

Mystical 361

Chapter 361: Success 1

He still lay in the blood of the dual headed salamander. He was floating in the blood between the arteries and veins; two different levels of oxygenated blood that looked as though they were separated by a thin invisible film. As arterial blood flowed through this area, it became venous blood.

Garen released a white golden aura, and felt his heart rate slowly synchronising with that of the dual headed salamander, beating at the same frequency. A strange sense of affection and intimacy was birthed.

It was as though there was an unusual connection between him and the dual headed salamander.

His own heart grew stronger in the resonance of their heartbeat frequency. As his heart continuously beat with the help of the salamander's heart, an unknown energy surged to his heart, causing the initially rejected transplanted heart to slowly come to life.

Garen released an aura, and sensed the foreign blood flowing around him. The vital energy and blood flowed from the heart of the dual headed salamander and circulated all throughout its body. An extremely complicated and detailed map of the blood vessels appeared in his mind.

He closed his eyes again. His heart had not been completely activated yet, and still needed to rely on the continuous resonance of the salamander's heartbeat. Not only that, as the blood pumping out of his new heart was a combination of the salamander's blood and his own merged as one, an adaptation process within his own body was required.

Garen carefully examined his own body. Once there was a reaction in any part of the body, he would immediately employ the secret technique to make adjustments throughout his body.

This process was extremely dangerous. Different from the simple surgical procedures done on the prisoners previously, Garen needed to be on alert for any signs of rejection while keeping up the resonance of the heartbeat.

If he were to falter at any time, it could result in his immediate death.

Although he had already predicted this step through simulation modeling, he was only aware of how critical and difficult it truly was after he had personally reached this stage. It wasn't like what he had previously deduced.

If a rejection occurred, it would affect the resonance achieved by both hearts beating in sync. If not resolved immediately, Garen would suffer from the double blow of hypoxia and bodily reaction; it would either end up with him suffocating to death or death due to the disturbance of vital energy and blood.

In the underground caverns.

The dual headed salamander lay in nutrient fluid that was slightly reddened. It's eyes were slightly closed. The creature's body gave off a feeling as if it was way past it's prime; it seemed to have aged.

At the top of its body, four white beams of light converged into a white light ball, evenly covering the body with white light. Even so, the scales on the salamander dulled slowly, losing the sheen it once had.

Sssss...

The dual headed salamander let out a long breath of air, opened its eyes to quickly survey its surroundings, and continued to close them.

At the edge of the nutrient pool, Komodo was washing the floor while holding onto a basin.

He took a sideways glance at the salamander, then zeroed in on the abdominal wound that had already healed; shaking his head.

"Lord is crazy...It has been 3 days...could it be that he had already..."His face was filled with traces of worry.

Since Garen had saved him from the death row, he had pledged his loyalty to this thick piece of ham. If anything had happened to this thick piece of ham, he would definitely be unlucky too.

It was also an unspoken fact that he did not have the status of a freeman, and that he was part of the private property of Trejon's clan leader. If the clan leader were to ever lose power, his future would also be bleak.

Hua!

He poured the remaining water onto the ground and mopped vigorously.

Well, it was no use thinking about all these now. Let's just work earnestly.

Day by day, time flew by...

The fourth day.

Komodo began adding lamp oil to the lights on the wall. He had a look at the dual headed salamander in the nutrient pool; nothing seemed to have happened, the only difference seemed to be in how the giant beast had aged significantly.

The fifth day.

Komodo placed two letters on the edge of the table, glanced at the giant beast that exhibited no trace of movement, and walked out.

The sixth day...

The seventh day...

The eighth day...

The ninth day.

Ba dum!!!

The entire cavern was sounded with a dull thud, as if it came from the vibrations of a giant drum.

Komodo who was stifling a yawn awakened immediately from the shock. He stood up and surveyed his surroundings.

"An earthquake?!?!"

Splash! In the nutrient pool, the dual headed salamander elongated its neck and gasped in anguish, but there was no sound.

Its huge body was trembling slightly, it seemed to be suffering from a violent convulsion.

Ba dum!!!

Another dull heartbeat reverberated from its body. This huge beast had aged significantly in comparison to 9 days before, leaving only a bag of bones. After a few frantic roars, it collapsed heavily and panted with difficulty.

At the center of the beast's heart, Garen opened his eyes. A large and powerful surge of energy he had never experienced before sprung up all over at different parts of his body.

The resonance of the salamander's heart weakened with each second.

Garen's heart on the other hand, was pumping with an massive force of life and vitality; it was just like new life, containing an unlimited amount of energy.

He held both of his hands interchangeably; the thick layer of blood scab congealed on his skin fell away with force.

All of a sudden within his body, a strange route of blood flow caught his attention.

Garen sensed the spontaneous route of the blood flow and felt a sense of vague familiarity.

Suddenly, he remembered something.

"Is this...!? The secret technique roadmap!!!"

His eyes snapped open, and he began to observe the spontaneous route his blood flow had naturally taken on within his body. These complex yet delicate routes were either fast or slow, and mapped out a complicated, three-dimensional blood and vital energy roadmap. It also had an inexplicable resonance in frequency.

The weirder thing was, Garen realized that roadmap was similar to a secret technique that he had practiced before.

This is...the Myriad Water Jasper technique?!!"He finally remembered. This roadmap was from the previous world; he got this top level secret technique from an exchange with Celine.

This secret technique was one of the branches of Neptune Fist, a legendary ancient martial arts organization. Celine did not mention how it came about, only mentioning that this was one out of the three oldest techniques there.

What surprised Garen the most was, his body was currently operating the Myriad Water Jasper technique's first layer of vital energy and blood roadmap automatically.

Different from common folk, the vital energy and blood from his body had dual headed salamander characteristics. When he operated the first layer of the Myriad Water Jasper technique, mini cyclones were formed in the blood, reverberating throughout the blood vessels with great speed.

"Secret technique...Totems..." Garen had a vague hypothesis in his mind.

The Myriad Water Jasper technique has 5 layers to it. It was incompatible with the Divine Statue technique as the roadmaps were in conflict; he was only able to master the first layer, and it was only for the sharp force that the method offered.

And now his vital energy and blood were employing this technique naturally. Garen felt his Divine Statue technique depleting; the strong network constructed by the secret technique's vital energy and blood was currently being dissolved by this bizarre Myriad Water Jasper technique.

"My Divine Statue technique..." Garen had no time for regret; he immediately checked the attribute pane at the bottom of his field of vision.

Right behind the attribute pane, a clear black and red symbol appeared. It consisted of 3 small black and red dots lined up in a triangular formation.

"Activate ancient memory of dual headed salamander, the body in question is going through changes. Myriad Water Jasper technique is going through mutation due to resonance.

Garen sensed the constant flow of the technique in his body. The heart constructed from the salamander produced a huge amount of fresh blood; at the same time, the salamander's blood was also absorbed through the skin pores in large amounts, all sucked in by the Myriad Water Jasper technique. While all of these things were going on, an invisible and delicate force was generated.

This force appeared like countless invisible whirlpools, densely covering the entire area of Garen's body.

It completely covered Garen; spreading out at the same time. It affected the giant dual headed salamander's body.

Days passed.

Dual headed salamander appeared completely dried up. Its large volume of vital energy and blood was close to being sucked dry; its whole body weakly laying in the nutrient pool, void of any movement.

It could feel near its heart –the point of convergence of vital energy and blood, there seemed to be a black hole that was continuously swallowing up all its blood. This black hole had even grown bigger and bigger, its absorbing power becoming stronger and stronger.

Sssss!

It growled weakly; both eyes slowly dimming, losing its color.

In the underground cavern, Komodo looked from afar at the beast on the brink of death; his eyes full of shock.

The dual headed salamander's chest suddenly expanded like it had a huge red growth.

The growth had a heart beat that was continuously pounding, a red fluorescent light vaguely appearing.

As the red fluorescent light around the growth grew brighter and brighter, the light in the eyes of the dual headed salamander grew dimmer and dimmer.

"What is this...! My God..."Komodo took a few consecutive steps back, almost backing up against the entrance of the cavern.

Finally, the growth expanded till its limit. It shrunk fiercely all of a sudden, as if all of the red light was sucked into a center.

Then, there was no light.

Ripppp!!!

A blood red, fresh rip appeared on the abdomen of the salamander.

A pair of bloody hands stretched out and grabbed both sides of the open wound.

Garen slowly walked out from the opening; his body covered in blood scabs. He looked like a bloody devil returning from hell.

He looked at the nutrient fluid below that had turned clear; the water reflected his current appearance.

The man staring back at him was completely blood red; his features were unrecognizable, so was his face. Only the 3 red glowing dots between his brows was as clear as day.

"I have succeeded. Secret techniques and totems, I knew they had some kind of connection." He muttered, reaching out his hands to touch the place in between his brows. The red lights were coming out from 3 birthmark-like red dots.

These red dots could not be felt through touch, and had the nature of normal skin. The 3 red lights were lined up like a triangle, and had an unusually neat placement.

This was just a physical change.

Garen was more concerned with the changes happening on the inside.

He looked towards the attribute pane at the bottom of his field of vision.

"Strength 6.66. Agility 3.11. Vitality 2.97. Intelligence 2.53. Potential 41128%. Possess the qualities of a luminarist.

Secret technique – Myriad Water Jasper Technique, Ten Thousand Mammoth Battle Skills."

The moment he saw the attribute pane, he finally took a long sigh of relief.

He knew, he has finally achieved his goal.

Breaking limits, breaking past the limitations of his being; this was a road that no one treaded on before. Talking about that, Sylphalan was just like him; they both chose to modify themselves.

Once Garen finished his thoughts, he brought back to memory his attributes from before – Agility was at 2.72. Vitality was 2.82; both increased. Although the difference was not huge, it was an improvement. Being able to increase right after reaching his limit; this was a huge buff.

At the same time, his body possessed totem light attributes; he had achieved his goal successfully.

The weakened and greatly aged giant beast had already closed its eyes quietly; not a sound was heard.

Garen reached out his hand and slowly stroked its fragile scales; there was a trace of sadness in his heart. He knew it was him that had completely sucked the essence of the salamander's blood until he was dry. Also, this dual headed salamander had used his entire being to give birth to who he was now.

But this did not mean that the dual headed salamander had completely vanished.

Chapter 362: Success 2

Garen withdrew his hand and glanced at the totem panel. The Dual Headed Salamander's icon remained there. It did not turn grey nor disappear.

He thoughtfully withdrew his hand and immersed his body in the nutrient pool, which had turned to clear water. The blood stains on his body were quickly washed off with the slightly vibration, revealing his white fleshed body beneath.

Suddenly, he noticed that although the Dual Headed Salamander's icon remained, some strange changes had quietly taken place.

He carefully looked at the totem's introduction symbol. Suddenly, his pupils shrunk.

"What is this!!??"

The explanation on the front of Dual Headed Salamander's totem icon suddenly evolved into a core totem!

"Core totem - Dual Headed Salamander: Third evolution of Deep Swamp Croc. Third Form Creature, Ultimate Totem, Cannot be evolved.

Abilities: Maze Mining, Life Tear, Dragon's Roar, Dragon Skin, Parasitism."

Suddenly his heart skipped a beat, Garen gradually gathered his martial arts aura.

As the Myriad Water Jasper Technique continued to operate, a faint red aura slowly formed. It was a blood-like, thickened fluid, spreading all over the ground.

Garen could clearly feel a huge blood red pattern forming on his back. It was the pattern of the Dual Headed Salamander's body outline.

Garen extended his arm to look at his fair but abnormally tough skin. His five incredibly sharp fingernails on his left hand turned into devil-like red. Garen naturally realized that his left fingernails were the parts that could use Life Tear. Once the five red fingernails pierced any living being, it would replicate the effect of the Dual Headed Salamander's Life Tear and draining the being's life force to restore his own.

"This is the real way to use totems?" Garen felt enlightened in his heart.

His heart skipped a beat as the red Dual Headed Salamander behind him suddenly let out a fierce howl.

Sshhhh!!!

A circle of clear sound waves originated from him and spread throughout the perimeter.

"This is Dragon's Roar." Garen, without any change in expression, jerked his left arm forward. Chii!! His five fingernails naturally extended, leaving a red shadow,. It was like a lunging, ferocious bite towards prey.

"This is Life Tear."

He abruptly leapt out from the pool in a blur. He landed in front of a clothing rack on the right side of the cave. He grabbed a grey robe and wrapped it around his body.

In a flash, Garen's whole body was wrapped in the grey robe. His dripping wet golden hair was draped over his shoulder. His eyes were faintly glowing in red, but the most noticeable was the three red dots on his eyebrows which were still faintly emitting red fluorescence.

With a beat of his heart, the gigantic Dual Headed Salamander totem slowly dissipated. The three red dots on Garen's eyebrows also stopped glowing, reverting to a normal three dot birthmark, like a cinnabar.

"Looking at it, once I stop using the totems, there won't be any strange signs on my body." Garen had an epiphany.

The bizarre existence of the Dual Headed Salamander was similar to the primitive totems of Luminarists.

The only difference was while Luminarists used silver as the material for totem creation, Garen relied on blood; large amounts of the Dual Headed Salamander's blood.

The similarity was both had an activated and deactivated form.

"Luminarists use a storage device to keep their core and secondary totems. While it seems that my current method is to combine the totem with my body as one?" Garen cautiously sensed the changes of his body. The Dual Headed Salamander totem seemed to be in the three red dots on his forehead.

He had a vague feeling that he was on the path of the legendary warlocks.

"If the way of the Luminarists retains the totem's life as an independent being, my way of integrating the totem into the body to obtain the abilities of a core totem causes the totem to lose its independence. It will be totally dependent on the host body for nutrients.

He looked at the half-opened door in the distance. Komodo left it opened as he was fleeing. It was still lightly swaying from the air flow in the cave.

"Next, let's see whether I have really surpassed my limits."

Garen focused and concentrated on the most important point.

The sign of surpassing his limits was tied to the increment of his attributes with potential points. This was the thing that he cared for the most. As for the core totem's inability to evolve, there would be solutions in the future.

Even a Luminarist's core totem could be changed once in five years. Maybe this form of core totems would be able to as well.

After focusing, Garen shifted his attention towards the attribute pane.

"Let me try it on vitality first." He glanced at "vitality" on the pane.

His vitality had already raised to 2.97 after the heart transplant.

He focused his gaze for three seconds.

One potential point vanished from the pane.

The vitality bar jumped from 2.97 to 3.07 in a moment.

Garen's eyelid twitched. He remembered clearly that one potential point could increase 0.3 on the attribute pane previously. But now, it only increased it by 0.1.

Although he expected a increase in the depletion rate of potential points during attribute increment due to the increase in his strength, he didn't think it would be so much.

"Luckily I've accumulated more than 400 potential points. Let's see how much will be used." Garen was determined. He fixated his gaze on "Vitality".

His vitality shot up like a rocket. From 3.07 to 3.27, then 3.57...3.96...4.26...

His potential points also dropped like a stone.

As the vitality hit 5.00, the increment speed slowed down.

Through Garen's careful observation, he realized that the depletion rate had changed once again. One potential point could now only increase 0.05 in attributes, which means 20 potential points were needed to increase 1 attribute point.

"Since I still have a lot, and only a few potential points were used, continue!" Garen's expression remained and continued increasing his attributes. He was looking forward to see the attribute limits of his new body. Every being has a limit. The difference was whether the limit can be reached.

His vitality points continue to raise at an insane rate. As it hit 5.00, it required 20 potential points to increase 1 attribute point. In one go, Garen's vitality rushed past 6.00, then 7.00, 8.00.

As it hit 8.00, the depletion rate chanced once again. From requiring 20 potential points to increase one attribute point, it became above 60 potential points.

As his vitality hit 10.00, it was stuck at this number and could no longer be increased.

His potential points had already been depleted by almost 200 points. Garen felt the heartache as he looked at the remaining 200 potential points which had been accumulated over a long period of time. Recently, the results haven't been good for the Petrifying White Dragon and the rest. There was only an increase of around 10 points each day. It was evident that there wasn't much to hunt.

As Garen stood in the tunnel, he felt the changes caused by the huge increase in attributes.

Before the increase, he could already rely on his 6 points of strength to draw in a fight with the Dual Headed Salamander. The Dual Headed Salamander was a giant beast known for its strength. As his vitality reached 10.00, Garen was unsure what changes it would bring. He only felt a stronger musculoskeletal system, tougher skin and more alert senses.

His sense of smell could detect different kinds of odors. It could detect the Dual Headed Salamander's blood, his own blood, the smell of stones, the smell of nutrient fluids and even the fragrance of a bush in the far corner.

His eyes could see the minute patterns on the wall opposite the cave's hall. There was a black beetle crouching there. Garen could clearly see that the little finger-sized beetle was mildly chewing on some moss on the wall. He could even clearly see the villi on its mouth.

The sound of the beetle chewing on the moss seemed to be just beside his ear. He could hear it completely once he focused his attention.

Garen felt the toughening of his skin all over his body, but other than that, there didn't seem to have much changes visually. It was still fair like white jade of the finest grade. However, Garen could feel that his whole body was layered with a layer of invisible stratum corneum. This layer of stratum corneum was incredibly tough, like the scales of a dragon.

"The increase of vitality was effective indeed. Looks like 10 points is this body's new limit." Garen focused his gaze on the two key attributes, strength and agility.

"Strength seems better. My martial arts has always been on the path of strength. All my styles revolved around immense strength." Garen thought for a moment and chose to increase his strength. Whatever remained would then be used on agility.

Since his martial arts did not focus on agility, this was the best way. For those martial artists that focused on speed, agility would naturally be the choice.

His fixated his gaze on the strength attribute.

The same scenario happened. The strength attributed climbed upwards from 6.66. In a brief moment, it exceeded 8.00 and was still swiftly increasing.

Garen was delighted and was eager to test the effects of the change in strength.

Suddenly, a bored, low growl came from the back of his mind.

His blood red core totem - the Dual Headed Salamander emerged from his back. The 7-8 metre tall blood totem twisted and roared towards the sky.

There was ball of flesh emerging from the Dual Headed Salamander's body, from its back part near its neck.

The ball of flesh grew and expanded. Finally, with a tearing sound, the ball of flesh tore apart and another dragon head appeared.

It was then Garen noticed that balls of flesh were growing on the salamander's back as his strength attribute increased.

The balls of flesh grew more and more, bigger and bigger, like a fast-forwarded movie. The balls of flesh grew a rate visible to the naked eye. They would then tear part, forming wet, new dragon heads.

One by one the new heads emerged. Until after the eighth head, things came to a halt.

The eight headed salamander's size had evidently increased. From a height of 7-8 metres to 10 metres and eventually twelve metres. Its twenty-metre long body looked exactly like a red mountain.

At this point, the strength attribute had increased to 14.00. The limit of the body was 10.00, but the increase of the gigantic creature wasn't included in the limit. Garen was delighted.

Whether it was the salamander's change or him surpassing the limits of the attributes, there seemed to be an unknown connection.

While Garen was delighted, he also faintly realized. This method of totem combination seemed to be far stronger than the way of the Luminarists.

The improvement of the host's body could even affect the core totem. This was mind boggling.

Chapter 363: Arrangement and Moving Forward 1

Its strength kept increasing until 14 before coming to a pause, and the Dragon's heads stopped increasing once it reached eight. However, there was a new bag of meat on its back, suggesting a possibility of having a ninth head.

Garen observed that the existing nature of this Dragon was rather elusive as it didn't have an actual body. The eight headed dragon indeed did not have an actual body, as it didn't interact with everything else. However, the strength he could use from the Dragon would increase greatly when it appeared. The strength he could put out was twice the strength before he released the totem.

Garen named this new creature as the Eight Headed Dragon. Although he named it as such, anyone would have assumed that the ninth head would come out sooner or later, due to the bag of meat on its back.

The second head of the Dual Headed Salamander had the Life Tear ability but the remaining new heads didn't seem to have any unique ability. Perhaps it's due to it not having an actual body or some other reason that these new heads didn't have other ability, and all of them had the Life Tear ability!

As these heads were born, Garen could feel that Life Tear had been enhanced to an incredible level. Although he didn't know the extent of this effect, he believed that it should be at least 6 times stronger than the original Life Tear, and it shouldn't be weak no matter how he looked at it.

What the evolved Eight Headed Dragon brought to Garen wasn't just an enhanced strength, he had also a new ability -- Gravitational Vortex.

With his grey robe on, Garen reached out his right hand and flicked his finger.

Pew!

An invisible vortex was shot up and floated in front of him no more than one meter away.

This vortex was about one meter in diameter and rotated the air surrounding it, attracting everything from its surrounding. There was an unknown hole in the center of the vortex which lead to an unknown space.

Garen counted that he could released eight of these vortices at the same time, which was the same number as the heads of the Eight Headed Dragon.

These eight vortices rotated at a high angular velocity, resulting in the formation of a strong whirlwind causing huge amounts of items flying towards the vortices. It was like a powerful tornado.

In a blink of an eye, large amount of shirts, wooden racks, scientific equipment and nutritional wastewater were absorbed into the vortices. What was left in the hole was those items that were hard and solid.

As Garen dissipated the vortices, he rubbed his stomach with a weird expression, as he felt that something had entered his guts.

He felt that those items that were absorbed into the vortices were transported into his stomach.

It seemed that those items had been refined and turned into nutrients and entered his body.

"Could it be that these eight vortices are the Eight Headed Dragon's mouth?!" Garen guessed.

He then started to analyse these eight vortices in detail.

After some time of experimenting, Garen finally understood the theory behind these eight vortices.

It was the same as he imagined. These were all the mouths of the Eight headed Dragon, and they could swallow everything from the outside world, including rocks, debris and some dangerous sharp weapons. Furthermore, the debris that it swallowed could turn into pure energy and replenish the totem power.

One had to realize that one would spend their totem power whenever they activated their totem, be it a core totem or a support totem. The more totems one activated, the more totem power was spent. A typical form one totem user could engage in a high level battle without breaking a sweat.

However, a form two user could only engage in a high level battle for about half a day and a form three totem user would have spent even more totem power. The typical form three totem users wouldn't activate their totem casually and would only use them when necessary. Furthermore, a lot of totem users would rely on their low grade support totem as an energy source to reduce their expenditure of totem power. This was also the reason why the totem markets kept existing.

As for the strong spiritualized totem similar to that of Beckstone's spiritualized totem Sunflower, he would feel exhausted if he were to release a small amount of power even with the support of the Heirlooms. Regardless of whether it's related to his physical strength, this also proved that a spiritualized totem required a lot of energy.

Garen wanted to find a solution towards the Crystal Derivator's flaws, as he cherished this item a lot. This was because the empowered totems which were controlled by the Crystal Derivator did not require an ounce of totem power. The totem itself would eat and rest to recover, which was one of its major advantage.

Naturally, it had its own disadvantages as well. While the empowered totem did not require any totem power, it required a huge amount of food which was rather troublesome. He would need to spend a huge amount of meat daily to feed the large amount of Deep Swarm Crocs and Parasitic Beetles. If their food source were to be interrupted, they would be weak and might even die. On the other hand, the Primitive Totem was very convenient as it didn't require rest nor food and it could be carried with him anywhere.

Garen didn't know which class he was in anymore, but what he was sure was that he was much stronger than before.

He felt that his core totem's state was similar to that of the legendary form four, which was purely elementalization. In this era, where spiritualized totems were considered rare, the fourth form totem, elementalization, was completely in the realm of the mythical. In addition, he had yet to account for his physical attributes, where his strength had increased to 14 points and had 10 points of constitution. Under these extreme limits, he could be considered more fearsome than the totem itself.

Garen walked towards the side of the nutritional pool as and looked at himself in the reflection. He looked weak, gentle, slim and handsome, which gave off a delicate and beautiful juvenile vibe. He was very satisfied with his current look as his demeanour would definitely confuse his enemies. While his biceps did not look physically strong, it possessed an incredible strength that surpassed any living being.

"Reylan had mentioned before that the Elemental Generals of the Obscuro Society were all spiritualized. Each of them had at least two spiritualized totems, this without considering their ability to control their General-level subordinates. Based on this, an Elemental General would have the strength of an army of Spiritualized Totems, with most of them being form three creatures. Since there creatures able to kill Elemental Generals, this obviously means that form four creatures exist, and the reason I hadn't encountered one at all was because they are very rare. To think that the Marshall of the Obscuro Society is able to take back his territory by letting the creatures escape as they smelled his scent, this means that there is something stronger than elementalization, which places him at form four or form five. If this is true, then the Obscuro Society's overall strength is clear as day."

Garen sorted out his chain of thoughts.

"We can ignore the Marshalls for now; those are the people who manage the overall situation of multiple countries and are under the direct command of the Hellgate of the Obscuro Society. They basically wouldn't appear because of any one situation, as I have never heard of a form four or form five Marshall class appearing before. The strongest person in charge is definitely the Elemental General per country, who is at the Spiritualization level. Judging from the looks of it, my totem strength has reached a certain peak."

Now that he had a clear understanding of where he stood in terms of strength, his totem was at its peak before the mysterious creatures appeared. He would have to fight with this mysterious creature to find out that who was the stronger one.

As he looked at the holes caused by his messy experiment, his sight landed on the corpse of the Dual Headed Salamander. This old Salamander was so thin that it practically didn't have any muscle at all.

"Komodo." He turned around as he walked towards the door. "Clean this place up."

A tall figure peeked his head in from the entrance and Komodo relaxed as he saw Garen.

"Alright Sir." He was glad when he saw Garen was safe. This meant that his future was insured.

As Garen walked out of the cave, he could faintly hear Komodo's cries echoing from within.

"Oh... The cave that I cleaned up just a moment ago..."

Garen laughed as he walked up the stairs in the laboratory. He was so swift that his figure faded as he went out.

A few seconds later, he stood at the exit of the underground laboratory and gently opened the door.

Wow.

Garen was blinded by the golden ray from the outside.

He squinted his eyes and walked out of the experimental room, the door behind him closing shut by itself.

It was noon. The scorching wind blew in from the balcony, rustling the pots' leaves by the wall.

Garen turned right, and went into his bedroom and wore an undergarment which he took out from his wardrobe. He then took out the Secret Agent Armor given by His Majesty himself.

It was an all-black hardened armor and looked like it was connected by many small squares. He had a black hood on and two pauldrons protruding out from his shoulder.

A pair of band collars surrounded his neck and the left band collar had the national flower, the Golden Iris Flower of the Kovitan Empire sewn onto it.

It was the first time Garen saw the iris flower, even when he was on Earth and the world of Secret Techniques. This Iris Flower that was sewn was golden in color, the overall shape was a perfect equilateral triangle as if two three leaf clover superimposed each other and formed the petal. Two three leaf clovers overlapped each other, and formed a perfect triangle. The stamens at the center of the triangle formed another perfect triangle, which gave off an exquisite vibe.

He touched the cloth, which seemed to be made out of golden thread.

As he wore the full body armor, the upper body was hardened armor whereas the lower body was a black skirt. He even paired it with black trousers and a shiny long boots.

Garen stood in front of the mirror and admired himself. After refining his body, he had gotten slimmer, and his body was well portioned. He wore a pair of gloves and his hood, which totally covered his face. Only his pale chin and red lips could be seen.

The armor didn't require any body support, and everyone seemed to be able to fit into the armor. If he were to slightly lower his head, no one would be able to recognize who was wearing it.

Surprisingly, Garen didn't feel overheated as he wore his hood and gloves. The sun blazed overhead outside, as waves of heated drafts gushed in from the balcony.

He analysed the armor and realized that there was something on both of the pauldrons. Both pauldrons were engraved with a simple Solidifying Tactic. This armor was very similar to the War Chain that could release the Solidifying Tactic and its effect.

Garen analysed the workings of the armor, and it seemed that it could absorb the totem user's naturally leaking totem power and use it for the armor's tactic. Hence, this airtight design's purposes were to remain hidden and collect as much totem energy as much as possible.

Whether it be illuminarists, totem users or Forgers, as long as he possessed totem energy, he or she would naturally lose a minimal amount wearing this. It was similar to a human body losing body heat to the surrounding.

This armor made full use of the these, and recycled the energy to the best of its extent.

Chapter 364: Arrangement and Moving Forward 2

Garen stroked this set of armor as he daydreamed one that was even more advanced.

The technology of the Secret Service was so advanced that it already had such an armor set. If that was the case, then they should have even better armor which had an even stronger Solidifying Tactics engraved onto it. It would collect the emission of totem power and release it when it was needed.

Garen was stunned. Totem users who possessed this armor would be much stronger than the typical totem users. If one were to have very powerful armor...

He stopped his train of thought.

He reached out his hand and pulled the thread beside his bed.

Ring ring.

A clear and crisp bell was rung, and footsteps could clearly be heard coming from outside.

The restless Lala soon appeared outside the room. Her face was filled with joy as she saw Garen.

"You finally came out! There are a few letters for you recently, all of them want you to be there as soon as possible. Even the messenger kept reminding me multiple times."

She felt relief as he saw Garen came out as her main support had returned.

Garen adjusted his collar and walked out of the room to the wooden sofa in the living room, sitting down.

"Where're the letters? Bring them to me. Didn't they say that I should be there 2 months later? Why are they rushing now?"

Lala walked towards a vase which was placed at a corner of the living room and poured out all the letters contained inside it. All of these letters were yellow and square in shape.

"The messenger said that there was an emergency and they needed a helping hand." Lala arranged the stack of letters by the date and placed them in front of Garen before she stood at one side waiting for more orders.

Occasionally, she would give Garen a strange look as she compared Garen's thick armor and her sleeveless white dress.

Garen picked up the first envelope and took out the letter.

There was merely a line written on the white piece of paper.

'The reporting date has been brought forward due to an emergency. Vice Captain Garen Trejons, kindly report into the Wells Castle as soon as possible.'

The date written was: Sun Calendar 3568 11th of May.

There was also a red circular stamp where the word Confidential was faintly inked. It was the word confidential made out of three alphabets.

Garen opened the remaining letters and all of them were basically urging his earliest arrival. The most recent one was three days ago, which was on the 14th.

"I wonder what does this Vice Captain position His Majesty has assigned me does. It doesn't sound too bad but it doesn't look good either." Garen placed down the letter. "Are there any more?"

He looked at Lala.

"Yes, and they are invitations to the ball from the Noble households." Lala answered immediately as she ran out of the room and returned in a short while with a box of invitations. These invitations were crafted delicately.

Garen glanced at the names on the letter and they were all relative households of the Trejons Household. He picked out the invitations from Earl Baxy and Viscount Lavel and was about to throw the remaining to the side.

Suddenly he saw a familiar name, Prynne.

Prynne Acivis.

His name was printed black on a golden surface, with an image of two blades crossing each other.

Garen picked up the envelope and opened the letter.

'My best friend, Dear Acacia:

Oh wait, I should be calling you Garen. Alright. How are you Garen? I heard the incident of the Trejons Household and your current situation seems dire. Just let me know if you need a helping hand. You should know very well of my grandfather's networking.

Furthermore, your cousin has sent Andel to my place and I will arrange everything nicely, so don't worry about it. Malin is here as well. She doesn't seem to be in a good mood as Baron Delt has passed away, and mistress Callaway is missing. I have sent a few people to track her down but to no avail.

The kingdom's situation is rather complicated. I have told my grandfather about your situation and he also know that you have given an item called the Green Vine Sphere to His Majesty and that you also join the Secret Service. He suggest you to enroll in it so that you can avoid the complicated situation in the Kingdom. It's best for you to stay low profile. Although you're very strong, the Kingdom has many strong people as wel,I so please be careful.'

Garen reread the last part of the message where he told him to be careful. It was obvious that Prynne knew much more than him due to his Household's connections.

He placed down the envelope, placed both of his hands together and crumpled the letter into white dust as he threw them into the dustbin nearby.

He had already memorised the address written in it.

Prynne's grandfather was one of the two people with the most authority in the kingdom, excluding His Majesty.

These two were originally the high class nobles in their respective area and both of them hold the title of Grand Duke. However, as the area deteriorated, both of them moved to the kingdom and became the new dividends in power. The Grand Duke of the Iron Tank City was not comparable to these ones as these stood on the top of the country. They were the upper class nobles who had been around for thousands of years with deep backgrounds and incredible strength. They had at least form three totem users, or else they wouldn't be able to migrate a huge amount of people to the Kingdom. They definitely had Spritualized totem users, maybe even more than one too.

These superior nobles hold a great portion of the whole kingdom's power, and the remaining portions were held by the remaining nobles, which formed the entire strength of the Kovitan Empire.

As Prynne's grandfather, his intel would most likely be accurate as no one had no reason to lie to him.

"Looks like the strength I have revealed back in the manor has travelled to the Kingdom." Garen noted on this as he had reveal the strength of a form three spiritualized back in the manor to oppress Beckstone and the people from Obscuro Society.

This news was most likely got there through the word of mouth from Andel, Hathaway and the people who had escaped to the Kingdom. There were also those two old instructors, Barr and Baphje, who were also likely to the ones who spread the news.

"I'll head out for a while so you guys can go and make yourselves some dinner without me." Garen pondered for a while before he stood up and told her.

"I'll prepare a carriage for you." Lala immediately ran out.

Garen placed the verification document and verification ID given by His Majesty into a black file and brought it along with him.

As he walked out of the manor's entrance inside the cliff, a black wheeled horse carriage was already waiting for him. The carriage's wheels were massive, and the driver was a middle aged man with a small moustache in a black suit. He took off his hat and greeted Garen.

"I am Josephine, your newly hired driver."

Garen nodded as he got up the carriage.

"Towards Wells Castle, please"

"Alright, please sit tight." The driver Josephine responded as he took out a whip and made a noise in the air.

Two strong aberrated horses started moving. These two horses were brought by Garen to the manor. Their strength and endurance was commendable, and were considered the good ones among the aberrated horses.

"Your horses are very powerful." The driver praised. "There are little aberrated horses that can run like that."

"Oh?" Garen laughed. "Aren't all aberrated horses excellent?"

"Of course not. There are a lot of aberrated animals that are bad. Some aberrated horses are weaker than before." The driver laughed as he replied. "It's very easy to be your driver. These horses are very docile, and they will be full for a few days if you feed them meat. I get paid with such a high salary and I don't even needed to go out for half a month."

Garen smiled and didn't say a word afterwards.

The talkative Josephine wanted to talk more but he suddenly recalled the rumors of the owner. After some hesitation, he decided to keep his mouth shut and didn't utter another word.

As they went up the hills, other carriages would occasionally passed by them and as they intersected, he could faintly hear the girl's mourn.

Garen suddenly realized that these scenarios were fairly common, as most nobles had sought refuge in the kingdom. Along the way, they had most likely lost a lot of their relatives, parents, siblings or offsprings. Almost all families had lost some of their members, many of them were like Vanderman, where not even bones were left for them to perform a proper burial.

As the carriages moved forward, small buildings started to appear beside the white lanes. These were all black double storey or triple storey buildings, busy with people going going in and out of the houses.

Garen looked out of the window and saw a young lady in a white head scarf placing a pot of fresh purple flower by the window on the second floor of a double storey building opposite the street.

There were a few men quarreling and shoving each other, on the ground floor, incessantly shouting at each other.

After the carriage passed through the buildings, they arrived at a black cemetery.

The cemetery was densely packed with white tombs and there were rituals being performed right in front of two new tombs. A Priest in white robes stood together with the family members in black attires as they mourned.

After passing by the cemetery, they arrived at the place with buildings of three storeys. It looked like a shopping district as the buildings were densely packed together.

The majority of the shops were closed. There was a long queue among the shops still open, lining eagerly in old and ragged clothes. Among the queue, some of them were women with a child in their arms, very thin youngsters and even pale old men.

As Garen's carriages passed by, some of them looked towards his direction and immediately lowered their heads in fear.

Thud!!

There were a few clangs.

The carriage was immediately put to a halt.

The driver Josephine's voice could be heard in the front as the carriage shook before coming to a stop.

"Damn it! Which household's driver are you from? Didn't you see us passing through from the right?!" A high and mighty tone came from the front.

"It was obviously you who didn't notice us!" Josephine shouted in dissatisfaction.

"You dare to talk back to me! How dare a broken piece of carriage crash into Viscount Duncan's carriage! I will..."

"Bob! Shut up!"

A man's cold voice came within the opponent's carriage.

The driver was silent as he turned around and smiled. As he turned his head back, he stared fiercely at Josephine.

Garen pulled up the curtain and saw the man in the white carriage doing the same as well. The other party looked gentle but had a rather sharp gaze.

The other party's blue eyes were filled with fear and alertness as he saw Garen's black armor.

Both of them smiled towards each other politely, wind down the curtain and both of the driver continued driving in their respective directions.

"Looks like this Secret Agent armor provides a good deterrence..." He started to feel excited towards the legendary Three Departments. Perhaps he could be able to get more in touch with this world's secrets when he joined this strong organization.

Chapter 365: Exposed 1

"Hehe, these people don't know you're the leader of a noble household." Josephine smiled. ""You're much more valuable than these old nobles by the streets."

"Don't say that." Garen scolded mildly. "There should be a lot of leaders of the noble households who lost their territory, causing them to be unable to support their household's power, right?"

"That's true." Josephine's smile disappeared. "I have once worked for an old noble who was in the same situation. He didn't buy much into the industry in the kingdom and the wealth he brought along the way was lost. A few days later, we were separated as he could no longer support us. To see a household of a few hundred years collapsing just like that, sigh..."

Garen didn't utter a single word as he listened to Josephine.

From the mouth of a driver who was hired by many nobles, he was able to obtain a lot of small intel that nobody knew. The drivers often gathered together and talked to each other and he found out that

nobles with authority in the kingdom amounted to less than four hundred. Compared to the thousands of noble families in the past, this was just a drop of water in the ocean.

Josephine was originally unhappy due to his unemployment, but he didn't expect to be hired by Lala, and became the main topic among the drivers. Although Lord Garen's reputation was subpar, he was indeed an actual upper class noble, and rumor had it that he had a close relationships with the nobles with high authority.

The carriage finally got out of the kingdom and passed through the district and took half a turn in the kingdom. After passing through the custom, what awaited them at the front was a huge yellow-green grass field.

The grasses were green and yellow with some bushes of red fruit dotted here and there.

This field was located at the very end of the black building district, surrounded by a circular black wall, forming a huge oval shaped zone.

The giant pond in the center slowly came into view after travelling on the field for a while.

"That is the Wells Lake, the main source of water to the entire Kingdom. Other than the Wells Castle where you're heading, the Kingdom's Water Supply Department is located here." The driver Josephine seemed to know this place very well.

There were a few single convertible carriages heading towards the Wells Castle on the straight road as well. Occasionally, a few horses overtook Garen's carriage, there seemed to be no one walking at all.

The carriages on the lane gradually increased, making the speed of the carriage gradually decrease as well.

After 10 minutes or so, a grey-white stone castle finally appeared.

The small castle was built on the lake, and the only connection to the castle from the land was a stone bridge.

The wall of the small castle seemed to be made out of pieces of cobblestone, which looked like goose eggs. They were uneven and densely packed together. There were four peaks at the top which formed a square point. A black chimney could be seen at the center of the of the castle.

Garen looked from afar and the castle didn't seem to be very big, as it was about the size of a double storey residential building. There was a black traffic light set up at the entrance by the stone bridge. There were two people wearing the same black armor as Garen whispering among each other.

Garen's carriage stopped at the empty space beside the stone bridge.

"We're here, m'lord."

"Alright. You can head back first and not wait for me." Garen got down of the carriage and walked towards the stone bridge.

He walked past a couple of people in conversation and entered the entrance of the small castle through the stone bridge.

After passing through the pitch dark entrance, he arrived in a guest room linked together on both sides. The wall was hung with all kinds of weird accessories, most of them were weirdly shaped accessories made out of white bones. There were white deer horns, thick thighs and a skull the size of basketball.

There was a pale lady in spectacles and grey custom made armor, sitting at the reception at the right side of the guest room. She smiled as she saw Garen come in.

"Good day, you must be Viscount Garen who came reporting in right? We have already received your notice and we have a picture of you here. Please verify your identity."

Garen took out a document, which was a golden certificate given by His Majesty.

The pale lady returned Garen the document after examining it closely as she note down the relevant information onto a small notebook.

"Please wear this and head towards the second room on the right. Someone will meet you there."

She passed him a golden-black badge with a golden Z alphabet on it.

Garen followed her instructions and entered the room on the right, heading towards the small room at the far end.

The decoration of this small room was similar to the living hall as accessories made of white bones were propped up everywhere. There were two males and one female arguing over something and all of them quiet down as they heard footsteps.

As Garen entered, a guy and a girl, both in black armor, looked at him, the other guy with brown hair placed his finger into his hair with his head down. It was clear that he had yet to calm down as he kept expanding his chest.

Garen ignored them and walked directly towards the room on the left.

Whoosh...

After a series of noises, the wall split and opened a path that lead to a slanted passage.

The ceiling of the passage was made out of glass and guided the sunlight in from the outside just like the skylight.

Garen walked into it.

"Welcome welcome! Welcome Viscount Garen Trejons." A fatty walked towards him with joy and hold Garen's hand tightly.

"I am Baidel and I'm the deputy city governor from the distant Shield Hill. I am currently seeking refuge in the Kingdom. Your arrival is a blessing to us all!"

The fatty was ecstatic as he pulled Garen enthusiastically forward and informed him of the situation as they moved forward.

"You may not know of the current situation since you have just arrived. Our overall structure in the Secret Service consists of the Headquarters, administration branch district Office and the special service group. These five layers fully cover the entire Kovitan, and this is the headquarter of the Kovitan. We manage five branches, and each branch managed their own district and we have many more groups further down. And you're currently our most wanted Vice Captain."

"The current situation is dire and we have lost a lot of Captain level personnel. Although you're currently just a Vice Captain, you can officially become a Captain through some training. Here, no matter if it's the Headquarter, Branch or the District Office, our core strength comes by forming a team. The headquarter's team is the best, followed by the team from Branch office and so on." The fatty explained swiftly.

"If the team from the District Office cannot accomplish the mission, they will report it to the Branch. After the assessment from the Branch, they will dispatch a team from the Branch to perform the mission. If the mission is still yet to be completed, they would report it to the Administration and so on until it reaches Headquarters. You are currently under the Kovitan's Administration team. The current situation is complicated as there are a lot of situations that can't be resolved. We have sent out most of our team, 8 out of the 10 that we have. We are left with one team in the Headquartera in case of emergencies, and the other one is currently performing their duties in the Kingdom. His Majesty heard that you'll be here so he had made preparations beforehand..."

"Wait a minute. Did you just say that you're the Director of the District Office in the Kingdom? If this is the Headquarter of the Kovitan, then where is the branch director and the headquater director of this place?" Garen cut off his explanation.

"Uhh... They have all gone out on their respective missions..." The fatty took out a white handkerchief to wipe off his sweat. He wasn't sure why Sir Garen's image was totally different from the intel he received. The intel said that he was a gentle and polite person who loved beautiful women (He was once head over heels over Aquarius), and also a person who loved poetry.

However, this person who stood before him felt like a beast. Although his skin was pale and his face was indeed gentle and occasionally had a smile on his face, he also somehow gave off a feeling that sent shivers down his spine.

It was indeed weird, how could he be so fearful with his gentle smile?

The fatty felt very anxious.

"We are seriously lacking a lot of manpower, and there is also the fact that the Secret Service is being threatened as well. Raged, the general director, decided to bring out the strongest Silver Team out for this mission. It is estimated that they would return in a week's time. Hence they've put me temporarily in charge here."

"What benefits would it bring to me if I were to join the Secret Service?" Garen asked the most important question straightaway.

"You'll have access to the Royal Alliance's highest level of intelligence, and you would receive a good sum of money and resources every month. You will also have the authority to kill anyone who doesn't bear the title of Viscount and above. You will also have full authority to forcefully detain anyone who isn't a Viscount during emergencies. If the opposing party refuses your order, they will be treated as breaking the law and become a wanted battle criminal." The fatty seemed to be very familiar with this as he explained everything in one swoop.

"Another important thing to note is that you can, based on your grade, visit any Master-level to create or service your totem from the Royal Alliance. Naturally, the expenses will be borne by you."

"Hehe... This is very beneficial." Garen couldn't help but to feel excited as he listened.

Although he had killed so many people out there, he would immediately be hunted down by the strong people all over the country if he were to kill anyone within the Royal Alliance's territory. If he were to have this position, he would naturally be relieved of his worry. No wonder His Majesty was constantly concerned over this department as they had such an amount of authority. If His Majesty were to not control them with his own hand, he might be in trouble as well.

"To be frank with you, the reason I joined this department was because I was aiming for the right to select at my own discretion. Hehe." The fatty told Garen what every man knew. "If you were to find any beautiful women, you can simply find a reason to fulfill your right to act, if you know what I mean."

Garen was speechless. He recalled the destruction of the Kovitan Empire in the original history. The first reason was that His Majesty had been assassinated and the second reason was that the citizens were outraged because of the abundance of power the Secret Service department held. It's most likely because of these types of people similar to this fatty.

"Then, what do we have to sacrifice?" Garen asked again.

"Follow the orders from the upper echelon. Your superior will be Marquis Yawei, who is the Deputy Director of headquarters. He is also the person who manages the Nine Color Team. Naturally with your level which is at the Administration, you'll be performing the same duty similar to the Deputy Director of the Administration. Hence you can freely mobilize the people below you. As the Secret Service, our main responsibility is to take care of the issues within our territory. Anything related to assassination, rebellions, riot, spying etc falls under us. The National Department will be fighting openly and the hardworking kids in the Geometry Service will be doing researching. Simply put, we are responsible for handling issues in the dark. Everyone will be doing their own stuff if nothing is going on and will risk their lives if we are tasked to do something."

"I understood." Garen understood.

Two of them walked forward and took countless turns. Soon, the lights from above dimmed and the supports of the glass became transparent. They could see the crystal clear water flowing above their heads.

Finally, they entered a small passage with two rooms placed opposite of each other, and two bronze nameplates hung above each of them.

Garen looked at the names of the plates and realized that one was orange and the other red.

He was then pulled by the fatty into an underground room to the left.

There was a long meeting table placed inside the room, and there were already four or five people sitting inside. All of them were wearing a slightly shallow grey armor and all of them seemed to be rather depressed with their hoods on.

These people didn't react much as they saw Garen entering the room. They were minding their own business. Two women were having a conversation together and one youngster seemed to be discussing something with an old man. There was even one who directly placed his legs on the table and covered his face with his hood as he snored all the way.

"This is your red team. From today onwards, they will be your group members. I have to go as I still have other things to attend to. You're on your own now." The damned fatty left immediately after a brief explanation.

"What do you mean I'm on my own." Garen didn't manage to understand the whole situation and the fatty ran away. He couldn't shake the feeling that something was off.

He stood at the entrance and looked at everyone in the room who were ignoring him. These people had used up all the chairs and didn't even leave him one.

"Whoever knows the overall situation, can you tell me what's going on?" Garen revealed a harmless smile.

The youngster and the old man paused their discussion. The white haired old man raised his head and squinted his eyes as he looked at him.

"Young man, are you the new team leader?"

"Based on the fatty's statement, I believe I am." Garen showed his emblem.

"You should go back from where you came from." The old man shook his head. "This is not a place where a small kid can enter freely."

Garen smiled and didn't say much.

"Am I not the person in charge of this team?"

Chapter 366: Exposed 2

"This is the red team, but it is not a place you can handle." The woman who was having a conversation raised her head and smirked at Garen. "Everyone here is a form three totem user. We have finished up to hundreds of missions before we got here. Do you understand what it means to complete hundreds of missions?"

The girl smiled.

"It means that everyone here has killed hundreds of totem users and all of them were in the same class."

She continued. "We of the Secret Service had a statistical death of one person per group per month. There are a lot of back ups waiting to fill our role. These people are professionals who live on the edge every single day. Do you understand what I'm trying to say here?"

"That's true. If it's me, I wouldn't believe a leader who came down from the sky either. If that's the case, then I will give up on my rights in command and we will all be on equal footing and perform the mission together. Do you agree?" Garen said nicely.

"That's the right choice." The old man seemed very satisfied.

"My name is..." As Garen was about to introduce himself, he was cut off by the old man as he raised his hand.

"Young man, It's best not to reveal your real name in this sort of place. Using a nickname will do. This is an advice from an old man. Alright alright, everyone drop your act and properly introduce yourselves." The old man smiled. "My call sign is oldman. These two sisters are called Kitten and Fox respectively. This youngster beside me is called Hunter and the person who is asleep is our vice captain, Red Umbrella."

Garen nodded.

"The nicknames were created by yourselves?"

"Of course, you can call yourself whatever you want as long as it's easy to pronounce." The old man nodded.

"Then you can call me Nineheads." Garen replied gently.

"Nineheads? The old man shook his head as he gestured the kid Hunter to give a space for him to sit. "Have a seat. We were discussing a mission we were about to execute before you arrived."

With this, the whole atmosphere had warmed up.

"Everyone will have their own standard parcel for this mission and I would need you to retrieve it for us later. We will discuss about the difficulties of this mission for now." The old man commanded sternly.

Garen glanced at everyone else and the man who was sound asleep had placed down his legs and was no longer snoring. It was obvious that he was listening to the discussion. Everyone looked focused and was completely different from a moment ago.

Garen didn't mind as he was entered the Secret Service to do what he had to do in a low profile. The incident regarding the Trejons Household was very heated and it required some time for it to die off.

He didn't want to be targeted by the Obscuro Society and Terraflor Society just yet.

The Black Prince would soon arrive in the Kingdom to meet His Majesty. Security detail fell under the Secret Service, but it was the mission given to the Black Team, which was the strongest team among the Nine Color teams so it was none of his business. What they needed to do was to eliminate the group of monsters in the surrounding area.

The location of the mission had been implemented into the map and was packed with at least ten red dots. They only had one month to clear the mission to prevent any delay in the Black Prince's schedule.

Garen was rather stunned at the Old Man's arrangement as there was no strategy involved. Positional tasking was given as to who would be in charge at which area. Some were given two or three places, indicating their difference in strength.

One had to realize that these red dots might have form three creatures gathered and they were all distributed among the five of them. Hunter and Red Umbrella had more red dots, three and four red dots respectively. Furthermore, these red dots were the stronger ones as well. As each of them obtained one or two, they soon finished distributing the red dots.

The Old Man suddenly realized that they had an additional person, Garen. He looked at Garen as he hesitated. "Do you want one?" He asked.

"Sure. I will take it as a beginner's training. One red dot shouldn't be any issue." Garen smiled.

"Be vigilant. Although it's just one red dot, there will be at least two form three creatures. If you can't handle it you should immediately send the rescue signal." The Old Man expressed his goodwill.

"You should leave this group if you can't even handle one red dot." Kitten smirked.

"I will go to bed if there's nothing else." Red Umbrella yawned as he stood up, preparing to leave the room. "Send the things to my room later."

"You can send the items to our rooms later. It's indicated in the map and it's easy to find." The Old Man stood up and patted Garen on the shoulder.

"It's time for you to shine." Kitten walked passed Garen's side and did the same. The other girl, Fox, didn't say a word and left the room.

The Kid Hunter smiled at Garen and was the last one to leave.

Garen stood in the room speechless as he looked at the empty chairs and tables.

"So I'm the bellboy now?" He shook his head. He could see that these people had their hands filled with blood and its stench, much stronger and concentrated than his were.

He had killed many normal secret technique users in his previous world. Technically speaking they were just commoners and he was slightly stronger than them. These people said that they had killed totem users on par with them. They didn't even mention about killing people not of their level or the commoners.

It was obvious that the amount would be a lot.

"I have got to give credit to the headquarters. They only have ten groups, yet the weakest one is already this strong." Garen felt emotional and he didn't understand the intention of His Majesty placing him here. However, since the Secret Service had access to highly classified intelligence, he should be able to obtain some special intel regarding this world.

He memorized the map and left the room. As he was on his way out, he encountered a grey shirted lady pushing a cart, claiming to be the courier.

Garen gave her some tips and told her to help send the items to the rooms indicated on the map. The woman seemed to be very familiar with the place as she often sent packages around here. She happily accepted the request as she usually did this without getting pay.

Garen inquired about the setup of this place and found out that the place was built underneath a lake.

After finding out where the Archives and the Database were located, he decided to find out if they had any intel that he would find useful.

Although he was not satisfied with the attitude of the Red Team's members, he didn't take it to heart as he knew that it was normal for people to behave like so.

What he currently needed was the intel on removing the Crystal Derivator's hidden problem. Although this item was no longer item he most relied on, it was still very useful so he didn't want to simply give it up.

Furthermore, his ultimate objective was to try and find any information regarding the relationship between this world and the previous world.

There was still one year or two before the Kovitan Empire collapsed. Garen planned to settle everything for Hathaway, Goth and Prynne within this time frame. He wanted to compensate Acacia for lending his body to him by preparing a path for his relatives and close friends.

He would then focus all his energy into finding the secret between connecting this world and the previous one.

In a distant land far away, there laid a tall black minaret that pierced through the clouds and beyond, shrouding the topmost parts of the building. .

Black smoke could be seen at the bottom of the tall minaret. The smoke morphed into the shape of a tall humanoid with black armor.

The humanoid looked at the minaret in front of it as the black smoke rotated around its body, forming a huge cloud vortex. Loud whistles of wind constantly travelled down to the ground.

"Is something wrong, Heiji?" A man's deep voice suddenly came from the minaret, as if the whole building was reverberating this sound.

The armored humanoid stood still with its head down as it paid respect towards the tower.

"There's a new movement from the Terraflor Society. They seem to be nurturing a man called Beckstone."

"I know. We can just ignore him. Our current opponent is the Royal Alliance of Luminarists. The Three Departments are troublesome in their own way and the President is still asleep. We need to be more cautious as the time he awakens draws near. These three old men are no simple characters. We will

have hope of overpowering them when the President successfully awakens and we no longer need to rely on creatures to contain them."

The man in the minaret explained.

"What about Marshall God Cloud? We have noticed that a General-class Crystal Derivator is acting strangely."

"Send a message to tell him to deal with it himself. We of the Black Sky are only in charge of monitoring them and are in no position to oversee the whole operation."

"What worries me is that we can't get in touch with the General who is in charge of Kovitan. It may affect the whole plan." Heiji responded.

"It is the plan of Marshall God Cloud, not ours. Alright, we'll stop here today." The tower quietened down and no sound came from it afterward.

The black armored humanoid, too, dissolved into a pile of smoke and disappeared.

Somewhere in the ruins of Daniela, a black unihorned creature was slowly moving among the ruins. The Unihorn Creature was carrying a purple haired woman who had an eyepatch on her. She had a red crystal ball floating in her palm, the surface was faintly glowing in red.

"Demetrius, are you able to get hold of Jess?" The Elemental General, Andora's voice came from the ball.

"What's wrong? Is there an emergency?" Demetrius gently comb her hair with her hand.

"The Black Sky said that Jess's Derivator is broken. The general meant that it may be too late to change a new one as Kovitan is entirely in charge by Jess. Since you're the only person who had seen Jess's face

and identity, the General wants you to go there by yourself. Since you still have another General there, you don't need to worry about something happening at your place. That fellow hasn't been contacting the other Generals in the area. Anyone would believe that he's lost." Andora explained coldly.

"Alright. Intel says that he's currently in the Kovitan's Kingdom. Isn't there already a General there? Furthermore the General from the Elite Squad is there as well. Please let them know of the situation since I'm not familiar with them."

"Alright, let me try and contact them."

Chapter 367: Exposed 3

The information at the Archives had been moved to the Royal Secret Department. Garen, who just came out from the Wells Castle, was slightly disappointed to find out that the Secret Department's wasn't here, but on the other side of the Kingdom, which required a journey of half an hour.

He called a carriage and went back to his residence.

After ten minutes or so, he arrived the Blue Bay Manor.

As Garen was about to get down from the carriage, he saw two tall men with red shawls standing in front of his manor, and seemed to be inquiring Lala about something.

He squinted his eyes.

"Keep moving forward." He ordered the driver.

The driver looked at Garen skeptically and moved forward without asking further.

Garen acted as if he were passing by as he looked at the two of them through the window. As they left with the carriages and disappeared on the lane, he then ordered the driver to turn around and go back to his manor.

After getting down of the carriage and paying the driver, Garen walked towards Lala, who was standing in front of the entrance.

"Who are those two?"

"They claimed to be the guards of the princess and came to find you for something." Lala whispered. Her face was filled with suspicion. "They said that they want you to contact them immediately once you have returned."

Garen's heart sank.

"I understand. You go do your stuff."

"Yes." Although Lala didn't understand, she could see that Garen was unhappy and immediately turned away.

Garen walked into his own manor and passed through the guest room down to the open air garden in the middle and straight into the main living hall.

Without any hesitation, he walked into his own bedroom and pulled out a black box at a corner of a wall and opened the box with the key on his body.

Flopped, the black metal lock and box was opened, revealing the items inside.

Among the black ribbons laid a faintly glowing red Crystal Derivator.

A sentence was shown on its surface: You have five communication request, do you want to answer?

Garen took out the Crystal Derivator and let it floated on his hand.

He opened the communication request and they were the request of two upper class Generals and three middle class General. What a luxurious line up.

He clicked on an unknown name of an upper class General and answered the communication request.

The inner structure of the Crystal Derivator glew red and formed a vortex.

"Jess? Since when did you change your name? Garen? Isn't this name..." A charming female voice came out from the Crystal Derivator. "Whatever, let's not talk about this. Demetrius didn't manage to get in touch with you. Is your Derivator broken? Didn't we just visit the Black Sky to fix it last time? You have been saying you have issues with your Derivator since last time."

Garen hesitated for a moment before purposefully simmering his voice coarsely.

"Are you Ann-Rue?" It was the name stated for the upper class General.

The opposing party was silent for a moment.

"That's not it! You're not Jess! Jess would never talk to me like that! Damn it! Who are you?!!" Ann-Rue went full rage as her voice were cold and rapid.

"I am jess, it's just that my throat..."

"Don't bother. Who are you? How dare you disguise yourself as upper class General Jess and infiltrate the Obscuro Society's military. How did you find out about the secret code?" Ann-Rue's tone was no longer charming and lazy, but cold and cruel instead.

"Whatever. There's no point in asking this. Let me look at your empowered totem... Hmm... One humanoid and three spiritualized.... Three spiritualized Totems?! Not bad eh kid." Ann-Rue's tone became gentle all of the sudden.

"To be able to nurture three Spiritualized totems. This should be your main strength eh. Hehe, Garen... This name Garen, don't tell me you're the young Viscount from the Trejons Household?"

Garen was shocked at how sharp and quick witted the opponent was.

"Since you already know, what do you plan to do?"

Ann-Rue started laughing.

"Do you know that, the moment I report this to the higher ups, all your totems will be confiscated? Three of your spiritualized totem creatures that you nurtured so hard will become the property of others? And you yourself would be killed by them."

"What are you scheming?" Garen didn't change his expression and reverted back to his original voice.

The opponent was quiet for a moment before she started to laugh again. "Since the Derivator is in your hands, it's safe to assume that Jess is no longer alive. I really have no idea how you nurtured them, even I have only two spiritualized totem. Hmm... It's rare to stumble upon a great thug. What should I do with you?"

"How about this, since I have an important task to do, I want you to be at the Vivian Garden located at the northern side of the Kingdom within 10 minutes. I will be waiting for you on a long chair by the roadside."

Garen put away the crystal ball and went out of the door without saying another word. He then rode his Aberrated horse, reserved for emergencies, and rushed towards the Kingdom.

It took Garen 9 minutes to reached Vivian Garden located in the northern side of town.

The garden was in complete silence, and so were his surroundings. Most of the trees inside had wilted, and there were only a few white jade sculptures in the middle. The circular garden wasn't huge, and there was circular road with a row of long chairs beside them.

Garen took a turn and didn't see anyone there.

"I have arrived, where are you?" He walked towards a corner where no one was present and took out the crystal as he asked.

"There's a change of plans, you need to be at the Bernoulli Stone Bridge of the west in three minutes. Someone will naturally tell you what to do there." Ann-Rue answered lazily.

Garen squinted his eyes. "Are you messing with me? Bernoulli Stone Bridge is five kilometers away from here. The Kingdom doesn't allow the use of a totem how do you expect me to reach there in time?!"

"It's up to you if you want to go or not. Remember, you only have three minutes. If you're late I will report you. If that happens, your empowered totem, including the girl you empowered would be gone. It's your choice." Ann-Rue laughed coldly.

Without any hesitation, Garen jumped onto his horse and rushed towards the west. Luckily, there weren't many carriages on the street.

As he arrived at the Bernoulli Stone Bridge, he could only see a few homeless men sleeping by the bridge, no suspicious looking person was present.

Garen went to both ends of the bridge and didn't see anyone.

"Alright, consider yourself passed. Next up.. Hmm... Let me think. Do you see that beggar who is sleeping underneath the sculpture on your left? Go hug her and tell her that you're her long lost relative and you want to bring her home. Make sure you're expressive okay~~" Ann-Rue yawned as she said so.

"Are you fucking around with me?!" Garen's expression worsened as he looked at the beggar. Ignoring the ulcers covering her body, she reeked with foul odor, her hair was messy and saliva was dripping out from her mouth. Anyone would know that she was a mentally retarded idiot.

"I'm fucking around, did you only realize that?" Ann-Rue started laughing. "It should be time now, where the little girl in your manor had been captured by my men. Imagine your little empowered female

servant was discovered by the Royal Alliance. Hehe, I wonder what will happen... The Royal Alliance will definitely see you as a traitor. What should you do~~ Oh so troublesome~~~"

"However, as long as you listen to me, I will not reveal your secret~~ As long as you're obedient. Alright now follow what I just..."

"I found you." Garen suddenly smirked as he licked his lips.

"You?"

The Crystal Derivator instantly broke and became a pile of red dusts and Ann-Rue's voice stopped coming out.

Garen put away his right hand as he rode his horse with his sight set at a certain direction on the left of the stone bridge.

Pew!

He immediately disappeared.

Far away from the Bernoulli Stone Bridge, there was a tower in construction just beside the river which protected the city.

A woman in black skirt placed down the crystal ball in fear. She sensed that a horrifying threat was approaching her. This sensation was unique only to the Royal Household.

Her delicate face was filled with anxiety.

"Wade!"

"Yes Princess, do you have any orders?" A humongous yellow-copper colored man in armor kneel down and asked respectfully.

"We will change our holding area immediately. It's no longer safe here. I keep having this sense of foreboding." The woman in black skirt held her chest as her face went pale.

It was as if the man's voice in the crystal derivator was still ringing by her ears.

"Find me? What can you do if you find me? I have the Royal Knights protecting me. What can you, a totem user who had placed all your empowered totem outside of this area, do to me?!"

The black skirted woman started to feel calm as she comforted herself.

"Let's go! Let's leave this place." She stood up, took her purse and rushed down the spiral staircase. Without realizing it, she looked down from the tower.

She was instantly horrified.

A tall man in black shirt was grinning at him at the bottom of the tower. His white teeth gave off a sinister vibe. It was the 'Jess' that she saw at the Bernoulli Stone Bridge.

"Move! Quick!!" The black skirted girl started to panic and shouted loudly. She started to feel fear that she hadn't known existed.

As the Royal member of the Kovitan Empire, they had a unique ability that was envied by everyone. It was the ability that to alert them to impending dangers.

This was the Kovitan Royal household's predictive ability, or a gifted talent which was a special ability.

Every Royal member had different degrees to which they knew danger was coming, and this woman had lost her cool due to this.

"This is Royal territory, no entry allowed!" Two heavily armored guards crossed their spears to block Garen's path.

The two of them stood at the entrance of the tower and stared fiercely at Garen.

"Didn't your princess invite me here?" Garen could hear their conversation clearly at the bottom of the tower.

"What uninteresting subordinates, what do you need them for?" He smiled gently.

Cha!!

The upper body of the guards instantly disappeared. It was as if they were bitten off by something invisible. The lower body stood still. Blood hadn't even had the chance to move. The fresh blood from the remaining corpses slowly flowed down to the ground.

With a smile on his face, Garen walked into the white tower.

The corpses behind him fell onto the ground.

The passers by started shouting one after another as they saw the scene.

"Protect Her Highness!!!" A group of heavily armored guards started to gather.

A series of powerful totem powers appeared behind Garen. It was the totem powers of many form two totem users rushing into the tower. Their bodies were filled with many colors of totem light.

The narrow staircase in the tower couldn't fit totem creatures with huge bodies, so the ones who entered were small totems with special abilities.

As Garen stepped onto the first layer of the staircase, he could feel that his speed had been slowed down. It was as if an invisible force field was affecting him and slowing his speed as a result.

"Delayed Superimposition!"

An old man with a grey beard walked down from above and stared coldly at Garen.

"How dare you kill the Royal Knight's guard and disrupt the third princess's rest. You should be punished with death!"

Chapter 368: Exposed 4

This old man had a red crow perched in his shoulder, its eyes like black jewels staring at Garen darkly.

Garen felt this power curiously, raised his head and smiled at the old man.

Chack!!

Another set of invisible jaws snapped towards him.

The grey-bearded old man jumped back nimbly, a hint of sardonicism on his face. "Traceless and soundless, this ability is indeed impressive, but you shouldn't have revealed him beforehand." He glanced at the surge of Royal Knights behind Garen, and waved.

"Step down, all of you, don't disturb my deceleration force field. I'll settle things here..."

Chack!!

Before he finished speaking, another pair of huge jaws bit down on him.

The old man's expression changed, and he shook out a Tactic Chain, activating a red light on it but couldn't wait for the red light to take effect.

There was a snapping at his waist, and he broke into two. His top half disappeared in an instant, together with the red crow, bitten off and swallowed by the invisible jaws.

Poof.

His lower half fell to the ground, blood and guts spilling onto the floor.

Garen moved his body.

"Deceleration force field, how useful. Even a body as powerful as mine can be affected by it."

He continued to walk upwards. He looked slow, but his speed was unnaturally fast.

"Protect Her Highness the Princess!!"

"Protect Her Highness with your life!"

The Royal Knights behind him pounced one by one, activating all sorts of abilities. Some used the same deceleration, some lit fires on their bodies, others increased their speed, or enlarged certain parts of their body and so on, but all their totem power was not enough to affect Garen's steps.

The Totem Light around him forcefully kept all the ability attacks outside. Several shapeless jaws bit the Royal Knights chasing after him straight into two.

He didn't like to eat the whole thing. Although the Salamander had this ability, once it ate the whole person, that meant it was eating humans as food, and not just killing. That wasn't the feeling he wanted.

And people tended to have a lot of filth in their lower bodies, so Garen purposely avoided this part.

Wooo~~~~!!

Suddenly, there was a piercing siren in the air above the capital outside.

It was the piercing siren that only rang when there was an urgent attack from outside.

Garen dashed to the top of the tower in a few steps. There was nobody at all at the exit to the top of the tower, nothing at all.

Garen stood at the entrance to the stairs, took one look around him, and suddenly smiled slightly.

Huge unseen jaws instantly chomped forward.

Chack!!

The scenery around him rippled like water.

The Third Princess, Ann-Rue, hurriedly walked onto the back of the huge green bird.

Behind her, the top of the tower was being wrapped up in a blood-colored ball of flesh. The flesh ball wriggled constantly, a wrinkled old woman floating beside it

Chack!!

A strange biting and chewing sound came from inside the flesh ball.

With the flinch of each bite, the old woman's face grew paler, her originally rosy face growing whiter and whiter.

"Go!! Your Highness!" she yelled loudly and sternly. "I can't hold on much longer!"

"Grandma Lina!" Ann-Rue turned around to look at the old woman, the struggle evident on her face.

"Go!!"

Ann-Rue clenched her teeth, and stepped on the large green bird under her feet.

The giant bird immediately spread its wings and flew off into the distance.

She turned around to look deeply at the flesh ball, as though looking through the flesh ball and seeing Garen inside.

"I'll get you back for this!! Garen Trejans!" She clenched and gritted her teeth, her eyes filled with hatred. "Just you wait, you'll be hunted down from both sides!! Everyone related to you, I'll make sure to properly pass on your good deeds to them..."

"Unfortunately, you won't have the chance to anymore." Suddenly, there was a casual voice by her ear.

Ann-Rue's expression changed, and she jumped off the green bird without thinking.

Just as she leaped off the bird's back.

The giant flesh ball on the top of the tower exploded instantly, and an invisible mouth flew out, biting down on the green bird in midair mercilessly.

The green bird emitted green electricity, fighting against the large jaws. It threw its head back and screeched sharply.

A large amount of green electricity covered the surface of the mouth, and finally revealed its features.

The large mouth was a huge, salamander-like head, but it was only a part of the top.

The giant salamander head had a long snake-like neck, stretching backwards into an unknown space, as though it was a powerful creature from another space, poking out from goodness knows where.

Just from the proportions of this salamander head alone, the length of this creature's body would be a terrifying twenty meters or more. Otherwise, there was no way it could reach out to bite the green bird that had already flown out more than ten meters.

Hurr!!!

Suddenly there was a bolt of purple lightning from below, piercing right at the eye-catching huge salamander head.

The purple lightning was like a long spear, shooting out mercilessly, piercing accurately through the salamander head's chin, and then emerging from the top of its skull.

Roarr!!!

The Salamander screamed, and let go.

But by then, the back half of the green bird had already become a mess of blood and flesh, and it fell down from the sky heavily with a wail. With a whoosh, it became a stroke of silver light, flying back into Ann-Rue's ring.

The long spear of purple lightning was shot with all the strength of Wade, Ann-Rue's personal bodyguard. There was a pair of whisker-like purple wings sprouting out of his back, twisting rhythmically towards both sides, like two spreads of dense tree roots.

"Let's see how you attack now!!" Wade looked up at the top of the tower, his expression cold and determined. This lightning spear was the result of his gathering all the power in his body, the strongest power he could muster.

As soon as the spear was shot out, even a Spiritualized Totem wouldn't be able to take it. Once it hit the totem's vital spots, the only end result would be utter disintegration.

This was the main reason he could become the Third Princess' personal bodyguard, a defensive knight.

That was his Thunder God Spear, that had killed more battle-loving elite warriors than he could count on the battlefields of the past.

The Salamander did indeed grow quiet, and did not appear anymore.

"Is he dead?" Wade glanced around the top of the tower warily, but did not see anything suspicious.

"Leave that place!!" The Third Princess, Ann-Rue's voice came from far behind him.

Wade was slightly confused, but still obeyed and retreated rapidly.

Chack!!

A huge pulling force appeared in the air in front of him, as though he was being swallowed by something in one gulp.

Wade's expression changed.

"Wade!!"

He heard the Third Princess' desperate yell, and then, there was no longer an 'and then'. His vision went black, and he instantly sank into the endless darkness.

Garen's body slowly landed where Wade was standing, and another large mouth swallowed Wade utterly.

"Tsk-tsk, what power, that one hit took out one of my heads, you know." Garen's expression was appreciative. Unfortunately, the Eight Headed Dragon had extraordinary regenerative powers, and the destroyed dragon head quickly regrew. Those guards it had swallowed just now made the best nutrients.

Unless you destroyed all of the Eight Headed Dragons' heads at once, there was no way to destroy the Eight Headed Dragon.

The ability to swallow unseen, terrifyingly formidable power, impressive elemental resistance, and Life Tear, the ridiculous ability that will boost its own life force.

This beast, evolved to the max, was practically the strongest war machine!

He looked at Ann-Rue, her face deathly pale in the distance. This Third Princess was currently backing up non-stop, looking panicked and terrified. She had immense power, but right now she was basically a little girl. She had a powerful totem but didn't know how to use it, neither did she have the courage to fight. This was the condition of the current royal family, they had the power to fight, but didn't have the corresponding guts and valor.

"How pathetic." Garen shook his head slightly. "Aren't you an Elemental General? Where's your totem? These subordinates dying to protect you are actually all a lot weaker than you. But they all have the courage to face a powerful opponent without backing down, what about you?"

Ann-Rue bit her lip. It was true, she barely ever left the capital, and the few times she had fought, she had always been protected by everyone else. Her battle experience was unbelievably bad.

She looked at the mess around her. Her power had more or less died out, her subordinates' broken limbs were strewn everywhere, and it had taken barely a minute to create such a tragedy. The other person's strength and cruelty were unbelievable.

"How boring." Garen was suddenly disinterested. "I thought it would be a fun battle." Looking at the terrified Princess Ann-Rue. He waved one hand.

A large mouth bit Ann-Rue mercilessly, picking her up.

Ahh!!

Ann-Rue screamed, and her eyes rolled back into her head. She had actually fainted from fright.

Garen glanced at the many shadows flying towards him rapidly in the distant sky. It was the capital's reserve team of elite fighters, rapidly gathering.

"Less than a minute's time, their reflexes are not bad."

With a whoosh of wind, he and Ann-Rue disappeared from the spot at the same time. All that could be seen was a shadow faintly ducking into a small street, and vanishing from sight. It was as fast as a phantom.

An Elemental General had high value in terms of intelligence. There was always that Lala to be found, so it was too early to kill her now.

Garen acted quickly this time, wearing his hood the whole time. Those who had seen him were all permanently silenced. The whole mission had taken less than two minutes. Even Garen himself was especially satisfied with how fast and how absolute it had been.

This mission had also, in a way, tested his current abilities.

During the mission, he had encountered Form Three totem users. There was that first grey-bearded old man, who was eaten instantly. And then there was that old lady, she seemed to be connected to her core totem somehow. When the illusory flesh ball was punctured, that old hag was also torn to pieces.

As for that last one, Wade, his electric spear was indeed impressive, to think it could take down one of the Eight Headed Dragon's heads. Just as a Spiritualized totem user, it was something for him to be proud of.

This had also exceeded Garen's expectations. He didn't think that one Third Princess would have such powerful protective knights. Although the royal family was corrupt, looks like it still had decent power.

Moving quickly through the streets, Garen moved at high speed, quietly and unseen, even the smell of his body gathered completely.

This time, he didn't want to be prematurely exposed, he hadn't wanted to solve this matter so impulsively either, but since he'd done it, he needed to consider all the possible results.

Chapter 369: Mastermind 1

Dragging the Third Princess behind him, Garen didn't stop for anything, quickly returning to the bridge, and riding his own horse casually as he rushed back to his estate. Besides, the Third Princess was being held in the Salamander's mouth, still unconscious.

He wasn't panicked either.

Riding his horse from afar, he saw the area around the tower surrounded by many troops. Several characters with impressive auras appeared one after the other, observing the situation.

Garen even pretended to be a passerby, walking past the scene.

One of the leaders was a red-haired man wearing a white cape, crouching on the ground where Wade had disappeared and checking the traces.

Two guards were beside him reporting the situation, and there was a circle of guards in half body suits of white armor, sealing away the scene.

There was even a group of spectators surrounding them, speculating away and sounding like a swarm of flies on a pile of rotten meat, buzzing.

Garen rode his horse and passed the scene slowly.

"Tsk-tsk... How terrible, not even one survivor." He acted like an ignorant passerby, tut-tutting at the scene.

"What do you mean, dear sir, you don't know. I came here as soon as I heard the sounds, but once I got here, I saw that the killing was already over. I didn't see the killer, but all this blood on the floor... Tsk-tsk..." A fat merchant was also passing by on a single-seater carriage, looking at the scene just like Garen.

"Aren't you afraid of getting involved?" Garen glanced at this man.

"Of course! Why wouldn't I be afraid? But my biggest hobby is to stick my nose into other people's business, as long as I find a safe space, I won't have to be worried about anything." The fatty waved his hand.

Garen shook his head, and rode his horse casually past. Looking at the White Cape's expression of confusion, his heart lightened up.

Without making any stops along the way, Garen returned to his own estate.

As expected, Lala was gone.

He carefully avoided everyone's gazes, calmly walking into the estate and closing the room door behind him. He then pulled that person out of the Dragon's mouth, carrying the Third Princess in one hand and closing the windows with the other.

After checking all the doors and windows carefully, he was satisfied that they were all tightly sealed shut.

Garen carried the Third Princess and walked down into the secret basement. The first thing he saw was Komodo, panting in the entrance to the tunnel, his expression panicked and his body plastered to the wall as though he was hiding from something.

He held an iron shovel in his hand, and was shocked when he heard footsteps, so he raised the shovel and smashed it down at Garen's direction.

"Look before you smash!" Garen pinched the shovel with a smack, glaring at him coldly.

Komodo instantly widened his eyes.

"Aw mah gawd! Aw mah gawd!! Master, you've finally come home! Miss Lala was taken away!" Komodo's expression was that of intense relief. He looked strong on the outside, and was rather large-sized, but in truth he was extremely cowardly and afraid of dying.

"Move aside!" Garen pushed him away, carrying the unconscious Third Princess with one hand and striding down the corridor.

When he reached the corner of the second corridor, he slapped the wall on his right with his palm, and just happened to hit a palm-shaped dent.

Clack-clack-clack...

There were crisp sounds behind him, and the two black-purple metal walls came down over the entrances, sealing the corridor away.

"Master, what are you doing?" Komodo followed behind Garen, confused. He had also noticed the woman Garen was carrying in his hand.

"Before I finish my business here, no one is allowed to enter. That includes you," Garen replied mildly.

Komodo immediately gave a shudder of fright, and didn't say anything more.

The two of them descended rapidly, one after the other, and soon reached a lab that wasn't very big.

Throwing Princess Ann-Rue inside, Garen adjusted the passcodes in the room. In the whole underground, there was one extra-secure room like this one, secured with five chain wheels. Therefore, it could be arranged into five digits, so after setting up five different numbers, he could properly secure the room.

Garen turned to the correct passcode, and walked inside.

"Komodo, you go take care of those survivors from the experiment, don't interrupt me unless there's something important."

Komodo blinked, and put on a suggestive expression.

"Alright, Master. I'll make sure no one disturbs you!" he guaranteed loudly.

Garen was too lazy to bother with what he was thinking, and slammed the door shut.

The secret room was a bit like a huge tent, the top was rounded to a tip, and the area in the center was cylindrical.

There was pale yellow light in the room, and a large fire basin hanging above, illuminating the room in place of a lamp. The red flames in the fire basin leapt non-stop, coloring the ceiling a total black-red.

Garen reached out to turn some switches on the wall next to the door, adjusting the flames in the fire basin lamp.

There were two lonely black sofas in the secret room, and a red-brown compound shelf in the corner. There were nine shelves in total, and two of those shelves were even open.

Garen walked to the sofa and sat down, quietly waiting for Princess Ann-Rue to wake up. At the same time, he organized his situation now.

"I got rid of the witnesses properly, that area is under the Royal Family's patrol, and passersby might have seen the color of my clothes, but even then they surely only caught a glimpse from afar, and couldn't see the patterns clearly. Judging from the reaction from the Royal Family just now, they shouldn't have found any effective clues."

Garen caressed his stubble lightly, his long blonde hair reflecting a mysterious golden-red under the firelight.

"I have no choice but to give up on the Crystal Derivator, since it could be taken over and controlled by Obscuro, I might as well release the three Spiritualized Petrifying White Dragons, rather than just hand them over." He lifted the Crystal Derivator, and suddenly remember that this Third Princess should have one with her too.

He stood up directly, and walked up to Ann-Rue, who was lying on the ground. He crouched down next to her and started pressing around her body, quickly discovering her Crystal Derivator in a small pouch behind her waist.

Garen didn't even look at it, pinching it into pieces with a snap.

The broken crystal shards scattered everywhere.

He directly took all the little pouches Ann-Rue carried with her off, and poured all the bulging contents onto the sofa. He then stripped the totem storage tool off of her.

There was a red scroll, tied neatly with silver string, but he didn't know what it was for.

Two black crystal storage rings, a small makeup mirror. And some tiny shards of red and blue gems.

Lastly there was a glass flesh-colored tube that looked like lipstick, he could see sticky flesh-colored liquid shaking slightly inside.

Garen looked at the label on the glass tube, slightly curious.

‘Aer Chest Enhancement Oil, Specifically for Royalty’

He glanced at Ann-Rue’s chest somewhat at a loss for words. It was flat as a pancake, with only the slightest suspicion of a bump...

He didn’t waste any time keeping the ring and rubies, as well as the scroll, all into his own bag. Garen sat back onto the sofa, and waited quietly.

He had just killed so many totem user guards and three Form Three totem users, one of them was even Spiritualized.

Garen couldn’t count the total number closely either, so he settled his heart to check how many potential points he had earned.

‘Power 14. Agility 3.11. Vitality 10. Intelligence 2.53. Potential 5528%. Has Luminarist quality.’

"Only 55 potential points?" Garen frowned, this might even include the few potential points he had left before.

The Petrifying White Dragons kept hunting for him, amassing many potential points, to the point where Garen nearly forgot how hard it was to earn potential points.

He killed many powerful entities this time, and still only earned fifty-five potential points. The Petrifying White Dragons had collected so many before, more than four hundred, who knows how many monsters they had to massacre to get so many.

"I had so many potential points before, so although fifty-five points is already a lot, it just feels rather underwhelming." Garen was slightly self-deprecating, over four hundred potential points had spoiled his sense of judgment.

Looking at his attributes, his agility was still only at 3.11.

It was just nice that these attribute points could be all added to his attributes.

Garen immediately moved his gaze to stare at Agility, and his potential points dropped like a stone.

At first, one potential point could increase his agility attribute by 0.1.

Soon enough, after using almost twenty potential points on his agility, he increased it to five attribute points. In an instant, he required 20 potential points to increase his attribute by one.

After increasing his agility to 6 points, Garen stopped immediately. Looking at the dozen or so potential points he had left, he shook his head rather helplessly.

He used his potential points up too quickly. He hadn't even considered adding more secret techniques.

Garen thought about it, and the three red dots on his forehead immediately lit up with a red light, a small, shrunken version of the Eight Headed Dragon totem materializing behind him.

The meat lump that formed the ninth head on the totem's back had clearly grown a lot bigger.

Evidently, the change in attributes had a certain effect on its growth, it was just that he still didn't know when it could grow its ninth head.

Garen really anticipated this. Be it in the legends of Earth, or those of the Secret Technique World, there were stories about the Nine Headed Hydra. They were each different, so he was really excited to see what heights the totem that began as a Dual Headed Salamander would morph into at the final stage.

With six in agility, he felt his body grow a lot lighter, the lines of his body also evened out. Whenever he lifted his arms or legs, it felt as though the air automatically gave way.

It was a very strange feeling, and somewhat intoxicating.

Garen felt the changes in his body carefully, and lost track of time.

"Mm..."

After staying unconscious for no one knows how long, Princess Ann-Rue finally frowned, and slowly woke up on the floor.

"Where is this? My head hurts so bad... Wei Xi! Wei Xi!! Bring me a cup of Active Water." She didn't seem to have a grasp of the situation yet, and after calling what seemed to be the name of a maid a few times, this spoiled princess finally woke up, and glanced at Garen on the sofa. She quickly covered her chest, and shrank into the corner of the wall.

"You!! It's you! What are you planning!? I'm warning you! I'm the Third Princess of the Kovistan Royal Family! Once he realizes I'm missing, my father the King will definitely send out the strongest Royal Knights out searching everywhere, you'd better release me now! I can pretend nothing happened. Otherwise, you'll definitely be dismembered! You'll be staked! Fed to the dogs alive!"

This poor thing was so scared her face was white, her expression that of terror. Even then, she was threatening Garen loudly.

"Poor thing. You still don't know what situation you're in now?" Garen stood up, playing with the unknown scroll in his hand. "Now tell me, what is the scroll in my hand here for?"

Chapter 370: Mastermind 2

Ann-Rue swallowed, and was already shrunk into the corner.

"Why should I tell you!?"

As though thinking she was acting too weak. She instantly puffed out her chest.

"I advise you to let me go as soon as possible, or else once they realize you did it, even I wouldn't be able to keep it under wraps! Be it the Royal Family or Obscuro, they're not people you can afford to piss off!"

Garen was at a loss for words, shaking his head and laughing.

"Are you really so stupid or just pretending? I killed so many people of yours, and you're still hoping I will let you go?"

Bam!!

He kicked Ann-Rue's waist mercilessly.

The golden Totem Light fought against the black Totem Light on his foot, spraying out small flecks of black and gold light. The many flecks scattered onto the ground, and rapidly disappeared.

"Ahh!!!" Ann-Rue screamed loudly, her whole body kicked to the wall, the golden Totem Light on her body dimming significantly.

"Speak, what is this thing?"

"It's... it's, it's a sealed scroll!! It's sealed with three shots of Wade's Thunder God Spear!!!" Ann-Rue was utterly terrified, and immediately spilled everything.

"Tsk-tsk, such a powerful item, and you kept it with you without daring to use it, just watching as I killed off your beloved subordinates. I finally understand how stupid you are." Garen was in awe.

Three shots of the Thunder God Spear, if used well, would be completely enough to wound him slightly and put his guard up.

Looking at the piece of crap in front of him, a hint of ruthlessness flashed past Garen's eyes. She was useless alive anyway, so he might as well get rid of her.

"No!! Don't kill me! Don't kill me! I don't want to die! I know a huge secret! You'll definitely be interested in it, don't kill me!!" Ann-Rue immediately sensed the possible danger, and instantly closed her eyes, screaming.

"Secret?" Garen kept pulled back his hint of killing instant, rather surprised at how sensitive Ann-Rue was to danger. "Tell me, if it's not worth any money, you know the consequences."

"It's a secret to do with the Endor precious heirlooms!!" Ann-Rue immediately said it without hesitation. "You'll definitely be interested in it, it's the Endor heirlooms! Legend has it each heirloom has the power to reach the skies and split the earth!! As long as you don't kill me, I'll immediately tell you everything I know!"

Endor!

Garen's heart gave a jolt. Although he didn't show a thing on the surface, his heart was already extremely shocked.

In his previous life, he had entered and left the Endor ruins multiple times, so he heard a lot about this old and mysterious civilization. To think that even in this world, he could still hear rumors of this civilization.

"Are you sure it's the Endor heirlooms?" He raised his voice and asked, this secret room was completely soundproof anyway, so he didn't have to worry about his voice getting out.

"Of course, I'm a hundred percent sure!" Ann-Rue hurriedly answered like a chick pecking at rice, "It's just that... just that..."

"Just what?"

"It's just that this precious heirloom was made when Father called strong fighters from all over to mimic it, but it's definitely a masterpiece that's the closest to the Endor heirlooms! Believe me! I've seen what it can do!" Ann-Rue hastened to add.

Garen faintly sensed that Ann-Rue's words contained a territory he had never experienced before -- precious heirlooms.

"Tell me properly what these heirlooms are. How are they divided?"

Ann-Rue nodded quickly.

"Most people don't really know about precious heirlooms, only the people at the very top know about these secrets." She paused, and seeing that Garen didn't look at all impatient, she grew slightly braver, getting up and crawling to the wall.

"Precious heirlooms were originally found by a totem user scholar, in a certain set of ruins. They're mysterious tools with special abilities. These are the Original Heirlooms, four in total, one here in our Kovistan, one in Daniela, and two others currently missing. Father thinks they might have been lost to the West Continent or towards the Archipelago.

"Get to the point." Garen hastened her with a frown.

Ann-Rue was so scared her whole body shook, and she quickly spoke faster.

"Precious heirlooms can be divided into three levels, the Original Heirlooms, the Ultimate Heirlooms that mimic the Original Heirlooms, and the Regular Heirlooms that mimic the Ultimate Heirlooms. Most powers have the Regular Heirlooms, some just have more than others, even the totem storage tool is an Heirloom technique.

And Ultimate Heirlooms were passed down from the golden age of Heirlooms five hundred years ago, so there are exceedingly few of them. Now, only a few main powers have the ability to create them. Their strength is obviously more powerful, for example the two Grand Duke families in the Kingdom both have one Ultimate Heirloom each. And then there are the Original Heirlooms, also known as the Endor heirlooms, the strongest tools in legend, there are only two in the East Continent."

"How strong are they?" Garen said evenly.

"Original, Ultimate, Regular, the three levels are only general ratings, since their abilities are different, it's hard to decide how their powers stack up against each other, they're all grades according to how rare they are, how widely they can be used and their uses. The order of precious heirlooms also depends a lot of the influence of the wielder. If someone can make full use of a precious heirloom, this heirloom would naturally be placed higher and graded better." Ann-Rue hastily revealed everything she knew.

"But the Original are definitely the strongest, without a doubt," she added on.

"Then where is the Original Heirloom in Kovistan now? What's it called, what can it do?" Garen asked the key of the matter.

Ann-Rue hesitated for a moment.

"Kovistan's Original Heirloom is called Caesarton, its ability is Absolute Protection. Since Father took the throne, he's always been wearing it on his finger. As for its power... Once, three Spiritualized totem users used their strongest attacks on him at once, and Father was still unharmed."

Garen's heart gave a little jolt.

His Majesty Avic was just a normal person, to think he could use this precious heirloom to fight against three Spiritualized totem users.

"Wait! His Majesty Avic isn't a totem user, is he?" he suddenly noticed the key to the question.

Ann-Rue's gaze was complicated as she nodded.

"Yes, Father is just a normal person. The strongest point of the Endor heirlooms, is that even normal people can use them."

Garen instantly fell silent.

The secret room sank into a long silence, neither of them spoke.

After a long time, Garen completely accepted this unbelievable fact, and finally looked at Ann-Rue, her expression full of fear and respect, again.

"Then do you know exactly how many elite fighters there are in the Kovistan palace?"

Ann-Rue shook her head.

"I don't know, everyone hidden very, very well. In the palace or even in the whole Kingdom, the stupidest thing to do is to completely reveal your own power, that'll bring death upon your head. So I don't know how many powerful people there are either. Father's thoughts run deep, I have no idea how many secrets he's hiding."

Garen arranged the information he just got.

"What about Obscuro? Aren't you one of Obscuro's Elemental Generals? Why do you want to assassinate Avic? Doesn't he have Absolute Protection?"

"It's precisely to get Absolute Protection. Firstly, this Endor heirloom has no attack power whatsoever. Secondly, it can choose some trusted person and lower the defenses against that person. This requires a Ritual of Trust信任仪式, and the trusted person will also be protected by the Heirloom's power. And of all the concubines in the harem, only the First Concubine Delouse will soon receive Father's total trust, with the Ritual of Trust in the works. Delouse gave Father three sons and a daughter. Twice she saved Father from a serious loss. The moment Delouse's Ritual of Trust succeeds, that will be the moment of Avic's death!" Ann-Rue's voice deepened without her knowing.

It was hard to imagine, the internal conflict among the Royal Family had already reached such a cruel state. His own daughter wanted her father to die as soon as possible.

"What about you? As a royal princess, why are you willing to join the Obscuro Society?" Garen looked at this woman of paradoxes, both cowardly and cruel, and couldn't help but ask.

"Me?" Ann-Rue gave a chilling smile. "Can you imagine how a daughter feels when her father has taken her to bed since she was ten years old? Out of the twelve princesses and royal daughters, the first eight took turns entertaining Father in bed every night. As for the other four, perhaps they were too far away, or maybe there was some other reason, maybe because they were too young, only then did that beast reluctantly let them go. He liked to play like that."

She looked at Garen without shame, the sorrow of throwing it all to the sails in her eyes.

"To outsiders, it looks like we the twelve royal daughters are much beloved by the king, but in truth this love had a reason."

Garen fell silent, he found it hard to believe that King Avic was secretly such a perverted and shameless person.

"Before having us, that beast first chose wives of different looks and auras, his real aim wasn't these concubines, but us, born to those concubines. He is such a pervert! My mother was starved to death in the palace thanks to him, the only reason being she broke a crystal glass."

Now that Ann-Rue had said it all, she felt relief instead, as though she had put down a heavy burden and was all the lighter for it.

"Anything else you want to ask?"

Garen glanced at this pitiful woman,

"That's alright, I know everything I want to now."

"Oh, yeah, I kept that maid of yours in the Nongarde Villa, you go look for her yourself." Ann-Rue has also guessed that there was no way Garen would let her go, so she closed her eyes. "Make it quick."

Garen released a long breath, and his right hand shot out like lightning.

Psst!

The moment her Totem Light blocked it, it was immediately pierced through, and his finger accurately pierced into Ann-Rue's forehead.

A fountain of blood and brain fluid sprayed out of the back of Ann-Rue's head, splattering onto the walls behind.

With a whump, Ann-Rue slid to the ground softly.

"Pitiful woman, pitiful royalty." Garen shook his head, the perverse inner nature the Royal Family had earned his eye as well. Such a Royal Family was beautiful on the outside but rotten on the inside, although Avic was particularly kind to his ministers and acted like a breath of fresh air, towards his own family he was unusually cruel. And his largest weak point just happened to be with his family.

In the original history, the Kovistan empire was headed towards becoming one of the strongest countries in the East Continent after he ascended the throne, but then it abruptly collapsed. This was probably the main reason.