

Mystical 1011

Chapter 1011 –

Inside the clean, hollow room.

Staff in hand, Rainy was quietly standing far away from where Garen was. Changing into a suit of white practice clothing, she seemed like an ordinary harmless old woman with the peaceful look on her face.

At the other side of the room, Garen raised his arm as five Winter Night Wolves appeared before him.

Once he started using the Space Ring, he instantly remembered that this was still Princess Aine's personal belonging and he was just borrowing it. But now that he was suddenly brought along by Third Senior Sister as a Three Hearted Disciple, he could only wait until he got back to return it to her.

"Just five?" Rainy shook her head. "This isn't enough at all..." She grinned all of a sudden, exposing her sharp white teeth, making her seem like an absolutely terrifying beast.

"Just try it," Garen did not say much, every wolf from the Winter Wolf Pack was exactly as he imagined, they reached the Level Five limits already. A light translucent membrane lingered around them, the symbol of a Level-Five energy field defense.

For a Level-Five opponent, they would have to break through the energy field defense before being able to defeat the gigantic wolves.

"Then... Be careful..." Rainy laughed before casually striking her staff on the ground.

Boom!!

A huge terrifying shockwave of energy spread from around her towards all directions.

"War Trample!!"

Rainy growled. Click!

Cracks started forming all over the ground like black snakes creeping towards Garen swiftly.

Poof!

A gray stone pillar shot out between the cracks, its extremely sharp peak aiming to pierce Garen's underarm.

Garen got caught by surprise because everything was moving too fast and he could not react in time. Within the blink of an eye, the attack was in front of him.

Without further hesitation, he kicked behind to dodge the stone pillar's pierce. The five Winter Night Wolves were howling and darting towards Rainy, surrounding her from three directions.

"Idiot! Us Energy Machinists from Planet Naga only rely on ourselves, not our machines!" Rainy snorted while her body flashed. It did not seem fast at all but it was just right for her to dodge the wolves' attack, she even led the wolves to inflict the attack on themselves.

While dodging, Rainy was still able to rush towards Garen at an inhuman speed. She was like a sharp blade launched from a sheath.

Right when Garen managed to avoid the pierces from the cracks on the ground and just steadied himself, he then saw Rainy who was already before his eyes.

Whack!!

The bottom of the black staff was like a steel thorn aimed at Garen's eyes. With that speed power, he might just be unable to block the attack and get stabbed to death.

"Ten Thousand True Destruction!!" Under such circumstances, Garen had no way of defending himself so naturally, he used his quickest and strongest Ten Thousand True Technique.

The destructive power twisted his entire body which caused his body to twist all the way to the left. At the same time, Garen's right arm drew out towards Rainy's neck like a whip.

His eyes flashed too. Knowing that he had no chance up against Rainy, any sense of mercy would be ridiculously stupid so he might as well release his Ten Thousand True Technique's third transformation to the limit.

Besides his right arm whipping out towards Rainy, he held up two fingers on his left hand and pierced towards Rainy's vital side of her waist.

"Now this move is something!" Rainy was still able to comment calmly even when she was moving at high speed. "Someone with combat skills of Water Mirror Level can be known as an absolute guru among the normal people, but in Planet Naga, it's nothing!"

She abruptly let out a low scream.

"I shall let you see a higher level of Water Mirror! Silver Mirror!"

Her staff suddenly vanished, whooshing downwards from her front in a strong stroke.

Clang!

An odd feeling washed over Garen, he felt like all his powers were gone, as if there was a strong force of power drawing along his natural attacking instinct.

Under such situations, his well-trained combat instinct was telling him that he had already hit his target, but in reality, his five senses were telling him he missed it.

Swish!

Like a shadow, Rainy dashed out from the right, her staff subtly hovering above Garen's throat. Every swift movement instantly became a complete silence. The sharp point of the staff was nearly half a centimeter near Garen's throat.

He felt an immense pressure pressing on him although the staff was clearly hovering above his throat, Garen had a feeling that once he got hit, he would shatter and fall into pieces within a second.

"I didn't even get to use my Ten Thousand True Technique's third transformation..." Garen said in extreme disappointment.

This was a mere contest to see whose combat techniques were better, both of them did not use their Scarlet Snow Technique or their other special abilities, it was just an innocent battle between different combat realms.

Unbelievably, he lost and was undoubtedly defeated.

The instinctive drawing force he felt just now was a skill of a higher level, it was a martial skill and not just some born ability.

The sharply pointed staff was still close to his vital point.

Cold sweat was dripping down Garen's forehead as he stared at the sharp tip pointed at his throat, he did not dare to move even a little.

"This is just too disappointing... Really..." An odd look flashed through Rainy's eyes. "How are you Senior Sister's hope when you're so weak? Instead of being killed by someone outside, I should just kill you right here right now!!!"

Finishing her sentence, the staff pierced towards Garen.

The sharp pointed tip of the staff pierced through Garen's throat, it was meant to kill him.

Blood splattered everywhere.

Swish!

The tip of the staff pierced right through the back of Garen's neck, drawing out fresh red blood.

Garen covered his throat with a look of disbelief as he backed away, then only did he realize that no matter how good his physique was or how much potential he had, it would be unable to stop the vast amount of blood gushing out...

Was he not just in a test? How... How did this happen?

He wanted to dodge it but his life was on the line. After using his shaking transformation five times continuously, Rainy was able to see through it. The end result was still him being pierced in the throat and he was completely defenseless.

This time around there was almost no way to fight back. Rainy's combat power had reached a certain peak. Garen had always been proud of his Martial Arts Realm all this while yet this was the very first time he was suppressed by his opponent, and this was not what he could not believe. What he did not understand was that Rainy actually made a killing shot when they were supposedly just training together!!??

Drip drip drip... Drip drip drip... Drip drip drip...

His vision started to darken, the vast amount of blood loss was causing him to lose his sight. Suddenly, a short rhythmic sound rang in his ears.

Snap!

He felt a throbbing pain in his forehead, something icy was pressed between his brows and it was prickling him.

"He's awake!" Someone shouted by his side.

Garen felt his vision go blurry for a second before his mind awoke.

He was still standing at the same spot in the middle of the white space, Rainy remained standing far away from him staring at him with an indifferent look.

There were no cracks between them, the ground and his throat were still intact, there was no blood and no forms of injuries.

Instinctively, Garen reached out to his throat... It was still unscathed!

"What... What is this realm?!!"

His voice was slightly hoarse, but what surprised him was that his throat was really injured, it was not all just an illusion. It was hurting and it felt as if something actually did pierce through, just that it seemed much better than the scene he just witnessed.

"In the killing of martial arts, there is a supreme skill known as the Mirror Realm. When you're able to do so, it means that you've managed to achieve a new generation of master and you'd be able to set up your own sect and move on to bigger things," Rainy explained calmly while holding on to her staff.

"As for your current realm, the Water Mirror Level, you are able to respond to all attacks by your natural instinct, then your body automatically generates the best reflex accordingly at the fastest speed. So this is how Water Mirror works, it's not afraid of hidden attacks or illusions, it fights reality with reality and is also one of the combat realms. It is also a higher realm than most ordinary Master-Levelled Oneness Realms.

"How is the Oneness Realm differentiated then?" Garen asked with his husky voice.

"Oneness, the name implies it all already, when all paths lead to one and it reaches a certain level, a particular pattern can be seen. Applying that with martial arts, you become your own target, just mix yourself together with your skills and you'd be able to build your own realm of martial arts skills.

This is the Furnace level, which is also the foundation of the Master Level. Once you've reached this level, you're then qualified to enter the Mirror Level," Rainy explained with a smile. "At your age, you'd really be one of a kind if you were to enter the Mirror Level, a prodigy among other geniuses, you'd be scarier than Carthage. If it wasn't for his born talent, you might just stand a chance competing against him."

Garen was still trying to recall the feeling when his throat was pierced just now, the pain he sensed was not just a misconception.

"Senior Sister, I'd like to ask how is it in the Mirror Realm then?"

Rainy laughed and with a wave of her hand, the both of them instantly left the white space and reappeared in the same hallway as earlier. The hallway was empty, only a lady in white was still waiting at the same spot.

"There's Water Mirror in the Mirror Realm, and that is if you practice your instincts at your current level until you reach the peak of perfection. It is then followed by the Silver Mirror, which is the battle between the elite powerhouses. Do you believe that the Qi's Dynamic crossfire between one another is extremely intense, especially among the martial arts Master-Levelled powerhouses? I actually didn't do anything just now, all I did was release my realm and allow you to perceive it. If I delayed just even a bit, you might've really died from the vital blow on your throat."

Rainy explained gently.

"You did nothing?!" Garen was shocked, "So everything just now was just my hallucination? Or was my natural instinct misled?!"

"That's the Qi's Dynamic crossfire, low-leveled fighters shouldn't even be able to experience this kind of feelings. You actually do have Qi's Dynamic, you just don't use its technique, which is why your skills are all suppressed by machines and all sorts of fancy technology. You can only use it in close combat fights and not under complex circumstances. Am I right?" Rainy grinned again.

“Exactly,” Garen nodded solemnly. Ever since he came to this world, Senior Sister was right about Martial Arts Realm not being suited other than close combat fights. It was certainly not enough for him to stand against high-powered high-tech weapons.

“That is the reason,” Rainy nodded. “The Mirror Realm is extremely deep. Seeing that you don’t have a mentor, you can only explore around yourself. So being suppressed by the advanced technology is actually really normal, but the power of the Water Mirror is that it can be used in all aspects. Against high-tech weapons, you don’t even need to be close to land, you just need to train all your tricks as a natural instinct of your body. You need to add your own instincts to your body so it becomes part of your conditioned reflex. This requires Mind Core, something significant you can only acquire when you’ve reached the resonance stage.”

Chapter 1012: Era 2

“So what do you mean, sister?” Garen seemed to understand only a little bit of it.

“If you didn’t achieve the level of Resonance, no Resonance Level Energy Machinist would train your instinct. Hence, you would never be able to utilize your Water Mirror towards this generation’s enemy. Afterall, close combat is an old art. Everything would evolve alongside as technology advances. Ultimately, martial arts is a technique that is developed during the cold weapon era and we are currently in the era of universal battles with weaponry and between these two eras, how many eras have passed? If martial arts itself doesn’t change along with the era and adapt to the environment, it will never escape from the fate of being eliminated from the world,” Rainy said emotionally.

“Are you saying that my techniques are ancient?” Garen was speechless.

“You can say so. I don’t know where you’ve learned these techniques, but they are indeed very ancient. I’m amazed you can reach such a level,” a book suddenly appeared in Rainy’s hand. It had black leather and she threw it towards Garen.

Garen caught it gently and opened it. Inside the book were drawings of human figures of different layers of body training. In addition to that, the drawings were in a series. Garen flipped to the last page of the book and saw a word written on the drawing – Reflective Mastery.

“This is for you. You should be able to master this within a month. This is for us pure martial adept to keep up with the generation. Countless seniors have put in all their effort to create this precious inheritance. Bear in mind that you can only master one of them and choose it as your main ability. Once you’ve fused it within your instinct, you can then release the true potential of the instinct you’ve chosen with your Water Mirror,” Rainy said softly.

“How many more grades are there above the Water Mirror? Please enlighten me, sister,” as Garen flipped the book, he had finally put away the attitude that he, a transmigrator who possessed knowledge of multiple worlds, was above everyone and wanted to learn from sister with all of his sincerity.

There was no doubt that she had surpassed him at what he was best at. Every world had its own rules, brilliant and beautiful. This world’s peak was so high that it had reached a realm that Garen had never heard of before.

He finally put away his attitude and was willing to learn from others. This was the skill that he should have had a long time ago, the skill of respecting knowledge.

It was only then a glimpse of satisfaction could be seen in Rainy’s gaze. She had lived for at least a millennium and it was impossible for her to not see the faint arrogance in his attitude. Within the world of martial arts, arrogance is a lethal weak point before one reached the top. One would miss out a lot of opportunities for growth because of arrogance and there were many such examples. Garen would never become too strong if he couldn’t break this obstacle.

It was only then Garen finally changed his attitude. Ultimately, he was still just a normal youngster from Earth. Perhaps it was his experience, accumulated knowledge, the increment in strength which made him more powerful, yet it was also what shaped his extreme self-esteem which had turned into a burden. It was a demon inside him that he had never realized.

Garen had finally thrown away his arrogance and requested his senior sister to teach him with the utmost sincerity.

“The Water Mirror represents the peak of instinct and the Silver Mirror represents the peak of Qi’s Dynamic. The Board, which is above the Mirror is the highest height a strength can ever reach,” memories seemed to have flashed passed in her eyes.

"The Board?" Garen muttered as he repeated what she said.

"The Silver Mirror represents one's accumulated strength. After accumulating for a certain amount of time, one's body would naturally harness the power of gravity, where each of his movement would induce the electromagnetic fields around him, naturally forming the Qi's Dynamic. Hence, he alone could manipulate the power of the universe which is an astonishing feat. This is where one starts to evolve into a higher being. You can safely assume that once you've entered that realm, your limbs would grow back when it's amputated, your organs would gain its health back, greatly extending your lifespan. Teeth will grow once more and these are extremely common to them. Your lifespan will extend to a thousand years when you reach that level," Rainy said proudly.

"A thousand years!" Garen gasped. This wasn't the result of any genetic modification but a natural evolution from mastering the martial arts. This meant that any human could reach such height regardless of their genes. This also meant that any commoner could walk on the path to the peak of strength!

The woman in white shirt nodded her head.

"I am in the realm after the Silver Mirror. I, Senior sister Rainy, have spent six hundred years to go from the Water Mirror to the Silver Mirror and I am considered a genius among the geniuses. It's best for you to not be arrogant."

"It's fine," Rainy waved her hand. "It's best for you to know how weak you are. The realm of Board which comes after is the beginning of Non-Falling Level becoming the Perpetual Motioners. One has to enter the Board Level in order to become a Perpetual Motioner. It's best for you to listen to these and know the difference in skill between these monsters and you."

Garen nodded and behaved like a junior.

"The Board represents success and ultimatum. It is called the Board as it derives from the word chessboard. Perpetual Motioners are called so because they are always breathing and moving. It means they have a long lifespan and would never wither," Rainy's gaze was filled with aspirations. "They, who were once chess pieces had jumped out of the board and the grasp of the chess players and created their own universe. To the Perpetual Motioners, everyone below them are like the chess pieces on the chessboard. No matter how much the chess piece struggles, they will always be on the Board and not

injure the chess players. This is the difference between their strengths. If one doesn't understand the Board, then he shall never understand how wide the difference is."

"If that's the case, how strong are the people at those levels?" Garen was a little aspired as the realm sounded like the mythical realm.

"How strong are they? Only those in the same boat would understand. The worm which only lives during summer will never see winter in their life. How will they understand how cold winter is? How will they understand the changes among the four seasons?" Rainy sighed.

"The board represents us, the Finite people and the other races. It is the highest realm for all of us. The Perpetual Motioners are the most valuable strategic class weapons in the universe. They have attributes of an immortal and their lifespan was extremely long. It is common for them to obliterate a planet on their own. People of this caliber are often conquerors of planets or Grand Marshall of a Military Planet. All of them have their own duties and they're extremely frightening. One of them alone could oppress an entire normal planet.

"Then what kind of strength does a Regent Level possess?" Garen recalled a legendary Regent Level that had been passed down from this world for as long as he remembered.

"The Regent Level is the peak of everything. It has already become a legend. If we can still see a living example of a Perpetual Motioner, then we will never be able to see a Regent Level," Rainy laughed. "They are able to destroy an entire planet by just flexing their body and kill millions of lives by just exhaling. Their presence is as big as a planet. They will curl up and sleep for millions of years and we won't notice it at all even if we are living on his body. The Regent Level is truly the pinnacle of everything. Legend has it that they could easily destroy an entire solar system in their battle. If it is a slightly more serious battle, an entire star system would suffer serious damage. The reason why we do not wish to engage war with the Finite people is because of the previous battle by the Regent Level. If they were to fight each other again, all the commoners would've died before the victory is determined. It is equivalent to perishing together. As to how to reach the height of the Regent Level, only they themselves know and it is definitely above the Board."

Garen took a deep breath, closed his eyes as he understood the magnificence of this era. It had far surpassed all the civilization that he had been through. It was truly a civilization with power that stood above all. They would have conquered countless of star systems if the two major races didn't fight among themselves and might even be on par with the Warlocks.

“Planet Cloudstone is currently holding an interstellar wide competition and it’s the cruelest competition around. You can leap there when you’re free since we have a foreign office located on Planet Cloudstone. Hence, you don’t have to worry about food or guidance,” the woman in white shirt smiled. “Don’t overthink about the situation. As long as you can enter the Inherited Level Six and reach the pinnacle, you will be able to have a place in the sect. You’ll also get to enjoy a lifespan of thousands of years and own a territory. As to those Board and Regent Level, don’t put it in your heart and just listen to it for the sake of listening.”

Garen nodded without saying a word. It’s indeed true that he didn’t dare to think of the existence of a Regent Level, whose influence was as big as a planet.

“By the way, since you’ve become the Three Hearted Disciples, you have the duty to enter the Void Battlefields. You have a month’s time to organize your items, settle all sorts of affairs before you enter the Void Battlefields. This is the rule of an Energy Machinist. You’ll be treated based on your contribution and merits. You are not qualified to enter even the library if you don’t fulfill the mission to a certain extent,” the woman in white shirt explained. “You can visit the slave market when you’re free to pick a slave to take care of your personal life. You should also find a useful and effective slave that you can bring into the Void Battlefield. You must build your own safety points inside. Remember, do not trust anyone inside the Void Battlefields as it is an extremely dangerous place. The Void Creatures are extremely powerful and hard to differentiate.”

The white-shirted woman reached out her hand and threw a white ring towards Garen.

“This is the Space Ring for you as a Three Hearted. It is slightly better than the one you currently have. Since the ring you have is supposed to be worn by a woman, you should give it back to Princess Aine,” she said as she had a faint smile on her face.

Garen smiled awkwardly as he grabbed hold of the ring. After sensing it for a while, he found out that it was very spacious inside and was slightly better than Aine’s ring.

“I suggest you train around the area by taking up some local missions before you head towards the Void Battlefields. You should head out once you know where you stand in terms of strength,” Rainy said coldly. “We disciples will have a sparring competition once every five years. Remember to be nearby once the time has come so that you won’t be late.”

“Understood,” Garen nodded.

“Alright, you can go and do your stuff now,” Rainy waved her hands as she turned around slowly. Although she looked slow when she turned around, she soon disappeared into the corridor in a matter of seconds.

The white-shirted woman looked at Garen in admiration.

“From now on, you’re the fifteenth Three Hearted disciples in the Scarlet Snow Sect in the whole Scarlet Snow Planet. From the very beginning of the Scarlet Snow Sect, we always have only fifteen Three Hearted Disciples. You’re extremely lucky to manage to become one.”

Only fifteen people?

Garen was stunned.

“Excluding the elder and the guardians, everyone is self-taught and are equally ranked. You’re now the fifteenth royal highness in the entire Scarlet Snow Sect,” the white-shirted woman addressed him as if he had a royal blood.

“Royal Highness?” Garen was shocked.

“Of course. Why do you think everyone wants to be the Three Hearted Disciples. These fifteen people will be the Scarlet Snow Sect’s strongest men in the future. If you were to die during battle or lose to the Two Hearted Disciple thrice during the once in five years sparring, your Three Hearted title will be ripped away from you. You’ll then have to compete once more as a Two Hearted Disciple. Naturally, this shouldn’t be a problem to you.”

Chapter 1013: Planet Scarlet Snow 1

As he walked out of the corridor, Garen put away his Three Hearted gears as these items were only useful during formal occasions. Otherwise, it would be ridiculously heavy and inconvenient.

He then followed the woman in the white shirt as they entered the library.

The walls of the spacious library were densely packed with countless shiny, white imprints. These imprints were similar in size but varied in shape. Some of them looked like a person's face while others looked like a mysterious symbol. However, the majority of them seemed to be imprints without any meaning.

As both of them walked in between these imprints, the footsteps could clearly be heard as it reverberated in the spacious hall.

The white-shirted woman was leading the path. She looked rather thin and didn't seem like she was walking with her feet. Instead, she looked like she was gently floating through the way.

"Every marking here represents a different type of book and its information. There is a slight difference in the marking's color. The brighter it is, the newer it is and vice versa. You're free to look around. Just remember to not go to the fifth floor and you're free to roam around. You don't have to follow me."

Garen nodded as he bowed politely to express his gratitude. He then turned around and walked to the staircase which led up to the second floor. There was a row of symbols placed at the edge of the corner of the staircase.

'<Introduction to Planet Klimt's style>'

The first marking immediately revealed its information the moment Garen touched it. It was only when he got closer to these markings that he could hear a low buzzing noise coming off from them.

Garen released the marking as he touched the other one.

'<Tourist's Scenery>'

'<Maple Story>'

'<The Hill's Path>'

"There's nothing but traveling here. I should go and look for something related to Killing Moves," Garen had always had an interest towards libraries as this place represented the storage of knowledge and an invisibly huge wealth.

As he glanced over all these markings, the genres changed from travel to cooking and then philosophy.

There were a few cylindrical pillars at the center of the second floor. The giant pillars were structured similar to the Roman pillars and there were three different markings on them.

Garen walked towards and touched the first pillar.

'<Combat Warfare>' He casually glanced through the information inside, which he flipped the book with his Willpower. Garen finished the book rather quickly and it was rather useless to him as it was all about the combat strategy below the Water Mirror Level.

He shut his eyes as he stood still for a while before opening them again and headed towards the other stone pillar.

Suddenly, a person gently pressed onto the wall's marking nearby him. Garen could see a black-shirted woman appear on his left without his realization from the corner of his vision.

She was a woman with a veil which only revealed her blue eyes. While her face was hard to make clear of, she had a rather good body proportion and she seemed to be injured as she shivered gently while giving off a sense of courageous.

Suddenly, a man in white shirt appeared beside the woman in the black shirt as he stared coldly at her.

"Do you think you're safe inside this place? What a joke!" The man said coldly.

The black-shirted woman didn't even bother looking at him as she closed her eyes and analyzed the book in the marking.

"Xunque, you're still putting up a pointless struggle. You've killed twenty-three of my brothers and ruined one of my wife's eyes. You'll not escape this place no matter what, even if this is the Scarlet Snow Sect's great library! No Three Hearted Disciples here will protect you!" The white-shirted man laughed coldly.

"I didn't do anything," Xunque, the black-shirted woman replied coldly.

"It's the same even if your sister had done it!" The man didn't hide his killing intent at all.

Garen glanced at them as he realized that they were not members of the Scarlet Snow Sect from their conversation. They were outsiders who were qualified to enter this area.

He then used his privilege as an Energy Machinist to look up any information from the information system. He soon then found a set of rules.

'Outsiders are required to pay a fee of five hundred thousands Crystals to access the Great Wall Library for a month. However, it is limited to two floors.'

"There's such a rule huh," Garen was speechless as he looked at the fee of five hundred thousands Crystals. One could only access the library for a month for such a huge amount of wealth.

The two not far away from Garen started pulling and pushing each other. The white-shirted man pulled the woman's shirt and tore her shirt apart, revealing her black bra and naked body.

"I guess your sister's gene runs in the entire Household. Everyone has such a lustrous body! You've forgotten the most important thing here, The Great Wall Library doesn't restrict people from attacking each other..." The white-shirted man started smirking in an evil manner.

The black-shirted woman was only wearing a black bra and a pair of white tight jeans. She then took a few steps and leaned against the wall. One could even see her flustered expression through the veil.

“My sister is the one who killed your people. You should look for her, not me!!” She immediately explained softly.

“Your sister has incredible power. Isn’t it suicide if I were to find her? Isn’t it better to gain some benefit from you?” The man started smirking.

Ah!

The man used an unknown method to tear away the girl’s pants. Surprisingly, she wasn’t anything underneath her jeans and her entire lower body was exposed.

She tried to run away but the man managed to grab her legs and pin her down to the ground.

Her legs were spread wide open, revealing a mysterious black patch in between the legs. A glimpse of excitement could be seen in the man’s gaze as he stepped onto the woman’s leg with one of his legs while he tried to loosen his pants with his hand.

Garen was speechless as he soon heard the sound of them having a go at each other. He was lost for words as he saw such a sight when he had just arrived the place.

He then reached his hand out opposite to where they were. However, it was strange that the duo didn’t seem to notice him as he walked past them. They seemed to be minding their own business without a care to the rest of the world.

He could see that both the man and woman were enjoying the session. That woman didn’t seem like she was forced into the situation but rather she was trying to push him away half-heartedly. Their lower bodies were linked together and they didn’t even realize Garen as he walked past them.

Garen then looked up the information system and it was only then he when found out that the Three Hearted Disciple had invisibility, a natural ability when one was in the library. It was a special privilege given by the library so that they could choose not to interact with the outsiders.

Garen then looked at each of the markings as he ignored the two.

Soon, the man seemed to have achieved satisfaction as he left the area while holding his pants up. The black-shirted woman quickly wore her shirt and cleaned up the floor before continuing looking at the books from the marking.

After a while, another man with golden hair in a red suit appeared beside her.

"I've arrived Xunque!" This man was even more direct towards the woman in the black shirt as he naturally opened his zips and inserted it into her as he pulled up her newly worn skirt.

Both of them started having a go at each other.

Garen was speechless as he looked at them as he interacted with a marking that resembled a flower.

"Ahh!!~~~"

The mixture of high pitched voice from the male and female had broken off his reading mood.

Garen's mind went blank and his fingers started twitching before he continued interacting with the marking.

"Ahh~~~ What pleasure!! Give me more!!" The black-shirted woman started screaming in pleasure.

"What the..." Garen started to feel annoyed as he didn't want to leave the area before finishing the books on this level. However, the noise coming from these two were extremely disturbing. Even if his mood was as stubborn as a mountain, he would still be slightly affected due to desire as a male.

"Oh~~~ Faster! Faster! Faster!!" The woman moaned once more.

They had definitely heard Garen's voice but since they were in a heated moment, they decided to completely ignore him.

Garen's expression turned for the worse as the library wasn't what he imagined as it would be at all...

"You guys..."

"Ah!!!"

The man and woman moaned in unison.

Garen was turned off as these two had enjoyed themselves to the point where they had ignored their surrounding.

Garen waved one of his hands with a gloomy look on his face.

Boom boom boom!!

Within the series of explosion, a powerful Energy Field clashed onto them. The powerful momentum the two who were in the middle of their actions flew away as they rolled on the ground.

"Get out if you want to get more action!!"

Garen growled as he felt the atmosphere in this floor were filled with obscenity.

The two of them were so frightened that they left the area without wearing anything.

In the end, he had lost his interest in reading the books. Garen then left the second floor and went towards the third.

The third floor consisted mainly of practical variants of Battle Skills, Secret Techniques and other techniques. However, reading these would require some amount of points. Garen currently had a thousand points in which he had earned from the final battle. However, these books would require thousands of points in order to be read.

The third floor was oval in shape. There were already people in the area when Garen entered. There were two people, one male and the other a female, in an exquisite white-gold attire kissing and hugging each other passionately.

These two seemed to have some amount of authority as they were able to see Garen entering the third floor. However, they nodded at him out of respect before they continued kissing each other.

Speechless, Garen walked further into the library and he soon encountered another pair of lustrous couple kissing and touching each other passionately.

“Am I in the library or in a dating sanctuary?” Garen was hopeless as he walked deeper in. While only members of the Scarlet Snow Sect were allowed to enter the third floor, Garen was not able to meet any Three Hearted ranked disciples.

The third floor was filled with couples. Some of them were kissing passionately while the others were doing immoral activities. There even were some trying to make their partners happy.

All Garen saw were these scenes from the beginning till the end. The quiet atmosphere of the library had completely turned into a dating sanctuary for these couples.

Garen then stopped seeing such occurrence once he had entered the fourth floor.

The fourth floor was also the highest floor he could access.

There were only a few markings on this floor as there were about only a few dozens of them. There wasn't even a single person in the spacious hall. As he entered the place, only his footsteps could be heard.

Garen then casually picked a marking to read.

‘Giant Dragon’s Body: Level Five Ice Series Technique. One can produce defense similar to the chilly scales of the huge dragon at the highest level. Highest defense grade that could be achieved is Level Five.’

It caught Garen’s interest so he continued reading the content within.

‘This technique has been obtained by killing other sect’s disciples. The upper limit is Level Five and unable to enter the Resonance Level. It is suitable to nurture slaves and followers. It is also suited to be used as a basic technique when opening a new school and be used at different levels. Six hundred points required.’

“It requires points...” Garen shook his head as he placed it back.

He then looked at another marking.

‘The Frosted Heart: Level Five Ice Series Technique. At maximum level, one is able to produce five additional explosive stars which possess great power. It can be used as an explosive ice bomb to kill people within a certain area at any given time. Each star possesses the power of a New Moon Resonance Level when maxed out. 1500 points required.’

Garen was speechless as he only had a thousand points with him right now and this would need to cost him a thousand and five hundred points.

He moved on to the next one.

‘Coolo’s Icicle. Requires 1500 points. Ability to summon icicles and be used to ambush enemy within a certain area.’

‘Ice Sickle: 2000 points.’

'Specter's Body: 1000 points.'

'Unicorn's Blade: 1500 points.'

....

....

A variety of techniques kept passing through Garen's search. He then collected all the books that could be refunded into one spot before making his choices.

These techniques were mostly used to strengthen the disciples who had a lot of time. It could also be used for their own followers as well.

After all, most of the Three Hearted Disciples would go out and open branches across the Northern Yu Province or Scarlet Snow Planet.

Although these techniques were powerful and could reach up to Level Five, it required long hours, where the shortest duration would be decades and the long duration ones would take up to centuries. It required a huge amount of resource and energy. Hence, typical disciples wouldn't bother choosing these techniques. The real good ones had been hogged by the higher levels and the ones here were typical techniques that could be exchanged with points.

However, what Garen was pondering about wasn't this issue.

What he cared about most were the abilities that he once utilized, the gifted ability that could instantly learn anything.

If he could enhance these techniques just like how he had learned the Secret Technique, he could probably push the Scarlet Snow Technique to an extremely powerful level.

It was unfortunate for Garen that these techniques required points that cost from the hundreds to thousands. It wasn't something that he could afford at the moment.

"Looks like I can only pick one out of all of these."

He looked at his potential points and had four points left. He wasn't sure if it was enough to enhance them at all.

"I better take up some missions to collect more points in order to build my foundation before going to the Void Battles," he decided to go with his plans as he started glancing at the techniques in front of his eyes.

Chapter 1014: Scarlet Snow Planet 2

He needed to choose one that suited him best and cost less than a thousand points.

His options were limited. Since Garen tends to lean towards offensive techniques, the best defense as to not defend at all. In fact, he would just have to kill his enemies and defend would be meaningless if there were no enemies attacking him.

This was his philosophy. As he had walked the path of Secret Techniques and Killing Moves, he had gotten used to its style and hence he had taken a liking for confronting his opponents directly. However, it was clear that his Killing Move wasn't strong enough from the previous battle.

It was this!

An offensive technique appeared right in front of Garen's eyes.

'Demon's Blade: Level Five Ice Series Technique. 1,000 points required.'

The techniques inside consisted of protecting and training one's body on the surface. However, in reality, these training techniques were far less inferior than the Scarlet Snow Technique's. Hence, even though it was called a technique, by definition it should be called Killing Moves. They were a set of Killing Moves.

Techniques and skills should be separated. Killing Moves with different skills would produce different results. Similarly, a sword technique with different inner qi would produce a different effect as well.

These Killing Moves could be used with the Scarlet Snow Technique at its foundation.

The Demon's Blade was a simple Killing Move used to kill people. At its strongest, it was at the level of a Resonance's New Moon. That was the pure strength after mastering the technique. However, its uniqueness wasn't its power but its ability to release three slashes consecutively within a short amount of time. Furthermore, the power and range would double with each slash. With three consecutive slashes, he could release thrice its power up to hundreds of meters. Naturally, its activation requirement was very restricted.

Garen started reading the activation requirement in detail.

It had a great strain on physical capabilities as the user would suffer an internal injury with each slash. It was the reason why those at Resonance Level didn't dare to train this Killing Moves.

Garen contacted the information system to inquire more about this sword technique. He then purchased it without hassle.

The information system showed that this technique had killed three of its Resonance Level Energy Machinists practitioner. It was because they had used two slashes within one hour, causing them to die from having too little spiritual energy left. Naturally, its power was extremely strong.

However, Garen was very confident in his Vitality and recovery rate hence he wasn't too concerned about it.

Unfortunately, as he browsed other markings, he found out that there were unique training regimes for footwork, simple techniques which stimulate potential and techniques similar to his tyrannous days.

There were even techniques in changing physical appearances and improving eyesight. Each and every powerful Killing Moves was arranged here in sequence.

“It’s time to go back. It’s unfortunate that I do not have many points...” Garen sighed.

However, the Demon’s Blade Killing Moves should be a good pick up for him.

A few days later...

A shadow figure passed through the forest at great speed. It was a huge, red python as thick as an arm. The snake flicked its tongue non-stop as it stared coldly at a man in white robe not far away from it.

Hiss...

The sides of the red python’s face swelled up and after taking in a suck, spit out thick black smoke, before rushing at great speed towards the man in the white robe.

Slash!

A bright light flashed from the sword sheathed. Black smoke enveloped the sword as it slashed towards the red python’s black smoke.

In a flash, the red python was slashed in half and its blood dripped into a pool of mess. The man’s invisible Energy Field shielded off the dripping blood avoiding its stain.

Garen was satisfied as he looked at the red python being cut in half.

“The Level Five Mutated Organism Red Python can be turned into a decent armguard for legs and shoulders. Its meat is delicious and provides huge health.”

“Senior brother Garen, are we going to choose this place?” Bainster appeared behind him along with Hillco. They both seemed to be on guard. Afterall, this place was designated as a terrifying zone with dangerous Level Five organisms. An insect could easily kill them both as they were just a Level Two Energy Machinist.

As both of them walked out of the forest, another two fully red Humanoid Mech appeared from behind. The Cockpit was transparent and two beautiful, female twins could be seen sitting inside them.

“We’ve searched the surrounding and this red python which had been killed by your highness was the last threat.” A clear voice of a woman came from within the Mech.

“Okay. We will train here then.” Garen nodded. After returning the Space Ring back to Aine, the latter then tried to gift the ring to Garen but was declined by him. After realizing that he didn’t have any Pilots to protect him, she decided to gift the twin Pilots to Garen. The twin sisters were a standard Level Five Pilot. They looked young as if they were in their teens, but were actually in their twenties as they had used a life-lengthening medicine which anchored down their physical appearances. Due to the effect of the medicine, they still looked extremely young and petite.

“Little One and Little Two, please go and set up an emergency camp and draw a repellent line for the creatures,” Garen ordered.

“Understood.” The two Mechs headed out separately.

On the other hand, Bainster and Hillco both released a black dragonfly and a white snake respectively, which swiftly patrolled the surrounding area.

Garen shook his head as he looked at these two who were just Level Two Energy Machinists, they were of not much help in this area.

“You two should head back and take care of my Snowpeak Black Wolves. It’s too dangerous here and it’s not something you two are capable of handling yet.”

"I guess there is no other way..." Bainster and Hillco knew that they were pulling his legs being here. Not only that, they weren't able to increase their strength as well.

Hillco sighed as she sat in her electronic wheelchair. Due to her retardation, she had to use her Willpower to move her body, which was a trouble placed on top of another issue.

"What if...Hillco stays back? And warms the boss's bed? Hehehe!" Bainster started laughing strangely as he saw Hillco's disappointed expression.

In comparison to Hillco, the twins were as beautiful as her but they did not possess her elegance. Hillco's elegance was strong and unwavering, yet her physical appearance was a total opposite with her smooth and silky soft skin and slender body.

While her actions may be slow due to her retardation, this actually made her attractive to people who had a fetish. She would definitely not be able to reject anyone who wanted to sleep with her as she could only be tossed about on the bed like a ragdoll by the other half.

This type of woman was definitely the best quality in the society. Many people had tried to get their hands on Hillco back in the Snow Peak. If it wasn't for Garen's protection, she might have already become someone's sex slave.

Hillco lowered her head and didn't refute at all after hearing what Bainster said. Her brown hair was tied up in a ponytail and slid down from the side of her neck. She may look like the sweet girl next door but she is in actually a very strong and determined lady.

"Go back. It's very dangerous for both of you to stay here." Garen sighed as he recalled Celine's expression. It had been a few months since they got in touch and he was considering bringing Celine and the others over to live together once he had settled down as a Three Hearted Disciple. Rumor had it that a Three Hearted was allowed to have their own territory.

Ultimately, he had to return to the Blackboard Region to take his revenge on the Black Flood Party after achieving Inherited Level. He was still too weak now to do so.

“Alright... Since you already have two bed warmers, Hillco will be useless here anyway since she’s not needed.” Bainster started grumbling as he had already known that Hillco was already head over heels over Garen.

Frankly speaking, Garen wasn’t that bad looking and had a good body. His social status was up high and he had a promising future as a gifted elite. He could very well grow to become an authoritative figure in the Scarlet Snow Sect with great power and Hillco would not be suitable for him as a companion. She wouldn’t be able to handle the stress and responsibilities from the higher-ups as well. If there were disputes among the higher-ups, she could have become a flaw that would kill Garen.

Even if Garen and Hillco were interested in each other, they wouldn’t have a romantic ending or even marriage.

Hillco’s face turned pale. She wasn’t the innocent girl who daydreamed a lot, but once her dreams and ideals were torn apart, it was indeed a painful feeling that she had not experienced for a long time.

“Go back and have a good rest.” Bainster comforted as he understood how his best friend felt. He also knew that the difference between Garen and Hillco’s social status was heaven’s apart as Garen was a very gifted man whereas Hillco had nothing but her own body.

However, he hoped that Garen was a playboy in this situation. Even if it was just a casual fling, it would still give her a good memory and possibly even an offspring. This would then give Hillco, who had no relatives or family, a bit of hope.

They entered the Flying Ship, preparing to leave the forest.

Under Garen’s arrangement, Little One sent both of them to the portal and directly back to the Black Wolf Peak.

It was still a snowy day in Planet Naga’s Black Wolf Peak.

After leaving the Flying Ship, they bid farewell to Little One.

"I'm leaving," Hillco spoke out of the blue. "This is my first time falling in love with someone else, it won't be worthwhile if this feeling keeps going on and nothing comes out of it."

Bainster felt helpless.

"Where do you plan to go?" Since they were under Garen's care, the resources they obtained were much better than a typical disciple. It was extremely simple for them to find a place to hide, change their names and live a simple life.

"I don't know. Perhaps I will leave Planet Naga and head back to my hometown." Hillco played with her hair fringe as she replied hesitatingly. "You should come and visit me whenever you're free."

Bainster pondered for a while before replying.

"I will."

He looked at Hillco, as if he had more to say to her but hesitated.

"Just let me know if you need any help. I can deal with the small issues and I think senior brother Garen will definitely help out if it's serious."

Hillco sighed.

"Say, Bainster, what do you think will happen if I insist to take the same path?"

Bainster smiled helplessly.

The result? They would be left behind by Garen since they couldn't keep up with him. Perhaps one day they would become a high ranking member under him. They would lead a luxurious life but that is probably not what Hillco wanted...

“Unless you do not want a social identity and only be his lover.”

Chapter 1015: Disguise 1

“Lover?” Hillco smiled, revealing a hint of stubbornness. That was not what she wanted; she had her own pursuits and dreams.

“Everyone faces a lot of choices in life, and every choice would perhaps turn into a completely different path.” Bainster exhaled sharply, and continued, “I wish you could stay. I can see that Senior Brother Garen belongs to the type of person who generally doesn’t care about anyone else, but if you could really get into his heart, he would be accountable to you no matter what.”

“Accountable?” Hillco shook her head. “I like him, but all he has is pity for me. Only pity...”

“Or you could just choose me. We’re old acquaintances anyway, so let’s not hand over the advantage to an outsider...” Bainster chuckled.

“You can forget it! Watch it, I’ll tell Victor’s sister!” Hillco shot back at him. “Then again, it’s not as though we won’t keep in touch anymore after I leave. Technology is so advanced now that there are still ways of staying in contact even if we travel to where the Finite people are. What’s there to be worried about?”

“That’s true. The decision depends on you, then. I’ll help you say something to Senior Brother.” Bainster shrugged.

He managed to change the slightly melancholic atmosphere to become completely impassive now. Hillco glared at him.

“Enough, I’ll go pack up and book the teleportation ticket.”

“Go then, leave and return early. I believe that you will come back, sooner or later.” Bainster had a damn look on his face that was just asking to be beaten up.

“Go to hell!” Hillco grunted. Completely devoid of any sadness, she left speedily on her electronic chair.

Planet Scarlet Snow.

In the dense pinewood forest.

Garen’s body was suspended slightly in midair. There was a mysterious shapeless force field surrounding him, lifting him up in suspension.

Five beams of crimson circled continuously by his side, swimming around him ceaselessly, like fishes. They looked radiant and bright.

A pile of Red Peacock Stones was placed next to him; these were some of the ores that Princess Aine had shipped to him previously. One by one, the essence of the Peacock Stones was being absorbed by Garen in a steady stream; at a speed that the naked eye could perceive, their glow was being dimmed continuously, like red crystals being filled slowly by various types of rust.

“Absorbing these Red Peacock Stones, my Peacock form is finally beginning to stir...” Seeing that the seventh level of his Hellfrost Peacock Technique has finally progressed in percentage, Garen heaved a huge sigh of relief.

He had now absorbed approximately a hundred or so stones. The rate, which had originally been 5%, had turned into 15%.

“The environment here isn’t too bad either. It’s suitable for secluded practice. Too bad I can’t continue absorbing Peacock Stones here until an upgrade, otherwise there might be an upgrade of a certain power.” Garen’s heart was at peace.

It had been five or six years since his arrival on Planet Scarlet Snow. Back then from being a Level Three Energy Machinist, he had now grown to become a Level Five Energy Machinist. He could even cross into the next level and battle at the New-Moon Level.

This rate of growth was already very fast for an ordinary person, but it was normal for a genius.

However, no matter what kind of a genius one was, progress would immediately slow down at the resonance stage and be blocked for a very long period of time. Such as in the case of Carthage, he has been stuck on this level for three years already. It was a pity that he had yet to breakthrough to the inherited level.

He was not the only one; many geniuses were the same. Just like the Blackboard Region back then, which encountered the same plight; top-level geniuses had been blocked at the resonance level for countless of years. Some had been stuck for up to a few dozen years, even.

To an Energy Machinist, this level was the crux for the condensation of their core. The quality of the condensation would directly affect the strength stages of the subsequent Inherited Level, and the possibility of advancement in the future.

Right now, Garen was about to face the threshold of this crux.

Deep in his thoughts, Garen absorbed the Red Peacock Stones around him without ceasing. One after another, the Red Peacock Stones were absorbed continuously, turning into white ash that dissipated.

After an unknown period of time, the twins had boiled water and cooked their meal in the camp nearby. Done with their meal, they were about to duck into their respective tents to rest.

Whoosh!

Suddenly, a sharp whistle rang out in the distance, as though something had pierced through the air, shooting over to them directly from afar.

The sound approached fast near to the large area of pinewood next to where Garen and the others were situated.

All of a sudden, a beam of black light pierced through the air over their heads, drawing out a black line, before quickly disappearing into the distant sky.

Garen opened his eyes to glance at the black light. Without any expression, he closed his eyes quietly to continue his practice.

However, not long after the black light has passed, there came faint noises of people walking through the pinewood forest.

“Glory, watch out behind you!” A man’s deep voice said.

Smack! It sounded as though some insect had been smacked dead in an instant, with a faint, struggling hum. In the midst of that was the somewhat panicked but quiet exclamation of a girl, who was apparently startled.

“Trap insects, Level Three mutated organisms, be careful.” The voice of the man sounded out again.

One of the twins, Little Two, stood up and moved forward in alert to block Garen.

After a short while, a small team slowly walked out from the pinewood forest in front of them. They were dressed in the same black uniforms, with special communication headsets on their heads. They held a black truncheon each in their hands, seemingly to push aside things such as venomous insects and plants.

Garen’s body descended. He opened his eyes sweeping his gaze over the troop. The leader was a strong lad with bright eyes and a tall and powerful built. His face was deep set with persistence, giving off a dependable vibe.

Other than a physically delicate girl with her red hair tied up in a ponytail, the others all had calm faces and walked in an unusually proficient and skilled manner. It was obvious that they were veterans in traversing jungles.

The moment the two parties met, the leader was clearly shocked, as though he had never imagined that they would encounter people so coincidentally, in such a place.

It had to be noted that this was the habitat of the legendary Level Five mutated organisms. The dangerous living things here could be Level Five at most, and it was not impossible that there might be those of higher levels, even. It would be extremely difficult to go so deeply into this forest safely without a veteran like him to lead the team.

He was Yannen, a mercenary who had mingled around in the nearby Hammer City. Naturally, he possessed good discernment, and so with one look, he could tell that Garen and the twins were a typical combination for a wealthy family's young master; this was a young master who had brought with him two girls with good fighting skills who could also warm his bed for him, and had come out for a sightseeing tour. There were many like him. Only, young masters who dared to come to a Level Five danger zone were unusually rare.

"I am Yannen from the Winter Thunder Mercenary Troop. I don't know why the three of you have stationed yourselves here, but the insect tide is coming very soon. This place will probably become very dangerous." Yannen frowned as he advised. Seeing that Garen and the other two were rather young, and missing the sight of Garen's floating body just now, he merely regarded them as a small team who were out for a vacation.

Garen observed the team. There were three men and three women, and with the red-haired girl in the ponytail, who was being protected, altogether there were seven of them. Other than their charge, the rest looked very professional.

Only, he did not know why this group of people had chosen to travel on foot instead of going through this region in a flying ship. Were they looking for something in this piece of pinewood forest?

"As you please," he smiled, stretching his hand to point at a path to the side, where they could go through. Little Two had already shown them the direction to leave the area.

Garen knew what the insect tide was, of course. This was merely a swarm of Level Two mutant insects which, perhaps, posed a bit of a threat to other people, but to him, all he had to do was spread his glow and radiation, and all the insects that came would die. Such low-level swarms did not even qualify to come near him.

He was not the only one; any Level Five Energy Machinist would not be smothered to death by such low-level swarms. The Scarlet Snow Sect's Chilled Area Attack had always been unusually famous.

Little Two was slightly curious, watching this group of people. The protected girl looked to be somewhat worn out. She did not look too good, as though she had not taken a rest in a long while, and her eyes were red and puffy. It was clear that she had been crying for a long time.

"Please." She pointed at the path they had made, letting the small team pass through.

Yannen sighed again, and led his team around the camp, passing by. He had only wanted to alert them out of kindness. Right before they walked past the camp, his good guy instinct was activated again, and he turned his head to ask once more.

"A queen insect has appeared in the insect tide this time, the threat could be greater than the average insect tide. You must be careful."

"Let's go, big uncle, we don't have a lot of time to waste!" The girl being protected in the team urged hastily. "Just give them a piece of insect repelling medicine."

"Insect repelling medicine?" Garen had not expected that this group of people encountered by accident would have such good hearts.

Indeed, the team leader immediately stretched his hand to toss out a round, black pill, which landed right in front of Garen and was caught swiftly by Little One.

"Young brother, you had better go soon. Once the insect tide behind us comes, even if you're not afraid of it, you would be stuck here for at least a few days." Yannen could not help but advise them again.

“Thank you for your concern, I will take note.” Garen nodded and smiled.

The protected girl in the team was still urging them on continuously.

“Let them be if they don’t want to go, let’s hurry, big uncle. If they’re not scared, then what are you worried about? How many times have we done this along the way, you wanting to inform each and every one of them has caused us to cover such a short distance over five days!”

“When we’re out and about, we should advise and help one another. You help a person today, and after some time, perhaps you would be the one helped.” One of the mercenaries in the team, a young lady, replied calmly.

“You mercenaries are a troublesome lot!” The red-haired girl with the ponytail clamored loudly in impatience.

The team of people walked on and were soon far away, slowly disappearing into the pinewood forest.

Garen drew his gaze away and got Little One to examine the composition of the medicine pill carefully.

“It is entirely insect repellant. There are no problems with it.” Little One put the pill down and nodded at Garen.

“You are free to do what you want now, just don’t wander off too far from the area,” Garen said lightly.

“Alright.”

The two girls responded respectfully and continued to stay on guard by Garen’s side for another hour or two. However, being the young ladies they were, they could not stand it anymore. Placing some alarms in the area, they went their separate ways on a relaxing walk.

After they had been assigned to Garen, they had completely detached themselves from their previous familiar lives, entering a living environment that was entirely strange to them; so much so that they had

always behaved in a subservient manner, void of any personality. They were no different from robots that carried out instructions.

Allowing them to wander off in the nearby surroundings was a way for Garen to relieve them of their boredom.

Chapter 1016: Disguise 2

Thus, the training cycle continues day by day – practicing, eating and sleeping. To Garen, the insect tide was completely not worth mentioning at all.

In the blink of an eye, a week had gone by.

Garen had thoroughly fused with the Demon Blade he had just obtained. With his level of martial skills, this killing move with the blade was not difficult. The energy required was not much; the main thing that was necessary was to have a very strong physical fitness.

It just so happened that his physique fitted the criteria perfectly, so it was not surprising that the training was successful.

Garen casually trained the art of wielding the Demon Blade. There was no real combat, but he could still feel the explosive power in it.

Whoosh!

The Dual Blades in front of Garen carved out a wheel of black moon; it was the illusion caused by the reflection emitted instantly by the blade, which looked like a black full moon. In reality, however, it was made of frightening scars, stacked by the Dual Blades in a split second.

Garen jumped up lightly, and as he moved from top to bottom, he held the Dual Blades together in his right hand and sliced them downwards through the air.

“Dual Prison Lock!” The powerful killing move by the Demon Blade immediately erupted.

The Dual Blades, held together, were violently smashed onto the ground. With a loud bang, the ground flew out from the entire place and left a destruction impact in the shape of a fan in front of Garen.

The fan-shaped destruction stretched out from under Garen’s feet to the foot of a huge pine tree, about a dozen meters away. Strangely, the pine tree was not harmed in the least bit, attesting to his extraordinary power of control.

“You’re so powerful!” Little One and Little Two clapped their hands enthusiastically from behind Garen. They had familiarized themselves with Garen during the past few days, so the two girls had slowly relaxed, no longer prudish. They would even occasionally joked a little with Garen. Having more or less felt out Garen’s disposition, they knew that as long as they did not mess up and cause delays on serious matters, Garen was actually rather laid back on normal days. He was easy to get along with, as a superior.

Garen smiled. These two Level Five Mech Pilots could easily unleash an attack with a power like this. The applause from these two chicks were just polite compliments.

Putting away the Dual Blades, Garen suddenly turned his sights into the pinewood forest.

Little One and Little Two immediately walked over in front of Garen to protect him, holding up concealed sharp spikes in their hands. They might look like ordinary black haired girls, cute and naive, but in reality, they were able to burst into frightening killing moves at any time.

They were actually powerful modifiers carefully selected by the royal family. Princess Aine had requested the elder Energy Machinists to personally modify their bodies into powerful warriors, so not only did they have the Willpower of a Level Five Mech Pilot, they also possessed strong and flexible bodies that posed as a great temptation. They even had extraordinary physical talent in pleasing the opposite sex, able to provide several more times the pleasure than the typical female.

These were the almost-perfect tools that Aine had gifted Garen. The only weakness they had was that they could not upgrade their levels anymore; all of their potentials had been reached, and there was no longer the possibility of upgrading any powers.

Garen was not the only one. There were actually many royal families of powerful countries that owned such modifiers. They had female bodies specially modified by Energy Machinists to be in the most powerful state, and at the same time, also modified to have special physical sensitivities that could please the opposite sex easily.

“Don’t worry, they’re only a bunch of passers-by.” Garen smiled and kept his Dual Blades away, sheathing them into the scabbard on the back of his waist.

During the past few days, he had been examining ways to fuse the killing moves he had perceived in the Spirit Mothership and turn them into a greater power.

The Demon Blade was strong, but there was no way to control it once it was unleashed. It was a type of explosive area ultimate skill; using it required a large amount of energy. If he could not kill the enemy then he would be dead next, so it was not suitable as a skill to be used on a daily basis.

Furthermore, the burden of executing the Soundwave Technique and Multiple Speed Fist was not a lot. If their powers could be combined, they would not be weak at all and would at least be able to reach the Level Five killing move stage. By then, it should be enough for him.

These two techniques were originally inspired by the Level Three mutated organisms.

Reshifting his focus, Garen has already seen the team of figures dressed in white appearing in the pinewood forest before him.

This team of people was not afraid of drawing attention. Clad in white, they walked unceremoniously loud in the forest, making a beeline straight towards Garen.

These bunches of people were dressed very strangely. There was an odd and black twisted mask on their heads, so their faces were obscured, and their bodies were wrapped up neatly and tightly in white cloth. While they walked, they gave off a strong murderous vibe.

The leader was a tall and thin man, wearing a round hat.

“Young man, have you seen this person?” He walked close to Garen and lifted his hand in a straightforward manner, opening up an electronic roll. On it was the face of a pretty girl, with her red hair tied up in a ponytail.

“Why are you looking for her?” Garen raised an eyebrow and asked casually.

“Don’t ask what you shouldn’t ask, or you’ll get into trouble...” The person in a white mask next to the tall and thin man sneered in a sharp but low voice.

This fellow was speaking in a rather disrespectful tone of voice...

Garen frowned.

“Get into trouble? What kind of trouble? Tell me.”

“Are youngsters nowadays so savage?”

“Why are we exchanging nonsense with him, he’s only another rich kid. Let’s capture him and demand ransom from his family! We can earn another quick buck! Hehe!”

A white masked suddenly stretched out his hand, with an arm that started to spin at high speed, like an electric drill. It directly shot towards the chest of Little Two, who was standing next to Garen. “Such a pretty little chick, let me enjoy her!”

Before the last word had come out from his mouth, his arm was already near Little Two’s chest.

“White Ghosts?” Garen narrowed his eyes. No wonder they had pounced on the idea of capturing people so quickly, he did not think that these people would be them! He had gone through some information about Planet Scarlet Snow. The White Ghosts must be the Three-Hearted Disciples of the

Scarlet Snow Sect's internal circle, only no one knew who exactly they were. All they knew was that their identities were mysterious, and every one of them was powerful and strong, full of arrogance.

Only the people of the Scarlet Snow Sect could be this arrogant. The other sects on this planet were merely branches of the Scarlet Snow Sect — after all, they were the main organization.

Clang!

The hand of the white mask hit Little Two's spikes; she gave a cold scoff and was about to retaliate, unarmed.

"Enough, stop it," Garen said unexpectedly.

Little Two's spikes instantly halted right at the throat of the white mask; just slightly more and she would have killed him. However, she was also blocked by a thin line of metal. It looked like a weak metallic string, but it was completely undamaged by the piercing of the spikes.

The other end of the thin metal wire was behind held by the leader of the White Ghost.

He stared coldly at Garen.

"So she serves the fifteenth royal highness. No wonder she's so skillful. However, even though you're the fifteenth royal highness, aren't you still breaking the law by hindering us from making our capture?"

Garen had never expected that he would be able to identify him, and to dare speak in such a tone of voice, even. It seemed that his reputation in the hearts of the people beneath him, as the fifteenth royal highness, was still very limited in terms of power.

"You're capturing people? Whose people are you, and what kind of people are you after?"

The tall and thin man bowed slightly to Garen, sniggering away.

The fifteenth royal highness? Addressing him as highness was to be respectful of him, but what qualifications did a Level Four Energy Machinist have for veteran Energy Machinists like them to call him their highness?

Scarlet Snow Sect's leadership was not determined according to a list but was fought over, in bloodshed. Moreover, they had even besieged the seventh royal highness before, so this fifteenth royal highness was not worth mentioning, he was just... hehe.

The tall and thin man heart hardened ruthlessly; if this fifteenth royal highness knew his place, then perhaps he could still spare him a bit of dignity. If he did not...

"It's our superior's orders that we capture those people, so? Does the fifteenth royal highness wish to have a hand in the matter too?" The tall and thin man's tone of voice became cold.

"No such thing. You may go deal with your own business." Garen smiled amiably and said nothing more. It was obvious that he did not intend to inquire further.

The tall and thin man gave a cold snort and brought his men through the side of the camp.

"White Ghost? All of the Great Elder's Three Hearted Disciples are in there... It'd be a really bad idea to anger them..." Garen sighed.

Upon hearing those words from Garen's mouth, Little One and Little Two both curled up their lips rather disdainfully. People beneath him had just arrogantly put on airs in front of him, and yet he could still give in so easily, not daring to say a few tough words, even.

"Would they still dare to offend their superior?" Little Two said indignantly. "Sir, why do you have to be so scared of him? You are a highness!"

Garen shook his head.

"The White Ghost is not an ordinary team...they are really skillful...really skillful"

Little One and Little Two exchanged helpless looks, feeling somewhat dejected. They had been assigned to such a cowardly master and wondered how much more they would have to put up with in the future.

However, the two of them did not know that Garen had not been talking about their power when he said that they were skillful. It was their characteristic of never doing something that did not benefit them.

He had done careful investigation and found that wherever the White Ghosts appeared, there would definitely be great treasures or some great advantage. In addition, the White Ghosts were Moonshine's manpower. It would be a huge shame to not investigate things properly, now that he had had the opportunity of encountering them by coincidence. It would be as though he did not eat the piece of meat that had been put to his mouth.

The enmity between him and Moonshine had been established anyway; clashing the first time had already made them enemies, clashing the second time would be the same, so why not just clash until the end? Even if he would not obtain anything, messing up White Ghosts' plans would still be an acceptable result.

A strange look flashed in Garen's eyes.

Black shadows passed through the pinewood forest fleetingly, quietly following the team of White Ghost that had just left.

"You can't run, Glory Edward."

In the midst of the red maple trees, Yannen's team of mercenaries had awful expressions on their faces, as they were being surrounded by the White Ghosts.

The tall and thin man walked out from the team of White Ghosts, a sliver of ridicule in his eyes under the mask.

“Hand over the Ice Magic Pillar. After I get Teslin’s treasure, it’s not impossible for me to spare your life and turn you into a slave, if you serve me well.”

“The Ice Magic Pillar is not with me!” Glory’s face was in a panic. She had to force herself to calm down.

“Fifteen small teams have been destroyed, leaving only your team. It was a good plan to separate into fifteen small teams and escape. You’ve even gotten the most honorable and important Great Elder to bait us away,” the tall and thin man said coldly. “Too bad, you’ve forgotten my identity now.”

“Anthony, give up, it’s not with me,” Glory forcefully steadied her trembling body.

“Great Elder Edward, who loves his daughter as though she were life itself, won’t keep that thing on you?” The tall and thin Anthony laughed softly. “Enough, stop struggling. I don’t wish to kill anyone. Once I get the Ice Magic Pillar, I still need to use the blood from your glabella to kill the Eight-Eyed Giant Lizard.”

Glory’s face was ashen white and finally took something out. It was a pallid white, round pillar, the size of a palm. A miniature giant lizard was set at the top, white in color as well. It looked exquisite and ancient, and the lizard on it seemed to be alive with a slight glint in its eyes.

“Take it! But you must swear not to kill me!” Glory did her best to steady her voice, as she spoke loudly.

“You are someone I’ve always been fond of since young. Kill you? I haven’t even had the chance to play with you yet, eh?” The tall and thin Anthony started to laugh.

Chapter 1017: Contend 1

“You...!” Glory’s face changed, as she felt the thing in her hand suddenly disappear. In the blink of an eye, the Ice Magic Pillar emerged in the hands of Anthony, who was opposite her.

“Tsk tsk... This is indeed, something that has been an inherited magic device. It wasn’t such a waste after all, for us to spend so much effort and energy in getting rid of the Edward family.”

“Let’s go, don’t let the sixth royal highness wait long,” a White Ghost beside Anthony spoke.

“En.”

The team of White Ghosts had the mercenaries completely surrounded in a tight ring and held them hostage as they speedily rushed into the distance.

This piece of Maplewood forest was soon left empty, but indistinctly... Numerous black shadows flashed through fleetingly, like black smoke, following this group of people tightly as they moved further and further.

“Huh?” Suddenly, one of the black shadows halted; startlingly, it was a long and slender figure and his entire body diffused with darkness. He turned around.

Another black figure had appeared behind him out of nowhere.

The person leaned against a tree, emitting a thick and freezing chill continuously from his body.

“Second Brother, haven’t you gone to the Void Battlefields? Why have you appeared in a place like this?” The black shadow looked to the sound near the near, sniggering coldly.

“Big brother, haven’t you gone to pursue and check on the smuggled consignments? Why have you appeared in a place like this? Aren’t you a germaphobe? Doesn’t a dirty place like this besmirch your shoes?” The other person sneered back in the same manner as well.

“Do you want the Ice Magic Scroll as well?”

“It’s a valuable object that can increase the possibility of my Scarlet Snow Technique breaking through to the Inherited Level. Big Brother, even your own henchman dared to take action by himself, how could

it be that we, as your brothers, be less than one of your own men?" The shadow by the tree spoke calmly.

"Second Brother, you have an abundance of talent, so why would you care about a silly little thing like the Ice Magic Scroll? Isn't the Ice Dragonflame over at Carthage's more suitable for you?" Boss said softly.

"The Eight-Eyed Giant Lizard is a behemoth of the Inherited Level. I was just worried that your competent right-hand man might not be able to get the job done, so I came over to help," Second Brother chuckled lightly. "Also, we have another friend who can come out now."

His gaze slowly fell on the seemingly normal grass at the bottom of the trees in another direction.

Clap clap clap...

In the midst of the crisp sound of applause, a giant black wolf, carrying a man who was also entirely dark, emerged from the side of the grass.

"Ice Magic Pillar? A valuable object that can increase the likelihood of breakthrough to the Inherited Level? Never imagined that I would be able to come across such good fortune just by taking a casual stroll out, I really can't keep fortune away when it comes to me," a voice that had undergone mutation rang out in the air, giving them a sharp and strange vibe.

"Take a look at whether you are qualified to want such a thing!" Second Brother suddenly shot a beam of shapeless chill out from his hand, which quietly rushed towards the black wolf beneath the man. This beam of chill did not emit coldness in the slightest, and it did not fly through the air, but rather, moved from one place to another in a manner similar to dimension hopping.

Windless Flying Blade. This was a powerful technique that he had trained for dozens of years before he could master it. Although it was merely a casual attack, it was enough as a probe.

The chill suddenly appeared in front of the black wolf and was about to hit it straight in the head. If it were to hit, the entire black wolf would immediately be frozen into a block of ice by this powerful force, and subsequently, shatter into numerous pieces.

Everything happened in that instant. At a speed faster than one could blink, the man on the black wolf suddenly drew his blade out.

Bang!

A black line sliced down from the top and was just about to hit the chilled flying blade.

There was an abrupt clashing sound from the black line of the sword's blade. Wisps of black smoke exploded around his body and covered the surface of the sword. The energy was tremendously doubled under the effects of the black smoke.

In silence, the chilled flying blade and the blade of the sword met. Neither of them made a sound, and instantly annihilated the other, vanishing into thin air.

"Demon Blade technique?" Second Brother scoffed, as though he had thought of someone else. "To be able to execute this swing so easily..."

"Since it's you, you're qualified to share the secret scroll with us equally," it was only now that Boss spoke. "But aren't you supposed to be breaking through in isolation now?"

"Why should my business concern you?" The black wolf man's heart stirred; this person seemed to have mistaken him for someone else. He sneered.

"Alright, alright, alright... People say you're crazy but I didn't believe them, now it seems like that's the case!" Boss replied rather angrily.

"Because it's you, you definitely have the right to share this with us, but the secret scroll can only belong to the three of us, and no more!" Second Brother fixed his eyes somewhat fearfully on the shadow of the black wolfman. Rumor had it that this person was ridiculously strong. Even if they were to both attack him at the same time, they might still be unsuccessful in suppressing him. He would not easily give in to compromise either.

“Up to you,” the black wolfman laughed.

“Definitely no more! The more living beings who read the secret scroll, the weaker the power!” Second Brother warned in a frosty voice.

“And if more people come?” Boss sniggered.

“Then they become our enemy, and we kill them together!” Second Brother said gruesomely.

“I agree,” the black wolfman replied in an off-handed manner.

“Hmph!” Boss turned around and immediately disappeared into the darkness.

The other two also vanished into the darkness. Their speed was astounding and exceeded the typical stages of Level Five.

The black wolfman speedily left the scene and waited for over ten minutes before he shed his screen in a dark place, taking off the radiating black shadow that had covered him.

“Skillful... Skillful, indeed! Garen lowered his head to look at his right hand. The swing of the blade just now had already used up all of his explosive energy, but it had only been to block the chilling attack sent out by the other person so casually.

It did not take much for him to guess the identifies of Boss and the Second Brother. They were under the Great Elder, the first Three-Hearted Ron Belle, and the second Three-Hearted Barlow Hertha respectively. These were high-level personalities of the Moonshine and were old-school masters of the resonance Two-Moons Level.

That explosion of energy he had needed to swing the blade just now had only been to endure and resist a probing attack casually executed by the opponent. Such difference...

“If they find out, I’ll be in big trouble... But by how many percentage can the Ice Magic Scroll increase the breakthrough to the Inherited Level?” There was a vicious flash in Garen’s eyes. “I must not miss out on this valuable item!” It was rare for him to have such good luck and have this coincidental encounter. As for the danger, if he were afraid of danger, then why should he still be training his martial arts? He might as well roll home and feed on milk.

Risk and profit exist mutually!

It was a valuable item that even the resonance Two-Moons Level masters had been moved in their hearts to pursue. If he was able to share it, this stack would be extremely strong! Perhaps, he could borrow this to break through to a new level in a short period of time!

In the pinewood forest.

In front of a black stone wall, the line of White Ghosts, taking hostage of Glory and the others, speedily passing through the woods, and stood before the stone wall.

“This is it?”

The leader of the White Ghosts, Anthony, stared dubiously at the stone wall. No matter how he looked at it, this was only a very ordinary stone wall.

“This is it!” Glory said confidently.

Anthony nodded and began to inspect it carefully.

Yannen and the other mercenaries had sour looks on their faces. They were only mercenaries who had been hired at the last minute by Glory, who had said that they were to protect and bring her here in exchange for a hefty sum of payment. They had not imagined that they would encounter such a huge danger.

The White Ghosts was a terrorist organization with a fierce reputation. Even the City Masters were more afraid of them than not; what more these ordinary mercenaries.

“Activate it, then? Everyone remain vigilant!” Anthony seemed to be done with his inspection, and was standing back in his original spot, taking out a tiny silver needle, which he held in his hand. Cautiousness flashed in his eyes.

Pushed forward by him, Glory gritted her teeth and walked before the stone wall. She began to slowly form strange prints on the wall with both her hands.

Szz!

Suddenly, a faint, white imprint lit up on her body. It was the first handprint she had formed just now, followed almost immediately by the second one, and the third one...

The imprints on Glory’s body increased and became denser. Her entire body was faintly diffused into the white light.

Szz...

There was another vague sound of breath being drawn in, long and soft. At first, it was still very weak, but as time passed, the sound of air being sucked in began to grow stronger, and louder...

“Big Brother, watch out!” Suddenly, a White Ghost pounced onto Anthony violently and fell.

In that instant, where Anthony’s head had been, a blood red shadow suddenly pierced through the air, like a sharp sword. With a whoosh, it sliced across, instantly embedding itself into the head of a White Ghost.

With a splurge, the head of the White Ghost immediately exploded into numerous splatters of blood and brain.

“It’s the Eight-Eyed Giant Lizard! Get off!” Anthony struggled to push away the White Ghost on him, and upon crawling up, rushed towards Glory.

His steps were very strange, as though both of his legs were being tied together and he had to jump, but his speed was astonishing.

Suddenly, he felt as though something was dragging him back by holding onto his legs. Turning his head, he was startled to see the White Ghost that had pushed him down at first. He had reached out with his hands and was holding on tightly to his legs, stubborn and not letting go.

“Get off!” At that moment, Anthony still did not know that the person was actually there to mess him up.

“Lightning Heart!” Out of the blue, he gave a loud roar. His entire body lit up with blue light, and a blue imprint flashed on his glabella.

Immediately, countless of electrical current erupted from Anthony’s body, blasting the White Ghost away violently.

“Anthony! You killed my father! Stole our family’s secret treasure! I want you dead!” Glory’s body was completely bright with white light. Her face contorted into the look of a lizard every now and then, and her entire body was giving off an inhuman vibe. Before she had finished speaking, she had already leaped towards Anthony.

It was then that a clump of grey mud under the trees suddenly rose up, and rushed to Anthony.

“Die!”

The voice of a young boy sounded out from the mud.

Hearing this voice, Anthony’s face gradually regained composure, and even ended up with a sliver of a smile.

“Beirut, Glory, Angel,” he growled, as his entire body got charged up with electric currents. Suddenly, a pale blue electrical orchid bloomed, slowly unfurling the petals into every direction.

“I am your uncle by blood. How could you gang up to kill me? It makes me so sad!” With a spin of his body, the electric petals suddenly crashed into the bodies of the two people who had been charging at him.

A young and small body was blasted out from the mud and sent flying, landing far within the pinewood forest.

Glory had also been hit by the enormous force of the electric currents, and her body was now numb. Half of the white imprints on her body had been wiped out.

“The Lightning Heart should belong to my father! She cried out in despair, wanting to pounce out and charge towards Anthony again. However, another electric current swept through her, causing her entire body to be so numb that she almost fell to the ground.

It was only then that the others had the opportunity to rush in and restrain Glory. The mercenaries did not even dare to move; some of them had been swept up by the residual waves of the enormous electric current, and their bodies were entirely numb, but even then, they did not dare make a sound. The leader of the mercenaries, Yannen, had roughly guessed the identities of the people at the scene. He sighed in his head, somewhat helpless.

The Blue Ice family had always been a great and famous local clan, but in a single night, unexpected calamity had hit them. He would never have guessed that it was an inside job.

The old lord of the family had been a resonance master of the New-Moon Level, leader of the three great forces in the city. However, he had been deceived by his own flesh and blood and had met with a violent death. The family’s important treasure had been snatched. The ones who had ganged up against Anthony just now had been the daughter of the old lord, Glory, his son Beirut, and his nephew, Angel.

The three of them had been lucky enough to survive the catastrophe back then. It was normal for them to rush out now in vengeance.

Chapter 1018: Contend 2

The ambush by the Eight-Eyed Giant Lizard and the simultaneous three-man attack on him had all been resisted by Anthony. With that, the chances of survival for the three of them had decreased.

“Are you okay?” Yannen helped his team member up.

“I’m alright, chief. What do we do next?” The team member moved his entirely numb body which was in rather bad shape. Anthony had now joined the White Ghosts. This man was cruel and relentless, and had never allowed for any leeway, so if this continued on...

“In a while, the Eight-Eyed Giant Lizard will come out. When that happens, we grab the opportunity and withdraw!” Yannen said in a low voice.

The two team members, as each other’s right-hand man, exchanged looks at that moment and nodded slightly.

“Lightning Heart!”

A voice growled.

On the wall of rock not far off, Anthony’s entire body was madly shooting off electric currents, blasting his three attackers once again.

Step by step, he walked closer to Glory and picked her entirely limp body up. She had no energy at all to get up. With the tip of his finger, he lightly pricked and drew a line of glabella blood from Glory’s glabella.

Strangely, this line of blood did not fall according to its weight but made a beeline towards the stone wall opposite of it, as straight as a sword.

Roar!

There was a sudden furious roar of a wild animal from under the wall of rock which was moving.

There was a flash of frantic enthusiasm across Anthony's eyes as he watched the fresh blood spurt onto the rock wall. Like acid, it began to corrode the black stone quickly.

The strange thing was that after the stone had been corroded, there were strains of whitish gold blood flowing out.

Fuh!

The stone wall began to shake violently and two gigantic blood-red tongues whipped out from both sides of the rock, winding towards Anthony who stood in the middle.

It was only then that the people there could clearly see, this was not a stone wall. It was a giant lizard in disguise, crouching on the ground.

There were eight eyes on its head and two small mouths, one on each side. The two tongues just now had been spat out from there.

"Lightning Contract!" Anthony stretched out his hand abruptly and slapped his palm on the part of the Giant Lizard that had been corroded.

Huge bouts of electrical current erupted from his body and flowed into the body of the Giant Lizard violently.

Roar!

The Eight-Eyed Giant Lizard lashed around in pain.

“Lightning Contract! He wants to control the Giant Lizard! Quick! Quick, interrupt him!” Glory screamed. She wanted to jump over, but her entire body was still weak; after forcing herself to get up, she fell to the ground again.

“It’s impossible for him to succeed! No one has succeeded in the family for over a hundred years! It’s impossible! Impossible!” The little boy from the mud did his best to get up. There were bloody wounds all over his body, making him look like a human made of blood.

“Let’s attack together!” Angel shouted, shooting up from the ground. He was the White Ghost who had dragged Anthony’s steps back just now.

“Thunder!”

He bellowed ferociously, as he pushed out an invisible forcefield like a clap of thunder in a mad frenzy.

Seeing this, Glory and Beirut knew that this was their last chance. If they were to wait until Anthony had a free hand, the three of them die without even knowing how.

“Thunder!” The two of them roared at the same time.

This was a desperate killing move, the most powerful move amongst the Ice Thunder techniques of the family, which would kill the executioner of the move as well as their target. In an instant, all the ice thunder electric fields in their bodies would explode.

The electric fields of the three people were combined into one and suddenly condensed into a slightly black electrical current ball the size of a brain. Angel held it in his hand and ferociously pushed it towards Anthony’s back.

Anthony turned his head and a sneer finally appeared on his face.

“Thunder Flash!”

With one hand, he turned around to push him back just in time to face the slightly black ball created by the forces of the three individuals.

There was an explosion.

Numerous electrical currents dissipated in the eruption like a water jar being blasted into pieces. There was a detonation in between the two people, sending out countless electric arc pieces. The discharge caused the mercenaries in the area who could not dodge them fast enough to be completely numb in their bodies. One of them, unable to move fast enough to avoid the harm, got electrocuted in the arm, which charred it completely.

Ripples of electrical residue suffused and spread through the soil and plants on the ground everywhere. The blue electrical residue continued to spread out, climbing onto tree trunks and crossing over the grassy earth. However, most of it had hurtled towards the body of the Eight-Eyed Giant Lizard which was close by.

Roar!

With an excruciating howl, the Eight-Eyed Giant Lizard's spider-like red eyes finally turned blue, and it suddenly crouched down. Its head curled onto the ground tightly before Anthony, in complete submission.

"Hahahahaha!" Anthony lifted his head and began to cackle wildly.

The plan he had to conceal for so many years had finally succeeded today!

"With the Eight-Eyed Giant Lizard, let's see who can stop me from getting the secret scroll!"

There was a maniacal flash in his eyes as he watched a black stone door slowly open in the ground the Eight-Eyed Giant Lizard had moved away from. The stone door seemed to look like a shadow of an illusion, appearing and disappearing in a slight blur. However, Anthony knew that this door was indeed, enterable. This was the great fortune that the Ice Thunder family had been accumulating for hundreds of years. The Ice Thunder scroll was not the only thing in there.

As Glory and the rest watched in despair, Anthony reached out his hand to take off the metallic pendant hanging on his necklace. It was in the shape of an icy blue lightning bolt.

“Go, Lightning Heart. Open the great door that truly leads to the secret trove.”

He lifted the Lightning Heart gently and shook it forward.

Crack!

A cluster of lightning in the shape of a ball was suddenly unleashed by the pendant, hurling towards the black door on the ground.

Bang!

An immensely dazzling white light erupted the moment the electric ball and the black door clashed.

“A secret kept for so many years, finally... It’s finally going to be in my hands! Hahahaha, do you see, brother? I’m finally obtaining it!” Anthony watched as the black door slowly solidified in the white light. Finally unable to control the glee in his heart, he drew his head back and laughed maniacally.

At that moment, an item that looked like a goat-skin scroll eventually rose up from the middle of the black door. There was a string of blue electric arc around the scroll, as though it was a high voltage electric current generator itself.

Anthony stopped laughing and took a huge, rushed step forward, immediately stretching his hand to grab the scroll in the midst of the electrical white light.

Glory and the others closed their eyes, hopeless. The moment Anthony laid his hands on the secret scroll was the moment they would be killed.

Right then, the second Anthony's hand was about to come into contact with the secret scroll, a horrifyingly immense power suddenly attacked him from the back.

"Go away!"

A great, unstoppable force field descended, hitting Anthony hard and causing him to fly off like a rubber ball and crashing into the pinewood forest with a whoosh. There was a trail of fresh blood; no one knew how far he went or how injured he was.

"The secret scroll is mine!" A beam of black shadow immediately appeared where Anthony had been, reaching out to grab the secret scroll.

"You wish to have it for yourself?!" Another black shadow fell from the sky, landing hard on the ground like heavy metal, causing cracks to appear in the earth. Even before he steadied himself, he had violently grasped the hand of the first person with his right arm.

"You're asking for it, Second Brother!" The first person roared in a fury. The horrifying force field immediately shrunk and condensed into the palm of his hand; with a backhand, he hit the second person.

The mere residual ripple from the terrible power of these two people could already rival the explosive, fatal threat of Anthony's full power just now.

The moment the two immense and horrifying force fields collided, everyone in the vicinity, including the mercenaries and Glory was blasted away. They rolled and landed all over the place, unmoving. Each and every one of them were heavily injured and unable to move.

Even the powerful Eight-Eyed Giant Lizard had been hit by the great residual ripple so badly that its entire body was injured. It laid curled up on the ground and did not dare move.

Bang!

The hands of the two people made direct contact, stacking onto the explosive and great power, which turned into ripples of substantive energy, gradually dissipating.

Roar!

The first person opened his mouth to unleash a violent lion-like roar, shaking the second person up slightly. In that split-second of hesitation, the secret scroll was snatched by the first person.

“Leaving?”

Right at this time, the voice of a third person suddenly sounded out in the forest nearby.

The black edge of a sword shot out from the forest like lightning, crashing into Boss’s arm brutally, causing the secret scroll in his hand to drop out.

At the same time, another black shadow flew out from the forest, landing next to the first two people.

The three of them stood facing each other, in a triangular stance.

The third person seemed slightly strange. Other than the black shadow covering his entire body, there were also slivers of dark red light flowing out vaguely from him, as though his body was emitting red light at all times.

Garen stood still on the spot, his eyes fixed on the secret scroll diffused with an electric arc in the middle.

He had put in all of his power into the swing of his blade just now to activate the Blood Eagle State. Only, he did not expect that it merely shook Boss’s hand open. It had not even harmed him. The difference between them was very clear. If such a blow could not even hurt them, then his most powerful skill, the Double Prison Lock, would only be able to inflict light injuries upon his opponents, at most.

If they were really going to fight, he would have to run at the first chance. This person was indeed the First Seat of the Great Elder, a Double-Moon Level master.

Beyond Level Five, there was the New-Moon Level, the Half-Moon Level, and then the Double-Moon Level. There were two entire thresholds in the middle.

Garen understood it himself, that even though he had trained with the Demon Blade and his power was extremely great, enabling him to bypass battles, but with the addition of his original skills, he could only deal with the Half-Moon Level stages at most. It was still a little too early to face a Double-Moon Level.

These people before him were not even the typical Double-Moons but had accumulated many years of a horrible existence. If he were exposed, he would be facing an extraordinary danger.

It was not as though no one had ever fallen amongst the Three-Hearted of the Scarlet Snow Sect. There were many ways to shield the crystals of the sect, as long as he could do it in complete secrecy.

Thinking about this, his alertness was heightened to the maximum level, maintaining the highest level of caution.

"Let's adhere to the original agreement," Garen's disguised voice, sharp and shrill, spoke calmly.

"That is mine!" A sudden electrical energy surged in madly from behind Garen; it was at least Half-Moon Level. It was the heavily injured Anthony.

With a face full of blood, he rushed out in a craze. His entire body was like an electrical hedgehog as he pounced towards the three people.

"Die!"

Garen did not wait for the other two to respond. He immediately pulled out his blade and, upon turning, swung it.

In that split second, the special transformation effect of the Ten Thousand True Technique merged in; the Demon Blade carved a black scar mid-air, twisting and turning down like a broken line drawn with a pencil. It speedily flew towards the front of Anthony's body.

The black line hurtled in, and, with a violent twist, swung to the back of his body and brutally cut in through where the electrical current was the weakest.

Szz!

Anthony's eyes grew wide and he stood in a daze where he was. With a crash, his entire body was cut in half.

Garen slowly drew his blade back, breathing easily as though it was just a casual swing of the sword.

Chapter 1019: Exposed 1

"Such a state... You are, indeed..." Boss laughed loudly, a hint of fear hidden in his tone of voice.

Carthage had always been frightening in an explosive manner. Now that he had the ability to change his stances in the blink of an eye, if this led to a fight, it would not do... Boss did some calculations in his heart. It would only be possible to contend with this fellow if he joined forces with Second Brother.

However, as for Second Brother's intentions...

"Let us just divide it equally amongst the three of us. I'm only interested in having a look at this thing anyway," Garen said coldly.

At that time, the eyes of Second Brother were glinting, looking at Garen with some apprehension. Although the swipe just now had been stunning and its execution required at least the Water Mirror

stage, but for an unknown reason, he felt as though there was something different about the aura now compared to the Carthage of the past.

"I have no objections," Boss shrugged.

"Then I agree as well," Second Brother could not put his finger on it, so he let it rest for now, and nodded.

"We shall memorize it together," Garen stretched out his hand and held the secret scroll, briskly turning to the first page.

The electric arc curled around his hand, but could not harm his skin in the slightest. This was the natural protection of the force field.

Dense flows of information shot out, forming a beam of a solid pillar with blue electricity in front of the three people, turning slowly. In an instant, the pillar emitted blue light and every rune flashing upon it contained a great amount of information flow.

The three men began to memorize speedily.

It was at this moment that Second Brother's eyes fell on Garen once again. Just now, when the blue light had flashed, the feeling that something was wrong had struck him again. He had met Carthage once and he had been endlessly arrogant! He had also been a bigger germaphobe than Boss, unwilling to let any energy of the outside world touch his body. So how could it be that this man had let electricity fall onto the back of his hand just now?

"This man..." The eyes of Second Brother glinted secretly.

In the blink of an eye, the first page was completely memorized.

Garen also noticed how Second Brother was paying him extra attention. There was a slight chill in his heart as he felt that something was not right.

“The second page,” he stretched out his hand to flip to the second page of the scroll.

“It’s not right! You’re not Carthage!” Seeing his hand come into contact with electricity once more, Second Brother suddenly gave a loud roar.

Clank!

The black line made by the blade of the sword suddenly emerged, swinging towards Boss and Second Brother; Garen grabbed the secret scroll swiftly, before turning around to run.

The red light emanating from his entire body was no longer concealed. At an astonishing speed, he rushed into the pinewood forest.

Countless black swords erupted from Second Brother’s body. With a loud crash, the blades were thrown out everywhere, towards the sky and the earth.

At the same speed, he hurried and gave pursuit.

“Hand the secret scroll over!” It was only then that Boss came to his senses and responded. He single-handedly hit and dispersed the blades before rushing out immediately. Both his legs started to twist and change into two black wings. With a strong flap, he shot out as a flash of black shadow, chasing after the two people in front of him.

The others, who had fallen on the ground with heavy injuries could not move. From the moment Anthony had been about to succeed until the three ridiculously strong and horrifying black shadows had rushed out and killed Anthony, the situation had quickly turned sour.

Glory and the others did not know how to react at all. All they could do was pretend to be unconscious, afraid that the three people would be distracted by them. Anthony had been a strong contender whom they had planned to kill for a long time, and yet he had been like a piece of paper before those three men, dying instantaneously. They did not dare imagine the disparity in between them.

The White Ghosts, especially, were lying on the ground pretending to be dead. They did not dare to get up at all and remained motionless.

In particular, upon hearing the name of Carthage, this bunch of people had been so scared that the hairs on their bodies had stood on end. Who did not know how forceful and unrivaled Carthage was? The number of cases where he had killed people merely due to disagreements was not normal at all.

By then, the people on the ground only sat up after hearing the three people leave.

“Disperse!” The junior team leader amongst the White Ghosts growled, and they jumped up quickly and withdrew fast.

The mercenaries looked at Glory and her comrades, sighing.

“We almost lost our lives this time, Miss Glory. Let’s consider the favor we owe you settled,” the other members of the team were all ashen white in the face; no one could really calm down. They had just escaped death; every heart there pounded furiously.

After leaving some medicine for Glory and the other two, the mercenaries left as well.

On the scene, only the heavily injured Eight-Eyed Giant Lizard was left moaning on the ground not far away.

Glory sat on the ground in a daze, looking at all the mess in the family’s secret trove. The other treasures inside had been completely destroyed by the residual ripples of power emitted by the three just now. The door had been destroyed and the treasure trove could not be opened anymore. It meant that they would never be able to get their hands on the treasure.

“Sister...” In the mud, her brother, Beirut, crawled out. Both his legs had been broken by the residual ripple just now, and blood was slowly flowing out from the joints of his legs. Some of the blood had hardened; he did not know how much blood had been lost.

Glory hugged her little brother gently. Unable to hold her tears back, they began to flow out quickly.

“Where... Where is brother?” Beirut asked in a small and weak voice.

Glory lifted her head to look in Angel’s direction who was already completely lifeless. One of Garen’s residual blades that had been deflected and dispersed, had accidentally slashed through his neck, immediately incapacitating him. Both his eyes stared up into the sky. It seemed that Angel had died before he could even react.

An unspeakable grief surged up in her heart. Her entire family had perished, leaving only so little.

“We need to go soon!” Glory gave a violent start. The three powerful men just now might come back. They had to leave immediately!

She stood up, wanting to unleash her Energy Machinery, only to discover that her horse-shaped Energy Machinery had been broken without her noticing. It was clearly damaged.

Crawling out from the mud, her entire body was drenched with injuries all over her limbs. She carried her big brother’s corpse and bound her little brother upon her back, before starting a difficult walk towards the other direction in the pinewood forest.

Confusion indistinctly filled the hearts of the two people.

Anthony had died. Not at their hands, but killed so casually by three stronger black shadows, as though they were merely stepping on a tiny ant.

Such a high degree, such high levels.

Angel had died as well, to an accidental residual ripple. Had their family been avenged? They did not know what was going on in their hearts. The only thing they felt was being at a loss.

How would they walk down this path in the future? They had no idea what to do at all...

“Leave the secret scroll!”

In the dense forest, a terrifying pillar of white light suddenly erupted, rushing out of the pinewood forest and creating a round hole amongst the leaves and branches at the top of the thick forest.

It caused light to shine through, falling upon the three people who were in a mad run in the forest.

Garen did a flying leap and kicked off against a tree trunk forcefully, turning his body to rush towards a small river to the side.

Smack!

Both his legs landed on a large piece of limestone in the middle of the river. Red light immediately spread open on his back like a pair of wings.

“Blood Eagle!”

He made a low sound, like the cry of an eagle and rushed into the sky.

“Trying to run?”

Boss, who was behind him, jumped up; his terrifying Scarlet Snow Technique rolled up a huge snowstorm, which hurtled towards Garen’s back.

“Meditation Imprint!” At the same time, a cold, icy blue imprint shot out from the pinewood forest, heading directly towards the side of Garen’s arm.

The white snowstorm and the blue imprint were rushing towards Garen at the same time, to stop him mid-air.

Garen unleashed a sudden burst of energy, and the wings of red light on his back moved faster. This drastically increased his speed. Missing the two attacks by inches, he dashed into the airspace above the forest.

“Great speed!” Boss sneered, “But do you think you can escape at such a speed?”

His right arm suddenly changed, growing longer and darker very quickly. It turned into a claw, like that of a wild beast. Immediately, it was lifted up, before taking a vicious swipe at Garen, who was in the sky.

“Snowstorm Palm!”

A clear, white palmpoint shot out as fast as lightning from the claw and caught up with Garen in an instant.

Garen did not have time to turn around. He felt a chill run down his spine from behind at that moment and the hairs on his skin stood on end. Unable to think too much, he used all his might in a backhand. The Dual Blades were drawn out and put together with a clang.

“Double Prison Lock!”

The Demon Blade exploded at maximum power and black line was drawn from top to bottom by the black slash of the blade and crashed straight into the palmpoint behind him.

Bang!

The white palmpoint was blocked by the black slash but the horrifying and powerful Scarlet Snow Technique broke through the blockade forcefully, enabling the palmpoint to continue hurtling towards Garen. The power of the Double Prison Lock had only weakened the palmpoint slightly.

“Die!”

Boss's claw tightened.

Controlling the direction of the palmprint from afar, he made a grabbing motion towards Garen's head.

Bang!

Huge amounts of snow flew about, falling from the air.

Garen gave a snort, as his body flew towards the opposite direction like an arrow leaving a bow. A bit of blood was splashed into the air.

"Skillful!"

Borrowing the powerful momentum of the Snowstorm Palm, Garen's wings unexpectedly flapped again, quickly propelling him to an even further distance. It looked as though he was about to escape from the attacking range of the two men.

"Second Brother!" Boss was unable to catch up. He turned his head and bellowed.

"Spiritual Net Imprint!"

The moment the words came out, a vast, icy blue net suddenly appeared in front of Garen, completely blocking his way.

The huge net was like a spider's web, entangling Garen immediately as though it was catching a red flying insect for food.

The entire net was pulled into a very sharp point by Garen's momentum but bounced back into shape very quickly.

Garen had not expected they would have such a trick to stop him. He struggled, wanting to escape the great net but he was unable to expend his energy. The Scarlet Snow Technique on his entire body had been suppressed tightly by the great net. Slivers of bone-penetrating chill began to spread through his body without ceasing.

Turning around, those two men were already less than a hundred meters from him!

“Cold Radiation!” A chill suddenly emanated from his whole body, stacking onto the Scarlet Snow Technique. Garen’s skill level instantly increased by a stage, reaching the eleventh stage of the Scarlet Snow Technique. This increased his chances slightly of struggling and escaping the stickiness of the net.

However, it was still not enough.

Garen put his two hands together, wielding the blades, and swung mightily towards the net.

The great momentum and power were transformed into a gentle strength through his martial arts skills. The shifting from soft to hard, and vice versa was a technique and skill often used by masters of martial arts.

Bang!

A strand of the spider’s web finally broke. However, there were hundreds of the web’s silks stuck to Garen. There was no way to break all of them in one hit.

“Do you still want to run?” Boss jumped into flight, “Snowstorm Palm!”

Another snowy white palmprint hurtled towards Garen’s back.

The terrible energy that he was utterly powerless to stop had not even gotten close to him but was already causing him to lose his breath. Boss had used all his might in delivering this hit.

The white palmprint flew and hit Garen’s back. Everything happened within that instant.

Whoo...

Out of the blue, there was a howl of a wolf as a blue shadow rushed into the sky. Its great momentum and Garen's full force explosion of the Scarlet Snow Technique combined, pressing down violently upon the other side of the blue net.

Poof!

Finally, the entire blue net was broken through.

Second Brother, who arrived late, had moved at a slightly lower speed. Seeing this, his expression grew cold.

"Damn it!"

Garen had broken through the blue net and was hurling out from the other side. However, he had not yet completely evaded the horrifying speed of the Snowstorm Palm's palmprint. The palmprint hit him on the back.

Bang!

Numerous snowflakes scattered into the air.

Garen launched his wings, borrowing energy for yet another rush, instantly disappearing into the distant horizon.

Chapter 1020: Exposed 2

“So that’s your Spiritual Net Imprint!?” Boss was furious and frantic, but he knew that they could no longer catch up, so he roared at Second Brother angrily.

Second Brother’s gaze was dark and cold as he shook his head.

“When it comes to head-on conflict, I’m no match for you, but when it comes to tracking someone down and killing them, that’s still my forte. Come with me!”

He reached out his hand, and there was a white sphere in the middle of his palm, a small red dot lighting up on it slowly.

“It’s not that easy to get away once you’ve been hit by my Spiritual Net Imprint!”

“Oh? You can do that?” Boss instantly turned from rage to joy.

“That way! Come!” Second Brother glanced at it, and immediately discovered Garen’s location. His body rushed out rapidly, the soles of his shoes suddenly spraying out some levitational propelling force which sent him flying into the distant sky.

Boss followed behind him closely as well.

“Where’s that punk gone?!” he said angrily. “If I get my hands on him, I’ll tear him into pieces and feed him to the dogs!”

“What’s the rush?” There was a cold cruelty in Second Brother’s eyes. “That kid is too fast, we might not be able to catch up to him even if we chase him individually, and his martial arts realm is at the Water Mirror level, so we can’t stop him in terms of technique either. All we can do is watch him slowly, and wait for him to let down his guard, then we strike together and kill him for real! We can’t give him another chance to slip away!”

“He’s just a Level Five, how dare he try to steal what’s practically already ours!” said Boss seethingly. “What are those wings on him?”

“I think they’re a sort of gene ability, he must have gotten some sort of special gene integrated into him. If he can have the speed of Second Brother-Moons like us even though he’s only Level Five, it must be no average gene!” deduced Second Brother. “I’m not fast enough, once we get that wing gene and distill it, I’m taking it!”

“If he can cultivate the Demon’s Blade, his Vitality must be way higher than others, which means he either has a gene strengthening liquid or some special training method. After we get his corpse and distill the strengthening liquid out of it, I call dibs on that.” Boss was no pushover either, and he could deduce what abilities his opponent had even though they just clashed for an instant.

“We’ll share the secret scroll, half each.”

“No problem!”

The two of them had started dividing up Garen’s things before they even caught him, which showed just how confident they were.

One after the other, the two black shadows hurriedly chased after Garen.

Whoosh!

A red thread fell from the sky, and landed heavily on a small hill on the ground.

With a large bang, Garen left a huge human-shaped crater in the ground. He crawled out of the crater with difficulty, his body covered in blood, and his lips purple. His whole body was shaking non-stop.

“Thank goodness I didn’t bring Little One and Little Two along.” He had not thought that Boss and Second Brother’s tactics would be so terrifying either, compared to the likes of March and Yiling, be it their Snowstorm Palm or the later Spiritual Net Imprint, both were particularly effective against his speed.

The Snowstorm Palm was shockingly fast, each palm shooting out like a flash of lightning. It surpassed his multiplied speed and landed directly on his back. He could not avoid it at all, and had no choice but to take it.

Thankfully, it seemed that Boss could not use it consecutively, and needed some time to catch his breath, or else Garen would not have ended up well.

And the Spiritual Net Imprint was even worse, if he did not have the Giant Blue Wolf to help him create that huge wave of momentum, he would have been in real serious trouble.

Garen looked at the Blue Wolf that darted out closely behind him. There was already a large patch of white frost on the side of the Giant Blue Wolf's body, and the cold was so intense that even Garen could feel it in his bones.

He reached his hand out and touched the Blue Wolf's white frost injury.

Woo...

The Giant Wolf whined a few times, its expression painful.

"If it hadn't been modified by the Distorted Seed, making it highly resistant to cold, it probably would not have lasted long at all." Garen shook his head. The Giant Blue Wolf was beyond repair, that cold was at least Level Twelve or more, and it was corroding away at the wolf's internal organs as well as its life force. This cold was extremely powerful, and it seemed to be slightly domineering, chasing away all of the other traces of warmth. It even spread automatically.

No matter how strong its resistance to cold was, the Blue Wolf was still a living creature, and it required heat to move. At this rate, within ten minutes, the whole Blue Wolf would turn completely into an ice sculpture, and then the slightest touch would reduce it to shards of ice.

"It's too bad!"

Garen let out a breath, wiping the blood from the corner of his mouth as he began to check his body.

He had also been gravely injured, but contrary to his expectations, he did not feel particularly unwell even as they flew, as though there was a force in his body that kept resisting the invading cold energy. Add that to his powerful Vitality, and he had actually managed to suppress the cold energy in his body, rendering it immobile.

"I'll check as we go!"

Something occurred to Garen, and he used his Energy Machine Imprint to issue an order. With a wave of his hand, several black wolves instantly appeared beside him. He rode on one, and had another tow the Giant Blue Wolf, that was beginning to grow slower and slower.

The whole entourage ran into the distant forest. They could not go straight back to the camp, or else it would be bad if those two caught up.

Garen sent Little One and Little Two a message as he rode on the wolf's back.

"I need to settle some matters outside, you two go back to Headquarters and rest. I'll call you when I need you to do anything for me." Garen's voice was very calm, as though he was not hurt at all.

"Yes, Master." On the other end, Little One also just assumed that Garen was going into seclusion for a bit, and he did not read any more into it. "Oh, right, do you need some of the food and drink I have here, Master?"

"There's no need, I have enough here, you just have to go to Planet Naga and help Bainster handle things there. I'll be back in about a month, and even if I don't go back, I'll drop you a message. If it's anything more important than that, wait for me to get back!" said Garen.

"Understood," replied Little One decisively.

Cutting off the connection, Garen could not help but throw up another mouthful of blood.

Sitting on the wolf's back, he quickly turned his gaze inward, and that was when he realized that the terrifying cold energy from the Snowstorm Palm was constantly fighting against another overbearing power inside his body.

That power was actually the Willpower of the Seventh Divine Wind General that had been lying dormant in his body the whole time.

Both forces were essentially half-pure forms of energy gathered and mobilized by Willpower, they were both a branch of Willpower, but with different elements and attributes.

The Snowstorm Palm had its roots in the Scarlet Snow Technique, mobilizing and combining with a specific intense and violent energy. The resulting force was unnaturally overpowering, and had an extreme element of repulsion, forbidding any other power to stay inside its territory.

And the Seventh Divine Wind General's Willpower was also excessively over-domineering. After all, it was Inherited-Level power, even though there was only a little remnant left, it was still more than enough to deal with the Snowstorm Palm.

The two of them faced off against each other, resulting in an extreme reaction of repulsion that seriously damaged Garen's internal organs.

Crack...

Garen reached out his hands, and saw that they were covered with a thick layer of white frost. The power of the Snowstorm Palm had enveloped his arms, and was rapidly clashing against the power of the Divine Wind General in his torso.

Lowering his head, Garen could see that at the place where his arms joined his shoulders, the link between his torso and his arms, there were two terrifying powers, one blue and one black, engaged in a mad struggle.

The blue Snowstorm Palm power was rapidly being scattered, but the power of the Divine Wind General had also been consumed slightly.

The blue Snowstorm Palm seemed reluctant to die just like that, so it gathered into a white-blue patch at the last moment. This rushed straight at the black power of the Divine Wind General.

Hiss!!

There was a sound like that of acid corrosion.

All the veins in Garen's body popped abruptly, and in that final instantaneous clash, his internal organs were given a giant jolt, causing them all to bleed profusely at the same time. His expression instantly turned extremely hard to look at, deathly pale without a single trace of blood.

Devour!

Garen stretched out his hand, and a blue mouth appeared on his palm. It was filled with sharp teeth, and it sprayed out many blue silk threads, biting down on the Giant Blue Wolf beside him tightly as it began to devour it.

He slowly began to hear the hiss of chewing and devouring sounds.

The many blue silk threads devoured all the parts of the Blue Wolf's body that had yet to be overtaken by the Snowstorm Palm, and converted it into waves of healing energy to heal Garen's internal injuries.

"It's not enough!" Garen took out the healing medicine used for repair in the case of transplants gone awry, tossed his head back, and drank it all. This was the standard medicine issued by the sects for injuries, and its effect was relatively decent.

Only then did the internal bleeding slowly fall somewhat under control.

"I need to deal with the excess blood!"

He needed to handle the blood that had pooled up in his body, or else it would be a big problem if that blood solidified in his body as well. Normally, his body could remove it of its own accord, but it would be troublesome if there was too much of it.

“Blood Control!” The Blood Eagle’s Blood Control ability began to take effect slowly. It had a sort of force field effect, and required time to react. Compared to how he could just bulldoze over lower-level opponents regardless of number, it could not do much at all when faced with powerhouses that were significantly stronger than him.

After slowly getting rid of the excess blood, Garen took out another vial of medicine that would replenish blood quickly. The small black vial was filled to the brim, but he opened the cover and just poured it into his mouth.

“Finally, that should do it.” He heaved a fierce sigh of relief.

The scenery on each side passed by him rapidly, he was still moving at a very high speed. He did not know where he was anymore.

Ba-thump!

Suddenly, there was a sound like a heartbeat from Garen’s arms.

He was taken aback, and looked down at his arms.

There were two faint bulges on his arm, each of them the size of an egg. The surfaces glowed, as though they could explode at any time.

“This is—?!” Garen’s expression changed suddenly.

Pfft!

The two bulges exploded at the same time, spraying out a torrent of blood. The droplets of the blood had a strange power that instantly turned them into countless shards of blood ice, and these went shooting off in all directions.

Ding ding ding...

The blood shards shot Garen full of holes, and even the black wolf he was riding on gave a sob. The exploding blood ice shards had actually pierced straight through its body, and it abruptly fell to its knees in the middle of its high-speed run. With a bam, the wolf and its rider were both thrown forward, falling onto the ground hard.

“This is the second stage of the Snowstorm Palm!” Garen instantly reacted, the force behind that spray of blood ice just now was precisely the part of the Snowstorm Palm that had been better hidden.

If the Divine Wind General had not first shaved off most of the palm power in his arms, the second stage of transformation that led to the explosion would probably have triggered all of the palm power, and it would have been strong enough to completely blow him up!

It did not matter how strong his Vitality was, no wonder even Boss could not use this power consecutively!

It might seem at first glance that Garen was badly hurt by this explosion, but they were actually all only flesh wounds. He turned around and got up, releasing yet another black wolf, and riding it away at full speed. He did not dare to waste even a second.

This was his first time crossing swords with a Resonance Level Energy Machinist, and a peak-level Resonance powerhouse from the Scarlet Snow Sect at that. The power of the Scarlet Snow Sect was far more significant than what he faced back in the Blackboard Region, the Black Flood Party was only a small faction in Blackboard, whereas the Scarlet Snow Sect was a sect on one of the three main e/m planets, Planet Naga. Although it was not a big or even a medium-sized sect on Naga, and could only be considered a lesser sect, it was still powerful enough to control an entire planet in other places. With the power of the Three Great Elders and the Guardian, even on the Mother Planet, it could have taken over at least a continent.

It was incomparably stronger than the Black Flood Party.

That was why the Resonance-level powerhouses from the Scarlet Snow Sect were also infinitely more powerful than those from Black Flood.

Once he compared them like that, Garen could feel the clear distance between the two.

“The secret scroll...” Garen reached for the thing in his pocket. From that fragment of a memory just now, he had already sensed that this secret scroll had the innate ability to store energy and information.

The reason things like secret scrolls could increase one’s chance of reaching Inherited Level was because there were traces of the Inherited-level Origin Power recorded onto the scroll itself.

Once they cultivated the secret method on the secret scroll, they could rapidly absorb some of the Inherited Level’s Origin Power.

The Origin Power was something that Inherited-level powerhouses held at their very core, and it was more important to them than life itself. Everyone’s Origin was extremely limited, and it was even harder to place your Origin on an item so that it could be transferred to another. 90% of that power would be wasted, and only a wisp would actually stick.

That was why secret scrolls were only ever created when an Inherited-level powerhouse was on their deathbed, and wanted to leave a glimmer of hope for their descendants to reach the same level.

As a result, the secret scrolls were even rarer and harder to come by. And every faction treated them as a precious and crucial treasure.

The fact that a family as small as Glory’s had one, proved that one of her ancestors had been an Inherited-level powerhouse, and they had once been glorious as well.

“Those two I fought just now would surely be able to discover my identity, and the way back is not safe either. The best option would be to hide somewhere and absorb the secret scroll completely, I can only go back after destroying the body, hiding my tracks, and healing my wounds.”

Garen decided inwardly. Now that he was a Three-Hearted disciple, he was the Second Elder's disciple in name, but in reality he had not even passed the test yet. He needed to pass the mission test, and make a trip to the void battle before he could officially meet the Elder, and truly become a Three-Hearted Disciple.

And it just so happened that he needed a more powerful secret method to reach the void battle.

The contents of this secret scroll were exactly what he needed to plug the gap.

From the instant fragment of memory back then, Garen already knew that the secret scroll contained information about a secret method known as the Magic Light Fist. It was the last secret method left behind by a dying Inherited-Level powerhouse, and it was surely that powerhouse's most powerful technique, so its strength was surely formidable.

If he could learn this secret method and then absorb a hint of that Inherited-Level Origin Power, he might be able to achieve an even stronger upgrade. As soon as Garen made the decision in his heart, he began to look for a place where he could hide and train.