

Mystical 1051

Chapter 1051: Surprise Attack 1

First Elder and Third Elder's countenance changed slightly. They exchanged glances and saw that both were astounded.

"This old fellow's strength has improved!"

"Regarding the verdict this time, just do as I say..." Second Elder slowly opened his mouth.

"Teacher, this time you are wrong."

At this moment, a dull voice sounded.

Boom!!!

A violent gust of Level Four energy field ferociously broke out in the midst of the three great Non-Falling-Level energy fields.

It was Carthage!

His whole head of hair was faintly flaming as if there was a light-red flame ignited on his hair, but there was no temperature spreading out.

His energy field was tenaciously and firmly embedded in between the two elders' force field. Like the last weight on a scale, the original disadvantage had now tipped over to become an advantageous situation for him. It was compressing Second Elder's energy field bit by bit.

Second Elder's eyes widened at once and he gazed quietly at Carthage, the disciple he himself had trained. For the first time, this was the first time he could not understand this humble and polite child.

“Since every place has their own set of rules, Teacher, in order to not disappoint all the disciples, you should really listen to Great Senior Brother about Rainy’s punishment.” A calm figure suddenly appeared in the line of Three-Hearted and stood directly in the twelfth position.

This calm figure could actually open his mouth to speak up amidst the three Non-Falling-Level force. His voice traveled clearly into everyone’s ears.

“Garen! You!” A white-shirted Aloran mustered up all her powers but barely managed to spread her voice. She was instantly stunned as she stared at Garen with his calm face.

Compared to the relaxed sound transmission skill of the other party, her strenuous effort immediately contrasted the skill gap between the two.

At this time, Garen was in the same Three-Hearted white clothes with a blue scimitar on his waist. He was looking calmly at his teacher – Second Elder.

He glanced below at the deadpan Rainy. A trace of guilt flashed through his eyes. Turning back, he and Carthage’s eyes officially met for the first time.

Both the first genius and the second genius of Scarlet Snow Sect finally met formally for the first time. Both parties might have known each other more or less from different channels, but this was the first time they had met each other.

Carthage’s expression was plain. He was not at all moved by Garen’s showing up.

On the other hand, Garen was smiling slightly.

In the basilica, energy fields were violently rubbing, counteracting and colliding against one another. At every minute and every second, the three elders and Carthage were exhausting horrific power. Moreover, there was the Qi’s Dynamic confrontation of Mirror-Level Martial Arts Realms.

Time ticked by bit by bit...

At last.

Second Elder closed his eyes tiredly.

Just when he retracted his energy field, First Elder, Third Elder, and Carthage also pulled back their own energy field, restoring calmness.

“Take Rainy down to the Heavy Water Prison.”

The sharp voice of Third Elder sounded again. He looked admiringly at Carthage and Garen. “You are indeed Second Elder’s disciples. You know how to bear the overall situation in mind and put the general interest above all. That’s good, that’s good.”

Two white-armored guards appeared in a flash and took hold of Rainy. They immediately turned around and walked on.

Second Elder said nothing.

First Elder was so pleased that he laughed out loud.

This was the first time the two had won Second Brother in a direct confrontation.

As Rainy was taken away, some people sighed in pity, some gloated, but more were those who had nothing to do with this, whose horizon was widened by the scene of the big bosses engaging one another.

If the entire basilica did not have a muting light curtain, it would have already become a rowdy market.

After everything was settled, Second Elder disappeared silently from his seat.

The remaining two elders looked at Carthage and Garen.

“You two were very good. Hehe, hehe...” The chubby First Elder laughed, vanishing instantly.

Third Elder also disappeared from his seat.

Carthage nodded to Garen, turned around and flew away. He turned into a red ray of light in a trice, blazing and disappearing into the air.

Only the line of Three-Hearted was left on the spot.

“Garen, you ungrateful thing!!” The white-shirted Aloran darted at Garen and punched him in the abdomen.

Boom!

Her punch hit its target. A fist of intangible energy field broke through and emerged from Garen’s back. The intangible force smashed the tray on one of the stone pillars in the basilica into two halves.

The chestnuts on it rolled down to the floor.

Garen let her punch at his lower abdomen and was motionless.

“How did Sister Rainy teach you back then?! How did Senior Sister Eva help speak kindly on your behalf! Who helped you to resolve the matter between you and Ron!” Aloran cried.

“Even if you don’t have much gratitude, you shouldn’t have harmed her!!” She wept out loud.

Garen took a deep breath. Blood was spilling out from the corner of his mouth.

“Senior Sister, this is no longer a personal matter...”

He could never stand on Rainy’s side. When Garen heard this news as soon as he finished his cultivation, his heart also struggled for a long time before making this decision. He knew that this choice was doomed to be despised. But he could never give up his development in the sect for Rainy.

He was grateful to Rainy for guiding him and helping him to enter the sect, but this was not enough to make him give up some things and abandon his plan.

He noticed that the gaze of the people looking at him had become scornful and disdainful. Unable to distinguish between gratefulness and hatred, if such a person could give up a friend just for justice, he could give up the second time.

No one was willing to deal with such people.

Sigh...

With a sigh, Garen turned around and left slowly.

Rainy had given him guidance on the integration of Martial Arts Realm. He had just merged into his Resonance Crystal when he received the news of Rainy was to be tried. He was immediately shocked and quickly got out from his cultivation. However, he did not expect the consequence to be this serious.

Night –

Heavy Water Prison

In a single cell deep in the water dungeon-like prison, Rainy’s hair was disheveled and her lower body was soaked in a pitch-black mercury-like liquid.

The liquid was extremely corrosive and was constantly eroding her power and body. The subtle buzzing sounds it produced gave people the creeps.

The faint moonlight shone through the only window overhead. Rainy stood in the beam of the moonlight and looked up at the night sky motionless.

“Senior Sister.”

A voice suddenly traveled in from the window.

Garen’s face appeared at the window and was peering down at Rainy.

“You have obviously broken through, why didn’t you flee? Being at the peak of Inherited Level and adding on your Silver Mirror Martial Arts Realm, if you had wanted to escape, no one but the elders and Great Senior Brother could catch you.”

Silence.

Rainy did not answer. She just lowered her head and stood calmly in the heavy water.

“Great Senior Brother sent people to hunt down the child to whom you gave the Frost Secret Technique to...” Garen spoke gently.

Immediately, Rainy’s body shook slightly.

Garen shook his head helplessly. He opened the window softly and used a rope to let down a basket of food and fruits. After retracting the rope, he looked once more at Senior Sister Rainy.

Still motionless, without any response. The food basket was simply left to float beside her on the heavy water.

Closing the window, Garen turned and slowly walked out of the Heavy Water Prison, following the dark underground stone tunnel back up.

The large-stone tunnel was like the underground passage of a castle. There were torches that were lit up with a fire that could burn for a thousand years on both sides of the wall and the orange-yellow flames were constantly making a crackling sound. The yellow fire, which reflected Garen's shadow, kept on wavering.

The tunnel spiraled upwards and was without steps. It was an even slope for the convenient of transporting items.

Suddenly, two tall persons dressed in white approached from the top. Of these two, the left man wore a Three-Hearted Crystal Pauldron and a thick cloak drooped straight behind him. It was eye-catching.

Garen had already memorized all the information of Three-Hearted. He recognized who this Three-Hearted was at a glance.

He looked up slightly.

"For what purpose Senior Brother Mies is not at Third Elder's place listening to his teachings but have come here at such a late hour?"

It was the eighth-ranked Moonshine's higher-ups, Mies.

No one knew his surname. Everyone knew that he was called Mies. This long-faced man's character was exactly the same as that of Third Elder, sly and suspicious.

Mies smiled faintly.

"Being the disciple of the same sect together with Senior Sister Rainy, I came here to see her for the last time. But I do wonder what Junior Brother Garen is here for?"

He looked like a very thin and refined young man. But if it were not a few major events which made everyone aware of his true colors, no one would have expected him to be a cunning man. This face was the most deceiving.

“What you have come to do, I have come to do.” Garen smiled and answered calmly.

The two passed by each other.

Suddenly Mies stood firm and turned his head slightly.

“I heard that a spy intruded into Scarlet Snow Sect on the night before yesterday. I wonder if Junior Brother Garen spotted any clues?”

“I’ve been secluded in cultivation and had just come out, but I didn’t find anything,” Garen answered with a faint smile.

“If there’s any news, remember to inform me first...” Mies smiled. “As the law enforcement officer of the sect, a lot of things can be dealt with in a smooth and logical fashion. It’s much easier. Don’t you think so?”

Garen opened his mouth, but he suddenly felt a sharp force field rushing over from behind, like some kind of high-speed-flying hidden weapon.

Whoo!

His energy field operated behind him. A mighty intangible force field appeared in the moment, blocking that sharp force field.

Zzz...!

In the sharp friction sound, the two force fields slammed together, violently turned and rubbed against each other.

A mighty air flow broke out between Garen and Mies, abrading both sides of the wall and causing the fire of the torch to flicker non-stop as if it might be extinguished at any time.

Both of them did not directly make their move but instantly engaged with their Qi's Dynamic energy field from the integration of the Resonance Crystal Core and Martial Arts Realm.

Ah-woo...

A black, giant wolf gradually emerged beside Garen. It was not an entity but an inexplicable natural form formed by the Qi's Dynamic.

A black spider slowly crawled on Mies' shoulder. The corner of his mouth turned upwards.

The Qi's Dynamic between the two abruptly disappeared without a trace.

The pounding footsteps gradually went further away toward the bottom.

Garen stood on the spot and paused for a moment. The black wolf at his feet automatically broke apart and vanished. Garen's face was expressionless. He withdrew his smile and continued to head up.

Chapter 1052: Surprise Attack 2

The night was unusually gloomy. Dark clouds covered the moon little by little. Only the slightest gap projected the white beam of the moon.

The Heavy Water Prison of Planet Scarlet Snow was located just below the Central Courtroom. There was only one passage around it, coming from a Three-Hearted Royal Highness' residence in the outskirt.

This road from the outermost Fifteenth Palace to the innermost First Palace was along the residence assigned to the Three-Hearted Disciples and Planet Scarlet headquarters, and at the same time, to defend against foreign invasion to the headquarters as it was the only road which must be passed. There were a total of fifteen villa palaces representing fifteen different levels of a defense.

However, the ranking of Three-Hearted was not necessarily based on strength. Some ranked low but their strength was not bad. It was just because there was no formal challenge to a higher position so they stayed in the same spot.

The entire Scarlet Snow headquarters, with the courtroom on the highest peak of Scarlet Snow at the center of it, was shaped like a giant nail. The tip of the nail was the entrance to the Fifteenth Manor.

The rest of the surrounding area were thousands of miles of white snow and was sparsely populated.

The territories of the elders in different seasons, as well as the Great Wall Library, were located far on the right side of this place. Only through jump-teleportation could one arrive in an instant.

At this time, at the entrance of the Fifteenth Palace, white snow was flying around. The entrance point to the huge white buildings was this up to 162-meters tall, gigantic door of the Fifteenth Place.

The large snowy white ice-door was like a polar iceberg that had not melted for 10,000 years. Its bottom had almost fused with the ground and blended into one. The door had not been opened for centuries.

Everyone either used teleportation or flew in the air. None had walked through from here.

But this hundreds-of-meter giant door at this moment finally ushered in its first visitors in centuries.

Three youngsters were standing in front of the giant door, looking up at the ice-covered door that was hundreds of meters in height. They were not visitors invited by Scarlet Snow Sect, so naturally, they did not have the qualification to enter by flying in the air. That would cause them to be defeated by the huge defensive system. They were also not qualified to use the teleportation device that could instantly jump-teleport them inside.

Therefore, they could only think of ways at the entrance on the ground.

“The old woman is locked inside here?” The blonde young boy standing in front had a solemn face on. He was dressed in simple gray and long clothing. Both his wrists showed signs of being wrapped in white bandages.

He was not tall, but the black epee he carried on his back revealed a simple sense of sharpness to his entire person.

“If you all want to rescue Rainy, the only way is through this giant door.” A voice in the void slowly sounded. “Hong Guo, this is the first test point.”

“The first?” The blonde young boy frowned. “That is to say, there are still many more at the back? Just say it all out. There’s bound to be a way.”

“You have the information provided by Fatty, so you should know that Scarlet Snow Sect is one of the Energy Machinists sects. It is also one of the strongest entities in this galaxy.” That voice sounded out again. “So, you have to first think of a way to pass through this giant door, only then you are qualified to enter it and face the fifteen defense points on the inside.”

“Fifteen of the strongest people in Scarlet Snow Sect?” The young boy, Hong Guo, spat. When the spit landed on the ground, it was immediately frozen into an ice cube with a cracking sound.

“Isn’t this too hard...” The look on one gentle young boy among the three was reluctant. “We had only come in contact with Energy Machinery for less than a year...”

“If you’re afraid, then turn back.” The third person was a girl. Her short, blonde hair was covered with a thick layer of white snowflakes. Her face was indifferent and her expression was plain as if nothing could shake her up. Both her hands had a dagger tied on them and she was dressed in a tight-fitting T-shirt plus a pair of white slim-fit jeans, looking very capable and revealing a good body shape and slender legs.

“Since we have reached here, should we still go back?” said Hong Guo calmly. “I don’t know how strong the Three-Hearted on the inside is, but there are always ways to solve difficulties. If you stop because of fear, then you should not have come here in the first place.”

The gentle young boy lowered his head and clenched his fist.

“If we’re gonna die, then let’s die together,” the blonde girl said indifferently.

“Courage is worthy of commendation, but let me tell you, the reason why I brought all of you here is that if you can really make your way through this path, then Scarlet Snow Sect will give those who cleared this path an opportunity to have their wish fulfilled.” The voice rang out again and it could not be distinguished whether it was a male or female.

“Oh? Any wish is possible?!” Hong Guo’s eyes suddenly brightened up.

“Any wish is possible.”

“Hehe...”

Hong Guo’s sight was fixed on the hundreds-of-meters huge door before him. After a strange laugh, he slowly pulled out the black epee at his back.

Inside Scarlet Snow Sect headquarters

The chilly cold wind continued to bring down snowflakes.

In a small courtyard. The mysterious youth who had joined the sect together with White Night was holding a lean sword and standing quietly in the courtyard of his own Fifteenth Manor.

In each of the four directions, there was a masked white-clothed man guarding his safety so as not to have anyone disturb him.

The snow fell alongside him, but none were accumulated on his head and shoulders. He had just been assigned to the Fifteenth Royal Highness' Fifteenth Manor. Without any moment of tiredness, he immediately went to the Great Wall Library and acquired a secret tactic from the secret manuals to cultivate.

"It is really not easy to mingle to get into this place." No one realized that that mysterious youth with heavy features was silently communicating with an existence on his body.

"As long as you have succeeded in coming in, there will bound to be opportunities to enter Frost Hell. Rest assured, as long as there are no unexpected incidents, Scarlet Snow Sect will definitely focus on nurturing you and that kid from Gideon clan. There will be no slack." A bewitching voice came into his mind, sounding neither male nor female, but there were some echoes in it.

"After all, your talent genes are the blood lineage of the legendary White Dragon. As a Fantasy Dragon species that control frost, the higher-ups of Scarlet Snow Sect cannot afford to not take you seriously. At the crucial time, once you find the right opportunity, quietly make your move... Hehe..."

The youth smiled lightly.

Whish!

The lean sword in his hand suddenly stabbed forward, hitting out a shimmering white ray, straight and long-lasting like a slender beam of light.

Crack...

In the meantime, there seemed to be a slight cracking sound coming from afar.

The sound was very small and very light, but it could not be ignored.

The mysterious youth was slightly startled. He turned to look in the direction of the sound.

“What was that sound?”

His Level Five Willpower burst into full force, turning into a white light and lasing out. It went straight to where the sound came from.

The straight, slender white light suddenly emitted a pure light, illuminating everything that it passed. The white light swept through a row of sparse buildings, illuminating each sect members who were alerted by the sound and walked out of the buildings. These people, who were carefully selected from the outside world, were chosen from the most brilliant human beings on Planet Scarlet Snow to work here. Through centuries, they had gradually become a self-sufficient inheritance. Generations after generations lived in this vast field and there had not been any changes.

The sound in the night at this time was a phenomenon that had never occurred over the centuries.

The white beam of light shot out several kilometers, directly illuminating everything that it passed.

The mysterious youth suddenly showed an expression as if seeing something interesting.

“It actually...”

It was at this moment when his voice had not faltered.

Boom bam!!!

Accompanied by the sound of countless glass cracking, the hundreds-of-meter giant door which had never been opened before actually cracked open a huge gap in this dark night.

Countless crushed ice sprayed out from the gap and dropped down, crushing the houses on the ground and the street.

The people below who were nearby cried out in panic and they madly fled far away, rolling and crawling in their rush.

Shouts, sirens, screams, and the cries from being slammed by the huge ice pieces, were all submerged in the huge roar, fading in and out.

“Interesting...how interesting...!” The youth held the sword up-side-down. The smile on his face was a stark contrast to the protectors around who had lost some of their cool.

Just out of the prison, Garen looked in the direction of the distant roar. That hundreds-of-meter giant door that was said to have not been opened and had been thought abandoned by everyone was actually opened tonight?

Standing at the prison door, Garen gently gripped the hilt of the blue scimitar and closed his eyes. They were once again opened and he quietly walked towards the Twelfth Manor he lived in.

Behind him was the huge, majestic and sharp-edged Scarlet Snow Peak Courtroom.

Inside First Manor

In the desolated snowy center of First Manor, Carthage sat cross-legged in the snow. The surrounding was empty without any buildings. There was only some building debris that was buried under the heavy snow.

In front of him stood the second-ranked person — that mysterious woman whose body was wrapped in a white robe was Rainy’s older sister, Alice.

Alice was a very common and popular name. But when used on this woman, no one ever felt it was common.

As the original first powerhouse of Scarlet Snow Sect and at the same time, also the highest chief of Moonshine, nobody knew how long had Alice been in Scarlet Snow Sect. Perhaps for hundreds of years, perhaps thousands of years. No one knew.

She was the earliest group of disciples of the entire Scarlet Snow Sect. There had also been many geniuses emerging throughout the years. But even as those characters either left or had fallen, she still remained in the chief position of Moonshine. There was no change.

Every time a talented junior brother rose from behind, she was always willing to give up the first place and set herself as the second. No one knew what she was thinking about, nor did anyone know what she looked like.

At this time, Alice only exposed a pair of light blue, slender eyes and was quietly watching Carthage sitting cross-legged in the snow.

“You hear that? The trial door has been opened.” Her sweet voice came from underneath the mask.

“What about that?” Carthage said plainly, but his eyes were not even opened.

“What would you do if they could come to your front?” Alice asked calmly.

“What would you like me to do?” Carthage opened his eyes and there seemed to be black vortexes swirling in them. That pair of eyes stared right at Alice.

Strands of invisible force field were spreading out slowly and the atmosphere was faintly solidified.

“Go separate ways!”

At the bottom of the trial door, three shadows went through the door and suddenly spread out, each darting in one direction.

“Remember to gather at Fifteenth Palace!”

A voice transmission was instantly transmitted from Hong Guo into the other two’s ears.

The trio seemed to be very familiar with the terrain of Scarlet Snow Sect headquarters. After a few leaps, they had disappeared into the alleys.

Most of the residents living in Scarlet Snow headquarters had not used force for many years. In the face of such situation, only a handful of security forces were still searching around. More were those who hid in their homes to wait for things to pass.

And so, the three people barely got any hindrance in the vast residence land and reached the entry point of Fifteenth Palace right away. The only price was to defeat a few waves of security guards whom they came across by chance. The strongest guard was only the combat strength of a Level Three Energy Machinist who was easily resolved by them.

The trio landed at the border of Fifteenth Palace and pushed open the wooden red door. Inside was the ranked fifteenth Three-Hearted Royal Highness’ residence that guarded the headquarters.

The snow was getting heavier. The moonlight was obscured by the thick clouds and not a bit of it was leaked through.

“No one here? What’s going on?” Hong Guo gripped his epee tightly. The moment he walked in, he did not even see a glimpse of a figure inside.

“Come on, let’s go. Maybe we’re lucky and the owner had so happened to go out.” The gentle young boy was a little scared and suggested.

The two did not disagree. They quickly found a teleportation leaping point and stood in it. The leaping point which should have been locked was actually unlocked and lit up at this time.

Hiss!

The trio disappeared instantly from the leaping platform.

None of them noticed that in the darkness, a figure slowly walked out and quietly watched them leaped away. It did not make any sound.

There were no snags. They passed through Fifteenth Manor, and after a fierce battle with White Night at Fourteenth Manor, the Level Four strength was defeated.

Thirteenth Manor was empty at this time.

Inside Heavy Water Prison.

“Senior Sister! I’m here to get you out!” The prison window was opened and a stream of white radiance shot in, hitting precisely and breaking the chains and cuffs on her.

Aloran jumped in and entered the heavy water with a splash.

Rainy looked terribly wan at this time. Her initial thin appearance was now even more emaciated as if a breeze could blow her off her feet.

“Aloran...don’t waste your energy...I’ve made a big mistake and I deserve to be punished...”

She spoke slowly.

“Don’t speak anymore! I’ll bring you out!” Aloran would not allow her to talk. Her hands drew out strokes of lines like silk. A large number of white lines intertwined, growing bigger and greater in number and quickly becoming a big white bird the height of a person.

Gently placing Rainy on the white bird’s back, a white imprint suddenly lit up between Aloran’s eyebrows.

“Neutral Traction! Go!” She hurriedly operated her Willpower and pointed on the white bird’s head.

Gee...

The white bird gave out a long cry, flapped its wings and rushed to the window overhead. They dashed out of the prison instantly.

Pap, pap, pap, pap...

Suddenly there was a clear applause outside of the prison.

A bloody figure walked out of the prison’s shadow, exposing the face of a malicious man with an aquiline nose.

“It’s a good plan...using a few cannon fodder to attract everyone’s attention while you yourself guard and steal and release the criminal...”

“Angola...” Aloran was stunned. Her figure which was about to leave stopped instantly. Her eyes were fixed on the other party.

“Releasing the criminal without permission and collaborating with outsiders to attack the headquarters. Tenth Aloran, what crime should you be guilty of?” Angola showed a savage smile.

“It’s better if I help you to catch the criminal back to reduce your sins.”

Before his voice had faltered, Angola suddenly turned into a shadow of blood and rushed straight up to the exit.

“Don’t even think about it!” Aloran rose into the sky and burst out strands of white lines, rushing toward Angola in all directions. “Sixth Angola, come slug it out!!”

A big white bird slowly appeared beside her. It raised its head and gave out a sharp and long cry.

Gee...!

The big white bird carried Rainy and flew toward the darkness far away. There seemed to be a layer of dark yarn around it, covering and concealing its entire white body, making it completely hidden in the darkness.

The big bird crossed the large buildings and passed through First Manor, Second Manor, Third Manor...

Whish!!

A red beam of light shot up into the sky from below. It was aimed at the bird’s head, ready to burst it into pieces.

Before the attack had arrived, the powerful force field attack had caused the big bird to fall into a state of collapse where it could disperse at any time.

“Blizzard Fist!!”

A raging atmosphere charged upward and took on the form a white light beam as it fiercely broke apart the red light, resolving the crisis. Red and white light fragments scattered all over and descended like shining fluorescent snowflakes. It was exceptionally beautiful.

On the snowfield below, a tall and robust figure appeared in a flash, as if jumping out of nowhere.

“Demonic Spirit, you have come too...” The robust figure spoke in a deep male voice and looked into the darkness not far away.

“Didn’t you also come?” A figure wrapped in a white strip of cloth resembling a mummy walked out of the darkness. Her exposed skin was all without the slightest skin surface and the red muscle beneath it was completely visible. It was horrifying.

“Attacking the headquarters at night and setting the criminal free, this is a big crime.” The robust man spoke in a low voice and stretched out his index finger. A laser-like red beam of light lengthened and shortened continually at his fingertip, making an ear-piercing sound.

“You know what? King Cat, I really wanted to fight with you ten years ago. I didn’t expect to wait until now to have the chance.” Demonic Spirit smiled sinisterly. “I have always wanted to know what qualification you have to be ranked fourth...”

“Qualification? It seems that you’re wishing for death...” A massive force field swelled out of King Cat and turned into a big white cat with the tail of a red viper, crouching beside him.

Rushing footsteps ran across the snowfield.

The boots stepping on the snow was making a rhythmical sound.

A dark shadow beneath was chasing the white bird above. That mysterious youth who had just joined the sect, Fifteenth Three-Hearted Royal Highness, had a trace of greed at the corner of his mouth as he looked up at Rainy in the sky.

"The extremely weak Inherited Level peak...if I can..." The greed in his eyes was almost becoming substantial.

However, a giant body figure made him instantly dispel this idea.

It was a large fish in the air. Its whole body was white and full of spikes. It was chubby like a ball and the entire ball-fish was four or five meters in diameter. Its two wide-eyed big eyes were blinking non-stop as it hovered mid-air and glared at the oncoming white big bird.

"You've worked hard, little fellow." The ball-fish actually opened its mouth to speak, nodding its head toward the mysterious youth below. "Through the test this time, consider yourself part of Star Plate."

The youth smiled, darted into the darkness and rushed toward his manor.

Rainy crouched on the back of the white bird and smiled bitterly at the ball-fish.

"Eleventh, why are you doing this...this is my own sin. It has to be bear by me alone."

"What are you saying? You must believe in everyone. I believe that Great Senior Brother wouldn't really want to keep you!" The ball-fish blew a bubble with its nose and spoke.

"But this way, everyone will get into trouble because of me..." Rainy gave a wry smile.

"It's okay...just sleep. All will be well after a sleep. You are too weak now and you will hurt your Origin if you hold out anymore." The ball-fish exuded another bubble through his nose. It quickly became bigger and enveloped Rainy in it right away.

The white bird finally broke up slowly and disappeared in mid-air.

The bubble seemed to have a hypnotic effect. Wrapping Rainy in it, it actually quickly made her closed her eyes and fell into a deep sleep gradually.

The ball-fish looked at Rainy, who quickly drifted away, and shook his head slightly.

“Although I am also a member of Moonshine, but compared to our friendship...”

“Eleventh...some things cannot be violated.” Suddenly, a calm voice suddenly sounded just below him.

The eyes of the ball-fish immediately constricted and looked downward. A seemingly ordinary man with an imposing sense of infinity was standing on the snowfield just below him.

“Carthage...”

He spoke with a bit of sorrow.

In the Elders’ Manor faraway

Second Elder slowly closed his eyes and let out a long sigh. He got up and left the front of the monitoring crystal wall.

The body of the huge ball-fish was frozen in the center of a gigantic ice block and erected in the middle of the snowfield.

The ball-fish had its eyes wide opened while a complex imprint was converged between its two short fins. But he himself and the incomplete white imprint were frozen and sealed in the ice block.

Carthage placed one hand on his sword and looked plainly at Rainy, who was gradually heading away. With a light leap, his figure actually crossed a distance of tens of meters in the blink of an eye and appeared on the snowfield directly underneath Rainy’s bubble.

Leaping again, he appeared in the air within a distance of fewer than ten meters in the blink of an eye and reached out to grab the bubble right away.

Clang!!!!

His hands did not grab the bubble but a silvery white scimitar instead. It was a demonic blade with its hilt blazing a blue flame.

A round of substantial-like terrific shock wave broke out from the contact point of the hand and the blade, instantly destroying all the surveillance facilities around.

“You are?!” Carthage’s eyes which were without any motion all this while for the first time changed slightly.

The response given to him was a low and light shout.

“Sunlight.”

Immediately, endless light shrouded him. It was an endless blue light that radiated like the sun. Endless light and warmth shined fiercely upon Carthage.

He did not dodge and could not dodge!

In the split moment, Carthage only had time to use his right hand to block the front of him.

“What happened? How come I can’t see anything more?” Inside First Elder’s manor, First Elder and Third Elder sat in huge chairs and watched the monitor wall in front of them, but the sudden scene wrecked all their monitors straight away.

“Someone deliberately damaged the monitors to get out of our surveillance.” Third Elder laughed sharply. “It seems that there are still many things in the headquarters that we don’t know very well...”

“What’s the point of saying all this? Want to go and see for ourselves?” First Elder’s hand was still clutching a large piece of shiny brown barbecued meat, which seemed to be a giant creature’s thigh meat. He bit it, tore the meat and chomped loudly.

“We can’t make our moves, otherwise Second Brother would take action for sure. Our purpose is to stay here to stop Second Brother from breaking the rules.” Third Elder shook his head.

“Does this mean that there isn’t any more show to watch?” First Elder was speechless.

“It doesn’t matter. Aren’t the three little fellas still there?” Third Elder tapped his finger lightly. The over ten meters of tall stone-walls immediately displayed the image of the scene on the other side.

The three male and female youngsters who intruded into the headquarters were now in Eight Manor and battling face-to-face with the eight ranked Mies.

Chapter 1054: Surprise Attack 4

The three people were surrounded by ice-blue light spots, pure like the elves’ blue light spots. Under the radiance of these light spots, their speed of action seemed to have increased, even the blood flow from their wounds would be instantly stopped by a layer of thin ice.

Mies was tall and thin. There was an obvious mocking look on his face as he stood in the middle of a formation, surrounded by the three.

“So weak...” He cocked his head to a side and spit out these simple words.

An invisible transparent energy field emanated from him. The energy field expanded and became bigger and higher like haze. It quickly formed a huge sphere that was more than ten meters high.

Swoosh swoosh swoosh...

Sharp hairy spikes were suddenly projected out of the ball. The entire sphere became a giant energy-field-spider in less than half a second.

Whish!

One of the spider's foreleg suddenly struck light lightning at the front of the short-haired girl.

The latter had no time to respond and was hit. The shirt on the girl's chest was torn apart and her bosom popped out instantly. That was not all. In the middle of her chest, a horrifying blood wound gradually became wider and bigger, almost splitting the whole chest into two halves.

Pooh!!

The girl's chest involuntarily raised and a jet of viscous blood spurted out instantly. Before it had landed on the ground, it had condensed into a sharp red crystal-pillar.

With a bang, the girl fell to the ground into a coma.

"Canaan!!" "Sister Can!"

Hong Guo and the gentle boy's minds went blank. When they saw the girl fell, they rushed madly toward her side.

Mies had no intention of stopping them, but only view them like ants, watching the two's tears and snot gushed out and them helping the girl up with terror, guilt, anxiousness, and pain.

He found it very interesting.

Observing other people's feelings and emotions had always been his most favored hobby. And so, he had the interest to be like a spider, entwining his opponents little by little, trapping them bit by bit into a state of desperation, watching the other party erupt all their power, and finally revealing despair and anger, and yet, still unable to do anything.

That intense feeling fascinated him the most.

"How wonderful..." Mies licked his lips greedily. It was this type of feeling that made him felt as though there was something thick and delicious slowly releasing in his heart, leaving a rich aftertaste.

"Secret Frost Seed should be on you yea, kid." Mies laughed and stared at Hong Guo. This lad had a faint aura on him that he dreaded.

"Although I don't know exactly what method you used to fuse with the Secret Frost Seed, this will be your last lucky place here..." Mies slowly walked forward. The giant transparent energy-field-spider also followed him forward, making a sharp hissing sound of air flow.

"I'll kill you!!!" Hong Guo broke out in a frenzy, and suddenly rushed over and slashed directly at Mies with his épée.

He growled and fused all the power in his entire body into this move.

Ah!!!!

Suddenly, the night sky in the distance lit up. A piercing blue light like that of a little sun emitted scorching heat and a blazing glow in the distance, like a wheel of light hung up in the night sky.

The blue light caused Mies to blink his eyes and so, his action slowed a little.

When he raised his hand again to hurriedly parry, he suddenly found that the speed of the épée had increased ten times abruptly and had already reached him in the blink of an eye.

The last thing that entered his vision was the demonic eyes of that lad which was glowing with blue light.

Swoosh!!

“How careless...” This was Mies’ last thought as his consciousness sank into darkness.

The blue light slowly dimmed and two figures stood still opposite of each other in mid-air.

“Who are you...?” Carthage leaped a few steps back and paused mid-air, staring at the black-robed figure who appeared out of the blue in mid-air.

The other person’s whole body was shrouded in a black robe and the surrounding aura fluctuation seemed to be concealed and messed up using some special item. It was just a bunch of muddled and disarrayed signal.

From the outside, it was impossible to identify which sect this person was from and what was his identity and look.

Carthage lifted his right hand. His palm was scorched and black. It was still emitting white smoke.

“Regenerate.”

He spoke lightly.

The wound on the palm quickly grew to heal and the black scar fell off directly from the new, tender meat beneath in less than two seconds, restoring the ruddy skin of his palm.

“Who am I is not important.” The black-robed man answered calmly. “What’s important is that I am no threat to your plans.” No one could realize that underneath the black robe, the back of the man was perspiring cold sweat.

“What do you mean?” Carthage narrowed his eyes.

“It is exactly as how you understood it. Do you think I would believe that a fellow who had just joined the sect for less than twenty years could be such a genius as to advance to Non-Falling Level in such a short period of time? Such a top-class talent would be willing to enter Scarlet Snow Sect at this remote area? Just because of the kindness of Second Elder from the previous generation whom you talked about?”

The black-robed man said nonchalantly.

“Or perhaps, you are not just a beginner disciple. Being able to advance from Level One to Non-Falling Level in twenty years’ time would be considered a top-class genius in the whole of Energy Machinist world, but unfortunately...it is not you.” The black-robed man teased as he spoke. “Tell me, am I right? Dear Lord General Rain King...”

“I don’t understand what you are saying.”

Carthage’s pupils constricted slightly and his left hand which was holding the hilt tightened slowly.

“Don’t be nervous.” It was pins and needles on the black-robed man’s scalp as he felt an extremely terrifying Qi’s Dynamic locked on him.

He made a nonchalant tone and his voice was low and powerful.

“I don’t mean to expose you. I also don’t have the ability to expose this game of chess.”

“Your purpose,” Carthage asked calmly.

“Rainy had saved me once in the outside world and I would like to return the favor.” The black-robed man also answered calmly. “For this reason, I can do it at all cost...”

Carthage did not ask stupid questions such as ‘Are you not afraid of me killing you?’ Since the other party dared to come, the person must have done some preparatory work in other areas in advance.

He just stared at the other party, wanting to penetrate the black robe to see the face of the person inside. This plan of overturning Energy Machinists was extremely secretive. It could be said that apart from the participants and the supreme commander, no one would know about this huge game plan.

In any case, he could not figure out from where did the other party learn about this plan.

It could not be the people of Scarlet Snow Sect. No one here could withstand my blow and be so calm unless it was the Guardian, that monster. However, that monster would not speak so much of nonsense with me over this kind of trivial matter. If it were him, an impatient slap would have gotten rid of me.

Carthage’s mind was spinning rapidly, rejecting each speculation.

“You can go.” Carthage’s left hand which was clenching the hilt was finally relaxed.

“Thank you. Rest assured, I will never leak the slightest news. This is the trend of the times. Nobody can stop it.” After the black-robed man had finished speaking, he dragged the bubble that Rainy was in with one hand, turned around and in a flash, had crossed dozens of meter and appeared mid-air in the distance.

Then, it was another quick flash again. Directly using another short-range space jump device, he suddenly jumped and disappeared into the dark night.

Looking at the figure of the black-robed man who left, Carthage’s hand that was holding the hilt tightened slightly, but he never made his move.

The hit that the opponent broke out just now was no less than the power of his arbitrary strike. Adding on his casual attitude, there was a thirty percent of possibility that the opponent was a powerhouse of the same level as he was. Once entangled, exposing the plan was not worth the candle. Once exposed, it might have little effect on the big plan but he himself would certainly die here.

“It seems that they will need to arrive here as soon as possible...”

Only after the glimmer of bubble had completely disappeared in the night sky did Carthage slowly turned around and threw out a black ball from his hand. The ball instantly unfolded and transformed into a dark square passage.

As Carthage entered it, the passage suddenly disappeared. Besides the remaining traces of the two forces on site, there was no other sound.

Far away on the snowfield in the night

Pooh!!

The black-robed man slowly took off his robe. His whole body was covered with blood. His blood vessels were broken and his skin was burst open with blood hole of various sizes. His flesh and bones were wiggling continually, straining to close up the wounds, but they were confronted by some kind of powerful force.

“How powerful...a Non-Falling Level senior powerhouse. Indeed, a well-deserved reputation...I was almost half dead!”

Garen smiled bitterly and looked at his pitiful state.

Physical injuries were not the most important thing. After all, with enough potential points, they could be healed. The most troublesome thing was the magic device Sunlight. This time, it seemed that it had

finally erupted completely. The blue flame inside was fully exhausted. Only then did Garen knew that the blue flame inside could be depleted completely.

At this time, Sunlight was being held in Garen's hands. The flame on the hilt was gone. It looked like an ordinary silvery white long blade.

Only by relying on this demonic blade could Garen erupt the power of that of a Non-Falling Level for a short time.

With the strength of his Two-Moons Level at the resonance peak, if there was no such demonic blade, it was impossible for him to counteract Carthage's grasp directly. With his own strength, he could only deal with Inherited-Level powerhouse at the most.

"It can only be done this way..." Placing Rainy's bubble on the snowfield, Garen put on his black robe again and quickly disappeared into the night.

The bubble with Rainy enveloped in it laid alone on the snowfield. A few minutes later, a figure with a bloody odor quickly approached from the darkness.

It was Aloran, who had just got away.

Her whole body was stained with blood. Her original white dress was also tattered everywhere. One arm hung loosely on her side, obviously broken by an external force.

"Rainy!"

She saw the lethargic Rainy in the bubble and quickly rushed over. Bursting the bubble with a poke, she carried her up.

That man's intel was actually true!?

She recalled the previous abrupt reception of a letter from a black-robed man. She had only rushed over here to have a look but did not expect that Sister Rainy was really here.

Looking around, the surrounding was an empty snowfield. A dark rotating black hole was gradually opening in the air not far away. It was a black hole-jump. Obviously, everything had been well arranged.

Aloran darted over and checked the jumping destination of the black hole with her Energy Machine Imprint. She was instantly overjoyed.

“It’s Public Star Region!”

Without saying anything, she jumped straight into the black hole.

Hiss...

In the subtle noise, the black hole slowly shrank and vanished. It finally transformed into a dotted black light and dissipated in the air with a poof.

Chapter 1055

Five days later.

The Post-Jump Reception Hall

Garen automatically went to greet the arrivals at the entrance to the jumping airship, wearing a small smile on his face.

Surrounded by several guards, Eva hurriedly walked down the airship bridge.

“Senior Sister, you’re finally back.”

“What have you been doing these past few days?” asked Eva calmly, looking at Garen.

"I was in seclusion. I just happened to come with some new ideas, so I wanted to perform some experiments to see whether they could work," replied Garen with a smile.

Smack!

The hall instantly fell completely silent. The guards, as well as the other higher-ups from the Scarlet Snow Sect who were here as the welcoming party, all turned their eyes to the two of them. Their gazes ranged from dazed, shocked, and confused, to secretly entertained.

Garen stood in the center of it all, his face turned to a side, as he looked at Senior Sister Eve in front of him. His left cheek was slightly swollen from that slap, red and slightly puffy.

"You have disappointed me." Eva's eyes glistened with tears, and she shook her head in agony.

Garen touched his face, the intense pain still burning and prickling his skin.

"What you're saying, Senior Sister, is that I should have disregarded the law, and provided help out of personal and selfish interest?" Garen actually started smiling again.

Eva had no words for him.

She fell silent for a moment, and then she suddenly pushed him away hard, leaving with her guards.

"From now on, you are no longer my Junior Brother. I, Eva Regar, am not worthy of that title." Her final words came from a distance.

Garen just felt the pain in his cheek grew more and more intense, and he was beginning to feel slightly dizzy. Ever since Carthage grievously injured his brain, there was still a lingering wisp of energy from the energy field left in there, it was not completely removed. And now, Eva's slap had landed hard, although she did not use Willpower, the pure strength of a peak-level Resonance Level fighter was already extremely considerable. Faced with that slap, if it had been a lower-level Energy Machinist, their heads would have been immediately smashed open like a watermelon.

He touched his left cheek, and sighed inwardly.

He did not want to betray his principles, and he had always been clear about who treated him well and who did not, but he also could not reveal what his true plans were. In the tremendous changes that were going to occur, the only way for him to reap the most benefits was to actively stand on Carthage's side.

Especially considering the large division that was going to arrive at the Three Great Cities soon. That terrifying man...

That was the main key to their plans, if Garen could get a share of the pie... That was his best chance to not only avoid the trouble, but also to obtain the most benefits and growth opportunities! In preparation for the future.

"There's just... not enough time..." mumbled Garen, as he turned around and left the reception hall.

At first, he had come here prepared to explain some things and hint at others to his Senior Sister Eva, but now, seeing how rash her personality was...

After Rainy was successfully rescued, it seemed that the three punks who had infiltrated the place had also been automatically released by the people in the sect.

The dust had all settled, and under the Second Elder faction's unspoken approval, the book was quietly closed on this matter. Nobody knew how much the Second Elder had to sacrifice to suppress this matter.

But anyone could tell that he was in an extremely good mood right now.

Time passed slowly.

Everyone seemed to have purposely put this incident out of their minds. Nobody mentioned it again.

The Scarlet Snow Sect headquarters returned to its previous state of calm and peace. Those who were training returned to their training, those who were traveling returned to their travels, and those who liked to go to the Void Battlefields just decided to stay indoors and not come out anymore.

Garen's actions throughout this incident had also earned him the acknowledgment of the First Elder and the Third Elder, but more importantly, he earned the acknowledgment of First Senior Brother Carthage. He had successfully gotten a lot closer to him.

Although many other Senior and Junior Brothers were unhappy with this, the First Senior Brother's authority made them hold their tongues. Nobody dared to dissent.

At first Garen had planned to continue training, and only emerge again at the Major Sect Battle three years later. But Carthage gave him a task, forcing him to pause his training progress and prepare instead for departure.

Black Wolf Lair

A young man with short white hair strode into the Black Wolf Lair's vast estate, and had just barely set foot in it.

Arooo...

Soft wolf howls gathered from all directions. Several Black Wolves, as large and strong as buffaloes, walked out of the darkness slowly, their green eyes shining like lanterns.

There were more than ten Black Wolves altogether, directly surrounding the white-haired man.

The man's expression was cold and distant, but he could not stop his pupils from dilating slightly. It was not that he was scared, he was just shocked at the terrifying force surrounding these Black Wolves.

"I am the Fourteenth, White Night. In accordance with Great Senior Brother's orders, I am here to invite Senior Brother Black Wolf to join me in departing from here and to provide assistance together."

There was no sound from the dark estate.

It seemed that his voice had not reached the innermost parts. The huge wolves began to pace around him, and one of the Black Wolves even began to drool, the saliva falling thickly onto the ground. A foul smell also began to spread through the air.

"I am the Fourteenth, White Night! Here on Great Senior Brother's orders!"

"I heard you." A voice interrupted his repetition. "Come in."

Only then did White Night heave a sigh of relief.

He had heard of this Senior Brother Black Wolf back when he was a Two-Hearted Disciple, and now it seemed that the rumors were true, this Senior Brother really was stronger than average.

"Also, there are a few of my Junior Brothers and followers here."

"Come in together." Garen's voice came from the dark depths.

Only then did White Night nod, and the giant wolves around him retreated quickly, and more than ten figures finally began to follow him soundlessly.

"Boss, this place really is something! It's even so much better than your White Night Garden!" said a large man, grinning.

"Watch your manners," reminded White Night in a low voice.

"Got it, got it." The burly man chuckled.

The group walked inside quickly, going through a rather dilapidated garden, fake mountains, a small garden, and some empty, somewhat disused houses. Soon, they reached the inner garden in the deepest part of the mansion.

The circular inner garden was completely dark, with only four eerie green flames burning creepily, emitting a dim light.

A tall and powerful figure was sitting cross-legged in the flat space between the four lanterns. It looked as though there were some mysterious and unique runes carved onto the ground, and they were disconcerting to look at. In fact, even the air felt slightly oppressive.

White Night took a deep breath, and lifted his hand. He signaled for his subordinates to stop, and walked forward on his own.

"Senior Brother Black Wolf, Great Senior Brother asked me to invite you to join us on our trip to the Four Ring Star Alliance's Planet Gideon," he said, loud and clear.

"I know." Garen opened his eyes, and looked at White Night somewhat strangely. "There are about a dozen of you heading off to your ancestral grounds on a treasure hunt, but was this your own suggestion, or was it Great Senior Brother's idea?"

White Night lowered his head, avoiding Garen's gaze.

"It was my suggestion. It was also Great Senior Brother's idea."

Garen was silent for a moment, and then he spoke again.

“The Four Ring Star Alliance is already beyond we Energy Machinists’ area of jurisdiction, you understand that, right?”

“I do,” White Night nodded.

“Even if you do have the Gideon body type, went to the Ancestral Hall, and reached your current level, Level Five, in one go, it would still be a bit difficult for you to leave an area not governed by the Energy Machinists just like that,” said Garen calmly. He had already noticed that there was something not quite right with this White Night. It had nothing to do with his person, but it was something about his body. Similar to Garen, there was a faint, imperceptible feeling of cause and effect on him.

This feeling was very strange, and very mysterious.

“That’s why Great Senior Brother asked me to find you, and request aid from you,” said White Night, his head lowered.

“Planet Gideon... That’s a dead star...” sighed Garen. “Go, and take one of my Black Wolves with you. If necessary, he will take action.”

He waved his hand, and a Giant Wolf with a slightly strange body shape slowly walked out from behind him, there was something odd about this Black Wolf. Unlike other Giant Wolves, it had two very obviously bulging muscles on either side of its body. They looked like half-formed wings, and very strange.

White Night glanced at the Black Wolf, and instantly felt the hairs rise on his body. The Energy Machine Imprint in the back of his brain instantly activated its alarm automatically despite itself, and turned madly. This was a terrifying reaction he only had when he was in serious danger.

White Night was slightly spooked, this Giant Wolf clearly already possessed the power to threaten his life, and this was just one of Senior Brother Black Wolf’s Giant Wolves!

After the Energy Machinists on Planet Naga reached the Resonance Level, their strongest aspect was no longer the Energy Machinery, but themselves. And now, this supposedly weaker Energy Machine was

already itself capable of posing such a great threat to White Night, even though he was already Level Five...

“Go... When necessary, I will follow behind you secretly,” said Garen softly, closing his eyes.

White Night lowered his head, and retreated respectfully, watching that Giant Wolf instantly disappear into the darkness without a sound. A chill ran down his spine. If he had such an enemy hiding in the darkness, and he could not sense even a whiff of their presence, then such an enemy would be terrifying beyond measure...

The group retreated up to several hundred meters, walking backward, before they dared to turn around and walk away quickly.

The subordinates behind White Night held their breaths until they exited the mansion, and only then did they heave a sigh of relief. They looked at each other, all of them covered in cold sweat.

“Rumor has it that ever since Senior Brother Black Wolf went into seclusion, his territory had been getting more and more deserted and desolate, without a trace of life. Even automated intelligence systems would be affected, and would mysteriously malfunction. Seeing how dead this estate is, I think the rumors are true.”

White Night took a deep breath, and said softly.

“Fourteenth Night royal highness, what do we do now? Should we return to Planet Gideon straight away?” his trusted aide, Yuri, asked quietly beside him. This was a red-haired woman with a ponytail who had followed him ever since he left his family, she was the same age as him, and had been a girl with potential that he had saved on one of his travels.

“Since Senior Brother Black Wolf said he would follow us, it must be so. Let us leave straight away,” White Night, or as he was known now, the man named White Fourteenth Night, said softly. “After leaving home for so many years... it’s about time I went back...”

He released a long breath, as though he could see the disastrous scene from back then, of his family being destroyed.

Garen sat quietly in the darkness.

He calmly recalled that white-haired man, or maybe he should not call him a man. He was just a child fresh out of adolescence.

White Night, also known as White Fourteenth Night, was the Fourteenth Three-Hearted Royal Highness, an extremist who would do anything in his pursuit of power. He came from the Gideon family in the Four Ring Star Alliance, and after the Gideon family was mysteriously annihilated, he managed to escape out of sheer luck, becoming the only remaining survivor.

“He’s using the reputation of the Scarlet Snow Sect to return there now, but rather than looking for treasure, I bet his real motive is still to see if any of his relatives have survived.”

A thought flashed past Garen’s mind.

“Most importantly, that White Night is still an irreplaceable part of the bigger picture.. On this trip to Planet Gideon, I’ll encounter Clint and the others, that’s the main thing. The Gideon body type... and they’re both rare, once-in-a-century prodigies even among those with the Gideon body type. We truly are on the brink of chaos, to think that mysterious boy just now was also such a prodigy, to think that two such people appeared at once.”

When he thought of that, he sighed softly.

“With two prodigies appearing at the same time, does this really mean that our Scarlet Snow Sect is going to enter the spotlight?” He did not attempt to hide those words, and instead murmured them aloud.

“With such prodigies under my lead, I’d rather there were more of them, don’t you think? Junior Brother.”

A calm voice came from the darkness behind Garen.

Chapter 1056: Operation 2

At some point in time, Carthage's figure had appeared behind Garen, his eyes calm as he stared at the eerie lamplight.

"Why have you personally come here, Great Senior Brother?" Garen got up and turned around, looking at Carthage who had suddenly appeared behind him.

"I saw ambition in your heart," said Carthage calmly. "Ambition for power. This was also why I accepted you."

The corners of Garen's lips curved slightly, but he did not say anything, waiting for Carthage to continue.

"I hear that you have a Demonic Sword?" said Carthage suddenly.

Garen's heart gave a jolt, and knew that he was beginning to suspect. A Non-Falling Level general who could work his way into the Scarlet Snow Sect would not be a fool, and it was normal that he would be suspicious. Any Energy Machinist in this world would be hard to trick.

"Do you mean this, sir?" Garen's expression remained impassive as the Demonic Sword Sunlight abruptly appeared in his hands. However, the blue flames from before had become light yellow embers, and were far weaker than the aura of the original blue flames. The part that was aflame had also switched from the hilt to the tip of the blade.

A hint of black flashed across Carthage's eyes, and in that instant, Garen's whole body felt as though he had been dunked into a pool of ice. It was like being stared at by a pair of wild, cold, and contradicting eyes, and his whole body froze abruptly.

This seemed to be a sort of scanning.

This feeling lasted for barely a second.

Soon enough, the strangeness in Carthage's eyes simply vanished. Even the hint of suspicion in the depths of his eyes disappeared.

"I know all about your past. The Seventh Divine Wind General of the Blackboard Region on the Mother Planet, right? Do you need me to settle it for you?"

"Thank you, but it's okay, Garen is already more than satisfied to have Great Senior Brother's support." Garen lowered his head humbly to show his respect. He did not doubt that Carthage would have found out about his past, at a height such as his, it was a small matter.

"Come with me," said Carthage finally, as he turned around and left.

"Okay." Garen nodded. He knew that it was time for Carthage's test.

His gaze landed on his attribute pane.

After the past two years of seclusion, he had used up many of his potential points, increasing his Gene pane until it could not go any higher.

And even the large collection of potential points he had just gotten was diminishing quickly. In one go, the number had gone down to just over five hundred again.

The Gene aspect had also changed from Blood Eagle to a whirling mass of pitch-black fog. It seemed to be hatching something, and stayed slow, without moving for a long time. All of his Gene abilities had also vanished. This black mist was like a bottomless hole, no matter how many potential points he poured into it, it just did not react.

After Garen wasted many potential points and failed to get any reaction, he did not dare to mess with it any longer, and just waited for it to change by itself.

And these two years, there was another reason that his mansion had been slowly infected by the aura of death, such that even intelligence systems could not approach it for long. The red gem that he had gotten from that Abyss altar had actually fused with the golden crystal he obtained from Ron.

Or rather, the red gem had absorbed the golden crystal.

After absorbing the golden crystal, the red gem seemed to have transformed into an extremely tempting delicacy. Garen was tempted, more than once, to eat it, but each time, he forced himself to resist.

And strangely, the red gem subsequently began to slowly emit an odd aura of death. It constantly ate away at everything around it, be it living or dead, without exception.

Garen took the red gem out of his Space Ring, and put it in his sleeve quietly, gripping it tightly with his hand.

The special aura of death from this gem could perfectly hide and disguise his own presence. Even a Non-Falling Level would not be able to sense him.

With a flash, Garen quickly followed Carthage, dashing into the darkness.

The two of them kept flashing through the dark night, one after the other, and all the surveillance equipment did not seem to notice them at all, completely ignoring them.

Carthage kept leaping and dashing through the tall roofs without using his levitation skill, and this only made him even more inconspicuous. Garen jumped quickly and constantly, but could only barely keep up with him.

Looking at the black silhouette in front of him, Garen began to understand just how terrifying the Rain King Carthage actually was. Even the Lord Guardian did not notice that this guy had infiltrated the sect in disguise.

The two of them continued leaping, and soon they left the headquarters, entering the cold region further away.

On the dark white snowy grounds, there was a transparent white Space Whirlpool. It was a leaping point, but Garen did not know where it led.

Carthage landed in front of the whirlpool, and slowly walked inside.

Garen landed as well, and walked inside.

The scene changed before his eyes, and light shone everywhere, as though countless rainbows had flashed by. Within a few short seconds, Garen was already standing in a slightly old and dilapidated white courtyard.

Leaves flew above his head, whooshing in the wind, and the red leaves the color of maple kept falling, floating beside him like rain.

The whole courtyard was very small, not even twenty meters in length and width. A large tree in the middle, its trunk wide enough for two people to surround it with their arms, was the source of these red leaves.

Carthage and Garen appeared underneath the tree as though by teleportation, and both of them looked at the room inside the courtyard at the same time.

“Kill them.” Carthage closed his eyes, and just stayed where he stood.

Instantly, a black shadow rushed out of the room.

“Carthage, I’ll kill you!! Aaaaahh!!!!” that person roared madly, swinging a large axe that was more than a meter long down hard at Carthage, the violent force gathering at one spot on the blade of the axe.

The loud rumbling sounded like thunder, and as this person pounced out, it was as though the whole courtyard began to shake in his aftermath. The ground was trembling, and long trails of air currents were drawn out in the sky.

That person rushed out fiercely like a mad bull. The giant axe spun at high speeds, chopping down hard at Carthage’s head.

Clang!!

When the axe was still several centimeters away from Carthage, a blue scimitar intercepted it steadily in front of him. The blade and the axe crashed into each other, but neither was even scratched.

Green light flashed in Garen’s eyes, and shadows of wolves flashed in front of him. It looked as though there was an illusion of a Giant Black Wolf pouncing forth.

Bam!

That person was knocked, flying, backward. His ribs were completely shattered, and he sprayed blood of out his mouth, crashing into the wall of the house behind him. Somehow, he did not break the wall, and just rolled onto the ground.

He had completely stopped breathing.

“That person, was the Second Elder’s long-lost grandson.”

Carthage’s words instantly made Garen’s heart turn cold.

He saw Carthage turn around slowly, the latter was smiling as he looked at him, and spoke slowly.

“I’ve wanted to kill him for a long time. It’s nice to have you join me in doing it today.”

This was the first time Garen saw Carthage smile, but he did not feel any warmth from it at all.

This guy...

He gripped the hilt of the sword lightly, and pulled back his scimitar. No wonder that guy had been sent flying and died so easily, even though he did not put a lot of power into it. It was rigged from the start.

Carthage was helping him make the decision... by cutting off his only escape route.

He did not suspect that Carthage was lying, both of them could find out the truth about something like this extremely easily. He was more worried about something else.

“Looks like I’ve underestimated how cruel this guy can be...”

“I heard that you were first a pilot, and you only switched to becoming an Energy Machinist later, right?” asked Carthage calmly, his smile fading.

“Yes.” Garen’s face twitched slightly, and he replied in a low and deep voice. It was true, so this guy had investigated everything about him after all.

“You also have a younger brother, a lover, and some living relatives. How nice,” Carthage sighed. “It’s too bad that my relatives all died a long time ago.”

Garen’s eyes went slightly cold, and he did not say anything. This guy was threatening him, and he was doing it very blatantly.

“Are you interested in regaining your powers as a pilot?” Just then, Carthage’s words finally revealed a sliver of his true motives.

"If I wasn't forced out of it, I would have long been an Inherited-Level pilot by now!" Garen replied in a low voice. "That was my goal, my dream!"

Carthage smiled mysteriously.

"In this period of time, help me kill people."

It was still not enough? Killing the Second Elder's grandson was not enough to earn his trust?

Garen knew that he was walking on a wire, and the smallest misstep would have him plunging down to his death. Carthage hid too many things, he was an ancient monster who had lived for at least a thousand years, so who knows how many more tricks he had up his sleeves.

But in order to strengthen himself in the shortest possible time, Garen knew that he had no choice.

"Sure."

He replied, his voice low and determined.

After that, for the next month and more.

Every day, Garen would move together with Carthage, and each time they would use the jump portal to go to different places. They killed, and killed, and killed!

Garen felt as though his blade had been dyed with all sorts of fresh blood. Many, many people viewed Carthage as their mortal enemy, and they pounced at him madly as soon as they see him. At the same time, many looked as though they had seen a ghost, and these just turn tail and run.

But it was all for naught. Garen would kill them anyway, one by one.

In the end, he slowly began to know who he was killing.

These were all some small Energy Machinist sects. That was right, they were all sects.

These small sects had their lives reaped by Garen's sword, while Carthage suppressed them with his Non-Falling Level power. Sometimes they would come across some slightly stronger sects, but that was fine, these sets were nowhere near the level of the Scarlet Snow Sect, and Garen alone would kill them all easily.

It had nothing to do with good or bad, nothing to do with violence.

Garen knew that he needed to use this time to earn Carthage's trust, or else the consequences would be dire.

They massacred one faraway sect after another, and left no survivors.

Finally, one night, Carthage appeared in front of Garen once more.

"Make your preparations, this will be a big operation."

"Big operation?" Garen slowly opened his eyes, he noticed that the black mist in his Gene pane had slowly been dyed red as he killed more people, and finally seemed to be starting to fade.

Now, he raised his head, and stared at Carthage.

"What kind of an opponent is it this time?"

"The Blue Frost Sect." Under the eerie green firelight, Carthage's smile was as terrifying as a demon.

In that instant.

Garen's heart seemed to skip a beat.

Chapter 1057

The Blue Frost Sect?

Impossible!

As a middle-level sect that was even stronger than the Scarlet Snow Sect, back then when Garen got into a conflict with their Number Two Disciple, Blue Pole Star, even he knew that they had Non-Falling Level peak powerhouses.

If even the disciples had broken through to the Non-Falling Level, just imagine how strong their Elders would be.

And now Carthage was telling him that he wanted to annihilate the Blue Frost Sect!?

"Are you joking, sir?" said Garen deeply.

"I don't have time to joke around." Carthage shook his head.

He walked up to Garen's side, standing beside the lamp, and reaching out his hand to play with the eerie green flames.

"The Blue Frost Sect has a Thousand-Year Blue Jade, and it's very useful for both of us. Consider this a reward for your performance thus far."

"Thank you, Great Senior Brother." Garen lowered his head. "A Thousand-Year Blue Jade? What material is it, and why have I never heard of it before?"

Carthage smiled faintly.

“You may treat it as an upgraded version of the Ancestral Temple, even the Blue Frost Sect only has three in total, as a frost-type sect. Also, the Blue Frost Sect apparently has a reputation for owning a large collection of frost-type secret manuals, they even have two techniques that are at the same level as the Scarlet Snow Technique.”

He waved his hand lightly, and instantly extinguished the four lamps around him.

“Let’s go, we better not keep them waiting.”

Garen got up, and the two of them instantly vanished from the spot.

They flitted past headquarters at the same high speed, this time they followed the giant ice door that had opened up by a slit last time.

After those three kids actually forced open the giant door last time, this door had never been closed again properly, and it just stayed slightly open like that, such that they could see the world outside through that tiny gap.

The wind and snow floated in the gap, endlessly, accumulating in a thick layer of snow on the ground.

Carthage and Garen flitted past, and exited the door in an instant. After running on the snow for a few minutes, a black whirlpool that was larger than any of the previous jumping points appeared before Garen’s eyes.

With the air of an expert, the two of them jumped into it. This jump, that pilots required mechs to make, was no problem at all for Energy Machinists from Planet Naga, their physical bodies were scarily powerful.

Again, a multicolored scene like a rainbow flashed past Garen’s eyes.

On another blue planet extremely far away.

In a sparsely-populated yellow desert, a black whirlpool appeared out of nowhere, and two figures shot out from it, landing steadily on the desert surface.

The desert was a sea of golden, as wide as the eyes could see. The sandstorm continued to blow, but it brought an extremely hot draft, that was nearly thirty or forty degrees in temperature.

As soon as the two of them appeared, they shot toward a direction of the desert at extremely high speeds.

At a glance, Carthage was just like a rich young master out for a vacation, his pose carefree and relaxed, his expression calm, his white clothes especially eye-catching in the desert.

On the other hand, Garen looked a lot more well-built, a blue curved sword at his waist. He had changed into all-black clothes, and covered the bottom half of his face with a mask, hiding his entire aura as well.

The two of them dashed through the desert, and soon they came across a small group of people who seemed to be waiting for them.

There were not many people in this group, but each of them was unnaturally powerful, even the weakest of them was at Resonance Level, while most of them were Inherited Level. At the same time, they all dressed strange and exotic, like fierce savages, and incited fear.

"Is everyone here?" asked Carthage calmly as soon as he landed.

"General, they're all here." A tall and thin woman stood out, replying deeply.

"Treefish, your job is to finish off those small-fry who'll scatter everywhere. Especially those few prodigious Energy Machinists, you must not let any of the top three escape," Carthage gave his orders calmly.

"Yes." The woman called Treefish replied fiercely.

“Everyone else, act freely, but after you’re done, I want each of you to hand over three blood beads as a meeting gift for my Junior Brother.”

“Please relax, General!” replied the group in unison. Many gazes fell on Garen, who stood behind Carthage. It was pretty clear that he was the person Carthage meant by ‘Junior Brother’.

Garen’s heart was slightly moved. Although he did not know what a blood bead was, he was still a peak-level prodigy, and Carthage was clearly paying attention to his performance in the Scarlet Snow Sect. He only had value to Carthage if he was powerful, and his progress speed was in fact astonishing, so much so that Garen could probably be considered the most capable prodigy to appear in the Scarlet Snow Sect in the past few centuries. This title should be his, rather than Carthage’s, because that guy was an ancient monster that could only be found once in a millennium, a Non-Falling Level powerhouse who hiding in a sect as small as the Scarlet Snow Sect. Garen had no idea what he was planning.

“Wait for three hours, and then activate the ambush.” Carthage waved his hand, and finally settled on a time.

The group of powerhouses that came from goodness knows where began to rest respectively, their movements well-trained and familiar. This was clearly not their first time doing this.

Carthage sat cross-legged, closing his eyes and resting. Garen forced down his confusion, sat down, and began to practice his Scarlet Snow Technique.

However, since he was currently in a desert where the surroundings were hot, it was not conducive for his Scarlet Snow Technique training at all. After he tried for a long while to no avail, Garen had no choice but to sort out his other thoughts.

Suddenly, he remembered that snow-type secret manual he had obtained from the First Princess Aine — Ice Coffin. All this time, because of his missions with Carthage, he had not gotten the time to properly train himself.

But now was one of his rare breaks, so he could use this time to see exactly how the Ice Coffin was. After all, it was also an Inherited-Level technique, so it had to have some level of standard. Besides, there were no environmental requirements to level up the Ice Coffin.

He had nothing to do now anyway, so Garen sat on the sofa and closed his eyes, and began to recall the Ice Coffin secret manual that had been recorded into the memory of his Energy Machine Imprint.

This secret technique was very interesting, it first required him to release his chill, creating something like a coffin of ice around him to completely surround himself, and isolate himself from the outside world. And then, he needed to constantly create yet another specially-constructed ice coffin inside, this specially-constructed ice coffin could greatly increase the quantity of his chill, all the way until he could create something called a Heart of Ice.

Although the name was very clichéd, but according to the descriptions in the secret manual, this thing was extremely over-powered. As long as he could create it, he could drastically increase his chill, and upgrade the coldness of his chill even further.

In other words, this secret manual was completely a support-type secret technique, it was a secret manual that Aine had specially chosen to complement Garen's Scarlet Snow Technique.

Garen just followed a few of the steps described in the secret manual, and gathered up an ice coffin. Within ten short minutes, he had created a material layer of ice around himself, and completely sealed himself off.

Carthage just glanced at him casually, and had no intention of asking or caring. The others just focused on their own training, and did not even look his way.

The wind began to blow harder, howling loudly. The temperature also rose as the sun climbed above them in the sky.

But in the large area around Garen, it was still unnaturally cold.

Garen left a sliver of his spirit on guard, and put the rest of his attention into his cultivation of the Ice Coffin.

His current Scarlet Snow Technique was still at the eleventh grade Resonance Two-Moons Level, and he had not reached Inherited Level. Normally, he would need to train his patience from now until the

Inherited Level, until his emotions settled and he would not easily waver in the face of external factors. He would also need to gather an enormous amount of power and energy, before he would finally be able to condense it into the sixth Scarlet Mist, and reach the twelfth grade of the Scarlet Snow Technique.

At that point, the Ancestral Temple would not be opened up easily, because the energy needed for the Inherited Level was too great. It was highly likely that after a dozen or so people went in, the energy gathered inside would be completely used up. So at that stage, they usually opened up the Frost Hell instead.

In order to gather power, all they could do was train long and hard.

For most Resonance Levels to reach the Inherited Level, it would take them at least a dozen years, this was the normal rate of accumulation. But if they happened to come across miracles or irregularities, the fastest could go in within four or five years. Carthage was pretending to be one such prodigy.

But Garen knew his own condition, his heart had settled a long time ago, so he just needed to gather enough energy, and he should be able to reach the level required to break through. The psychological barrier everyone else faced was nothing to him.

The group sat cross-legged in the desert, the sun shining high above them.

One of them was emitting a chill, and had basically frozen himself into a block of ice. No one said anything, and barely anyone even gave him a second look, more than ten of them sitting there like statues, not budging an inch.

Garen felt the Ice Coffin technique forming within him quickly, resulting in a moving flow. This flow quickly created a little transparent ice coffin around his Scarlet Mist technique. Every time his Scarlet Snow Technique came or went, it would naturally pass by this layer of the ice coffin, and would be filtered through. The impurities would be excreted outside his body, and although the technique would be reduced slightly, it would end up becoming purer and cleaner.

"I've reached beginner-level so soon, so I guess my natural Ability is helping after all. As long as I understand the principles behind it, and practice for a bit, I can reach the beginner stage." Garen sighed inwardly, he had been reminded of his situation back in the Secret Technique world.

Back then, once he understood the principle behind any technique he had not learned before, he could just add his potential points to it. But what about now?

Garen felt that since that he was the embodiment of the Hellfrost Peacock Technique, and since he had trained the Scarlet Snow Technique for so long, he would have understood all the principles around it, and so he might be able to give it a try.

As soon as that idea occurred to him, he could not suppress it any longer.

It was not as though he had never used the potential points on his Scarlet Snow Technique these past few years, but it was no use, there was another important and crucial factor impeding his secret technique, and that was his computing power. So he could not increase his Scarlet Snow Technique, and had to wait for his computing power to slowly increase accordingly.

But this Ice Coffin now was different. This thing was just a support technique, and its principles were not very difficult either. It mostly depended on grinding, constantly creating little specially-structured coffins inside his body. After he collected a certain number, the filtration through the different layers would finally result in a purified technique.

The Ice Coffin was in fact not a rare technique, it was more commonly found in snow-type sects. After all, it was something that could be bought on the market. If Aine could give it to him as a present, that showed that it was not all that precious. It could only be considered a third-grade secret technique, that was purely supportive.

Chapter 1058: Annihilation 2

“Like the Scarlet Snow Technique, according to the secret technique categorizations, it should be a first-rate special secret technique. If I trained it by itself, I would be at best a first-rate powerhouse, but if I train it together with my Willpower and computing power, absorbing a large amount of powerful resources, I’ll be able to surpass the limits of the secret technique itself in the future.” Garen circulated the Ice Coffin, excreting the impurities in his body, while he considered his own techniques.

“And according to the categorizations, Ice Coffin should be a second-grade technique in the Secret Technique World. It’s a more accessible secret technique.” Thinking back carefully, Garen realized that back then, Senior Sister Rainy, Aloran, and even Carthage also seemed to have practiced this secret technique, using it to filter their own power. Because their power seemed to be purer than his, this purity could be used to nurture their own computing power, increasing their computing power at a higher rate, and raising their abilities.

“This Ice Coffin technique is easy to learn but difficult to master, many people stop at the second grade, and just use it to filter the impurities out of their power, to decent effects.” Suddenly, Carthage’s voice rang out beside Garen’s ear.

“Looks like you just entered the beginner stage, my advice is that you shouldn’t spend too much time and effort on this. This technique is a slow grind, the first grade is still okay, since it just requires eighty years, whereas the second takes 160. The third grade actually needs up to a thousand years, you could completely master any other technique in such a long time, so who would want to practice this thing? That’s why we usually stop at the second grade.”

Carthage advised him.

“Thank you, Senior Brother, for the advice,” replied Garen from inside the Ice Coffin.

“Aren’t my potential points best used for upgrading a grinding technique like this!?”

When he heard that, Garen’s heart was instantly tempted.

He still had several hundred potential points, and it would be too much of a waste for him to use all that on upgrading his physical abilities. The key was upgrading his abilities, and techniques such as Ice Coffin gave him a stroke of inspiration.

“If I can find a lot more of these secret techniques that require grinding, stack them up, and train them, then I can make the most of my advantage, and reduce the large difference in training time between those ancient monsters and me. I might even be able to push my computing power to increase faster!”

As soon as that train of thought occurred to him, it could not be stopped.

“But before that, I need to see if this Ice Coffin works at all or not.”

Garen instantly closed his eyes, his gaze in the darkness landing on his attribute pane.

‘Nonosiva Lin – Strength 24.1, Agility 12.1, Vitality 24.8, Intelligence 8.1, potential power 50530%. Soul Limit 40.’

He still had 505 potential points, that should be enough.

Then he looked at the skill pane, and quickly found Ice Coffin from the large stack of skills.

‘Energy Machinist secret method – Ice Coffin: Beginner.

Frost-type secret technique, may filter frost-type power, three levels in total. Legend has it that at the highest realm, it can filter out 100% of the impurities, and reach a realm of purity. Increases own aptitudes. The first grade requires eighty years of extensive training, the second grade requires 160 years, and the third requires 1600 years. To complete the whole training, you will need at least 1840 years.’

As soon as Garen’s gaze landed on the technique for three consecutive seconds, his potential points began to change.

With a whoosh, as Garen watched on regretfully, it reduced by... two points.

“Phew, thank goodness, thank goodness, it really is just as I thought, the rules of the Ability here in this world are the same as they were in the Secret Technique World, Ice Coffin is a second-rate secret technique, so I just needed to use two potential points to increase it by one level, the same as a middle-level secret technique.”

His Ice Coffin immediately went from beginner to the first grade.

Garen looked inward, and could clearly see that the ice coffin inside him seemed to have become slightly more complicated, and had gotten more transparent.

“Once more.” Ever since Garen came to this world, he had always been relying on his accumulated power from the past to progress, and rarely relied on his natural ability. In other words, he suffered a lot, and had to take many a detour, before he realized that he needed to sacrifice so much in order to truly grow strong.

Now, the potential points were properly in play again, and surprised him once more.

He stared at Ice Coffin for three seconds, and his potential points went down by two again.

And his Ice Coffin instantly went from the first grade to the second.

In practically an instant, Garen saw many miniature ice coffins appear inside his body, floating in his blood densely along the flow of his blood. These coffins were extremely tiny, and could even squeeze into the capillary ends that were as thin as a hair. They constantly purified the chill in his blood, and even helped to slowly upgrade and improve the quality of this body of his.

“It really is impressive!” Garen sighed in admiration inwardly. “No wonder so many people choose to cultivate this accessible support technique, it even has this side-effect, slowly improving my body. Right now, it doesn’t look like much, but as time goes on and it accumulates, it will be significant indeed!”

According to his calculations, at this slow rate of modification and purification, his Vitality would be increased by one point after just two years. It was indeed worth it to use a hundred years to reach the second grade.

“Even the weakest Energy Machinist can live for several centuries, if they just use more than a hundred years to reach the second grade, and slowly upgrade their Vitality, they would be able to benefit from the several hundred years later, and would surely be able to reach the limit of another technique.”

If the second grade already had such an effect, Garen was even more interested in the third grade now.

As a support technique, Ice Coffin did not have many requirements in the way of Willpower or computing power, and that was its biggest advantage. That was why Garen could just use his Willpower to increase it.

“Again!”

His gaze gathered on the Ice Coffin again.

There was a whoosh, but this time he lost three potential points. Evidently, the Ability had decided that at its current level, it was now a high-level secret technique.

But to Garen right now, two or three points made no difference, they were a drop in the ocean.

The Ice Coffin icon blurred, and in an instant, it rapidly returned to normal. This time, it seemed to have changed more drastically.

‘Ice Coffin: third grade complete, Heart of Ice obtained. 100% filtration for frost-type power, highly resistant toward hypnosis-type attacks. Greatly increases Vitality and Intelligence (one point per year, for twenty consecutive years).’

“One point a year!” Garen was overjoyed, trying to wrap his mind around it. A one-point increase in Vitality and Intelligence every year, that was borderline terrifying! Putting aside Vitality for now, just consider Intelligence.

He was at 8.1 points now, and was already considered a prodigy among the Energy Machinists. If he could amp up his Intelligence by one point to go with the results of his efforts, just how high could his aptitude reach?

“Alright, time to go.” Suddenly, Carthage’s voice came from beside Garen’s ear. It pulled him out of his reverie.

For one last time, Garen glanced at his Scarlet Snow Technique.

As he expected, it had changed again.

‘Scarlet Snow Technique: eleventh grade, Two-Moons level. (Coldness Strengthening third grade, Sharpness Strengthening third grade, Purity Strengthening third grade.)’

“I got the Coldness Strengthening and Sharpness Strengthening when I absorbed that wisp of Inherited power, and I think that Purity Strengthening came from the Heart of Ice.”

Garen pulled back his thoughts, and scattered the ice coffin outside him with a crash, standing up.

By now, many of the other people who were meditating in the desert all got up, patting the sand off their clothes. They looked at Carthage, evidently making him out as the sole leader.

Garen also moved his gaze to Carthage.

“Prepare the jump portal, Treefish.”

“Yes.”

Watching as the jump portal was slowly released, Carthage narrowed his eyes slightly, saying nothing, as though he was waiting for something.

Time passed by slowly, but no one looked impatient. To Energy Machinists, their long lifespans had given them extensive patience.

All of a sudden, a bright and piercing golden light abruptly appeared in the distant desert.

“Let’s go!”

When Carthage saw that golden light, the corners of his lips immediately curved.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh whoosh...

The many figures rapidly darted into the jump portal's black whirlpool, and soon, only Garen and Carthage were left.

Carthage signaled Garen with his eyes, and the two of them slowly walked into the jump portal, one after the other.

Hiss... Amidst the soft static of the jump, the two of them appeared in the sky above a giant white desert city, floating in the air as they looked down at the apocalyptic scene below.

Inside the giant white crescent-shaped city, several giant black beasts, each twenty or thirty meters tall, were rampaging madly.

Huge rumbling crashes and the sounds of buildings collapsing came constantly from everywhere.

Looking down from the sky, they could see buildings falling all over the city, powder and dust rising high in the air. They could vaguely see figures dressed in blue surrounding and attacking the beasts, but it was no use. Those black gorilla-like beasts moved nimbly, and if you were accidentally hit by one, you were either instantly injured or simply dead.

The two of them floated in the air, watching the tragedy unfold below. The people in the city were running, sobbing, screaming, their voices of despair rising and falling, with the occasional wail or mad roar. But many more of them were just crushed to death by the buildings the beasts had casually knocked over, and died without a sound.

In the entire white crescent-shaped city, there were black dots everywhere, and they could faintly see a patch of the desert stained with red around the black dot. They looked like spots on the landscape.

“General.” Suddenly, a figure abruptly appeared beside Garen. He was a middle-aged man dressed in blue, and his face was covered with blood. One of his arms seemed to have been freshly severed, and fresh blood clots still remained.

Most importantly, this man had the violent aura of someone fresh out of a fierce fight.

“Another Non-Falling level...” Garen’s heart gave a jolt, he sensed what level this man was.

“Where are the Elders from this place?” asked Carthage nonchalantly.

“Three died, but we got two alive,” replied the middle-aged man calmly. “We need your true form to personally finish off the guardian here, sir.”

“Relax... I’m already on it...” Carthage smiled rather meaningfully.

Garen was getting chills down his spine as he listened, could it be that this Carthage here with Non-Falling-Level power was not even his original form?!

“If that truly is the case, then this guy is far too fearsome...” Garen’s heart was shaking slightly, if the Non-Falling Level one was just one of his clones, then just how strong was Carthage’s true form?

The Non-Falling Level was Level Seven in power, and the guardian of the Blue Frost Sect would surely be stronger than that, it would be Level Eight at least. If he could kill off a Level Eight guardian, then Carthage’s own power...

Garen almost did not dare to continue thinking. Level Nine, that was a level near the Perpetual Motioners. Such an extreme powerhouse was not something he could compare to his past experiences. Only the personal appearance of the Nine-Headed Dragon Queen’s true body could match up to that.

“Wait here for a moment then, it’s the best chance for me to give my prodigy junior brother a little gift,” laughed Carthage with a glance at Garen.

The middle-aged man lowered his head respectfully and stood to a side without moving.

The three of them floated in the sky, and in the city underneath, a high-level battle had already erupted, some of the self-secluded or outstation powerhouses had returned, their ice-cold frost slowly stopping the beasts' rampaging.

Chapter 1059

Some of the Resonance- and Inherited-Level disciples made their moves.

Garen even saw Blue Pole Star and another pretty, fair woman leading a group of the disciples each, and soon they had killed several giant black apes, quickly calming down the chaotic situation.

"How dare you attack our Blue Frost Sect headquarters! When the Sect Master returns, that will be the day you die!"

That fair lady spoke, magnifying her voice, and instantly stabilizing the chaos.

Many people rushed toward her quickly, and gathered together.

There were more and more powerhouses from the Blue Frost Sect, all gathered in one place, and they instantly formed a huge force, killing more than ten giant black apes in an instant.

"Dragon Pulse Freeze! Frost Descent!"

Abruptly, a voice came from the ground beneath them.

Under the leadership of Great Senior Sister and Blue Pole Star, everyone in the Blue Frost Sect actually formed a large circular formation, emitting a vicious blue chill.

The enormous chill actually formed a terrifying blue dragon head, almost a hundred meters tall, in mid-air, the giant and ferocious dragon jaws chomping down hard toward Carthage and the others.

Before the terrifying force even reached them, an intense chill had begun to rise from their feet.

Garen felt as though that gigantic blue dragon head was staring at him, a terrifying power that far transcended Non-Falling Level locking onto him from mid-air.

Many layers of ice began to rise from his feet, passing his calves, his groin, and freezing their way up his abdomen.

He was extremely shocked, but right now, none of his techniques or powers could stop this terrifying freezing. As soon as any of his power touched this freezing power, it was instantly converted into nothing, as though it had never been there.

Within a few seconds, half of his body had been encased in ice.

“A Level-Eight Engraved Formation? That’s vaguely Interesting.” Carthage was also currently in the midst of freezing, but his lips were curved in a sarcastic smile.

Slowly, he raised one hand, and grabbed toward the sky, his arm straight as an arrow.

“Storm!”

Brr...

In an instant, the sky turned dark.

Countless black clouds spun and formed a giant whirlpool that was several thousand meters tall, the eye of the whirlpool looking like a tunnel of darkness that headed toward another world.

With an explosive rumble, all of a sudden, a giant hand that was almost a thousand meters wide reached out from inside. The giant hand had fair skin, and its surface was covered with tiny silver scales. It spread open its fingers, lightly pressing down with its palm.

The blue dragon shattered, as though it had been forcefully compressed and exploded from the pressure, instantly turning into countless shards of ice.

There was no sound, just endless tremors.

Garen felt as though an arm like a heavenly pillar had landed in front of him, crashing hard into the ground. All of the light before his eyes had been covered by that arm, and he could even see the palm-sized silver scales on the arm. They were dense and emitted a smell like sulfur. The whole arm was like a giant wall that had fallen down from the sky.

The powerful current swirled around the arm, and began to spread in all directions, blowing ripples through the force field surrounding Garen.

With a crisp crashing sound, the giant arm abruptly shattered, like glass, and was instantly blown into countless silver shards, vanishing in the air.

The black clouds scattered, and it was a complete mess below them now.

Garen suppressed his shock, and looked down.

At least half of the buildings in the crescent city had been destroyed, and as a result of the destruction from that one palm, the Blue Frost Sect had also sustained severe casualties.

A demonic smile curved Carthage's lips, and thanks to this aura of his, his originally plain face now seemed deep and horrifying.

"Go."

He spoke calmly.

Whoosh!

Four blood-red figures abruptly appeared beside him, and Garen had no idea where they had been hiding. All four of them wore long blood-red robes, the hems of their robes flickering with shard-like shadows as they descended, but strangely, even though the ends of their robes kept shattering off, their robes never got any shorter.

The four blood-red robes said nothing, dashing straight downward.

Whoosh!

Garen gripped his sword hilt tightly, he had not noticed the four figures at all.

He stood alone, high in the sky, and watched as the four blood-red robes dashed into the crowd it was completely a one-sided massacre. The heavily-injured Great Senior Sister from the Blue Frost Sect and Blue Pole Star were holding back one blood-red robe each, but no one could match up to the remaining two. All the attacks seemed to go through them rather than landing on them, as though they were merely illusions.

And anyone they brushed again would break out into red flames all over, instantly turning into some white skeletons that crumpled onto the ground.

“Garen.” Carthage’s voice came from beside Garen.

Garen turned his face to look at this mysterious and powerful man.

“Blue Pole Star is yours,” said Carthage with a small smile, a red cross vaguely appearing in the middle of his brow.

“Yes.”

Garen lowered his head.

In that instant, a similar red cross shot into the air before him, spinning in mid-air.

Garen reached out his hand to grab the cross, and lightly wound it over his arm using the black zip he had brought by himself as a rope. Now it's a black circle.

"This is our side's symbol, don't attack your comrades if you see this."

"Understand."

Garen took a deep breath, and flew rapidly downward, two long trails of white light shooting out from the Flying Boots he wore.

Below, the Blue Frost Sect's formation had already been utterly destroyed by the giant hand just now, and there were injuries all around. By now, the almost hundred people had more or less been killed off by the four blood-red figures. Only Blue Pole Star and that Great Senior Sister remained as some of the few blood-soaked people who were still putting up a fight.

Smack.

Garen landed lightly in the ruins of a building, stepping on stable rocks and miscellaneous pieces of garbage. He experienced the feeling of solid ground through the soles of his feet, and this instantly repelled some of his uncertainty from before, as though none of that was real.

He lowered his head, and casually grabbed a handful of stones from the ground.

The white stone shards were slightly sharp, and there was a lot of white cement on them. They were hard, and hot to the touch.

Sighing, Garen turned around and walked towards the few remaining fighters from the Blue Frost Sect.

The four blood-red-robed people were now surrounding the five remaining members of the Blue Frost Sect, but they did not make their move, neither did they release the enemy. Instead, they seemed to be waiting for Garen to reach them.

Garen walked into the circle quickly, and as soon as he approached them, he could feel waves of a bone-piercing chill coming from few members of the Blue Frost Sect.

"Garen, the master says that we should leave Blue Pole Star to you," chuckled one of the people in blood-red robes. "You better not let Master's kindness go to waste."

Garen's heart stiffened, this guy actually revealed his identity! This was completely forcing him to leave the camp of the Energy Machinists, now he really had no way back!

He glanced at the red-robed man expressionlessly, and spoke coldly. Besides, Carthage was pressuring them from up there, he would not condone any infighting.

"I don't need you poking your nose into my business."

"Those are some fighting words," chuckled the red-robed person coldly, and said no more.

On the other side, Blue Pole Star and the others reacted slightly as soon as they heard that name. Blue Pole Star's eyes widened, and he looked slightly confused, shocked, bewildered. There was only one person who was called Garen and had a grudge against him. And no matter what, that person should have no connection to this black-robed man with an aura of death here.

When Garen's gaze moved to him, Blue Pole Star had not yet recovered, but he still stood between Garen and his younger sister. His only younger brother had already died on the Void Battlefields, he could not let anything happen to his sister! No matter who the enemy was!

"Master said that if you can kill him, he might let you all go." An old voice came from another one of the blood-red robes, and his words were pointed exactly at Blue Pole Star.

"Kill him?" The air approaching despair in Blue Pole Star's eyes lit up with a hint of hope.

"Brother..." Behind him, his younger sister grabbed his hand, and sobbed in a gentle and weak voice, "Don't... Don't go, they're lying."

“Why do I need to lie to you? Under the effect of the Quadruple Weakening Fields., even if you are Non-Falling Level, you’ll only have the power of a peak Inherited-Level. Killing you would be like killing a bug, why would I need to lie?” said the old red-robed person coldly.

“Let me!” said the Great Senior Sister loudly, taking a determine voice forth. “I’ll take his place.”

“No can do,” laughed the old red-robed person coldly.

“Have you no shame! Blue Polar Star is grievously injured and he’s lost a lot of blood, he might not even half his original power! And you’re weakening him with force fields, too!” said the Great Senior Sister harshly. “If you’re strong enough, come at me!”

“The winner needs to put the ends over the means, and history is written by winners. Even if it’s shameless, no matter what else, you only have two choices right now. One is to fight our Junior Brother Garen one-on-one, and the second is death,” said the first blood-red-robed person who spoke just now. “As expected of the Blue Frost Sect, you really are famous for your unity, you’re still sticking up for your Junior Brother at a time like this, as befitting a Great Senior Sister... Tsk-tsk, you’re just my type.”

“Cowardly maggot! If it’s a one-on-one battle, I could crush you with one finger!” cursed the Great Senior Sister as she abruptly turned pale.

“Alright, let’s get it started as soon as possible.” Garen took one step forward, and the blood-red cross tied on his arm abruptly lit up with a red light. He felt as though he had walked into a viscous liquid environment, where the air around him seemed to be filled with a thick and invisible fluid that impeded the speed of his movements.

This was clearly the so-called Quadruple Weakening Field, and Garen did not feel as though it had any effect on him, so that must be what the red cross was for.

He gripped his sword slowly. After Demonic Blade Sunlight used up the blue flames last time, he realized that it could recharge with other flames, so he just filled it up with some normal mortal flames. That was why it looked like it did in front of Carthage, where it only had red flames and not blue. Plus, the normal flames did not seem to be sufficient in quality, so they could only burn on the tip.

At a time like this, there was no longer any need to hide his Demonic Blade Sunlight. Since the flames disappeared, the Demonic Blade had ended up as merely a blade that was sharp enough and sturdy enough, awaiting the next recharge.

Hiss...

Sunlight was slowly pulled out of its scabbard, and Garen held it in both hands, throwing away the scabbard.

Garen stared at Blue Pole Star opposite him, and a Two-Moons-Level force field exploded from his body.

"It's you... so it really is you." Blue Pole Star had vaguely seen through the attributes of Garen's techniques through his actions and force field. He laughed tragically, and then secretly transmitted his voice to Garen. "I know I won't live for long... but my sister is still young. She's just Level Three... I'm begging you."

Garen felt melancholic. A Non-Falling Level powerhouse surely had aces left in his hand, and he might not lose even if he fought Garen in his current incapacitated state. But now...

"I'll use all my riches... and my life, in exchange for a promise from you." Blue Pole Star stood there motionlessly, but his voice reached Garen's ears. "Spare her life. I will give you my Inherited Power."

Inherited Power!

Garen took a deep breath. Back then, a regular Inherited Level's Inherited Power had already helped him greatly, and if it was a Non-Falling Level's Inherited Power, the benefits would be unimaginable.

"Agree." Carthage's voice appeared in Garen's ear suddenly, making his heart stiffen.

Without further hesitation, Garen clenched his teeth and nodded.

“I promise.”

Baroom!!

In the distance, the Blue Frost Sect’s most iconic building, the mid-air spinning stone wheel, was yanked down hard by more than ten giant apes. Amidst the crashing sounds, the headquarters representing the Blue Frost Sect, one of the few notable middle-sized sects among the Energy Machinists, fell once and for all.

“Alright, come kill me.” Blue Pole Star smiled tragically. He knew that whether he won or lost, he would not be allowed to live, the opponent’s power, influence, and ambition were all too overwhelming, and they were so deep that even he, as a Non-Falling Level, shivered at it. Even if he won, he would still be eliminated, without a doubt.

But his younger sister did not know anything, so as long as her memories were wiped, she would still have a hope of surviving.

Walking over slowly, Garen was not obstructed by any force field at all. The two of them were less than five meters away, and he could already see the will to die in Blue Pole Star’s eyes. He did not know how the other person decided he was trustworthy, but this decision right now was undeniably the best option for him.

“Do it,” chuckled one of the people in blood-red robes beside them.

Chapter 1060: Unexpected Success 2

Garen and Blue Pole Star’s hands were simultaneously on their hilt. Blue Pole Star’s knife was a short, black, dagger-like knife.

Shiiiiing!!

In an instant, the two men pulled out their knives at the same time. Red and black knife marks darted toward the opponent in an almost lightning-like manner. The two knives brought along a strong chill as they charged toward the other party's body.

The sound of knife piercing flesh.

All of Blue Pole Star's final energy field broke out, rolling up a vast amount of white chill and shrouded the surrounding, blocking vision and sounds and pushing away the people of Blue Frost Sect behind, especially his sister.

In the white air, his sword pierced straight into Garen's chest. But the blade was like illusory and without substance. The whole black knife quickly melted and permeated into Garen's body, quickly merging into a small black ball.

"This is all of my Power of Inheritance. Take it. I give it all to you." Blue Pole Star's voice transmitted lightly. "Hehe...remember your promise."

A vast amount of chill rushed out madly from his entire body and surged toward Garen's body through the short black knife between them.

As the short knife melted faster, this chilly cold surged increasingly quicker.

Garen fervently absorbed this chill, but Scarlet Snow Technique had quickly absorbed until its saturation limit. The chill-Willpower of Non-Falling Level quickly condensed into a small black ball and was about to completely stop and enter into Garen's chest.

Just then, Hellfrost Peacock Technique from the Living Secret Technique in him erupted for the first time without any manipulation.

Numerous blue silk threads dashed toward the small black ball from all directions and wrapped up the Power of Inheritance in the blink of an eye, forming a blue ball.

To Garen's surprise, his attribute pane showed that the completion of the grade seventh of Hellfrost Peacock Technique was actually rising rapidly. Starting from the original 64%, it was jumping up by almost three points per second.

After many years of cultivation, the powerful Secret Technique that could be advanced and was almost forgotten by Garen was finally having a terrific change for the first time at this moment. The source of Non-Falling Level, Power of Inheritance, seemed to be a huge supplement force for him.

The white air around dispersed.

Blue Pole Star's whole body was emaciated like a piece of wood and knelt before Garen. His entire essence, energy, and spirit had completely disappeared.

"Brother!!!"

The only young girl left in Blue Frost Sect screamed in pain. Both her hand covered her face and she was grieving to the extreme.

"Senior Brother!!" The remaining Junior Brothers cried out desperately.

"How could he be so fast!?" Elder Senior Sister looked at Garen with disbelief. She soon saw the cut in front of Garen's chest.

"Die! Hehe!" At the same time, two Blood Robes pounced forward while the remaining two stood still, clearly believing that there was not a need for them to take action.

In just the blink of an eye, the last few disciples of Blue Frost Sect were all killed. Facing Non-Falling Level powerhouses, they were defenseless like babies.

At this time, whether it was Elder Senior Sister or Garen, both had already guessed the identity of the four Blood Robes. All the Non-Falling Levels in the Star Regions around had their names registered and recorded. There would not be an appearance of four such powerful Non-Falling Level Energy Machinists

for no reason. The only explanation was that they were the nearby, local elder-level figures in the first place!

Garen was now watching his Hellfrost Peacock Technique rising wildly. After absorbing who-knew-how-many Peacock Stones, today, there was finally the hope of truly displaying his power.

The Hellfrost Peacock Technique of Living Secret Technique would absolutely not be a purely auxiliary role as it was in the past. All along, Garen felt that the enhancement of this Secret Technique was faintly discernible and instead, it was mainly the Distortion Seed that had an extremely terrifying advancement for external creatures. It was fundamentally useless in terms of enhancing his own power and was far from matching the strong reputation of Living Secret Technique.

The Hellfrost Peacock Technique of Living Secret Technique now had a total of eight grades. He was about to complete the seventh grade. Once he entered the eighth grade, it would be the ultimate realm. For Living Secret Technique, even Black Sethe at that time had said that the difficulty of cultivating Living Secret Technique was extremely high. This kind of Secret Technique would constantly change in accordance with the main body's situation. It would become more suitable and more fitting with the main body to reach the level where the greatest strength could be exerted.

There was no sound. In the silence, Garen saw the percentage of his Hellfrost Peacock Technique finally exceeded 100%.

The status of the Hellfrost Peacock Technique was blurred momentarily before quickly becoming clear again.

All the remaining talents were still of the same, but the effects had been strengthened. Hellfrost Peacock Technique only had one extra ability.

— Peacock Transformation.

There was no explanation at the back, but just as Garen saw these words, he felt a chill rose from the bottom of his heart.

At this time, one Blood Robe had moved to the front of Blue Pole Star's sister. He stretched out his hand in lightning speed toward her head.

Snapped.

The girl's eyes rolled upwards and her whole body's Willpower was a like a deflated balloon, leaking out clean and turning her into an ordinary person. Not only did her Willpower completely leaked out, there even was not a way for her to cultivate to become a pilot. She could only be the most ordinary common person.

The girl became unconscious and dropped down.

The Blood Robe carried the girl and smiled at Garen. He flicked his hand and the girl was shot out like a cannonball at Garen accompanied by a mighty energy field.

Garen caught the unconscious girl with one hand and his body swiveled one round to relieve all the impact. He glanced plainly at that man.

Out of his expectation, that horrific Blood Robe-energy field was actually silently devoured by his Peacock Technique. It was not the kind of devouring that needed the blue silk threads to light up, but the kind that devoured invincibly and naturally. It was as natural as breathing and drinking without the slightest discomfort.

"You really are something." That Blood Robe was slightly surprised. Originally, he intended to intimidate Garen, who had yet to reach Inherited Level. He did not expect his Inherited-Level energy field to be taken on by the other party quietly.

"Is this the power of Secret Technique?" After Garen came to this world, it was the first time he had felt that Secret Technique could actually surpass the power of this special world of technology. This was also the first time that Living Secret Technique was no longer a purely auxiliary Secret Technique, but that it could really play a role in a battle.

"Living Secret Technique should not have any weaknesses." Garen suddenly recalled what Black Sethe had said before.

“Yeah, Living Secret Technique really shouldn’t have such an obvious weakness as to unable to battle up-front...” He sighed softly. Holding the girl, he walked up to the body of Blue Pole Star and picked up a silver clip on his collar. This was where all Blue Star Pole’s precious treasures were.

The request earlier on was asked by Carthage to agree upon. Garen knew he was unqualified to give his word, so at this moment, he looked up at the hovering Carthage, who was in control.

What he did not expect was that Carthage seemed to be talking to a woman who was clothed in blue and had all her limbs broken, ignoring him.

The woman seemed to be from Blue Frost Sect. Both her hands and feet were chopped off, leaving only a torso.

Their lips moved slightly, but not the slightest sound traveled over. The woman was very emotional and she seemed to be questioning about something, but Carthage was still smiling with a trace of calmness. There was not any abnormality.

Garen looked at the two people from below and frowned slightly.

He did not know why at this time, there was a very strange feeling. It was as if the originally terribly oppressive feeling brought forth by Carthage, who was in the sky, had turned into a gentle breeze once it reached him and did not cause any alarm. The Soul Seed was rotating slowly in the brain, no longer producing any warning.

He could feel that he seemed to be able to inflate his entire body. It was the kind of a complete stretch, expanding like a balloon as if this body was not his real body at all.

This feeling was present ever since he had broken through Hellfrost Peacock Technique just now. And currently, it was getting more and more intense.

He faintly recalled that the eighth grade of Hellfrost Peacock Technique was already the highest level of Living Secret Technique and it should also have reached the legendary Army-Level stage.

“Army Level... If compared to Energy Machinists and pilots, what kind of level could it reach?” Garen suddenly had an urge to alter his body, but he rationalized and forcefully suppressed it.

In theory, by breaking through the eighth layer of Hellfrost Peacock Technique and reaching the highest level, he was at the Army Level. However, in reality, he did not feel any significant changes to his own body. Besides the strengthening of his abilities and expanding their scope, he was still the original him.

Army Level.

Once, the Nine-Headed Dragon Queen Nadia was at this level. She was the top powerhouse in the Army Level and was only one step away from Demon Lord. Just the projection of her figure had almost killed Garen back then.

In the classification level during the Ancient Endor civilization, the gap between each level was like a natural chasm. Quantity could not be used to determine the outcome, whether it was Army Level or the one-level-lower General Level.

No idea why, Garen suddenly looked up at Carthage, who was hovering in the sky, and his heart inexplicably gushed out a trace of desire...

It was a kind of weird desire, not the romance kind, but the kind of desire that was purely like seeing extremely delicious food. He could feel his saliva secreting and the blood in his body flowing at an accelerated rate.

Suddenly, Carthage’s gaze looked over here, frowning slightly as he seemed to notice something.

Garen quickly bowed his head and made an act of checking on the girl in his arms.

Forcefully suppressing the urging desire in his heart.

Garen looked around. The four Blood Robes had darted into the distance to help slaughter the rest of the disciples of Blue Frost Sect.

Elder Senior Sister of Blue Frost Sect was silently held in the hands of a Blood Robe who was flying in the air. Her face was deadpan and there was no expression in her eyes.

“I’ll fight you to death!!”

Garen heard the crazy roar of a young person coming from behind him all of a sudden.

Turning back, he saw a few young disciples with their own Energy Machinery birds marching through the ruins and rushing toward him.

To his slight surprise, these young people actually were flashing extremely huge energy reaction on them.

Boom!

White flames exploded abruptly. They were actually high-energy plasma bombs!

A high temperature of thousands of degrees instantaneously melted everything around into liquid and gas, forming a horrific magma pool with Garen as the center point.

However, the white magma that was just formed was instantly solidified and cooled.

Garen stood still without any action. The heat discharged by the high-energy plasma bombs which could threaten Inherited Levels were in front of him as if being blocked by an invisible barrier. Its enormous heat and impact seemed to be absorbed by something at a terribly fast speed.

In just less than two seconds, all the heat from the bombs had disappeared completely.

“This is?” Garen was somewhat inexplicable. He did not even make a move. He had just gathered his Willpower and Scarlet Snow Technique in his palms. But before they had been released to counteract, the power of the bomb had disappeared right away.

“This is Devour?!” He was suddenly shocked. He actually felt an additional mass of high-heat Energy Distorted Seed in his body. This seed was even being ironically transformed into a large amount of Cold Energy and bustled into his Scarlet Snow Technique.

Without him doing anything, all the damage was devoured and absorbed automatically. Not even the slightest aftermath affected him.

“This is the eighth grade of Hellfrost Peacock Technique?” Garen was astounded.

The impulse in his heart suddenly became increasingly stronger. An extremely strong sense of hunger surged out from his stomach.

“I really want to...eat him up...” Garen lifted up his head again and looked at Carthage in the sky.