

Mystical 481

Chapter 481: Clash 3

A huge screen of black smoke billowed from Wukang's body before he finished his sentence. He planned to reveal his Wukang Prison here.

Wukang, who had been following Garen around to purge people from the Cthulhuism Society, was very unhappy with the crazies who had been spewing nonsense everywhere. In addition to the obstruction by the four members of the Cthulhuism Society during his journey, he'd held resentment from the moment the King of Holy Lake defeated him on the spot.

Wukang and the Thunder God glared at each other as one grinned while the other looked on in contempt. Both of them instantaneously turned into a screen of black smoke and lightning respectively.

In a mere instant, the black smoke and lightning clashed against each other at least ten times.

Huge amounts of black smoke and lightning arcs spread about in the surrounding, forcing the members of the Cthulhuism Society and Garen to take a few steps back to distance themselves.

Garen stared at the battle between those two.

The Thunder God didn't use any special ability and was only relying on the high velocity movement which formed into lightning. He kept moving about as he attacked instantly and every attack he lashed out had high momentum and electrical effect.

On the other hand, Wukang was releasing a huge amount of black smoke and he could instantly move anywhere within the black smoke. His whereabouts was unknown as the smoke was an extension of his body. Furthermore, the smoke appeared to be poisonous as well, which was the reason Thunder God didn't dare to get close to it; he kept vaporizing the black smoke that was approaching him.

Both of them were considered the speed type and within seconds, the black smoke was rebounded back towards Garen and Wukang staggered out of the black smoke with a pale face.

"I couldn't fully utilise the Wukang Prison due to the air restriction zone...!" Wukang grumbled angrily.

"Do you think you have the chance to get closer to me without the air restriction zone?" Thunder God Havana smiled coldly.

It looked like Wukang had the disadvantage. After all, their difference in strength was apparent.

"I didn't expect the Cthulhuism Society has someone like you with them..." Although Wukang was at the peak of form four, he showed off his extreme battle strength and was able to go against the form five Thunder God. However, he was able to experience the strength of a form five for the first time during this probing.

Furthermore, he wasn't considered strong compared to the Cthulhu King even though they were at the same level. Their main strength was the Immortal Body and Alliance Tactic and these two skills were not revealed at all just now.

Thunder God looked at Garen as his eyes were slightly filled with fear.

"Looks like you guys plan to go against my Cthulhuism Society?"

Garen started smiling.

"I heard that there're three kings in the Cthulhuism Society who are the strongest within the society and the Thunder God is one of them. I wonder how your strength fares as compared to the other two kings?"

The Thunder God narrowed his eyes without changing his expression.

"The Light God is obviously much stronger than me. As for the strongest God, the Water God. His strength isn't something that should be compared to mine. Lord Water God once stated that he doesn't have the confidence to win against you. At first I thought he was just being humble, but it looks like you're the real deal..."

"What are you trying to imply?" Garen said coldly.

"Regardless, this guy is the reincarnation of the previous Thunder God of the Cthuhulism Society. You don't plan to meddle in our personal issues, do you?" Havana moved his gaze to the short patrol Garfield.

"The previous generation's Thunder God?!"

The totem users nearby who overheard the claim had their eyes onto the patrol Garfield in shock.

Garen, too frowned slightly. Although there were very few rules that totem users followed, there were still a few rules that they obeyed. One of the major taboos was to never meddle in other people's internal affairs as meddling with other people's affairs meant that they were declaring war in the totem world.

Although he had killed a few members from the Cthulhuism Society, this didn't hurt them at all as the Cthulhu could revive them as many times as they wanted. Dying once simply meant that they were defeated once.

If they were to declare war, the battle would be endless.

Furthermore, if other parties were to found out that he meddled with another party's internal affairs, it would leave a bad taste for the other parties.

"This is the battle for the Thunder God's position. It's not open to some outsider's meddling." Havana said coldly.

Garfield, who was quiet about the ordeal the entire time, finally opened his mouth.

"That year, you ambushed me from the back, severely injuring me and caused me to lose most of my power. I had no choice but to reincarnate and the whole Thunder God Society has been absorbed by the Cthulhuism Society. Have I not been nice to you as the Lightning Attacker? Why!?" His eyes were glowing in blue as he spoke as the Thunder God of the previous generation.

Havana smirked.

"Why do you ask? Do you think a mere Thunder God Society could go against the powerful Cthulhu King? I know you have a death wish but it didn't mean the others had it as well! And you still dare ask why? What a joke."

Garfield shook his head.

"The Thunder God's will is to rage and purify. The characteristic of such power is chaos and disobedience. For these past few years, do you really think you have gained the trust of the Cthulhu King? In the folklore, the Thunder God is known as the forbidden god. Right at this moment, do you feel that parts of your body have been slowly electrified? Do you feel it? The immense pain from your chest whenever the spring thunder rings."

His face turned grey.

"Do you really think that I would be easily ambushed by you guys back then? Do you really think I have lost my mentality? You disappoint me. You didn't even realize after so many years. I thought that you have realized it by now."

The arrogant look on Havana's face slowly dissipated as Garfield continued. His cheek started twitching as an unnatural expression appeared on his face.

Garen and Wukang had already retreated to one side. Wukang, who had been holding on all this while, was injured quite badly. He was in a serious disadvantage against the Thunder God as he couldn't output his actual strength.

It would be natural to let the two generations of Thunder God to settle their affairs between themselves.

Garen occasionally set his sight onto Garfield as he was skeptical of him.

He was the will adaptee of the Cthulhu who could easily dispel the origin of the Cthulhu King, Hannet Thunderstorm. He matched every details the intel he had searched. It's just that he didn't expect him to be the Thunder God of the previous generation.

No matter if it's Garen or the Obscuro Society who wished to absorb the Cthulhu's Origin, one must go through him. Without his help in purifying the Cthulhu King's will, the Cthulhu's Origin could not be absorbed and could only be considered a form of high grade preparation material.

If he didn't predict wrongly...

Without any additional movement, Garen glanced at the crowd of totem users that had started to gather around.

Most of the totem users were observing from one side and some of them had grouped up to discuss about the two Thunder Gods. Some of them even took out crystal balls and cameras, to take an overall picture of the situation.

These totem users were not anxious at all due to the protection of the Ancestral God Tree and the alertness of the Royal Household of Daniela.

Among these totem users, Garen saw a slender, black human figure.

It was a woman in a black veil with a pair of white crescent moon earrings on her ears.

"So you've arrived, Emilo." this name flashed across Garen's mind. She was an elite sent by the Obscuro Society who'd severely injured one of Daniela's King with just an attack.

Since Emilo had appeared here and the Obscuro Society was on friendly terms with the Cthulhuism Society, she would definitely side the Cthulhuism Society if there were any conflict.

As he was lost in his thoughts, the two generations of Thunder God's conversation had reached its end. Havana had lost his temper by the words of the previous generation's Thunder God Hannet Thunderstorm. Even a commoner could see the fear on his face.

"The Cthulhu King has ordered to kill the previous generation Thunder God Hannet Thunderstorm on the spot!" Suddenly a sharp male voice could be heard from afar.

Havana was startled and with a slight delay, dark purple lightning ball formed around his hands.

"Don't you want to know how to release yourself from this curse?" Hannet smiled without any anxiety.

The totem light force field on his body was only form 2 but he wasn't scared at all. He stood still as he stared at the Thunder God. It was as if the opponent's lightning balls were just a magic toy and were not something that could kill him instantly.

Havana struggled as he raised his hand while the lightning balls were moving violently in his hand but they wouldn't move away from his hand.

"Thunder God! You dare to go against the Cthulhu King's order!" The voice of the man could be clearly heard from the sky. However, there was no one in the sky. It was as if the person had used some sort of technique to communicate from afar.

Havana started to struggle even more as he slowly raised his hand and aimed at Hannet with the lightning ball. Thousands of beads of sweat formed on his forehead.

"There's only one person who knows how to break the curse." Hannet was very calm as he smiled, as if he didn't know that the lightning balls were aimed at him. "Havana, you can kill me if you really want to become a mindlessly obedient Thunder God."

"Don't force me...!" Havana's dilemma had become more and more apparent. His voice even started to become coarse.

"The Cthulhu King never trusted you." Hannet said coldly. "He's forcing you to kill me and it also means that you're committing suicide."

"Just because of that legend?!"

"Perhaps." Hennet smiled. He was a young man, yet his smile was old.

"Die!!"

Suddenly, a pure white light was shot from the sky and was heading towards the calm Hennet.

The speed of this light was incredible fast. As the sky flashed, the light had already reached in front of Hennet. The light was surrounded by pure white feathers that were falling gently. It was as if the light was a gift from the Heavens.

"The Heaven's Light! It's the Light God!" A knowledgeable old totem user recognized the light.

"How dare you!!" A sharp tone of a woman came from the left side of the forest. Before she shouted, A black hole appeared in front of Hannet and a white slender hand came out from the hole and gently block the white light in front of him.

The hand gripped the egg-thicked light pillar and gently pinched it.

Boom!

The light pillar was completely shattered.

At the same time, the white hand from the black hole disappeared as well.

The crowd then reacted since a conflict finally occurred.

Some totem users the situation was rather complicated and started to retreat. Soon there were only a few people left who dared to stand still.

"What is the meaning of this, Marshall Aixi?"

A pure white humanoid figure appeared from the wall from the right. It was a handsome man with white hair, eyebrows and eyes. He had no pupil and his eyes were pure white. One would immediately know he was no ordinary elite just from his appearance.

On the left, black fire condensated and formed a human figure in a black cloak. One would immediately know that she was a female judging from her body figure. She was in a black veil and had a white crescent moon earrings on her. She was the self proclaimed Emilo sent by the Obscuro Society.

"You can't kill him." Emilo's voice was calm.

"No one can stop me, a member of the Cthulhuism Society, from killing who I want to kill." The Light God said calmly.

"I repeat, you can't kill him." Emilo repeated once more.

The air around these two started to bend and both of them started to confront each other secretly.

"Aixi, a deal is a deal. However, didn't you cross the line by butting into this matter?" The Light God showed his right hand and a white flame appeared above his palm.

Emilo didn't say another word. Both of them were equally matched as they confronted each other and no one could do anything to the other party.

The situation had become a statemate.

"Aixi, are you really planning to meddle in the internal affairs of my Society?" Suddenly, a sonorous voice boomed from the sky.

Chapter 482: Clash 4

This time it was a gentle woman's voice, completely devoid of evil.

At the same time, Hannet Thunderstorm's face turned purple as he stood in his original position. Blood started to pour out from the orifices on his eyes and nose.

Ah!

The dirt underneath Hannet moved about, and formed into a Mudman as tall as a person. The Yellow Mudman reached out its hand in front of Hannet's body.

Boom!!

The Mudman suddenly exploded and formed into a pool of mud. What was peculiar was that the strange symptoms on Hannet's body disappeared along with the Mudman's explosion.

His face was filled with cold sweat as he took a few steps back, wiping off the blood on his nose and mouth.

"Mother Nature's Substitution? Scylla Whitewater? Are you interfering with my religion too?" A hint of dissatisfaction appeared in her tone.

Soon, another Mudman appeared beside Hannet.

"Lord Water God, won't it destroy your gentle, beautiful image if you were to kill people without any prior notice?" A young man's voice came out from the Mudman.

"Do you think an Earth's puppet could get in my way?" The Water God's tone turned cold. "Although the Ultimate Heirloom is very powerful, it's not something that would frighten me."

"It's not entirely impossible to interfere with Lord Water God. However, if it were a substitution, that's another story." Scylla smiled.

Within the short time of ten minutes, four elites had appeared and were battling each other in pairs. All of them appeared because of the previous generation's Thunder God, Hannel Thunderstorm.

It was obvious that Scylla represented the Royal Household of Daniela, and the people from the Obscuro Society were protecting Hannel for some reason.

"Looks like we won't be able to do anything today." Hannel smiled. "I didn't know that I'm more valuable than I seemed to be. This is something."

The current Thunder God placed the Lightning Balls down. Both of them knew that the current situation was not decided by them, but by two overwhelming powers. One wrong move and it would become a full confrontation between the Royal Household and the Cthulhuism Society. Currently, both parties were not ready to go all out just yet.

The original body of the Water God must have been restrained by the King of the Stars of the Geometry Service; one of the three Major Departments. The Cthulhu King and the King of Daniele were restrained by one another. It was unknown what the influences of the two form five totem users of the Obscuro Society were, but they, too, stayed their hand.

"Looks like this is the current situation." Garen had become a bystander. "Both parties are not ready to go all out. Looks like Hannel's life is..." Suddenly, his expression changed as he stared at the bottom of his leg before he could finish his sentence.

Boom!!

Suddenly, Garen was shot out to the middle of the sky above Hannel.

One fist!!

Kaboom!!!

The shockwave in the sky was clearly visible.

The resulting gale fluttered everyone's robes, and a tree of leaves were blown off from their branches. Dirt and pebbles followed suit, blasted every which way as if there were an explosion. The pebbles that happened to impact trees far away punched a few holes through. Lastly was the surrounding totem users, who were forced to take a few steps back away from the shockwave.

Sizzle...!

Two black burnt marks appeared on both of Garen's legs.

Roar!!

The dragon's shadow flashed across his face as he stomped both of his legs into the ground to stabilize himself.

Red veins started popping out from his face as sweat started to vaporize on his muscular body. That was the steam created by him using his full strength.

He raised his head up and saw a huge bloody face appearing in the sky. The face was at least ten kilometers wide, skinned, muscles and tendons exposed for all to see.

The left eye was pitch black and there was a man in red robe and silver mask standing to the side of the eye.

That man looked down from afar as if he were a god looking down at mere mortals, as if he were a superior being.

"Cthulhu King..." Garen spelled out his name slowly.

The man didn't stop for long at the side of the bloody face. Suddenly, he flew far away at great speed and disappeared at the horizon of the sky.

After a while, an explosion could be heard beyond the horizon of the sky. The ground started to tremble as a man's laughter echoed throughout the sky.

"Since you have come to my Ancestral God's Pillar, why don't you stay for a bit! Let me give you a heart-warming welcome!!" It was Phiroth's voice and it was obvious that he had engaged battle with the Cthulhu King.

Sigh...

Garen exhaled as wafts of white vapor came out from his mouth. It was easy to see how far Garen's Black Water True Technique had come.

The Cthulhu King stood at the peak of the form five and his strength was not something that could be easily dealt with. There was a vast difference in strength between the peak of form five and below. With Garen's current strength, he would have no problem in dealing with the middle class of form five. But a simple attack from the Cthulhu King...

"No! It's not just a casual attack! He was spitting at him!!" Garen recalled the horrifying scene the Original Eye saw in that instant.

That silver masked man gave off such a terrifying strength by just spitting down at them.

Perhaps he planned to appear in that instant to interrupt the situation and leave afterwards, but in that instant, the king of Daniela Phiroth caught up and engaged in a battle with him.

The peak of form five was definitely different from the others.

A typical form five totem user could elementalize themselves, giving them the ability to travel fast within a very short amount of time. The speed could be benchmarked by the element they're good at. However, this ability required a large amount of totem light and the travel distance couldn't be very far apart. One would be considered very good if they were able to travel for a few thousand meters.

They're much stronger compared to the spiritualized and form four elites but they shouldn't be able to react this quickly.

Spiritualization was just a temporary form of self-elementization, where one could transmit Tactical Formations. On the other hand, form four totem users could move in short distances through elementization, but it required a lot of totem light. Form five totem users could use this short distance travel on a normal basis. It's not something a typical elite could do.

These elites who stood at the peak of form five's elementization speed was close to instantaneous teleportation, where they could instantly move about from far away. One could see most of the element traces left behind from a typical form five users.

Garen sighed as his body started to tremble.

"That was close. I almost got injured." His face was cold as ever. It's best not to interfere during the early stages of merging with the Hydra. It was fortunate that he had the Heirloom Flash Screen, which had blocked off most of the force. The remaining force had been fended off by his Black Water True Technique, so he had managed to walk away unscathed.

Wukang came to him from the side.

"How does it feel?" In that instant, he, the Thunder God, Light God and Water God didn't even realize Cthulhu King's hidden attack. If not for Garen's Original Eye, he wouldn't even be able to notice it as well.

This technique was not a unique ability but a pure technique in utilizing his pure strength. With this attack, Garen realized he had greatly underestimated the Secret Techniques of this world.

He had been relying on his king of the century's absolute minute control of strength to oppress his opponents of the same caliber. If the most gifted totem users could merge with his inner strength to produce 100% of his strength, then the effect of minute controlling could basically allow him to release 150% of his strength.

This strength had been one of the two major reliance for Garen. Now, the attack from the Cthulhu King reminded him that this world had someone who was better than him in terms of controlling their strength.

This mouthful of Qi gathered and condensed all totem light to produce such a terrifying power.

Garen was enlightened as he pushed Wukan away who was trying to help him.

"I'm alright. The Cthulhu King sure is something. He's able to produce such a strong force with a basic exhalation."

He looked around his surroundings and he realized that in that instant, the Cthulhuism Society's elites had retreated. Even Emilo from the Obscuro Society's shadow could be seen in the forest as she had obviously left.

Only Scylla Whitewater and the previous Thunder God Hannet Thunderstorm were left in the scene.

"The Black Swamp Palace Master sure is strong. You can even go against the Cthulhu King's ambush!" Scylla's Mudman praised him as he walked closer.

"If it weren't for you coming out and saving us, our face would have been thrown down into the river." Scylla said hopelessly.

"You're being humble, leader." Garen immediately showed his respect. Scylla was Ender Kingdom's strongest leader of the Ancient Society, excluding the Royal Household. He had tremendous authority and was also a cunning elite. Similar to Garen, his strength was similar to of a form five based on his strength and heirloom.

"I'm not being humble." Scylla shook his head. "Oh right, the seed from last night had been successfully transferred and could still last for another two hours. Daniela has reached its limit. Should we go and obtain our share?"

"Sure." Garen nodded. Daniela had promised that the additional Ancestral God's Seed would be given to him and Wukang. It looked like it's time to fulfill that promise.

"The Seed of Ancestral God can only be used once. I plan to give my seed to Xiwa." Wukan simply said.

Garen nodded. He originally hadn't been interested in having an additional totem. However, with the activation from last night where he had completely absorbed, he had completely forgotten about using these two seeds at once.

This wouldn't greatly affect him as the effect of Ancestral God's Seed wasn't something he wanted. What he really wanted is the seed's intense life essence. This life essence was able to respond to the merging of Nine Headed Hydra and greatly reduce the merging duration.

With the next Ancestral God's seed, he could reduce the absorption time for the fifth dragon head. Unfortunately, Daniela's storage duration had reached its limit. If he were to have unlimited amounts of Ancestral God's Seeds, the merging period could be greatly reduced.

This was the main advantage as the core of the Silver Totem. He wouldn't have this benefit if the core totem was made from silver.

"Since the Cthulhu King is unable to kill Hannel himself this time, the Black Swamp Palace Master's reputation will definitely spread." The Mudman Scylla was very affectionate. "Once you have absorbed the seed, are you interested in meeting a few friends of mine? We have some plans in mind, perhaps you will be interested in it."

"No problem." Garen was very interested in these kinds of small circles as these elites usually had their own intel circulating within them. This was what he was currently lacking.

Chapter 483: Deal 1

After setting a time with Scylla, Garen turned around and looked at Hannel, who was standing to one side.

This seemingly young yet old white haired youngster was looking at them, something evidently on his mind.

"How do you guys plan to deal with me?" Hannet voiced out after noticing that Garen and Mudman were staring at him.

"I don't know why the Obscuro Society is protecting you, but what I do know is that the Royal Household is so that the opponent cannot advance smoothly. I don't think it's very likely that you will be engaging in battles recklessly with the Cthulhuism Society."

Garen immediately cleared out the whole situation.

"What's your objective?" Hannet raised his eyebrow.

"I need you to help me out." Garen's abnormality gradually disappeared, returning back to his usual handsome self. His green veins had completely disappeared.

"Sure." Hannet nodded.

He hesitated for a moment before he moved his mouth, giving him a set of information.

Garen noted this down and rushed into the forest, disappearing as he turned around.

That information was the public channel data used for communication via radio. It seemed to be one of the communication methods used by Hannet and his people.

"Can we take our leave first?" Wukang's face was pale from the battle with the Thunder God. Either he had exhausted too much, or else just didn't want to be there anymore.

"You should head back first." Garen nodded.

Wukang's female guard soon arrived. She delicately took out a few small bottles from her pockets, and mixed different colors of powders together for Wukang to consume.

"I've lost all my dignity this time." Wukang sighed as he swallowed the mixed medicine powder. "I can still deal with him if he were at a typical level. However, I didn't expect him to be a form five, and even have this unique strength which coincidentally is a counter against me! But... if it weren't for the restrictions in the area, I wouldn't be afraid to fight him to the death."

Wukang's personality was rather unstable. He wouldn't loosen up even if he was with someone familiar. Garen looked at him holding onto his female guard speechlessly. He would secretly touched the female guard's body here and there, pretending that his injury was severe enough to warrant it.

The female guard would always fall for this trick. She was even worried for him as she carried him, fearing that he was seriously injured. She didn't even realize there was an additional hand near her nether areas...

The situation here had finally settled, and Garen followed Scylla to the Ancestral God Tree.

There were guards waiting for them at the bottom of the tree. As they saw Garen and Scylla arrive, their demeanor betrays the fact that they've been expecting them, and they immediately brought them to the Vine Road, the road which went straight to the Ancestral God Tree up to the largest branch.

Scylla's Mudman dissolved at the foothold of the tree, and reappeared near the canopy, waiting for them.

As they walked along the heavily guarded Vine Road, they finally reached the giant branch after about ten minutes.

The King of Daniela, Phiroth was already back at the branch. He sat on his knees, smiling. There was a dark green vine winding at the table beside him, with a light green crystal placed on top of it. Two green, floating, feces-looking objects were floating within the crystals.

There was a young man in white shirt with golden sleeves beside Phiroth, who was also sitting on his knees on the branch. He had an awkward smile on his face, clearly because there was a beautiful woman in vine armor sitting beside him.

"What's wrong? You're not giving me any face at all, are you?"

Garen, who was standing from afar, could hear Phiroth's deep tone towards the young man in the white shirt. Although he had a smile on his face, his tone was cold.

"Are you stating that I, Phiroth's daughter, am not to your liking?"

This voice was as strong as thunder. Garen instantly understood. Phiroth was up to his tricks again... Planning to send her daughter away the moment he met someone...

As he resisted his urge to roll his eyes, Garen picked up his pace and immediately arrived at an empty space on a tree branch.

The atmosphere was stifling. The young man in the white shirt was ecstatic as he saw Garen's arrival.

"Palace Master Garen you have arrived. Just like what we've discussed, let's go meet some friends of mine. Your Majesty Phiroth... the problem we spoke of just now isn't urgent. We'll talk about it some other time, as I have made an appointment with Palace Master Garen..."

"Are you... Scylla?" Garen recognized the youngster's totem light.

Phiroth's eyelid started twitching.

"Good timing. I wanted to discuss something with Palace Master Garen regarding the Thunder God of the previous generation."

"Please say what you need, Your Majesty." Garen nodded as the guards sent up a plate of fruits. They took their places on the floor, kneeling. The plates were filled with the local specialties, the green bananas and fist-sized cherries.

Phiroth nodded.

"The Cthulhuism Society definitely has an upper hand against the previous generation's Thunder God. They have been restrained by my Royal Household all this while, but now they don't even care how they look when it comes to this. Looks like that Hannel guy is very crucial, at least to them."

"Your Majesty, what are you trying to say?" Garen asked softly.

"Hannel better not be in my sight from now on." Phiroth said, directly and without hesitation. He immediately turned his head and looked at the young man in the white shirt, and started to converse with Scylla.

Garen had doubts regarding this decision and pondered.

The previous generation Thunder God, Hannel Thunderstorm, impersonated as a guard to get close to the Ancestral God Tree -- Ancestral God's Pillar. It was obvious that he had motives towards the Ancestral God's Pillar.

While Garen didn't know what Hannel's intention was, it obviously had made Phiroth unsatisfied. This statement was obviously a warning towards Hannel.

"This is the Ancestral God's Seed for the both of you." Phiroth turned his head around again and talked to Garen. "We've taken it out just last night and it's very fresh. I have already sent my men to pass the seed to Wukang, rest assured."

Garen was speechless.

Garen took the pile of green defecation with him and bid goodbye to Phiroth together with Scylla before they left the branch.

Both of them walked down the road slowly. It took them about ten minutes or so to travel from the top to the tree to the ground, which was a good window for them to interact with each other.

Although Scylla looked very outgoing on the outside, he was actually a very mysterious person. It was impossible to know what was going on inside his head. As Garen's personality was similar to his, both of them could understand each other better and were able to converse freely.

"Do you know why His Majesty Phiroth has such an attitude towards Hannel? While he's the Thunder God of the last generation, he's only a mere form two totem user. The strength deficit between His Majesty Phiroth and Hannel is far too great. But.. why did he have to say such a phrase at the end?" Garen decided to pour out his curiosity as he talked to him.

Since both of them had such similarities and were getting along with each other, Scylla chose not to hide anything from him, and told him the reason after some consideration.

"Perhaps Palace Master hasn't heard of it yet. When the Cthulhu King and His Majesty were fighting against each other, they also talked as well. It was about that guy Hannel."

"Oh?"

Scylla started to frown.

"During that time, Cthulhu King pointed out that hannel's motive is the Ancestral God's Pillar, as he is qualified to absorb its strength. He has the legendary Winged God Arms. Although the strength of the Ancestral God's Pillar has always been under the control of Daniela Royal Household, His Majesty wasn't sure if it would affect the current Ancestral God Pillar if the Hannel were to inherit it."

"Is that so?" Garen sort of understood the situation.

He had managed to find an explanation to this issue. Garen then asked about the giant stone statue's incident related to the Ender Kingdom. The angel giant stone statue appeared among the nests of creatures during the attack of Kovitan. Kovitan wasn't the only one investigating this issue; even the Ender Kingdom was having a hard time about it in the dark.

As he raised this incident, Scylla's face was filled with rage. He wasn't sure who had stolen the key to controlling the angel statue. This weapon of warfare was usually stationary, and would only be used once every few centuries. However, this had given others an opportunity to steal it. The people who

were responsible for the loss of the key hadn't report the actual incident to the upper management in fear of getting punished. Instead, they reported that the key had been broken and used some technique in forging a new key.

When they realized something was wrong, the angel statue was already on the move, causing havoc.

Ender Kingdom had dealt with everyone responsible for the incident.

As both of them were talking along the way down, A group of female guards were on their way up, flanking and holding a girl.

The girl had an hourglass body and was in a purple cloak. Her black hair was waist-long and her skin was white as snow. A purple veil hid her face and a pair of, deep, unfocused purple eyes.

This girl was being held by the female guards, as if they were scared that she might slip and fall.

"It's princess Dilan." Scylla walked to the side as he pulled Garen, who hadn't reacted.

The female guards who were walking towards them bowed to both of them, before they continued carrying the purple clothed girl up.

The woman acted as if Garen and Scylla weren't there, instead leaning towards one of the guards, exchanging hushed whispers.

Garen frowned. He waited until the group was far away before he asked softly.

"Princess Dilan? The princess doesn't seem to know proper manners, no?"

"Don't misunderstand." Scylla shook his head. "Rumor has it that Princess Dilan is the favorite princess of His Majesty Phiroth. Her beauty is unparalleled and she has an amazing body. Her voice is as touching as hundreds of birds. However, she has a major flaw."

"Flaw?"

"Yes. and it is an incurable one as well." Scylla nodded in confidence. "She was born retarded and blind."

"Are you sure?" Garen recalled the purple shirted woman. She indeed seemed like she was blind, but retarded...

"This is the truth. Princess Dilan has the intellect of a typical three-year-old. She also has serious memory loss. This is an open secret everyone in the Royal Household of Daniela knows." Scylla shrugged. "She's just like a piece of white paper. She knows nothing and can't even recognize her own daughter and treats her as a stranger. She can immediately forget the things that happened a few minutes ago. What's most surprising is that the only person she can remember is His Majesty Phiroth."

Garen then understood that there's no point in being offended by her manners when she's naturally born with this sickness.

When both of them left the Ancestral God Pillar, they sat on the flying bubble to the second Ancestral God Tree. There were already people waiting for him to the other side. Two women in white attire clapped their hands and greeted them with a peaceful expression.

"Lord Scylla has returned. Lord Sith and the others are waiting for you."

"Lead the way." Scylla said coldly.

Chapter 484: Deal 2

Two women nodded and walked to the front, bringing the duo away from the flying point. They walked down for a few hundred meters along the tree branches, and finally stopped at an oval shaped hole in the tree.

Both women stopped outside the door as Scylla pulled Garen into the tree hole.

It wasn't very spacious inside, and the inner wall of the tree hole was painted in gold. The surrounding walls were placed with green vine stone pillars, and there were realistic sculptures of animals on top of these pillars. There were giant eagles, lions, two headed snakes and four eyed sugar gliders.

Black chairs were placed in between these pillars, of which some already had occupants. Two people who had arrived before they had.

These two stood as they saw Scylla and Garen enter.

"This is?" There were one male and one female. The man had a small mustache on top of his lips, and his silver attire made him look like a noble. He was also wearing a white bottom, long leather boots and was even wearing a white curly wig.

The woman was in a green, full body short dress and had a green longbow behind her back. She had one green eyepatch on her that made her look like a one-eyed dragon. Her slightly black hair was placed in front of her chest, and she was staring at Garen who just entered the hole.

"The Black Swamp Palace Master, Nine Headed Hydra Garen of Kovitan. I'm sure you two have heard of him, right?" Scylla smiled as he introduced Garen.

Both of their pupils shrunk at the same time, and it was obvious that they have heard of his name.

The man immediately revealed a gentle smile.

"So it's Palace Master Garen in the flesh. I am the Tower of the Read Leaf's tower master of the Ender Kingdom, Duoren."

"The Nine Headed Hydra Garen is very famous. Your name has even spread far to my Willow Valley of the Ender Kingdom." The woman spoke softly. "No wonder Scylla would invite you to participate in our activity."

"This is the valley master of the willow valley, Limalanda." Scylla introduced.

Garen greeted both of them and found out that both of their essences were clouded. It was obvious that they were using some Heirloom to hide their strength. However, whoever was able to interact with Scylla with the same level must be someone strong. They were both from the four elites.

After some niceties were served, Scylla waved his hand, and the cave was suddenly covered with a layer of yellow light.

They settled down on their seats.

Garen placed one of his hands onto the ancestral God's Seed Crystal as he slowly absorbed it while listening to them talking.

The Red Leaf Tower Master Duoren was the first one to speak up.

"With Scylla as the leader this time and Palace Master Garen to watch over us, the trade between Cthulhuism Society shouldn't be any issue."

"We should be cautious. The Cthulhuism Society has always been very cunning. The previous incident is our lesson." Limalanda objected softly.

"We don't have to worry about this part. As long as it's not Cthulhu King himself who comes for the trade, I am confident that I can retreat without any issue, even if it's the Water God." Scylla said confidently. "Palace Master Garen, I believe you have heard about the trades with the Cthulhuism Society for the Cthulhu's Origin, right?"

"Yes." Garen nodded. "Are you planning to do a secret trade with the Cthulhuism Society?" In his mind, he was pondering on how to get in touch with the other side. He didn't expect someone to hand him the solution.

"That's right." Scylla didn't intend to hide from Garen. "Everyone here possesses Glittering Water. Especially you, Lord Garen, I believe you have obtained quite a few Glittering Water since you seize quite a few Glittering Pools, right?"

"That's true." Garen didn't deny it.

Scylla smiled. "Though it's true that we are members of the Royal Alliance and it's a major taboo to occupy resources to themselves before an impending war, I refuse to believe that the Cthulhuism Society is able to turn the tides by obtaining Glittering Water. On the other hand, we are able to further strengthen the potential of our core totems by obtaining the Cthulhu's Origin. This will be our foundation in advancing into form five."

He paused for a while. "Frankly, His Majesty Phiroth understood this. However he's just acting as if he knows nothing about it." He occasionally placed his gaze on the valley master of the Willow Valley, Limalanda.

"However we're unsure of the amount of Glittering Water we have is enough to trade for one Cthulhu's Origin." The Red Lead Tower Master Duoren said as he frowned.

"Don't worry about that. I have specifically brought along the trading schedule from the other party, and it clearly marks the prices of the products." Without any hesitation, Scylla pulled out a small piece of paper from his shirt. He then gently opened it, and out came the Danielian alphabet, densely packed together.

He jittered his hand and threw the papers out as it floated between the four people.

Scylla turned the white ring on his finger.

Suddenly, a layer of semi-transparent glass surrounded the paper, and all four of them had one each. On it, the relevant information was clearly stated.

Garen looked carefully at the information.

'Trading price: One upper-level Cthulhu's Origin is equivalent to a hundred units of Glittering Water. (Enough for one person's usage)'

'One middle-level Cthulhu's Origin is equivalent to fifty Glittering Water.'

‘One lower-level Cthulhu’s Origin is equivalent to ten Glittering Water.’

‘One lower quality Cthulhu’s Origin is equivalent to two Glittering Water.’

The price was clearly written, but Garen didn’t understand the difference between the grades of the Cthulhu’s Origin.

He had about twenty two Glittering Water that he obtained along the road. These were the amount the he always had on him, as these things condensed very slowly and were not something that could be easily accumulated. In addition to the amount he had in his vault, which was about thirty, he couldn’t even trade for one middle-level Cthulhu’s Origin if he were to use the pay scale here.

"These Cthulhu’s Origins are separated into different grades?" Limalanda frowned as she asked. "What does it mean to have different grades of Cthulhu’s Origin? I wonder if you have asked clearly about it, Scylla."

Scylla smiled as he nodded.

"This naturally has to be cleared up."

He pointed at the upper-level Cthulhu’s Origin.

"This is the highest quality Origin, which is extracted directly by Cthulhu King and is of the strongest origin. Hence it’s the upper-level."

His finger then moved to the middle-level Cthulhu’s Origin.

"This is the origin extracted out by the Water God, so it’s middle-level."

The lower-level is extracted by the Light and Thunder Gods, and the lower quality ones are extracted by the normal Cthulhu." Scylla explained it very clearly.

He then continued. "I have already traded a lower quality origin to try out, and it indeed has an obvious effect in enhancing totem potential. The effect is very good as well. If we were to use a hundred of them, I'm confident that our core totems will be twice as powerful! We can even go past the fifth form and reach greater heights!"

Sizzle...

Including Garen, the three of them inhaled a mouthful of cold air.

Scylla right now was able to fight against the Water God's substitute. If he were twice as strong, how strong would that be? He would be considered a powerful opponent even among the fifth forms.

"If the lower quality has such an enormous effect, then the better ones..." Garen's eyes were fired up.

"We still have to trouble you to set a time and place for the trade." Limalanda said softly.

"This isn't a problem at all." Scylla responded happily. "Coincidentally, I have planned for a trade the night after tomorrow. We can move together then."

"Thank you, leader." Duoren's face was brimming with excitement. Limalanda's expression had softened a lot as well.

Garen, who was sitting at one corner, kept the same expression on his face as he suddenly inquired.

"I wonder if the leader has some remaining Cthulhu's Origin for us to look at."

Scylla smiled.

"I see Palace Master understands me well. I indeed left some so that I could compare it with the higher grade ones in the future."

He placed his left hand into his waist and opened up his palm.

A green crystal ball the size of a fist appeared. The interior of the crystal ball was filled with green smoke. It looked cold, as it quietly floated on his palm.

The smoke inside the small ball kept rotating, and one could faintly see strange images formed inside it. The green seeds inside sprouted, grew bigger, with flowers blooming and forming new seeds, then finally wilted. The new seeds were then sprouted again.

These images kept cycling again and again. The smoke within the crystal was moving about, as if it contained an innumerable amount of souls within.

"This Origin comes from the Wood God, and I have used up most of it. What's left is only one percent left of the amount I have traded so it can only form some smoke." Scylla smiled as he passed the crystal ball to Garen. "Have a look."

Garen reached out his hand and took it and he suddenly felt a jolt.

Although the totem light's force field inside the crystal wasn't big, it gave off the feeling that there was something alive inside the ball. As he held it in his hand, he felt like he was holding an egg that was about to hatch. He could feel the sensation of a heartbeat coming from within.

At that time, the Ancestral God's Seed had already been absorbed by him and he could recover soon from the next merge. He expected that the merging duration with the next dragon head would be greatly reduced within the week.

As he put away his right hand, Garen carefully observed the Cthulhu's Origin.

The green smoke inside the crystal ball kept moving about and the images of the seed sprouting until it wilted kept repeating inside. As he observed closer, he realized that these images were formed by countless smoke particles, without any order.

As Garen held onto it, he could faintly smell the fresh fragrance of the leaves and flowers.

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According to the original timeline, this item only appeared once, and it was from a normal commander-level member of the Obscuro Society who reached the peak of the form five by absorbing it. He was then on the same level as God Cloud. There was no related news regarding this afterwards.

Now that Scylla and the others planned to trade for the Cthulhu's Origin, and since there were so many grades for them to trade with, why weren't there any more people revealing the secrets of the Cthulhu's Origin in the history?

This question flashed through Garen's mind.

Since so many people had absorbed it, did that mean the effect was most obvious among the members of the Obscuro Society?

Garen suddenly recalled the issues with the Cthulhu King's Will in the Cthulhu's Origin. Was it because of this?

He pondered for a while before he passing the crystal ball to Limalanda before he turned his head to look at Scylla.

"Scylla, did you absorb it directly after you obtain the origin or...?"

"Don't worry. I was worried that the Cthulhuism Society would pull my leg as well so I only absorbed it after making sure the thing is safe through detailed analysis." Scylla said. "I didn't expect the effect was exceptionally good."

Garen didn't change his expression but he was very sure of something.

There was something wrong with these Cthulhu's Origin. Without an adaptee to filter out the Cthulhu King's will and to absorb the origin just like that...

Garen squinted his eyes as he could smell something sinister from this simple trade...

Chapter 485: Deal 3

After discussing with the others in the cave, Garen bid them farewell and left alone, sitting on the flying bubble as he flew towards the giant tree where he stayed.

As for the fact that Cthulhu's Origin contained Cthulhu's Will, he didn't immediately say it out loud. If he said it just like that, Scylla and the others might not believe him, after all they barely knew each other, if he said something too deep while their knowledge of each other was still so shallow, it might make them wary of him instead.

Cthulhu's Origin was the main reason he came to Daniela this time. It was an aberrated treasure that could let a regular Form Five reach the peak level, the Cthulhuism Society wouldn't bring something like that out so easily.

Sitting in the bubble, Garen looked down at the green canopy of trees below him, a flash of understanding in his eyes.

"No wonder the Cthulhuism Society wanted to kill the previous Thunder God, Hannet, no matter the cost, because only he has the right to filter Cthulhu's Will, as long as he was gone, then the Cthulhu's Origin that was sent out would become so many ticking time bombs, becoming a trump card for their battles."

After returning to his residence, Wukang's tree hole up there was utterly quiet, some black smoke roiling faintly in the cracks of the doors and windows on the tree hole, the long and large breathing inside repeating endlessly, Wukang was evidently focused on healing his injuries.

Garen went past Wukang's tree hole, and was about to return to his own tree hole.

Boom!!

Suddenly there was a huge dull noise, as though something had exploded. The Ancestral God Tree also jolted slightly, shaking somewhat, many branches and leaves floating down on him like raindrops.

Garen frowned, turning around and looking towards the direction of the explosion.

Roar!!!!

In the distant white sky, a huge red bird spread its wings and raised its head, making a terrifying loud howl, like that of a bird but also of a lion or a tiger.

The huge bird was covered in a red glow, its feathers a fiery bright red, it had six tails, and each tail was a poisonous red snake, the end of the tails being the snake heads that kept reaching out their slithery tongues as though they wanted to eat you whole.

The whole giant bird almost took up half of the sky in the distance, its body a full hundred meters in size.

Garen was also shocked by the bird's size for a moment, but after looking at it closely, he discovered something odd about it.

The bird's body looked solid, but it actually had a vague insubstantial feeling.

"It's the Geometry Service's Royal Star Court's Starry Sky Summoning!"

Garen suddenly remembered the information he had read before.

'From an unnamed starry sky galaxy, a temporary helper who can reply your call is summoned, by paying a certain price in return, obtain a response from an unnaturally terrifying existence from an unknown time and space.'

That was the description of the Starry Sky Summoning, it was also the Royal Star Court Master's secret ultimate technique, to think it would suddenly be used now.

"Who on earth could it be? To be able to force the Court Master to use such a terrifying secret spell!" Garen's heart gave a jolt as he watched the projection of the bird pounce down, its mouth wide open as it instantly sprayed out countless little red flame birds, covering land and sky as they cascaded down.

These little red birds were not solid either, they were all silhouettes made of red flames, when they were sprayed out, they actually all opened their mouths as well, and once more spat out currents of flames tinged with gold.

The gold flames gathered together, forming a small river that flowed relentlessly and quietly downwards.

Garen watched the huge bird's movement carefully. He had seen some information in a dissection book before, it was an anonymous scholar's research content.

He had been extremely interested in this surprisingly scary Starry Sky Summoning, and had spent a lot of time and energy researching it in particular. In the end, he came to a conclusion.

The Starry Sky Summoning did not actually call over a powerful existence from a starry galaxy, that did not follow the rules of energy conservation at all, to transcend here from a faraway galaxy would use some astronomical energy just on the journey itself, what was more the power needed to fight for the summoner.

In actuality, the core principle of the Starry Sky Summoning should be a sort of derivation, a technique to construct life.

The creatures that it can summon were all actual living creatures from the beginning phase, after they figure out all of the creature's biological structures and way of existence, the creatures can be summoned. The cost was a huge amount of Totem Light.

And then there was the middle level phase, which was to summon some special creatures that were slightly out of the ordinary, with special powers, and the cost would be Totem Light and some specific special items.

The last final phase was to summon fully-derived terrifying creatures that had appeared at some point in time and space, the cost being a tremendous amount of Totem Light and a very specific rare item.

Actually, according to the scholar's research, the very beginning of the Starry Sky Summoning had been used to test if the structures of these derived creatures had existed before. This technique had only been a sort of practical experimental technique, but after merging it with instant structural studies, it had become this terrifying offensive technique.

The huge bird that showed up now was the Star Court Master's signature Snake-tailed Bird, this was the strongest legendary creature derived by the Star Court, although nobody knew when this terrifying creature existed, but its power was definitely at the peak of Form Five. Compared to peak-level fighters like the Cthulhu King and Phiroth, it wasn't as easily controllable, but when it came to pure power it was just as good. Of course, this didn't take the other methods these peak-level fighters could use into account.

This move was already the Star Court Master's strongest attack, and the power demonstrated by the Cthulhu King and Phiroth were just their normal states. The difference between them was obvious.

The Snake-tailed Bird was resisting against a dot of black light beneath it, the golden fire spraying recklessly as though it was free, this was clearly already its strongest attack, but it didn't have much of an effect on the black light dot beneath it.

Whoa-aah!!

A crisp sound, like the clash between metals. The black light suddenly shot out countless black chains, like a deity scattering flowers, spraying out in all directions.

The countless black metal chains were like living creatures, surrounding the Snake-tailed Bird from all directions.

The moment he saw the chains, Garen instantly recognized the user of this technique.

God Cloud!

He narrowed his eyes, a glint of danger rising in his eyes.

"It's definitely the true body, the true body that has the Distorted Bead!" Garen licked his lips, since the fight on the snowy peak back then, when he was grievously injured by God Cloud and had to escape, he couldn't keep it out of his mind.

But not only was God Cloud Obscuro's strongest military leader, he was also at the peak of Form Five, although he was defeated by Phiros in the past, he could still bulldoze past other Form Five fighters.

"He's not at the World Crevice, he's not controlling the situation or healing his wounds, why did he run all the way here?" Suspicion rose in Garen's heart.

This was Phiros' domain, with the help and increment from the Ancestral God Tree, he was already probably the strongest in history as long as he was here. Add that to an unnamed Original Heirloom.

Garen wouldn't have forgotten, that Daniela actually still had an Original Heirloom hidden away. Although it couldn't be as powerful as Kovitan's Caeserton. After all, Original Heirlooms had their categories too, Caeserton just happened to be perfectly suited for war. Regardless, this one couldn't be that bad, it should also have a special effect.

"The two of you, could you please take it for my, Phiros' sake, and call a temporary ceasefire?" Just as the black chains were madly shooting everywhere, and just about to completely surround the Snake-tailed Bird, Phiros' voice reached them.

God Cloud snorted, the black light shooting into the sky abruptly and vanishing, evidently disappearing into the distance.

"These are the Ancestral God Grounds, fighting is not allowed in this area." Phiros seemed to be explaining something to the Court Master, and then his voice fell silent.

The Snake-tailed Bird also rapidly shrunk, rather worse for the wear, and slowly became transparent, before disappearing into the air.

The many totem users who were being forced down below remained silent for more than ten whole minutes before they began discussing the battle that had just erupted again.

Their fight had only lasted a short while, but within the Ancestral God Grounds, there had already been a large piece of empty land that was completely burned away, covered with giant collapsed trees, and there was a raging golden fire burning away as well.

Soon enough, though, a green mist quickly spread across the area, rapidly extinguishing the golden flames, and the collapsed trees also began to grow new roots and shoots. They grew at a speed visible to the naked eye. Not long later, this area was once more covered with green, as though the damage from just now was just the aftereffects of a long-ago battle.

Garen stood on the tree hole, his sharp eyesight allowing him to watch all the changes clearly. Up until all the traces had been utterly recovered, only then did he finally return to his tree hole, closing the wooden door.

Everything inside the tree hole was completely quiet, the soundproofing was very good, and it seemed like a completely isolated little space.

Inside the hemispherical tree hole, there were many white vine decorations of different sizes hung about, and the tables and chairs were all grown directly out of the ground, so they could not be moved. A bush of small black flowers grew on the corner of the wall, emitting a natural and fresh minty fragrance, acting like a natural air freshener.

Turning on the black radio on the table, he simply tuned it to Daniela's public channel.

'...the later conflicts had created a hidden threat, since the Battle of Sunview back then, in order to take revenge for his wife's betrayal, Tesowork convinced Moro of the Black Light Tower, and activated the legendary World War...'

As soon as he turned on the radio, the female host's voice came from the machine, the program showing was one that explained historical wars.

In this era, with the rapid development of radios, after a bit of tweaking, some single-sided broadcasting techniques were successfully introduced, it was something similar to what they had on Earth, news and other programs appearing to meet demands. Daniela's people were usually battle-thirsty, so this sort of programs explaining the wars in history was especially popular.

He changed the channel, and after some static, a new voice came from the radio.

'...According to the West Continent, the Lyonesse incident should have been caused by a West Continent terrorist group, Forest Black Court. Although the group did not publicly claim the incident, the many clues showed that the Forest Black Court would be Lyonesse's biggest suspect.'

This was intercontinental news.

Garen was slightly surprised, he didn't think that news from the West Continent would reach here so quickly too. Evidently, after totem users were utterly exposed and stopped hiding, walking into the limelight instead and using their totem skills, the Luminarists and forgers would surely have used all their methods to cross the continental distance, achieving rapid continental communication.

After the radio played some music, there was another man's clear voice.

'This is the intercontinental news.'

'After the event in Kovitan, the mastermind, the Obscuro Society has finally come to light. The leader of the Obscuro military division, God Cloud, announced yesterday that they would assume responsibility for this incident. The National Service's diplomacy division has also released a bounty warning, aimed for all of Obscuro's members...'

'In Daniela's 231st Forest City, there was a large-scale plague spreading today, a terrifying virus known as Grimlan Number Three is rapidly spreading, those infected would have swollen eyes, many tiny blisters forming on the surfaces of their eyeballs, making it unbearably itchy and painful for the patient. The infected would lose their vision within three days, and die after five. The relevant departments are sending researchers to discover a vaccine at the first possible moment.'

231st Forest City?

Garen's heart sank. That was a city close to Heart of Life.

Daniela's structure was different from other countries, their cities were like so many different-sized tribes, scattered and built across the limitless sea of trees, each city was hidden by many plants and trees, harmonious and natural, with beautiful surroundings. Before the chaos began, the whole of Daniela was a famous tourist spot. Most of the people wouldn't leave their hometowns, the people of Daniela, especially the normal people, were all very attached to their homes. As a result, the transportation between cities wasn't very developed either.

The benefit of that was that if a plague started in one place, it could be easily quarantined away.

Garen vaguely suspected that in the original history, Phiros hadn't actually set down the kill order because the concubine was assassinated, but mostly because of this sort of plague.

The original history had actually already been changed in some way.

After the regicide incident in Kovitan, Daniela would quickly discover that their concubine had been assassinated, and Phiros gave the order to carry out a massacre in the refugee camp of Heart of Life, but to think there was now a minuscule change in the process.

Obscuro was probably being hunted hard by the three departments, and the plan couldn't be successfully completed, so Daniela's side was basically peaceful and free.

If the concubine wasn't assassinated, Heart of Life might not be massacred again, and the revolution might not occur, so Obscuro might not have a chance to take advantage of it.

Daniela's history of collapse in three months, may have already changed before they knew it.

Chapter 486: Deal 4

The radio was still broadcasting the news, this method was already slowly replacing newspapers.

'From the Enderian side, the country's Construction Department has announced that the world's largest underground palace, has finally been completed. This construction process was a historical miracle, after ten years and six months, this huge underground palace will soon become the biggest architectural pride of Enderians in history.'

"Eternal Night Palace?" Garen smiled coldly, the Enderian King was a madman who chased power, and the Eternal Night Palace was actually an incomprehensibly huge Totem Tactic formation, it was meant to merge his own body with Ender's largest sleeping statue, in his pursuit for the unprecedented, strongest power.

He was just a madman who wanted to be god, it was just that he wasn't showing it yet.

As he listened to the news, Garen cleaned up a bit, ate some fruits, and then put on his clothes and sat cross-legged on the bed, beginning his daily secret technique practice. His practice every day was part of the basic steps to merge the Nine-Headed Dragon.

In the next ten or more days, Garen didn't waste his time wandering about, he just stayed in his room and told everyone else that he was absorbing the Seed of the Ancestral God, when in actuality he was waiting for the Cthulhu's Origin transaction time.

Obscuro was growing more and more low-key, after that battle against the Royal Star Court, it was as though the whole Obscuro Society vanished without a trace, it made no move at all, in the intercontinental news, international news, and even within the other countries' domestic news, there wasn't any news at all.

The yearly Seed of the Ancestral God activity had ended, and the many totem users from various different countries also began to leave.

The Ancestral God Grounds became quieter and quieter. This was originally Daniela's holy ground anyway, Phiros was always standing guard over this place, he lived right on the largest Ancestral God Tree. Now that there weren't any Ancestral God Seeds left here, the totem users from other countries have no reason to continue staying here either.

These past few days, the Star Court's two Court Masters had also left in a hurry, but no one knew if it was because they were slightly injured in the battle against God Cloud or some other reason.

The three departments also never got along well with each other, by the time Garen found out that they had left, they had already gone two days ago.

Daniela's sixth royal daughter would occasionally visit Garen and co as well, she was evidently very interested in Garen.

Finally, when the people from the Cthulhuism Society were about to leave, Garen finally got the news he was waiting for.

Scylla sent someone to inform him that they were ready for the deal

The time was set at three in the morning, the location Ender's ambassadorial hall.

Two in the morning, in the middle of the darkness, Garen abruptly opened his eyes, pulled off his covers and sat up in bed.

Looking at the small clock on the cupboard by his bed, the neon green needle was pointing at half past two.

It was all dark in the tree hole, and there was only a slight ray of green light coming in through the curtains on the circular window.

Garen got out of bed, and put on a black folded dress.

The structure of the dress was very simple, a circular hole was cut out of a piece of rectangular cloth, so a person's head could go through. And then a silver belt was tied around the waist, two pieces of cloth in front and behind the person's body. The waist was tied tightly, two hidden zips on either side pulled up, and a simple yet beautiful dress was done, suitable for both men and women.

The only flaw was that such a dress didn't have sleeves.

Garen had actually only gotten these clothes after the last time he took a hit from the Cthulhu King, and his own clothes were destroyed, the servants here had offered these up for a change.

He took his waist pouch of ingredients with him, although Garen wasn't strictly a totem user who relied on tactics to fight, the many ingredients and materials in his waist pouch could be indispensable at times too. In order to deal with many different surroundings and situations. Inside, there were healing potions, recovery potions, anti-poisons and other similar things, but of course the most important was still the Glittering Water he was planning to trade off.

Putting another wide black hood over his folded dress, Garen began trying to utterly conceal his own aura and Totem Light. When even he couldn't feel any energy from his own body, he finally opened the door and walked out of the tree hole.

Outside the tree hole, the two sleeping maids moved slightly, as though about to wake.

Garen took some powder from his waist pouch, and scattered it.

Their heads tilted, and they were once more asleep, leaning against the door.

This was Traceless Sleeping Powder, in small doses it was a sleep medicine, in large doses it was an instant tranquilizer, it acted really quickly too, and was hard to detect. It was part of the preparation Scylla had sent over.

Garen glanced up at Wukang's tree hole, he could hear the even breathing of four people from inside, it went without saying that the guy went and hooked up a few more Daniela girls again last night.

Garen stayed quiet, pulled his hood close, and took a black mask out of his pocket, stuffing all his golden hair into the hood, and not leaving a single trace. Only then did he follow the tree hole both of them stayed in, walking out.

There were more than ten tree holes in a row, all squeezed close to each other, but there wasn't the sound of breathing coming from the other holes, they were evidently not in use.

Garen exited the tree hole area easily, and reached the vine road.

There were three people in black hoods standing at the flight area as well. One of them wore black gloves with golden dots and patterns, this was the sign Scylla had told him about in advance. Seeing Garen come out, Scylla took one step forward to greet him.

"You're the last one." His voice was deep and hoarse, completely different from usual, he had evidently used some methods to change it.

"And here I thought I was considered early." Garen took it one step further, and had directly changed his voice to a slightly hoarse woman's voice. He was an expert in secret techniques and the structure of the human body, after all he had messed around with the King of Nightmares for some time, so a slight change of his voice like this was nothing to him.

Scylla and the others were slightly dazed as well, as though they hadn't thought he would be so adept at changing his voice.

If it wasn't that the black hood he was wearing was the same design as the one Scylla had given Garen, Scylla would have suspected if he was the same person at all.

"Since we're all here, let's go." He quickly recovered, and looked at the black-hooded person on his right.

That person nodded, took out a round black ball, and tossed it into the air.

Noiselessly, a huge black bubble formed in mid-air, it was a full six meters in diameter.

The black bubble floated down slowly, and landed in front of the four of them.

Scylla was the first to step inside, followed by Garen, and then the other two.

The black bubble instantly took flight, floating slowly towards the black night sky. Its surface reflected bits of the starlight, as though it had vaguely merged together with the starry sky, and the two were inseparable.

The bubble left the Ancestral God Tree, and slowly flew towards the direction of the Ancestral God Grounds. After about more than ten minutes, soon enough, they could see several figures also dressed in black hoods among the trees below.

The black bubble landed solidly, on the right side of this group of people.

The bubble scattered, and Scylla's group of four walked out.

"I thought you wouldn't come this time?" Amidst these black figures, an old man's voice came. He was facing Scylla, and evidently talking to him.

"How would that be possible, last time was just an experiment, this here is the real deal." Scylla shook his head, "I just got some stock, at first I wanted to collect more before I made the exchange, but there's no time anymore."

"Me too." The black figure nodded, and said no more, evidently they were just like Scylla, one person leading a group, coming here together to exchange something with the Cthulhuism Society.

The two groups together made up to more than ten people, Garen took a look around, and not too far away from where they were, amidst the trees and foliage, there was a black wooden stake stuck into the ground, there seemed to be some tiny black tactic glyphs glittering on the stake.

Soon enough, two more black bubbles landed from the sky, and more than ten more people in black hoods walked out of the bubbles.

"We can begin now." Scylla said.

"Of course." A clear woman's voice replied from one of the black hoods that had just arrived, and someone in a black hood stepped out, walking to the very front.

"According to our old rules, let us first complete the promise of exchange from last time." The woman's voice said calmly. The black hood blocked away all recon methods, so that no one could tell if the person was a man or woman, or how strong they were.

As the person spoke, all of the black hoods glowed slightly, as though there was silver light flowing on the surface. Silver numbers rapidly appeared on the chests of the hoods.

From number 1, to number twenty-eight.

Garen looked at his own number, number eleven.

The black stakes surrounding them suddenly and abruptly fell silent, emitting a layer of grey powder mist, slowly enveloping this whole area, forming an upside-down hemisphere.

The sky also began to take on a layer of grey. It had evidently been completely blocked away by the black stakes.

"Let the deal now begin. I'll start first." The woman's voice came from the black hood again, her number was one. "This time it's my turn to be number one, the item I have is one Blood Jade Pillar, about five hundred years old. I want to exchange it for a Spring of Attas, one or more units. The quality cannot be lower than White Light."

She flipped her right hand, and a small intricate red jade stick of wood appeared on her black-gloved palm, it looked just like a normal stick of jade, and was not extraordinary in the slightest.

"I brought the Spring of Attas, but if you want to get a unit of White Light quality or above, your Blood Jade Pillar is still rather lacking..." A person in the number sixteen black hood from the group on the left of Garen and company stepped forward and spoke directly.

Similarly, he held a transparent crystal cup in his hand, it was filled with a viscous white liquid that was emitting white steam.

"Then I'll add on five Evolution Stones."

"Done."

One deal was quickly completed, and after both sides checked the items, they readily exchanged.

Garen watched them coldly from aside. This was evidently a small-scale transaction, they weren't just exchanging the Cthulhu's Origins. The so-called Evolution Stone was just an Evolution Crystal, it was evidently a form of hard currency.

And then the second person stepped out, completing the promised transaction from last time.

There were mainly two ways for them to make the deal. One was this item-for-item exchange. Even if it was something they didn't have right now, they could make a promise to meet again one year later here.

And the other, was to exchange a condition. Using a treasure, to exchange a favor of one fight from a strong fighter.

Just now there was one person who gave a strange dagger that could grow upon absorbing blood in exchange for a powerful fighter's promise to fight for him once.

Because of this, Garen had also noticed that of everyone here, five of them had different robes from the rest.

Himself, Scylla, and two people from the group on the left, and then there was number one who had first stepped out from the group opposite.

Their five hoods were all slightly blacker than the others, the color purer.

This was evidently a sign of their power.

They stood out one by one, some exchanging treasures and supplies, some exchanging promises to fight. These exchanges were not very believable, after the person who promised to fight obtained their item, it depended on them whether they really were going to fight or not.

But most strong fighters wouldn't break their promises in order to protect their long-term trustworthiness, otherwise next time nobody would seek them out for such transactions.

As for the side that provided the treasure, all they could do was pray that they were lucky. After all, to hire a fighter of that caliber, in the normal world, that was practically unimaginable.

At such a level, they were incomparable to any War Guild or Assassins' Guild.

Soon enough, the deals reached the end, and from the group opposite them, the first person who had spoken, Number One, finally stepped out again.

"Alright, now it's time for the main event. I've brought the Cthulhu's Origins that I promised last time. Anybody who needs to trade for them, you can step out now."

Chapter 487: Danger 1

As soon as she spoke, the other four with dark black hoods, including Garen, all stepped out. Four others in regular black hoods, including the Willow Valley Master and company, also joined in. That made eight in total.

Number One nodded.

"Okay, the rest can leave now."

Quietly, the others all released their own black bubbles and flew away from this area, going past the dim grey bowl-shaped barrier, and quickly disappearing into the night sky.

After the others had left, Number One turned around and led the rest out of the grey barrier, walking towards the depths of the forest.

The nine of them walked through the forest for several minutes, soon enough, a small white mansion appeared ahead of them.

There were tall walls all around the mansion, a stone pillar next to the white metal gate, the words 'Enderian Ambassadorial Hall' carved onto it.

Number One led the group to the front door, and the door opened automatically with a creak, there wasn't anybody at all inside. The whole estate seemed unnaturally quiet.

The group walked into the estate, and the door automatically closed behind them. Going to the second floor, in a wide room like a study, Number One finally came to a stop.

There was already a circle of chairs arranged in the room, more than ten of them, and everyone took their seats.

Scylla and Garen sat next to each other, and the others surrounded the other two strong fighters in dark black hoods, taking their seats next to them. Number One sat in the very center.

"Now can we start?" The old geezer leading the other group asked impatiently, he knew Scylla, and he was one of the five strongest people. He sat next to a normal black hooded person. The geezer's number was seven.

"That's right, we don't have as much free time as you." The other warrior on his left nodded, he had number two.

Number One laughed lightly.

"We can start whenever.

He pointed at the ground with one hand.

The floor between the people whirled, and a translucent crystal pillar rose from the ground. The middle of the crystal pillar was completely transparent, it had a hollow in the center, and a wad of twitching yellow mud was floating inside.

The mud was only the size of a fist, yellow in color, and there was a pair of large black eyes on it, blinking occasionally.

"Earth God's Origin, one standard unit, if you need it you can trade." Number One said calmly.

"I want it!" Number Two said immediately. He raised his hand, and a light blue bottle left his hand, and at the same time he grabbed at the air from the distance, and the Gaia's Origin shot straight out of the crystal pillar, disappearing into his sleeve with a whoosh.

Number One didn't seem offended either, nodding and catching the small blue bottle, after she opened the cap and looked inside, she kept it away quietly.

"The next one." After the crystal pillar sank down, it rose up again soon, and this time there was a cloud of faint black mist inside, forming a tiny whirlwind, the small black tornado whirring away, until the faint sound of wind howling could be heard through the whole room.

"Wind God's Origin." Number One said mildly.

"This was the one I booked last time." Scylla said. He also threw out a small black bottle with one hand, and walked up himself, carefully transferring the small tornado into a black hourglass item. No one knew how it was done, but he just had to touch the crystal pillar lightly and everything was done in an instant.

After Scylla kept the item away, he sat down once more, looking rather satisfied.

"I don't need the others, it's up to you guys now." He said softly to Garen and the others.

Garen nodded, while the other two just smiled.

After that there were still some more lower quality and lower level Cthulhu's Origins, they were all taken away by the four normal black hooded people, the Willow Valley Master and the other three were slightly weaker, so after they got their items, they immediately bid farewell and left without hesitation.

Soon enough, there were only the five strongest people left in the room.

Garen watched them all coldly, the Glittering Water he had was not enough to exchange for middle- or upper-level Cthulhu's Origins, but he could still get lower-level ones. One lower-level Origin required ten units of Glittering Water, he had thirty units of Glittering Water on him now, in other words, he could exchange them for three lower-level Origins.

As for which three, he would need to consider them carefully, because they needed to match his attributes.

The Origins were taken out one by one, evidently there was one split out from each Cthulhu, the nineteen Cthulhus, including the Cthulhu King, there was one for each, but of course nobody could exchange for any of the middle-level ones, because how long had it been since the Glittering Pond appeared? Nobody at all could have collected fifty units of Glittering Water.

"There are still a few left, they are all lower-level Origins, it depends on you all whether you need them or not." Number One said mildly.

"The price for your middle-level Origins is so high, I bet you don't really plan on trading them off to outsiders, do you?" Number Two said coldly.

"How could that be, if we didn't want to trade, why would we need to bring them out?" Number One laughed and replied.

"Alright, tell me, what are the ones left. Hehe, if it weren't for the fact that these things can only be split and taken by the Cthulhuism Society headquarters, I would have killed a few Cthulhus myself to get them. Why would I need to waste my time here!" Geezer Number Seven said impatiently.

Number One didn't get angry, she just flicked her finger, and the crystal pillar in the ground rose again, this time it was filled with several differently colored Cthulhu's Origins.

Red, white, black, purple, the four different Origins formed a small square in the hollow, dominating one corner each. Red flames, white ice, black blood, and purple sand. The four types of Origins each presented a different magical sight.

"These are the Fire God's, Frost God's, War God's, and Time God's Origins, of these the War God's and Time God's Origins are lower-level, the other two are lower quality, why don't you see which ones you need." Number One said calmly.

"Cronus?" Garen was slightly surprised, he didn't think that there was someone among the Cthulhus who dared to use such a powerful title, after all an attribute such as time was not something totem power could interfere with.

"It's just a Cthulhu who can turn back time a little, the title sounds very strong, but in truth they're not much." Scylla's voice came from above, "I met him before, he's ranked number three among the lower-level Cthulhus, he passes but barely, that crafty guy."

The only high-level one was the Cthulhu King himself, the middle-level ones were the Water God, Light God and Thunder God. The lower-level ones included the Wind God, War God, Time God and the like, as for the last ten Cthulhus, they were considered lower quality.

"I want the Fire God's." "I want the War God's."

The voices spoke again.

"I want the War God's and the Time God's." Garen's voice seemed to have clashed with another. He paused slightly, and glanced towards the direction of the voice, the one fighting for it with him was Number Two.

Number Two hesitated, and looked over as well.

"If you want it, sir, then I'll let go." He actually gave up straight. "I already got two Origins just now, this time I'll leave it to Number Eleven."

Garen was ready to fight for it, but he didn't expect the other person to just give up, so he nodded at him as an expression of gratitude.

Both were lower-level Origins, that made twenty units of Glittering Water in total, Garen wrapped the bottles of Glittering Water together, and then threw the package at Number One. At the same time he went up to keep the two Origins into the crystal ball container he had prepared beforehand one by one.

He had only meant to use these two Origins for research purposes. Before he found out how to use them, he definitely wouldn't absorb them carelessly. And the healing effects of the Glittering Water were very formidable as well, he also needed to keep a portion of that, and couldn't just exchange it all.

The two Origins he kept into the crystal ball were black and purple respectively, forming two differently-sized areas of light inside the ball, the two powers seemed to be resisting against each other, with the black one being stronger as it took up most of the space.

Keeping the Origins' crystal ball away carefully, Garen returned to his seat.

He waited until all the others also completed their transactions, and agreed on which Origins they needed for the next time, before the deal was finally over.

Together with Scylla, Garen used a special item to release the black bubble, sitting inside as they immediately went on a ride through the trees, finally arriving back at the Ancestral God Tree departure point Garen had been at.

The night was slowly becoming brighter.

The black bubble slowly landed on the departure point, and Scylla took a black ring out of his pocket.

"This is a simple gadget we can use to communicate from now on, it's the basic version, so it can only contact up to ten people, if there's anything good from now on you can also contact us. Of course, if we get any good info, and couldn't monopolize it alone, we'll ask you for help as well, we could all use the benefits to improve together."

"Improve together." Garen smiled too, accepting the ring and putting it on immediately. Even if he still needed to go back and check it out, naturally he couldn't do something so inconsiderate right in front of the other party's face.

Another source, be it in information or fighting power, could be of great use in a pinch.

The other party was evidently also favoring the Black Swamp Palace and the Snowy Mountain powers behind him. Scylla also obviously represented Ender's power. Naturally, that would involve more than just him alone.

"The others who own this sort of ring are Ender's two Form Fives..." Scylla reminded softly, and it instantly allowed Garen to understand, so the importance of this ring in his heart increased another level. At the same time Scylla had pointed out that the Red Leaf Tower Master and the Willow Valley Master who had been with them probably didn't have the right to get this ring.

"Much thanks."

The two of them separated at the departure point, after watching the black bubble rise into the night air and until it totally vanished, Garen finally walked towards his own tree hole.

It was all quiet inside the tree hole, Garen patted the little green fruit next to the door.

With a smack, the whole ceiling of the tree hole lit up with a layer of dim green light, as though a lamp was illuminating the entire tree hole.

Garen looked around for a while and didn't discover anything out of the ordinary, so only then did he take off his black hood and reveal the clothes inside.

He walked to the exact center of the tree hole room, raised his left hand, and pressed lightly in the air.

Whoosh!

A cloud of black poisonous mist spread out in all directions with him in the center, and rapidly reached every corner of the room.

The poisonous mist scattered for a few minutes, until the few insects in the corners of the tree hole utterly melted into pools of pus, and then it retreated back into Garen's body.

He looked around the room, satisfied, and the blood-red secret technique aura flowed out from beneath his feet again. Soon it had completely covered the whole tree hole room. After ensuring that the aura had completely covered the room, Garen picked up the radio on the table, turned it on lightly, and began to tune it to the channel frequencies according to the numbers in his memory.

Chapter 488: Danger 2

This radio was actually the same gift he had gotten from those little guys in Kovitan, he had always been using it until now.

In no time, the radio was tuned to the channel that the former Thunder God, Hannet, had mentioned.

It was all empty inside, with only the crackling of signal interference.

"Hannet? You there?" he said at the radio.

There was no reply at all.

The time ticked past, and just as Garen thought he had input the wrong code, or that Hannet had lied to him, finally a tiny voice came through the crackling of the radio.

"Is it... Big Brother's friend?" A timid girl's voice came from the radio.

"I guess so, are you his little sister?" Garen asked.

"Yeah... Big Brother went out... He told me, if someone comes looking for him, then tell them, it might be a while before you can meet him..." The girl spoke hesitatingly.

Garen frowned, he had no idea when Black Sky and Obscuro would surface, time was now his biggest problem.

"Then can you tell me, where did your brother go?" He tried his best to make his voice sound friendly and easygoing.

"I don't know either." The little girl replied in a small voice. "Recently there have been more and more people from the Cthulhuism Society, that Aud hurt Brother and Uncle last time, and now he's back."

Garen thought about it, but he had never heard of a Cthulhu named Aud in the Cthulhuism Society.

"Is Aud very powerful?" He asked quietly.

"Mn, very powerful, Uncle nearly died thanks to him last time." The girl's voice was slightly worried as she replied.

"Who's Uncle?" Garen had no idea there were two such unknown people next to Hannet.

The little girl seemed to drop her defenses around his status as her brother's friend, so under Garen's prodding, she soon spilled the beans about the whole situation.

Compared to his glory before the reincarnation, Hannet had now almost hit rock-bottom.

That so-called Aud was the hunting dog that the Cthulhuism Society had sent to hunt down the three of them, he was the Thunder God's number one general. His power was at the Spiritualized level, and every time he would force the three of them to a dead-end, or the edge of despair.

Thanks to the pressure by the Cthulhuism Society, the three of them had seen their family killed and destroyed, the Hanneet of this life had no choice but to take his only blood-related younger sister and their family's uncle on the run for their lives. And they kept getting hurt along the way.

If this was a martial arts hero story, perhaps these challenges were so many training sessions for him, and his mind might grow stronger and fuller from it, geniuses with astounding talent could train for future battles by battling now, growing stronger and stronger, finally creating some sort of base for them to work on.

Unfortunately, this was the world of totem users.

Totems required vast amounts of supplies for maintenance preservation, and that was not including the commodities needed for evolution. Every totem user was an expert in spending. Even back then, Goth could only start his road to evolution because the Blackfield Bird was practically useless, and so consumed very little, plus he had his father's help and his mother's planning.

With the way he was using it, Hanneet was already considered very lucky that his core totem hadn't degraded, as for evolving it, without the materials and supplies, he probably wouldn't be able to evolve it for the rest of his life.

After chatting with the little girl for a while, finding out about Hanneet's current location and situation, Garen could hear that the girl was slightly tired and out of breath, so he took the initiative to stop the conversation.

Turning off the radio, he temporarily lost his motive to find Hanneet and ask him for help in filtering, instead he took out the crystal ball again.

Filled with the Cthulhus' Origins, the crystal ball looked extraordinarily beautiful, the black blood and purple sand floating and moving slowly, if he looked closely at the black blood, he could see hints of dark red blood threads. And there were some golden grains of sand vaguely hidden among the purple sand.

"Guess I'll still study it for a bit first." Garen decided, twisting open the cover on the crystal ball, slightly less than half of the crystal ball was revealed, showing the Cthulhus' Origins flowing inside.

First, he chose the slightly stronger War God's Origins. After raising his awareness of the surrounding auras, to stand guard for possible threats, he carefully channeled the Black Water True Technique, and let it run at the highest state of activity.

Only then did he lightly reach out his pointer finger, lightly touching the mound of black blood with his finger. The tip of his finger was instantly covered with a tiny bit of black blood.

Closing back the cover, Garen looked at the bit of black blood on his finger carefully, one of the red blood lines on it kept swimming like a leech, as though it was alive. He couldn't feel any movement of Totem Light on it, as though it was just a bit of normal blood.

Ah!!!

Suddenly, a piercing scream shot through Garen's brain.

The red blood thread darted out abruptly, like a piercing thorn, aiming straight for Garen's right eye.

The scream made him ever so slightly slow to react, it was just an instant, then Garen immediately flicked away the black blood, rapidly retreating backwards.

Boom!!!

His surroundings gave a huge jolt, and in the distant unknown darkness, a pair of black blood eyes opened slowly. Transcending an uncountable distance, just as the blood thread was about to pierce through Garen's eyeball, their gazes met,

"Black Water!!!" Garen roared, the Black Water True Technique throughout his entire body activating at once. His right hand became a bolt of black lightning, wrapped up in countless black water, and with a whoosh, almost as though it teleported, he pinched the blood thread precisely.

The tip of the blood thread collapsed and broke off, the thorn continuing to attack Garen's eye.

Clang!!

Garen flicked it with his fingernail, and at the same time he chased after it, utterly flicking away the broken tip.

Bam-bam-bam!!

Garen took a few continuous steps back, leaving deep and clear steps in the floorboards, until finally his legs were deeply sunk into the floor, and he finally stayed steady on the spot, unmoving.

He had the blood thread caught between his fingers, his chest rising and falling drastically, a tiny sweat already broken out on his forehead.

Just in that instance, before the Flash Screen even had time to activate, the moment that blood thread ambushed him, he had completely relied on his instincts to stop, if it weren't for the fact that the King of the Century level meant he had terrifyingly precise control of his body, his body probably wouldn't have been able to react at all.

Even if it were a Form Five fighter, they might not be able to react to such an attack.

"Those eyes... that aura... the Cthulhu King!" Garen's fingers gave a jolt, and the blood thread instant scattered into red dots of light, vanishing.

Other than that peak-level fighter, what other method could have gone around his Totem Light, and almost made him, Garen, unable to react. Just in that instance, Garen vaguely felt his heart grow unsteady, the changes in that moment were far too fast, and too terrifying.

The level of threat Garen felt from that blood thread was no lower than a direct frontal attack from the Cthulhu King.

Sitting down cross-legged, he quickly began adjusting his body's condition. But just then, the Nine-Headed Dragon that had already been fused took that opportunity to struggle.

Before they were completely fused, totems still had their instinctive need to struggle.

Pfft!!

Garen couldn't help but spray out a mouthful of blood. His complexion turned pale for a moment. Although he had long since prepared himself mentally, he had guessed that there would be something wrong with the Cthulhu's Origins. But he hadn't thought it would be this direct and explosively violent.

"That was close... To think that just a normal Cthulhu's Origins would also be hiding the Cthulhu King's tricks." His face was as pale as paper, most of his blood qi used to press down the restless dragon heads.

"Cthulhu King..." A flash of hatred shot past Garen's eyes.

Whoosh!!

Garen's figure disappeared in an instant, and the two clouds of Cthulhu's Origins vanished as well.

A huge hole had soundlessly opened up in the tree hole room's window. A black figure shot into the sky like a bat.

Enderian Ambassadorial Hall

Garen's figure instantly appeared in front of the door.

Boom!!!

With one fist, the large door instantly fell apart, exploding inwards into countless shards of shrapnel.

"Who are you!!!" A few guards and a totem user on duty looked over nervously.

Garen strode forward, stepping indoors. Ignoring the commotion around him, he raised his head and looked at the second floor of the Ambassadorial Hall. By the window there, a young woman's surprised face was also looking down at him.

Garen spread open his arms, and copious black water vapors began to spray from his body. The countless black clouds formed several dragon necks, twining around Garen's right arm.

Brrr!!

The ground rang with a series of explosions, and Garen morphed into a bolt of black lightning, crashing his fist towards the direction of the woman on the second floor.

Roar...!!!

Countless roars from the Nine-Headed Dragon overlapped, they roared and howled at the same time, the five black dragons twisted around his arm like a black pillar of aura as it crashed towards the second floor of the whole Ambassadorial Hall.

In the night sky, among the black-green sea of trees, a black cloud exploded and began to spread.

Amidst the many black clouds, the five black dragons flew around in circles, destroying everything in sight. The deafening dragon roars kept reverberating in the air.

The Ambassadorial Hall was turning into countless shards of debris amidst the black clouds, and a pillar of blood light shot into the sky.

"Garen! You've gone mad!" The piercing woman's voice could be heard throughout half of the Ancestral God Grounds.

There was another huge dragon roar, and the five black dragons merged, forming the largest dragon mouth that gnashed at the air fiercely.

It had actually bit and swallowed up the red light.

"You nearly destroyed my roots! The Cthulhuism Society, you're dead!!" Garen's voice was mixed with the dragon roars, ringing out explosively.

From the very beginning, his intention behind obtaining the Cthulhu's Origins had already been clear to the Cthulhuism Society, and they had purposely tweaked the War God's Origins, or maybe even all the Origins. Since the Cthulhuism Society had forsaken even the last veil of concealment, and had openly declared war on him, he no longer had any reason to hold back.

If you want me to die, I'll kill you first!

The black clouds scattered, and Garen grabbed Number One's head with one hand, his fingers like dragon fangs as they pierced deep into Number One's skull, drawing five deep holes into her pretty face. The grey matter leaked out together with her blood.

If he hadn't been prepared beforehand, raising his awareness while checking the Origins, this ambush may have succeeded, and then it would be nearly impossible for him to enter the Form Five fusion phase.

He was this close to being forced out of his fusion phase, this close to wasting all his previous efforts. All of the fused dragon heads nearly broke free from his blood qi control. He never wanted to experience that sort of feeling ever again.

Beneath the Ancestral God Grounds, on the many Ancestral God Trees, the many tree holes began to light up, in no time at all, the green and yellow lights were all illuminated.

Soon enough, several powerful auras shot into the sky, Garen glanced at them coldly, picked up the body and rapidly disappeared into the night sky.

Chapter 489: Depart 1

After forcefully breaking past the Ancestral God Tree's no-flight power, Garen quickly searched the woman's body, and found a Cthulhu's Origin that hadn't been exchanged, glancing at it he realized it was the Light God's Origins that had been introduced before.

Keeping it into his waist-pouch, Garen's face flashed with a red dragon shadow, and the body in his hands was instantly swallowed by the Nine-Headed Dragon, leaving not a trace behind.

His fury from being ambushed previously had also mostly drained.

He released a fierce breath, and his heart suddenly tightened, after being ambushed just now, his temper had exploded, and the wrath just overtook him. Under the influence of the Nine-Headed Dragon's explosive killing intent and bloodlust, he had actually gone straight to the Cthulhuism Society and killed someone.

"Now that I've gotten the Cthulhu's Origins, I can't stay long!" Garen was just about to turn the communicative ring on his finger to contact Wukang, when suddenly a black cloud appeared in front of him, and he sensed a familiar Totem Light ahead of him.

"Wukang?"

"It's me!" A man's voice came from within the black clouds. "What happened?"

"I can't explain now, let us leave here now, I killed someone from the Cthulhuism Society, and stole some things, so they surely won't let it go." Garen said hurriedly, "We'll just use radio transmission to inform His Majesty Phiros later, now we leave!"

Wukang didn't waste time chatting either, the black clouds carrying the carriage they arrived on, and the female guard was already riding on it, the three of them didn't say much, the black clouds cooperating with Garen's Black Water True Technique, they rapidly flew towards the outskirts of the Ancestral God Grounds.

"Let's split up, you go straight back at full speed, I'll go settle some other things, I'll be back in a jiffy." Garen told him quietly, he was floating in the middle of the black clouds, and there was nobody around him, but he knew that if he talked like this, Wukang would definitely be able to hear him.

"That's good too, I'll take the others back first, if you need me, you can contact me whenever using the communicative ring." Wukang knew as well that, faced with the high-level fighting power of the Cthulhuism Society, right now he would be no more than a burden.

Three days later

Outside the Daniela Ancestral God Grounds, among several differently-sized villages.

In a newly-built small wooden house, the dim light came in through the window, the faint light of dawn dying a small part of the little house white-grey.

Cough cough cough...

Inside the little house, a short young man with white hair was coughing into his hand despite himself, his face pale.

"Are you okay?" A middle-aged man's voice came from the bed in the little house.

"I'm fine. I won't die." The young man put down his hand, and hit that little bit of blood in his palm behind him. "In the end Aud landed a fist on my back, so I was slightly hurt. It's nothing serious."

"I've already given her the medicine that you found from inside. Her condition should be getting better now. Too bad we're stuck here instead." The middle-aged man said helplessly.

"It's okay, there will be a way." The white-haired man was Hannet, who had just left the Ancestral God Grounds. He had been chased down by the Cthulhuism Society the whole way, and nearly died a few times before he finally managed to hide into this village. For now, he had earned some breathing space.

"Stone and the others are coming soon, with their help, it will probably be a lot easier." The middle-aged man said softly, watching Hannet's pale face, how could he not know Hannet's current condition, Hannet was on his last legs, and had been pushed to the limit. After repeatedly getting hurt, all the materials and supplies he had at hand for totem maintenance had been completely used up, and compared to before, his power had once more fallen to the freezing point. He had only been at Form Two power before, but now he had fallen to Form One.

If it weren't for the Winged God Arms' support, Hannet would probably have fallen a long time ago to the Cthulhuism Society's efforts.

Seeing Hannet's eyes flash with a hint of hatred, perhaps the other thing supporting him was also his deep-set hatred towards the Cthulhuism Society.

His parents' tragic deaths, his family members getting dismembered and eaten, the grudge between the Cthulhuism Society and Hannet was already at a point of no return.

"They are them, I am me." Hannet replied emotionlessly, "Don't put your hopes in anyone else, that is a foolish way to think."

"But in any case Stone has reached Form Four too, so he's far more powerful than we are. Isn't that right?"

Hannet fell quiet, and said no more.

Arooo~~~!!

A huge white wolf, more than ten feet tall, howled at the sky, spraying out many golden threads that spread apart, shooting in all directions like raindrops.

These golden threads were almost alive, rapidly darting through the luscious green forests, searching out any possible target.

Ding!!

There was a crisp sound, and several silk threads were cut apart.

A flash of gold darted past in mid-air, running away from the white wolf at high speeds.

"Run!! Run run run!!" Beckstone looked like a mess, a hole torn through his robe at the butt, revealing his fair white buttocks, while his whole body was covered with sticky golden liquid, and even some of his exposed skin was covered with the pale gold liquid.

Underneath him was a huge golden flower, a large flower like a sunflower.

There were roots and dark green vines growing from underneath the flower, like so many tiny short legs, running so fast it nearly turned into a wheel.

The Eleventh Princess Tina was sitting on the huge flower, the little girl hugging Stone's thigh tightly, the mucus and tears covering her face, without a trace of her elegance as a royal daughter, while her entire body kept floating from the extreme speed with which they were moving.

"This is the residual pressure left behind from the strongest totem three thousand years ago, the Heavenly Wolf King! That place just now had the strongest mark of residual power discovered in archaeological history, we should be fine as long as we get two thousand kilometers away!!" Tina roared loudly, not daring to wipe away her mucus, so she could only press her face hard against Stone's robes. The two of them were an utter mess."

"A damned totem can still be so strong after three thousand years, are you f*cking kidding me!" At this point, even Beckstone couldn't help but curse.

After all, after being chased for three days and nights, without even time for a toilet break, once it got to that, even a retard would probably be invoking some four-letter words.

"You're saying that now! I told you that thing can't be touched, but you just had to touch it! If it weren't for you, we'd be at Daniela ages ago!" Tina started screaming.

Shh...

Some white water flew out from under Tina. It followed the wind and floated to the back.

The corner of Stone's mouth twitched a few times. The two of them had been living like that for the past few days, having gotten used to wetting their pants or whatnot. As for their pants getting wet, they would dry in the wind soon anyway...

"I wanna die!!" Tina's face was filled with shame and fury. Although it wasn't her first time wetting herself, each time still made her unbearably embarrassed and angry.

"Just relax." Beckstone said woodenly.

Suddenly, a huge black shadow covered the tops of their heads.

"Dodge!" "To the right!!"

The two of them screamed at the same time.

Barroom!!

There was an instant explosion like a high-powered bomb, and a large patch of trees were blown down, a deep black trench appearing in the ground.

The huge white wolf raised its right paw, golden threads pouring out non-stop from its mouth, these golden threads were like mist, spreading apart, locking down the areas the two of them could dodge into among the trees.

On the way here, at first they did not need to worry about their safety at all considering how strong Beckstone was, but he had assumed that safety was a non-issue, so his largest curiosity as a researcher was utterly activated by the strange and mysterious things he kept seeing on the road.

Relying on his Form Four power, he had started exploring everywhere, and at first Tina's warnings still had some effect, but towards the end, it simply became that whatever she warned him against, he would go straight to touch it.

After he tried that a few times and nothing happened, he began to grow fearless. Until he messed with this extremely powerful white wolf.

This white wolf could instantly switch between dematerialization and materialization, and was extremely powerful, it could avoid any attack. Its speed was shocking, as was its destructive power. It chased the two of them non-stop for three days and three nights, extremely persistently.

Soon enough, they could vaguely see the sign marking Daniela's country border.

The two of them slipped behind the boundary marker, and instantly a huge power rushed straight at them.

The huge white wolf behind them roared long and loud, unhappily, and finally retreated slowly.

Bam!

The two of them fell sitting to the ground, an utter mess, and lay on their backs, unwilling to move even half a finger. They just kept breathing the fresh air in large pants.

Beckstone's hair had been blown into a broom by the air, standing high on end, while two dents had been blown into Tina's cheeks, the two pieces of chubby flesh hanging slightly low by her chin, looking a bit like a pug and seeming like it might not return to the way it was.

"How blissful..." Tina moaned, "I just want to lie like this forever."

"Let's find human civilization first. We're finally at Daniela..." Beckstone stood with some difficulty, feeling how empty the seat of his pants was, there was a faint breeze blowing past his legs.

He looked around himself for a while, all of his luggage and belongings had been lost in the chase, even his waist pouch was gone, all he had left were the few rings on his fingers.

Heaving a heavy breath, he lifted Tina in one go. The golden flower was also panting out of exhaustion next to them, the golden sunflower-like flower head tilted to a side, its body rising and falling, as though it was panting heavily as well.

"You okay, Sunflower?" Stone patted Sunflower.

Sunflower nodded hurriedly, its many roots tapping the ground to indicate that it still had energy.

"Then we're counting on you." Beckstone said helplessly. Pulling Tina back onto Sunflower, they hurried towards the direction of Daniela's Ancestral God Grounds.

Garen was sitting alone, cross-legged, in a forest, there seemed to be a faint black mist permeating through the air, and the trees and grass seemed to be wilting slightly.

The place he was meditating was already several tens of kilometers away from the Ancestral God Grounds.

This was an extremely isolated part of the forest, and he was mostly surrounded by bamboo.

Amidst this green sea of bamboo, there was a small round area of faintly black light, like a small spot of black ink of green cloth, unnaturally clear. That was where Garen was recovering.

It had been three days after he left the Ancestral God Grounds by himself, the fifth dragon head's fusion was already successfully complete, with the help of the two Seeds of the Ancestral God, he had successfully completed the fusion, and at the same time he had begun fusing the sixth dragon head.

Leaving the Ancestral God Grounds was not a decision he had made simply. Although this way he would face the Cthulhuism Society's hunting directly, he would also be able to hide his own tracks, going from out in the open into hiding. That way, should Black Sky's Hellgate reemerge, and decide to make a move on the Ancestral God Grounds, it would not affect him for now. With a bigger and more definite target in the Cthulhuism Society and Daniela's king, no matter what they would not go for an outsider power like him first.

Chapter 490: Depart 2

He could clearly remember. The first place that Hellgate went after his awakening was the Ancestral God Grounds.

By obtaining Cthulhu's Origin, he had already achieved his purpose; here was no point in remaining here. Next, he had to find the previous Thunder God, Hannet, to filter Cthulhu's will. If not, he couldn't use the Cthulhu's Origin on hand.

Having the advantage as the King of the Century, once Garen entered fifth form, his battle ability would instantly hit its peak; on par with Phiroth and the Cthulhu King. He had already trained his martial arts to a complete level, totally different from the rest of the fifth forms who had to start their martial arts training from scratch. This was his advantage.

However, the key factor was the lack of potential of the Nine-Headed Hydra. By level, he could only achieve lower fifth form, which is the beginning of fifth form. It was impossible for him to continue progressing. Due to the limits of the Nine-Headed Hydra's genes, nothing could be changed.

Even though his strong battling ability could imitate a peak fifth form, it was only due to his martial arts, which far exceeded others.

After Hellgate's awakening, the president of the Elder Council, an experienced, peak fifth form also perished by his hand. Moreover, Hellgate achieved victory without suffering any injuries. According to the original history, no one could withstand the Obscuro's progress, not until long after the big battle, when the The Great Heroes slowly rose up. Only after using the strength of an ancient tactic to gather everyone's strength, they managed to severely injure Hellgate. Only with that in addition to Beckstone's sneak attack did they then managed to defeat the strongest totem user in history. However, this battle caused huge losses to all the elite forces in the totem world. A great deal of heirlooms were lost, and the totem civilization dropped to its lowest point. Instead, it was the technological civilization. They gradually grew stronger through their confrontation with monsters.

"Whatever the case, let me enter fifth form first. Only then I would be qualified to have a space in the East Continent's chessboard. If not, once Hellgate awakens..." Garen was clear.

Bang!!

Suddenly, the sound of an explosion came from a distance.

Currently, the population in the East Continent had been vastly reduced. Monsters had also slowly gathered together after being recruited and controlled by the Nest Kings. As a result, the situation was much more peaceful than before. Still, only strong totem users dared to walk around in the wild. The outliers were the chaotic beasts that do not follow orders.

Garen slowly retrieved his protective poisonous fog, and started to change position again.

Very quickly, he found another drain. He sat tightly on the mountain walls and started to operate the Black Water True Technique.

Out of his expectations, another sound came from the distance. Messy footsteps could be heard. It was obvious someone was quickly approaching him.

Garen furrowed his brows. Once could be a coincidence, but not twice. The other party seemed to be headed straight for him.

Even if he used the Black Water True Technique with all his might in addition to the Troll Grip and his various battle technique, he could barely be on par with a medium-level fifth form. If he met a true medium-level fifth form, he definitely had to flee. In his two indirect fights with the Cthulhu King, he clearly understood that although he would be on par with a medium-level fifth form if he fought with all his might, this was a key period to fuse with the dragon heads. He could not be emotionally or physically affected.

The last time he was almost hit by the Cthulhu King from a distance, it wasted all his previous efforts. Hence, in actual fact, he was weaker than a medium-level fifth form.

"I've already given the secrets of Cthulhu's Origin to Phiroth, Scylla and the rest. They should be currently busy giving the Cthulhuism Society trouble. How would they have remaining strength to pursue me?" Garen was curious.

Without further hesitation, he changed his location again.

This time he went slightly further.

Very quickly, not more than ten minutes, the sound came closer again. This time, Garen was sure that the other party had a way to track himself. He stayed still on the ground, waiting for the other party to approach. He wanted to investigate who was the person.

The dense steps quickly approached.

In the sea of bamboo in the distance, more than ten masked men and women in tight red clothing were carrying a beautifully decorated seat.

On the red seat was a black-haired man in a red dress.

Garen was mildly surprised. After another careful look, it was indeed a man in a red dress.

His mouth was covered in pink lipstick and his eyes were drawn with eye shadow while holding a white feather fan in his hand. From time to time, his eyes would flicker.

It would be better if this person was a metrosexual beauty, but based on the light beard marks on his chin and the squarish shape of his face, he was clearly a majestic man. He had a strong body yet still let out a charming winking gesture.

Garen felt sick in his stomach. Suddenly, he thought of one of the eighteen Cthulhus of the Cthulhuism Society. His description exactly matched the appearance of this person.

"Flower God... It should be him." Garen looked from afar. The other party seemed to notice him. He flapped his fan and winked at him.

Garen's expression did not change. He suppressed his discomfort and quietly waited for the arrival of the other party.

Other than this group, there were no other elites worthy of attention, except the Flower God. Even the Flower God was one of the tail-ranked Cthulhus. He was only a fourth form. For him to come here alone, there must be a reason.

After a while, Flower God's party quickly arrived before the crossed legged Garen.

As they slowly put down the seat, the Flower God twisted his thick waist, got up from his seat and stood on the green grassy plains. He looked interestingly at Garen, who didn't bother about him at all.

"People always speak about the brutal ferocity of Nine-Headed Hydra Garen. As long as it was an enemy, he wouldn't spare their lives. Not even beauties of the land would be spared. Now, it just seems like they do not know how to appreciate him."

Garen's eye twitched. His intuition told him that if he allowed this person to continue, the situation would be heading in a weird direction.

"The Flower God comes here to look for me. What's the matter?" He directly asked.

"What's the matter?" The Flower God covered his mouth with his white fan and laughed 'adorably'. "As one of the Chulhus, spending so much time to look for you, what do you think is the matter?"

"Do you think you have the ability to defeat me?" Garen let out a disdainful smile.

"You did not attack me at once. Are you mesmerized by my beauty?" Flower God vainly took out a small mirror and looked at his appearance.

"Even with my handsome looks, I wouldn't dare to speak like that!" Garen couldn't hold himself in any longer. As he uttered those words, he felt something was wrong.

Under normal circumstances, he would never speak this way.

After making the connection to the previous incident with his previous murderous intent, Garen could roughly guess why.

The Nine-Headed Hydra's nature was finally starting to affect his subconscious. He hadn't forgotten that a Lord-level living being would naturally be as vain as one. All this while, since these effects were not obvious, he hadn't taken it to heart. He never thought that the effects would be so subtle.

As he said those words, Garen knew something was wrong. His eyes widened.

Sure enough, the Flower God opened his 'small mouth', and looked at Garen in shock. It was as if he had found a true friend.

"I thought that other than I, nobody in the world could reach such a level of admiration and infatuation towards himself. I never thought that I would meet someone like you!" He seemed a little excited. His cheeks were flushed as he looked at Garen with affection.

"No wonder why you were so familiar. Looking at it now, only beautiful people like us are the perfect couple!"

The pores all over Garen's body stood up. He tried his best to suppress the disgust in him.

"I don't think we are a good match. If you don't leave now, don't blame me if things get ugly." For an opponent like this, he had no interest to take action. He felt disgusted to even go any closer to him.

As he finished speaking, he kicked with his legs and his whole body floated backwards. He was surrounded by the corrosive poisonous fog as he flew away.

Garen stood still on the ground with an excited look.

"You cannot run. There is no one in this world for me but you...."

Before he finished speaking and his words were still echoing in the woods, the dress on Flower God's body flew up and became a red rotating cloud.

Sheeeshhh!!

The red cloud descended and instantly appeared before Garen, becoming a red umbrella.

As the red umbrella rotated, a rain of white flower petals fell from the sky.

The umbrella exposed a charming, enchanting fair face. It was actually an indescribably perfect girl's face!!

The same red dress, same demeanor, same gaze and also the same totem light!!

Shockingly, it was the Flower God!

"God Flower, capture the king!!" As the Flower God pointed, her slender jade-white fingers headed towards Garen.

It was as if the surroundings were spinning. The bamboo forest gradually disappeared and became countless green light arcs. The surroundings became a blur and nothing could be seen clearly.

"Even a lowly fourth form dares to act!" Garen's expression was cold. He single-handedly leapt forward to meet Flower God head on.

Dang!!

Their fingers met and let out a metal clashing sound. Their totem light collided, splashing out large amounts of broken light dots. The red and black dots were like elvish rain, circulating around the two people. This forced all of the Flower God's servants to retreat.

Garen lightly blocked his opponents sharp fingers. Then he reached down with his right hand, intending to tear the Flower God's head apart.

Suddenly, he felt pity towards the Flower God's perfect beauty. His heart involuntarily paused for a moment. A trace of pity and affection arose from his heart.

Due to this hesitation, Flower God took the opportunity to leap back. As the red umbrella swiveled, her graceful figure was portrayed and fragrance filled the surrounding air. Combined with the lively green bamboo forest around, it gave off an illusion of perfection.

"Sure enough. Lord Garen talks tough, but has a soft heart." Flower God let out an adorable laugh.

"You're thinking too much!" Garen's expression grew cold. He suppressed the strange feeling in his heart and raised his left palm. Countless black water vapor dots gathered in his palm, quickly forming a black water sphere.

As the water ball rotated in his palm, a moving black dragon shadow could faintly be seen within.

With a crash, the ball instantly split to form a water vapor whirlpool. Garen inserted his right hand into the whirlpool.

Sheeshhh!!

A black whirlpool appeared in the air behind Flower God. A white large hand came out from the middle. Its fingers as sharp as knives and its fingernails were as red as a dragon head. It fiercely bit at the back of Flower God's head.

Ahhh!!

Flower God let out a cry and fell to the ground. Coincidentally, the shoulder region of her red dress was torn open, revealing a jade-like shoulder.

Garen's heart skipped a beat. He instantly felt dry in his heart. Even closing his eyes had no effect.