

Mystical 491

Chapter 491: Communication 1

"What kind of ability is this?" Garen retreated more than ten steps. After he could finally stand still, his forehead was covered with a layer of sweat.

He could feel like there was a small hand disturbing his abnormally stable state of mind.

"Take a guess?" Flower God laughed adorably as she saw Garen tremor.

"Good good good! Good plan from the Cthulhu King!" Garen instantly turned. With a few somersaults, he quickly disappeared into the forest underneath the protection of the black poisonous gas.

Flower God stood still on the ground. Her eyes were wandering as if she were reminiscing something.

Swoosh!!

A black blur instantly soared pass the sky above the bamboo forest. As the black wind blew by, large amounts of bamboo leaves fell to the ground. Even the bamboo poles were shaken.

As the black wind landed on the ground, a human figure instantly appeared.

Garen's expression remained still but there was a flash of hatred in his eyes.

"No wonder Flower God dared to track me alone. The feeling just now was a mental ability!"

He carefully thought for a moment. It was indeed a mental ability.

Normally, this ability wouldn't have much effect, but it was a special period now. His state of mind cannot be shaken. Once it was shaken by the ability, it wouldn't mean much to a normal person, but all his efforts for the fusion would be wasted.

The Cthulhu King must have seen this. Hence, he sent Flower God to pursue him alone. The other Cthulhus must also have been caught up with other matters. If not, it wouldn't be just one Cthulhu in pursuit of him.

After Garen realized this, he instantly fled. Although the Flower God's mental ability wasn't destructive, now was a period where it could be lethal. Furthermore, the Cthulhu King had given him some unknown secret tricks. In this situation, it was foolish to be aggressive.

As for his reputation, Garen naturally will not be affected by all these. His actions only needed to be tactically sound.

He took out a water bottle from his pouch bag and drank from it.

"If it were me before my death in the previous world, maybe I would battle him head on to protect my pride. But now...." Garen felt nostalgic. As he thought of the previous world, he remembered his sister Ying Er, Andrela, King of Nightmares and his old friends. He also remembered Sylphalan, who eventually fell into lava.

"Lord Garen...." A charming girl's moan came from afar. She was complaining, as if a beauty was asking her lover to change his heart.

"Lord....Do not run away from Little Flower alright?"

Pu!

Clear water almost blurted out from his mouth.

Garen was already affected by the mental ability. His reflexes were already slightly slower. But the final two words, Little Flower, left him completely speechless. His whole body trembled.

Maybe the people of this world did not relate it to something bad, but he who came from earth had deep negative impression towards the name "Little Flower".

In that instant, the effect of the mental ability greatly reduced.

Garen's eyes became clear and turned back to look at the bamboo forest. He saw Flower God heading over here through the bamboo forest.

Without hesitation, he activated the black cloud and fled into the distance.

As the two of them were running around, Garen seemed to be secretly bringing the Flower God in a loop.

He had subtly realized that his state of fusion was stabilizing under the Flower God's abilities. It seemed harder and harder to be shaken.

Realizing the benefits, he would rather bring Flower God on a wild goose chase in the bamboo forest. At times, Garen even had to slow down to wait for him.

Flower God seemed to sense that his ability wasn't working well. He kept quiet and chased Garen with all his might. However, once Garen stopped, he wouldn't voluntarily go closer as well, but merely tailed him from afar. From time to time, Garen could see his sad eyes through the gaps of the bamboo forest.

It took a full, five days.

On the sixth day, Garen was still bringing Flower God in circles.

Suddenly, a red string shot out from the back of the bamboo forest.

As the sharp red string flew towards Garen, it abruptly slowed down, becoming a thin line. It lightly surrounded Garen and landed on the ground before him.

Garen didn't know where it came from. Flower God's aura was still two kilometers away.

He frowned as he picked it up. The red string was a little thick. Surprisingly, there was a white piece of paper within.

He tore open the string to retrieve the paper. On the paper was a clear line of words.'

"Angokhan Village, Twelfth wooden hut - Hannet."

Garen surveyed the surroundings. There wasn't even a shadow, nor was there a sign of any totem.

"He is indeed the last Thunder God, God of Taboos. Even this stealth technique is already extraordinary." He knew that the messenger was either Hannet himself or his kin.

With such a stealth technique, no wonder the Cthulhu King could not capture him after such a long period of time.

"Lord Garen." Flower God's girly voice came from behind again.

This time, Garen sat cross-legged on the ground and waited quietly for the other party to arrive.

Very quickly with a red flash, Flower God gently dropped from the sky. He still held the red umbrella in his hand. The tight red dress clearly revealed her sexy figure. His skin was white as snow, while he was as pretty as a flower.

If Garen's didn't have a deep first impression of that squared-face, burly man, most likely he would have thought that the other party was a true beauty.

Unfortunately, after these few days, he already figured out the background of Flower God.

This guy's true self was that burly man in women's clothes. However, the beautiful girl was his totem. He relied on his strange talent to combine himself and the totem into one.

Complete fusion before reaching fifth form did give him strong power, but also his strange state. Normally, he would look like the burly man. Once he used his totem's ability, he would transform into the beauty.

Flower God constantly changed between two extremes, extreme inferiority and extreme narcissism. Finally, he had come to this strange, this crazy persona.

"You've finally stopped running?" Flower God looked grim with resentment. "My company for so many days couldn't cheer you up?"

Garen twitched his lips. Flower God really liked to create a flirty environment. Unfortunately, once he thought of the squared-face guy in female dressing, his mood would instantly turn sour. This became his biggest counter towards the mental ability.

"What did the Cthulhu King want you to say to me?" Garen steadied his emotions and slowly opened his mouth.

Flower God was surprised, as if he did not expect Garen's movement.

"Well, nothing, actually. So you can die now."

Before his words could finish, Bang!! A fair-skinned palm appeared before Flower God.

The palm's five blood-red fingers formed a claw, like a dragon opening its mouth.

Roar!

Dragon roars loomed. With this, Garen activated the Black Water True Technique with all his might, using the full power of the five fused dragon heads. He aimed his full power at the Flower God's eyes.

Not even a normal fifth form would dare take him head on, what more a peak fourth form.

For the past few days, Garen relied on Flower God's ability to reduce his chances of being affected during the fusion period. Now, he could finally use his full-strength.

The Flower God let out a cry. With a bang, he disintegrated into countless flower petals, trying to escape from the claw.

The flower petals quickly regathered in the bamboo forest in the distance. As they were about to form a human, a black light flashed by.

Garen's figure stood beside the flower petals with a calm gaze. He slowly retrieved his hand.

He thrust his right arm into the middle of the flower petals. The Black Water True Technique was as fierce as the sea. With the new power from the fusion, he used a tremor-style technique. Within a split second, large amounts of flower petals were separated.

The large amounts of flower petals again flew to another spot, trying to form a human figure. With a flash of black light, the petals who had just gathered were separated by Garen again.

Being in an elemental state without being able to regain his physical form, Flower God started to panic. His strange ability allowed him teleport to any place with flower petals. However, forming a human figure needed time. In his elemental state, he couldn't teleport far away, but only within a small radius. Regretfully, Garen's speed in a small radius was equal to teleportation.

Everytime Flower God tried to form a human figure, the petals would be separated by Garen. After each separation, the gathering power would weaken a little. In his elemental state, every second required large amounts of totem light. Flower God got more and more anxious.

Bang!

With a punch, Garen separated a bunch of pink flower petals. The broken flower petals flew everywhere. This time, different from the ten previous times, Flower God did not stand up.

He completely became flower petals and slowly disappeared on the spot.

"Unfortunately Cthulhus are immortal. If the origins remain intact, there is no way to completely destroy the opponent." Garen shook his head in pity.

By using the Flower God's mental ability to train himself, he had wasted quite a lot of time. As his body stabilized, the fusion with the dragon heads also became faster than previously expected. The training obviously had a stimulating effect on the fusion process.

After the five heads, most of Garen's power had already moved to the Black Water True Technique. His body gradually developed an integration between totem light and blood flow. Together with Flash Screen supporting it fully, a normal fifth form totally had no chance to pierce his defense and injure him. However, Flower God's mental ability went around this and directly affected his mind. This caused Garen initiate his retreat.

"Lord Garen is so charming even when killing someone...Truly, you're the man that caught my eye." Flower God's soft voice came from the air. "I'll come look for you again."

Garen had goosebumps. He headed for the village he remembered in his memory.

Before he came to Daniela, he memorized the map around the Ancestral God Grounds. He wasted practically no effort finding this village.

Angokhan Village

A small village on the outer borders of the Ancestral God Grounds

There weren't many villagers in the village. The chief was a Cthulhuism Society caretaker who, every Sunday, would have people to teach the kids. While Hannet's cover was the combat instructor to these kids.

He was a retired Daniela soldier who knew a few decent combat techniques.

The whole village was a simple village built with white wood. There was a sharp fence surrounding it. On the outer regions, there were some villagers who reared cows and goats. These mutated goats had fat bodies, and from time to time they would bow their heads to eat the mutated grass.

"Net, going to teach the kids again?"

"Net, you don't look good recently. Do you want to go to Linla's to have it checked?"

"Uncle Net. Do you still have more of these handmade sacks?"

As Hannet came back from the temple, the villagers around greeted him warmly.

He was dressed in a brown, sackcloth shirt. On his face was a warm smile. He wore a black leather hat on his head, completely covering his hair.

He returned to his small hut.

In the hut, the middle-aged man was squatting in front of a wooden basin, using a knife to cut some wood. As he heard him entering, the middle-aged man turned back to look at him.

"Beckstone and the rest have found Elin. They are rushing her over here. Since they look raw, they should be able to find an opportunity to go near the Ancestral God Pillar."

"It is not so simplistic." Hannet sat on the ground opposite the man. "Both the King of Daniela and the Cthulhuism Society will not allow me to absorb the power of the Ancestral God Pillar. If it wasn't for the accident last time, I don't think I could have successfully left the Ancestral God Grounds."

"To handle Thunder God and the Cthulhuism Society, maybe we can ask for outside help." There was a flash in the middle-aged man's eyes. "I just went to look for that elite from Kovitan."

Hannet's pupils shrunk.

"You're crazy! That guy is a murderer, fierce and cruel. What if he turns his back on us...."

"To take on the Cthulhuism Society and get back the power that Havana stole, we can't do it on our own." The middle-aged man calmly whispered. "At the Ancestral God Grounds, he helped you once. He must have had certain intentions."

Chapter 492: Communication 2

"Another one who seeks the Winged God's Arm?" There was a flash of sorrow in Hannet's face. He involuntarily clenched his fist.

"Nine-Headed Hydra Garen, Lord of Black Swamp Palace, One of Kovitan's Four Gargantuans. He is incredibly ferocious. To seek power, his family used humans as living experiments. Everyone in Kovitan knows of this matter. To solidify his position of power, Garen once killed thousands of people in one day. Blood flowed like a river and no one in the kingdom wanted to mess with that lunatic." The middle-aged man explained. "Messing with a fierce man like that would create headaches for the Cthulhuism Society. This will immensely relieve the pressure on us."

"This Garen is a dangerous man. With his strength, it will put us in danger as well by cooperating with him." Hannet thought of the incident on the Ancestral God Grounds. In his mind, he instantly placed Garen on a level of extreme danger.

"Nevermind. Nine-Headed Hydra is just a peak fourth form. Once Beckstone and the rest arrive, we will also have a fourth form elite to completely control Garen. By cooperating with each other, both sides can obtain what they want." The middle-aged man seemed to have arranged everything. "This time, I discovered a big secret of the Cthulhu Society."

"Oh?"

"Recently most of their elites have gathered over. On the surface, it looks like a standstill with the royal family of Daniela. In actual fact, they have discovered a new set of ancient ruins. The ancient ruins here have a certain relation to Cthulhu's Origin.

Seeing Hannet closing his eyes, the middle-aged man said, "What I meant was, since the Cthulhuism Society is focusing on the ruins, we can tell this piece of news to the royal alliance. Once both sides are engaged in battle, we can take the opportunity to sneak into the Ancestral God Grounds to inherit the power of the Ancestral God."

"Phiroth is always on guard beside the Ancestral God Pillar. The success rate of this plan isn't high, is it?"

"Naturally...Who's there!!" The middle-aged man suddenly realized something off. Both of them leapt to their feet. One of them was glowing in blue lightning arcs while the other one's body was full of red tactic symbols, as if he had a full body of rashes.

Both of them suddenly realized that in the closed hut, there was suddenly another human figure.

This person was sitting crossed-legged beside the two men, carefully listening to their conversation.

Hannet's hairs all over his body stood up. The person before him was incredibly dangerous. Even more than the current Thunder God, Havana who robbed his power. He had never experienced such fear, not even in the Ancestral God Grounds.

Both of them were most proud of their stealth techniques. They never thought there would be someone who could quietly approach them, without them being aware of it.

The human figure sat crossed-legged on the ground. He wore a simple sackcloth, his long blonde hair draped over his shoulder. On his fair handsome face, there were three red marks on his brow.

As Hannet saw the three red marks, he could roughly guess the identity of the man.

"Lord of Black Swamp Palace Garen. I never thought you would sneak into the house of others, like a thief."

"Those are just titles." The other party laughed. Behind that handsome face, he gave people a dangerous and dazzling feeling. "As long as I like, I'll do it. It will be too tiring to consider so many things."

Hannet and his companion were facing a great enemy. At the Ancestral God Grounds, he didn't know who this young man was and what was his identity. It was only after his uncle pointed out that Hannet knew how dangerous this man was. To be able to kill thousands of people and feel nothing, even if he wasn't the strongest, he would at least be a generational overlord.

Although Hannet saw Garen blocking the Cthulhu Kings attack through the air, he hadn't experienced it firsthand. He totally had no idea how powerful Garen was.

Until now. The opponent before him slowly emitted a needle-like murderous intent. Only now did he understand that his previous evaluation of this man was too low.

"Lord Garen coming to find me, this poor fellow, what would you have us do?" Hannet cooled down. The tough experiences of his past and his awakened memories of his past life allowed him to quickly steady himself.

Looking at Hannet and his companion, Garen blinked his narrow eyes.

"I say, little brat. Have you forgotten our initial appointment? You are the one who gave me this address."

"That was me." The middle-aged man on the side suddenly spoke. His forehead was full of cold sweat. Under the effect of Garen's aura, both of his legs were shaking, seemingly unable to hold his weight.

"It was me who passed you the address."

The middle-aged man psyched himself up.

"Lord Garen, we have a common enemy in the Cthulhuism Society. As the saying goes, the enemy of my enemy is my friend..."

His voice came to an abrupt halt.

Once the middle-aged man saw Garen looking at him, his body instantly fell into limbo. It was as if a great fear was overwhelming him from the inside. Both of his legs gave way, and he bowed to the ground. His eyes were blurry and his body was covered with sweat. He could no longer speak.

He was different from Hannet. He was just a first form totem user and his core totem had only one ability, stealth. Under the pressure of Garen's aura, his courage instantly disappeared. He was on the brink of collapsing.

Garen snorted. A delusional, small, ant thought he could be on par with him. A giant dragon would not associate itself with trash that couldn't even be considered food. Both of them were clearly not contributing on the same level. Only Hannet, the last Thunder God, someone with special attributes, could capture his attention.

"Uncle!" A sense of anger flashed through his eyes.

"Don't worry. I'm just letting him quiet down for a moment." Garen said without bothering. This experienced old man was much harder to appease than the last Thunder God. It would be better to keep him silent.

"What are you trying to do?!" Hannet stood still on the ground and didn't dare to move. As he faced the opponent's pressure, only then he realized the terror of this man. The air around him seemed to have a huge pressure which was constantly pressing on him. The blood throughout his body was boiling. It flowed faster and faster, becoming hotter and hotter. He was indeed more courageous than a normal person. He stood still to face Garen.

Garen finally let out a smile.

"What I want to do is simple." He flipped over his hand and showed a fist size crystal sphere. The transparent crystal sphere was incredibly beautiful. This sphere itself most likely could be sold for tens of thousands of Rumbs in the market.

But Hannel's gaze was attracted by the dead matter within the sphere.

"Cthulhu's Origin!!?" He couldn't hold in his shock.

"Oh? You recognize it." Garen let out a satisfied smile. "The true form of the Thunder God is an inhibitive substance, a purification substance. I'm sure you now know what I want you to do for me?"

Hannel's face turned pale.

"You're crazy! To purify Cthulhu's Origin, one needs to completely defeat the will of the Cthulhu King! No one can do it! No one!" In his mind, he suddenly remembered his past self being forced by the Cthulhu King. Eventually, he had no place to go and died a terrible death. That blood red blur is an undefeatable nightmare. Even now, he would dream of that horrifying figure from time to time. His pressure was almost suffocating.

"You just have to do it." The smiling intent in Garen's eyes instantly disappeared. A huge, terrifying pressure was instantly released. It pressured Hannel's body.

Hannel held on to his knees, not allowing himself to bow. Under the two forces, his knees started to crack.

"I saved your life the last time. As basic integrity, shouldn't you repay me?" Garen's mouth was still smiling but his gaze was incredibly cold. It gave off a terrifying, paradoxical feeling.

Hannel's sweat was like a stream, flowing down from both his temples. The sweat gathered beneath his chin, and continuously fell to the ground.

"Remember, I'm passing this Cthulhu's Origin to you. How long do you need to prepare?"

"Three...three days!" Hannet knew that if he didn't accept, both he and his uncle would die here today. He bit his teeth and struggled to squeeze out a few words.

"Three days later, I will come to look for you." Before he finished speaking, the figure in the house disappeared in a flash.

The pressure seemed to be just a dream, and disappeared instantly.

Puff!

Hannet sat on the ground. His whole body and even his underwear was wet. It was as if he had just come out from water.

"Three days from now, Beckstone and the rest would be here. That time, they definitely would be able to handle this guy." The more he thought of it, the more afraid he became. Only that bloody red figure had this kind of oppression. Moreover, Garen could already comprehend it at fourth form.

This discovery made him tremble from the bottom of his heart. As someone who doesn't like to rely on his companions, for the first time, he strongly hoped for Beckstone's quick arrival.

As the Terraflor Society's first generation pride, Beckstone's talent was his terrifying speed of evolution. He definitely would be able to counter the opponent's pressure.

On a deserted corner outside the house, Garen lazily laid beneath the shade of a huge tree. He layered his two hands behind his head and used them as his pillow. The midday sun shined on his body, providing gentle warmth.

As the gentle breeze blew by, it brought the gentle fragrance of the flora nearby. From time to time, butterflies and bees would pass by him.

He lifted his head. Through the gap in the leaves, he could see the blue sky. It was like premium sapphire.

How long was it since he had such a comfortable feeling?

Garen was counting his mind. He could not remember when was the last time he could relax like this.

These three days were periods of rare rest for him. Every day, other than that three hours needed to fuse the dragon heads, he was completely free for the rest of the time. He could completely relax his body, to adjust his body condition for the upcoming battle.

He was displeased with the last time Hannet ran away on his own. This time he wanted to show him who was boss. Aura pressure and totem pressure were two completely different concepts.

Analyzing the difference in grade, aura pressure is from a person's heart. When a higher grade aura pressures a lower grade aura, it could completely overwhelm the opponent.

Furthermore, aura encompasses the will, which is a combination of spirit, soul and body. The effects are even more obvious when applying aura on someone that didn't have an aura. Like the oppression between a tiger and a rabbit, this was a natural oppression on one's

subconscious. Even seeing it would make the person tremble and overwhelmed by fear.

Resistance was impossible.

Most of the time, the body's natural defense mechanism towards danger is beneficial. But when facing aura, the effects were negative. It would numb the body of the being, disabling its movement. The whole body would be in an extremely panicked state. Because the expenditure of energy was too overwhelming, the opponent wouldn't even need to do anything to shock the other person to death. Even elites who could withstand it would also break down due to the body's huge loss of energy.

This was the terror of aura. It was a dangerous technique created based on natural body instinct.

After Garen's body started to have the combination of power from blood flow and totem light, his aura could be used once again. It was also far stronger than his previous peak.

This kind of aura could bypass the defense of totem light, directly affecting to the body. Garen was delighted. Although he had predicted it, but truly obtaining such a beneficial change would definitely bring joy.

Chapter 493: Battle 1

The change of aura originated from his body's new power. This was Garen's biggest achievement. If it were before he surpassed his totem light, the blood-colored aura looked strong, but in fact, couldn't be directly used on totem users. Its capabilities were to be a supplement to corrosive poison to corrode the other party's totem light, and it was a large, area of effect ability. And now, it had returned to its original purpose.

Other than the aura, the other thing was the Cthulhu's Origin.

The Cthulhu's Origin was a treasure that allowed the Obscuro Society's marshalls to reach peak fifth form. It's effects were definitely supernatural.

However, to use the Cthulhu's Origin, one has to remove the Cthulhu King's will. To do this, one has to first use Hannel's purification abilities to draw it out, then destroy it with an external force. Only then could the Cthulhu's Origin be used properly.

As he lay underneath the shade, Garen got more and more relaxed, as if he was about to enter a dream.

Time passed by slowly.

In the afternoon, Garen woke up from his deep slumber. After training the Black Water True Technique for a moment, he sat crossed-legged on the ground to set up his communication rings.

He had three communication rings. They were for Scylla, Black Swamp Palace and the Secret Service each.

He hadn't been using the Secret Society ring much after the director and the rest moved away. Most likely, they have settled on the fringes of the world fissures, which was a remote area in between Kovitan and the Artic Circle. There was a majestic, giant castle in that area, which was a fortress to defend against monsters on the ground. Most of the people who left Kovitan had headed there. They tried to go underground from there to obtain protection from the Elder Council, and although some of them returned, most of them had already entered the mountain city and will never be back. The conditions of the kingdom did not allow them to return.

He took off the Secret Service's ring and crushed it in his palm. Next, it was the ring given by Scylla.

He turned it lightly. A faint rustle came from the ring. After studying it for a while, Garen noticed that the principle usage of this ring was about the same as a radio. The only difference was that user could enjoy sole usage of an encrypted channel for communication. He patched into it, but there was no one on the other end to receive his company.

He closed this ring. After thinking for a moment, Garen activated the Black Swamp Palace's ring.

This time, after a moment, a clap came from the other party. They had connected to each other.

"Is there anything?" It was Ivycius' voice. His tone had a slight difference through the communication signal, but it was still as cold as usual.

"How are you recently? What's your condition?" Since he was connected to Ivycius, Garen asked casually.

"Very good. Give me half a year more. I should be able to pass the fusion phase and enter fifth form." Ivycius answered faintly. "You are also in the fusion phase. Why did you run out anxiously?"

"Naturally, I have my own plans. How is the situation in the palace?" Garen continued asking.

"It's alright. The only thing was that Blizzard and Angel of the Night fought the other day, destroying a small portion of the outer palace. Now it is still under repairs."

"Blizzard and Angel of the Night?" Garen's head started to hurt. "Aren't they together? Why did they fight?"

"For the laws you set. Elders have the authority to choose one disciple to be his own in the palace. Both of them set eyes on a newly recruited brat. Once they couldn't decide who would get him, they started to fight." Ivycius also sounded helpless.

"Oh? A young brat? His talent is so high that two peak fourth forms would fight for him?" Garen was surprised.

"He is a child from a peasant background, not more than fifteen years of age. But in his foundational training of the Black Water True Technique, he only used three days to breakthrough level one, entering into level two." Ivycius answered faintly.

"Oh? That's impressive!" Garen was instantly interested. As the one who created the Black Water True Technique, naturally he was the one who best understood the difficulty of this martial art. Even with terrifying talent, it was not probable for someone to be able to enter level two in such a short time. There must be a huge secret regarding this child.

When he did his recruitment, he didn't care about background, but only ability. In the name of non-discrimination, he had his eyes on the genius peasant children. These children did not lack talent. All they lack was a string that they could hold on to climb upwards.

"What is special about him?"

Ivycius paused for a moment. "I can't place it specifically. However, this kid has terrifying attributes. He has a steady will and strong spirit!"

"Strong spirit!?" Garen's interest grew. For someone as proud and critical as White Rose Sword Sage, Ivycius to praise his spirit, he must have been abnormally special.

"Tell me. What did he do that made you feel that his spirit is strong?"

There was a pause on the other side. He didn't answer immediately. After a while, he slowly opened his mouth.

"On the first day he entered the palace, he more than doubled the training of his fellow geniuses."

"Oh?" The corner of Garen's mouth curved. This genius training camp was where the selected geniuses trained. It was also the place with the most challengers and pursuers for the positions of core disciples and Four Directions Sky Warriors.

"On the second day, he broke through level one. The speed of increment of his attributes were twice that of his peers. Only three others could be compared to him. Moreover." A hint of laughter escaped from Ivycius' voice. "Moreover, he would meditate in front of your statue every day."

"Meditate?" Garen grew more and more interested. He knew that as the first Lord of Black Swamp Palace, there was a statue of him.

"Out of curiosity, I asked him as I passed by. I asked why did he come here to meditate. Guess his answer?" There was a hint of admiration in Ivycius' voice as well.

"What did he say?"

"He said. The Lord of Black Swamp Place who gave grace to peasants was the first one to reinvent the world. And he himself, would be the second one who will control the world! He admires you, but it is mere admiration."

"Madness!" Garen couldn't help but started laughing.

Mere admiration and not reverence. That meant he would one day surpass the other party. By meditating in front of Garen's statue, it meant two things. One one hand, it meant respect. On the other hand, it meant that Garen was his target.

"What is the situation now? How long has he been in the palace?" Garen asked again. If he didn't have to purify the Cthulhu's Origin, he would have rushed back to meet this mad little brat.

"He has been in the palace for half a month. He is currently entering level three of the Black Water True Technique."

Hissss.. Garen sucked in some cold air. Before he left, he already passed on the first four levels of the martial arts to Ivycius. The first four levels were the key parts for a normal human to experience breakthrough.

Even his three most-favored disciples were only on level two currently.

Although this young brat had just entered the palace for half a month, he could actually reach the level three! He must be extremely compatible with the Black Water True Technique to have such frightening progress?

Garen suddenly realized that maybe, he had underestimated the people of the world. Among the peasants there were many terrifying geniuses. The only thing was they never had an opportunity to show it. Now with this rare opportunity, this power that was suppressed by nobles with totems for many years broke through all obstacles and surpassed all limits.

Garen put his hands on his knees. Suddenly he had a feeling. By creating the Black Swamp Palace, he was rewriting a new chapter in history.

Ivycius' voice continued on.

"After you left, the palace functioned according to your orders. We continued to recruit students from all over the region; three batches of twenty four students each. The elders discussed and decided to segment the students into nine grades, based on the Nine-Headed Hydra. The levels are from one head to nine heads, with nine heads being the strongest. The Black Water True Technique can develop one's potential. The young brat, being the first one to enter level three has started to have signs of developing totem power. So both elders fought because of him."

According to the agreement, elders were also qualified to acquire disciples. However, they were mere teachers of the path of the totem, not martial arts. The young brat was already highly sought after before he had even completed developing totem power. It was evident that he had outstanding talent.

Although Garen was almost at the peak of the continent, he felt the change of an era was coming when he heard of this news.

Mankind was failing, totem users were suffering heavy losses, but yet geniuses are everywhere. Is this a return to glory or the beginning of hell? No one knew the answer to this question.

"I'll return as soon as I can." Garen gave his last reminders. He closed the ring and spiraled into deep thought.

Generation after generation, every era wouldn't be lacking of outstanding people. Who knows whether this young brat would be the next Hellgate. He could be shockingly brilliant, eventually reigning the earth.

"For the Black Water True Technique that should at least take years, he actually entered level three in half a month. This talent....Even I wasn't that fast when I was training in the Giant Statue Technique."

He thought of all the overlords in the world gathering together, using this world as their stage.

Unconsciously, a sense of pride gushed forward from his chest.

As he slowly stood up, the passion that was slowly depleting over the years started to burn again. The Black Water True Technique surged through his heart as it was operating faster and faster.

The hint of fear towards the Cthulhu King completely disappeared in that instance.

"The heart does not bow under power. Out of all the things in the world, only the heart can restrict a person. As long as the heart is not restricted..." Garen seemed to have an epiphany.

That student's actions gave him a huge shock. He didn't stop because of his current weakness. Instead, he made the highest point he could see as his target. That was his huge ambition. As long as he kept up his spirit, in addition to his talent, he would definitely be an outstanding person in the future.

Since the martial art world reached the level of king of the century, there seemed to be some changes.

Garen closed his eyes, carefully experiencing the minute feelings. It was as if everything had passed in a flash and he couldn't grasp it.

In fact, by going through time and space to another world, and experiencing growth from a weakling again by walking step by step and seeing so many different parts of history, he had already long reached the brink of breakthrough.

In a trance, he seemed to be able to see something in the distance. Hawk King Goth was strangled to death by a black net. Flower King Earnest was bound by red string, while Dragon King Alyson was frozen in an ice prison.

And also himself.

He bowed his head and looked at his body. There was a black volcanic ash-like substance on his body. It was doubt, fear, failure, distress...

Unconsciously, Garen's mind got clearer and clearer. His worries and fear for Hellgate all these while, disappeared in a flash.

The black ash over his body gradually fell off, quickly revealing a set of clean clothes beneath.

Suddenly, he laughed towards the sky.

"Never thought it would be a young brat who gives me the warning."

At that moment, the level of the King of the Century faintly increased towards an unknown extent.

Chapter 494: Battle 2

As the Black Water True Technique in Garen's body was churning crazily, the Nine-Headed Hydra roared towards the sky in the black space. His strong aura was almost tangible blood, constantly rolling around like boiling magma.

In that instant, Garen's spirit seemed to have completely fused with the Nine-Headed Hydra's spirit, combining into one entity. In the dark, the Nine-Headed Hydra let out a series of roars. It danced in joy and for the first time, it voluntarily coordinated with the Black Water True Technique, increasing the speed of fusion.

The sixth dragon head quickly fused into Garen's body. The strong dragon heart provided large amounts of fresh blood to nourish the newly fused flesh and bones.

The Nine-Headed Hydra did not reject this at all. It was as if Garen was a close relative. A sense of submission and respect came from the Nine-Headed Hydra, and at that point, it was as if Garen was the true Lord of the Swamp during ancient times.

With the voluntary cooperation of the Nine-Headed Hydra, the fusion became faster and faster. Garen didn't need to exert energy at all. The Nine-Headed Hydra was like a passionate fanatic, voluntarily breaking down its own flesh. It fused into the Black Water True Technique's cycle, digesting over and over as the fusion process continued, quickly becoming Garen's own strength.

Garen stood silently under the shade. His heart was in peace, but there was a faint tyrannical will, creeping up within him.

He understood that this was the tyrannical will that was in the ancient Nine-Headed Hydra's genome. Because the will was fitting for him, it allowed his core totem, the Nine-Headed Hydra to submit. It was completely willing to fuse into his body.

In ancient times, even the birds in the sky would fall to the ground under the roar of the Lord of the Swamp. This tyrannical, fearless will dominated everything. It was the pride of being one of the strongest living things in ancient times.

The incomplete core totem was still just a copy of the Nine-Headed Hydra. Facing the actual will of its ancestor, it chose to submit.

The villagers from a village far away seemed to hear the cry. There were footsteps heading his way.

Garen smiled and became a cloud of black smoke, then disappeared into the sides of the forest.

Now, with the Nine-Headed Hydra's voluntary cooperation, the fusion of the dragon heads was no longer an issue. The time required was greatly reduced. Most likely, he needed no more than two days to completely fuse with the Nine-Headed Hydra, stepping into fifth form. Moreover, operating the Black Water True Technique required time, and couldn't be rushed.

The ancient Nine-Headed Hydra's tyrannical will was an unexpected fit with him. It actually had a faint intent of fusing with his spirit.

However, these were not major issues. The key thing was, the level of a peak fifth form was in his sights.

Phiroth. Cthulhu King. Both of them had already reached the level of peak fifth form. Their accumulation of power over the years was immense. But Garen could feel that Phiroth's aura was stronger than the Cthulhu King.~

As the strongest king of Daniela in history, his will had long been at the level that Garen had just entered.

While the Cthulhu King had to rely on his countless years of accumulation to barely be on par with Phiroth.

Garen didn't know how to describe this level. In Earth terms, it would be someone who was clear of his own heart, able to explore his innermost nature. His heart would be crystal clear, unable to be affected by anything external.

This realm allows one to finally unleash his greatest power. The state of body will not be affected by any external things. Under the shift of the will, one could even unleash powers like never before. He will not be threatened or cumbered. Whether he fights or retreats, there will be no hesitation.

At this level, the heart was like a bright pearl that could be separated into multiple layers. The outer layer will never be able to affect the inner layer.

"Never thought that there are people that can exceed the level of the King of the Century in this world.." Garen lamented. If Phiroth was already so strong, how about Hellgate, who was stronger?

Suddenly he felt thankful, thankful that he came to such a great era, thankful that he could compete with the strongest of this era to pursue what each wants.

Three days later.

Under the dim light in the hut.

Hannet was crouching on the ground, drawing the final lines of the tactic formation.

On the floor of the hut, an extremely complex, round tactic formation could be clearly seen in front of another person in the hut.

This tactic formation seemed to be formed by layering more than ten other tactic formations on top of each other. Its diameter was only four meters, but there were more than ten thousand symbols in it. They were crammed together, like countless white bugs climbing on top of each other.

As the light flickered, it shined on Hannet's sweaty forehead, reflecting a hint of grease.

"Finally, it is complete." Hannet slowly finished his carving and got up from the floor. "I just have to wait for a thunderstorm to connect to the electromagnetic field in the sky. Together with my body attributes, the Cthulhu's Origin can be purified, drawing out the will of the Cthulhu King."

"What do we do after it is drawn out? None of us can withstand the Cthulhu King's Will. Even just a glimmer of his will would be able to defeat all of us!" The middle-aged man on the side muttered.

"At that point, it would be up to that man." Hannet shook his head. "We are only responsible for drawing of the Cthulhu King's will. The rest of it has nothing to do with us."

"Should we go and inform him now?" The middle-aged man asked.

Hannet nodded his head and sat on the ground. He looked exhausted. His eyes were full of bloodlines, showing an obvious lack of rest.

The middle-aged man stood up and came to pick him up.

"Unfortunately I can't help much."

"No problem. Have Beckstone and the rest arrived?" Hannet closed his eyes and massaged his temples.

"I've told them of the urgency. They should be arriving today."

"That's good."

"Since everything is prepared, shall we begin?" Suddenly, there was another voice in the hut.

The two of them were caught by surprise. Although they were mentally prepared, they were still shocked by the voice who suddenly appeared beside them.

"Lord Garen, are you sure you want to begin?"

Hannet quickly steadied himself and spoke.

"Definitely. How is the preparation of the Cthulhu's Origin?" Garen was dressed in the same sackcloth clothes as two days ago. He had a smile on his face, looking gentle.

"The preparation is complete." Hannet bowed his head, trying to avoid the other party's dark red pupils. It had only been a few days since he had seen the other party, but his aura had become more concentrated by a fair bit.

"Let's begin." Garen nodded.

Hearing the signal, Hannet stepped into the tactic formation. He placed the bright Cthulhu's Origin in the middle. Then, he sat crossed-legged in the formation. He placed his two palms on the ground on the only two empty areas in the formation.

Buzzz....

A wave of blue, luminous light came from the tactic formation. All the internal lines in the formation glowed in blue. Currents of electric flowed from Hannet's body into the formation below.

The Cthulhu's Origin was placed right in the middle. With a cracking sound, the crystal ball suddenly cracked. The white sticky liquid slowly flowed out from within, emitting white luminous light.

As the blue light and white light mixed together, the blue light slowly surrounded the white light and started spinning.

Seconds and minutes went by. With the white light as the center, the blue lightning arcs slowly formed a vortex with a two-meter diameter.

Crack!!

A flash of lightning flashed across the vortex. In the middle of the vortex, a full-blue shadow of a bird appeared.

The blue bird was like a peacock. Its tail had nine, long, lightning feathers. The feathers and blue light were combined together and couldn't be differentiated.

Crack!

As another lightning arc flashed by, a human-faced bird shadow rose up from the formation. The Human-Faced Bird was fully blue. There was no expression on its face, far different from the Nine-Tailed Bird.

The Nine-Tailed Bird and Human-Faced Bird caught the white Cthulhu's Origin in between them. As the two palm-sized blurs suspended in the blue and white light, the lightning arcs in the blue light increased in number, becoming denser and denser.

The white liquid in the middle also had signs of becoming clear.

As the buzzing grew louder, the whole hut seemed to start shaking.

"Success!!" Hannet let out an expression of joy. "As the Origin starts to become clear, it is a sign that the purification process is a success!" He said loudly.

Garen, who was standing outside the formation, let out a smile.

Suddenly, there was a series of hurried footsteps coming from outside the house. As the footsteps got nearer, it got more hurried.

Bang!

The door was knocked open. A tall, silver-eyed young man rushed in suddenly.

"Beckstone wait!!" A girl's urgent cry came from behind him.

Hannet and uncle were overjoyed. It was as if they had let go of a huge burden. They felt much more relieved.

Beckstone, a fourth form and the genius of the Terraflor Society, can definitely scare the Lord of the Black Swamp Palace.

Entering fourth form before he hit thirty, in addition to the strong Terraflor Society behind him, even the arrogant Black Swamp Palace wouldn't take him lightly. He wouldn't ignore the giant Terraflor Society.

He met Beckstone during a totem forum in the past. At that time, himself, Tina, Beckstone and another companion stood up simultaneously against a group of bullies. That was how they met.

After that, they realized the chemistry between their totem abilities and so happen could form a small group. Hence, they did so and completed multiple tasks in the Luminarist Guilds. They even set up a small mercenary squad.

After multiple afflictions, their bond grew stronger. Many times, they sacrificed their lives for each other and could be considered friends for life.

This time, when Hannet heard that Beckstone was rushing over, although he said that he didn't want to rely on others, but in fact he felt warm. The Beckstone now was no longer a normal person like before. His words and actions represented the Terraflor Society. He was a major figure and a genius of the next generation, almost on par with the Three Great Heroes.

In fact, the fame of the Three Great Heroes was built on the three major regions. They used their natural strong forces to protect many peasants and nobles. However in an individual battle, Hannet believed that they might not as skilled as Beckstone.

As both of them lifted their head to looked at Beckstone and his companion, they realized that Beckstone's and Tina's expressions were abnormally strange.

"Ga...Garen!!" Beckstone slowly called out the name of the man before him with a low voice.

Before Hannet and his uncle could smile, their mood gradually sunk, together with Beckstone's low voice. They could evidently see Beckstone's face turning white. His gaze looked extremely anxious. Together with Tina behind him, both of them seemed...seemed to be in fear.

Hannet's heart sank.

"My teacher, how is he?" Garen turned to look at the two people. He smiled as he asked.

"Mr. Emin is doing very well." Beckstone bowed slightly. Glimmers of golden totem light were swiftly flowing around him, as if his strong fourth form aura could explode anytime.

He hadn't forgotten the past two humiliating battles. The man before him had completely become his nightmare. He kept on trying his best to improve himself. But every time he thought of that defeat, his heart would grow cold.

As the white light in the hut grew brighter and sharper, a strange aura slowly flowed out from the white Origin.

Chapter 495: Battle 3

Not purifying the Origin on a stormy day would originally be considered inadequate. But since the Cthulhu King's will had voluntarily came out, it was an entirely different story.

Under the blue and white light, Garen did not have any intentions of taking action. He merely stood still and turned his head to continue looking at the Origin in the tactic formation.

Beckstone and Tina watched Garen with extreme caution. They didn't dare to get too close, hence they stayed close to the wall while walking towards Hannet and his uncle.

The hut was terrifyingly quiet. Only the crackling sounds from the blue lightning arcs could be heard from time to time.

As the blue light glowed on Garen's face, it seemed to reflect a hint of coldness.

As the strange aura of the Cthulhu's Origin became denser, some white gas was slowly diffusing out. The gas seemed intangible, appearing and then disappearing again.

Crash!!

Garen's hands suddenly tremored. He threw the remaining Cthulhu's Origins accurately into the middle of the tactic formation.

Crack!!

Suddenly, there was a roll of thunder in the sky outside the house.

All the people from the village raised their head in shock. The weather was originally clear, but large amounts of clouds suddenly gathered together quickly.

"What are those!!?" Someone cried out.

All the villagers were stunned. They dropped whatever they held in their hands. Those that were in their houses ran out. Some of them were carrying their children.

Everyone stared at the sky.

The sky was originally clear, without any clouds. As they watched, more and more clouds gathered.

"No! Those are not clouds!" The village chief who was holding a staff raised his head and spoke.

At that moment, it was as if the huge white clouds instantly became red, as if they had been doused in red ink.

In the hut

There was a passionate smile on Garen's face. He raised one of his hands and grasped at the sky.

The whole roof was corroded silently, like melting candles or snow. There was a large round hole within a few minutes.

Chiiii!!!!

From the middle of the tactic formation, a red light beam suddenly shot towards the sky. Sharp cries came endlessly. The whole hut disintegrated instantly. Like the roof, the four walls quietly melted into oblivion.

Hannet and the rest had to escape from the hut. Beckstone protected everyone, forming a hemisphere of golden totem light. The crowd looked at the beam from afar in horror.

As the blood-red beam broke through the red clouds in the sky, numerous air streams surrounded it and rotated under high speed.

Garen stood in front of the beam and lifted his head towards the sky, as though the sharp cries and giant tremors did not affect him at all.

In the sky above, numerous blood-colored clouds gathered quickly, forming the shape of a giant face.

The blood-colored face was like a thin mask. There was a silver-faced, red-robed man standing out its right pupil.

From above, the red-robed man glanced down, meeting Garen's gaze.

The wind was howling and the blood-colored clouds were rolling. The whole sky became dark as the sun was completely blocked by the plentiful blood-colored clouds. Only the gigantic blood-colored face and the silver-faced, red-robed man on its left pupil remained.

"You shouldn't have lured me out." The Cthulhu King's voice was metrosexual, unable to determine his gender.

"Have a battle with me." Garen smacked his lips. There was a glimmer of excitement in his eyes. "I tried my best to use the will in the Origin as bait, luring your true self. It wasn't to have a casual chat with you."

The two eyes under the Cthulhu King's mask glowed in red and gave Garen a glance.

"You are not my opponent. Enough strong men have died at my hands."

Before the voice ended, he lifted his hand and pressed downwards.

Suddenly, a beam of red light fell from the sky like thunder.

Bang!!

The pillar descended and shot towards Garen's location at an amazing speed.

Bang!

Garen lifted his hands to block it. Numerous red light arcs passed by his two sides like water. He was fiercely pressured, almost into the ground. The black totem light around him also changed its shape due to the pressure.

"Fragile." The Cthulhu King's scornful voice came from the sky above. Suddenly, the red glow in his eyes dimmed. "Yes? I'll let you go this time. The next time, you won't be so fortunate."

Before he finished his words, the face in the sky dissipated, forming numerous red clouds which eventually disappeared. The Cthulhu King himself also disappeared.

The giant red light slowly disappeared after a few seconds.

Majority of Garen's body had been completely pressured into the ground. Even totem light couldn't withstand such a terrifying attack.

The giant beam pressured him and left him speechless.

After the red light completely dispersed, Garen stood on the ground in rage. The Cthulhu King's explosiveness was far stronger than he had imagined. But it didn't mean he couldn't defend against it. It was just that he didn't adapt in time. As he was about to counter-attack, he never thought the Cthulhu King would flee!

The explosiveness of the Cthulhu King's martial arts was far stronger than the Black Water True Technique. Its power was also abnormally terrifying. It wasn't as dense as the Black Water True Technique, but its power was far superior. However, with that incident, it meant that he'd been left speechless by a casual attack from the Cthulhu King. This caused the ancient Nine-Headed Hydra's ego to be severely provoked.

The environment around was quiet. No one dared to speak for fear of attracting Garen's rage. The villagers had already retreated from the village under the leadership of the experienced chief. They were watching from the outer forest.

Hannet, Beckstone and the rest under the protection of the golden hemisphere also looked at the scene in fear. In a battle of fifth forms, even the aftermath left Beckstone's golden protection hemisphere full of cracks. A bit more power would completely shatter it.

Garen was suppressing his rage when he saw Beckstone's group from afar. He suddenly waved his hand.

Roar!!

Poisonous gas in the shape of a black dragon rushed over and collided with the golden protection hemisphere.

After collided on the hemisphere with a crack, it fiercely lashed at Beckstone's body.

Bang!

As if being punched from a close distance by someone, Beckstone and the rest were blown away, colliding fiercely with the wall behind.

"What are you doing!!" Tina wasn't severely hurt as most of the force was blocked by Beckstone. "Can't defeat the Cthulhu King then take us as punching bags!? Now I know that the Lord of Black Swamp Palace is a villain. I used to think you were an incredibly strong master! I was wrong!" She got to her feet and shouted loudly.

"Stop talking Tina!" Beckstone caught hold of Tina and stood in front of her. Blood was flowing from the edges of his mouth.

Hannet also got on his feet. His face was pale. He helped his uncle up, whose head was covered in blood. His expression was full of rage.

Garen had a strange sense of guilt on his face instead. The rage on his face disappeared instantly. It was as if he was performing a face-changing act. His expression quickly became calm.

"I'm sorry. I was impulsive in the moment. Hannet lured out the Cthulhu King for me and helped me so much. Yet I attacked you. It's my fault."

He had no expression at that point in time. Tina who had a strong intuition could easily see if one was sincere. At that time, she actually felt that Garen was sincerely apologizing.

"It's my fault this time. I should've killed you today Beckstone. Unfortunately...." Garen let out a sigh of regret, then became a black cloud and disappeared on the spot.

The surroundings were quiet without any other noises. Only the sound of the wind blowing above the village could be heard.

In a wooden hut behind Beckstone.

Two white-robed men and women looked at each other and laughed. The shining green seeds in their hands slowly dimmed.

"He sensed our presence." The man spoke softly.

"What about that? With the Seed of Light, we only have to chant the spell to bring Beckstone away. Even if he attacked it won't be beneficial for him." The girl smiled. "We have troubled you this time."

"Why do you mention this between us?" The guy shook his head. "Sisley, what do you plan to do next?"

"We don't have much time. The Nine-Headed Hydra should have entered the separation stage. It is troublesome. He is on the same level as Phiroth, very troublesome. To fuse the totem's blood vessels and will into the body to achieve complete fusion in spirit, not only the man would affect the totem, the totem will also affect the man. However, he can independently use the totem's mode, to form a perfect totem fusion power for battle. Not many can surpass him in actual strength."

"This guy is so young, yet had already entered this level.." The guy said in regret. "Let's not bother about him. Once Hellgate awakens, he will also be one of our greatest helpers. Let's consider how to handle the Clash of Clans."

"I've already contacted the kings of the three regions. This time we can't go, or...." The girl whispered but the man held her hand tightly. Warmth came from the man's hand.

"Don't worry. I will always be by your side."

The girl lifted her face and revealed a young, gentle face. She leaned into the man's embrace.

Two of them turned and instantly became green light, then disappeared.

Garen was traveling at high speeds in the forest. He was like a black line on a green carpet, incredibly evident.

As the warm sun shone from above, his shadow wasn't left behind.

After running for some time, he came to a sudden halt. He closed his eyes and sensed his surroundings. The Cthulhuism Society's major rendezvous point wasn't far away.

After being defeated by the Cthulhu King, the ancient Nine-Headed Hydra's will was displeased. Garen decided to look for a group of Cthulhus that could be easily found.

Moreover in a head to head battle, not to mention himself, even the stronger Phiroth couldn't take on the Cthulhu King plus the other eighteen Cthulhus together. Immortality was the terrifying point of the Cthulhus. Even by grinding, they could wear out a majority of elites.

He could sense the aura and voice of a Cthulhuism Society stronghold from afar.

Garen leaped onto a large tree branch and crouched on it.

"It's getting more and more exciting." He mumbled and looked at the Cthulhuism Society stronghold in the distance. It was shaped like a red bucket.

As he was about to attack Beckstone, he suddenly sensed an unknown teleportation power surrounding Beckstone and the rest. This power was very difficult to sense as it kept appearing and disappearing. There were also two strong auras around that were incredibly in sync.

The intense vitality in the aura made him think of the Terraflor Society. Only plant totems would have that kind of aura.

Terraflor Society was always under the radar, but Garen knew about the original history. He didn't forget one bit. After Hellgate's awakening, Sisley, the Terraflor's leader, one of the elites that could take on Hellgate in the East Continent will also be awakened. The battle between was even recorded extensively in the history of the universe.

All this while, the Terraflor Society had been led by the elders. Their leaders could not be found and their tracks were uncertain. However, after Hellgate's awakening, they were forced to appear to avoid the total destruction of the Terraflor Society.

Sisley was actually a woman. However, her husband has to be included in her abilities. In other words, the Terraflor Society's strongest force was actually this couple combined. Both of their core totems were a plant totem called Dual-Love Flower. The nature of this plant was one pair for a lifetime. They were connected like lovers, staying with each other in life and death. With the combined strength of the two of them, they managed to fight Hellgate. Of course, there were other factors, but they managed to hold Hellgate off for a substantial period of time.

Garen was organizing the original history in his mind. He roughly calculated the upcoming situation. After his latest upgrade, his core totem was in a unique state. It was in a state of the ancestral Nine-Headed Hydra's will, which allowed him to unleash the strongest battle ability.

The Black Water True Technique stabilized at the thirteenth level. He forced each level with each of his dragon heads.

Garen recorded the changes of every level, so the students in the Black Swamp Palace could master it as well. Since they didn't have the Nine-Headed Hydra's blood, they could never be as strong as Garen. However, if they trained it to the peak, they would at least be far stronger than a normal fourth form. If they were fortunate to find a core totem that fit well with the Black Water True Technique, they might have an opportunity to enter the fifth form.

Chapter 496: Battle 4

Gathering his thoughts, Garen suppressed the Totem Light force field before removing a Cthulhu's Origin crystal ball from his belt.

The three Cthulhu's Origins inside were rotating around one another, forming a beautiful ring.

Light God's Origin, Time God's Origin, War God's Origin.

The white, black and red halos rotated constantly, endlessly. The Cthulhu's Will inside had already been removed completely, removed by the Cthulhu King to locate its coordinates.

Currently, these three Cthulhu's Origins had become absorbable powerful treasures.

Despite this, Garen was unsure of how to absorb this to receive the Origin's effect; different resources required different absorption methods, while medicine could even become poisonous.

It was the same as using external medicine internally. Not only would there be no benefits, it might even prove dangerous.

"The only one who truly knows how to use it is the historical, unnamed Obscuro Marshall." Garen thought about everything that happened at the Ancestral God Grounds, and quickly focused on the masked female Obscuro Marshall.

"I'll go see the Cthulhuism Society first, if that doesn't work, go find the female Obscuro Society Marshall!" he instructed himself in his mind.

The figure turned into a shroud of black smoke instantly and silently shot towards the Cthulhuism Society's bloody wooden fortress.

Boom!!

The main door of the wooden fortress cracked open instantly and split inwards, violently smashing into a few followers who were guarding the place.

"Enemy attack!!"

A loud roar echoed from within the fortress.

Garen stood in front of the wooden main door, watching as the Cthulhuism Society's followers clad in red leather clothes rushed out, each of them holding glowing red long spears as they charged towards

him. A few Totem Users stood at the back, while both of their hands drew Tactics quickly. Layers of Tactical Formations slowly illuminated with white light in their surroundings. At the same time, many Totem beasts also pounced out from all four corners.

The corners of his mouth curled into a sneer, and without any movement, the Black Water True Technique began to rotate slowly.

Garen stepped on the ground.

A cloud of black Poison Mist was released suddenly, before it filled the surroundings.

Desperate cries rang out without cease, while a large group of Totem beasts that were caught in between wailed loudly.

With Garen as the center, all of the Cthulhuism Society's followers prostrated on the ground and rolled around screaming. The flesh melted off their bodies instantly like a candle, until only their skeletons were left.

Soon, only white bones were left inside the entire fortress.

The strongest Cthulhuism Society Totem User was only Form 3 and had not even achieved Spiritualization yet. He had only resisted for little while longer in the Poison Mist.

Looking at the entire bloody fortress from a far, there were clouds of black Poison Mist that surrounded the fortress closely. They had taken on the shape of a dragon as it drifted past.

"Is there not even one person of substance here? What about the Cthulhus?" Garen furrowed his eyebrows and scanned his surroundings, noticing that within a short span of two minutes, this place had completely transformed into a dead city.

The hundreds of people inside had all become nutrients for the Black Water True Technique, fusing into the Poison Mist.

"This place is a great distance from the Ancestral God Grounds. Perhaps the Cthulhus have all returned to their respective stations," he furrowed his eyebrows and guessed. "However, I just need to destroy a few more of Cthulhuism Society's bases, and the Cthulhus will probably appear by then."

Half a month later

Ender in the East Continent

Somewhere on the long coastline, blue-white waves crashed against the shore before receding, leaving dark water marks that disappeared almost instantly.

Two slender silhouettes walked side-by-side across the beach, strolling. Rays of light from the sunset bathed both of them, casting them in a layer of gold and red and causing two narrow shadows to form behind them.

"You've really made up your mind?" One of the silhouettes belonged to a young man clad in long black robes with dark gold lace trimmings. His chest was unclothed, exposing white bandages that were wrapped around his bare upper body and waist. Faint traces of blood on top lined the top.

"For the sake of this goal, how many years of hard work have we endured already? Just when we're about to succeed, you decide to withdraw from seclusion?"

The other person was a woman who reached her hand out to comb her hair messed up by the sea breeze. Like the man, she also wore a long robe with dark gold lace trimmings, except that she also had a tight-fitting white T-shirt inside, while a black ring hung down in front of her ample chest.

The woman turned to the side and glanced at the unending seaside scenery, while a confused look appeared on her pale, average-looking face.

"You wouldn't understand. It's not the life I want." The white crescent-shaped earrings that hung from her ears shook slightly, adding some colour.

"Then what kind of life do you want?" asked the man faintly. "When we first joined Obscuro together, we decided that we would join and leave with each other, but now, I get out and the first thing I find out is that you want to retreat, don't tell me there are people in the West Continent that dared to bully you?"

"To you, will I only ever be that little girl that gets bullied by everyone?" The woman could not help but smile. She kicked the pebbles on the beach while her head was lowered. "I'm just tired, my heart is tired."

The woman's voice became softer.

"This life that is filled with nothing but chasing the unknown, it's so tiring..."

"You promised me..."

"Don't force me, okay?" The woman interrupted the man. "Have you not noticed? That I'm becoming less like myself?"

The man suddenly fell silent.

"How many years has it been since we strolled on the beach like this? Even though you and I both command a continent, and even if we stand any higher, or our powers become any stronger, what use would it be? A person would always feel exhausted in the end."

"So your trip to Daniela this time, was to obtain Love God's Origin? And then retreat after it fused? Did you ever think of my feelings?" The man's emotions began to bubble up. "I worked hard to become stronger, and made commanding a continent my only goal, for what exactly?"

He paused. "In the beginning, you said that once I achieved Spiritualization, you would consider marrying me. Then, I entered Spiritualization. Next, you said that because of your older brother, you couldn't be selfish, so I needed to achieve Form 4 and help Big Bro before we could get married. And after that, I entered Form 4."

The woman bowed her head, lacking any rebuttal.

"Finally, you said that because of your brother, you had to head towards the West Continent, while being in charge of a military department." The man inhaled deeply. "For your sake, I determinedly immersed myself in your matters, and did unscrupulous things, before finally, becoming the head of the military in the whole continent. And now, you're telling me that you're prepared to retreat?!"

"I let you down..." The woman lowered her head.

"Hahaha..." The man laughed softly. "How many years has it been, don't tell me these are the words you think I've been waiting for all these years?" His smile disappeared suddenly. He stared at the woman in front of him.

"Aixi, can I hold you, properly, one last time?"

The woman stayed silent, but her body inched closer to the man nonetheless.

The man suddenly took the woman in her arms tightly, as if he were holding the most valuable piece of treasure in the entire world. The unconcealable look of greed and desire appeared on his face and gaze, all hidden from an angle invisible to the woman.

"Let me hold you for a moment, just a moment... Alright?" he begged.

Perhaps it was because she felt guilty; the woman's body stiffened slightly, but finally relaxed again, allowing the man to hold her tightly.

However, still out of the sight of the woman, the back of his palm faintly lit up with line after line of black symbols, The countless symbols soon crawled off the back of his right hand, like ants, quietly climbing onto the woman's back.

"Aixi... You will always be mine, forever..."

The man murmured softly.

The woman suddenly realised something was wrong.

"God Cloud, let go of me!" She began to struggle, but it was useless. Her entire body had turned limp, as if she had no strength left. A burning sensation began to creep across the skin on her back.

"God Cloud! What are you doing?!"

"How pitiful..." Suddenly, a sympathetic male voice echoed out from nearby the two people.

"Who is it?!" God Cloud raised his head suddenly.

There was a crashing noise before a black chain exploded out from beneath the legs of the intruder, forming a hole. The chains disappeared instantly, forming a shadow.

Not far from the two people, stood a slender, well-built golden-haired man, whose tassel-like bright long hair was being blowing in the wind, a mocking expression plastered on his handsome face. He looked at the two people embracing one another.

"Didn't think that I'd see such a romantic scene the moment I rushed over. Tch tch... Who would have thought the two Marshalls of Obscuro's main military departments had this kind of.. confidential information."

"Black Swamp Palace Master Garen?" God Cloud loosened his grip on Axi, holding her by the waist with one hand, propping her up against his own body. "Why are you here? If you're here to get revenge after your breakthrough, I can accompany you anytime."

A look of faux surprise flashed across Garen's face.

"I've always thought that you only liked men, I never expected that you would choose not not give up on women, too..."

"Damn you!"

God Cloud's face suddenly contorted in rage.

Innumerable black chains shot out of the ground and flew towards Garen, before intertwining with one another and enveloping him, wrapping him into a metal ball in the blink of an eye.

However, strangely enough, all of the chains merely wrapped around air, and Garen appeared appeared in a different position from before. His hand reached out to pressed onto the surface of the chain ball gently.

Silently, the chain ball melted quickly into a black gooey liquid that fell onto the sandy beach.

"After spending such a long time in Kovitan as the concubine, don't tell me you've forgotten the daily love and care His Majesty Avic showed you, God Cloud? Tch tch... That's really brutal," said Garen with a sympathetic look on his face.

The expression on God Cloud's face became even more contorted, while violent strength seemed to be bursting out of him like an exploding volcano, like a dam about to burst.

Unfortunately, to protect one person while confronting the newly peaked Form 5 in front of him was beyond his abilities, even for someone like himself. Moreover, the Distorted Beads were not with him anymore, and in order to control Aixi, he had used up half of his Totem Light, causing him to be in his weakest state right now.

God Cloud's gaze flashed, while black chains slowly arranged themselves in Tactical Formations throughout his surroundings in midair. The chains seemed to be dispersed in a chaotic manner, but within the chaos possessed hidden, ordered movements.

Garen sneered, snapping his fingers lightly.

Bang!

A circle of black mist formed a ring and dispersed itself. It rushed straight for the black chain, quickly melting it into the same black viscous liquid before dropping onto the ground.

Within a range of a hundred meters around the three people, all of the living creatures were melted by the Poison Mist. Even the sea water turned slightly black.

"Trying to escape? I picked this timing on purpose, so why would I let you run away so easily?" Garen smiled. "To control your lover, you picked this location specially, and even arranged everything in advance. With such good timing, do you really think I would let you off so easily? Now, tell me about the fusion methods of the Cthulhu's Origins."

Chapter 497: Venus 1

"Fusion methods of the Cthulhu's Origin?"

God Cloud's mind relaxed; as long as his opponent still had demands, this would be easy.

A puzzled expression was currently plastered on Aixi's face while she was being propped up by God Cloud with one hand. Even though a large amount of black symbols were crawling up her back slowly, she felt nothing, but even so, pain seemed apparent in her eyes.

Looking at Garen, who was not far away, her mouth moved to speak but no sound came out. Even her right to speak was being controlled by God Cloud.

Lowering her head, Aixi stopped moving. Regarding God Cloud's minor movements, she was no longer worried. She was just being held, gently, by him, while both her eyes were half shut.

"You want to fuse the Cthulhu's Origin?"

God Cloud did not notice Aixi's current expression because he was glaring at the man opposite him instead.

Black Swamp Palace Master Garen Trejons. He had a breakthrough not long ago and entered lower Form 5, but his battle skills rivaled peak Form 5 in reality. He had slaughtered countless Cthulhuism Society bases consecutively and defeat many Cthulhu alliances, before finally disappearing suddenly. No one had expected him to suddenly appear here.

"To hand it over or not, that is your own choice." Black Poison Mist permeated out from below Garen's feet continuously, surrounding a range of more than hundreds of meters around him, enveloping around God Cloud and the woman tightly as well.

Within the black mist, black chains began floating out of midair in the surroundings of the two people. It resisted the corrosion of the Poison Mist.

God Cloud's eyes flashed; the current situation between him and his enemy was undesirable.

"I can give you the methods, but who can assure me that you won't make another move after I give it to you?"

"This will depend on your luck." Garen laughed, he had noticed Aixi a long time ago, but she was always exiting the Obscuro professionals' base, and thus he had no opportunities, and could only keep following closely behind her and wait for his chance.

He never expected that Aixi would leave the base alone this time, and when he found out that the person she was meeting was actually God Cloud, Garen prepared to retreat quietly, but never thought that God Cloud would make a move first.

When he grasped the key moment when the two Marshalls would be at their weakest, Garen appeared instantly.

Both of the Marshalls would surely have Crystal Derivators, but with professionals of their level, Totems that were controlled by something like that would only be useful to delay time. The true determinant of victory or defeat depended on one's own strength.

"Alright, I can give the Origin fusion method to you. But this method requires a longer time to be explained verbally..." God Cloud hesitated slightly, opening his mouth suddenly.

"It doesn't matter, we have more than enough time." Garen's mouth stretched into a smile, exposing his pearly white teeth, but strangely enough, his current teeth had become slightly sharper, and resembled a saw, unlike human teeth.

"For plotting against President Hellgate's blood-related younger sister, the West Continent military department Marshall, your future days will not be good, God Cloud... Do you want to consider leaving Obscuro Society to join my Black Swamp Palace instead?"

"You don't have to worry about that anymore." Axi opened her mouth suddenly. White light flashed throughout her whole body before she escaped from God Cloud's arms at once and stood on his side quietly. It was obvious that God Cloud had given up his control of her, allowing her to escape.

"Big Brother God Cloud did not do anything to me, your eyes have fooled you."

Garen's expression remained unchanged, he was now sure that Axi was the historical Marshall that had broke through using the Cthulhu's Origin, but at this moment it was obvious that she had not broken through yet, and did not need to be feared. Meanwhile God Cloud had had a burden removed from him, and could relax during this battle. Victory and defeat would be harder to determine now. However, it was fortunate that the Tactics from earlier had left a large impact on his remaining strength.

A somber expression flashed past God Cloud's face, but he opened his mouth calmly, before he started to explain the methods and conditions of absorbing the Cthulhu's Origin.

"The Cthulhu's Origin is evil and manic, most people should not even think of absorbing it, merely approaching it could cause someone to be bewitched by the strength of the Origin. Once the mind is completely immersed in it for eternity, they will be unable to free themselves. They must be of a high level, and their will must be extremely strong, before they are able to absorb it without being influenced completely. We at Obscuro and the Obscuro Society have been researching it carefully to find the easiest method of absorption, and although there is a certain amount of risk attached, the dangers have been reduced significantly. This method of absorbing the Origin has two conditions."

He paused. "First, the Cthulhu King's will must be removed, and I've heard that you've already reached this step, so I won't talk about that. Meanwhile, the second condition is that you need to use proper, fitting Ancient Endor Secret Techniques and adjust them."

"Adjust Ancient Endor Secret Techniques?" Garen raised his eyebrows slightly.

"That's right, the Cthulhu's Origin possesses a nature that is extremely violent and tempting. Without a method of adjustment, even if you were to get stronger, you would only destroy it and would not be able to absorb it for your own use," said God Cloud indifferently. "If that wasn't the case, why do you think that Aixi would be the only one in Obscuro Society that would be able to absorb it?"

"Then Scylla and the others..."

"There will be certain short term benefits, but it will become a hurdle that will obstruct them in the future. The longer it drags on, the stronger this hindrance will become, causing them to deteriorate in the end." A mocking expression appeared on God Cloud's face. He was truly shrewd, as he could remain calm even after Garen ridiculed him earlier, while being able to explain everything to him clearly.

"Then which Origins are to be used with which Secret Techniques?" Garen continued asking.

"The Secret Techniques that can be matched with the Origins have always been in the hands of the Cthulhu King, and Aixi had coincidentally found out that her own Secret Technique which the Love God's Origin hadn't rejected too much. This was how she absorbed it. I heard that you obtained different types of Origins from the Cthulhu King, and to remove the Cthulhu King's will, you almost had a full-on battle with him. Unfortunately, the Cthulhu King's Secret Technique is the only way to match all of the various Cthulhu's Origins, and if you want to absorb all of the Origins, the only method is for you to obtain the Cthulhu King's Secret Techniques on your own," God Cloud sneered. "Don't assume that this is a trick, there are many people that know about this method, and some people from the Hidden World school of thought are also aware of it, but no one has been able to reach this point."

Garen furrowed his eyebrows.

If all of this was true, this would be an overt plan, and it seemed that God Cloud had already correctly guessed that he could not afford not to confront the Cthulhu King.

Suddenly, he smiled faintly. He outstretched his right hand, while his index finger pointed upwards.

Hiss!

A shroud of black mist shaped like a snake was released from his fingertip. It twisted and coiled around, just like a living creature, it let out snake-like hissing noises.

"I know the methods already, but since I came all the way here, I should return what I owe you from the battle at Snowy Peak."

Before he finished speaking, Garen suddenly released the black snake on his head.

The black snake rushed out, and grew larger in midair, and suddenly transformed from the thickness of a finger into a terrifyingly large snake that had a diameter of a few meters. It opened its large mouth and rushed towards God Cloud.

Countless clouds of black Poison Mist rolled around as the black snake let out silent howls while charging directly towards God Cloud. The incomparably toxic corrosive smoke permeated throughout the surroundings as the sand on the beach was corroded into puddles of black water, while the nearby seawater turned black as well, and a rotten stench filled the air.

"Lock!!" God Cloud's eyes widened as he placed both of his hands together quickly. Countless black chains burst out of the ground around him, forming a black cylinder, protecting him inside.

Pfoo!!

Throughout the whole beach, black chains burst out towards the sky like fountains in an extremely obtrusive manner.

The chain cylinder collided with the black snake while rays of black light burst out silently between them suddenly. Aixi stood wide-eyed on the sidelines, witnessing this peak Form 5 battle. Most Totem Users had never been given the chance to see something like this in their lifetimes.

The black light dispersed like a bomb that had exploded, and only remained for an instant before vanishing.

On the burnt yellow beach where explosion followed explosion, faint lights ignited from within and only a dull banging noise could be heard.

The figures of God Cloud and Garen violently crashed into one another repeatedly.

Both of them stuck close together, their four limbs a chaotic, overlapping flurry. The black chains and black Poison Mist in their surroundings intertwined with one another, while black melted liquid flowed downwards constantly.

Garen brought his palms together and brought them downwards, while all ten of his fingers were pressed against each other. He hit God Cloud's arm with overwhelming violence from above, his whole body floating in midair, both of his eyes pitch-black, devilish slits.

God Cloud raised both of his arms to deflect the powerful hit from above, while the chains popped out from beside him periodically.

Boom!!

A large round pit split open beneath God Cloud's feet, and a crater replaced what was a ten-meter diameter hemisphere of beach sand below.

"Wheel!!!" A black hole appeared on God Cloud's chest suddenly, and a ray of black light shot out of the hole, transforming into a slow rotating, complex round wheel.

The black wheel was filled with moving black chains and Tactic runes. Crisp wind noises could be heard in midair slowly, as if they were drifting over from a faraway place.

A similarly magnified black wheel appeared in the air beside Garen silently. A strong, locking attraction locked it in place, while everything inside the wheel, such as sand, sea water, and air, were all tightly held in place by the strong chain powers.

God Cloud had no intention of letting his guard down. He took a few steps backwards hastily, while the black wheel on his chest broke open, and a pitch-black arm stretched out of the black hole suddenly.

The five fingers on the hand all had sharp nails, while a ferocious face grew out of the palm. It appeared, it rushed towards Garen without pause, its claws pointed its target. A ripping noise could be heard at that moment, and five pitch-black cracks appeared. Apparently, it could even rip through thin air!

Within the black wheel, both of Garen's eyes were devoid of pupils, leaving only darkness. The red marks on his forehead had disappeared completely long ago, and had slowly transformed into a narrow, black crack.

"Locked Wheel, huh?" He moved his body suddenly, while a crisp cracking noise could suddenly be heard throughout the air, as if porcelain had cracked or glass had broken.

"Black Water Traction!!"

Garen outstretched his right hand. Countless black snakes coiled around his arm, rushing towards the Pitch-black Demon Arm directly.

A crisp cracking noise rang across the beach.

The Pitch-black Demon Arm and Garen's right arm collided against each other with crushing force, and at almost the exact same moment, both of them collapsed.

The Demon Arm broke into tiny pieces of flesh before turning into black light and disappearing, while a painful howl echoed out of the darkness.

Garen's right arm broke off instantly as well, and turned into countless bloodied flesh pieces that flew everywhere, before instantly melting into the surrounding Poison Mist.

A bout of intense pain shot through his right arm, but Garen ignored it. The shadow of a dragon shrouded his face before a guttural roar rang out. His right leg rose into the sky, and countless tufts of

black smoke amassed. His leg expanded and reached more than ten meters as a large column of black smoke appeared suddenly.

Bang!!

The two black figures separated at the same time, and flew towards opposite directions.

Blood flowed out of the bandages around God Cloud's waist continuously, but soon stopped. His figure appeared half-kneeling on the ground, his expression unchanged while he took a deep breath before standing up.

On the opposite side of the sea, Garen's figure had already gibbed into flesh chunks, and after the collision earlier, after he and God Cloud compared their physical strengths, he realized that ten points of Vitality could still allow anti-shock abilities to shatter his whole body.

The black Poison Mist quickly enveloped him into a mist ball, and in the blink of an eye, the mist had disappeared, and Garen's healthy body had appeared once again.

His upper body was bare, while his lower body was covered by the Poison Mist. He was floating above the sea, as if he had not been injured at all.

"The Nine-Life Talent?" God Cloud raised his eyebrows slightly, he had just finished speaking, before the shadow of a black wheel appeared above his right shoulder in midair suddenly, it was only the size of a palm, but it emitted crisp, empty wind noises again in midair.

Bang!!

Garen's body that he had just solidified suddenly exploded with a 'bang'.

Chapter 498: Venus 2

Garen, who was smiling at first, now had a different expression on his face. The darkness in his eyes that resembled the deep ocean had faded, while the black crack in his forehead had disappeared instantly, exposing an alarming color. His entire body, excluding his neck, was constantly exploding below, and it had only been a moment before his recently fixed body had exploded into many pieces.

The black mist lingered around him, and after a moment, his body returned to its original state, but the painful throbbing from earlier left a sense of fear in Garen's heart. He controlled the black mist and moved it more than ten meters backwards, while looking at God Cloud who stood on the shore from afar.

He was no longer a rookie, unlike during the first battle with Ivycius. He had read and memorized a large amount of knowledge from the secret library in the palace, allowing him to understand God Cloud better.

God Cloud practiced the strangest Locked Wheel Secret Technique. It was rumored that there were nine realms of this Secret Technique, and that God Cloud had achieved the highest realm more than ten years ago. However, from his records, he had never heard of that untraceable ability from earlier.

God Cloud's face remained unchanged. The black wheel on his right shoulder moved again, letting out crisp bell noises.

Bang!!

Garen's body that had just been restored exploded again.

"Back!!" Without hesitating, Garen gathered the black mist and suddenly turned it into a ray of black light, allowing it to fly past. Within a blink of an eye, it disappeared deeper into the sea. The surrounding Poison Mist also quickly disappeared completely.

"Everyone assumed that there were only nine levels of the Locked Wheel, unfortunately, I exhausted my efforts, and finally pushed it to its unprecedented tenth level." God Cloud's expression remained indifferent while he stood in his original position, looking at the direction in which Garen was leaving.

Suddenly, his left hand clawed against the beach floor.

A black light flashed, and a dull banging noise could be heard before a large cloud of Poison Mist exploded on the beach. Black light shot out of the Poison Mist and flew towards Garen like arrows.

"This is indeed worthy of God Cloud!" Garen's voice echoed out of the black light faintly.

Aixi, who stood on the side, finally sighed in relief, as she walked over to stand beside God Cloud.

"Is he really leaving?"

God Cloud nodded.

Bang bang bang bang!!!

In a blink of an eye, countless bloody wounds exploded throughout his body, and large amounts of black blood gushed out, while the occasional Totem Light chains that circled his body broke as well.

"Go!" God Cloud struggled to spit the word out before he fainted.

Aixi, shocked beyond words, and waved her hand frantically. A piece of white satin flew out from her sleeve wrapping round the both of them then loosening, before both persons within the satin disappeared completely.

The white satin flew inland, and within the blink of an eye had apparently traveled more than a hundred meters, quickly disappearing on the horizon.

The moment both of them left, a shroud of black mist suddenly drifted over the surface of the sea, and within the mist, Garen's figure appeared clearly. Both of his eyes scanned his surroundings. His nose twitched slightly before a stern gaze flashed in his eyes suddenly.

"Apparently I've been fooled as well! Fine fine fine!"

His figure turned, before Garen's entire body turned into black mist once again and disappeared.

Within the borders of Daniela

Woo~~~~~!!

The bleak and distant sound of a horn echoed from the top of the vast forest.

On the edge of an unusually tall white cliff, a large hand with cast-iron like muscles held a two-meter long black horn, raised toward the sky, its clear sound ringing continuously.

Boom!!

On the ground far away, a blood red air pillar shot into the sky suddenly, piercing through the clouds, dyeing the vast blue sky into red. The surrounding clouds gathered around the blood pillar and formed around it quickly, rotating around it.

"Welcome, God King!!!" The giant threw the horn down, before kneeling on the ground, and prostrating in worship.

"Welcome, God King!!!" Countless ear-piercing roars echoed from the bottom of the forest.

Within the green forest, hoards of bloodied Cthulhuism Society followers appeared, raising both of their hands as they prostrated in the direction of the blood pillar.

Countless faint chirping noises could be heard. Suddenly, countless Cthulhu silhouettes flashed in the sky.

It was the Water God, Light God, and Thunder God.

The three of them walked towards the blood pillar and bowed with a single hand pressed against their chests.

"May the wounds of the God King heal!"

Three different voices announced in unison, and their voices sounded through the empty space clearly, echoing far and wide, not fading out in the slightest.

"Even if your King's wounds heal, we must still collect an abundance of Glittering Water, and get our hands on all of the Glittering Ponds beyond." A cold voice that was indistinguishable as male or female echoed from afar. "This water source will be a great help for our Secret Technique magic powers."

"Yes!" replied the three Cthulhus respectfully, as their Origin Cores were already within the Cthulhu King's hands, making them unable to object.

"I can already clearly feel, the fated son of destruction that will endanger myself is none other than Hannet Thunderstorm," Cthulhu King said softly. "Go, all of you together, and bring him to me. I want to hang him from the top of Steele Cathedral."

The three middle-level Cthulhus did not hesitate at all, and quickly left in various directions.

Within the large open area between Kovitan's Ultimate Protection and Ender.

White snow covered the rolling hills, and within the layers of snowy peaks was a secluded hilltop in a shaded area.

Dark grey stone ruins stood alone on one of the lower snow covered hill tops.

Most of these ruins were once dark grey stone buildings. Most of them had collapsed completely, but the most eye-catching one was a dark grey cathedral.

The sharp roof of the cathedral pierced through the sky, and the entire cathedral was shaped like a mountain. However it had more than just three sharp points, instead they seemed like sharp spears that had been piled together, and together had more than ten points, all of different heights.

The cathedral had a single dome-shaped protrusion, twenty meters tall, as wide as a football field. It was paved neatly with large black bricks, smooth, and unusually clean.

Within the dome contained the main hall, and was surrounded by twenty meter tall white stone columns that resembled human fingers. Hard and straight, the fingers supported the entire roof of the cathedral.

Cold mountain air blew past, whistling endlessly. Torches with blue fire stuck to each of the pillars and illuminated the hall in blue and white, making it bright and clear.

Inside the hall, were many people, some standing and some sitting. These people were either dressed in black, white or red robes. Within the black and white robes were many different shades, with robes of all colors. Most of the groups were led by elders, while the younger people occupied a separate section. These people in different colored robes made up at least ten different groups.

There were four groups that contained the most people.

Black, white, green and red. These four groups contained the most people, and had formed a circle, surrounding the center of the hall.

There was a large empty space in the middle of the hall where no one stood, as if for no reason.

The cold winds whistled, and only a few voices could be heard in the hall, although more than a hundred people had gathered in the cathedral, but everyone was focused on something, as if they were waiting for a specific timing.

"It's almost time." Among the people in black robes, a man who was fully covered in long robes stepped forward slowly and said softly. Although his voice was low and feeble, everyone could still hear his words clearly.

"It should be now." Within the group of people in red robes, an old man with white hair and a bushy beard narrowed his eyes and said.

"It's an old rule, so you should go first this time," the man in the black robe laughed.

The bushy-bearded old man nodded, and without holding back, stood directly in the center of the empty space.

"Now, all clans, please release your Totems!" he said loudly.

When he stopped speaking, the remaining black, white, and green color groups all took a step forward at the same time. None of them spoke while their whole bodies faintly glowed with Totem Light.

Black, white and green, the lights of all three different colors started off dim and became stronger quickly, before becoming bright, and finally blinding.

The Totem Lights of all three groups of people gathered together, transforming into three balls of light and hanging above their heads.

Among the three Totem Light balls, the black one was a ball of moving black flames. The white one was a complicated but gorgeous white flower. The green one was a large bird that had three pairs of eyes.

The three Totem Light balls flew towards the center of the hall simultaneously.

The red robed, bushy-bearded old man stretched his skinny, wrinkled arms out slowly, and raised them up high.

Tch!!

A blinding ray of light shot out of his fingertip suddenly. Within the red light, a beautiful red lotus bloomed slowly.

Black, white, green and red, these four lights fused with one another, and as if they had collapsed, all of the lights shrunk into one another.

The four rays of Totem Light immediately suppressed themselves and shrunk into a dot the size of a soybean, before hanging in the center of the hall.

The red robed old man looked at his own faction in a flustered manner, before leaving the center.

Boom!!!

Suddenly, the entire hall burst in an explosion of red light. All four lights turned into a sea of red before all of the Totem images disappeared completely.

The floors of the whole building shook violently, as if an earthquake was shaking snowy peak.

The avalanche was accompanied by an incredible amount of snow, shaking the ground violently as it crashed down the mountain.

Strangely, no one had moved from the hall. Everyone's gazes were fixated on the blooming red light in the center. No matter how much the outside shook, this light remained steadily in place, while its whirlpool-like interior continued to rotate clockwise slowly.

"The fourteenth Clash of Clans begins now," announced the red robed old man hurriedly. "The organizer for this round is the Red Lotus Society!!"

The red robed old man waved a single hand before a faint red light screen suddenly floated on top of the heads of everyone inside the hall. This listed, in more than ten different languages, each clan's previous rankings.

'First place: Obscuro Society. Second place: Red Lotus Society. Third place: Terraflor Society. Fourth place: Resonance Tower.'

"It's an old rule, but only the first four places have the right to enter the Tungus list, and obtain key and the permission to be in charge of opening the Tungus remains." said the old man loudly, while his voice echoed throughout the entire hall, allowing everyone to hear him clearly.

"Obscuro's representatives please come forward." The old man from Red Lotus Society turned his gaze towards the group of black robed people. "For this contest, which three people would you like to send as representatives?"

"Three people?" The leader of the black robes suddenly smiled faintly.

Caw!!

A pitch-black crow flew into the hall from outside, beat its wings, and landed on the black robed man's right shoulder at once.

"Go, Gelouse..." The black robed man stretched his hand out and pointed, and the black crow flew down suddenly, before its body became bigger and it grew fiercer. In the blink of an eye, it melted and transformed, before solidifying into a black robed figure wearing a hood.

"Gelouse!!"

At once, astonished voices could be heard, and the old man from the Red Lotus Society turned pale. The faces of the white robed people from Terraflor Society quickly turned serious as well.

"You're not Obscuro!" yelled the green robed leader of the Resonance Tower.

The pale corners of the black robed man's mouth curled into a smile, as he reached his hand out to remove the hood on his head.

A pale, bald man suddenly appeared in front of everyone. His skin color was of an unusual kind of paleness. It had dull silver-grey tones, without a hint of rosiness, and resembled smooth hard stone.

He had no eyebrows, no beard, and not a single strand of hair to be seen, not on his entire head.

He had faint wrinkles on his forehead, and both of his eyes were deep and bright, like the clearest blue lakes and gems.

He loosened the black robe on his body, exposing the heavy and complicated black armor underneath.

"The thousand year-long dispute between clans should end today..."

"Looks like you've truly broken through, Hellgate..."

Among the people in white robes, two of them stood out slowly, removing their hoods, exposing that themselves as a man and a woman. The man was handsome, while the woman was beautiful, and both of their foreheads were embedded with silver flower head ornaments.

"Sisley, Aud, I'm so glad that you're still alive," said Hellgate with a sincere smile.

Chapter 499: Intercept and Reward 1

The black stone pillars stood upright on the ground.

In the center of the gravelly dirt, between the stone pillars, a pitch-black stone city stood quietly. Its hundred-meters-long city walls stood at a height of ten meters, and the top of the wall was armed with archers dressed in various clothes, who were holding bows and arrows and constantly shooting downwards.

The scene below the wall was dark and messy, while groups of men in torn grey clothes held spears, axes and other weapons as they surrounded the main gate of the city walls.

Looking down from the sky, one could see more than a thousand people in the siege army, while there were only ten people barely supporting the city gates. Among the sea of tightly packed heads, blue and red light explosions would occur occasionally, and after each explosion, more than ten people would be

sent flying, creating empty spaces. But these inferior troops did not retreat, instead, they remained red-eyed, as if they had lost all reason, and charged towards the city walls mindlessly.

Occasional band noises echoed over faintly, but the siege army did not yell and remained silent while they charged, giving people an eerie vibe.

"Do not let them take the Precious Heirlooms! Or else, no one in this world will be able to stop them anymore!" said a man with a black beard in a low voice, while standing on top of the city walls.

Beside him were a few boys and girls, but none of them possessed any signs of youthful immaturity. Every one of them had resolute expressions on their faces, as they looked at the killing fields below them with no fear at all.

"News has arrived from the King of Osa," said a boy softly. "The monsters on Withdrawal Bridge have increased, so we should be careful."

When the chaos began in Osa, the only means of entry and exit, the Withdrawal Bridge, had been occupied by monsters, making it unusable, before the bridge itself was blown up and broken as well. Osa was a natural valley and cave country situated in the southernmost part of the East Continent, hence it was always somewhat disconnected from the rest of the world, and after its communication got cut off from the outside recently, it had become even more of a lone army, and lost all news of the outside world.

"Our clan has guarded the Demon Phoenix for more than two thousand years already, and I once assumed that with this talented generation of people, we would finally have a hope of ending the thousand-year-old grudge, I never expected that..." Blackbeard touched a scar on his forehead.

"If the Demon Phoenix escapes, then..."

"Tony." Among the boys and girls, a delicate and pretty girl in leather armor reached her hand out and held Blackbeard's right palm gently. 'Tony' meant 'father' in the Osa language, meaning that she was obviously this man's daughter.

"Don't say such discouraging things, Big Brother has inherited the Moon Scar, and will definitely not let the Demon Phoenix break the Seal!" The girl's brown armor hugged her figure tightly, showing the curves of her body, while her long black hair was tied in a smooth, high ponytail that flowed straight down but curved slightly, before flowing down again, giving off a heroically spirited vibe.

"That's right, uncle, we've inherited the Moon Scar, and will definitely not let the Demon Phoenix break the Seal!" said the leading boy enthusiastically, before the other boys and girls voiced their agreement as well.

"The source of the Demon Phoenix's strength is Black Gold, but that's not a big deal because once we destroy the Black Gold, we will be able to destroy the curse temporarily." Blackbeard lifted his hands slowly, before raising them up high.

"Charge!!!" "Kill them!!" They yelled loudly, before dull galloping noises could be heard, as more than a hundred horsemen charged out of the city gates. Just like a sharp knife, they began massacring crowds of people while faint yellow halos illuminated their bodies, and they held long swords that cut through their enemies precisely and killed them in one go as if they were slicing through stalks of wheat.

"Ready! If this killing continues, the Demon Cloud Puppets will suffer great losses, and will definitely not last long, so they should be moving out soon..." Blackbeard stared deeply, before turning his attention towards a further area. "Those without the Moon Scar will be unable to fight the Demon, so the rest will depend on all of you."

The crowd of boys and girls nodded solemnly. Dull hums could be heard from their bodies, and after each sound, an additional dark gold glow would appear on their bodies.

This glow resembled an aura that was constantly emitting from their bodies, before these children's figures underwent slight changes, as if they had expanded, becoming much taller and bigger than they were before.

"Leave it to us, uncle." The leading boy grabbed the two large hilts at his waist. "Let's go!"

He turned around and led the others down the city walls.

"Everyone, move back!! Retreat, retreat!!" The leader of the cavalry team roared and led his team back quickly. The Totem Users in the team released Tactic glows constantly, but strangely enough, none of them released any Totems for battle, but just drew Tactics to do battle instead. Even though some of the people in the cavalry team were injured, they still had no plans to release their Totems.

On a tall dark cliff near Black Mountain City

Three figures in purple armor stood beside the cliff quietly, looking at the mountainous city from afar.

"We cannot let the Demon Cloud Puppets suffer great losses, as these are still our Lord's nutrients." A girlish voice echoed from the girl in purple armor in front, and although her voice was curt and cold, it carried faint tones of seriousness, as if two versions of herself were speaking simultaneously.

"After a thousand years of entanglement with one another, we have finally reached the moment where we are separated into victory or defeat," said another person in purple armor, and this time, it was a low male voice. "The Demon Phoenix Peak from a thousand years ago will finally begin again, and this time, no one will be able to obstruct our Lord's majesty and power!"

"Once we kill the last of these Moon Scars, there will no longer be anything standing in the way of Our Lord conquering the world!" The last purple armored man had a shrill voice but harbored a violent air about him.

"Move out." The purple armored girl took a step forward and walked directly off the cliff, before flying downwards.

Shh!!

A pair of large purple flesh wings grew out of her back suddenly, and flapped in the air, flying towards the battlefield not far from there.

The other two people flew off the cliff as well, after a pair of wings grew out of their backs, while they followed the girl closely.

Behind the three people, on top of the black cliff, at the center of the mountain, a large Lone Eye blinked open.

The bloodied Lone Eye seemed to be made up of mountain rocks but actually consisted of countless stones, plants, and trees that had twisted together, forming the shape of a large eye. It looked towards the black mountainous city from afar.

The Lone Eye's gaze seemed to pass through empty spaces, and reached the city wall of the mountain city, looking directly at the two eyes of the delicate girl beside Blackbeard.

The girl felt dizzy before a white pale blue crescent-shaped scar silently floated up on the right side of her face.

"We meet again, young Osaka." A cold, female voice could be heard throughout the sky above the whole city.

The girl shivered, while pale blue auras were released from her body constantly, as she tried to resist the large pressure from its gaze.

"I won't let you get away so easily!!" The girl ground her teeth determinedly, while her body continued to shiver uncontrollably, but after awhile, cold sweat had soaked through her inner protective cotton armor completely.

Blackbeard was uncomfortable as well, even more so than his own daughter, as his entire body was surrounded by purple light, and his face was stiff, making it impossible for him to retaliate while he was half-kneeling on the ground.

"I can feel the air of fate..." the woman's cold voice lamented. "Everything that happened today is fate allowing me to escape, and the world will finally be changed because of me... Boom!!!"

Before she finished speaking, a light pillar consisting of translucent black chains fell from the sky, suddenly crashing into the center of the battlefield. The light pillar possessed a diameter of a few meters and resembled a large tree, and remained on the ground for more than ten seconds, with strong ripples

of power that resembled hurricanes, that sent the surrounding people flying at once, like dusty ants that had been blown away by fierce winds.

Endless humming noises interrupted and masked the Lone Eye's voice, making it impossible to hear the rest of her speech.

"God Cloud, you can't escape anymore," said a man's voice from high above in the sky.

The chain light pillar dispersed slowly, before a ray of white light shot out suddenly, towards the direction of the Lone Eye in the black mountain wall.

"No!! That's the Demon Phoenix Seal's land!!" The father and daughter looked downwards, before their pupils widened suddenly, while the three people in purple armor who were going up against the Moon Scar youths earlier, opened their mouths in shock as well.

"That's the way! That's the way! Hahaha! I'm finally going to break the seal!! A thousand years! A thousand years of..." An insanely ecstatic expression appeared on the Lone Eye's face suddenly, as its unsuppressible noises of joy echoed throughout the entire sky.

Tch!

Throughout the sky, black clouds gathered, forming a tall man in a black robe. His golden hair flew in the wind, and a proud expression beamed in his eyes contemptuously, like a cat that had caught a mouse.

He raised a single hand up high, before pressing it down suddenly.

Countless black clouds gathered, and formed a large black hand instantly, before violently clawing at the white light that God Cloud had created.

"This is fate! You cannot obstruct fate!!" The Demon Phoenix's voice grew more high-pitched.

"Deep Demon Arm!!" God Cloud's voice echoed throughout the white light suddenly.

Instantly, everyone felt the black light flash, before their eyesight became blurry, and within the white light, a sharp, pitch-black hand stretched outwards slowly. It moved directly towards the large black cloud hand that came swinging at it.

Boom!!

A large mushroom-like black cloud exploded suddenly, and the white light was refracted into shards by the explosion, before crashing into the Lone Eye in the mountain wall.

"Die!!" The voice of the black-clothed man echoed throughout the sky suddenly.

The crowd of people on the battlefield merely heard the crackling of electricity.

A black lightning bolt shot towards the ground violently.

"Oh, ~~~ Oh~~~ It's coming! It's coming!! Coming..." After that, only the noise of crashing thunder could be heard.

"Hahaha!!! I have finally come out... Ah!!" Before the Demon Phoenix finished speaking, a painful cry could be heard, stopping it instantly.

At this moment, the Moon Scar youths, Black City cavalry Totem Users that were fighting, and the three purple armored, winged people, all looked at each other, as their minds had become dull as if everything had become a sticky mess.

"The grudge between you and me finally ends today!!" The black-clothed man's voice echoed from afar.

"Black Swamp Palace Master! Don't force us to go overboard!!" echoed another girl's voice angrily.

"Hehe!!"

The three purple armored people stopped in mid-air while looking at the land of the Seal from afar, where the Lone Eye was positioned.

Two separate rays of black and white light intertwined and fought there constantly, while ripples of power that almost seemed physical permeated around, and everything that came in contact with the ripples melted and decomposed, turning into puddles of black goo.

Chapter 500: Intercept and Reward 2

At this moment, bright red and gold light flew around and filled the sky, and half of the sky was dyed in gold and red hues.

Countless rays of red and gold light twisted and weaved themselves around in the sky, before solidifying into a tall silver-faced man in a long red robe. Without saying a word, he raised his hand and pointed downwards.

Red thunderbolts appeared in the sky instantly, solidifying into a thunder pillar, before crashing down suddenly.

"Cthulhu King!!" An angry, violent voice echoed from the black and white intertwined lights.

A black figure flashed, evading the thunder pillar, before moving ten meters backward and suspending itself mid-air.

Garen's incomparably furious face appeared within everyone's vision clearly.

He took a deep breath, raising his chest up high before black cloud whirlpools with diameters of over ten meters gathered behind him quickly. The shadow of a black and red colored Nine-Headed Hydra floated out behind him slowly, and the gigantic ten-meter tall shadow made it seem like a demon.

Roar!!!

Garen raised his head suddenly, and the Nine-Headed Hydra raised its nine heads towards the sky and roared angrily at the same time.

The Black Water True Technique fueled the Hydra's powerful roar, and this was the first time Garen used all of his power to release the Hydra's roar since he entered Form 5.

A circle of black ripples surrounded him while he remained in the center before it spread towards its surroundings rapidly. The ripples resembled the sharpest razors that sliced through the cliff instantly, before more than a hundred meters of the top half of the cliff slid down suddenly. Instantly, a large round pit appeared in a section of the ground that was cleared up, and the black stone pillars inside quickly broke off into tiny pieces of sand and dust.

The ripples collided into God Cloud and Aixi, and as both of them could not react in time, they could only groan in pain as they were sent flying backward before they crashed into the ground and were embedded in an unknown depth.

The man clad in a bloody robe in the sky remained indifferent.

"Idiotic struggle," he waved his hand and pointed again.

A red pillar of red light gathered in the sky, before crashing down suddenly.

Boom!!

The red light pillar collided with the black ripples, stiffening for a moment, before piercing through the ripples suddenly, and crashing into Garen's body violently.

Before he could even groan, Garen crashed into the ground at once, and with himself as the center, a gigantic, hundred meters wide stone pit formed once again, as dust and rubble flew upwards, forming a grey cloud. The stormy winds blew, causing the dust to be blown everywhere, while the sky became grey and blurry.

Roar!!!

After the Hydra roared, Garen turned into a ray of black light again, and shot off the ground, before flying into the sky towards Cthulhu King.

"God's Sacrifice!" Cthulhu King turned around, and evaded a collision with the black light perfectly, while at the same time, a red semi-circular light flashed across one side of his body, coincidentally blocking Garen's black light.

Bang! Crash!!

Garen's entire body was blown up into countless clouds of bloody mist, and once it solidified, it crashed towards the ground due to the powerful rebound strength.

But a faint look of surprise appeared on Cthulhu King's face suddenly.

He stretched out a finger, gently stroking the right side of his face, where a bloody red scar had formed there faintly.

"Ahhh!!!" Garen's incomparably furious howls echoed from below.

Inside the deep pit, Garen lay face up, while countless red lightning bolts flooded his surroundings, like countless ropes that tied him down tightly.

"I let you go the last time, thinking that you would learn your lesson, but I never expected that you would be such a brainless idiot," said Cthulhu King while he looked down at him contemptuously.

He waved a single hand, before another ray of red light fell from the sky, and crashed violently into the pit where Garen lay.

Boom!!

The red light was blinding, and he could not see anything clearly for a moment, except that the deep pit in the ground had expanded, becoming much deeper.

Dust flew about, impairing his line of vision.

God Cloud and Aixi flew out of the pit and landed on the ground gently, although their faces were as white as paper, without the slightest hint of rosiness.

After being pursued by Garen for more than ten thousand kilometers, and after running through an unknown number of countries and territories, they had become exhausted long ago. It was fortunate that Cthulhuism Society and Obscuro Society were allies. When they required assistance during dire times, their lives would be secured.

"Has it ended?" Aixi supported God Cloud and looked on while Cthulhu King floated down slowly.

"Luke, I owe you one," nodded God Cloud while he looked at Cthulhu King with a bitter smile.

Cthulhu King nodded and began to speak before his expression changed suddenly.

Faintly, from the deep pit where Garen lay, shrouds of pitch-black smoke wafted out slowly and spread out towards its surroundings like a living creature.

Within the smoke, poisonous mist soon turned into little black snakes that slithered around, making soft hissing noises.

Cthulhu King's expression became serious. Unlike the heavily injured God Cloud and Aixi, if the previous strength was too insignificant to threaten him, these current ripples of power, were enough to kill him.

Suddenly, a ray of black light shot out of the deep pit, soared through the sky, before falling down slowly, and unlike the previous chaotic manner, the current black light was calm and unhurried, and naturally steady.

Plop!

Two feet landed on the ground inside the deep pit.

Garen's figure appeared in front of the three people once again.

Unlike his previous hot-tempered manner, his current expression was gentle, and black mist circled his body, quickly solidifying into a simple long black robe on his body.

"I need to thank Cthulhu King for helping me digest the ancient Nine-Headed Hydra's will. I never thought that being in a state of separation would be so difficult to solve," said Garen with a smile on his face.

Suddenly, the three other people saw another expression morphing on his face, and this new face was filled with anger, dissatisfaction, and was howling. But this was merely a translucent state, that was layered on top of Garen's own face.

Instantly, the angry face and the smiling face seemed to be substituting constantly, giving off a strange vibe.

Cthulhu King's eyes narrowed, and a red light flashed across his hands that hung downwards before a pair of red metal gloves appeared there.

"Interesting..." He smiled faintly, and instantly, both of his hands appeared in front of his chest, before turning into fists and striking the area in front of him.

Bang!!

Garen appeared in front of him suddenly, and both of their four limbs were used to exchange blows before exploding a circular area with a dull hum. All this was done without any Totem Light splashes, revealing their extremely terrifying power and control.

Garen's fist was deflected, and his arm twisted before his elbow was illuminated with black light as he threw it forward furiously, striking Cthulhu King's left cheek directly.

The palm of his other hand was straightened into a knife-like shape, before he disappeared from his original position, and struck the back of Cthulhu King's head out of thin air.

Clap!

His elbow was deflected and was struck by a ray of red light that had shot out suddenly.

The first that struck the back of Cthulhu King's head was deflected by a red semicircle instantly which shattered into pieces. Cthulhu King's expression remained unchanged while he opened his mouth and aimed it directly at Garen, as red light glowed out of his mouth. However, a ray of black light struck his cheek lightly again before he fell out of the sky; Garen had gained the upper hand.

Both of them were entangled beside the deep pit and fought there, and their limbs could not be seen from their figures, as the only things that could be seen were black and red lights that were intertwining and colliding with one another.

With a 'bang', Cthulhu King stepped back suddenly, and stood at a distance of more than a hundred meters away, while his face flushed red, and under the immense pressure, gold-red blood started flowing out of his right ear involuntarily.

But Garen on the opposite side was slightly worse off, as one arm hung from his body limply, as the result of heavy injuries from two losses.

However, both of them were characters that possessed powerful Recovery abilities, and after standing still for a while, their wounds had almost recovered completely, and they were back to charging at each other.

The banging noises that resulted from the collisions could be heard constantly and compared to earlier, the current battle was not as elegant as before, but the thick Totem Powers that could be seen from their bodies were still strangely powerful.

Garen could constantly use the Nine-Life Talent together with his Potential Points to repair his body, while Cthulhu King also had similar measures, showing that the Cthulhus undying and indestructible characteristics were apparent here. All wounds would be completely healed within a few breaths.

The people on top of the city wall had turned numb completely. Blackbeard stood in front of his daughter and shielded her after all of their army forces had been withdrawn.

A group of people had gathered beside him, and all of them were the major and minor heads and representatives of the city. Currently, they were all looking on with wide eyes and opened mouths at the disastrous and terrifying battle happening outside.

"What about the Demon Phoenix..." asked someone, as this monster that the household had guarded for a thousand years was obviously where everyone's greatest concerns lied.

"Over there!!" Someone had noticed its tracks and was pointing towards a faraway distance.

The crowd looked over at that direction, but could only see a figure that was fully dressed in black clothes that were leading three tiptoeing purple-armored people towards a faraway place.

The crowd was suddenly speechless.

They once thought that the terrifying thing in Osa was the Demon Phoenix, and that it was the greatest strength in the world, and that once they released her, misery would befall their lives, and the world would fall into chaos.

They never expected...

This gap was indeed a little too wide.

"City Master... What do we do now?" a newly recruited soldier asked Blackbeard softly.

"We..." Blackbeard opened and closed his mouth, but even from his vision, he could clearly see that the Demon Phoenix's face was currently astonished, and was worried that some of the fighters would notice her expression.

A Demon Phoenix like this... He truly did not know what to say now.

"Perhaps... Perhaps we were cut off from the world for too long..." he smiled bitterly.

"Without a mission, what else can we do?" He was slightly confused, but he was not the only one, as the faces of everyone here were also filled with confused looks.

The Demon Cloud Puppets outside had been injured and killed long ago because of the aftermath of the fighting, and most of them could not even survive the aftermath, and this was an incredible feat. Not only the Puppets, but the three purple armored leaders suffered a similar fate as well, as one of them had been flung aside by the red light pillar, losing half of their body at once, while the other had been struck on the face by a flying rock, and was now crying...

If it wasn't for their strong Life Forces, they would have probably been destroyed completely after the fight.

At this point, no one cared about the mission or the Demon Phoenix anymore. In the eyes of the group of people, the Demon Phoenix was merely a child that had passed by, a mere feeble thing.

Blackbeard's mind was a chaotic mess, and at this moment, the two faraway people had separated again.

The black and red figures flew around, and the black figure leaped a few times, flashing past the tops of the heads of the four Demon Phoenixes, and the four Demon Phoenixes cried out in pain before they were caught by the black mist.

The two people were in terribly bad states, as the head and bodies of the one in red clothes had been separated, before he used both of his hands to press his head back in place again, allowing the large amounts of flesh at his neck to connect back. It looked incomparably normal.

Meanwhile, the man in black had a large hole with a diameter of half a meter in the center of his chest, exposing all of his internal organs clearly, but he continued to move like normal as if it did not affect him at all.

"How is he still living..?" yelled some people with uncontrollably shocked looks on their faces.

"They've stolen the Demon Phoenix!!" Blackbeard's daughter yelled. "Tony, what should we do? The Demon Phoenix has been stolen, we..."

The group of people looked at each other in despair, completely devoid of any goals. They had painstakingly guarded this enemy for many years, only to have it stolen helplessly by someone, and from the looks of it, it seemed as easy as stealing a few chicks. This was unbearable for the hidden school that had guarded it for a thousand years...