

Mystical 411

Chapter 411: Poison 1

The next day.

Avic's edict arrived as expected.

Garen dressed neatly, and followed the herald to the palace to see His Majesty.

It was the same study as before; Avic was seated on the bench quietly, looking relaxed and at ease. As he saw Garen come in, a satisfied look flashed across his face.

He stood up and gently shook Garen's hand.

"Trejons, you are finally here. This time you have truly salvaged the reputation of Kovitan's royal family." The joy on Avic's face was void of any pretense. Even his greetings were raised a notch higher.

"Your majesty, that is an exaggeration. This is what I am obliged to do." Garen answered humbly.

Both of them sat down on two separate golden chairs by the window.

"Coincidentally, I am holding an Aegis Ceremony a few days from now. Since you are back, do join us. Never expected that you would become a fourth form master; it is a rare sight in this country. It is perfect timing; I have already notified the rest of the fourth form totem users that you are back. Compared to the average person such as myself, you high form totem masters would definitely have more to talk about." The smile on Avic's face was neutral. Perhaps he knew that Garen had killed one of the princesses, or perhaps not; either way, he didn't look like he really minded.

Garen only smiled politely and listened as he continued on.

"Obscuro's God Cloud – I have heard of his fame previously, and it is certainly distinguished. His experiences are similar to yours; Kovitan's defense minister Veska had once faced off God Cloud, and I have called him here today so that both of you can interact with one another." Avic calmly continued, "Both of you are the country's top talents, and Kovitan needs your vital support to stand strong, have greater stability and to continuously increase in strength for years to come."

"I am undeserving of Your Majesty's praises." Garen lowered his head in an act of humility.

Avic lightly shook his head. He appeared to be powerless against Garen's humility.

"Alright. There are two main reasons for the edict. I hope you will be willing to help."

"Please continue, your Majesty." Garen nodded his head.

"Firstly Trejons, you have reached the level of the fourth form. According to the country's standard procedure, every fourth form will be given the title of Earl, as well as a territory as an inheritance.

Secondly, this is my personal request; I hope you will be able to attend when I hold the ceremony."

"Your subject will be there without fail." Garen nodded his head. "Besides that, the first was a reward; how is that considered as a favor?"

Avic smiled, ready to explain. All of a sudden, a loud announcement was declared.

"The defense minister is here"

Both of them looked towards the entrance of the study at the same time.

Two knocks sounded at the door, and it was pushed open. A serious looking old man with a head of white hair came in.

Just as he walked in, he saw Garen who was humbly seated before Avic.

"Your majesty, it's apparent that this is the new fourth form Garen?" His voice was composed and unshakable, and through it one could discern an unassailable spirit.

Garen stood up, and started weighing this old man carefully.

He seemed like a typical old pedant from the scholarly institutes; conscientious, without a trace of unkemptness in the way he carried himself. Even the smallest detail did not escape him. It was obvious this person was a serious and strict old man.

But the most obvious thing was not his appearance, but the subtle white glow hovering around this old man's body.

That was a nearly liquefied totem light! Just glancing across with normal human eyes would evoke a realization that this old man's entire being was filled with the breath of the abyss within the deep sea.

Garen could vaguely smell the salty scent of the ocean from him. Undoubtedly, his core totem was a water type.

"It's good to see you, Your Excellency Elder Veska. " Garen politely bowed towards him.

Veska returned the bow.

At this time, a blue light flashed across the back Veska's right hand.

An invisible force field crashed into Garen. This force field had no form or color; even the air was void of any movement or disturbance. It was as if it appeared abruptly in front of Garen and crashed towards him.

This rush of energy was not large, but it had an unstoppable, all conquering air to it.

In that moment, Garen seemed to hear the sound of crashing waves; a huge large blue wave appeared right in front of his eyes and was about to overwhelm him.

He quickly saw that a swirling blue-black whirlpool had formed behind Veska.

It was a whirlpool of immeasurable depth, like an invisible whirlpool sent from the depths of the ocean. Slow, extremely enormous; it was as if everything was in danger of being swallowed by it.

The side of Garen's mouth slightly twitched up. Behind him, the nine-headed hydra's red silhouette appeared.

Roarrrr!!!

An invisible force field was sent to the opponent in the same manner.

Boom!!

There was not a sound of collision in actuality, but the force of both powers colliding sent a loud sound reverberating in the hearts of the people watching.

This was purely just a competition between the totem powers. Without the exchange of totems, totem powers are powerless; incapable of changing the nature of matter. Only by changing it into totem light or by using it to manipulate totems will it affect the world of matter. It was similar to the nature of spirit power, as mentioned by Garen in his previous world.

Garen's totem power was initially not strong, but after feeding on the nine-headed hydra's totem light, it was not one that a normal totem user would be able to defend themselves from.

This time, two large forces collided.

The light rays between them appeared distorted. There seemed to be a layer of invisible crystal wall.

The light rays only distorted for a moment, and returned to normal quickly.

Garen's face flushed slightly. This was due to an overwork of the mind, causing the momentary discomfort.

Veska had no expression to his face as usual, but his eyes betrayed a hint of astonishment.

"As expected of a fourth form! And of the highest level." Veska nodded his head, "I now believe you were capable of escaping from the hands of God Cloud."

"It seems it's true that there is always a succession of talented people in the Kovitan Empire." Garen remained silent, focused on making adjustments to his body.

The defense minister was one of the strongest 3 in Kovitan. Besides the two grand dukes, he was the strongest and most loyal towards the royal family. Garen initially thought that facing off other powerful fourth forms with the nine-headed hydra would not be a difficult task.

Now there seemed to be more of a problem. No wonder God Cloud gave such an assessment.

During the battle just now, he was slightly weaker than the other party. The defense minister's totem was a ginormous ocean whirlpool; when it came to how he managed to get produce that, Garen had absolutely no idea. Even the nine-headed hydra was far below in comparison.

Even though his totem was incapable of winning, Garen was not worried. His strength lay in his being and not his totem. The totem was only there as a complement to his being.

The ceremony of becoming an Earl was fairly simple; An edict was written by Avic and then passed on to Garen, together with a few prepared letters and documents.

The capital was in a highly complicated situation at the moment; Avic was obviously not in the mood to hold an official awarding ceremony. Those were not compulsory. The most important thing was to receive the tangible benefits.

And then the demarcation of territories.

The one given to Garen by Avic was a territory situated a distance from the capital, the surface area the size of a province. It was a broad prairie plateau named Pato, the name signifying the place of birth. It was initially a place in the capital where livestock grazed freely; now, a huge number of livestock have perished, leaving a numbered few to graze around and Pato subsequently being emptied of its prior purpose, vacant of civilization. All of these was passed on to Garen by Avic.

After leaving the palace, Garen carefully considered the implication behind Avic's actions.

To summon the defense minister who proactively initiated a face-off was obviously meant as a warning for him to know his place a little, as the kingdom was completely capable of controlling its people. All along, they had turned a blind eye. As long as it was not too overboard; that will not turn out well.

And the broad prairie plateau was obviously a compensation after the blow.

Recalling the defense minister Veska's capabilities, Garen made some rough estimations. Although he wasn't sure how much of his capabilities was shown, he made guesses based on the performance earlier.

The opponent's totem was indeed stronger than the nine headed hydra. If only totems were taken into consideration, he would be on the losing side.

Not only that, the opponent definitely possessed heirlooms. Each of the 3 masters, also known as the pillars of the Kovitan Empire, had a high-level heirloom.

If he really had to battle the opponent.

Garen estimated that if he did not use his own body, he would not be up to par. It was obvious the opponent would have a powerful card that was kept hidden. If they really had to battle for their lives, it was unknown who the actual winner would be.

As he left the palace, he headed towards the secret department.

On the way there, the streets near the kingdom's palace were much cleaner; many villagers and business owners were putting up lights and decorations, they seemed to be in celebration of something.

A pair of newlyweds stood high on a wooden car with two huge white eagles pulling two ropes from the front; the eagles flapped their wings while propelling the car forward.

Surrounded by two rows of guards tasked to protect, many little kids were holding on to flower baskets and scattering rose petals.

The wooden car passed by Garen's left side; Garen could see the happy smiles on the faces of the newlyweds.

"It's a wedding?" Realization dawned upon Garen.

"Yes, master." Driver Josephine answered immediately, "These two people are Viscount Leliyah's son and his wife. Viscount Leliyah had often helped the people and the businessmen, earning himself a good name in this part of the streets, so everyone is genuinely wishing them the best.

"Viscount Leliyah?" Garen tried to search his memory but came up with no recollection of this name. It was obvious that the man played a small role in the kingdom.

The people outside the carriage were extremely noisy, one noise topping the other.

Garen let down the window curtains.

"Wedding...Such a pity, this would be your last taste of happiness." He closed his eyes. Not long from now, the entire kingdom will enter a state of extreme chaos, leaving no trace of peace and stability behind.

In order to stop the killings, the biggest key laid in the hands of The First Concubine, Delouse. When it came to revealing her scheme in a way that was believable to Avic, it was a huge headache.

As the First Concubine had the identity of a double agent, to convince Avic of her rebellion would be extremely difficult.

Obscuro's plans were almost bulletproof.

The information that was in Garen's hands decreased. Thinking about it on the way, there seemed to be no clue.

Delouse was laying low at the moment. From what he'd heard, she'd completely cut off contact with the outside world, staying deep within the palace in preparation for the loyalty ceremony.

And as he entered the palace this time, Garen was indecisive on whether to save Avic.

The key to the fall of Kovitan was not on the death of Avic, but whether or not someone would be able to centralize power and take control of the big picture.

To prevent the assassination appeared to be too difficult. Even so, aiding the kingdom in centralizing the power after Obscuro left seemed to rank much lower in difficulty.

To be honest, Garen was not keen on being involved in this mess. The impression Avic left on him was not good, or at least, not to the extent where he would put his life on the line for him.

Moreover, the 3 major departments were the foundation of the royal family. As long as the 3 departments stayed in place, everything would slowly return to order.

As long as the original heirlooms were not taken away, Kavitan would eventually return to peace.

If his hypothesis was correct, Obscuro's real goal was to obtain the original heirloom Caeserton, which was also an absolute sanctuary according to legend.

As he was in deep thought throughout the journey, the horse carriage arrived at the secret department without him realizing it – Wells castle.

A castle made of grey stone silently stood in the middle of grassy lands.

As Garen dismounted from the carriage, a few men and women covered entirely in black armor walked out; they had a blue emblem on their chest.

"Blue team?" Garen immediately recognized the meaning behind their emblem.

The secret service team, from the bottom to the top, were distinguished into 9 colours – red, orange, yellow, light green, dark green, blue, purple, white and silver. The higher the team was on the list, the stronger they were. Blue was amongst the top 4, also known as one of the top leveled teams.

Chapter 412: Poison 2

The same few saw Garen dismounting the carriage. The member leading the team nodded slightly towards Garen. Without saying a word, they both passed each other.

As Garen made his way up the steps of the castle, he couldn't help but take a second glance at the blue team.

These people were indeed powerful; each of their auras were ambiguous, unusual and deeply hidden. The weakest of them should be in the third form at least; while the strongest, even Garen was unable to decipher the aura.

It was highly possible they were in the fourth form just like him, but their auras were significantly weaker than Garen's, which meant they had probably barely reached the fourth form.

Although so, it was already a huge accomplishment.

The blue team still had 3 tiers above them – purple, white and silver. Among them the silver remained the strongest; Garen had no idea what their members were capable of.

These were the 3 major services; strong users were as uncountable as the clouds. Even Obscuro did not dare face them in a straightforward manner and instead relied on the monsters and the contents of their nest.

Garen continued on into the castle. Right then, he saw a figure with a silver emblem walking out from the front door.

Both of them saw each other's faces.

The person was a silver-haired woman with dark skin; she had thick, luscious lips, an average looking face, and a slightly bloated body. Her right and left hands were placed into their opposing sleeves. The section of clothing on her shoulders seemed to contain something moving; a living creature.

As Garen walked closer towards her, he smelled a pungent fragrance.

He furrowed his eyebrows. Taking a second glance at the moving shoulder, the incident with Obscuro's poison as well as the poisonous nature of the nine-headed hydra came to mind. He could immediately tell that the fragrance had an underlying poison that was extremely lethal.

"Crimson team?" This woman saw the red emblem on Garen's chest and immediately blocked his way. "I heard that the head of your team is a master named Garen? The return to the capital this time around, he would join us right?"

Garen raised his eyebrows.

"Why do you want to see him?"

"I heard that he walked out completely unscathed after being poisoned twice with two types of poison by Obscuro. I'm just trying to figure out what he is made of." The dark skinned woman chuckled, "If you see him, let him come to my lab voluntarily, instead of having me issue a personal invitation."

Rage flickered in Garen's eyes; the red glow in between his brows shone. Next to him, a gigantic dragon head leaped forward.

Bang!!!

A circle of red black light shattered into pieces right in between them.

A red dragon head close to 2 meters big crashed into a giant black snakehead. Both of them were similar in strength and backed away at the same time.

"You are knocking on death's door !!"The dark skinned woman never thought Garen would retaliate this way. She was enraged "There are people in the administration who actually dare mess with me!!"She quickly took out a handful of black powder, disseminating it in front of her.

The black powder followed the wind and disappeared, melting into the air in just seconds.

Garen turned a deaf ear to her words, and then the remaining eight dragon heads appeared behind him. In moments, they pounced towards the dark-skinned woman from all directions.

Roar!!

The low rumble of the dragon's roar shook the whole castle; circles of runes appeared on the walls one after another, these black runes preventing any damages inflicted by the rumbling of the dragon's roars.

The wooden tables and chairs at the front door and the decorations made from bone on the wall turned into dust during the dragon's roaring.

The ground, with Garen as the center, folded up like waves from all directions; large number of stone pieces flew all over the place. You could hear gasps coming from rest of the people in the living room inside.

"Fabulous timing. I have yet to kill anyone today, may you be that blood sacrifice!" Garen's eyes had a killer gleam. His sequelae had started reacting again; he killed a few experiment subjects that were asking for it and felt himself calming down. He'd never thought he will meet another idiot with a stronger than thou attitude in the administration today.

The dark skinned woman laughed dryly and took two steps back hurriedly; Her long hair behind turned into countless black snakes, engulfing any empty space around the place from all directions, spreading out with piercing hisses. It looked like a huge blob of black lines pouncing towards 8 large red dragon heads.

Among them was the largest black snake head with three horns attached to it. Its eyes were green and fierce, heading towards the main golden dragon head.

"Enough!!" A voice thundered from the castle all of a sudden.

It was at that time a white figure slashed out like a whip, aiming for the space in between the dragon head and the black snake.

White billowy smoke burst out from the middle with a sizzling sound, separating Garen from the dark-skinned woman.

The black-skinned woman had a crazed sick look to her eyes, looking as if she found her new toy.

Garen's eyes were even weirder; he looked at her as if she were food, licking his lips, ready to pounce on her any minute to devour her.

It was during this time figures in full black armors walked out slowly from the hall; these people were members of administration teams that had just returned recently. Most of them had orange and yellow emblems on their chest, which obviously meant that they were from the orange and purple teams, teams which had the most numbers.

"Black Nesat! If you want to butt heads with Nine Heads that's your problem, but the purpose of calling you here is for you to cooperate with the investigation, not for you to create more trouble!" A middle-

aged man in white robes walked out slowly. His gaze fell on the woman with dark skin, and felt his head throbbing.

He then looked towards Garen on the opposite side; his instincts told him that this guy was going to be another source of headache for him.

The way this dude was staring at Nesat looked as if he was seeing a spread of delicious treats, damn! Another pervert!

Was there no sane person among these top dogs?

He couldn't help but curse in his heart.

"I would need a detailed explanation as to why your poison fell into the hands of Obscuro, which eventually led to its use on our men." The middle-aged man's voice was similar to the voice of the administration director, which Garen had heard from the black box prior to this. Evidently, he should be Director McCain.

"My only concern is about mixing the poisons and selling them out; as to who uses them and on who, that is out of my reach." The dark skinned woman chuckled and looked towards Garen, her eyes darkening, sinister. "Although so, when it comes to who lived on after facing any poison of mine, I am extremely interested.

"Ahh...So it was your poison.." Garen recalled the unpleasant memory of the poison that brought him great annoyance, and anger flared up in him, "Good...very good..."

Both the orange and yellow team's leaders were there. Both of them entered the service together as blood brothers; now they stood together, trying to avoid the 3 people at the door. They looked at the dark-skinned woman with extreme fear.

"It's that crazy woman Black Nesat again! I thought she returned to Ender? Why did she pop out of nowhere!? Orange team's leader Cohen locked her eyes on Nesat, hatred blazing across her eyes.

"She is merciless even towards her own people. I have long suspected that it was this woman who plotted against us from the beginning, causing the horrible death of Aqua and the others! Does she think that she is all that just because she is from the silver team? Sooner or later she will crash into a wall!"

Both of them had long held grudges towards Nesat from an earlier time. Now that they have seen her in a tough spot, they could not help but glow with satisfaction.

"Disperse! All dispersed. Brother Cohen, please bring your men out."The administration director McCain instructed the bustling crowd from a distance.

Hmmph!

Cohen made a sound signifying his dissatisfaction and dragged his brother, along with more than 10 people out of the door on the right.

Garen suppressed his inexplicable killer urges and looked towards McCain.

"Director, if there's nothing else I will return to my team."

"This issue...sigh..." McCain did not know how to resolve this; Nesat was the sole poison specialist in Kovitan's administration, and the only reason the administration was not afraid of any sort of poison attack from the enemy. This was the reason why even when she created huge problems, she would be let off with just a severe warning.

In the 3 main services, masters were as uncountable as the clouds; there were countless strong users. Even so, those who used poison were but a few; when it came to status and rarity, they were similar to that of a fifth form master.

"Sooner or later I will devour you." Garen glared at Nesat with bloodshot eyes.

"You will definitely lie on my laboratory table, hehe."Nesat laughed openly without restraint. She had initially wanted Garen's cooperation on a few experiments without the intention of hurting him. She

would never have thought he would be so gutsy, not easily complying the way the previous people did. Now, she really wanted to get rid of him permanently.

As for Garen's previous battle record, she was also a fourth form master. Even the director and assistant director of the administration pegged her as a headache. God Cloud? He seemed to be only a fifth form master from Obscuro, how much does that count for?

"Enough! We are all from the same team! If you feel like killing, find someone else!" McCain felt his head throb yet again. "Nesat, let's go. The others are still waiting for us." He was not only Kavitan's administration director, but also the leader of the strongest team here – the silver team.

"Uh uh." Nesat placed her hands back into each opposite sleeve. "Such a tiny tiny pawn. Do not think you can go rampant just because the director protects you."

"You are looking to die!"

Garen's urge to kill intensified. Out of his left hand shot a red lightning within seconds.

Clang!!! Baaam!!

McCain and Garen both retreated a step.

One of them held a knife while the other empty fists.

"Sorry, I was a little impulsive." Garen suppressed the growing urge to kill, and it showed in the raspiness of his voice.

McCain felt his heart thumping against his chest violently. Just now, he could not summon his totem in time and used only his totem light and instantaneous knife technique. He never thought that even his instantaneous knife technique which was used for the purpose of self-protection would almost falter.

Silence haunted the hall.

Two workers who had just walked out held their hands over their mouths, staring at the 3 people at the door. They did not dare make a sound.

Nesat gulped. A moment ago, she clearly felt the shadow of death.

That speed, that power; even the director was forced to take a step back. Director McCain! The man known as Silver Dagger, their top close range combat totem user!

Even among the fourth form totem masters, he was one of the elites – to the extent that Blood Tower was not a worthy opponent. He could be considered within the top 4 when it came to fourth form users.

It was unexpected that he would be on the same level with Nine Heads!

"So what, who cares that you're stronger than me! Longing to kill me? I'll poison you first!" Her heart was full of venom.

McCain shook his head, feeling as if Garen was a volcano waiting to erupt anytime. A moment ago, his one palm could affect even him.

He then looked towards Nesat. This idiot had finally decided to control herself.

Having a person to keep her under control sounded good; Garen was immune to poison anyways. He released a sigh; Nesat was really too much most of the time. Now that there was someone capable of restricting her, it acted as a method of control.

Garen bowed to the director slightly, suppressing his hunger and yearn to kill, and walked into the castle.

To the nine-headed hydra, any type of hostility signified food! The more riled up he got, the more he felt like eating the opponent.

The current Garen needed to kill periodically, using fresh blood as a way to settle his emotions. Now that he had been taunted by Black Nesat, a part of him exploded.

The sequelae caused by nine headed hydra was not one of the norm; when it was still eight-headed, Garen's secret technique had been capable of keeping it under control. Now that it had nine heads, he was barely able to keep it in line.

Without a spirit realm that was strong enough, it was hard to overcome the urges and yearnings of the flesh.

"Don't know if an upgrade in secret technique would help with a breakthrough in this area." Garen passed by two people and walked in the direction of the castle's secret passageway.

When the time was right, he would devour that Black Nesat. As useful as a person could be, their value would plunge to zero when they were dead.

Chapter 413: Buffer 1

The entrance of the secret passage was slowly raised.

Garen entered openly, and the members who were walking about inside distanced themselves away from him when they saw his emotionless face, hoping to avoid any unnecessary trouble.

Along the passage, there were transparent crystals glowing with blue light every few meters. This was a facility which was built underwater.

After walking for a while, Garen saw the fatty that he had come in contact with rushing towards him, as his upper body jiggled about freely.

"Oh! My dear Captain Nine Head! You've finally returned!!" The fatty exaggeratedly flung his arms open in an attempt to hug him.

Garen ignored and walked past him.

"Do you have anything you want from me?"

"Uhh..." Fatty Baidel's face was filled with awkwardness as he put away his hands. "It's Deputy Director Marquis, he wants to see you to talk about Red team's completed mission."

He paused for a while before he continued. "Captain Nine Head. You have produced a very satisfactory results for this mission. With the addition of this special mission on Snowy Peak, perhaps Red Team is about to be promoted..."

"Promotion? What benefits would a promotion bring to me?" Garen asked as he walked on.

"Of course there is! A big one too!" The fatty started to pick up his pace to match with Garen's and yet he was barely able to keep up to him. "If the Red Team were to be promoted to the upper class group, then the welfare and treatment of the team would naturally increase as well. The approval from the Headquarter would increase as well."

"What're the overall benefits then?" Garen was considered the type where he wouldn't stop asking until he could clearly see the benefits.

"Uhh... About this... The main increment aspects are authority and wealth." The Fatty Baidel took out a white handkerchief as he wiped at the sweat on his face. "The amount of wealth would be completely at your discretion and can be exchanged for with your mission points. It can be a Heirloom, a territory or resources of the highest level such as antidotes, poisons, weapons, equipment, etc. In terms of authority, you may be promoted to obtain more power and even the support from the other branches."

"It is quite beneficial." Garen nodded his head as he finally cooled down.

The number of people in the area had increased as they took a few turns. There were a lot of workers in grey shirts, who were meant to serve the members here. They milled about in the area as they pushed around boxes filled with food, drinks, and clothes.

There were even workers running out of the room with some sort of intel in their hands. Some even carried a wardrobe filled with uniforms as they passed through the passage with no clear intention.

There were even people standing in the middle of a forked road as they debated softly.

The Headquarter was clearly more active than when he'd first arrived.

Fatty Baidel noticed Garen's confusion and decided to explain as they walked.

"Usually, most of the people here are out on their missions so the special teams would naturally rest. Now that most of the small teams have returned, it's normal that the service teams are working their butts off. Whether it's to service equipment, instruments, audit missions or announce reports and news, this is when the workflow is at its peak."

Garen nodded to indicate his understanding.

Baidel continued his explanation: "Our main sponsor at the Headquarter is currently the Kovitan Empire. Of course, we do have our own industry as well but there's not a lot of it, hence we are currently assisting the Kovitan Empire. The Trust Ceremony is going to begin soon so we're busy preparing as well. Five out of the nine teams have already returned to maintain the safety of this area."

Garen understood.

The two of them came across another forked road and went into a sealed pathway, where at the end of the road a silver, textured door gleamed. A guardian in a heavy white armor was guarding the gate.

Baidel walked towards the guardian and showed him a white name card.

The latter bowed his head down and stood beside the door.

The giant door opened automatically without making any noise.

Garen followed Baidel as they entered the room.

Inside, it was similarly structured to a meeting room. Everything was white and the ceiling was chiseled to resemble a silver flower. Four vivid, white stone Pegasi, each a man's height, adorned each corner of the room.

There was a circle of black sofas in the middle and two people were already sitting there.

One of them was wearing black bordered spectacles and had mustache fully covering his lower jaw. He was wearing a neat black suit and gave off a vibe similar to that of an artist.

The other person was a man without a single strand of hair on his face. He had his dark golden hair combed towards the back neatly. He was a dreary looking middle-aged man with a smile on his face.

Both of them glanced at Garen who had just entered the room.

"Baidel, have you brought Captain Nine Head? What a rare occasion. It's my first time seeing Nine Head Captain even though we're both from Kovitan Empire. How embarrassing." The fair man stood up as he welcomed Garen by holding his hands and smiling.

"I am Senda Tungus. I believed His Majesty has already mentioned me to you right?"

Garen recalled that Avic did mention Earl Senda, who was the only one with substantial authority within Kovitan's Secret Service, excluding the foreigners.

Garen started sizing this man who stood in front him. This man who had swollen eyes and pale face, he obviously didn't look very healthy. He had a white emblem which resembled a white bonfire placed in front of his chest.

"Nice to meet you. My name is Garen and I suppose you already know that, right?" Since the opposing party had already told him his actual name, Garen did not have any intention to hide within the shadows as well.

"I've heard of you since a long time ago!" Senda shook Garen's hand with tangible respect.

"Captain Nine Head, you've arrived at the right moment." The other person stood up. "Earl Senda had come here to request for my assistance. Since everyone knows about the condition within the capital, we can't provide the proper amount of safety personnel, let alone extra people from other departments."

Garen glanced at the purple emblem placed in front of this person's chest and immediately inferred that this man was Marquis Yawei, the Headquarter's Deputy Director, the manager of the Nine Color Team and also the team leader of the Purple Team.

"Requesting assistance?" Garen was confused.

"Yes. As of now, the Kovitan's Headquarter's main support towards the kingdom is to clear off creature's nests to recover back some territories and kill the rebels from the Black Sky at the same time. However, Earl's Green Team has run into some troubles this time." Marquis Yawei said as he nodded. "Before you came back, the General Director had already held a meeting but due to the lack of manpower, we had no choice but to request the Green Team to endure for a little more."

"What actually happened?" Garen frowned.

"I'll tell you more about it later. First, let me reward the Red Team." Marquis Yawei waved his hand as he walked towards the Pegasus Sculpture and took a small white crystal ball.

With the crystal ball in his hand, he walked back towards where everyone was.

"This is your reward for completing the high difficulty mission. It was offered by the General Director that you shall be promoted to the White level."

He gently tapped onto the white crystal ball.

Pew!

The crystal ball opened up like a flower petal as countless of white layers opened up, revealing a white diamond shaped gemstone.

This white gemstone was levitating as it rotated on its own axis as it gave off a faint white glow.

Baidel, who was standing beside Garen, explained softly to him.

"The reward is ranked by the nine colors, which is red, orange, yellow, light green, dark green, blue, purple, white and silver respectively. White color is the second highest next to the silver reward and this reward is determined by the difficulty of the mission!. A single white gemstone can be exchanged for 1000 mission points!"

Garen didn't know how much would 1000 mission points amount to but a benefit was still a benefit. He carefully received the white gemstone from Yawei and placed it into his pocket.

"Furthermore, your Red Team had surpassed the quota. According to the overall strength assessment, do you want to increase your team's rank?" Yawei continued.

"Isn't it more troublesome to increase my rank?" Garen questioned back.

"Yes, as you will need to compete with the team above you. It is the test of overall strength."

"There's no need to rush that for now." Garen shook his head.

"How about my problem...?" Earl Senda butted in from the side. He looked like he lacked quite an amount of blood and appeared to be recovering from a serious injury.

"It is indeed troublesome. We are currently in a decisive period and we can't spare any men." Yawei replied with difficulty. "Perhaps you should go and ask Captain Nine Head?"

"Senda shook his head as hopelessness was written all over his face.

"We won't have enough time if we were to gather people here and we don't have much time even if captain Nine Head agrees to it. Whatever, I will go back and let the rest know that this mission is a failure."

"If you say so." Yawei smiled wryly. "I have already pulled the man out earlier from that area."

Senda pulled at his hair in distress as he acted in an un-noble manner. He then left the meeting room alone after bidding goodbye to Garen and Yawei.

Garen then listened to the explanations of the situation in detail from Marquis Yawei and Baidel.

The majority of Kovitan's strength had been sent out to clear out the creature's nests in order to recover back the stolen territories. However, as there were wins and loses with every battle that had been fought, the current situation had both sides locked in a stalemate. The higher rankings within the Secret Service would have continued eradicating the creature's nests if not for this ceremony of trust.

The Three Departments, the National Service, Secret Service and Geometry Service were each in charge of different things and the most troublesome one was handled by the Kovitan Empire itself. They had pushed in about a third into the West Farm's defense line and had recovered about half of the original land.

However, totem users were unable to maintain and service their totems as they were short of gemstones. Furthermore, the numbers of creatures outside were practically endless and didn't seem to be decreasing at all.

It wasn't just Kovitan that was in trouble; Daniela was in the same situation. Ender Kingdom was slightly better off as they had the Giant Divine Statue. However, rumor had it that they'd lost two Giant Divine Statues recently to a giant dragon which had three transparent Cicada wings. The Ender Kingdom was in full defense mode and was urgently gathering strong individuals to fight off this army of creatures.

It was the same reason why the poisonous hag from before wanted to go back to Ender Kingdom.

"In a nutshell, the Royal Alliance's movement is grinding to a halt. The three major domains, which are the Dragon Domain, Rainbow Domain and Black Domain seem to have formed their own alliance as well.

This is to be expected as they need to fend off the strong creatures. Under these circumstances, His Majesty plans to reevaluate each profession and revamp the country's overall system, as a stronger army won't be able to continue battling without the help of a practical profession."

It was natural that Marquis Yawei knew this much due to his social standing.

Chapter 414: Buffer 2

"We Kovitan are lacking the supply of different kinds of gemstones and the same for our food stock. The disasters have been much worse recently and the Black Field, which the Black Prince is about to bridge us to, has the resources that we urgently require. The Dragon Field's overall geographical structure is similar to of a basin. The inner region is a plains area with all sorts of crops and minerals. As their defense was good enough, they didn't suffer a lot during the chaos. However, they are sorely lacking in powerful individuals and the only form four totem user is the Black Prince himself, and it's not enough to protect the entire Dragon Field."

"I heard that the Black Prince is extremely gifted..." Garen butted in.

"It takes time to convert potential to actual strength. No matter how gifted you are, you're still weak if you do not have strength." Yawei shook his head as he said. "Hence, no matter if it's His Majesty or the Black Prince, we have to view them in high regards. If this two were to collaborate together, it would be beneficial to everyone."

"So the reason why so many powerful individuals have returned isn't because of the trust ceremony but of the alliance between Kovitan and Dragon Field." Marquis Yawei summarised.

"I understand now. It felt weird that we would require so much security just to hold a trust ceremony. The main objective is to let the Black Prince witness our strength." Garen nodded.

"I'm glad you understand. To be frank Garen, you have already reached the upper class of form four so you'll definitely have a notable influence in the Kingdom. I don't need to tell you this but soon a lot of people will try and get closer to you. As an ally and a person who has been in your shoes, I suggest it's best for you to befriend someone who can help you out. You don't have to keep interacting with those inferior to you as it won't be beneficial to you and you may even trap yourself with overconfidence." Marquis Yawei said.

As the leader of the Purple Team and a form four totem user, it was obvious that he was befriending Garen and planned to get closer to him.

"Thank you for your reminder. I have this in mind as well but unfortunately, I don't know anyone." Garen shrugged his shoulders.

"That's simple." Yawei smiled. "I have a friend from the Headquarter who is going to visit Kovitan and we decided to gather with a few friends of mine. We're all of the same level and we talk to each other quite a lot."

"Someone from the Headquarter?" Garen squinted his eyes.

"Yea. The Headquarter's structure is different from the Administration's. Their main objective is to coordinate the relationship between each country's Administration and most of the people inside are promoted from their respective country's Administration. This good friend of mine was the General Director of the Kovitan's Administration. Oh right, he is currently on the verge of becoming a form five and has been preparing himself for quite some time."

Garen was slightly stunned as he was currently at a loss of understanding about the Existing Mode of form five totems. His Nine-Headed Hydra was considered the pinnacle within the Animal series. He didn't know what had been used for form five totems as its core as even the Nine Head Dragon was no match to their totem's potential.

God Cloud's comment towards the Nine-Head Dragon was that it had reached its limit. Garen couldn't grasp the Existing Mode of the core totem at that level.

"Then... May I have the luxury of attending this gathering?" Garen asked directly.

"That's naturally a yes. My friends have not been in good terms for a long time. They were from the same Academy and God Cloud was very arrogant and didn't consider anyone superior to him there. Every one of us is very happy that you are able put him at a disadvantage. It is also because of this that this circle of friends has been wanting to talk to you directly. Do you think I would invite you if it's only me with this intention? Marquis Yawei started laughing loudly.

"It is an honor." Garen smiled back with hope brimming in his eyes.

"To be frank, there are only ten or so form five users in the whole Eastern Continent including the Elder Parliament. It is too difficult to achieve that level..." Marquis Yawei sighed. "I encountered lots of hardships to reach the peak of form four and has been stagnating here for sixty years. It's been sixty years and I'm still at this level."

He started to recall his memories as his voice slowed down.

"My daughter, granddaughter, and great-granddaughter have all grown up. Just a few days ago, I attended my daughter's funeral... It's funny, isn't it? She was just a commoner who lived for eighty plus years and she went to the other world earlier than me..."

Garen could feel the sadness in his tone.

It's rare for them to be able to talk to each other this easily, hence it took Garen about an hour or so before he left the meeting room.

They had decided the time and place for the gathering and Garen had obtained a lot of intel that he couldn't obtain through Yawei.

As he got out of the room, he saw the members of Red Team had been waiting for him, as if they were waiting for something.

Garen smiled and took out the white gemstone from his pocket.

"White color!!" Kitten was the first one to shout but immediately covered her mouth. She almost jumped in joy as she hugged Fox who was standing beside her.

Old Man and Red Umbrella were laughing happily.

Kid cracked a smile as well.

Garen handed the diamond-shaped gemstone to Fox. They then went into the Red Team's room where there was a machine for them to enter the white gemstone's information into the Red Team's mission point's folder.

The system would automatically divide the mission points based on the performance.

It was a highly advanced technology.

"Everyone will have a month long holiday and will continue to rest if there are no mission afterwards. So it's basically free activity from here on." Garen smiled as he announced the arrangement.

"Team leader is the best!" Kitten shouted.

The others smiled happily as well.

"Kid, you can follow me if you have nowhere else to go," Garen said softly to Kid as he smiled at him.

"Sure." Kid was the diverse type in the Red Team and couldn't be promoted as he wasn't strong enough. However, he was definitely unique or else the previous captain wouldn't have paid attention to him at all.

Garen knew that there were mysterious people within each of the groups.

Garen left Well's Castle with Kid and both of them had a quick lunch in a restaurant that they'd picked without much consideration.

It was totally different from the Kingdom he'd visited previously. A lot of the citizens had opened up restaurants and they didn't have to squeeze with each other when they were purchasing items. It looked like society was starting to get back on track.

Occasionally, guardians in white armor would patrol the streets and the amount of homeless people had been reduced drastically. Avic's policies appeared to be rather effective.

Kid and Garen were on the streets. Instead of using a horse carriage, they cut through an alley and soon arrived at the Kingdom's War Guild division.

The division was built at a corner of a crossroads and was a grey stone door built into part of a chain building.

There was a brass copper name plate outside with 'Milvus Tide' engraved on it.

Occasionally, people in black cloaks would enter and exit the place.

Garen put his mask on and entered the Milvus Tide together with Kid.

Inside, it was peaceful, the silence broken by only the sound of a violin, which was soft and gentle, giving off a soothing vibe.

The Milvus Tide was a very quiet bar.

The seats were organized in double sofas for each unit and each unit would have one double sofa. The units were then separated by an opaque glass wall, forming a small semi-open studio.

It was rather dim inside as the only light source was the yellow light from the candles by the walls.

People were walking into and exiting from each unit constantly.

There was a rectangular bar on the left side of the entrance. There was a bartender insider preparing a drink for a woman in a red shirt. His hands moved so fast that only the after shadows could be seen.

Garen entered together with the curious Kid and a man in black shirt immediately came up to him.

"Sir, have you made any reservation?"

"No. I'm here to find a forger," Garen said coldly. As he was about to show his emblem, his hand stopped moving as he realized that his emblem had been destroyed by God Cloud's chain at the Snowy Peak.

"Kindly show me your guild's emblem so that we can arrange a forger for you based on your rank." The bouncer requested respectfully.

"Erm... I have accidentally lost my emblem." Garen said hopelessly.

"You can use mine." suddenly Kid's voice came from beside him and handed over a black emblem to the bouncer with his fragile, small hand. The black emblem had circles of tread patterns on it.

"Honored customer, please follow me." It seemed that the emblem's rank wasn't low at all.

Garen patted Kid's head as he thanked him.

Two of them followed the bouncer deep into the bar and settled down on a unit with a silver textured black sofa.

"Please wait for a moment." The bouncer left together with the emblem. After a short while, a white-bearded old man came rushing in with a crutch.

"I am the forger in this guild. May I ask what kind of service are you looking for? Excluding the highest rank, every services are half off."

"I wish to upgrade my war chain." Garen pulled up his sleeves and showed the diamond-shaped marking on his biceps.

"War Chain?" The forger studied the marks on Garen's hand. "What grade do you wish to upgrade to? With the restriction of your emblem, we can increase it by five grades for you here. Every grade will give you a Solidifying Tactic Space. You'll have a total of eight Tactic Spaces once you reached grade five."

"What is the cost for each upgrade?" Garen asked softly.

"You'll need twenty thousand gold rums for each upgrade. Furthermore, we also have a few Solidifying Tactics for our customers to choose from." The old man's attitude was very humble due to the black emblem.

One gold rumb was equal to a thousand Iron Tank City currency. Twenty thousand gold rums meant that it would be equal to twenty million, which was the same price as the War Chain Garen bought.

However, if the War Chain were to be nurtured, it would be rather effective as it would form a solid and strong team.

Chapter 415: Goodbye 1

Garen pondered for a while, as he only had a few hundred gold rums with him at the moment. He couldn't even upgrade for even a grade with the current amount he had. What's worse was that this was considered a huge amount even for a noble.

He didn't expect that an upgrade would be this expensive.

As Garen sighed, Kid beside him pulled his sleeves.

"Captain, I have some gold rums that should be enough for your upgrade. Do you want me to lend you some?"

"You do?" Garen was slightly surprised.

"Yeah. I typically trade the items I do not need for money after missions and I have nothing to spend them on." Kid laughed as he told the bouncer. "My emblem is directly linked to the Kingdom's bank account. You can directly take the money out from my Emblem for the upgrade."

Garen was speechless.

"Never thought that I would depend on you all the way through."

"It's fine. I don't know how to spend all this money anyway and it'd be a waste if I were to hold onto them." Kid didn't mind at the very least.

The bouncer looked at the white-bearded old man.

This old man nodded his head.

"Then, how many grades do you wish to upgrade by, dear customer?"

Garen didn't pull back his punches at all.

"If you can upgrade it to the maximum, that would be great."

"That's not a problem at all." The old man replied with confidence." However, it would require some time."

"How long do you need?"

"You may have to wait until night time. We need to first analyze the state of your chain and design the War Chain based on your compatibility. Within this period, you will have to pay the deposit and we will notify you when the time has arrived. You may entertain yourself here while you wait. Time will surely pass in a blink of an eye."

The bouncer then walked forward and introduced what they had here.

"Here we have casino, pleasure area, Sant Table Game and also battle gambling area. Two of you may freely choose which one you desire."

"There are a lot of well-trained men and women who can fulfill your desires in the pleasure zone. The Sant Table Game is one of our unique games here where the sand table is modeled by totem light and the customers can freely control the items on top of it to commence their battles. The battle gambling area is where customers sort their dilemma and is also a gambling activity as well."

Garen didn't expect that there would be so many activities here as the environment looked similar to of a bar.

"It should be the underground of this place, right?"

"Yes." The bouncer replied immediately.

Garen pondered for a moment.

"I think we're fine. I will come and retrieve it later tonight as I have things to attend to."

"That's fine as well. We will always welcome the two of you." The bouncer responded with respect.

Garen left the bar with Kid and waiting for a normal horse carriage at the entrance.

"Go to Cloud Light District Tanning Street No. 128."

"Alright."

Garen threw a silver rumb over as he sat at the back of the carriage with Kid, and they watched the streets behind slowly disappearing from their sight.

"Where are we going now?" Kid asked.

"Since you have nowhere to go, you might as well just follow me." Garen smiled as he answered.

"Alright." Kid lowered his head and took out a piece of paper and pen from nowhere and started drawing.

The Kingdom was separated into three major districts.

The Palace District, Cloud Light District and Trading District.

The Cloud Light District was where the guardians and nobles gathered. The Palace District was where all the Royal members lived in and the Trading District was where all the common citizens resided and trading occurred.

Garen recalled the first time he appeared in this world, the first person he met. Everything was long in the past in a blink of an eye and he couldn't stop himself from feeling emotional about it.

Cloud Light District, on the street beside a three-story white building.

Hathaway still had a golden ponytail and was beautiful as ever. She also gave off a rather strict vibe.

She was kneeling on her single bed as she was trying to place a newly given order at the wall of her bed.

Her white undergarments highlighted her beautiful curves.

Hathaway pouted as she held it up, firmly pressed onto the glue and took a step back only to realize that it was slightly slanted. She then went back, pulled it down and attempted to place it nicely once more.

She had always been this serious when it came to doing anything. As long as it didn't meet her standard, she would do it over and over again.

The afternoon light shimmered through the window and glowed on the wooden floor beside the bed, a faint yellow sheen reflecting off.

Since the incident in Vanderman's manor, she'd returned to the Kingdom and continued her duty as the Lieutenant of the Royal Guards. She was not a totem user and wouldn't be of any use during the war, so she could only maintain the basic order inside the Kingdom.

"Are you alright Sophie?"

A clear female voice came from outside of her room. "Isn't it just a captain's order? Even if you lose it you can get a new one at the Archives. Why do you have to be so vigilant about it?"

"It's almost done," Hathaway replied loudly.

"Where's your sister Dani?" The female asked.

"I think she went to the lake again. She and her friends had planned to relax there."

"Your family has very little relatives." The woman said softly.

Hathaway slightly smiled.

Compared to her cousin brother's household, her relationship with her relatives were a level apart. In addition to her straight personality, which no one found likable, her relationship with her relatives had gradually died off.

She was currently living alone. The horrifying battle at the manor was more like a dream, as it became more and more unrealistic as days passed.

Her peaceful life seemed to be able to hold on until the day she died of old age.

"Perhaps this is better since this is the life of a commoner." She sighed as she was about to get up from her bed.

Knock knock knock.

Suddenly, someone knocked on the door rhythmically.

"Who is it?" Hathaway asked loudly as she pulled on her royal guard's uniform and ran towards the main door at the living room.

"I'll open it!"

The woman's voice appeared once again and then the next thing was the sound of her footsteps.

Click.

The door on the first floor was opened.

West Virginia was stunned as she looked at the two people standing by the door and couldn't grasp what the situation was at the time.

Two black-shirted men stood at the entrance. They had cloaks over their silky smooth uniforms as if it was a uniform of a certain department. Their collars were placed up high with a golden Iris flower sewn into its sides.

The two of them were very eye-catching.

A handsome face paired with fair skins and golden hair at shoulder length. In addition to that, he also had three red dots on his forehead which formed into a triangle and gave off a rather strange vibe. She could also see her own reflection through his pair of red irises.

"May I ask... who are you looking for?" West Virginia asked softly as she completely ignored Kid, who was beside Garen.

"This is where Sophie Hathaway live right?" The golden-haired man asked calmly.

"Yes."

"Then we're good." He smiled as he looked at West Virginia's reddened face. "I am her cousin brother, Garen Trejons. I'm here to visit my cousin sister."

"Cousin brother?" West Virginia's eyes were wide open as she heard Hathaway mentioning that she had a cousin brother in the past but she hadn't mentioned about this person recently. As a colleague and a friend, she rarely heard about Hathaway talking about her household at all.

"Sophie! Your cousin brother is here! Quickly have a look." She immediately turned her head and shouted.

Garen looked at the woman in front of him.

"She seemed to be about twenty-two or three years old and had a grey-brown ponytail and was wearing the royal guard's silver armor. This armor didn't have any defense capability and was merely used for decoration purposes. It was placed tightly onto the woman's body, revealing the woman's body figure to its maximum. There were also delicate and detailed patterns on it and a few decorative white crystals lining.

It was obvious that this woman in front of him was his cousin sister's colleague. The royal guard was separated into two sections, where one section was the honor guard where they were used for public relation to show the glory of the royal family and the other was an actual team where they would perform a royal guard's duty.

It seemed that his cousin sister had been transferred to the Honor Guard team.

His cousin sister was an expert among the commoners who had gone through countless of dangerous missions and obtained the Astronomical Edict. However, commoners were not really of any use during the chaotic period and it might've been the reason she was transferred.

This woman in front of him was elegant. She wasn't considered beautiful but her rating would be above average. Her beautiful long legs were very eye-catching as they were firm, long and it outlined her curves and tight hips. Although her skin wasn't very fair and she didn't really have any bust, she was giving off a realistic sexy vibe. Unlike Aquarius who was close to perfection, but somewhat unrealistic.

"May I know who you are?"

"Oh! My name is West Virginia. I'm Sophie's colleague and friend! Since you are Sophie's cousin brother, you should call me sister as well, right?" West Virginia turned around and smiled.

Garen and Kid walked into the living room and saw his cousin sister Sophie in the same silver armor coming down from upstairs.

"Cia!?" Sophie called out his previous name the moment she saw Garen. Her eyes were filled with worry. "What took you so long to visit me? Has something happened?" She was not a totem user and didn't really have a good networking so she didn't really know what happened in the world of a totem user. Naturally, she didn't know that Garen was no longer her weak cousin brother.

"Sister Sophie, where's Dani?" Garen went towards her and gave Sophie a hug.

Two of them sat down on the red sofa beside the wall and a green parrot could be seen chirping and hopping about inside the silver cage.

"Dani has gone out with her friends. You could have met her if you visited this morning. She's been getting crazy lately and I couldn't control her any longer."

Sophie Hathaway shook her head hopelessly.

As she stared at her cousin brother in front of her, her worry had finally settled down.

The Hathaway household was just a branch of the Trejons family from her generation onwards, hence her connections with the other relatives had distanced quite a bit. However, if not for the care his uncle had provided her since young, she wouldn't have become a Lieutenant of the Royal Guard. With her unconditional love towards the only successor of the Trejons Household, she didn't even consider the relationship changes towards her cousin brother.

Chapter 416: Goodbye 2

"I haven't seen Dani for a long time. It's unfortunate since I'm rarely free to be able to." Garen shook his head. "Whatever, the reason I came here today was to see how cousin sister is doing. Just voice out if you need any help."

Sophie looked at the person in front of him, once an immature kid. Cia was once a gambling addict who was kicked around all the time by a horrible woman named Aquarius. As time went by, that useless boy had matured and was able to sustain the Trejons Household all by himself.

"I don't need any help here. Your life should be a mess since the situation in your household isn't that well, right?"

"Eh..." Garen awkwardly rubbed his nose. His household's situation was indeed dire, but he wasn't the management type and had accidentally forgotten about the Household.

"I'm working on it." He said softly.

"I believe you can do it." Sophie Hathaway patted Garen's shoulder. Two of them had decided to forget about the awkward ordeal of getting married.

"Let me introduce you a good friend of mine, West Virginia." Sophie Hathaway averted her attention towards West Virginia. "She's slightly older than you so you'll have to call her sister."

"Sister West Virginia." Garen put away his position as a captain and called out to her. Kid, who was beside him, had his mouth wide open as he saw a drastic difference in Garen's personality. He couldn't believe what he just witnessed.

"It's definitely something to be Sophie's cousin. You're so handsome!" West Virginia openly got closer to Garen as she revolved around him to assess him. "Woah! You have a very good body! Your muscles are well built too." Without any hesitation, she reached out her hand and pinched Garen's arm and the sensation of his muscles made her inhale loudly.

Sophie helplessly shook her head as she looked at Garen.

"Alright West Virginia, stop fooling around. This is my cousin brother Cia. Oh right, he's changed his name. He's called Garen now."

Garen was speechless as he looked at this woman with beautiful legs circle him and assessed him as if he were some sort of rare species.

"Alright alright. Didn't you have other things to attend to? Go and do your stuff!" Sophie blocked her best friend who was getting out of control. "Quickly!"

"Hmm... Sophie, you don't want your best friend anymore now that you have your cousin brother?" West Virginia acted in mock pity.

"Didn't you have your part-time work to attend to?" Go!" Sophie gently hit West Virginia.

"Ouch! That hurts." West Virginia was sent out of the door by Sophie, and the living room finally quietened down.

She turned her head around, and only then did she realized that Garen had Kid, who was in the same black shirt as him, by his side. This black-shirted man's existence was so low-key that she had completely neglected him.

"This is?"

"He's my colleague. He's currently working with me in the Kingdom." Garen simply introduced him and didn't explain further. Kid's history was mysterious and was most likely related to totem users. As a commoner, it would be disadvantageous for Sophie Hathaway to know more about him.

Hathaway didn't pursue further as well. They sat down and started to talk about the past with Garen.

She originally planned to ask Garen about what happened in the past, but things got turned around, and she was the one being asked instead.

After coming back to the Kingdom, she returned to her old job as the royal guard. As she had just finished a mission recently, she had been promoted to First Lieutenant. Her lifestyle was simple. However, as she had to spend a lot of time at work lately, she had neglected Dani, she had been mixing in with the delinquents all day long.

"You have to help me with her. Dani doesn't even listen to me anymore! We had an argument last night because I didn't give her enough money allowance." Sophie frowned as she mentioned about Dani. "You guys got along in the past so maybe she will listen to you. I can't do anything anymore."

"It's alright, Dani is currently going through a rebellious phase, she'll come to her after some time. Wasn't I the same? I still have a lot of the poems I've written back in my place." Garen laughed.

Time passed as he talked with his cousin sister.

It was unfortunate that cousin sister didn't have the attribute to become a totem user. The death rate was too high for any modification experiment, not to mention the intense pain she'd have to go through. Without an absolute control over the Secret Technique, her life would be meaningless even if she were to be modified.

It's best for her to live the rest of her life as a commoner.

He listened to his cousin sister talked about her lifestyle, which was gentle and peaceful. There was no killing, no conspiracy, just a little bit of quarrel between relatives which would return to normal after a

few days. After a hectic day, her wish was to have a good meal, take a good, relaxing bath and have a good sleep.

This kind of gentle lifestyle was so much better than his current one, where he could die at any moment.

As Garen listened to his cousin sister's interesting stories, he unconsciously recalled the days he had on Earth. It was the same lifestyle as hers, simple and gentle.

"Sister Sophie, the reason I come here today is to tell you something important."

"Something important?" Sophie blinked.

"If, and only if, something major happens to the Kingdom, I want you to head to this address immediately." Garen gave her the paper that he had prepared earlier.

Sophie received it and had a look at it.

"White Phoenix Forest Academy?"

"Yes." Garen nodded his head. "Remember. If something happens, you have to go to this place with Dani immediately."

Sophie nodded as she understood the importance of this as she realized how serious Garen was. "I understand. I will."

The White Phoenix Forest was one of the rare places which would be unaffected when the Kingdom was in trouble. This was because the dean was one of the two Grand Dukes of the Kingdom, who was also Prynn's grandfather. He was the third strongest individual in the Kovitan Empire.

If the assassination of Avic becomes a success, the place that would not be in any trouble would definitely be there.

The Kingdom had more than ten academies, and the White Phoenix Academy didn't stand out because no one knew that the dean of the academy was one of the Grand Dukes. The performance of the academy had been rather low profile as well, so the Obscuro Society didn't really pay attention to this place. No one would know that this academy had set up a powerful Tactical Alliance Formation.

Garen wouldn't need to rush to save her if she were to seek refuge there when there was trouble.

This was the main reason he was here today.

The sky gradually became darker.

Sophie was busy making a sumptuous dinner to have a feast with Garen, who rarely visited.

She had cooked some expensive foie gras, bird's breast and even boiled a big bowl of fresh fish soup. This was considered a delicacy in the Kingdom, who was in shorts of resources.

In addition, there even was chicken meat surrounded by a big bowl of vegetables.

"This is the new aberrated meat His Majesty just passed. It's one of those meat only a selected few can get their hands on. Do you want to try some?" Sophie gave Garen a piece of golden meat. She then proceeded to dip some concentrated black salad sauce onto the chicken meat.

Garen took a bite. The taste was delicious, and the meat was very tender. However, the fragrance was too strong, giving off a slight stuffy feeling.

"Should we leave some for Dani?" He looked at Kid beside him. This guy's stomach seemed like a black hole as he kept eating without any sign of slowing down at all. For some reason, Sophie didn't seem to notice his existence. It was obvious that it was the mysterious power to mask his presence was in its full effect.

"I have left some out already. It's fine." Sophie smiled.

The sky had become dark.

As the three of them were having their dinner, the first-floor door opened, and someone seemed to have entered the building.

"Sister! What's with the aroma!?" A clear voice of a young girl came from below.

"It's Dani, she has returned." Sophie frowned. "You have to help me out. I'm afraid she might go onto the wrong path if she continues like this."

"Alright, leave it to me. I haven't seen her for a long time too." It was rare that Garen was able to enjoy such a peaceful lifestyle and he unknowingly put his guard down. He didn't want to destroy this peaceful feeling.

Soon, a young teenager with shoulder-length black hair came upstairs. This young girl seemed to be eighteen or nineteen years old and was wearing a tight white shirt which revealed her tummy. She was also wearing ultra-short black leather shorts, revealing a pair of white, long legs.

The supposedly mildly sexy attire was nothing jarring. However, the entire vibe was changed entirely after some modifications made by Dani to her getup.

The long sleeve on the left of her shirt was completely cut off, revealing her white arm. She even had a tattoo of a rather complicated black tactic symbol on her arm. These symbols didn't seem to have any totem light, which meant that it was obviously just an imitation.

The girl had thick makeup on her small face, which gave off a rather matured look. All of the five fingers on her right hand were filled with fake red gemstone rings, with imitated tactic symbols on them. In addition to that, there even were some strange, beautiful patterns that Garen had never even seen before carved onto the ring as well. It was obvious that the small merchants had designed it themselves to allow the ring to give off a more mysterious vibe.

With a small chest on her body, the lady rushed upstairs as she rushed over in a pair of black leather boots. She then noticed the additional two people sitting on the dining table. Kid's existence was, of course, unnoticed by her, and her attention immediately landed on Garen.

"Acacia!!?"

"Call him brother!" Sophie's mood suddenly changed for the worse.

"Why should I call him brother? Isn't he just slightly older than me? Sister, I don't have any money. I want more allowance to spend." Dani complained and reached her hand out as she walked towards Sophie.

"I don't have any!" Sophie turned her head around and ignored her. "I just gave you fifty silver rums yesterday and you have already spent all of them?"

Fifty silver rums was equal to five hundred copper rums. With the current state of the Kingdom, A thousand silver rums would equal to about one gold rumb. It was considered a small amount to a totem user. However, fifty silver rums were enough to sustain a family of three commoners for a month.

Garen calculated in his mind and found out that it was about five hundred to eight hundred dollars on Earth. It was considered a big amount for a child to be able to spend all of it within a day. No wonder his cousin sister, who was considered a highly paid commoner, was angry about it.

"Isn't it just a small amount of money? Rafier could easily spend three hundred silver rums per week." Dani was getting impatient. "Are you going to give it to me or not?"

"I'm not giving them to you!" Sophie replied coldly. "If you dare to steal and sell off the things in my house again. I will break your leg!" She immediately raised her voice.

"I would like to see you try!" Dani had no intention of backing down at all.

"Alright alright. It's just a small amount of money. There's no need for you two sisters to argue."

He gently placed a hundred silver rums onto Dani's hand.

Garen smiled as he butted in.

"Wow!" Dani whistled. "You're amazing Cia. Have you become rich in the time we hadn't seen each other?" She flicked the paper money with an elated heart.

Sophie was about to voice out but she saw Garen looking at her with the intention of telling her that he would handle it.

Feeling helpless, she didn't say anything further.

"I think it's about time. I still have some stuff to handle. I will visit sister Sophie again." Garen stood up and said gently.

"Alright. You may come any time you want, the door will always be open." Sophie nodded and stood up.

Garen and Kid were seen out by Sophie downstairs. As they were about to leave the place, Dani Hathaway unexpectedly followed along.

Dani's eyes were moving about as if she had some brilliant idea.

"I'll send them off!"

Sophie was stunned as she didn't know that her sister would common courtesy. As she was about to speak up, she saw Dani was running towards Garen.

Suddenly, Sophie understood what Dani had in mind.

This fellow definitely was thinking of seducing Garen's money.

Furious, she wanted to catch up to her but then she recalled Garen's gaze and believed that he must have had some kind of plan in mind.

"Whatever. Let's see what Cia can do."

Chapter 417: Surprise Guess 1

Garen and Kid were walking down the dimly lit street. As they were about to board a horse carriage, they heard a paced footsteps coming from behind.

Dani Hathaway was chasing up to them. As she reached them, she bent down and tried to catch her breath.

"We haven't met for so long Cia, and you wanted to leave already? Why don't we go and play?" She asked with a welcoming face after catching her breath.

Her everyday life was rather boring, and it was rare that her past playmate would appear. To top it off, he seemed to be rich as well. She guessed that she could easily get some money out of him as long as she tried, since she was tight on money lately. She wouldn't let go of such an opportunity since she had been quarreling with her sister lately.

Ever since the chaos started, she vaguely heard about what happened in Vanderman's manor from her sister. However, she didn't feel anything from it as she didn't really interact with her uncle, and it was her sister who interacted with him often. She only had some memories of her playing with Acacia when they were young, and even these memories were soon placed at the back of her head.

The Kingdom was very safe and the number of refugees had increased due to the chaos. However, it was still peaceful.

Dani had heard how strong and fierce the creatures were outside the Kingdom, and anyone would be ripped apart if they went out. However, she had never seen these creatures in her life.

Garen, who came from outside the Kingdom, had gained her interest when she met him.

Garen glanced at Dani and turned around to Kid.

"You can go ahead first. I'll find you later in the War Guild."

"Alright. I'm hungry anyway." Kid replied honestly.

After paying the fair for the horse carriage, the carriage gradually disappeared into the misty night.

Garen then turned towards Dani.

"Alright. I have things to attend to later so I can only accompany you for a bit."

"I understand." Dani grabbed hold of Garen's arm. "Let me bring you somewhere interesting."

"What kind of place is it?" Garen had promised to teach Dani a lesson.

"Just follow me," Dani called for a horse carriage as she held onto Garen.

Two of them went to the border between the Cloud Light District and Trading District.

Within the noisy music, two women in blood red attire were dancing wildly on the stage. There was a huge crowd at the bottom, shouting wildly with their hands up high, occasionally throwing paper flowers onto the stage.

This was a bar.

As it was located between the Trading District and Cloud Light District, it consisted a huge area and most of the customers were all teenagers. Furthermore, all of them were wildly dressed.

A band composed of non-mainstream smart costume themed players were playing all sorts of instruments at one corner to the side.

There was a three-legged oval bar counter at the side of the entrance, and all the bartenders were young and beautiful. They were putting up a show for their customers as they mixed alcohol.

Garen swayed at the deepest corner of the bar counter as he looked at the wild crowd inside the dance floor.

Initially, he was worried that people would recognize him from his uniform. However, he hadn't expected that everyone here would be wearing things much more eye-catching than his attire.

There were royal guards uniforms, royal special guards, army general attires, totem forger attires and so on. They were all deliberately designed costumes. The clothings were all made from common materials, and Garen would have thought that everyone here was the real deal if not for the absence of totem light.

As he looked closer, he found out that all of these uniforms were fakes.

Although the bar was very crowded, it was obvious that it had no class. The number of young totem users in the Kingdom was not a small amount, but their place of entertainment was definitely not of this level.

Garen could stare at the crowd for the whole day and would only see a single digit amount of totem users inside. They were the elites among their crowds, and no matter if they were male or female, they were always surrounded by a group of people. They formed one user at best.

It was rather clear that the majority of the customers here did not come from wealthy backgrounds, and this was just a place for all the commoners to vent out their emotions.

During this chaotic era, where commoners were completely useless and their social status hit rock bottom while the authority of totem users had increased, anyone would find the need to vent out their frustrations in this kind of environment. Hence, these kinds of places were born from this frustration,

and everyone dressed up themselves to satisfy their ego. This was also the reason why everyone had heavy make up on so that no one would recognize them.

It was the first time Garen had attended this kind of activity in this world.

No matter if it was Acacia in the past or the current Garen, they all started as this world's elites and had high social standing. Their place of entertainment would always be booked out beforehand.

As the son of a Viscount and a noble of a territory, Acacia's social standing was equal to the Huaxia's Governor's son on Earth, and it wasn't something a commoner could hope to match. The merchants and small nobles who tried to befriend him were as big as the ocean. This made it impossible for him to come to this kind of places.

Now, Garen was at the peak of the form four totem users and his actual battle strength was equal to of a common form five totem user.

Within the whole Kingdom, he was considered a person of major influence. Only the top brass from Kovitan Empire and the Three Departments were on equal footing with him. If this was Earth, his influence was similar to that of a prime minister.

However, due to his unique identity, he could only hide in the dark away from public knowledge.

As he leaned on the white bar stage, Garen lazily drank the purple liquor in his hand. The liquor even had bubbles foaming out of it endlessly.

In this kind of place, Garen's unique face didn't raise any suspicion to anyone, as everyone had some sort of glowing tattoo on them. There were even four or five of them that had strange earrings hanging on their ears, and the majority of them had white silver decorations on their eyelids.

However, there was a very little amount of people who didn't have any makeup on, like him.

Garen was dragged to this place by Dani, who had mixed into the moshpit, enjoying the night with her friends.

"Hey, handsome guy? Are you alone?" A beautiful woman with golden hair and purple-red eyeshadow leaned towards him and looked at him in the eyes as she holds a transparent liquor in her hand.

She was just a commoner. Garen glanced at her and immediately lost interest.

"I'm sorry. I already have a partner." He politely responded.

The woman was stunned and she didn't expect to be rejected and walked away in disappointment.

If it weren't for Dani, Garen wouldn't be wasting his time here.

No matter how fresh he felt from experience the life of a commoner, it was still not enough. With his identity and authority, it would be bad for him and the commoners.

As he looked at Dani moving her body wildly in the moshpit, he was relieved to see that she knew how to protect herself from people touching her body as she danced among the girls.

Or else Garen wouldn't know how to face Sophie.

He drank the liquor in his hands as he quietly waited for Dani.

"Dani, is that guy really loaded with money?" A purple short haired girl asked Dani softly.

"Of course, didn't you see what his shirt is made of? I'm telling you, that shirt alone costs this amount of digits!" Dani showed four fingers to her.

"Four hundred silver rums?! " The young girl was fourteen years old at best, but her face was filled with white powder and her eyebags were painted black, which made her look like a panda. She was quite satisfied with her own creativity, but she was covering her mouth to conceal her surprise.

"Four hundred!? I'm talking about four thousand!" Dani was smiling in delight.

The people in the vicinity were all shocked.

"Four thousand? Oh my god. No one would even ask for that much if someone were to sell me off!"

"Four thousand silver rums is enough for me to spend for an entire year!"

"Where did you find this rich handsome man?"

"Dani, I'm so envious of you!! Isn't he richer than my cousin?"

Her friends were all envious of her and this made Dani felt very proud and satisfied. She secretly glanced at Garen who was far away. She had to admit that, within such a messy environment, Garen gave off a peaceful vibe as he lazily drank the purple liquor. His shoulder-length golden hair waved freely by the bar, paired with his handsome figure and firm muscles had separated him from the environment.

"My cousin said it! He said that he will be covering our expenses for the night!" Dani gestured her small hands happily.

"Oh yeah!!" A group of youngster suddenly shouted in joy.

Dani felt guilty as she looked at Garen and noticed that he was observing the beautiful liquid in the glass.

Garen noticed that he was being watched so he placed down the cup and smiled at her.

Dani felt even more guilty.

At the corner of the bar, there were two women who didn't seem to fit into the environment.

They were sitting inside a unit separated by a glass wall. The sound isolation wasn't bad and the mirror wall was a one way, where they could see everything from the inside.

One of them was in a black mini skirt, revealing her sexy body figure. She looked attractive, and could be considered a beautiful woman.

The other one was drunk, in white jeans and was hugging her legs tightly, revealing her perfect streamline body. She wore a black camisole and had her head placed on the table with her hair spread wildly, revealing two golden earrings on her ears.

"Oh... My head hurts..." The black haired girl moaned.

"Who told you to drink this much?"

These two often came to the bar. Although the environment was rather loud, their standards in bartending were high and were leagues away from the other bars. They initially came here to protect their sisters in the dark, but eventually grew accustomed to this place and knew each other quite well.

Whenever both of them were stressed, they would gather here and release it as best they could.

"But... it tastes good..." The black haired girl replied with her eyes closed.

"Whatever, take care of yourself because these kids are starting to become noisy again." The black skirted girl shook her head as she looked at the dancing pool. Dani, the panda girl, and another black skirted girl were moving their waists here and there. They seemed to have drank quite a bit as their faces were completely red.

"Dani seemed to have come here with her relative. Nini, do you want to go and say hi to him?" The black skirted girl asked softly.

"Sure." The black haired girl slowly got up from the table with her head swaying about freely. "If we can't come here anymore in the future, at least we can tell him to help us out in taking care of these wild people."

Two of them got up, and the so-called Nini woman went to wash her face to freshen up a bit, before they walked to Garen, passing by the dancing pool.

As the duo arrived at where Garen was, another girl who thought she was relatively attractive was again rejected by Garen and was leaving the area angrily. Within this short amount of time, he had already rejected five 'beautiful' girls.

"If you're here to hit on me, please turn right." Garen's cold voice could be heard.

Two of them were stunned as the opposing party rejected them before they could say anything.

"I'm sorry, we're not here to hit on you." Nini tidied up her long hair. "You're Dani's guardian, right? We are relatives of Dani's friends, and we're here for the same reason as you. We're here to guard our kids."

After that, Garen looked at them straight in the eyes.

"I'm sorry, I've mistaken both of your intentions." He felt apologetic and reached out his hands and shook their hands.

"I'm Nini, Shaer's sister. She's the youngest among the group. This is Dilan, sister of the panda-eyed girl." Nini introduced herself.

"It's a pleasure to meet the both of you." Garen smiled. "I'm Garen, Dani's cousin."

"Pleasure to meet you."

The three of them sat down and ordered their favorite drinks from the bartender. They started talking to each other as they took a look out at their family members.

Chapter 418: Surprise Guess 2

Garen also found out from his conversations with the two of them that they work at the Tax Department and Irrigation Department respectively.

The Irrigation Department, where Nini was from, was located on the street opposite the palace. Most of their casual conversation involved the nobles and officials moving in and out of the palace.

"Speaking of which, this morning I saw the First Concubine's carriage leave the main hall and head towards the side hall. Last time I could still see the Concubine's flower-watching guards from afar, but now I haven't seen them for a long time," Nini said casually.

Garen frowned slightly. "The First Concubine left the main hall today, but it's Saturday, isn't the ceremony the day after tomorrow?"

"So you know too." Nini looked at Garen in surprise, he had just said he worked at the capital, but that his job was secretive and he couldn't speak about it. She didn't think he would know about these details.

"Normally, any preparations for large-scale ceremonies would only end at least the day before the ceremony itself, but something must have happened. The First Concubine is in charge of many systems, she has a lot of things to handle." Nini said nonchalantly. "If it wasn't for the fact that I noticed how regular the First Concubine's guards are, I might not have noticed anything different either."

"Speaking of which, I heard someone mention, it seems that the First Concubine has indeed left the main hall early." The other person, Dilan, added on.

Garen didn't think much of it at first, but once Dilan mentioned that term, a possibility occurred to him.

If the Aegis Ceremony was so important, would Avic possibly go ahead with it secretly? In order to prevent outside intervention?

In that case, he would just need to put on a show during the official ceremony, and it would be enough. The ceremony had already been completed beforehand, there was no need to worry it would be disturbed.

The more he thought about it, the likelier it seemed to Garen.

If this possibility really existed, then... Obscuro's assassination attempt would probably also be brought ahead!

His heart grew slightly cold. Although he wasn't particularly fond of Avic, he didn't dislike him either. The main thing was if the ceremony and even the assassination were brought forward, it would be highly disadvantageous to his hold on the situation, as Obscuro would be one step ahead, and constantly ahead.

As he thought that, he began to grow restless.

Glancing at Dani and the others in the distance, he stood up slowly.

"Sorry, I suddenly remembered something urgent."

"It's okay, go ahead." The two of them paused for a moment but didn't really care, politely indicating that they would take care of Dani and the others.

After paying the bill for Dani and the others, Garen walked out of the bar and looked at its name: Dewdrop Bar.

Calling a carriage immediately, he hurried towards the War Guild. He needed a couple more days of understanding and contact to teach Dani, but this matter couldn't wait.

He needed to make the preparations as soon as possible.

War Guild

It was still that Milvus Tide Bar.

As soon as Garen walked through the door, an attendant in black came up to lead the way.

The two of them went through the corridors and many sofa rooms, walking into a small corridor. The corridor had many lines of single rooms.

After knocking on a single room in the center, they found a child dressed in black sitting inside, together with two other people.

One was a pretty woman with blonde hair, who dressed extremely sexily, her shirt white skirt almost all the way up to the top of her thighs, but right now she was being totally ignored by Kid, her expression unbelievably awkward.

The other was that old forger from back then, holding a black box and frowning, thinking about goodness knows what.

"You're here." Kid watched Garen come in, smiling slightly.

"Yeah, is everything ready?" Garen looked at the black box in the old man's hand.

"Of course! With two masters personally on the case, there's no way anything would go wrong!" Old Man touched his beard with a smile, standing up and giving the black box to Garen. "Just press it against the chain seal you had before."

Garen nodded and opened the box. Inside was a diamond-shaped white-silver ornament, carved hollow.

Vaguely, he could hear the sound of dense approaching footsteps from outside the room, evidently the people here to protect this transaction. This was such a valuable item worth millions, even the War Guild had to take it seriously. Unlike Iron Tank City, this place wasn't lacking in manpower.

He picked up the ornament, and held up his sleeves lightly, pressing it determinedly against the seal of the War Chain from earlier.

Something strange happened.

The ornament actually liquidized quickly, slowly melting into Garen's skin, melting in the War Chain seal that was already on his arm.

Garen glanced at his attribute pane, and saw the minute changes as expected.

'War Chain:

Effect 1 -- Eye of Isaiah. Effect 2 -- None. Effect 3 -- None. Effect 4 -- None. Effect 5 -- None. Effect 6 -- None. Effect 7 -- None. Effect 8 -- None.

Collaborator -- Angel.'

"Eight tactic spaces in total, are you satisfied, sir?" Old Man asked with a smile.

"Satisfied, very satisfied!" Garen nodded. "You should have some Solidifying Tactics for sale here, right? May I choose some?"

"Of course, please come with me." Old Man nodded, his expression telling of how good his mood was just then. It was rare for someone to want to upgrade a War Chain so much at once, and to buy Solidifying Tactics too, that would invariably be a huge profit for the man himself.

Garen and Kid followed Old Man out of the private room, heading deep down a corridor, protected by a host of totem users in black until they finally reach the wall at the end of the tunnel.

Old Man reached out and patted the wall once, white light glowing on his palm.

The wall instantly rippled, and actually disappeared before everyone's eyes.

Garen's expression didn't change as he and Kid followed Old Man into the hall behind the wall.

It was a large and dark brown hall shaped in a circle, the walls lined with a circle of round glass display cases, and with a cylindrical display in the center of the room as well.

In these glass display cases, there were many strangely-shaped items scattered sparsely, none of them very big. Some were like little boxes, some were like live specimens of unnatural living organisms, and some looked utterly normal, like a mineral stone.

There was also a smattering of people in the hall, standing in three groups. They looked to be like Garen and co, Guild customers brought here to choose Solidifying Tactics by the people from the Guild.

"This is the display hall for Solidifying Tactics, please go ahead and point out anything you two might like to me." Old Man explained with a smile, "I can provide you two with the highest discount of 20%."

"Then I'll thank you for that." Garen smiled slightly. "Kid, you have money on your side?"

"No problem." Kid replied nonchalantly.

"Then please assume I'm borrowing it from you first, I'll return it to you in a bit." This time he was grateful to Kid, otherwise the War Chain's upgrading would prove to be a problem."

"It's okay, I don't know how to use the money anyway." Kid evidently really didn't care.

Garen nodded and didn't hold back anymore.

He walked to the counter and looked at them carefully, one by one.

As expected of the large kingdom capital's guild, it wasn't like Iron Tank City, where there were only a few choices of Solidifying Tactics. Here, they actually displayed them openly for everyone to choose, and a glance showed that there were no fewer than thirty items.

Garen followed the counter, checking them individually.

The Solidifying Tactics here were divided into three categories in total.

Self-strengthening types, Totem-strengthening types, and Special types.

Self-strengthening types meant they strengthened the totem user themselves, and this strengthening could affect the speed a Totem user can release a tactic, its powers, or how nimbly they can control a totem in battle and so on.

And totem-strengthening meant that the single totem would then be temporarily strengthened.

There were the most types in the last Special category, such as healing, scoping, night vision, underwater breathing, levitation, disguise, ice sealing and whatnot. These were all extra abilities for a totem.

Garen looked around him in a circle, but couldn't find the tactic he wanted. Although he knew the Eye of Isaiah that he had found was no ordinary tactic, but all these Solidifying Tactics didn't even come close, so Garen couldn't help but be a little disappointed.

Looking at the prices tags, these Solidifying Tactics were each worth ten thousand golden rums, which was equivalent to at least ten million copper rums, two or three of them were enough to buy a basic Level One War Chain.

As though seeing the look of disappointment on Gardens face, Old Man mused for a moment.

"How about this, other than the Solidifying Tactics our War Guild has, there are still some Solidifying Tactics we had planned to put up for auction, you can have an early look at them. See if there's anything you might want."

"Sure." Garen nodded.

Kid told him briefly how much he had in his own savings through the black box at his collar, he still had about twenty thousand golden rums. Added to the eighty thousand golden rums he had used earlier to upgrade to Level Four, he would have used a whole hundred thousand golden rums. That was a huge fee, even if the Trejons family sold off everything they had right now, they would only have at most forty or fifty thousand golden rums. This was including all of their solid assets and the land His Majesty the Emperor gave them, all of it added together.

Using so much of Kid's money this time, Garen felt a little ashamed, but now was the most crucial time, so he couldn't afford such concerns. There would be plenty of chances for him to return the favor later.

After waiting for a moment in the hall, Old Man sent someone to bring a catalog that he gave to Garen.

The catalog had the detailed information regarding five Solidifying Tactics, and was evidently the information for the auctions.

The first of these Solidifying Tactics was the Hand of Vandala.

It looked like a necklace pendant shaped like a golden palm. There weren't any special patterns on it.

It had a very simple effect. Aurification, it used a certain amount of Totem Light or totem power to turn a certain amount of a material into gold.

Although gold wasn't as precious as white silver here in this world, it was still a precious metal second only to white silver.

There were surely many totem users who would like this thing, but that definitely did not include Garen.

The second was called the Navy Blue Chain.

It also looked like a necklace, and was completely navy blue, with an irregular white stone suspended in the middle.

The effect of the Navy Blue Chain was Water-style Mist Territory, it could form a mist territory with a radius of twelve meters upon release, blocking the enemy's vision. The thickness of the mist depended on the strength of the totem user.

The third was called the Dematerialisation Badge.

Looking at this one, Garen's interest was slightly piqued.

It was just a picture that looked like a black flame.

Its effects were self-strengthening: upon activation, it could elementalize part of the totem user's body, if the totem user was strong enough, they could totally use it to avoid a fatal blow, and they could use it to transmit across long distances as well. Of course, if it was a low-level totem user, it'd be impressive for them to elementalize even one fingernail.

The fourth and the fifth were both tactics used to strengthen totems. Garen gave them a glance, one was very effective with healing, the other could add the element of ice to the totem, allowing the enemy totem to take ice damage. Compared to regular strengthening tactics however, its effectiveness was a lot more overstated.

"How about this Dematerialisation Badge?" Garen pointed at the third Solidifying Tactic and asked.

"You have great taste, sir!" Old Man gave him a thumbs up. "This Dematerialisation Badge was found by one of the Guild's great fighters in a monster's lair, they snatched it from the hands of Obscuro. In order to obtain this Badge, two of our elite Form Two totem users were grievously injured. Although elementalization was a necessary route to success for high-level totem users, wouldn't it be an extra level of insurance to first have access to this technique using a Solidifying Tactic?"

"Cut the crap, and just tell me, how much does it cost?" Garen was lazy to listen to his preamble.

"This much." Old Man held up four fingers. "And this is after I gave you two a special eighty percent discount."

"Forty thousand golden rums?! " Garen raised an eyebrow. He wanted to buy this mainly because he was interested in the elementalization, elementalization was something true totem users could use temporarily when Spiritualized. But the path Garen was pursuing didn't have anything to do with elementalization at all.

Although the Nine-Headed Hydra was powerful, in term of elementalization, and especially when it came to the elementalization of the main body, it had no clue whatsoever. With this thing, perhaps he could peek at the secret high level totem users had for elementalization.

Chapter 419: Trace 1

Kid only had twenty thousand rums left, so it probably wasn't enough to buy this thing.

Garen mused over it for a while.

"Then forget for now, I'll come back when I get enough money."

Although elementalization items were interesting, that didn't mean this was the only place he could find them.

Garen was mostly worried that after the assassination began, the Kingdom would fall into chaos, and if the War Guild was caught in the conflict as well and couldn't provide upgrading services for the War Chain anymore, then that would be a problem.

Old Man was slightly disappointed too, but he didn't show it at all on his face. "That's okay. Since the customer doesn't have enough funds, you can still buy it again later. We have a steady long-term supply of these Dematerialisation Badges, so I'm sure we won't disappoint you."

"Oh? Is it forgeable?" Garen's eyes lit up.

Old Man smiled but didn't reply.

"In that case, we'll take our leave now." Garen thought about it and decided to leave.

"Allow me to see the customer out."

Deep in the palace

Delouse wore along figure-fitting dark red dress, sitting quietly on the Concubine's throne, one hand on her chin as her eyes wandered, thinking about something, goodness knows what.

The palace was dim and dark, with no lights and only black shadows flowing quietly in the corners.

The cold moonlight shone in from outside the large door, falling onto the floor in the middle of the large hall.

"How's the situation?" Delouse's lips moved slightly, but her voice carried to the shadows in the corners softly.

"The defense minister is mending the holes in the Air Defense Department, and won't return until tomorrow morning. The Guard Captain Edin's disciples came across some problems, so Edin went to deal with it. Now there's only that person left by Avic's side." A sharp and reedy voice came from the dark corners.

"Is everything ready?" Delouse said calmly.

"Everything is fine. As long as we succeed, all the escape routes will be completely activated. Within five minutes, you will be able to leave the Kingdom."

Depose nodded.

"What about Veska's Three Fangdragon Generals?"

"They went with the defense minister."

"In other words, other than the three departments' defense forces on the outside, there are already no more peak-level totem users in the core of the inner palace?"

"Naturally."

"That's good." Delouse nodded in satisfaction.

Looking at the pearly white moonlight on the floor. Veska's old-fashioned and stern face flashed past her eyes.

"Veska, we've been fighting for so long, but this time, I want to see how you settle this..." The corners of her lips couldn't help but curve into a confident smile.

Garen led Kid out of the Guild, and the more he thought about it, the more likely it seemed that the assassination would be brought forward. He couldn't bother with anything else anymore, and couldn't even wait for Angel at the War Guild, running straight for the palace.

The whole Kingdom was filled with edits fighters, but only a few could be stronger than him.

That was also why, as soon as he arrived at the entrance to the palace, there were already several elite guards blocking the way.

These people were evidently waiting especially for him.

"It's already late now, may we know why Viscount Garen is here at the palace?" The leader was a man in a full suit of white armor, even his face was wrapped up in a white helmet. His voice was deep, coming through the crack in the helmet so that his bright and sparkling eyes could be seen.

Gran stood at the entrance to the place, and behind him was the meeting area where only nobles could enter, so there were basically no outsiders around, all of them cleared out of the area by the guards.

He glanced at the white-armored guards in front of him. There was a small smile on his face.

"His Majesty had promised me the legacy of a Black Storm Dove totem, but unfortunately I never had the time to take it from the palace warehouse. Today I suddenly remembered it, so I came here and plan to bring one back."

"Black Storm Dove?" The Guard Captain's eyes flashed with envy. He had heard of this bestowal before too, it was one of those rare times His Majesty generously gave a totem legacy. "So that's how it is, please forgive our insolence."

"No matter." Garen nodded. He turned around and glanced at Kid. "You're with me, or?"

Before Kid came here, Garen already warned him that this time might be slightly dangerous. With Garen's tone, if he said it was dangerous, then it was probably a huge risk to him. So he didn't force himself at all, shaking his head.

"I'll wait for you outside."

"It's okay, you return to department headquarters first, wait for my news." Garen smiled and told him quietly.

Although Kid didn't know why he arranged it like that, he still nodded seriously, turning away and leaving without hesitation.

Garen looked around him in a circle.

He was surrounded by grey-black tall stone buildings, the palace's stone walls surrounding this place, forming a small square in the crevice.

On either side of the square, there was a row of white-armored soldiers.

But for some reason, Garen felt as though something was slightly different from normal when he looked at these soldiers.

Yet he couldn't exactly say what was different.

Led by the white-armored guards, he walked straight in through the palace's main gates.

Going through many black corridors, walking through two large black stone halls. He could also see that the guards in the halls were a lot fewer than before.

He hadn't gotten far when he saw a swordsman in heavy black armor running up from behind him with heavy footsteps.

"Your Excellency Viscount Garen, His Majesty is watching the power competition in the Ocean Wave Hall, and has invited you to join him."

"Power competition?" Garen paused for a moment and knew what kind of competition it was.

There weren't many forms of entertainment in the Kingdom, and Avic was an emperor who extremely enjoyed battles, so he started an internal ranking competition. All the ministers, families and nobles, even royalty, had to join this internal competition, in order to rank the top hundred in Kovistan's Silver Palace.

Of course, this ranking didn't include real-life fighting experience and was merely a competition. Similar to a sports activity. Those in the top hundred were all given the title of Silver Palace Wingmaster.

It never occurred to Garen that they hadn't brought forward the ceremony to tonight, but were organizing the Silver Palace internal ranking competition instead.

"What a coincidence, I've never seen the Silver Palace competition before." Garen accepted graciously.

Following behind the black-armored guards, Garen turned down another corridor and continued walking.

After going through an open-air corridor, he saw a large and open white stone square in front of him.

In the middle of the arena, there was a tall square platform, with two huge beasts colliding madly into each other, one bear and one tiger, one black and one gold respectively.

The two huge beasts roared continuously, the black bear's speed extremely fast, while the golden tiger was lethargic. He kept trying to light up a golden glow in his mouth, but each time was interrupted by the black bear with one palm.

Two young men in glamorous clothes were standing behind the two totem beasts, one looked confident while the other was deathly pale. Evidently, the match was almost over.

There was a circle of black-armored guards around the platform, and some people in white clothes, surrounding Avic as he sat on another platform parallel to the tall platform, watching the battle on stage from a distance.

Avic was mostly surrounded by nobles in white fabulous clothes and royalty. But the ones closest to him were the princesses in white lace dresses.

The youngest princess was sitting on Avic's lap, he hugged her lightly as her eyes were trained completely on the battle on stage.

The others wore different colored clothes, each befitting nobility, and were obviously people from outside the royal family, just like Garen.

These people were rather young too, looking unexpectedly green.

"Announcing Viscount Trejons!"

A maidservant's voice reported.

Most of the observing crowd suddenly turned around, looking at the direction Garen was walking in from.

Most of the royal family looked vaguely curious and wary. A few of the young men even had hidden envy in their eyes.

"Haha, it's Garen!" Avic stood up, taking the initiative to beckon Garen over. "Just nice, the Silver Palace ranking competition just began, do you wanna try too?"

"The Silver Palace has too many elite fighters, I'm afraid I'm not strong enough," Garen replied humbly. Led by the maids, he actually walked up to Avic's side and took a seat.

"You're being too modest." Avic patted Garen's shoulder, to show his friendliness. "It's good you came, watch these young participants' abilities with me. It's perfect, you can be a judge, and give marks."

"Marks?"

There were four princes and six princesses in total around them, and although the First Princess wasn't here, the two royal daughters also very much in favor, the Second Princess and the Fourth Princess were also here. Just then, they heard that Garen was here as a scorer. Their expressions changed slightly.

To be able to become a scoring judge, one's abilities had to be at the forefront of the Silver Palace. At least in the top ten.

Garen's battle results were really impressive, but to say he could rank in the top ten of the entire Silver Palace was pushing it. After all, under Avic's encouragement, Silver Palace had included all of the Empire's strongest totem users and could be said to be a peak level organization representing all of Kovistan's power. To be able to rank in the top ten there meant he would be top ten in Kovistan in name, in which case his influence would be huge.

Bam!!

Just then the winner had been decided on stage, the black bear actually grew a thick black tail with scales, like that of a crocodile, and swept it at the side of the tiger's body, beating it to a pulp and rendering it unable to retaliate.

The black bear's totem user was raising both hands up in the sky, bowing towards Avic in the distance.

"Newly promoted competitor, Count Leon wins!"

"Now we shall award the royal family's most technologically advanced crystal -- the Silver Wings!" A male guard at the side announced loudly. There was also a maid carrying the tray with the award onto the platform.

Garen sat down next to Avic and immediately heard Avic ask him.

"Garen, what do you think of those two just now?"

He thought it over for a while.

"At their age, it's already not bad that they can achieve the elite level of Form Two. It's just I don't know which family has descendants with so much potential."

"Just the heir of a small family that recently entered the Kingdom. But since they have potential, they'll naturally be Kovistan's talent and assets. We will certainly raise them properly." Avic shook his head, "The next group!"

"Next group!!" The guard passed down his order.

Soon enough, two more young people, dressed differently, went onto the stage.

One was wearing a white wig, a woman. The other was wearing skintight black leather pants and a short black dagger for unknown purposes strapped on and was also a woman.

After they went onto the stage, they both bowed and paid their respects to each other. Then they released a white wild boar and a black bald eagle with reddish wings each.

The two of them faced off on the high platform.

Garen watched the battle with Avic, but he had no interest whatsoever in these Form Two totem users with ordinary elite totems.

Compared to Form One, Form Two totem users already had a special ability, but they weren't strong, with not much variety, not enough changes and naturally not much to see. Although some totem users made up for it with tactics, totem users who could use tactics were far too few.

Match after match went on, and after six whole matches, there was finally a young man who could use tactics.

But even then, Garen nearly fell asleep watching them.

"Don't worry, the next one up has some connection with you, Garen." Avic glanced at him, chuckling. As though having seen through his disinterest.

"Connection with me?" Garen said, confused.

"That's right, this little fella's grandfather is Earl Baxy. Their Hildra family and your Trejons family have always been on good terms." Avic explained.

Garen suddenly remembered, this Earl Baxy was related to Vanderman, and was one of the Trejons family relatives in the Kingdom.

Back when he first arrived in the Kingdom, they had even sent an invitation, but he didn't have the time to join them.

His mind running carefully, Garen smiled slightly. Acacia's mother was Earl Baxy's daughter, meaning Earl Baxy was this body's maternal grandfather.

"According to our relations, he should call me his older cousin."

Avic laughed.

"His name is Reyn Hildra, he's the totem user candidate with the most promise in this generation of the Hildra family. As members of the same generation, you two should be closer."

"Of course." Garen smiled.

Soon enough, Reyn Hildra went onto the stage. This was a handsome man who also had blonde hair, no older than twenty years, and with rare purple eyes. His slender body wore a white warrior's uniform, with just another silver-striped leather cloak draped over his right shoulder.

He first bowed at His Majesty, and then added a bow to Garen by himself.

And then he waved his right hand, a pure white owl appearing on his right shoulder. Strangely, this owl kept sparkling with blue lightning.

Garen smiled a little.

Looks like this young guy was abnormally friendly to him, and plus, he was the only one with a decent totem presence to come up to the stage since just now. Garen suddenly had a shard of recognition for him.

That Lightning Owl was evidently not a regular Form Two totem.

"Looks pretty decent," Garen said lightly.

"How about you judge this match?" Avic glanced at him.

"Can I?" Garen was surprised.

"Of course you can."

"That's against the rules, isn't it, Father?" The Fourth Princess said sweetly and softly from the side.

She quickly swept Garen with a glance, her eyes full of wariness.

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This Fourth Princess had a rather voluptuous body and was a little beauty. Since she was able to sit next to Avic, that must mean her position was significant as well.

"It's okay, with Garen's ability, two lowly Form Two totem users won't be any trouble," Avic replied nonchalantly.

"But one of the participants is His Excellency Garen's relative, wouldn't this be..." Another royal daughter spoke, it was the Second Princess.

This icy beauty wearing a white lace flower crown reminded calmly.

Garen glanced at the two royal daughters, the corners of his lips curving, but he didn't say anything.

Avic frowned slightly.

"I heard that Your Excellency Garen is extremely capable, but to think you have been recognized by His Majesty as one of the top ten in the Silver Palace. Could we trouble Your Excellency to show us a glimpse of your prowess?" This came from a young man dressed in red, sitting among several nobles by the side.

"That's Grand Duke Cody's son, Barton." The little princess next to Garen, the Eleventh Royal Daughter, explained to Garen in a small voice.

She was no older than eleven, but her eyes were crafty and sly, her expression perfectly that of a pure loli, whereas her heart hid some considerable tricks.

"The Grand Duke's son?" Garen's gaze grew serious.

Just then, Avic did begin to understand what Barton was getting at.

"This is Barton, Grand Duke Cody's fifth son. He's the same age as you, Garen, the two of you should have a lot to talk about. What do you mean, Barton?"

"Wall of Glory." This young man in red said with a faint smile, "The Silver Palace's Glory Wall is the best way to prove one's power. Since Your Majesty believes His Excellency Garen has the ability to reach the top ten of the Silver Palace, then let us please have His Excellency show us, and allow us all to witness his greatness."

Avic was evidently very soft with this Barton, seemingly rather wary of Grand Duke Cody behind him as well.

"That's true, as long as the Wall of Glory leaves behind a mark indicating the top ten, then we will naturally believe in His Excellency Garen's abilities," the Second Princess added.

"Wall of Glory?" Garen was slightly confused.

The Eleventh Royal Daughter, the loli explained to him again. "The Wall of Glory is an heirloom the Silver Palace uses to measure someone's ultimate destructive power. It can't be destroyed, and only someone

whose power is in the top hundred among the Silver Palace can even leave a mark on it. Different levels of power will leave marks of different depths."

"It's something to measure one's true power?" Garen understood.

"That's right. All the strongest fighters in the country had been invited here by Father for a test, and there are still the marks from their tests on it. You absolutely can test your power relative to the whole kingdom there." The Eleventh Royal Daughter said with a smile.

"That's good. I'll go try it out."

Avic was a decisive person as well and immediately called a temporary stop to the competition.

"Good, then let's all go to the Wall of Glory, to see just how strong the legendary Nine Headed Hydra is!"

Compared to a match between normal totem users, a move from a peak-level fighter like Garen was evidently more worth watching, so all the royal sons and daughters were instantly interested. Barton and the few others shone with even more anticipation.

The group immediately got up, and the competition participants rested temporarily.

Avic led everyone into another empty arena.

In the middle of the arena, there was a tall square wall like white jade, with marks and dents on it. More fighters than could be counted had left their own marks here.

This wall looked like a very ordinary tall wall, five meters tall and more than four meters wide, with some damage and marks on the sides. It was obviously an outer wall left from some destroyed building.

When Garen and the others arrived, some people were desperately attacking the wall.

Two of them twinkled with light, in a short-lived Spiritualization possession.

Seeing His Majesty approaching, these people immediately called back their totems and bowed at Avic politely.

"Welcome, Your Majesty!"

"Step down for now, I want to use the Wall of Glory." Avic waved at them.

"Yes."

They seemed to be officials in the palace, leaving rapidly without hesitation, giving up their space.

As everyone else watched, Garen went up and stood in front of the white Wall of Glory, examining the marks on it carefully.

Once he saw the marks, his heart gave a small jolt.

These marks were automatically arranged in a straight line from top to bottom. From deep to shallow, it was unexpectedly orderly.

"That there is the magic of the Wall of Glory, once you attack any part of the Wall and leave a mark, then that mark will be automatically moved into this line. From deep to shallow, naturally, the levels of strength can be easily distinguished." Avic explained loudly. "And this wall only records the top hundred strongest, if your attack can't even reach number one hundred, it won't be shown here."

"It is indeed magical." Garen nodded in appreciation.

"The three strongest fighters in the Empire have left their strongest marks here, now it's your turn," Avic said with a smile. "Come, give out the name list!"

A servant immediately gave Garen a name list scroll.

He opened it up and saw that it recorded the information about the owners of these marks.

The first and deepest one was enough for someone to stick a thumb inside, and was left by the Empire's Grand Duke Benoc. Benoc was Prynne's grandfather, a terrifying reproductive machine that could create an entire family on his own... He had twenty sons, sixteen daughters, his sons' kids, his daughters' kids, and so on, creating a huge family clan. Among all the sons and grandsons, Prynne was part of the more favored group.

The second one was from the defense minister Veska, only a little shallower than Benoc's.

The third was an unfamiliar name, Georbas Allen. Completely unheard of.

Next, the fourth belonged to the other Grand Duke, Cody.

The fifth one later was the Guard Captain Edin. After that were many nobles and earls, each more unfamiliar to Garen.

Garen didn't look anymore, putting down the name list and returning it to the guard at the side.

"Can we start now?" Avic asked loudly.

"Of course." Garen smiled, and a gust of fast wind blew about him, puffing up the clothes of everyone around him.

"Retreat to a hundred meters away!" Avic said loudly and was the first to retreat together with some guards.

The princes and princesses all stood behind their personal guards, retreating to a hundred meters away.

The Grand Duke's son, Cody, didn't change his expression, and only retreated fifty meters away, two red-bearded old men protecting him on either side.

"Tell me, what position would this person's power be on the wall?" Barton asked in a low voice.

"Should be above thirty, but no more than twenty-five," one old man said softly.

"If the two of you fought him, what are your chances?" Barton's eyes sparkled, as he continued asking.

"The records say the Nine-Headed Hydra isn't that strong and is placed number 137 among the ultimate totems. Even if this person is highly accomplished in close combat, it wouldn't be too hard to defeat him. I alone would be enough." The old man with the longer beard said arrogantly.

Barton nodded slowly.

"In a fight between Form Four and Form Five fighters, totems practically won't fight on their own anymore, it would mostly be a fight between totem users themselves. At that time totem users would have twice the defense of totems themselves and would have the same offensive power as the totems. He's like us, his own physical body is extremely powerful. To have such power at this age, he's already extremely formidable." The red-bearded old man explained.

Barton's expression was slightly wistful.

"Too bad he chose the wrong totem, the Nine-Headed Hydra's potential isn't enough, he's already reached the limit at this point."

"That might be even better, the Secret Service has always been rather at odds with us from the Geometry Service. Seeing as he's already reached this level at this age, if he didn't choose the wrong core totem, his advancement from here on out would be too terrifying. By the time he changes a core, who knows how many years would have passed."

Barton nodded and didn't say any more.

Just then, the surrounding servants and maids had long since hidden themselves away in a further place, terrified of being caught in the blast.

Garen stood in front of the tall wall, after taking a look around him, he saw that everyone had backed away.

He smiled slightly. The three dots on his forehead shone with a bloody glow.

The air around him began to ripple and form translucent red salamander heads. There were nine gruesome heads in total, constantly twisting and roaring.

Phew!

A huge breath of air expanded across all directions explosively. Like a blast of wind, blowing everyone around it into taking a few steps back.

The two old men in front of Barton raised one hand each, creating a pale blue circular membrane that blocked the raging wind like a glass wall.

The clothes of everyone around him fluttered loudly in the wind. Although Barton had seen many Form Four fighters make their move before, but such a young face together with such overwhelming power was still enough to make him feel strands of envy and jealousy.

Just then.

In the middle of the arena, Garen raised his right hand, and the nine pale salamander heads became nine blood-red shadows, twisting over his arm.

Bzz...

Garen's body slowly emitted a soft sound like a tremor. A thick, blood-like aura slowly flowed down his legs, spreading in all directions.

Barton didn't notice anything, because he couldn't see this blood-like aura, but the other two old men's expressions changed drastically. Each one of them held up a hand, grabbing him and rapidly pulling him back fifty meters.

Barton's face was full of confusion, and he was about to ask. For some reason, he was having difficulty breathing, and couldn't open his mouth to speak.

"To think... to think!!" The old man with the long beard was filled with shock, staring hard at Garen in the arena, "His own body's power has actually reached such a level..."

"Big brother?" The other old man spoke, his expression similarly shocked and fearful. "Could he really be that sort of person?"

The old man with the long beard nodded his head slowly.

"Young Master Barton, from now on you must never incite that Garen. Avoid any frontal conflicts with him whenever possible."

"Why?"

"This man has a heart so cruel it has reached an extreme. As a totem user, he still went to study the martial arts and physical fighting skills that even normal people find excruciatingly painful, and he even trained these martial skills to such a terrifying level, such a person's will has already reached an incomprehensible level!"

"No wonder he could escape from the clutches of God Cloud's clones." The other one looked as though he finally understood everything. "I saw a totem user like that before, he has extremely powerful martial arts, and after reaching a high level as a totem user, he merged his martial arts and totem together, achieving an extremely powerful level. His endurance is almost limitless and was extremely aware of the battle situation. If someone of the same level wanted to kill someone like this, it was practically mission impossible."

Barton's expression was unnaturally heavy, this was his first time hearing the two old men next to him use such a serious tone.

"Someone like this already has such powerful survival power, added together with the Nine-Headed Hydra's survival power..." The old man's tone got more and more wary.

Just then, a cloud of black-red mist rose in the arena. Enveloping Garen inside.

Roar!!

The gruesome Nine Headed Salamander moved vaguely in the mist.

Finally, the countless black-red mists gathered quickly, solidifying in Garen's palm.

He smiled, and reached out his right hand lightly, pressing on the face of the wall.

The power of the Nine-Headed Hydra totem was the strongest destructive force, as for the rest of its power they were only about support and recovery. The strongest part of the Nine-Headed Demon Dragon was its terrifying physical power.

So the Nine-Headed Demon Dragon's power was stacked together with Garen's own power and added on to the ring Troll Grip's power. This was Garen's strongest attack.

And now, Garen used at least half of its power.

The pure and terrifying power crashed into the Wall of Glory mercilessly.

Crack!!

Without any premonition, the ground under Garen's feet collapsed. Forming a huge semi-circular dent, countless stone shards and dust formed a whirlwind flying everywhere. The place where the palm and the wall met, however, didn't make too much noise. It was just one soft sound.

Smack.

After the Nine-Headed Dragon evolved, Garen's actual strongest ability, was actually pure strength!

Be it Life Tear or Poison Mist Corrosion, neither was nearly as terrifying as his own pure strength. It was only half of his power.

Even he was quite excited to know, where his own true power lay among the many elite fighters of the Kingdom.

Pulling back his palm, Garen looked at the wall with a hint of anticipation.