

# Mystical 381

## Chapter 381: Purge 1

In a forest on the border of Ender and Kovitan.

The afternoon sky was a shade of dark yellow near the top but gloomy and black in the middle. It was overcast and filled with large black clouds that rolled past.

The wind blew past, sometimes in strong gusts and other times weaker, making whooshing noises as it shook the trees.

Inside the forest, lots of boxy, square Chinese gardens stood upright in the middle. The gardens were only ten meters long and wide, quaint and quiet, and completely empty on the inside.

The interior of the gardens were filled with rows of black headstones, and in the middle stood a black minaret that was shaped like a sharp pencil lead.

The minaret was dark and gloomy, and was full of embossed portraits on its surface, while its surroundings were blocked off by protective metal fences.

On the right side below the tower, on the fresh green grass, Garen and Windling were standing beside the tower, and looking up at the minaret.

Both of them were dressed from head to toe in black clothes, but the clothes on Garen's body was obviously much cleaner and tidier. Meanwhile, Windling's clothes were torn and ruined, and somewhat embarrassing.

Garen walked inside through one of the broken fences, and reached his hand out to touch the surface of the minaret gently.

It was cool, and felt wooden to the touch. Hard shells were also stuck on the top, but big chunks of it fell off the moment they were touched, exposing a fat yellow caterpillar underneath.

"It looks old and worn. Are you sure this is the place?" Garen turned around and looked at Windling.

"I'm sure!" Windling shook his head vigorously. "This is one of the bases that I know. They don't know that I've been captured by you, so they should not have shifted yet."

"It's right below this tower?" Garen asked again.

"Indeed, it's here!"

Garen squinted both of his eyes slightly.

"Step back."

Slight chills ran down Windling's spine, as he backed off quickly and ran further away.

He walked not more than ten meters away, before he looked at the spot where Garen was standing, and noticed that a large cloud of black fog had started to diffuse there.

The black fog turned into Cloud Crows that circled around and rushed upwards, before releasing countless ear piercing cawing noises.

More than a hundred Cloud Crows gathered together, and charged downwards in a smashing movement. They seemed just like a black hammer.

Bang!!!

A heavy crashing noise could be heard, as the floor near the right side of the minaret instantly sunk in completely. Throughout the ten meter range, everything was smashed many meters deeper. A deep pit that had a radius of over ten meters suddenly appeared beside the minaret.

"Go!!"

A sharp voice that was unidentifiable as male or female rang out suddenly, as four human figures rushed out of the soil on the ground, like arrows that were flying in all four directions.

Garen groaned, and the hundred over Cloud Crows turned into a black stream that rushed towards the four people and wrapped around them. On the ground where he stood in the center, they now resembled a large "yuan" coin.

The Cloud Crows possessed a terrifying speed, which caused an afterimage, and moments later, they had managed to force the four figures backwards.

These four figures were all clad in black robes, and their leader had a physique that was unidentifiable as male or female, but was obviously skinny and weak.

"Who are you!?" After feeling the strong force field waves around them, the black robed person that was heading this group questioned Garen in a shrill voice, and glared at him angrily. "Do you know where this place is? This is the main Obscuro Society branch! How dare you attack this branch!? Do you not want your life!?"

"I was looking for your Obscuro Society!" Garen sneered, waving his right hand.

Strange cawing noises sounded through the air, as a large flock of Cloud Crows rushed towards them like a torrent, before submerging the four people completely.

There were only four people. One of them was a former three lower ranking general, while two others were merely Field-level, and were too weak.

The four of them had just released their totems, a black giant elephant and two dark yellow giant birds. They may have had other totems that were not released yet, but everything was completely submerged by the torrent of Cloud Crows. Even their cries of pain could not be heard.

The Cloud Crow torrent washed over after ten whole seconds. Then, it exposed the condition of the four people once again.

The four black-robed people had completely turned into four skeletons, as all of their flesh seemed as if it had rotted off cleanly, and all that remained were clean white bones.

A crisp whooshing noise sounded, as the four skeletons collapsed on the floor at the same time.

Their totems had also been instantly submerged by the Cloud Crow torrent, and the large elephant's trumpet noises could not be heard anymore, as it had instantly turned into a large elephant skeleton, that quickly collapsed as well.

Garen raised the pocket watch in his hand and returned all of the Black Cloud Crows into the pocket watch, before glancing at the humans and totems on the ground.

He then glanced at his own Attribute Pane and noticed that his Potential Points were increasing, causing a satisfied expression to appear on his face immediately.

"Let's go to the next base."

He lead the way into the outskirts of the woods.

A forced smile appeared on Windling's face as he rushed to keep up, before both of their shadows disappeared quickly into the nearby forest.

\*\*\*\*\*

Inside the light yellow arboreal forest

Clouds of black fog that looked like a snake wound through the forests, constantly searching for something. They would transform into crows occasionally, before turning back into black fog once again. It loomed in the background.

A little red bird with a lump on its head had just flew down and perched on a tree branch, before it was jolted by the passing black fog. The feathers of the red bird fell off quickly and turned into black dust, exposing the red muscles and skin underneath. Immediately, its skin shriveled up instantly as well, and less than a few seconds later, all that remained was the skeleton of a small bird, that made a cracking noise as it fell off the tree branch.

Windling stood below it, while a forced smile appeared on his face.

Boom!!

Near the front not far away, a loud quaking noise could be heard as a large number of trees were cut down, and fell down one by one with a crashing noise. The leaves made scratching noises as they brushed past one another.

A ray of white light was reflected outwards, and formed a silver light wheel when it gathered in the midst of the forest. The light wheel shrunk suddenly, and began to disappear.

Tch!!

Down below, a sharp black thorn dashed towards the sky and crashed towards the silver light wheel violently. Instantly, the same thing happened the second time, and the third, and the fourth...

Lots of sharp black thorns burst out suddenly, and pierced the silver light wheel in midair precisely.

Finally, the light wheel began to vibrate.

"Windling! You better wish you were dead!!!" The voice of an angry old woman echoed in the air.

During the silence, the light wheel finally disappeared, and turned into multiple dots of silver light that fell down slowly. They resembled drops of rain.

The sharp thorns that appeared suddenly also softened into twists instantly, and turned into clouds of black fog, before flying downwards towards the forest again.

Moments later, the sound of calm footsteps could be heard as Garen walked out of the thicket with the Cloud Crow front pocket watch held gently in his hand.

"You know each other?" He looked at Windling who was waiting at the side.

The latter nodded his head.

"Should we continue?"

"We haven't captured the two people that escaped earlier," Garen said faintly. "Do you have any suggestions?"

"No clue. They are of the same level as I, but only joined after they received my invitation," said Windling as he removed his watch, signalling that he was powerless. "You wasted too much time in the library, and they must have ran far away long ago."

"The next one then," Garen nodded as he continued walking out of the forest.

"We can only look for the bases that are nearby now. The rest would definitely have received the news and evacuated by now, so we can only rush over before they leave to stop them," reminded Windling.

"Lead the way."

\*\*\*\*\*

During the next three days, Garen allowed Windling to lead the way, as they raided seven bases quickly.

They were all the Obscuro Society's secret bases, and out of the twenty over Obscuro Society members that were killed, four of them were elite General-level members.

They crossed over into the Ender Kingdom's territory, and hurriedly passed through the wilderness and forest areas.

But after that, the nearby bases began to retreat, in order to evade their hunting territory. It was obvious that the Obscuro Society had finally retaliated, and had determined their approximate location.

After countless unfruitful raids, Garen allowed Windling to lead the way, as they crossed into a forest and entered the town area in the hinterlands of Ender. They began to notice the bases in these human town areas.

\*\*\*\*\*

Nearby a town in Ender, inside a small birch forest.

The white tree barks stood upright, while the floor was covered in grassy lawns dotted with little white flowers and a few white butterflies that flew around them.

"Anselm, has the target arrived?"

Three people in black robes stood inside the forest, as they quietly observed the little village road that snaked through the forest.

"Not yet," said a woman's voice that came from the black-robed person that was standing right in front. She removed her hood and exposed an average-looking, slightly plump face. "Why must we absolutely execute Avic? Isn't there another method?"

"What other methods are you thinking of?" The man who had just spoken began to tease her slightly. "Avic obstructed the movements of our branch, so his fate has already been decided. And we should count ourselves lucky, as we stand on the side of the adjudicators that will decide his fate."

"Don't harbour innocents thoughts like these anymore, Anselm," said the last man indifferently. His voice was hoarse, making it impossible to guess his age.

Anselm had frankly never thought of joining this Obscuro Society branch, but she had no choice, as her husband chose to join, and in order to ensure that her household was harmonious, she chose to join as well.

But not long later, her husband died in a monster raid. Hence, she was left all alone by herself.

The higher-ups allocated her into this little group.

She did not like the two other people in her group. One of them was a cruel deviant, while the other was a selfish person with a revengeful heart. However, she was left with no other path, and once she entered the Obscuro Society, she did many bad things, and could only hesitantly continue on and move forward.

Now, just because of a minor issue, she was about to assassinate an old friend that had been by her side for a long time.

Anselm felt that she had started to hate this type of life even more.

"I've heard that a bastard that specializes in attacking bases appeared at the border territories. The higher-ups have increased their surveillances, and created special groups codenamed "Hunt Cloud Crow". One of the General-levels from our branch has also been selected to go over. Did you guys know about this?"

The black-robed man with the hoarse voice started to speak softly and slowly.

"Most of our bases in the border areas have evacuated, I was wondering why the manpower in the branch became sufficient suddenly, when I realised it was due to the disappearance of so many bases." Surprised, another man said: "With the current situation, are there still people alive who are able to oppose the Headquarters?"



"That's right, that man person is amazing! I heard that this was caused by him getting raided by the higher ups, which made him furious. Back then, he captured one of the elite members from the Headquarters and began to attack bases everywhere in revenge." The man with the hoarse voice croaked in agreement. "The Headquarters established the hunting group, but were too afraid to make a move, and right now they're just withdrawing again and again."

"Wasn't that like the Blood Tower and the Royal Family? Something like the Green Dragon Swordsman? When they raided Blood Tower, I heard that it ended in failure as well," praised another man.

"According to the information I received from my cousin, southward of Mason Town, after the Maple Leaf bridge is where the Cloud Crow's hunting territory lies. If you have nothing to do, don't go there. If not, the outcome will be hard to anticipate."

The two men chatted noisily for half a day, before the soft noise of horse hooves could be heard coming from the little road suddenly."

The three people became silent suddenly, and hid themselves in the forest.

Before the horses appeared on the little road, a low rumble echoed from behind them suddenly.

Bang!!!

The earth felt as if it was being hammered down by a metal hammer, as it continued to quake violently, as if it was about to jump upwards.

Chapter 382: Purge 2

Roar!!!!

A sharp, ear-piercing siren exploded through the sky, as a white pillar of light materialised behind.

"It's the warning signal from the branch!!!" The three Obscuro Society members were alerted at the same time.

"The branch has been raided!" Anselm reacted immediately. "What do we do now?"

"Don't panic..." The man with the hoarse voice was thinking of what to say.

Suddenly, ear-piercing cawing noises echoed from behind them, as a large flock of crows gathered there in an exceptionally noisy manner.

The man suddenly remembered the warning he received from his cousin. He also remembered the characteristics of the Cloud Crows that the Headquarters had reported.

"F\*ck! This area is close to the Ender Headquarters base!! Are the people in the Headquarters just eating shit? How did the Cloud Crows get here suddenly??!!" He scolded them in a foul mood.

"Fall back!" He growled softly. He was the first person to turn around and run away.

The other two people followed closely behind.

While they ran, a strange glow began to glimmer in Anselm's eyes dimly, but no one noticed it.

The three people's informational records were all kept at the branch, and if they did not return them after the warning signal, they would be persecuted by the Headquarters. Thus, although they were helpless, the three of them decided to go back and take a look.

On the way, the trio removed their black robes quickly and exposed the normal clothes they wore within, storing all of their specialized Obscuro Society accessories at the same time. They plastered fake surprised expressions on their faces as they rushed towards the source of the noise.

\*\*\*\*\*

In the middle of a thick birch forest, there was a large platform that resembled a gigantic black biscuit, where around thirty figures in black robes stood sparsely.

On top of the black platform, a light gold air current was suspended in mid air, spiralling downwards like a ribbon as it circled around the black circular area. The air current turned circles in the air, as if it was dancing.

Golden rays of sunshine beamed downwards, and the ribbon became an even more beautiful and eye catching sight.

However, no one was appreciating this sight before them right now, as the gazes of all of the black robed people were directed past the ribbon in the sky.

There was a little cloud of black fog floating there, and on top of the cloud stood a tall man who was clad in full-bodied black armor. The man's long blonde hair was blown around his handsome face, and he had three red birthmarks on his forehead.

"Cloud Crow Garen! Do you really wish to start a war with the Obscuro Society?" From the crowd shielded beneath the golden air current, an old man stood up slowly. He was not wearing a hood, and his face was covered in wrinkles like the bark of an old tree. He held a white wooden walking stick that was taller than him in his hand.

"Before you made the decision to ambush me, you should've thought of the consequences of your actions." Garen stared at the light gold air current in the air with interest, as this ribbon-like translucent air current had a slight threatening presence.

He had only recently discovered the precise controls for the Cloud Crows, and now he had complete control over using them to allow himself to float in mid air. When he used them with the Black Light Array tools that the Royal Family had given him, he could move around freely in the air.

Once he had discovered this method, he'd used it immediately. However, this method required strong and precise control abilities. They were powerful to the extent that Windling gaped at him as if he'd just seen a deviant monster.

But Garen fully understood the convenience of this method. Thus, he became more interested in allowing his power to flow within so that he could experiment with the methods of using the Cloud Crow front.

Regarding this, Windling was completely speechless. He watched Garen control every one of thousands of Cloud Crows in an extremely orderly manner, and noticed that they bent to his will completely. This was not an ability that an ordinary human could acquire.

Light was a consumable energy, and in the blink of an eye, it was enough to make a regular Totem user exhausted to the point of collapse.

Once he had come to his senses, Garen carefully observed the Obscuro Society members that had appeared below him. During this mission where they travelled deep into the the hinterlands of Ender, through Windling's directions, they had finally found a large-scale base.

It was within their expectations as there were almost thirty Obscuro Society members, but none of them had planned to release their Totems to fight yet. This way, their strength was not gathered in one area, and it was easier for them to separate themselves to attack.

They used the Totem Light from their bodies and the Totem Light from their Totems to saturate both areas.

The formation was still suspended in mid air, as the golden air current continued to circle around the black circular base. It was unusually beautiful, as it loomed in the air.

The other important thing stood on the ground of the black circle; a large white stone statue.

Only the top half of the stone statue could be seen above ground, as the bottom half of its body had been buried by the black soil.

The sculpture appeared to be of a monster with a dog's head and a human body. There was even a crooked horn growing out of the top of the dog's head, while a goat-like beard grew below its chin. Its body was strong and muscular, and a toga was wrapped around its chest, covering the left side. One corner of the toga was fastened to his left shoulder with a round, gold button. It gave onlookers a rough, ancient and mysterious feeling.

"Not done yet?" Garen looked at the stone statue that was vibrating quickly now.

"Arrogant!" exclaimed the old man coldly. "You will pay a price for your arrogant ignorance!"

He struck his walking stick against the ground angrily at once.

"Rise!"

The dog-headed statue on the ground opened its eyes immediately.

Its eyes were jet-black with no white sclera, and were merely two empty jet-black holes.

A crashing noise could be heard, as the black soil on the ground flipped over suddenly.

The large dog-headed statue began to remove itself from the ground slowly. It braced both of its palms against the ground, as it lifted out of the ground slowly.

The crowd of black robed people moved out of the way quickly to give it space.

The dog-headed human statue finally stood on the ground in one piece.

It was apparently over a hundred meters tall!!

Its large body was perfectly muscular, and its body was covered in a white stone toga. Both of its black eyes glared towards Garen who was still suspended in mid air.

A moment passed.

The dog-headed man stretched his big mouth open immediately, and rushed towards Garen, while howling silently.

One of its large hands came swinging towards Garen, as if it was an adult swatting a fly or a mosquito. Its broad palm cast a dark shadow over Garen's entire body.

It stretched over the defensive range of the gold air currents, and seized Garen directly.

Garen narrowed both of his eyes, as the black pocket watch in his hand began to release large clouds of black fog.

The large amounts of black fog continuously transformed into Cloud Crows, as the flock of black crows rushed in all four directions and spread out everywhere.

From far away, the large torrent of black crows flew out from Garen's position continuously looked like a black stream flowing from him.

An entire kilometer-long range within the sky was now covered in flocks of black crows. They attacked every living thing within their range, causing the once golden sky to darken as it was covered up completely. They looked like black clouds that floated along continuously.

A gust of black fog transformed into a large black crow that was over ten meters long, which then rushed over in the direction of the dog-headed man's hand.

The large black crow had an incomparably sharp beak, and when it outstretched its wings, it was shaped like a shuttle. It pierced through the air violently, as it jetted towards the giant stone statue of the dog-headed man.

Tch!!

A sharp, ear-piercing screech rang through the air.

The large black crow and the large hand of the dog-headed man statue began clashing with each other violently.

Boom!!!

Both of them were of similar sizes, and between the large white hand and the black coloured Cloud Crows, an explosion of black fog and white gravel erupted. It formed a midair sphere and unleashed white circular shockwaves.

The dog-headed man's statue began to move slightly before it continued to claw at Garen.

"Is this the strongest formation this branch has to offer? It's very impressive!" Garen chortled. Black light lit up below his feet suddenly.

A cracking sound was heard before his figure moved backwards quickly and turned into a black line as he left the range of the dog-headed statue's hand instantly, and floated back up into the sky again.

Bang!

The gigantic hand smashed down on the forest, crushing a cluster of birch trees and leaving a deep hand print on the ground as well.

The dog-headed man's statue used its other hand to swing across the area silently in a fan-like motion towards Garen.

This time, its large hand brought a dim layer of black light with it.

The old man holding a walking stick in the middle of the area sneered.

"If the ancestral god statue was such an easy opponent, why would we waste so much energy on it?"

"Master, if this drags on for too long, I'm afraid that the people in the Royal Alliance of Luminarists will..." Beside him, a girl in a black robe reminded him softly.

"It doesn't matter, once we get rid of the Cloud Crows, we'll have a way to fix that. The governing lord of this area is one of us, and in order to resist terrorists, awakening the ancestral god statue was the logical thing to do. When the time comes, we'll just have to change our clothes and everything will be settled right?" The old man replied distractedly.

"But if we do that, our plan will..."

"What plans are you thinking about now?! He's arrived to kill us!" The old man glared at her with both eyes. He was not interested in paying any attention to this woman.

Midair, the large white hand with its black aura began swiping towards Garen furiously, forming gusts of strong wind. This strong wind surrounded Garen on all four sides, trapping and immobilising him in one spot.

"Hnngh!" Garen's face became cold. Unable to shield himself with anything else, he used his hand with the pocket watch to push forward.

Hiss...

At the same time, clouds of black fog surrounded the area where Garen stood and formed a large black torrent, as the strange cawing noises of the Cloud Crows filled the air, as if the non stop humming noises had been enveloped, causing the whole sky to become noisy and chaotic.

The black torrent transformed into a black spike suddenly, as it charged towards the large hand violently.

Hum!!!

An incomparably violent fight broke out suddenly.

The sound waves spread everywhere quickly, but the noises could not be heard by anyone. They could only feel pain in both of their ears, as their vision started to blur because of the violent soundquakes.



Large clouds of black smoke spread out in all four corners of the sky, and continued to flow out endlessly from the large hand of the giant stone statue.

The Cloud Crows and the giant statue were caught in a fierce standstill.

Garen continued to float in midair and stood behind the black coloured Cloud Crows as he watched the black smoke diffuse out from his body and spread everywhere. His face was devoid of even the slightest movement.

The dog-headed man's statue was truly powerful. It possessed immense strength but it was obvious that its sources were insufficient, as he could feel that this stone statue was not really using all of its true strength right now.

But he was different. Although he had already used the Cloud Crow front to its limit, his Secret Technique training allowed him to have a strong body, and once he had given himself a dragon's heart, his vigour now surpassed that of an average person greatly, allowing him to reach a terrifying stage.

Moreover, his Master-level Precision Blueprint made it extremely easy for him to control the Cloud Crow front. He was able to release all of its strength completely.

Most of the black fog dispersed in mid air, and transformed into chirping black crows again as they flew towards the statue's large hand, as its energy sources circulated continuously while it confronted the large stone statue.

Garen did not go back to observe the standstill between the giant statue and the Cloud Crow front. Instead, he bowed his head and stared at the crowd of Obscuro Society members that were protected by the golden air currents.

According to Garen who had now possessed a dragon's heart, the consumption of the Cloud Crow front only used one third of his Totem Light. Next, he was going to get rid of the golden air currents that were blocking his path.

"He still has strength left?!!!"

The people inside the black circle began to make soft, frightened noises.

Garen smiled slightly, as the three red dots on his forehead began to be illuminated with red light.

He raised his hand slowly, as eight shapeless swirls that were a meter long began to float up beside him slowly.

"Go!!!"

Both his eyes lit up suddenly.

Roar!!!!

As the roars of the dragon reverberated through the air, eight snake-like red dragon heads snapped downwards from the sky suddenly. They came down from different angles and directions and bit at the crowds of Obscuro Society members. They glided down in a straight line like a waterfall.

While Garen watched from afar at the center, the eight red long dragon necks hurtled downwards from the sky, and attacked the black circle below it violently.

Chapter 383: Intelligence 1

Eight long, ferocious dragon heads appeared from the sky like red strands, lunging fiercely towards the Obscuro Society's men below.

Ssss.....

After a subtle hiss, the golden air flows condensed into eight gold dots in mid-air, blocking the dragon heads head-on.

The red and gold collided.

Howwwllllll!!

The eight dragon heads let out loud howls in the air. The surrounding forest appeared as though it was swept by a hurricane. The sound waves blew the leaves off trees and created a huge ripple that spread through the surroundings.

Awww!!!

As the main head of the eight headed dragon roared to the sky, two of its strong limbs apparated ominously from thin air and took form.

With two bangs, its two giant limbs landed on the ground.

The eight headed dragon seemed to crawl out from thin air. The back part of its body was slowly forming. It's over twenty-metre long frightening body chilled the souls of every bystander.

This terrifying creature seemed to have crawled out from a legend, but this time there was no hero to defeat it.

Garen's three red dot-birthmark on his brow glowed dark red, as if blood was about to burst out.

He quietly floated in mid-air as the giant eight headed dragon was ferociously attacking the golden air flows.

Crash!!!

Suddenly there was a loud, clear noise.

A crack was appearing on one of the golden dots, which was made up of condensed air flow. Subsequently, the crack quickly grew and enlarged and overwhelmed the whole gold dot.

There as a crash.

One of the gold dots shattered.

Then the second one and the third one.

The long, ferocious heads lunged forward and headed directly to the Obscuro Society's men below.

The group in the black circle instantly panicked and ran. Several red lights flashed, which seemed like a unique escape tactic.

This tactic only increased their speed for a brief period of time. Before they could react in time, the nimbler eight headed dragon had caught up, and lunged at them.

Pitiful cries and screams filled the area. The black-robed men instantly scattered and fled in all directions.

A few of the black-robed men were protecting the old man as they fled towards the northwest direction. They were far quicker than the rest of the group. They seemed to be forming a black-red round tactic formation, which drastically increased their speed.

The old man in the circular formation glanced at Garen. He looked abnormally calm, without any sense of panic. From his eyes, it seemed that he was in deep thought, thinking about something.

Garen looked into the old man's eyes from a distance and was surprised by his lack of fear. From afar, he saw the old man open his lips, as if he was mouthing words.

"We...will meet again.."

Garen let out an intrigued smile.

"Interesting."

As there were many Obscuro Society members and the giant Dog Humanoid Statue present, it wouldn't be wise for him to give chase.

The eight headed dragon went on a rampage against the Obscuro Society members on the ground. It seemed as though every bite created another casualty. Some of them released their totems to defend, but they were snapped into two without putting up a fight.

It was complete annihilation.

As some of them tried to escape, the eight headed dragon once again roared towards the sky.

Roarr!!!!

The fury of the sound waves spread out in the widest range. It was like a wave of white waves, spreading out a huge white ring.

\*\*\*\*\*

In the distant forest, Anselm and the group of three hurried towards the division.

As they continued to run, there was a dim black light beneath their feet. They were moving with astonishing feet.

"We have to move faster! Once the golden defence circle is activated, there would be no way for us to return!" A man with a hoarse voice urgently called.

"We can also stay out here. The crows will certainly be pushed back. We might not be in time even if we return now." Another man muttered.

"Not necessarily. This could be our chance to earn merit!"

As Anselm stared at the two people in front, the idea in his heart grew stronger.

The three of them quiet down and continued hurrying.

Howwwll!!!

Suddenly, a ferocious howl came from the front.

Booom!

The tree leaves were crushed, and from the sound waves came a powerful hurricane, blowing some of the trees askew.

A white sound wave collided with the three men.

Ommm.....

Anselm couldn't hear anything in that instant. His brain and ears were filled with humming noises due to the sound waves crossing the limit. His brain was in a mess, and his eyes were disoriented. Everything turned blurry and tears were dripped down the corners of the eyes.

The three of them were like tiny worms in a storm. They were heavily suppressed by the huge sound waves, as if a huge rock was on each of their bodies.

The three men were completely deafened. Their vision blurred and all they could do was cling to the trees tightly.

The strong wind and sound waves came from the front, messing up their clothes. It was as if they would be carried away by the huge sound waves with a lapse in concentration.

Large rocks and weaker tree trunks were lifted by the huge sound waves and blew backwards. Huge amounts of grass, barks and mutated bugs, and even a small group of white deers were swept up by the wind. They were blown backwards and on and off, they would knock against big trees, letting out eerie sounds of the breaking of bones.

The three of them bowed their bodies and proceeded with much difficulty, withstanding the sound waves and wind.

"What.. What is this!!??"

The hoarse-voiced man shouted with all his might.

As the trees in front fell to the ground, the situation in the distant could roughly be seen.

Anselm forced his head upwards to look forward.

Finally, the sound waves came to a halt, and everything calmed down.

The whole woods were in a mess.

The three of them gathered together with their remaining strength.

"What in the world was that just now!? Was that the howl of a monster?"

"I don't know.. Could it be the division's special weapon?"

As Anselm was about to speak, his expression changed.

"Its coming again! Duck!!"

He couldn't even finish his sentence.

Howwwll!!!

Another huge white sound wave headed towards them. The three of them crouched on the ground to prevent being injured by the huge sound wave.

A strong wind came with the frightening sound wave. It ignored totem light and collided with their bodies.

This time it was much shorter. Within a few seconds, everything resumed calmness.

The three men did not dare to proceed further. They stood still and entered into a state of hesitation instantly.

"We are not far from the division. We have to find a high place to see what is going on." Anselm suggested.

"True. We can't go any further." The hoarse-voiced man agreed immediately.

The three of them retreated and quickly found a black hill and swiftly climbed up. They stood on top of the hill and looked in the direction of the division.

"My God! What is that!?!?"

As Anselm move forward to look into the distance, his expression changed.

Both of them also stood up and looked at the sky above the division. They couldn't utter a single word, and could only gape at the sight before them.



"Division....What happened?" After a while, the hoarse-voiced man whispered bitterly.

The three of them glanced into the distant sky. The sky above the division was utterly dyed black. The big black cloud hovering over was made up of countless groups of crows.

Below the black clouds, a red, gigantic eight headed salamander was twisting its eight heads. Its long snake-like necks dived down from time to time. Every time it raised its head again, there will be a couple of black-robed men in its mouth. Blood continuously flowed down the sides of his giant mouth.

The eight headed dragon was surrounded by countless murders of crows, looking more ferocious than a mutated creature.

At this point of time, the division was completely still. Only the eight headed dragon was letting out roars of victory.

Then the three of them noticed a black-gowned figure hovering on top of the eight headed dragon.

Even with the distant of a few kilometres, a red glare could be clearly seen on the figure's forehead.

"Could that be Cloud Crow?" Anselm uttered.

\*\*\*\*\*

From time to time, the eight headed salamander let out roars of joy, signaling that Garen was in a good mood.

Although the complete situation on the ground could not be seen, most of the Obscuro Society's members had been eaten by the eight headed dragon.

Possibly because of the eight headed dragon's overeating, Garen faintly felt that the eight headed dragon was releasing a form of poisonous mist. It seemed like the eight headed dragon's waste after digesting, yet it was extremely corrosive.

As long as the eight headed dragon was summoned, the gas would naturally be released, severely corroding everything in the area.

It was even around his own body. The gas had a faint fragrance, inducing living beings to relax. They would then unknowingly fall into the danger of being corroded, unable to get themselves out.

Garen suspected that this could be the final and ninth head's ability that comes with its imminent evolution.

Shortly, the chaos below quietened.

The Dog Humanoid Statue was surrounded by the crow formation. As the Obscuro Society was being defeated, it also lost its power. It had laid on the ground since, unable to move.

Garen looked towards two directions in the distant.

There was a group of people from another force which had been hiding there for some time. From their aura, it should be people from the Royal Alliance of Luminarist. Or maybe it was some commoners, or normal totem users from noble families.

They hid in the forest where they thought it was safe, then looked at the commotion.

As Garen gazed over, all of them held their breaths, afraid that he would notice them. The whole forest went totally silent, not even the sound of a bug could be heard.

Garen let out a faint smile. He did not want to relate with Ender's Royal Alliance of Luminarist. They were from a different system.

The opposition seemed to have no intention on coming over to greet him as well.

Suddenly, Garen raised his head towards the right sky. There was a group of black eagles in the distant, seemed to be swiftly heading over here.

On the back of the giant eagles were black-robed figures, obviously someone from the secret service.

Their auras on their bodies were murky. They seemed weak, but were actually strong.

Garen mildly closed his eyes.

"Let's go, Windling."

As a ray of black light flashed beneath his feet, he dived down like a rocket into the forest.

In that instant, the gigantic eight headed dragon became a ray of red light, disappearing in the forest. The countless hovering black crows retreated and disappeared into the forest below.

Both Garen and the helpless Windling were surrounded by a ball of black mist. They sped through the forest into the distance.

Chapter 384: Intelligence 2

"Aren't those people from the secret service? Why don't you go meet them?" Windling whispered to Garen, who was beside him. As he seemed to be a good mood, hopefully his temper would not flare up.

"I do not want to meet my colleagues yet. The Three Departments should have noticed something when I took action. Or they might have known for long that this is an Obscuro's division, but they chose not to act." Garen smiled as he explained.

"You do know a fair bit." Windling smiled bitterly. "The Three Departments are indeed strong, but their ground forces are only a few people. The strongest of them are only a handful, and some of them had joined our Obscuro Society. No, I can no longer say our Obscuro Society. After doing so much, I can no longer be considered as an Obscuro Society's member. I think my bounty is almost ten million dollars in the society."

"Do you know the origin of this generation's president of Obscuro?" Garen suddenly asked.

"You noticed." Windling didn't seem surprised. he sat on the black mist behind, which was soft like a sofa. Crossing his legs, he was surrounded by the black mist and they were moving forward at astonishing speed.

"President Hellgate, one of Daniela's major nobles. Instead of looking at Obscuro as an independent society, think of it as a portion that left the group of nobles. The elite members of Obscuro are all outstanding elite noblemen. Being unsatisfied with the Royal Alliance's stagnant ruling system, some of the elite noblemen left, forming Obscuro. Some of them formed The Three Departments because of differing philosophies, under the support of the council of elders. In other words, nobles are the cause of everything."

"Only the nobles have such rich deposits of knowledge." Garen nodded and agreed. "A normal person wouldn't be able and qualified to access such elite knowledge."

"What should we do next?" Windling look at Garen on his left.

"How many strongholds have we destroyed?"

"Including this, nine. Whether it is Obscuro or other forces, most probably information on you would definitely be on the desk of their intelligence department. Can this be considered as the fastest way to fame?" Windling was getting increasingly confused by Garen's motives.

"That giant statue is a pity. If we can bring it along it would be useful." Garen abruptly changed the topic as he stroked his chin.

\*\*\*\*\*

In the following four days, Garen and Windling continuously attacked Obscuro's strongholds all over the Ender Kingdom. However, many of them were empty. It was obvious that Obscuro had urgently withdrew their men.

Other than the few major strongholds in Ender, there were not many people in the other divisions.

Eight Headed Cloud Crow replaced Garen's old Cloud Crow nickname. The rumor was widely spread by bystanders and people who have seen his battles.

Eight Headed represented the eight headed dragon, while Cloud Crow represented the flock of black cloud crows. These were the two strongest characteristics of Garen's abilities.

His track record was dug out and sent to the intelligence departments of major forces.

It was because of his incredible speed. He attacked two countries within a couple of days. Furthermore, he destroyed an Obscuro division within ten minutes in Ender Kingdom, before their headquarters could even send back-up.

Due to his strength and track record, Garen gained fame overnight.

At this time, Garen received a call from the nearby Secret Service.

\*\*\*\*\*

Garen and Windling sat in the lush forest, on a thick layer of fallen leaves. They set up a piece of white cloth between them and placed some food on it.

Jam and bread, lamb jerky and two bottles of apple cider. That was their lunch of the day.

As the faint golden sunlight shone through the leaves above onto the two people, there appeared to be patterns on their bodies.

A brown and furry squirrel with three big tails was crouching beside the white picnic cloth. It wagged its three tails like a wheel with all its might, sweeping leaves all over the place.

The squirrel was gulping down a small pile of jam that Garen threw away, looking very satisfied. As it tucked its butt, its tail wagging became more rounded.

"So relaxing.." Windling, with a palm on the floor, rubbed his stomach lightly and swallowed the last piece of bread. "Oh no..I might have eaten too much.."

He spied at Garen who was opposite him.

The handsome man was nibbling on a piece of jerky. His eating speed remained consistent and there was no expression on his face. His actions were elegant. As he tore off each piece and put it into his mouth, not a single crumb fell. The picnic cloth in front of him was clean, as if it had been completely wiped clean. There was no food remaining.

They'd split the food portion into half. While Windling had a huge portion left, only a smile bite remained on Garen's side...

"Your appetite...is really...spectacular.." Windling thought for a moment, before using a more proper description.

"It's your appetite that is small." Garen replied softly.

Windling was speechless.

Pupu...pupu....

Suddenly, a soft patting sound came from the small black box on Garen's collar.

Garen slowed down, put down the food he held and wiped his hand with a napkin.

There was a voice coming from the black box.

"Cloud Crow? You are the eight headed cloud crow Garen?" It was a guy's voice. It was clear yet slightly reserved. "This is the Secret Service, Kovitan's Headquarter. My name is McCain, the current director, and also the leader of the strongest White Silver Group . I am currently communicating with you through a long distance signal. We only have three secure minutes, where we won't be snooped on by other forces."

"Ah it's the director." A smile quirked the edge of Garen's mouth. "May I know the reason you're contacting me?"

"You should be currently in the Ender division right? I have a mission here. I was wondering whether you would be willing to accept it?" Director McCain spoke in an extremely polite tone.

"Just say it."

"Alright. In the Ender Kingdom, the Geometry Service's elite, Dark Bell and the masters from the Obscuro Society are fighting for a unique precious heirloom. The majority of elites from both their forces have been mobilized over. I hope you can represent the Secret Service and participate on the battle for a chance to obtain the precious heirloom, since you are currently nearby. The mission will be within five days."

"No problem. What's the reward?" Garen asked without hesitation. After experiencing the power of the precious heirloom, it was dear to his heart. He also understood why various forces placed high value on it.

In simple terms, a precious heirloom was the combination of countless complicated tactics. It could inject totem light and totem strength at any time to activate a large or multipurposed strength. An imitation precious heirloom like the cloud crow formation only needed sufficient totem strength or totem light. Without the need for tactics, a mediocre totem user could elevate into an elite spiritualized master in the blink of an eye.

"Naturally, the reward won't be bad. There will be a satisfactory tactic formation. Furthermore, considering your father and the loyalty of the Trejon Household towards the Royal Alliance, I have resubmitted a request to the higher ups for a fief. As long as you complete this mission, Trejon Household will regain a satisfactory fief in the new housing area." There was a tone of rich laughter in

McCain's voice. A fief and a strong and complete tactic formation would be surely sufficient in this chaos.

Garen got slightly excited. With a fief like that, he could move the whole Trejon Household there to protect them. His underlings, family, friends and relatives. There was also teacher Emin, whose current status was unknown.

Garen searched his memory for the location. He planned to visit his teacher first.

As he regained focus, he quickly expressed sincere thanks.

"Then director, let me express my gratitude first. With such generous rewards, it seems like this precious heirloom isn't simple."

"Naturally. The Geometry Service initially wanted to keep it for themselves, but they did not succeed. Now, we and the rest of the organizations stand a chance." McCain smiled as he answered. "The Geometry Service are a bunch of cocky guys. Now that they've gotten entangled with the Obscuro Society, they must have been humiliated. Let's see how they solve this, haha."

He paused for a moment. "Besides, aren't you sweeping the Obscuro's strongholds? Let me send you a more detailed map, which is a treasure we have just obtained."

"Send? How are you going to send?" Garen was surprised.

"I'll say and you memorise."

"Alright." Garen was initially worried about Windling's limited knowledge on the location of strongholds. As he was too thorough during his killings, the sweep was coming to an end. Now it was as if someone brought him a pillow just as he was about to sleep.

This time he was addicted to the killings. Although most of them were first form and second form low level totem users, the numbers were huge. It was similar to when the Petrifying White Dragon was around.



One first form totem or creature could provide around 25% of potential points. One second form could provide two points, while one third form could provide five points. For spiritualized form, the value jumped to fifteen points.

After memorising the information that McCain gave on the strongholds, Garen glanced at his potential points.

After killing over hundreds of Obscuro Society members, his potential points had surpassed two hundred without him realizing.

After careful thought, Garen decided to increase his agility to its limit.

His fixated his gaze on the agility pane.

The potential points quickly depleted.

Agility swiftly increased from 6.00. After increasing it by 5 points, every increase required 20 potential points. Very quickly, 40 potential points disappeared and his agility was raised to 8.00.

From 8.00 onwards, 60 potential points were needed to increase one attribute. Very quickly, from 160 points, only about 40 points remained.

As his agility finally reached 10.00, it completely stopped moving.

Garen clenched his fist in satisfaction. It was as though his body was surrounded by invisible wind. He only had to move lightly. It felt like his body weight had disappeared, and he could float around without sluggishness.

He sensed the state of the eight headed dragon. Sure enough, the ninth head on the back of the eight headed dragon was rapidly expanding. The huge lump of flesh grew bigger and redder.

Chapter 385: Feud 1

As Garen sat cross-legged on the ground, mild black gas dissipated from his whole body. It was like fog spreading throughout his surroundings.

He quietly sensed the ninth head of the eight headed dragon. The blood tumor was growing bigger and redder, as if it was about to explode any minute.

Unconsciously, Windling noticed his unusual behaviour. Without saying a word, he kept his distance.

As this situation had happened multiple times over the journey, he was used to it. It was not just once or twice, but multiple times. It was as if he was examining the state of his body, similar to the masters among commoners.

But it seemed to be different this time.

Windling carefully observed the black smoke surrounding Garen. It smelt good. It was incredibly rich, like fragrance released by burning various spices together. The smell could not be identified, but it was not pungent; a little like incense.

Suddenly he was stunned as he felt the skin of his body stiffening. As he pinched his skin on the back of his hand, there was totally no feeling.

Windling panicked and retreated more than 10 metres. Only then did his senses return.

"What's this smell. It can unknowingly numb the senses!" Windling fearfully glanced at the nearby Garen.

At this point of time, Garen's body was surrounded by a faint-black fog. Even his face was a little blurry

"Again...Always doing dangerous things without telling me, don't you know this could lead to death!" Windling complained softly. "My beloved Weiwei, when can Papa see you again...and my cute Bartow."

His mood was tinged with sorrow. With a long sigh, he ignored the dirt and sat on a green rock in the distance.

Seconds and minutes passed by. The midday sun gradually rose, throwing red tinged sunbeams across the forest.

The forest breeze carried a gentle warmth.

Windling sat on the green rock and yawned. The best thing about travelling with Garen was that being beside him, there wouldn't be any dangerous creature within a 1-2 metre radius. Whether it was mutated beings or monsters from experiments, there was completely no sign of them.

It was as though the monsters could detect Garen's dangerous aura and fled. Therefore he was able to rest in complete peace every time.

As Windling was drowsily sleeping, he faintly heard a weak cry for help.

"Help...help...hu...hu..." Between the sounds of fleeing and panting, came an immature child's voice from the distance.

This forest wasn't far from human population. It was probably some kid who couldn't survive and came out to look for a living, but fell into some danger.

Windling thought to himself. He was different from Garen. He was familiar with the life of a commoner in this chaos.

Both of his children were normal humans. They were not qualified to become Luminarists. If it wasn't for him, both of his children would have died of hunger much earlier.

"Who cares." Windling didn't want to bother. They had met multiple situations like this throughout the journey. There were adults, elderly, strong men and beautiful girls. But both Garen and himself were lazy to bother.

In this chaos, commoners had no fields to farm. Without any special abilities, all they could was risks their lives to gather rare herbs to be used as raw materials for various potions.

In the areas that have been preliminarily cleared, the danger was relatively lower. Many rich commoners would hire one or two totem users to gather herbs. It wasn't often that they met dangers.

Only at the first line of defense were there daily intense battles between life and death.

It was extremely difficult for commoners in times like this.

As the voice drew closer, it seemed more and more like his own child's voice. Windling was becoming more and more irritated. A thought of his own children flitted through his mind; what if it was them who met this situation...

He finally stood up and headed towards the direction of the voice.

Garen usually took some time to finish anyway.

\*\*\*\*\*

Garen slowly opened his eyes. There was a flash of red light in his eyes. He had failed once again.

The ninth head couldn't successfully emerge. His agility was already at the limit. The only attribute left was intelligence.

"I have to completely upgrade my body to the limit?" This thought flashed through Garen's mind.

He regained awareness.

"Windling?" He was taken aback when he did not see Windling around.

As the wind blew through the forest, there was the sound of rustling leaves.

Other than that, there were no other noises.

A non-mutated scorpion slowly crawled past the side of his foot and fled into a hole in the ground.

On a branch far away, the three-tailed squirrel was carrying some jam that was filled with crushed leaves. Its bottom was sticking out as it attempted to stuff the jam into a nutshell.

Garen refocussed his gaze and looked around.

"Boss, there could be something over here." Windling shouted from afar.

Garen stood up and headed over, crossing through a small portion of forest. He saw Windling crouching down in front of a deep hole investigating something. He looked serious.

"What happened?"

Garen furrowed his brows as he walked over.

"There's something strange about this hole." Windling whispered. Although he wasn't a match for Garen, he was at least an Elemental General of the Obscuro Society with decent abilities. Even without his precious heirloom, normal spiritualized forms were no match for him. But now, with a nasty look on his face, the situation might be troublesome.

"What's going on?" Garen hurried over and stared into the hole. Suddenly, there was a horrible stench coming from the hole. He held his breath and frowned.

He abruptly sensed weakness in the eight headed dragon totem, which seemed to be caused by the horrible stench.

"What in the world is this?!" Garen was about to retreat when a force suddenly shoved him from behind.

The force wasn't malicious. It was just a simple push.

"You!!" Garen turned and saw a weird smile on Windling's face.

Strangely, although Garen was strongly pushed, his body only slightly leaned forward. His feet did not move at all.

Both of them were stunned for a moment.

Garen was shocked by Windling's weirdness.

Windling couldn't understand how Garen only leaned slightly after he pushed Garen with all his might.

"How..How can this be!?? The swamp night lizard's poisonous gas has no effect on you?!" Shock was all over Windling's face, as if he couldn't believe it. "This gas can weaken five spiritualized totems instantly..!"

"Poisonous gas?" Garen looked grim.

An invisible whirlpool suddenly appeared behind Windling.

Crack!!

The giant dragon missed.

Windling's figure was like an illusion. It started to disappear slowly, lighter and lighter, fainter and fainter.

"Idiot! You thought I would stay still and wait for your attack? Are you an imbecile? Do you have muscles for a brain?"

A secretive smile appeared once again on Windling's face.

"You're not Windling, who are you?" Garen looked at his quickly disappearing opponent. His five senses were carefully surveying the surroundings, trying to find out the location of his opponent.

"The Obscuro Society's second Elemental General. You can call me the Enchanter." His figure completely disappeared and only a faint voice remained.

"Enchanter?" Garen snorted. There was a flash of bloodlust in his eyes. He glanced at the black hole on the ground. The odor quickly dissipated, as if it had never been there.

His brows emitted a red light.

The eight headed dragon's eight head slowly appeared behind him.

Roarr!!!!

The ferocious roar became a circle of white sound waves and spreaded to the surroundings.

The big maple tree leaves were shaken.

There was no movement in the vicinity.

A black light formation lit up beneath Garen's feet. He leapt into the air and released black fog midair, holding his parcel.

Gaga!!

A huge amount of black fog flooded out, forming over a few thousand crows. They were like ink, flying all over to search for something.

Garen looked grim. He had thoroughly searched in a ten-metre radius. As he couldn't find anything, his expression turned cold.

At this moment, the surrounding environment had been slightly distorted. The surroundings seemed to have changed.

A flurry of dull crashing sounds came from the distance.

Then only Garen realized, he had always been in the Enchanter's illusion. He didn't even notice!

His opponent's illusions had reached an incredibly frightening level. The simulated environment was exactly the same as the forest in reality.

He quickly suppressed the panic in his heart.

Between the crashing sounds in the distance, Garen faintly heard Windling cursing.

He crossed a portion of forest and walked over. He saw Windling stuck in a triangular, semi-permeable tactic formation. The tactic formation was glowing in faint yellow. It was built on the base of the three white rocks below..

There were slight cracks on the three stones.

Crash!!



The triangular tactic formation finally cracked.

Windling was furious as he walked out.

"That Enchanter bitch!!" He was more enraged than usual. "He dares to toy with my feelings!"

He saw Garen's displeased expression, quickly shuddered and stop speaking.

"This Enchanter is a hassle." Garen felt the lingering poison gas in his body. He was extremely unhappy.

Even the eight headed dragon, a supreme poisonous being, couldn't completely resist the poison gas. If that was the case, it was conceivable that the Obscuro Society was starting to use their most precious items.

The purpose of the Enchanter's appearance was most likely to poison him and weaken his abilities.

The next wave that would come should be ruthless hunts and attacks.

He carefully sensed his body's condition.

Garen was slightly relieved.

Although the eight headed dragon wasn't immune to the poison, its resistance dramatically weakened the effects of the poison.

Of the eight headed dragon's heads, two fell into deep slumber; unable to move. It's skin had been mildly corroded, weakening the defense of dragon skin. With this, the Dragon's Roar power had also been weakened to three quarters of its original strength. It was currently only three times the level of the dual headed salamander. Only six of its heads were functioning.

"Boss. He got you?" Windling carefully analyzed Garen's expression.

"There are some complications" Garen faintly replied. "The Enchanter said it was the poison gas of something called the swamp night lizard."

"Swamp night lizard!!?? My God!" Windling opened his eyes and scratched his head fervently with his two hands.

"It's over it's over... This toxin is rumored to last for ages! Without the antidote, you'll be unable to remove it for the rest of your life! It will permanently weaken the core totem's condition by half!!

Chapter 386: Feud 2

Garen had never heard of such a poison.

"Anyway, let's leave this place first! We'll have our revenge on the Enchanter later."

"Right. They most definitely will be here soon." As Windling had already betrayed the Obscuro Society multiple times, he'd long been named upon the Obscuro's bounty list. The reason they'd not met any danger so far was due to their elusiveness and speed. It was hard to grasp their position, hence they have managed to avoid any crisis or pursuit.

Their strategy was actually dependent on time - Quickly destroying the strongholds before the opponent's backup arrived, then fleeing.

Now the Obscuro's assassins had finally caught up to them.

The Enchanter's illusions were far stronger than any illusion totems Garen had ever encountered. Whether it was the five senses or human's basic instincts, all of it were within the opponent's calculations. Even when he was poisoned at the end, the Enchanter did not show any form of malice, or Garen would've noticed immediately.

Without hesitating, the two of them quickly left the place. They were swept up by the black crows and headed towards Garen's teacher Emin's location.

Along the journey, Garen was constantly on guard against the Enchanter's illusion environment.

Even he himself could not tell the difference. It was evident that the Obscuro Society was serious. The team they'd mobilized was abnormally powerful.

He was also trying to experiment with Red Jade Palm, a poison removal martial art.

He was in luck. The Red Jade Palm did have some effect, although it wasn't very strong. It mildly soothed the corrosion on the dragon's skin, but there was still no way to restore the two weakened dragon heads.

\*\*\*\*\*

In the maple forest where Garen and Windling were previously standing.

"I have already poisoned him." A voice came out of thin air. No figure could be seen, but there was a neutral voice. It sounded like neither a man nor a woman.

"Thank you Your Excellency. What was the effect?" A black-robed girl with a graceful figure walked out from deep within the forest and stood in front of where Garen previously stood. Her voice was enchanting and clingy. There was some form of respect in her question.

"Nothing much. Eight Headed Cloud Crow has a strong resistance towards poison. He has consecutively destroyed so many of our strongholds, humiliating the entire elite department." The neutral voice spoke again. "The rest depends on you guys. I still have another mission. This is your father's final favor. Don't bother me again."

"Many thanks. From now onwards, you and my father no longer owe each other." The black-robed girl spoke in a calm voice.

"Good." The neutral voice could no longer be heard.

The black-robed girl waited for a moment until the voice was completely gone. She instantly relaxed her tensed body. It was only then that she noticed the abundant beads of sweat coating her forehead.

Briskly, a black-robed figure strode out from behind her.

"Has the monster left?" The black-robed figure was a man with a sharp voice. From his tone, he sounded somewhat relieved.

"He left." The girl let out a long sigh. "Facing that guy requires 120% of energy every single time. If we're not careful we'd fall into his tricks. Why is it me who has to face him every time!?"

"Since you're the only one that can move him?" The guys shrugged helplessly.

"If it wasn't my father who specified me to get rid of him, I wouldn't even want to come!" The girl said with lingering fear. "That Eight Headed Crow Cloud destroyed father's plan in Ender. If the opponent wasn't removed, it would be a difficult obstacle to overcome for our family."

"Where's your brother? He hasn't arrived?"

"Soon." The girl answered softly. "After getting the news that father was almost wounded, he dropped his mission immediately and rushed back. He also brought along some friends who might be of assistance."

"That's good. The team for the headquarters should be reaching soon. Let's go and meet up with them."

"Alright."

\*\*\*\*\*

Bang!!

The shapeless whirlpool in front of Garen violently collided with a ball of white lightning.

He walked through the blizzard of countless white lightning orbs and raised his head to look up at the white giant birds rapidly spitting them out.

These giant birds each had a wingspan of more than 10 metres wide. There was not a single feather on their full-white bodies. Their wings were fleshy, like dragon wings.

Thousands of them flocked together and filled the whole sky. They appeared like white feathers waltzing in the sky.

Numerous of lightning orbs accurately homed onto Garen and battered at his body. They were like guided homing missiles, twisting and turning.

Garen took out his black pocket watch and gently rubbed its surface with his fingers.

Copious amounts of black fog flooded out from the watch and formed into black crows. They let out strange cries and soared towards the strange white birds in the air.

The black and white birds were engaged in a tussle. From time to time, there would be white birds falling from the sky, and crows dissipating into black fog. They were unable to recondense together, as the electricity from the lightning orbs had a strong numbing effect.

After summoning the cloud crows, he promptly ignored the sky to directly survey his surroundings.

He was standing on an empty grassland. The green grass swayed to the wind. Green hills were everywhere and nothing seemed unusual. Golden sunlight glowed from above, gilding everything with a touch of gold.

Windling followed behind, looking bored.

"Where shall we head to now?"

"A small town near the borders of Kovitan." Garen raised his head. More and more white birds were killed. The rest of them panicked and cried out as they fled into the distance like broken white clouds.

He glanced at the gain in potential points. It was decent.

A creature group that could defy his aura and challenge him, such as this flock of white birds, wouldn't be an average group. They could spit out homing white lightning orbs which would follow their enemy. Each ball was as big as a soccer ball with terrifying power. It could electrocute any second form totem in a split second.

This allowed the white bird flock to reign over the region between the forest and the plains.

Garen's intrusion had enraged them which caused them to attack. However, they were badly defeated and ultimately fled.

"Let's move on." Garen withdrew the black cloud. Two balls of black fog picked up the duo and carried them forth.

They were floating in the air a meter above the ground as they swiftly headed towards the red river along Kovitan's borders.

Two days had passed since they left the forest. When they were not travelling, they killed creatures all day. Along Garen's flight, he would relentlessly try to remove the poison during his break, but his efforts were futile.

A single Enchanter had eliminated his underestimation of the Obscuro Society. He was once again on his guard, surveying his surroundings at all times.

The swamp night lizard's poison was already overwhelming. If there were a few more types of poison, could he still survive?

Along the journey, he consistently interrogated Windling on the level of the other Elemental Generals.

He managed to briefly grasp the Obscuro's distribution of power among their top ranks.

In the East Continent, the Obscuro was led by two Marshals, God Cloud and Hack. Under them were three departments - the Elite Department, the Military and the Black Sky. The other departments like the Intelligence Department and the Logistics Department were under the Black Sky, which was where Windling was previously from.

This was also the reason he was familiar with the Obscuro Society's situation.

Under the two marshals were their two strongest subordinates, known as the Elemental Generals. Hack's subordinate was the Enchanter, while God Cloud's subordinate was a man named Ice.

The two elemental generals were the two strongest members in the whole of Obscuro on the East Continent. The Enchanter was ranked at number two.

In comparison to the West Continent, the East Continent's bureau was slightly weaker. Hence, they only had two marshalls leading it. The Enchanter's strength would still be ranked among the top three if the two Continents combined. At times, even the marshalls would have problems commanding him. Furthermore, the Obscuro was an organization completely driven by benefits. Every single member had huge family forces behind them. The strength of the members themselves and the power of their families were complementary.

As Garen was removing the poison, he was memorising the Enchanter's name by heart.

Along the journey, Garen continuously increased his intelligence with his potential points. Slowly, he realized that the lump of the eight headed dragon's final head was enlarging. As he checked his core totem, he also realized that the poisonous gas that he released was getting thicker.

The thing that delighted him the most was that the totem's poison was slowly easing with the eight headed dragon's evolution.

He believed that by increasing his intelligence to its limit, the eight headed dragon would evolve into the nine headed dragon. That would be the time of neutralising the swamp night lizard's poison.

The both of them consistently changed routes and soon they arrived at the edge of a muddy river.

On the grassy plains, the red river was like a curved centipede, stretching towards the horizon.

At the river bank, there were groups of animals playing in the water.

Garen and Windling were surrounded by the black fog and headed forward along the river. As they passed overhead, the animals below panicked and fled.

From afar, both of them could faintly see the small town of Vinker.

The town was still standing among white and yellow flowers. But the houses within had collapsed. Some of them were in shambles, and the atmosphere appeared silent and empty.

A few mutated rabbits with spikes on their back were running around on the streets.

Garen and Windling landed on a bridge at the entrance to the town. They quietly looked at the deserted town.

"A new food chain has formed within such a short time?" Windling studied the grey rabbit with white spikes. He had a complicated expression on as he pondered.

"Let's go in and have a look." Garen entered the town first.

Although he knew from history that teacher Emin was definitely alive and would appear in the final war, he wasn't reassured and wanted to confirm it.

Very quickly, with Garen at the lead, both of them directly headed towards the familiar building by the end of the town.



It was a completely wooden red-brown building. Miraculously, it was in perfect condition, identical to the moment Garen left after his learnings.

Garen pushed open the gate outside the building. There was a loud creaking sound. Garen directly entered the yard.

The flowers in the yard were as dazzling as ever.

A relaxing smile reappeared on Garen's face. He walked towards the entrance of the building, raised his hands and gave it a light knock.

Suddenly, he froze.

Chapter 387: Unexpected Discovery 1

Garen's gaze fell on a white substance on the edge of the door.

It was a white powdery substance which was emitting a faint white light.

He reached out his index finger and gently dabbed at the white powder, then put it to his nose for a sniff.

"Pollen?" Garen's expression turned cold. "This power fluctuation..."

"What's wrong?"

Windling's questioning voice came from behind.

"The building is still intact. There is something strange going on." Windling came up from behind. "Why don't you enter?"

Garen withdrew his hand.

"Forget it. I've already gotten what I wanted to know."

He turned, walked down the steps, and headed out.

"Hey! Why not enter and have a look since we're already at the door? Why did you actually come here?!" Windling followed closely.

Garen ignored him and directly walked out of the yard.

He turned and gave the familiar building a final glance.

"Let's go. We'll go directly to the next stronghold."

"Still going?" Windling was startled. "We've already swept so many strongholds. You still want more?"

"Since even you didn't consider it, they definitely wouldn't be expecting it as well. If we attack them now, the success rate would definitely be quite high." Garen muttered.

Windling scratched his head. He had been terrified each time they went to an Obscuro stronghold. He had to find a place to hide and avoid being detected by the Obscuro Society's men.

Every time Garen swept, he would carefully survey the surroundings and inform Garen if there was anything amiss. His safety was heavily dependent on Garen.

"Aren't you worried about the poison in your body at all?" He ran up to Garen and asked out of curiosity.

"Not an issue. I've already found a way to remove it." Garen smiled. He seemed to have returned to his normal state.

As the two people left the building, the small town in front of their eyes looked different.

From the flawless building, out came several dark blue, human-shaped flowers.

The flowers had white human limb-shaped roots for their four limbs. They were like noodles swinging and twisting. Each of their heads was a huge, basin-sized blue flower.

The flowers stepped silently towards Garen's and Windling's position.

On the streets, in the neighboring house and on the roof. The blue flowers were everywhere.

They were like tiny dwarfs, quietly surrounding Garen and Windling.

As Garen furrowed his brows, his body released a cloud of thick, black gas which spread out in all directions.

Countless black cloud crows were formed. They let out cries and pounced at the flower humanoids.

The cloud crows gathered their wings and shot out like sharp arrows. It was like a harvest, with the surrounding flower humanoids dropping like flies.

Ssssss..

Abruptly, Garen turned and looked at the yard behind him.

In the small garden in front of the reddish-brown building, an over three metres tall blue flower humanoid swiftly stood up.

Its head was a big blue flower with a two-metre radius. It was completely like a human as it stood up and stretched its back. In the middle of the blue flower giant's flower was a blue, O-shaped mouth. It was like a fish's mouth, opening and closing non-stop. There was even some sticky acid flowing up from it.

Garen blinked and twisted the air in front of him.

Chaa!!!

A transparent, shapeless dragon head attacked ferociously.

The blue light in front of the blue flower giant shattered instantly, leaving huge amounts of blue light shards. Its head was instantly bitten off and disappeared into the shapeless dragon's mouth.

Windling was holding a silver-black round mirror at the side, attempting to check something. When he saw that the flower giant's head had suddenly vanished, his expression darkened.

"Can't you wait for me to calculate its data before you devour it!?"

Poof!

Suddenly, Garen's expression changed as he grabbed his abdomen.

A giant, red dragon mouth opened beside him and instantly took form. Then came a crash. The dragon vomited large amounts of torn blue flower petals and yellow-green acid.

"Sure enough, I can't simply eat. It hurts my stomach." Garen did not look well. His body had gradually connected with the eight headed dragon. The state of the eight headed dragon would affect the state of his body.

Additionally, his state would also affect the eight headed dragon. This was also the reason why upgrading his body attributes would affect the evolution of the eight headed dragon..

However, this connection had negative side effects now.

Garen felt his stomach lurch. He had an urge to throw up.

After the red dragon head beside him had vomited out the remnants of the flower giant, it weakly disappeared into thin air.

"Haha, hurt your tummy? Your fault for eating random things!" Windling burst out laughing.

Garen gave him a stern stare and he stopped laughing, frightened.

Among the flower giant's remnants on the ground, there was a yellow-green porridge like substance. It was releasing a strong acidic odour, causing Garen and Windling to back off.

The cries of the whirring cloud crows was ongoing, but there was not a single flower humanoid in sight.

Other than the acid, this type of first form monsters was good for nothing. Even the strongest one among them - the flower giant, was just a second form monster. Surprisingly, this strong odour and acidity could hurt the eight headed dragon's stomach.

Garen realized that he had to be more careful. He shouldn't attempt to eat everything he saw.

Both of them completely cleared one side of the town of all of the blue flower humanoids. The surroundings mutants were all frightened and fled; too afraid to come close. Only then did Garen relax slightly.

He casually walked into someone's house. Only after squatting for more than half an hour in the toilet did his stomach felt better. At times, the eight headed dragon's overly quick digestion rate was quite a disadvantage.

To completely heal the predicaments on his body wasn't difficult for someone proficient in the martial arts like Garen. After excreting the acid, he used the Red Jade Palm to clear the remaining toxins. Only then did he fully recover.

In fact, the blue flower giant wouldn't be considered poisonous. It was the acidity of the odour that Garen's stomach couldn't take. Instead of saying the poison caused diarrhea, it was actually the odour.

As he came out from the toilet, Garen leaned on the wall and walked into the living room. He saw Windling playing with the green, round mirror in his hand.

He walked over and saw a row of words and symbols bouncing on the mirror. He recognized some of the tactic symbols, but he hadn't seen most of them.

A black dragon whirlwind was on the mirror. It was around ten centimetres tall. It floated in front of Windling, like a miniature tornado.

The black whirlwind was completely made up of black gas. As it spun relentlessly, blue bolts faintly flickered on its surface. It was as though a real whirlwind was shrunk and placed on the mirror in front of Windling.

The whirlwind was just the size of a palm. It constantly changed its direction and speed on Windling's hand.

"What's this?" Garen asked out of curiosity. "Is this used for weather forecasting?"

Windling held the black whirlwind with both of his hands, as if he was controlling it.

"This is a black whirlwind that I brought from the Black Sky. It was mainly used to create and repair heirlooms and equipments." As he summarized, he controlled the end of the black whirlwind and kept drawing something on the mirror's surface.

"Black Whirlwind?"

"Yes. Since my life is now tied to boss, people from the Obscuro definitely wish to eat my flesh and drink my blood. After considering for a long time, I realized you've treated me well. Hence, I've decided to do put in some effort for our safety." Windling replied as he controlled the small whirlwind.

"What effort?" As Garen has never seen the process of creating or repairing heirlooms and equipments, he looked on with interest.

"There. There is one on the table. Its specially made for you." Windling pointed at the small table on the right with his mouth.

Garen looked over immediately and saw a green mirror on the black stone table.

He walked over and picked up the mirror, surveying it. It was like a common dress mirror. The only difference was the decoration.

"What does this thing do?"

Windling retrieved the Black Whirlwind. The small whirlwind dissipated into black gas and quickly wriggled into the black gem ring on his hand.

He lifted the repaired mirror, looking pleased. Hearing Garen's question, he answered.

"Detection. Mainly for detection. According to the various scenarios we've met these few days, I made some calculations."

He turned to face Garen.

"In the coming days, we might be facing the Obscuro's pursuers. Do not think that because you have your final card, you have nothing to fear. The Obscuro has countless heirlooms and poisons. Just by accumulating four or five types, your abilities will instantly drop to the bottom. I've created this thing as a counter to those situations.

He lifted the small green mirror.

"I shall call it Windling's fury!" He looked satisfied. "Those old bastards in the Obscuro were heartless. They thoroughly angered me! Hence, I've decided to make a testament to my anger. Oh, but the fighting shall still be left to you."

"You don't have much talent in giving names." Garen was speechless.

"I think this name is very domineering though?" Windling shook his hands. "All of this is not important. The most important thing is its function."

He gently placed the mirror on his shoulder and gave a hard press.

Crash!!

The mirror directly latched onto his shoulder blade.

From afar, it looked like a diamond-shaped green armor on his left shoulder, mildly reflecting a mirror-like luster.

The armor extended from his shoulders. Its end protruded slightly, forming a sharp edge.

"Isn't it domineering?" Windling looked satisfied. "This thing has two major functions. Number 1: It gathers the wearer's actual body condition and makes a comparison with the surroundings. If there are threats to the wearer, it would emit mild, red light. The intensity of the red light represents the threat level."

"That's not a bad function. Can it test the level of toxins?" Garen was suddenly interested.

"Of course." Windling nodded. "The second function: Encrypted Messages. This function is simple. It only has to identify an used frequency. I've encrypted in five times. It is absolutely impossible for anyone to break it!" He looked pleased. "With this, we can directly have short distance communication without



being snooped on. The distance limit is fifty kilometres. For it to be stronger, it would require too much. Remember the time I was tricked and captured and couldn't contact you, these kind of situations can be avoided.

"This thing is not bad." Garen nodded his head in approval. "Can you create a few more?"

"The materials required are quite a hassle. They are not considered as rare, but many types are required. I gathered them as I followed you. After so many days, it was only sufficient for two. If you want more of them, I think it might take some time." Windling helplessly opened his hands.

Garen imitated his ways and pressed the mirror on his left shoulder.

With a crash, four claws automatically appeared from the mirror and tightly held on to his shoulder. Its end swiftly extended, forming a beautiful sharp-edged shape.

"Heyhey, can you hear me?" A soft, low voice suddenly came, as if from an earpiece. It was Windling's voice.

Garen gave him a glance. He noticed that he pressed the pauldron with one hand and gently moved his lips.

"Your voice doesn't have to be loud, just being clear would do. Oh yes, I forgot to mention. For the threat detection, I've differentiated five levels."

Windling said in a serious tone.

"Number 1: No light. If the Windling's Fury doesn't light up, it means there is no threat and can be ignored.

Number 2: Mild light. If there's only a little red light from green to red, it means that the threat is small.

Number 3: Mild red. The red is clear, but not dark. A stronger threat that has to be respected. You have to pay attention and be on guard to avoid being tricked by not being careful.

Number 4: Bright red. It is an opponent on your level. The opponent has the potential to severely injure you or kill you. It all depends on performance to determine who has the upper hand, but be careful of secret heirlooms and the sort.

Number 5: Dark Red. Incredibly dangerous. Flee if you meet this kind of opponent without hesitation. Whether you will be able to flee is also a problem. This means the opponent could severely injure you with a casual attack."

## Chapter 388: Unexpected Discovery 2

"That detailed? This thing is able to measure totem light?" Garen was stunned.

"Of course. The totem light is the main thing." Windling explained. "The working principle of this device is rather complicated, but the only thing you should know is that it can measure the totem light of your opponent and compare it with your totem light. Naturally, different people will have differing strength and information, so the result will be different as well."

Garen nodded to indicate that he understood what was said.

"Alright then, let's go and give this thing a try."

"Be patient."

Windling told Garen.

"This item requires an activation phrase in order to get it up and running."

"An activation phrase?"

"Yes. Didn't you know this? These types of custom made heirlooms require an activation phrase so that no one will take advantage of it, right?" Windling shook her index finger as she explained.

"What is the activation phrase then?" Garen nodded.

"Activate! Windling's Fury!!"

Windling raised both of her hands up with all her might and laughed three times. "Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"..."

The atmosphere had become cold...

Windling placed her hand down as she realized Garen's unfriendly gaze.

"Alright alright. What a man without any sense of humor. No wonder you can't get a girlfriend, even though you're so handsome."

"The real activation phrase is print it, magic mirror."

As Windling finished her sentence, her shoulders' pauldrons glowed red and immediately disappeared.

"That's about it."

Garen's cold gaze then disappeared.

"Alright then. Let's go to the next location and have a look at its effect."

"No problem!"

\*\*\*\*\*

Somewhere in a mountain valley, thousands of kilometers away from the Red River Valley.

The sky was grey and cloudy, shrouding the sun completely. The whole sky was covered with clouds.

The mountain valley was filled with green fern plants. There were a variety of them, from small to big and short to tall. They covered the whole mountain valley, just like a forest.

White mist lingered between the ferns and caged the whole valley, covering the whole scene in a layer of white. It was almost as if someone were looking through a pair of fogged up glasses.

The mountain valley was like a small basin, covered by elevated green hills.

The entrance to this basin was a small green fern forest.

Two black silhouettes flew passed the fern forest at great speed, and slowly landed at the entrance of the mountain valley as they formed into two black shirted human figures.

As the black smoke dispersed, Garen looked into the mountain valley from afar, and through the white mist, he could see that the mountain valley was filled with levitating stones.

These stones, big and small, were levitating quietly in the middle of the air inside the mountain valley, as if they were supported by something from below.

The largest stone was at least ten meters wide and even had a little tree and a small grass field on top of it.

"Is there some error in our route? We have been to three places and there isn't anyone around."  
Windling asked skeptically as she followed Garen from behind.

"No. It's not that the route is wrong, it's just that something had happened here recently so these places are empty." Garen replied coldly.

Both of them put on their magic mirror pauldrons on their left shoulder. The faint green colored pauldron looked like a beautiful jade stone.

"This location is the largest nearby. Should we enter it directly?" Windling asked as she looked at Garen.

Silent, Garen squatted down as he touched the dirt on the ground.

"Someone was here before us, about ten minutes ago." He said coldly. "This smell, I'm afraid, might be from the one who had been stalking us."

"What should we do?" Windling frowned. "Should we proceed or retreat."

Garen's lips curled, giving off a cold smile.

"Since we're here, we might as well meet our friends."

The shadow of the eight headed dragon slowly appeared behind him.

\*\*\*\*\*

Within the deep zone of the mountain valley.

Two crowds, in black and blue, were facing each other.

The people in black shirt were obviously from Black Sky. All of them were wearing black masks and were different from the lot from before. Every one of them had black gas surrounding them, giving off a rather strange presence.

The one who stood at the front was their leader. He was in a black robes and white mask, which had three red lines on the mouth and eyes. The design was very simple, where the red lines formed into a smiley face on the mask as it gave off a strange and mysterious vibe.

The people they were facing against were a group of people in ice blue armor. There were a total of four of them, and were staring coldly at what was in front of them. The one who stood at the front was a flat chested woman with a brown ponytail.

She had a brown whip in her hand, half of it had dug into the ground, as if it were a wiggling, living creature.

There was a golden staff in the middle of both parties.

There were layers of small circles on the staff, which was placed on a white stone. What was strange was that the staff was surrounded by a thin layer of ice.

"Black Sky, haven't you guys crossed the line? You have become too greedy." The girl with a ponytail said coldly as she tried to retain her anger and stared at the people from the Black Sky.

"We discovered the Golden Staff first, and we're also the one who discovered the activation phrase as well. What right do you have to say that it is yours?"

"It doesn't matter who discovered it first. What matters is you people have discovered this heirloom in our territory." A sharp voice came from the white mask.

The woman was annoyed. "Then what about the activation phrase? We are the ones who deciphered the activation phrased first. Why do we have to pass it to you!?"

They had went through a great ordeal and spent countless of resources and gemstones here. They hand spent countless days deciphering the activation phrase of the golden staff, and the members of the Black Sky appeared and attempted to remove the gemstone out of it. The members of the Black Sky claimed that this heirloom was left by their ancestors, and they just happened to forgot the activation phrase.

As they had a grasp of the opponent's strength, they decided to retreat, but the people of the Black Sky didn't allow them to do so unless they gave them the activation phrase. Hence they were currently in a stalemate.

They had heard rumors of how strong the people of the Black Sky were, but they didn't expect that they would be so much stronger than the rumors had suggested when they faced them in reality.

As one of the captains of the powerful ice castle, the girl with the ponytail was filled with rage. They were stronger in terms of power as they had two form three totem users and two form two elites, whereas the Black Sky only had one form three and two form two totem users.

However, the Black Sky had a stronger identity, which made them unable to make any moves, and were oppressed by the opposing party instead.

They knew that she was stronger but was forced to restrict herself. These made the four people of the Ice Castle start to fill with anger. Although it was just an imitation product of a heirloom, it was still important to the ice castle. Within this chaotic era, every ounce of strength attainable was considered precious, including the heirloom.

"Last warning. Give us the activation phrase and you can leave." The white masked man said coldly.

The ponytail woman gritted her teeth as she gave a deadly stare towards him.

She didn't dare to attack as she knew that the Ice Castle might be annihilated if she were to attack now.

Suddenly, the white masked man looked at the other side of the mountain wall.

"Same goes to you. Leave now and don't let me see you again, or else."

Movement could be seen from the mountain wall and three men appeared. They were in hunter attire and looked very well trained.

"Lord White Ghost, we're here under the command of the chief of Fung Clan..."

"Don't use the name of Black Tiger King as leverage." The white masked replied coldly.

"Lord White Ghost..."

Ah!!

Suddenly the man beside him screamed as he shriveled at an incredible speed. He looked like a deflating balloon, and soon dropped onto the ground with only his skin left.

The remaining two of them were stunned and immediately retreated as they scanned their surroundings in fear.

The White Ghost let out a shrill laughter.

"This is the result of not listening to me. You guys are still alive because of the Black Tiger King, and you guys think that you are some hot shot?"

Two of them were sweating cold sweat. Although he was just a form one totem user, it was terrifying to see him killed abruptly.

The people of the Black Tiger King and Ice Castle didn't say another word and they kept quiet, falling into a deep dilemma. It seemed that the White Ghost was not an opponent that could be easily dealt with.



At that moment, two black, misty figures appeared behind the white masked man, and soon condensed into two tall humanoid figures.

"Lords." The white mask turned around and greeted the two with a bow.

The two figures were a male and a female, who had a black and green hair respectively. Both of them looked young, and seemed to be in their early thirties. Both had on their shoulders black robes, with golden-green armor on their feet.

The black haired man nodded.

"What's the current situation?"

"The foundation has been set." White Ghost replied respectfully. "However we have accidentally discovered a new heirloom, the Golden Staff."

"Not bad. Tell these people to scram and execute the operation immediately, or else we won't have enough time." The green haired girl said softly.

The man nodded as he looked at the groups of people from the Ice Castle and Black Tiger King. These two groups were the major power players in the nearby area. All of them naturally were no small characters since they were able to survive in such an environment.

The man started to become impatient and was about to open his mouth.

Suddenly he felt that the sky had become cloudy.

"What's going on? Is it about to rain?" The man looked up suspiciously, and his pupil shrunk.

Everyone in the area looked up and was stunned as they saw a gigantic mouth in the sky.

A black cloud was slowly approaching from the mountain valley.

It was a cloud filled with countless black crows!

The black haired man recalled something and his face went pale.

"It's the Cloud Crow!! The Eight Cloud Crow! Retreat! Retreat!!"

He suddenly shouted.

The people of the Ice Castle were stunned as well, as they looked at the sky that was being swallowed by the clouds of crows. These crows, which had some strange mist surrounding, them kept producing a rather weird scream.

As they looked up, they couldn't see any part of the sky at all.

"The Eight Cloud Crow... It's the RAL! The RAL has arrived!" The ponytail woman was emotional. She couldn't feel any more happier as she looked at the people from the Black Sky panicking in front of her. If they couldn't obtain it, she naturally wished that no one else could.

Compared to the Black Sky, the RAL was much more powerful.

They didn't allow anyone to oppose them. Whoever did would be considered going against them, and going against them meant betrayal to the Alliance, and betrayal to the Alliance meant a rebellion, a rebellion that needed to be eliminated!!

The subordinates of the Black Tiger King didn't dare to make any move at all. With such a huge superpower arriving the scene, whoever provoked them meant that they would drag the Black Tiger King into the issue with them.

Chapter 389: Meet Again 1

Kaw Kaw!!

Shrieking Cloud Crow cries came from the sky above the mountain valley. The whole mountain valley was shrouded in darkness, only a tiny bit of sunlight could be seen in between the wings of the cloud crows.

The three parties were preparing to defend themselves.

The people from the Black Sky were the most anxious, as the main target of the Eight Cloud Crow had always been Black Sky. The Eight Cloud Crow was angry at Black Sky, as he was being hunted by the them and had been taking his revenge all over the area.

Pew!!

A Cloud Crow dived as a black streak was drawn in the sky and landed on a member of Black Sky.

His left chest was filled with yellow totem light, but under the attack of the Cloud Crow, it was being torn apart like paper.

As the crows continued shrieking in the sky, no one could hear his scream of pain.

All members of the Black Sky were under attack by the Cloud Sky.

In a blink of an eye, multiple members of the Black Sky had died, leaving only White Ghost and two of the recently arrived members standing firm on their ground.

They effortlessly defended against the attacks of the Cloud Crows. After an attack, whether it be a success or a failure, the Cloud Crow would always turn into black fog, and morph into the Cloud Crow again once it gained enough altitude.

What was strange was that the majority of the Black Cloud Crow didn't come after them, but flew past them and went deeper into the Mountain Valley.

There were two human figures being covered within the Cloud Crows as they went deeper into the Mountain Valley.

One of the silhouettes looked down at the three groups, but none of them dared to return his cold gaze..

That man above had three brightly lit dots on his forehead, and eyes that were dyed blood red. He was surrounded by countless Cloud Crows, and looked like a demon among the clouds.

Within minutes, the Cloud Crows disappeared, and like a stormy cloud, moved deeper into the mountain valley.

It was only then that the three parties noticed that the Golden Staff in the middle had been broken into two pieces during the Cloud Crow's attack. Silver liquid leaked out from the staff as if it were bleeding.

The Heirloom had been accidentally destroyed by the Cloud Crows.

Both the Ice Castle and Black Tiger King's men felt happy as they looked at the Black Sky.

There were only three members left in the Black Sky, and the green haired woman was in lead. She looked at the mountain valley's deeper areas with a pale face.

"Bring the corpses along, and let's go!" She finally made a decision.

The Heirloom hidden deep inside could be found at any time, but it was pointless once your life was gone.

"Eight Cloud Crow...!" She stared at the black clouds with rage. "Sooner or later someone would kill you! Your arrogance won't last forever!"

The three of them immediately release a Four-armed Giant Mantis, and each of them placed the corpses on it and left the mountain valley with great haste.

The ponytail woman from the Ice Castle looked at the black cloud.

"We should make our move too. We're lucky to encounter the Eight Cloud Crow, but we won't be this lucky next time. The Eight Cloud Crow kills anyone he fancies and without mercy. We need to tell the Fort Master about this and Inform all the clan members to be cautious when they're out."

"Big sister, who do you think is stronger, this Eight Cloud Crow or the fort master?" A youngster who had recently grew a moustache asked curiously.

"They're both strong, but the fort master is on our side, and a leader who will protect us from any creature. The Eight Cloud Crow is a very powerful individual, but he killed people without mercy, so he definitely isn't someone good." The ponytail woman explained softly.

"Bring the remains of the Golden Staff and let's head out. Although the material was a waste, it still possesses some value."

The people from the Ice Castle gathered the remains of the staff with indiscernable feelings. Their long term training had shown their fruits, as none of them really made any noise. However, they would unconsciously looked deep into the mountain valley every once in a while.

That overwhelming power was deeply etched into everyone's minds.

The old men were in awe, whereas the youngsters' hearts were burning with motivation. Perhaps one day they would possess such power! Such strength!

To be able to make your enemy panic and retreat by just hearing your name!

No one noticed that the subordinates of the Black Tiger King had already left the scene.

Similar to the Ice Castle, the legendary Eight Cloud Crow's power had definitely left an impression.

That man, with three red dots on his forehead, standing among the black clouds was carved deep into the recesses of their minds.

\*\*\*\*\*

At the very bottom of the mountain valley.

In between the big field of dark green ferns was an empty land filled with black stones. There was not a single blade of grass on it; it was completely barren.

The largest levitating stone was floating among the black land.

This giant stone was at least ten meters wide, and even had a small yellow-green forest on top of it. In addition, there were even small flocks of birds dancing about around the giant stone, chirping happily.

These white and red birds were very active and adorable, as they chased each other around under the sunlight.

Within the forest at the top of the levitating stone.

Two groups stood quietly in front of an old tree.

On one side, there were two groups, in black robes and red masks. They had an eye of the black sun emblem on their chests, indicating that they were members of the Black Sky.

On the other hand, there was a young, fair skinned man, who was their leader. There were a total of four of them, three male and one female. The male leader was in a white robe, and his expression, although rather pale, was calm. The most eye catching feature of his was his eyes; a faint gray.

Both the red masked person and the silver eyed youngster were both very quiet, as if they were lost in thought.

The only thing that moved between them was time.

However, something seemed to be coming from the sky beyond the forest, similar to a huge murder of crows, coming closer and closer.

The leader in red masked finally spoke up.

"Looks like we have a new person arriving soon. We may have to retreat without obtaining our objective again." Her voice was of a gentlewoman, where it gave off a soothing and relaxing vibe.

"Do your stuff." The silver eyed man nodded his head and didn't speak further as he stared at the wilted old tree trunk.

The old tree was very sturdy, its circumference was about the girth of two people. However, what was strange was that a clear human face could be seen at the center of the black tree. It had two eyes, a nose, a mouth and even had a beard underneath its chin. The beard was the tree's black roots.

This tree's face had its eyes closed, as if it were sound asleep.

The red masked person smiled slightly and looked at the sky afar.

"Let's go. That man had a deep misunderstanding towards the Black Sky."

The other people bowed slightly and followed the red masked person into the shades of the forest at great speed. Two wisps of black fog appeared and covered both of their bodies. As the fog disappeared, it took the two of them with it.

"How is it? Do you have any idea, Beckstone?" A woman in a fiery red armor asked. The armor revealed her perfect body as she stood beside the silver eyed man's side, suggesting that she relied entirely on his decision.

"If only Darian was still around." Beckstone sighed. "He's best at guessing riddles. We would definitely be able to solve this if he were."

The red armored woman kept quiet as the atmosphere became rather dense.

"Sorry, I shouldn't have mentioned the incident." Beckstone apologised softly.

"No, it's all my fault. If only I wasn't being held hostage by that fellow, Darian wouldn't have died." The red armored woman was Berlina. She was held hostage by Garen, and forced Beckstone to fight 'squarely' with him.

The cries of the crows grew louder as they approached.

Soon, two black armored figures came into the forest. Both of them were male, and the one in front was a man with golden, shawled hair, with a handsome face and three red dots on his forehead. His expression was cold, his body surrounded by the black fog that had yet to disperse.

As he entered the forest, Beckstone turned around and looked at them.

In a blink of an eye, Beckstone was filled with rage.

"It's you!!"

Garen smiled at him.

"Beckstone, I sensed you and the Black Sky bastards from afar. Once I knew you were here, I immediately came over." His gaze was calm as he was very confident in himself.

"The days we had in the manor were rather peaceful. Who knew it had been so long. How nostalgic."

"Garen Trejons!!!"



The red armored Berlina who was standing beside Beckstone grit her teeth as she stared at Garen.

"It's nice to see you again, my lady." Garen's smile was even brighter.

Whoosh!!!

A sharp red light was pointed towards Garen.

Bam!

The red light was blocked by a cloud of black fog, dispersing and disappearing once they collided. To be precise, as the red light fired, its speed was strangely reduced.

That streak of red line could be seen hanging in the air. Besides that, the ground was burnt black, as if a line of fire had razed it.

Soon, the burnt ground reverted back to its usual green state.

Berlina retracted her right hand in rage.

"I will kill you eventually! I will avenge Darian!!"

"Whenever you like." Garen smiled gently. "That is, if you can leave this place alive."

"Do you want to fight!?" Beckstone replied coldly. "This is the territory of the old tree, whoever has bad intentions will be restricted. As long as one harbours the intent of destruction, their strength would be sapped, and they wouldn't be able to lift a finger at all."

Garen was surprised, and suddenly felt something was wrong. He had an urge to not want to destroy the peaceful surroundings.

It was a strange feeling, similar to of someone who wanted to keep sleeping when they were half awake. All intentions towards destruction was diminished, and could no longer be brought upon.

As he carefully basked in this strange vibe, Beckstone and Berlina were seemingly under its influence, too, and didn't speak a word afterwards.

The situation had come to a standstill.

Chapter 390: Meet Again 2

Minutes passed. Both parties stood still without movement.

Windling stood behind Garen and kept yawning, evident to how suited this place was for a nap.

Soon, noon arrived. The scorching hot golden rays came from above and bathed the whole forest in sunlight.

At this moment, the old tree opened both of its eyes. It opened its mouth, and an old voice came out.

"It has eight legs, and is able to hold water. While its speed is slow, it runs very steadily."

"It's a repetition from the previous riddle." Beckstone muttered.

Garen heard it from afar as well. It was as if the voice had directly entered into his mind. Although he didn't know what language it spoke, he somehow knew what it said.

He started thinking about the riddle.

"This is the Spirit Tree's Riddle, one of the only two strange phenomena that could be understood." Windling said from his back as his face was filled with excitement. "I can't believe I can experience the Spirit Tree's Riddle in my life. As long as we can guess the riddle, we will be able granted a drop of Life's Dew by the Spirit Tree."

"What's the use of it?" Garen looked at Windling even though the sound is transmitted through the magic mirror.

"It's very beneficial. It's most useful trait is lengthening ones' lifespan. One drop of Life's Dew is able to extend your lifespan by forty years! This is a recently discovered mysterious phenomenon. Naturally, the Black Sky has already calculated this data in detail, but I didn't expect this group of people to know of its existence as well." Windling cast a surprised look at Beckstone and his team. He didn't expect other people outside of the Black Sky to know of this place.

"Even I have only heard of it. I do not know the exact location of the Spirit Tree's Riddle. This is one of the Black Sky's top secrets."

Suddenly, Beckstone's eyes glowed, as if he remembered something and said a phrase.

"The answer is the Spider Teapot!!"

The old tree was stunned. Its face melted into the tree's bark and soon disappeared.

Soon the old tree wilted. The large amount of branches that littered the tree followed suit, its leaves curling up and turning into a dark brown. Then the leaves started shedding water.

Swiftly, a black branch arched down in front of Beckstone.

There was a black petal on it, and it slowly opened up, layer by layer, showing off the countless petals revealing what was encased and hidden within. It was like a black Peony flower, complicated yet beautiful and delicate.

At the center of the black petals laid a clear and sticky dew.

"That's the Life's Dew! We've gotten hold of a drop of Life's Dew! This is very exciting indeed!!" Windling was cheering with happiness. "Quickly boss! Kill them and grab hold of the Life's Dew! They have lived long enough!!"

"We haven't kept it properly yet, why are you so excited?" Garen looked at Windling with a speechless look. "You should try and go against them."

He had already felt that the restriction within the surrounding had been lifted as the old tree's face disappeared.

"I am just a clerk.. A clerk... Hehe" Windling quickly retreated with a ridiculous smile on his face.

Beckstone put away the Life's Dew and turned away quietly.

"Next, we should pick up from our previous business."

"I think so too." Garen smiled.

Slowly, black fog and golden light started surrounding them.

Two intense powers collided with each other as the black fog and golden light kept disappearing and reappearing.

Two different energies emanated within the forest.

Black and gold, separating the forest into two different areas.

"Your Sunflower has grown gain." Garen took out a black pocket watch as he looked at Beckstone with interest.

Beckstone looked at him coldly and raised his hand. Golden light suddenly appeared by his side, forming Golden Whirlpool Beasts. It was different from the Whirlpool Beast from the past as the current Whirlpool Beasts were golden, as if they were forged from gold. As they formed into solidified bodies, these Whirlpool Beasts started growling at Garen.

Grow!!

The golden light kept shaping the Whirlpool Beasts one at a time completely surrounding Garen and Windling.

Garen flicked his pocket watch.

Ding!!

With a soft ring, a huge column of black fog spilled forth from the pocket watch, forming countless numbers of Cloud Crows as they started revolving around his body.

Kaw!!

The Cloud Crows confronted the Whirlpool Beasts with its strange cries.

"Impressive Technique!" Beckstone's eyes were filled with surprise, but he didn't express it thoroughly. "That's to be expected. If you were to be taken down by me this easily, won't my hardship and pain be all wasted?"

Somewhere during their conversation, a green seed the size of a thumbnail found its way into his right hand.

With all his might, he crushed the seed into his left shoulder.

The seed was thoroughly embedded within his skin.

Szz Szz... A shivering sound came out of the wound. The seed had started to sprout and grew directly from Beckstone's left hand.

The green bud dug out of his skin and grew rapidly as it became tall, thick and sturdy.

Soon it grew to the point where it was as tall as Beckstone.

The green plant soon sprouted a black bud. The bud slowly opened up, revealing a human eye inside it.

As the eye opened, it instantly looked at Garen.

Suddenly, Garen couldn't see anything else as his vision went pitch black.

At the same time, the Golden Whirlpool Beasts leaped towards Garen and attacked. Each of the Whirlpool Beasts were much stronger and bigger than last time. They had already reached Spiritualization, and went toe to toe with the Cloud Crows.

"Sight Vision, stolen!" Beckstone stared coldly at Garen, as a giant golden tree slowly appeared behind him. A golden pupil could be seen in the middle of the big tree.

A transparent strong bending force landed onto Garen's territory.

Boom!!!

A large part of the Black Fog was pushed away, even the Whirlpool Beasts had no choice but to step back as they did not dare to go closer to it.

Large amounts of grass and dirt were flung away, leaving a huge crater in the forest.

The whole levitating stone trembled violently and a hole was created underneath. A shapeless ray of light burst through the rock from the top.

Garen landed just beside the crater with a smile on his face.

"Impossible!!?" Beckstone shivered as he took out another seed and planted it once more in his left shoulder.

After a series of horrifying noise of the seed being planted into the hand, the new seed sprouted and out came a new bud. This time, a human ear was inside it.

"Hearing! Stolen!" Beckstone's face was getting more and more pale.

"Beckstone..." Berlina stood at one side and couldn't do anything but to worry for Beckstone's wellbeing. She knew the horrible side effects of these Secret Tactics. Although its effect was potent, it was extremely damaging to the caster's body!

"I can definitely kill him!" Beckstone's eyes were filled with confidence.

Pew!!

Another shapeless bending light pillar was shot out again.

However, Garen moved slightly to the left and was merely grazed by the light pillar.

Pew pew pew!!!

Beckstone didn't believe his eyes and started to attack nonsensically with his Sunflower. He was the only one who knew how strong the opponent was after the fight in the manor. Hence he knew that this high density attack was the only way to damage him.

However...

Garen would occasionally move to the left, jump, and leap forward. Each of his actions allowed him to perfectly dodge the light pillar.

"Impossible!! Impossible!!" Beckstone focused his light pillars once again and the golden tree behind him would shoot out a high speed light pillar every two seconds or so.

However all was in vain.

Beckstone took out the third seed.

"Beckstone stop!! You've gone crazy!!" Berlina attempted to grab hold of Beckstone's hand.

"Get out of my way!"

She was pushed down to the ground.

Beckstone had completely gone insane. His humiliation back in the manor where Darian was killed right in front of his eyes and combined with cruel and bloody scenes in the experiment laboratory, these images incessantly flooded his mind.

He planted the third seed into his chest.

The silver light in Beckstone's eye suddenly glowed brighter.

A new black plant sprouted once again, giving birth to a new black bud. As the bud opened up, A human nose was revealed.

"Smell! Stolen!!"

Garen's body nudged slightly.



Beckstone was ecstatic and decided to attack him with his sunflower erratically.

A near infinite amount of shapeless light pillars burst forth.

The explosions entirely covered the surface of the levitating stone.

The explosions were nothing short of thunderbird roars in the sky.

Both Berlina and Windling had ran far away as they didn't dare to stay close to the battlefield. Everyone had their attention on this battle it unfolded in front of them.

However, everyone could see that there was too much of a difference in their strength.

Beckstone was still at the spiritualization level but Garen had obviously gone up to another new level.

Beckstone's lips started to crack, as his original, smooth skin had started to dry and shrivel up.

"Impossible!! How is this possible!!?? Where did I go wrong!!?"

He was unwilling to accept the reality.

The holes on the ground kept appearing, but Garen still slowly walked towards him without difficulty.

Garen didn't even activate his defensive totem light and he walked towards him with ease.

The light pillars passed through his legs, but he did not take any damage whatsoever.

Beckstone couldn't help but to feel a fear in him as he looked at the approaching Garen.

"I will not lose again! Never..." He muttered as he took out the fourth seed.

Boom!

Suddenly, all of the budded flowers exploded and Beckstone took a few steps back.

Garen opened his eyes and all his stolen senses were given back to him.

"The Life's Drew... It's a rare item indeed. You won't be able to protect it if you don't have enough strength." He put on a smile on his face once more.

"You!" Beckstone was defeated but he took out a golden diamond crystal once more.

"Is that the item you're going to rely on this time?" Garen looked at the crystal in his hand. "You're really weak."

He shook his head.

"I once killed thirty two Field-level members and three General-level members of Black Sky in Victoria. I killed five middle-class general-level in the Long Northwest Slope. I have battled the Giant Divine Statue in Ender Kingdom and intercepted the Underworld Carriage in the abandoned city. I have faced hundreds of battles and I have yet lost one of them."

"I thought that you would have achieved something after such a long time but I didn't expect you to improve just this little bit." Garen's face was emotionless and the three markings on his forehead was brimming brightly in red color. "If you only have this amount of strength, I'm afraid you won't be going back today."

"I will not accept defeat!!" Beckstone held the golden crystal tightly as he stood back up. The silver light in his eyes glowed brighter and brighter to the point it was unbearable to see.