

Chapter 521: Shell

“Miss, please take a look at this.” The man suddenly took a bouquet of colorful flowers tied with a red string. “I believe Miss remembers whom this belongs to.”

Lin Ruoxi was shocked as she remembered that it was held by Little Harry earlier. She instantly understood something. Coldly, she asked, “Are you implying that you did something to Harry?!”

“Hehe.” The man let out a strange snicker. “The kid is now in our boss’s hands. Our boss wants to invite Miss and her friends to come with me. We shall have a chat. When we get what we need... the child will be released.”

Not only did Yang Chen and Lin Ruoxi manage to figure out the situation, Stern and Alice knew what the man was implying—it was a kidnap and extortion.

“You guys are really great at spotting ‘business opportunities’. It’s really impressive that you managed to get your eyes on a little child selling flowers,” Yang Chen said with a strange smile, “but I believe you’re aware that we’re completely unrelated to him. What makes you so sure that we will willingly follow?”

“Yes, you will. I saw the affection in this lady’s eyes when she was buying flowers earlier.” The man licked his lips and revealed an evil smile. “A person as kind as this lady wouldn’t leave the pathetic little fellow alone.”

Alice hugged Stern tightly when she witnessed the twitching on the man’s wicked face. What did it for her was either his ugly face or her fear of him.

Stern realized the situation and laughed awkwardly. “Mr Yang, they’re looking for Miss Lin, so I believe that our involvement is not necessary. Since you two are deeply in love, you guys should go. Aren’t men supposed to protect women at situations like this? Since I want to keep Alice safe, we shall take our leave.”

Having spoken a ‘righteous’ and ‘responsible’ speech, Stern planned to carry Alice and escape.

However, before he managed to start running, two tall and strong black men wearing leather jackets suddenly appeared and blocked their way.

The bony man sneered, “Please don’t go. If stuff like this is known to anyone else, none of us will benefit. Of course, it’s not that I don’t trust the two of you, but my boss said that it would work better for him if you came along with us.”

When Stern found out that he had no way of escape, he immediately turned around and patted his chest solemnly. “Mr Yang, I feel that only at moments like this will a true friendship be revealed. We’ll definitely stand behind you and Miss Lin to provide you with mental support to rescue the child!”

Yang Chen was too lazy to deal with the fickle fellow. Instead, he turned to look at Lin Ruoxi who had ice-cold cheeks at the moment and waited for her to make a decision. He naturally had nothing to be afraid of. On the contrary, he felt rather pleased as this situation made his trip much more interesting than the fashion week could ever bring.

Moreover, Yang Chen didn’t think it was an ordinary kidnap. The mastermind behind was what he was actually interested in...

Lin Ruoxi walked forward from behind Yang Chen and faced the bony man. Coldly, she said, "Let's go. Bring us to your boss."

It was a rare occasion in Paris that a child kidnapping case had taken place on the most beautiful street in the world. However, the occasion was just like an obscure singer popping out abruptly to sing an outdated song, inducing disgust.

The skinny man led the way, with the two black men guarding behind. After taking a turn at a relatively deserted corner, they headed to a narrow pathway beside an antique shop.

The sunlight was being blocked out by the shops. After going through the pathways, a small, empty land surrounded by houses slowly revealed itself in front of them. Due to the lack of sunlight throughout the years, moss was grown all over the place while the potholes contained rainwater.

"Where's Harry?" Lin Ruoxi realized that the surroundings were completely empty. In the dark and cold environment, there was no one to be found.

The bony man suddenly turned around and snickered. "Please be patient. Miss, have a look above you."

After Lin Ruoxi raised her head, Stern and Alice looked above them at the sky as well. Yang Chen was the only one holding helplessness in his eyes. Shaking his head, he didn't move a single muscle.

Suddenly, a scarlet object fell from the sky!

Lin Ruoxi widened her eyes in astonishment, staring at the ridiculous item which looked like special effects covering the entire area around her.

Soon, a curvy woman wrapped in a black leather jacket fell from the sky, as if she had teleported there, she appeared in front of them in the blink of an eye.

The tall lady had brown hair and brilliant red eyes. Her face displayed elegance but crow's feet and wrinkles were still present. Her age was not well concealed to the others. The cleavage at the center of her black leather windbreaker was depthless.

However, the woman's strange emergence didn't frighten Lin Ruoxi. That was because her attention was completely focused on Little Harry who was currently in the woman's arms.

"What have you done to Harry?!" Lin Ruoxi questioned furiously.

Harry's initially round face was incredibly pale at the moment. Shutting his eyes painfully, he was currently asleep in the woman's arms.

In English, the woman smiled and said using a hoarse voice, "Don't worry, he's still alive. I wouldn't finish such a delicious food in one go," before licking her firm lips with her scarlet tongue.

"Fo—food?" Lin Ruoxi finally noticed that the woman in front was abnormal. Subconsciously, she leaned closer to Yang Chen again.

Smiling, Yang Chen lay his hand on Lin Ruoxi's shoulder. "Don't be afraid, I'm here with you. She's just pulling tricks."

Stern and Alice were deeply frightened by the weird woman. When no one was paying attention, they wanted to retreat from the pathway they came from.

However, after they ran for a few steps, they were stopped by an invisible wall!

“Ouch!” cried Stern before he touched the ‘air wall’ while scratching his head. Gloomily, he complained, “Damn it, are you guys demons? What’s happening?!”

The woman chuckled. “Resistance is futile. This dimension is temporarily isolated from the outside world. No one is able to see or hear anything here.”

“Who are you guys? Do you want money? Let Harry go and I’ll give you money,” Lin Ruoxi said while staring straight at the woman’s eyes.

As if the woman was admiring a valuable craftwork, the woman kept examining Lin Ruoxi from top to bottom, especially Lin Ruoxi’s face, while her eyes were filled with excitement...

“Such a masterpiece from God. Gais, I really like this body. You’ve done a great job,” the woman said to the bony man.

Gais laughed like a maniac. “Madam Viscount, I want the blonde man’s shell. The body which hosts me is decaying more and more each day.” As he said, he pointed at Stern who was looking around anxiously.

“Humph. Take it if you want. But leave the silver-haired shell for me. I’ll preserve her for another old woman from the race. She should serve a great present,” the woman said coldly while gazing upon Alice.

Lin Ruoxi frowned as she listened to the conversation. She couldn’t understand what they were talking around. What ‘shell’? What ‘race’? she thought.

Yang Chen finally opened his mouth. Full of excitement, he pointed at himself with his thumb, asking, “How about me? Since the shells of Stern and Alice are both useless, and you apparently want my wife, what do you plan to do with me?”

The woman was surprised by Yang Chen’s calmness. She snorted with contempt. “Human, do you know what you’re talking about? But you need not know. I’ll be honest with you. Judging by how you look, you’ll qualify as my servant’s food at most.”

As soon as she finished speaking, the woman flung her hand at Yang Chen and the others, spreading a pinkish gas in the surroundings!

Just like pollen, the fog spread out to the entire sealed dimension. Before the four could react, they had inhaled the air into their lungs.

Almost instantly, Lin Ruoxi and the siblings shut their eyes while they fainted away.

Yang Chen didn’t allow Lin Ruoxi to fall on the ground. After the siblings fell, he placed her on their bodies so that her clothing didn’t have to be stained.

The woman, Gais, and the two black men were dumbstruck when Yang Chen behaved like he was totally fine.

“Wh—who are you? It’s impossible... How is it possible...” The woman refused to believe that Yang Chen was unaffected by the fog.

Yang Chen turned around and shrugged his shoulders. “Although I have no clue what you want to do specifically, it seems like you have had a terrible piece of luck concerning your prey.”

Ferocity filled the woman’s eyes. “How absurd. Kill him!”

Following her order, the two black men’s eyes turned scarlet. Soon, their sharp teeth were revealed. As they roared, they pounced at Yang Chen’s neck and chest in a lightning-fast manner!

However, three feet away from Yang Chen, the two strong black men looked like they were frozen. They stayed in the air with the same posture!

“Pfft!”

The two men spat out fresh blood at the same time before being knocked away by an enormous unknown force!

After the two men fell on the ground violently, the woman found it unbelievable while her eyes were filled with surprise.

“It is not wrong to hunt in the jungle. But if you target the wrong prey, it is very possible for the hunter to become the hunted,” Yang Chen said with a smile.

“Don’t underestimate us.” The corners of the woman’s lips twitched. “Although I don’t know who you are, having messed up this viscount’s plan, your life remain with me!”

After she finished speaking, she revealed even sharper teeth. Her scarlet eyes looked like they would bleed anytime. Following a burst in her aura, her muscular body wrapped in the leather jacket started expanding, displaying her powerful body.

Yang Chen squinted. “The blood race?”

Chapter 522: Find a Man with Family Wealth to Marry

Yang Chen had a hunch that this was the case, for the fellow called Gais had the faint aura resembling the blood race. It looked like they were indeed of the blood race. They were, however, different from the ones more commonly found. Compared to the ones he’d seen before, who were like graceful medieval nobility, these ones were more vicious and ugly.

Just then, the two black men behind also stood up with intense murderous aura, like shadows steeped in the dark night.

At this, Yang Chen was taken aback. He had shattered their hearts—they should have died as that was the blood race’s weak spot. Or are these not of the blood race?! he thought.

The middle-aged woman who was called viscount instantly tossed Harry to the stooping Gais with an excited expression. The nimble-footed Gais caught Harry and immediately retreated to one side, as if witnessing a spectacular show.

“You’ve disturbed our beautiful time of afternoon tea, you damned maggot.” As she spoke, a red blade tip gradually emerged from her right hand. In no less than a few seconds later, she was gripping a blood red cavalry sword.

It wasn’t the first time Yang Chen had seen the blood race use blood spells; it only confirmed his deduction that these people were of a special subset of the blood race. Being able to revive even with shattered hearts was no ordinary feats.

This is going to be quite a pain in the ass, he thought.

In a flash, the viscount’s silhouette appeared directly above Yang Chen, aiming her scarlet sword straight at his skull!

Yang Chen merely met the blade’s point with his deceptively fast left hand. The blood sword could slice gold and jade, but once it reached Yang Chen’s palm, it shattered into fragments like glass!

In a flash, the viscount had returned to where she initially stood, staring at her own right hand in disbelief. My own blood sword was shattered by a human’s palm?!

“All of us, now!”

The viscount gave a shrill whistle, directing the two blood race minions to attack Yang Chen again. This time, she crystalized blood claws on her fingers, and with all her might, lunged at Yang Chen swooping down on him like shadow.

The strength of the blood race was shocking by itself. Generally, those with noble ranks aged at least hundreds of years. Although she was female, her strength alone could deliver a shock of tens of tonnes!

Slam!

A devastating thump shook the surrounding space. The viscount’s claw gripped Yang Chen’s shoulder tightly, creating the ear-shattering sound.

The ground beneath his feet sunk in, creating a smashed crater!

What made the viscount highly alarmed was how Yang Chen only stared at her indifferently, completely immobile and far from being injured.

This made the viscount, who originally planned to ripped of Yang Chen’s arm, suffer from cognitive dissonance, and forget what the next step should be!

“Let’s see if you’ll de this time.” Yang Chen spoke mildly, then in a sudden spin coolly kicked at the chests of the two black men who were about to pounce on him from behind!

Although those two were already swift, to Yang Chen they were comparable to tortoises. Before they could react, Yang Chen had already kicked them both on their chests!

The two figures practically flew into the invisible wall, the area where they were kicked caving in instantly—it seemed like their internal organs had sustained some severe damage by the kick!

But it was like they were special effects in cartoons—despite their recently crushed thoraxes, these two blood minions quickly got up again!

Although they were spitting blood, the two black men had indeed recovered, and once more stood up shakily!

“What’s going on?” Yang Chen frowned. Although their strengths weren’t enough to be a threat to him, such resilience to his powers had made him question what he knew of the blood race.

Seeing Yang Chen lost in thought, the viscount saw her chance, and opened her bloody mouth, diving greedily for his neck with her fangs!

“Don’t even think about it...”

Of course Yang Chen would know, and—without turning his head—immediately delivered Xiantian True Qi of the Restoration Scripture from his hand!

The Xiantian True Qi from his palm was no small hit. Even though it was no significant exertion for Yang Chen, certainly incomparable to the level of strength he had used when battling Ares, but in all the days of her life, the viscount had not felt a blow quite this strong. She could only feel her chest being corroded by an unbearable force as it completely agitated her internal organs!

“Ahh!!!”

A tragic bitter cry arose from the viscount as the Xiantian True Qi induced violent eruptions in her body, grinding her already-decaying viscera into fine powder!

However, Yang Chen didn’t let up—as he expected, twenty seconds after she crumpled softly to the ground, the totally collapsed viscount raised her head again!

“Bastard... you’ll never kill me! I will destroy you!!”

Looking at her malevolent face, Yang Chen’s face finally fell. This blood race had restorative powers beyond his imagination, they could even recover from injuries which rendered even the most resilient people dead. What demonic power was it?!

Yang Chen kneaded his hands. The only thing to try now was to pulverize them into fragments and see if they’d still resurrect.

But before Yang Chen could begin, the sealed boundary behind him was suddenly released!

“Heh heh heh, you’re too careless, Manny, why would you try to catch such a big fish?” A vaguely familiar and charming voice interjected.

On the invisible wall, a ripple slowly split apart to reveal a beautiful alluring figure walking into this dimension.

With her black British overcoat, her white royal blouse with embroidered collar, her lively figure, fair skin, and dark blonde curls, the seductive maiden entered the scene without warning.

“Lilith... damn you...” The viscount who was called Manny immediately glared at this newcomer with eyes flaming with fierce hatred.

This delicately smiling woman was the same Lilith who had crossed paths with Yang Chen during the struggle for the Holy Grail in Zhonghai.

Yang Chen never thought that he would meet a female vampire, whom he had shared a kiss with, here in Paris. But as far as he could tell, Lilith and the one called Manny were enemies. Moreover, Manny didn't want to be discovered by Lilith.

"Long time no see, Your Majesty Pluto." Lilith paid no attention to Manny's rage, and instead smilingly approached Yang Chen, pressing her plump soft breasts up against his arm.

Although the female vampire was a feast for the eyes, Yang Chen reminded himself that this woman was well over two hundred years old. He smiled faintly without unnecessary movements, and said, "It's not that long. Plus, now is no time for reminiscing."

"How aloof of you! I've thought about you everyday since we parted in China," Lilith grumbled breathily. Then she looked at the panting Manny before her face became cold. "It's too bad that I couldn't catch up with you the last time you were changing shells. Good thing you won't escape this time, Viscount Manny."

Manny seemed afraid of what Lilith would do, darting her eyes around, evidently thinking of escape. She laughed nastily. "Don't celebrate just yet! I am still in possession of a hostage!"

As she spoke, Manny pointed at Gais who was waiting in the corner—in his hands Harry was still in a stupor.

The gaunt Gais was even more fearful of Lilith. His knees were weak, as he held onto Harry for his dear life.

Lilith turned to Yang Chen doubtfully. "Your Majesty Pluto, did you want to save that child?"

Yang Chen scratched his head, saying, "Since you're about to come to blows with your opponent, I'll snatch back the kid first."

As soon as he spoke, Yang Chen had already vanished from where he stood, and when he appeared it was in front of Gais.

Before Gais could see how Yang Chen did that, Yang Chen had already taken Harry from Gais!

"Thanks for holding on to him." Yang Chen gave an evil grin, not neglecting to send Gais flying with a kick.

Manny's eyes were filled with alarm. Only now did she realize that she'd underestimated this mysterious Eastern man. His speed had far exceeded her imagination!

So from the start there was never a hostage?!

Yang Chen carried Harry to where Lin Ruoxi and the rest were lying, and dusted off his hands. He said to Lilith, "Now there's nothing in the way, you can start your fight. I had put in enough effort as of which. I want to see how you fight now."

"I won't let you down." Lilith gave him a coquettish glance. Simultaneously, she reached out behind her in a sword-drawing posture, and mysteriously pulled out from thin air a machete that shined like the moon.

Yang Chen recalled that this was the Massacre Blade, one of the blood race's thirteen magical weapons. During the battle in that Zhonghai forest, Lilith had used this blood-stained weapon, leaving no soul behind. In the end, if it wasn't for Yang Chen, she would've split Cai Ning in two!

A dark smell of blood surged up and permeated the surroundings. The Massacre Blade flickered with a soul-stirring glint, making Manny and the rest almost break down all at once.

Looking at the Massacre Blade in Lilith's hand, getting closer step by step, Manny fell back slowly, shouting, "Stop her now! Attack!!"

The two black men knew that they were no match for Lilith, but the absolute social hierarchy of the blood race compelled them to lunge at Lilith without hesitation!

Without even turning back, Lilith brandished the blade behind her. A fire with the color of blood and darkness flared in the air, like the spray of the tide, submerging the two minions before burning them in a flash!

The two men could only roar deeply before they were turned to dust, disappearing into the wind!

Yang Chen gave a start. If he recalled rightly, this move was the high-level blood spell—blood blaze. This fire had an absolute zero temperature, yet it was terrifying, being able to disintegrate any living thing it touched right down to its cells. Once, Lilith had used that high level blood technique, the blood image, to fool Cai Ning; and now another ultimate technique. The powers of the pure-blood vampires were indeed extraordinary.

Looking at the minions that could always recover from his blows, Yang Chen wondered, Can they only be killed by fire? No wonder my blows were useless.

At the other end, Manny stared helplessly as her minions burned up so easily, panicking even more. Yet as she turned to escape quickly, Yang Chen, who was behind her a moment ago, appeared before her!

Yang Chen grinned somewhat bashfully. "Turns out you have to be burnt to die. I can use fire, too—I think you'll be my test subject."

With that, Yang Chen's right hand shot out before Manny's eyes and a ball of emerald flames erupted!

Manny couldn't even react before feeling the leaping flames flow onto her body like water. But although this fire looked soft and wasn't very hot, it made her body slowly melt, starting from the point closest to the flame!

By the time Manny had come to her senses, the flame had already swollen up and swallowed her whole body!

Before she could even scream, Manny's body was thoroughly evaporated in the midst of the ball of flame!

"Huh, would you look at that. Turns out it was quite useful." Yang Chen looked at his right hand. He had just thought of forming the shape of flames with Xiantian True Qi, otherwise known as the True Flame. Surprisingly, it worked.

Nearby, Lilith's Massacre Blade descended softly, and the weak-kneed Gais was also delivered from this world by the blood blaze.

In a flash, the surrounding dimension broke apart, and everything returned to normal.

The Massacre Blade in Lilith's hand vanished in the blink of an eye, and she walked towards Yang Chen with a curious smile. "Your Majesty Pluto, were the emerald flames you used some type of magic?" As a creature who had lived for over two hundred years, being one of the blood race, she was extremely curious about anything new, because there weren't many things that her race didn't already know.

Yang Chen smiled but didn't reply immediately, walking to Harry instead. He crouched down to inspect Harry's state of coma, replying to Lilith as he did so. "That was the True Qi produced by the internal energy I cultivated. According to Chinese martial arts, this is a type of Xiantian energy; by itself it encapsulates all kinds of elements—I merely used it to alter its representation into flames."

Lilith nodded, somewhat getting it. Noticing how Yang Chen was inspecting Harry, she pursed her lips. "No need for that—Manny must have had consumed too much of his blood, making him pass out."

Indeed, Yang Chen spotted tiny teeth marks in Harry's neck. Frowning, he passed a stream of True Qi near the wound, allowing it to heal quickly. If anyone saw the wound, they'd naturally think of vampires.

Looking at the unconscious Lin Ruoxi and the Cromwell siblings, Yang Chen knew they were only sleeping and would be fine. So he glanced at Lilith and asked, "Those were the blood race, right? Since when did you guys become so powerful until extreme blood techniques like the blood blaze are required to kill you?"

Lilith restrained her smile, and spoke in a rare display of solemnity. "Your Majesty Pluto, please don't lump me together with those unsightly beasts. That Manny is from one of the two main clans in the devil association Savath—the ugliest of them all, the Tzimisce clan.

"Tzimisce clan?" Yang Chen seemed to have a vague impression of them, but no real understanding.

"Yup. Since ancient times, the Tzimisce clan has been the most brutal, faithless, immoral disgrace of the blood race. The only merit they have is their incomparable thirst for knowledge and capability in investigating scientific knowledge. However, they covet eternity more than any other clan," said Lilith.

"Eternity? Again? The blood race already possesses such extended lifespan, how is that significantly different from eternity?" Yang Chen was puzzled.

Lilith shook her head. "It's not the same. Besides a long life, the kind of immortality the Tzimisce clan seeks includes invincibility, plus eternal youth as well."

Yang Chen was struck dumb. Not even the Twelve Olympians could have physical eternal youth.

"Actually, even though their methods are frowned upon, you have to still admire their drive for the research. At the last turn of the century, through physiological analysis and experiments involving the blood race and humans, the Tzimisce clan became the only clan whose hearts aren't their Achilles' heel," explained Lilith. "They also possess a unique, innate ability—they can reorganize scattered cell groups, recreating their bodies. It's through this method that the Tzimisce clan obliterate the bodies of human

or vampires, before molding the body cells onto their own. This... is also what they call 'shell reconstruction'."

Yang Chen curled his lips. "No wonder that lady said she'd found a good 'shell' when we met just now. So she wanted to kill my woman and take on her appearance. What an off-putting power."

"Yea, it's why the Tzimisce clan has always been one of Savath's biggest two clans—they know that we'd never allow them to join Camarilla." Lilith nodded, and then sighed. "Although we are still in a good measure of control on the blood race world, including the Dark Parliament, these few years, the strengths of the Tzimisce clan and other Savath clans have been increasing. Tzimisce members by themselves are constantly growing stronger, causing our clan members who don't know high-level blood techniques to be no match for them. So I've been going around killing the big ones of the Tzimisce clans these few years, trying my best to prevent them from becoming too rampant."

Yang Chen saw that this was also the Dark Parliament's internal worry. With Lilith bringing up these topics, he couldn't help his curiosity. "Lilith, you said Manny was from the Tzimisce clan. So which clan of Camarilla are you from?"

Lilith wrinkled her nose and snorted softly. "Oh, so now you decide to ask about my origins. Your Majesty Pluto is a slow one indeed."

Yang Chen rolled his eyes. It's not like I'm the paparazzi, why should I ask about everything?

"I'm from the Venture clan, and my father is the current clan leader, Prince Sargerass," said Lilith proudly.

Yang Chen suddenly understood something. "So that's why you have the Massacre Blade. I was thinking, even if you are from a pure-blood clan and your parents are some third-generation demigods, there's no way you could have gotten your hands on that weapon even if you were over two hundred years old. If I'm not wrong, the Venture clan is the highest clan, with the most nobility in Camarilla. Tsk, tsk, I didn't expect that you're from an aristocracy. In the human world, you could still find a man with family wealth to marry, and become an upper-class debutante."

"Fi—find a man with inherited wealth?" Lilith almost couldn't believe her ears. Is he trying to give me a heart attack? Since I've told him my origins, he should say something nice, but he actually lumped me in with those tacky ladies from large clans?! Can you even compare royal princesses to me?!

Yang Chen saw that Lilith's pretty face almost spouted smoke, and gave an embarrassed smile with a wave of his hand. "I'm just kidding around. I know you're very easygoing. Since we so rarely meet, I should buy you a drink; but you see, I have plenty to attend to unfortunately, like bringing this child to the hospital, to say nothing of finding his parents and all that. I think you may leave first."

Lilith almost rushed at Yang Chen for a duel. Not a single nice word, and he wants me to leave?!

"Your Majesty Pluto, I have to say that even with all the strength you possess, you still are a terrible man." Lilith was almost cursing him by then. Even if she had decided to leave, her mood was still terrible!

But before Lilith could take a step, Yang Chen called out from behind. "Wait! Lilith, I have something to ask you."

Lilith cracked a small, wicked smile. See that? This man still knows my worth. How quickly he has found a reason to make me stay.

Lilith turned around nonchalantly and asked, “Does Your Majesty Pluto have any questions?”

Yang Chen rubbed his chin and pondered, finally deciding it was better to ask. “Actually it’s nothing serious. It’s just that I’m not so familiar with Paris, plus you’re so old, and have been in Europe for so many years—surely you’re familiar with all the places. I just wanted to ask, which one of the nearby hospitals have reasonable charges?”

“Wh—what?!” Lilith suspected that she had heard wrongly.

“Hehe. Well, I’m about to send this kid to a hospital, and since it’s nothing serious, I’ll put him there and wait for his family. But if they’re not rich, and I sent him to somewhere too expensive, whose pocket do you think will have to fork out the bulk of the money? So I wanted to ask, which hospital is the cheapest?” Yang Chen waited expectantly.

Lilith’s fair face was practically stormy. She resisted the overwhelming impulse to draw the Massacre Blade for a quick fight, and broke two cement slabs with a fierce stamp, leaving the scene in a furious huff.

Yang Chen stared at her departing figure, bewilderedly muttering to himself, “Just admit that you don’t know... What are you angry for? Could it be that the vampires also undergo menopause?”

Chapter 523: Irises

After an hour, within a hospital located in Paris, Yang Chen and Lin Ruoxi stood beside Harry who lay down in a sickbed. His mother was also present—she had rushed over right after being informed.

Through the doctor’s inspection, Harry was diagnosed with anaemia. In fact, the doctor failed to come up with any other hypotheses.

Harry finally woke up. When she saw her mother beside the sickbed with her watery eyes, he said softly, “Mama, don’t cry. Papa hates crying children the most. Papa will dislike Mama for crying too.”

“Alright, Mama will stop crying.” The woman wiped her eyes and revealed a smile. She turned her head to look at Yang Chen and Lin Ruoxi beside, saying, “Thank you so much. Our Harry had nothing wrong with him for the longest time, I really have no clue why he had such a sudden change.”

Yang Chen replied, “It isn’t a huge problem. The doctor said he won’t have any sequelae. It’s normal for situations like this to happen to children. You just have to be careful in the future.”

Lin Ruoxi secretly glanced at Yang Chen as she didn’t believe his words—it wasn’t possible for Harry to have just an ordinary anaemia. She understood why Yang Chen decided to keep it concealed, but when he lied with such ease, she felt a complex emotion rise up within her.

The woman was reminded of something before she said to Harry, “Harry, quickly thank Uncle and Aunt. They’re the ones who have saved you.”

Harry remembered nothing at all. In his memory, he had somehow fainted away on the streets, so he had nothing to be afraid of. Obediently, he said, “Thanks Uncle. Thanks Elder Sister.”

Harry spoke really softly as his body hadn't fully recovered yet.

However, Yang Chen was rather pissed after listening to him. God damn it! Didn't his mom ask him to say 'Uncle' and 'Aunt' already? Why did this stupid kid only change the latter to 'Elder Sister'?! he thought.

On the other hand, Lin Ruoxi's eyes reddened. Walking forward, she touched Harry's cheeks which held baby fat in sympathy. "Harry is a good kid."

"Miss Lin, Mr Yang, Harry's father doesn't come home often since he's really busy. I wanted to ask him over to thank you guys as well, but didn't to contact him. Why don't you stay for dinner? It's almost dinnertime already. I'll treat you two to a French restaurant nearby," the woman said sincerely.

"Nevermind. Since the doctor said Harry has to be hospitalized for now to wait for further inspection, it's better if you remain here with him. We still have friends waiting for us outside, so it would be inconvenient for us as well," answered Lin Ruoxi.

The woman found herself in a difficult situation. At last, she said apologetically, "Since that's the case, I could do nothing but say thank you."

Lin Ruoxi smiled to acknowledge her intention. She then thought of something. From her handbag, she took the bouquet of blue-purple flowers out.

As the flowers were plucked for quite some time already, they withered a little, but they still looked as beautiful as ever.

"Elder Sister will leave these flowers here for Harry, in hopes of you recovering faster." Lin Ruoxi placed the flowers by Harry's sickbed.

Harry blinked his eyes repeatedly, confused. "But Elder Sister has already paid for them. How could I take them back?"

"Since they belong to Elder Sister now, no one can stop me from giving them to Harry," said Lin Ruoxi.

When the woman heard the word 'paid', her curiosity was aroused. "Miss Lin, did Harry sell these irises to you?"

Lin Ruoxi was surprised. She was unfamiliar with the noun 'irises', so she turned to look at Yang Chen.

"The iris is actually the national flower of France," Yang Chen explained using Mandarin.

Lin Ruoxi heard the name and murmured to herself for a few times. Smiling, she replied, "Harry wanted to get his father a pair of new socks, so he approached me in hopes of selling the flowers that he managed to gather. Harry might've kept it a secret from you, but he didn't do anything bad, I hope you don't blame him."

The woman sighed emotionally. "His father is rarely at home. When he's busy, we only meet once a week, while I myself am not able to stay with Harry every waking moment. This is our fault, so we can't blame him of course."

While they chatted, Harry had fallen asleep on his sickbed again. A significant portion of his blood had been sucked away after all; he didn't have some time to recover.

Walking at the corridor inside the hospital, Lin Ruoxi muttered, "Iris... Irises... I didn't know there was such a beautiful name for a flower."

"Wife, do you know what irises represent?" asked Yang Chen mysteriously.

"Why are you beating around the bush?" Lin Ruoxi rolled her eyes in dissatisfaction. "Say it if you want, I'll find out about it myself anyway."

Yang Chen looked disappointed. "How boring."

"Yeah, I am indeed a boring person. Look for other women if you want to have fun. I've had this bad temper since young. I don't think it'll be going away anytime soon," Lin Ruoxi spoke with indifference.

Yang Chen felt rather helpless. Is this woman on her period? he wondered. However, he would never know that Lin Ruoxi was still disturbed by his lying capability. When she saw how Yang Chen lied without showing even the slightest signs of guilt, she felt that she must've been lied to by him many times before, so she naturally wasn't in a good mood.

"Iris tectorum is the Latin name of the iris flower. It means rainbow. Since the iris holds various colors, it is even called the flower of light by the French. Therefore, giving Harry the flowers is quite the appropriate move," Yang Chen explained.

Doubtfully, Lin Ruoxi asked, "Then why didn't you tell me that when I bought those flowers in the afternoon?"

Yang Chen pouted his lips. "That fellow called you 'Elder Sister' but me 'Uncle'. Do you think I'd still be in the mood to talk about flowers?"

Lin Ruoxi finally realized the difference. So even he cares about how he's called! She couldn't help but burst into laughter, instantly getting into a good mood.

"Oh yeah, in the ward earlier, you said you'd return tomorrow to visit Harry. Babe Ruoxi, are you going to skip the fashion week?" Yang Chen asked out of curiosity.

Lin Ruoxi felt discomfort throughout her body when she heard the cheesy form of address. It was lucky that the fellow only called her so privately, otherwise she'd have the urge to choke him to death.

"I'll attend the event in the morning, and find time to visit Harry in the afternoon. There's not much that interests me during that period," Lin Ruoxi answered.

Yang Chen nodded and rubbed his chin. "I need to tell you something beforehand. I'm going to a place tomorrow afternoon to deal with some issues. My old friend came to look for me for that particular reason. I might have to stay till very late; it's even possible for it to end in the next morning. I'm telling you now so you don't have to worry about me."

Lin Ruoxi recalled the emergence of Sauron in the morning. She wanted to ask Yang Chen if he would in danger or not. However, before she managed to speak her mind out, she said in a dull manner, "No one will worry about you. Do whatever you want to, I'll even feel peace without your presence."

Yang Chen smiled bitterly. He had expected such an answer. "Alright, it's great then. I'm not trying to imply anything else."

Lin Ruoxi actually regretted not saying what she had in mind. However, she couldn't take back what she had spoken. Thus, she maintained an indifferent face and walked out of the hospital with Yang Chen.

A while after leaving the place, doubt filled Yang Chen's eyes. He stopped moving and turned around to look at the empty hospital entrance.

"What is it?" Lin Ruoxi asked when she noticed Yang Chen stopped following her.

Yang Chen turned back around. Smiling, he said, "It's nothing much. I was wondering if you should get a present for Harry or not. It's actually fate that had brought you guys together in France."

Lin Ruoxi's eyes flashed. "You're finally sensible for once. I'll get something fun for Harry tomorrow."

Yang Chen nodded with a smile before proceeding to the parked Maybach sedan.

However, upon arriving before the car, Yang Chen immediately stopped Lin Ruoxi from opening the door.

"What happened?" Lin Ruoxi was confused.

Yang Chen let out a strange smile before tapping the rear door.

After around two minutes, the door was pushed open from the inside. A disgusting, pungent smell quickly spread out from within. It was the smell of hormones.

Lin Ruoxi widened her huge eyes in surprise. Her cheeks then flushed instantly to the color of cherry.

The absurd siblings could be seen entangled together with their messy clothing. Their hair was messed up as well, while their foreheads were covered with sweat.

The button on the white shirt worn by Stern had popped out from its place. His face had bite scars and lip prints, not to mention the zipper on his pants was unfastened.

Alice was all the more unbearable. A sticky, embarrassing liquid was found on the snow-white skin in front of her chest. Under her skirt, her stockings had been removed and thrown aside. At the same place... a sexy female underwear could be seen.

Alice caressed her silver hair. Her eyes were watery and cheeks red. It wasn't known if she was shy or it was simply the residue of the intense exercise. She chuckled and said, "Sorry for letting you wait. You two may come in now."

If Lin Ruoxi still failed to understand the situation in the car, based on how obvious the scene was, she wouldn't be just naive, but straight-up stupid.

"You know what? I won't stop you from doing that something in the car, but remember to clean up after yourselves. Otherwise the others would think that it was my wife who had left this smell. This isn't my style. My wife's smell would be a lot purer..." said Yang Chen seriously.

Lin Ruoxi instantly smacked his back. "Stop talking! Aren't you embarrassed enough?!"

Yang Chen was all the more ridiculous. He was able to make them stop so straightforwardly by giving an embarrassing speech.

When Lin Ruoxi got in the car, her heart was still thumping. She almost crumpled when she realized from the rear mirror that the siblings were still kissing.

Who are these people?! I was almost scared to death this afternoon by the monsters. Although I don't know what happened, Yang Chen managed to save all of us. But not only did these siblings not ask about the incident, all they wanted was sneak back to the car to do stuff like that! thought Lin Ruoxi.

Originally, Lin Ruoxi expected the siblings to ask about the afternoon as she normally wouldn't mention past events due to her personality. However, she realized that logical thinking and these weirdos do not go together!

Chapter 524: Banging His Head Into the Wall

Le Havre, an exporting city in the northwest of France, was one of the world's most ancient cultural heritages.

The civilians who lived there had rebuilt and maintained the place with a strong sense of pride. They owned the oldest soccer club in France. Although it had only won the France Ligue championship once, it wouldn't change the fact that it had the longest history. In the entirety of France, Le Havre had played a significant role in the growing of its economy, being a super strong exporter in international trade.

The life at the harbor had always been busy. There wasn't anything surprising about it. The residents there had long gotten used to the whistles of various ships in addition to the strange foreign languages spoken by tourists of all around the world.

Many of them would even suffer from sleepless nights from all the noise that the ships had brought.

However, starting from the morning, the harbor had been extraordinarily quiet—not even a single silhouette could be seen!

Some of the curious residents wanted to check the situation out within the harbor. However, upon approaching the border of the place, they were immediately stopped by armed French soldier.

The harbor was sealed off!

Many residents started wondering if the place was threatened by some form of terrorism and planted with explosives, or the military was having a secret drill, or covertly transporting weapons.

There parked only one ship at the harbor. It was a large, magnificent one—Louis XVI.

At the boarding spot beside the cruise, Fodessa who was dressed in military uniform stood there solemnly together with Bolton and his few other subordinates.

Relief was the last thing that anyone would guess was on Fodessa's face. He had a look at his custom-made watch. It was currently two in the afternoon, while only half of the attendee list had showed up and boarded the ship. He had no clue why. None of those people weren't unusual anyway. Promise, etiquette, and morality were disdainful jokes for many of them.

“Which of the representatives have arrived already?” Fodessa asked his assistant behind.

The assistant immediately turned on his laptop and answered, “Reporting to Deputy Director, among the few major organizations in the world, the ones who have arrived are Soviet Medal from Russia, Blue Storm from the states, Jaguar from South America, Mossad from Israel, the newly formed assassin group Zero, Sea Eagles from the Mediterranean Sea, Yamata Sect from Japan, and Yellow Flame Iron Brigade from China. However, only one representative has been sent over from both Yamata Sect and Yellow Flame Iron Brigade. One of them is a jounin called Takashi Kouken and the other is Abbess Yun Miao. There are quite a few other security organizations from other countries, but they don’t actually pose much of a threat, while the remaining ones are relatively small groups. Brahma from India and Sandstorm from the Middle East have decided to skip this meeting for reasons only made known to them.”

Fodessa stood in silence as he listened to his assistant.

“Deputy Director, don’t worry. The rest will come for sure. We’re still early from departing. A lot of these people hold hatred for each other. Unnecessary conflicts could arise had they all come early,” reminded Bolton after he noticed his superior’s concern.

Fodessa nodded and patted Bolton’s shoulder. “It must be tough for you guys these nowadays. After the meeting ends, and we find a way to deal with the Realm of Gods, all of you may rest at home for a period of time. If the enemy really wants to take action, I sincerely doubt our ability to change the outcome.”

Bolton let out a sincere smile. “Deputy Director, you’re discouraging our confidence indeed.”

Fodessa had held a helpless smile on his face since the start. He too hoped that the French security bureau could fight the despicable Apollo. However, the cruel truth was they certainly weren’t powerful enough to join the fight.

At this moment, dark clouds suddenly filled the sky.

Following the accumulation of the clouds, the sky started to drizzle. Soon, the raindrops became more apparent.

“Why is it raining so suddenly?” someone asked while touching the water on his face.

Fodessa found the rain strange as well. It was sunny just a moment ago. Why did the rain come so suddenly?

“Deputy Director, someone’s here,” reminded a man.

Fodessa turned around and noticed a few figures dressed in different costumes approaching the ship.

One of them was an alluring, long-haired lady dressed in red clothing. Her black hair stretched all the way to her calves while she held the charm of a Middle Eastern lady.

Beside her was a stooped individual whose face was completely covered. Dressed in a black robe, he exuded a mysterious aura, being surrounded by vague black fog.

There was also a lady dressed in a blue kimono. She looked around thirteen years old. Moreover, her appearance was really similar to that of a doll. She was weeping and walking beside the long-haired lady.

The last one was a man wearing a brown Japanese armor with a dagger on his waist. He was really good looking and was holding a smile on his fair face. He appeared the most normal among them all.

“May I ask... You guys are...” Fodessa knew that everyone who was allowed into the place had received an invitation, but he wasn’t exactly sure who they were.

The charming long-haired lady said, “We’re from Takamagahara. I believe this is the first time I am meeting you. This one is Motakuto, I hope to get along well with you.”

The assistant behind Fodessa said, “Deputy Director, Takamagahara is the strongest poweruser organization in Japan. They have recently united, so our invitation was successfully delivered. A while ago, they have always been an organization without a leader.

Fodessa nodded. Smiling, he said to Motakuto, “Then I believe Miss Motakuto is leading the representatives from your group this time?”

Motakuto chuckled in a seductive way. “Unfortunately, you guessed it wrong Officer. Our general has personally come over this time.”

“General?” Fodessa was unfamiliar with the forms of address in Japan, but at the very least, he knew that it was a term meant only to refer to as the boss. “May I know who the general is?”

The handsome guy who had remained silent pointed at the entrance of the cruise. “General is already there.”

Fodessa and the others turned around, only to realize a man with white hair and sparse moustache, dressed in a blue-black keikogi, waiting for them to board while smoking an opium pipe.

They were dumbstruck. None of them managed to see how the man had gotten onboard!

Was it possible that he could go invisible?

“That is our general—Nurarihyon. I’m really sorry for our general’s strange personality. I hope you don’t mind,” Motakuto said smilingly and bowed slightly.

Fodessa hurriedly waved his hand. “You guys are all highly regarded guests. Please proceed to rest in the cruise. A room will be prepared for all of you to rest.”

Motakuto and the others thanked them before walking toward the ship. However, having taken a few steps forward, Motakuto seemed to be reminded of something. She pinched the weeping little girl’s cheek gently and said, “Little Rain, please calm down, alright? If the ship gets overly damp later, everyone will feel discomfort. It wouldn’t be good if someone comes out to beat Little Rain.”

When the girl heard that she would be beaten, she pouted timidly and stopped crying.

At this moment, Fodessa and his team quickly noticed that the clouds had instantly dispersed while the rain stopped.

Staring at the few from Takamagahara walk up the cruise, the assistant said, “Deputy Director, if my guess is correct, the crying little girl earlier is called Ameonna which means ‘rain woman’. According to the Japanese legend, it is a demon capable of summoning rain. The rain earlier should have been her doing... but I’m still not sure whether she’s a demon or human. There are little to no records about an organization like Takamagahara.”

“Demon?” Fodessa felt that his brain almost exploded. He had the urge to bang his head into the wall. Do they even exist?! he thought.

However, before Fodessa and the others recovered from the shock, yet a few other unfamiliar silhouettes had appear. They were walking toward them from not too far away.

More accurately, one of them wasn’t walking, but was... flying?!

Dressed in a tight black clothing, the feet of the curvy lady whose blonde hair danced in the wind were around ten centimeters away from the ground. As if she was in outer space, she floated toward Fodessa.

The lady revealed a cold yet charming smile. “You must be the deputy director Fodessa. I’m Lola, the representative sent over by Sword in the Stone.”

“Storm?!” cried the assistant. He instantly thought of the name’s origin. England was right opposite France after all. Being the secret department and trump card of England, Sword in the Stone was rather known to the French security bureau.

“Within our Sword in the Stone, there are two sections: Merlin Magic Association and Knights of the Round Table. To show our sincerity, four mages and three knights have come,” said Lola.

Fodessa and the others raised their heads to have a look. Three of them looked honorable and imposing; they must be the knights Lola had mentioned about.

On the other hand, a bury, two-meter-tall strong man and a youngster wearing a western suit whose eyes held an incredibly sharp gaze could be seen.

The strong man greeted everyone politely, while the proud youngster was completely unbothered.

“This... Miss Lola, you mentioned that there were seven of you, but why...” Fodessa couldn’t figure out why only six of them came.

Lola was surprised. She then smiled and pointed at a tiny figure who was rushing over nearby. “That is Emma, one of our mages. The kid has always been inattentive. She must’ve lost us just now again.”

The little girl called Emma was around fifteen years old. With a little freckles on her face, she had her maroon hair tied to a ponytail, causing her to look naive and adorable. Embarrassed, she panted and greeted everyone, “Nice to meet you all, I’m Emma. I—I’m fifteen this year already! I—I’m also the fiancée of Little Prince...”

At the end of her speech, Emma was so shy that her face heated up.

Fodessa and the others were shocked. The girl was indeed frank. It was strange enough that she reported her age at a place like that. Why would she announce that she was someone’s fiancée ?! She

was indeed adorable. Compared to the immensely cool youngster earlier, Emma was much more lovable. However, who was the guy called Prince?

As Fodessa wanted to greet her back, the youngster who had remained silent darted a cold glare at Emma who had lowered her head in embarrassment. “Woman, how many times must I remind you that I will never marry you? You’re not allowed to tell anyone that you’re my fiancée in the future.”

This time, everyone understood that the cool youngster was whom Emma referred as ‘Little Prince’! They appeared to be in a marriage set by their seniors.

Emma raised her head resentfully, revealing her watery eyes. “Little Prince, our marriage is set by our grandfathers in which it cannot be avoided. Emma will only be able to marry Prince for the rest of my life.”

“Are you dumb or what?! What does the contract set by the old pricks have anything to do with me?”

“Enough!” Storm Lola yelled. “Prince, you shall not bully Emma. She said nothing wrong. Your marriage is a known fact. If you’re dissatisfied, go back to your family’s elders!”

Prince snorted coldly as he remained quiet. He appeared to have a certain measure of respect toward Lola.

Emma pulled Lola’s arm pitifully. “Please don’t blame Little Prince. It’s all Emma’s fault. I should’ve have spoken so much...”

Lola sighed deeply and patted Emma’s head. Smiling apologetically at Fodessa, she said, “Sorry for the embarrassment, they still children now.”

Fodessa had the urge to bang his head into the wall again. Are they really people from the Sword in the Stone, one of the world’s strongest poweruser organizations?!

At this moment, Prince who was frowning in silence suddenly raised his head and looked at his right.

Clenching his teeth, Prince groaned furiously and exclaimed, “It’s you?! You damn devil. I’ve wait you for so many years. You’re finally showing yourself now...”

Devil?

As everyone was puzzled, they turned to the direction Prince was looking at, only to realize a silhouette approaching from afar.

Chapter 525: The Heart Mage and the Prince

The time was noon. The place: the north bank of the river Seine, right outside the Louvre in Paris.

Having just attended the morning’s fashion exhibition, Lin Ruoxi strolled past the famous glass pyramid structure, Louvre Pyramid, by herself with her handbag.

She wore a short-sleeved black pleated skirt and black crystal heels while her fine ebony hair was let loose. All she wore were simple clothes and accessories—yet she drew the attention of many of the people she passed by.

This pompous city had never lacked flamboyant outfits or avant-garde concepts, so as a result the people were also very particular about aesthetic standards. But Lin Ruoxi had certainly shattered the boundary between eastern and western aesthetics—even when she didn't dress as tacky as most, people like her were meant to stand out from the rest.

Even those without discerning eyes could tell that the clothes Lin Ruoxi wore, although simple-looking, were in fact from the luxurious new spring line, costing right around twenty thousand euros and only sold to the rich. It wouldn't be surprising if some talent scout or photographer approached her.

Just then, a beautiful Caucasian couple next to a nearby pond broke their embrace and stood up, calling out to Lin Ruoxi.

"Hi Miss Lin! You're finally out. We've waited for so long." Of course, the handsome blonde man was Stern.

Lin Ruoxi was just thinking about the fashion show, carefully considering which brand suppliers she should contact in the new year, and stuff like that. So when Stern and Alice suddenly popped up, needless to say she was frightened.

"Mr Stern, Miss Alice, have you guys been waiting for me here?" Lin Ruoxi was confused. After the exhibition this morning, Yang Chen had left her to attend to his own matters. She had not seen the Cromwell siblings since last night at the hotel, even until this morning.

I thought that this ridiculous pair of siblings had gone somewhere else, yet suddenly here they are, thought Lin Ruoxi.

"In fact, we saw you just now at the hall, but it was so stuffy that we came out early. We've waited for over an hour," Alice complained.

Feeling that something was up, Lin Ruoxi asked nonchalantly, "Why did you wait? Is anything the matter?"

Stern laughed mischievously. "Miss Lin, is Mr Yang not around?"

"Mmm, I think he's meeting a friend in Europe. He'll be back maybe tomorrow," Lin Ruoxi replied honestly.

Stern grunted, and asked, "So where are you headed now?"

Lin Ruoxi became curious at their expectant manner. "I planned on eating something, and then going to visit Harry with a gift. After all, meeting him like this in France, with everything that's happened—it must be fate."

"Yes!" After yelling, Stern spoke in a heartfelt manner. "Miss Lin, you are the Virgin Mary reincarnated! We're too touched. We would also like to see Harry with you. Why don't we have our meal together, and then go to the hospital?"

Have a meal together?

It became clear to Lin Ruoxi—these siblings just wanted to squeeze a meal and a ride out of her. Although she didn't know why they always followed her around, she could never reject them harshly. So she thought, Fine, it's only for a couple days, I'll just go with them.

"Alright, since it's just me, might as well have two companions," agreed Lin Ruoxi.

Immediately Stern and Alice became relieved. Stern said shyly, "Miss Lin, you're too kind. Last night when Mr Yang said that you won't mind treating us to a few meals, I was worried that you'd be unwilling. But it seems like my mind got the better of me. But don't you worry, our main problem is we're having trouble communicating with our family. Once they hear of our circumstances, we'll instantly have money to repay you."

Hearing this, Lin Ruoxi realized, So it was that Yang Chen who blabbed his mouth! Who told him that I was willing to host this pair for the duration of my stay?! The issue isn't money, these siblings are simply unbearable! What if they do THAT again later in the car?!

Great, now these two were sticking to her! Plus could she even back out now given the circumstances?

Lin Ruoxi's expression didn't shift at all, but her heart was itching with hostility...

Damn Yang Chen, repulsive Yang Chen! Go out and goof off if you want, but why abandon these two fools with me after you leave?!

Still, no matter what, Lin Ruoxi could only chat occasionally with the Cromwell siblings as they walked to the carpark.

What Lin Ruoxi didn't notice was the few figures in the crowd who were also tailing them...

... ..

Le Havre, the boarding point of the Louis XVI cruise ship.

Fodessa, the seven members of the Sword in the Stone, and the rest looked toward the approaching man.

The man's face was rather delicate, but he was dressed sloppily, as if he had forgotten to shave this morning. He had on a black and red checkered shirt, baggy tan track pants, and a dirty pair of Nike's.

He was walking toward them with a cigarette in his mouth and both hands in his pockets. He looked no different from an ordinary thug.

"Devil? You're talking about him?"

In fact Fodessa had already recognized the man. Isn't he the one the Queen of Wales personally released on bail two days ago—Yang Chen?!

This mysterious man had raised red flags all over the place, but Fodessa was too busy with official business to investigate the matter. Till now he still didn't know what to make of Yang Chen.

Fodessa wouldn't be afraid if Yang Chen was a terrorist. But he was certainly fearful of the Queen of Wales.

When he was about twenty meters away from the group, Yang Chen held the cigarette and cracked a grin by way of greeting. "Aren't you the deputy director, Fodessa? It must be fate that we meet again! And here I was wondering if the security on the ship would stop me—turns out since you're here, it's not a problem. Hahaha..."

Fodessa's face went ashen as he thought, Do we even know each other that well?

"Devil! I challenge you to a duel in which you will die!!"

Suddenly, the young Prince roared with a face full of rage, stepping forward with an open left hand. A crystal sphere of light appeared suspended above his palm, shining brilliantly!

Even if it was daytime, the mesmerizing colours of the light ball mystified them. Fodessa and the rest were spellbound for a few seconds, and had no time to think clearly—what is this ball? How did it appear so suddenly?

"Prince! Stop!!"

Lola, also known as Storm, yelled and smacked Prince's left hand, causing the ball of light to dissipate.

"Lola! Why did stop me? You know who he is!!" Prince cried, his eyes firing up with rage.

Lola said coldly, "It's because I know who he is that I stopped you. You're no match for him."

The silently observing Yang Chen carelessly threw the cigarette into the sea, and carefully considered Prince, before turning to Lola and the rest. He frowned. "What kind of nonsense do you preach in public? Is this kid my enemy? Why does he want to fight me at first glance? Tch tch, Little Guy, do you even know the meaning of a duel?"

"I do!" Prince's fair handsome face turned fierce, as if he wanted to skin Yang Chen alive. Loudly, he said, "A duel means your very lives are at stake. Devil, I must kill you!"

Yang Chen scratched his head. "I don't remember what I did to you. You're too young for me to have snatched your woman; I'm not poor and I certainly wouldn't have robbed you. Why do you hate me so?"

Prince's rage burned up and he roared, "Devil, don't think you can escape! Surely you know me! Don't think you can escape!!"

Emma, who was standing worriedly by the side, stepped forward and gripped Prince's shoulder, softly advising, "Little Prince, don't do this, okay? You're frightening the people..."

"It's none of your business! Scram, Woman!" Prince shook off Emma with an arm.

Being pushed away, Emma could only stare at Prince pitifully but dared not say anything. Instead, it was Lola who brushed her head in sympathy, making her feel better.

Seeing how Prince changed, from someone so solemn, to this raging appearance, Fodessa and the rest broke out into cold sweat.

If it weren't for Storm, they really would've started fighting just now. What exactly is the relationship between this ruthless boy and that hooligan Yang Chen?

Yang Chen curled his lips and rolled his eyes. “How am I supposed to know what I did if you don’t tell me? I can’t even remember when the last time I took a crap was.”

“Pluto, you don’t recognize Prince, but surely you know his father—the heart mage, Les Winter.” Lola’s eyes were filled with hatred as she gritted out each word, but anyone could tell she was restraining her fury.

Yang Chen was stunned. At this, he took a closer look at the seven people, giving it serious thought. Then he laughed and smacked his forehead. “How embarrassing. Too many days have gone by in peace that I had forgotten the lot of you. The members of the Sword in the Stone—I had fought a few times with you years ago, but I’ve met so many people that I momentarily couldn’t remember.”

Yang Chen paused here, and smiled. “Les Winter... Conversely I remember him better; after all I almost died because of him. Hmm... but in the end I still killed him, haha, it’s a duel after all, dying is part of the process.”

Looking at the bristling Prince, Yang Chen clicked his tongue and sighed. “I have to say, that move just now felt so familiar—looks like the both of you are spirit sorcerers; like father, like son? Not bad at all—from what I can tell based on just now, you’re no weaker than you father.”

“As of now, I’ve surpassed my father. I can kill you, you demon, I will avenge my father,” Prince said in a low voice.

At this point, the tall and sturdy man, Wood, from the Sword in the Stone stood up, and called aloud to Yang Chen. “Your Majesty Pluto, still remember me?”

Yang Chen raised his head and thought carefully, before asking slowly, “You’re... the stoneman from that year? You’re not dead?”

Wood grinned. “At that time, I looked on as Your Majesty Pluto single-handedly slaughtered the elite members of the Sword in the Stone, including eleven powerusers. Perhaps it was through God’s blessing that I survived despite heavy injuries. That was also the year Prince joined us at Merlin Magic Association as an apprentice, but he only saw the beginning of the battle before being pulled away. Yet he still remembers you—his father was the first you killed in front of him.”

Yang Chen became silent, unable to help thinking of the days of bloody carnage back then in England.

After accepting Catherine’s commission, he seemed to have overturned the entire British royal family by himself. When he eliminated those royal members who wanted to put Catherine and her daughter Jane, the Queen of England couldn’t sit still anymore, and allowed the Sword in the Stone to make an exception to join in the struggle for the throne.

And among the Sword in the Stone, the leader of the elite group in Merlin Magic Association was the spirit sorcerer known as the heart mage—Les Winter.

Les Winter’s heart magic was a force to be reckoned with, invoking the dark psyche of Yang Chen and causing an intense spiritual suffering. This resulted in a provoked body and an uncontrollable mind, causing pain beyond imaginable.

From the start, Yang Chen already had a dark side to him—under the provocation of the heart magic, he had fallen into a bottomless abyss in a split second.

However, those who are truly strong could strike back even in their darkest time.

With his last shred of clarity, Yang Chen forced himself to cultivate the Endless Resolve Restoration Scripture to stabilize his mind and dispel the static. Grabbing this chance, he decapitated Les Winter who was himself completely undefended.

That was practically the closest he had come to dying in a battle, but it had been seven, eight years ago after all, so he failed to recall the event with clarity.

The scene was rather grim. The seven members were full of hatred toward Yang Chen, but dared not simply act out their intentions. Whereas Yang Chen was caught up in remembering the past, feeling rueful about many memories.

The one who was most shocked and disturbed was Fodessa and his group.

Although they didn't quite understand what the title 'Pluto' represented, but this man actually single-handedly killed off an elite bunch of the Sword in the Stone?!

In that case, the mystery person who helped the Queens of Wales reclaim the throne and establish the rightful rule of the royal family was this seemingly unimpressive Chinese man?!

Consequently, it makes sense that the Queen of Wales personally went to the police station to bail Yang Chen out, thought Fodessa nervously. What's even scarier is that if this man is offended, then won't the French security bureau be thrown right into the fire?!

After a moment, Yang Chen smiled softly and lifted his head. "I remember it now, since you've mentioned it. Well, it's up to you guys—I've killed so many in the Sword in the Stone, so your hatred is understandable. But this doesn't mean I'll go without a fight. Take your revenge if you so wish to. I've recently worked on my cultivation, so I don't suppose I'd kill you guys wantonly. But for now I'm going to board the ship."

Watching Yang Chen about to make his way up, Fodessa asked in a terrified voice, "Erm... Mr Yang, may I ask if you are a participating member for this meeting?"

Yang Chen laughed awkwardly. "Although I wasn't invited, but no one said that it's invitation-only. You see, I came all the way here, surely you won't make me scurry all the way back to Paris. It took me about three hours to drive here, plus more time to find this location, you know."

"Well... We have guards at every entrance, so without permission it'll be impossible to enter. Mr Yang, you won't... do to us..." Fodessa's words were incomparably dejected, as he was irritated deep down but dared not to express it to this terrifying man.

Yang Chen waved his hand hurriedly, "Of course not, it'll just be a simple faint."

Fodessa's cheek twitched as he thought, What to do now? It'd be incredibly dangerous to try and stop this man, yet would letting him in disturb the plans of this secret meeting?

“Deputy Director Fodessa, let this gentleman go up. Don’t leave him with no choice but to force his way in—you would really regret doing so.”

A refined baritone rose up from the back of the crowd.

Yet Yang Chen wasn’t surprised—he simply looked over to the two figures approaching him, giving them a grin and even waving to one of them.

The approaching man had on a black gentleman’s overcoat with exquisite gold-patterned buttons. He was just about 1.9 meters tall, and was combing his light blonde hair.

His face was handsome and steady, with striking eyes and skin as fine as a woman’s. No matter how you slice it, he was a devastatingly handsome adult man.

And besides him was a delicate sensual maiden, pouting as if she was angry at someone. The many physical similarities they shared made it easy to deduce that this was the man’s daughter, and not his partner.

“You are... You’re Prince Sargerass?!”

Storm Lola examined him carefully and finally recognized him, her eyes full of alarm.

The appearance of Prince Sargerass caused even the three Knights of the Roundtable, who had not moved this whole while, to get up stiffly.

“Don’t need to look at me like that. I’m just like any one of you, bringing my daughter Lilith to attend this secret meeting. An old man living in seclusion like me surely doesn’t deserve such ceremonious treatment,” said Sargerass amiably.

“Father, there’s no use wasting your breath on them. They’re a bunch of cowards who are just afraid of your title. They haven’t seen you in action yet and they’re already this frightened.” Lilith snorted once, and fixed her gaze on Yang Chen, curling her lips. “Your Majesty Pluto. How unfortunate that we meet again.”

Chapter 526: Dont Be Too Arrogant

Yang Chen had long sensed Lilith’s presence approaching the cruise ship, but what he didn’t notice was that the unfathomable Prince Sargerass had also arrived with her.

If Lilith, a pureblood vampire who was over two hundred years old, was already considered such a swaggering senior expert, well, her father... Prince Sargerass, who looked no older than her elder brother, must have powers beyond comprehension.

Between the gods, if one of them wanted to conceal their presence, it would be undetectable by the rest.

But this didn’t mean that those weaker than the gods were incapable of that concealment. In fact, once one reached a certain level, it wasn’t uncommon for them to be able to hide from god-level beings.

As Yang Chen observed, he thought, Even if Prince Sarger's power is inferior to mine, he has reached the level of a demigod—along with the physical superiority of the blood race and the long history of blood techniques, it won't be easy to defeat him, even for me.

Unless Yang Chen released the seal; otherwise, no one would win.

It was known that although the demigod-level Cain was the ancestor of the blood race, the generation widely regarded as the golden era was embodied by Prince Sarger's generation—the third generation blood race. They were the ones that people widely regarded as the complete evolution of the elite pureblood race.

The clearest proof was in how these thirteen descendents of Cain personally killed their elders—the second generation—and obtained the right of supreme rule over the blood race. As such, the secret sect Camarilla and the demon society Savath of today were under the management of their own children.

Furthermore, they were a tenacious species who had survived Noah's great flood. Over time, their strength grew and accumulated; by the first sign of human civilization, they were already hailed as the generation which came closest to the gods.

If Yang Chen hadn't received the power of gods, and was just an ordinary deity, even he might not be a match for these third generation purebloods.

Yang Chen gave Lilith a friendly smile, then exchanged an interested glance with Sarger. "Lilith has mentioned your noble name, but I never thought you'd look so young. In terms of maintaining youth, the blood race is indeed the envy of everyone, the gods included."

Sarger stood forward with unusual politeness and shook Yang Chen's hand. In that one grasp, they felt the difference between Yang Chen's warm hand and Sarger's cold one.

"When Lilith returned to the clan in China to execute her duties, she mentioned that she's met Your Majesty Hades. What a beautiful twist of fate. Perhaps Your Majesty Hades might not have known that I did have the pleasure of meeting the first Pluto—we were rather close in fact; only that was over six hundred years ago. At that time I hadn't even met Lilith's mother. Who'd have thought that, in one blink, the second Pluto would be here before me," Sarger spoke with a calm smile.

Although Sarger's tone was casual, everyone around did not feel relaxed at all.

Six hundred years ago?!

They knew that the blood race had an extended lifespan, but Sarger's age especially shocked Fodessa and the other humans.

They didn't even have the capacity to process those matters about the first or second Hades, or Pluto.

Lilith saw that her father was talking to Yang Chen without including her, and couldn't help but tug coyly at Sarger's sleeve. "Let's go, Father, we're wasting time here."

Shooting a helpless glance at her, Sarger stroked her long soft hair in a doting manner and smiled. "Alright, my little princess. You're too impatient."

“Your Majesty Pluto should follow. This bunch from the Sword in the Stone are meaningless, it’s not worth babbling with them,” Lilith told Yang Chen.

Behind them, Lola and the rest had darkened expressions—although they knew the other party’s strength, such blatant arrogance was still an affront to their pride.

“Humph, demon from the Dark Parliament, don’t be too arrogant. The blood race is strong, but that doesn’t mean we’re afraid of you. The world as we all know is still under the rule of us humans for a reason.” Prince stepped up and glared at Lilith’s back.

Lilith turned and shot him a disdainful glance. “Talk to me only after your hair is fully grown, Kiddo.”

“You—”

Prince reddened and was about to burst out, but was stopped by Storm Lola.

Lola said to Sargerass with a modest smile, “Prince Sargerass, as far as I know, you’re no longer directly in charge of the sect’s operations. Why would you come all the way for this secret meeting?”

“Isn’t it obvious? The Sword in the Stone is here, the Vatican has sent its people—isn’t this all to seize the Sword of Thanatos? On the surface it’s all about defeating Apollo, but who among us are so oblivious to the actual reasons?” Without waiting for Sargerass to reply, Lilith had interrupted.

Sargerass heaved a sigh and looked at Lola apologetically. “I only have this one daughter so I’ve spoiled her since young. Please don’t mind her. Naturally, one of the reasons I’m here is to see the Sword of Thanatos for myself. Also, I’ve not left my estate for almost a century, so I took this opportunity to travel a bit and see the things I’m missing out on.”

At Sargerass’s reply, Fodessa was downcasted. These people obviously don’t even acknowledge France as the official host.

The main purpose of this secret meeting is to deal with Apollo and the Realm of Gods—but these people are actually focused on the control of this divine weapon. Is the security of France, of Europe, really not even worth mentioning?! Or do they simply not consider Apollo a threat?

After exchanging a few casual lines, everyone began boarding the ship.

Initially, Sargerass and Yang Chen weren’t in the invitation list, but after everything that was said, Fodessa didn’t have the courage to stop them at all. Anyway, since they knew each other, he would just treat them as ‘special guests’ invited for the meeting. At this point Fodessa could only go with the flow.

At around six in the evening, all the invited organizations and individuals had boarded the ship, allowing Fodessa and the rest of the Seventh Bureau to heave a sigh of relief—at least the first step went smoothly.

The facilities of the super cruise ship Louis XVI were rather lavish. It was brought here specifically for the meeting. All the guests immediately went to rest in their luxury rooms.

Because it was still undetermined if this meeting would take only a day or a few, the cruise ship was turned into a temporary lavish guesthouse, to compensate for the negative surroundings of military islands in the English Channel.

Yang Chen was also assigned a luxurious single room, but he wasn't interested in waiting and watching TV lifelessly. This trip to Paris was partly for pleasure; even if this was a secret meeting, he wasn't going to just focus on how to apprehend possible 'robbers'.

Therefore, following the signboards on the cruise ship, Yang Chen went to the entertainment lounge to satisfy himself with a few drinks, since he hasn't gotten the chance to drink given everything that has happened in the past few days. It would also be nice to meet any old friends and chat a bit. After all, he was going back to China in a few days and didn't know when he'd be back in Europe again.

The cruise ship's interior layout was enormous—it took Yang Chen almost five minutes to find the ship's rather high-class karaoke lounge, which was also close to the bar.

From the flashing neons at the entrance came the sound of infectious dance beats. The combination of jazz and blues induced a strong tempo that made Yang Chen instantly upbeat.

However, just as he was about to walk in, he felt that something was wrong!

Yang Chen quickly dodged to one side and avoided the entrance.

In this instant, a huge figure flew out from the lounge like a human cannonball, tracing a straight trajectory right onto the steel wall opposite the entrance!

BANG!

The impact of body and steel caused a crash with deafening reverberations.

Yang Chen lowered his gaze to see a man wearing a sleeveless cowboy jacket and tight black trousers. The man was lying face up with a bleeding wound on his forehead.

Based on his looks, he must be of the blood race from Latin America. The man had a fierce panther's head tattooed on his shoulder, and his body was bursting with muscle.

"A panther?" Yang Chen recognized the man's origins, he must be one of the world-famous mercenaries—the Panther Mercenary Group, whose headquarters was situated in the Amazon.

Why has something so violent as this happen just as they board the ship?

Chapter 527: The Key Person

Although Yang Chen knew a thing or two regarding Panther Mercenary Group, due to him being based mainly in China, he hadn't had many interactions with them before. He wasn't bothered by the seemingly severely injured man who was beaten unconscious. He bypassed the strong man and walked into the entertainment lounge.

Upon setting foot in the hall filled with colorful lights, Yang Chen instantly identified the perpetrator of the incident earlier.

Four strong men similarly from Panther were blocking four Caucasians dressed in blue leather jackets.

Judging from their appearance, Yang Chen guessed that they were from Blue Storm of USA. We really are fated to meet, aren't we? Yang Chen sighed helplessly. They really have everything to do with

anything. They were involved in the matter at Tibet and Japan's Nijo Castle. It seems as though they are here yet again to disrupt this secret meeting.

However, Yang Chen wasn't interested in jumping on the bandwagon. Pretending to be a passerby, he walked past them and sat down at a nearby bar.

"Get me a glass of Jack Daniel's," ordered Yang Chen. He had asked for the most common whiskey in America from the bartender to match the situation as he quietly sat and waited for the whole situation to unfold.

The bartender was specially picked from the military, so he wasn't frightened by the fighting scene outside. Professionally, he got Yang Chen's drink done in no time.

Yang Chen looked at the eight people in an argument and felt bored. They've already started to fight, why are they wasting time talking now? They should continue instead, he thought.

"You sure look like you're gloating over their conflict." A female voice familiar to Yang Chen could be heard.

Yang Chen turned his head to have a look before getting surprised. "Abbess?"

Two seats away, the middle-aged beautiful woman dressed in a black-red dress could be seen holding a glass of champagne, seated silently. She was Abbess Yun Miao whom Yang Chen had met right before leaving China!

The reason Yang Chen failed to realize that Abbess Yun Miao was so close to him was due to her appearance. He merely swept his gaze across the place and didn't manage to recognize her.

Abbess Yun Miao currently looked nothing like the daoist nun that he pegged her with. Her hair was tied up in a bun behind her head, causing her to look rather young relative to her age. The crow's feet on her face were covered, and she wore a delicate pearl necklace on her neck. Dressed in a black-red chiffon dress, she exuded a noble and elegant aura.

Although Abbess Yun Miao was in her sixties, due to her profound internal energy which would improve her appearance, it wouldn't be an overstatement at all to say she appeared to be a mature woman in her forties.

Having taken a closer look, Yang Chen couldn't help but feel sad for the old folk Lin Zhiguo. You had such a beautiful wife, why didn't you cherish her back then? he thought.

Abbess Yun Miao flushed in anger when she was gazed upon by Yang Chen. "Brat, behave yourself. I'm in the same generation as your grandmother. Why are you staring at me like this?!"

Yang Chen hurriedly waved his head. Smiling bitterly, he said, "Abbess please don't misread my intentions. Although you look rather fetching as of now, and even stunning among the ones of your age, I hold no intentions toward you. You mustn't worry, otherwise the misunderstanding would be huge. I'm just taken aback seeing as though this is my first time seeing you dress like this."

"Humph." Abbess Yun Miao felt a little more at ease. She was aware of just how horny Yang Chen was, and had felt that sending her granddaughter Hui Lin to him was a huge mistake. However, what was done couldn't be undone. She had held regret for his senior brother Song Tianxing, which was the regret

she had borne with till this day. However, if Yang Chen was so absurd that he even held intentions for herself, an old bone, she would definitely retrieve Hui Lin back even if it meant that she had to worsen her relations with Yang Chen.

"I'm basically the only representative sent from Yellow Flame Iron Brigade to attend the secret meeting. I would attract lots of attention had I worn a martial arts robe here, so it's better for me to put on a relatively normal clothing," explained Abbess Yun Miao.

Yang Chen nodded as he felt that it made sense. Walking on the streets openly as a daoist nun would be a lot more eye-catching than an ordinary woman. Furthermore, Abbess Yun Miao even had the Lin clan to take care of nowadays. Being the clan master, she couldn't just wear the robe all day.

Yun Miao squinted her eyes again to look at Yang Chen. "I initially thought you wouldn't come. You've been notified for the Sword of Thanatos, haven't you? I believe you're here for the sword, am I right?"

Yang Chen shook his head. "I'm not interested in that. I'm just here to join in the fun, and there's something I'm worried about. I am here incase my suspicions are true."

Abbess Yun Miao could tell that Yang Chen was indeed unbothered about the sword, so she didn't ask more questions. Yang Chen didn't look like he wanted to explain anyway.

"Abbess, have you been here watching the incident? How did that happen?" Yang Chen asked casually.

Abbess Yun Miao raised her head to point at the Panther Mercenary Group, saying, "The big guy who was kicked out earlier wanted to hit on the woman from Blue Storm, but not only did she reject him, she joked about him with her three other teammates which provoked the big guy. As a result, he started a fight, but wasn't able to defeat the four people from Blue Storm. When you arrived earlier, he had been kicked by the tallest American."

"Oh..." Yang Chen looked at the sparsely seated guests and smiled. "Everyone is seated calmly. I guess they're all watching the performance."

"These unwise men from Panther will not win Blue Storm whose all four members are genetically mutated powerusers. I cannot understand their desire to continue arguing. Sigh..."

Listening to Yun Miao's sigh, Yang Chen swallowed a mouthful of whiskey and murmured, "That isn't necessarily the case..."

Abbess Yun Miao could more or less hear Yang Chen, but didn't take him seriously. Looking at the four men, she shook her head once again.

At this moment, the four from Panther were enraged. Facing Blue Storm's unapologetic attitude, even if they didn't want to make a scene on the cruise, they couldn't just sit there and absorb all the insults.

"Damn Americans, do you think you're better than us?! I'll give you one last chance. Kneel down and admit your mistake to Sloth!" a bald man yelled and pointed at the big guy who had woken up from unconsciousness.

The codename of the dark-skinned man who was kicked earlier was Sloth. He sat on a chair near the entrance and panted slightly while staring furiously at Blue Storm.

“Are you an idiot? Or have you guys all become orangutans now that the forests have increased?” mocked a brown-haired lady from Blue Storm. “You shouldn’t hit on me if you can’t even withstand a normal kick, let alone ask for an apology.”

“Millie, stop wasting your time by talking to them,” said the tall man who had struck the kick earlier disdainfully. “Piss off. Otherwise I’ll send the rest of you flying as well.”

The eyes of the four men were filled with fury. “This is ridiculous! You guys started a fight just because Sloth decided to open his mouth. Don’t think that we’d be afraid of you! We’ll fight you with our lives for justice!”

Upon the baldy finished speaking, a silhouette suddenly flashed and appeared before him. Soon, his shoulder was suddenly grasped by an arm which had exerted a little strength before letting go instantly.

“Ahh!” shouted the baldy in agony. He then kneeled on the ground before gripping his shoulder which was attacked.

“Allen, don’t you think he has spoken enough? Just do something already,” said a skinny man to the tall American. He was the one who had appeared in front of the baldy. He wore a pair of sunglasses and had a little moustache on his face.

“Bastard! What did you do to Rhinoceros?!” shouted the baldy’s teammates.

The man in sunglasses snorted with contempt. “Nothing much. I just crushed a few pieces of the bones in his shoulder.”

His words had instantly infuriated the three mercenaries. All of them posed a fighting stance and pounced at the members of Blue Storm.

Unfortunately, despite being elites among mercenaries, they were evidently much more inferior to the powerusers of Blue Storm.

Before one of them could reach the tall American, he raised his foot and struck at the direction of the oncoming mercenary’s chest, standing one meter away.

“Pfft!”

The mercenary felt an unknown, shapeless force and was flung outside, just like what had happened to Sloth earlier, hitting on the steel wall around ten meters away!

The lady called Millie seemed relaxed. She merely opened her lips and murmured something when she was faced with the mercenary who leaped toward her.

Almost making contact with Millie, the body of the big guy suddenly froze before he quickly covered his ears and fell on the ground, rolling on it painfully.

Crack! The bone-cracking sound could be heard coming from the arm of the final mercenary who had targeted the man in sunglasses...

All the bones throughout his palm had been crushed in the blink of an eye!

Abbess Yun Miao frowned as she witnessed the utter defeat of the Panther. "They're no match for Blue Storm. The powerusers have utilized sound waves which could trigger the brain, vibration strong enough to crush bones, and use a force capable of travelling through the air. Not a single one of them moved a muscle. No matter how good the mercenaries are in wild combats involving firearms, they would never defeat Blue Storm at close range."

Most of the surrounding guests weren't surprised by the show. Blue Storm from USA, while not as strong as the 'authentic' Sword in the Stone, relied on their extremely advanced gene-mutating technology. Although their members weren't the strongest, they had always held the strongest group in the world. On the other hand, most of the members from the Sword in the Stone had inherited bloodlines and talents. While they were much stronger than the powerusers from Blue Storm, they were simply outnumbered by the latter, as it was much easier to genetically mutate people than procreate.

Yang Chen had remained quiet. He poured the alcohol from the glass into his mouth before saying, "Don't look down on the people from Panther. It's impossible that just the five of them have come. The key person will arrive really soon."

Abbess Yun Miao was confused as she didn't understand Yang Chen.

"Oh? They're here." Yang Chen pointed at the entrance.

Abbess Yun Miao turned her head to have a look before her eyes were filled with doubt.

It was a weirdly dressed woman with relatively dark skin. Colorful feathers were inserted in her black hair on both sides of her head. She wore a gorgeous dress, similar to those usually worn by Chinese women from rural areas. There were even lines of various colors on the woman's face which had piqued the curiosity of the occupants in the room. It was what football fans would do, but they usually drew country flags on their faces, while this girl had a mess on her face like a kid's drawing.

Some people even noticed that the lady walked barefoot into the hall.

Chapter 528: The Great Mind of the Panther

The oddly-dressed woman who had appeared immediately attracted the attention of many people in the lounge. It wasn't because of her looks, but simply her outfit that drew all their gazes.

A black man from an unknown organization wolf-whistled, and laughed mockingly. "Miss, are you an escort? I like your look. How much will you charge for a night?"

At that, a huge group roared with laughter.

The woman paid no attention to the teasing or strange glances she was getting, but swept her eyes slowly across Rhinoceros and the other mercenaries from the Panther lying on the floor, and then glanced back at the panting Sloth.

For some reason Sloth was kneeling on the floor, and kowtowed to the woman, before speaking in an indigenous language no one understood.

After listening to him, the woman nodded and walked towards the four from Blue Storm.

“You’re their chief? A fitting leader for trash indeed. Who knows where these savages come from? So are you going to be their saviour?” The female poweruser of sound waves Millie laughed coldly.

The strangely dressed woman didn’t reply, but crouched and placed a gentle hand on the shattered shoulder of Rhinoceros...

The baldy Rhinoceros was in unbearable pain, but as she moved, he still nodded his head to convey his gratitude.

Blue Storm were clueless as to this lady’s origins. As she didn’t answer their question, they were too lazy to be bothered with that.

“Looks like they’re just licking each other’s wounds. That’s boring. We might as well clean up and stop wasting time here,” said the tall Allen drily.

“I think so, too. Let’s go, fellows.” The man with the sunglasses gave those on the floor a mocking smile and turned to leave.

However, before the four could leave, Rhinoceros, who until now had been silent, suddenly yelled from behind, “Stop right there!”

Stunned, the four turned back and saw in surprise that Rhinoceros, who was previously cradling his shoulder, in too much pain to speak, was now standing as if completely uninjured, glaring at them with fierce rage.

“How’s this possible... His humerus should have been shattered.” The vibration poweruser shifted his sunglasses as he mumbled.

Before they could deduce how Rhinoceros had healed so quickly, the other three of the Panther Mercenary Group had also gotten up!

Those observing by the side had clearly seen that it was because of the woman in the strange clothes, who had placed her hand for a moment on their bodies before completely healing them!

After allowing the four mercenaries to recover, the woman returned to Sloth and placed her right hand on his chest wound.

This time, the Blue Storm four saw clearly that a white halo surrounded the woman’s hand—only it was very faint.

In a few seconds, Sloth stretched his arms, still wincing, and bowed to the woman to express his thanks. Then he looked in fury at the Blue Storm four. “You will pay for your arrogance!”

Tall Allen narrowed his eyes at the strange woman, and said, “Although I don’t know who you are to them, it seems like you are indeed capable of witchcraft. However, although you may heal them quickly, this doesn’t mean that they are on the same level as us.”

“What are you babbling for? Finish off the woman first!”

The sunglasses-wearing man was more impatient, and in a flash his lean speedy frame was already in front of the woman.

That palm who could shatter bones in a second was about to touch the woman's thin shoulders...

SSSS-SSSS!!!

Suddenly, an arc of fiery lightning burst in the space between the two!

The indigo current formed into a great shield. Just as the sunglasses man was about to touch the woman, he was shocked into paralysis by the current!

From the side, the eye-piercing sparks didn't seem insignificant. If the Blue Storm member didn't have an extraordinary physical constitution, he probably would've been shocked to death on the spot!

As it happened, the sunglasses-wearing man gave a yelp and fell back. His hand had entirely blackened, just like a roasted bear paw!

Those bystanders who were just enjoying the show were stunned—their opinion of this seemingly soft woman made a 180 degree turn.

Wh—what technique is this? A lightning poweruser? That's not right—she could also heal?!

Her healing speed was way more powerful than that of the Vatican!

At the counter, Abbess Yun Miao was astonished as well, and noticed that Yang Chen was completely unsurprised. "You know that woman?"

Yang Chen shrugged. "Nope."

"Then how did you know that she was the key person?" asked Abbess Yun Miao curiously.

Yang Chen said, "Although I don't clash much with the Panther, I was tasked with some duties and did some training in the Amazon rainforest prior to this. So I have some understanding regarding their composition and capabilities."

As Abbess Yun Miao listened quietly, Blue Storm faced off once again with the five of Panther and that woman.

Only this time the Blue Storm members didn't know whether to attack or swallow their pride and retreat—with this mysterious woman, they didn't know what was the best plan....

"The Panther are a mercenary group with a long history. They were already beginning to form back when the Europeans first landed in the Americas. Then, it was the aboriginals of North America and the surviving Native Americans who banded together to fight off the invading forces.

"It was a shame that although the Panther were experts in forest combat, they couldn't withstand the number of Europeans and their cannons and guns. In the end, they could only retreat to a few hidden strongholds. After hundreds of years of operations, the group changed from resisting invaders to a mercenary group.

"The members of the Panther came almost entirely from American aboriginal tribes and a few poor American countries. Although they weren't rich, their bodies were quite remarkable, and many were descendants of runaway slaves. Surely you know that those slaves who could survive the journey from Africa to America must've had outstanding physical essence. Those who could further escape from the

plantations were even better. You could say that with each subsequent generation, their bodies were getting stronger and stronger.

“If you want to talk about the physical constitutions of mercenary group members all over the world, the Panther is undoubtedly the best.”

Yun Miao nodded to show her understanding, but asked doubtfully, “They are physically impressive indeed, but were so easily defeated by Blue Storm just now, letting down their name... or is that woman the primary factor here?”

Yang Chen paused to order another whiskey, and pursed his lips. “That woman is a shaman.”

“What?!” Abbess Yun Miao thought that she misheard.

“The Panther mercenaries have amazing physiques, extensive combat experience, and firearm skills, but these alone aren’t enough to make you the world’s best mercenary group. Their main strength is the profession that has been passed down from the Native American civilization—the shaman.”

Yang Chen narrowed his eyes, and continued. “Shamans are like the witchmen of the aboriginal tribes, but make no mistake, they are as true as their legends. The true shamans passed down from the Native American civilization, besides offering sacrifices and soothsaying, are masters of some amazing powers. For instance, the rapid healing powers just now are a technique of witchdoctors, whereas the use of current as defense and offense is from the shaman’s ability to harness natural elements. That female shaman had only used lightning, but in fact may be able to call upon elements like wind, water, and fire. I learned all this after witnessing a battle of the Panther.”

In a daze, Abbess Yun Miao asked, “Based on what you said, it’s too incredible. Aren’t they essentially multi-ability powerusers then?”

“Haha,” laughed Yang Chen. “Abbess, that’s not right. The shaman’s power stems from their faith, while the poweruser’s force comes from themselves. If you don’t believe that faith can bestow such powers, then what about the Vatican’s holy paladins and crusaders—don’t they get their power to fight against the Dark Parliament based on their faith in the Holy Spirit?”

“You think that the shaman’s healing and elemental powers are unbelievable, but don’t outsiders also think that the martial arts of China’s Yellow Flame Iron Brigade are quite unbelievable in its own right? Even some Chinese ordinary citizens still can’t fathom the powers of martial arts. Yet there are people in China today who can walk on walls and fly over roofs.”

Abbess Yun Miao frowned in agreement with Yang Chen’s reasoning. Indeed, it’s not surprising that the different civilizations of the world will have different capabilities. Often we don’t believe in what we haven’t seen, but in fact, so many things exist—it’s just that we haven’t seen them before.

“Oh, oh, look, Abbess, the real show is starting.” Yang Chen pointed at the two groups with an evil grin.

Abbess Yun Miao looked over and couldn’t pull her eyes away.

The five Panther mercenaries and the four Blue Storm powerusers were in one battling group. The five had formed a pincer movement, using the trapping method of the mercenaries to surround their target before delivering vicious attacks!

Strangely, the four powerusers weren't able to easily overcome the other five this time—as if the shaman had their powers multiplied.

Allen's main skill was his control of the atmosphere. He wanted to compress the air to increase the pressure, and use that advantage to take down his opponent, the baldy Rhinoceros. However, no matter how much he compressed the atmosphere, Rhinoceros paused for a moment at most, and continued lunging at him in battle.

The sound wave poweruser Millie was even more helpless. She constantly tried to use her sound waves to provoke her opponent's mind, but he seemed to be completely unaffected. Instead, he kept the barrage of punches going. There was already a scar on Millie's face!

The remaining man with the sunglasses was farring no better than his team. From the start his speed had surpassed everyone else's, but now, the five mercenaries were as fast as he was, plus their strength seemed to have increased in power and stamina.

Every time the sunglasses-wearing man wanted to shatter their bones, he was depressed to find out that their physical resilience had increased many times over—the vibrations were in fact no longer enough to shatter their bones!

And behind the warring groups, the woman shaman stood quietly, one raised hand occasionally tracing strange, transparent red patterns in the air, just like an idle, elegant painter. Each symbol, after being traced out completely, would attach itself to one of the mercenaries and vanish in the blink of an eye...

Chapter 529: The Forgotten Realms

Abbess Yun Miao felt quite stunned at the events before her. Having lived over 60 years, she was quite experienced having seen many things, but not once in her life had she seen something like this.

All that female shaman has to do was to draw what seems to be 'scribblings', and those five fools who were no match for their opponents before this, suddenly had more than enough power to defeat them?!

To put it another way, if both sides' original strengths were on the same level, then with the shaman's help, wouldn't they have rapidly dispatched their opponents?!

"That shaman... What is she doing?" Abbess Yun Miao couldn't help but ask.

Yang Chen was watching with relish, and slowly explained, "Those are totems, not unlike the daoist talismans in China. The only difference is she doesn't need cinnabar and the like—all that's required is the shaman's own spiritual energy to draw the totems.

"Totems could be considered a type of magic, allowing the Panther mercenaries to gain power boosts. As you can see, in terms of strength, resilience, and agility, they're completely different than before. The Blue Storm powerusers are no longer able to effectively harm them."

Of course, Abbess Yun Miao could see for herself that Blue Storm was hard-pressed to win and were barely hanging on as it is. If it weren't for the sake of preserving their pride in front of the surrounding organizations from different countries, they would have run away.

“Wasn’t that woman using her voice to attack? Could it be that sound waves no longer affect them?” Abbess Yun Miao asked, puzzled.

Yang Chen said matter-of-factly, “What’s so hard to understand about that? The sound attacks the mind in order to control their nerves. Now, that shaman has lowered the sensitivities of their nerves so that even if they were provoked, they don’t feel anything. To put it simply, these five... are blood-and-flesh machines.”

Abbess Yun Miao shivered inwardly. Blood-and-flesh machines?! Has it reached such a barbaric stage?!

“Abbess, look closely. It would seem that the shaman has decided to end the battle.” Yang Chen raised his glass as he reminded her.

At that point, the female shaman’s brown pupils suddenly turned red. Immediately, as she chanted, her hands speedily traced out in thin air a pattern more complicated than all the previous totems.

When that blood-red totem flew towards baldy Rhinoceros, covered his strong body, and vanished, he immediately underwent a huge change!

As everyone watched, his torso began bulking up rigidly, followed by the cracking sound of bones, as his muscles began expanding quickly, starting from his waist and abdomen, to his chest, arms, and even face!

In a flash, Rhinoceros’s original bulk of two metres had become two and a half metres tall!

His skin-tight short-sleeve shirt was in tatters thanks to his massive size. The copper-colored muscles made his upper body look like a Renaissance marble statue—the only difference being that he looked like a monster from a science fiction horror film!

His drastic change caused the Blue Storm four to nearly forget where they were, as they glanced dumbly at Rhinoceros without a word.

As for the other four Panther mercenaries, they stood to one side with a mocking glance at Blue Storm.

Suddenly!

Rhinoceros’s eyes shone with a red twinkle as he roared and swung down his football-sized fists at Allen who was closest to him!

“Watch out!”

The middle-aged man from Blue Storm—who still hadn’t used his power—called out and spread both of his hands. A visible light-blue ball of light shielded the four, protecting them from that insane fist!

SMASH!

A huge crash resounded as a huge dent formed in that light blue shield!

“It’s an antiparticle shield. No wonder he’s never used his power—this ability is only good for defense.” Yang Chen smiled nastily. “It’s too bad they underestimated the power of the shaman’s Bloodlust Technique...”

At first Abbess Yun Miao thought that Yang Chen would comment the shield on being an impressive feat of power, but he actually said that it wouldn't be enough!

In the next moment, Abbess Yun Miao swiftly understood why Yang Chen would think that way.

Rhinoceros, enhanced by the Bloodlust Technique, laughed evilly, and without even retracting his fist, he took another direct step forward!

CRACK!

The fist smashed through the antiparticle shield—which could stop even attacks from rocket artillery—and went straight for Allen who had no time to dodge!

Who knew how much force that fist carried? The sturdy Allen was struck in the head—and his entire body flew off at an angle, with half of his face unpleasantly distorted!

Rhinoceros's retaliation wasn't over yet. Before the other three could retreat, his fist was making its way towards them!

His speed, strength, and accuracy made them unable to defend themselves, and with a punch each, the three Blue Storm members flew backwards as well, crashing heavily into the same wall they had sent the Panthers in earlier!

Other than the ongoing music, no one dared to make a sound, staring blankly at the monstrous Rhinoceros who had just flipped over the four arrogant individuals all by himself.

"That's the Bloodlust Technique?" Abbess Yun Miao looked carefully. Even she herself may not be able to dodge that speed, or withstand that force—she gulped at the thought of facing off one of these monsters.

Yang Chen nodded. "That's right. The technique is powerful, but anyone without a strong physique like Rhinoceros's would be torn apart from the pressure. So if you think of the Panther mercenaries as the body and flesh of the group, then the shamans are the brains."

"Shamans?" Abbess Yun Miao was surprised. "Are you saying that within the Panther group there is more than one shaman?!"

Yang Chen found it funny. "Abbess, you've underestimated the Panther. Their official teams include over a thousand people; how could there be only one shaman? Even though there aren't many, it won't be less than ten. It's only because of these shamans that they can traverse the Americas; otherwise they would have long been wiped out by the government's special forces."

Abbess Yun Miao felt an indescribable rush of fear, and could only sigh. "There are so many hidden talents such as this in the world. The Yellow Flame Iron Brigade has been replenishing its new blood, but it would seem like it is not enough. When I return this time, I'll have a good talk with General Cai, and see if we can get more recruits like the Dragon Group Recruit."

Yang Chen didn't really care for these matters, and pretended not to hear her mutterings; otherwise, if he was roped in, he'd have to help train them. Wouldn't he be looking for trouble that way?

A battle caused by a conflict of words occurred quickly, and was also resolved quickly. In the end, Panther had defeated Blue Storm under circumstances no one had imagined.

The Panther mercenaries also didn't plan on staying on at the lounge. Once the battle was over, they resumed their normal bodily state and followed the female shaman out proudly.

Conversely, the beaten down Blue Storm four waited for the other party to leave first before cautiously getting up, and exited through a small side door with their tails between their legs, causing them to be ridiculed by some of the other groups in the hall.

However, due to this battle, many organizations were reformulating their strategies regarding the struggle for the Sword of Thanatos. Everyone had just realized that some opponents weren't as strong as they seemed, whereas the reverse may be true for others...

After finishing the whiskey in his hand, Yang Chen stood up and waved at Abbess Yun Miao. "Abbess, I'm going off to meet some old friends, so that people won't think I harbor certain intentions toward you."

Based on her appearance, Abbess Yun Miao looked like a graceful, sophisticated woman. Yang Chen couldn't bear the thought of people mistaking their relationship for something else.

"Humph." Abbess Yun Miao cast a disdainful glance at Yang Chen. Although she looked young, she was in fact old enough to be a grandmother, and actually wouldn't mind that sort of misconception.

Yang Chen leisurely bypassed several huge pillars, crossed the dance floor, and reached a corner close to the stage.

It was more secluded here as there weren't many people there; after all, there weren't many on the ship in the first place.

At the round curving sofas there were ten or so tall, strapping men in suits who had already stood up—among them were Sauron who had boarded earlier. The group watched as Yang Chen walked over.

When Yang Chen was in front of them, they bowed nearly simultaneously, each using their own language from a different part of the world to greet Yang Chen.

Yang Chen indicated that they should sit. "Be more discreet in public. I thought that you understood that because you didn't come over just now. Sauron, didn't I ask you to tell them to act oblivious?"

"Your Majesty Pluto, I thought that we were dropping the act since you came over here personally," Sauron explained with his poker face.

Yang Chen looked around; it seemed like no one had noticed. He smiled. "It's not like you are unaware of the many enemies that I have in this life—over half of the organizations on this boat have something against me. Even if it's nothing too terrifying if they found out I'm on this ship, it'll still be troublesome."

The group laughed freely. They were already glad to see Yang Chen after almost two years, and thinking of those days, when passions ran high and enemies were made, brought to mind many interesting events.

Yang Chen sat in their midst, and stared carefully at everyone. His eyes filled with nostalgia and his voice became warm. "Sauron, thank you for your efforts in managing both Sea Eagles and Zero in the two

years I was absent. However, it seems like everyone has been well—you all reek less of blood, and more of humanity.”

“Your Majesty Pluto, the hit list Zero receives every year is only a third of the length of previous years. If our assassins weren’t the best in the world, we would no longer be the world’s number-one assassin organization, just based on the number of hits. Most of us have decided that it was high time that we ventured into other professions, so this outcome is only natural.” A bearded Middle Eastern man smiled.

“You’re Abdullah, right? How come you’ve got a beard now?” Yang Chen tried not to laugh.

Abdullah was stunned, and happily said, “Your Majesty Pluto still remembers me! It’s such an honor. As for the beard: it’s because I’m married, and my wife says that I look better with it.”

Yang Chen was pleasantly surprised. “You’re married? So you’re not an assassin anymore?”

“No more. Actually, I’ve been sick of it for quite some time. Now I’m just a regional ambassador in Zero. During the year Your Majesty Pluto returned to China, I threw my weapon into the Red Sea. Now I am proud to say that I am a father of a one year old,” said Abdullah proudly.

Sauron said with a stiff face, “The profession of an assassin usually doesn’t end well, but because of Your Majesty Pluto’s protection, people seldom retaliate against us assassins from Zero even after we’ve retired, for fear of angering you. And many have also moved their families directly to the Forgotten Realms. If Your Majesty Pluto has the time, you may visit the place. Old man Ron has taken care of it well; he said he’s waiting to surprise Your Majesty Pluto when you return.”

The other members of Sea Eagles and Zero echoed the praise, sincerely hoping that Yang Chen would one day return even if it is just for a visit.

Yang Chen would be lying if he said he wasn’t moved when he saw the smiles on his subordinates. He slowly took a cigarette from his shirt pocket, which was immediately lit by someone.

After taking a drag, Yang Chen said, “I must make time to see that old man Ron, and see how everyone’s getting on as well. Since I’ve publicly announced that the region is under my protection, I wouldn’t be nice if I stayed away for too long.

“But what pleases me most is how everyone no longer seems gloomy like before. Your eyes used to be empty and apathetic, but now I can feel the warmth. It looks like I was right to return to China and stop the plans for the expansion. It’s what you are now that makes me proud to have once led you.”

Hearing Yang Chen’s words, everyone was silent, their smiles demonstrating their appreciation.

Just then, Yang Chen sensed something and frowned, and looked over to the neighboring sofa—an unfamiliar figure was lying flat on it...

It was a white-haired man, wearing a blue Japanese samurai robe, with cold sharp features, and unsettling narrow eyes. His long white hair was combed to the back without a strand out of place.

At his waist, a hexagonal katana hung in a wooden sheath. Compared to normal katanas, this looked more like a feminine ornament.

What unsettled Yang Chen was how this man had just appeared there flat on his back—even his own sensory skills had nearly missed out on the man's arrival.

The white-haired man noticed Yang Chen's glance and grinned nastily, and fished out a wine bottle from somewhere. This porcelain bottle was obviously made to contain sake.

Raising the bottle, the man took a swig, and gave a contented sigh.

By this point everyone present had also noticed Yang Chen's behaviour, and followed his gaze, only to notice this white-haired Japanese samurai.

At this, everyone watching suddenly felt their hearts in their throats—

Why?! It's simple. Everyone here was one of the world's finest mercenaries or assassins. This fellow just materialized, lying on a sofa beside them, and they were only just now noticing him!

There was definitely something abnormal about this man!

Chapter 530: Nurarihyon

Sauron and the rest had started to be on guard subconsciously—they had never seen this white-haired man, and didn't know his origins, friend or foe.

Looking at their nervous behavior, the man smirked arrogantly. "So this is the standard of the leaders of Sea Eagles and Zero. What a disgrace."

"What did you say?!" At the man's provocative tone, Abdullah's mild manner became sharp in an instant. The expressions of the others had also darkened.

Although they knew that the man had a strange background and was no easy opponent, that didn't mean that they were afraid.

These mercenaries and assassins felt ashamed to be ridiculed like this in front of Yang Chen.

The white-haired man scratched his ear and took another swig. "I've no interest in arguing with you. I just came over to see if this man was that leader of yours who's been cowardly avoiding his duties for two years—some fellow called Hades."

At this, everyone present descended into a sort of darkness, murderous intent rising in their hearts...

Looking down on them was no irrevocable offense; they were no longer hot-blooded youths after all. But to speak with such blatant disrespect to Yang Chen—that wasn't something that they could just let go!

For many of them, they would've been no better than driftwood flowing down a river without Yang Chen, with no roots to speak of; or killed many years ago by their enemies; or constantly worrying about their deaths, to say nothing of having a family, and children... After all, they could only rely on themselves—no one else was responsible for their lives but themselves!

It was because of Yang Chen that this group of cold-blooded figures could reenter society in broad daylight, unafraid of the rage or vengeance of any country, and live a normal life once more.

If these warriors, who had survived blades and risen up among corpses, had any sort of faith, it would be no question that their faith—was in Yang Chen!

“You... damn...”

The hot-tempered Abdullah, who had just said that he was no longer a killer, couldn't hold himself back now—without realizing it, his left hand was already gripping a short scarlet dagger.

WHOOSH!

In a whip of air, Abdullah had flashed from his original position to the side of the sofa where the man was lying!

The scarlet dagger looked like it was stained by unwiped blood—in the dimness, it was like a maroon lightning slicing across the man's throat!

Despite being inactive for many years, Abdullah had never lost the title and the skills with being called the world's top assassin!

An advance quick as lightning! Slashing the throat! Without a single trace of sloppiness—the job was done in less than half a second!

“Humph. This is the price you pay for disrespecting His Majesty Pluto.” Abdullah felt that he had solidly slashed the white-haired samurai's throat, and tossed this disdainful remark. He thought that the man had died.

Everyone else also thought that the man was no longer alive. They knew of Abdullah's methods well—even amongst the infamous Yamata Sect, any ninja who wasn't at least a Jinnin wouldn't have been able to dodge that attack. And the only Jinnin-level ninja left in Yamata Sect was Hannya.

But Yang Chen only narrowed his eyes at this scene, displaying a hint of astonishment.

In the next second, as Abdullah was about to keep his dagger, the 'dead body' before him suddenly became blurred!

Yes, it became blurred!

Like the moon's reflection in water—disturbed by the waves, it slowly became murky and broke apart, until at last... it was gone!

“Big Fellow, what is so interesting that you are so absorbed in it?” The white-haired man's voice suddenly came from behind Abdullah.

Abdullah restrained the shiver in his heart, and instinctively recalled the backward stab—and the blade headed straight for the man's heart!

“Got him!”

Abdullah could feel the blade sliding into the heart. He couldn't have been mistaken—half of his life was spent stabbing so many hearts!

But once again, everyone including Abdullah saw that inconceivable sight...

The man's stabbed figure became blurred, and disappeared once more in a ripple.

In the next moment, the white-haired samurai was on the sofa in front of Abdullah, feet propped up, with an opium pipe somehow already in his mouth. He took a satisfying drag. "I'm bored. I'm not playing anymore." That one line would infuriate any assassin.

Abdullah was about to attack in a rage again, but before he could, he was unexpectedly kicked in the chin by the man's heel!

"Ouch!"

Abdullah cried out in pain as his body flew in an arc over three metres before landing heavily.

Although this wouldn't cause Abdullah a great deal of injury, but the ease of that kick had already proven that it was pointless for Abdullah to keep on attacking.

With this, everyone present saw clearly that, no matter how restless they felt, this man's ability required someone from a different league to handle. Naturally, everyone turned to Yang Chen expecting him to pull a miracle out of his pockets...

Yang Chen rubbed his forehead worriedly and sighed, before asking, "Although I haven't seen you before, and have no clue why you are picking fights left right centre, I'm guessing you're from Takamagahara in Japan? The technique you used wasn't accomplished by ordinary ninjutsu or magic. Otherwise, Abdullah would have been able to tell the difference."

The man blew two smoke rings, and said coolly with a sideways glance, "So what are you trying to say?"

"You're so bad at conversations." Yang Chen smiled bitterly and stood up. "And I had wanted to ask why you've seeked me out here, and talk things out. I'm here on vacation, not fight. But since you've actually kicked a brother of mine, I'll feel bad if I don't return the favor."

The white-haired man grinned. "Exactly what I was looking for. But before we begin, let me tell you my name and history."

"Oh?"

"I'm Nurarihyon, the general of Takamagahara," Nurarihyon said mildly.

Yang Chen was surprised, because as far as he knew, Takamagahara did exist, but these demons had always kept to themselves, and had close relations with a few humans at most. This man was actually the 'general' of Takamagahara—based on that term of address, he must've united the demons in Takamagahara.

Back then, Yang Chen had killed Nine-tailed Fox and the Nine-lived Demon Cat at Nijō Castle, who were amongst the more powerful creatures at Takamagahara. If they had already formed an organization, they wouldn't have fought with him on their own initiative.

Therefore, the unification of Takamagahara must have taken place in the few short months from when he returned to China until today!

“It’s rude to daydream in the presence of guests, you know...”

As Yang Chen was thinking about these matters, Nurarihyon’s voice suddenly spoke beside Yang Chen’s ear.

Without thinking, Yang Chen’s battle instinct made him look back—

SWISH!

A swift cut through the air sounded where his head was.

Nurarihyon’s hexagonal, wood-sheathed blade passed through that space!

Yang Chen’s ability to dodge the strike nimbly didn’t give Nurarihyon much of a surprise. Nurarihyon pulled the blade back, then tapped and rubbed it on his shoulders, as if it was a back scratcher rather than a weapon.

“Ya, ya, what impressive speed. I guess it’s expected that the leader have to be better than the rest.” Nurarihyon said lazily.

Yang Chen couldn’t help laughing, and an uproarious laugh at that, causing not just Sauron and the rest, but even Nurarihyon himself, to raise their eyebrows in bewilderment.

“Pluto, what are you laughing for?” Nurarihyon asked.

“I’m laughing because you act exactly like I do when I’m at work.” Yang Chen stroked his chin and scrutinized Nurarihyon. “No wonder my wife always says I’m indecent—this look, this tone: It’s not a very good look on someone. However, since we’re quite alike, I’ll give you my support: this manner of yours is not too bad.”

A strange expression passed Nurarihyon’s face and he cracked his neck. “Do you know why I came to find you?”

“No idea, and I don’t really care. I’ve killed a few of you from Takamagahara. There are innumerable people who want my head on a spike in this world. If I have to pinpoint every single one of their motives, I’d sooner die from exhaustion than their actual hands.” Yang Chen shrugged.

Nurarihyon’s eyes shone coldly as he sneered. “I’ll tell you even regardless of your need to know... Two years ago, on an island, you killed Snow Girl... who was my fiancée....”

Yang Chen was stunned. This man actually tracked me down because of what happened with Snow Girl?

Nine-tailed Fox and Demon Cat had wanted to avenge her because they were her sisters. And now this man, who was in fact her fiancé?

Yang Chen can’t help but feel vexed. No one could run away from their sins indeed. Because he killed that Snow Girl and the others, Seventeen had left him, he had almost undergone a reincarnation at Nijō Castle, and today, the chief general of Takamagahara was here to finish the job.

“Do you know why I insist on telling you?” Nurarihyon said.

Yang Chen shook his head. "I can't even figure out the thoughts of humans, much less the thoughts of demons."

Although no one had ever proven that the Takamagahara creatures were basically flora, fauna, or decaying material turned into demons, it was known that they weren't human for sure.

"I'll tell you." Nurarihyon raised the unused blade in his hand and pointed it at Yang Chen. "Because it really might be the last thing that you hear."

Chapter 531: Mirror of Purity

As soon as Nurarihyon finished speaking, the wooden sheath fell from the katana he was holding with a resounding thud. With a bullet-like speed, it shot right toward the center of Yang Chen's brows!

Although it was incredibly quick, Yang Chen was not threatened by it. He stepped slightly aside and managed to dodge the blade.

The seemingly delicate wooden sheath, whose strike had missed, hit the steel wall behind, leaving a gaping hole no bigger or smaller than the katana itself!

"Nenekirimaru, a blade that never slays people, but only spirits and demons. However, you I don't believe you qualify as human." As Nurarihyon introduced his blade, his body had appeared a meter away from Yang Chen's.

Raising his arm, the blade slashed from above.

It was an outwardly simple technique, yet it was most effective as it was the hardest to dodge!

In Yang Chen's eyes, Nurarihyon's sword technique was much more precise and brutal than that of Noriko Okawa. Moreover, the blade which seemed to be floating its way down, exuded an oppression like no other. It was capable of delivering forces beyond that of surging waves, leaving no room for escape!

"Not bad."

Yang Chen's interest was aroused. That was because he knew that he was faced with a true master.

Gazing upon the oncoming blade's point, Yang Chen was soon covered by an invisible shield form by the True Qi of Endless Resolve Restoration Scripture within his body. When the blade neared the edge of his body, it got blocked by a few milliseconds' time.

Yang Chen calmly utilized that little time to move his head a few centimeters to the side and leaned his body away.

At the same time, an energy sufficient to crush Nurarihyon's body into powder had condensed on Yang Chen's palm before it was delivered to him!

Soon, a strange feeling surfaced in Yang Chen's mind. He had indeed made contact with Nurarihyon's body, but his profound combat instinct allowed him to realize it was fake!

As expected, the 'Nurarihyon' who was struck instantly vanished in thin air.

Yang Chen raised his head, only to notice that Nurarihyon had appeared three meters away, while the long and slim body of his katana was glaring with a wicked light.

"I can't for the life of me tell if this is witchcraft or your ultimate skill. But whichever one it is, it's such a troublesome one," Yang Chen said and withdrew his arm regretfully.

Nurarihyon didn't answer him. Instead, he asked, "Did you unseal just now?"

Yang Chen was surprised. He then laughed. "Unseal? How is it possible? Since you're not a god, if I were to unseal, I would violate the Treaty of Gods. Stop joking around."

"Then how did you block my strike earlier?" It was the first time Yang Chen had seen Nurarihyon frown. "I have trained my sword techniques for two decades in Okinawa. Admittedly, there should be no one in this world who could walk away unharmed after facing my blade. If you really did not unseal, how was it possible for you to block my blade?"

Two decades? Yang Chen quickly understood why the guy had only united Takamagahara recently—he had been practising his sword techniques before that.

Thus, it totally made sense that he just found out about Snow Girl's death.

It was understandable for an already impressive fellow to exude such terrifying powers, having trained continuously for twenty years.

"Humph. Don't be too arrogant, you idiot from Takamagahara. His Majesty Pluto isn't someone you could mess with even with his godlike powers bound," one of the assassins from Zero said.

Yang Chen gestured them to not intervene. He looked around and noticed that not many people were passing by, which he felt fortunate for; otherwise he wouldn't be willing to take action there.

Yang Chen waved at Nurarihyon and said, "Let's continue. I don't mind telling you how I managed to dodge your attack. It's because I've cultivated the Chinese internal energy, but now I'm much more interested in your witchcraft. Come, give it your best shot."

"Are you insulting me?" Nurarihyon's gaze turned ice-cold. Based on Yang Chen's attitude, Nurarihyon obviously wasn't treated as a threat.

Without saying a word, Nurarihyon suddenly grasped the katana on its shank with both his hands. He then lowered the blade before letting go of it. Unlike what the onlookers had expected, the sword didn't cause a thud upon its impact with the ground. Instead, it sank right through the floor!

"Mirror of Purity," Nurarihyon murmured while closing his eyes.

At the instant when Nurarihyon shut his eyes, to Yang Chen's surprise, he had suddenly vanished!

How is it possible?!

Even if he had turned invisible, Yang Chen should be able to sense his presence, but instead failed to locate even the slightest bit of his presence!

Not only was Yang Chen shocked, Sauron and the rest had displayed an odd expression on their faces as well.

It was as if Nurarihyon had evaporated in the air. No one could sense his presence. Of course, no one was so stupid to think that he had left the place.

When everyone present, including Yang Chen, looked around, a corona-like sword brilliance appeared above Yang Chen's back!

Yang Chen reacted almost at the exact instant, thanks to his extreme combat instinct, he leaned his body slightly forward. However, the clothing at his left shoulder was cut open!

Yang Chen turned around violently with his eyes wide opened. Still with disbelief written on his face, he stared at Nurarihyon who had appeared behind.

If it wasn't for the protection granted by his Xiantian True Qi, he was sure that his arm would have sustained injuries beyond measure, if it wasn't already slashed off.

Although he held an incredible speed of recovery, the fact that the guy managed to do him harm was terrifying enough!

Nurarihyon glared at Yang Chen in contempt while revealing a cold smile. He mocked, "It hasn't ended yet."

Upon he finished his speech, Nurarihyon's silhouette had faded once again!

This time, Yang Chen wasn't waiting anymore. He cultivated Xiantian True Qi to surround his entire body before exploding a shapeless shock wave!

Boom!

Nurarihyon appeared again midair. He was hit by the explosion of Xiantian True Qi, causing him to be thrown backward before crashing to the top of the lounge!

As expected, if Yang Chen failed to react on time, he would have to withstand yet another slash by the blade!

Nurarihyon's Mirror of Purity was finally broken by Yang Chen, allowing the onlookers to let out a sigh of relief.

His Majesty Pluto will not fall. They all regained their confidence.

Although Nurarihyon was flung away and hit the ceiling, he didn't look like he sustained any injuries. After landing on the ground he hurled his sleeves to get rid of the dust.

"Did you use the Chinese internal energy again?" Nurarihyon snorted. "It's not bad, but isn't very impressive. Had I exerted more strength, you wouldn't necessarily be able to toss me away."

Yang Chen wasn't annoyed when he was looked down upon. He wasn't bothered to tell Nurarihyon that he had used less than one fifth of his Xiantian True Qi earlier. Smiling, he asked, "Do you still wanna give it a go? I'm very sure that isn't the only trick you have up your sleeve. Since you haven't used up your strength, show me what you've got."

Nurarihyon, however, shook his head. "I didn't come to duel you. I'm just here to assess your capabilities and worthiness of being my opponent. Since you've already proven yourself, it wouldn't be too late for me to battle you on the island when competing for the Sword of Thanatos."

Yang Chen was rather disappointed. He didn't intend to fight at the specified time, while he wasn't interested in the sword as well. Furthermore, having to duel someone in front of an audience would make him look and feel no better than a clown .

However, Yang Chen was too lazy to explain any of that. Since Nurarihyon didn't want to fight, he'd just go with the flow. At the same time, he wanted to make time to figure out how the fellow had managed to go invisible.

Following a wave of his hand, Nurarihyon's wooden sheath flew back to him from the steel wall before covering the blade, as if it was magic.

Just as everyone felt amazed, they were instantly dumbstruck by the next scene. A human head was seen leisurely floating over from one of the pillars behind.

The head looked like it belonged to a young and handsome man!

Soon, the head spoke, "General, Motakuto had a drink with a few special agents from Soviet Medal, and got really close with a bearded man. He carried her back to his room just now."

Frustrated, Nurarihyon rubbed his temple, saying, "Rokurokubi, how many times have I told you to pay attention to your body? Don't forget that you have a body when you are floating your head around!"

"Hmm? Did I forget my body again?!" Rokurokubi lowered his head, only to realize nothing at all beneath.

Instantly, a headless youngster ran over from nearby before 'connecting' with the head, finally forming a complete individual.

"I'm sorry, General. I was just anxious just now. You too know what will happen when Motakuto sleeps with a man." Rokurokubi pouted his lips.

"Are you unwilling to let the woman you like sleep with other men, or do you just want to avoid provoking the Soviet Medal?" mocked Nurarihyon.

"Of course I'm not afraid of them!" Rokurokubi said before blushing, knowing that he had accidentally spoken the truth.

"Haha," Nurarihyon laughed and patted Rokurokubi shoulder. "Let's go, summon Motakuto now, before the pathetic bearded man turns into a dead furball."

Nurarihyon turned his head around to smile at Yang Chen before leaving with Rokurokubi.

After quite a while, Sauron and the rest finally swallowed their saliva audibly. Having realized what had just happened, Sauron walked forward and said to Yang Chen, "Your Majesty Pluto, are these people really demons?!"

Yang Chen smiled mysteriously. "Are you referring to the headless fellow? I know a thing or two about that demon. His name is Rokurokubi. He isn't actually an evil being like most legends depict him to be. It's just that his head and body would separate when he sleeps. The head would wander around and eat insects, with his ears being the wings. When dawn approached, it'd fly back to the body. However, what he had seen or listened during that time would all be forgotten. But all of these are just rumors. It's my first time meeting him as well."

While Yang Chen described the demon cheerfully, Sauron and the others felt that their necks were chilly, despite them having seen things beyond comprehension.

Chapter 532: You're All Liars

At dusk, the corridors in Little Harry's hospital were silent. Occasionally, there would be one or two nurses roaming the halls and keeping things in check.

Having dined at an expensive French restaurant with Stern and Alice, Lin Ruoxi bought some fruits and snacks before going to the hospital again to visit Harry who was still in the process of recovering.

Currently, Lin Ruoxi sat by Little Harry's sickbed, with an unnatural expression on her face. It wasn't because she was dissatisfied for paying the unethical siblings' meal. More importantly, they would act immorally at the worst times possible.

Lin Ruoxi had all the more urge to escape when she was 'praised' by them. For example, she was called the angel of mankind, Virgin Mary of the current generation, the Goddess of Love Venus, etc. She couldn't help but wonder if these siblings have never been treated to a meal before. Just because she aided them a little, they tried so hard to please her.

If it wasn't for their qualification in attending the Paris Fashion Week, Lin Ruoxi would start to doubt them for being well-known members of a noble family.

Little Harry's mother was seated on the other side of the sickbed, cutting an apple for her child. She couldn't stop thinking about how exactly she should thank Lin Ruoxi.

"Miss Lin, you mustn't reject my offer this time. After Harry is discharged from the hospital, please pay us a visit. I know that Miss Lin is from no ordinary family, but please treat it as our appreciation for your kindness," invited the mother once again.

When the mother begged Lin Ruoxi so sincerely, Lin Ruoxi felt that she shouldn't reject her anymore. Thus, she nodded with a smile.

"Is Elder Sister coming to our home? Hooray!" Harry who was previously lying on the bed immediately got up and cheered.

"Harry, lie down! You're being disobedient again," scolded the mother.

Harry snorted in displeasure. He then pouted with disappointment. "How great would it be if Father could come home to receive them as our guests together."

"Them?" Stern who had been hugging and whispering to Alice suddenly turned his head over. Smiling, he said, "Little Friend, did you just say 'them'? Does this mean that we are invited as well? Haha, you're really kind indeed. We're rather free coincidentally, so we'll be willing to follow Miss Lin to your house."

Dumbfounded, Harry stared at the shameless Stern. He wanted to explain that he was referring to Uncle Yang earlier. He had no clue who the siblings were.

“Since you guys are Miss Lin’s friends, we’ll gladly welcome you over as well,” promised the mother immediately.

Lin Ruoxi extended her hand to rub her temple as she felt a major headache. Why must these siblings be so clingy? Why are they this shameless even toward a child?!

At this moment, there was a knock at the door.

“I’ll open it,” offered Stern.

Stern walked toward the door before opening it, revealing Goodman whom Lin Ruoxi hadn’t met for a day.

“Why are you here?” asked Lin Ruoxi in indifference. Upon seeing Goodman, she instantly behaved like she was at work.

Goodman wore a white suit and a red tie as usual. Politely greeting Harry’s mother and the siblings, he answered, “Ruoxi, I was thinking that you could use some company for dinner tonight seeing as though Yang Chen is not around.”

Lin Ruoxi realized something wrong and shook her head. “No need. I’ll be having it with Stern and Alice. You may continue with your tasks.”

The smile on Goodman’s face froze while he gazed upon Lin Ruoxi.

After a long time, he sneered and lowered his head before pulling his hair. Wickedly, he said, “Lin Ruoxi oh Lin Ruoxi. I gave you a final chance but you still did not cherish it.”

“Goodman, what are you talking about?” Lin Ruoxi held a premonition when she saw that Goodman’s behavior had turned abnormal.

Clap! Goodman clapped his hands softly, ignoring Lin Ruoxi’s question.

Suddenly, a few tall and burly men, who appeared to be policemen, dressed in black and wearing a dad hat suddenly rushed into the room!

When looked closely, one would realize the golden sun totem on each of the shirts at their chest area!

Lin Ruoxi paled and stood up violently. “Goodman, what is the meaning of this?”

“Hahah! What’s the meaning of this?” mocked Goodman, his face filled with disdain. “Lin Ruoxi, do you know why I have been serving in the global branch of Yu Lei International as the director in Europe?”

Lin Ruoxi remained quiet. She knew that Goodman wanted her to listen to his reason.

Goodman’s eyes were slowly filled with darkness. “I’ve started working in Yu Lei upon graduating from university. I didn’t get promoted by the Old CEO because I tried hard to please her, but because I possessed capabilities beyond that of normal people. Back then, I planned to leave Yu Lei quite a number of times. Based on my ability, I could totally set up my own company, but the old woman told

me that if I did my job well, not only would she let me become the CEO, she would matchmake me with her granddaughter, who is you.”

Lin Ruoxi was stunned. She had never heard of her grandmother mention anything like that. But judging from Goodman’s expression, he seemed to be telling the truth.

“Judging from your response, it’s obvious that the old woman didn’t tell you about it. That’s right, she tricked me and sent me to Europe. She told me that it was a training for my inheritance of the CEO position. She was clear that I was the best person to manage the company here, so she used you as a bait to ensure my loyalty to Yu Lei.

“Actually, it wasn’t that I was unaware of her intention. However, I believed that as long as I worked hard to continuously expand the European branch and perform at my best, the day that you would come around and see me in a new light would soon happen, since you treat work like your life.”

At this moment, Goodman paused for a moment and clenched his fists. Furiously, he said, “However, it’s clear that I was wrong all this time. You’re no different from the old woman! You’re all liars!!! On the surface you look like you’re focused on work, but I believe you’re just a slut in a mask. You even married an ignorant savage secretly!”

“I don’t understand what you’re talking about. If you’re unwilling to stay, you need not insult me, you have every right to resign. I’ve never forced you to take up the position of director,” said Lin Ruoxi coldly.

Lin Ruoxi remained quiet. She was actually afraid deep down her heart as she wasn’t in her own country after all. While she was indeed Goodman’s superior, it didn’t mean she could oppress him.

Goodman snickered. “I won’t resign. I still plan on becoming the CEO. Lin Ruoxi, I won’t allow anything I can’t get to slip into anyone else’s mouth! How is the worthless man surnamed Yang qualified to be your husband? He should die!”

“You!” Lin Ruoxi widened her eyes. She didn’t expect Goodman to investigate her relationship with Yang Chen.

Goodman didn’t continue speaking. He waved his hands to gesture the few men in black beside to take action.

The five men in black grasped the siblings in an incredibly quick manner, as if they had long gotten used to the sequence. One of them then seized Lin Ruoxi forcibly. Soon, even Harry and his mother were captured.

Harry’s mother screamed in fear. However, no matter how loud she was, no one in the hospital came over.

“It’s pointless. I’ve taken control over the whole hospital. I was just waiting for your arrival.” Smiling, Goodman walked toward Lin Ruoxi and wanted to touch her chin.

Being seized, Lin Ruoxi’s heartbeat quickened to maximum. She would soon be humiliated by Goodman and there was nothing she could do about it. She was so anxious that she almost fainted.

There was only one thought in her mind—why must Yang Chen be absent at this moment?!

However, she was unaware that they came because Yang Chen wasn't there.

Slap!

The man in black seizing Lin Ruoxi slapped Goodman's hand. As dull as a machine, he said, "Boss has said that you're not allowed to touch the hostages before the plan is successfully executed."

Violence flashed in Goodman's eyes, but he was forced to restrain from touching Lin Ruoxi.

Next, the five men in black withdrew pieces of cloth applied with anesthesia to make the hostages unconscious before bringing them out.

Goodman walked at the last. He turned his head to look at the empty room before a wicked smile surfaced on the corners of his lips...

... ..

Yang Chen who was on the way to the French military base on an island in the English Channel was completely unaware of what had happened in the hospital.

He didn't have the habit of talking to his women on the phone, regardless if he was in his country or abroad. He had received numerous complaints from his women about it, while he tried to make a change, but he simply wouldn't behave like ordinary men in relationships to make a call or send a text to their partners from time to time.

He indeed missed the few ladies in Zhonghai. He even had the urge to bring all of them for a vacation by the beach and do the activity he was passionate about under the sunlight...

However, his rationale allowed him to know that if he were to pull off something like that, Little Sister Lin wouldn't just have a cold war with him, but straight-up drop an atomic bomb on him instead.

Perhaps due to his past, he didn't find cell communication very reliable. With the risk of being eavesdropped in addition to signal interruption, he was more inclined to communicating face to face.

The cruise Louis XVI had departed the harbor Le Havre at eight o'clock sharp. The journey toward the island took half an hour, due to the ship operating at a relatively low speeds on purpose.

There were over two hundred attendants participating in the meeting. They were mainly representatives sent from the governments of different countries, mainly concerned about Apollo and the Realm of Gods. They had the responsibility to protect their own countries and leaders after all.

A minority of them were from large special organizations, mostly interested in the Sword of Thanatos. After all, the death of any country leader wouldn't make a huge difference to them. That was the case for Panther Mercenary Group and Takamagahara, even more so for the Vatican and Dark Parliament. Being enemies, even if they couldn't get their hands on the weapon, they had to at least prevent each other from obtaining it.

It was eight forty at night when the cruise parked by the island stationed with the French army. It was also one of the military bases of NATO in the English Channel. Ordinary ships weren't usually allowed to get near them.

Led by Fodessa and the other officers from the Seventh Bureau, the two hundred or so participants dressed in various ways got off the cruise and walked toward the only square building along the coastline.

The building had nearly occupied half of the total area in the island. When looked from afar, the top of the construction was a runway for fighter aircrafts. Planes could land directly and take off there.

The army on the island had been replaced with the special forces. Ordinary soldiers were not cleared to have knowledge on this meeting after all.

Yang Chen followed the group leisurely behind. He had left Sauron and the others and pretended to not know any of them. It was clear that the members of the Sword in the Stone and Takamagahara held unfriendly intentions toward him, especially the cool Prince and the mysterious Nurarihyon who would dart him a glance occasionally. However, everyone knew that it wasn't time to seek personal revenge, so Yang Chen was spared this time.

Upon stepping foot into the building, the declined pathway could be seen. Evidently, they had built an underground base to prevent air strikes.

"Your Majesty Pluto sure looks inattentive." An attractive male voice could be heard by Yang Chen.

Yang Chen turned his head to the side and saw Lilith's father Prince Sargerass whom he had met a while ago. He had transmitted a mind message to prevent the people around from listening to his conversation.

"You're indeed one of the blood race who has lived for millenia. I really can't hide anything from you, can I?" joked Yang Chen.

Politely, Sargerass smiled and answered, "Out of the thousands of years I have lived, I can only remember the latest hundred years or so. Everything else is a blur. Furthermore, as the human languages develop so quickly, the outside world is actually rather fresh to us of the blood race who do nothing other than sleep all day.

"How about you? Your Majesty Pluto don't seem very interested in the Sword of Thanatos which most people value highly. To me, you're the one with the closest origin with the sword among everyone here."

Ignoring Sargerass's doubtful gaze, Yang Chen shot back with a question, "I'm more curious, however, in why your precious daughter Lilith has disappeared."

Sargerass looked left and right before shrugging his shoulders. "She has always been a mischievous one, that child. I too have no clue where she is now," he answered with a smile.

"Humph." Yang Chen shook his head with a faint smile. "What an impatient father and daughter."

"I don't know what you're talking about, Your Majesty Pluto," answered Sargerass with an unchanged expression.

As they chatted while pretending to be uninformed, they had entered a large, bright meeting hall. Rows of semicircle tables and chairs were there without any dust, with nameplates placed on each of the frontmost ones.

Yang Chen came in uninvited, so he naturally didn't have an assigned seat. Thus, he looked for one behind and sat down before crossing his legs and yawning, waiting for the meeting to start.

Since most people there were impatient and emphasized on efficiency, none of them cared if there was an opening ceremony or not. Hence, the meeting commenced the moment the last person entered the room.

Being the host and the representative of the Middle East, Fodessa walked onto the stage and reported the situation regarding Apollo and the Realm of Gods before asking for help from the different powers.

A few countries of NATO had a surface-level discussion before the key problem arose—who would become the anti-terrorism leader, and why should they cooperate with Fodessa?

Chapter 533: How Despicable

For many of those participants, the damage caused by Apollo and the Realm of Gods didn't concern them in the slightest. Some of the organizations who were in conflict with NATO might not even mind if Apollo continued to destroy more of NATO's assets, or throw the European Union into chaos by assassinating a few western dignitaries.

That was why when Fodessa suggested they joined forces to fight terrorism, many of those present chose to be silent.

With his military dress and dignified countenance, Fodessa narrowed his eyes and cursed them secretly; yet he knew from the very beginning that this was going to be the case. So he coughed, and said unhurriedly, "From our side in France, we think that vanquishing a mysterious and powerful terrorist group like the Realm of Gods can't just be simply done by one party. Thus, we urgently hope to find alliance partners.

"To be completely honest, the training of France's special forces is still far behind many of our friends and organizations here. Still, as the first country to be threatened, we need to respond in a forceful manner.

"In order to secure powerful allies, the powers on top decided to use the legendary divine weapon we've found recently, the Sword of Thanatos, as compensation. If any of the present company is willing to take charge of the anti-terrorist effort and fully assist the Seventh Bureau, then the jurisdiction of the Sword of Thanatos shall also be your honor."

When Fodessa had finished, everyone began whispering.

Everyone knew clearly that although France wasn't as strong as many groups here, it was impossible to take the sword by force. It wasn't that France was too hard to handle; rather, the other organizations would destroy the sword-snatching group through public condemnation for being ethically corrupt.

No one was dumb enough to stick their neck out even if they knew that France wasn't capable of holding on to the sword. This meeting held by the French Security Bureau was in fact a clever strategy, proclaiming to large organizations and important nations that the sword is in their possession. This also meant that since it was common knowledge, no one dared to take it by force.

It meant that an opportunity to obtain the divine weapon through fair means was better than anything else. And while France was providing this opportunity, they were also safeguarding their own interests.

Anyone who just wanted the sword without caring for France's fate risked being denounced by the other groups. Therefore, anyone who wanted the Sword of Thanatos must firstly be strong enough, and show up to defend France.

With this, the organizations with less of a competitive edge had given up long ago; they were only here to watch the top organizations fight over the sword.

"I have a question." A white-haired man in blue, sitting in the first row, raised his hand lazily and spoke in poor English. It was the general of Takamagahara who was giving Yang Chen a headache just now, Nurarihyon.

His sudden loud question served the function of overriding the disordered whispers below.

Fodessa extended his hand in a welcoming gesture. "Mr Nurarihyon from Takamagahara, please, ask away."

The katana Nenekirimaru was once more a back scratcher in Nurarihyon's hand, rubbing against his back.

After a yawn, Nurarihyon asked, "I'm curious to know how you have managed to secure the Sword of Thanatos. Plus, you've explicitly asked us to make the effort to cooperate with you, but we've not yet determined whether the sword is real or not, so what's the point?"

After Nurarihyon spoke, a few organization leaders also approved of his question, wanting to see the sword first before getting down to business.

Fodessa smiled. "I myself have only recently learned of the divine weapon's origin from our director Mr Depney. It was discovered by our scientific inspection team during a marine salvage. After evaluation, it was determined that the sword was no ordinary antique, so it was passed to the Seventh Bureau. We've sent pictures of the sword to the Vatican, the Dark Parliament, and the Sword in the Stone. Everyone is certain that amongst us, these groups possess the oldest histories and the largest inventories of ancient documents. We only announced this development after we've gotten their replies of confirmation."

As he spoke, Fodessa gestured to the mentioned parties. "The Catholic Cardinal of the Vatican City, His Eminence Cruyff is here today. Storm Lola from the Sword in the Stone has also brought their best. The Dark Parliament's Prince Sargeris is also here. If you don't believe me, they can testify that it looks identical to the sword that they all have in their documents."

In the middle of the first row, Cruyff nodded and smiled with his red cardinal robes, grey hair, and kind face with a comical bulbous nose.

Lola and the rest of the Sword in the Stone didn't react much; yet it was a silent acknowledgement. As for Sargeris, he had been smiling gentlemanly since the start.

Everyone began whispering again—Fodessa's argument was very credible. After all, they knew that the Vatican and the Dark Parliament were sworn enemies; whereas the Sword in the Stone was the ace up

England's sleeve, a nation just across the channel, so their relationship with France was tricky. For them to agree unanimously must mean that it was likely not a hoax.

"Of course, to express France's sincerity, I will still allow everyone to inspect the sword while it is under our care." Fodessa smiled, and nodded toward Bolton the aide-de-camp who was standing behind.

Fatty Bolton caught on, and directed the special forces soldiers backstage to open the steel door at the back of the stage.

As the audience watched, a brightly lit passage appeared, and four soldiers rushed in to retrieve the sword.

The design of such links was everywhere on the base. They made it easy to assemble different teams and supplies at different areas, and allowed quick control of the base's passages to apprehend any invading enemies.

Most of the people present were brimming with anticipation. After all, many of the groups didn't have a concrete understanding of gods' deeds, so the divine weapon was something mythological to them. Ut of this world for them

Amongst the crowd, the Vatican's Catholic Cardinal Cruyff intuitively glimpsed at Sargerass sitting nearby.

The two representatives of light and darkness exchanged friendly, mysterious smiles with a knowing nod.

Just as everyone was full of anticipation, a resounding explosion suddenly came from inside the passage!

BOOM! BANG!

Everyone was alarmed and immediately looked at the bright passage, but couldn't tell what had happened.

On stage, Fodessa was the most panicked. I thought everything would go smoothly! Could something have gone wrong in the end?!

"Damn it! Someone must have wanted to snatch the divine weapon while no one was looking!"
Someone yelled from somewhere.

"Let's go! How despicable!"

"We'll stop them!"

There were about two hundred attendees in total, all of whom possess extraordinary skills. Furthermore, these were the elites of the elites in their own respective organization. Today, they came to see a divine weapon, but it was stolen before they could see it—how could they bear being trifled with?

In an instant, dozens of figures had already rushed into the passage with inhuman speed.

Fodessa was stunned. If it weren't for the special forces soldiers and Bolton who pulled him aside, he would have been trampled on!

“We’re done for... what happened?!” Fodessa cried angrily.

Of course, there were some who didn’t rush in so impetuously, such as the representatives of the Vatican, Sword in the Stone, Takamagahara, Panther, and other leading organizations, who didn’t leave their positions.

After most of the crowd had dispersed, and there were only a handful of them left, Cruyff with his bulbous nose suddenly stood up and smiled serenely at the laidback Prince Sargerass. “Prince Sargerass, I’m not sure if you still remember me.”

Sargerass frowned. “Hmm... the Vatican. I’ve not come out for almost a century, so those that I knew have probably long passed away.”

“But I know you.” Cruyff smiled. “Back when I was a ten year old, I met you with my father. More than ninety years have passed and you still look the same. As for me, I’m older than Father was.”

Sargerass displayed a realizing expression, and smiled. “What did you want to say, my child?”

Hearing the centenarian Cardinal Cruyff being called a ‘child’ felt weird to everyone present, but based on Prince Sargerass’s age, it was appropriate indeed.

“My father was the previous Catholic Cardinal of Germany, Belsaid.” Cruyff squinted.

Sargerass went blank and pondered for a moment, then nodded. “So that’s him, ah... I remember now. So you want to avenge your father... haha. The child of the cardinal I killed over ninety years ago has become a cardinal himself. You’re here for revenge? Well it’s not the first time this has happened but still, I’m interested.”

In the face of Sargerass’s ridicule, Cruyff wasn’t angered, and chuckled. “I’m about to be with God soon, so a battle with you may be the last thing I could do for the Vatican. But before that... there’s a naughty lady—should we stop her in her tracks?”

Cruyff’s words made everyone puzzled. What ‘lady’? What ‘tracks’?

Behind them, Yang Chen raised his head, looked at the ceiling, and laughed without saying anything.

Suddenly, Cardinal Cruyff waved his hand, his red sleeves billowing with powerful vigor, his hair fluttering despite his apparent age. Eye-piercing white rays shone all around him!

“Holy Light!”

Cruyff called out loud, and a gold-white light beam, two meters wide, began from his feet and rose up in a surge!

The light beam seemed to be made of a pure essence. As it came in contact with the meeting hall’s solid ceiling made of metal and concrete, it didn’t stop at all and disintegrated the material!

With its forward force, the light beam penetrated the roof and dissipated the darkness above the island!

“Argh!! Stupid Vatican!!!”

A female scream came from outside the roof, as if someone had received a frightening shock. And quite a few of those present seemed to recognize the voice—isn't that Sarger's daughter, Lilith?!

Chapter 534: Descent

When they heard Lilith's cry, almost everyone understood what Cruyff meant. Many of them glared at Sarger immediately. Turns out, it was Lilith who was the one responsible for all the mayhem. Sarger, as her father, must have been the one behind this!

Lilith was outside the hole made by the light beam, wearing a sexy leather jacket. On her back, a pair of scarlet bat-wings made of blood were slowly disappearing.

And in her hands was a long oblong box covered in metal!

As expected, while everyone was in the meeting, Lilith had snatched it from the French Special Forces—the Sword of Thanatos!

"You planned to fly off the island with the sword using your Blood Wings? Although the Venture clan is the nobility amongst the blood race's thirteen clans, you're not above doing dirty deeds. You are fitting of your titles as the disgraceful blood race," mocked Cruyff.

Lilith had landed on the roof, a small part of her back injured by the Holy Light. Clutching the box, she lashed out. "We've been fighting for over ten centuries and all you can do is bullshit. Are you idiots?!"

Lilith didn't try to escape. She knew that since she had been discovered, escape was impossible. All she could do now was heal herself and prepare for battle.

But Sarger wasn't as worried, and stood up leisurely with a smile. "I never did think that this would work from the start. Otherwise I would've brought more than just Lilith. With only two people in attendance, it is quite obvious when someone is not present. So there's no need to think yourself very clever, you baby."

"I'm curious too if Prince Sarger is indeed so confident in his abilities. Did you really just bring one elder besides yourself to seize the divine weapon?" Cruyff scorned.

Sarger gave a strange smile. "Unless a certain someone is willing to stop me; otherwise... I don't think there would be too much resistance."

As he spoke, Sarger glanced vaguely at a seat behind him, but that so-called someone just played dumb shamelessly.

"Humph. Sarger, you rather underestimate us." The large, middle-aged man who had been accompanying Cruyff stepped forward. "His Eminence Cruyff has surpassed the previous cardinal; today, you and your daughter won't escape!"

In the back, Yang Chen blinked. He himself had seen that man, who was the leader of the Crusaders during the fight for the Holy Grail in Zhonghai—Gabriel. He was quite the capable crusader. Although he was suppressed back then, he and Lilith had fought rather equally.

Today, there would be more support provided for him with the Cardinal Cruyff here. With that, Lilith's side would instantly be hindered by Gabriel.

Sauron and the members of Sea Eagles and Zero saw that Yang Chen hadn't made any moves, so they also sat steadily in their own seats. As long as Yang Chen didn't order anything, they weren't interested in participating.

And Abbess Yun Miao, who was by herself, was even more direct, taking a seat by Yang Chen's side matter-of-factly, not wanting to have any part in this feud.

At this moment, Fodessa and the rest of the Security Bureau were at a loss; having seen the Cardinal's Holy Light, they were completely mystified...

This... what's this Holy Light? Why does it look like a laser cannon? Even the specially made metal and concrete had become dust—what if a person touches it? There's no doubt that it could even penetrate through our most secure carrier!

Though Fodessa and the rest had impressive power levels, in the face of such an inhuman level of combat, they could only watch silently. It didn't matter that they were the hosts, or that they were extremely put out.

As for the rest like Takamagahara and the Sword in the Stone, they were ready to battle at any moment, but were in no rush to help out either side.

The thousand-year enmity between the Vatican and the Dark Parliament must culminate in a huge battle. Naturally, both were willing to fight until both had sustained heavy losses, and then collect whatever winnings that were left...

However, a few of the narrow-sighted agents from other organizations were beginning to act pettily...

A few Scandinavian secret service agents had rushed back out after finding no one in the passage. Seeing the Vatican and the Dark Parliament facing off, and Lilith alone holding the box on the roof, they became upset.

Normally, they wouldn't have the guts, but the divine weapon was a huge temptation throwing them into a craze!

"Your Eminence Cruyff, you guys take care of the blood race prince, we'll handle that female vampire!"

These agents who had fought a long time in snowfields were just as skilled as Sea Eagles. In a single leap, they were already many feet up on the roof!

Lilith's eyes had a sinister look as she smiled coldly. "Idiots."

Still crouching, Lilith abruptly pulled out the moon-like Massacre Blade from behind her. Before the agents could attack, a blood-red strike flashed out!

SWISH!

After a crisp slicing sound, blood shone and splattered as the three Scandinavian agents who wanted to surround Lilith were sliced in two at the waist!

“Even if I’m slightly hurt, you’re still no match for me.” With a cool snort, Lilith looked down toward Sargeras. “Father, are you fighting or not? My wound has healed. I can’t wait to see what kind of stuff this sword is made of.”

Some organization members below who had wanted to fight were now gasping in shock. They had never fought with the blood race and didn’t expect the other party to be this powerful.

In a flash, the seven present adults had given up seizing the Sword of Thanatos. They didn’t come here to die.

At the back, Yang Chen observed carefully the black box in Lilith’s hand, and then began focusing attentively on everything around him.

“Your Majesty Pluto, is there really a divine weapon in that box?” Sauron asked curiously, for they had no idea whether the weapon was real.

Yang Chen nodded. “I can feel its divine power, it’s faint but authentic, and it’s an oppressive one. Even if it’s not the Sword of Thanatos, it wouldn’t be too far off to assume that it is still a divine weapon. In Zhonghai I came across the Holy Grail which had a radiant aura. This thing has a similar level of energy to it.”

“I heard that the Holy Grail and the God’s Stone were taken by a mysterious deity, surely it won’t happen again?” Sauron asked worriedly.

Yang Chen sighed. “All I can do now is watch closely. Whether he appears, or could be stopped—I don’t know.”

Yang Chen was not being modest. He had always felt that the fellow who had seized the divine power on the Holy Grail and the God’s Stone was stronger than him. If that guy didn’t appear on his own accord, Yang Chen definitely couldn’t detect him.

Just then, the Vatican began their attack!

“Victorious Light!”

Between the Cardinal’s flying sleeves, two pure-white light beams fell on Gabriel, and an armor of light could be faintly seen around Gabriel.

“Gabriel, I’ll let you deal with that elder vampire,” Cruyff ordered solemnly.

Gabriel knelt on one knee in a knight’s bow. “Yes, Your Eminence!”

After that, Gabriel’s body was like a white arc of light as he suddenly rose up. From behind his back he pulled out a great rusty sword which was surrounded by platinum halos, and dashed furiously towards Lilith on the roof!

Lilith, who was holding the box, looked serious. She didn’t dare to clash against him or strike back, and immediately dodged him.

BANG!!!

The great sword sent shards of metal and cement flying, causing the hole in the roof to widen a few feet. Quite a few areas of the roof began showing large cracks—what astonishing might!

Seeing all this made Yang Chen slightly taken aback. Gabriel's speed and strength had been magnified over twofold from the last time they had met.

Apparently the mighty Cardinal of the Vatican had priceless value indeed, being able to make a soldier change so completely in such a short time with a mere blessing technique.

Watching his own daughter, tangled up with Gabriel, having only one hand to wield the Massacre Blade while holding the black box, Sargeras felt a nervous shiver, and couldn't help but frown.

"Prince, place your focus on your opponents. You may not make it out if you don't." Cruyff had become solemn.

At the same time, the two young blonde men standing wordlessly behind Cruyff began to corner Sargeras on both sides.

Although their eyes were fixed steadily on Sargeras, they looked empty, as if they had no souls at all.

Sargeras tittered. "No wonder you only brought three others. So besides the leader of Crusaders, you've brought two other holy bodies..."

"You should be afraid, because this is definitely not what you think it is," Cruyff muttered.

"You think I haven't seen the Vatican's holy bodies? It's nothing new to me anyways." As Sargeras spoke, a blackness began rising up and pulsing like a live animal around him!

"The demon blaze..." Cruyff's eyes flashed with shock. "Is this the demon blaze of the legends, many times stronger than even the high-level blood blaze? As expected of the third-generation blood race, the ones closest to gods... you've mastered even the blood techniques of the legends..."

"Seems like the baby has some knowledge."

The blackness had the energy of flames, and began burning as it clinged on to Sargeras's body. It had no temperature but the surrounding spectators instinctively retreated far away, because... this strange energy emitted the odor of hell itself, turning them into total cowards!

Besides Yang Chen, Abbess Yun Miao finally couldn't help but ask, puzzled, "Those two youths from the Vatican—why do they look like dead bodies? What are holy bodies?"

As Yang Chen watched Gabriel and Lilith clashing in mid-air above the roof, he explained, "As I understand it, the Vatican's holy body refers to the body of human disciples who have completely pure souls void of any evil. If they're strong enough, they may undergo the light possession technique—Angel's Descent."

"Angel's... Descent"? Abbess Yun Miao was terrified. "Don't tell me that..."

Yang Chen nodded. "That's right. Although we don't know where the angels come from exactly, they can actually allow angels to possess these bodies temporarily, and in that period have the powers of angels. Angels are no gods, but their divine power is authentic nonetheless. I've only heard stories but have

never seen it. However, the descended angels will also be different depending on the soul's strength. Anything lower than a four-winged angel, which is the middle rank, would be totally harmless to an ancestral dark creature like Sargeras..."

As Yang Chen was explaining, a dazzling shower of white stars began falling like meteors around Cruyff and the two holy bodies!

The whole place was lit up in this white ray. Everyone was staring dazedly at the Vatican's triangular area—no one had ever felt such pure holy aura!

"Humph, here it comes..." Sargeras felt discomfort even within the black demon blaze, but he didn't act hastily. For he knew that during the deployment of the Angel's Descent technique, the strength of the luminous light was surging at its most explosive point.

If he attacked now, his actions would be slowed down enough for them to dodge any attack.

Sargeras thought, Even if there's two four-winged angels, plus Cruyff, with a bit of time I could wipe out all of them.

But in the next second his heart gave a fierce shiver!

As the two young men floated up in the air, two rays of golden light came from the sky, making them seem like they were plated entirely in gold.

After that, under everyone's astounded gazes, a mass of light emerged from behind their backs...

With a twinkle, the milky-white light softly, gently blossomed with allure, like giant transparent petals!

"Six... six wings?" Sargeras couldn't stop himself from mumbling.

Sargeras, who had lived over a thousand years, stared at the two suspended angels with six extending wings each, and momentarily forgot the situation he was in.

While battling with Gabriel, Lilith noticed what was going on below and gasped in shock—but in this moment of distraction she was stabbed in the back by Gabriel!

Seeing the huge shift in the scene, Yang Chen couldn't help but whistle as he chuckled. "It would seem that Sargeras got more than he bargained for. Six wings... Even if they're not the highest level seraphim, cherubim, or thrones, they still hold extraordinary powers. Based on his expression, I guess that Sargeras has never seen the Vatican summon six-winged angels."

Looking at Yang Chen revelling in their misery, Abbess Yun Miao, Sauron, and the rest broke out in a cold sweat...

Chapter 535

Blood Bodies

Indeed, just as Yang Chen had said, the battle in which Sargeras was initially greatly confident in winning, gave him anxiety before it had even started!

The power levels of two six-winged angels made the entire conference hall shake once they were presented!

Following the Angel's Descent when the two six-winged angels possessed the two holy bodies, they exhibited their brilliant wings behind. The people around felt their eyes ache when they caught sight of the holy light.

To the eyes of most of the onlookers, a large platinum sword had materialized on each of the two angels' arms. The swords were naturally intangible as they contained a pure luminous divine power of an angel.

The demon blaze surrounding the body of Sargerass had burnt furiously while the luminous divine power expanded uncontrollably, before the black demon blaze on his hand condensed into a relatively long knightly sword.

"Creature of darkness, today, your millenium-long life shall be ended by me, Cruyff!"

Following the cry, the Catholic Cardinal raised his hands above his head before placing his palms together, causing a white and endless light to shoot through the roof!

The light broke the roof and penetrated the night, as if he had split the darkness into two!

"Rain of the Holy Light!"

After Cruyff cast the spell, the people in the venue noticed that droplets of light started falling out of nowhere!

The milky-white light descended continuously, landing onto the attendees' bodies, providing them warmth.

However, when the light fell on Lilith, who was still in the midst of battle on the roof, and Sargerass, being one of the blood race, they weren't feeling well at all.

Once the light made contact with Sargerass's demon blaze, green smoke could be seen. The friction and repeated collision between them were slowly wearing them out.

Lilith had activated a shield using a blood technique as well. She barely blocked the light outside her body; otherwise, once she was exposed to the light, a black, charred wound would surface on her skin.

Cruyff's large-scale luminous spell wasn't supposed to cause harm to Sargerass and Lilith. More importantly, it was used to restrain his enemies in addition to strengthening the power levels of the two six-winged angels!

Angel's Descent had a time limit, so Cruyff hoped to end the duel quickly by exploding divine power.

Swoosh!

In midair, two strands of light suddenly fell, directly heading toward Sargerass!

Sargerass snorted in contempt while he didn't plan on dodging the strike. His sword made of black demon blaze was held in front of his chest, blocking the two huge blades head-on!

Clunk!

The thunderous, imposing light swords were blocked by Sarger's singlehandedly!

"He's indeed the blood race's prince. How is it that even he could defend against that?!" exclaimed Abbess Yun Miao who was watching from a distance.

Yang Chen pouted his mouth. "It's not exactly easy to deal with six-winged angels."

Just as Sarger's thought he had successfully defended the first wave of offense, he immediately noticed that he was fooled!

BOOM! BOOM!

The sound of explosion resounded. The originally two-meter-long, huge light swords held by the six-winged angels cracked and enlarged!

The incredibly sharp light formed fog, directly engulfing Sarger's dark body!

The marble ground where Sarger's was standing on started breaking and collapsing before its fragments splashed!

An enormous wave of energy had caused the podium and the surrounding tables and chairs to shatter, as if a missile had hit the venue!

"Retreat!"

Quite a few organization representatives ordered their men to back off. Some of them had even left the venue.

They really wanted to witness the fight between the strongest powers in the world. However, keeping their lives intact was infinitely more important than watching a battle in which they may be caught up in.

Although only two and four people from the Dark Parliament and the Vatican had come respectively, these people represented the best of their teams. When they fought, victory would only be decided when either side was wiped out. None of them cared about the situation around.

When everyone saw that the floor Sarger's stood had sunk significantly, they all thought that he had been defeated. However, Sarger's cry of fury was soon heard while black demon blazes exploded like a tornado!

The two six-winged angels didn't endure the attack mindlessly. They retreated back to the air quickly to dodge the surging demon blazes.

Sarger's had floated in the air, but his clothing was rather messy. His eyes were filled with a demonic scarlet while his sharp blood-race teeth were revealed, evidently displaying his rage.

"You're six-winged angels indeed. I must admit that you are a lot more difficult to manage than I originally thought—I do believe I have to go all out now." As soon as Sarger's finished his speech, the demon blaze covering his body had expanded once again, while his gaze was fixed on Gabriel and Cruyff who had been casting blessing techniques on the angels.

The best way to deal with angels was to look for their weakness. Obviously, it was the Catholic Cardinal who was in himself weak!

Sarger's body flashed in midair. When his black knightly sword appeared again, it was just a few meters away from Cruyff!

Cruyff had seen it coming, thus a light shield was already formed in preparation to block the sudden strike!

"Humph. Do you think you can block it?!" roared Sarger. Unexpectedly, before he was able to touch the light shield, an angel had emerged before him and blocked his way!

The three pairs of light wings looked like the most agile shields. They were gathered in front of the angel, blocking Sarger's strike with the strongest region of the wings!

"Damn angels!"

The holy wings seemed soft and weak, but the long sword of demon blaze had failed to penetrate them. After a series of deafening explosions, Sarger was flung backward!

At this moment, due to the intense vibrations, a majority for the roof had either collapsed or broken through. No one in the venue would even consider that a roof at this point.

In the dark night, the fight between darkness and luminosity carried on.

Lilith originally thought that obtaining the Sword of Thanatos would be a piece of cake since her father was there. Moreover, Yang Chen, the only one who could stop them, had expressed his disinterest in obtaining it.

Unexpectedly, the Vatican had brought two holy bodies capable of summoning six-winged angels!

If that was the case, Camarilla definitely wouldn't have just sent Sarger over. They would only be confident if they had two princes.

"Demon, you mustn't get distracted. I'm your opponent!"

Gabriel who had gotten stronger as the combat carried on slid a sword past Lilith's ear, causing the latter who was distressed to almost fail to dodge the strike!

Lilith carried the Sword of Thanatos with one of her arms and the Massacre Blade on the other to fight Gabriel while she clenched her teeth in hatred. If it wasn't for the Catholic Cardinal's blessing, she would've slain the leader of Crusaders—Gabriel with ease! At the very least, she could help her father deal with the two angels, or aid in retreat.

However, since that was not the case, it remained just wishful thinking. Lilith was well aware that Sarger only had himself to depend on to survive this catastrophe!

It couldn't be said that Prince Sarger was barely surviving the battle. Although six-winged angels were far stronger than those of four wings, being one of the third-generation blood race, Sarger could hold them off with his power of a demigod.

However, Cruyff was casting blessing techniques occasionally, or fire arrows and crosses of light, or even luminous pillars...

While these spells weren't very damaging, Sargeras had to spend a lot of energy to either dodge or block them.

As a result, Sargeras was basically facing three enemies alone, while the entire venue was cast with Rain of the Holy Light. This high-level spell enhanced his opponents' powers significantly. If it wasn't for Cruyff's century-long practices, he wouldn't have the ability to materialize these spells!

The twelve wings of the angels were repeatedly shedding off feathers of light containing luminous divine power. Although they looked magnificent, they were unimaginably destructive toward dark creatures.

Sargeras activated his scarlet shield while his demon blaze exuded a tornado-like aura. Breaking a small hole open, it shot directly at the angel nearer to him!

After the angel dodged the attack, the light sword he was holding enlarged once again, directly slamming the ground!

Bam!!!

The hundred-square-meter marble floor where Sargeras stood collapsed, causing mud and rocks to scatter all over the place!

There were around a hundred other people watching the intense battle. Together with the special forces stationed at the island, they had all backed off far away.

Yang Chen and Abbess Yun Miao, however, didn't go too far back. On the contrary, a few young officers had almost peed their pants...

Ar—are these people even human?! Why does it look like a sci-fi movie?! They're all special effects, aren't they?!

The winner of the duel between Sargeras and the six-winged angels couldn't be decided. The demon blaze and the luminous holy swords took turns to dominate each other.

The ground had been smashed open several times, with the deep holes being the evidence to their combat.

At this moment, Sargeras's eyes were completely scarlet. His silhouette flashed out of the blue before three figures which looked the exact same appeared midair!

The three Sargeras's stood at different positions, but each held a ten-meter-long sword burning with demon blaze. They then rushed toward the two angels in unison to launch an attack!

"The Blood Body Technique could summon so many of them?!" Yang Chen was immersed in the scene. Soon, he frowned and cried, "No, no it isn't blood bodies that he has summoned. It's something else entirely!"

Chapter 536 - The Lance of Longinus

Just as Yang Chen was deducing out loud, the three Sargerases in midair clashed with the two angels, and violent sparks erupted!

Just as everyone was already shocked by Sargerases's powerful technique, they were immediately dumbfounded by what happened next!

Brandishing the huge platinum-colored light swords, the two angels dashed violently at the three swift figures. They had planned on repelling the Sargerases in a perfect semicircle, but before the angels had reached them, the Sargerases seemed to have altered their state!

BANG BANG BANG—

Three loud explosions as the Sargerases transformed into three masses of black demon blaze simultaneously, like three huge fireballs which swallowed the two angels!

"They're decoys?!"

The bystanders understood what had happened. The three Sargerases were in fact the demon blaze transformed into clones—Sargerases had simply thrown out these 'human hand grenades'!

As the demon blaze was a legendary technique of the blood race, almost no one knew of its potential!

But where was the real Sargerases?

Before they could tear their eyes away from the suspended black flames, an abrupt conflict on the ground had already begun!

Sargerases's speed practically broke the spacetime barrier as he traversed almost a hundred meters in the blink of an eye, face to face with Cardinal Cruyff!

"Go and meet your damn God!"

Sargerases stood with his head high, his eyes cold and grim, in front of Cruyff, and the sword of demon blaze slashed down straight and true!

Everyone knew that although it looked like the battle between Sargerases and the angels was contained in that one area, it was just because they focused all their powers within this small perimeter.

If any of the so-called experts present wanted to join in, the sight of the battle alone was enough to scare them off. Everyone knew that Sargerases's strength could rival that of a god; even if he couldn't warp spacetime, his condensed power was enough to break it!

And despite having the support of impressive luminous spells, the Catholic Cardinal himself had a frail body.

As the cardinal faced Sargerases whose body and skill were at their peak, at such close range, the audience didn't think that he would survive...

It's over... With a flawless trick and his skills, Sargerases has vanquished the supporting Cruyff; in that case... the Vatican stood no chance—almost everyone was thinking this, and even the battling Lilith was moved by her father's victory!

But!

No one noticed that, when facing Sargerass, Cruyff wasn't frantic in the least, and even—had a bit of anticipation!

"I don't think so..."

As the blazing black sword descended, Cruyff had only this one thought.

At the same time, something like a shield of light suddenly flickered around Cruyff. As the long black sword reached his forehead, its descending force was held back by the shield!

"How is this possible?!" Sargerass himself couldn't believe what he was seeing!

What power is this, to be able to stop such a thunderous blow from me?!

But in the next moment Sargerass suddenly understood everything...

"Go!"

Cruyff's aged face had a red complexion and his bulbous nose seemed particularly prominent as he used all his energy to roar!

A ray of silver-white light suddenly erupted at the front of Sargerass's chest!

PSHH!!

A clear thrusting sound which made everyone terrified!

After hitting Sargerass, this incredible beam of silver light had actually pierced through Sargerass's unimaginably durable body?!

Sargerass looked down disbelievingly at the smoking, three-inch-wide hole in his own chest. This was a strange feeling, because in his memory it had been over a thousand years since he was injured...

His body was suddenly exhausted. That power which had pierced him had started to corrode his own energy, causing him to collapse.

Watching the prince of the blood race, the king of the underworld, finally collapsing at his feet, the centenarian Cardinal Cruyff heaved a few quick breaths before his eyes took on a wild joy.

"Haha... Haha... I... I did it? I—I did it!!!" Cruyff spread his arms and laughed wildly at the sky. "Sargerass! I defeated Sargerass! God! Did you see that! I have avenged Father!!!"

Lilith, who was fighting evenly with Gabriel, felt her heart sink, and Gabriel took the chance to slit a wound in her arm, spraying wisps of dark red blood with a golden luster.

But Lilith couldn't care about that. Leaping down, she landed besides Sargerass, and while Cruyff was still guffawing, took the chance to carry him somewhere further away.

"Father... How... How could this be?" Lilith couldn't accept the fact that her undefeatable Father was actually penetrated and becoming weaker.

Sargeraz could no longer sustain the demon blaze around his body, and it gradually faded away. His pale face became ashen as he coughed while fixing his gaze at the distant Cruyff. "I was too careless, I didn't anticipate that he could have held... held the Lance of Longinus..."

"Humph, seems like you have some knowledge." The delighted Cruyff was in no rush to make the next attack. With a wave, the silver beam of radiance appeared again, but this time in his grasp.

Only now did the onlookers notice that this was actually a lance as tall as Cruyff. It looked extremely simple, with a silver body and a spiral shape, and its point was dyed red with specks of bloodstain!

"It's a holy weapon of the Vatican, the Lance of Longinus... no wonder it could pierce even the vampire body of Sargeraz." Yang Chen clicked his tongue as he shook his head, perhaps regrettably or with some other feeling.

Sauron and the rest were dazzled by the whole thing. Listening to Yang Chen speaking about the lance's origins, Sauron suddenly thought of something, and asked, "So this is the Lance of Longinus that had pierced Jesus's body in the legend and was stained with the blood of the saint? So its existence is not just in the myths? I've heard that, in ancient Europe, any monarch who obtained the lance could seek hegemony, leading to a struggle over it. I didn't expect that... it would be in the Vatican's hands."

Yang Chen shrugged. "It's not that surprising. After all, it's no divine weapon, just a holy one. It's on the same level as the Massacre Blade in Lilith's hand, only it's extra destructive towards creatures like the blood race. It's just that since the Vatican dares to let Cruyff use it, the Catholic Pope must have had extreme faith in Cruyff's abilities."

At this point, the two six-winged angels were in no rush to attack as well, and landed behind Cruyff. Gabriel kept his huge sword and stood to one side, too.

Evidently, from the Vatican's perspective, the battle was over. All that was left was to use the Lance of Longinus to end the long lives of this father-daughter pair. With this, no one would complain if they decided to take the Sword of Thanatos for themselves.

Their power proved that they had this right.

The crowd from Takamagahara and the Sword in the Stone remained silent. Although they were proud, they wouldn't clash hastily with the two angels—based on just the angels' demeanor, they knew that they would lose.

Cruyff grasped the lance which glimmered with faint silver light as he approached Lilith and Sargeraz like he was on a leisurely walk.

Sargeraz's strength was slowly ebbing away. Although it was gradual, the wound caused by the lance couldn't be healed quickly, limiting his capabilities. Presently, he wasn't even at half of Lilith's strength, and had long lost the confidence that he could defend against Cruyff.

"Baby, I'm sorry. Your mother will certainly never forgive me. I even said we were just coming out for a quick round of fun, and then we'd head back immediately..." Sargeraz gave a bitter smile from the corner of his mouth.

Although Lilith seemed pampered and domineering, she couldn't help but tear up. Even though she had lived for over two hundred years, in the eyes of the blood race she was only a young woman.

"I will protect you, Father," Lilith said stubbornly as she pulled out the Massacre Blade again.

Sargeris reached out with difficulty and stroked Lilith's amber hair, saying tenderly, "Lilith, go, if you're lucky you could still escape, you can handle it even if it's a six-winged angel. Don't be silly now. Our only fault is in underestimating our opponents, I was too arrogant and thought I myself was enough, ohh..."

Hearing his sigh, a flash of inspiration suddenly came into Lilith's mind, and her beautiful eyes shone with a strange look.

When Cruyff was already nearing them with his emotional smile, Lilith suddenly stood up and vigorously threw the black box in her hand to the back!

No one expected this move—Lilith had casually thrown away the Sword of Thanatos which she had painstakingly held on to until now?!

Why?

It's simple—the one whom she threw it to was someone who had been standing by doing nothing: Yang Chen!

Yang Chen looked at the box before him hesitatingly, and instinctively reached out to grab it. But as he touched the box he was hit by a sudden realization—*Oh no! It's a trick!*

As expected, Lilith wiped her eyes, and turned back to smile prettily at Yang Chen while blinking her eyes. "Your Dear Majesty Pluto, I do believe the fault lies in you for asking us to obtain the sword for you. But now that my father's hurt, I think it's best if you take it for yourself."

What! What did Lilith mean by that? They were under orders to seize the divine weapon?!

The gazes of everyone, including Cruyff and the rest of the Vatican, fixed nastily on Yang Chen, and the black box in his hand.

Yang Chen laughed bitterly. *?This Lilith is a fast thinker indeed, to use a tactic like this to drag me down with them. Doesn't she know that I just have to throw the weapon back to her, and everyone would realize that she's bluffing?*

But Yang Chen did no such thing, because as he glanced again at Lilith, he saw in her beautiful red-rimmed eyes... an unprecedented plea.

This proud pureblood female vampire, at this moment, had laid down all her pride and aloofness, using her eyes to tell Yang Chen as best as she could—*I beg you, please pity us, save us...*

Lilith was a woman unafraid of death, to the point where death was something exciting for her.

But this did not mean that she was willing to watch her own father stabbed to death by a holy weapon wielded by the Vatican!

Even if they were the blood race, even if they didn't have beating hearts, they were still family!

Yang Chen helplessly admitted that ever since he returned to China two years ago, his heart had gone soft. Even if he knew that this woman was just setting him up, he felt that it was still his duty to help this pleading woman.

In the past, he had no parents, but now he had a mother... Ah, family—he could understand this feeling.

With a sigh, Yang Chen tossed the black box to Sauron besides him, and stepped forward to face everyone, especially that Cruyff, saying loudly, “That’s right, I’m the one behind this heist, Sargerass and his daughter are under my watch...”

Chapter 537 The Sword of Thanatos

When Yang Chen took a step forward, Sauron and the rest, who were behind, were well aware that if Yang Chen really wanted the sword for himself, he would have done it himself. However, having followed and served Yang Chen for many years, they knew that he didn’t like to be questioned, so they remained silent.

Abbess Yun Miao was rather confused. She didn’t understand why Yang Chen would help the Dark Parliament go against the Vatican. But since she was alone and unaffiliated to these organizations, she chose to stay out of it.

Sargerass, who had initially shut his eyes and admitted his defeat, couldn’t help but open them again when he heard Yang Chen’s reply. Spending much effort to turn his head, he looked at Yang Chen with his eyes filled with depthless incomprehension.

On the other hand, Lilith’s body shivered, not because she was crying or afraid, but due to her over excitement!

She had used this move as a cry of help when she was backed into a corner. She didn’t expect the seemingly carefree Pluto to be soft-hearted. However, her final attempt in obtaining victory somehow worked!

Thank you...? Lilith’s eyes were currently filled with nothing but gratitude.

Yang Chen found it hard to bear with the blood-race woman’s gaze, as if a thorny rose had suddenly turned immensely gentle, causing a huge disparity.

Yang Chen chose to ignore Lilith and Sargerass. Actually, he had stood up only because of his little friendship with Lilith in addition to slight sympathy. As his opponent was the Vatican, Yang Chen had all the more reason to help.

The Vatican had tried to kill him in Japan by colluding with other organizations after all. While Yang Chen didn’t have to take revenge, since they were here right in front of him, overestimating their own powers, he figured why not right?

When Cruyff heard Lilith call Yang Chen ‘Pluto’, he was instantly stunned. When he focused his attention on Yang Chen who had stood in front of Lilith and Sargerass, he opened his mouth to ask, “Are you really Pluto, the new Hades?”

Yang Chen didn’t give an answer immediately. Instead, he squatted down and held Sargerass’s arm before channeling Xiantian True Qi into his body.

Sargerass had never felt such a vigorous energy given off by the True Qi of Endless Resolve Restoration Scripture. All he felt was the agony on his chest instantly cease, allowing him to breathe in relief.

So this young god is even capable of doing this?! thought Sargerass.

Being the leader of Crusaders, Gabriel who was behind Cruyff had seen Yang Chen in Zhonghai before. As Yang Chen was really low-profile a moment ago, Gabriel failed to notice his existence. Now that he realized, his facial expression changed instantly. He walked forward to Cruyff to verify Yang Chen's identity.

Once his identity was confirmed, not only was the Vatican nervous, the other members of different organizations had a change in their expression as well.

The people from Takamagahara and the Sword in the Stone were aware of Yang Chen's identity, so they weren't overly shocked. Nurarihyon, Prince, and the others who held a grudge for Yang Chen had turned malicious and cold. On the other hand, the representatives from Panther Mercenary Group, Blue Storm, Soviet Medal, and many other organizations revealed fear and astonishment on their faces.

Yang Chen had stayed under the radar for give or take two years now. This person who had unprecedentedly slain a god certainly held countless mysterious and astonishing records!

Cruyff who was more than a hundred years old wasn't moved. He felt a little frustrated when Yang Chen appeared to be ignoring him. Now that Gabriel had affirmed Yang Chen's identity, he couldn't help but snort with contempt. "Two years ago, you've shocked the world by killing a god to become a god. I didn't expect Pluto to be such a young man."

Yang Chen stood up and glanced at Cruyff. "You should leave. I'll be taking Lilith and Sargerass away. Don't waste your time here, I did not plan to drench my hands in blood coming here."

"Humph." Squinting his eyes, Cruyff raised his head and said, "Pluto, you look nothing more than an ordinary guy. Don't expect me to be deceived. According to the Treaty of Gods, even if you really are strong, you have no right to unseal when you're faced with us, the non-gods."

"You don't have the help of divine power, but us at the Vatican have two six-winged angels within the holy bodies. Their luminous divine power is nothing to be trifled with!"

"Even Sargerass of the demigod level had fallen under my Lance of Longinus. Pluto, you're an ordinary human being who can't unseal now, do you really think we'd be afraid?!"

As Cruyff spoke, the two six-winged angels behind him had expanded their wings before attacking Yang Chen from both sides.

The wings formed by the condensation of luminous divine power exuded an overwhelming pressure. The vague golden halo caused the waters to ripple, wind to howl, and sand and stones to rise, forcing most of the people present to back off.

The terrifying aura had made many of them lament in their hearts...? *Perhaps, without unsealing, Pluto will not be able to defeat the Vatican which has two six-winged angels...*

Cruyff currently looked extremely confident. Disdainfully, he swept his gaze across everyone.

Yang Chen stood still at the same position. Pouting, he said, "You don't look like the listening type."

"Listen to you? Haha! Young Man, don't look too highly of yourself. Others may call you a god, but in my eyes, you're no different from an ordinary man!" Cruyff laughed like a maniac. "In the name of Lord's kindness, I won't hurt the innocent. Should you hand over the pair of filthy dark creatures, and surrender the ominous divine weapon, the Sword of Thanatos, to us at the Vatican, we'll forgive you for your actions."

"Oh? You really desire that sword, don't you?" asked Yang Chen with indifference. Pointing his hand behind, the black box in Sauron's arms flew toward Yang Chen's hand.

Holding the black alloy box in hand, being gazed upon by everyone currently, Yang Chen smashed the seemingly indestructible lock.

Yang Chen opened the black box, revealing a three-foot-long, silver-grey, gladius-like weapon within.

Quite a number of them swallowed their saliva audibly. They wondered if the divine weapon would have a special response since it was opened this easily.

However, the result was evidently disappointing.

Yang Chen swung the ordinary-looking sword, but it didn't exude even the slightest oppression.

The runes carved on the blade were the only pattern the sword possessed, while the point was so blunt that everyone was even doubtful that it was useful as a regular sword.

"Is that the Sword of Thanatos?"

"It's fake, isn't it? Why is it so normal? My dagger looks like it poses more of a threat..."

"Is it because we have yet to understand what it's used for..."

Many of them started whispering to each other, obviously disappointed in the sword's mystery.

The aura exuded by divine weapons was unlike those of holy and demonic. The Lance of Longinus owned by Cruyff and Lilith's Massacre Blade were imposing and magnificent; one would know that they were great weapons at first sight.

However, divine weapons had always been much more low-profile, just like Ares's seemingly average copper spear which could be used to lock spacetime and deliver incredible strengths.

As if the power was kept within the sword by a true master, ordinary people would be none the wiser.

Currently, Cruyff, Nurarihyon from Takamagahara, Lola from the Sword in the Stone, all had their gazes fixed on the Sword of Thanatos held by Yang Chen as their eyes blazed.

The others might not feel it, but their keen senses allowed them to feel a passive oppression, which ordinary weapons just didn't possess!

Yang Chen snickered and put the sword back into the box before closing it. "This sword sure looks important to all of you. In fact, I'm not interested in it at all. I like to fight using my bare hands. But since the Vatican seems to hold it with such high regard, I think I'll just keep it with me for now."

“You’ll regret your decision, Young Man,” said Cruyff in fury.

“I only did that because you displeased me,” answered Yang Chen in dullness. He then tossed the black box behind to Sauron.

Sauron held a stiff bitter smile on his face when Yang Chen passed the much-desired divine weapon to him, but he dared not refuse to take it.

“Alright, alright!” Cruyff reddened while his gaze turned violent. Laughing, he announced solemnly, “Since you chose to go against us, I won’t advise you no more. I know that we failed to kill you in the plot in Japan, but do you really think we at the Vatican have run out of ways?!”

“You’re a god, but without divine power, you’re no more than a human. You shall have a taste of the two six-winged angels’ true power. I, Cruyff, do not mind slaying a god!”

After Cruyff finished his speech, he pointed the Lance of Longinus at the sky, causing the Rain of Light to intensify, strengthening the two six-winged angels significantly. As if they had become light, holding their platinum-colored light swords, flapping their wings, they rushed right toward Yang Chen!

Breaking the sound barrier, the six-winged angels even distorted the surrounding spacetime. They were so quick that everyone found it unbelievable!

Apparently, they weren’t fighting at their best when facing Sargeras earlier!

Yang Chen was expressionless. He didn’t look at the angels. Without any reaction, all he did was stare Cruyff, and took a step forward.

Chapter 538 - Let Me Tell You Something

BANG! BANG!

All the audience heard were the explosive crashes of the two golden swords after seeing their rays. The swords of holy light caused a huge blast that covered Yang Chen entirely in that blinding blaze of light!

“Your Majesty Pluto!—”

Even Sauron and the rest who had the utmost faith in Yang Chen couldn’t believe that Yang Chen was caught in that strike!

Many of the onlookers felt their knees buckle. That convening mass of light was like an explosion contained in that small area, only some of the energy had escaped, disintegrating dozens of meters of the ground around Yang Chen!

“The Vatican certainly isn’t holding back the contempt they’ve accumulated over thousands of years indeed,” mumbled Nurarihyon standing in the Takamagahara crowd.

Prince from the Sword in the Stone clenched his fists as he looked at the astonishing power of the light and hissed, “Even this demon would not be able to withstand that...”

As for Sargeras and his daughter, they were distressed. They didn’t expect that the six-winged angels had been holding back. Lilith’s eyes were filled with tears of pain and regret.

Almost no one present expected Yang Chen to survive, because the strength displayed by the two angels had completely exceeded their imaginations.

However, just when they thought it was all over, that incomparably startling silhouette appeared once again in the midst of the light mass!

As the dust and light finally dispersed, Yang Chen's figure gradually became clearer.

He was standing there, indifferent, without a single scratch!

He—he's completely unharmed?!

That was the only thing on everyone's minds!

The shock they received from this scene was much more intense than the all-out attack struck by the angels earlier!

Yang Chen said nothing, and as everyone, including Cruyff, watched in shock, he took one step closer to the cardinal.

Cruyff was muttering, "How could... How did he defend... How...!"

The two six-winged angels had also not expected Yang Chen to walk away without a scratch. After flying up into the air, the swords in their hands condensed some more and became one size bigger as they prepared to attack again.

"Quick! Kill him quickly! He must have used all his powers to block the previous attack!!" Cruyff could only think of this possibility: that Yang Chen had used all his strength in his defense, and his indifferent expression was only a bluff to buy him more time!

Cruyff recited a few blessings continuously, increasing the speed and attack power of the angels nearly to their peak.

Yang Chen ignored everyone's stunned expressions, and simply took one step after another as he idly approached where Cruyff was standing. Yang Chen had a half-grimace on his face, his eyes holding a hint of mockery and vicious fun.

At the back, Sauron and the rest became emotional and fired up at the same time, and almost couldn't help dancing around in joy.

"That's His Majesty Pluto for you, I knew that no one could defeat him!"

"Our faith won't just collapse like that!"

"It's the Revenant's Walk, hahah, Sauron, how many years was it since we last saw it?! Haha..."

Listening to these mercenaries and assassins talking, the astonished Abbess Yun Miao frowned and asked, "What's the Revenant's Walk?"

Sauron gave a rather mysterious smile. "It's a battle tactic that His Majesty Pluto liked to use back in the day. As his audience we've given it the name 'Revenant's Walk'. Although, His Majesty Pluto has been quite adverse to this name himself."

“A battle tactic?” Abbess Yun Miao became more curious.

“Yup.” Sauron nodded and said proudly, “Back then, whenever His Majesty Pluto came across a powerful opponent or faced attacks from all sides, he would use this method of non-retaliation and withstand the attacks repeatedly. Meanwhile, he would just keep walking through the attacks, slowly moving towards the leader of his enemies.

“His Majesty Pluto has mentioned that he wanted to let his opponents know—even if he just stood still and let them attack without retaliating, they were still no match for him! Make them lose their conviction completely and descend into the pit of despair—only then is it a thorough victory!

“Therefore, we’re used to calling his steps towards the leader to take his life the Revenant’s Walk.”

Abbess Yun Miao felt a tingle in her scalp and turned to look at the figure approaching Cruyff step by step, finally realizing the extent of this man’s intensity during his time abroad.

Listening to his colleagues discussing, Sauron still said doubtfully, “However, His Majesty Pluto didn’t release his seal this time. What powers did he actually use in blocking an attack so strong that it tore apart spacetime?”

The defensive capability just demonstrated by Yang Chen had already surpassed the impression that this group had toward his powers.

This time it was Abbess Yun Miao who smiled delightedly. “That’s the internal energy we train in China. The one that Yang Chen used was the Endless Resolve Restoration Scripture of our Shushan Sect, and the power that blocked that attack was the True Qi of the Xiantian Full Cycle state.”

After listening, Sauron and the rest glanced at each other but still couldn’t understand, what was this internal energy, or this Xiantian...

As they were discussing, the two six-winged angels had finished gathering their strength and were ready to strike again. Yang Chen’s lack of injuries was a blow to their dignity!

The two beams of light, carrying thunderous might, fell again on Yang Chen’s head. The ground which had been destroyed through and through was once again shifted as rocks and debris fell all over the place. The venue’s ceiling, due to this twisting tearing strange force, swelled and ruptured!

“Are they trying to sink this tiny island?!”

Many of them were already yelling in rage, because that eye-piercing light had made them unable to see a thing!

“Kill him! Kill him!!!” Yet Cardinal Cruyff had descended into a frenzy, shouting his head off, enjoying the sight of Yang Chen being submerged in the surging holy light.

But in a few seconds, after the blaze had faded, Cruyff’s heart turned cold completely!

Yang Chen’s lazy figure was seen as before, as if he was taking a stroll in a garden, grinning at the cardinal as he walked over.

If one observed closely, one would see that surrounding Yang Chen's body was a faint ripple of energy. Although the ripple seemed gentle, it prevented anything outside from even touching Yang Chen!

Only Abbess Yun Miao could recognize that it was a protective layer formed by Xiantian True Qi, which was achievable only after one's internal energy had reached Xiantian Full Cycle!

In fact, when he was in Japan understanding the ninth passage of the Endless Resolve Restoration Scripture, Rebirth, Yang Chen had felt himself that this Xiantian True Qi had an incomparable might, comparable to that of divine power.

When he was battling Ares, he had relied on the True Qi to break Ares's frozen spacetime, confirming that the internal energy will overpower divine power at a certain point. He got further proof when he met Ling Xuizi from Hongmeng.

Although it wasn't like the divine power which could warp spacetime or shatter mountains in a second, internal energy, when used in a refined manner, could surpass the crude strength of gods.

Thus, in the face of the Vatican's wild power, Yang Chen had simply chosen to use the Revenant's Walk which was admittedly an old but effective move. While proving his own deductions regarding internal energy, he was also illustrating to others the difference in their capabilities, so that they wouldn't pop up in front of him out of ignorance, looking for trouble.

Presently, Cruyff's face was ashen, and the two angels had also stopped their attacks.

At the back, Sargeraz, Lilith, Sauron, and the rest had already seen the outcome, and were relaxed.

Cruyff began retreating, one step, two steps. As Yang Chen came closer, he became more cowardly.

The current situation was vastly different from what he had expected. The primitive fear of humans once again began to flourish.

"No... It's impossible... How are you still alive..." Cruyff swallowed heavily, and directed Gabriel and the two angels with a loud command. "Go! Attack! Don't let him come over!"

He no longer cared about losing his self-control, because he could see that in Yang Chen's eyes—Yang Chen saw him as a walking corpse!

But Yang Chen was not interested in Cruyff's hollering, and kept inching closer step by step toward this previously arrogant, red-robed old man.

The two six-winged angels were about to try again, but they were unable to keep it up, because Yang Chen was too close to Cruyff. If they attacked hastily, Cruyff might sustain some of the damage.

Plus they had used all their strength in the attacks but still couldn't kill Yang Chen. Despite being six-winged angels, they couldn't sustain such extravagant use of their holy powers.

Besides, they were only angels who had descended and possessed these bodies. The continuous overexertion of their powers caused their wings and light to become dimmer. Everyone knew that the time of the Angel's Descent was almost up.

And at this point, Yang Chen was in front of Cruyff...

THUD!

When Cruyff retreated, he tripped over a rock fragment and fell to the ground, and was no longer able to grip the Lance of Longinus steadily!

Yang Chen tilted his head and clicked his tongue, sighing with a mocking expression.

As he bent down, Yang Chen grabbed Cruyff by the collar with one hand, and lifted the cardinal off the ground as if he was taking out a pile of trash.

Fixing his eyes on Cruyff, Yang Chen said mildly, “Why so silent? Where was the man who was so bold in his claims to be able to slay a god?”

Cruyff gulped wildly, and his face began shivering, his eyes filled with fear and panic.

Even if Yang Chen was pointing a lance at him, Cruyff wouldn’t have reached a point of not daring to speak out of fear, for Yang Chen had withstood such shocking attack power. Closing in step by step, it was like blow after blow from the Grim Reaper’s sickle, chipping away at his spirit, until there wasn’t a single shred of his calmness and confidence left!

This was a thorough, extreme stripping and trampling of someone’s dignity!

This man was basically like the existence of Satan—everything he just did made Cruyff unable to summon any energy in defense!

And the hardest thing to defy was that this demon had succeeded!

It was like there were hundreds of kilograms of lead bricks hanging from Cruyff’s legs—that was how he was suspended with his body stiff, not daring to move a single muscle.

The smile on Yang Chen’s face became cold, and his eyes were like black crystals, icy yet unfathomable.

“Before you die, let shed some light on the matter.

“The reason why I could become a god wasn’t because I held the divine power, but because...

“Even without releasing the seal, I am... Still. A. God.”

Chapter 539 The Longbow

Each of the words spoken by Yang Chen was no different from a nail directly hammered into not only Cruyff’s heart, but everyone else present as well!

The moment everyone present witnessed Yang Chen walking out of the terrifying strike completely unharmed, only then did they truly understand the power of a god!

The two six-winged angels had coincidentally depleted their energy and time of descent. The two holy bodies fell from the sky, turning back to ordinary blonde young men who were squatting on the ground and trying to catch their breath from all that has happened.

It became clear to everyone that the Vatican had lost.

Seeing that Cruyff turned inattentive, Yang Chen knew that the old man had lost his courage to even utter a word. Shaking his head, he raised his left hand, prepared to break the old man's skull.

"Stop!" yelled Gabriel out of a sudden.

Yang Chen turned around and asked, "Need anything? Or would you like to die first and spare yourself from seeing your elder die?"

Faced with Yang Chen's untroubled expression, Gabriel subconsciously took a step back. The tall soldier from Crusaders felt that he was just like a duckweed in the water, floating about without dependence.

"Yo—Your Majesty Pluto, you shall not kill Cardinal, or you will regret your actions later!" Gabriel had depleted all his energy just to speak that sentence.

Yang Chen turned his head back to glance at Cruyff who looked like a soulless corpse, before looking at the incredibly nervous Gabriel again. As his eyes shone, he flung Cruyff's body aside and said, "Enlighten me. What is it then that I will regret?"

Gabriel suddenly had some courage, as Yang Chen seemed restrained in a way.

Gabriel tried to stay calm before saying, "Your Majesty Pluto didn't come to Europe alone this time, did you?"

Yang Chen pretended to be shocked. Smiling, he said, "You guys have done your investigation well. That's right, I came here with my woman."

"Since that's the case, Your Majesty Pluto, do you know where Miss Lin currently is?" asked Gabriel expectantly.

Yang Chen squinted his eyes. "You even found out her origin; no wonder you managed to secure the role as leader. You seem to be more composed than this cardinal Cruyff—at least you still have a voice in a time like this. To be honest, I have no clue where she is, but I think she's waiting for my return in Paris now."

Gabriel appeared to have regained confidence. "That might not be entirely true."

Yang Chen's face turned cold. "What do you mean?"

"Your Majesty Pluto shall find out soon," Gabriel spoke as he took out a pocket-sized communication device which looked rather like bluetooth headphones. Quietly, he put them on his head.

Currently, most people had left the venue long ago. The battle had gotten out of hand after all. The admittedly weak individuals dared not risk their lives by staying there. Hence, a lot of them had run back to the cruise Louis XVI, ready to leave the island.

As a result, only ten or so people from the strongest organizations were left in the enormous conference hall which had turned into a post-battle ruin.

These people, including Yang Chen, looked at Gabriel in confusion since he had put on a communication device to communicate with an unknown party.

"You've seen the current situation, haven't you?" asked Gabriel.

“We’ll abandon our original plan. Cardinal Cruyff has been defeated. Proceed with what you were going to do,” Gabriel added.

After that, Gabriel nodded his head before looking at Fodessa and the other officers from the Seventh Bureau who were standing far away.

Being the hosts, Fodessa and the others had no way of escape. Many of them had had the urge to leave long ago. Currently, they were left in an awkward position.

“Deputy Director Fodessa, is there a usable monitor here?” asked Gabriel.

Fodessa was stunned as he was rather confused. However, being cautious as to not enrage his guests, he quickly composed himself and nodded. “Yeah, there are some backup monitors left in the underground base.”

It was inevitable that backup monitors had to be used. The battle earlier had destroyed half of the place into flatland, while the roof was almost utterly removed. Thus, the only usable electronics had to be retrieved from somewhere else.

Gabriel nodded in satisfaction. He then said to Yang Chen, “Your Majesty Pluto, please follow me to watch a video. You may decide whether to carry out a massacre after that.”

Yang Chen more or less figured out the situation. He sighed, “Let’s go then.”

Gabriel let Fodessa walk in front to lead him and Yang Chen to an undamaged region of the island to play a video.

The ten or so people left were naturally curious as well. Ignoring the caution in their hearts, they followed Yang Chen behind and headed to the deeper end of the base.

Supported by Lilith, Sargeris followed inside as well together with Sauron, Abbess Yun Miao, and the rest.

The two blonde men with holy bodies stopped dazing off. Along with the despair-filled Cruyff, they followed Gabriel inside.

Everyone then arrived at a relatively undamaged underground conference hall. A large section of the roof had been destroyed, allowing the night sky to be seen.

Due to the same reason, the sound of sea waves could be heard as well.

“Deputy Director Fodessa, please turn on the monitor and switch to satellite mode,” ordered Gabriel.

Fodessa dared not disobey. Suffering deep in his heart because of the mess, he forced himself to walk forward and switched on the large monitor.

Very quickly, a connection was made, displaying a clear image delivered by the satellite.

The image that soon followed was one of a warship, specifically its deck.

It was parked in the middle of the ocean. The dark sky behind the warship made the light on the deck appear exceptionally bright, allowing the anti-aircraft guns behind to be seen clearly.

As everyone was wondering why there wasn't a single person on the monitor, a bunch of people finally revealed themselves.

They were a bunch of burly, tall men dressed in the black uniform of special forces, wearing military goggles and helmets. Yang Chen was familiar with their appearance; they looked exactly like the kidnapers he had met a while ago.

On their arms and chests was a permanent mark—the golden sun totem!

“The people from the Realm of Gods?”

Some officers there managed to recognize the people on the screen. They obviously had a meeting before coming to the island, thus they were aware of Apollo and the Realm of Gods.

After the emergence of the men in black, a few people who were tied up were brought to the deck as well.

Yang Chen focused his attention on the screen, only to realize they were Lin Ruoxi, Stern and Alice, and Harry and his mother!

However, all five of them were unconscious. After they were carried to the deck, they were thrown on the ice-cold floor directly.

“Harry?!”

Fodessa was the first one to cry out. He stared at the screen in disbelief as his wife and son were both there.

“Leader Gabriel! What is the meaning of this?! What does the Realm of Gods have to do with you guys at the Vatican?!”

Having been a highly ranked officer in the security bureau for many years, he instantly understand the situation instantly, thus staring at Gabriel furiously.

Storm Lola from the Sword in the Stone looked at Gabriel with contempt. With a cold smile, she said, “Is there a need to ask? The disdainful Vatican must be on the same side as the Realm of Gods. What a bunch of scums. I didn't expect them to resort to terrorism. They must've finally realized that they ran out of ways to dominate the world, thus resorting to evil means.”

“What a group of wicked western monks,” mocked Motakuto from Takamagahara.

Gabriel completely ignored the scorns he received. All he did was stare at the monitor while standing still.

On the contrary, Sauron and the others revealed looks of astonishment, while Abbess Yun Miao's palms started sweating.

At this moment, an unusual silhouette appeared on the deck.

It was a man dressed in white with an average physique. To everyone's surprise, on his chest was an enlarged golden sun totem.

The man too wore a helmet which seemed like one owned by Ancient Roman generals. His eyes were filled with malice.

The front of his helmet also had a golden sun totem.

On his side, there should be a monitor as well, connected to the one on the island via a satellite. “I believe some of you may recognize me, but let me introduce myself... I am Apollo.”

Indeed, quite a few of them on the island had guessed the man’s identity upon his emergence. However, their gazes still turned sharp when the man gave confirmation.

Apollo’s facial expression couldn’t be seen under the helmet, but his eyes revealed a slight smile. He continued, “This must come as quite a shock to you I imagine, as to why I’m related to the Vatican, but I don’t think it warrants a discussion as of now. Let’s just leave it at mutual interests—that’s all.”

“Hah! Although I don’t know if you’re really Apollo, I’m really curious about the Vatican’s desires as you mentioned. Are you possibly helping the Vatican to become the religion that dominates the world? How ambitious...” The person speaking was none other than Ayr, the member of Blue Storm who had gone into a conflict with the Panther Mercenary Group on the cruise earlier.

Apollo didn’t speak, but waved his hand instead.

A man in black walked toward Apollo, with a golden longbow in his hands! Complex runes and vine-like patterns were carved throughout the body of the longbow. It could be considered a most delicate artwork!

Everyone soon realized that the longbow was no ordinary item. It might even be a divine weapon. However, none of them knew why Apollo took the longbow out. Was it possible that he wanted to shoot Ayr just because she had disrespected him?

Who was he kidding? They were so well hidden in the island. Apollo was at least a few kilometers away in the ocean. The night was like a blanket shielding them from any light so how was he supposed to shoot so accurately?

However, what happened next had shocked the people on the island.

“Foolish humans. Since you doubt my identity and capability, I’ll show you the difference between people and gods.”

As soon as Apollo finished speaking, he really pulled the bow back!

When the golden longbow was pulled back, it started burning in golden-red flame, while a bright red arrow formed completely by flame had suddenly appeared on the silver-colored string!

“What’s this item? Is it Apollo’s divine weapon?!” cried someone on the island.

Yang Chen frowned. He started to doubt himself.

The next second, Apollo let go of the string.

“Idiot, do you really think you’ve become a god by using a technologically advanced, impressive-looking weapon? Yo—”

Ayr didn't manage to finish her speech, but her mouth was wide open. That was because a golden-ride flame could be seen through the broken roof, approaching from the night sky at a ridiculously high speed, heading toward the base!

"Ayr, be careful!" The Blue Storm member excelled in forming light shields stood before Ayr. Instantly activating his shield, he pulled Ayr away from where she stood!

However, the flame arrow had changed its trajectory, following the movement of the two people, just like a guided missile!

Boom! The flame arrow penetrated through the seemingly sturdy shield, shooting through Ayr's and the man's body, instantly blasting them into pieces!

The two powerusers who were well and alive just a moment ago were destroyed by an arrow which came from an unknown distance, and turned into fragments of bloody flesh, causing almost everyone present to be dumbfounded!

Such an attack was much more terrifying than the battle on the island earlier! It became clear that it was a god's doing!

"Do you still have any doubts now?" On the monitor, Apollo could be seen placing his longbow down.

Fodessa directly kneeled on the ground. "Apollo, what do you want? Why kidnap my wife and my son?!"

Apollo ignored Fodessa's question. Instead, he stared at Yang Chen who was silent. "The new Hades, I didn't expect you to appear in the secret meeting this time. You messed up my plan, but lucky for you and me, it hasn't been affected too much.

"Persephone is now in my hands. I believe this warrants a discussion and hopefully the start of a good partnership..."

Chapter 540 Apollo

"A partnership?" mocked Yang Chen. He then pondered with his head lowered for a short while, asking, "I'm curious to see what you have thought up. What do you need me as a partner for?"

Apollo answered, "In the entire island, the only person whom I'm interested in talking to is you, Hades. If you're willing to stand by my side, I'll let you rule half of Europe should my plan succeed. Of course, Europe is only a stepping stone to the world. When we finish expanding the Realm of Gods to the rest of the world, we shall stand as equals while enjoying the entire world together. How's that for a plan."

Apollo's tone and gaze were obviously full of excitement and craze.

Following his speech, everyone on the island took a deep breath subconsciously.

Apollo was planning on taking over the world?!

"Haha..." While everyone had their brows tightly furrowed, Yang Chen couldn't hold back from laughing for whatever reason. He laughed so hard that he almost started tearing up.

"What are you laughing for, Hades?" asked Apollo in displeasure.

Yang Chen waved his hand. "Nah, it's nothing. I'm marveling at your ambition. Compared to my ideal lifestyle of going through each day peacefully, I get the feeling that I'm rather pathetic."

"Humph. In this rotten and filthy world, only by performing a baptism of blood to the people who just care about money and their own benefits, will they truly be free from their current shackles of like. Hades, whether or not you understand is none of my business; I don't expect anyone to understand it. All I want to know is whether you accept it," Apollo said before turning to look at Lin Ruoxi and the others who were unconscious on the deck.

Yang Chen refrained from laughing. "Tell me how then would you like us to cooperate."

Everyone on the island looked at Yang Chen anxiously after he raised the question. Having witnessed Yang Chen getting rid of the Vatican's six-winged angels singlehandedly, the ones who had intended to take revenge were well aware that they wouldn't be able to defeat him.

Should Yang Chen really agree to team up with Apollo, the people on the island would most likely end up dead!

"How direct!" praised Apollo. "All I have is one simple request. I need you to protect my friends from the Vatican including Cardinal Cruyff and Gabriel; and Deputy Director Fodessa as well, I have plans for him."

Fodessa who had previously panicked was shocked. He muttered, "Wh—what do you need..."

Apollo thought for a while before answering, "Proceed to the central underground laboratory and retrieve the 'end' button before using it outside the affected area."

"What?!" exclaimed Fodessa as he fell on the ground. Despite being a burly man, his legs had softened upon listening to Apollo's command.

Storm Lola frowned. "Deputy Director Fodessa, what's the end button?"

Fodessa swallowed his saliva audibly, saying, "It's... it's the main switch to trigger a... nuclear explosion at the base..."

Nuclear?!

Almost everyone there paled instantly. They quickly understood Apollo's intentions.

It was common for unpleasant events to take place at military bases, like being intruded by enemies. Thus, to prevent leaking confidential information to the enemy, implementing a self-destruction mode was crucial.

The button had the potential to destroy the military base, sinking the entire island, while the surrounding area within a radius of tens of kilometers would be affected as well. Nuclear bombs were unlike those of atomic after all—they were much more devastating than ordinary ones!

Being one of the three major countries with nuclear technology, France could easily sink an entire island!

Apollo then said, "Hades, the people there on the island are no different from ants to you. You may kill them by your hands should you prefer to do so. I just want to let the entire world know my dominance."

"In your dreams..." The silhouette who had been standing still suddenly vanished!

The figure of Nurarihyon from Takamagahara flashed before emerging behind Fodessa. His blade Nenekirimaru was just like a silver light, slashing from above, right at Fodessa's head!

Clunk! Before the blade could be flung downward, it was gripped by a person's hand!

"Why so impatient?" It was unknown when Yang Chen had appeared behind Nurarihyon, let alone him clutching the katana with his bare hand!

Nurarihyon said coldly, "Do you expect me to only strike when he gets the detonator?!"

"Pluto! Are you so selfish that you're willing to sacrifice the world's population just for your woman?!" asked Lola.

"Humph. From the beginning I knew what kind of demon this man was. Don't beg him anymore. Let's join forces to kill him and Fodessa, before battling Apollo!" yelled Prince.

However, Prince's speech was ineffective. Even his teammates from the Sword in the Stone looked distressed.

Having witnessed Yang Chen's power, they knew that their lives would only end sooner should they strike together.

"Mirror of Purity..." murmured Nurarihyon before his figure suddenly disappeared like a ripple, slipping away from Yang Chen's hand!

Yang Chen sighed, "It's this weird technique again. Do you really believe that I am powerless against that move?"

The next second, Yang Chen extended one of his arms out slightly to his left, stopping Nurarihyon's silhouette, which was swinging his blade downward, midair!

Astonished, Nurarihyon stared at Yang Chen in disbelief. Earlier on the cruise, it was clear that Yang Chen failed to notice his presence, in addition to Yang Chen casting a technique affecting an area, instead toward him specifically. So how did Yang Chen manage to see him through now so easily?!

He wasn't taking me seriously earlier, was he?!? thought Nurarihyon in agony.

Yang Chen smirked. "I've surrounded the area using Xiantian True Qi. Although your aura is undetectable, I'm able to feel the movement of True Qi, thus revealing even the slightest movement from you."

"I must admit that I had indeed underestimate your ability. The power of a god is indeed beyond our simple comprehension," said Nurarihyon in dissatisfaction. "So it means that you're able to kill all of us here even without Fodessa triggering the destruction?"

"No!" Before Yang Chen spoke, Gabriel took a step forward. "Not all of us. His Majesty Apollo said that we of the Vatican holds the sacred duty of enlightening the new world. The people who are supposed to stay on this island are you, not us."

This time, Sauron and the others who had absolute faith in Yang Chen all looked at him nervously.

No one would choose to foolishly escape at this moment. They knew that it was impossible for them to steer clear of the blast even if they were at top speed, unless their speed was comparable to that of a fighter aircraft!

Furthermore, if Yang Chen really intended to stop them, they wouldn't be able to flee at all!

"Fodessa, what are you hesitating for? Your child and wife are waiting for you." Apollo asked seriously, "Also, Hades, my patience is running out. You need to think wisely as your woman is in my hands. Compared to her, aren't the people on the island simply worthless organisms?"

Yang Chen ignored Apollo's question. He squatted down and tapped Fodessa's shoulder. "Deputy Director Fodessa, I want to know what you think."

Fodessa's face was covered in sweat. He grabbed the ground so hard that his fingers started bleeding. Soon, resolution and agony filled his face...

"I won't detonate the bomb!"

"What?!"

Everyone on the island, including the ones from the Vatican, was surprised by Fodessa's answer.

"You fool! What are you talking about?! What do these people even mean to you? You would abandon your family for them?!"

The person who spoke was none other than Cardinal Cruyff who had regained awareness. His arrogance earlier also returned. However, he looked really pale as he had depleted his energy earlier.

Yang Chen, however, let out a satisfied smile and nodded his head.

Fodessa stood up and said to Apollo on the screen, "I refuse, Apollo. You won't be able to control me using my wife and son! I, Fodessa, am unlike the despicable, corrupt scums who would act in the name of God!

"That's right. I'm just a mixed Frenchman given birth by a Nazi and a French betrayer. I may be a disgraceful bastard in the eyes of many.

"But I have decided to live righteously for the rest of my life. My current position is earned via my achievements to the military by risking my life. I could lower my head to the nobles, but I will never lose the glory of a French army!

"I won't allow my son, even if it could allow him to live, to live and have a cowardly father who was only able to survive because he decided to betray his country and sacrifice the lives of others!" cried Fodessa solemnly, his eyes full of warm tears.

Many of people present were astonished. Their eyes were even filled with regret and respect.

Even Nurarihyon who had intended to kill Fodessa earlier kept his katana silently.

On the monitor, fury could be seen in Apollo's eyes. "Do you know what this means? Deputy Director Fodessa, do you think the ending will change just because you refuse to set off the detonation?"

After Apollo finished speaking, he showed a black, palm-sized, remote-control-like object!

The emergence of the item made Fodessa stagger backward in fear. “Wh—why do you...”

“Did you think the only detonator is on the island? I’ve long gotten my hands on one already, but I wanted to let you live as a gift of my appreciation. Now, it sure looks like you don’t deserve to live.” Apollo shook his head before turning to Yang Chen. “Hades, since Fodessa isn’t willing to live, bring just the Vatican away from the island, and let the others stay.”

Yang Chen remained quiet. He turned his head around to look at Cruyff, Gabriel, and the others who held the look of victory on their faces.

Yang Chen walked toward them, shocking everybody else.

“Haha, Your Majesty Pluto, you are making the right choices.” Although Cruyff was defeated, he was pleased to see Yang Chen being threatened.

“Oh, is it...” Yang Chen came to the old man and grinned.

Before Cruyff was able to speak again, Yang Chen’s hand covered Cruyff’s head—SPLAT!

A crisp sound echoed; as if a fruit was crushed, blood-red objects to fly all over the place—Cruyff’s head had been smashed into pieces!