

Mystical 471

Chapter 471: Leave 1

Somewhere in Daniela

Within the ruins of the devastated city, groups of figures with red scarves on their heads and black, sheer fabric on their bodies passed through quietly. They were completely silent with their heads bowed, while their lips were chanting unknown verses with sincerely devout expressions plastered on their faces.

The figures appeared occasionally from the underground caves on the borders of the ruins, which quietly observed the group that passed by. They looked on in awe while the group passed by their 'gate'.

Within the ruined city, they were a few abandoned single-story houses that still remained; they were fortunate enough to still be in perfect condition.

A struggle between nest monsters had just occurred here, and the followers of the Cthulhuism Society were currently patrolling the area, cleaning the remains of the monsters.

Inside the empty space of a narrow single-story house, a black figure was currently leaning against the wall, panting heavily.

Pfoo... Pfoo...

It seemed as if he was about to spit his lungs out, as his entire chest rose up high, before deflating quickly.

In the darkness, this person's eyes were unusually bright. Half a day had passed, and he was still leaning against the wall closely, except that his breathing had gradually become calmer, and he could begin to hear the movements on the other side of the wall.

"Is anything happening?" Another voice echoed throughout the darkness.

"No, pfoo... The patrol team just passed by," The man who was leaning against the wall shook his head.
"Looks like it will be safe for now."

"Pfft! Those Cthulhuism Society brats! Sooner or later I'll kill all of them!" The voice in the darkness had become much clearer, and it was apparently the voice of a very young boy.

"How is Elin?"

"Her condition is still not good, she's currently sick with a high fever, so we need to find some anti-fever medicine soon!" The boy paused. "Have I lit up?"

"Just light it now." The man walked away from the wall, and came towards a deeper part of the house.

Shh...

A flame the size of a soybean appeared, and quickly lit up a white candlestick.

The pale yellow light quickly illuminated half of the little house's space.

There was a little wooden yellow bed in the middle of the house, and a thirteen to fourteen-year-old girl was lying on the bed while a white-haired boy sat next to her. The boy's eyebrows were slightly wrinkled, clearly forming three furrowed lines, making him look abnormally old.

Currently, he was looking at the girl on the sick bed worriedly.

"We need to go out and find some medicine!" The boy said in a resolute tone.

"There will definitely be people hunting for us outside. Going out right now would be looking for death," said the man with his eyebrows furrowed. "Even if you have Wing God Arms, you still won't be able to escape from Havana's grasp. There are at least two of Benla's main chiefs have been sent to capture us, we cannot take any risks."

"Do you want me to see my little sister die?!" The boy's face turned cold.

"I'm stopping your idiotic actions!" said the man, shaking his head, he began searching for something in his arms. "When I went out earlier, I found this."

He took out a little black circular box at once, and threw it at the boy.

The latter caught it with one hand and looked at the box, a puzzled look appeared on his face suddenly.

"What is this?"

"A Radio."

"Radio?" A surprised expression appeared on the boy's face instantly. "So you're saying.. "

"Of course. With this, we will be able to communicate with the outside world and receive messages as well," nodded the man confidently. "Perhaps we will be able to find a way to obtain anti-fever medicine, too."

"This time, as one of the main Eighteen Cthulhus, Havana will probably be summoned by the Cthulhu King. As long as he leaves this place temporarily, we have a chance," said the man in a serious tone.

"Rumor has it that the people from Obscuro Society and the Three Departments have arrived, so if you can get closer to the Ancestral God Pillar, and inherit the Ancestral God's strength, then..."

"It won't be that simple," the boy interrupted him. "The Cthulhu King will not let us off so easily. He may not know that I can inherit the Ancestral God's strength, but he will definitely not let any accidents occur."

"Then what do we do?" The man became impatient.

"We cannot rush this, when more forces arrive, the more likely it will be for our chances to increase. The Three Departments and Obscuro Society are both outsiders, they do not have great influence towards the foundation and arrangement of the Cthulhuism Society. Their thousand-year-old arrangements are not to be messed with, thus, this requires proper consideration..." The boy thought deeply.

Two weeks later...

Garen had spent almost a month at Glittering Pond, and besides practicing Secret Techniques, the only other thing he did every day was research Glittering Water, or take the radio and adjust it randomly, receiving noises from the outside world with different frequencies.

Occasionally, he would go out with Wukang to investigate the lower ranked Aberration Creatures in their surroundings, and although the Potential Points that they obtained were pitifully little, it was better than nothing. The higher ranked monsters in the area had been wiped out by Wukang, making it impossible for them to find stronger ones unless they traveled to further places.

Before long, the people from the Cthulhuism Society finally arrived.

In the afternoon, tiny raindrops fell outside the door of the main hall while slight breezes blew in, bringing coldness and dampness inside.

Two men in black bull horn helmets and red clothes sat upright on the right side of the hall inside the stone cave. Their gazes were focused Island Master Wukang, who sat on the throne.

"Our demands from the Cthulhuism Society are very simple. We must be given the authority to take over the Glittering Water and this Glittering Pond. This is the most basic baseline," said one of the barefaced, light green-eyed young men, in out of place Kovitan language. When he spoke, his pronunciation was a mess.

"Is everyone from the Cthulhuism Society so rude when they come out?" chided one of the female bodyguards beside Wukang.

"We've already been very patient, very polite," said the young man coldly.

"You!" The bodyguard became furious suddenly, as her hand reached for the handle of the knife by her waist. The other bodyguards in the hall also became sterner as well, and they, too, held onto the handles of their weapons, as if chaos would erupt at any moment.

Wukang raised a hand, signaling them to suppress their agitation. He was more aware of the Cthulhuism Society's strength compared to anyone else, as each of the Eighteen Cthulhus were Form 4 or above, while the Cthulhu King had achieved the unparalleled peak Form 5 and was listed as the strongest master in Daniela next to the King of Daniela himself.

Unlike Kovitan that relied on Precious Heirlooms to establish its country, Daniela fully relied on destroying established governmental regimes, and their internal wars never stopped.

Perhaps, when Kovitan was the size of an iron plate, they would have been able to rely on Precious Heirlooms to be on equal footing with Daniela. But now, a big loss in strength had caused Kovitan to be divided into four powers, and now lost their right to have face to face conversations with Daniela.

Merely relying on the Black Swamp Palace's strength would make it likely that they would be caught when they went up against the Eighteen Cthulhus, and more likely when it was the Cthulhu King, as well as the trump card they kept in the darkness.

From their opponent's perspective, Black Swamp Palace was merely a small, remote power, and was not worthy to be paid any mind.

Wukang knew that although he was currently in charge here, in reality the true Palace Master on the throne was Garen, except that the outsiders were unaware that Garen and Skyharp had arrived already.

Although Garen had arrived, he had waited around here for such a long time, making it obvious that he was waiting for something. Perhaps he was waiting for the people from the Cthulhuism Society?

Wukang had some faint idea that perhaps Palace Master had expected this incident long ago?

"Both of you don't have to panic, the Glittering Water is something I can provide you with. However, giving you the Glittering Pond is something I cannot do. This resource is something we losers obtained with a high price, so to allow you to have it with just a few words, do you really think that would happen?" said Wukang with a polite smile, because although his opponents were just two Form 3 Totem Users who were not even at the edge of Spiritualization, he was not angry at all, showing that his patience ran deep.

"Tch!" Unexpectedly, the young man sneered. "Of course, Lord Cthulhu had long expected that you would not give up so easily He will arrive soon; the both of us are merely vanguard messengers, and within two days time, the Lord and the others will arrive, and by then... Hehe."

Wukang faintly furrowed his eyebrows suddenly.

The Cthulhus power and his own were about the same and were at the same level, except that the Cthulhus possessed a shameless ability; the indestructible Cthulhu's Origin. Thus, if they were considered to be killed externally, they could undergo sacrificial resurrection by the Cthulhuism Society. The Origins of the Eighteen Cthulhus were placed inside the Cthulhuism Society Teachings, and could not be destroyed at all. Thus, although the King of Daniela could once march over everything, he could not counter the Eighteen Cthulhu's Origins. Moreover, being unable to completely destroy the Cthulhuism Society's Cthulhu's Origin meant that the Cthulhus were almost immortal.

The main difference between Cthulhu and most Form 4's, was that they could not die. If they were not beaten, they would resurrect again for the second, then the third time, torturing one to death.

"Not that sentence again. Our Black Swamp Palace may not be a strong force, but a few sentences won't be enough to force us to retreat," Wukang replied casually. "As for the Cthulhu's in-person visit, we'll talk about it once he actually makes a move." When he encountered these strong forces in the past, he would never have dared to say such tough words as these, but now that he was the strongest person on the island, and had joined the Black Swamp Palace, obtaining absolute protection, plus the Elders backing him up, adding on to the presence of the inscrutable Palace Master, his speech had become much tougher.

His opponent was not angered either, as the young man merely sneered twice.

"Since Elder put it that way, we'll let the Lord bring this up on his own later. We're leaving!"

Both of them got up, and left the hall of the stone cave quickly.

Not long after both of them left, Garen and Skyharp's silhouettes floated up and appeared on the seats on the left.

"Palace Master, you heard it all earlier, the people from the Cthulhuism Society have no plans to do business with us at all," said Wukang, looking at Garen.

"Doesn't matter." Garen was dressed in a black robe while he sat on the seat with an indifferent expression. "If you want others to face you properly, you need to show them enough power, if not, no one would talk about business matters with an ant."

"And what do you mean, Palace Master?" Wukang seemed to have guessed what he meant, while an excited expression appeared on his face.

"Since they want us to show them our power, we'll do just that," Garen stroked his armrests and said calmly. "They wanted to rob us, right? It's a coincidence that I have to visit Daniela for something as well."

"I'm with you," Skyharp nodded.

"All of the Cthulhuism Society's bases, destroy all of them. Dispatch the orders to all of the powers under the command of the Black Swamp Palace, if they see anyone from the Cthulhuism Society, don't leave any behind." A bloodthirsty smile appeared on Garen's face. "It's a coincidence that I also want to witness the true strength of the legendary Cthulhu King."

"Once the death toll rises, they will naturally face you properly..." Garen's final words echoed throughout the hall faintly, but neither Skyharp or Wukang displayed the faintest sign of fear, as their faces were filled expectant expressions instead.

One day later

Red clouds floated above the Glittering Pond slowly, the clouds rolled around and gathered together, before forming a strange blood-coloured luster. It resembled thick, sticky blood, as if it was about to drip down at any moment.

"The Almighty Cthulhu Beckenson has arrived, mortals, welcome the fury of the gods!!"

A magnificent voice echoed from the clouds in the sky, like rolling thunder. The Kovitan language spoken this time was much more fluent compared to before, allowing the Totem Users, bodyguards, and soldiers who stood below to be able to understand the speaker's voice.

Tch!!

A ray of black light pierced through the valley of the Glittering Pond suddenly. It pierced directly through the red clouds, penetrating the golden pillar of sunlight in the sky.

A black figure floated in midair between the red clouds.

Garen scanned past the red clouds in his surroundings calmly. These red clouds that rolled past constantly permeated a strong rotten stench, while the toxic smoke continuously passed through his skin and pores.

Shh...

A loud, terrifying inhaling noise could suddenly be heard throughout the sky.

Garen raised his head, while his chest sunk in deeply, as if it was a deep pit had formed there.

Hiss...

Most of the red clouds around him seemed like waves that were returning to the ocean when he sucked them in.

Within the blink of an eye, all of the red clouds in the sky cleared out immediately, before a man in a long blood-red robe appeared floating in midair.

"You dare absorb my Ten Thousand Poison Blood Clouds!!!" A furious expression appeared on the man's face.

He opened his palm, while three blood-red diamonds spun in his palm before turning into a ring, and continued turning continuously.

"True Red Blood Diamonds!!!" The man raised both of his hands up high, lifting the ring-shaped blood diamonds, while an indescribably strong blood light was released from his body, and soon the halo became fuller and more powerful until it reached a blinding stage.

It filled the entire sky, temporarily covering the sun's rays as well.

"Let me go..." Crash!!!

Before he could finish shouting, the man was suddenly suppressed by a large hand made up of black smoke, and the terrifyingly gigantic hand that was formed by black clouds smashed the man against the ground violently, until a gigantic clear handprint had appeared on the entire rocky terrain of the ground.

Loud, shaking noises continued echoing throughout the ground.

Garen returned his hands to his side slowly in midair, as he casually looked at the Cthulhu that he had just smashed into a coma below him.

Chapter 472: Leave 2

The Black Water True Technique had already started to develop its powers, and when the terrifying water vapor was constantly compressed, it formed a frighteningly dense giant water hand. In an instant, before its opponent could react, it would form in front of them immediately, rendering it unavoidable. Coupled with the incomparably terrifying strength of his right hand, the increased strength from the ring of the Troll Grip was not a laughing matter.

Instantly, Garen had smashed this Cthulhu into a coma.

He outstretched a finger again, before Garen pointed it downwards and touched something.

Shh!

A ray of black light pierced through the ground like a spike, stabbing through the Cthulhu's chest clean through.

Garen, who had fused with three Hydra heads, was getting closer to Form 5. Now he had almost obtained God Cloud's initial power. Upon encountering Ultimate Form 4 Secret Tactics, he remained calm and steady, as one hand was sufficient to easily counter his opponent's attacks.

This was the difference between Form 4 and 5, and while this difference was too great to describe, once the Totems were fused, Secret Techniques would be pushed to unimaginable states, allowing one to reach almost legendary stages.

Secret Techniques that were once normal after the influence of peak Totems would be able to reach unparalleled terrifying effects.

In other words, Form 5 was basically the Secret Techniques that had been trained to the point where they resembled the legendary Gargantuans.

Every Form 5 stood at the peak of their own Secret Technique, but due to cultural differences, the Form 5's did not establish a Secret Technique martial art, but schools of thought, organizations, or parliaments.

In simpler terms, by directly killing a legendary Cthulhu, Garen had no time to brag.

Although he seemed very much at ease, this was done by using the foundation of his Troll Grip strength on his right hand.

The Nine-Headed Hydra could not be used now; releasing the Totem that was only left with six heads would mean that he was looking for death.

Excluding the Nine-Headed Hydra's own strength, Garen could only rely on the Troll Grip and Black Water True Technique, as well as the final Flash Screen.

The giant black hand from earlier was Garen using two types of Secret Technique powers, one of which was the Troll Grip. Such terrifying power meant that it had definitely exceeded peak Form 4.

The more times the Black Water True Technique fused with the Hydra heads, the stronger it would become. It had now almost become Garen's final trump card.

After testing the current effects of his Secret Techniques, Garen floated down and landed on the ground gently.

Skyharp and Wukang waited beside the deep pit formed by the handprint, while the surrounding Totem Users and bodyguards had already been dispersed. Only the three of them had rushed here.

"That's a Cthulhu? Seems quite weak." Wukang stroked his chin, a relaxed expression on his face.

"He wasn't weak, it was Palace Master that was too strong." Skyharp had seen the true result of this battle from the sidelines. Her gaze was solemn. "The Cthulhu's final move would not have left either you or myself unscathed, but Palace Master merely..."

When she mentioned this, Wukang's smile disappeared, while he carefully felt the remaining Totem Light within the pit. Suddenly, his expression turned serious as well.

"Frankly, if every Cthulhu was that powerful, that would truly be quite troublesome..."

"Have the others from the Cthulhuism Society been taken care of?" Garen asked quietly.

"Of course," said Skyharp, smiling. "Those people hid inside a cave two kilometers from here, they've all been destroyed."

Garen nodded, while the Cthulhu inside the pit melted and quickly turned into fine red sand, showing that it had completely lost all signs of life.

However Garen did not notice any changes in his Potential Point Pane, which meant that he could not use this method to get Potential Points. This made him slightly disappointed.

Suddenly, the Cthulhu's eyelid twitched, before his eyes quickly opened.

"Nineheads, you little snake! You're dead! You dare provoke my Almighty Cthulhuism Society! The Cthulhu King will not forgive you! Hehe... Just you wait... Everything you own is cursed to be destroyed, will all be destroyed!!"

Bang!

Garen stepped on the Cthulhu's head with one foot before red sand was sent flying everywhere, the remains of the Cthulhu's body finally turned into red sand completely.

"These Cthulhu's and their undead bodies, they've become too arrogant." Skyharp was speechless.

"This isn't arrogance, it's just slight insanity," Wukang shook his head. "This aggravating tone, even someone like myself with a good temper cannot help but want to kill them."

"It doesn't matter, we're on the side of the Royal Alliance anyway, the Cthulhuism Society would confront us sooner or later," said Garen indifferently. "Go get ready, we'll leave at once."

"What? You still want to go to Daniela?! Are you insane?" Beard looked at Beckstone with an annoyed look. The moment this guy gathered everyone together, he began saying things that no one could understand.

"Do you know what's going on there right now?! Chaotic warfare, okay! Chaotic warfare! Geometry Service, Obscuro Society, Cthulhuism Society, the King of Daniela, each of them would gladly kill you a hundred times over!" Beard could not help but groan. If his society had not commanded him to take care of Beckstone's safety, he would not have cared about an idiot like this who would jump headfirst into a fire.

At night, within the forest, three people sat by the bonfire. Unlike Beard's look of utter incomprehension, Eleventh Royal Daughter Tina's expression was unusually calm.

"You want to find Hannel, right?"

Stone nodded slowly.

"The Cthulhu King will not forgive him."

"Will we be able to save him if we go there?" asked Tina calmly.

Stone did not reply, but continued looking at the bonfire with his head lowered.

"Since you look calm now, why do you always become frazzled during the key moments of important situations?" said Beard impatiently. "My suggestion is to return to the society immediately. I've received news that two important individuals have arrived at the Nest Leader's area, and if we encounter them, it will be troublesome. Also, our Kovitan is unlike the past anymore, currently our country has been terribly divided, and has become a second-rate country instantly. Compared to Daniela and Ender..."

"It doesn't matter, we just need to stay hidden carefully..."

"Moreover, you don't know that our Terraflor Society had an encounter with the Cthulhuism Society once," said Beard distractedly. "If they find out that both of you have plant-series Totems, you will definitely be killed."

"There will definitely be a way," said Beckstone softly. "I cannot bear to see my friends fall into dangerous areas."

"I'll support you," Tina nodded sincerely. "If you didn't have this resolve, you wouldn't be the Beckstone that I know."

"Uncle, please take Tina back to the society, I'm going to Daniela alone," said Stone suddenly.

"No way!" "No way!"

Both of them said at the same time.

"If you want to go, we must go together, don't just assume that I'm useless! If it weren't for my premonitions this time, we would not have been able to escape from the palace, right?" said Tina frankly.

A forced smile appeared on Stone's face, as he already knew how the situation would develop.

Daniela

"Recently, Totem Users from different countries have been gathering in Daniela by the masses. These masters that have gathered from Ender, Sudan, West Hong Hall Alliance, Kovitan have all increased. Before the situation reaches a more complicated stage, the designated safety departments are currently taking positive measures to maintain a balance between each group's powers to decrease the possibility of weapon-related incidents..."

The female news reporter's gentle voice echoed out of the radio constantly.

In the darkness, the weak girl on the bed was currently using all her energy to listen to the news.

The white-haired boy who sat beside her was carefully cutting an apple for her.

"Big Brother, listen, our people from Kovitan have arrived as well..." the girl suddenly said happily.

"I know, I know." The boy continued cutting the apple determinedly, as if he only had two indifferent replies.

Kovitan's Totem Users had probably arrived because of the Ancestral God Pillar. It was one of Daniela's legendary divinities, and it was rumored that any Totem User that could inherit its power would be able to instantly achieve the highest Appraisal.

For the Totem Users that had unsatisfactory Appraisal, this was very tempting.

This was not false news, as there had been instances where people had their Appraisals accidentally increased by the Ancestral God Pillar. At once, Totem Users from various countries had all gathered here.

After the battle where the Kovitan defense line was defeated, all of the monsters in the entire East Continent suffered great losses under the cleansing effect of the Ultimate Shelter. At once, all of the major forces moved out quickly to regain lost territories, while the monsters had lessened as well.

Some of the outskirts that bordered human residences had become much safer as well.

Thus, when the main environment became slightly safer, this piece of information began to spread, instantly gaining the attention of Totem Users across various lands.

"By the looks of it, the people from the Cthulhuism Society seem to be disturbing the waters, but this is beneficial as well, because it gives us a chance," said the boy quietly.

"Oh..." replied the girl, not really understanding what he meant.

Bang!!

A middle-aged man was violently smashed against a large rock, and like a struggling shrimp, he had curled up and was now rolling around, before he groaned dejectedly, struggled to get up, and ran away quickly. However, a man in red soon dragged him by his hair.

"Tell me... Where is the Seed of the Ancestral God?" asked the man in red gently.

"I... I don't know..." said the middle-aged man in a quaking voice. "My Totems have all been destroyed by you, my lifelong efforts have all disappeared, so what else are you going to do?!"

"What am I going to do? Hehe..." The man in red giggled, and raised another hand, where a metal hacksaw had been installed in his palm. "Do you know the kind of feeling, when I drag this saw down every inch of your neck, and cut your throat open slowly?"

His voice sounded as if he was saying sweet, merciful words, without a hint of murderous intent, but a certain coldness lurked behind it.

"I... I don't know anything... The Seed of the Ancestral God... Was snatched away by someone from Ender!! Besides that, the people from Sudan and West Hong Hall in Kovitan... They each had their own designated camps, all prime locations, and are most likely to have obtained the illumination of the Ancestral Light, accumulating the Seed of the Ancestral God!!" The middle-aged man told him everything he knew about the current situation.

"The closer the distance to the Ancestral God Pillar, the more Ancestral God Light one will receive, making its accumulated seeds stronger, this is all I know! Don't kill me!!" The middle-aged man knew that the man in red before him was a deviant, because in the past few days, he had robbed and killed more than ten Totem Users. His actions were cruel, and his personality was cold, easily making his hair stand on end.

"Special treatment, huh? Really..." The man in red flung the prisoner in his hands away in one go, while a thoughtful expression appeared on his face.

Chapter 473: Arriving At Daniela 1

Gee!!

In the sky, a black carriage was pulled by a group of black hawks. It was moving forward at high speed, and from time to time, the black hawks let out sharp cries. As they flapped their huge wings, large amounts of air current were created, bringing their body odor along.

Within a specific radius, every creature with a sharp sense of smell would retreat, to avoid conflict with this group of yellow-eyed black hawks.

In the blue sky, waves of clouds passed the carriage. Down below was a vast plain, and the yellow-green mountains were like centipedes on the green expanse. There were also deep black canyons and green lakes, with strange howls faintly came from the surface.

Garen sat in the carriage and looked out of the window. He felt a wave of desolation coming towards him.

The vast plains didn't seem to have an end to them. As the carriage was pulled by the giant hawks, it was unclear how long it would take to reach their next destination.

A cold white color appeared on the faint sunlight. It did not carry any warmth; all it did was reflecting the paint on the surface of the carriage.

Garen placed his hands on the window, as if he were admiring the beautiful scenery below.

In the carriage, Wukang was giving a dirty look at his female guard. Both of them were like glue as they were cuddling each other; it was obvious their relationship wasn't normal. They didn't even care about Garen and started flirting softly.

"We have swept a few strongholds but the Cthulhuists still haven't come out. Looks like if they weren't preparing for a more violent counterattack that they would give up temporarily to convene their forces for their internal situation." Garen turned and looked at Wukang. "What are your thoughts?"

"It depends on your purpose, My Lord." Wukang patted the female guard's waist and raised his head to look at Garen.

"The purpose. Since the Cthulhuism Society needs the Glittering Water, if we don't gain something from them, wouldn't all our efforts to conquer the Glittering Pond be wasted?" Garen smiled. After the chaos in Daniela ended, Hellgate would be awakened. At that point, the Royal Alliance will be completely destroyed and the Obscuro Society would grow in strength. If he didn't take advantage of this time to obtain an advantage and strengthen himself, he would be in real trouble.

He didn't think he could withstand the unstoppable Hellgate.

For Beckstone to escape, many elites behind him gave up their lives to rescue him, time after time, from Hellgate's pursuit.

However that decision was made because Beckstone was the Terraflor Society's brightest hope. Garen himself wasn't a genius, like Beckstone. People from the Royal Alliance also weren't that noble to sacrifice themselves for others.

Cthulhu's Origin, and the Seed of the Ancestral God were the two best things in Daniela. One was the root of the Chulhuism Society, while the other was the root of Daniela's king.

The Ancestral God was also known as the Wing God. It was the iconic guardian of Daniela's royal family, and in fact, the source of its power was from the Ancestral God Pillar.

The extent of influence of Daniela's royal family was dependent on the extent of power of the Ancestral God Pillar that the king of Daniela could unleash.

"In Daniela, the two best things are the Seed of the Ancestral God and Cthulhu's Origin. Although both of these are good, but our power path is already restricted. It won't be much use to us even if we obtain

it." Wukang had evidently received sufficient information from the Black Swamp Palace's information network.

"I wouldn't be so sure of that. No matter what, if we obtain the two things, it's not a bad choice for us to study it, or leave it for our future generations." Garen uttered.

"You must have other plans?" Wukang laughed.

Garen didn't answer but tilted his head to look out of the window once again.

Naturally, he would not reveal that he knew how to use Cthulhu's Origin.

According to the original history, he gradually realized that there was another key reason the Obscuro Society's marshalls could raise their abilities with the Cthulhu's Origin. It was because of the adaptee.

It just so happened that Kid knew about the production of an adaptee. After questioning, Garen completely understood the secret usage of Cthulhu's Origin.

If the Seed of the Ancestral God could raise the innate ability of totem users, Cthulhu's Origin was a treasure that could evolve the human soul.

However, since Cthulhu's Origin consists of the Cthulhu King's indomitable will, an adaptee has to be found to separate the Cthulhu King's will.

An adaptee naturally has the energy and spirit to fight the Cthulhu King's will. It's the best way to separate the Cthulhu King's will.

There was only one adaptee out of the whole of Daniella.

It was the one with the Winged-God arm, Hannet Thunderstorm.

This mere 14-year old boy was already an infamous fugitive throughout Daniela. The Cthulhuism Society was in heavy pursuit of him, hunting him down everywhere to try to utterly destroy the only counter to the Cthulhu King. However, there had been no complete solution until now.

It was obvious that the king of Daniela was backing him up.

"To Daniela, we are mere outsiders." Garen opened his mouth to speak.

"Yes. Daniel has two major forces, the Cthulhuism Society and the Royal Family. Behind them are many elites, the four aren't even the key deciding factors. Daniela has already gathered the strongest forces in the whole of the East Continent." Wukang nodded in agreement. "Honestly speaking, I do not recommend we intervene. The situation is too chaotic. If we are not careful, even you, Lord Garen, would face danger."

"Then why are you willing to come along with me?" Garen asked him back.

"I want to see and experience the strength of the legendary Cthulhu King and king of Daniela." Wukang laughed. "I don't have many hobbies other than lust and fights. Three days without a fight would make me panic."

"Then you must have a lot of similarities with Blizzard."

"Fighting with the same person all the time gets old." Wukang shook his head. "After entering into fourth form, the body has greatly evolved. We have lifespans far longer than others. With such a long life, wouldn't it be boring if we don't have some fun?"

Garen smiled without saying a word.

Currently, Cthulhu King and Daniela's king were the main players. For outsiders like them to obtain sufficient benefit, they needed an actual squad.

Two days later...

In the night sky, four rays of red light soared through the dark night. They looked like four red lines before they stayed suspended in the air.

The four red dots of light blocked a black carriage that was flying speedily in the sky.

Buzzz!!!

The four red dots suddenly combined to form a squared red curtain, completely blocking the carriage from progressing.

"Hands up!"

Four voices of men and women overlapped as they said the same phrase, as if they were a single voice.

"You will be punished by the Gods!"

The voice echoed countless times in the sky.

At the same time, similar squared red curtains appeared around the carriage. They were a hundred meters away, completely surrounding the carriage in the middle.

Crash...

The carriage door was swung open.

Garen and Wukang slowly leapt out. A black cloud and water vapor beneath their feet caught them respectively.

"It's you?" Garen recognized the male leader at one glance. It was the Cthulhu that was killed by him at the Glittering Pond. "You've recovered completely in such a short time? You even found a few helpers?"

Even he himself was dumbfounded by that terrifying regenerative ability.

The male in red stared at Garen with hatred.

"I wasn't fully prepared before. I never thought you would dare to come to Daniela. Hehe. I'm going to hang you upside down, skin you, preserve you and make jerky out of your meat! I'm sure the texture would be very tasty..."

Garen furrowed his brows. The other party had four Cthulhus, which were all peak fourth forms. He wasn't afraid of getting rid of them once. But after killing them, would they be back with eight Cthulhus?

If all eighteen Cthulhus were present, not only him, even the department director would be in fear.

He did not come to Daniela to attract hatred. Being in the limelight is not a good thing at all.

He was already at Daniela's borders. If any major thing happened again, his purpose would be disrupted.

"Are we taking action?" Wukang asked softly at the side.

"If not, should we just stand here and get beaten?" Garen gave him a glance and raised his hands to act.

Bang!!!

A frightening white pillar of light came from above.

With incredible accuracy, it hit the curtain where the four Cthulhus were. Three other similar pillars fell from the sky, hitting the remaining three curtains.

The white giant light pillar was few meters thick. It was like a sudden bolt of lightning in the dark night. It came down in a flash, leaving afterimages on the retina.

"When have you Cthulhus become the boss of Daniela's borders?"

A clear male voice sounded in the sky.

A white-robed, middle-aged man quietly appeared before Garen's carriage, blocking off the two parties.

As the pillars of light disappeared, the Cthulhus' curtains had been utterly destroyed.

After retreating when the giant pillar of light struck, they now stood in a separated formation

The four Cthulhus looked in displeasure at the white-robed man.

"Ankama, the King of Holy Lake!" A big sized Cthulhu opened his mouth. Unlike the Cthulhu that Garen defeated, once he opened his mouth, the others remaining instantly kept quiet. He was evidently the one with the highest position in this temporary squad.

"Aren't you in the valley of the Ancestral God Pillar? Why do you have the time to come here?" The Cthulhu seemed to have heavy resentment towards the white-robed man.

"I go wherever I want. No one set the rules barring me from coming here for a walk, is there?" The white-robed man, Ankama spoke in a relaxed manner. However, from his expression, he had a deep hatred for the Cthulhu party of four.

"Alright!! Count yourselves lucky. I'll let you all go today!" The Cthulhu stared at Garen coldly. "Pray that you never meet me again! Remember, I'm the Hurricane God, Weir!"

"Sixth Brother!" The Cthulhu that was killed by Garen cried in dissatisfaction.

"Shut up! Let's go!" Weir stared fiercely at his counterpart. He pulled back his right arm, and with a crash, pulled a red cloak to cover the four of them. The cloak rotated rapidly and became smaller and smaller, until it finally shrunk to the size of a small red cloth and disappeared, as if it were squeezed into space.

Garen and Wukang stood silently suspended in their original position. Regarding the Cthulhus, even Wukang could defeat two of them at once. Not to mention Garen, who could torture them with one hand.

They just didn't want to draw attention to themselves. They never thought the opponent would think they were scared.

No matter how strong the Cthulhus were, they were only normal peak fourth forms.

Their level was far from Wukang's, who was a unique fourth form with unique techniques.

As if he noticed their belittlement, the white-robed middle-aged man turned towards them.

"Do not look down on them. One Cthulhu is not frightening. When two of them are together, their powers would increase. When there are three or four of them, they would produce an evil spirit light, which multiplies the Cthulhus' power by two or more. Moreover, the sixth ranked Hurricane God Weir was present. Even a normal fifth form would not be able to escape their wrath."

Both of them instantly turned solemn, especially Garen.

He quickly did some calculations in his mind. Four Cthulhus plus the Hurricane God. The power needed to get rid of them was actually.....

If initially he could defeat the enemy with only an arm. Now with this.....still only an arm was needed.

He paused for a moment.

He initially thought they were strong. But after calculating carefully, they were still within his grasp. Even if their power doubled up, he could still defeat them with a punch each.

He didn't even need to use more than 20% of the Black Water True Technique.

Chapter 474: Arriving At Daniela 2

"You have to be careful in the future. That guy Weir obviously holds a grudge against you." The white-robed man whispered. "Let me introduce myself. I'm Ankama, the current King of Daniela's Holy Lake, one of the two kings. I was ordered to come and welcome both of you. The two Lords of your Three Departments are also at the Ancestral God Pillar."

Ankama surveyed the surroundings.

"Aren't you going to invite me to have a seat? You don't have to introduce yourselves. I've read information about both of you beforehand."

"Come up." Although Garen was displeased at the four Cthulhus, he steadied himself and returned to the carriage.

No matter what, the other party was here to help him. It would be even better for him to take advantage. When the two sides were engaged in battle and underestimated his power, he could secretly obtain Cthulhu's Origin. There was a high possibility he could obtain the adapter with the Winged-God arm.

The three of them returned to the carriage. The yellow-eyed black hawks were only mildly frightened under the protection of the tactic formation. They did not suffer any damage and continued flying forward under Garen's control.

As the three of them sat at the long table in the carriage, the girl guard served the three men some snacks and tea.

"This is our Kovitan's green tea snack. Some red fern roots were added. It tastes pretty good. You can have a try." Garen pointed.

Ankama took a snack but didn't eat. He only held it in his hand.

"Lord Garen, I heard that you've destroyed multiple Cthulhuism Society squads and temporary strongholds along your journey here? Is that true?"

"It is." Garen nodded.

"I was thinking why would the Cthulhuism Society send out such an elaborate squad. It was actually you that messed up their plans." Ankama nodded showing that he understood. He actually knew about it beforehand but wanted to verify.

"Most of the men sent by the Cthulhuism Society to conquer the Glittering Pond were annihilated by you. I want to first express my sincere gratitude." He sincerely bowed towards Garen and Wukang.

"I want to thank both of you for clearly standing on the side of the royal family."

"What do you even mean? I, Garen of the Black Swamp Palace am still one of the members of the Three Departments, serving the elders of the Royal Alliance. To protect the interests of the royal family is protecting our own interest." Garen answered with a sense of justice.

Ankama instantly felt ashamed. Daniela did not do anything during the assassination of the king of Kovitan. They were also bystanders when the monsters from the nest attacked the kingdom. After Garen's words, he instantly felt a sense of remorse.

The young King of Holy Lake was obviously not yet warped by governmental politics. He still had basic moral standards.

Royal Alliance? The Three Departments? Ever since so many spies were found out in Kovitan, everyone in the Royal Alliance had only cared about their own safety. The Three Departments were divided

although they looked like one. Many secret dealings were going on inside. Every one of them was thinking of themselves. No one cared about the big picture.

"I express remorse on behalf of my brother's flawed decision making." The King of Holy Lake shook his head. The brother that he mentioned was naturally the King of Daniela. They did not back Kovitan up during that time. Now when they needed help, the elites from Kovitan still righteousness traveled thousands of miles to come here. A friendship like that...

"Daniela is currently lacking resources. Since both of you rushed over to support our royal family, we will not mistreat you. I wonder have both of you heard of the Seed of the Ancestral God?"

Garen and Wukang looked at each other. They knew that the show was about the begin.

"Of course. It's one of the two most precious resources in Daniela." Garen nodded and replied.

"That's good. The Seed of the Ancestral God is a rare resource that cannot be kept by any known method. It has to be consumed within an hour or it will completely lose all effects. Hence..."

Ankama paused.

"Hence, many totem users come to Daniela every year to obtain the Seed of the Ancestral God to raise the innate talent of themselves or their descendants."

"Does this upgrade work for everyone?" Wukang furrowed his brows and asked.

"Of course not. It can work for any totem below Spiritualization level. Also, it can only work once per lifetime for everyone. One seed represents a one-time effect." Ankama answered.

"Since it can't be kept, wouldn't it have no effect on us?" Wukang continued. "If it can be kept there still might be some value."

"Although you can put in this way, however for totem users above Spiritualization level, the Seed of Ancestral God can increase the maximum capacity of totem power," Ankama added. "Totem power determines the explosiveness of a totem user, the number of totems he can control, the strength of totem light and others. Even the usage of tactics is limited by totem power. No totem user wouldn't want their strongest totem as their core totem. Unfortunately, he has to provide sufficient power. If not, once it is summoned, the user would faint due to his energy being sucked dry. What would be the point then? Hence totem power is the foundation of everything."

After hearing those words, even Garen was a little interested.

His totem power was his largest shortfall. This was the reason why he did not develop other third form totems outside of the Nine-Headed Hydra. The reason was his totem power was absolutely insufficient.

He never thought the Seed of the Ancestral God had an effect like this.

Seeing that both of them had interested expressions on their face, Ankama instantly let out a smile.

"The time of the year for the Ancestral God Pillar's seed dispersal has arrived. Both of you can gather the Seeds of the Ancestral God at our designated locations. No matter whether both you are successful, we will provide two more seeds for both of you as a reward for your help. Using two seeds at the same time will double the effect. You must know that one person can only use the effects of the Seeds of the Ancestral God once in his lifetime.

"Deal." Wukang cheerfully agreed. Since Lord Garen had an unspeakable motive, and they were already here, why not obtain more benefits first.

Garen also nodded.

"Your nation is generous indeed."

"How so? Compared to your friendships, this is nothing." Ankama was obviously an honest man. He let out an expression of not taking advantage of his friends as he spoke.

In a certain canyon in Daniela

In the sea of black-green forest, the black canyon was like a big crack in the ground. Its ugliness clearly drew the attention of all living things.

The crack in the ground stretched across thousands of miles. In the field of vision, it was extremely deep, as if it was separating the earth into two.

The trees on both sides were tall and healthy. The scene was like a green carpet with tall ancient trees sewn into it. They were like tall pillars that left huge shadows on the ground.

Many huge colorful butterflies were surrounding the ancient trees.

Their wingspan was about 10 meters wide. From afar, they can be seen as cute. But from a close distance, they looked like small, flying houses. Their huge, flesh-like wings continuously created violent winds.

Among the butterflies, some were white, some were pink, some were light yellow, but most of them were translucent, with crystal-like translucent wings.

On the clear sky, huge birds continuously swooped down and glided through the forest.

On the back of most of the birds were human figures. They came from all directions as they flew towards the biggest tree in the forest.

On an intersection between the sea of trees and the crack, a green river flowed down from the cliff of the crack. It formed a giant white waterfall. As large amounts of white water splashed around, a faint rainbow was formed under the sunlight.

Many huge, transparent soap bubbles floated around in between the giant trees. Each of these soap bubbles was two or three meters large, with human figures standing or sitting within them.

Some of them were men and some of them were women. As they were wrapped in the soap bubble, they seemed slow but in fact, they were traveling at an incredible speed through the forest. It was like a normal form of transportation.

On an empty plain beside the waterfall, a man and a woman in green vine armor stood there.

Both of them impatiently looked at the sky above, as if they were expecting something.

"Why are we the ones to welcome foreign ambassadors? Can't it be other people?!" the young man complained in a tone of displeasure. The vine armor on his body was a short-sleeved shirt and short pants, revealing his strong arms and thigh. He obviously didn't wear undergarments that he should have worn.

"This is our father, the king's orders. If you dare to disobey, I guarantee he will throw you into that giant, tragic hole for more than two weeks." The young girl answered impatiently.

"To hell with it. I've already waited for a full three hours. I don't give a damn about the tragic hole! No, I have to go and accompany my Collier!" The young man turned and wanted to leave.

Shuaaa!

A giant, sticky grey tongue gave him a full-body lick.

A three-meter tall giant grey snail crouched behind him. He protruded a strange tongue from his mouth and licked the man like a puppy. The man was dripping wet from his air. After licking the front it licked the back. After thoroughly licking his whole body, it crawled away in satisfaction.

The man was stunned before the snail. His neat demeanor was totally gone.

The snail slowly crawled away, leaving the speechless man in a mess.

The girl on the side clenched her mouth and kept laughing.

"Argh!! My image!! My hair!! The hairstyle that I've just combed this morning!!" The guy shouted. "I'm going to kill you!! Don't stop me! Don't stop me, Christine!" He leaped ferociously towards the snail.

"Thousand apologies my dear brother. I am 8.152 meters away from your position. If you can defeat the snails here, I won't stop you from doing so." The girl couldn't stop herself from laughing as she answered.

The young man's legs were running, but he was stuck in his position.

After complaining for about half a day, he looked at giant snails that were everywhere. Finally, he helplessly sat on a large white stone.

"Alright. That is why mutated creatures are scary! Someone heard that a snail is on par with a third form totem user? If someone told me this before, I would have definitely sent the crazy man to a mental hospital."

Suddenly a group of large black hawks appeared in the sky. The black hawks were pulling a large black carriage.

"They're here!" The two youths stood up in excitement. Especially the young man. Because of his body's nature, he was licked by many snails. Finally, the time for him to escape his agony has arrived.

Chapter 475: Phiroth 1

Bang!

The carriage landed heavily before the two people. The door was quickly yanked open. Ankama, the King of Holy Lake jumped out.

"Uncle! My uncle! You've finally come!" The young man jumped forward with tears in his eyes.

Ankama turned sideways with a pained expression to evade the young man's pounce.

"Can you not exaggerate?" He was slightly exasperated.

"I can't take it! I can't take it any longer! All my clothes are wet. Only vine armor can be worn. I don't even have undergarments. This life...." The young man crawled to his feet from the ground and cried mournfully.

"Enough! Stop making noise. Do you want the guest to think of you as a joke?" Ankama said sternly.

"This is?" A calm male's voice came from the carriage.

The young man raised his head and saw a blonde-haired young man about his age walking out from the carriage. He was handsome and fair. His pair of scarlet eyes was faintly glowing red, especially the three red dots on his eyebrows.

The man wore a full-body black robe. On his left breast was a simple silver dragon head pattern. He looked like a perfect prince from a fairytale.

The young man compared himself with the guest. Compared to his own wet, messy, helpless image, the other party looked ten thousand times better. A sense of shame instantly gushed out from his heart.

"This is Fenrir. My brother's fourth son. This is Fensal, the fifth daughter. Both of them are here especially to welcome both of you." Ankama quickly introduced.

Both of them stood up straight and officially bowed towards Garen and Wukang.

"Welcome to the Ancestral God Canyon."

Compared to his brother's immaturity, the younger sister Fensal projected a much better image. Her mannerism was on point. With her beauty and figure, she was dressed in a new green vine armor, revealing her fair long legs and some skin. She gave off a refreshing sense of sexiness.

"Sorry to trouble both of you." Garen politely smiled.

The six of them, under the lead of the brother and sister, headed towards the waterfall.

The carriage automatically followed behind, leaving two distinct tire tracks on the ground.

In the forest on both sides of the waterfall, two to three-meter tall giant snails could be seen everywhere. The snails were slowly crawling in the forest. Some of them were stuck on tree trunks, some were sleeping in bushes, while some were chewing barks and flowers.

Most of these snails were grey. They carried a round shell each. None of them were affected by Garen's party.

Fensal walked in the front and introduced the surrounding environment with a loud voice.

"According to statistics, there are forty-two different types of snails in the snail forest. The smallest ones are two to three meters tall while the largest ones are five to six meters. They occupy different ecological fields. The ones surrounding is now are the basic grey snails. These snails have strong sticky liquid. At the same time, they have incredibly poisonous stings hidden. Once they face danger, they will shoot poisonous stings. They are very powerful and can counter totem light. According to valuation, they are on par with a third form totem user."

"Oh?" Garen never thought that the peaceful giant snails around had such powerful abilities.

"Grey snails like these are all over the forest. Other than them, there are also Lightning Snails, Volcano Snails, Corroding Snails, Rampaging Snails. Especially the Rampaging. Look, there's one over there." Fensal pointed at the forest on her left.

Bang, bang.

Within the forest, there was a giant snail humanoid with a shell on its back. It was incredibly muscular. As it was patrolling, every step produced a low sound. Its body was fully grey, like a grey-skinned giant. The only thing was it had an additional giant shell.

The two antlers on its head were swaying to the right and then to the left.

These giant Rampaging Snail had a human face with a ferocious expression. It stood up straight and walked on two limbs as it patrolled around the vicinity. It was a standard giant creature about five-meter tall.

Fensal smiled as she introduced it.

"The Rampaging Snails are the strongest guardians here. Each one of them has Spiritualization and basic intelligence. They have huge resistance towards totem light. They are incredibly strong and fast, and also have rampaging abilities. However, we have an agreement with them to protect the balance of nature together. As long as we do not disturb them or destroy their surrounding environment, they will not initiate an attack."

Garen and Wukang let out expressions of praise. This manner of living together could only be seen in Daniela.

"I've heard of King Phiroth of Daniela advocating harmony with nature. Only by seeing it first-hand, I can experience the difference it brings."

"Father's beliefs are the goals that we pursue." Fenrir finally found an opportunity to speak. "With these beliefs as the foundation, our Daniela formed the only Three-Dimensional Combat Squad in the world!" He spoke with a hint of pride, and at the same time stared defiantly at Garen.

"Three-Dimensional Combat Squad?" Garen asked out of curiosity.

"This is just a one-time experiment. We have not succeeded yet. Please head here." Fensal instantly interrupted her brother's gloating. She gave him a fierce pinch, which almost caused him to shout.

Ankama stared helplessly at his own nephew. This man was obviously concerned about his redundancy. Although Garen was the same age as him, he was long playing on a different level. Both parties could not be compared at all.

The six of them descended along the cliff, then followed a small path to the back of the waterfall. Large amounts of water poured down on the left, stirring up a chilling breeze.

Very quickly, the party arrived at a semi-circular protruding stone platform. Whitewater from the waterfall was flowing on both sides of the stone platform. Only the front was empty.

A handful of white vine armored guards were on guard at the two sides. Two white-robed totem users were waiting on the stone platform. As they saw the arrival of the six of them, both of them bowed slightly.

"Head to the second Ancestral God tree," Fensal ordered the two totem users in a loud voice.

The two of them nodded and took out a magnifying-glass like a golden ring and blew with all their might.

Shhhhhh.....

After the blowing sounds, two transparent bubbles instantly appeared. From the size of a fist, it quickly expanded into the size of a soccer ball, then the size of a basin, then the size of a bathtub. Finally, it became a giant, three-meter tall bubble.

"Please come up." Fensal was the first one who headed for the bubble. She squeezed her body and instantly entered the air bubble.

The rest of them followed suit and walked towards the air bubble. The six of them were split into two groups. Fensal stood with Garen and Wukang, while Ankama and Fenrir stood with the female guard.

The air bubbles instantly floated up and headed towards the sky.

"The airspace here forbids flying creatures, tools or tactics without a pass to fly, especially the central Ancestral God Pillar area. Only natural air bubbles like these are allowed. The forbidden airspace has the support of the Ancestral God Pillar. Even a strong totem user will not be able to fly without a pass. Moreover, there are also flesh butterflies who act as guardians. Look, they are over there. The flesh butterflies have huge resistance towards totem light, and can cause huge damage towards fire types..."

Fensal cheerfully introduced every detail of the surrounding environment to Garen.

This green-haired girl slowly leaned her body closer and closer towards Garen.

Daniela's girls were straightforward towards love and hate, They didn't cover up much. Like meant like.

Fensal obviously took a liking towards Garen.

Nobody cared about Wukang on the side. He sat alone admiring the scenery.

Garen carefully listened. From time to time, he raised his hand to touch the inner wall of the bubble. It was soft, like the texture of a balloon.

"This is the Ancestral God Tree rubber bubble. It can expand and contract. Different Ancestral God rubbers are naturally attracted to their respective Ancestral God trees. With this principle, we use the rubber bubble for transportation." Fensal slid her hand through the arch of Garen's arm. She leaned her whole body on Garen's side.

"Oh yes, Lord Garen is not married yet?"

"Yes. Not yet. But I have a fiancée." Garen quickly clarified. Fensal's actions made him feel a little dangerous.

"Nevermind. Compare to your rumored fiancée, I think I'm the most suitable one for you." Fensal volunteered. "I like you. Take me home?"

Garen was made speechless by her straightforwardness.

"Do not be impulsive, Sixth Princess. Aren't we still unfamiliar with each other? Moreover, it is impossible for me to give up on my fiancée."

"Aren't I still young? You are also still young. Shouldn't young people have vigor? Who cares about being impulsive. Leaving behind beautiful, painful, regretful memories, aren't these treasures when we become old? Shouldn't young people be impulsive?" Fensal didn't mind at all. She pressed her firm chest on Garen's arm. "I can't wait to give you my body as a memory." She lowered her voice and spoke flirtatiously.

"Precisely because you are young, isn't it much more possible to meet a better one? Isn't it unwise to decide too early?" Garen advised helplessly.

Finally, the bubble arrived at a giant brown tree and landed on one of its branches.

From time to time, other bubbles landed on the branches around. The people that came out were also led by others. They were evidently foreign totem users like Garen's party.

Each branch of the giant tree was ten-meters wide. The top of the branch was flat, and there was a wooden fence on the side. Two totem users were on guard here, like the two totem users in the bubble.

As Garen and the rest exited the air bubble, they instantly smelled a rich honey smell. The sweetness was similar to brewed honey; incredibly tempting.

Tiny white lights flashed faintly in the air. The lights could be seen but couldn't be felt.

Garen tried to use his hand to catch but it was intangible. His fingers passed by the middle of the faint light.

"This is the Ancestral God Light. For our guests who love nature, it reduces their fatigue." Seeing that Garen didn't want to say much, Fensal changed the topic.

Giant vines surrounded the Ancestral Tree trunk. These green vines were like mountain paths. They circled around the giant tree, forming connected paths with the branches.

Under Fensal's guidance, Garen and the rest walked out of the branches and headed downwards to the vines.

The vines were seven to eight meters-wide. From time to time, white vine-armored guards who were leading guests would pass by. Some of them directly entered the holes on the trunk, some of them headed upwards on the vines to board the air bubbles, while some were walking downwards.

Garen carefully admired the beauty of the scenery. The clear air made his mood better. As he was genetically fused with the Nine-Headed Hydra, he was naturally drawn towards beautiful things. This naturally made his mood better.

Qiu qiu... Qiu qiu...

Suddenly, a noise came from the front. It was like the cry of a child.

Very quickly, on the vine path ahead, a group of small milk-white and light yellow mushrooms were jumping and leaping. They happily passed the feet of Garen's party. Some of the small mushrooms even circled around Garen's party before catching up with the rest of the group and continued rushing downwards.

Garen and the rest were awed. After walking for a while, they met another group of small mushrooms. They lined up and happily passed Garen's feet. They were jumping and leaping like kids.

Chapter 476: Phiroth 2

"Those are little elves. They are the sons and daughters of the Ancestral God Tree. Do not hurt them as it will enrage the Ancestral God Tree." Fensal reminded softly. "These children will be very grateful if you treat them well. They will even help you back. For example, if you need to search for something or someone, as long as it is within this area, they would be able to be of assistance."

Very quickly, they finally arrived at the top segment of the Ancestral God Tree. There was a big hole in the tree trunk.

A strong white-haired man was standing in front of the tree hole. He was topless with only a black cape over his back. He wore heavy black vine armor on his lower body with a giant silver dual-ax on his back. His hair and beard were tangled together and it was impossible to tell the difference.

"Welcome welcome! My dear friends from Kovitan!" The white-haired man walked towards Garen. He instantly opened his arms and walked towards Garen to give him an intense hug.

A heavy sweaty odor instantly came.

Garen naturally had a strong sense of smell. With that hug, he almost fainted.

Bang bang bang!!!

The man gave Garen loud pats with his strong arms.

"Nine-Headed Hydra Garen! Not bad not bad!" The strong man let go of Garen and let out a big smile. "My daughter likes you very much!"

This King of Daniela was a legendary peak fifth form elite, but he totally did not have the charisma that an elite should have. He was like a barbarian chieftain which did not care about mannerisms at all.

However, it made sense after thinking about it. Being the strongest King of Daniela, he obtained everything through his fists and kicks, seizing from the Cthulhuism Society. He didn't put any form of mannerism in his eyes. He lived however he wanted. Who would dare to instruct him?

"Oh, it's my honor..." Garen was already told that the king's daughter likes him very much after their first meeting. His intentions were exceedingly clear.

"Come to Daniela, I'll marry my three daughters to you! Your kids will definitely be able to inherit my great Daniela and destroy those disgusting Cthulhu worms!" The king of Daniela led them into the tree hole with a big smile on his face.

Unexpectedly, the decorations in the hole were considered luxurious. White-silver ornaments and jade-green vines could be seen everywhere. Their patterns looked abstract but in fact, there was a certain mysterious sequence to it.

The whole tree hole gave people the feeling of a mysterious shrine.

The king of Daniela was a straightforward man. He did not beat around the bush with his words.

"I know you are worried about your fiancée. It's alright. I won't make things difficult for you. Go back and settle your fiancée then come back and marry my daughter!" Phiroth, King of Daniela sat on his throne and spoke bluntly.

"This.....I've only met your daughter for the first time. Isn't this progression is too fast..." Garen did not want to bluntly reject.

"No worries. The daughters of Daniela do not say much. Get in the car first before developing feelings!!" Phiroth waved his hand and was ready to set things in stone.

Garen was completely speechless. At that instant, Wukang was whispering in his ear.

"Do not agree. The words that he just said to you, he has said the same to more than ten elites. He is more fertile than Grand Duke Benoch. He has forty-three daughters now and seventy-six sons. Every time he meets genius totem users, he will give away his daughters and sons. As for inheriting Daniela, he tells this to everyone..." Wukang decisively revealed the true nature of the old man.

Forty-three daughters...

Garen twitched his eyebrows. Although he didn't know how Wukang obtained the information in such a short span of time, regardless of whether it was true, he didn't plan to agree on this marriage.

"Thousand apologies, your honor. I already have a fiancée. Please forgive me for not accepting such an honor." Garen bluntly rejected.

"Oh?" Phiroth straightened his eyes. The atmosphere in the tree hole instantly tremored. It wasn't tremors in the heart, but the whole tree hole was actually trembling slightly.

The air seemed to solidify.

"Saying this, are you looking down on the daughter of Phiroth?" A wave of ferocity flashed in Phiroth's eyes. A tremendous pressure instantly pressed on Garen.

"Your majesty, we came from afar to aid the situation in Daniela. Everyone has their own free will. Are you trying to interfere with my choices?" Garen blinked his eyes. There was a tremor in his body. He instantly broke free from the shapeless pressure of the totem light to avoid direct conflict with the other party.

The pressure had faint resemblance with the aura of the martial arts world. It was as per Garen's prediction. A true fifth form elite would already have God-like martial arts.

Facing an elite like this, totem light was a protective field. It combines totem power and the totem's abilities to form the strongest foundational power. It was like the blood-flow in the martial art world. This was the foundational power of all martial arts. It was a foundational element like a magician's magic in fairy tales and the inner strength of wushu artists. Only because of the different totem abilities, it caused this foundational power to carry different attributes, strengths, and characteristics.

Reversing this power obtained by fusion and evolution, then pushing it into the body to transform it and eventually reaching a whole new evolved level. This was the principle of fifth form.

Facing a fifth form master once again, Garen gleaned some key points just from the short battle of auras. He was instantly delighted.

As he reached the end of this path, he never thought he would be walking his old path of martial arts. The only difference was low-level martial arts used blood flow as the foundation, while the martial arts here used a higher power which recycles in the body as the base for martial arts.

After he understood this, he regained his focus instantly and faced the King of Daniela, Phiroth. The other party was obviously showing off his strength for Garen to understand the difference between their abilities. There is always pride in geniuses.

As their auras came into direct conflict, the difference was Phiroth's aura completely covered the whole tree hole. The faces of the guards and servants around were pale. They were obviously in serious shock.

Even Wukang, Fensal and the rest did not look good, especially Fensal. She knew her father's temper. Although he had many kids, Phiroth especially loved twelve of them, including herself and her brother. His proposal being rejected in front of such a big crowd did not look good on all of Daniela.

"Hahaha!" Suddenly, Phiroth burst into laughter. His loud laughter shook the whole tree hole.

"Good! Good personality! I admire your character! I am at peace entrusting my daughter to you!" Phiroth directly ignored Garen's rejection.

"Your Majesty. It's not that your daughter isn't good enough. It's just that I'm already..."

"There's no need for more words!" Phiroth raised his hands. "I know what you mean, but Phiroth's daughter is definitely much better than your fiancée! However, the younger generation should handle their own matters. Regarding you and number six, both of you develop by yourselves. I'll leave it to you."

He raised the wine glass and gulped down some wine.

"Alright, I'm tired. All of you are excused. Coming from afar, have good rest today. Don't miss the gathering period of the Seed of the Ancestral God."

"Thanks for your understanding, Your Majesty." Garen heaved a sigh of relief. All these while there was freedom of love. He has never heard about forced marriage in front of a crowd. The King of Daniela was volatile. His thoughts were abnormal. It wasn't easy to deal with him.

The thing that made Garen more speechless was that a person like that was one of the strongest in the whole world. Even in the whole East Continent, Phiroth would be one of the top elites.

The habit of giving daughters away after meeting people wasn't a good one.

Feeling fortunate, Garen and Wukang finally left the tree hole. Two tree holes located at the bottom half of the tree were arranged for their stay.

Before long, there were totem users that came to visit.

As Kovitan's top genius who emerged in a few short years, Garen naturally had some fame. Leaders of middle and large-sized forces visited him one by one to be acquainted. They even brought along some strange treasures as gifts.

Garen took a few of the gifts including a potion that he concocted and went to visit the Lord and Deputy Lord of the Geometry Service.

The Geometry Service was different from other departments. The main power structure was from the Royal Star Court. The strongest Lord and Deputy Lord were equivalent to the directors and ministers of other departments.

However, he did not manage to meet both of them. Both of them were out. Garen had to leave the gifts and return.

Furthermore, basic manners were sufficient.

After a series of exchanges, Wukang who was incredibly good in espionage returned after going out alone. There were clearly several kiss marks on his neck. He walked into Garen's tree hole with a blissful expression.

"Daniela's girls are too wild!" His first sentence revealed his nature.

He showed off his kiss marks so Garen could see them better.

Wukang laughed and sat down. Then he drank the red fruit juice on the table.

"Say...What other good news have you obtained again."

"There is indeed a good news." Wukang placed the cup down. "The Cthulhu King has announced that he wants to make an exchange with the glittering water. Is this considered good news?"

"Of course." Garen's eyes brightened up. He was waiting for this.

"There is other news. I heard that two intelligence-type nest kings have appeared in the East Continent. They are incredibly strong." Wukang continued. "They control all the nests, gathering all monsters and dangerous mutants to form a complete organization. They are in three major countries and a whole group of small countries in the South. They restricted the monsters from attacking humans. Naturally, the environment became safer. At least all monsters with strong abilities are gone."

Garen naturally knew the origin of the two new nest kings. If the piece of information was accurate, he wasn't surprised.

"Anything else?"

"The situation. Many remnants of organizations naturally started to develop again while in a safe environment." Wukang shrugged. "However, I heard that Daniela's King wanted to recruit all these organizations to become one with him at the helm. His ambition is not small. He wants to disassemble the Elder Council and do things himself." Wukang stroked his chin as he spoke.

"After some careful thought, Phiroth indeed has a huge ambition. But the Cthulhuism Society aren't herbivores. There will definitely be conflicts during this upcoming glittering water incident." Garen whispered.

"Herbivores? What do you mean?" Wukang didn't understand. "Oh, are you saying they are as ferocious as carnivores? Yes indeed," he responded. "What should we do now?"

"The Seed of the Ancestral God and Cthulhu's Origin. We need to try our best to obtain these two things." Garen said with a solemn expression. "However, many other forces will have the same objective as us."

"Definitely. Elites from Ender, and also Sudan. All of them are led by fourth form elites. In fact, most of the strongest people in the East Continent other than the Elder Council, have gathered here. Hehe, the human population is already severely depleting. If there is another accident here, killing a whole bunch of people, the human race would be facing extinction.

Garen looked at Wukang. Although he didn't mean it, Garen knew that after Hellgate emerges, the actual situation would be like what Wukang has described. Many elites who fought against the Obscuro Society would perish. The forces of the entire East Continent would be depleted. In the future, even Spiritualization level would be considered elites., as fourth form totem users would be almost extinct.

After Beckstone and the rest defeat Hellgate with tremendous effort, the whole totem world in the East Continent would be broken. The totem civilization would regress backward by a few decades.

Chapter 477: Action 1

The two of them discussed the rough arrangements in the room and how to react to possible scenarios. Only when all arrangements were complete did Wukang take his leave. It was likely he went to continue flirting with Daniela's girls. His female guard was also missing. Garen sat alone in the room and continued his practice of the Black Water True Technique. He only stood to leave the room when the sun was about to go down.

A green vine armored guard was standing by the door. As he saw Garen exiting, he asked respectfully.

"My Lord, do you have needs?"

"Where is the gathering area of the Seed of the Ancestral God? Bring me to have a look." Garen asked directly.

"The gathering area requires taking the bubble over. Please follow me." The guard was a young man. He seemed a little nervous when handling Garen's request. But he was considered decent. He was well-mannered, obviously from a good background.

The name of the Nine-Headed Hydra was thoroughly infamous throughout Kovitan, or even the outside world. He was the type who could kill without blinking. It wasn't an unusual thing to be severely beaten if one wasn't careful in dealing with him.

Fortunately, Garen simply nodded without uttering much.

Under the guard's guidance, both of them descended along the vine path and arrived at a larger circular plate. It was the departure point of the bubbles.

Similarly, there were two flight attendants on top waiting for orders. A guest-like man and woman in red robes were ready to board a newly-created bubble.

Both of them saw Garen and the guard who had just entered. In the instant they saw Garen, their expression changed. They obviously recognized Garen.

Garen himself was unclear, but they knew of him. Among the totem users that came to the Ancestral God Pillar, for those of them with strong organizational backgrounds, they had excellent information networks. All incredibly dangerous totem users were all marked with special portraits to heighten their awareness.

Garen was one of the top ten most dangerous men. He was on par with the top few Cthulhus of the Cthulhuism Society and the two elites of Daniela's royal family. Other than the totem users at the pinnacle, they were the ten most dangerous people. Conflict with them should be avoided at all costs.

This private list was circulated among all totem users from medium to smaller forces. Some grassroots totem users with methods of their own had also obtained and sold it to other totem users at a high price. Hence, in fact, all of the totem users who came for the gathering of the Seed of the Ancestral God were aware of this ranking.

The two totem users bowed to Garen from afar, showing their respects.

Garen didn't care about them. Under the flight attendant's arrangement, he boarded the bubble alone.

He sat in the bubble and quickly soared into the sky. He could clearly see the orange landscape below at one glance.

Each giant Ancestral God tree was like ginormous mushrooms. Their vast shade overshadowed the ground below.

From time to time, flesh butterflies and giant bubbles flew pass the Ancestral God trees. It added a fantasy feel to the environment.

The bubble that Garen was sitting in floated for a moment and quickly landed at the side of one of the largest Ancestral God trees. A few temporary gathering points were already built.

The gathering points stood in a circle within the green forest. Each of them had their own sign.

The gathering area was in the shape of an equilateral triangle. Every three gathering areas would form a triangle. From the inner region to the outer region, the grew larger and larger. Each gathering area lined up in three straight lines, stretching throughout the forest.

As Garen landed, the flight attendant was about to finish his shift. He was yawning when he saw Garen arriving. He instantly put on a straight face and a respectful attitude.

There were three take-off points in this gathering area. A handful of people were ready to take off on this particular take-off point. Seeing Garen landing, their expressions changed.

Garen felt something was off. As he landed on the ground, he blocked off the two people who were about to take off.

"Excuse me. Can I borrow some of your time?"

"Of course! Of course, you can!" The two couple-like totem users agreed hurriedly. If their faces hadn't turned pale, one would think they were very welcoming towards Garen's inquiry if it was just based on their tone of voice.

After a few minutes....

Garen looked at the two people fleeing. He finally understood what was going on.

The nation of Daniela worshiped battles. Be it the Cthulhuism Society or the Royal Family of Daniela, activities like a battle to the death in front of crowds were not rare sights. It was natural here for the weak to obey the strong.

Before Garen arrived, most of the masters who were ranked in the top ten had fierce personalities. They would severely injure or even kill people without saying a word.

Because of the tense situation between Daniela and the Cthulhuism Society, plus the gathering of Cthulhu's Origin and the Seed of the Ancestral God, more and more elites flocked over here. There were a few key people who were worthy of Garen's attention.

The first one.

One of Edney's famous, next-generation masters - Scylla Whitewater. He was believed to be on par with the Three Great Heroes, as a peak fourth form totem user. He fought on par with the Black Prince for more than ten minutes. According to rumors, he held various precious heirlooms, but nobody has seen them before. He was also the master of the Edney's Ancient Society.

Secondly.

The top three of the Cthulhuism Society - Thunder God, Light God, and Water God.

The three of them were the strongest existence other than the Cthulhu King in the Cthulhuism Society. They were fifth form masters with immortality. Even Garen himself had headaches when facing them.

Thirdly.

A mysterious figure from the Obscuro Society - a girl named Emilo. No one has ever seen her true figure. She always hid under a black mantle, with a black mask and white moon-shaped earrings. Once she'd appeared and heavily injured King Gallo, one of the two kings of Daniela. She destroyed all his various tactics, illusions and totem equipment. Had King Phiroth not arrived quickly, whether his brother, King Gallo could have kept his life was another question.

This sneak attack further intensified the tension between the royal family and the Obscuro's Cthulhuism Society.

Garen was similar to Scylla Whitewater. They were on par with the top three Cthulhus in the eyes of people. In addition to his fame which had spread here from Kovitan, he instantly became one of the targets that shouldn't be messed with by fellow totem users.

The gathering of the Ancestral God seeds was a grand occasion held together by the Cthulhuism Society and the royal family. At the same time, it was an opportunity to secretly show off strength and compete for positions.

The most important competition was for the three internal rings. The three internal rings were the best positions.

The three most central area of the triangle was the easiest place to gather the best Ancestral God seeds. Hence, this was the most intense competition over the years.

Garen directly headed to the three internal rings. He followed the paths between the triangular gathering area.

The triangular gathering area was layered. A bigger triangle would surround a smaller one, one after the other. The number of totem users here was uncountable. Some of them set up signs of the organizations, some set up regional signs, while some set up signs of the royal family. The sign of the Terraflor Society was also on a corner on the fourth layer.

Garen didn't care much. He passed the fourth layer and headed towards the third layer. As he passed by the gathering areas, there were owls, birds, mice on the sides. They were scouting totems. There were also totem users that came out to observe the newly arrived Garen.

On every triangular layer, there was a weak, simple balancing structure. Normally when they faced intruders, they would merge and defend, to avoid anyone interfering with the benefits that had been agreed on.

However, everyone had the information on Garen being one of the ten fiercest people. He was one of the cruelest totem users in Kovitan, even facing fifth form Marshall God Cloud heads on. He wasn't someone they could mess with.

Fearful gazes were fixated on Garen, observing him walking towards the internal rings.

Passing the fourth layer, he entered the third layer. The totem light waves in the gathering areas strengthened. It meant that spiritualization level tactic formations existed here.

On the empty spaces on the two sides, the branches above and in the bushes, the number of scouting totems increased.

Garen didn't head to any specific gathering area. He continued along the forest path between gathering areas and headed inwards.

Only stronger forces could obtain gathering areas in the third layer. Frozen Valley, Fire Dragon Island and Starry Eye Association. These three were strong organizations that could sustain themselves in this chaos. All of them had fourth form totem users, but none of them were located in Kovitan. They were large organizations with branches in Edney and Daniela.

Within the Starry Eye Association's gathering area

A group of blue-robed totem users gathered together around a giant crystal sphere, looking at Garen's figure which was reflected within.

"The final battles are taking place in the second layer. The Cthulhuism Society and the Royal Alliance each occupy a point. A fierce battle is taking place for the remaining point. A large majority of the ten masters are confronting each other for this position. Now another master on the same level has arrived. Looks like there will be a good show to watch." The association's leader was an old white-bearded. He was sucking a lollipop as he sat crossed-leg on the floor. He looked casual as he adjusted the clarity of the crystal ball in excitement.

"Normally, those two major forces would dominate the six positions in the first two layers. But now the foreign forces are too strong. Even the Cthulhuism Society and Phiroth had to tamper down their pride, and give up two positions." Another old woman who was knitting answered. "Last time, changes to these positions would take a long time to happen. But after the turmoil, many organizations have regressed and left many positions open. It is natural to have battles like this."

"Let's wait and see. It's not so easy to enter the second level." The old man looked like he was ready to watch a show.

His disciples on the side seemed used to it.

"Look! That guy is heading directly towards the Cthulhuism Society's territory!! What is he planning to do?" The old man suddenly cried out.

Garen stood before the Cthulhuism Society's gathering area on the second level. In front of his eyes was a small white bungalow surrounded by a white fence. There was a faint red glow above.

A few red-robed Cthulhu Society members were on patrol and noticed his arrival. A few of them stared closely at him as if he was an enemy. They looked ready for a battle.

The decision-maker quickly walked out from the bungalow. It was a tall, cold girl.

Her cold, expressionless gaze fell upon Garen.

"Nine-Headed Hydra Garen Trejons. What are you here for? This isn't Kovitan's stronghold." Two other girls behind the tall girl quickly gestured in the air. The tactic formations around the bungalow slowly lit up one by one. Dangerous creatures faintly appeared in the air at once. They patrolled in the air, ready for a defense anytime.

According to the Cthulhuism Society's intelligence, the man before him can only be defeated by four Cthulhus combined. He wasn't someone she could handle by herself. She only had to slightly delay with tactic formations before Thunder God and the rest arrived. Then they wouldn't have to be afraid of the opponent.

Chapter 478: Action 2

"I know that in previous years, the two other nations of the Royal Alliance have had their own gathering areas. Naturally, I am not here to raid your area." Garen laughed. "I heard that the Cthulhuism Society's master is planning to purchase glittering water. So happen I do have sufficient glittering water. The reason I came here is to make a deal with you. Your Cthulhu's Origin is something I have yearned for long."

"A deal?" The ice-cold girl shuddered. "I will convey your intentions to our master. You can go back to where you came from. Let me remind you of something. Kovitan's stronghold has already been invaded by an outsider."

"I'll settle it by myself." Garen nodded. Before the deal, he temporarily wouldn't take action against the Cthulhuism Society. It would be different after the deal was completed.

Before Hellgate's awakening, he had to do all he could to gather resources to upgrade himself. This was his final chance.

He stopped heading forwards and started walking around the level. He headed towards the direction of another stronghold.

One of the strongholds in this area was originally Kovitan's. Unfortunately, because of the huge changes to Kovitan some time ago, large amounts of manpower were recalled back. The stronghold was then occupied by some low-level forces from Kovitan until the incident with the red-robed man took place.

An unknown red-robed man attempted to seize control of a second level stronghold. He first challenged Daniela's stronghold. After being defeated by Gallo King who was on guard, he no longer dared to return. He next went to the Cthulhuism Society's territory. But his neck was almost snapped by the Earth God on guard. The Earth Guard was ranked in the top six in the Cthulhuism Society.

As his planned to become famous failed, the red-robed man helplessly headed towards Kovitan's stronghold. He released all his accumulated anger on Kovitan's totem users.

The man was unscrupulous. With his first tier escaping ability, he didn't care about the possibility of revenge by Kovitan's elites and instantly acted. The other forces who were observing at the sidelines were surprised.

The Kovitan compound was like paper paste, crumbling at one touch.

The red-robed man killed three of the men in charge in a row. He finally conquered the stronghold completely and chased everyone from Kovitan out of the stronghold.

Kovitan in its current divisive state no longer had the greatness when Avic was still alive. Their overall strength was even weaker than Edney. As they couldn't even manage their internal matters, troubles far away in Daniela shouldn't even be mentioned.

In the eyes of outsiders, Kovitan was like a sunset, no longer having the light and heat of a midday sun. The past greatness of this nation was no longer there. The strongest nation now was Daniela, while Edney was the second. Kovitan, with the Ultimate Protection, could barely be considered as the third. However, regarding their influence on the outside world, they were nothing once they stepped out of the Ultimate Protection.

As Garen arrived at the stronghold, the sun was only left with a small semi-circle on the horizon.

Kovitan's stronghold was a deserted white stone castle. The remnants of the great battle could be seen everywhere.

Some of the places were full of blood stains. A handful of totem users from Kovitan were fearfully looking from afar.

Whether it was the red-robed man or Garen, in their hearts they were both problems that could not be defeated. Garen destroyed his opponents in the country. He was incredibly cruel. Similarly, the red-robed man was strong. He did not blink when committing a murder. In the fight between two tigers, it all depends on who is stronger. Having said that, regardless of the winning side, there were no benefits for these imitation Royal Alliance totem users who previously occupied the stronghold.

Without hesitation, Garen took big steps into the castle compound.

It was quiet inside, without any human sounds.

Garen's clear footsteps echoed in the surroundings.

"You have finally come!" A cold voice came from within the castle.

The red-robed man stood on the peak of the castle. He folded his arms and looked at Garen proudly.

"I've studied totems for forty-two years. I couldn't find a suitable opponent on par with me after coming out from my training. I never thought you would come here by yourself."

Garen was speechless. This was obviously another one seeking fame by challenging elites. He was similar to the guy whose heart was ripped out by the Angel of the Night. He looked reckless, but in actual fact, he must have done his preparations.

"What's your name?" Seeing that his opponent was a fourth form, Garen asked.

"Justin Edward!"

Never heard of it.

Garen searched the original history and couldn't find this person. Most likely he was a small character that was killed by one of the elites.

"Alright. You can leave." Garen waved impatiently. He initially thought it was an important figure, a mysterious master. He never expected it to be a common person.

The red-robed man instantly widened his eyes.

"You dare to ask me to leave?! Don't think too highly of your Dasula School!! Even your teacher dared not speak to me this way!"

"Dasula?" Garen instantly thought of teacher Emin, the actual old totem user that taught him the basics.

"I've heard that you are the strongest in the history of Dasula! Being the pride of the entire Dasula, I want to see your abilities today! Take this, Polyether Air Gun! Die if you cannot take it!!" As the red-robed man raised his hands, a blood red light appeared around him, forming a giant, invisible whirlpool of air.

Garen was lazy to speak nonsense with him. There was a sudden tremor below his feet and he became a black ray of light.

With a flash, he instantly appeared before the red-robed man and gave him a smack with his hand.

Bang!!!

The red blur fell to the ground, forming a pit with a diameter of more than ten meters. In the middle of the pit was the red-robed man. There was blood on the sides of his mouth. His body was glimmering in red totem light, but it looked shaky as if it would break down anytime. He was in total shock. His eyes were about to roll up, as if he didn't know how he was knocked down.

Chiiiiii!!!

A black ray of light shot down instantly, accurately hitting his chest.

Bang!!

There was a huge tremor on the ground, forming a ten-meter long crack. In an instant, the red-robed man's body became a blood-like fog. Not even his bones were left.

The blood-like fog was quickly sucked in by the dragon blur on Garen's back. It became the Nine-Headed Hydra's nutrients.

"Dasula School? Looks like Teacher Emin has rebuilt his previous school. In actual fact, I am from Dasula." Garen stood at the side of the pit and reminisced about the past. His foundations were truly from Dasula. It was natural for the other disciples from the school to look at him as a top representative and pride.

If it wasn't for the challenger seeking for death who suddenly appeared today, he wouldn't have known that Teacher Emin had already rebuilt Dasula.

"I do know a little about Dasula School." Wukang suddenly appeared beside Garen. He brought along a heavy scent of perfume, which made people dizzy.

"The Dasula School officially announced leaving the Terraflor Society some time ago. They regained independence and just like previously, they were split into three branches. Your teacher Emin, the Luminarist is now the elder and master of the school. Having said that, these developments are heavily influenced by you."

"My influence?"

"Of course. Your fame and power are growing. In addition, the Obscuro Society faced some heavy losses after being defeated by Hawk King Goth. The Dasula School naturally shared some fame. Even if your teacher didn't plan to rely on you, the positive impact on him was unavoidable. Furthermore, the disciples think of you as the greatest pride in Dasula's history. It is true in fact. Although Dasula is considered strong regionally, it is just a medium-level school. Producing such a top elite like Lord Garen, naturally, they would publicize it."

Wukang grinned. "It has been said that the whole school regards you as a role model and cohesive force. The whole school has never been more united. The segregated branches of the past have also returned and the overall power has soared."

Garen did not consider this.

It was like someone who became famous or achieved something great. All their previous schools, primary schools, secondary schools and others would take pride in them. They would use that to publicize on the quality of their teaching. Their fame would grow and naturally their development would speed up. It was the same principle.

"Why haven't they come and look for me?" Garen couldn't understand.

"It should be your teacher's decision." Wukang wasn't sure as well.

Garen might have guessed something.

In order not to make life difficult for himself, Teacher Emin voluntarily left the Terraflor Society. Although relying on the Black Swamp Palace would be much help, but at the same time would bring great risks. Emin must have considered that and decided not to come and look for him.

Garen made up his mind to find a time to contact his teacher. Although the Dasula School was his teacher's school, it was also a force that supported him. He should take care of them once Hellgate awakened. Hiding in the Ultimate Protection, it was improbable that Hellgate could unlock it in a short time. Furthermore, there was that old man in the palace. In the original history, the reason Hellgate didn't break through the Ultimate Protection might be this.

"Speaking of this, I have some troubling news." Wukang continued. "After we presumptuously raided their strongholds, the Cthulhuism Society has sent people to take the Glittering Pond back."

"No worries. I've already sent a message to Voidharp, Blizzard and the rest. My Black Swamp Palace is not a weakling. If we can't even handle the Cthulhuism Society, a weak force suppressed by the royal family of Daniela, what qualifications do we have to interfere?"

Garen had long predicted.

He had already tied the elites of the Snowy Mountain together with him. This group of old people who had no fear of death was abnormally cruel. The conditions in the North were terrible, in addition to Kovitan's Ultimate Protection in the middle, it was abnormally difficult for the Obscuro Society to take revenge. Without anything to worry about, they naturally became tighter.

Furthermore, the most important was that the Seven Night Tower far away in the North was only familiar with the Royal Alliance as a traditionally strong force. As for the Obscuro Society, could they compare to the Royal Alliance? The difference was too big.

Their impression hasn't changed.

It was the same for people like Wukang. The Royal Alliance was an incredibly strong force. It wasn't something that the two fifth form Marshalls of the Obscuro could withstand. If they didn't hide properly, God Cloud and the other Marshall would have been annihilated.

Especially the Director of the National Service, which was someone that he himself would be afraid of. The main reason God Cloud was hiding for so many years was this man. God Cloud had been trained by him.

As the teacher of a black sheep, he searched everywhere for God Cloud. The reason God Cloud didn't dare to show his real body was because of this director.

Chapter 479: Clash 1

The Cthulhuism Society and the Obscuro Society were planning some tricks. They were obviously intending to move to the top.

As Garen and Wukang entered the stronghold, they were discussing the new pieces of information.

The stronghold was completely empty. The initial totem users had all been chased away by the red-robed man. Fortunately, Daniela quickly sent some servants and maids to clean up the place. As the host, battles in strongholds like this were very common. There was an unspoken rule where normal humans with no abilities would not be harmed. Otherwise, no one would be willing to serve here.

They found a relatively clean hall at the side. Garen and Wukang sat at the table and looked at the innermost Ancestral God Tree through the giant window.

The Ancestral God Tree was lush and abundant. Its dense leaves and branches were like green clouds against the sky. From time to time, bubbles and butterflies passed by in the air. On the side of the trunk, a huge black castle was built. The castle was facing Garen's direction. A black, translucent vertical pipe was on the castle's outer wall. It was like an elevator. There were moving stone platforms in the pipes which continuously sent people to and fro.

All of the people in the stone platforms had followers with them. They didn't look like normal people.

As Garen and Wukang were relaxing inside, they were eating Daniela's specialty fruits, green bananas and fist-sized peaches which were already peeled.

"This full-green Ancestral is the largest tree in the area. The rest of the giant trees are not even half its height. Obviously, this is the legendary Ancestral God Pillar. I heard that the Ancestral God Trees have uncomparable power. I wonder whether it's true." Wukang spoke with emotions as he was admiring the Ancestral God Tree.

"Who knows?" Garen casually answered.

"Are we just staying here? You are not planning to enter?"

Garen shook his head.

"This is the limit. If we go any closer, we will lose more than we gain. The most inner layer is occupied by the top people of the royal alliance and the Cthulhu King. It's not a place that we can enter."

"True." Wukang took a piece of fruit and put it in his mouth. "Then we're waiting here for the gathering to start? Do you know the approximate time?"

"I'm unclear. But it should be within these few days. Be patient." Garen smiled. "Have you realized that the air here is different from other places?"

Wukang was caught by surprise. He carefully sniffed and closed his eyes to feel the difference.

After not more than a few minutes, he opened his eyes. There was a hint of shock in his eyes.

"The air here has an abnormal vitality to it! It seems to have a positive impact on our totems. I feel that my core totem has become more energetic."

"Likewise." Garen blinked. "No wonder so many elites are fighting for strongholds on these levels. Looks like it's not as simple as the seeds. The position of the strongholds is also a key factor."

"Looks like it. The central region is really mysterious. If I didn't come here personally, I wouldn't have imagined that there would be an environment that energizes totems in this world. This is a perfect environment to culture totems. No wonder the mutants around are at such high levels. It is not without a reason."

"So don't be impatient. Let's wait for a while." Garen took up a slice of peach. "Let's take this opportunity to investigate the information we want."

Wukang nodded his head.

The two of them waited in the stronghold for over ten days. The vitality in the air around the Ancestral God Tree grew richer and richer. Both of their core totems became more and more energetic. Their energy levels were shocking.

Especially Garen. His core totem was different from the normal totem user. His core totem was an empowered totem instead of a silver totem. In an environment with this form of vitality, the Nine-Headed Hydra, which evolved from a living being, was exceedingly energetic. In Garen's black space, it was inhaling large amounts of living energy, then exhaling waste.

With this metabolism rate, it allowed the exchanging of waste. It made Garen felt like he was improving every day.

His heart was also originally from the Nine-Headed Hydra's heart. Under this environment, it became even livelier and beat faster than ever.

Garen took this opportunity to continuously practice the Black Water True Technique day and night. After some time, even the fourth dragon head had signs of being able to be fused. This made him delighted. He initially thought he needed a few more weeks of time. He never thought that this vigorous air could quicken the progress of his fusion.

Garen decided to seclude himself to train in a secret room in the stronghold. While Wukang was responsible for the outside matters.

Meanwhile, the Sixth Princess would come to visit Garen every day. Her pair of dreamy big eyes made no secret of her intentions. By secluding himself to train, Garen avoided her embarrassing pursuit. He'd let Wukang handle it.

Wukang was incredibly experienced in handling women. Every day, he would try to gossip with number six. He continuously tried to change her impression of Garen but to no avail.

It grew closer and closer to the time when the Ancestral God tree would disperse its seeds.

Some of the people from Kovitan who weren't afraid of death slowly crawled closer to this stronghold. They wanted to get a piece of the pie. They were previously chased away by the red-robed man. After some of them heard the news that the master of Kovitan's stronghold had changed, they instantly had a glimmer of hope.

Garen and the rest were too lazy to care about them. Everyone could only gather one Seed of the Ancestral God. The only difference was the level of vigor would differ according to the distance to the tree. The position of this stronghold was the most concentrated gathering area on the second level. The seeds gathered here were the best among the second level. The other positions were not comparable to it.

However, those that could enter the second level were naturally not normal totem users. They wouldn't presumptuously chase people away like the red-robed man. Since he couldn't absorb all the vigorous air by himself, and that they were from Kovitan, he didn't mind those people.

The time was approaching day by day.

Finally, there was something new happening at the Ancestral God Trees.

Night

Garen had just awakened from his martial arts training.

There was a suspicious look in his eyes, which emitted a red glow in the dark.

"The vigor in the air seems to have grown stronger? Compared to the slow increase previously, it seemed to have multiplied this time."

He stood up, pushed open the door of the secret room and headed out.

Most of the defects on the white stone stronghold had been fully repaired. The outside scenery could be clearly seen through the semi-circled, full-length window in the hall.

Green lights filled the sky. They were descending slowly like snow, completely brightening up the night sky in the forest. Everywhere looked green. The fluorescent green light shone through the window, dyeing a huge portion of the stronghold's hall green.

Garen widened his eyes and looked at the descending green lights. There was a shocked expression in his eyes.

He hastened his steps and pulled open the door of the hall, planning to go and have a look.

Suddenly a ginormous grey toad was blocking at the front of the door. The three-meter tall toad completely blocked the doorway. As its white tummy was rumbling along, its two protruding eyes stared at Garen.

Its body was full of grey blisters of different sizes. Its rough skin was like tree bark. It looked tough but it also had the moisture of a swamp. A faint fishy odor came from its body.

Garen furrowed his brows. He was more sensitive towards smells.

"Attention sixth stronghold, the gathering is about to begin. Please get ready." As the toad opened his big mouth, it was speaking the language of Daniela.

"Alright." Garen nodded.

"By the way, the raw air outside is too strong. Do not go out carelessly, in order to avoid danger." Once the toad finished, he hopped away towards the wild.

Garen stood at the door to send it off. Wukang silently appeared behind him.

"It starts tonight?" He was still rubbing his eyes in a set of white pajamas. He looked like he just had a good sleep.

"Let's prepare." Garen nodded.

The two of them finished changing, drank some juice then took the breakfast toast provided by Daniela. As they ate, they came to the balcony on the second level of the stronghold.

The balcony was a full-white, semi-circle terrace without railings.

Both of them finished their bread and each stood on one of the marked areas on the ground. The marked areas were three oval-shaped tactic formations, obviously for gathering seeds.

The green light dots all over the sky slowly descended. Garen stretched out his hand to catch it but they were like illusions. The light dots directly passed through his palm and exited below.

The rich, vigorous air seemed to have a life force. It rapidly entered Garen's nostrils. The Nine-Headed Hydra in Garen's body was greedily absorbing the vigorous air. From its initial state of malaise, it grew more and more energetic.

He looked from afar at the Ancestral God Tree. The raw air had already reached a horrific density. The inner layer most likely would have been more terrifying.

Garen looked into the distance with his unnatural eyesight. He actually noticed Phiroth.

The strong King of Daniela was sitting opposite a black bear on a large branch on the Ancestral God Tree. There was a small stool between them with a chessboard on top of it. Both of them were concentrating on the chess game.

From time to time, the black bear would scratch its head in deep thought. Then it stood up, folded its hands and stared at the chessboard.

Besides the two of them were a handful of rabbit humanoids serving food and drinks. Each of these rabbit humanoids had a rabbit head with two ears standing tall. They had bodies of a beautiful human girl. They had huge busts, long legs, and white skin, while wearing breezy, low-cut dresses.

Chiiiiii!!

Suddenly, a green light beam shot out from the right side of the forest. It soared into the sky, breaking through the layers of cloud.

The slender green light was pure, without any impurities. It soared directly into the sky.

Chiii chiii!!

After a number of light sounds, several green beams shot into the sky.

Garen regained his focus and nodded towards Wukang.

At the same time, the two of them quickly started to gesture in the air. Their ten fingers constantly drew large amounts of dense symbols, leaving shadows behind.

As their creation of tactic formations sped up, two of them were gradually surrounded by a layer of fluorescent green light.

Chiii!!

Suddenly, a ray of piercing green light shot out in between them and headed towards the sky.

The green light beam completely engulfed the two of them. Small black dots were gradually appearing in the airspace in front of their chests.

The dots slowly grew bigger and bigger. Their shape became more and more like an oval.

Then, as the black balls faintly released white water vapor, they became flatter and flatter.

Pufffff!

A hole cracked open at the bottom of the ball, emitting white gas. Together with the white gas, a green toothpaste-like thing came out from the hole and suspended in the air before Garen.

The green paste was squeezed out in lines. They gathered in circles with a pointy end, while emitting mild heat. They formed artistic, mysterious objects.

Garen twitched his eyebrows as he looked at the legendary, poop-like object before him.

"Don't tell me this is the legendary Seed of the Ancestral God?"

Wukang's expression was also inquisitive. He glowed in green then in white. He looked at the green, poop-like object and didn't know whether he should take it.

The green light around the both of them dissipated and everything became calm again.

The green dots in the air also grew faint and finally disappeared. The green fluorescent waste was all over the ground, lighting up the whole forest in green.

"Congratulations to all for obtaining the legendary Seed of the Ancestral God! Hehe. Isn't this year's shape really artistic?" A clear voice came from the direction of the Ancestral God Tree. It was the voice of Phiroth.

No one spoke a word and the whole area was in silence. All of the elites didn't know how to reply. "Your Majesty's taste....is really unique..." An old man's voice came from one of the levels.

Two women followed suit with a dry laugh.

Garen looked at the Ancestral God Tree from afar. On the giant branch, Phiroth stood triumphantly with both of his hands on his hips. Behind him were the black bear and a handsome young man. Both of them looked ashamed. This time, Phiroth humiliated the eight generations of Daniela.

After tugging on the skin of his face, Garen still took the poop-like seed of the Ancestral God up and kept it. He didn't touch it with his hands but formed a tray with water vapor. He wrapped the green poop and placed it the isolation box, which was prepared beforehand.

"New experience. This is really a new experience.." Wukang shook his head at the side with a painful expression. "What do you think? Should we absorb it, or not?"

Garen tug on the skin of his face. "The outer appearance is just a facade. Do not be restricted by the eyes of the world..."

Chapter 480: Clash 2

Island Master Wukang was laughing hysterically.

Although he was speechless in reaction to Phiroth's prank of changing the shape of the Seed of the Ancestral God, what had to be absorbed has to be absorbed.

While the shape was like so, the content wasn't...

Two of them sat on their knees as they face the crystal made transparent isolation box. They both reached out their palms and placed them firmly on it. Then, they closed their eyes and absorb the life force inside it through Secret Techniques.

The pure and strong life force left the isolation box like a small river and flowed into Garen and Lightless' body.

This life force was much stronger than the air previously but it was very neutral, unlike the invasive air.

As both of them were absorbing it, they could clearly see that the green poop inside the isolation box had started to shrink.

Time passed slowly.

The night sky unknowingly turned brighter as the green light started dimming. Twilight had started to break in the sky.

After some time, Garen suddenly opened his eyes.

Roar!

The red dragon's shadow flashed past his face.

"Four dragon heads have merged..." He casually felt the changes of the Black Water True Technique inside his body. Four out of nine dragon heads had been absorbed by him.

The absorption of the dragon heads was not able to give him more strength as it was just a conversion of energy from the totem into Secret Technique.

The totem had weakened but in returned, the Secret Technique had evolved.

There was no change in the overall strength. However, as the strength was converted into the Secret Technique, he could apply this strength onto his actual body and evolve to a level he couldn't have achieved previously.

The Black Water True Technique's strength had undoubtedly become stronger again as there were only five heads out of nine left from the nine-headed hydra totem. The remaining heads were in high spirits and not on the verge of dying under the effect of the life force.

It was estimated that the convergence of the fifth head wouldn't take long after this.

This was the benefit of the Seed of the Ancestral God.

Garen suddenly recalled the original ability of the Seed of the Ancestral God was to enhance the totem strength.

He closed his eyes as he felt the changes in his body and he could feel that his internal organs had become more active than before. Furthermore, he was able to control the Nine-Headed Hydra with his mind better and he felt that he still had more strength left in reserve.

He opened his eyes and glanced at the attribute pane.

'Strength 14. Agility 10. Vitality 10. Intelligence 10. Potential 35124%. Possess the qualification of a Luminarist.

Seed of the Ancestral God Enhancement: Increased totem control limit by 1.'

"An additional totem to control? Not bad." Garen nodded in satisfaction. Compared to the increased merging speed of the dragon head, it seemed pointless to increase the totem's strength.

He'd originally planned to obtain some small benefit but he didn't expect to reduce the merging duration. It was indeed an accidental reward.

The sky had turned bright.

Garen and Wukang walked out of the stronghold after they finished absorbing the Seed of the Ancestral God. Although both of them obtained something beneficial, they had a strange look on their face.

As they walked outside of the stronghold's forest, they saw a few guards patrolling in the area and didn't see much totem users outside as they're probably still absorbing the Seeds of the Ancestral God.

Before the seed appeared, the atmosphere here was very strict. Everyone was cautious against each other as conflict might occur at any given moment. However, the atmosphere had loosened a lot the moment the seed was condensed since one would have to wait until next year before the next one appeared.

Daniela had sent out a group of typically trained soldiers led by low-level totem users. Conflicts had been dramatically reduced and the typical argument could be settled by these patrols.

Garen and Wukang were walking outside and they didn't think that the release of the seed of the Ancestral God would greatly affect the plants in the forest. Some of these plants had completely changed and some had been sucked dry by some parasites. It's as if the whole forest had undergone a big change.

As the Ancestral God Tree was huge, both of them were almost lost as it was a no-fly zone.

As Wukang was about to wave his hand to the patrols and request for them to guide the way, Garen on the side stopped him.

"There's no need to rush. Let me handle it."

Garen glanced at the surrounding patrols and he grinned.

"You! Come over!" He pointed at a short patrol.

This person was in an all-white armor and helmet. He was lowering his head as he followed his team from behind and seemed completely unwanted in any way.

Garen's eye slightly turned red as he glanced at this patrol once more.

The leader of the patrol team heard their call and ran towards them.

"Sir, what order do you have?" The team leader was a middle age man and he looked very humble.

"We have lost our way as the geography of this place changed last night so we need a person to guide us around. There's no doubt about it, let him guide us!" Garen pointed at the shorty standing at the very back of the team.

"Alright alright... Garfield, you'll now follow these two lords and guide them in their path. Report back to me when you're done, understand!?" The leader talked to the shorty sternly.

"Understood!" The shorty's voice was quite coarse.

"What happened to your voice?" The team leader was stunned and asked him softly.

"It's nothing. I had a flu last night..." The shorty Garfield answered immediately.

The team leader patted his shoulder and whispered.

"Go ahead. Do your best. Perhaps these lords would reward you greatly."

The shorty Garfield nodded seriously.

Garfield stayed back with Garen and Wukang after he gave him his orders. The patrol team then continued their patrolling.

Garen looked at the shorty Garfield when the team was further away from them.

"Alright. We planned to look at the Ancestral God Tree in a close distance. You have no problem with leading the way right?"

Garfield was always lowering his head and immediately answered as his body kept shivering." No problem! Of course, there is no problem in that."

Wukang who was at one side noticed something was wrong but he didn't say much as he saw Garen's expression. He was wondering what Garen had in his mind.

The three of them walked into the dense forest and increased their pace.

The totem users in the stronghold started to appear due to the change in the landscape. Most of the totem users were cautious towards Garen and the others when they saw them and would act in such a manner that they didn't know them and avoid them completely.

Only small amounts of totem users who were confident in their strength would walk past them.

As the distance to the Ancestral God Tree grew shorter, the area of the stronghold became larger and the population of the totem users gradually increased as well.

They could see a totem user in the strongholds every few ten meters. These totem users were in all kinds of clothes and they're obviously outside guests from different backgrounds.

Soon, the trio arrived at the second layer of the triangle and they headed straight to the first layer of the triangle.

A team of men in red shirts were guarding the passage up front and the leader's eyes were glowing as he stared at the totem users who passed by.

The core of the first layer wasn't as on alert as before after the condensation of the seed, and anyone could freely enter and exit the place. Many people had the same intention as Garen as they purposefully tried to get closer to the Ancestral God Tree. The Ancestral God Tree Pillar's totem user was also walking inside the gap within the stronghold.

They had created a wall at the core layer and there were only three entrances and exit.

However, they weren't sure when this group of red-shirted people had appeared at the entrance of the passageway.

They weren't on guard but they were guarded by the side as they stared at the passers-by, as if they were looking for something.

Garen and the other two walked towards the entrance as they followed the totem users in white robes in front of them.

As they got closer to the men in red shirts, Garen could feel that the patrol Garfield who was leading the way started to tense up.

He was anxious.

Fortunately, the trio walked into the passageway without any issue. The leader of the red-shirted men stared at the trio and paid extra attention towards Garfield.

After they passed the tall walls, up in front was the zone where it was shaded by the Ancestral God Tree. The giant tree was like a giant green umbrella planted onto the ground as the branches draped over a clear small lake. A group of small mushrooms was making noises as it jumped and collided with each other. The air was filled with green light dots, the same green lights they'd seen last night.

Giant crystal butterflies were fluttering about as they flew around the branches. There were transparent ones, yellow ones, white ones and black ones. There were many of them stopping at the bush which was four to five meters tall.

"Hold right there!!" A voice broke from behind the trio all of the sudden. The voice was deep like thunder as it deafened a nearby totem user in white robes.

A lightning sound was heard and deep blue lightning landed in front of them. The red-shirted man appeared in front of them.

The man was tall, tanned and his gaze was of lightning as it gave off a tingling sensation like a sun. His red robes were like a tight suit on him as they outlined his strong and muscular body.

What was most interesting was that there was a blue-black glowing light on his right side of the neck, as if a firefly was resting there. It was the size of a bean and it could be clearly seen.

The man glanced at Garen and Wukang before he focused his attention on the patrol Garfield.

"This man seems very suspicious. I suspect him to be the spy who had escaped away from the Cthulhuism Society. Men!"

"Yes!"

"Take the spy away for interrogation!" The man raised his hand as two men in red shirt went up against the patrol Garfield.

"Oh? How dare you to take away my guide right in front of me! The Cthulhuism Society sure is imposing!" Garen glared as he suddenly appeared in front of Garfield.

"Nine-headed Snake Garen, I have yet to approach you for the old matters. Looks like you don't plan on leaving Daniela alive..." The black-skinned man's expression changed as he stared at Garen.

"Since you know who I am, perhaps you people from the Cthulhuism Society haven't learned your lesson yet..." Garen's expression changed as well as he knew the man in front of him was not a simple character.

"Thunder God Havana, the person you want is me! Don't drag the others into the situation!" Unexpectedly, the patrol took away his helmet, revealing his white hair. He was a short youngster with the character Chuan imprinted on his forehead.

He faced the Thunder God head-on without any sign of fear.

Surprisingly, Island Master Wukang grinned as he walked to the front.

"All of you step back. Today, I want the Cthulhuism Society to learn the reason for which I'm famous!!"