

Mystical 501

Chapter 501: Root 1

Blackbeard's mind was a mess. However, after seeing everyone's gaze fixated on him, he tried hard to clear his mind and clarify a few key points.

"Without Demon Phoenix, there is no point for us to be on guard here. Looks like we have to think of a way to escape to the outside world....How long has it been since we were in touch with the outside world?"

"I always thought that we were protecting the world from the ferocious Demon Phoenix. We were fighting for true peace. I never thought...We have indeed overestimated ourselves." Blackbeard sighed.

"Uncle." The young leader with a crescent mark suddenly voiced out. He lowered his head and spoke with a low voice. However, there was a sense of immovable determination to it. "We have to go and see the outside world."

The people around were quiet for a moment, then immediately started talking.

"How about the withdrawn bridge? That's the only exit."

"No one can leave Osa without breaking through the Six-Horned Bull."

"How did those people enter? We must be able to exit that way!"

"They are so strong, we..." "Maybe the Six-Horned Bull has already been handled by them?"

"Let's go have a look!" "Yes, have a look, in case..." "Let's go have a look!"

Within a while, arguments due to different opinions became a united voice, to go and have a look. At that moment, everyone's gaze fixated on two people, the young man with a crescent mark and Blackbeard. These were the two men with authority in the small village.

"Our responsibility is to guard the Demon Phoenix to prevent it from creating trouble. Since the Demon Phoenix has been kidnapped, we have to find out what is that person's true purpose." Blackbeard thought for a moment. Finally, he managed to find a reason to appease himself.

Since all of them were soldiers, they could leave anytime.

"After all it is our thousand-year duty," Blackbeard said surely. "Let's go to look for the black-robed man! Let's find the Demon Phoenix, and also...also see the world!"

"Tony...According to what I heard just now, the people fighting called the black-robed man Lord of Black Swamp Palace. There was also Cthulhu King. They were speaking in a strange Ender language." Blackbeard's daughter who had the most talent in linguistics spoke. She was the legendary sage Osaka's reincarnation after a thousand years. Osaka had been the great sage that had sealed the Demon Phoenix. Her position among the crowd was very special.

"A person as strong of this is definitely not an unknown figure. As long as we find a civilization, we definitely would be able to find out." Blackbeard nodded. He looked at the devastated battlefield below. Without the power of the Demon Phoenix, those puppets fell to the ground, each returning to the state of a corpse.

"Let's leave the city!" He shouted at last.

Ten days later...

He took a deep breath.

Garen sat crossed-legged on the floor, healing his body. From time to time, he would spit out blood. He was severely injured.

It was a black barren plain. The surroundings were quiet. Some distance away, a few white wolves were being corroded by black acid into corpses.

The Demon Phoenix and three others were being cautious on the side. They were watching Garen closing his eyes, meditating. The four of them exchanged gazes and quietly walked away. A faint purple light surrounded the four people, completely blocking off the noise from their footsteps.

From their point of view, there was a large, round hole on his chest. His body was almost split into two. With injuries like that, it would be considered extremely severe even for themselves, what more for a human. The man before them was definitely drained, without much energy remaining.

However, thinking of the terrifying wave and aftermath in the battle just now, four of them shuddered. Their first thoughts weren't to fight back, but a strong intent to escape.

As they took slow steps, minutes and seconds passed by.

Garen's aura stabilized. His eyes didn't seem to open, as if he had fallen asleep.

As they finally retreated towards behind a stone pillar, Demon Phoenix and the rest heaved sighs of relief.

"Where are you all heading to?"

Suddenly, a calm male voice came from behind.

The four of them were shocked. Their bodies became numb and stood still. Only then did they notice that black gas was slowly coming from the ground beneath their feet. The black gas gathered into small snake-like shapes. Their glowing black eyes stared at the four of them coldly.

"Stay here and don't run around." Garen opened his eyes to look at the remaining potential points on his attribute pane. There were only ten plus points left, totally insufficient. In the battle with the Cthulhu King, he'd recklessly used his points during the battle. Hundreds of points that he had accumulated had been drained to maintain the full nine lives of his nine-life talent. Because of that, he'd used up too many potential points. Twenty potential points could be used to replenish a life. Normally, it wouldn't seem like much, but at this point where he was only left with ten points...

Garen spat out some air. The taste of blood was incredibly strong. His ears moved slightly. As he stood up, black gas suddenly appeared beneath his feet. With a swoosh, he disappeared into a ray of black light, which shot out into the distance.

Demon Phoenix and the rest heaved sighs of relief.

"My Lord, what should we do now?" The purple-armored girl, who was quietly beside Demon Phoenix asked.

"Do not panic...We do not know why he captured us. But since he didn't kill us after capturing us, he must have his reason. Let's not panic." The helmet on the Demon Phoenix's head had been corroded into black water after being surrounded by the black gas. It revealed a pretty girl's face beneath.

The girl had a healthy tan. She had a blue eye and a purple eye, while her two ears were a little pointy. She didn't look like a human. Her purple-black long hair was like feathers, and she was faintly releasing a strong strange aura.

"Never thought that I, Demon Phoenix, whom no one could restrict for thousands of years. But now, surprisingly..." Demon Phoenix stood up in negativity. She looked towards the sky with deep, complex emotions.

Bang!

It was the sound of a heavy object falling to the ground.

"Why you are you standing over there foolishly! Come over and prepare a meal!"

Garen's voice came from a close distance.

"Oh..." Demon Phoenix looked stunned. She hurried over to drag the ten-meter long corpse of a giant yellow bear on the ground. The three others also rushed over to help her.

For the past few days, Garen had been going to hunt and bringing back raw materials for Demon Phoenix and the rest to process, making all kinds of dishes. Garen never thought that the dishes that they made were actually decent. Hence, he would rather pass on this task fully to them.

However, today seemed different.

As they were processing the giant bear's corpse, a black ray of light landed not far away from them, forming Garen's figure. The difference this time was, there were a large group of more than ten yellow bears following him behind.

This bear species had a white horn on its chest. The horn faced the sky and could increase gravitational force by three times. These ten plus giant Gravity Bears were obviously chased here by Garen.

They gathered together and didn't dare to move at all. Numerous small black snakes suspended in the air around them. These snakes were formed purely by black gas. It was a huge oppression by a peak fifth form. Even Demon Phoenix and the rest also felt the air and didn't dare to go close, what more these Gravity Bears..

Very quickly, a purple bonfire came to life again. With one hand, Demon Phoenix was controlling the Demon Cloud Power, which emitted the purple flames. On her other hand, she was grabbing the hind leg of a giant bear, while the other purple-armored girl was carrying the bear's head.

The two of them set up the whole bear and barbequed it over the fire. The skinless bear turned red. As its blood continuously dripped, it quickly produced crackling sounds in the purple fire below. There was also a faint smell of meat flavor.

From time to time, purple-black smoke rushed into their faces, causing their faces to be smoked and blackened.

After finishing their barbeque of the giant bear, the two of them were covered in smoke, ruining their images.

The other two males had been responsible for skinning, draining the blood, removing the internal organs and other dirty tasks.

For the five of them, Demon Phoenix, her three companions, and Garen, who once again closed his eyes to rest on one side, this was their small, temporary campsite.

The four of them were busy with their own tasks. All of them were now Garen's captives. The original difference of statuses was also gone. Whether it was Demon Phoenix or her three underlings, they cooperated to cook up a meal. None of them considered any other things.

After the meat was done, the seasoning was passed on to the purple-armored female chef. Demon Phoenix went around to find edible vegetables and plants.

According to Garen, it wasn't appropriate to only eat meat. It has to be paired with some vegetables to be healthy. After a few deep thoughts and physical lessons, Demon Phoenix would naturally go around to find vegetables with decent texture. After all, no one would love to be severely beaten fifteen times in an hour...

She couldn't wander too far to obtain the vegetables. Fortunately, Garen had a good appetite. His strong body allowed him to only care about the taste and texture. He didn't have to consider whether it was poisonous or not.

Demon Phoenix walked for hundreds of meters. She had previously thought to escape. But unfortunately, the few small black snakes around her body made her dismiss the idea.

With the power of a fifth form, finding plants was extremely easy. Regardless of whether they were on the ground or underground, they couldn't escape Demon Phoenix's discerning eyes.

When she returned, the bear meat was already seasoned. Fresh green vegetables with golden-yellow bear meat, it looked appetizing indeed.

Under the salivating gaze of the rest of them, Garen was gobbling down the bear meat in big bites. The rich aroma was all around the area. But they didn't dare to move. They were only qualified to eat after Garen had finished eating.

Very quickly, after half an hour or so, Garen threw away the femur in his hand. The purple-armored female hurriedly served a napkin that was just cleaned. After wiping his mouth, Garen nodded in satisfaction.

"Look after these small things. I'm heading out first." He ordered.

"Yes." Demon Phoenix and the rest answered quickly.

"Alright." Garen stood up. He had almost fully recovered from the injuries on his body. With a bang, he exploded, becoming a black cloud that shot towards the distance.

Very quickly, a thunderous bang came from afar. A black giant stone pillar slowly broke down and collapsed. Roaring sounds could faintly be heard.

"Needless to say, they are fighting again." Demon Phoenix and the rest looked into the distance. They could only see the black cloud and red light interweaving in the dusty sky. They couldn't see anything else.

The terrifying tremor could be heard even from tens of kilometres away.

When they'd arrived on these plains, it had been a flourishing land.

Various strong creatures could be found everywhere fighting for territories. Desolate beast cries could be heard every evening. However, since those two people arrived, the whole plains had become silent.....

Chapter 502: Root 2

Within the remains of a black cathedral on a snowy peak

Disciples from various associations had gathered together. There were hundreds of them, donning robes of different colors. All of them were the strongest elites in the East Continent's associations.

At that instant, everyone could feel that the atmosphere was heavy like never before.

In the center region of the crowd, there were four camps of different colors.

Black. White. Green. Red. The four robe colors represented the four strongest associations in the East Continent. It wasn't just their power that was the strongest. It was also their research abilities, potential, knowledge, and others. It was a comprehensive comparison.

There was a circle of black, stone, high-back seats in the middle of the crowd. On top, all of them were inlaid with fine, purple gemstones. The gemstones were like eyes.

The masters of the various associations stood in a circle with a red ball at the center. Their gaze landed in the middle of the hall, which was the empty area below the red ball.

The giant red ball was suspended in the air like a fireball. It was hung high above, illuminating the area beneath in red. Two figures stood confronting each other. One was an old man while the other was a middle-aged man.

The old man's right hand was shaking slightly. The swordfish totem suspended behind was slowly breaking down, releasing countless black dots.

"East Britain Lord. Please." The opposing middle-aged man was panting. He was resisting the intense pain in his abdomen as he muttered.

"The fourth battle match, Green Island Society wins!" The announcer on one side said loudly.

The old man shrugged, turned around and walked down. He returned to his seat in the midst of the blue-robed crowd.

"Fifth match! Green Island Society versus St. Lange School!"

The master of St. Lange School leaped into the sky. Light blue colored bird shadows appeared below his feet. Leveraging on them, he lightly landed in the middle of the arena.

"In this clash to unite all, only the Obscuro Society's master is someone worthy for me to follow! Out of all the East Continent associations, only the Obscuro Society's master can achieve true greatness."

"The Clash of Clans has been happening for a thousand years. No one can disrupt a thousand-year tradition." The master of the Green Island Society said in a low voice.

"Talk less nonsense. Let's begin!" The other party didn't want to say much. As he grabbed with his right palm, large amounts of light blue bird shadows appeared in the air around him. A wave-like black dagger appeared on his right hand, which he quietly thrust towards the direction of his opponent.

The Green Island Society master stomped his feet. His arms suddenly became two green, giant bird wings. He then leaped towards his opponents.

Hellgate was smiling in his seat, while the Sisley couple on the opposite looked solemn. Together with their supporters behind them, these two parties were two clearly distinct sides.

Hellgate's intent was obvious. He wanted to completely unite all the associations, ending the competition in the East Continent. No one wanted their inheritance to be cut off. No association could tolerate giving up their independence and becoming a pawn of the Obscuro Society.

Battle after battle, numerous masters came and left. Among them, there were also new geniuses and elites that appeared. However, it made people more and more disheartened. Winners from the Obscuro's camp grew more and more. Now, other than the Terraflor Society, the Green Island Society was the next strongest one. If they lost....

Everyone's faces grew grim.

Complex, true, fourth form elites or even the unique totems of fifth form masters flashed passed Hellgate's eyes. They were like the windows to the world, but they left no impression.

Before people knew it, the final four seeding battles had finally arrived.

At that point, Hellgate stood up with a smile.

Likewise, the opposing Sisley couple also stood up slowly. They smiled at each other, then held hands as they walked into the arena.

"Hellgate...Master." Sisley held her husband's hand tightly. In her heart, there was peace and serenity like never before. "The Terraflor Society challenges the Obscuro Society, in a battle to the death."

Hellgate walked into the arena to face the two people. Even he himself had a sense of admiration in his eyes.

"The grudges two hundred years should come to a complete end today."

There was an uproar in the crowd. No one thought that the Terraflor Society masters would challenge the Obscuro Society to a battle to the death.

Hellgate let out a smile. Beneath his pitch black armor, was a mountain-like body. The pressure from him almost caused the people around to be out of breath.

Pat.

He suddenly took the first step.

Buzzzz.....A low tremor spread out.

Beneath his feet, the ground slowly cracked. It was like a scar on the ground. Black lava silently gushed out. The lava emitted large amounts of white gas, passing by countless distraught faces.

The hall started to shake. The sky instantly changed as countless black clouds gathered. The whole sky instantly darkened.

Ming~~~

As they were standing in the hall, a ferocious wind was blowing from the outside. The blue torch on the stone pillar kept shaking, almost extinguishing.

"Hellgate, you really want to do this?" The master of the Red Lotus Society got up and slowly stood on the side of the Sisley couple.

Crack.

As lightning flashed across, the faces of the crowd instantly turned pale. A heavy, shapeless pressure completely surrounded the people. Everyone could only hear the heartbeat and breathing.

"Let's begin. This meaningless game should come to an end." The wrinkles on Hellgate's forehead deepened. He slowly opened his arms, as if he was about to hug something. Suddenly there was a tremor.

Bang!!

All the pillars in the cathedral instantly exploded and broke down. The people around were instantly overwhelmed by the ferocious force. At the same time, various associations formed light spheres of different sizes. However, they were all broken and cracked in the blink of an eye. Before the numerous totems that were just summoned could let out cries, they were already completely annihilated. The crowd was overwhelmed as if they were pressured by an unknown force to bow.

"Sisley, you can also see the door?" Surprisingly, that particular set of words came into Hellgate's mind.

"The gate in the sky....It's the door that leads the dead into the heavenly kingdom."

In a trance, everything seemed to overlap with her childhood.

Sisley tugged at her own hand, running on the shore. The evening sun revealing two shadows.

"You have gone crazy...." There was suddenly a long white-silver sword in Sisley's hand. The tip of the sword was surrounded by a circle of glittering diamond light.

"Return to my side," Hellgate whispered. "Don't you see it? The door is opening."

Her memory kept on overlapping with reality. She couldn't differentiate who was real and who was just an illusion.

"Everything is caused by you. The appearance of the black hole, the mutation of the earth." Sisley held her husband's hand tightly. Both of them held the long white-silver sword together.

"The cause of chaos!" The master of the Red Lotus Society looked solemn. There was rage simmering in his eyes. Two red flames slowly lit up on his shoulders and a flaming-red, lotus-like crown appeared on the air above his head. "The world fell into chaos because of you people pursuing the gates of heaven!!"

Hellgate looked as if he did not understand.

"I am not crazy....I just want to open that door, to see what is inside..."

On the Black Plains

Garen's fights with the Cthulhu King had become more and more frequent.

Initially, it had been once every few days. Very quickly, the tempo had sped up to once a day. Now after a month, it has become three times in one day.

Whoosh!!

A black giant living elephant was thrown through the air into the mouth of a black giant dragon.

The dragon mouth was formed of black smoke. There was not even a bubble after the ten-meter long black elephant was thrown into it. With a grunt, the black dragon instantly swallowed it.

Sitting crossed-legged beneath, Garen's lower body was completely gone. Visible to the naked eye, a new body was quickly forming.

Originally, Demon Phoenix and the rest had to barbecue and season the meat for Garen to eat. Now they didn't even have enough time. He ate the meat raw, without even barbecuing. They were even chasing a group of black giant elephants as livestock. These mutated beings were shivering at one side.

After swallowing more than 10 black giant elephants, the pitch blackness in Garen's eyes slowly subsided. His injuries were also completely healed.

Without saying a word, he stood up, becoming a black light again, shooting into the distance.

After a moment, the red lightning and black air interweaved in the sky in the distance. Needless to guess, both of them were fighting again.

The chaos lasted for more than an hour before it quietened down.

Garen's arms were completely gone. He flew back from afar. As he landed, he immediately grabbed a few elephants. The black gas became a large mouth, which swallowed an elephant in one gulp.

Moo!!

The elephant let out pitiful cries, but there was absolutely no way to struggle or escape.

As his injuries slowly improved, Garen's two hands also grew back.

At this stage, totem light was already completely fused into the body. There was no longer the saying where breaking through totem light would be equal to severe totem damage. As his body's strength increased at an insane speed, the lethality of his kicks and punches also dramatically increased. After the fusion process, the power in his body could absolutely oppress any lower level totem power.

With the Nine-Headed Hydra's terrifying regenerative abilities, plus the accumulation of potential points by hunting non-stop in this period of time, it allowed him to barely maintain this state of balance.

Through the daily battles with the Cthulhu King, both parties were already familiar with the other party's techniques.

The Cthulhu King was trained in a demonic martial art called the Sun-Sealing Demonic Wheel. It is rumored to be able to draw energy from the sun to battle. However, it has to continuously suck and gather the "yin" essence of others, to balance the incredibly "yang" energy of the sun.

The terrifying part of this martial art was its incomparable lethality and explosiveness. In an instant, it could unleash its greatest power without any indication.

Garen has heard of information about this demonic art in the Kovitan's Library. But he never thought that the Cthulhu King was trained in this martial art.

His lethality and explosiveness were far from the Cthulhu King. Although the Black Water True Technique allowed humans to enter into a supernatural realm, in terms of growth of strength, it was not even close to the Sun-Sealing Demonic Wheel.

Fortunately, Garen could rely on his nine life talent plus the usage of potential points to fight a lose-lose battle. With that, he managed to maintain the state of a draw.

Of course, Garen's purpose wasn't just to understand the other party's martial art.

Puff!

The Cthulhu King sat on the ground. His face as pale as paper. One of his thighs was completely gone. This was the result of carelessly allowing Garen to get near. Now although he only could cross one leg as he sat, he was able to barely stabilize.

God Cloud and Aixi were already gone. He was the only one on the black plains. All the communication devices had been destroyed in the battle. There was nothing remaining.

Even his clothes were imitations created by totem power.

In over a month, his opponent grew from an easy one into a difficult one. Right now, if the Cthulhu King wasn't careful, he could be severely injured by his opponent.

The opponents speed of growth was incredibly fast. Even after living hundreds of years, he had never seen such a terrifying talent for martial arts. It was impossible for even the last Cthulhu King to have such terrifying and obvious growth.

But this wasn't the most worrisome thing for the Cthulhu King. It was the fact that the other party has been slowly understanding the paths and principles of his Sun-Sealing Demonic Wheel.

The Sun-Sealing Demonic Wheel was a terrifying demonic martial art invented by the last Cthulhu King before his death. Its complexity far surpassed a normal martial art by at least ten times.

But even so, that Garen already showed signs of understanding parts of the Sun-Sealing Demonic Wheel.

This caused the easy-going Cthulhu King to panic.

Initially, he didn't want to get entangled in this and planned to return directly to the Cthulhuism Society's headquarters. However, he had changed his mind. He wanted to make Garen stay, then think of a way to completely destroy this menace.

With such terrifying growth, if he was given more time....

If he directly returned to the Cthulhuism Society's headquarters, or he killed himself and allowed the Origin to revive in the headquarters, he would escape this entanglement. The other party wouldn't foolishly pursue him to the headquarters. It would be difficult to find a chance to destroy the opponent.

He had to think of a way...

Chapter 503: Chase 1

After a few days..

On the black plains, behind a black, giant, stone pillar.

"I'll fight with you!!"

Demon Phoenix shouted and leaped over. Suddenly, a fierce, strange, purple halo lit up. Numerous purple, one-eyed shadows slowly lit up behind her.

Chiiii!!

Before the shadows could completely materialize, they were punctured by a cloud of black air, like a balloon being poked.

Demon Phoenix who leaped over was grabbed by the face by Garen. She was tossed onto the ground with a bang. A few meters long pit directly opened up on the ground, swallowing the two people. Lots of smoke rose up, forming grey clouds instantly. The situation within couldn't be seen clearly.

"Your body structure is interesting. I won't eat you for the moment. Don't worry." Garen retrieved his hand and coughed. Blood flowed out from the corner of his mouth. He continued to close his eyes and rest.

Nowadays he didn't even skin the creatures. He ate them whole. Every day, he needed to eat more than ten gigantic creatures like the black elephants, as nutrients for the Nine-Headed Hydra to regenerate limbs.

Demon Phoenix and the rest got more and more scared. They could roughly guess the reasons Garen brought them along. On one hand, maybe he needed someone to serve him. On the other hand, most likely they were there as backup rations for him.

After being in emotional turmoil for a few days, finally, her hopelessness caused her to muster up the courage.

Under the plans of her three subordinates, Demon Phoenix finally found an opportunity. Garen came back today severely injured as usual. The left side of his body was completely gone. Demon Phoenix took advantage of this opportunity for a sudden attack. And then, she was still unexpectedly suppressed...

Naturally, the decision for Garen to capture Demon Phoenix wasn't a casual one.

In the midst of the battle between the Nine-Headed Hydra's will and the Cthulhu King, he used the aura of the Black Water True Technique to sense the area. He unexpectedly noticed the presence of several unique lives. One of the unique ones was the Demon Phoenix.

After careful investigation, the blood in the Demon Phoenix's body contained an ancient aura similar to the ancient Nine-Headed Hydra's will. This surprised him. Since it wasn't much of a burden, he caught the four of them as he left.

As expected, Demon Phoenix was a creature with a long lifespan. This was definitely a good news to him.

Although luminarists had different methods to lengthen their lives, according to the royal records, the longest lifespan of the strongest totem user was about 400 years. Although different methods were

used, one of the most effective methods was converting life force into totems. This was the method that the Cthulhus of the Cthulhuism Society used to become Cthulhus. However, even the Cthulhu totems had a limit to their lifespan.

It was the number 400.

This was the limit of one's lifespan.

After Garen felt Demon Phoenix's ancient aura, he immediately captured the four of them for research on the secrets of longevity.

After a moment of silence, Demon Phoenix crawled to her feet. The courage that she had had completely disappeared. She and her three subordinates squatted at one side, feeling discouraged. They began sewing simple clothes for Garen using animal skins, bones plus some long feathered birds that they caught recently. To make simple disposal clothes weren't difficult.

Demon Phoenix had been enduring for more than a thousand years. No one was stronger than her in carrying a burden. It was the same when she met Sage Osaka previously. Once she couldn't defeat him, she instantly repented. Since she had a long lifespan, as long she lived longer than others, time would help her defeat her strongest enemy. She never thought that before his death, Osaka would seal her for thousands of years.

But that was before. Previously, she wasn't good with her mind. After thousands of years of hard work, her mind was much more active than before.

Demon Phoenix's eyes were glowing. She was thinking how to escape that monster's claws. The man was as strong as Osaka during the old days. But no matter how strong someone is, they would still have weaknesses.

"My Lord! I have an idea!" The purple-armored girl whispered.

"What's your plan? Say." Demon Phoenix quietly walked towards her.

"As long as we obediently listen to the man, he might not eat us. After a few hundred years, after he dies of old age, we can regain our freedom. As long as we perform better this time and don't get sealed, the Osaka incident won't repeat!" The purple-armored girl said with certainty.

"Good idea!" Demon Phoenix knocked her fists. Although not using her brain for thousands of years made it slow, but she didn't think so.

"We shall compete with him to see who lives longer!" The two others gathered around as well. "All elites also need subordinates. As long as we are obedient, we definitely wouldn't be in danger!"

From the other side, Garen opened his eyes and glanced at the four of them. Without uttering a word, he closed them again.

Removing the aura of ancient elites, the four of them were lunatics. Most likely they used to rely on brute force to solve problems. Since brute force couldn't solve the problem at hand, they were completely clueless.

After resting for a moment, a mild tremor came from the distance.

Garen glanced at it then raise his hands. Large amounts of black gas were emitted, surrounding all of them.

"Let's go!"

The five of them leaped to the sky, forming a bundle of black cloud, then headed towards the wave in the distance.

The mutated creatures that were kept captive on the ground quickly ran away like they were being amnestied.

Another few days passed by.

On the grassy plains, the stars in the night sky were glittering silver. The jade-white crescent moon quietly glowed in the sky, surrounded by lingering clouds.

Garen's party started a campfire on the grassy plains. They could clearly be seen, like a yellow chess piece on a black chess board. White smoke billowed upwards. The smoke swayed after being blown by the wind. It dissipated then disappeared.

"What is this place?" Garen sat beside the campfire. He casually asked as he was fiddling with the fire. As soon as he asked, he realized that it wasn't probable that Demon Phoenix would know their current location. Hence he kept quiet.

"Not...Not sure..." Demon Phoenix answered carefully. She had already accepted her fate. After making sure that Garen wouldn't eat her, she used her ultimate technique - endure.

After enduring for thousands of years, enduring another few hundred years wouldn't be a huge problem. Compared to before, she could still see new sceneries around. It was evident that the current treatment she received was much better.

Garen gave her a glance.

"Do you know how to retract the parts of your body that are not human-like?"

"I know! I know I know!" Demon Phoenix quickly nodded. After these few days, she was afraid of being beaten up. She obediently listened and accepted herself as Garen's servant.

After some adjustments, Demon Phoenix and the rest retracted their abnormalities. All of them looked like normal humans.

Her three subordinates, two men, and a woman dispersed their armor. They reformed the armor to become clothes like ones Garen wore. They also revealed their faces that they had previously hidden.

The purple-armored girl changed into a purple robe. She was Demon Phoenix's top general, called Phantom. Her looks and figure were indescribable. She was an absolute beauty. Her appearance was gentle. It was only her strange, heavy, voice that could give anyone a scare.

The other two men looked about the same. They were beautiful and pure, with long purple hair. From their appearance, it was difficult to recognize that they were men. They didn't even have facial hair. If it wasn't for their Adam's apple or the lack of a protruding chest, just by their beautiful face and graceful figure, no one would know that they were men.

Their two names were relatively strange, Lata and Tala.

Demon Phoenix explained that initially, her main criteria for choosing subordinates had been beauty.

After the four of them joked around for a few times, they could be considered obedient. Since they were free while pursuing the Cthulhu King, Garen asked Demon Phoenix about the situation of the place she was from.

"Osaka used to be a region of chaos. There were a total of five countries. We lived there since we were born. The people there consecrated us and worshipped us as gods. After that, Osaka appeared and killed many of my servants and subordinates. After defeating us in the end, I do not know why she didn't kill me. Before her death, she sealed me up until now. I think after the death of Osaka's man, she herself no longer wanted to live. I am not very sure of the reason."

Demon Phoenix illogically talked about her past.

Her subordinates were carefully barbecuing some food. They also used some roots of plants that they had dug out to make soup.

The grassy plains were abnormally quiet. The only sound that could be heard was the faint wolf howls from the distance.

After the nest leaders recruited large amounts of strong monsters, the ones that remained outside were stupid or weak ones. Even the nest leaders did not consider them as one of their own.

For fifth form elites, if they were willing, as long as they didn't hide their presence, it would be sufficient to scare away almost all the monsters. But this was a little tricky for Garen. He couldn't replenish sufficient potential points without sufficient strong creatures.

Fortunately, he already had some rough ideas about the path of the Cthulhu King's martial arts.

The key reason he was superior to the martial artists of this world, was his understanding towards martial arts. With the support of the level of the previous world, he was able to reach terrifying heights.

This had nothing to do with the realm that he was in. It was merely based on experience.

He had studied large amounts of martial arts in the martial arts world. At this point, his progress of deciphering the Cthulhu King's Sun-Sealing Demonic Wheel was faster than the Cthulhu King expected.

One he could derive the complete demonic art, absorbing the Cthulhu's Origin would no longer be a problem.

After casually chatting with Demon Phoenix and the rest, he ordered them to be on guard. They would inform him once they notice something going on with the Cthulhu King.

He laid on the grass and gradually fell asleep. Even though his Black Water True Technique had strong stamina, the terrifying consumption due to two months of continuous battles and pursuit with no rest in the middle has pushed him to his limit.

Once he closed his eyes, he no longer wanted to open it. His weariness flooded him instantly like a tide.

He slept for an unknown period of time. As he opened his eyes, it was bright.

The sky was too bright. A rich, potato soup-like fragrance entered his nostrils.

Garen felt his brain hurt as he slowly sat up. He saw Demon Phoenix and Phantom busy cooking soup, while Lata and Tala were squatting on the ground. They were washing some leafy plants.

The sky was white and the wind that blew by was a little cooling.

As he stood upon the grassy plains, Garen looked towards the Cthulhu King from afar. There was no movement over there. It was obvious that he was also getting a little rest for one night.

He relied on the attribute bonuses of his body, his incredible martial arts realm, in addition to the Troll Grip and others, to be able to imitate the battling ability of a peak fifth form although he was merely at the lower level of fifth form. In actual fact, he was competing all these while.

Garen also had a clear positioning of his full strength.

Among peak fifth form, he was the weakest. In his battle with God Cloud, not to mention that God Cloud was already injured beforehand. After such a long pursuit, the other party managed to escape so far away although he was bringing along another person with him.

After that, the Cthulhu King was even more extreme. Everytime his attack hit, it would mean injury or even death. If the Black Water True Technique didn't gather on the surface of his body, he couldn't even break his defense, not to mention heavily injure him. Gathering the Black Water True Technique on his hands and legs like before wouldn't work at all. It was too weak.

Until today, although the Cthulhu King had an Immortal Body, he didn't even die once. In other words, by merely injuring him, the consumption of Cthulhu's Origin for the other party was not even worth mentioning.

Meanwhile, he himself had died for more than twenty times and been severely injured for more than thirty times. If it wasn't for his nine-life talent which could be replenished with potential points, in addition to the terrifying regenerative ability of the Nine-Headed Hydra, he simply did not qualify to fight his opponent until this stage.

Although by successfully suppressed the temperament of the Nine-Headed Hydra, he'd managed to increase his strength significantly, he was still much weaker as compared to the Cthulhu King.

After giving more thought, the Cthulhu King was oppressed by Phiroth. Without the glittering water, he would flee once he saw Phiroth.

Garen was making the comparisons in his mind. Finally, he positioned his strength on the level of the Lord of Royal Star Court. The Lord of Royal Star Court could hold his own against God Cloud with the Distorted Beads. Although he was slightly disadvantaged, he was still a true peak fifth form.

As the boss of the Geometry Service, his abilities were among the top three strongest in the Three Departments. Even if the Elder Council was included, he would still be top five. The Elder Council was a giant force across the East and West Continents, gathering all the top-notch elites.

Chapter 504: Chase 2

Of course, they should be only four to five peak fifth form. Phiroth was definitely one of them. The bosses of the Three Departments were also definitely in the peak realm. Also the Director of the Parliament, who might be still alive. In the original history, the old man had been killed by Hellgate underground.

Once he thought of Hellgate, Garen shuddered. Looking at the time, it was about time for Hellgate's birth.

As he was busy battling the Cthulhu King and learning his martial arts, he actually forgot such a big matter. After all, fighting with an elite on the Cthulhu King's level requires complete concentration. Otherwise, once he slipped up, he would be completely put in a tough spot. No matter how many lives he had, the outcome was death.

After eating the soup and meat, Garen sat on one side. He looked towards the Cthulhu King's direction. There were clouds of smoke. It was obvious that he was cooking something. The Cthulhu King was obviously not as laid back as himself.

After searching his body for a moment, then only Garen remembered that his belongings were fully destroyed during his battles over this period of time.

As black clouds gathered below his feet, he slowly ascended higher and higher.

Demon Phoenix and the others below didn't dare to say much. They obediently stood in their positions, cleaning up the mess.

As the people below seemed smaller and smaller, his vision grew wider and wider.

As Garen slowly ascended, he swept his gaze over the grassy plains.

Very quickly, ten kilometers away, smoke from a bonfire was rising.

With a stomp of his feet, the black gas surrounded him and shot out towards the back. It headed in that direction like a meteorite.

On the Cthulhu King's side, there was some slight movement. But in the end, he stopped and didn't take that opportunity to leave.

Garen approached the position of the bonfire. From afar, he could see that on the side of the winding river, three human figures that looked like adventurers stood up and looked towards him as if a great enemy was coming. They already wielded weapons in their hands. Two wild boar totems with white spikes were also being summoned.

The three adventurers, two men, and one woman were in dark brown cotton armor. Their faces look weather-beaten. Evidently, they had been walking on the grassy plains for quite some time.

As Garen approached, then only the three of them saw that within the black gas was actually a young man. Unexpectedly, there was eagerness and warmth glowed in their eyes.

"Strong totem user, do you need any assistance?" Seeing that the other party was a man, the woman out of the three stood up and spoke. Usually, the opposite gender would be easier to get acquainted.

"Do you have a radio?" Since the other party was speaking pure Kovitan language, Garen directly replied with Kovitan language.

"Radio? Yes, yes yes!" The woman asked her companion to take out a white-silver square box. There was even a gold antenna on top. There was a knob to change channels in the middle. Basically, there weren't many differences from Earth's radios.

Garen grabbed it with one hand. A white stream of water instantly grabbed the radio over. It steadily landed on his plan with a clap.

As he was about to throw out a few Rumbs, Garen suddenly remembered that his wallet was totally destroyed in the battles. Suddenly, there was a sense of hesitation in his expression.

"Strong totem user, it is just a radio. Don't take it to heart." The woman looked about twenty years of age. She didn't seem to mingle much with aristocrats. The way she spoke was a little stiff.

"What is this place?" Gaern suddenly asked.

"Er... This is the Blue Jade Plains, between the Ultimate Protection and the hundreds of countries of the North." The woman quickly answered.

"What are you doing here?"

"We were initially hunting down a Four-Ear Fox on the plains. We accidentally got lost..." The girl laughed bitterly.

"In that case, this place is quite close to the Ultimate Protection, Kovitan?"

"Yes, My Lord."

Garen nodded. Suddenly, with a snap of his fingers, a stream of black gas shot out, leaving a black line in the air.

Very quickly, a pitiful shriek came from afar. After a while, a cloud of black gas was returning with a white fox-like creature. The fox had golden eyes and six limbs. As it was struggling non-stop within the gas, it let out sharp shrieks.

"This is your reward." Garen pointed with his finger. The black gas surrounding the small fox descended and landed in front of the three of them. The fox who was initially struggling was pierced in mid-air by the black gas. The black gas entered through one of its ears and exited from the other. The fox's body became numb and stopped moving completely.

"Six-Limb White Fox!! It is actually a Six-Limb White Fox!" The three people couldn't hold back their cries. This fox was obviously worth something.

"With this Six-Limb White Fox, we no longer need to catch a Four-Ear Fox!" "There is hope for father's sickness!"

As the three of them finished reacting and were ready to thank Garen, there was no longer anyone in the air.

As he returned to the camp, Garen landed and placed the radio on the ground. He switched it on and adjusted it to the Daniela channel that he remembered.

Although he was nearer to Kovitan, when he left, Kovitan's news channel still wasn't set up. He could only remember the one from Daniela.

Demon Phoenix and the rest stared at the small, white-silver box curiously. They didn't know what was it for.

"Sheesh....Oaz! Oaz!"

"Fast fast fast! Focus on this side! This side!!!" "That is Edney's giant statue, the giant statue is on the move! Looks like the demonstration has reached the government's tolerance limit." There was a flurry of footsteps and a hurried man's voice came from the radio. There were also numerous people shouting in one accord.

"This is Edney's Cassadan City. It is 11:32 in the morning. The procession has already begun to confront the armed government. If things don't turn around, there might be another bloodshed."

Garen blinked his eyes and changed the channel to another news portal from Daniela. So happen, it was interval music.

He steadied the radio and sat on one side to rest as he was listening to the news.

A gentle female announcer was reporting the recent happenings. Most of it was unimportant matters. A mine somewhere collapsed, killing some people. The progress of the international census. The breakthrough in the research of the domestication of mutated creatures.

Demon Phoenix and the rest were abnormally curious. As they were busy doing their tasks, they were eavesdropping on the radio. Although they completely couldn't understand the Daniela language used, it didn't stop them from being curious towards the talking box.

The sky started to brighten up. Until about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the Cthulhu King still didn't show any intention of leaving. Garen decided to go later in the day to test his martial arts. He wanted to understand the recent happenings first.

"....There was a secret gathering among East continents society in the Ye Qin Mountains a few days ago. Many elite societies and associations gathered in the black stone ruins of the giant cathedral to share their knowledge and experience. There was skirmish during the gathering which caused ten severe injuries and fifteen deaths. Among them were the leaders of the Terraflor Society, the Sisley Couple. The cause of the incident is still under investigation."

Garen suddenly opened his eyes. There was a hint of heaviness on his face.

"Sisley...Terraflor Society..."

The voice continued.

"The biggest terrorist organization, the Obscuro Society was declared to be responsible. King Phiroth released a statement where any challenge against peace was a challenge against Daniela. A heavy blow has to be delivered towards the Obscuro Society's rampant activities.

The new continued but Garen no longer wanted to listen. He turned off the radio. Although his heart was heavy, there was also a glimmer of hope in him.

Hellgate....The man that surpassed the limits of the world. Just by thinking how strong he was, it agitated people.

"Must speed up the progress." Garen stood up. His body slowly melted to become a cloud of black gas, which shot out towards the distance.

He covered about ten kilometers in a few breaths.

On the grassy plains, the Cthulhu King in red robes instantly opened his eyes. He gathered a red lightning spear in his hand and threw it over.

Crack.

Lightning flashed and thunder roared. The red lightning collided with the black cloud meteor. With a bang, a circle of transparent ripples diffused out on the ground. As though it was seawater, there were clear ripple lines on the grassy plains.

The dense white clouds in the sky were immediately scattered. A hole was created and golden sunlight shined through the hole, forming an eye-catching, golden beam of light.

Within the black cloud and red lightning, two blurs shot out, a black one and a red one. They collided, becoming a black-red meteor which crashed fiercely towards the ground.

Bang!

A pit was instantly formed on the ground. It was more than a hundred meters wide and more than ten meters deep. Garen's expression didn't change. His arms pierced outwards to his two sides, penetrating two red light beams that were coming towards him.

Battling until now, he no longer had any fixed form. The Ten Thousand Mammoth Battle Skills slowly evolved, removing the unnecessary portions to become more and more refined. He also merged it the bits and pieces of some of the techniques that he invented in this world.

After he penetrated the two light beams, Garen turned to his side, extending his right leg like a whip. The black glow on the tip of his foot could clearly be seen.

In the pit, there was a light crack. A black crescent suddenly lit up, passing by the Cthulhu King's chest, then quickly disappeared.

"You!!" The Cthulhu King stared at Garen as if he was staring at a ghost. He was in complete disbelief.

Although the Black Crescent Leg Knife didn't touch him, traces of black lightning arcs strangely lingered on his chest. The lightning arc waves were abnormally familiar. It was very similar to his Sun-Sealing Demonic Wheel.

Although it didn't cause any damage to him, this attack caused an unconcealable coldness the Cthulhu King's heart. As he looked at the man in front of him, he reflexively thought of that tyrannical man at the Ancestral God Tree. The two of them were so similar. The familiar coldness was rising in the Cthulhu King's heart.

"Light of Ten Thousand Laws!" The Cthulhu King bellowed. He finally used his strongest ability to date.

In the sky, the golden sun turned red in an instant. A red light dot fell out from the center of the sun. It grew faster and faster, bigger and bigger.

From the size of a sesame seed, it grew into the size of a fingernail. Very quickly, it became a giant red light beam that almost covered the whole sky.

There was no sound and no tremor.

The giant light beam of over a hundred meters suddenly descended. Together with the Cthulhu King, it wrapped Garen and submerged the both of them in a terrifying, high-temperature beam.

Chapter 505: Humbled 1

The red light beam pierced the heavens and earth. It was like a red giant jade pillar that stood tall on the grassy plains. It penetrated the clouds. As the sun shone through the hole in the clouds onto the beam, there was a rapid flowing air-flow like movement.

The beam lasted for a few minutes before becoming narrower, lighter and eventually disappeared completely.

Beneath the beam, there was a pitch black hole in the ground. There was only darkness within the hole, and it seemed bottomless. Only traces of white smoke and black gas came from within.

Piak!

A hand suddenly stretched out, grabbing the soil on the sides of the hole. As the fingers bent, the five fingers were like sharp claws, penetrating deep into the soil instantly.

Two dark figures were hanging on the sides of the hole. One of them held onto the soil with one hand, while the other was hanging onto the former's right leg. Both of them hung on the wall of the hole. From time to time they would sway, like a pendant on the wall being blown by the wind.

Garen grabbed onto the Cthulhu King's right leg with all his might. His left arm was gone, while his two legs had also exploded, almost becoming a stick-man[1]. However, he was grinning, revealing white teeth as sharp as the teeth of a saw.

Woooooo~~~~

A desolate horn cry came from afar. It was distant and dull.

In the white sky, numerous dark red dots were heading over from the distance. Each of the dots was actually a dark red Dual-Headed Salamander. Each of them had a salamander-like body, and a pair of wings made out of flesh on its back. An extra head grew from the center of each of their chests.

On each of the Dual-Headed Salamanders' back was a strong, horned warrior. Some of them were swinging heavy metal flails. Some of them raised black crossbows, while some of them gathered balls of dark red flames with their hands.

The sky was slowly occupied by the red dots. The numerous dark red Dual-Headed Salamanders were like flies, hovering over the sky. The golden sunlight projected down to form a bright beam.

More and more Dual-Headed Salamanders gathered around the golden beam. They circled around the golden beam and roared.

Ming!!~~~~~

The horn sounded again.

The Dual-Headed Salamanders hovered over their heads, completely surrounding the two of them.

"You are definitely going to die...!" The Cthulhu King stared fiercely at Garen. He saw his opponent smiling instead, not panicking at all.

"You've almost finished your Origin isn't it?" Garen laughed and asked casually.

"I wouldn't die before you." The Cthulhu King let out a cold laugh. However, he was trembling in his heart. He had actually used up his Cthulhu's Origin significantly. After taking the glittering water plus using the Cthulhu's Origin, then only he managed to recover the injuries to his spirit. He really wasn't left with much. He only had three chances at reviving. If he died here once...If he faced Phiroth in the future, victory was unpredictable.

This was one of the reasons he didn't kill himself voluntarily to return to the headquarters.

"Your regenerative abilities should be finishing as well?" The Cthulhu King did not reveal the changes in his heart. He coldly laughed and asked instead.

"Who knows?" Garen laughed and stopped speaking.

Quietly, on the contact point where he was grabbing the Cthulhu King's leg, there was a fight going on between black sticky liquid and red jade stone-like shell.

The black light and red light were slowly blooming. It was abnormally striking on the sides of the pitch black hole.

In actual fact, both of them didn't have much energy remaining, but both didn't want to admit defeat. Until this stage, regardless of whether the Cthulhu King was willing, his subconscious already considered Garen as his biggest rival other than of Phiroth.

Screams, hoof sounds and the roars of the dual-headed flying dragons..

The grassy plains were in chaos.

Large crowds of flying dragons and black knights rushed into the white circular tribe. They were like an unstoppable black tide. Each swipe of their machetes would cut off a head. Blood spilled all over the ground, dyeing the grassy plains in red.

At the door of the white tribe, two men in smart, black suits stood still on the ground, looking at the massacre happening in the tribe.

"The Thirteenth Tribe on the grassy plains. Other than Ramstead, the others are merely preys before the sharp eagle claws." One of the men had sharp eyes. There was a white beard on his chin which swayed to the left in the wind.

"This is the consequence of not obeying the Wolf Tribe." His voice was cold, without any warmth. "On the grassy plains, everything belongs to the Atria Alliance."

Before he finished speaking, there was a crisp noise. A white boomerang was spinning rapidly, heading towards his head.

The sides of the boomerang were incredibly sharp. There were some remnants of blood on the boomerang. There was an intense howling sound as it spun.

The boomerang passed the neck of a black knight in its way. With a poof that brought along a bloody smell, a head that was still laughing flew off.

The boomerang, with the power of a recent murder, headed towards the black-robed man with a cold voice.

Dang!

The black man abruptly raised his arm and blocked the boomerang heads-on. Golden sparks splattered from the clash between his arm and the boomerang. Surprisingly, the collision between flesh and metal could emit the sound of clashing metal.

Looking over at the direction where the boomerang originated, there was a squad of white knights protecting two youths, allowing them to retreat into the distance. The surrounding black knights and flying dragons leaped over but were all killed or knocked back by the boomerangs.

There was a knight in full white armor. He wore a white-silver helmet that only revealed his eyes. In his hand was a giant sword enchanted with white electric arcs. With every swing, a black knight would be chopped down. The Dual-Headed Flying Dragons didn't dare to approach. Once the white electric touched them from afar, their bodies would become numb. They would fall to the ground, quickly emitting black smoke, eventually becoming black ash.

The white-bearded leader in black robes looked at the gradually departing white knights. He slowly let out a faint smile.

"Gulaman! I'll go and kill them!" The one with the cold voice was asking to be sent into battle.

"Patience..." Through the gaps among the white knights, the white-bearded man saw the two people being protected.

It was a boy and a girl. Both of them were not more than thirteen, fourteen years of age. They were dressed luxuriously in a white bandana on their heads. On the bandana was a green gemstone.

The two children had fair skin and pretty faces. The boy was like a delicate porcelain doll. The girl's long hair draped over her shoulder. Her tight clothing revealed her tiny waist. She had red lips and white teeth. Her watery eyes were red and swollen.

"Looks like I will have some good stuff tonight." The white-bearded man stroke his beard, looking satisfied.

"Gulaman, let me go capture them for you!"

"I want that boy. It's been a while since I've seen someone so fair." The white-bearded man nodded.

"Er...." The other person was a little shocked. This Gulaman's preference.....He initially thought he wanted to capture the little girl, he never thought....As he glanced at the calm white-bearded man, there was an uncontrollable coldness in his heart.

"Sister! Don't bother about me! Run!!" The little boy Lajay shouted at the top of his lungs. He continuously struggled. Yet he was still clamped between the armpits of a black knight leader. He was being brought towards the direction of the two black-robed leaders.

"It's an honor to be chosen by Lord Gulaman! Treat the old man well and you might live!"

The black knight leader laughed.

Larain was being held in one hand by a white knight. She stretched out her hands and looked in tears towards the direction of her brother. The white knights around them were protecting them as they retreated into the distance. However, the black knights behind were like wolves that fixed their eyes on raw meat. They were not going to let them go.

From the gap between the helmet and the neck of the white knight, there was red blood flowing downwards, dyeing his breastplate in red. However, his posture did not change.

"Princess Rain. Do not let His Majesty, Jay sacrifice in vain!" A determined voice came from beneath the helmet.

"Let me go let me go! I want to save my brother! Let go! Let go..." Larain knocked on the white knight's breastplate. She didn't even realize that her hands were being scratched by the sharp parts of the armor.

"Wooooo....wo.....Let go..." Larain's tears were like pouring rain but the white knight wasn't affected.

The White Wind Tribe was gone. The Wolf-Hawk Atria Alliance was too strong...

Their totems were all over the air and the ground, more than the raindrops in the sky. In the whole grassy plains, they were rampant and unbeatable. After the demise of the second strongest White Wind Tribe, no one could hinder their footsteps.

Wooo!

The totem light of one of the knights beside was penetrated by an arrow. He tumbled to the ground. Another knight took his place without any hint of panic.

They were the most skilled White Wind Knights. All of them were skilled totem users that were developed since young. They were elites that were chosen among uncountable departments. The White

Wind Knights had more than a hundred men. They were like a device. Once one of them fell, there would be a new knight to fill the void. There was no fear or panic, only composure.

After this battle, thousands of skilled totem users sieged the White Wind Tribe's headquarters. The White Wind King died in battle. This battle would definitely shock all the tribes in the grassy plains.

Buzzz!!!

Suddenly, all they could see was red. A vast light instantly flooded their vision.

The white knights quickly held the reins of their horses. The cries of panicked horses constantly came, while the Dual-Headed Flying Dragons fell to the ground like dumplings.

Bang!

A flying dragon suddenly landed behind their squad. It knocked into a protruding stone and let out a cry. Its four eyes were in a daze as it tried to get up, but it didn't work.

The white knight quickly recovered his vision. He looked at the Flying Dragon. With a raise of his hand, a white light shot out. It accurately pierced the Flying Dragon's head. The Flying Dragon instantly stopped moving.

He retracted the white light and continued to lead his team to scurry away.

"What is this!" "My eyes!"

"It's the White Wind's secret weapon!"

"Stop screaming!" "Stay still on the ground! Stay still on the ground!!"

The bellows of the black knight leaders came from the distance.

Then only the white knights saw what happened.

From the grassy plains in the distance, a vast red beam penetrated the clouds. The red beam was like moving water, rotating upwards. The whole beam was light red-jade, emitting sharp red light. It was incredibly bright.

At this point, there were huge crowds of black knights appearing in front of the white knights. Their leader was a black knight in a winged helmet. He was riding a strong black horse. He turned sideways towards them, but he was evidently affected by the red light. From time to time, the horses who were still in shock would neigh as they walked back and forth

"Flee towards that direction!" The white knight decisively changed their route and headed towards the direction of the red pillar. Their horses were also affected but fortunately, they were not looking in the direction of the beam. Since they managed to avoid the majority of the sharp light, they recovered much faster than the black knights.

"Gulaman...Us?"

"Red light from the sky. An heirloom must be born." Gulaman stroked his beard. His gaze was solemn.

"According to the scouts over there, two elites were battling to the death near the red light. Both of them were severely injured. They look like people from the Central region." A black-armored knight on the side whispered. "Boss, what should we do now?"

"Let's go take a look. According to the old rules, let them kneel and join our alliance. If they are not willing, kill the males. For the females, disable them and send them to the army's red tent." Gulaman muttered.

"Yes!"

Their arms collided fiercely.

Bang!

The red light and black light exploded. Garen and the Cthulhu King both were about to fall as they retreated a few steps. One of them leaned on a giant stone pillar, while the other one sat on the ground with a puff. He was out of breath.

Both of them were exhausted. They couldn't do anything to each other.

"You can't kill...me!" The Cthulhu King, who was out of breath, said fiercely. He leaned on the stone pillar with all his might, trying to maintain the original image of the Cthulhu King. However, the fatigue of his body was like a wave, knocking on his mental state. This weariness was a mental one. It had nothing to do with the body.

Both of them had battled for more than two months. It was an intense battle every single day. There was no chance of relaxing.

Until now, when both of them were in a mentally exhausted state.

Once the Cthulhu King couldn't kill Garen with his strongest move, he knew that he can only drag on the battle against him. After a series of fights, this was the state that they'd ended up in.

"So what?" Garen smiled as he sat on the ground. He didn't care about his image. He seemed much more comfortable than the Cthulhu King.

"I also can't kill you." The Cthulhu King slightly loosened up. However, he didn't move. He wasn't able to muster enough energy. He couldn't even crack the skin of a peak fifth form. "How about we come to a truce?"

"A truce?" Garen's expression was strange.

Wooo!!

Deafening horn cries came again from the sky.

The numerous red flying dragons circled around them. The horned warriors blew their horns, letting out low cries.

"You know what I want. You think we are able to have a truce now?" Garen looked directly at the Cthulhu King and started laughing.

"There are conditions for everything in this world. Tell me your conditions." The Cthulhu King really didn't want to have to die to return.

Chapter 506: Humbled 2

Black Knights dominated the field with their numbers, while Dual Headed Salamanders blanketed the sky.

The small group of White Knights were surrounded beside a seemingly bottomless pit. Garen and his friend were also surrounded as they stood on a giant stone column at the other side of the pit.

Gulaman was leading the Black Knights, and there was a black-shirted man and a black armored knight standing behind him.

He looked down into the endless pit.

"Where's the Heirloom?"

"We have searched everywhere but to no avail. I believe those two have taken it away and the current situation is because of the Heirloom." The man said in a cold tone.

"Take it from them!" Gulaman reached out his hand and the knight beside him respectfully passed him a black spear.

He took the spear, waved it and an almost innumerable amount of densely packed black symbols appeared.

"Hand over the Heirloom! Follow my orders and become my slave or lose your life!!" Gulaman shouted towards the Black stone column far away.

At the edge of the pit.

The White Knights remained group together with an adamant will. Blood stains covered their white armor, and some were armors were fully soaked with blood.

The weapons on their hands were either broken or blunt. There were no injured knights, as those who were injured had already died. When a knight sustains a wound, it meant that their totem light was broken, and without the protection of the totem light, a simple stab or the partner's sputtered light could cause death under the chaotic battle.

None of the White Knights made a noise, but some of them were either hyperventilating, wiping off the blood that was about to enter their eyes or comforting the horses that might not last for another minute. Some of them were even whispering among themselves and no one could hear them clearly.

The leader of the White Knights had Princess Larain in his arms as he held a silver double-edged greatsword four meters long with one hand. The sword was filled with dried blood, and on top of the caked blood was fresh, still dripping crimson blood.

The white horse that he was on was also covered in white armor, but it was already ragged and each wound on its body was not a light one.

The aberrated horse had reached its limit. One of its eyes was stabbed blind, leaving behind a hole filled with blood. However, it stood strong on the ground and carried the two of them.

"Uncle White Sky, are we able to survive this? ..." Larain was flabbergasted as she confided in the white knight leader while in his arms, her voice coarse from wear.

"I'm not sure." The leader of the white knight said calmly.

He looked far at the black stone column and noticed those two on top were in serious trouble.

At the edge of the black stone column.

"Aren't you clear about my terms?"

The Black Knight's voice traveled within the noise from the aberrated horse and dual headed salamanders, but both of them ignored him.

"I will never pass you the Sun-Sealing Demonic Wheel." Cthulhu King said coldly. "Other than this, I will accept your conditions."

"It's very unfortunate, but that is my only condition." Garen smiled cunningly.

In an instant, his body disappeared slowly.

An afterimage!

The Cthulhu King immediately raised up his hand and shot out a red beam few meters away from him to his left.

He didn't even look at the result and immediately stomped his leg and straightened his hands to hit onto something.

Boom!!

A black figure appeared as it collided with his arm. However, the black figure didn't even slow down at all. In fact, it used its momentum to fly towards the big group of Black Knights.

"Don't even think about it!!" The Cthulhu King thought of one possibility and immediately chased after the black figure and tried to block its path. He then shot out streams of red lights from his hands, legs, mouth and eyes.

One would immediately vaporize if one were to come in contact with the Light of Destruction. However, as it was highly condensed, it didn't spread out everywhere and the red lights that were shot out formed into countless of red dots and returned back to the Cthulhu King, becoming the source of the next attack.

The black figure kept colliding with the red lights a few hundred times a second in the sky. Every time it was in contact with the red dot, a booming sound was produced. The others could only hear a buzzing sound from the collision.

"Retreat!!" The Cthulhu tried to delay Garen, as a melee battle was not his strength. He had no choice but to shout at the Black Knights in rage.

Both of them flew in the sky, and some Dual Headed Salamanders which were grazed instantly exploded and turned into black fluid.

"Hehe!!"

Garen laughed softly as his right hand transformed into black fluid, and instantly solidified into a black giant dragon head, at least ten meters long and five to six meters wide.

Roar!! Fuh!!

The red beam pierced through the dragon head that just appeared, and it had no choice but to revert back to Garen's right arm.

The black figure tried to dive from the sky, but each time it was being obstructed by the red beam.

The crowd of Black Knights started to expand and the quantity of Dual Headed Salamander in the sky increased as well.

Thousands of totem light force fields had surrounded both of them.

Gulman's expression had become dimmer by the second.

He raised up his black rifle.

"How dare you challenge the prestige Atria Alliance's green field!!"

"Kill them!!" The black knights around him suddenly roared.

"Kill!!""Kill!!"

"Long live the Atria Alliance!!"

The black knights and the Bullhorn Warrior who were on the flying dragon's back started to roar.

Suddenly, countless of dual-headed salamanders rushed towards those two in the sky. They were holding onto weapons with totem light and some of them released black arrows from their hands whereas the others were releasing some green powder, covering the whole sky with a semi-transparent green plant.

In that instant, tens of dual-headed salamanders rushed towards, and the two of them and engaged battle with them. It looked like a dark red ball from afar.

"They came here on their own. You can't blame me for that!" Garen suddenly laughed loudly in the sky.

"Light of ten thousand... Uff!!"

The Cthulhu King was suddenly muted.

A red figure came out from the red ball and landed on the ground with great force, creating a huge amount of dust in the process.

Then, a huge amount of black smoke started to rush out from the red ball which the flying dragon surrounded.

It was as if the black smoke was alive, as it started forming into a giant salamander dragon head. It was at least thirty meters long and cast a giant shadow onto the ground.

The dragon opened its mouth, to the point where its cheeks started to tear apart from the edge of its mouth to its ears. It was as if half of the brain was completely split into half.

"What... What is that!?!?" Gulaman released the spear in his hand without realizing, and it landed onto the floor. He raised his head as he stared mindlessly at the black smoke dragon head in fear.

This intense intimidation had completely covered everyone in the field. Thousands of totem users and salamanders stood still, rooted to where they were.

The dark green field was slowly covered by red blood, drenching the four legs of all battle horses.

Everyone, including both the Black Knights and White Knights, looked up at the sky.

The giant dragon head had blocked off all the sunlight. It was like a natural disaster opening its mouth.

Puff!

The sky suddenly went silent.

In an instant, at least two hundred dual headed salamanders were bitten in half. Those who had surrounded the red ball had completely disappeared, including the people riding them.

There were people who pulled half of their bodies out from the side of the dragon's mouth. However, they were immediately sucked back in and didn't even have the chance to scream for help.

"It's my win, Cthulhu King." A voice reverberated in the sky.

"Mon... Monster..."

It was as if a single drop of water was dropped into a bowl of boiling oil. The whole team of Black Knights were devastated.

"Monster!!""Ah!!""Kill him!!"

"Kill!!""Long live the Atria Alliance!!"

Some shouted in involuntary fear.

There were even more people started to retreat, keeping their heads down as if their lives depended on it. Everyone ran away without raising their head at all.

There were even people who rode the flying dragon and rushed towards him with tears in their eyes. Immediately, they were swallowed by it, and not a single drop of blood was left behind.

Any attack launched instantly melted and became part of the black smoke the moment they entered it.

"The... The Holy Lord will never forgive you!!" Gulaman said as his voice trembled. His legs were completely immersed in a blood-like fluid, and he started to tremble in fear. It sapped every ounce of his energy, sucking away his ability to move.

Two of the leaders behind him was also glued by the plasma-like fluid and couldn't move at all. It was as if their bodies weren't theirs.

The black smoke surrounded them and binded them like a rope and gently threw them upwards.

The Black Smoke Dragon Head opened its mouth wide and ate them like they were its afternoon snack. It hadn't even bothered to chew.

The never-ending plasma and black smoke spread across the sky and land, as it captured those Black Knights who couldn't escape in time and threw them into the dragon's mouth.

On the other hand, the leader of White Knights released a circle of white light and covered everyone as they hid inside the dark cave. They sought refuge inside the caves while the others ignored them, avoiding a massacre they had no hope to defend against.

"It's over, Cthulhu King. I have almost cracked the code to you Sun-Sealing Demonic Wheel's workings." Garen's voice came from the sky.

Within the crater, an ill-looking, bloody figure slowly rose up.

His mask was broken during the battle, revealing a pale, young and handsome face. There were two red circles that were rotating on his pupils and they even had pointers on it as if it were a clock. The left one was moving quickly while the right one was moving slowly.

"If not for these fools you fed on, do you really think you can beat me?!" The Cthulhu King gritted his teeth.

It almost completely seemed like cheating; a fat juicy piece meat landed directly into his mouth just as both of them had almost depleted their strength.

"What a fool of a failure." Garen's voice appeared once more. "Just admit that you can't win me. Whatever reasons you have are just excuses."

The Cthulhu King was very angry.

If not for his desire to survive and the group of fools who fed him power at the very last second, even Phiroth wouldn't dare to humiliate him like that!

As both of them spoke to each other, the Black Knights on the ground and the Salamanders in the sky were almost wiped out. They were either dead, or had escaped.

Four purple figures had stealthily appeared at the edge of the battlefield as they looked at them. They were the four Demon Phoenixes.

Chapter 507: Subdue 1

Black wind started to blow, drawing black streaks across the air. These lines caressed his face as they blew past.

The dark green field was opened up, either revealing black dirt underneath or pushing all the fresh blood and limbs to the side. There even were some Black Knights and horses left that were squirming around on the ground in pain.

"Don't force my hand!!!" The circles in the Cthulhu king's eyes rotated faster, as the saturated red light started to spread to his surroundings. Red cracks started appearing all over his body, as if lava were about to implode from within.

The ground started to tremble...

With Cthulhu King as the epicenter, a humongous, bloody mask slowly appeared.

It had no eyes, its lips were elongated and had no expression. The giant mask was facing the horrifying black smoke dragon head in the sky, and both of them were at least forty meters long.

The four Demon Phoenix on one side looked at the situation from afar, and the Demon Phoenix's mouth curled into an 'O' of awestruck horror.

"Even Osaka from before wasn't this crazy..." A voice of a woman in purple armor trembled.

What they were looking at had broken the limits of the human realm, and transcended into a world that was totally that of ordinary mortals.

The four of them felt the black smoke blowing towards them in the wind, and had no choice but to retreat a few meters away before they could stand firmly again, hiding beside a black pillar. It was then that they were able to properly assess the situation.

The Black Knights and flying dragons were all but eradicated.

The golden rays that rained down from a giant crack in the sky-filled cloud were just slightly larger than the black dragon head and the bloody masked man that were facing each other.

The black smoke and red light interacted with each other within a few hundred meters, but it was obvious that the red light was lacking strength.

"Are you willing to give up this body?" The black dragon head in the sky spoke calmly. A faint growl of a dragon could be heard within his voice, emanating an almost tangible fear and pressure.

The Cthulhu King stood at the bottom, staring at the dragon head coldly. After some time, the lava-like cracks on his body slowly dimmed and disappeared. The bloody mask gradually followed suit.

"You win this time! Just tell me what you want!"

"Let me enter your Secret Technique vault." Without any hesitation, Garen conveyed the demand he had already decided beforehand. Cthulhu's Origins could be exchanged with

Glittering Water, but Secret Techniques, especially the ones in this world, were even more valuable.

He was able to pull ahead of the Cthulhu King as he relied on the Nine-Headed Hydra's incredible recovery rate and the Nine-life Talent mixed together with his potential points.

However, the difference in Secret Technique was too far apart.

Without the additional support from the potential points, a totem user would be completely defenseless against the Cthulhu King, and would have been killed by him in a matter of seconds.

This world was partially separated into ancient ruins and human creations. The Cthulhu King, who stood at the world's pinnacle for thousands of years, must have collected a tremendous amount of Secret Techniques that could only be the best in this world.

"Secret Technique vault?" The Cthulhu King hadn't expected his opponent to demand such a request. He was more or less afraid of Garen; he couldn't kill this guy or run away from him.

As he fought him throughout the battle, he, who had been underestimating him, and started to view him as an equal in combat.

He found it strange that even though the Nine-Headed Hydra had incredible healing capabilities and the ability to substitute death with a dragon head, the ability he had was way too extreme. According to the prediction model of the Forger, its potential should be about nine lives, and Garen had died 9 times during the battle against him...

He decided that he had to research the Nine-Headed Hydra's source of energy in detail once he went back. He had lost so much during this battle.

"It works best with a Secret Technique that suits you. It would be pointless to learn other

Secret Techniques. Are you sure this is what you want?" He started to feel suspicious as he stared at Garen, trying to understand his thinking.

"This is my demand." Garen didn't want to offend him since the Cthulhu King was only teaming up with the Obscuro Society temporarily. Once Hellgate was born, they planned to dispose of the Cthulhu King.

"Secret Techniques are one of the main pillars of requirement in entering form five, it might too late for you to change one now." Cthulhu King suspected that he was trying to change his Secret Technique, as his was of too low level. However, they were at a level where everything revolved around on their Secret Techniques, including the merging of totems and evolution of their bodies. The Secret Techniques were the foundation of everything. It would be impossible to change the Secret Technique now, unless he planned to throw everything away and learn from scratch.

"That's fine, I just want them for reference." Garen didn't mind at all.

"Fine." Since there was a great disparity in their strength, the Cthulhu King didn't deny his request.

Huu...

The black smoke disappeared as the black dragon head slowly dissolved into black clouds and moved to the center, converging into a muscular person.

Golden hair appeared, and the smoke turned into a black cloud carrying a slowly descending figure.

He landed on the ground.

Garen looked around before he fixed his attention onto the Cthulhu King.

The opposing party sat on the ground and crossed his legs. The circles in his eyes slowed down, turned faint and disappeared.

Garen sat down as well, and both of them didn't say a word for some time. There were about ten meters apart from each other.

"Don't worry. As the leader of a society, my words carry the same weight."

The Cthulhu King formed a red screen with one hand and used the other hand as a pencil, writing something on it at great speed.

"At our level, other Secret Techniques don't matter much anymore. No matter how good of a secret technique or totem you possess, it was naught but a good starting point. To us, we have already reached the summit."

In that instance, he had written down a simple paragraph of Secret Techniques with thousands of words. As a talented totem user who stood at the pinnacle of the world, it was natural that his tactic and hand speed were at the top as well. He waved his hand three times each second and three words appeared. His speed of writing far surpassed a typical person.

He gently flicked his finger and the red screen flew towards Garen like a piece of paper.

Slam!

Garen captured the screen with one hand and glanced at it.

He had memorized everything written on it clearly, and his brain started to analyze the legitimacy of the content at great speed for any fundamental flaws in it.

He had obtained a lot of knowledge of the Secret Techniques from the previous world, and he determined, rather easily, that this Secret Technique was not a fake. However, his opponent was also a master in Secret Techniques, who had accumulated so much for so many years. It was laughably easy for him. The Cthulhu King, who was naturally gifted, could easily fake the contents if he wanted to.

At this level, Garen didn't have any trust in his past knowledge, as the men he dealt with were all gifted elites who had lived for many years.

He knew that, if not for these gifted abilities and attribute points, he would not be able to fight against these men. He originally was just a commoner with little capability.

This Secret Technique, Mountain Wheels, was obviously the original version from the ancient ruins. It had a total of three grades, and the highest grade had the strength similar to the peak of a form five. It seemed that it was his best Secret Technique, and this gave Garen a surge of thoughts and inspiration.

"Secret Techniques can be categorized into modern secret techniques and Ancient Endor's Secret Techniques." The Cthulhu King spoke, "This is one of the Secret Techniques that I referred to when I create the Sun-Sealing Demoniac Wheel. I'll pass this to you first."

Garen nodded and crushed the red screen with his hand once he memorized the its contents.

The Cthulhu King hesitated for a moment but continued. "Have you heard of the divides between Secret Techniques?"

"Let's hear it." Garen glanced at the Demon Phoenix who wasn't far from them. She and her party popped their heads out from behind of the black stone pillar and didn't dare come closer.

The Cthulhu King's voice suddenly turned sharp, and only a faint sound traveled directly into

Garen's ear. He was using a combination of a form five Secret Technique's sleight of hand.

Garen had already learned this in the Secret Technique World, called Needle Voice.

"The Secret Techniques are separated into two types, living and dead."

"Living and dead?" Garen was curious. "Secret Techniques can be categorized into live and dead ones?"

"Of course." The Cthulhu King nodded. "The Secret Techniques we learn are called Dead

Secret Techniques. This death doesn't imply death in being alive or dead, but the nature of the Secret technique." He paused for a moment and continued. "Death means that it will never change nor evolve. These kind of Secret Techniques are like a frame. Those who suit it can learn it to a higher level; those who aren't suitable to it can never master it no matter how gifted they are. It already has a specific direction and can never change."

"Then, that means that the Living Secret Technique...?"

"That's correct. The living secret technique has incredible tolerance and adaptability. It is just a foundation, but this foundation is alive. It has multiple directions and suits multiple types of people to learn. The Secret Technique would evolve to adapt the learner's nature as they dive deeper." The Cthulhu King said calmly. "Hence, this kind of Secret Techniques are alive and grow over time. These are a cut above the rest."

Garen's expression changed slightly. He hadn't even heard of such Secret Technique in the world of Secret Techniques. The world the strong ones he interacted with was definitely different.

"Why are you telling me all this?"

"I have discovered that one out of four ancient ruins have Living Secret Techniques. There are three portions, and I can feel that one of them possesses cold type attributes. Although it's not so suitable for your water-based strength, this is a once in a lifetime opportunity. Are you interested?"

"Living Secret Technique..." Garen closed his eyes, as he knew that the opponent definitely had some motives in mind, but then again this opportunity was very hard to reject. "Why are you looking for me? Can't you obtain it with your Cthulhuism Society's strength?"

"There are people from the Western Continent vying for it as well. I am not confident alone."

The Cthulhu King squinted his eyes and said softly. "The Living Secret Technique isn't something anyone can learn. It's much more complicated to reach the peak compared to a Dead Secret Technique. It can't

be helped if one is not compatible with it. You have to think this through. Once you've missed this opportunity, you won't know how long it will take for you to find a compatible one after this."

Garen was silent.

The opponent he would face was definitely on the same class as Cthulhu King, if even he needed help. In this period where Hellgate was about to be reborn, he wasn't planning on finding more things to do.

He also had to find some time to send messages to the Hawk King Goth and Teacher Emin, so that they would enter the Ultimate Protection if things went sour. It would be a completely wasted effort, though, with Goth's personality.

During this period... But that Living Secret Technique is indeed very tempting.

"One of the major special characteristics of the Living Secret Techniques is its ability to adapt and grow. Only those who are suitable to it can create their own Secret Technique. It will then become the seed of the formation of totem strength. We believe that perhaps this kind of strength is the only thing that can further improve beings like ourselves."

The Cthulhu King opened his mouth once more. "Back then when the Hellgate of the Obscuro Society found a Living Secret Technique that is compatible with him, he shut himself away from the rest of the world to master it."

Chapter 508: Subdue 2

"Hellgate!" Garen was stunned. Perhaps The Cthulhu King wasn't aware of it yet, but the moment the Hellgate was reborn, it meant that it had successfully mastered the Secret Technique. To form the Seed of Strength through fusion of his totem, and to further push it to the limit by using the growing characteristic of the Living Secret Technique, that seemed like a viable option!

"Who are we up against?" Garen closed his eyes to suppress his emotion

"The most powerful force in the Western Continent, the Divine God Palace Master, Rosman Saintwind." The Cthulhu King's face was very serious. "He also has another nickname called the King Of All Beasts. He ranks number one among all the nest masters!"

"It's not human?"

"Of course."

Cthulhu King suddenly laughed.

"Speaking of which, this field, including the hundreds of countries south of here, is dominated by him."

Then, Garen and Cthulhu King began questioning each other repeatedly, and time flew past just like that.

Half an hour later, a red light went up to the sky and arced across the horizon as it left the battleground.

Garen and the four Demon Phoenix stared at the Cthulhu King's ever-diminishing figure.

Both of them had agreed on a time and place to go to the Ancient Ruins. The nickname Divine God Palace Master was obviously an attempt to mimic the organization of the humans. It seemed that the strongest nest master must be very powerful, considering that the Cthulhu King had to request assistance from others.

It would be natural that the people from the Cthulhuism Society had inherited some Secret Techniques from him.

Judging from the looks of it, no matter how many more Dead Secret Technique the Cthulhu King had, it would never amount to the importance of a Living Secret Technique. Even Garen felt that the need of the Dead Secret Techniques had diminished once he learnt about the existence of Living Secret Techniques. As a compensation, Cthulhu King had given him an additional secret regarding the soul.

The Cthulhu Origin that he had obtained was actually a special item that enhanced the soul. Only Cthulhu Origins were able to recover the soul when the Cthulhu King died. At the same time it also acted as a shell during their reincarnation.

Before he went after God Cloud, Garen had hidden one of Cthulhu's Origins, as he was afraid that it would be destroyed before the great war. Hence, the origin was currently not with him, and he had to go back to retrieve it.

Four of the Demon Phoenix had become very honest after they saw the battle between the Cthulhu King and Garen. Compared to the previous battle, they still had such intense strength after fighting for days.

What was important was that Garen's style of eating anything made these few people nervous. He had just swallowed countless Black Knights a while ago, and these few people who were following Garen from behind couldn't help but feel anxious when they got closer to him. They're afraid that he might just take them as a snack and swallow them if he were unhappy.

"What should we do now?" Demon Phoenix asked Garen carefully.

"It's time to go back." Garen glanced at her. This fellow could be considered at the lower tier of form five, but she should be able to increase further due to the seal. However, based on her attributes and physical structure, she should be at the middle tier of form five. The peak wasn't something that was easy to achieve, but then again, how many had done that in the entire history of mankind?

If Demon Phoenix were to attain the peak, she wouldn't have stayed at a corner of a small country.

"Go back? Where to?"

Garen stayed his mouth, too tired to answer.

As the few people from the Demon Phoenix were traumatized by him, they immediately stopped talking in fear that they would really be eaten. Garen's style of eating anything had truly frozen them on the spot.

Garen didn't want to make the move himself, instead letting the people of the Demon Phoenix take action.

Soon, a purple lion with purple wings appeared in front of them. The back of the lion was wide enough to fit about five to six people, which was enough for Garen and the others.

After the past few days of intense battles, Garen laid onto Demon Phoenix's knees as he rested his mind, carefully peeling the white fruits that she had plucked earlier and putting them into his mouth.

One of the other two brothers had transformed into a mount, while the other held up a purple blind film to help Garen to block the wind and sun.

As they were about to fly, Garen flicked his finger at a black hole to his side.

Pew!

A black line shot out, and the surface of the black hole cracked.

Somewhere down below was the faint sound of a girl's scream.

Soon, a white ball about ten meters wide slowly rose up from the hole and gently set itself on the ground.

The film of light dissolved, and inside were the thirty plus White Knights who had escaped earlier. All of them had dried blood stains on them, and were eerily silent. Their eyes carried almost no life. Beside them were their similarly blood-stained horses.

The leader of the White Knights was holding onto a small, tearing girl, with one hand, while his gaze was fixed firmly on Garen.

"Who are you guys?" Garen glanced at the group of White Knights.

"We are the survivors from the White Wind Tribe, oh powerful totem master." The Leader of White Knight lowered his head as he answered. It looked like the opposing party had no intention to devour them at first sight.

"White Wind Tribe?" Garen had never heard of it as he only cared about the existence of fifth form beings. Those who were below this fought with their totems, and post-fifth-forms fought with their Secret Techniques. To stand at the peak meant to master the Secret Techniques that they had. No matter if it were the Cthulhu King, Phiroth or he, they had already arrived at the peak of the totem and Secret Technique world. The rest depended purely on the strength attribute. Not many things couldn't be easily killed by them.

He looked at the White Knights, until his sights were suddenly fixed on the small girl the White Knight was holding.

His head tilted back to the sky and chuckled lightly.

The leader of the White Knight turned his head and looked in the same direction but didn't say anything. His face immediately changed as he could only think of one possible solution.

He immediately kneeled onto the ground.

"My lord, please, bring Princess Larain along with you!!"

Even if he was begging someone, his tone was firm, determined and eager. It was like an underling reporting to his master on a peaceful afternoon.

"Uncle!" The girl's face was caked with dirt, so much so that it obscured her face. She, who was holding onto the White Knight, hesitated for a moment before she kneeled on the ground with her uncle.

Thump!

In an instant, every white knight present had kneeled onto the ground.

The Demon Phoenix started to laugh.

"If we go, I'm afraid the two forces to our flanks won't wait any longer to strike. If the lord doesn't accept them, they're all dead."

"To be honest, I am very generous towards people with good quality." Since he had to fight against the Divine God Palace Master, Garen had gained interest in these people from the White Wind Tribe. They were most likely being hunted by the Black Knights from the Divine God Palace Master. In addition, the leader of White Knight and the small girl had above average attributes, especially the leader of the White Knights.

Garen had made his decision solely because of him.

This fellow's attribute could only be considered excellent, but his determination was even stronger. He was willing to protect his master under such a dire situation. This suggested that he was very loyal. Together with the white knights around him, their strength numbered about thirty in total. These people had much loyalty, and would never betray their master.

The Black Swamp Palace currently required manpower, and these people would be useful to him.

Garen was also moved, in fact. The Black Water True Technique required determination first, and other qualities second.

"Bring them along!" He pondered for a moment before he opened his mouth.

The leader of the White Knights could finally relax, and the small girl beside him was ecstatic.

"Get up, the Lord has promised to bring you along." Phantom took out a purple orb from her body and gently threw it out. The orb landed on the ground and immediately transformed into a group of purple uni-horned wolves.

These giant wolves crawled on the ground as they showed respect towards the Demon Phoenix and the party.

"Bring them along." Phantom ordered coldly.

The giant wolves stood up and each of them were at least four meters tall.

The knights relaxed knowing they would survive. None of them wished to die in vain. Now that these few strong people had decided to protect them, they felt relief.

"Get up and ride the giant wolves." Phantom ordered.

The leader of the white knight didn't budge, as if he didn't hear her.

It was then Phantom realized that he had fainted.

The giant wolves carried the white knights and formed a small formation. Garen and the others sat on the back of the lion and flew up slowly as the wolves followed from behind on the ground.

As they left, a black hole appeared in the sky and two golden figures appeared. Two human-shaped beings came out covering themselves with golden cloaks.

"They have been taken away." The tall one said softly.

"That man had noticed us. According to what we know, he should be one of the four major heads of Kovitan, the Nine-Headed Snake Garen." the shorter humanoid said in a sharp male tone. "Why didn't you make any moves? According to the human's categorizations, you should be at the upper tier of form five."

"We are no match for them." The tall one shook his head. "The humans have huge potential in Secret Techniques that we don't possess. We can only rely on the foundation we have. They merge their strength with Secret Techniques and come up with an entirely new strength and it's not something we can face head on. We can still deal with a typical form five but we

are no match for its peak."

"What about the three tailed dragon?"

"It's the same." The tall one explained. "Only we, the nest leaders, can reach the upper tier of form five, and the humans the peak of form five. The upper tier is placed between the middle tier and their peak. We are stronger than middle tier but weaker than the peak."

"So the reason the palace master has been gathering all kinds of Secret Technique was to?"

"You guessed it right. The palace master has already obtained two living secret techniques. Perhaps with a little bit more, he could understand the rationale behind it and come up with a Secret Technique even us nest leaders can learn." the tall one nodded.

Both of them conversed in a standard Ender Kingdom language, as if it were their native tongue. It seemed that they had worked hard for it.

"If it's successful, we nest leaders are able to fight against the human's elites. This world.. Shall be ours!" The tall one said. "We have to let the humans know that we have more quality than our numbers!"

Chapter 509: Suspicion and Return 1

On the yellow dirt field, a pack of fish-shaped white wolves were moving as they carried white knights on their back. The pack numbered fifty to sixty strong, and each of them were huge, uni-horned beasts.

There was a purple-black lion with wings flying overhead, Garen sat on his knees as he fidgeted with the Cthulhu's Origin that he had taken out from the ground with his hand.

There were three Origins rotating slowly within it, forming a small sphere,. They were of the Time God, War God, and Light God respectively, and among the three origins, The Light God's was a middle-level Origin, and the remaining two were lower-level Origins.

Garen released some black smoke, they smoke rode the wind for some ten kilometers. Not a single living being dared come close to them along the way, ensuring safe passage for the convoy.

He moved his upper body and looked down at the pack of wolves. After three days of rest and journey, the white knights had slightly recovered their spirits.

On the first day when they left the field, the leader of the White Knights had sworn loyalty towards Garen and was now part of the Black Swamp Palace. The leader of the White Knights was called White Sky, and was the foster son of the White Wind Tribe leader. To have been at the spiritualized totem user level at the age of 23, he was considered a very gifted person, even comparing among the countries.

White Sky had his own reason to be able to stand out among the other foster children; he had a very unique gift, which he named Enhancement.

White Sky thought that once lord had heard of his gifted ability, he would definitely nurture him and view him more heavily. However, Garen only nodded his head calmly and that was the end of it. He didn't know that for Garen, who had arrived at the end of the path, only viewed his gift as nothing more than a good starting point. No matter how gifted he was, Garen wouldn't pay his attention towards him if he didn't grow along his journey.

Garen had a lot of issues to handle. After he understood how the Sun-Sealing Demonic Wheel worked, although the Secret Technique wasn't compatible with him, his original objective was to learn it to absorb the Cthulhu's Origin.

White Sky's talent, Enhancement, was an ability to enhance his totem or tactic by one time within a short amount of time. All he had to sacrifice was half of his strength and energy.

This ability was terrifying in the later stages as the stronger the totem was, the aftereffects of enhancement would be even greater. The most important thing was that this effect could be used to break the defense of a totem user of the same rank. This was also why White Sky was heavily looked up to. If he could reach form four or five, the enhancement effect would be much more horrifying.

Unfortunately, the stronger the gift, the greater the resources required, and it would only increase as it went further and beyond. He had been stuck at the spiritualized level for three years now and there wasn't any improvement at all.

Garen sat at the back of the flying lion and carefully examined three of the Cthulhu's Origins in his hand. Each of them gave off a unique color, black, white and red. It seemed rather mysterious as it shone on Garen's face.

The black lion's wings cut the wind with a constant howl, thrusting the reasonably steady party along.

Garen focused his attention on the black origin. This black origin was completely black, with some slight silver glittering sand in the middle. It looked like a black concentrated liquid.

Garen gently opened the case of the crystal ball, and gently inserted two fingers into the inner part of the black origin.

Pew!

His body jolted as a red circle appeared around his body and rotated slowly.

The circle was filled with countless half transparent, living tentacles and claws. These tentacles were flailing about, extending and piercing into the crystal ball, and down into the inner part of the Origin.

Gulp! Gulp!

A gulping sound could be heard, as if those tentacles were drinking water while absorbing the origin and transferring it to the red circle.

In an instant, the inner circle shot out four black silver rays of light towards Garen's body with great precision, forming a perfect cross.

The black cross maintained for at least ten minutes, and Demon Phoenix and her friends were at a loss as to what to do. If Garen hadn't informed them beforehand, they would have jumped down from the lion and hid on the ground.

The red circle possessed such strength that even Demon Phoenix, a form five, was overwhelmed by it.

After ten minutes, the cross slowly disappeared, and the red circle broke into a sea of shards before disappearing.

Garen opened his eyes and his face was filled with happiness.

"The Cthulhu's Origin has such an effect!?" He was completely surprised and happy about it.

He started collecting the Cthulhu's Origin as he wanted to reach for the peak of form five, but ever since he had reached this level, he didn't view it as importantly as before. He just wanted to absorb it but didn't expect that by absorbing it through the Sun-Sealing Demonic Wheel, the Time God's origin had given him an unexpected result.

He moved his focus onto the light red attribution pane.

The attribute pane's abilities that did not have any changes for a long time had finally come up with something new.

A dark red symbol appeared at the left side of the attribute pane after he absorbed the Cthulhu's Origin.

It was a symbol that resembled two Ks stacking back to back together, and the symbol was rotating.

Just like always, Garen knew the meaning of the symbol immediately after he stared at it.

'Successfully absorbed enhancement object. Enhancing soul limit...'

Garen looked at the attribution pane.

'Strength 14. Agility 10. Vitality 10. Intelligence 10.' It was still the same, but there was a small blinking addition symbol at the end of each attribute.

Ever since he had entered form five, his attributes were getting weaker among the totem users. His body enhancement, even with the addition of the Troll Grip, wasn't something outstanding compared to the totem users of the same class. Due to the totem's potential, Garen's advantage of increasing his attributes had been overwhelmed by other totem users, and in fact it was disadvantageous to his growth.

This was because he couldn't completely negate the benefits of form five users' totems by just increasing his physical attributes. It went without saying that they had stronger Secret Techniques as well.

His physical attributes had slowly become obsolete, as it was completely useless when going against a form five totem user with incredible strength. No matter how strong a person was, he would still be weak if put up against a canon. He would die in one shot, and this was a huge hurdle for Garen.

However, he had no choice. He was able to obtain his overwhelming attribute by transplanting the Dual Headed Salamander's heart. His body's limit wouldn't even reach ten points if he had a commoner's body.

Now, he had finally found a path after absorbing the Cthulhu's Origin.

As he recalled the Cthulhu King's explanation before he left, Garen felt happy and at the same time, he had a hypothesis: Perhaps the Cthulhu's Origin's effect was to allow people to break through their limit?

The Obscuro Society's Marshall used the Cthulhu's Origin to go beyond his limits in the original history as well.

The Time God's Origin lasted for half an hour, before the blinking symbol at the back of the attribute pane slowly disappeared. There were no changes in the attributes.

However, Garen could faintly feel that his body was able to improve further.

The dark red symbol at the front of the attribute pane had stopped spinning, and changed slightly.

Garen immediately read the notification.

‘Eternal Soul has increased, attribute limit has increased...’

"Eternal Soul has increased?" He recalled the idea he thought of earlier, and recalled the Cthulhu's explanation regarding the soul, this refined his hypothesis.

"Does that mean that the limit of my attribute is directly related to my soul?"

As he thought of this idea, a new symbol appeared below the attribute pane.

Garen looked at it curiously, and the symbol suddenly expanded and turned into a red screen, showing him his history of him enhancing his attribute.

‘Increasing attribute...’

‘Increasing attribute...’

‘Increasing attribute...’

‘Absorbing additional potential points...’

‘Absorbing additional potential points...’

....

...

The record was shown down to each minute detail.

+Garen was surprised.

"If the limits of my attributes are strongly related to the enhancement of the soul, does that mean transplanting the dragon's heart and breaking the body's limit are also related to the soul?"

Thinking back, he could see the Nine-Headed Hydra's memories when he was at the underground hot spring after he had transplanted the dragon's heart, he already had some understanding of the overall situation.

He kept swiping up at the screen as he looked further back into the history. The screen moved like an inverted red waterfall.

After swiping for a solid ten minutes, the detailed record appeared in front of Garen.

"Successfully transplanted the dragon's heart. Commence merging with the Soul's will. The soul is unable to reject the effect and the enhancement shall proceed..."

'Enhancing the limit...'

'Enhancing the limit...'

.....

Each and every line of enhancement was clearly recorded in the archive.

Garen had finally understood the logic behind the increment in his attribute.

The limit of the body and the upper limit of increasing the attribute via potential points was directly related to the strength of the soul.

As he saw it, he felt slightly afraid. If not for the Dual Headed Salamander non-resistance and its inherent loyalty since the beginning, in addition to his luck and strong will, he would have failed miserably. Back then, he didn't know that there was a soul category and purely believed that he just had to increase his body's organs to go further. He didn't expect that the essence of the organs combined and countless of living beings' wills -- the soul, was the most important key.

According to his experience in absorbing the Cthulhu's Origin and the Cthulhu King's explanation, the soul was most likely a unique energy source within the living flesh. It was so perfect that it had become a completely independent force field.

The body was just like a huge factory, Excluding the consumption of energy that kept the body alive, it produced a huge amount of electric energy, and when combined together, it formed a complicated energy field. This field in turn would affect the behavior of the body as it would react to the body's signals as well as those outside of the body.

Garen combined the Cthulhu King's theory together with his own experience and the knowledge he had learnt on Earth, and barely had a full explanation of the soul.

The soul was deemed as the most mysterious item on every world. The Cthulhu King was someone whose soul was so strong that it could temporarily leave its physical body, hence, he was immortal.

To be born in the flesh and surpass it. The intrinsic quality of the Cthulhu King's body was very likely made out of an energy field. Compared to a living being's body, the cells, flesh and blood were just stored energy, ready to be converted to other forms of energy.

After clearing up the system, Garen started to absorb the remaining two Cthulhu's Origin.

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He chose the Light God's Origin as his second.

He spent at least an hour absorbing it, and another two hours waiting for the addition symbol to finish blinking.

The third origin from the War God's Origin was not effective at all. Garen didn't feel anything after absorbing it, neither did the red symbol rotate or the addition symbol appear.

He could sense that the effect of the origin could only push him this far.

Techniques to increase the soul's limit were very rare. He had transplanted the Dragon's Heart and was barely able to remove the will of the Nine-Headed Hydra. In addition, he wasn't sure if there were any hidden side effects from the transplant. Since he had too little knowledge regarding the soul, Garen wasn't sure if he had completely eliminated all the side effects, and he could only deal with it if and when it appeared.

As he finished absorbing the third Origin, Garen looked at the blinking addition symbol disappearing, and looked at his potential points.

'Strength 14. Agility 10. Vitality 10. Intelligence 10. Potential 16744%. Possess the qualifications of a Luminarist.'

He had obtained 167 points worth of potential from the deaths of all the creatures and the Black Knights. The points he had amassed from before were spent dry in the fight against the Cthulhu King.

"Let's see how much higher it goes."

The more attribute points he had, the more points he needed to increase it further.

At the very beginning, he only required 1 potential point to increase 0.1 points of any attribute. Once his attributes reached 5 points, it would require 20.

Now he was at 10 points. If he wanted to add more...

Garen skimmed through all of his attributes. Although his intuition told him that the attributes could be increased further, he was still uncertain. This wasn't just an issue of increasing his attributes, though. This would also provide evidence for his hypothesis.

Ultimately, he set his sights onto vitality.

He was in decent shape in terms of strength and speed, as the Nine-Headed Hydra had boosted his strength. His current weakness was his defense; his skin's defense wasn't up to par.

A large chunk of his flesh was disintegrated the moment the Cthulhu King's red beam grazed him. If not for the fact that potential points could act as a supplement to his Nine-life Talent, he would have died a long time ago when going against Cthulhu King.

Vitality was directly related to his defense and resistance. This had already been proven in the Secret Technique world.

The only caveat was that, even though his vitality was only at 10 points, his body's characteristics had transcended into another level from the enhancements from his Secret Techniques. He couldn't be sure how many potential points he needed to increase them.

Garen stared at Vitality for three full seconds.

In an instant, ping!

A soft ring came out, and a full hundred potential points were deducted.

His Vitality, which originally sat at 10 points, had gradually increased to 11.

Garen could still feel that there was more space for his body to be enhanced further. With one point's increase in Vitality, a warm feeling entered his body, into his muscles, before finally being absorbed by them and returning to their original, uneventful state. Garen could only feel that his body was slightly fuller, buffer, but that was it.

"One hundred potential points.. All for a single point of Vitality.." Garen was rather unhappy. This meant that in one or two years, even he were to kill countless totems and nest leaders, he wouldn't be able to go against a Form Five. There just weren't enough elites for him to kill. There were. In fact, countless

creatures roaming about, but no one could know how many potential points he would require to bump his attributes further up.

Perhaps it would require two hundred potential points to increase another attribute point. Perhaps it was three hundred, or even a thousand points.

According to Garen's hypothesis, he would require every attribute to be at 30 points to go up against a peak Form Five. To grow to that point, he might really need an unfathomable amount of potential points.

Furthermore, he had to work around the limits of his body.

"That's too bad..." Garen sighed, and he shoved the issue with the Cthulhu's Origin to the back of his head.

He had originally planned to immediately return to the Black Swamp Palace, as nowhere would be safe the moment Hellgate was resurrected. However, in the Ultimate Protection, he could buy some time to think of how to deal with him in the relevant safety it provided.

Although, he was genuinely tempted by the Cthulhu King's invitation.

The Living Secret Technique was a Secret Technique that, in theory, was much stronger than the Secret Techniques that he had encountered thus far. This kind of Living Technique was something only the demon king in folklore could invent.

A Secret Technique that could grow alongside with the practitioner was complete nonsense to Garen.

If he could obtain a Living Secret Technique that was compatible with him... This was something that Garen would tempt Garen greatly.

The Cthulhu King said that he was very sure that there would be a total of three Living Secret Technique in the Ancient Ruins. One of them was an ice type, and even though it wasn't that compatible to Garen,

it was something that couldn't be obtained elsewhere. He had no space to complain, as encountering one that he could even use was something very good.

Garen was sure that the water and poison types were the most compatible with him. Although ice was slightly incompatible, a Living Secret Technique was very rare. Hence, he planned to return to the Black Swamp Palace to settle some things, and then head towards the place to meet up with the Cthulhu King.

There was also the number one ranking nest leader, Divine God Palace Master, who decided to come to the surface to try and obtain the resource in the ancient ruins instead of fighting the Elder Parliament underground. Up until now, there was still no movement from the Elder Parliament's elites.

This made Garen feel unease. Although the Cthulhu King hadn't mentioned anything about it, he could feel a sense of urgency from the Cthulhu King's words.

"I wonder what rushed him this badly? According to the original history, the Elder Parliament would cease activity once Hellgate is born. Perhaps..." Garen suddenly thought of one possible scenario.

"Perhaps the Elder Parliament had been completely annihilated underground!?"

Why was the Divine God Palace Master was in a hurry to search for a Living Secret Technique? Why would Cthulhu King place his grudge aside and invite Garen to obtain the Secret Technique? Knowing the Cthulhu King's arrogance, he had chosen to endure and lower his head instead of fighting him to the death.

Garen started to piece the puzzle together, and an uncomfortable feeling rose up in his gut.

It was very possible that Hellgate had already come out for some time and had eliminated the Elder Parliament underground, injuring the nest leaders along the way, which then lead to the current situation.

Furthermore, the two nest leaders who suddenly came to the Eastern Continent were in a hurry to recruit the creatures here. They had even only occupied a small area of a few hundred southern countries. Based on this strange behavior, it's very likely that Hellgate had already made his move underground, since the nest leaders wouldn't try to recruit creatures for no reason...

The more Garen thought of it, the more likely it got. Based on this, he started to feel excited and eager to know how much stronger Hellgate had become.

He had no fear or desperation. Garen was very confident in his regeneration, even if he couldn't fight against him. Furthermore, to challenge the peak was in the true nature of a martial artist.

He also needed to find the secret to him transmigrating to this world, and figure out the mysterious source of his gifted abilities. Perhaps he would even try chasing his most desired wish in the future.

He had to, by all means, not die in this world!

For the next few days, he sat on the lion's back and he listened to the news from the radio, all the while directing the path for the winged lion as they flew to the Ultimate Protection in Kovitan.

The radio kept spitting news incessantly.

The Enderian King had decided to challenge the world's strongest totem user. He had used the three of the country's Stone Statues and half of its national treasure as the reward when held the King of Totem conference.

The location was his newly built Eternal Night Palace. As long as the last victor was able to defeat him, he would be rewarded with the wealth along with three of the strongest Stone Statues. One would be rewarded based on their ranks, even if he wasn't ranked first.

As Garen heard this news from the radio, he immediately knew that countless of totem users who'd done the same would rush towards the Ender Kingdom.

A great calm had set on after the great war. The world was much more peaceful compared to before, after the nest leaders had recruited a great amount of high-level creatures. The individuals with power were all busy training themselves and collecting resources, so that they would be able to further develop themselves when they won. It was an opportunity that mustn't be missed.

Even if they couldn't obtain the number one spot, they hoped to be at least be placed in the top 100. Perhaps ninety percent of the totem users would like to think so.

Garen knew from the very start that this was a trap and ignored him. He decided to inform the core totem users in the Black Swamp Palace. It would be none of his business if they didn't listen to him. It also served as a good opportunity to simplify the rather complicated Black Swamp Palace.

Excluding the King of Totem Conference, news regarding all types of schools kept appearing. As the Obscuro Society had dominated most of the strongest schools, the Terraflor Society had lost their battle and went into hiding in the dark. The remaining relatively large schools became the Obscuro Society's pawns, as they went around the area to dominate the middle sized and small sized schools. Among these middle and small sized schools, the Tasura Academy, which was under teacher Emin's management, had retreated after they obtained the news earlier. Along with Garen's arrangement, at least half of the Tasura Academy's members had safely avoided this storm.

As Garen arrived at the border of the Kovitan Empire. Excluding the few hidden academies, the whole of the Eastern Continent's Tactic Academy was dominated by the Obscuro Society. Every academy on this land united and formed into one, humongous, unprecedented academy.

Hellgate seemed to be very generous towards the Terraflor Society. Ever since the death of Sisley, he promised that the Terraflor Society would not be harmed for the next century.

Garen, as one of the big four, was recognized by the Ultimate Protection, and he opened up an entrance with ease and brought these people into the Ultimate Protection.

As they were getting closer to the capital of the Kovitan Empire, the land started to become uneven and began to rise. Hills slowly appeared, and would become bigger and taller and soon they turned into full yellow mountains.

The mountains started to appear after the hills, and their colors changed from yellow, to dark green, to grey, and then to black.

Finally, the black Kingdom at the peak of the mountain cluster slowly appeared, at the peak of the highest mountain. The pitch black city looked like ancient ruins from afar.

The Kingdom had advanced a lot compared to when Garen left; black and white dots could be seen flying and landing, and the whole kingdom had split into three parts on the mountain. One could see the road was now filled with carriages pulled by cows, horses and aberrated creatures on the mountain.

The foot of the mountain was filled with farms, villages, windmills and waterwheels. The green fields rustled in the blowing wind, and the tiny figures of the farmers could faintly be seen within them. The atmosphere was one of peace.

Compared to the cruel and bloody world outside, this was many times better.

Countless of villages were spread about at the foot of the mountain, with the capital at the epicenter. Villages were already in the midst of construction in the nearby mountains, and most of the mountainsides had turned into fields. The kingdom had totally changed during the time he was absent.