

Mystical 371

Chapter 371: Setting Off 1

Looking at Ann-Rue's corpse, Garen raised and waved his hand. With a whoosh, an invisible pair of jaws immediately swallowed up the entire corpse.

"This is the perfect way to dispose of bodies, huh." Satisfied, he turned around and left the secret room.

After that, it was time to consider Obscuro's reaction.

Killing an Elemental General-level spy would evidently be dealing a huge blow to Obscuro's plans. But they probably didn't know for sure who killed her, and Jess's and Ann-Rue's crystal balls were shattered on the same day at the same time, so they would probably think both Generals were killed at the same time.

He had no way of gauging their general reaction, but Garen wasn't too worried about their revenge. While the Kingdom was still the Royal Alliance's territory, Obscuro wouldn't dare to make a careless move.

Putting aside the Secret Service's strong teams in charge of the Kingdom's safety, these were just the forces lurking in the dark, there were still the national departments on the surface, and the strongest of them, the branch of Silver Knights, was also based in the Kovistan Kingdom. There weren't many members in this powerful and mysterious squad, but each member was definitely the cream of the crop. Together with the Secret Service, one in the dark and the other in the light, they were top-grade guards in charge of the entire Kingdom.

Garen wasn't very familiar with the last one, the Geometry Service, but it was an even more mysterious department. What techniques they had in there, what power, nothing at all was known.

The three departments had their own duties, like three countries within a larger country, and each had a territory of their own. They represented the alliance of power between the high nobles in each country. They were the most basic of the Royal Alliance's roots.

But even he could get rid of Princess Ann-Rue in the blink of an eye, so it was still better to be careful with these things.

"In the Kingdom now, the three departments, Obscuro, and members of the royal are all mixed together, so the situation is rather complicated... Right now I'm in the Secret Service, so Obscuro probably wouldn't dare to make an obvious move. Besides, they don't know my identity either, so there shouldn't be a problem. Now I should first go on quests to increase and fill up my attribute points, so first I'll have to reach the level of the Nine Headed Hydra."

He settled his heart, with his hidden ability.

Putting aside the Eight Headed Dragon on the surface, which was a Form Four Totem and had unique, powerful abilities, there was also the true form he hid away deep, that was an even stronger existence. There was no need at all for him to worry like he used to.

On the other hand, there were the two precious heirlooms Ann-Rue was talking about, one was Absolute Protection, resting on the king's finger, the Endor Heirloom. The other was a forged heirloom, it was definitely a lot weaker in power, but it should still be pretty decent. After all the Ultimate Heirlooms were the second level items, if they were worth so many people forging them so wholeheartedly, their power naturally wouldn't be weak.

He was indeed somewhat tempted. But once he remembered the mixed up powers in the Kingdom now, he decided that it was best not to get involved before the situation cleared up.

"Forget it, I'll just mess around in the Secret Service for a while for now, I better not join in the assassination matter, I'll just focus on getting my potential points." Garen made his decision, and didn't think any more of it.

After that, he quickly went to the Villa Ann-Rue mentioned, and saved Lala, who was kept there.

He didn't try to explain anything to her, and Lala seemed very calm as well, this girl seemed to have gotten calmer over her journey with Garen.

Returning to the estate quietly, Garen returned to his consistent lifestyle from before. Waiting for his time to go on a quest to arrive.

Deep in the Kingdom's Palace, in an extravagant white bedroom.

The number one concubine was a cold woman with a slender figure and golden curly hair. Right now, she was wearing a tight white dress, revealing her perfect curves as she stood in front a huge dressing mirror.

The two maids behind her were arranging her golden hair into cylindrical curls, layering these curls and weaving them into beautiful cylinders that looked like gold jewelry.

The large amount of long golden hair was woven into curls, bouncing occasionally as Concubine Delouse moved.

"Your Excellency, Lady Red Chrysanth's Derivator was destroyed." A maid moved her lips, but her voice went straight into the First Concubine's ear. She lowered her head and combed the golden hair, as though she was completely focused and had no other thoughts.

Delouse narrowed her eyes.

"What happened? What about Theta? Wasn't he guarding Red Chrysanth?"

"Theta is dead. Everyone around Red Chrysanth was attacked at the White Bird Tower at about ten in the morning today. Red Chrysanth's whereabouts are unknown, the rest all perished in the line of duty." The maid picked up a black forehead crown and put it on for the concubine.

Delouse mused slightly. "Red Chrysanth's Derivator was destroyed, and I just received the news that Jess's Derivator is broken as well. It can't be a coincidence. Inform Black Sky, find out what actually happened."

"Yes."

"From now on, don't tell me about the Military matters, just send it directly to God Cloud's side. Be careful, make sure that old man Veska doesn't notice."

"Understood. The Defense Minister went patrolling at the front lines today." The maid winked, and smiled.

Several tens of thousands of kilometers away from the Kingdom, in a pitch-black underground cave.

Suddenly, the silver color on the walls of the cave wriggled, dripping down like sticky liquid, and landed with a few splatters.

These silver liquids wriggled slowly, quickly becoming a complete humanoid shape, looking like a clear human figure made of mercury.

It had no features, its face was flat, but its figure and all that were properly shaped, so it looked just like a silver statue.

This was a woman's figure with large breasts and long, long hair. She walked slowly to the center of the cave.

"Respected His Excellency God Cloud, Delouse sends news, two of the Elemental Generals had their Crystal Derivators destroyed at the same time, so she needed to ask people from Black Sky to investigate this matter.

She was the only person in the cave, there was absolutely no one else, but then a sound came from the cave ceiling.

The silver cave walls actually started wriggling and bulged into a huge silver face. It was a man's clear face, only its eyes were two dark and empty holes.

"I already know about this. The people from Black Sky have made a conclusion, Kovistan will temporarily be under the Elite Department and Delouse to handle, those two are both dead. Someone actually dares to publicly attack my people. Anya, which generals are closest to the Kingdom these days?"

"There's Sindre in charge of Kevita Area, and there's Ariel, who's fighting with the national department of Silver Knights now. Add Delouse, and that's all the existing power we have in Kovistan." The silver woman replied respectfully. "In order to raid the Geometry Service's Blood Tower, we incurred heavy losses this time, three generals were weakened and died."

"But the situation in Ender has been completely stabilized, hmph! That Blood Tower fellow, if it weren't that I'm at a critical moment now and can't get away... The situation now is very complicated, Ann-Rue had no ability to resist whatsoever, and Jess had disappeared since Iron Tank City, her Derivator was always being used by an outsider. To the Black Sky, we the God Cloud Military Department have become a laughing stock! Our own General's Derivator was being used by an outsider for so long and we had no idea."

The silver face grew darker.

"But to be able to kill Ann-Rue without getting even a scratch, this person must have more than Spiritualized power, they probably have the Fourth Form. you send Demetrius over, Sindre and Ariel will be the captain, that thing doesn't have to be returned for you, just go over there and destroy the fellow impersonating Jess. I allow her to mobilize all the power there as long as they're outside the plan. Also, Black Sky will send you some information and characteristics of the killer."

"I will convey your wishes immediately." The silver woman bowed lightly, and dissolved into a puddle of silver liquid with a patter.

Several days later, Kovistan Kingdom

Behind the Kingdom, leaning closely beside the tallest building, the clock tower, there was a grey-black stone cliff.

The cliff was covered with a dense green forest. When seen from afar, it was like swathes of green moss covering the cliff.

Amidst these dense trees, beside a clear lake, there were several figures in black.

Amongst them were an elderly, a child, two young girls, and two young men. There were six people in total.

The golden noon sunlight shone down from above the forest, reflecting truly golden sunlight on the surface of the lake, so much that it was slightly blinding.

The six of them wore uniform black dresses of armor, wearing hoods so their faces weren't clear, only revealing their different figures and a little bit of skin.

"Have everything with you?" Old Man asked softly. "The place we want to go to this time is somewhere the Black Prince will certainly cross. At the same time, other than this quest, we have another newly-arrived quest, we need to settle then on the way. Nineheads, you say it."

A young man with balanced proportions nodded his head, it was a gently smiling Garen. His long blonde hair leaked slightly out of the hood, while his face was completely hidden in the shadow of the hood. Like the others, everyone's faces seemed slightly blurry and distorted, it seemed to be an automatic effect of the armor.

Garen cleared his throat.

"Yesterday there was more news from upstairs, it came from the Deputy Director.

In the area where our quest is, an upper noble sent out an SOS, they hope we can go lend them a hand, we just need to kill the monsters surrounding him."

"More upper nobles again, how troublesome." One of the two girls, Kitten, pursed her lips disinterestedly. "Every time we go for a quest, we need to help someone on the way, they really do take us for free labor!"

"It's on the way anyway, we go straight to our destination, and then come straight back, it won't take any time. The other party only has two people."

Garen smiled.

"I'm fine with it." Red Umbrella crossed his arms over his chest, and was even yawning.

"I'm the same as Big Bro Red Umbrella." The Kid always followed Red Umbrella.

As for Fox, she usually didn't speak.

"Then it's decided." Old Man took out the map, and spread it open. He pointed at a newly added red dot with his finger. "Remember this place, when we're there we just need to clean up the monsters there as we go. Let's give this to Kid. Anybody have any objections?"

"Whatever, Kid needs more quest points now anyway, I'm fine with giving it to him." Kitten's tone was decent for once.

Nobody else had any other opinions.

"Then thank you, big brothers and big sisters." Kid smiled as he thanked them.

Garen glanced at Kid curiously. This little fella who was only half his height couldn't have been older than thirteen or fourteen, yet he had such good connections within the team.

Chapter 372: Setting Off 2

After staying in the estate for a few days, Garen hadn't received any news.

But now, it was finally time to go on a quest.

Everyone in the Secret Service's Crimson Team, under Old Man's arrangements, had gathered at a fixed place, that was the large clock tower, the tallest building just behind the Kingdom.

This was the stone wall of a cliff, with some green forests on top, and a small lake.

"Alright, let's go down." Old Man nodded, and led the way to the outskirts of the jungle.

The others followed suit.

Garen followed at the very back of the team, not too fast or too slow, carefully scoping his surroundings.

All the trees in the forest were rather short, and a glance over them showed they were sparse as well, sunlight falling onto the green blanket of plants, shining with a jade green glow.

The six of them entered the little forest one by one, and walked straight to the edge of the cliff.

Old Man led the way, and actually turned his step, walking down the edge of the cliff as though he'd just jumped off. It gave Garen quite a scare.

And others followed suit, Garen the last, all the way until he reached the edge of the cliff, where he looked down.

There were many intricate black boxes built on the cliff under him, each smaller than a palm. That was when he noticed that there was actually a downward sliding staircase on the cliff beside his feet. Ahead of them, Old Man had already gone quite a distance ahead.

The stone steps stuck tightly to the cliff, like trenches dug out of the black cliff, going all the way down.

Garen glanced at Fox, who was beside him. She didn't look surprised in the slightest, and as evidently used to seeing this kind of thing.

He hurriedly followed them down, following the stone steps one by one as they advanced towards the bottom right.

Holding the black stone handle on the left with his hands, he felt a cold touch coming from his palm, and Garen continued down the steep stone steps.

On the left side of the stone stairs tunnel, a lot of cold wind due to the high altitude was blowing in, billowing up their hoods and making them flutter.

The six of them didn't say a thing, walking down quietly.

On the black cliff walls, the stone steps were like a split, stretching from the top of the cliff to the center.

The six of them walked on the inside, like black ants crawling in the crack, soundlessly, inconspicuous.

After about two minutes.

The path ahead them opened up, into a wide circular hall. On the ground in the center was a huge bird's nest, more than ten meters in radius.

The bird's nest was woven out of dried, earth-yellow tree trunks, oval in shape, and had a giant black bird crouched in the middle. The bird looked like an enlarged version of a crow, completely pitch black, with only scarily pearly yellow eyes, glimmering in the dim cave with a yellow glow.

The giant bird was more than seven meters long, crouching quietly in the nest, and it actually had a natural dent in its back.

Old Man walked over first, the black light patterns under his feet disappearing after a flash. With a ding, his whole person leaped up lightly, as though he had springs on his feet. While in mid-air, the black light formation at his feet lit up again, propelling him directly into the dent on the bird's back.

"Everyone gets a Black Crow each, the ones at the back, make sure you don't get left behind." He yelled loudly from that height.

In an instant, everyone walked towards the edges of the cave and walls, and saw that there were tunnels leading to other caves.

Garen chose one and walked over too, after following the tunnel for a bit, he found another huge Black Crow crouched in their nest. The Black Crow glanced at him, a hint of viciousness in its yellow eyes, but it immediately sensed the special aura on Garen and instantly calmed down.

Garen touched the diamond shard ring on his hand, the ring was made from a black metal, and had four diamond shards embedded in it to form a diamond shape.

"As expected of the three departments, they sure have many good things."

Garen touched his ring, and the same black light formation flashed past his feet as well, like a trampoline, exploding with a light and gentle bounce.

Borrowing this power to jump into the sky, Garen took another step in mid-air, the black light formation circle flashed again, and he landed lightly in the dent on the crow's back.

The dent was warm, and the area under his feet was soft, the swathes of feathers in front of him functioning as grips.

"Nineheads, you ready?"

Old Man's voice came from his waist-pouch.

Garen opened the pockets on his waist, and took out a small round black box, the voice was coming from here.

"Ready," he replied softly.

"It's your first time riding a Black Crow, watch your safety, and always keep in contact," Old Man advised him.

"Why are you bothering with him, if he doesn't even know that much, he should just scram!" For some reason Kitten just didn't seem to like Garen very much, and kept getting annoyed at him.

"Then let's go," Old Man agreed.

Garen patted the yellow diamond ring on his hand, and the Black Crow under his feet gave a slight jolt.

The Black Crow stood up in the nest, and started running urgently forward.

Tap-tap-tap!

After taking a few steps, the way forward lit up with a white light.

Whoosh!

That was the sound of the Black Crow opening its wings, its huge wings spanning more than ten meters as it pounced out of the cave.

On the black cliffs, six Black Crows rushed out of the cave one after the other, and flapped their wings, shooting into the sky. They created six round flight paths in the sky.

Woooo~~~~! Haha!!

Kitten's whoops came from the left.

Garen's eyes got used to the sudden burst of blinding sunlight, facing the strong winds as he narrowed his eyes to look around him.

He felt as though he was going diagonally up, the intense cold wind beating against his face, flowing into his nostrils and down his neck.

Everything around him was slanting, and shook non-stop.

He gripped the black feathers tightly, ordering the Black Crow to follow the Black Crow in front of it, and then just let it go on auto-pilot.

With a whoosh, Fox's Black Crow brushed past on his right, and rushed to the very front with extreme speed. After that, Kitten caught up as well, the two of them chasing each other, and soon they became two tiny black dots in the distance.

"The two of you, don't break away from the team!" Old Man's voice came from the black box.

Garen glanced downwards.

The whole Kingdom was now just the size of his palm.

The whole Kingdom was sunk in the middle of a mountain range, all alone with nothing around it, as though it was a city built on mountaintops. It seemed ancient and mysterious.

The Kingdom became smaller and smaller, further and further. Garen's hood couldn't stay on, and was pulled down by the strong winds, his long golden hair flying in the wind.

"Careful, we're going above the cloud layer." Old Man's voice came from the Black Box.

Garen clipped the Black Box onto his collar, and it happened to fit perfectly on the golden iris, hanging there securely.

Before the voices faded.

Garen had no time to reply when he felt the large swathes of white cloud mist assault his face. It was cold and moist, as though someone sprayed mist into his face.

Everything around him became a sea of white.

Caw!!

The Black Crow in front of him made a sound.

Caw! Caw!!

The Black Crow he was riding also cried out.

The Black Crows seemed to be using that to determine each other's locations.

The cries rang out and echoed by Garen's ear, lasting an entire half minute.

Finally, with a whoosh, they went through the cloud layer in an instant.

The golden sun hung quietly in the distant deep blue sky, and below them were the sea of white clouds.

Some clouds sunk in, so they could see the earth and mountains down there, as small as grains of sand.

Some clouds protruded, like strangely-shaped pillars. Some clouds were just bunches of cotton.

Above the endless layers of clouds, six giant Black Crows were like six sesame seeds, flapping their wings and soaring almost indistinguishably.

"We need to keep flying for two hours, it's a bit far away. Be aware of your own waist-pouch, don't let it get blown away," Old Man reminded tirelessly.

Garen turned around and looked in the direction they came. He instantly felt a slight jolt.

In the sky above the Kingdom, seen from a distance, there was a grey-black light all over the sky above the Kingdom.

That light was like a fog, floating and twining all above the Kingdom, there were even many black tentacles poking out here and there, waving in the sky.

"Do you see that? Ninetales." Old Man's voice came again. "That's the Kingdom's strongest tactical defense formation, without permission, no flying creature can go past the sky above the Kingdom."

"It's quite the sight." Garen sighed.

The Black Crows flew forth in parallel with each other, in a V-formation.

The time passed, and soon half an hour had passed.

"Careful, everyone, we're coming up on the West Farm defense lines, there might be high-flying monsters attacking." This time it was actually Red Umbrella's voice, how rare for him not to be yawning.

Garen focused a little more as well, raising his guard.

It wasn't long after the reminder that two strange birds immediately rushed up from beneath the sea of clouds.

Waa! Waa!!

Cries that sounded like children weeping came from in front of them.

The strange birds were completely purple-black, like bald eagles, with a snake-like neck, and four red eyes on the top of their heads.

The two strange birds were about seven or eight meters in size, but as soon as they rushed up and saw the six giant Black Crows, each more than ten meters long, the two birds panicked immediately, turned around and dove into the clouds again, disappearing without a trace.

"They're Four-eyed Birds, one of the rare few bird-type monsters that can fly at altitudes above seven or eight thousand meters. They're powerful, equal to a Form Two totem. But unfortunately, we're riding on Giant Black Crows, which are even stronger. One Death Glare can kill those two in an instant," Old Man laughed, in a light mood, but mostly he seemed to be explaining for Garen's sake.

"I wanted to taste what Four-eyed Bird meat was like, but they run so fast every time!" Kitten's voice sounded disinterested.

"We need to go low in the area ahead, it's that crazy monster's territory, so everyone watch out and go lower with me," Old Man said loudly.

"Got it.""As usual, Red Umbrella takes the rear."

Everyone replied one by one.

Garen was slightly curious as to what kind of monster could let the Form Three totem users from the Secret Service all decide to avoid it. But they were high in the sky, so he didn't ask.

The Black Crow kept close behind the ones in front, and suddenly sunk, reducing their altitude and dashing down.

Whoosh!

They dove into the fluffy white sea of clouds in an instant.

After more than ten seconds, the cloud sea burst open, and below was a large sweep of white mountain ranges, dotted with dark green forests and lakes.

The Black Crows rushed down, flying towards that mirror-like lake, the lake-water reflected the layers of clouds, clear and clean.

A few giant black turtles were basking in the sun, like so many black stones, heavy and clumsy.

A herd of light yellow deer was drinking water next to a dried up and collapsed tree trunk, taking tiny sips, their ears occasionally twitching nimbly.

Whoosh!!

The six giant Black Birds suddenly rushed down, dipping past the mirror-like surface of the blue lake, the gusts of wind causing the water to shake, creating large ripples.

The deer yelped in shock, and left the lake in a hurry. The black turtles immediately pulled their heads back into their shells, and didn't move at all, playing dead.

Garen stood on the Black Crow's back, watching the lakewater retreat rapidly backwards, to be replaced by forest. Many birds were spooked and took flight, escaping towards the left and right in flocks.

There were even three female campers surrounding a fire and barbequing something. Two of them heard the commotion and immediately stood up, looking towards the sky, their mouth wide open and their expressions spooked.

"Wooo~~~!" Kitten was crying out again.

The six Giant Black Crows swept past the forest, causing the leaves to rustle.

Chapter 373: Gathering 1

Black crows glided in the sky above the vast sea of trees, occasionally flapping its wings.

Garen tightly grabbed onto the protruding feathers that looked like black iron. His entire body rested within the recessed region, his entire body felt warm.

The black crows dissipated warm heat, filling the recessed area with its warmth.

Without knowledge of how much time had passed, they finally flew past the vast expanse of forest beneath, and it faded behind them behind them.

At the end of the stretch of woods was a huge circular basin. The depressed region looked like a hollow basin made of red-colored stone, and at its center was a deep black canyon.

Six black crows flew out from the edge of the forest, across the edge of the basin, and dove straight into the canyon.

Garen was riding one of the black crows diving straight into the dark canyon. On his flanks were steep uneven walls of red rock, with the abyss below pitch black. It was impossible to see anything. Up above was a strip faint white clouds adrift.

Whoosh!

The crow's wings fluttered to the sides canyon, blowing a gust which detached some loose rocks from the wall. A few pieces of red stones fell into the bottom of the unending trench.

Garen bent down, looking at the corners and curves ahead of him, rapidly moving within the canyon cracks.

With such rapid flight and tortuous canyon curves, Garen had the unshakable feeling feeling that he might hit the rock wall at any time.

"I've reached my objective. Commencing operation." The voice of the red umbrella was heard from the black box.

"Be careful," the old man answered.

"I know."

One of the black crows separated from the team, and flew towards the left canyon crossing, rushing forward into a huge ancient structure ahead.

The structure was a large red tauren stone statue about half a man's height, it held up its fists, and seemed to be making a roaring action. Its lower body was embedded directly into the cliff face, and the entire red cliff seemed to have been emptied, leaving an ancient relic site behind.

Garen only took a cursory glimpse as he flew by and he did not have a clear look.

He then moved forward for a bit more.

Soon, foxes and kittens also split off from the team.

It was finally Garen's turn, and he remembered the location's features on the map.

"My mission point is here, I'll make my move first," he said directly to the box.

"Be aware of the surroundings, reserve some power in case of possible accidents." The old man said, evident of a kind, aged, personality.

"Good luck, nine-headed brother." The child flew to Garen's side, standing on the back of black crow as he raised his fist. "Let me know if you encounter any difficulties, my mission is near yours."

"Thank you," said Garen. Although he did not know the strength of the rest of the Red team, it was estimated that he would be the least likely to encounter any problems.

The overall strength of Red Team was very strong, any one of them could independently take on multiple form 3 monsters quite easily. That was to say, they had at least a pinnacle form 3 totem, and even the power to spiritualise.

The fact that Garen had the power to spiritualise should have spread to the capital, and it surely would have reached the king, but he was still not taken seriously by the red team. He really do not understand why.

However there was no point in thinking about these things. More importantly, this task could be a juicy opportunity to rack up some potential points. Garen planned to first evolve the ninth head of eight-headed dragon, and then focus on upgrading the Secret Techniques to see what would happen.

Banking right into a corner guiding the black crow, Garen suddenly flew into a black-red crossroad.

At the end in the distance, a large triangle-shaped red stone wall was clearly visible. It resembled a huge red beehive, full of holes of all sizes.

From the void came some whistles whimsically blowing constantly. Besides that the surroundings were eerily silent.

Garen rode the black crow and rushed straight towards it. The red beehive came nearer and nearer.

Each hole was more than half a meter in diameter arranged neatly together, forming a huge triangle of hundreds of meters in length and width.

The black crow round the triangular honeycomb stone wall, but did not see any creatures. Not even a single piece of greenery could be seen.

He controlled the black crow as it slowly on a flat stone on the rock bumps.

boom!

With a wingspan more than ten meters , the black crow flapped twice, its wings creating bursts of wind as it gently landed on the ground.

Garen jumped down from its back, twisting his body slightly in mid-air. A black light glowed from under his feet to buffett the landing and he gently landed on the ground.

"White Dragon, go" Garen remembered that the derivator have been destroyed by himself, because of the fear of Obscuro tracking technology. There was no way to relieve the hidden dangers, after all, hence he chose to destroy it.

He shook his head slightly, tidied up his messy black armor, and wore the hood on his head so he would be hidden in full armor.

The surroundings were spacious, ahead of him was the triangular beehive, and on his left a stone wall, while under his feet on the right was a bottomless abyss.

Garen stomped on the ground.

Bang bang

A very dull sound came forth.

"Very sturdy." Garen looked up at the huge red triangle in front of him and ordered the black crow to hold position.

He took two steps forward and one step mid-air.

Ding!

Black light array fled.

Garen jumped lightly and flew in midair, shooting his foot out once again in mid-air, turning on the black light array. His entire person stepped on the black light array like ladders and jumped straight toward the triangular stone wall.

After each step, he felt that his current jumping strength was enough. Garen jumped four times consecutively and he reached the top of the triangular stone wall.

Suddenly diagonally on his right side, a huge red stone ball flew towards Garen.

Bam!

A stone ball as wide as a man was smashed into smithereens.

The air around Garen twisted for a moment, then returned to normal.

"err?"

He turned his head and looked down to the right, his body was on the top of a triangular stone wall.

"What is that, to actually dare to attack me?"

He looked down

On the lower right side of the red stone wall, a cave about 7 to 8-meter-high appeared unknowingly. It was so dark one cannot see the bottom.

Standing by the cave entrance was a silver-colored hairy monster.

The monster looked like a gruesome human with both feet standing, long arms with long red claws, much like a human arm holding a huge stone ball.

Its head actually had only a huge red eye, his mouth full of fine rows of white teeth.

"It seems like this is my objective." Garen did not panic, "One Eyed Beamon."

He recalled the information he had.

This creature was named the One Eyed Beamon, it had extremely sharp claws, incredible strength, and agile movements. It could excavate a tunnel of dozens of meters in half a minute.

Its abilities were unknown, as no one actually had contact with it before. With the secret service cleaning up the area, it was a requirement to collect first-hand information in order to reduce possible future damage.

Awoo!

One-eyed Beamon roared, the stone ball in its hand was sent flying toward Garen once again.

Garen made no action, instead quietly standing still. He stared at the stone ball hurling towards him.

Bam!

Once again, the stone ball exploded, at the same time, a trace of twisting in the air that felt like teeth snapping thin air.

"Good strength." Garen felt that this time the strength of the stone ball had actually doubled, the dragon was numb from the hurled ball.

Fragments exploded, but also left a little debris that did not spread. within Garen's vision, three more stone balls were hurled, all tumbling in the same direction.

He snickered, jumped, and easily escaped the stone ball attack. A flash of light flashed at his feet, pushing him toward the lower right of the cave.

His black clothes made some rustling sound in the air. Garen drew a black line, then rushed straight toward one-eyed Beamon.

fuuuuuuu!

Suddenly another three stone balls from his rear appeared, crashing onto Garen's back. It rained down like shells of bullets.

Gallon was unable to react midair, hence he got hit severely by the first ball.

Bam!

A large hold appeared on the stone wall behind Garen again. By the entrance came another One-eyed Beamon.

Heart was now fighting two One-eyed Beamons!

The One-eyed Beamon opened its hand. Its palm gathered a large number of stones around it, as if there were an invisible force gathering the debris, condensing them into a rock.

As it hurled one, he immediately formed another. Its action speed is very high.

In just three seconds, it threw six boulders.

Huge boulders instantly formed with a bang, and then were hurled out.

Two one-eyed Beamon hurled a bunch of boulders midair in quick succession, then only they stop to take a look.

As the boulders was crushed to smithereens, the debris fell down almost hit a wasp's nest on the right side of the stone wall. Its destructive power was staggering.

Red ash filled the air.

"Hurled a bunch of boulders after I got up, so ruthless." Garen's figure was revealed from the red debris.

His entire body was covered with dim black totem's light. He was completely unharmed, instead he only fluttered towards the stone wall to the right side.

The One-eyed Beamon on the left roared, and it once again hurled boulders with force. The right Beamon remained silent, turn around into the cave and disappeared.

Its proficiency in action was surprisingly quick.

Garon jumped and landed in front of the cave entrance on the right with a thump, a twirling transparent vortex behind him kept blocking the boulders hurled from behind. Each throw produces da strong impact, shaking the mountain wall with each impact.

"Crafty little guy." Garen looked back and met its eye, and the opponent was merrily hurling away.. Stone balls was hurled one after another, as if it is endless.

"One-eyed Beamon, ability one: boulder hurling, the power exceeds form 3 totems, close to spiritualization, deals large area of effect damage." Garen took out a small book and carefully recorded ability.

After the boulders rained on him for a while, it seemed to realise that this did not pose a threat to Garen, and it finally stopped its throws.

The One-eyed Beamon looked up and roared, and its eye suddenly turn red. Its body expanded, and seemingly much stronger now, and a faint pale red aura covered its silver fur.

It stomped its legs fiercely, and with a bang, leapt forward like a monkey jumping towards Garen. A pair of sharp red claws shimmering faintly, fiercely clawing for its target.

In a single jump, it actually covered more than 20 meters across the canyon. Fluttering across the cliff, its tall body with revealed the location of the silhouette's bombardment towards Garen.

Chapter 374: Collection 2

Five sharp claws that looked like five red blood crystals. A beautiful crystalline translucence can be seen among them, as they swiped towards Garen's waist and abdomen.

At the same time, the cave that Garen was in, the same one-eyed Beamon, who had reddish fur, also fluttered.

With the same action and the same attack stances, the two Beamons, one in front and the other behind Garen flanked him in the middle. Four red claws swiped towards Garen simultaneously.

Garen raised his eyebrows, three red lights flashing.

He raised his hand, and a giant red silhouette lit up behind him, a dragon more than ten meters high with 8 heads showed its upper body, the rear half seemed to be still somewhere outside.

Garen's eyes had a flash of red light.

"Dragon roar!"

Roar! ! ! !

A burst of sound waves burst forth like ripples on water. Both sides of canyon walls shook violently, knocking loose rubble and gravel.

The raging sound waves momentarily scattered in all directions, the rock Garen stood on shattered, forming a circular pit full of dense cracks.

All eight heads of the dragon roared at the same time, releasing a sound that is almost four times the original power! The horrifying sonic boom swept two Beamons off their feet.

Both One-eyed Beamons had blood oozing out of their eye, nose, ears, and mouth. The monsters were overturned, and were unable to move as they sat on the ground.

They struggled to get up, but all their muscles were numb from the roar and failed to move. Their single huge eyes were unable to see anything, only darkness.

The Beamons whined pitifully, its tone filled with panic and fear.

Two of the Eight-headed dragon's heads reached out, each leaning down toward one of the One-eyed Beamons. Its jaws clamped on the Beaons and launched them straight into the air.

A crisp tearing noise came from the Beamons.

The two Beamons were violently torn apart by the eight heads midair. The eight mouths constantly let out terrifying chewing sounds. Bones were crushed by snapping jaws, followed by gulping noises indicating the sound of swallowing.

In just a moment, the two huge one-eyed Beamons were torn apart by the eight-headed dragons as a meal.

Garen touched his belly, his teeth felt sore.

One-eyed Beamon's flesh was so tough that when eight dragons chewed on their bones, he felt a bit of soreness on his own teeth. The Beamon's bones were harder than other bones.

After the two monsters were swallowed, what's left was leftover flesh dripping, splashing down like a short burst of bloody rain, splattering heavily on the ground of the cave.

The silhouette of eight-headed dragon slowly disappeared.

The three dots between his eyebrows faded, no longer shining. Just that the color of red was bright, as if was smeared with blood.

Garen walked to the rest of the flesh, these are the parts that the eight-headed dragon refused to eat; either because they doesn't taste good or was too hard to digest.

To his surprise, Garen found four blood red claws.

Each claw had four fingers, and were actually its finger nails.

Most of the red crystalline nails have been crushed, and only two was fairly intact. Garen bent over to pick it up, slightly shaking off the blood. They looked like two decent crystal machetes at a glance.

Garen tested the Beamon claws by slashing a handkerchief, and then by tapping the black crow ring.

"The main dish is finished, now is time for the other pack monsters, those are some Form 2 monsters, it should be a breeze." Garen's tied the claws to his waist. He was in a good mood; he had earned 16 potential points and even got some souvenirs. Naturally, his mood would be in high spirits.

Soon, a huge black crow appeared and landed directly in front of Garen.

He somersaulted and landed on the back of the black crow. Its wings flapped loudly, and the black crow launched off the canyon floor, spread its wings and flew away. It soon became a small dot in the sky; gradually fading away.

A few minutes later.

From within the triangular honeycomb stone wall, a petite ugly man walked out of the crevices; his face was pale, he donned a black robe which didn't stand out.

The man laid down at the cave entrance as he observed Garen from afar, his face looked solemn.

He took out a pale red crystal ball and tapped on it a few times.

"Demetrius, I met the target ahead of time."

The crystal ball was silent for a while, then faint breaths were heard over the crystal ball. "How was it?" A woman's voice was heard from the derivator.

"Extremely difficult." The petite man answered solemnly, "I originally thought that I could easily settle the opponent with my artifacts, but just as I arrived, I bumped into the target battling two One-Eyed Beamons. So I hid myself to spectate the battle."

"Were you humbled?"

The man forced a laugh. "That was less of a battle but more of a one-sided massacre. We are both very well aware of the strength of the One-Eyed Beamon, yet he killed two of them while sustaining zero damage. The Royal Alliance has not met these creatures, they wouldn't know their strengths, but we, who are from Obscuro Society have made contact with the Beamons would know how tough they are. Two One-eyed Beamon that berserk were equivalent to a single Spiritualized Totem User."

"And what are you trying to imply?"

"Gather all the Colonels, surround and ambush him!" A hint of ferocity can be seen from his eyes. "I suspect that this is the same man who disguised as Jess and killed Ann-Rue.

On the red canyon, red plains can be seen afar from the edge of the cliff.

On it was some sparsely spread dead black trees, the leafless trees were twisted and bent beyond recognition, and some oddly shaped growth can be seen on its barks.

There were red boulders of various sizes scattered around the plains; from a man's height, to over ten meters in height. Most of the boulders had a hole in the middle which was indicative of weathering. As the air current passed through the holes; it let out an odd ring.

A giant crow flew past the plain, on top of it was a man donned with black armor, wearing a hood. Few strands of golden blonde hair can be seen from the side of the high collar.

That man was indeed Garen, who just killed two One-Eyed Beamons. He was scouting the vicinity of his mission waypoint, but unfortunately, there were no signs of life around the entire vicinity after that dragon roar

He was circling the plains for half a day; but not a single shadow passed, only messy footprints on the ground, and some skeletal remains that were not finished remained, indicative of some creature hordes nearby.

There was some foul smell emitting from the ground, which smelled like faeces.

Garen deduced that this should be the horde's excrement, which released the foul smell after being exposed to sunlight.

Bzzzt bzzzt... the black box on his collar let out a crackling noise,

"I'm Old Man, send in your mission reports." The box on Garen's collar emitted Old Man's hoarse voice.

"Fox here, I am all cleaned up." A clear female voice was heard from the box.

'Tch! Kitten was done long ago." Another girl's voice was heard.

"Kid is not done yet, but I'll be done soon, there was a sudden horde of creatures, who knows where they came from." Kid's voice had a hint of breathlessness.

Garen was secretly guilty.

His mission point was really near Kid's mission point, the horde on Kid's side was definitely the monsters who got scared by his roar.

"Nineheads all settled." He replied.

"What about Red Umbrella?" Old man asked in confusion.

" Big Bro Red Umbrella?" it was Kitten's voice.

"... Ughh, apologies, I had a nightmare, that was scary!" Red Umbrella's voice was heard from the box.

The band of people were speechless; this fellow got the hardest mission, he actually completed it so early, he could take a nap...

"Alright everyone, please gather at the next mission waypoint, no issues right?" Old Man ordered, "those who forgot the route please voice out."

"I forgot!" Kitten said righteously. " Big Bro Red Umbrella, why don't, I go to the waypoint with you. Going together would allow us to take care of each other...." Her voice got weaker towards the end.

The rest laughed out.

"Okay now, the waypoint is Pumpkin Farm. everybody knows this historical ruinright?" Old Man repeated, "The location is Pumpkin Farm, rendezvous time is in half an hour, everybody be punctual."

"Roger." Kid was the most well-mannered, and answered earnestly.

The rest of them didn't bother replying, as they directly turned off the box.

Garen ordered the crow to turn around and head towards the direction as he remembered in the map.

The crow increased its elevation, and flew out of the red canyon.

Ahead of him was a sea of forests that seemed boundless.

Green trees, red trees, and some tall black statues that he passed towering in the woods.

All the statues are of the same figure; the torso of a man, the lower body of a lion, with one arm lifted to point forward, its head turned back, as if it was talking to those behind him.

The statues seemed aged, some of it was covered in dense cracks, some of it had more than half its statue was covered with moss and vines.

Garen stood on top of the crow as he gazed below, soon, a large patch of black colored land was seen ahead, much like a patch of shaved hair in the midst of the sea of forests.

On the entire patch of ground, there were large yellowish green pumpkins, spread well away from each other.

Each pumpkin was the size of a basketball field, tens of meters in diameter, it's yellowish-green shell was covered with many pitch black holes.

Garen rode on the crow, and flew one round a piece of pumpkin, he then realized that the insides of the pumpkin was all hollow; there was nothing inside.

Garen looked closely, he then realized that these aren't real pumpkins at all, but instead giant boulders which were weathered to this stage. On the surface of the pumpkin was covered in yellowish green moss.

"Hey!!" Garen looked down where a man in black was waving at him.

"Big Bro Nineheads, look over here!" It was Kid's voice.

Garen looked towards him closely, he only saw Kid holding a giant strawberry. The strawberry was radiantly red, it looked extremely fresh, the part which was grazed by Kid's clothes was oozing its fresh strawberry juice, flowing down along Kid's clothes, coloring his clothes red.

This monstrously huge strawberry actually needed both hands to hold onto.

Chapter 375: Gank 1

Garen descended with the crow, slowly landing on the clearing next to Kid.

He jumped off the crow's back, and stood firmly on the black soil.

"Where're the others?"

Kid shook his head. "I just got here too. Haven't seen anyone else. I guess they're en route." He pointed the giant strawberry "you want some? This tastes good."

Garen shook his head. He then immediately saw that Kid's hand had skillfully dug the strawberry open, reaching all the way inside, pulling a red fruit out with a whoosh.

This piece of fruit looked oddly similar to a heart, it is still beating, and were emitting heat off it.

"This is the strawberry's heart; you can get a mild immunity to poison from this." Kid bit down and spoke with a muffled voice.

"A strawberry that grows hearts?" Garen can't help but to be curious, "where did this Strawberry come from?"

"My mission waypoint was Strawberry Field, there's plenty of this where I came from, and there're many more produced every year." Kid briefly explained, "I grew up here."

"You grew up here?" Garen did not expect Kid to have these experiences.

"Yeah, I ate these growing up." Kid answered earnestly, "Strawberry Farm's strawberries are very sweet."

Kid had his mouth smeared with strawberry juice as red as blood.

Garen didn't mind him, as he continued looking around.

Surrounding him were all those gigantic pumpkins, as the wind blew through the holes of the pumpkin, it made some eerie whistling tunes.

"Hey hey, Nineheads, where are you?" Old Man's voice can be heard from the black box.

"I'm already here, at Pumpkin Farm, i'm with Kid now."

"You, and Kid?" He suddenly stunned, which felt weird. "You, alone? With him?"

"Yeah? What's wrong?" Garen was confused by Old Man's intonation, something felt off.

"You stay where you are, I'll be right there!" Old Man got anxious out of the sudden. "Please don't talk to Kid too much!"

Garen was confused, so he turned back to look at Kid.

As if without awareness, Kid was gulping the strawberry in his hand. He kept taking things out from within the odd strawberry, there was a part that looked like liver, a piece of fruit which looked like a lung, there was even a tube that looked like a bronchus. It was all eaten by Kid with huge bites. His stomach was like a bottomless pit, as he stuffed everything inside.

Garen suddenly felt that something was off.

There was a faint scent of blood was let off from the strawberry in Kid's hands.

He paid closer attention to the strawberry. Although it didn't look different from a regular strawberry from the outside, but for reasons unknown to him, he could sense fear and despair from the strawberry; as if it was a living thing.

He also suddenly realized that Kid's black box and crow was not there.

"Kid, where's your crow?" He can't help but to ask.

"Crow? You mean that big guy? I don't know, he was gone once I looked away." Kid answered honestly.

"Them, what about your black box?"

"It's here." Kid took out the black box like it were magic.

Garen relaxed for a while, if the black box is there, then he is not an impersonator.

He tried contacting Kid with his black box, everything was normal.

Soon, a huge crow spread its wings and dived towards them.

Old Man jumped off from the crow, black light lit up from under his feet, which helped him land.

As he hit the ground, he looked at Garen weirdly. Then he looked over to Kid who was merrily eating.

"Kid, it's rare to see you being so honest this time around."

Kid wiped his mouth. " But wasn't I always honest?"

Garen was confused as he was, judging from the way Old Man spoke, maybe being alone with Kid would be dangerous. Just that there was nothing weird about Kid.

As he saw the the old and young together, like a usual gathering, he did not want to ask further.

Soon, Kitten and Fox arrived. The last one was Red Umbrella, who flew from behind, looking sleepy with droopy eyes as he touched down.

With all six of them here, Old Man began leading the team towards Pumpkin Farm. The rest of them followed him.

The entire farm was engulfed in a thin mist, which looked like it came from the forest. Visibility was poor.

As they walked deeper for a moment, faint music could be heard from their surroundings.

The music was faintly discernible, as though it came from a faraway place. It sounded like a girl was singing in a language not comprehensible to them.

Garen's heart shivered, that was Endorian, he only understood a sentence or two, since he did some self-learning, he wasn't sure if it was correct.

The music continued to linger, giving them a clear sense of language acuity.

He began to try to analyze the lyrics, but he had trouble listening to the song clearly enough to make up its contents.

The song suddenly stopped, the piano piece also started getting slightly messy. It felt like a girl who just started playing piano, restarting the verse due to a single mistake.

The music started playing again, on repeat.

Garen looked at others, he realized that there was no reaction, except Kid, who was humming to the girl's music.

"Kid, can you stop humming? What song was that? Why haven't we heard about it?" Kitten said impatiently.

"I was humming along to little sister though?" Kid answered earnestly. "Didn't you hear? Little sister played wrongly again." he looked like he was listening in again.

"Here he goes." Kitten pressed her forehead disappointedly.

"Pay no heed, Kid's acting up again." Old Man said quietly.

Garen had a thought. Does that mean they all couldn't hear it? As he observed each person, he realized that the rest was indeed unable to hear the voice except Kid and him.

He now paid more attention to Kid.

The single file continued moving deeper into the farm, soon, they found the nobilities hiding within one of the giant pumpkin.

The two of them were hunkering down in the pumpkin from the panic, only to relax as they saw the group, and climbed out of the pumpkin.

These two people were messy; who knew when was the last time they had a shower. A huge whiff of unbearable stench hit them as the two people approached.

"I am Duke Pratoe from White Mist Town, This is my wife, Aliya, Thank you for your rescue, we will be sure to reward you handsomely once we get back!"

The man could barely hold up his pride and calmness, as his body could not suppress his shakiness that exposed his current emotions.

"Right, shall we get back soon?" The Duke rushed.

"Nineheads, you're responsible for them, let's go back together." Old man ordered.

"Right, gentlemen, we still have some things that needed to be moved back, I wonder if..." The duke smiled as he spoke.

"Nineheads, take all of it back, I can't wait to leave, I don't know why but this place is giving me the creeps." Kitten said impatiently.

Garen shrugged, these people seemed to have made him the dispatch boy.

The Duke smiled at Garen and said. "I would have to trouble you then."

Garen didn't know if he should laugh or cry.

"By the looks of it, we'd better do it the usual way; the slowest one should do it." Red Umbrella said.

"On what account?!" Kitten lashed out.

"Alright, stop fooling around, your time is the slowest, you should help pack up. It's not like we needed you to do it; you just need to put your totem." Old Man advised.

"The monsters on my side were much stronger than Nineheads'! Two Type 3s!! They were almost spiritualized too!" Kitten looked at Garen with an unconvinced eye.

Garen gave Kitten a smile. That made Kitten even angrier.

"Go." Red Umbrella said coldly, looking nonchalant.

Kitten was pouting as she stood there, but she listened to the instruction at the end.

She would only listen to Red Umbrella.

Garen finally had the chance to see Kitten's totem.

A ray of red light dashed through, it was a giant red tiger the size of an elephant appearing on top of the pumpkin, long fur covered the tiger, its limbs were all weird looking white hooves. It doesn't seem to resemble anything.

Kitten was mumbling and scolding as she loaded the items onto the tiger. She glared at Garen from time to time, too.

"This wasn't my fault." Garen smiled helplessly. Putting up an innocent face, Garen proactively went ahead to try to help.

"Stand aside! Who needs your help!" Kitten lashed out again.

Garen backed off as he looked at Kitten loading the boxes of items onto the tiger alone. He didn't know why, but he felt that teasing Kitten was an amusing thing to do; seeing her lash out was always interesting.

"There's someone here? There're actually people who still come here?" Red Umbrella suddenly said. His face showed a rare look of suspicion, as he looked towards the mist at the left side of the group.

"How can there be anyone here? Surrounding Pumpkin Farm are dense hordes of creatures, we were also just getting by to clear them." Old Man was confused too.

A few people stopped their movements, while simultaneously looking at the swiftly approaching silhouette

Soon, as the opponent approached, the silhouette showed itself entirely.

It was actually a tall man wearing black robes, he was covered in black scarves, the upper half of his face covered under a silver mask, all you could see were a pair of silverish-grey eyes. Even his hair was covered by the hood.

This person walked towards them, until he stopped about ten-odd meters away from them. He took a look at the tall Crimson Fur Tiger. His gaze then fell straight towards Garen who was standing among the crowd.

"Garen Trejons. If you are willing to accept our sincerity, join us, then the next two wrongs that you commit will be given lenient treatments by us."

"Who are you?" Old Man stood out and asked loudly.

The other party didn't answer, only staring straight at Garen.

"What lenient treatment?" Garen laughed.

Unknowingly, The nice guy vibe on him changed slightly, as though his entire person had more of an odd vibe.

Old Man stood the nearest to him; hence he realized this clear change.

He then had an uncertain suspicion look as he stared at Garen.

"What if i did not accept your sincerity today?" Garen spoke again, a smirk was shown on his face with a hint of coldness.

"Killing two Elemental Generals back-to-back, if you refuse, then you shall die here." the opponent smirked coldly.

" What arrogance!" Kitten who had the worst temper couldn't hold it in, the giant Crimson Glant pounced onto him, it's four limb actually ignited with clouds of black flames, slamming onto the opponent like a small hill.

Her fingers ignited with crimson flames, as it carried an afterimage, she quickly drew out a diamond-shaped tactic.

Bam!

The Crimson Tiger exploded suddenly, turning into countless flames as it swept towards the opponent.

"Be careful!" Red Umbrella's expression changed, he then instantaneously rushed in front of Kitten and blocked with his right arm.

Dang!!

A black light crashed into his arm; it was actually a black bird.

The black bird pierced straight into Red Umbrella's arm, and came out from the other side, but its direction was also changed by the block, disappearing in a black line into the mist.

"The opponent's a Spiritualized Totem User!! Everybody be careful!" Red Umbrella did not pay attention to the injury on his arm, the wound had automatically closed and recovered.

Kitten was scared pale at this moment, even Red Umbrella's Totem's Light could not block the opponent's attack; obviously this was not something an ordinary totem user could achieve. If it wasn't blocked, she would have been severely injured.

"Spiritualized Totem User? Haha." The opponent laughed, the silhouette that was covered in flames stood unharmed; taking almost no damage.

His sight was fixed onto Garen again, ignoring the rest.

"Looks like a decision has to be made today." Garen took a long sigh.

At the same time, from the group's left, right and rear, each came a man wearing a silver mask, they all had the same appearance, each had the same unfathomably strong vibe.

"Any last words?" The silver masked man leader asked coldly.

The Crimson Team got nervous.

There are not those oddballs from Obscuro which possess the crystal Derivator. These people

rely on the single strongest core totem, even though most of the team of the level of spiritualization, the weakest being Kitten with a form 3 totem. However looking at the opponent's strength, they were also at least in the realm of spiritualization. Kitten's attacks didn't faze the opponent's totem's light; the situation seemed grave.

Chapter 376: Gank 2

Garen understood well that no matter how strong the headquarters' Red Team was, they were not the Black Sky's Elemental Generals, and didn't possess as much powerful empowered totems as they did.

A typical totem user's strongest totem was his core totem, and there were very rare totem users that were able to nurture a second spiritualized totem. The difference between the Generals of the Black Sky and the others was that they possessed a special nurturing technique where the aberrated creatures would be devolved and cause a major loss. However, they themselves did have the strength that far surpassed a typical spiritualized totem user.

Each of them had the strength of at least two spiritualized totems. One was their own core totem, and the other was the empowered totem they possessed.

Each of them were of the same level as Beckstone, whom Garen faced in the manor. Since they had four of them, it meant that they had the strength of four Beckstones.

This was the true strength of the Black Sky, unlike Ann-Rue who was actually just a flower in the living room!

Garen squinted his eyes as he noticed the leader had an additional exquisite, black pocket watch with him.

"You people are from the Black Sky!" The Old Man seemed to recognize their identity.

"Hehe." The Silver Masked Man laughed coldly. "Communication Imprisonment!"

A large amount of air suddenly appeared behind the four of them and they were surprisingly spiritualized air. The four of them had ten spiritualized totems!

All of the Spiritualized Air merged together and formed into one body.

Garen looked at his surrounding and found out that none of the Red Team members planned to leave at all. They stood still as they stared at the four formidable foes.

"You guys go ahead. I'm the one they're after." He knew that these people had yet to reveal their trump card for escape purposes.

It was at this moment that Red Umbrella recognized this new team leader.

"Since we have recognized you, you are now one of us. We, the read team are never the type who would leave their team members behind."

The remaining four of them didn't utter a word as they silently prepared for battle. They even brought out weird and strange looking battle equipment.

"Kitten, stand behind me." Red Umbrella ordered.

Kitten glanced at Garen with a complicated looked and obediently stood behind Red Umbrella. She knew that the situation was dire and it was not the time to be wilful.

The four silver masked men had finished setting up their strange formation and a faintly glowing white membrane cylindrical in shape had engulfed everyone.

The two nobles had been scared to the point where they couldn't stand and didn't even dare to hyperventilate.

"Accept your punishment!"

Four of their totem powers merged into one.

In an instant, countless of black smoke gathered above everyone and formed into the black Crow that they encountered earlier.

These small Crows gathered together, forming a black stream as they kept revolving in the sky. As it chirped, a waterfall was formed as the water gushed towards the crowd.

Countless of small Crows cornered Garen and the team from all directions.

Each of these small Crows were half transparent and half intangible. They could even overlap against each other.

The scream of these Crows covered the whole surrounding, causing annoyance to everyone hearing it.

"I can't move my totem!!!" The Old Man shouted in surprise.

"Me too!" Kitten shouted along.

Red Umbrella felt that his totem was being locked by some shackle and it wouldn't budge at all. Panicked, he looked up at the herd of crows that were fast approaching them. He had just experienced the prowess of these Crows recently and he knew that it could penetrate his totem light. Hence they were definitely Spiritualized class totems, and there were so many of them!

Suddenly, Fox pulled his shirts from behind as she shook her head.

"Look over there."

Red Umbrella looked where she pointed.

What he saw was the four silver masked men behaving in such a way as if they never had the chance to win at all. In fact, they looked like they were facing a formidable foe and were looking anxiously at them.

"This is...?" He was stunned as he looked at where the enemies were looking.

It was where Nine Head was standing.

Nine Head's birthmarks was brightly lighted in blood red and he looked demonic as it shone.

Countless of Black Crows ignored the rest and flew directly towards Garen.

Garen raised his right hand and his five fingers were lit up in red.

A strange and terrifying aura emerged from his body.

"Dragon's Roar!!"

Roar!!!

A solid, continuous roar instantly spread throughout the area.

The upper body of the Eight Headed Dragon appeared behind Garen's back and eight of its heads were continuously roaring towards the sky.

With Garen as the epicenter, a deep crater was formed around him in a ten meters radius. Countless dust and pebbles flew everywhere as it spreaded in all directions.

Large amount of Black Crows turned back into black smoke and disappeared before they even reached Garen. Cracks were constantly forming and healing simultaneously on the light membrane trapping them. The cracks and their recovery clashed into each other, and they barely found a balance in between.

The four Silver Masked Men were trembling, as fresh blood could be seen dripping out of their mouths as they tried to maintain the Imprisonment Tactical Formation.

This Tactical Formation was made by combining all ten spiritualized totem's totem powers and totem light together to form a Formation on par with a form four totem.

However, everyone had underestimated the enemies as they were not a typical Upper Class Elemental General. They had the strength of a Commander-level!

The leader of the Silver Masked Men was stunned as the Dragon Roar's reverberated. He had brought four Generals with him and even a heirloom to produce a formation. He was so sure that he could eliminate the opponent, but unfortunately it was still not enough.

"He's not even 23!" He was stunned as he had such a strength at that age. Imagine when he fully matured...

"No! Since we had started a feud with him, we must deal with him now! If we wait for him to fully mature..." The leader of the Silver Mask shivered as the thought reached his mind and took out an exquisite white pyramidal shaped item.

The pyramid gave off a white light and the intense white light flowed into the Silver Masked Man's palm.

The recovery rate of the Tactical Formation instantly increased.

The Dragon Roar had finally stopped.

The Eight Headed Dragon's body gradually disappeared.

Garen frowned as he stared at the solid cylindrical imprisonment. The massive black fog once again condensed into Black Crows and charged towards him.

He was the only one who could freely use his totem in this formation. Red Umbrella and the others were shackled, showing that this Tactical Formation was extraordinarily powerful.

"Today's the day you die!" The leader of the Silver Masked Man laughed as the white light from the pyramid in his hand grew more intense.

"That depends." Garen smirked.

The shadow of the Eight Headed Dragon appeared behind Garen once again and all eight heads came down and took a deep breath.

Large amount of Black Crows were sucked into the mouth, forming 8 black vortices in the air.

Every Black Crow in the Formation were completely sucked into the Eight Headed Dragon's stomach within ten seconds.

Roar...

As it roared, the cylindrical light membrane cracked once again.

All four Silver Masked Men were shocked.

"Damn it! It's a form four! Retreat!!" The leader of the Silver Masked Man put down his hand and ran away.

However, two of the Silver Masked Men slowly disappeared. They had obviously ran away a long time ago, leaving two illusions in the formation.

The last Silver Masked Man attempted to run away but was blocked by one of the dragon's heads.

"Don't kill me! I am!!" Crack!!

The dragon's mouth took a bite and chomped this person into half. It took a few bites before swallowing him.

The gigantic dragon head returned to behind Garen. All eight dragon heads looked around as it started searching for something edible.

In the eyes of these dragon heads, it was either edible food or not.

They soon gave their full attention towards the members of the Red Team.

Garen immediately restricted its will.

As the eight dragon head stared at them, they members of the Red Team felt a shiver down their spine. They gave out a sigh of relief and felt slightly worried at the same time.

Since his strength had been exposed, Garen didn't bother to treat them nicely anymore. His expression gradually calmed down and gave off a cold, emotionless vibe.

"I need to deal with these future troubles. This is my personal matter, I hope you guys have no comment on heading back first?"

Kitten, who was rebellious in nature, wanted to refute but she lowered her head as she felt a shiver down her spine when she looked at Garen.

"Nine Head, since you have some actual strength, why didn't you reveal it earlier?" Red Umbrella asked calmly.

"Does that mean you acknowledge me as your captain?" Garen looked at Kitten with interest as he asked them.

"Do you think it's easy to be the captain? Do you think you can become one by just having overwhelming strength?!" Kitten couldn't resist but to ridicule him.

Garen was surprised that this fellow was still unsatisfied even after revealing his true strength.

"Then what do you think a captain should have other than strength?" He asked as he laughed.

Kitten thought for a while. "A captain must fulfill two criteria. If you do, I will be the first to support you!"

"Which two?"

Kitten said with a serious face: "First, he must be able to push forward, and retreat together with his other team members. Our team has lived together on the edge for many times"

"The incident we had just now is one of them right?"

"I guess so." Kitten then pulled out her second finger. "Secondly, he must be broad-minded and not care about the little things."

Suddenly, she felt something touching her butt from the back.

She turned around and saw that a gigantic dragon head had its mouth pointed at her revealing its set of teeth. The teeth that were as sharp as sawblades still had some meat and bones hanging in between them.

Kitten was sweating cold sweat and started to tremble. The worst way to die to her was to be eaten by a creature, and there was a gigantic creature currently behind her with its mouth open.

"Do you think I have fulfilled both of these criteria?" Garen asked gentle. "Oh right, I remember our team has a death index every month, right?"

Kitten's face turned pale as she tried to swallow her saliva.

"Yes... You have.. Fulfilled them!" He nodded aggressively. "I support you as the team leader!! Without a doubt!! I will be the first one to punch whoever rejects this motion!!"

Garen clapped as he smiled.

"See, isn't that easy?" He touched his chin. "I personally think I am rather broad-minded, right?"

"Broad-minded! Very broad-minded!" Kitten immediately pulled out her thumb. You were literally threatening me in broad daylight!" She tried to weep and had goosebumps all over her body as she felt the gigantic dragon head behind her.

The remaining members knew that Garen meant to harm to Kitten, and decided to watch everything unfold. This incident had revealed Ninehead's true strength, and this inhuman strength had everyone recognizing him as the team leader.

Afterall, strength is the only thing that could ensure your safety during this chaotic era.

Chapter 377: Veins 1

As daylight broke, the off-angled sunlight dyed the clouds in a faint gold color.

In the abandoned city beside the Pumpkin Farm.

Countless black buildings were placed beside each other; the place was dead silent. The surface of the buildings were dull and some of the glass doors were shattered with a few glass shards left behind.

At the center of the square field, a sculpture at the center of the circular fountain was slightly slanted with deep cracks at the right side of the floor. It seemed like someone had attacked the floor with a sword nearby and created this crack, as it propagated to the fountain, causing the sculpture to slant.

The grass on the floor was all dark green and dry, wilted. It formed a guardrail as it attached itself to the chain and a short stone column together.

There was a tall man in black armor standing beside the guard rail.

He placed one of his legs on the stone column and carefully scanned the surrounding.

The man took down his hood, revealing a handsome, white and tender face. He had a silky smooth golden hair at shoulder length and also three red dots on his forehead as a birthmark. He was Garen, who was going after the leader of the silver masked man.

He looked around his surroundings as if he were trying to pick up some sound with his ear.

A faint golden halo came from behind and landed on his feet, lighting up the wilted grassfield.

"I have already spotted you, come out." Garen shouted calmly. His voice traveled far and reverberated constantly in the deserted city.

"You have been trying to escape from me for about a day now, and you've exhausted all your options. I believe that you do not have the ability to send a message within a short distance." Garen put away his leg as he started to wander around the fountain.

Suddenly, black mud moved at the bottom of the fountain.

Ahh!!!

As someone gave off a deafening scream, the mud spread about and a bloody red figure rushed towards Garen.

Boom!

The air behind Garen bent, as if there was a rigid transparent force pushing back the bloody figure back into the pool of mud.

The red figure rolled a few times in the mud before it got up dizzily, revealing his physical appearance.

Unexpectedly, it was a man with blood all over him. His lower body was no longer there, save for his upper body. He had nothing with him from the waist down below, as if he was cut waist down.

This half bodied man was muscular, and covered in blood. His head was similar to of a locust, long and had two antennas on his head. His body was covered with a series of hard objects, as if he was wearing a layer of armor.

With only his upper body, he was about as tall as half a man. After rolling on the floor for a few times, he dizzily stood up and floated in the air. There was no visible support from his lower body, he was simply levitating off the ground.

He revealed two of his sharp claws and charged towards Garen once more. However, his upper body was bitten by a shapeless mouth as he was charging in.

Chomp!

With a sounding crisp, the upper body man was torn into millions of red pieces. Soon after landing on the floor, the crystals melted and became a pool of blood and seeped into the ground.

"That's the fifteenth." Garen frowned.

After leaving the Red Team behind, he had been pursuing the leader of the Silver Masked Man from the pumpkin farm to here since last night.

This seemingly dead city was filled with these bloody half bodied creatures. They were everywhere, hidden in any possible spots and would often attacked people.

These half bodied creatures had incredible speed, and any totem users whose main attribute was not agility would definitely barely be able handle them, and at best, could only defend against them. However, Garen was different. His five senses were extremely sharp, and with his terrifying precision from his Secret Techniques, he would be totally safe with only two dragon heads as his defense. Two mouths with the radius of one meter each were like his shield, protecting him at all times.

These half bodied creatures didn't possess any power strength, and their strength was at the level of a form one totem user at best. It would be an useful option if it was used to fight against a commoner, but if it were to be used against Garen...

Even if he were to stand still and let them attack him, no one would know how many hours they would take to break his defense.

Suddenly, the familiar footsteps could be faintly heard deep in the city. It was fast paced yet tiring. The sound was very weak, and he wasn't sure how far it is.

Garen obviously heard it and he started grinning as he went towards that direction. Although he seemed to be very slow, every step he took was at least a few meters apart and it was as fast as a commoner sprinting.

The opponent clearly didn't have any more energy to spare, as the he had deactivated his Acceleration Tactic. Without the support of the totem, he could only use his legs to run.

Garen guessed that even if he were to stop pursuing him here, he would most likely not survive in this city for long, as this city had more than just the form one creature.

The footsteps became clearer in front of him.

The library, which was shaped like a mountain, had three tips at the top, and there were two grey gargoyles standing by the entrance of the library.

As Garen sprinted towards it, his footsteps kept reverberating within the city as if there were many people running at the same time.

Masi!!

A raging roar came from the library. It was so loud that even the ground started to tremble and even the small pebbles started to move up and down.

It sounded like a language and yet it also sounded like a meaningless roar.

Boom!!

As the sound of a glass breaking could be heard, and a person was sent flying out of the library and landed heavily onto a sculpture in front of the library. After a thud, the human figure dropped down from the sculpture and laid down on the ground.

It was the black shirted silver masked man who ran in the library a moment ago.

He gasped heavily as he tried to get himself up from the ground but to no avail. He seemed to have sprained his waist.

Boom! Boom Boom!!

Heavy footsteps could be heard inside the library, as if there was a gigantic monster walking about inside it.

Soon, the footsteps diminished and everything was silent once again.

Garen looked inside the library from afar as he wondered what kind of creature lurked inside it and it seemed to be very strong.

However, his first objective was to capture the silver masked man.

With a stomp from his feet, his motion became blur and leaped a few hundred meters and directly stood behind him

The opponent saw the sudden appearance of a human figure, whose shadows completely covered him from behind.

He was stunned.

"You caught up in the end." His voice sounded very bitter under his mask. "According to the regulations of the nobles, I have the right to pay for actions in exchange for my freedom and life. I hope you, as a noble, would allow me to repay my debt."

"What's inside there?" Garen didn't reply him as he looked into the library with interest.

The opponent was stunned by his behavior but immediately reacted. "I don't know." He laughed wryly.

"When I was here last week, there was no such creature. Now it suddenly appears here. It seems to have come out from the cracks between the stones. We had observed the surrounding before and did not see such huge creatures within the diameter of hundred kilometers.

"You don't know?" Garen was slightly surprised. "Didn't you guys create these creatures?"

"That is indeed true. The Silver Masked Man shook his head. "However, everything seems to be out of hand the moment the people from the Black Sky had discovered the Black Copper Mine. I swear that during my time performing experiments in the Black Sky, I have never seen such a creature. Never!"

Garen suddenly recalled the existence of a giant creature in this city. If the giant creature in the city was an experiment created by the Black Sky, no one would have believed it, since if the Black Sky could get hold of such a strong creature, they would have taken over the world already.

"Did you mention Black Copper Mine just now? What's that?" He questioned again as it was something he had never heard of.

The Silver Masked Man secretly gave out a sigh of relief.

"If you promise not to kill me, I will tell you everything I know."

"Sure." Garen nodded. "I still need you to send a message to the remaining members of the Black Sky. Why would I want to kill you?"

The Silver Masked Man was stunned and couldn't utter a single word as he looked at Garen's expression as if it was the natural thing to do.

"I am very regretful at the moment. If only I knew this incident was so troublesome, I wouldn't have made a move on my own."

"Let's hear it, what's a Black Copper Mine?" Garen asked coldly.

The Silver Masked Man tried his best to get up from the ground as he leaned against the sculpture.

"The Black Copper Mine, in a way, is the source of all the aberrated creatures. I once worked at a Senior Workshop in the Black Sky's experimenting group, so I know this secret very well."

He took out a red liquid from within his pocket.

"You don't mind if I eat some medicine, right?"

"Go ahead." Garen nodded. "Your body isn't in good condition. I can catch you even if you run anyway."

The Silver Masked Man smiled wryly.

"It started when we discovered an abandoned altar at the bottom of a ruin. This altar was made entirely out of a metal that was neither silver or gold. It was completely black, and it was a metal that none of us were familiar with. As the first surveyor of the Black Sky discovered this altar and this new metal, the

whole of the Black Sky community was interested in it. We sent out a large amount of researchers into the altar to study this unique metal."

"The altar itself hadn't much of a purpose as it was abandoned a long time ago. However, the researchers found something shocking once they cut open this metal that was used to make this altar.

"What did they find?" Garen was caught in the curiosity.

"They discovered that this metal's properties are very similar to that of copper, so they named it Black Copper. They also discovered that there was a huge amount of Black Copper stored underneath the altar thereafter." The Silver Masked Man smiled wryly once more. "This Black Copper possessed a shocking property."

"Property?"

Chapter 378: Veins 2

"Yes, you just need a little bit of this type of metal in order to corrode any part or organ of any creature's body. It will produce a special type of secreted substance that, once filled inside the creature's body, will give it a terrifying nature that allows it to counter the Totem Light. It would be similar to making water into a type of ice that could be compared to steel. With the emergence of this strange and powerful transformation ability, you could only imagine the excitement on the faces of the expert researchers. This is truly a discovery that will transcend time and eras!" said the silver-faced man, shaking his head. "As for how the crystal derivator came into being, we used the resonance technique that we had perfected much earlier, and coordinated it with this type of creature-corroding black copper, to forge the current crystal derivator known by everyone. However, during the last stage of the experiment, an accident occurred."

Garen looked at him silently, waiting for his next sentence.

"The accident was uncovered by an unknown, ordinary researcher. He realised a terrifying truth about the black copper. This strange metal was apparently allowing monsters that it had corroded to naturally evolve themselves! Once he had observed the incident and confirmed his suspicions, the black copper seemed to have a sense of awareness, and once it had noticed that it had been found out, proceeded to suddenly hurry up the evolution process. When the researcher raised the alarm, the other Totem users on stand-by rushed over, but it was too late by then. The monsters that had been successfully evolved has grasped a strength that surpassed the base's control, and they ended up massacring twenty-five

Obscuro base strongholds. A large number of the monsters fled the base, because we were unable to control them at all."

"Does this mean that, the release of the Aberration monsters this time, was not let out intentionally as part of the idea that you announced to return the world back to its right state? Instead, this incident, from beginning to the end, was just an accident?" Garen asked in a serious tone.

"It's exactly as you said," answered the silver-faced man feebly. "Thus, the current situation is completely out of our control by now. A lot of areas have suddenly experienced sightings of unknown powerful monsters and strange phenomena that they've never seen before. We are unsure of the current occurrences, and all the surviving researchers are working hard in their research. In the end, they came up with a terrifying conclusion that the black copper contained an activated life force, and seemed to be rapidly changing the natural circulation system of the world. They brought up a frightening proportional formula, the Buffett formula. Every time it forged a black copper-polluted creature, it would simultaneously release enough influence to aberrate five other creatures of the same form. Once everyone had calculated the model, they came up with this growth formula, and although there was a complicated process in the middle, the conclusion was as such."

"Even though we already knew this, we could help but constantly attempt to create a power of our own. Once the black copper's polluted corrosion became even stronger, to the point where even advanced Totem evolutions were beginning to appear, natural Aberration creatures of the same advanced level began appearing on Earth, and once we noticed this, the natural Aberration creatures had already evolved at a faster speed than our own, and we lost all control of the situation. Some of the monsters had even evolved to a stage that even we were unable to derive."

"Then were there any appearances of monsters that did not seem abnormal but were actually unusually strong?" Garen asked again.

"There definitely were, but these phenomena would only occur a short while after the situation was out of our control. The Obscuro researchers realised that the new natural circulation systems built by the black copper in a short span of time were difficult to differentiate in many places, and resulted in many incomprehensible natural phenomena occurring in many places, such as the music in the pumpkin farm." The silver-faced man was well-versed in professional knowledge, and the clarity of his explanations were far superior to than Reylan previously.

"So where can this type of black copper be found?" Garen suddenly gained an interest in the source of this metal.

"The crystal derivators have a small amount of black copper dissolved inside them, but if you're thinking of obtaining the exact type of metal from its source, you need to go to Obscuro. This type of metal is highly controlled by them, because every time a monster is forged, there is a chance that it will cause five more to be naturally aberrated. It is similar to the Poisonous Dove Flower, it only needs to happen once, before it will happen the second time, and the third, before it becomes deep-rooted inside, and inextricable. In order to counter the unimaginably powerful Royal Alliance of Luminarists, we had no other choice. The Elder Parliament of the Royal Alliance of Luminarists commanded the three departments, and was a long-time established organization that had not been changed in the last thousand years. If the deviated monsters had not pinned the Elder Parliament down, the three departments would have focused most of their concentration on the monsters, and we would not have as much time to layout our plans calmly, or even develop our own strength.

Garen heard a new term once again.

"What kind of organization is the Elder Parliament?" According to his previous history, he had never known about the existence of such an organization before.

"It's the highest decision-making organization in the Royal Alliance of Luminarists, and also the strongest existing group in the Alliance as well. They were a huge shadow that shrouded over both the East Continent and the West Continent for over a thousand years, and every change that occurred never failed to be part of their behind-the-scenes plan. The three departments of the Royal Alliance of Luminarists were originally loose organizations, and if they were not combined by Elder Parliament, they would not have become an organization like the three departments, as each individual country would have wanted their own way, thus causing mutual conquests," said the silver-faced man as he glanced at Garen with a surprised look. "I assume that the time you've spent in the three departments has been too short. The higher level ones, and the ones with more qualifications all have an opportunity to participate in the department's arbitration assembly which is held every twenty years, to ensure that the attitudes and wrongdoings of each country is dealt with in a balanced and correct manner. This is to prevent the abuse of power in the Royal Alliance of Luminarists."

"Then why have I not come across anyone from the Elder Parliament that you spoke of earlier? Don't tell me that so many powerful individuals just disappeared without a trace like that?" asked Garen in a surprised tone. "Why hasn't there been any trace of them even after such large-scale incidents?"

"Everything was underground. The strongest monsters were always lurking underground, and were endlessly evolving. The West Farm defense line that they created was an underground defense line that extended above ground. If that wasn't the case, do you think that the Totem users and their manpower

would have been able to resist the monster's invasion? Initially, Obscuro was able to defeat even the strongest Elemental Generals. But once the monsters rushed underground into the human cities, the consequences were disastrous. If we Obscuros did not hide ourselves deep inside enough, and well-concealed enough, we would have been killed by the monsters long ago."

Garen felt that he had grasped a better understanding of the situation now. Initially, he was uncertain because even though the Royal Alliance of Luminarists did not seem exceptionally strong, the Obscuro Society was still afraid to face them directly, and only dared to attack them secretly from underground instead. Now he knew that it was because the Elder Parliament had always been watching from afar.

"Come with me, we'll go in and take a look." Garen pondered for awhile, before turning his head upwards and looking at the large library building in front of him.

The silver-faced man smiled bitterly but remained silent, because he knew that this was an order and not a request. After he drank the recovery drug earlier, he was now slightly better and had managed to stand up. The white coloured Totem Light on his body had lit up once again, and was a sign that the recovery drug had an effect on the Totem Light.

Garen lead the way and walked inside the main door of the library.

From outside, he could see that the rows of thin, straight windows in the library were all broken, and a few broken pieces of glass remained on the window sill. Only a part of the main door was left in the doorway, while the other half had been bitten off by something unknown, exposing the rough black coloured metallic section inside.

As he walked inside through the main door, the morning's pale gold light beams glittered in from the window on the left side and fell on the floor, causing the floating dust in the air to be seen vaguely.

The ground was littered with broken benches, and the black marble floor was filled was cracked and filled with rubble. There were also a few large pits that were over a meter deep, and the inside resembled magma-like honeycomb that had been melted and condensed again.

In the middle of the hall stood a large silver sphere. The sphere had a diameter of over two meters, and was propped upwards by a thick white pillar below it.

The entire surface of the sphere was covered in multicoloured handwritten words, as if they were messages that people from the past had left behind.

Garen evaded the deep pit carefully, and walked towards the big sphere that was in front of him.

He stroked the various writings on the sphere gingerly and noticed that the words were written in language that he could not understand, which were probably the specialized language of this little country.

Garen looked for a while, but could not find a message he could understand.

After looking for a while, he gave up, and returned his hands to his sides, before suddenly realising that his own fingers were now covered in a thin layer of black dust. The dust seemed to have some corrosive properties, causing Garen's fingers to hurt slightly.

He had released his Totem Light earlier, but apparently there were still poisonous substances that could come into contact with his skin without his permission?

It was important to note that the Totem Light was connected to one's consciousness. When the outside world contained substances that could potentially harm one's body, it would automatically filter out the harmful substance. The same principle was used against its enemies, because once it noticed an enemy that harboured hostility towards itself, the Totem Light would produce defensive measures.

This acted as an exterior skin-like layer that would sense whether the substances from the outside world would harm its main body. It was immediate and connected to one's consciousness, and possessed an independent judgement system.

During the stages where the Forgers and Luminarists were first forging their Totems, it would first find a way to move the core inside. This was the foundation of building Primitive Totems. Once the Core Totems were formed, it would then enable the core component ability.

Meanwhile, there were currently substances that were able to break through this layer of decision-type defense, and had injured Garen's skin. This was somewhat incomprehensible to Garen. Although he had

not learned a lot of things from Teacher Emin, fortunately he was a legitimate Luminarist by birth, and was very clear about certain basic principles.

He began to ponder deeply.

Bang!!

Suddenly, a dull noise echoed from the right.

Garen glanced towards the side, slightly shaken suddenly.

He could see a strong-looking black horse that was glaring at him with bloodshot eyes.

The black horse had a mane like a male lion that it flipped around constantly. It's whole body was incomparably black, with no trace of variation. From head to toe, it seemed like he could vaguely see the bright, black gloss reflecting off it.

The strangest part was that the bottom half of the black horse was not made up of flesh and blood, but was a large black paint covered horse carriage instead.

The bottom half of the horse had a black carriage growing out of it directly. It had no hind legs, but in its place were two large black wheels that were attached to the carriage.

Tch!!

The black horse exhaled a large gust of air from its nostrils angrily towards the ground, blowing up a large pile of gravel and dust.

The moment Garen laid eyes on the black horse carriage, he was frozen in place.

"This is... could it really be...??!!" His mind suddenly remembered a name that he had once seen before.

"It's here again!!" The silver-faced man suddenly shouted behind him, and immediately hid behind Garen's back, as an unusually scared expression appeared on his face.

"Is he very strong?" Garen asked in a serious tone.

"Incredibly strong, and deviantly so!!" exclaimed the silver-faced man. "I absolutely cannot defeat it! It can only attack me!" Once he thought of the earlier situation, his heart began to thump inside his chest. The speed of this black horse was not exceptionally fast, but it could move in the blink of an eye, and could also any type of substantial object. Also, when it truly wanted to strike its enemies, it would produce truly high-impact damages. It will definitely very strange.

"I never thought that something like this would still exist..." Garen knew that this was not a mere coincidence. "I should have thought of this earlier. To think that there would still be such a thing..."

Chapter 379: Cloud Crow 1

Garen did not seem surprised.

Once the City Troll had appeared, the appearance of other mythical creatures was no longer a surprise. However, the fact that the mythical creatures that once appeared in the Secret Technique world were apparently appearing in the Totem world now, was the thing that he felt was truly strange.

He looked at the black horse carriage in front of him. Suddenly, the name of the creature floated up clearly in Garen's mind.

"Underworld Carriage."

He squinted both of his eyes.

"According to the Grindor myths, this horse carriage is able to take living people into the land of the dead. It is also extremely fierce, and eats two meat meals and the souls of fifteen sinners every day."

He began to walk circles around the Underworld Carriage slowly.

The black horse turned around in the same direction as him, while its large horse eyes became more and more bloodshot.

Tch!

Two gusts of white air shot out of its nostrils again.

Mars!!

A scream that sounded almost like a human's cry came out of the black horse's mouth. The loud noise shook up the surroundings and made a whooshing noise as a large amount of dust and rubble fell off the ceiling, as if it was a layer of dusty rain.

The Underworld Carriage charged forward suddenly as both of its hooves dragged the carriage wheels furiously towards Garen. A cloud of thick yellow fog escaped from the body of the horse carriage and appeared at Garen's side suddenly, as if it was alive, and covered him wholly.

The speed of the black horse increased rapidly until it quickly seemed like a black line that was charging towards Garen furiously.

Garen's eyes widened. He was completely unable to react in time, and could only feel a powerful force crashing into his body at full force.

He felt as if his arms and legs were completely bound by a strange force, causing his reflexes to become unusually slow. Meanwhile, his opponent's speed became frighteningly strong in the blink of an eye.

Bang!!!

The black horse carriage crashed against the front of Garen's body violently.

The black horse and the man crashed into each other and flew outside backwards. They floated in the air for a while, before crashing into the library wall behind them with a 'bang'.

The wall lit up and a layer of transparent ripples appeared suddenly, blocking the man and the horse completely. It was different from a normal window, as the wall seemed to be covered with a layer of an unknown defensive force field that did not allow any attacks that would harm the main body of the library building.

Garen and the black horse crashed into the wall together, shaking up a large pile of dust and gravel. It seemed as if they had crashed into an ashen sea, as the dust and sand resembled a splash of water that gushed out through the wall and splattered everywhere, as if it was pouring down on them like rain.

At once, loud crashing noises began to echo throughout the library continuously.

Mars!!

The Underworld Carriage screamed again, before it passed through Garen completely, merging into the wall, as if it had changed from a solid object into a virtual object immediately, instantly transforming into an invisible state, before gradually disappearing.

Garen was stuck in the middle of the deep pit in the wall with his arms and legs spread open, shaking his head, before he broke away and released himself, bringing down a pile of rubble with him.

The sound of falling grains of sand could be heard, as well as the noise of Garen spitting out the dirt and sand from his mouth. The ground below his feet was illuminated with a glossy black gleam, before his entire body fell from midair suddenly.

"Sure enough... it's pretty strange." With a 'plop', Garen landed on the floor steadily. Transparent defense ripples were constantly permeating off Garen's entire body. It came from the Salamander's giant mouth that was used to resist the attack earlier.

"But its strength was nothing special," he commented indifferently.

At this moment, the silver-faced man was hiding behind the large silver sphere. He saw that Garen had gotten hit, but still managed to nonchalantly comment on how the black horse carriage's strength was no big deal, causing his heart to feel completely aghast.

When he was hit earlier, he suffered serious injuries immediately. The Totem Light surrounding his body had just healed slightly, before it was completely scrapped. Meanwhile, his Core Totem suffered even worse damages, while his Silver Totems suffered heavy injuries for the second time consecutively.

However, the force inflicted upon Garen during the hit was even stronger than what he suffered, as the black horse had only struck him once, while Garen suffered a hit that caused him to be stuck in the wall, but apparently was not making the slightest fuss about it.

Shh!!

The Underworld Carriage passed through the wall in front of Garen again, as if it was emerging out of water. From its unreal, translucent state, it solidified immediately, and transformed into a physical object. It seemed like it knew that the opponent in front of it was no longer easy to defeat. Thus, it began to cautiously turn circles around Garen.

The wheels of the black horse carriage made noises as they rolled on the ground, which then melded with the crisp horse hoof trotting noises, sounding unusually clear.

Once again, the carriage of the Underworld Carriage begin emitting a large amount of yellow fog again. The yellow fog floated less than a meter's distance away from the carriage, before appearing at Garen's side in the blink of an eye.

It seemed to have a life force of its own when it covered the Totem Light on Garen's body completely.

"It's here again!!" Garen knew clearly now. "This kind of smoke seems to be extracting my speed and giving it to the Underworld Carriage." He could clearly feel the changes on his body now, and noticed that his four limbs had become heavier, while his reactions had become much slower.

Meanwhile, the movements of the black horse on the opposite side of him were now more agile, and much faster.

"So it's like this! It extracts its opponents speed and adds it to its own body. No wonder its speed was much faster compared to how it was before. Apparently, all of this was the state of my own speed," Garen pondered seriously.

This was extremely tricky. Garen knew his own speed clearly. At his current 6 point agility, most speed-type Totems could not even match his speed. However, his speed had been extracted by the Underworld Carriage, one increased while the other decreased, causing the speeds of both parties to undergo extreme changes suddenly.

"According to the myths, the Underworld Carriage was smashed alive by the herculean Boerger. As Boerger had received the chaos Warhammer from the Earth Mother, he became immensely powerful, but suffered slow movements in return. This made it impossible for the Underworld Carriage to sap his speed, as he was already slow enough. It made no difference whether his speed was extracted or not," thought Garen as he remembered the story of the myth. "Its unknown whether this story is a myth or not, and the supposed Boerger is historically just a deified human being that loved to boast about his own legendary feats, and whether or not this encounter truly happened, was something that we do not know yet," thought Garen deeply as a train of thought flashed through his mind. However, he still could not think of a way to face the Underworld Carriage.

"The dumbest method would be to wait until the moment before he charges at me, before I fight back harder." Garen became more vigilant, and stared at the Underworld Carriage in front of him. "Who knows, maybe after I've understood this thing better, I could even ride it into the mythical underworld and look around. This is the mystical carriage that can take living beings into the underworld after all."

Regarding the underworld in the Grindor myths, Garen had been longing for it for a long time.

Mars!!!

Finally, the Underworld Carriage could not take it anymore, so it bent its head downwards, and charged violently towards Garen. Its body was surrounded by yellow fog, and its speed was frighteningly fast.

Inside the hall, the only thing that could be seen was the horse carriage charging rapidly until it just looked like a yellow line that was crashing into Garen who was still standing in the same spot. The black and yellow creature let out a fearsome crashing noise and a large cloud of yellow fog spread out towards all four corners.

Crash!!!

Hiss!!

Garen sunk both of his feet deep into the ground, drawing two long black scratches on the floor, as his back crashed into the wall once again.

The horse's head that was extremely close to him was now pressed against his arms, and he could clearly see the black mane behind the horse's head that seemed like waves that were constantly moving. Its smooth satiny skin was unusually glossy, and its strong muscular profile moved along with its large tendons.

"Now!"

Garen's forehead was suddenly lit up with three red dots, before a large red Eight Headed Dragon floated out behind him slowly.

Roar!!!!

The eight heads of the Eight Headed Dragon turned towards the sky and roared loudly in unison.

Terrifying sound waves began to quake. After a 'bang', the air seemed as if it had exploded, as shrouds of white gas began to spread out in all four directions. The interior of the entire library was filled with the continuous echoes of countless humming noises.

The large silver sphere rolled unto the floor because of the vibrations caused by the loud roars, and was almost smashed by the silver-faced man.

Most of the engraved stone patterns on the wall also loosened, causing broken pieces to fall off.

Initially, the silver-faced man's Totem Light had already become extremely weak, but now it had been shaken up badly, making it hard for him to draw breaths, as his chest was pressed down and in an extremely uncomfortable manner, making him want to vomit even though he could not.

He dared not waste any more time, so he followed the corners of the wall and limped out of the library hall, before falling in front of the main doorway. Both of his eyes were seeing stars, and he was in a numb, blurry state, unable to see anything.

The strange thing was that the moment he exited the library, the noises behind him became much softer suddenly.

A few seconds later, and with much difficulty, the silver-faced man finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Seeing his own humiliated state, a little while later, he began to cry, before hitting himself in the thigh angrily.

"Did it have to be a deviant...."

Feeling that his tears were about to spill out, he buried his head angrily in his sleeve.

I'm an Elemental General, and I cannot cry! I cannot cry!!

He wiped his tears away angrily.

"To think I would encounter such a deviant! I can't take it anymore!! Whoever truly loves him can take my place!!" He leapt up immediately and tore the badge off his chest furiously, before turning around to walk away.

Roar!!

Suddenly, the sound of a roar echoed from behind him.

The silver-faced man froze at once, as he remembered his current situation, and realized that he was no longer a free man, because he had become Garen's prisoner.

"For a civilian to be able to kill another civilian, that was the only thing that allowed me to turn from a criminal to a general!" He mumbled softly to himself, before he placed his backside on the floor of the main doorway, as his hands rummaged inside his pockets and took out a smashed grey cigarette that he struck against the floor. The cigarette lit up immediately, and he took a delicious puff.

"Almost 23 deviants, two left in Obscuro, and three with the Royal Alliance of Luminarists." He arched his head upwards and looked at the bright sunlight in the sky. "The whole world is a deviant, and in this deviant world, normal people like me should always just remain as civilians and call it a day."

After spewing out a string of curses, his mood seemed as if it had lightened significantly. Hence, he just sat here and waited for the outcome of the incident that was happening in the library right now.

It was not as if he had never thought of escaping. On the contrary, he knew that no matter where he ran, his opponent would be able to find him at any moment. This infinite loop of 'yesterdays' was already becoming too much for him, and he was tired. After all, he was not a professional combat member.

Both of Garen's eyes gleamed with a dim red light, as he glared at the Underworld Carriage on the opposite side of him coldly.

The incomparably loud dragon roars apparently had no effect on its opponent, as the Underworld Carriage had merely moved a short distance backwards, while of the surrounding sound waves had been completely blocked off by the yellow fog around its body.

Garen detected the Eight Headed Dragon. Its eight heads were taking turns to fight, and for the Eight Headed Dragon with terrifying regenerative powers, this was no big deal at all.

The man and the horse stood beside the large silver sphere together, as the situation seemed as if it had come to a standstill.

Garen was also out of moves, and did not know how to face his opponent.

His speed had been extracted, and he was a moment away from being sapped completely of it to the point where he would not be able to fight at all. The Eight Headed Dragon's attacks were also completely ineffective towards it, including using its dragon's mouth to bite it directly, as it was completely blocked off by the yellow fog.

Meanwhile, the Underworld Carriage struck Garen relentlessly from the wall, the floor, and the ceiling. It charged towards him from various strange angles, hitting it continuously, but ineffectively.

Chapter 380: Cloud Crow 2

Garen's hood did not get shaken off his head when he got hit and was sent flying, but fortunately, he did not suffer any injuries.

Both parties were now entangled with each other, and had seemed to sense the toughness of their opponents, causing the situation to end up in stalemate.

Time passed as the minutes and seconds ticked by.

After an unknown duration of time, the sunlight lessened gradually, while the sky began to darken slowly.

The Underworld Carriage finally let out a long cry as it moved backwards slowly and merged directly into a small area of shadows behind it.

Mars!

Its bloodshot eyes glared at Garen, as if it was remembering this bastard that rendered itself helpless for the first time.

Quickly, its body and the carriage entered the shadows together and suddenly, it turned around and galloped even faster in the shadows, before leaping off.

With pin-drop silence, the Underworld Carriage merged into the wall directly, and disappeared completely.

The continuous cries of 'mars' could be heard softly from a distance, and it continued echoing throughout the library. However, the further it went, the softer the noises became, until they disappeared completely.

Garen stood in his initial spot quietly, as impatient feelings began bubbling up inside him.

He had tried all of the Secret Techniques inside the pressure box, but the speed that had been extracted from him was too great, and had almost reached 80%, resulting in him being able to keep up in regards to his reactions, but unable to keep up when it came to his body movements. However, this was not a big deal, because as long as he had the ability to predict, it was not an issue.

The most important thing right now was that the speed of the Underworld Carriage had become too fast, almost like a flash of yellow lightning, and in the blink of an eye, it had already struck Garen's body again.

Moreover, the Underworld Carriage was also completely immune towards Totem attacks. With Garen unable to keep up with the physical attacks while his Totem attacks were completely unusable, there was no way for him to fight!

Garen fought until his head was filled with rage.

Looking at the empty library hall, Garen sighed in relief and turned around to walk outside to see if the silver-faced man was still there.

His footsteps stopped suddenly, and he stood frozen in place.

The entire hall had suddenly undergone a strange transformation.

The gravel on the floor began to float upwards, flying towards the ceiling, and embedding themselves into their initial places that were once cracked grooves.

The large silver sphere that had rolled off was now moving on its own, as it floated gently back to its original position, like rewinding footage in a video, as it orbited and rolled back in the exact same manner in which it rolled down.

A large pile of dust and sand flew everywhere and landed on the statue next to the wall, gathering there again.

Shrouds of dust began to float again, rising up continuously without a single sound. The world seemed as if it had inverted itself, as dust and gravel began to rise up from the ground like a weird kind of rain.

The wooden chairs and tables that were smashed to ruins earlier also began to move on their own, as they rolled back to their original positions, before a large pile of wood shavings flew back unto their surfaces, making them whole again, as clouds of dust covered them once more, becoming thicker and thicker.

The large pits on the ground were instantly filled up again, as the cracks disappeared and were covered by the initial black marble, before a thick layer of dust covered the surface.

The entire library seemed as if it was undergoing a silent time reversal, as all of the damaged areas quickly returned to their initial states.

Finally, everything returned to order.

The library was finally restored to the first moment when Garen stepped inside. There were no traces of the Underworld Carriage's movements.

A confused expression appeared on his face as his eyes scanned across the library hall. At this moment, his mind was at a complete loss.

"What's going on here?"

Garen walked towards the area where he had first been hit, and stood below a large pit in the wall, looking upwards at the place where the large pit had been formed earlier.

It was perfect without any damage, and he could even see a little spider web in the corner of the wall, with a translucent spider shell on the surface.

It was not in a high position, so Garen reached his finger outwards and pressed it against the wall.

It was straight and smooth, and the surface was covered with a layer of white dust, while the black dust from earlier was now gone.

Unconvinced, he pressed down harder this time.

Ka-chak!

Multiple depressions appeared on the wall suddenly. Moments later, they were quickly restored to their initial states. Garen pulled his fingers back and looked at his surroundings, as a thoughtful look appeared on his face.

He turned around and walked out of the main door. Once he had exited the main door, he looked at the silver-faced man who was sitting on the stairs at the doorstep. This guy had apparently fallen asleep, and it seemed as if he had relaxed for a moment, and allowed everything to go downhill from there, to just do what he was supposed to do. He was even snoring.

The black clothes on the man's body were dirty and full of dust, while some parts of it were even torn.

On the floor beside him, a black badge was discarded there. A peculiar image had been engraved on the badge. It was a silver sun that was releasing countless light rays, and in the middle of the sun was an eye with a black pupil.

Garen kept the badge.

He walked over to kick the silver-faced man.

"Wake up. Hey!"

The silver-faced man toppled over, and woke up instantly. He stood up abruptly.

"It's done?!" He turned around and looked at Garen frantically.

"What do you mean 'it's done'?" Garen was speechless. "We'll need your strength now. Take me to the Obscuro bases, all of the bases that you know."

He wanted to make a move now. His agility was slightly short of perfection, and his Secret Techniques needed to be increased.

"Bases... I know where the other two fugitives must be headed towards!" answered the silver-faced man immediately. His reaction was completely abrupt, without any hesitation.

Garen glanced at him unconsciously again.

"Remove your mask then."

The silver-faced man smiled bitterly, and removed the mask from his face.

He exposed his unpleasant, middle-aged face. It was a regular, unassuming face with a black beard that contained a few strands of white hair. His eyes were sunken, and he looked severely sleep-deprived.

"What's your name?" Garen asked immediately.

"Windling. My name is Windling," answered the middle-aged man honestly.

"Windling?!" Garen nearly vomited when he heard that. Looking at that unpleasant face, Garen could not help but think where he should vomit. His name and face did not suit one another at all.

"Alright, Windling," said Garen as he begrudgingly accepted the contrast. "The precious heirlooms that you stole from me during the siege yesterday, bring them all out now."

Windling took an item out honestly, it was an exquisite black pocket watch, and passed it to Garen.

Garen took it and turned it over in his hand.

The pocket watch was extremely small, and only half the size of a regular pocket watch. There were neither numbers nor words on its face, not even a scale. Instead, there was only a needle that was constantly moving around in a circle.

"What is this?"

"It's the Clouded Crow front," Windling explained. "We call it the Cloud Crow front. It can catalyze more than ten thousand Spiritualized Black Crow Totems to form a cylindrical front to isolate and detain one's enemies. The cost of its imprisonment ability is extremely great, and after you smashed it to pieces yesterday, a part of this precious heirloom's structure was also destroyed. All that is left right now is its catalyzed black crow abilities."

"What level does this precious heirloom belong to?"

"It's a replica of a level two precious heirloom," Windling explained. "You know it as the ultimate precious heirloom replica. Inside Obscuro, we separate our precious heirlooms into categories such as regular, ultimate, and original. We categorize them into levels one to three, to simplify the process of organizing them based on their power, such as the original precious heirloom being equivalent to a level three precious heirloom. The Cloud Crow front is used an Obscuro imitation of a defense front, and is considered as a level two precious heirloom. There are many level two precious heirlooms, and almost every powerful leader possesses one. This was also the reward that we received after our first contribution in Obscuro."

Garen's eyes flashed.

"So you're saying, that the Obscuro Society also has a level three original precious heirloom?"

"Yes, this is a precious heirloom that can be reused, and it's most powerful strength is equivalent to a form four Totem," said Windling as he stared at the pocket watch somewhat painfully. "Now, it belongs to you."

Garen smiled and flipped the pocket watch over to look at the line of silver words that had been engraved in its black-coloured back.

'If giving up means being wide awake, then I will always choose to persist.' It was written in Ender words.

"That line of words was engraved by the creator. He was my best friend, and also a top-level forger and researcher in Obscuro, but he has been dead for many years already." Windling had quietened down.

"How do I use this?" Garen flipped the pocket watch over in his hand.

"Imagine the Totem power flowing inside it, and every time you use it you will need a purple crystal. Just a reminder, the Totem power needed for this is extremely great, but of course, you can use your Totem Light to make up for it. The natures of both these things do not differ that much," reminded Windling quickly.

"Oh?"

Garen held the pocket watch in his hand, and tried to make his Totem power and Totem Light flow inside.

"The power of this precious heirloom is determined by how much Totem power and Totem Light you pour inside. The upper limit is form four. The range can be extremely broad," explained Windling as he moved backwards further away. This made it easier for Garen to experiment with the precious heirloom.

"The Cloud Crows that you forged will only have the mindset to attack, and will not be able to do anything else. Thus, you need to be careful when using this."

His voice trailed off.

Garen's surroundings began to be filled with black mist instantly.

Large clouds of black mist began to diffuse from his surroundings, and the source of the mist apparently came from the pocket watch in his hand.

The mist circled above Garen's head and finally froze there, before quickly transforming into little black crows. Some of them perched on Garen's shoulders while other flew above his head. A few others searched around their surroundings with their little eyes for targets that they could attack.

The clouds of black mist continued to freeze, and the number of Cloud Crows increased rapidly and gradually, the entire main doorway of the library was completely covered in black mist.

Windling's mouth gaped open for a while, but no words came out.

This momentum was similar to the momentum that they had created yesterday. The large cloud of black mist began to flow throughout the air in the library, resembling a long black river that came together and then separated.

Cawing noises filled their ears. It seemed as if the abandoned city had suddenly become lively again.

"How much Totem light does he really have..." murmured Windling, with an unreadable expression on his face.

Moments later, after the scene remained for half a minute, the Cloud Crows turned into black mist again, and flowed back into the pocket watch in Garen's hand.

The black mist disappeared, and out came Garen's calm face.

"This thing is not bad, its power is excellent, and its cost is not too high." Garen was extremely pleased with this precious heirloom.

The Eight Headed Dragon was his strongest Totem, as the remaining Totems could not be compared to it at all, because they were far too weak, and he planned to give up his control of them after a certain period of time, so that he could exchange them for other resources, to avoid wasting them.

The Eight Headed Dragon was too strong, if he took it out without thinking, it would not be long before others realized that his Totem was unlike everyone else's. But once he obtained the Cloud Crow front, it made up for the shortcomings that he faced on a daily basis in this aspect.

Once he Spiritualized it to its final form four powers to adhere it completely to his daily needs, the stronger Eight Headed Dragon would not need to always show its face anymore. The current Eight Headed Dragon would always be in an imaginary form when it was released, as if its entire body had been Elementalized already. During a short span of time, he could pretend that it was merely in a spiritualized possessed form. However, after a long time, even a Totem user would know that this was abnormal.