten wood.

It was a secret technique used to temporarily activate the life potential, which would enhance physical recovery. This skill was similar to the Polaris Fierce Arts. Although this activation method would affect the body's lifespan, this woman would have died if she couldn't endure this so there wasn't much of a difference.

Chapter 318: Defector 2

After a series of finger tapping, white sweat started forming on Garen's forehead. He took two steps backward as his red jaded palms faded away.

The woman was covered in a layer of transparent light upon completion of her treatment. The layer of light flashed as it completely covered every part of the woman.

A cool and sharp chill suddenly filled up the whole room.

"She's indeed a totem user." Garen smirked as he activated his white totem light to resist against the strong energy fluctuation.

The woman's eyelids twitched before she opened her eyes and her slightly slanted mouth.

"Who... am I..." Her bloodshot, grainy eyes were filled with confusion.

"You're Reylan." Garen immediately walked to her side and gently said, "You're Reylan Lombard, the biological sister of Garen Lombard, which is I."

"My name is Reylan?... Garen Lombard's biological sister..." The woman unconsciously repeated Garen's sentence.

"We were separated since young due to the fire." Garen's voice was softer at this point.

"We were separated since young due to the fire..." The woman repeated Garen's sentence word by word as her gaze started to clear up.

With Garen's guidance, he spun a flawless lie within her mind. Although he knew that she had lost her memories due to the severe injury of her brain, her strength was obviously incredible judging from her totem light. She must not be an ordinary character, considering that she was able to escape from the Obscuro Society.

As to whether if this mislead would succeed or not, Garen had no idea. He was just testing it out and there would be no loss for him anyway.

After spending about half an hour on her, Garen finally let the woman to fall asleep.

He then left the room to get some fresh air as he had a hard time breathing inside the smelly room.

He'd only crafted the story of her oldest memories and had not tampered with the the rest of her memories. He told her that he'd found her outside of his house and he didn't know what had happened to her during the years they were separated.

"Looks like I'll need to spend some time to obtain something useful from her."

Garen then accompanied this girl and treated her as Reylan Lombard, in which she believed that she was Reylan Lombard.

Since her brain was partly damaged, most of her memories were already jumbled. She'd already accepted what Garen told her and acted as if she was his younger sister.

Garen took care of her everyday life by himself. This assured her of her memories, as if not for a biological relative, who else would still be willing to take care of a smelly 'burnt corpse'?

Reylan started to open up to Garen. Her figure had been completely disfigured so no one actually knew how she looked like in the past.

One side of her lips had been burnt, resulting in her mouth slanting to the right. Saliva would drip out of her mouth whenever she tried to speak, and food would come out as she tried to eat. As her skin recovered, it was marred with scars from the blisters and the wrinkled skin that was left behind by the burns made her look eighty to ninety years old.

Garen then started to probe for some information, after Reylan had opened up to him.

More than ten days later.

Reylan sat on the huge bed inside the very clean room, silently gazing at Garen who was reading a book. The cool air entered the room through a small gap of the window and mixed with the faint odour of a corpse.

The golden sunlight shone on Garen's right hand, reflecting a smooth and white luster.

Reylan was envious of him.

"What's wrong?" Garen placed down the notebook in his hand. It was the book he had found from searching the golden hair totem user's body and it contained information of the primitive totem's nurturing method. It was an isolated tradition and even though there was little information about it, it was still worth the reference.

"Nothing. Brother, are you looking at the notes on how to nurture a primitive totem?" Reylan asked softly. Her voice had recovered a lot and was no longer leaking. Her voice was coarse but it sounded like a woman of not more than thirty years old.

"Yeah. I obtained it from the enemy and I'm just reading it casually." Garen replied with a smile. "Do you have anything you want to talk about?"

Reylan thought for a while as she frowned.

"My brain's damage is too severe. Although I don't remember everything, I still can recall some stuff. Compared to the primitive totem, the Creature Totem is much more stronger. So, why is brother not focusing on nurturing the Silver Totem?"

Surprised, Garen shook his head and replied: "There are no other choice. A Crystal Derivator is needed to control the Silver Totems. Based on this assumption, doesn't that mean that I will forever be controlled by someone else?"

"A Crystal Derivator?" Reylan looked confused. "That sounds familiar..."

Garen was patient and sat there quietly as he waited for Reylan to recall her memory.

Time slowly passed.

Reylan finally opened her mouth.

"I remember this thing. Its control mechanism isn't perfect so it can be avoided." She paused for a while. "Technically speaking, this item isn't able to send images and can only send voice messages at best. Although the user interface is partially encrypted, it's fairly easy to hack into it. The basis of deactivation is... Ah!!"

Suddenly, she grabbed her head as she let out a deep cry of pain and toppled onto the bed. Her body started to shudder, as though she was running in a blizzard without clothes on.

"Don't force yourself too much. Get some rest! Get some rest and relax!!" Garen immediately stood up as his face filled with concern.

He swiftly reached out his hand and pressed onto a few pressure points to reduce her agony.

"Looks like you're being assassinated because you have this knowledge. Those Obscuro Society bastards! I will kill all of them some day!" Garen's eyes burned with killing intent.

"Don't! It's impossible to win against them brother!" Reylan resisted the pain as she pulled Garen. "I'm certain they're trying to destroy this part of my memory. Believe me, I will find a way to recall!"

"There's no need to rush." Garen sat down and covered Reylan with a blanket.

What was supposed to be a young woman looked like a seventy to eighty year old bald hag, with wrinkles and scars all over her body. Other than her voice, there was not a single external sign that she was young. Furthermore, she constantly smelt of a musty unpleasant odor.

She was touched when she heard Garen's response.

"I managed to survive when they wanted me dead. Although I don't remember who'd hurt me to this state, I will find out no matter what!" Reylan said fiercely before she paused and looked at Garen.

"You don't have to be impatient too brother. Although I don't recall how to deactivate the Crystal Derivator's authorization mechanism, we can at least temporarily bypass it and control the authorization mechanism."

"Oh?" Garen's eyes glimmered. "To bypass?"

"Yes. The authorization rights only allow the higher level Crystal Derivator to monitor the Crystal Derivator of the lower level. Since secret phrases are very reliable, it is very uncommon that a fake leader would appear. To control a lower level crystal with a higher level crystal, one must go through the Control Crystal. There are two prerequisites before one can go through the Control Crystal. The first condition is that the crystal that is being controlled must not be broken."

Garen nodded as he saw the broken crystals turned grey and couldn't function any longer.

"The other one is that the crystal that is under control must be in a sluggish state."

"A sluggish state?" Garen repeated his question. "What is a sluggish state?"

"It is a special state of the crystal. When the crystal is in this state, its functionality, abilities and communication speed are all reduced. Errors occur more frequently as well. This way, if one were to keep using it without anyone from the Obscuro Society to fix it, the crystal will eventually break. This would still be fine for the typical crystals. However, if it's a high grade crystal such as the Field-level crystal which is hard to create, they would not forcefully command the lower grade crystal under these circumstances to prevent any losses."

Reylan explained with full confidence.

"Furthermore, in the current world of chaos where strong experimental creatures have escaped, there were a lot of generals killed. Hence, crystals in a sluggish state are natural and inconspicuous. As long as you execute it naturally, no one would be suspicious of it. At the very least, you do not need to worry about the Creature Totem that you nurtured so hard going against you."

"This is a great plan." Garen nodded as he agreed with the feasibility of this method. "However, we can't always be in the sluggish state, can we?"

"This can drag up to months and we will think of another idea when the time comes." Reylan explained. "At least we don't have to worry about the crystal's information being casually looked upon."

"You can casually look at the Crystal's information?" Garen was startled.

"Only the Commander-level Crystal can do so." Reylan nodded. "Come over here and I will set up your crystal's state."

Garen squinted his eyes as he hesitated but he took out his Crystal Derivator in the end.

"You don't have to pass it to me. Just hold it like that will do." Reylan had no intention on obtaining the Crystal.

She reached out her right index finger and immediately produced a black fire.

The fire kept producing complicated black Tactic symbols in the air, which looked like endless of alphabet K superimposed together in a roulette shape.

"Go!" She gently pushed the Tactics forward.

Pew!

The black Tactic symbols turned into a black light instantly and went into Garen's Crystal Derivator.

The pink Crystal Derivator glew brightly before it dimmed down for good. Garen could feel that the constantly faint ripple gradually disappeared.

"It's a success. However, brother should learn some of the basic knowledge in case something complicated comes up when I am not around so you can solve the issue." Reylan explained.

Garen was startled and smiled afterwards. "That's fine by me. I had the same intention as well."

Chapter 319: Cruel 1

Reylan was a very talented researcher. If she could rid herself of her terrifying appearance, the learning environment would have been perfect.

Under her guidance, Garen learnt the basics of evolution, advanced mathematics, advanced physics, biological anatomy and a series of specialised advanced science knowledge.

Days passed as Garen was immersed in his new knowledge and had almost forgotten about everything else.

Kaboom!!

Suddenly, the feather pen in Garen's hand fluttered and left an ink splotch on the piece of paper.

"What happened?!" He leaped to his feet and looked outside as he rushed to the window.

A swarm of black dots in the grey sky, like dots of inks in clear water, was flying towards the inner city.

These small dots were composed of flying creatures of different sizes and shapes. There were Unihorn Lizards, giant flies, etc. These new models were of strange different shapes and all of them were flying towards the inner city.

"This is!?" Garen suddenly recalled an important task towards the people in the inner city.

"Brother, what's going on?" The room's door was pushed opened as Reylan entered with a grey robe concealing her body. "I think I sense a high density energy core resonating!"

She used the grey robe to cover every part of her maimed face.

"I have no idea but these creatures are commencing a large-scale attack towards the city," Garen replied seriously. "The scale of this attack isn't typical. In fact, it is much larger than the previous ones. I'm afraid the strong creatures are going to come out soon."

"Legend has it that the Iron Tank City has a high-grade national treasure known as the Heart of the Dragonshadow. It can slowly erode the enemies within a certain area. These creatures are nothing to worry about if the people inside can buy some time." Reylan casually explained. She then looked at Garen's expression. "Brother, do you have any friends in the inner city?"

Garen didn't say a word and nodded.

"Okay. I may have to go and have a look. You should stay in the villa and don't leave it for no reason."

"I understand." Reylan nodded as she replied. She then turned her head and shouted. "Lala! Lala! Come quickly!"

She wasn't as gentle towards others; her tone usually had a tone of impatience.

Soon, Lala who was in a black and white servant dress came rushing in.

"Ms Reylan, Do you... Have any orders?" Lala didn't like Sir Garen's sister as she always glared at her face and skin with jealousy. A girl who had lost her physical appearances would view their own beautiful kind with jealousy and this made Lala uncomfortable.

Reylan looked at her with disgust.

"Who are you trying to seduce with such a short dress? My brother? You damn whore. You might as well not wear anything if you want to wear such a short skirt. Quickly prepare the shirt and gears for my brother's departure!!" Reylan shouted loudly with impatience.

"It's alright Reylan. There's no need to be so strict with Lala since she's still young." Garen frowned as he said softly.

Reylan changed back to her gentle tone. "You have no idea brother. You need be strict with these underlings so that they know that life isn't easy! They wouldn't know their place if this keeps up. Let me handle the small stuff so that you can do what you need to do."

Garen didn't say anything else as he could see that Reylan didn't have a good attitude to begin with. Now that she had lost her physical appearances, her attitude had worsened.

"Then I will take my leave."

"Okay. Do you need me to accompany you?" Reylan asked very softly.

"No need." Garen shook his head and brought Lala out of the room. As they walked alongside the corridor, Garen looked at Lala sympathetically.

"Don't mind her. Sister was severely injured so her mood isn't very good. Be a little bit more patient with her."

"... I understand." Lala replied softly.

"Good." Garen nodded.

After changing his shirt, Garen put on his grey robes and hat as he immediately left the villa's vicinity.

A twelve meter long giant white dragon crouched in the empty field in front.

The petrifying white dragon was completely still and it looked like a very well crafted white gem sculpture.

As it sensed Garen's arrival, it slowly raised its head and softly growled at Garen.

Shh...

Garen strolled towards it and stroked its head.

"Alright. I may need you to bring me out this time. Be careful and not let any stronger creature notice you." Garen smiled as he leapt onto the Petrifying White Dragon's back.

The White Dragon's body was rough and non-reflective. With its layer of scales covering its body, it had an aura of elegance around it.

Garen landed on the white dragon's back and sat in an empty spot between the wings. In front of him was the White Dragon's head which was completely defenseless and the triangular fins on the top of its head which Garen used as an indicator to determine direction.

Garen sat on his knees and placed his hands onto the warm, hard dragon scales. He found two scales that were tipped up and decided to hold onto them.

"Let's fly." He ordered.

The Petrifying White Dragon expanded its ragged wings, flapped a few times as it sprinted forward.

Whoosh!

It beat its wings with all its might and a turbulent was created, blowing away the rocks and dusts underneath him aside.

The Petrifying White Dragon opened its mouth filled with sharp fangs and exhaled a mouthful of white gas. It then moved its wings rhythmically and flew towards the inner city.

Garen, who was sitting on the back of the dragon, looked down at the streets and houses that gradually became smaller. The swarms of black beetles, Deep Swarm Croc, and the eye catching Dual Headed Salamander gazed up at him as they growled in dissatisfaction due to them not able to hunt outside of the villa.

The white house underneath him became smaller and gradually looked like a wooden box. Most of the buildings in the urban area were damaged. The districts which were close to the city walls looked like a pile of white stones gathered by the city walls.

As the Petrifying White Dragon flew through the sky, Unihorn Lizards started to appear in the surrounding. They were in either black, red, or even grey color for the bigger ones. Although the white colored Unihorn Lizards were a little bit smaller in size, they still looked very fierce.

Garen concealed his aura to the best of his abilities as he hid behind the White Dragon's back with his grey robe.

Whoosh!

A black giant bald eagle appeared to the right of Garen. This giant eagle was as big as the White Dragon. What made it different from the other creatures was that although it was a little bit afraid of the White Dragon, it didn't maintain a respectable distance between them.

Dissatisfied, the Petrifying White Dragon growled. He was stopped by Garen as it was about to attack the weird eagle.

As they flew towards the inner city, the surrounding creatures in the sky increased in numbers, as they were now within the city. There were so many the sky was literally covered by them. There were creatures of different shapes and sizes everywhere and there were countless above him as well.

Garen looked down at the Iron Tank City, which had originally been white and circular but was now in ruins. Only a small portion of the district in the center of the city was still in perfect condition, as there was a semi spherical glass barrier covering it.

A giant Three-eyed Black Bear and a Panther with black wings on its back were creeping closer towards the inner city from opposite sides. Behind these two were countless of creatures leaded by them.

From the bird's eye view, it looked like two black curtains that were slowly covering the inner city.

The frigid breeze kept gusting through Garen's grey robe, sending chills down his spine. He adjusted his aura to prevent himself from being frozen to death and noticed by the creatures.

As he laid on the dragon's back, he quietly gave orders to the white dragon to descend.

Shh...

The white halo appearing on the Petrifying White Dragon's body covered Garen as well. As it plunged down, the surrounding creatures avoided its path of trajectory as whatever was inside the white light would have their speed reduced and their joints stiffened.

The Petrifying White Dragon left Garen at the entrance of the War Guild.

Garen quietly jumped down from its back and swiftly ran into the entrance.

As though it was his backyard, Garen swiftly rushed towards the inner city through an abandoned route.

After a few turns, two guards in black armor appeared in front of him.

"Who's there!?"

Without saying another word, Garen flashed out his membership card.

The two guards were stunned.

"You must have rushed back from afar. Enter quickly because the creatures are about to attack the city!"

Totem users who could stay outside were definitely not your typical totem users. Hence the respect the two guards showed was understandable.

Garen swiftly passed through both of them and soon saw a totem user and a black spider totem on the wall, staring fiercely at Garen with its red eyes.

"Identity yourself!" The totem user asked coldly.

Garen flashed out his membership card again. As he looked to the front, he was stunned to see multiple levels of totem users on guarding duty.

"What happened? Why is the guarding so strict?"

The man didn't say a word as he looked at Garen and shook his head.

"Sir, please enter quickly because the inner city is in need of someone of your caliber. You'll know once you enter."

Garen nodded as he swiftly entered.

Soon, he passed through all the guards and entered the main hall. There was barely anyone inside as everyone was out.

Chapter 320: Cruel 2

The streets were filled with people. Most of them were looking up in silence.

Garen followed the crowd and looked up as well.

There were thousands of White Dragonhawks and Giant Hawks forming into a circle in the sky, prepared to attack the countless creatures outside at any moment.

"Oh right, Goth and the others! Where are they?" Garen hurried through the crowd in the general direction of Goth's house.

Everywhere was on high alert along the way; he could see guards and totem users sprinting about constantly.

Garen finally recalled that this was the key war of the Iron Tank City before the major change. He didn't expect that he would forget such an important timeline after Reylan's appearance.

Goth was staring sombrely at the scene before him.

The glass of the black and white photo frame on the table had some minor cracks in it.

He gently picked it up and carefully wiped off the layers of dust.

The ground was littered with an assortment of belongings.

"Goth!!" Suddenly a familiar voice called from outside.

Goth was startled. He then regained his composure, stood up and opened the door. Outside, he saw Garen standing alone in a grey robe who looked extremely dishevelled.

"Are you alright!?" Garen looked at him suspiciously.

"Of course I'm fine. A person like me who could torture two of you, how can I be in a pinch?" Goth flexed his biceps as he smirked.

"How about Jessica?" Garen asked softly.

Bam!

A huge hand slammed onto the door beside his face.

"Don't mention anything about Jessica!!" Goth lowered his head as his tone darkened.

"What happened?" Garen was stunned as he let himself into the house and locked the door.

As Garen entered the house, he saw vulgarity scrawled all over the walls.

'Goth you are such a selfish prick!'

'Curse you! May your corpse will be eaten by stray dogs when you die!' 'I hope you'll never have kids. Even if you do, they will never have a good life!'

Strong words were written onto the walls and they weren't written out of anger. They'd been written in a jerky manner.

These red words covered all the walls in the house.

"What exactly happened?" Garen sat down and asked.

Goth sat down as well but he didn't immediately answer Garen's question.

Both of them sat together quietly.

"Andy is dead..." Goth suddenly opened his mouth.

Garen's eyes widened when he heard it.

Goth looked at him in an unexpectedly calm manner.

"He died because of me."

"!?" Garen didn't know what to say. He didn't know what had happened during his absence but Andy was dead!!??

Goth smiled. "A few days ago, we engaged in a close combat battle with the creatures. Andy rushed into the creatures alone and never returned."

"Why?" Garen asked softly. He couldn't comprehend what was happening. "Is it because of Elielan?!"

"Elielan? He's also dead.." Goth said emotionlessly, as though he was narrating a story that was unrelated to him. "I thought that he and I would become the best of friends."

"To be honest, I don't really know what happened. Everything had changed when I regained consciousness." Goth's face was very pale. "I was slow witted when I was young and would always lose in a fist fight, getting punched in the face every time... I'm simple minded and stupid."

"My dreams are so simple. I just want my mum to be recognized by the household, by my father."

Garen looked at him without saying a word. He had a bad feeling about this.

Goth smiled. "I'm old fashioned, don't know how to dress up, inflexible and I like to daydream frequently. I never thought that a girl would fall for me in the future. I couldn't even look at myself in the mirror. I didn't expect a girl to like me."

His laugh was cold, as if there was a hint of sadness in it.

"I am really naive. I really thought that a girl liked me... I'm old fashioned, ugly, poor and have no power.. Haha..."

He stood up and looked outside of the window.

"Did you see the crowd outside? They probably don't know... My father, the Grand Duke White Dragonhawk no longer possesses the Heart of the Dragonshadow. The strongest Tactic Precious Heirloom is no longer in his possession."

"How do you know?" Garen's heart sunk.

"Because I took it away." Goth replied blandly. "Garen, I lost everything... really. I have lost everything..."

"You still have me as a friend!" Garen stood up and replied calmly.

"Friend?" Goth turned around and chuckled.

He suddenly stared at Garen.

"Then can you tell me how you obtained the Totem Light? Sir Totem User of the Obscuro Society?"

Garen was stunned as he didn't expect Goth to mention such a phrase.

He stood still as he was unsure of how to answer him.

"I have lost everything..." Goth laugh miserably as he took a few steps back and accidentally knocked over the table's photo frame.

Whoosh! A black figure flashed and he vanished, as though he was never there to begin with.

He then quietly walked out of the house to see a black carriage and a man in black with a few totem users in front of the house.

"Can you spare a few minutes of your time?" The man asked as he walked towards him.

Garen looked at him and took a deep breath.

"Good timing. I wanted to know what happened."

"You must be Goth, Andy and Jessica's friend, Garen right?" The man confirmed. "Do you have any clues for this incident?"

"Incident? Clues?" Garen was startled. "What incident?"

"Do you not know?" The man asked suspiciously.

Ten minutes later, Garen pulled up his hood and was speechless as he watched the carriage leaving. He suddenly understood why Goth had been so cold and emotionless towards everyone.

The man didn't know the overall situation as well. He only knew that his superior wanted him to monitor this place and enquired anybody who had visited this place.

Garen's feelings were complex. Andy was dead, Jessica was lost and Goth seemed to be severely injured emotionally.

Perhaps only the three of them knew what truly happened. Now that Goth had left, he couldn't find anyone who understood the situation and was at a loss.

"Based on Goth's reaction, he could obviously see my empowered totem light. Since he was able to see through it, there must be others out there who could too." Garen pondered for a bit and decided to deactivate his black totem light, leaving behind his primitive totem's totem light.

As Garen strolled along the main street, he kept analysing Goth's whereabouts as he couldn't understand Goth's last words before he left.

It contained a lot of information.

Without realizing, Garen had arrived the War Guild's headquarters.

Among the crowds by the headquarter's entrance, a familiar figure was sitting by the stairs. It was Angel, Therese Angel.

She immediately stood up as she saw Garen approaching.

"I have been waiting for you for a long time. I'm impressed that the shackles had an additional effect."

"Let's talk about it once we enter." Garen wasn't in a good mood.

The two of them squeezed into the guild and found a seat at the corner of the hall.

"What plans do you have?" The moment they sat down, Angel asked quietly, just loud enough for Garen to be able to hear her. "The current situation is dire and I have already arranged an underground passage to leave this place through the guild. This place will soon become a playground for those creatures."

"Plans?" Garen thought for a moment. "I wasn't in the city recently. Has anything major happened in the inner city?" He whispered.

Angel's attitude towards Garen had obviously changed for the better due to the secondary effects of the War Shackles, which had given her a few advantages during her multiple battles. She now felt completely at ease with Garen's shackles.

"Major event? Do you mean... the incident of the Duke Household's Chief Commander?" Angel asked skeptically.

"Let's hear about it." Garen whispered.

"The Duke Household's Chief Commander, Goth's wife had killed his mother and I heard that she even stole an important item from the Duke's household. She is currently wanted throughout the city. I heard from a few acquaintances that the situation is extremely complicated." Angel pondered before she whispered her reply.

Garen was still dissatisfied. Although he was able to pull the history back onto its original course, Goth was still being forced into a dead end. Andy was not supposed to die, and Jessica has murdered Goth's mother and went missing.

The situation was very difficult for Garen to imagine. Jessica had killed Goth's mother. Was it because of the Silver Control?

Garen wasn't sure if Goth had found out that Jessica was being Empowered, though he knew that whether Goth liked it or not, he had to walk this path.

Or else the entire Iron Tank City would be dead.

He wanted to avoid it but the Iron Tank City would be wiped out if he were to do it. Garen was truly stuck in a dilemma.

"This is the road the strongest person must take..." Garen lowered his head and sighed. He had been neglecting the fact that he had yet to try and make a conscious decision.

Had I really forgotten about time? Garen asked himself.

"Are you alright?" Angel asked in confusion. "Do you know that Goth?"

"He's my friend." Garen nodded. "Alright let's not talk about this. Where's your small team? How's it going?"

"It's alright. We're currently defending the southern region." Angel answered. "How about it? Do you want to tag along?"

"No thanks, I have other things to do." Garen shook his head he passed a paper with a written address to Angel. "You can come to this place if you encounter any trouble. Perhaps things will take a turn there. Remember not to bring too many people, not more than five people."

Angela took the paper skeptically and studied it. It was an address outside the city. "What have you been up to in the dark?"

"Don't worry about it. Alright, that settles it then." Garen stood up as he'd heard shouts from the outside.

The city reverberated with countless creatures' growls.

The final battle had begun.