

Mystical 341

Chapter 341: Anticipation 1

Inside the manor.

Beckstone and his partner, Darian, were cautiously avoiding the guards and soldiers as they walked towards the most deserted part of the manor.

He looked left and right, and occasionally at his watch as he waited patiently.

Soon, a figure with a cold face appeared. It was Beckstone, and he looked like he was in a very bad mood.

"Have you gotten your answers?" Darian whispered.

"It's been confirmed. The last thing we need to do is find his experiment lab. Those experimental beings outside wouldn't appear for no reason. He must have hidden building with a core experiment apparatus inside." Beckstone said coldly.

"What are we waiting for? Let's go find that place!" Darian rubbed his hands as he was getting excited.

"No need to rush. That old man had started to suspect me. He must have known what we are investigating when you two were collecting intel for this past two days. We must proceed with caution."

Beckstone's tone was very calm.

He took out a small blue crystal from his pocket. It had a diamond shape and it looked crystal clear.

"When we came out, teacher had given me a total of three Time Mists, and now it's the right time to use one of them. We can use two abilities from each of these, which are Confusion and Bail Out. Naturally, we can use them at a different time."

As he was speaking, the crystal gently floated and rotated silently in the air.

Beckstone swung his hand upward, and gently pushed the crystal upwards. It came to a stop at the right side of his body.

"Alright, we should move. Our immediate area has been mistified, and all probing tactics should be rendered useless. However, we only have 30 minutes."

"You sure have a lot of good items on your hand! Why don't I have any of them?" Darian felt in envy.

"You need to maintain a certain amount of calculations before using this; its difficulty is on par with solving an advanced physics questions within a time of ten seconds. I still have some of them if you need it." Beckstone replied coldly.

Darian was silent, calculation was not his forte.

Beckstone looked around before bending down and gently pulling up a metal plate that lead to an underground passage. The metal plate was camouflaged as part of a green field, and had a thick layer of dirt caked on top of it. One would never be able to realise that it was an underground entrance.

Beckstone looked down at the entrance. His eyes were glowed silver. However, the light slowly dimmed and calmed.

"Let's go."

He immediately jumped into the entrance like how someone would jump into a pond, and disappeared into the darkness.

Without any hesitation, Darian slowly placed his lower body into the hole and the metal plate back to its original position, before he fully entering the underground passage.

Both of them were inside the dark tunnel; their only light source the blue crystal on Beckstone's body. However, its intensity could only illuminate a small area, relative to his surrounding.

The ground was moist, a faint rotten odor was always present.

"How long has this place been sealed off? It's so smelly!" Darian complained covering his nose.

"It's not that it isn't ventilated, the odor wouldn't disappear even if there was air coming through." Beckstone said calmly.

"Disgusting. It's worse than the time we had to pass through that creature's stomach!" Darian complained.

Two of them moved forward with haste.

Few minutes passed, and Beckstone suddenly felt something was off.

"Something's not right!" He immediately stopped moving. "We've been walking for so long, how could there be no movement from the other side?"

A silver light flashed from his right eye and his vision was covered with layers of silver light.

"It's a Tactic Maze!" His face suddenly sank. "They had prepared in advance! They even set up such a troublesome Tactic Maze."

"Who cares what maze it is! Let's just break through it!" Darian started to become impatient.

"He patted his body and a big black creature emerged from his side. It was a humanoid creature with an eagle's head. Its head and its body were covered with thick, solid feathers, its eyes were gold, and a black rings surrounded its pupils. It had huge, black wings as its hands and goat's hooves for legs. It's total height was about 2.5 meters, and was about a head taller than Darian.

"Move forward Night Owl! Pierce through everything!" Darian pointed with his finger.

The eagle head creature screamed spread open its wings.

Kachak!

Within a screeching sound, two white lights shot forward and landed onto the wall in front of them.

Boom!!

Two huge holes were formed in the wall. Stones were sent flying everywhere, some had landed on them but were deflected by their totem light.

In a blink of an eye, the holes recovered back to their original shapes. It was like an animal regenerating a leg after having it severed. Strangely, the stones went through the ground and disappeared.

"It's useless." Beckstone said calmly. "A Tactic Maze is made out of highly regenerative materials and has the effect of returning attacks. We can only get out of the Maze by following its rules. What you did just now was equal to a person fighting against the whole of the maze's resources. If its source is geothermal energy, you'll never solve it, even if you wasted all your strength."

"Then what should we do? You didn't plan on breaking it through with strength?" Darian was displeased.

If we can find the four main nodes of the maze and destroy them, we can get out." Beckstone's silver eyes moved. "Let's spread out and find the nodes."

Inside the underground secret room.

DuQian was standing quietly in front of a giant black crystal. She had been modified by Vanderman, and was no longer a human being.

Her upper body was still resembled a human, with her fair skin and beautiful face as she was wearing personal armor filled with green blood vessels. However, her lower body had been modified into a giant dark green root, which was directly inserted into a square pool. Her lower body was filled with hundreds of roots, and it kept absorbing the green liquid from the pool, as if a huge tree were absorbing nature's nutrients.

As the housekeeper of the Vanderman household, DuQian was also Vanderman's lover. She had been by Vanderman's side since young, and their relationship was that of a husband and wife, father and daughter.

In order to her lover's plan, she was willing to sacrifice herself and be modified into such a state.

"Someone dares to go through the maze?" He looked up at the map shown on the crystal.

It was shown clearly that there were two red dots moving deeper into the maze from the entrance.

The whole maze was like a giant web, where the edge of the right was the entrance, and the exit was at the other end.

Both of them were moving towards the exit of the maze. All the guards that they had encountered during the journey were easily killed off by them.

DuQian pressed onto the symbol on the master control on her right but nothing happened.

She felt something was off. "Is this... Mist Blockade? I can't believe they have such an advanced skill! Looks like they have planned beforehand."

She pondered for a while.

"Since I can't send out the signal, I will come after you guys myself."

She placed her fingers onto the master control once again.

Immediately, the black crystals showed four different screens, each of them had a strange head sculpture within.

They were the clown, blind giant, two-headed wild boar and a beautiful woman with gold hair and red eyes.

"Someone has invaded the maze. Which one of you will go and deal with them? The enemy came prepared." DuQian said coldly.

"Uh huh!!" The two headed wild boar was the first one to voice out. Its voice was rhythmic and it was obvious what it was trying to say something.

Strangely enough, DuQian understood what it was trying to say.

"Alright. You'll handle them alone Ralph. Don't let them pass through your territory."

The wild boar oinked two times before the screen was turned off.

"Why didn't you send me?" The clown licked his long red nails as he said unsatisfactorily.

"I would be a better choice instead of you." The red-eyed beauty was dressing herself up as she comb her hair. "I have used up all my ingredients here. It's about time to refill them."

"You would throw all of them away before you even finish them. I would have conserved the materials by eating all of them after cooking them." The Blind Giant said unsatisfactorily as well. "Nothing will be left for us once that pig Ralph goes on a frenzy."

DuQian looked at these sore eyes. These four were strongest mutated beings, each of had their own unique strengths and couldn't be classified by form.

Even she would be in trouble if four of them were to team up.

Although she didn't know the strength of the intruders, she should be able to kill them off easily in their territory with the support of the elusive maze.

Garen was staring at the two carriages coming from afar. The carriages were badly damaged, and were on the verge of breaking down. Two of the horns on top were missing, revealing a giant hole.

The curtain was made out of broken clothes, and the driver was no other than his beautiful cousin sister: Sophie Hathaway.

Hathaway's cold elegance wasn't damaged in the least. Her silver armor, on the other hand, was ragged, revealing the blood vessels within the armor. The way the red blood vessels moved in the armor indicated that it was an experimental equipment made by Vanderman.

Although she looked oppressing on the driver seat with her golden ponytail, she had obviously gotten a lot thinner.

As she took a turn from the forest lane, Hathaway saw Garen and Leila standing in the middle of the road.

"Cia!?" She was stunned and happy at the same time. "You're still alive!?"

Neigh~~ Neigh~~

She quickly stopped the black horses, got down the carriage and sprinted towards Garen.

She immediately hugged her tightly.

"You damn bastard! Where did you run off to! You had me so worried!" Hathaway was both happy and surprised. She then let go of Garen and pinched his body. "Thank goodness you didn't lose any part of your body!"

"Stop it cousin sister!" Garen helplessly struggled out from her arms. "I'm already an adult. If you keep touching me I would sue you for sexual harassment!"

"Huh? I can't believe you learnt these phrases in such a short time!?" Hathaway was angry and pinched Garen's face. "Tell me! Where have you been all this while!?"

"Can you stop it?" Garen was completely helpless and immediately put some distance between him and her cousin's sister. As Leila was in the scene, if this kept on his image as the leader would be lost for good.

He looked at Leila, and behold, she was giggling to herself in a corner.

"Cia! You're not dead?!" A familiar voice came from the carriages.

Garen look at the carriage and saw a young woman with linen colored shawl hair jump down from the car. She was wearing some sort of white cowboy tight suit and there were holes everywhere on her knees and thighs.

This girl had a well balanced body figure, a rather ugly face and looked delicate. Her cheeks were red and seemed to be ill.

"Andel!?" Garen immediately recognized this girl. He could immediately recognize her thanks to his good memory.

Andel, Marin, Prynn and Acacia were the four of the noble team that were the most eye-catching in the Lush Green district.

He didn't expect Andel to be alive.

"What happened to you? You look like you're sick." Garen immediately walked towards her, the girl who had a slight crush on him.

"Where is Prynne and the others? Marin? How is everyone?" He started to reminisce the days the four of them hung out together, when he was enjoying his life.

"Prynne and Marin are together as they were sent to the royal capital by their household members. Marin was attacked by a creature and was severely injured and his injury could only be treated in the Royal Capital. I... I have no where else to go." Andel lowered his head as her mood plunged down.

Hathaway walked towards her and gave her a gentle hug. "When Andel's family was moving, they were attacked by a creature and everyone was separated. The status of the remaining household members are currently unknown. I met her when I was on my way here. If not for the totem user who was sent by Prynne protected us, I'm afraid..." She didn't finish her sentence by the meaning was loud and clear.

"Mum and sister will definitely be fine..." Andel whispered.

"Let's go back to the manor and tell us what you have gone through. Let's settle down first before we talk about the rest." Garen knew that Prynne's status was higher than his, and was most likely the strongest noble in the Lush Green district. They had both power and authority, so he wasn't so worried about him. The fellow's household had a strong background within the Royal Capital and the Royal Household.

"I need to find a way to contact my uncle in the Royal Capital. He will surely help me, since he pampered me the most when I was young." Andel whispered.

These four households had countless of connections in the Kovitan Empire. Garen or Acacia's father, Vanderman who was an academic noble had incredible connections with the research academy and the three departments. He was able to pull Barr and Baphje here to assist him during the Chaotic Era thanks to his connections.

Andel and the remaining two household, too had very strong connections of their own. As long as they're alive, the chances of them from recovering the damage would always be very high.

Buzz...

Silver light came out from Beckstone's eyes and formed a silver vortex onto the wall.

The shape kept changing and soon formed into a complicated map and two white dot and green dot could be clearly seen on it.

"This is the map of this maze. It's not really complicated as they are only 322 forks. The construction of this maze is technologically obsolete It looks like they've spent some effort in it." Beckstone said coldly.

Darian, who had both of his hands at the back of his head, followed behind him without much interest.

"I'll just need to follow you and your orders. Stop telling me these complicated things because I will get confused by it."

Bam! Bam ! Bam!!

Heavy footsteps could be heard from the front.

"It's coming again. It's so annoying! When will it stop!" Darian started to lost his cool and flung his right hand and the Night Owl appeared once again. "These creatures are too annoying! We need to kill all of them for five times in order for them to stop appearing!"

Chapter 342: Anticipation 2

"There's no need for you to waste your totem's energy. We just need some time to deal with them thoroughly." Backstone said coldly. "Listen to my orders."

"Right!"

"Lightning attack on the upper right."

Kaching!!

Two lightning bolts with the thickness of a small arm shot out and landed onto the upper right corner of the dark passage.

"Stomp twice with your legs at the lower right."

Boom Boom!!

The Night Owl followed the orders and stomped twice with all its might.

Suddenly the passage in front of them changed.

"Alright let's move."

Beckstone walked forward, passing through Darian and his creature.

"Is that it?" Darian was stunned as he looked in front of him. He didn't even see any trace of humanoid creatures.

The black tall man made out of dirt had completely disappeared. What was left in front was just a pitch black passage, as if the disturbance previously was nothing but an illusion.

"Save some energy because there will be more later." Beckstone's voice came from the front.

"Where's our final destination?" Darian quickly followed Beckstone.

"We will go where the maze ends."

"You couldn't find it?" DuQian was clearly upset.

She looked at the multiple screens on the crystal.

"The clown had been dealt with?" She couldn't believe that the opponents were this strong. It was as if there were no obstacles as they walked through the clown's supposed traps.

The clown, who loved to battle, went in front of the wild boar and met the opponents head on. However, he was also killed in front of the wild boar.

His corpse was nowhere to be found.

Inside the screen, the beautiful woman with golden hair and red eyes was upset as well.

"The opponent seems to give off a strange silver light. He managed to capture the clown and is nowhere to be seen in the maze. What should we do?"

"Tell all the guards to come back and defend. No... The news can no longer be spread out." DuQian applied pressure to her forehead. "Three of you gather up, I will be joining you. The end of the maze is the owner's study room. We must not let them go there! Never!"

"Yes!"

Three of them nodded and the screens were closed instantaneously.

DuQian looked at the tree roots under her lower body and her eyes were filled with rage. She was Viscount's strongest living weapon, and the opponent was obviously going after the Viscount. If she were to be defeated, then the whole Trejons' family would be done for!

Alone, Viscount was just a form one totem user and had not much battle strength. His strongest weapon was her!

DuQian picked up the black spear that was placed on the stone. The roots behind her body wound up together and formed one huge tail. She then slowly moved forward and headed towards the control room.

"As long as we can hold on until the mist disappears, the blockade will disappear and Viscount will immediately notice what is going on here!"

Boom!

Beckstone stared coldly at the creature that had fallen in front of him.

The beautiful woman with golden hair and red eyes, who had a pair of antlers on her back, melted in front of him at an alarming pace. She then turned into a stream of silver light and was absorbed into his right eye as she disappeared.

"Let's move on. The experiment lab should be just right up ahead of this maze."

Darian followed him tightly from behind.

"I can't fight against beautiful women.. as my heart melted when I saw her... If there are any more seductive traps... Keep it coming at me! Don't be shy!" He muttered as he looked around at his surroundings.

Both of them then pushed open the sealed stone door in front of them.

Rustle...

Their faces changed the moment they opened the door.

"This... This is!!?" Darian covered his mouth as he tried to resist the strong stench in the air and stared what was in front of him.

It was a room packed with corpses, male and female. They were covered in red stripes and were hung by steel chains pierced through their hands, resembling poultry on display.

The majority of them were youngsters. Some of them were even children, just a few years old.

However, all the corpses had one thing in common; they had been skinned. All of them were covered in blood. Their muscles, red and white, were clearly visible. It was not a sight for the weak.

Some of these corpses had been utterly rotten. Maggots drilled in and out of crevices where missing pieces of flesh had been eaten.

On the other hand, some of the corpses were still fresh; obviously placed here not long ago.

The whole room was spacious and completely filled with hundreds of corpses. These corpses were separated into two rows, end to end, spanning thirty meters long.

Beckstone was traumatized as he slowly put one foot in front of another into the room.

His footsteps echoed off the walls as they fell on the greyish-white stone path that covered the room. On the sides of the stone road were stairs that went under; the bottom of this place was filled with colossal amounts of clotted and wet blood, which painted the whole floor red.

As they walked deeper, the duo saw a few crystallized boxes filled with corpses. The boxes were about as tall as a person, and there were even detailed labels on each box.

Beckstone looked at the label.

'Sun Calendar Year 3558 of the 4th Month -- Alice: There is only one successful sample. The success rate is too low. My heart softened as I heard the cries of these children. Unforgivable. I am trying to evolve the human species as a whole! I must persevere!' -- Vanderman Trejons.

There was a small girl, about five to six years old, who was immersed in a transparent liquid in this case. This little girl's golden hair was spread open like a flower inside the water. Her eyes were wide open, looking out of the glass, as if she were still alive and was placed inside this small glass case, naked.

"Such inhumanity!" Darian scolded out loudly as he hyperventilated. It was clear that he was very angry.

Beckstone's eyes were filled with murderous intent.

He then started to walk alongside the cases.

His invisible distortive power started to expand from his body. This strong power kept spreading out, like smoke and filled up the room in no time.

Two tall figures appeared at the entrance then.

One of them was a two-headed wild boar humanoid, and the other one was a fair giant, who was a head taller than the wild boar. However, the giant had no eyes, and couldn't see anything at all.

Behind these two creatures stood a strange woman.

Its upper body was a human, but its lower body was a tail made out of countless roots. On top of that, this lady's eyes were filled with blood.

"Kill them!!" DuQian ordered without mercy.

Countless Slime Men climbed up from the floor and surrounded Beckstone and Darian in the room.

Beckstone ignored them and kept moving forward quietly, his eyes falling upon the cases one by one.

He finally stopped at one of the many cases that lined the room. What was already a pale face became a shade lighter, as he saw the label on this particular case.

His trembling hands slowly reached for the label.

'Sun Calendar Year 3357 of the 1st month. Leanna Ross. The quality of the children from this batch is just superb! Five of them had succeeded. This was without a doubt an encouragement to my research. What's funny is that this kid dared to say that I am pitiful. I will let her know that who's the pitiful one!'

There was the female corpse of eleven or twelve year-old girl, peacefully immersed inside the transparent liquid within the case.

The girl was naked, straightened from head to toe by a thick, metal bar inserted into her mouth, piercing and running straight through her lower body. She was stabilized by the base of the case and was placed as a standard human specimen.

The girl's eyes were wide open. Her gaze filled with agony. Her limbs were flush against the wall of the glass as if she was struggling with all her might at an impossible task.

Beckstone gently rubbed the label's characters as his body shivered. It was as if something in his body was expanding and he was resisting with all his might.

"Leanna..." He stared at the beautiful, familiar face, as he recalled the days he spent with her when he was young.

Beckstone closed his eyes in agony.

"Ah!!! I will kill all of you!!" Darian, who was standing from behind, finally exploded in rage.

Two Night Owls appeared at the same time, along with a giant Grey Hawk as well.

The Grey Hawk was surrounded by a grey light, which was an indicated that it had been spiritualized.

It was at this moment.

A powerful silver distortive power expanded.

Silver light lit up from Beckstone's right eye, as if something was trying to escape from it. They expanded and contracted sporadically.

A few minutes later.

Beckstone stood at the front of a reddish brown passage, where he could see the wooden door at the other end. That wooden door was the entrance of the study room which bypassed the maze.

He could feel that person's breath behind the door.

Darian stayed behind to deal with the creature that seemed to be immortal. As the Time Mist was about to expire, he came alone to prevent from the main culprit from noticing, so that he could kill him!

Beckstone restrained the silver light in his eyes and walked towards the wooden door silently. He quickly hid his murderous intent.

Vanderman was drinking his red tea in front of the window quietly.

This was the study room of the main building, which was also his favorite study room. It was also one of the maze exits as it was connected to the underground lab as well. His biggest secret was placed inside this very room.

He felt safe here, as long as he knew that this place wasn't in danger.

He placed down the teacup, took out his black pipe and carefully lighted the tobacco inside and adjusted it.

Click!

As the red fire was lit and immediately burnt the glowing red tobacco. Its fragrance soon permeated the entire room.

"I need to send off those three as soon as possible. The longer they stay here, the higher the probability of them discovering my secret." He pondered for a moment. "Coincidentally, the twelfth princess came to visit. It would be best if I can let her bring these three along when she leaves."

He started to feel guilty recalling his experiments back in the days. He knew that the experiments were inhumane, yet he gave no quarter pursuing his ideals back then. In the end, he had created bloody memories that he didn't want to recall.

Every time he recalled these memories, he couldn't help himself but feel agitated.

"This is the price of improving the civilization. They would have thanked me if they still had a soul." He comforted himself so but he could keep the guilt in his heart at bay.

Sigh...

He exhaled a ring of long smoke streams.

Knock Knock KNOck.

"Please come in." Vanderman responded calmly.

The door was opened.

Garen came in with a smile.

"Father, since I am free, I decided to come and see you."

Chapter 343: Battle 1

Vanderman froze for a moment and then smiled slightly, feeling as though a little something had filled the hole in his heart.

"Sure. Speaking of which, it seems like a long time since we've had a proper talk, as father and son."

He put down his pipe and watched Garen sit down, reminiscence in his eyes.

"Speaking of which, when I was young, I also did many wrong things in order to achieve my ideals. I hurt a lot of innocent lives. Thinking back on it now, my heart aches with the pain of it."

He paused.

"In truth, even now, no matter how much I want to make up for it, the effort I had already sunk in forces me to continue to the end. If it weren't for you and Du Qian, I'm afraid..."

"In order to achieve their ideals in life, people need to step over countless corpses, isn't that the principle of life?" Garen leaned onto the sofa, saying calmly. "The weak pay the price for the ideals of the strong. The desires of the strong need to be filled by the weak, that's why countless people chase after the strong, and idolize them. If the strong are merely a unit that services the weak, nobody would want to reach that pinnacle."

"Where did you hear such theories from?" Vanderman frowned. This was natural selection, plain and simple, the theory of the Phantom Lights. Although Vanderman himself admired the Phantom Lights, not even he was this extreme.

"Isn't that only natural?" Garen shrugged. "The ladder of the world is decided by strength. While the strong perform their duties by protecting the world, they should also enjoy the service of the weak. Everyone should do what they are supposed to. But some people always think that everything is under their control. Even if the chances of an accident occurring are low, that doesn't mean there definitely won't be any accidents."

"What are you saying?" Vanderman's expression was slightly surprised.

Garen smiled imperceptibly.

"What am I saying? There will always be many accidents in life, some of which can be avoided. But others can't be avoided no matter what. What we need to do is maintain a calm heart even in the face of accidents, so that we never regret anything. What do you think, am I right?" His gaze went across the room in an instant, penetrating through the door, and focusing on Beckstone, who was outside, in a moment.

Stone had stretched out his hand to grab the doorknob, but stopped. He stood outside the door and clearly felt that intense gaze penetrating everything, landing straight on him.

"Interesting..." His lips curved ever so slightly. He loosened his left hand slowly, his eyes faintly glowing with a silver light. There almost seemed to be a shapeless beast roaring in his pupils.

Groooowl!!

It was almost simultaneous. The roar of the beast, the sparkle of silver light.

A huge black shadow pounced at the door!

The door smashed into pieces in an instant, the black shadow colliding into another with a crash. In that instant, nothing could be seen clearly, and there was only the explosion of silver light, blindingly bright.

Barroom!!!

The whole building collapsed with a boom, large clouds of dust and wood dust scattering everywhere. The smoke and dust floated up, completely obscuring everyone's vision.

In the center of the estate, the whole main block had come crashing down directly. Huge amounts of white smoke rippled out from the center, and nothing could be seen clearly. Some of the servants and patrolling totem users nearby quickly ducked to avoid the scattering debris of stone and wood.

Slowly, the wind blew the dust off the ground.

Garen's figure slowly appeared on top of the rubble. He stood on the spot quietly, his gaze looking straight ahead.

There, Beckstone had silver blood leaking from the corners of his mouth. His eyes were like rapidly rotating silver whirlpools, constantly sparkling with blinding silver light.

"I misjudged..." He glared at Garen, squeezing the words out of clenched teeth with a hard expression.

"Cia... You!!" Vanderman stared blankly at the son in front of him. This child, who was once so familiar to him, was suddenly so foreign right now. The strength he displayed in that moment just now was enough to make Vanderman's body go numb. Such terrifying strength...

"Leave this to me, Father." Garen chuckled lightly, transferring his gaze onto Beckstone. "Let us have a fair duel." He clapped his hands lightly.

Clap-clap.

As he clapped, the earth began to tremble.

Phwah!

The floor next to him immediately bulged out. A huge Dual Headed Salamander suddenly popped out from the ground. It was more than ten meters long, seven or eight meters tall. When it crawled out of the ground like that, it instantly sent the surrounding servants screaming and running in all directions.

Screee!!!

The Dual Headed Salamander settled beside Garen with two tapping sounds. No matter how you looked at it, it was a huge grey-green monster. Even its two heads alone were as tall as a person, and that mouth could swallow an adult in one go.

But Beckstone wasn't paying attention to that, he was looking instead at one of the creature's mouths. It was biting an unconscious woman, Berlina. The girl in red armor was being lightly held in the Dual Headed Salamander's teeth and seemed to have completely lost consciousness. She was covered in wounds, her armor was damaged in many places, and her body was a mess of blood and flesh in several areas as well. Her Totem Light was extremely faint, which meant her totem had been destroyed.

By then, Vanderman had already blocked the others who had come rushing out at the sound and retreated to a distance. Looking at the unbelievably powerful Garen, he didn't seem to have recovered his senses yet.

He still couldn't understand what was happening. How did his son suddenly end up so powerful!? His brain was a mess.

Andel and Hathaway ran in from another recreational building and stood at the other side with different expressions. Andel looked like she was seeing Acacia for the first time, her gaze on him filled with surprise and confusion.

"What... what on earth happened? What is that monster!? When did Acacia get so strong!?"

Hathaway opened her little mouth slightly, completely unable to answer. She was herself utterly confused and had no idea what was happening.

"Lord Beckstone is a Form Three Spiritualized totem user! Cia actually... actually..."

The two of them looked at the huge Dual Headed Salamander beside Acacia and felt weak in the knees just looking at that enormous body. Judging by its size, it was at least a Form Three monster!

"Form... Form Three? ..." Andel's eyes looked lost. She had only ever seen the power of Form Two totem users, so even Form Twos were the pinnacle of strength as far as she was concerned. As for the even stronger Form Threes, she could not even conceptualize them, so she just grouped them together with the rumored greats.

Du Qian, who was grievously hurt, hid in the shadows and was surrounded by some strange-looking low-level experiments. Watching the drastic developments in the field, her gaze was complicated, dazed, and comforted.

"My master, you finally have an heir..." Looking at how Acacia's strength right now, she could almost remember how strong the Viscount was back in the day.

On the other end, Leila, Angel and the rest were hurrying over.

"Wow!! As expected of Big Bro! He still has such an impressive trump card!" It was Leila's first time seeing the huge Dual Headed Salamander hiding behind Garen. That mountain-like beast was the most striking image on the scene, and so of course was the woman in red armor in its jaws.

Angel glanced at the huge Dual Headed Salamander, a flash of understanding and shock in her eyes. Thinking back to how calm Garen had always been, she instantly had her answer for everything, and she quickly swept her gaze over the other places.

Everything was normal on the Viscount's side, and it wasn't the girls who just came either. The focus should be on that young man standing opposite Garen.

"Move aside, all of you, and focus on maintaining the safety and vigilance of the estate." She connected it to what Garen said before. "Vicky! You go outside, and stay aware of the movements outside!"

"Okay, Big Sis!" Vicky received the order and left without hesitation. Hearing Big Sis use this sort of tone for once, she instantly knew that this was no joke, and something big must have happened.

"Leila, you go to the back, outside, and keep watch as well. If there's anything you can't handle, send out a signal immediately!"

"Yes yes yes!" Leila left reluctantly. "I wanted to see more of Boss' cool presence, why you gotta chase me away so fast..."

"Ansa, you stand further back, and take care of your own safety." Angel raised her right hand. Soundlessly, five pitch-black panthers walked out from the shadows. These panthers were sitting or standing, walking around Angel like guards glaring at the surroundings.

Two of the black panthers had limbs made of black mist, as though they were covered by a cloud of black air.

Looking at the two men standing off in the center, Angel's eyes flashed with calm.

Garen looked at Beckstone, standing opposite him. This unnaturally calm young man was now already pale as death, his eyes filled with unconcealable bloodlust.

"How is it? Anything you want to say?"

Garen could feel the gazes on himself. Like so many moving spotlights, they were all gathered around him and Beckstone opposite him.

He smiled nonchalantly.

"Fight me fair and square, just the two of us one-on-one. Whaddaya think?"

Pitch black Deep Swamp Crocs floated up next to him, and these crocodiles were surrounding Beckstone.

"Fine..." Beckstone squeezed the word out of clenched teeth. His gaze on Garen was getting darker and darker.

"Don't look at me like that, we just have different stances." Garen smiled. In his past life, too many people looked at him like that, and not one of them didn't die by his hand.

"Fine. No more chit-chat." Garen waved his hand.

Groooowl!!!

More than ten beasts roared in rage.

The Dual Headed Salamander swallowed the woman in red armor and kept her under its tongue. With heavy stomping steps, it walked up to Garen.

Garen's feet tapped the ground lightly and floated into the air lightly. Finally, he landed on the Dual Headed Salamander's back, high up above.

Pssshew!!

The first Deep Swamp Croc turned into a black line, pouncing at Beckstone.

And then the second, the third, the fourth!

All twenty Deep Swamp Crocs were there, attacking and biting from all angles. They fell over Beckstone like so many black threads.

Each black thread brought along a pungent current of foul air.

When the black threads brushed past stone debris, a chunk instantly disappeared from them, as though it vanished into thin air.

"Once Deep Swamp Crocs attack, they'll burst with instantaneous energy exceeding that of a Form Two totem. They are super fast, and don't stop until they've bitten their prey." Garen said smilingly, "Don't dodge now, your pretty partner is still in my hands. Let me see your true power."

The Salamander at Garen's feet revealed Berlina in its maw once more, lying under its sharp teeth.

Chapter 344: Battle 2

Beckstone was about to dodge, but he clenched his teeth and resisted the instinct to dodge.

Standing on the spot, he stretched his right palm outwards, his eyes flashing silver. A twisting silver whirlpool appeared out of nowhere onto his palm.

The whirlpool was as tall as half a man, sparkling with a faint silver light, as though it was forged out of infinite silver.

Boom!

The first Deep Swamp Croc crashed hard into the whirlpool. And then it straight up disappeared inside, vanishing without a trace.

It was closely followed by the second, the third...

Beckstone spun the whirlpool on his hand quickly, trying to block off all the Deep Swamp Crocs coming from all directions. But in the end, he couldn't possibly block them all.

Finally.

Bang!

A shot of black thread slammed into his back, making his whole body jolt.

From far away, Garen gazed at the silver whirlpool in Beckstone's hand. His expression wasn't all that pretty either. The Deep Swamp Crocs that got engulfed in the whirlpool were being torn apart by an intense twisting energy. Although it was slow, they were losing contact with him.

He watched Beckstone, who had swept up five Deep Swamp Crocs, one after the other before the silver whirlpool finally broke down and scattered. Beckstone's complexion looked slightly greenish as well, as though he just went through a terrible sickness.

The silver Totem Light on his body was being continuously assaulted by the black threads. The Deep Swamp Crocs imitated Angel's strategy, attacking and biting the opponent non-stop and at high speeds. They meant to tire the opponent out, fully expressing the specialty of group battles.

But as soon as the whirlpool on his right hand vanished, Beckstone actually started releasing a whirlpool on his left hand instead. And his Totem Light didn't show any signs of faltering despite the assault.

"Hmph!" Garen harrumphed coldly. The Dual Headed Salamander at his feet abruptly struck out a head, its bloody jaws lunging at Beckstone. The head was huge, the sharp teeth alone as tall as half a person, and one bite was enough to bite Beckstone into pieces. A few chews would turn him into scraps.

The shadow of the huge maw enveloped Beckstone completely.

Pheww...

The huge winds swept towards Beckstone fiercely, he was just about to raise the whirlpool and aim it at the huge mouth.

Roarr!!!

In an instant, an enormous roar sprayed from the large jaws, jolting his whole body until he went numb. The whirlpool in his hands scattered away in an instant, and he became disorientated and dizzy, his body weak. His ears couldn't hear anything at all.

One of the Dual Headed Salamander's abilities, Dragon's Roar. It enabled them to easily catch prey despite their slow speeds, rendering all the prey's senses useless after the tremor, so that the prey couldn't sense danger approaching.

This terrifying ability allowed the Dual Headed Salamanders to conquer the skies since ancient times, even if they couldn't fly. There simply weren't any flying creatures that dared to fly past their skies.

The huge bloody maw aimed straight for Beckstone. The large open mouth was as tall as he was, and he could clearly see the countless sharp teeth inside. There were even scraps of blood and flesh on them.

Beckstone could almost smell the pungent odor.

Finally, two beams of silver light shot out of his eyes, and gathered into a cloud of silver light, blocking in front of the huge jaws.

The huge jaws collided with the silver light cloud, as tall as a man.

Bam!

As though it had crashed into something hard, the Dual Headed Salamander wailed and took two steps back.

The silver light also dimmed slightly, having evidently taken some damage. But the silver light rapidly melted, quickly revealing the contents inside.

A large silver hunting hound-like creature appeared in front of Beckstone's eyes. The strangest part about it was that it didn't have a hunting hound's face. Instead, it was a fluid silver whirlpool, spinning continuously, as though its whole body only contained this silver fluid.

The silver whirlpool kept extending inwards, as though the deepest parts of its body could be seen through the head.

The whirlpool hound was as tall as a man, blocking in front of Beckstone, silver fur all over its body.

"A Whirlpool Beast?!" Beside them, Vanderman instantly recognized this creature. "To think he even created this sort of theoretical totem, who is this Beckstone?!"

"What's a Whirlpool Beast? Can Cia win?" While he was unaware, Andel and Hathaway had walked up to Vanderman's side, standing next to Maxilan and Edney.

Hathaway asked worriedly.

"The Whirlpool Beast is a unique high-level totem among the Animal Totems. It was a theoretical model made by Luminarist forgers in order to achieve manmade Spiritualization. It is known as the Animal Totem closest to Spiritualization. A normal Form Three totem is no match for it." Vanderman explained solemnly, "Its ability is to distort energy fields, it can swallow all creatures into its gut, digest them and then turn them into distortive power. Cia may have many Form Two totems, but once they go face to face, the power of the Whirlpool Beast isn't something these Form Twos can compare to. Now it's up to that Dual Headed Salamander to fight it."

"In that case, when it comes to actual ability, Cia is still weaker than that Beckstone?" Hathaway asked carefully.

"That's right." Vanderman nodded.

"Then can anyone else interfere and help?"

Vanderman smiled futilely.

"I tried to connect to my power, but it's not working. My two old friends are also only Form Two, they can't step in. That's Form Three power... and Du Qian..."

"Master..." Hearing his words from where she sat in the shadows, Du Qian looked at her own grievous injuries and didn't say anything for the moment.

Garen's expression was cold as he looked at the Whirlpool Beast in front of Beckstone.

"A Whirlpool Beast... Very well, it's rare to meet a powerful, legendary totem."

In the dozen or so seconds since then, seven or eight Deep Swamp Crocs had been swallowed by the whirlpool on the Whirlpool Beast's face. The remaining Deep Swamp Crocs only dared to surround it from the outside, too afraid to approach it any longer.

If a Form One totem was just a normal creature with Totem Light, then a Form Two totem was an even stronger, faster creature with some special abilities. And a Form Three totem was something that utterly used these special abilities as their main power. The larger ones could already replace physical fighting completely and had overwhelming power.

The Whirlpool Beast was one such existence, and the Dual Headed Salamander was only strong in itself. When it came to their height of evolution, the Salamander was still lower than the Whirlpool Beast.

Garen stood on the Dual Headed Salamander's back, his thoughts whirring quickly.

"This is the last blow, if you can withstand it, then I'll return Berlina to you," he said loudly.

"Do you keep your word?" Beckstone asked coldly.

"Of course." Garen nodded calmly.

"Then come at me." Beckstone straightened up, but he couldn't stop himself from cupping his hand over his mouth. With a gagging sound, blood began leaking out through his fingers.

Garen narrowed his eyes, and the Dual Headed Salamander raised its head to the sky, roaring.

Screee!!

The huge snake-like necks cast two black shadows under the sunlight.

The huge jaws on the right abruptly lunged down. There was a layer of faint red light on the edges of the giant teeth.

Pheww!

With a rustle of wind, the snake head moved at lightning speed, darting in front of Beckstone in an instant. The terrifying jaws stretched open immediately, chomping down instantly like a beast trap.

Beckstone was utterly focused, both hands gathering together to form a silver whirlpool. At the same time, the Whirlpool Beast also shot a silver fluid from its face, which was integrated into the silver whirlpool.

With all his power, he thrust the whirlpool upwards.

Ker-chak!!

A crisp sound abruptly reverberated across the whole area.

There were faint shrieks coming from beside the area, many exclamations of disbelief.

A huge white flying dragon had appeared soundlessly behind Beckstone. The white dragon gracefully lowered its long neck, its huge mouth biting Beckstone's back from behind. The grey-white air kept emanating from its mouth, going against the silver fluid on Beckstone's back.

He lowered his head to look at his waist in disbelief. He had evidently sensed the threat behind him beforehand, and had set a tactic there to protect himself, but the defense was nothing against this huge mouth and was instantly destroyed by something.

The silver light in his eyes trembled uncontrollably. Beckstone seemed to suffer an unbelievably intense pain.

The huge Dual Headed Salamander was directly in front of him, biting down onto the silver whirlpool with its huge mouth. Behind him was the equally huge white dragon, biting his waist.

Crack...

The Totem Light at his waist emitted tiny cracking sounds.

"It's over." Garen said mildly. "Unfortunately, you didn't manage to withstand this attack."

The whole field was quiet. No one had expected to see another huge Form Three totem hiding behind Beckstone, and judging by the light around it, it was even a Spiritualized totem creature.

Some people even started wondering if there was a Form Three totem user hiding somewhere. How else could one person control so many powerful totems?

Two giant creatures, each over ten meters long, one in front and one behind, one black and one white, dominated the field, like a horrific scene from a legend.

Garen leaped down lightly from the dragon's back, looking straight at Beckstone in front of him. Right now his face looks like a demon to everyone else, carrying a natural intimidation and terror. Surrounded by the beasts, his whole person had a vast, indescribable aura.

Nobody dared to make a sound, and they even tried to breathe softly, terrified of attracting the beasts' attraction.

Just then, Beckstone suddenly began to laugh coldly.

"Hahahaha..." He lowered his face, obscuring his expression. Only his whole body was shaking with the laughter.

"I swear in my name, Beckstone Monalito, that everyone in this mansion, everyone present here, must die!!" At the last part, he raised his head abruptly, black veins crawling all over his face, like tiny snakes sprawled over his face.

"Sunflower!!!"

Baroom!!!

A flash of blinding gold light suddenly appeared from his body.

"Secret Spell of the Aurora!!!" Beckstone's fingers madly drew out glyphs in the air before him, each of different sizes and each rapidly vanishing after completion.

The air surrounding his body explosively gathered into a huge silhouette of a towering golden tree.

The golden tree was more than thirty meters tall, and amidst the lush golden leaves, there were tiny golden flowers, emitting a blinding golden light like the Sun.

Beckstone was like the roots of the tree, his body transparent to reveal the insides of the bark. His hands continuously drew out countless golden glyphs and tactics. Each faded golden tactic glyph seemed to be the tree's power source. The speed of his drawing had already clearly exceeded fifty per second. This had basically surpassed Master-level writing speeds, achieving an unprecedented level of speed.

Chapter 345: Battle 3

In the golden light, countless thin and long golden whips flew out from the center of the many golden flowers. Each whip was covered with sharp thorns, and they got thicker as they came, emitting a shocking heat. Some of the stones nearby melted rapidly, and the wood simply grew charred and began to burn. The grass quickly wilted, turning into ash.

"Sunflower...!!!" Angel hid in the shadows, her face a mask of dazed shock as she looked at the giant golden tree. "A Plant type totem!! It's actually the three strongest Plant type totems!! It's over... we're done for..."

On the border of the estate, the two Masters who had just run out of the lab, Barr and Baphje, had also glimpsed this giant huge tree in the distance.

"This... this is... the Sunflower Tree!?!? Wasn't it extinguished by the Royal Alliance a long time ago? Why is there still one now!?" Barr's wrinkled old face was completely stunned.

Next to him, Baphje's expression wasn't any better. "As soon as the Sunflower Tree blooms, the area within three kilometers of it becomes restricted entry. It will only naturally open up again when the Sunflower Tree has destroyed all enemy creatures inside. This is one of the strongest abilities among the Form Three Spiritualizations. Which Master is playing the fool around here?"

Vanderman looked up at the golden tree, his gaze calm. Thinking back to everything that had happened in the past, he only had an unprecedented sense of fulfillment and quietude here in the face of death.

Du Qian quietly appeared beside him, her eyes full of gentleness as she leaned slightly on him.

"Master..."

"All these years, it's been hard on you." Vanderman hugged Du Qian lightly. "You made many mistakes with me."

"I have no regrets." Du Qian said softly.

Vanderman laughed and looked at his son in the middle of the field.

"Cia, Du Qian and I will create an opening for you, you make sure to grasp the timing properly."

By then, the countless golden whips had finished growing and were headed for the two giant beasts.

Garen stood on the ground quietly, the surface of the earth charred pitch black underneath his feet. His expression didn't change upon hearing Vanderman's words.

"An opening? Not necessary. One of the strongest Plant Totems? Haha..."

He raised his hand slowly, and waved towards the sky.

Roar!!! Roar!!!

Two loud dragon roars came from the sky.

Everyone raised their heads unconsciously, looking at the air above the estate.

In the sky directly above them, two huge and graceful white dragons rapidly descended, surrounded by a grey-white light all over their bodies.

Their bodies, more than ten meters long, pressed down like two enormous boulders.

"Destroy him, White Dragon!" Garen's cold voice sounded suddenly.

Before his words finished echoing, four huge beasts attacked simultaneously outside the golden light.

The grey-white Petrifying Spirit Light and the breaths crashed mercilessly into the blindingly bright golden whips of light. The Dual Headed Salamander glowed with the red light of life, biting voraciously towards the giant golden tree.

Brrr!!

They couldn't hear anything anymore. It was as though their ears had gone numb, the enormous sound waves making everyone go deaf.

The white beasts looked as though they were sprawling in the air above the estate, stopped in their tracks by the golden light as they continuously spewed out vast grey-white breaths.

The whole estate had utterly descended into a chaos of light, grey-white and golden light scattering everywhere, everything fell into reckless destruction.

Some people couldn't avoid it in time, turning directly into stone statues thanks to the Petrifying Breath, while others were brushed by the golden whips, and burst into flames until there was nothing left.

Explosions, buzzing and crashing, the tower collapsing, the screams and wails of the crowd, the roars and struggles of the totem beasts. Everything wove together.

The white estate utterly morphed into a sea of grey-white and gold. The huge fires burned, only to be utterly petrified in the next second.

Garen remained on the spot coolly, the Deep Swamp Crocs protecting Vanderman, Hathaway and the others. The Dual Headed Salamander was also guarding them closely, but since it had the red-armored woman Berlina in its mouth, it was attacked the least.

The three Petrifying White Dragons had already utterly destroyed the golden light whips' defense, directly bringing the line of war to the golden Sunflower Tree. In the air, bunches of golden whips were constantly covered and dimmed by the Petrifying Breaths. It had grievously hurt two White Dragons as well, but there were too many Spiritualized Totems, three in total, and there was even a Dual-Headed Salamander with them. The four Form Three totems attacked him at once, and there was someone in charge of directing them. Even Beckstone couldn't hold them down any longer.

In the trunk of the tree, all the veins on Beckstone's body were bulging, and he was almost at his limit. His eyes, nose and ears were all bleeding, an indication that he had pushed his totem power to the maximum.

"It's over." Garen lowered his eyelids.

"It is indeed over." Beckstone raised his head, smiling eerily.

Just then, a black shadow appeared behind Garen.

It was Darian!

He was covered in blood, two grey-white hawk wings on his back. He raised both hands into blades and pierced for the back of Garen's head!

His palms had serrated white edges, and a faint white spirit light spread from it, as though it had a terrifying sharpness that could penetrate everything.

It was also Spiritualized!

"Assassination Secret Spell!!!" Darian roared, and with a whoosh, his palms actually pierced right through Garen's protective Totem Light.

At the same time, a pitch black figure darted out of Garen's shadow, two pitch black scimitars in its hands aiming for Garen's lower body, ruthless and cruel.

Ker-chak!!

The Totem Light shattered.

Garen's expression was stunned.

Vanderman and the others beside the arena were also terrified, reaching out their hands and trying to yell, but they were already far too late.

In the tree trunk, Beckstone's expression was mild, his gaze on Garen like that of a dead person.

Barroom!!!

The enormous white spirit light was mixed with a hint of black stripes, and they exploded. Forming a cloud of white light more than ten meters in radius.

The white light scattered rapidly. Revealing the situation inside.

"How foolish, did you think you could beat me like that?"

Garen stretched out his right hand, chopping Darian's neck with one hand and lifting him into the air. There was a cynical smile on his face.

There was also a middle-aged man dressed all in black lying on the ground before him. The man spat out blood and saliva, staring at Garen in disbelief.

"Impossible... you've revealed all your trump cards! How can you still have such strength!??"

"Who sent you?" Garen casually tossed away the unconscious and dying Darian, looking at the man in black in front of him.

There was a huge and terrifying power in his right hand. In that split second just now, he had turned around to meet their sneak attack. Powerful secret techniques mixed with that terrifying power disintegrated their attack the moment they made contact. Before the white light faded, each of them even took a palm hit, sending them straight to Death's door.

"My mission is to obtain Vanderman's creature technique, I don't know anything else!" The man quickly revealed everything at once. He didn't even have enough time to summon his totem before his Totem Light was utterly destroyed. This Form Three totem user seemed to be slightly strange, he felt weaker than regular Form Three totems users, as though he didn't reach this level on his own.

This reminded Garen of a special force within the Obscuro Society's inner circle -- the elite division.

The elite division was filled entirely with the best members, and like the military, it was an independent department. Jess was part of the military, and other than the marshalls as well as President Hellgate, he was the strongest in his level.

The power of the elite division was even weaker than the military, but it couldn't be underestimated either. There was also a marshall overseeing everything, and apparently there were even two Elemental Generals like Jess. There were also many lieutenants and brigadiers, more than twice those in the military.

"Are you from the elite division?" Garen asked suddenly.

The man was instantly stunned.

"How did you know!?"

Garen smiled, reaching out his right hand suddenly and bending his finger to flick the center of the man's brow.

Psst!

An arrow of blood shot out. The man collapsed backward, no longer any light in his eyes.

The golden light in the sky was slowly conquered by the grey-white breaths. This petrifying air was like a mist, mixed with the Petrifying White Dragon's grey-white spirit light, vaguely covering most of the places where the estate was burning.

The fire was quickly extinguished, the burnt coal turning to grey-white stone.

Two Petrifying White Dragons flew circles over the estate, crying out piercingly.

On the ground, a White Dragon whose wing had been broken crouched next to the Dual Headed Salamander, quietly licking its wounds.

The whole estate fell silent.

Vanderman and the others also heaved a complete sigh of relief. The powerful sneak attack still couldn't hurt Garen, nobody could see what on earth happened in the white light. But Garen evidently had some final trump card that he didn't reveal, and he still won in the end.

Garen stood alone, surrounded by the beasts, his gaze looking at the gradually fading golden tree.

The countless golden light whips had utterly scattered away. Beckstone was vomiting blood, half kneeling on the ground, the silver light in his eyes blinking uncertainly.

Clap... clap... clap...

Garen walked towards Beckstone slowly.

"You're still not coming out?" His gaze moved to Stone's right. A bunch of specially protected totem users from the estate was standing there.

Those people looked stunned, as though completely lost as to why he would look their way. As they felt the huge beasts move their gazes to them at the same time, the totem users began to grow pale.

Garen lightly caressed the Petrifying White Dragon that was lowering its head.

He wasn't affected by these people's performance, merely looking in their direction calmly.

After a long time, a man in white walked out slowly from among them.

It was a very old middle-aged man, with an elderly face, at least in his fifties. He had a short white beard, his gaze complicated as he looked at Garen.

"Young man, there's no need to start any conflicts between us, you have even more potential than Stone. Why don't you join the noble Revolution? I can tell, you're not on the Royal Alliance's side."

He didn't attempt to hide his words at all, making them rather toxic. Many people here were from the Royal Alliance, and all their gazes changed when they heard that.

Garen laughed coldly. The reason he didn't kill Beckstone was because of this man. Now two of the Petrifying White Dragons were injured, both rather seriously. One of them had a damaged wing, and the other lost its limbs into a mess of blood and flesh. At battles of this level, Deep Swamp Crocs had no effect at all.

The middle-aged man here was evidently the secret protector of Beckstone and gang this whole time, Garen wasn't sure if he could hold him back.

But Garen had achieved his motive. This battle had reduced Terraflor's expectations for Beckstone. He might still be trained as before, but he will definitely not be as strong as he was in history.

This is the era of many heroes, the ones who couldn't laugh to the end were all just passersby in history. A tiny decrease could bring even more changes.

Chapter 346: Battle 4

Garen's gaze kept shifting. Beckstone's Plant Totem, Sunflower, was utterly damaged by the joint attack of four Form Three totems, and wouldn't be easy to fix. The rarer the totem, and the higher it evolved to, the more difficult it was to repair, and the more substantial the funds required for repairs. Even if Plant Totems were supposed to be able to fix themselves naturally, it would take more than a couple of days.

That time period would be enough for him to advance to the next level.

"Cia." Suddenly, a voice came from the side. It was actually Viscount Vanderman, who was standing at the side.

This Viscount-lecturer, who was always stern and strict, suddenly looked a lot more relaxed, as though a heavy weight had been taken off his shoulders.

"Let them go." The Viscount's expression was peaceful. His tone held a mild sigh and remembrance.

"You executioner!!" Beckstone straightened up from the ground, his emotions growing agitated. "For your so-called experiments, you killed several hundred people at least. Even Leanna!" This normally calm young man finally lost some of his steadiness. The veins all over his body kept expanding, as though his skin was covered with many earthworms and termites.

His voice was very loud, most of the survivors in the estate could hear it.

Thanks to Garen's protection, there weren't that many casualties in the estate. A few people were caught in the after ripples, but most survived.

"I'll kill you sooner or later!! As revenge for Leanna!" Beckstone had nearly lost his sanity. His eyes actually returned to a regular person's black, reddening slightly.

Right now, he had no Totem Light on him at all. All his totem power was used up in the Sunflower he activated last. He looked just like a normal young man.

"I once asked my teacher, when someone comes to a crossroads between their dreams and reality, how should they choose their own path?" Vanderman smiled bitterly. "In life, just make sure you don't regret it many years from now. That was my teacher's reply."

"I never regretted this path of mine." Vanderman closed his eyes slightly. "When I saw ordinary people suffering under the power of Totem Light, struggling, fighting back, wailing, but unable to do anything, I swore to myself, I will definitely come up with something that would allow ordinary people to fight totem power as well. This was my promise to my teacher, so, even if you kill me, I remain unrepentant."

"Nice words!" The middle-aged man in white chuckled coldly. "Out of those hundreds in the lab, can you truly say none died for your own bestial desires? Or rather, would you let everyone into the heart of your lab, to see just how many disgusting, dirty and bloody experiments you have hidden there?"

Vanderman couldn't reply. Beside him, Du Qian hugged him tightly, sticking out a snake-like tongue to lick his face lightly.

"Even the woman who loves you the most was transfigured into this ugly form, neither man nor monster. Why won't someone like you just die already!" The middle-aged man in white said loudly and coldly.

By then the whole estate had utterly fallen silent. The cold wind blew mournfully, bringing up the swathes of grey-white dust on the ground.

The others had long ago noticed this strange woman next to Vanderman. It was only upon hearing these words that some people noticed Du Qian's lower body, hidden by her skirt, was actually a snake's tail made of entangled tree roots.

Andel and Hathaway grew pale, as though they'd just heard the most absurd story. Seeing Du Qian's irregularities now, both of them couldn't help but lean away slightly. They were obviously frightened by Du Qian's strange condition.

"Uncle wouldn't do that, he's not that sort of person..." Hathaway said softly, as though she could not accept such a drastic change at all.

The two Royal Alliance Masters' expressions were ice cold. They were standing at the edge of the rubble and were surely in a far from a pleasant mood.

"Vanderman, you owe us an explanation!" Barr said coldly and loudly. Next to him, Baphje also looked displeased. There were so many totem users here, they just needed to control their totems to dig into the holes underneath the rubble for a look, and then they would know.

Soon enough, a few Sight Sharing totem users finally couldn't hold back anymore, murmuring in tiny voices. Vanderman, their beloved lord, suddenly became a cold-blooded executioner. Most of these people found it hard to believe.

Yet others kept their gazes tightly on Garen in the middle, right now the person who truly had the right to talk was Garen. The Viscount's son, who had nothing going for him, was now suddenly the person in charge of this whole area.

The murmurs and whispers pressed down their volume, as Garen's gaze swept the area.

The beetles and Deep Swamp Crocs digging into the ground had already revealed Viscount Vanderman's experimental location to him. Garen's feelings were very complicated, the bloodiness of the underground lab was rare even to him.

"To think Vanderman is actually this sort of person."

"Several hundred people... just for his own experiments, he killed them just like that. There aren't even several hundred of us here, are there?"

"Who knows when he might suddenly use us for his experiments?"

"Vanderman! To think you're this sort of man!" Baphje reprimanded angrily, "I'll report all of your sins completely! In front of His Majesty!!"

"Cough cough..." Vanderman suddenly started coughing intensely.

"Don't say anymore!!" Du Qian started screaming, a sob in her voice. She supported the Viscount tightly, covering his mouth with her hand, trying to keep the blood from flowing out. "The master..." Before she knew it, her face was already covered with tears.

"The master performed experiments on his own body, just for the armor most of you are wearing, just so everyone can fight totem power, he experimented on his own body, he never had long to live! Why do you all still want to treat him like this!!!" Du Qian cried loudly, sobbing.

"Don't say any more." The Viscount stopped Du Qian. Looking around him, the whispers from before had slowly quieted down.

It was true, without this new technique, most normal people would die as soon as they came into contact and fought with monsters. They wouldn't be able to resist or even run. Thinking of that, most of them fell quiet.

Garen walked up, but Vanderman raised his hand to block him.

His eyes sparkled. Only at this close distance, did he truly detect the problems with the Viscount's body, because it looked very normal, just like any other person. But the truth was that there seemed to be a whirlpool inside, sucking away all his body's nutrients.

And because there was Totem Light separating it off, Garen's shallow knowledge of totem research caused him to overlook it until now.

Looking at his son's tortured expression, Vanderman smiled.

"It's nothing, life is only several decades long anyway, and I never regretted my decision from back then. My only regret is that I hurt so many little children back then. I only understood how precious life is now that I've gotten old."

His gaze fell on Andel and Hathaway beside him.

"Cia, can you agree to two requests of mine?"

Garen nodded with a heavy heart. He had initially thought he could save Vanderman, as compensation for possessing his son's body, but he didn't know that Vanderman was already slated for an early death. He could sense it now, Vanderman was currently on his very last legs. Compared to before, his body seemed to be lacking the support of the most important something.

Vanderman's gaze fell onto Beckstone. "Let them go, all the sins began with me." There was a hint of guilt in his eyes.

"I don't need your pity!!!" Beckstone roared, and couldn't help but spray out another mouthful of blood.

Garen fell silent. Everyone was waiting for him quietly, waiting to see what sort of decision he would make.

After more than ten seconds, he finally raised his hand lightly.

Whoosh...

The Dual Headed Salamander opened its large mouth, spitting out the unconscious red-armored woman in its mouth and tossing her onto the ground next to Beckstone.

"Berlina!!" Beckstone propped his body up and stood, running over to Berlina. He then forcefully summoned a white Form One steed totem, putting Darian and Berlina on it one by one.

Having protected his companions, Beckstone's hands lit up with golden flames again. He actually still wanted to fight.

"Stop!" The middle-aged man in white appeared in front of Beckstone as though he teleported there, and chopped Beckstone's neck with the side of his hand lightly, rendering him unconscious. His palm didn't seem to be hindered by the Totem Light at all, going straight through it.

"Hurry up and scram. Before I change my mind." Garen's voice was deep.

The middle-aged man in white felt he was about as strong as Stone, and without the secret treasure Stone had, he could not release such a powerful totem like just now completely. Even the Sunflower Tree, that had the power of a secret treasure, failed, and he still didn't know what Garen hid in that white light just now.

He mused over it for a bit, and decided to leave first. First, he needed to take the three under his protection back, to recover and recuperate.

"We'll meet again in the future. My name is Challaha." He spoke slowly, and a sea-blue diamond-shaped crystal appeared beside him.

The crystal spun rapidly, slowly becoming slightly faint and translucent. All the three casualties and the man in white, Challaha, slowly became translucent, fading away.

Splash!

The crystal suddenly turned into an umbrella of shards, exploding apart.

The four of them also disappeared utterly.

"Challaha..." Garen licked his lips. It wasn't that he didn't want to make them stay, but he couldn't see the extent of the man in white's powers, and besides, now wasn't the time to declare war on Terraflor. Beckstone was still very immature right now, and there were many people stronger than him in Terraflor. This immense organization wasn't something regular little powers can fight against. To be able to stand opposite across Obscuro, Terraflor would at least have some peak-level fighters in charge.

And, this was one of Vanderman's requests.

Garen's gaze returned to Vanderman.

Vanderman's expression was comforted, as he nodded at Garen.

"I still have one wish." He paused, his gaze falling on Hathaway. "While I lived, my biggest wish was to see the birth of your children, my grandchildren. For the sake of our Trejon family's future, I can't let the roots of the family die in my hands."

Garen suddenly had a bad feeling.

As expected, Vanderman's next words proved his premonition utterly true.

"I hope, that you and Hathaway can get engaged." His expression was hopeful as he looked at Garen. "This is my last request, don't reject it."

Chapter 347: Leave 1

Garen looked towards Hathaway, who was lowering her head and red all the way up to her neck. This handsome cousin of his was now completely at a loss, like a young child.

"I understand. From this moment on, Cousin Hathaway is my fiancée." Garen looked calm. It was just leaving a bloodline for this body, this was something he was supposed to do in the original Acacia's place anyway.

Boom!!!

Suddenly, the whole estate gave a huge tremor, and the ground shook violently.

Garen's expression changed. He could feel a very powerful group of qi in the distance, and it was moving quickly towards the estate.

At the same time, the Crystal Derivator in his pocket was also growing hotter. This meant there was an Elemental General of his level nearby, and that person was rapidly approaching as well.

"It's the people from the elite division!" Garen immediately deduced their origins. That unknown beast was probably their doing as well.

"Leave now." Vanderman seemed to have sensed the movement as well, his expression urgent. "Cia, you take everyone and leave here immediately. Du Qian, I'm relying on you."

"Don't worry, master, I won't disappoint you again." Du Qian wiped the tears from her face and nodded.

"After you complete your arrangements, you follow Cia from now on. You have Form Three power, so you'll be of certain help to him." Vanderman told her softly.

Du Qian nodded lightly.

"What about you, uncle!?" Hathaway took the initiative to ask.

"I still have arrangements to make." Vanderman smiled. He rubbed Hathaway's head. "I watched you grow up, it's such a pity I won't be able to see the birth of your children with Cia..."

"Uncle, you can still live for a long time, don't say such silly things." Hathaway interrupted him.

"Go... I'll be over in a moment." Vanderman pushed Hathaway away.

Garen frowned.

"Father, I'll stay with you."

"There's no need, I'm activating an indiscriminatory attack that will hit everyone except for Du Qian and myself, you'll only be a burden if you stay." Vanderman shook his head. "Go, take Hathaway with you."

He lowered his head again and coughed. He coughed out black blood, dripping down from the side of his palm.

Barr and Baphje had already been appointed leaders by all the totem users and were gathered together. It would be difficult for Vanderman to regain everyone's trust now. The two old friends looked at Vanderman with complicated gazes, with confusion, unfamiliarity, but mostly pain.

"Go!" Baphje didn't say anything else. He turned around and quickly left with a group of them.

"You take care." Barr sighed and finally spoke to Vanderman before turning around and taking some more people with him.

Boom!!

There was another deep collision sound, and the ground shook again.

The crowd rumbled. Baphje turned his head to look at Vanderman. As an old and close friend, now that his emotions had settled down somewhat, he could more or less understand how Vanderman felt back then. Between morality and friendship, he still leaned towards friendship, and his dislike for Vanderman also quieted down.

A relationship spanning decades, was not something that could be thrown away at the drop of the hat.

"The Trejons family is as good as gone." Barr said softly, sighing, "No matter how strong Vanderman's son is, it should be the people from Obscuro outside. Their target is Vanderman."

Baphje stayed silent.

Even if Acacia suddenly became so strong, and although they didn't know how they ended up in conflict with Beckstone and the others, the situation now was that two of Acacia's Spiritualized beasts were grievously hurt, and the remaining power was nowhere near enough to deal with the incoming enemy.

Right now, they had to hurriedly leave the estate, and it was only after they were a distance away that they remembered to feel scared. That Acacia was decisive and would kill Beckstone and the others without hesitation.

Even if Darian and Berlina weren't dead, they were seriously hurt. No one knew if Beckstone could recover, but even if he could, it would take a long time at least.

Although their relationship with Vanderman made them sure that Cia wouldn't attack them, thinking about it now, if that young man acted on impulse...

Watching his old friends leave, Vanderman then turned his eyes to his son, Cia.

"Go, leave here immediately and take these people with you."

There were still some regular survivors in the estate, and most of them were elderly who had followed the Viscount over the years. Right now they seemed lost too because most of them didn't really care about the Viscount's experiments. They didn't know much about the experiments anyway, they just knew that their benefits, lives, and glory were all entwined with the Viscount, the Viscount's everything was their everything.

These people had lived on the estate for generations and had basically integrated into the Trejons family.

There were slightly more than ten of them, including Maxilan and Edney.

These two had already become the leaders of this group. They looked at the Viscount calmly, awaiting his orders.

As for the rest of them, they were mostly dazed and lost.

"Go, all of you, go... Follow Cia, he is the Trejons family's future. Where he is, that's where the family's base is!" Vanderman said loudly. "Du Qian, you take everyone and leave."

"Yes, master." Du Qian wiped her tears and clapped. Instantly, many root-like vines sprouted out of the ground, rapidly opening a round hole in the ground.

"Everyone get in first, follow this tunnel, and we can go straight to an exit ten kilometers away!" Du Qian said loudly.

Garen stood quietly at the side, his thoughts complicated.

Vanderman looked like he wasn't going to live much longer, so Garen was considering if he should Empower him, maybe that way he could solve the problem of this serious side effect from the experiments.

"Father, I heard the Obscuro Society has a technique, it's called Empowering, and it can heal most mysterious diseases..."

"I tried it a long time ago..." Vanderman said mildly. "It doesn't work."

He looked at his son calmly.

"Go, there's no time left. After all, I'm just a dying man." Vanderman's face was unnaturally quiet, not at all like a man about to die.

Garen didn't know what to say, and Hathaway and the others at the side didn't know what to say either. All they could do was follow Du Qian's arrangements and walked into the tree root cave one by one.

"Boss!" Leila hurriedly darted out of the corner of the rubble, rushing up to Garen. "Big Sis told me to tell you guys to leave immediately. She's already lured that big fella outside, but she can only last five minutes tops!"

"Got it, tell Angel to leave as soon as she completes her mission, we'll gather outside in a bit!" Garen nodded. "The others?"

"They've all gone out, but the situation right now isn't great." Leila spoke quickly, "There are many monsters outside, they're fighting with some monsters outside the estate, but it doesn't look like it'll last very long. What do we do now?"

Garen mused it over and was about to speak.

"You guys go too, leave from the underground tunnel." Vanderman's voice interrupted.

Boom!!

It was another deep collision sound. It sounded like footsteps, or stomps, unnaturally closer than it was before.

"Go now!" Vanderman suddenly roared fiercely. The center of his brows lit up, and suddenly their surroundings were enveloped in a faint green light.

Garen was about to speak, when suddenly a riotous group came in through the main gate of the estate.

Most of them at the front were the totem users who insisted Vanderman was a sinful villain. The leader was a man in red robes.

He had been the estate's patrol captain, Cardiff.

This group had been chased back, each of them pale and some embarrassed.

Cardiff was nearly fifty years old, and when he saw the people leaving through the tunnel, even he couldn't help but grow flushed. He was pushed to the front by the others.

Garen looked at them coldly.

"Didn't you guys go with Barr and Baphje? Why are you suddenly back again?"

Cardiff blushed all the way to the tips of his ears.

"We... we hope you can protect us so we can leave safely, sir."

"Why are you so polite to him! Those monsters outside must have been lured here by them too! It's their responsibility to escort us out!" Someone yelled from behind him.

"If it weren't for the estate's experiments, there wouldn't be such powerful monsters outside!"

"We are research students with the Royal East Totem Academy! According to the rules of the empire, Vanderman, you and your son have the responsibility to escort us out of here safely, and you have to make sure we're not hurt by outside forces!"

Most of those who came back were cowardly, the braver ones were still with Barr and Baphje, because they weren't willing to come back and plead. And the totem users who truly cared about their relationship with Vanderman were still here and were currently walking into the tunnel one by one.

There were only slightly over ten people who stayed behind, and only three totem users.

As for those who came back, they could tell at first glance that these were timid and cowardly.

Maxilan and Edney knew these people, they were never around when there was work or fighting to do, but they would definitely appear as long as there were benefits to reap. Some of them would even fight over their fallen totem user friends' belongings. They had even been harshly reprimanded by the Viscount over that.

Garen looked at these people calmly. A few of them were the two Masters' students, all of them came from noble families, their noses higher than their heads. They prioritized their own lives over everything else.

"Why do I need to protect you?"

"Why? We put our lives on the line for your Trejons family! We fought the monsters outside for so long! You still dare to ask such things?!" A young man with a thin face stepped out.

"You must atone for your sins!"

This person was merely a Form Two totem user, but he actually dared to forcefully stand in front of Garen, relying on his pride as a noble. Sensing Garen's unfriendly gaze now, he shirked back a little but quickly straightened up again.

"Some of us have already escaped safely. I made the arrangements, as long as we can safely leave, all your Trejons family sins have nothing to do with us, and we won't bother with them either. But if we don't return, all of Kovistan will know that you, Vanderman, used innocent civilians in your experiments!!

"Let them go," Vanderman said mildly.

Chapter 348: Left 2

"Sir?" Maxilan and Edney were ready to unsheathe their swords to kill. They had long been displeased with this group of unscrupulous waste.

"Let them go," Vanderman Insisted, "After all, they were trapped here because of me. It's natural to bear some grudges."

Garen got irritated; these aristocrats were really baffling. Even after he showed such a powerful attack, these people still dared to talk nonsense in front of him, thinking he wouldn't dare violate the imperial laws openly. Do they not know that there was such thing as an assassination? Did they think the law was omnipotent?

Perhaps it was the same most of the time on Earth, but in such troubled times, the fledglings that had lived in peaceful areas all their lives, without experiencing the brutality of war in the outside world.

After being urged by Vanderman, the group soon went underground under Maxilan's watch. Hathaway and Andel then went down, with the protection from Edney.

The last ones at the manor were Vanderman and Garen, while Du Qian was escorting the people safely through the passageway.

Garen gathered all his totems together and surrounded them.

As he had hinted, the newborn beetles on the periphery quickly spread and began searching in all directions for the aristocrats' companions, whom they had claimed to be left behind.

"Cia" Vanderman stood softly on the edge of the passage, the green light surrounding him got stronger and stronger.

He carefully took out a goose-egg-sized oval-shaped ball and he handed it to Garen.

"This one is for you, this is the Green Vine Sphere, the ultimate weapon that I had originally developed for our lineage. Unfortunately, you can not use it now."

Garen took the ball. The ball's body was green and black, its surface seemingly glowing with a faint gleam of green.

"Green Vine Sphere is the core culmination of my life's work, it can continue to synthesize spore-like seeds, attaching onto other people and absorb that person's strength and power to grow. When it reaches a growth threshold, it will become living body armor. The point is, this layer of armor can equip regular people with the properties of the Totem's Light. " Venderman explained simply.

With his Green Vine Sphere out, he had a defeated look on his face.

"This is the main breeder of the family, and you have to plant it on your own body. As to the choice of nurturing it, to provide it with nutrients to grow, that will all depend on yourself. But you have to remember, this is the main body that controls all the other spores. You must have complete control over it. Only by controlling it you can muster an army full of powerful creatures! Of course, the strength of the armor would depend on the person being leeched ... "

He told Garen about the characteristics of the sphere slowly.

Garen now realized why the Obscuro Society wanted to seize the fruits of his research. Such an item can make the overall strength of the entire force even higher, far more than a form 3 totem user or Spiritualization Totem User could.

"... and in addition, some of the research records of my experiments, and some academic materials I used were placed here." Venderman once again took out a small red key. "Go to the Imperial Kingdom, this key can open the basement of the manor I live in. If you are not interested, burn them."

"Plus, I still have an old friend who might be able to take care of you."

Garen sat in the wagon, quietly fiddling with the red key in his hand.

Angel sighed and sat across from him, looking fairly worse for wear. The wound on her right shoulder was carefully bandaged by Lala.

"I heard about your family. Do you think I should call you Garen, or Acacia?"

"It's still Garen. I'm the head of Trejons now, I have the right to change my name," Garen said quietly.

He looked out of the window. In the direction of the manor, a glimmer of green shone against a giant chimpanzee behemoth. This huge behemoth was a full 20 meters in height, but it seemed to have no special ability and was also slow in movement. It pounded one and on, but its fist was completely blocked by a green film of light.

Aouhhh! !

A few punches could not break through the green egg shell-thick film. The gorilla raged with a ferocious roar after lifting its head.

The echo of the roar caused severe vibrations surrounding it, even as far as clearly reaching the carriage some tens of kilometers away.

"What the hell is that creature?" Angel saw the calm look on Garen's face, which remained so, as if he had long been aware of the situation revolving the creature.

"The war behemoth." Calon coldly replied, "It is only large in size, but its actions are very slow. It's also very difficult to control, only useful in sieges as it is almost equivalent to the existence of a siege vehicle. What is worth noting is that it is accompanied by Elite Guardian Unit. "

"Elite Guardian Unit?"

"Well, it's a squad that specializes in protecting war beasts from being killed in close combat. According to rank, a war behemoth should have a lieutenant-led Guardian unit present." Garen squinted his eyes slightly.

Speaking of which, Garen thought of Vanderman, who was still in the manor. Viscount knew that death was near, and as Garen and the rest entered the passageway, he sealed the entrance to face the advent of the enemy alone.

A general, who would typically possess two Form 3 totems or more, not to mention the other unit members, Garen's totem was seriously injured this time. It simply couldn't endure any more attacks. In case the white-robed man from Terraflor Society had in fact not left and was waiting for the right opportunity, and if both sides clashed again, the result will be very unfavorable. The opponent was targeting Vanderman. Without someone delaying him, there definitely would not be an escape.

"Sister Du Qian!"

"Sir Du Qian!"

A few anxious shouts were heard from afar.

Garen quickly jumped out of the carriage, he looked back only to see a green silhouette.

"Sorry Young Master, I need to accompany Master." A voice which hadn't dissipated said.

Garen stood still and did not chase her. He knew Du Qian has been living for Vanderman. Her love for him was far too deep. From when they left, he had expected that Du Qian would not leave the manor so easily.

Maxilan and Hathaway gave chase, but to no avail, and they soon came back helplessly. When Garen looked at them, Hathaway shook her head and did not utter a word.

"Forget it, let's get back on our journey." Garen fell silent for a while, then said. "All aboard the car!"

Hathaway was unwilling, but she did not protest.

The rest of the people who were outside the carriage also saved their words; as the new head of Trejons, his words were law.

A boom cracked skies above them soon after everyone re-embarked and rushed ahead.

The strong explosion was followed by a cloud of black smoke rising into the sky.

Garen sat in the carriage. He knew it was the last he would see of Vanderman, and although there was not much of a sense of belonging to the father he had called Vanderman, he still felt lonely inside.

Vanderman himself was a contradiction. He had played multiple roles; a kind father and a host, a ruthless aristocrat, and scientist, and the martyr who had given everything for his dreams and vows.

The team was crowded with a more than 20 people inside, quickly fleeing the Trejons Manor. From the rear, they followed the bank of Black Swan Lake and head towards deeper into the Kovitan Empire.

"What's your plan?" Angel asked from opposite Garen.

Garon exhaled lightly.

What's next was not within his initial plan, but Obscuro and Terraflor Society will not let go of his parasitic breeder. Trouble will automatically come to their doorstep.

"Let's go to the capital," he whispered. "It is said that the Twelve Princesses were supposed to come, and it is certainly impossible to come back now."

"I've got some intel too." Angel drank the coffee Lala served quickly. "Going from this direction, we will soon reach the defensive checkpoint of the West Farm Border of Kovitan Empire, a defensive line carefully built by the Royal Alliance, a completely safe area for human beings. That area is much better

guarded, and I would also be able to contact the war guild using my letter of introduction from Iron Tank City Branch President. "

"Not bad..."

"I heard that there were a total of three large regiments at Kovitan's West Farm borders; the Hawks of Dawn, the Third Heavy Armor Regiment and the Navy Flag. The three regiments each occupy three strongholds, and from here."

Angel took out a map, pushed away the coffee, and opened the map on the desk.

Three positions have been marked separately, similar to the points of a triangle. They were displayed on a map of Kovitan that looked like a large cookie. Just on the lower left corner of the map area was the edge of the Green Lush District, which immediately led into the nearby location of the province of Vesice.

"Regiments? Do commoner forces have any effect?" Gallon doubted.

"No, it's all comprised of totem users from what I've heard from the totem users that came to the Manor from the capital." The Baddeck Empire in the southwest was exterminated, and a large number of surviving citizens of Baddeck poured into Kovitan. Among them, a lot of totem users from Baddeck joined the Kovitan Army out of spite." Angel shook her head, "Even the moderately sized Baddek Empire got wiped out. Obscuro Society and these monsters are really cruel."

Garen fell silent.

He first looked under his own attribute pane.

'Strength 6.66. Agile 2.72. Vitality 2.82. Intellect 2.53. Potential 17221%.'

He previously accumulated more than two hundred potential points, but he spent more due to the evolution of two Petrifying White Dragons, and now was left with 172 points. Evolving the Petrifying White Dragon into a form 3 totem was a very economical proposition.

Unfortunately, he can no longer continue its evolution.

Garon had some regrets.

This time, in order to deal with the dangers he might encounter, he had decisively evolved two Petrifying Lizards, grew them to Petrifying White Dragons. He had three Petrifying White Dragons and a Dual-Headed Salamander, yet he barely suppressed Beckstone. His hidden trump card, the monstrous monster's grip, also allowed him to endure the final ambush.

The monster grip had a substantial defense against totem light defenses, if this were any other totem user, perhaps this would be a normal trump card, only effective when the enemy came near.

But for Garen, the characteristic that weakened totems was simply complimentary to him.

As a Secret Technique Master, the totem's light was his greatest obstacle, and now with a substantial reduction of this obstruction, his Secret Techniques finally were of some use.

Removing the totem light and totem user, the only threat left were strong ontology and special abilities.

It can be said that the monster grip gave him an important opportunity to pick up Secret Techniques again.

Garen recalled what happened when he transmigrated to this world.

Smoky pots, volcanoes, Endorian civilizations and more civilizations, city monsters.

Everything seems to be making clear that this world had a different general connection to the previous world.

Chapter 349: At the End 1

Sitting in the wagon, Garen carefully arranged all the conditions that he knew. The core totem, Black-Striped White Tiger, had been repaired.

He intended to take advantage of the team's lull period to upgrade the Black-Striped White Tiger into form 2 properly. He might seem surrounded by totems, but in the event of an ambush, or if he wanted more room for improvements down the road, nothing was as good as his core totem to upgrade.

Be it the Petrifying White Dragon or the Dual-headed Salamander, they had no way to be further upgraded, as they had reached the end of their genetic lineage.

The only proper direction of upgrade now was the core totem. Perhaps he would be able to collect all sorts of creatures and to test their evolutionary limits, but the time wasn't now.

As he was deep in thought, a faint signal suddenly got pinged in his brain.

"Found it?" He stood up. "You go along, I'm going out for a while, I'll catch up to you soon."

Angel nodded. "Be careful."

Gallon nodded, and jumped out of the carriage after opening the door.

The beetles' reaction indicated that the target was not far away, and he should be able to reach it soon.

Once Garen got off the carriage, he suddenly turned into a gray shadow and went into the woods quickly, climbing along the towering trees up to the canopy before breaching the treeline.

Jiii! !

A Petrifying White Dragon was gliding low, just low enough to grab hold of Garen firmly.

Aquarius was standing on a hillside from afar, looking at Trejons Manor completely destroyed by the gorillas. Her heart expressed a kind of unspeakable pleasure.

She stood and was surrounded by a group of people, including both men and women, old and young, but they all had the same kind of smile.

These were the men whom she gathered amidst these troubled times. Five Type II Totem Users, all of whom were the best of the elites. Some of them are desperados from foreign enemies, some had been loyal servants of Aquarius for many years. There were also Obscuro Society members who weren't able to return after seceding.

One of them, the leader of the Green Share, knelt on one knee and reported to Aquarius.

"After the great apes left, we searched the vicinity of the manor for some time, and sure enough we captured some of the Kovitan noblemen who escaped from the manor, we found out some pretty good things from them."

"That's good, send it all to the warehouse." Aquarius was feeling good. "Vanderman is finally dead. Fighting him covertly and overtly for so many years, he was finally able to lay to rest. Fasa."

"Here," A man donning red hunting attire near her stood up.

"Send the news to the branch right away. Sequoia, how many people do we have now?"

Another woman in red stood up. "Fifteen form 2 totem users, thirty-two ordinary guards, most of them from Green Shade. Lieutenant Colonel Wen Rui has also arrived, and is now resting in the manor."

"Lieutenant Colonel Wen Rui, he has got quite a force behind him, just in time to support us." Aquarius nodded. "Unfortunately, our elite division is here, otherwise we could have looted more good items if we had left earlier."

"It's just that we were unclear of the situation; it felt like a war broke out in the manor previously, the specific situation is yet unknown." The girl in red whispered. "Maybe the elite division knows more about the situation, but the elite people always look down upon other departments, even us. They have also previously had some conflicts with Lieutenant Colonel Farr."

"They actually dared to go against the mighty Lieutenant Colonel Farr, do these people have water for brains?" Rose's face reveals a trace of disgust. "All these kids who never grew up!"

"Unfortunately, there aren't any influential people in our military to preside over the overall situation." Speaking of this, there was a sliver of hope on Aquarius' face. "I hope that the sir isn't just a passerby ..."

Du ...

Suddenly, something in her arms vibrated slightly.

Aquarius hurriedly took out the derivator from the pocket inside her, which was a pale red, transparent crystal ball the size of the fist.

A line of Kovitan words slowly appeared on the crystal ball.

'Your request has been approved. '

Aquarius' face suddenly looked ecstatic.

She was just bolstering a tryout attitude when she contacted for a request.

"It actually ... !!"

An unprecedented excitement gushed from the bottom of her heart, she, Aquarius Sembenita, was about to get rich! !

"Everyone! Bow down in unison !!"

She took a deep breath and shouted.

Wow!

Including her, they all knelt on one knee.

The reddish crystal ball was placed in front of her on a tree branch. Flashing on it were words establishing a connection.

Garen rode on the white dragon's back, watching the woods' carriage lanes quickly receding below. He looked up and looked toward the direction of the beetles.

He thought about it for a moment, then fished out the derivator.

The derivator was restored to its original pink color after the activation from Lala's empowerment.

As it was taken out, the crystal ball glowed with a slight red fluorescence.

On top of it were some continuous patterns of ripples.

'Communication requests: 3 found.'

"Three communication requests?" Garen was slightly surprised. The crystal's latency situation had been completely resolved after empowering Lala. Now he can even maintain contact with other crystal balls.

He hesitated slightly. Then click on the option to allow the request.

Jiiii ...

Like the chime of a television signal. Three threads appeared simultaneously on the crystal ball screen.

'- Elite Division Lieutenant Colonel Charles. '

'- Lush Forest District, Brigadier General Canberra. '

'- Lush Forest District, Colonel Aquarius. '

"Aquarius?" Garen smiled oddly.

He tapped on Rose's contact request.

With a subtle click, the contact soon connected.

"I'm Jess, Colonel Aquarius, please immediately report your location."

A small hill in the woods

Aquarius' group looked over the moon as they knelt on one knee, facing the crystal ball.

Not only her, but the others got unusually excited when they learned that there was actually an elemental general in the Lush Forest District.

Elemental Generals!

They possess innate strength, with a wave of a hand, they could summon high combat power units. Being a commander was only one step away. Every elemental general was extremely powerful people. Their combat power was much higher than the luminescence.

To be an elemental general, they were all geniuses among geniuses, the elite among the elite!

Being a Brigadier General was once Aquarius' biggest wish, and now she had actually met a real elemental general! This made her feel restless from excitement.

"I'm Jess, Colonel Aquarius, please report your location immediately." A low, hoarse voice came from inside the crystal ball.

"Dear General Jess, I am in a manor in the Trejons Territory. You can locate me directly from the crystal ball, not far from here." Aquarius' voice trembled. Originally, someone at her level, who had not reached a general, would have had no way to come into contact with such a big shot. Unexpectedly, such opportunity had finally emerged.

"Fine. I'm consolidating resources, list it all that you have and report in." General Jess's voice sank indifferently, with a sense of oppression.

"Yes! Consider it done!" Immediately afterwards, she hesitated, "Please tell me, your Excellencies, we originally belonged to the Lieutenant Colonel Grely, but now the Lieutenant colonel is missing in action, the whole Lush Forest District is in a disarray. There is no unification or leadership. I plead that Your Excellency integrate the strengths within the Lush Forest to prevent anyone from taking advantage of the power vacuum. "

She paused, then continued. "In addition, about resources, I have unexpectedly come across a phantom workshop of some secret surgery, would you be interested ..."

She knew, however, that now that the heroes of the masses had lost their prominence, each province resembled headless flies, pushed around by swarming monsters everywhere. The lieutenants only cared to manage their own areas of jurisdiction, no one cared much about the remote areas of the province. The original lieutenant-general here was also killed in an assassination ordered by the king of Kovitan, during their siege on RAL.

Even the lieutenants are despised here, let alone the generals.

Several nearby generals ignored the situation here. Each had its own jurisdiction, problems were left unsolved, no one had the mood to care about these trivialities.

The Obscuro Society in Lush Forest District could barely protect themselves in each battle; the side division only had one brigadier-general holding on. As Kovitan Empire became more powerful, they had been longing for a strong leader to lead them. Unfortunately, this wish was too difficult to achieve.

No one was willing to pressure Kovitan for a Lush Forest that was so drained of resources.

Aquarius' pressure was also growing. Now, finally, finally somebody cared about the entire Lush Forest District.

This finally made her feel a sense of relief.

"Secret Tactics? Phantom workshop?" Colonel Jess seemed to have never heard of them.

"This tactic is a curing technique that allows all the totem under you to be attached with a layer of bone defense. It is said that a special hard bone was found in the archaeological site by someone from the phantom workshop," Aquarius hurriedly explained. "Phantom Workshop is Lush Forest's best workshop union."

"Understood, You shall look into it. Send the maximum resources you can manage to this location." The crystal ball suddenly showed a line of words. Impressively, it was the Black Swan Lake near the shore.

.

"Understood!" Rose hurriedly nodded.

"Well, I look forward to your performance. Colonel Aquarius. " General Jess's voice disappeared from the crystal ball shortly after.

Aquarius and others kneeling on the ground on one knee, took a long time before they slowly stood up.

She kept the crystal ball, and Aquarius turned back delightfully.

"Gentlemen, it is time for us to perform, although General Jess will not govern us as our direct superior, but as long as we seize this opportunity, we will be able to come under James and gain the protection of the general! We will not be repressed by the disgusting rubbish of the royal family!

"What are some of the resources that General Jess said he wanted? He did not give a conclusion." Sequoia could not help but speak out.

"This should be a test given to us. To only speak about a resource and not specify specifics, it would be to test our sincerity and loyalty. How many rare evolutionary crystals do we have now, Ravanu."

"Three ... ma'm, that's the treasure that you've got after so much trouble, it could catalyze the evolution of most totems and prepare to be used in your evolutionary totem. Giving it all away.... Do you ..."
Ravanu was a black, dark-skinned man who stood out in distress.

"This is a crucial moment to show your determination!" Aquarius hurled her hand upwards energetically. "Send them all to the designated location, if there are spare unactivated totems of high quality, send two-thirds of them. Just leaving some for emergencies will do, the two sets of tactical formation and all the energy crystals in the store are to be sent to him."

Chapter 350: At the End 2

"But Lieutenant Colonel! The two sets of tactical array were the trump cards your father prepared for you, just sending them in vain, what if ..." Green shade whispered.

"If you want to go big, you must first have a have the resolve and generosity!" Said Aquarius, narrowing her eyes. "When a general unexpectedly lacks resources, it is time for us to show our loyalty. These little things; it would have amounted to nothing at another place and time to him, there would have been

many other people who wanted to send them over, I believe he would not even bat an eye, but now, it is different! We must seize this opportunity!

"Lieutenant-Colonel is wise! I think so too. For a general to actually require resources in Lush Forest district to be mobilized, it is certainly a special occasion, this is precisely the time to show our loyalty." An elderly totem user stood up and agreed with Aquarius' plans.

"Not bad. So not only do we have to send resources, but we also have to send enough good resources!" Said Aquarius firmly.

Garen looked at the crystal ball's words as he ended the communication, his mood was exceptionally comfy.

Of the three communications requests, one of them was actually Aquarius.

He almost forgot that Aquarius was one of the heads here.

In addition to Aquarius, the other two communications, one was sent by the General from the elite division. He did not connect to it.

The last one came from one of the two generals he had contacted previously: Demetrius.

Garen thought for a moment, and casually opened the link.

The snapping sound lasted for a long time, and finally, after more than 10 seconds, the crystal ball a burst of coughing sounds came from the derivator.

"This is Demetrius, Jess, why did you only contact me now?"

"My crystal ball had some issues previously, is there anything?" Garen replied with a low tone.

"There is something, you are on your way to Kovitan, right? There were three generals there who are now missing, and now there is no leader in the whole branch. The commander wishes that you take over the branch for now." Demetrius said simply.

"Promote me? Are you kidding? The three generals are gone, do you think I can resist the forces behind those incidents?" Garen's voice suddenly cooled down.

"The above is still satisfied with your performance in Iron Tank City, but with the death of a Grand Duke of White Dragonhawk, and also the emergence of King of the Skies, the commander is also furious." Demetrius explained. "What the commander meant is, for the time being, only for the time being, you can manage the Kovitan side temporarily, and not to clash with the King of Kovitan. As for the rest, you just need to wait quietly. The situation will change quickly. "

"Oh, a turn in tides?" Garen's heart moved. "The king of Kovitan is a king of great caliber, strong and experienced, top notch strategies and decision-making, The turn in tides, you said ...?"

"Have the people in elite divisions reached you? The plan for this is their responsibility, I am not very clear myself. You can ask the elite division about the situation."

Demetrius pushed the responsibilities, "Try to exercise some restraint, avoid any conflicts. This is the wish of the commander. "

"Who's the supreme leader over there?" Jaron asked directly.

"Delouse, Delouse Jacques." Demetrius solemnly said the name.

Garen was finally startled. "The Kovitan Princess! She was also one of us!?"

"The plan was laid out many years ago, and the secret is only accessible for the general level, and you'd better keep it a little tight, though it's not far from success," Demetrius told.

"I know."

"By the way, are you sure you have no issues with the derivator? The people of the Obscuro are also in Kovitan. Do you want them to fix it for you?"

"Nothing, just a little issue."

"That's good."

Pap!

The contact was disconnected.

Garen sat on the back of the dragon, blowing cold air in the sky, but his heart fell cold.

Princess Delouse, King of Kovitan's favorite princess, one would not even think she is of the Obscuro society, let alone the elite division's leader.

"Iron Tank City, Kovitan, Ender , East Continent A really big chess set..." He squinted slightly.

As for Vanderman's technology, Demetrius did not mention that at this level, the most it could do was to raise base power. It did not affect the upper management at all.

When the core totem reaches the third form, the core and the totem user can merge for a short time, doubling their power and doubling their defense. All of the secondary totems do not have this ability.

While this technique is good for improving the underlying totem, it does not make a big difference at a high level. So, be it Obscuro Society or Terraflor Society, they were not very concerned about the Green Vine Sphere.

Mortals will remain a mortal, even with the properties of the totem's light, in face of all kinds of advanced totems, it still didn't possess much fighting power.

Originally, he was out, ready to kill Aquarius, but now he had temporarily suspended the idea. He intended to use General Jess' identity to loot all the silly Rose's treasures, and then kill her. Was not a better choice?

Petrifying White Dragon's wings soared forward, and soon it landed on the edge of the Swan Lake, on the forests which were broken and knocked down.

Laying on the ground was a few lavishly dressed aristocratic totem users. These people were the noblemen students who had previously escaped from the manor. They actually want to threaten Garen and Vanderman.

"Reckless bunch." Garen kicked a body of a noble and flipped it over.

The body's neck was completely severed with a line of blood, with minimal effort, the head and body would separate, the head would roll to the other side.

The Petrifying White Dragon dual headed salamander respectfully laid beside Garen; there are several Deep Swamp Crocs around the edge.

After the brawl with Beckstone at the manor, the number of Deep Swamp Croc plummeted, leaving only six here. The beetles had only a dozen newborns.

Garen took out the green vine sphere; it was like a living thing, still continuing to stretch its green roots, tentacle constantly waving. It's like a ball of wool that got its thread everywhere.

He gently flicked green vine sphere.

Spherical surface suddenly popped out a few green lights, it fell on all around the totem's body.

The green light attached to the body of the totem, then there were no movement.

Garon put away the green vine sphere, he had guessed that it might take some time for it to take effect, but also ordered these totems not to get rid of the green light spots.

He put on his hood, his whole person was now hidden under gray robes.

After the communication with elemental general Demeritus, Garen gained more understanding about the current situation.

He remembered that in the history he had seen, the king of Kovitan was assassinated and, and the entirety of the Kovitan suddenly collapsed. However, there was still a long period of time from the event in Iron Tank city. Now, it should be the completion phase of Obscuro's planning.

He was now primarily controlled by the derivator. Then, between choosing to upgrade the core totem and seizing control of the derivator, both ways were viable.

The main key to the control of the derivator is the resonant stone in his hand.

Garen was fiddling with the stone, it had completely changed now, and became much like an ordinary gray stone. In the hands of Garen, it was totally losing its semblance of the strange meat from before .

Garen has fiddled with it for so long with the powerful five senses and acumen honed by his Secret Techniques. He could faintly feel the secret this rock held.

Garen was slowly grasping the pattern of the frequency model of the resonant stone. As long as he thoroughly understood the resonance principle, he could have a more in-depth understanding and start research on the crystal derivator. Garen was very confident in this area. With enough research material and subject knowledge, he could use it to for evolution.

The core totem, black-striped white tiger, had crystal spots, with enough potential points, and was also repaired. Everything was ready, it was just a matter of when evolution began.

Garen sat by the Black Swan Lake. Looking across diagonally was the location of the original Vanderman Manor, charred beyond recognition. A fire was raging from within, destroying the wooden structure, releasing echoes of breaking timber periodically.

The great ape was now gone, so was the manor, without a trace of human life left.

The blaze was imprinted on the surface of the black lake, and a grey cloud above slowly shifted its way across the smoke filled sky.

.

Time passed with each second and minute.

Garen's totems were dispersed and hidden. The manor's fire was still burning, its intensity ever-increasing.

Garen faced the fire, quietly standing under a tree by the lake.

Soon, a buffalo with red metal skin laden with many black boxes of varying sizes walked out from the forest behind him.

Escorted by a number of young men and women wearing black armor, these people saw Garen standing by the lakeside, and suddenly held their tracks.

Leading the unit was a person wearing a delicate black dress, light brown hair, with a slim body and well-developed chest. The impressive Aquarius, as usual.

This enchanting woman had a pair of beautiful almond eyes, lips covered with light pink lipstick, ears adorned with white pearl earrings. At this point, she was puzzlingly looked at the gray robes by the lake.

"Excuse me, were you sent by His Excellency Jess to receive these resources?" She whispered.

"Dear goddess Aquarius, it's been a while, it is really disappointing that you actually don't recognize me."

The man in gray robe slowly turned around, removed his hood, revealing a smiling handsome face.

Aquarius' eyes were first puzzled, then her pupils shrank, it seems that she recalled something, her eyes became intense and stared speechless. She raised her hand, pointing at the man for a while, uttering nought a word.

Pap!

Garen snapped his fingers.

Surrounding his audience were a bunch of terrifying red eyes from within the dense forest, within the shadow of the woods. A looming aura of danger presided over them.

"How could you know this !!" Aquarius was flustered, her gaze firm and staring at Garen opposite from her. "This is the place where General Jess will be meeting us, you are not Acacia !! Who are you?"

Garen spread his arms, the crystal derivator slowly floated from his hands, turning into a light red glimmer.

"Take a guess?" His voice at this time actually split into two, a hoarse voice, and another clear and bright, overlapping each other. It made one feel a sense of unnatural discomfort.

Aquarius was stone-cold. She heard one of the voices, the one that was the sound of General Jess.

"Let's move!!"

Without hesitation, she shouted as she turned back swiftly.