

# Mystical 1071

Chapter 1071 - Empire Novel

“There is a mission that I require you to head out to.”

As Garen was training on his own, the Elder’s voice traveled around the Black Wolf Mansion.

“First Elder,” Garen stood up and bowed slightly to pay his respect.

“The Blue Frost Sect has perished... I want you to investigate and search for any clues. Furthermore, I want you to kill a renegade of the Dragon Light Sect along the way as a way of lending them a hand,” the first elder’s tone was rather strict and he was clearly shaken by the massacre of the Blue Frost Sect.

Garen lowered his head slowly.

“Understood. When should I leave?”

“The sooner the better and it’s best if you can stay hidden. Once you’ve returned, I will reward you with a piece of Secret Frost Seed’s Inspiration.”

“A Secret Frost Seed? Alright,” Garen replied as he assessed his current situation. He had been absorbing a lot of items but the gap between him and the Fourteenth Grade of Scarlet Snow Technique was still very wide apart. The Fourteenth Grade was the so-called Non-Falling Level.

The biggest obstacle between the Inherited Level and the Non-Falling Level was to form a wheel, a Crystal Wheel. It could be formed by using the Inherited Level’s source and form the crystals in the shape of a wheel. The more crystals one collected, the stronger one’s strength became.

This was the so-called Non-Falling Level, where the wheels kept perpetuating on its own, producing endless energy. It was completely different from the techniques and Willpower from before where it could be exhausted.

The Secret Frost Seed item seemed to contain a very huge amount of energy. Perhaps it could...

“Looks like I’ll be heading out. The supplies given by the Sect aren’t enough for me to absorb and I won’t be able to create the wheel of the Non-Falling Level,” Garen cut off the first elder’s communication as he looked around his garden which was filled with powder debris. They were all useless trash which contained no energy. This was his result for the past few days.

“Fortunately the Nine Layers Body Shattering Technique has been learned, but the skill with the fastest progress is still the Destructive Impact Fist.”

Garen reached out his right hand.

“One Time Fist Pressure.”

Whoosh!!

A strong wind gusted around him with him as the epicenter.

Garen as the epicenter, the surrounding area spanned hundreds of meters away in the mansion had uniformly sunk down at least ten centimeters.

Garen experienced the intense pressure in the area. It was the strength of the static pressure within the vicinity which increased by multiple multitudes. The items within the Pressure Fist’s area of effect would experience an extremely strong pressure. This was the Destructive Impact Fist.

“Two Times Fist Pressure,” Garen said calmly.

Boom!! Boom boom boom!!

In an instant, the items around him started exploding, including the big ice pillar tree which exploded into debris as they landed on the ground.

The air whistled as it seemed to have formed into a solid glue hundreds of meters around Garen.

Garen then quickly put away his Pressure Fist as the pressure which was double its original was almost enough to destroy his entire garden. The Destructive Impact Fist was definitely a fist technique most suited for people with high vitality. With his current physical attribute, it was as if a fish was introduced to the water as he was able to reach the tenth layer, the Ten Times Pressure Fist from the very beginning.

“This Secret Technique is literally tailored for me. Perfect!” Garen said excitedly as he looked at the mess around him. As he was too lazy to clean it up, he walked out of the garden and headed towards the small Flying Ship since he had to go there covertly.

The biggest obstacle to mastering the Destructive Impact Fist was to have enough Vitality. This was only the foundation as the future pieces of training were very similar to self-torture. With every increment in the Fist Pressure, the user’s body would become much denser and at the same time would suffer great injury to the point of near death. Perhaps a typical person wouldn’t dare practice this technique as they might not be able to recover from such heavy injury every time. Even if they were able to recover, there would be many hidden injuries that technology wouldn’t be able to fix. However, this was not the case for Garen.

He had potential points, which could perfect restore his physical body. This was the reason why he stated that this Secret Technique was created for him.

Once one reached the Tenth Grade, the Ten Times Pressure Fist would have ten times more self-destructive power. It was the pure increment of the fist’s strength to the limits. It also represented the practitioner’s strength which had been increased by tenfold.

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Garen went on to attend Senior Sister Rainy’s funeral before he departed. The corpse had already been taken off but the face and flesh were in a complete mess as it was obvious that she was tortured to death.

The cold corpse was placed inside an ice coffin which was surrounded with decorative white flower crystals. The coffin was being slowly placed into the ice tomb just behind the Scarlet Snow Sect.

Garen covered his face as he stood among the crowd, looking at Rainy's coffin being buried. He was at a loss for words.

Although Rainy didn't give him much guidance, she was also one of the few who didn't have any ill intention towards him. Her death and funeral made Eva hate him even more as she stared at him to the point where it seemed as if she was about to kill him.

No one dared to go near Garen as they were not willing to interact with someone who was ungrateful. His reputation had really sunk into the abyss.

Garen stood outside of the Ice Cemetery as he looked at Rainy's burial from afar. He placed his hand softly on his sword without saying a word.

"Despite her being a criminal to my Scarlet Snow Sect, she was still without a doubt who contributed a lot to my Sect when she was still alive," The Second Elder, who was Rainy's teacher, was the only elder who attended the funeral.

Carthage and the remaining two elders didn't attend the funeral.

The other Three Hearted Disciples had fully arrived.

"Go back to the cosmo peacefully," the master of ceremony sang loudly.

The Second Elder sighed as he turned around and left the area slowly. He patted Eva's shoulder without saying a word before he left.

Eva's eyes were red and tears started flowing down as she could not hold it in anymore. Aloran then immediately walked towards her and held onto her hand tightly.

"Why are you here! You ungrateful man! Pfft!!"

Salivas were spat at Garen's face but they were blocked off by an invisible field. The salivas then turned into ice cubes before landing on the ground.

Garen looked at where the noise came from and saw a few young men and women. The one who spat saliva at him was no other than the golden-haired Hong Guo, who was standing at the front and beside him was Conan and a weak youngster.

All three of them were younger than seventeen years old. They were all staring at him with an unfriendly expression.

Rainy was the most important person to them.

Garen kept quiet for a while before speaking up.

"Are you the one who inherited the Secret Frost Seed?" He looked at Hong Guo, the youngster who didn't intend to hide his hatred towards him.

According to the intel, he should be Senior Sister Rainy's grandson.

However, he was currently very weak...

Garen started laughing.

"How can you prove that I am the one who killed Rainy? You can't simply make up stuff kid. Be wary of what you say..."

Whoom!!

A powerful Energy Field was pressed onto them. In that instant, the sound of bones cracking could be heard from the three of them. Their faces turned red and kneeled down on the ground due to the intense pressure.

“Damn it!! Ahh!!!” Hong Guo shouted in anger as he tried to stand up with all of his might. As he exerted a huge amount of force, his knees exploded and blood started flowing out from them.

However, he did resist Garen’s pressure.

Perhaps the others were inspired by his courage or they were as strong as him. The short golden-haired girl and Conan didn’t kneel down even though her bandages had broken apart and blood started to stain her entire body.

“Interesting,” Garen smiled as he started to increase the energy field.

Pew! A white line suddenly drew across the air and went towards his face.

Clang!!

As the white line was approximately half a meter away from Garen, it completely lost its momentum and dropped to the ground.

It was Garen’s Condensation Energy Field, which was a passive technique that had been greatly enhanced due to his Inherited Level Willpower. If this Defensive Energy Field could only be extended half a meter away from his body, Hong Guo and the other two might not be able to get within a hundred meter range of Garen.

The white line was shot by Aloran from afar. Her gaze was as cold as ice as she walked in big steps and stood in front at Hong Guo and the others.

“What are you doing bullying these kids!?”

As Hong Guo shouted earlier, he had already attracted the attention from Eva and the others. The Second Elder’s pupils were staring at Garen as if he was an enemy.

Garen shrugged as he put away his Energy Field.

“I was only standing here.”

“Get lost!” Eva walked towards him and shouted.

Garen maintained his smile as he looked at the crowd before turning around and leaving the area quietly. He didn’t care whether the others knew the truth or understood him.

Whatever he had done had not betrayed his own conscience. The friendship between him and Eva, her effort in raising him into a Three Hearted Disciple, her care towards him. He would return all of this favor eventually.

He was not able to save Rainy’s life but he might able to return the favor by helping these three kids.

Although he had been isolated by everyone, had he really mixed himself with anybody from the beginning until the end?

He had already gotten used to such a lifestyle.

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It was time for him to leave for his mission.

The Dimensional Tunnel was already opened and the teams assigned to this mission had already been arranged beforehand. Garen was in the Frost Hell as he attempted to be inspired by the Secret Frost Seed when he received the notification. Unfortunately, since the distance was rather far away, he was unable to touch the Secret Frost Seed. Hence, he didn’t really obtain any huge reward but instead the only thing he gained was a surface knowledge of the strength and characteristics of the Scarlet Snow Sect’s ancestors. Perhaps this knowledge would be useful to those who had not decided their path. However, this knowledge was completely useless to the current Garen.

Hence, he left the Frost Hell and rode the Flying Ship and went towards the gathering point the moment he received the call.

As he drove the Flying Ship to the Dimensional Tunnel, he analyzed his own body.

Although there were no changes in his Vitality Attribute, he could feel that there were no changes in his defense, toughness and hardness as well. It seemed that his starting point, being having 40 points of Vitality was so overwhelming that he could resist the body's increasing density caused by the Ten Times Pressure Fist.

This also meant that he had not reached the limits of the Destructive Impact Fist and could still increase the pressure of his Pressure Fist.

The Flying Ship soon arrived at an icy field and there was a black hole swirling slowly on it. There were a few ships of different sizes parked beside it and at least ten people from the Scarlet Snow Sect were standing on the icy field, waiting for him as they looked at Garen's ship.

## Chapter 1072: Snatch 2

"The Tenth Royal Highness," one of the men shouted. "We are the Special Order and we will be under your command to investigate the Blue Frost Sect's incident," this person was tall and wore a pair of spectacles. He looked gentle and harmless. He had a snow-white longsword by his waist and was in a clean white suit.

Garen stood at the driver's window of the Flying Ship as he looked down at the crowd.

"Are all of you sent by the First Elder?"

"No, we are a group of people sent by the Second Elder and Third Elder," the man in glasses adjusted his glasses as he replied calmly. "I am the Deputy Minister of the Special Intelligence Department. You can call me Glasses."

"Am I of the highest command for this mission?" Garen nodded.



“Naturally.”

Garen glanced at the crowd and the male to female distribution was very equal. Although all of them were wearing the Two Hearted Pauldron, they did not seem to be in the age to be training as a Two Hearted Disciples. Hence, the only conclusion was that they had become members of the headquarters when they graduated from being Two Hearted Disciples.

“Let’s get aboard and prepare to head out,” he said calmly.

“However, there are two other royal highness on their way!” The man in glasses shouted.

“There are two others?” Garen squinted his eyes. “Which two?”

As the man in glasses was about to speak, two white lines were drawn across the sky. In an instant, they landed underneath Garen’s Flying Ship at the side of the crowd. They were one male and female each dressed completely in white.

One of them was Eva. her expression was cold as if she was another person. It was obvious that Rainy’s death had a huge impact on her as she looked rather pale.

The other person was a muscular man with a small white cat on his shoulder.

“King Cat?” Garen recognized this man.

Although King Cat looked like a sincere, muscular and tall man, the small and pure white cat made his frightening appearance much softer.

“I represent the Third Elder in this team.”

Eva stared coldly at Garen.

“I represent the Second Elder in this team.”

“It looks like I’m the captain of this team?” Garen laughed. No one disputed it, including Eva as everyone assumed he’s in charge.

This meant that everyone had recognized him as the strongest person around. Only the person who possessed strength had a say in everything in this Sect.

Although the Energy Machinists of Planet Naga were very good in computing power, they had used all their computing power in increasing their strength and they rarely branch out from it. Hence, the Energy Machinists were often viewed as barbarians. One of their characteristics was that they respected people with power.

“Since everyone has arrived, let’s move out,” Garen ordered coldly.

He was the first one who leaped into the vortex with his ship. The rest then went up to their ships and flew into it. Soon, the icy field had returned to its quiet environment.

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“According to intel, the traitor of the Dragon Light Sect is called Agathon. He has the strength of an Inherited Level on the surface but we’re unsure if this intel is reliable. The reason he had betrayed the Sect was because he had raped and murdered the Fifth Elder’s granddaughter of the Dragon Light Sect. This is the wanted assistance order we, the Intel Department had received from the Dragon Light Sect.”

Glasses sent information to Garen’s Flying Ship while the Flying Ship was in the middle of a dimensional leap.

“Agathon?” Garen rubbed his chin. The rotating person on the monitor was a thin, tall man. He looked very normal and seemed to be a little bit handsome. He had elegant eyes and eyebrows and didn’t look like a rapist or murderer.

“What’s the overall inside story?” He questioned.

Glasses was slightly stunned as he replied, “Amazing Garen your Highness. You’re able to guess that there’s an inside story without much lead,” he continued after flattering him. “The inside story is that this man and the granddaughter of the Elder are lovers. He was a very talented man with a very bright future but he seemed to be framed by someone. After raping and murdering his lover, his reputation was thrown down the drain and had no choice but to escape. The mastermind is indeed a cruel man.”

“Who else is assisting in this killing other than us?”

“Hmm... There are two other powerhouses from two different sects. They are the Black Dragon Sect and Sky Sword Sect which were from the same planet. There were also other Inherited Level Pilots which were hired as well,” Glasses answered truthfully. “Since this planet is rather far away, our intel isn’t really reliable so we don’t know their actual strength.”

“That’s fine...” Garen said calmly.

The leap soon had reached an end.

In the sky above the gray and white mountains, a black hole appeared among the blue sky and white clouds as a few white Flying Ships suddenly flew out from the black hole.

Although these Flying Ships had been dyed white, its side still had the Scarlet Snow Sect’s red emblem.

“Location confirmed.”

“The Headquarter of the Blue Frost Sect’s old address is approximately one thousand six hundred fifty-three kilometers away.”

“Activating risk factors and surrounding awareness.”

The participating members didn't even require any orders to act and formed a formation as they put Garen, Eva and King Cat in the middle of it.

Sizzle.

It seemed that one of the member's scanning device was faulty as it gave off a disturbing noise.

"I'm sorry I'm sorry!!" The young man immediately shouted among the team.

"It's fine. Is it your first time out for this outstation mission? Stay calm. Everyone has a first and mistakes are bound to happen," Eva comforted gently.

It was only then when the member gave a sigh of relief and thanked her profusely.

Garen ignored the little drama over there as he sat on his knees inside the flying ship while he kept training his Destructive Impact Fist.

His body and skin were in a continuous vibration. The Destructive Impact Fist was destroying his organs and bones but at the same time, the Potential Points were recovering every injury at lightning speed. Both elements were balancing each other within Garen's body.

After they had finished scanning the surrounding, they started to check their respective Flying Ships. They set up the setting to hide the Dimensional Tunnel as they required it to go back home later on.

After leaving behind half of the team to guard the Dimensional Tunnel, Garen and the other two brought six men along and went directly towards the ruins of the Blue Frost Sect.

Since the wanted traitor was still on this planet and it would require a long time to track him down, they decided to head out to the Blue Frost Sect's old address to investigate.

Garen knew much better than anyone how the Blue Frost Sect perished as his space ring contained a pile of original techniques originated from the Blue Frost Sect. He had also obtained a lot of high-grade Gene Strengthening Liquid.

Hence, his so-called investigation was nothing but an act.

Garen ordered everyone to get down from the ship and walk instead when the Blue Frost Sect's Headquarter was about ten meters away. The Blue Frost Sect was built on the planet's huge magnetic field and going there via the Flying Ship would require energy multiple times more than normal. Hence, it was better and agiler to move on foot than to fly there.

The group entered a vast golden desert once they left the ship. The scorching hot sand kept inducing the hot steams upwards as it twisted the air.

The sun bathed the entire area without mercy as it released its overwhelming heat.

However, the nine men from the Scarlet Snow Sect weren't affected by their environment as they moved swiftly forward in the desert.

The group of people looked like a clear white line among the golden desert as they moved towards the Blue Frost Sect's headquarter at a great pace.

"If I didn't come here on my own, I would've never guessed that the Blue Frost Sect would have built their headquarters on the hottest desert," The King Cat stood by the Flying Ship as he said.

"Rumor has it that they are trying to use the natural scorching heat to enhance their coolness. Imagine that you are able to release an incredible amount of chill in the hottest environment and how much chill would they have produced if they were placed under a cold environment?" Garen explained softly.

"That makes sense," King Cat was an ally of the Third Elder. Now that he was on the same team as Garen, he wouldn't try to disobey Garen even if their relationship wasn't good.

The group stood on top of the Flying Ship as they glided at great speed. Soon, they could faintly see the ruins of the Blue Frost Sect.

“Who’s there!?” suddenly a shout could be heard at the front.

“We are the investigation team from the Scarlet Snow Sect. This is our assistance permit,” Glasses put out a white badge-like item and a white light shone out into the sky. It was complete silence after that.

“It’s the people from the Energy Machinist Alliance,” Glasses explained softly to Garen and the other two.

“There should be a lot of people investigating, right?” Garen asked softly. “What kind of investigation is this about?”

Glasses then adjusted his spectacles. “Your Royal Highness. The investigation involves in finding out any key traces or presences when the Blue Frost Sect was destroyed. We also plan to collect some samples to do some experiments as well. At the same time, even though the Blue Frost Sect was destroyed, there are a few items that are too heavy to be moved away within a short period of time. Hence, our mission also involves retrieving most of these heavy equipment.”

“In other words, we’re here to snatch these items?” King Cat concluded in a very straightforward manner.

“Don’t be that straightforward... Everyone needs to cover up somehow,” Garen laughed.

“With that being said, it is as King Cat His Royal Highness has stated. We’re here to snatch the items,” Glasses smiled as he responded respectfully.

“No wonder they sent me out here,” Garen finally understood the situation.

Indeed, he was the strongest in the Scarlet Snow Sect excluding Carthage after the battle with Eva. His battle strength far surpassed any typical Inherited Level and he was very close to achieving Non-Falling Level. Hence, the reason he was sent out here was to snatch these items.

They approached the white ruins closer and closer.

“What’s the most important item left behind by the Blue Frost Sect?”

“It’s the Cold Night Pond. However, there will be a lot of people fighting over it.”

“Let’s go to the Cold Night Pond then,” Garen smiled.

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Within the ruins of the Blue Frost Sect, three teams of different colors were surrounding the area on top of the diamond-shaped blue crystal.

“Dragon Armor of the Dragon Light Sect, don’t you think you’ve crossed the line that you’ve used the name of a fugitive to snatch items away from us Planet Almanac?”

A cold woman’s voice reverberated at the top of the blue crystal.

The one who spoke was the female leader in a tight yellow suit standing on the left together with the other women.

“What do you mean by snatching? We’re merely here to collect this crystal sample to analyze so that we can find out who’s the murderer perishing the whole Blue Frost Sect. How can you state that this is snatching?” A soft yet villainous tone came from a man.

Among the men in golden attire on top of the right side of the crystal, there stood a handsome man gently rubbing his golden monocle with a mild expression.

“Everybody knows that the Dragon Light Sect is here to snatch the items away instead of retrieving it. Tsk tsk. How embarrassing. It’s definitely considered one of the wonders among the middle sized Sect,” a tall and muscular man laughed out loud weirdly among the group of black men.

“Gatengsi, looks like you’ve reached Grade Nine for your Black Dragon’s Cloud Technique? Since you dare to speak to me in such manner,” the handsome man stared femininely at the muscular man.

“Looks like I’ve been discovered. Heh. I’ll gladly comply if you wish to fight!” Gatengsi of the Black Dragon Sect laughed. “I’ll say it first. If I, Gatengsi is around, none of you will take away the Cold Night Pond away easily! Including you! Fati!”

The two local Sect had teamed up in secret to fight against the Dragon Light Sect.

“Speaking of which, isn’t it bad that word has gotten out that us sects from the same star clusters fight against each other instead of fighting against the people from the Four-star Alliance? I dare you to go against the Floating Light since he has obtained the best Cold Night Pond, which is unlike ours that is so small,” the feminine man smiled coldly at Fati.

“Why didn’t you go then? The Four-star Alliance! Hmpf!” The woman in the yellow shirt was frightened the moment the name Floating Light appeared.

Ever since the Gideon Household had perished, the Four-star Alliance had put in a tremendous amount of effort in strengthening themselves. As the remaining three stars developed at lightning speed, a talented young man who possessed a talent that appeared once a thousand year had appeared. He was no other than Floating Light. Rumor had it that he would leave no one alive when he attacked.

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“So, this is the Cold Night Pond?”

Suddenly, a faint voice came from afar.

A group of people dressed in white on a Flying Ship came in swiftly and stopped nearby the crowd.

A muscular and tall man walked down from the Flying Ship and threw the vehicle to a side.

The man’s expression was calm, yet he was surrounded with a dense aura that no one could overlook. While the people behind him had a strong presence, he simply overshadowed the rest.



“It’s the people from the Scarlet Snow Sect!” The Scarlet Dragon Armor, Fati of the Dragon Light smirked. It was another external sect. He already had his hands full dealing with two allied Sects. Now that another sect had arrived, one could wonder how they planned on handling the situation.

The people from the Scarlet Snow Sect.

The Black Dragon Sect and the Sky Sword Sect could obtain information from the Energy Machine Imprint; they started being on their guard.

“We from the Black Dragon Sect and the Sky Sword Sect had discovered this place first. Friends of the Scarlet Snow Sect, if you wish to obtain the Cold Night Pond, please head off to somewhere else as there are still a few of Cold Night Ponds around!” The woman from the Sky Sword Sect shouted.

Garen’s group got down from the ship and glanced at the situation in front of them.

Two indigenous Sects united together to fight against the Dragon Light Sect. It seemed that this Cold Night Pond was simply the best and largest within the vicinity, otherwise, there wouldn’t be so many people fighting over it.

“How stupid. They’re still fighting against each other even when the sky is about to fall upon them,” Garen shook his head in his mind. It would be natural that these Energy Machinists, who were consumed by greediness, would perish.

Perhaps, in their perspective, the death of the entire sect was the doing of an enemy and an internal conflict between the Energy Machinists. They didn’t believe that any Pilots or outsiders would dare to attack them.

“This Cold Night Pond...” Garen immediately realized the giant blue crystal placed at the center. It contained a huge mass of chill that he himself couldn’t get his eyes off of it.

“What an overwhelming chill it has...” It is at least equivalent to the essence of five Blood Beads that Carthage has given out...” Seeing how there was still dirt around the crystal, it seemed that this item had just been dug out a while ago.

After some calculation, he would require at least three Origin Crystals to form the Crystal Wheel that would allow him to reach the Non-falling Level.

“I’ll be taking this Cold Night Pond.”

Garen was too lazy to argue with these bunch and spoke straightforwardly, “You guys can leave now.”

As soon as he finished speaking, everyone focused their attention on him; there were about tens of red visors set onto the whole Scarlet Snow Sect team, especially on their leader Garen.

“Who does he think he is? How dare he spew such words,” There were a few people who couldn’t hold in their mockery.

The strongest of each team, Dragon Armor Fati of the Dragon Light Sect, Gatengsi of Black Dragon and the woman in yellow shirt from the Sky Sword Sect looked at Garen as if he was an idiot.

“What kind of joke is that? Lane,” Gatengsi of the Black Dragon Sect rubbed his ears as he laughed.

“This is Planet Almanac, something is definitely wrong with him considering he dares to threaten us in our homeland,” The woman in yellow shirt laughed as well.

Even Eva and King Cat looked at Garen in confusion as they didn’t understand why Garen would say such ridiculous words without knowing the strength of his enemies. People would look down on him for saying such big words.

However, Garen smiled as he took a step forward.

“Three Qi is all I need to deal with you people.”

Boom!

An intense, invisible chill went straight toward the crowd like a tidal wave.

The frightening chill instantly froze the scorching hot gravels on the floor, including everyone within a hundred meters in front of him.

Crack crack... Crack...

The solid layer of ice swiftly froze the legs of all the members from the two sects, propagating upward to their bodies at a great speed.

An Energy Field that could not be seen meant that they couldn't defend from it at all. Everything they did was in vain as they couldn't even have the time to feel frightened or shout. In that instant, ninety percent of the crowd had been completely frozen into ice crystal pillars, standing firmly on the sand.

The three leaders tried to use their Energy Field and Strength of Origin, but they could only slow down the propagation.

"You!" They weren't even able to finish a sentence before they were covered in ice pillars, fear being written all over their faces.

With a slight trick of the hand, the scene which had a crowd had become silent. The three Inherited Level leaders were covered inside the solid ice pillars.

"How boring," Garen sighed in disappointment. He wanted to test his limits, yet his opponents were frozen by him without putting up any defense at all.

He could faintly hear the sound of teeth trembling from the Scarlet Snow Sect's disciples behind him. He could also hear the increased blood circulation from Eva and King Cat's body tensing up the moment the chill was released from his body.

"You... You killed them all?!" King Cat's tone was rather dry.

“Perhaps...” Garen smiled as he stepped forward and gently placed his hands on the surface of the Cold Night Pond.

Sizzle...

A sizzling noise which sent chills down people’s spine could be heard as the crowd from the Scarlet Snow Sect stared at the Night Cold Pond in front of Garen shrink at a great pace. It was similar to an ice melting as they could see it shrinking with their naked eyes.

As for the surrounding people, he wouldn’t simply kill them off that easily as he had only released his frost Energy Field instead of Faded Creation. He had at most limited their movements and severely injured them due to the frost. Their lives would only be in danger if someone couldn’t get them out of the ice pillars within the span of ten days.

“Your Highness Garen is definitely the number one genius after His Highness Carthage!” Glasses, who was standing behind him, immediately flattered him as soon as he was able to react. However, his tone was rather dry.

The other five normal members could only swallow their saliva when they regained their composure from the shock. They should be proud of their own team, but all they felt was chills sending down their spine.

“Is the Scarlet Snow Technique really this incredible?” King Cat looked at Garen’s back as he was shocked. He, too, was at the Grade Thirteen for the Scarlet Snow Technique, but he couldn’t achieve such destruction even if he went all out. It had completely exceeded the realm of pure technic and was in the realm of disaster.

Eva gritted her teeth as she stared at Garen’s back. She was also shocked to see that Garen had improved so much. If he were to keep moving forward at such an incredible pace, she might not be able to avenge Rainy at this rate!

As the group was still recovering from the shock, Garen had already finished absorbing the Night Cold Pond and returned to the team. However, he seemed to be disappointed and no one dared to ask him why.

“Let’s go, to the next Night Cold Pond.

Garen said coldly. The fight ended before it started; it was such a buzzkill to everyone who was ready to go all out.

“Your Highness Garen is so strong!” A member behind Glasses couldn’t help but to said softly after regaining from the shock.

“The Scarlet Snow Technique can be that strong!?” Another female member muttered.

“Perhaps we, the Scarlet Snow Sect, are about to rise once again...” Another female member looked at Garen with a sense of worship in her eyes.

Worship would naturally form when the strength between two of similar ages was too drastic. They would then draw a line between the two and categorize the other party into another realm so that they wouldn’t compare themselves to the other party. This way, they could protect their own dignity. This was the nature of human being.

The Two Hearted members were in this exact situation.

Eva stared at him as she held the dagger in her arms tightly.

Garen rushed toward the next location where the Night Cold Pond was located. Glasses instructed a member to use the detecting device to locate more Night Cold Ponds.

Although the first Night Cold Pond Crystal was huge, Garen was only able to fill up the first Origin Crystal after refining it, he couldn’t even see the second crystal sprouting.

This made him have a firmer grasp on the difficulty of achieving the Non-Falling Level.

The people were already fighting around the second Cold Night Pond. Golden sparks were everywhere, and herds of purple-black birds covered the entire sky. A few large Mechs were mixed among these birds in the sky As they dyed the sky in red and green. It seemed that they were of the Inherited Level as well.

Garen couldn't care less which Sect they were from since he had Carthage as the final line of defense. That person's strength was endless, and he was definitely the strongest person in the Scarlet Snow Sect. The three Elders weren't able to restrict him, and the Guardians had not shown themselves until even today. Half of the current Scarlet Snow Sect had been controlled by him and even though there were a few Three Hearted Disciples who viewed him as a threat, the majority of them were proud to have him. They didn't care who was the owner, but they cared who could bring them glory and power.

Carthage was able to meet those criteria.

"Absolute Freeze."

Garen didn't even need to unsheathe his sword as he walked directly toward the blue Night Cold Pond Crystal, ignoring the battles surrounding him.

The birds froze into ice and fell onto the ground wherever he walked by. The people who were fighting were instantly frozen before they could react. All of them were frozen within an ice pillar, defenseless against the attack.

It was the same towards the Resonance Level or Inherited Level.

It was almost as though the Scarlet Snow Sect was walking in an environment without any human presence as they walked directly toward the Night Cold Pond. Garen reached out his hand and placed tightly on the surface of the Night Cold Pond.

The people behind him didn't know what he was doing, neither did they dare to ask him as well. Garen's invincibility had carved deeply in their memories. No one was able to stand against him as his enemies were instantly sealed within ice pillars in an instant. This Scarlet Snow Technique was out of everyone's imagination!

After a while, Garen put away his hand as he looked at the Night Cold Pond that had been greatly shrunk.

"I've absorbed the Cold Energy inside it, but there are still traces of Cold Energy left that could be used for research. It seems to contain some secrets from the Blue Frost Sect. You can bring it back to the Technical Department for them to do their research. Keep it safe."

"Yes!"

Glasses immediately went forward and kept the Cold Night Pond Crystal, which was as tall as a human, with the Space Ring that he had prepared earlier.

"Let's go to the next one," Garen turned around and went towards the third one.

## Chapter 1074: Limit 2

Glasses glanced at the Energy Machinists and Mech Pilots within the icicles around him as a hint of greed flashed in his eyes.

"If I were able to remove the items from these people..." He knocked the icicles briefly when he walked past them silently.

However, the thing that shocked him was the intense and terrifying chills that suddenly spread throughout his fingers the moment he touched the icicles. He triggered the Scarlet Snow Technique and he continued to resist it desperately. Unfortunately, the chills that were only as thin as strands of hair consumed more than half of all his skills. Its purity was simply unimaginable!

While fear continued to linger in his heart, he glanced at Garen who was strolling in front of him. As he was too afraid to overthink this, Glasses followed Garen closely behind instead.

The third, the fourth, the fifth...

Garen absorbed numerous Cold Night Ponds one after another. He froze everyone who tried to resist or fight him for it.

The terrifying chills caused the temperature of the surrounding area to be reduced by more than ten degrees gradually. When the weather was scorchingly hot, abnormal occurrences like this would gradually attract the attention of the powerhouses from other regions.

A few scattered Mech Pilots and Energy Machinists who came to make a profit looked at the members of Scarlet Snow Sect from afar before fleeing quickly to avoid becoming casualties.

Therefore, Garen and his group were able to absorb the Cold Night Ponds even faster.

There were more than twenty Cold Night Ponds and most of them were completely absorbed by Garen now. He finally began to solidify his second Origin Crystal. He could freeze Cold Energy within a range of a hundred thousand square kilometers into frozen snowscapes by absorbing all of this energy into his body. However, he had merely started to freeze the second Origin Crystal. This gave him some new insight regarding the Non-falling Level's terrifying accumulated energy.

The others did not possess such a convenient absorption and purification ability. From the past to this present, he was probably the only one who could enjoy the perfect purification abilities from his Ice Coffin Secret Technique. After all, he had spent more than a thousand years practicing this skill wearily in order to perfect it. This was not a price that merely anyone could accept.

Moreover, the Heart of Ice that was produced by the perfected Ice Coffin was not just used to purify Cold Energy. It could also strengthen and amplify the efficiency of the chills that Garen released. This allowed him to have a perfect command of these chills.

When they noticed that the crowds of frozen people had increased, Garen's reputation grew as well.

Some people tried to smash the solid icicles open and save those inside but their efforts were futile. The frozen layers that were attacked or smashed would restore themselves to their original states on their own as if they were alive.



Moreover, they were afraid of hurting the people inside if they exerted too much force. Hence, it was impossible for the powerhouses, who rushed over later, to undo Garen's frozen chills.

They collected all of the Cold Night Ponds that were nearby quickly. The group even overturned some of the ruins to find some good things that were concealed in deeper places. They had obtained considerably great gains.

Garen's second crystal had successfully solidified now. He was able to fully absorb its Cold Energy to a perfect stage, allowing him to release even more terrifying chills.

He lowered his hand and placed it on a Cold Night Pond in front of him slowly.

Shh!

Suddenly, a golden light pillar rose up in the distance into the sky. This gigantic light pillar was blindingly bright, resembling a gold rod that shot itself into the sky directly. Shrouds of golden air currents revolved around it.

The enormous Energy Field pressed onto and enveloped the entire Blue Frost Sect and the ruins around it instantly.

"So powerful! This is the Lord of Gold, the ultimate move as well as a skill that is specialized by the Gold Clan of the Four-Star Alliance!" said King Cat sincerely and subconsciously. "It's probably Floating Light."

Along the way, they did not have any opportunities to do anything. While feeling astonished towards Garen's powers, he also felt extremely bored. However, once he saw the light pillar now, a hint of frustration rose in his heart suddenly. His initial fighting intentions instantly and completely disappeared. He had previously assumed that Garen was already a rare deviant, before another deviant appeared before his eyes, making him feel powerless.

"Floating Light?" Garen raised his eyebrows. "Let's go take a look."

“This trip simply feels like a vacation,” said another one of his group members while smiling.

“With His Highness Garen here, we can grab the things we want freely and have a look around as we please,” Another group member replied lightly. “Even if Floating Light grew stronger again, do you think he could really be stronger than His Royal Highness Garen?”

Everyone took turns chatting casually and lightly. King Cat, who was feeling frustrated earlier, had returned to his normal state as well. He shook his head and concentrated his gaze on Garen who was in front of him. Both this fellow and Carthage had powers that were simply like endless pits. The depths of their powers were unknown, and they were frighteningly strong. Perhaps Floating Light would be able to uncover some of his exact details.

They turned and passed through some of Blue Frost Sect’s damaged building areas that were used for experimental research before a terrifying gigantic, round hollow which was more than ten meters wide appeared in front of them quickly.

Shrouds of green smoke were escaping from the giant pit slowly, releasing scorching hot temperatures. Red liquid lava could even be seen in the center.

A young, handsome man was standing at the edge of the giant pit. He carried a golden rod silently while pursing his lips and looking at Garen and the others who were rushing over here.

From afar, his gaze resembled two rays of golden light that were incomparably blinding. They made others completely fearful of looking at him directly.

“Garen of Scarlet Snow?” Despite being ten meters away, his voice echoed across the great distance clearly. It was calm and tinged with inexperience, but it was clear that he was not an average youth.

Garen looked at the youth on the opposite side of himself in a slightly surprised manner as well. At this age, he could not be older than thirty years old, meaning that he was just like Garen.

However, his gaze did not linger on the other person’s body but instead shifted to the unimaginably gigantic blue crystal behind him.

That crystal was easily almost the size of a little hill. It was glittering and translucent while a human-shaped shadow was sealed inside. It could not be seen clearly.

Extremely terrifying chills were released throughout his entire body. They enveloped a range of more than hundreds of meters around him, completely covering his surrounding environment in layers of white frost and making it unimaginably cold.

This crystal was more than two times larger than the previous ones that Garen had absorbed.

“Tch... tch... Such a large crystal is probably enough for me to form my third Origin Crystal...” A hint of desire conjured up in his heart.

Carthage’s pressure, the destroyed destinies that would ultimately befall Energy Machinists in the future, and his determined fate that he had to die next time were three things that were constantly shrouding his mind like the shadows of death, suppressing his insane forces of pursuit.

Silently, a chill traveled towards the bottom of Floating Light’s foot and struck it quickly. No one noticed the movements of this chill.

Puff!

This was the first time that his chills had collapsed.

It collided against his Inherited Level Energy Field within a distance that was less than half a meter from Floating Light before instantly perishing together with a golden force; both of them were destroyed.

Both parties looked at each other in a slightly shocked manner. This exploration had instantly proven that both of their strengths were of the same level.

“No wonder there were so many people who had previously said that your chills had already reached stages that could not be countered by those who were not of the Non-falling Level. Now it seems like no one had made a mistake.”

Floating Light continued calmly and said, "Unfortunately..." He raised his head and looked at the sky before a little black shadow flew over faintly.

Whoosh!

He leaped upward and turned into a flash of golden lightning before disappearing completely. His rapid speed simply caused people to stare dumbfoundedly.

"Your life will only remain until I come back to retrieve it next time," echoed Floating Light's voice from afar.

"There won't be a next time," Garen smiled suddenly.

Shh!

The chills throughout his entire body condensed into a gigantic white gas Energy Field before soaring towards the black shadow in the sky.

Chirp!

The frightening Energy Field that shrouded a range of a few hundred meters turned into the figure of a gigantic peacock. Its sharp beak raised itself toward the sky and held the black shadow in its mouth.

Drastic changes occurred across the face of Floating Light, who was perched on the black shadow before he turned around and suppressed it with his rod hastily and firmly. A spot of golden light lit up at the end of the rod. It was extremely blinding.

"Sky Magnet Rod!"

The golden light traveled directly toward the tip of the peacock's beak. He swept all of the surrounding magnetic fields over before drawing them towards the peacock's beak, suppressing it.

The golden light canceled out a large portion of Garen's Turbulent Chills. However, there were still some chills that tainted both Floating Light's legs; the ice spread over, covering him instantly and completely freezing his legs into a single ice block.

"Damn!"

"Go!" A frantic voice echoed from the black shadow. The black shadow was actually a black airship. A woman who wore a golden crown appeared there while the both of them worked together to release a large golden cloud to block the peacock's following attacks. The airship flew higher before finally leaving Garen's attack range.

The enormous peacock could only raise its head and whine in frustration as its speed decelerated. It grew weaker before finally shrinking back into Garen's body.

Garen lifted his head and looked at the airship that was merely a black dot in the sky now. Using his terrifyingly powerful eyesight, he could still see the hateful yet slightly frightened gazes of Floating Light, along with the woman with the golden crown.

The group of people behind him, including Eva and King Cat, looked with a flabbergasted manner at the fight that had occurred moments ago. Their degrees of power had already surpassed the domains of the Inherited Level and reached the stages of the Non-falling Level instead. They looked at Garen again and noticed that his gaze had already changed completely. It had changed into the form and manner of their seniors in the Non-falling Level.

The enormous Chill Peacock the size of few hundred meters had immediately scared those two people earlier. Most creatures that were formed by Energy Fields would not be this large, while only those in the Non-falling Level would be able to form such gigantic Energy Field figures.

Therefore, the implications of Garen's ability to form such gigantic Energy Field figures were still unknown.

"He just ran away like that. How unfortunate," Garen sheathed the sword that was previously in his hands and walked directly towards the gigantic Cold Night Pond. He did not know why Floating Light fled suddenly. However, it was clear that he had some urgent matters. Moreover, he was probably seeking

something other than the Cold Night Pond. It was obvious that he had succeeded already. After all, Cold Night Ponds were not as valuable compared to non-frost-type powerhouses.

The few people behind him were unaware of the unfortunate thing he was talking about. Was it unfortunate that they were unable to fight, or was it unfortunate that...

Once Floating Light had left, no one within the entire Blue Frost Sect could challenge Garen anymore. This applied to the Dragon Light Sect and the local Black Dragon Sect and Sky Sword Sect as well. If they were afraid of the likes of Floating Light, they would not even need to think of Garen.

Garen himself was unaware of the current stage that he had achieved as well.

A regular attack that was formed by his Energy Field had injured the peak Inherited Level powerhouse Floating Light, whose strength rivaled the Non-falling Levels. He did not even have to use a sword, the Destructive Impact Fist, Nine Layers Body Shattering Technique, or even the Faded Creation that was hidden in the most secluded areas.

After walking toward the front of the gigantic Cold Night Pond Crystal, Garen reached his hand out and pressed it against the surface of the crystal closely.

The Hellfrost Peacock Technique's terrifying Devour ability launched rapidly before the essence of myriad Cold Energy was filtered out and purified by the Ice Coffin. Next, it began to condense the third crystal within Garen's body quickly.

It greatly exceeded the Cold Energy of every Cold Night Pond before him. All of the Cold Energy that was accumulated by Blue Frost Sect for thousands of years had been engulfed into Garen's body. The third gem-like scarlet crystal was rapidly condensed there.

Once the third one had appeared, the fourth one came soon after. Moments after the fourth one was successfully formed, the Cold Energy of the Cold Night Pond Crystal had finally been exhausted.

The crystals that were previously more than twenty meters large had now shrunk into the size of half a human.

There were four Origin Crystals.

Garen looked inwardly at the four red crystal gems within his own body.

“I can already solidify them into a wheel. This is truly terrifying... The Hellfrost Peacock Technique and its frightening Devour ability have simply disregarded most of the rules of accumulation and plundered the energy and essence of external creatures directly! No wonder its performance has been so weak all this while. Apparently, its true powers would only be fully exhibited at the final stage.”

## Chapter 1075: Chance Encounter 1

The major accomplishments of the Living Secret Technique had finally manifested during this frightening technological era.

A terrifying progress rate like this even made Garen himself feel as if it was somewhat unreal.

“We don’t need to rush the process of solidifying it into a wheel for now. We’ll discuss it later after solidifying a few more crystals. For Non-falling Level wheels, the more crystals we have, the stronger its explosive force and stamina will be. It will be even more terrifying during actual combat.”

“Keep this thing. We’ll keep going now.” Garen threw out the last sentence before walking forward himself to other areas to continue the search for the Cold Night Pond Crystals. This thing was simply a great form of nourishment to him. It was even quicker than absorbing other high energy substances.

Despite being major combat forces, both King Cat and Eva had been reduced to watching him passively while the remaining members worshipped and respected Garen greatly. Individuals who were absolutely powerful like himself had brought about an undeniably bright future for the rest of them.

Next, Garen collected all of the high energy substances and Cold Night Ponds throughout the ruins of the Blue Frost Sect. He absorbed it for more than one whole day, and no one dared enter the entire Blue Frost Sect now as Garen’s terrifying chills and icicles were everywhere. When the two elders of Black

Dragon Sect and Sky Sword Sect had finally rushed over, they exhausted a lot of their energy to smash the icicles and save their own disciples and members. It looked extremely difficult and when the others witnessed this scene, those who were initially prepared to enter and earn a quick buck turned silent suddenly.

As both of the Non-falling Level elders were extremely scared of Garen, they gave strict orders to all of their members to return to their sects and train painstakingly after leaving the site of the ruins.

Meanwhile, Garen absorbed all of the usable resources impetuously.

The number of crystals had increased to six. At this moment, he had absorbed almost all of Blue Frost Sect's high energy substances.

The other Scarlet Snow Sect members might have obtained certain benefits as well, as they now carried various heavy machinery and pieces of equipment with them.

By obtaining six of these crystals, although the total number was not full yet, Garen felt that he had reached his limit already.

He was not referring to the limit of his own Vitality, but the limit of the Scarlet Snow Technique instead.

Six crystals were the highest limit of the Scarlet Snow Sect's Scarlet Snow Technique as well as the upper limit of this skill. If he increased it any further, Garen could clearly feel that his Energy Machine Imprint could probably not support it anymore.

"Looks like this is the difference compared to the other major sects. No wonder Scarlet Snow Sect was just an average minor sect," Garen had finally understood the difference between Energy Machinist Sects. It was similar to the difference between the number of Origin Crystals when one first entered the Non-falling Level. Despite the greatness of your natural talents, your techniques would still have upper limits that would limit your development and make you weaker than those from different sects who were at the same level as you.

"I can only solidify the wheel now," thought Garen helplessly.



He had never considered solidification like this initially. It was unfortunate that the Scarlet Snow Technique could only solidify so few of these.

“I’ll settle my score with that escaper later.”

He sighed and stood on the remains of the last valuable building in the ruins. His terrifying chills had frozen all of the ruins below him into a single block of ice.

Under the sunlight, more than half of the ruins of Blue Frost Sect were frozen into a snowy, icy state. Gigantic blocks of pure white and crystal-clear ice could be seen everywhere.

The remaining members of the Scarlet Snow Sect dispersed throughout the surroundings and examined the area for valuables respectively.

Garen did not convene these people and allowed them to look for treasures freely. Getting rid of deserters was a simple task. There would be no problem as long as he was able to find the other party.

While standing atop the solid ice, he took a red and round item, which resembled a pocket watch, from his bosom and glanced at the illuminated red dot that was displayed there.

“We’ll see how your luck turns out. If I find you within half a day, that’ll be unfortunate for you.”

Whoosh.

Garen’s figure slid down the ice quickly before leaving and flying into the faraway distance.

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Planet Gideon of the Four-Star Alliance

Within an enormous crater that was filled with meteorites, a large crowd was painstakingly moving various ores that were excavated from the mining cavity. Some of them specialized in mining, while others either transported or categorized them.

The filthy people had nothing but rags on their backs. Exhaustion filled their faces as they worked while numerous black Spirit Mechs stood at the higher regions of the meteorite crater to monitor and manage this place.

Both Clint and Baylon were carrying baskets of ores on their backs while following the stream of people to the faraway sorting area.

“We need to think of a way to escape from here,” Clint said to Baylon quietly. “We’ve already been here for two days and it’s not an option for us to go on like this!”

“Do you have any good ideas?” asked Baylon softly.

“According to Old Hank, this place is the Spirit King’s mining pit division. The surveillance here is probably not the most stringent. Moreover, they’re also hiding a few Mechs that have been prepared to be used for the purposes of revolting. As long as we find an opportunity and convince Old Hank, we can definitely resolve these Spirit Mechs,” said Clint softly.

“Then how are you going to gain their trust?” said Baylon in a slightly anxious tone.

“Yes... We heard this information from our boss Red Moon secretly. How are we going to convince them to let us on the Mechs...” Suddenly, Clint scratched his own head helplessly.

“I have a way,” Red Moon’s voice echoed suddenly.

“What way? Tell us quickly, Boss. I don’t want to spend my days moving ores anymore!” Clint’s spirits stirred immediately.

“Hehe, Old Hank’s son Hans is quite perverted... Baylon needs to take the field this time... Hehehe...” laughed Red Moon wickedly.

“No... No way...” whispered Baylon timidly. When she sensed that both Clint and Red Moon’s attention were focused on her at the same time, she cowered even more.

“Impossible!” Clint rejected suddenly. When he thought of making Baylon seduce that filthy ugly monster, his heart was filled with uneasiness.

“This is the best way,” said Red Moon while smiling sinisterly.

“Impossible. I’ve said it’s impossible so no can do. I, Clint, have not fallen so low as to require Lonnie to sacrifice her body to protect me!” said Clint with stern righteousness.

“What are you saying?!” Out of a sudden, Baylon was unbearably embarrassed. She hit Clint’s head violently. She had already fallen into the bearing of a young woman completely now. Compared to most girls, she had an exterior that was even purer, prettier and closer to perfection. Thus, she gave off a delicate and charming feeling. She had black shoulder-length hair and her skin was even more tender than a star apple. Her large almond-shaped eyes were bright and watery, while her lips and cheeks were extremely tender and pink. Clint became slightly dull after looking at her for some time.

However, the t-shirt and jeans that she still wore from her time on the Mother Planet did not match well with her delicately pure external appearance. This outfit was chosen to make moving previously convenient. After wandering desperately for a period of time, holes had formed everywhere in her trousers from the wear and tear. Her snowy white skin could be seen faintly when they were occasionally exposed inside.

If Red Moon had not used his camouflaging illusory light to shroud both of them and disguise them as unassuming regular people, a large crowd of ravenous people would have probably pounced on Baylon the moment she entered the mining pit...

When Clint thought of this terrifying possibility, his heart trembled with fear. Feelings of affliction and rejection poured out of his heart when he looked at Baylon’s perfect and pure beauty.

Lonnie belongs to me! I will never allow anyone else to touch a single hair on her head!

His gaze became frighteningly stern suddenly.

He had already thought of Baylon as his own woman long ago despite clearly knowing that she was a boy who had turned into a girl. However, Clint was also a vigorous pubescent boy. Therefore, after spending a long time with her and constantly being unconsciously seduced by Baylon, his mind had long been unable to suppress this anymore. Hence, he thought of Baylon as his exclusive property.

“How could I let my own woman protect me!” In a fit of irritation, this sentence escaped from his mouth.

“Uhh...” Baylon was shocked while Red Moon laughed sinisterly within both of their minds.

“Hehehe... You’ve let the cat out of the bag. I noticed long ago that there was something weird with the way you looked at Lonnie. Looks like it’s like this now! Heeheehe...” sneered Red Moon.

Baylon’s pretty face turned completely red instantly. It seemed as though smoke was about to escape from the top of her head. As she had always been a boy who had turned into a girl, she had never paid attention to the societal barriers between men and women. Therefore, she had unintentionally seduced Clint many times. Moreover, she had instinctively assumed that a girl like herself was not a pure female. With that said, she had an inferiority complex which evolved from her innermost self. She had always assumed that Clint would never look highly on her and had never thought of it from any other perspective. Now, however... She was instantly subdued by Clint’s words that almost seemed like a romantic confession...

“I... I...” The redness of her entire face had reached her neck. She lowered her head, unable to complete her entire sentence as it trailed off softly.

“Break time,” Suddenly, a robotic voice echoed from a high area.

Clint acted as if he had just been given a big break before putting the mining basket down and running away quickly.

“I... I’m going to find some water!”

There was a puff of smoke before he fled swiftly without leaving a single trace.

However, he didn't see the abjected look that flashed in Baylon's eyes again.

"He... actually can't even look up to me... I know... Perhaps... Perhaps he was merely joking casually..."

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Beside a faraway, emerald-green amber that resembled a jade.

Clint pushed his head into the lake firmly at once to calm himself down briefly.

Whoosh!

The water gurgled beside his head and flowed around.

Clint felt as if his entire body was immediately relieved.

He lifted his head out of the water with a splash before spitting out a mouthful of air quickly.

"Curse you, Red Moon! You definitely manipulated my body again secretly, right?! Why would I have said such shameless things otherwise?!" he questioned Red Moon in his mind furiously.

"I'm not interested in manipulating you. The body of my great self still needs to recuperate properly. Older people like myself are unlike youngsters like you..." said Red Moon slowly, in a tone that warranted a spanking.

Whoosh...

Clint was about to speak before the sound of water could be heard nearby suddenly.

He lifted his head and saw a white-haired youth dressed in white at the edge of the lake on the opposite side, currently walking toward the center of the lake indifferently. As he walked, his body was gradually submerged by the lake water quickly. Only a few short seconds had passed before more than half of the white-haired youth's body was submerged.

"Don't fret over trivial matters when you're so young!" Clint's mind heated up suddenly and he threw himself into the lake instantly and swam toward the youth rapidly. The strength of his Nine Mega Cannon Training Method was frightening. He had swum across a distance of more than ten meters instantly like a speedboat before rushing in front of the youth.

"Let's sit down and have a good talk about your troubles. Don't belittle your own life easily!!" He yelled loudly while rushing forward and grabbing the youth firmly before running towards the shore.

"I..."

"What do you mean 'I'?! Look at how young you are. If there's something that you can't figure out, just remember that life is long and the world is huge. You were just captured to mine for ores, right? We can always find a way to escape. We won't spend our lives like this," Clint placed him beside the shore in one go before he sat down and panted. He let out a few coarse breaths furiously while sitting on the ground numbly.

"I wasn't..."

"Don't say anything else. I'm currently troubled as well, but we have to sort out our own matters ourselves. Everyone has things that trouble them. However, if we simply regarded everything as a matter of life or death, wouldn't every single person in the universe have died much earlier on?"

After Clint had spent a lot of time with Red Moon, the latter's careless and crude speech and style had gradually influenced his personality.

The white-haired youth blinked and looked at Clint curiously.

“Back when I was still green, I had belittled my life like you as well. Therefore, I understand these feelings...” Clint took in the white-haired youth briefly. His gaze lingered on his boyishly charming face before he sighed emotionally and spoke in a deep tone suddenly.

The white-haired youth’s complexion turned green suddenly, he opened his mouth in an attempt to retort.

“Don’t explain!” Clint raised his hands and covered his mouth.

“Explanations are merely cover-ups... It’s inevitable that we’ll face obstacles in life. Facing them bravely and spending every day in your future happily is the true meaning of happiness. Don’t abandon yourself to despair easily.”

The white-haired youth’s face turned even greener immediately.

“I really...”

## Chapter 1076: Chance Encounter 2

“You really don’t need to explain!” Clint interrupted him again. “You’ve definitely suffered in the mining pit, and I really understand the pain you’ve experienced. You had to dress gorgeously every day only to interact with such frightening men... Yet, the world is like this. If we can’t resist it, we can only learn to accept it. Especially fellows like you with such a boyishly charming face that even I cannot help but be aroused by... Scary... It’s so scary!!”

The white-haired youth’s face had darkened already...

“Although I’ve never experienced pain like yours, I still understand that some things are just a part of our destiny. Even though it’s already fated, as long as you resist it, you will definitely see results!” Clint sighed emotionally.

“Destiny? Resist?” A ray of light flashed across the white-haired youth’s eyes.

“Yes... Resist your destiny. Doesn’t it sound pretty cool?” Clint raised his head and looked at the sky. Other than the sun, there was a dark purple planet which was quite near to them. It was also giving off a mild, purple light.

“But how do you know that our own attempts of resistance aren’t already arranged as parts of our destinies?” The white-haired youth could finally speak a complete sentence properly. He had a melodious voice that was very clear and not the slightest bit hoarse. It made others unconsciously relate it to all of the adjectives that could describe purity. It even sounded faintly like a girl’s voice.

“You will always see a fragment of hope in the end if you resist. However, if you don’t resist, you won’t even have this fragment of hope,” said Clint while scratching his head. “I don’t know any major reasons, but I merely do the things that I want to, and this is enough. As for the other troubling matters, we’ll just talk about it later when the time comes!”

A hint of curiosity flashed in the white-haired youth’s pupils.

“You probably have dreams, right?”

“Of course!” Clint rubbed his nose. “My dream is to find a place to live out my days peacefully without being disturbed by others. Of course, bringing another specific person along the way to restore their body is also another part of it,” He smiled bitterly soon after that and said. “But, from the looks of it now, the realization of this dream may be too far away. What about you? Do you have any dreams?”

A cold breeze blew past and lifted a few strands of white hair beside the youth’s cheeks lightly. He reached his hand out and tidied his hair while smiling faintly.

“My dream... is the hope that this world will be devoid of all struggles. I don’t want wars to exist.”

“Yes, that’s a really beautiful dream!” Clint raised his thumb. “Although it’s a bit too far-fetched.”



"I've always felt that it would be best for everyone to live together peacefully, isn't that so? Why must we fight each other for our interests before our hatred deepens finally? In the end, neither side knows the source of the war anymore..." the white-haired youth uttered quietly. "However, generations of struggles continue on like that. Endlessly..."

"You've said it perfectly!" Clint patted the youth's shoulder firmly.

"I did? You feel this way too?!" The white-haired youth's eyes widened slightly while he looked at Clint whose face was filled with admiration.

"Of course! Honestly, who in this world likes going to war? Other than deviants, war maniacs, and careerists, no one likes fighting," nodded Clint. "Hence, although your dream is very bleak, I will continue to support you!"

"Will you?" A gentle smile appeared on the white-haired youth's face suddenly. "That's really wonderful. I always assumed that no one could understand me. I'd never expected to encounter someone here who could actually understand my dream. You're actually a good person."

Clint scratched his head and felt slightly embarrassed. This was the first time that someone had praised him like this.

"Hehe, I'm not as great as you made me out to be... You don't know this, but the first time I laid eyes on you, I felt a familiar feeling."

"Perhaps this is a part of destiny as well?" said the white-haired youth, smiling.

"Yes, there's no point thinking of destiny as something bleak, right? We can't say for sure that destiny isn't trying to reverse wars either. However, our strength is insufficient in the meantime," said Clint while laughing.

Right after these words escaped Clint's mouth, the white-haired youth's eyes widened suddenly. He stared blankly at Clint who was smiling stupidly. Faintly, a new radiance appeared on his handsome, pale face instantly. It resembled a sacred halo.

“Yes... Perhaps my dream is merely a part of destiny that is trying to lead me on the right path. The thing that I’m moving towards is the signs of destiny!”

“It’s great that you’ve figured it out!” Clint patted the youth’s head firmly. “Alright, go back and rest then. We need to mine more ores in a while!”

“Thank you,” said the white-haired youth while looking at Clint sincerely. “I’ll strive for my dream.”

“No more underestimating your life next time!” Clint nodded happily. After educating this fellow briefly, his mood had suddenly improved as well. He turned around and took long strides while walking towards the mining area.

The white-haired youth watched the back of his figure leave silently while the radiance across his face brightened.

“Yes... Why wasn’t I The Child of Destiny? The signals in my vision are the places that destiny wants me to travel to...” He closed his eyes before a white imprint that was shaped like the ‘Ω’ omega symbol appeared on his forehead suddenly.

“Destiny guided me, it allowed me to arrive in this universe for me to change everything, no?”

He glanced one last time at Clint’s figure that was about to disappear.

“Everything that I’ve done is my true destiny. A successor of the Red King, I had never expected that you would give me such a lesson... Everything is determined by destiny, huh...”

“For my dream... I’m willing to sacrifice everything... Mother, are you ready...?”

He turned around and walked toward another direction of the wasteland. His body disintegrated suddenly, turning into countless shrouds of white smoke that drifted away into the sky.

No one was aware that both of the future strongest individuals had met each other silently on Planet Gideon of the Four-Star Alliance in what was perhaps a coincidental situation.

They were the White King, who had yet to mature, and the similarly immature Red King.

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On Planet Scarlet Snow that was extremely far away.

As he was unable to find the traitor of Dragon Light Sect in time, Garen could only return with his members. He had just dispersed his team and leaped back to his own territory before faintly feeling as if new changes had occurred throughout the forces of cause and effect of the major powers of the world.

“What’s going on?”

He furrowed his brows and felt the changes and movements in his surroundings carefully. There were no other noises, but the whooshing and whistling of wind from far away. The birds were too afraid to fly near his surroundings as well. This was an absolute zero area, and everything had been paused in a frozen state. This was the result of the terrifying power that was naturally released by Garen.

“Could it be that the White King and Clint have finally met for the first time?” He suddenly recalled the scene that he had witnessed in the Space-Time Print.

A short while ago all the way to the present day, the first Crown Prince of the Finite people, Sandfly, had killed his parents before ascending the throne of the Finite king within a short span of ten years. He called himself The Child of Destiny and The Emperor of Eternity. He began to unify the war between the Finites and humans.

“If that really happened, I need to increase my speed now,” Garen was very certain that the White King could see how powerful the terrifying abilities of the orbit of cause and effect were. He could also find every weakness and flaw of his opponent. No one could stand before him and challenge him directly, none except for Clint. This was because Clint was the only person whom he could barely consider as a friend and the only person who could understand him.

Garen used the wireless linking network of his Energy Machine Imprint quickly to begin inquiring about the latest news and incidents that had occurred.

After returning from the Blue Frost Sect, he had brought an abundance of valuables with him. He allowed the Scarlet Snow Sect to examine its details deeply. This was especially helpful to the disciples of the lower grades as a lot of these pieces of equipment were directly useful for disciples of lower grades. This increased the support and praises toward Garen within the sect greatly.

Many people believed that Garen truly had good intentions towards Scarlet Snow Sect. As for the suspicious of him killing Rainy, they were not as certain about it anymore. Moreover, if he had really killed her, as an offender who had stolen the Secret Frost Seed, other than a few intimate disciples, no one would really regard Garen as an enemy because of this.

More and more people had started placing their respect for Garen above righteousness. Therefore, even if he had really killed her, it would still be Rainy's fault.

After returning to his senses from the vast information, Garen saw that five Two-headed Werewolves had appeared behind him silently.

"You're back? How were the collections?" he asked quietly.

Garen had bestowed the name Turing upon the strongest Two-headed Werewolf. In the Universal Language, the pronunciation of this name meant wolf of winter nights. As for the remaining Two-Headed Werewolves, they were named by Turing one by one. Garen did not ask about them.

"Reporting back to our great master, there are one hundred and twenty-eight types of high-energy mineral veins in total that can help you. Among the ones with the largest reserves, they are three veins with tonnages of over two billion. They are also the ones that are closest to the nearest star region. However, they have been occupied by the stations of other sects," reported Turing respectfully. "As for the other smaller-scale mineral veins, we already have brothers who are currently extracting and refining them. When you were traveling to Planet Almanac, a portion of the refined mineral resources had already been transported to Planet Scarlet Snow."

"You've done pretty well," nodded Garen happily. These life forms with disorderly intelligence that were derived from his Distorted Seeds were absolutely loyal toward him. As his life and death were linked with theirs, it was worth it for him to trust them.

There were already more than one hundred and fifty intelligent Two-headed Wolves that he had released now. All of them were disguised as a new breed of Two-headed Wolves that had started to come into contact and engage in trade with other intelligent creatures. After all, the universe was huge, and various non-human races were not rare. Therefore, it was not strange to have another breed of the Two-Headed Wolves.

"Has White Night returned?" Garen suddenly recalled the Gideon Body that had yet to mature now. The future older brother of Clint's companion was currently still at his weakest stage.

"I've heard that he has returned. It seems like he's suffered some very strange injuries and is currently seeking treatment in the Frost Hall," answered Turing quietly. After obtaining Garen's new confidence, he was given the authority to look over even more information.

"Great master, according to your previous arrangements, weren't you supposed to have gone to Frost Hell to realize the Secret Frost Seed already? Meanwhile, we seem to have obtained the whereabouts of the bejeweled Staff of Absolute Yin as well."

"Is it the first staff?" asked Garen quietly.

"Yes. Master, the staffs that you found were not embedded with gems. There were only a few that were embedded with gems. However, I've heard rumors that it has appeared at the faraway Finite Royal Auction House," Turing explained.

"Royal Auction House..." Garen exhaled. The Staff of Absolute Yin that was embedded with gems was the only thing that could produce new potential points without requiring the grinding process. The remaining ones which, without the embedments, could only produce potential qi extremely slowly. Even if less than ten years had passed, one would not even need to dream of producing even one potential point.

"Alright."

Garen closed his eyes.

“No rush, we’ll go again after awhile. There’s no need to hurry now...” He looked inwardly at the six Origin Crystals inside his body that had started to link with each other gradually. He gradually fell into a state of indifference.

He had a premonition that it would probably take a long time before he could enter the Non-falling Level.

Upon seeing this, Turing and the others retreated consciously and increased the safety of their surroundings.

Chapter 1077: Dissimilate 1

A year passed in the blink of an eye with the ending of spring and the coming of winter.

Above Planet Scarlet Snow, a black vortex appeared suddenly before a black-haired youth walked out of the teleporting vortex slowly. His face was dull, and a pure, icy, blue flame was burning from his right hand slowly.

Shh shh shh!

Three waves of crispy noises could be heard consecutively before the figures of three elders appeared in front of the youth.

“Carthage, was the incident with the Imperial Commodity Sect your doing?!” Second Elder asked in a deep voice with an unkind expression on his face.

Carthage’s expression remained calm, a hint of surprise could be seen on his face faintly.

“Second Elder, what are you saying? What does the incident with the Imperial Commodity Sect have to do with me? I was determined in refining my Ice Dragonflame. I haven’t taken a step out of my territory.”

“What exactly have you been doing throughout this year? We’re all very aware already, so why do we have to stand here and hypocritically pretend that we don’t know anything?” First Elder had always supported Carthage, however, he was now glaring at him with a somber look on his face.

“I don’t know what you’re saying,” Carthage smiled. Suddenly, he turned his face and looked in another direction before a strange chill soared into the sky there.

Howl...

A clear and melodious wolf’s howl echoed from afar.

The three great elders heard it at the same time. Grave and aghast expressions appeared on each of their faces.

While looking in the direction of the Black Wolf Lair from afar, all four people could see a chain of white clouds that appeared there. It resembled a pearl bracelet that was constantly turning.

“Non-falling Level... This is too soon!” Third Elder’s voice was hoarse and tinged with envy and disbelief. “He just entered the sect not too long ago?!”

“He’s worthy of being known as my Junior Brother,” The smile on Carthage’s face became even more apparent. “Three Elders, please excuse my withdrawal now. Since the fourth Non-falling Level of the Scarlet Snow Sect has come into being, the sect will definitely organize a celebratory event, right?”

None of the three elders replied. They were slightly fearful of Carthage. This supposed disciple was too unfathomable. They were unable to discover his backgrounds despite probing into him secretly a few times. Compared to Garen who had entered the Non-falling Level, they were still more afraid of Carthage.

“You won’t even let me leave. So what’s the exact reason for the Three Elders to surround me today?” Carthage asked helplessly. “You need to know that I’m still busy with many other things...”

Third Elder’s voice was sharp when he spoke.

“Putting the incident with Garen aside first, someone actually saw huge changes occurring inside the Imperial Commodity Sect after you entered! How exactly are you going to explain this?! Imperial Commodity Sect is an ally of my Scarlet Snow Sect. Don’t tell me that you’ve actually participated in sect-destroying movements?”

Carthage smiled faintly.

“Elder, I’m afraid that you didn’t witness this personally. You are just making a baseless claim, correct? I wonder who told you this?”

“It was the elder of the Hollow Inscription Sect!” said Third Elder coldly. “You thought that no one knew about your actions, but you never expected that the elder of Hollow Inscription Sect would pass by and discover it, right?”

“Elder of Hollow Inscription Sect?” Carthage smiled suddenly. “Third Elder, just recently, Hollow Inscription Sect stopped existing... The proof... is gone,” he whispered profoundly.

“You!” Third Elder’s gaze trembled furiously. “Are you trying to fool me? Very well, very well! First Elder, Second Elder, I don’t believe that we cannot stop him today. Let’s move out together!”

First Elder and Second Elder glared at Carthage solemnly now. Finally, the issue within the Scarlet Snow Sect was about to be torn away fully.

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A ring of clouds resembling a white pearl necklace rotated above Garen’s head.



He was sitting upright in the center of the mansion's courtyard when the cold wind whistled naturally. Shrouds of cold air streams surrounded him, turning into layers of substantial and visible white chill. These chill resembled white streamers or ribbons that were constantly revolving and spinning around Garen speedily.

Sparkling peacock-like patterns could be faintly seen at the top of each of these ribbons and streamers. They resembled numerous intangible Frost Peacocks that were constantly spinning and fluttering around him.

Numerous black, giant Werewolves nearby surrounded Garen and protected his safety loyally.

"Unparalleled supreme master of incomparable holiness, we thank our master for granting us life, intelligence, and strength. There is nothing on the earth or in the sky that does not submit itself to the rule of our master..." The Two-headed Giant Werewolf named Turing crouched on the ground while reciting a chant.

These chants had been recited for a continuous year already. Ever since Garen entered and meditated here a year ago, this place had become a prohibited area for non-frost creatures. Every creature that passed by or approached this place would be surrounded and enveloped by extremely terrifying chills, no exceptions.

The few times when Eva and King Cat came over to take a look, they discovered that it was impossible for them to get close. Therefore, they could only turn around and leave.

After reciting his chant, Turing stood up and carefully observed the new changes throughout Garen's body. Other than the ring of clouds, he did not notice any other new developments. He continued praying for Garen quietly in his heart before turning around and walking in the direction of the lair's canteen.

At this moment, Garen, who had been sitting down with his legs crossed all this while, slowly opened both of his eyes after a whole year.

He lowered his head and looked at his own chest. A chain of red pearls was spinning there slowly. It was the Non-falling Level Wheel that had been solidified by the Scarlet Snow Technique's Origin Crystals.

“After one year and fifteen days, it has finally succeeded. The Hellfrost Peacock Technique... is truly terrifying!” he sighed emotionally in his heart. The speed of the Devour ability was enough to simply frighten him.

All of the substances could be used by the Hellfrost Peacock’s Devour ability. However, the difference and the issues lied in how much of it was used.

He looked inwardly at his current body, including his bones, muscles, and internal organs. A strange layer of light that which had a faint glow of a jade glimmered across all of his body parts. This layer of light flowed across the surface of his internal organs slowly, as if it was alive.

“This is the Non-falling Light. In comparison to the initial Inherited Level Energy Field, its strength has increased significantly. If it were to attack the average peak Inherited Levels while they were merely standing there, it would be impossible for them to find a way to destroy this halo layer.”

Garen clenched his fist happily while feeling this incomparably powerful strength surging within his body.

He glanced at his current Attribute Pane.

‘Nonosiva Lin — Strength 40, Agility 40, Vitality 40, Intelligence 35, Potential 48030%. Soul Limit 40.’

Other than his Intelligence which had yet to be fully achieved, all of his other three attributes had reached their limits fully. These limits referred to the terrifying degree of 40 points.

Garen stood up and reached his left hand out before pointing each of his fingers.

Shh!

A substantial air wave shot out frantically like an arrow and pierced through a nearby enclosure of solid ice with a ‘puff’. No one knew where it had flown to as there was only a clear round hole that was left behind on the wall.

“This is the limit...” Garen exhaled deeply. It seemed as though all of the air in the courtyard was swept away by an enormous beast suddenly. An intense pulling force dragged the surrounding Werewolves immediately and attempted to fly towards Garen.

Some of the broken stones and icicles around them flew around as well and shot towards Garen.

This was the terrifying effect of his single breath.

Pfoo...

Exhale.

The terrifying air currents surged out of Garen’s mouth suddenly, sweeping up violent hurricanes instantly. They blew at the surrounding Werewolves, whose movements were initially being dragged down, causing them to roll out towards the vicinity. It gave them an abnormally hard time.

“This is the Non-falling Level, huh... It’s truly a terrifying degree... But I don’t know if the other Non-falling Levels have such powerful bodies as mine.”

Garen guessed that the answer was ‘no’. The limits of the physical bodies of the humans in this world were much lower than his own. They would probably reach their limit around 20 points or so. After that, the Energy Machinists would not rely on upgrading their physical fitness, but would instead merge external matters to increase their own strengths while simultaneously strengthening their own skills greatly. They would use their skills to produce their Non-falling Light to protect themselves.

This way, they would not rely greatly on their physical fitness. At the same time, their lengthy lives allowed them to fully make up for external substances and fuse with them slowly in order to upgrade themselves.

“It’s fortunate that my physical fitness isn’t something that I rely on,” Garen knew that this quality of his was not considered exceptional among the Energy Machinists of Planet Naga. He was considered average at best because even stronger ones existed among the Energy Machinists who were fused with external substances.

He could feel that his current state was somewhat similar to the Totem world. Every part of him was covered by that layer of Non-falling Light, including the strong winds that had randomly blown out earlier. Everything was like this. After being covered by a layer of extremely powerful Non-falling Light, even a normal attack would become extremely terrifying.

After examining his own situation briefly, Garen noticed suddenly that all of his attacks were covered by this Non-falling Light, making them very similar to the previous Totem world.

At the same time, the ones that made him the happiest were Turing and the other Werewolves.

The layer of Non-falling Light covered not only himself but also Turing and the other Werewolves.

“Isn’t this the real meaning behind the use of ‘Non-falling’ in the Non-falling Level?” Garen could sense that he was the only one who could see this Non-falling Light because Turing and the other Werewolves had not seemed to realize it at all.

Whoosh!

Suddenly, a slender silhouette appeared behind Garen. The person who had arrived held a sword in his hand and looked at Garen calmly while completely ignoring the Werewolves around him.

“Garen, it’s great that you’ve broken through. There’s a ceremony that I need you to attend in my place,” This person was Carthage who was clashing with the three elders earlier.

“Ceremony?” Garen turned around while his heart trembled slightly. Despite him entering the Non-falling Level already, Carthage still had an unperturbed look on his face. Moreover, Garen had not even noticed when he had arrived. This made his heart slightly more fearful.

“Yes, a welcoming ceremony from the Magnetic Field. They may even bring the Major Sect Battle forward,” Carthage said lightly. He glanced at Garen’s chest where the Non-falling Wheel was located. “Your progress rate is too slow.” A black pearl appeared in his hand suddenly before he flicked it gently.

The pearl landed on Garen’s hand immediately.

"It's Bloody Sea Pearls, devour it," said Carthage calmly.

Without any hesitation, Garen swallowed the pearl in one mouthful directly.

Other than a large number of blood abilities, he had already guessed that the red pearl from earlier also possessed extremely potent means of activating potential. In order to enter the Non-falling Level so quickly, perhaps Carthage had previously exhibited means of overdrafting his potential earlier.

"Since the Non-falling Level is the seventh stage, one must grasp the Board Realm in order to go any higher. This is the Timeless Board. Take it and comprehend it. I'll come back and get it after three days. How much you can comprehend depends on you." Carthage made his hand quiver before a white jade colored board descended before Garen gently and was caught by him.

"What's the Timeless Board?" asked Garen while furrowing his eyebrows. He had never heard of this thing at all.

Carthage waved his hand and released a separation Energy Field that obstructed their surroundings.

"The seventh Non-falling Level produces the Non-falling Light while the eighth level requires you to comprehend boards. Use it to fuse your Willpower and skills into one body and grasp its energy. You can achieve the first step of controlling your Thousand Gravitational Force through this. The Timeless Board is core to solidify everything that the eighth level powerhouses require. In order to enter the ninth level, you need to create a Timeless Board first. Next, you will create the Sublime Board before finally entering the Ultimate Board."

"In other words, the Timeless Board is the symbol of the eighth level. Timeless Board, Sublime Board, and Ultimate Board. The ultimate end refers to the tenth level of the Perpetual Motioners, right?" Garen asked quietly.

"You don't need to know so much. Your maximum limit is Level Nine, while Level Ten will be eternally impossible. Even for a Level Nine, your current self..." Carthage did not continue speaking but turned around and left slowly instead.

Garen's gaze followed him into the distance.

"When will the ceremony start? To what extent must I be prepared?"

"One month later. Everything is up to you. That's right, the Timeless Board in your hand belonged to the Guardian of the Blue Frost Sect," Carthage's voice echoed from afar.

Garen's heart trembled violently. As expected!

Carthage's strength was apparently enough to kill the Level Eight Guardian...

Chapter 1078

He watched as Carthage left towards the distance swiftly, before disappearing in the faraway sky.

His heart felt indescribably heavy.

"It still isn't enough huh..." The Non-falling Level was what he looked up to previously. However, it was merely an unassuming, minor role in the eyes of others.

He recalled the unimaginably mysterious minaret that he had seen in Scarlet Snow Sect previously. It was the Fermium Cloud Tower on Planet Naga. Scarlet Snow Sect was a faction that was established by the Secret Technique powerhouses upon arriving in this world. Meanwhile, it was rumored that the Fermium Cloud Tower was the remains that were left behind by Scarlet Snow Sect during their glory days of the past. Many mysterious things were still left behind inside.

"Frost Hell as well. I'll go visit Frost Hell briefly first to awaken the Secret Frost Seed. After that, I'll go directly to the Fermium Cloud Tower before attending the ceremony!" Garen planned as such.

Looking at the Timeless Board in his hands, Garen once again sat down with his legs crossed. His joy of breaking through to the next level was diminished by Carthage.

The Timeless Board resembled a normal blue plate. Engraved silver lines on it reflected silver light, but he could not determine their functions. If he were to discard it at a random auction house, perhaps no

one would be able to see that it was actually the core of everything within the body of a Level Eight powerhouse like himself.

Nonetheless, an item that looked so normal could actually support every aspect of a Level Eight powerhouse.

Garen dispersed all the Werewolves to continue protecting this area.

Meanwhile, he fondled the Timeless Board, gently feeling the silver lines on it.

After the Mirror of True Techniques was the Board Realm. Garen did not have any clues in his mind. He was not a true peak prodigy or a person with the highest comprehension. He was merely a powerhouse who had relied on the Hellfrost Peacock Technique's horrifying Devour ability to improve.

He had yet to even reach the Silver Mirror of the Mirror of True Techniques, much less the Board Realm.

The basic ancient Endorian civilizations did not have Board Realms. Instead, their foundations were purely based off the Living and Dying Secret Techniques. The perfection of his current Hellfrost Peacock Technique already possessed the Appraisal of Army Level powerhouses. These were the strongest aspects of the ancient Endorian civilization that was only second to the True Soul and Demon King Level.

"According to the differentiation of the realm of this world, the Mirror of True Techniques should probably fuse every part of itself to hatch and derive a new strength with qualitative changes. Meanwhile, the board uses some of the strength to fuse with the external world to achieve the effect of controlling a part of the universe's power." Garen's mind related all of the information that he had obtained. He began to analyze and determine what the facets were actually like.

"Carthage said that the Timeless Board could control the Thousand Gravitational Force. Therefore, it's clear that my assumption tallied with it very much. However, the entire situation is probably much more complicated." Garen did not even have the Silver Mirror now, much less the Board. After researching for half a day, he did not obtain any results. Instead, a somewhat strange flighty feeling stirred within him.

This feeling stunned him slightly before he gathered his thoughts quickly and stopped focusing attentively on the Timeless Board.

Beep beep...beep beep...

Suddenly, a contact request appeared on his Energy Machine Imprint.

Garen glanced at it and discovered that it was the woman whom he had met at the Remora Business Alliance during his earlier return. Her name was Sandor and Garen still remembered her gift of his Spaceship to him.

"So it's Miss Sandor. We have not been in contact for a while now." He turned on the communication channel.

"Yes, it's been more than a year." Sandor's face appeared before Garen. She was still as spirited as ever. "Mr. Garen, we've found many of the holy tree branches that you needed. They're currently being sent to your Planet Scarlet Snow. Please check and accept them!"

"Just in time!" A smile instantly appeared on Garen's face. "I was just thinking about it when you sent a message to say that they've arrived. I'll transfer the payment right over now."

"No rush. You can pay later after you've examined the goods," said Sandor while waving her hand. "This is a small matter, but I have a minor problem here that requires your assistance for a while."

"Just tell me what it is." The other party had assisted him greatly and even gifted him a Spaceship. It was only right for Garen to repay her kindness.

"It's like this. My younger brother and sister wish to go to the City of Nagadako to experience the grand meeting of Energy Machinists. I don't know if Mr. Garen could..." said Sandor in a slightly embarrassed manner.

Among the merchants, those who were ranked outside the first ten of the business alliance did not even have the right to rub shoulders with the rest from afar. Meanwhile, Energy Machinists were like rich and imposing masters. A random Level-Eight or Level-Nine Energy Machinist would greatly surpass a merchant in terms of wealth. Mech Pilots who had yet to reach the Inherited Level did not have a



position to brag about within the Energy Machinist world. They were unlike level five Energy Machinists. Hence, someone like her from the Remora Business Alliance was even worse off.

If Sandor had not come into contact with a sect Energy Machinist like Garen, she would not be able to even dream about attending grand meetings like this.

“The Three Major Metropolis will be organizing grand meetings at the same time so this won’t be a problem. I will send someone from my sect to meet them. You can just send me the information first. When the time comes, you can contact my junior brother directly.” Garen responded frankly and gave Bainster’s contact to the other party immediately. He shared brief instructions to pay attention to certain matters before disconnecting the connection.

He contacted Bainster to receive the Spaceship that was on the way delivering the goods and briefed him on the tasks and other matters ahead.

“Why haven’t I seen Hillco for so long?” Garen recalled suddenly and asked casually.

A resentment look appeared on Bainster’s face immediately when he heard Garen’s words.

“My Lord, are you only recalling this now...? Hillco left a long time ago.”

“Left?” Garen truly did not notice it. He furrowed his eyebrows after hearing what had been said.

“Yes. You didn’t like her the same way, My Lord. When she had lost all hope, she just left naturally,” said Bainster honestly.

“What does that have to do with anything?” Garen was speechless. “Have there been any new changes over on Planet Naga?”

“There were indeed changes and major ones as well.” Speaking of this, Bainster’s face darkened abruptly. “Numerous small and middle scale sects have been completely destroyed but we don’t know the culprit behind it. The Alliance has already called many meetings but no one has been able to take any effective measures. Another thing is that not long ago, Dragon Eye Sect was...annihilated as well.”

“Dragon Eye Sect was annihilated as well?” Garen’s heart sank. Such quick speed! This was definitely not Carthage’s work only. There were about ten more years between the present day and the historical Energy Machinist Extinction. So how could it begin now?!

“Senior Brother, do you think our Scarlet Snow Sect will...” Bainster’s voice was trembling slightly. “There have been people within the sect who have been leaving quietly. However, they are merely the children of wealthy households who wasted money to make a quick fortune here.”

“I’m well aware of this matter. You go and complete the task that I instructed. The other matters will not affect our Scarlet Snow Sect temporarily so don’t worry,” said Garen calmly.

He recalled Carthage’s mysterious attitude all this while. He knew that Carthage had nurtured himself until now because his true identity had yet to be exposed. Moreover, his relationship with the Red King was not revealed yet either. Once these layers and relations were exposed, perhaps the first person who would want to kill Garen himself would be Carthage.

Right now he was solely nurturing another reliable helper but everything else in the future was uncertain.

Garen’s face was solemn as he disconnected the call. He picked up the Timeless Board again but could not feel any main threads still.

He heaved a long sigh. He felt that he had given up completely.

“I’m not a true prodigy after all, huh...I didn’t get anything despite confronting a mountainous obstacle.”

Putting down the Timeless Board, Garen stood up.

“I’ll go to Frost Hell first then. I’ll look on briefly at the Secret Frost Seeds of my Scarlet Snow Sect seniors of the past eras. Perhaps I will be able to gain something.”

Garen leaped up and released an Energy Field out of thin air to suspend his own body in mid-air. The Energy Field canceled out gravity directly, allowing him to fly towards headquarters.

All of the Werewolves below raised their heads and looked upwards before crouching on the ground devoutly.

“We bid you a safe journey, respected master.”

A string of voices echoed upwards from the ground below.

Garen glanced down and saw that Turing was ordering the Werewolves and members of the sect to dump high energy substances and crystals into a giant pit. Spending at least a few thousand golden crystals which was not a small sum, these were the items that they had extracted from other places. The sum was also equivalent to the yearly income of certain countries. However, only a small amount had been refined despite all of this.

From afar, Garen could see Turing crouching on the ground towards his direction, while praying for him loudly and respectfully.

He shook his head. These Werewolves had already viewed him as an almighty and unparalleled deity. After correcting them many times, he was too lazy to concern himself with this matter anymore because it was completely useless.

He focused his mind on Frost Hell again. This was Scarlet Snow Sect’s highest temple that was much more precious when compared to the Ancestral Temple and the Great Wall Library. In order to enter this place, one would need to request permission from the three elders first.

Without thinking further, he flew in the direction of the First Elder.

“The First Elder has shut himself off for the purpose of studying. Please do not disturb him.” Just as he had entered the First Elder’s territory, a robotic patrolling bird in the air alerted a warning.

Garen frowned, retreated and flew in the direction of Third Elder.

In the woods, an elderly guard captain dressed in white spoke in an embarrassed tone.

“The Third Elder has yet to return from his expedition until now. Senior Brother, would you mind waiting?”

“Expedition?” Garen’s eyebrows were knitted together tightly. “What about Second Elder then? Do you know what has happened?”

“I know a bit. It seems like Second Elder left with Third Elder together for the expedition,” the guard captain answered quickly.

“What a coincidence? None of the three elders are here?” Garen felt something was amiss. “What about the Great Supervisors?”

There were numerous Great Supervisors and Inherited Level powerhouses who lived in seclusion at the headquarters. As there were less than ten of these people, at least one of them should be around, right?

“At least half of the Great Supervisors have left on an expedition as well. The remaining ones are still in their respective precincts.”

“I see. You can go back down now,” nodded Garen. Carthage had also left on an expedition to attend some ceremony. It was obvious that his main aim was to send himself away as well.

“Could it be that they’re about to battle the Guardian masters now?” His heart trembled when he made this assumption.

At this moment, he felt a sudden, explosive burn spreading through the inside of his body. It resembled a bomb that was exploding at an extremely terrifying speed.

“It was the black pearl that I ate earlier!!” Garen recalled the pearl that Carthage had given him earlier. He had never expected that it would only display its effects now.

He stumbled a few steps backward, his face turning green and pale. His body seemed like petroleum had been ignited, burning instantly.

“Is it starting to make an overdraft on my potential now?!” He suppressed the flames firmly and turned to fly in the direction of Frost Hell. The qi around his body seemed as though it had solidified and was scurrying upwards madly. He had just achieved Non-falling Level qi before it began to expand suddenly.

The cries, painful screams, and yells of countless people echoed beside his ears like phonism. Garen’s vision began to blur, his ears were turning deaf.

“It’s really not a bad human body...” In the midst of his daze, he seemed to hear a cold voice. “Carthage had really troubled himself to actually prepare such a good human body for me...”

Boom!!

A thunderous noise crashed through the clear sky. Garen’s body suddenly stiffened while flying through high altitude. He stopped in mid-air.

An unknown and terrifying qi locked him in place firmly.

A white colored dwarf that was only the size of a child appeared slowly behind Garen. The dwarf was dressed in a suit of white technological armor with purple lines; two horns that resembled those of a cow grew from the top of his head.

The dwarf’s eyes and lips of this were dark purple in color. There was a wicked and cruel smile on its face while the strangest thing about it was that it only had three digits respectively on both of his hands and feet.

Raising his right hand, the dwarf used his thick, three fingers to claw the back of Garen’s head gently.

Instantly, his entire body melted into shrouds of white smoke and flew towards the back of Garen’s head burrowing inside quickly.

“The prelude begins! Hehehehe...” It’s high-pitched, terrifying laughter echoed throughout the high altitude endlessly. However, no one else could hear it besides Garen.

Chapter 1079

“So this is Carthage’s secret weapon!?”

Garen felt his heart drop, yet surprisingly, he was strangely calm.

He expected Carthage to have some sort of ace up his sleeves, but he did not expect Carthage to build his body as a target to be possessed.

Allowing the creepy dwarf behind him enter his body, Garen’s expression was blank. Although he could neither see nor hear, he could feel the trace of an evil intention surging into his hindbrain, the main organ that controlled an Energy Machinist’s Energy Machine Imprint.

“Possession? That’s what I’m least afraid of!!”

As he slowly curled his body, Garen took a deep breath.

Hiss... A huge terrifying swirl of air started spreading wildly in the air.

Waves of white, silk-like airstreams were sucked into Garen’s lungs from all directions.

“It’s useless... There’s no point in struggling because every fiber of your being shall become a part of me...” The sinister voice started ringing in Garen’s body.

Garen gave a smile and abruptly opened his mouth wide.

Roar!

An indescribably deafening rumble came out of his mouth.

Black shadows of nine snake-like salamander were projected below him, looking ferocious and demonic.

“Idiot! I haven’t even got to devour the creations outside, and you dare scramble around in my body!!”  
There was a trace of sarcasm of Garen’s face.

“Wait! What is this!?” There was something off about the voice. “Why do you have something like this in your body!?”

Golden spots started forming on Garen’s skin. They were like dragon scales, covering Garen’s entire body and gradually spreading toward his head.

“You’re merely a Non-falling Level!” The vicious voice was getting more furious. “No! That’s not possible! There’s no way your body is not reformed!! Damn it! Carthage, how dare you fool me!”

All of a sudden, the golden spots spread upward and covered Garen’s head entirely.

The voice instantly let out a horrible shriek.

“No!!”

A wisp of smoke was urging to rush out from the back of Garen’s head, an arm slowly reaching out. Suddenly, a black shadow emerged and bit on the figure.

Garen, who was floating in mid-air, started opening his eyes slowly, his entire body was glowing a bright golden hue. Meanwhile, bursts of beasts chewing could be heard.

“No! How can I die at a place like this!!” The voice roared in a fit of rage as he struggled, along with the dreadful sounds of the nine salamanders.

Bulges started forming around Garen's body. His arms, his chest, his back, and both his legs started swelling. The swells would last just a few seconds before shrinking and disappearing. The swollen areas then returned back to normal. The body parts continued to swell and shrink simultaneously, causing an extremely disgusting scene.

"It's useless," Garen said calmly. "The ancient Nine-headed Dragon Soul is specifically used against souls. Therefore, if you still existed in flesh, I wouldn't even stand a chance against you. Unfortunately..."

Thick layers of frost started spreading upward from his foot.

"Let us form into one then..." A cold smirk crept up Garen's face. As he raised his arm, a huge, black dragon's shadow emerged from his palms and encircled him above the air. The several black dragon shadows had him entirely cocooned in the middle, forming a ball of black shadow.

"No!" I am Jeros, and I will fall in a place like this!! I have not gotten my revenge yet! Not yet...!" The scream stopped abruptly.

Inside the dark shadow, Garen reappeared.

The black shadows gradually went away, and everything went back to normal. Garen's body was back to normal as well, leaving no trace of anything that just happened.

Poof!

A large cloud of smoke started spreading to all directions from Garen, forming a white ring of cloud in the sky.

What initially seemed to be an extreme danger, was eliminated within seconds.

Garen could feel his Cold Energy reaching its limit within his body. With his Fourteenth Level of Scarlet Snow Technique just recently being achieved, he actually managed to engulf its energy during that short period of time when his spiritual body was possessed, and he succeeded in breaking through the Fifteenth Level. The cloud of white ring just now was the sign of a breakthrough to the Fifteenth Level.



“Level Fifteen...” There was no change in Garen’s expression. To Carthage, if he was not at the peak of the Eighteenth Level in the Scarlet Snow Technique, it would be tough for him to actually inflict any sort of harm.

From Jeros’ powerful spiritual body, Garen intercepted plenty of information.

“Oh, Jeros, a member of the Light of Justice huh?” He was swiftly rearranging all the information he was getting.

The Hellfrost Peacock Technique and Nine-headed Dragon both had a formidable power against soul abilities. After all, the Endors were specifically against the culture of modern soul practicing. In this universe, there was probably nobody else other than Garen who knew more about the battles from a spiritual perspective. Jeros actually died in a pretty decent way.

After the Nine-headed Dragon engulfed most of his energy, it swiftly shrunk back to its soul form, but not before spitting out some of Jeros’ memory fragments.

“As expected... Almost the same as what I’ve guessed.” After briefly looking at the memory fragments, he swiftly remembered all the content recorded.

At that moment, people started crowding around below due to the commotion in the sky. A lot of the people from the Scarlet Snow Sect thought Garen was actually practicing some sort of a special technique, hence the terrifying tremors of energy.

Even some of the Great Supervisors, who were constantly practicing all day, were taken aback and probed into what was happening with Garen.

Swoosh!

Carthage appeared right before Garen.

“Jeros wasn’t a problem, was he?”

"Of course not," Garen responded with a familiar smile from Jeros' memory, a sinister aura dissipating from his body.

"That's good, don't get in the way of my plan."

"It was just a minor accident," Garen mumbled. "I'm just having some spiritual connection problems with that kid, so I need some time to completely fuse with him spiritually. Fuse, mind you!"

"Fuse? Can I help with anything?" Carthage glared at Garen, his eyes were cold and as sharp as knives.

"Level Fifteen!" Garen's heart missed a beat. He had finally managed to see Carthage's level clearly! Level Fifteen Scarlet Snow Technique! Other than the giant arm's true form he called forth the other day, the power he held within this body should be Level Fifteen!

"No need, I can handle it myself. Just focus on managing your own things," Garen's voice was filled with an indescribable sinisteress.

"Are you sure?" Carthage suddenly chuckled.

"Yes I'm sure," Garen said coldly.

"Alright then, this body is the best there is. Try not to spoil it, it's very hard to nurture another one," Carthage said while walking away.

"Oh yeah, Kaos has arrived at the South Pole Planet, do you want to go fetch him?" He asked suddenly.

Garen remained expressionless.

"Kaos, are we even that close? Stop playing with me, Carthage."

Carthage turned around and stared at him with a silent smile.

“Seems like the fusion process was just nice, rest well and recover soon then.”

“I don’t need you to remind me that!” Garen snorted.

Beads of cold sweat were actually trickling down his back. He had no idea who Kaos was, he could only sense that Carthage was suspecting him already, so he simply connected bits and pieces from his memory. He was tensed and ready to make a move already, but who knew he would actually make the right connection.

“You shall be in charge of the Scarlet Snow Sect, I’m leaving for a period of time.” With his last words, Carthage suddenly shot out into the distance, disappearing into thin air.

“Hmph!” With a snort, Garen dived toward the Frost Hell. Perhaps the Secret Frost Seed’s Inspiration might do his Nine-Level Tempered Body Technique some good, other than the Destructive Impact Fist. These two secret techniques were well-suited for him. If he could advance to a higher level, these techniques would definitely boost his Hellfrost Peacock Technique.

Below them, Eva and Solomon, the eighth Demonic Spirit, witnessed the whole conversation between Garen and Carthage. They just could not hear the actual conversation.

“What are these two up to this time!” The mummy-like Demonic Spirit said in an eerie tone.

“Someday, I shall seek revenge for Rainy one way or another!” Eva said in an icy-cold tone before flying off toward Second Elder’s place.

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“If I really had turned against Carthage just now, what are the chances of me winning?!” Walking along a white-blue ice tunnel, Garen recalled what just happened.

Right now, he had fully caught up to Carthage's body power, which was a Level Fifteen. Besides that, he was sure by now that this body was not Carthage's true form. The terrifying huge arm that he saw the other day was Carthage's true ability.

"Every member of the Light of Justice under Chinande is a Level-Ten Perpetual Motioner. If Carthage is one of them as well, I definitely don't stand a chance against him. But, I've already been advancing to higher levels in the shortest time possible, it'd be meaningless to continue pushing myself, even with most of my Hellfrost Peacock Technique. Perhaps I shouldn't be merely focusing on this world's pure energy..."

Once again, he focused on superimposing his secret techniques.

There was a total of eighteen levels of the Scarlet Snow Technique, but other than the Teacher Ancestor who started up the sect, nobody else had managed to practice this certain secret technique up to its peak. It was simply unrealistic to think that one could reach the peak by relying on this secret technique. Even Garen originally wanted to practice this secret technique just to condense more of his Scarlet Snow Technique's soul.

At this point, if he were to refer to the process earlier before, he should be able to condense a new kind of Soul Seed already. Yet, Garen still did not feel any trace of his Soul Seed condensing.

"Perhaps the Secret Frost Seed would inspire me."

Passing through the blue-white ice tunnel, Garen came to a wide, arched white hall.

The hall was densely packed with shimmering blue spheres of light, and every light had a name carved on to it.

As he first stepped into the hall, Garen could sense a strong presence of souls that overwhelmed him.

"This!?"

He was shaken.

An immense force was pushing toward him.

"I don't have any rights to summon, that's why I was rejected by all the other seeds! But this..."  
Although Garen was stifled by the monstrous force pushing at him, there was a sharp, never-before-seen glint in his eyes.

"This... All these are Soul Seeds!"

He had always wondered what was all about the Scarlet Snow Sect's Secret Frost Seed, but he had never expected them to be beads of souls of secret techniques that were extremely concentrated and condensed!

Click...

A solid layer of dark blue was slowly creeping up Garen's legs.

"Freeze me? You want to freeze my Hellfrost Peacock?" Garen smirked.

"All creatures of the world can never escape from fading..."

With his arm raised, he placed his palms against the tremendous force gushing toward him.

Chapter 1080

The atmosphere started to vibrate.

Whoosh!

A strong gust of Cold Energy started gushing out from Garen's body, covering the layer of frost on his legs, which was then shattered. The Cold Energy was pure and white, with seemingly no contamination whatsoever. It then continued along the mysteriously-patterned floor and spread towards all the soul seeds in the hall.

“Faded Creation!”

Garen stretched his arms wide, and a horrifying burst of Cold Energy started spreading to his surroundings even faster until everything was completely still, frozen in the pure-white ice blocks.

A billow of crystals started forming in layers beneath Garen’s feet as they started spreading toward the entire hall.

The hall was degenerating. The original layer of ice was cracking, and after being infected, its original ice-blue color turned into a shade of pure white, which was an even higher leveled pure crystal.

“What... is this Cold Energy!!??”

Virtual shadows appeared above every Soul Seed. These shadows were somewhat tall and short, some of them resembled males and some of them resembled females. Every one of them had a formidable chill that would make people fear. For an ordinary person, just one glance would have thoroughly frozen the person’s soul to death.

They were the dead Teacher Ancestors of multiple generations in the Scarlet Snow Sect’s history, either sacrificed in war battles or died from natural causes. They all did have a similarity: they had all practiced the Scarlet Snow Technique to its peak already.

“These are Teacher Ancestors of the past generations!” Garen was shocked and the violent chills stilled suddenly.

The white chill fused with the blue-white chill, turning the hall into two ice rooms, with Garen and at least Teacher Ancestors being at two completely different spectrums.

“I did not expect there will still be disciples who can practice such a pure and ultimate chill...”

A female Teacher Ancestor spoke solemnly.

“So many years... We’ve waited for so many years...”

“I can’t remember already. A hundred years, a thousand years, two thousand years, or perhaps even longer.”

“But the wait was worthwhile, and we made it through the long wait, didn’t we?” Among the few figures, the black shadow with the strongest trace of chill silently appeared.

“Just when our souls are almost drained out, destiny has sent us such a pure Body of Ice.”

Garen focused his stare on the figure who was entirely pitch black, only a pair of fluorescent blue eyes glowing could be seen. Even the figure’s face was unnoticeable.

“The original ancestors?!”

“An unprecedented Body of Ice... So authentic, so pure...” The person was in awe.

“Such a chill has far exceeded the Scarlet Snow Technique’s standards!” A tall and scrawny Teacher Ancestor said in a hushed tone.

“Everyone, have we come to a decision?” The original Teacher Ancestor asked.

The entire hall was quiet.

After a good while, a handsome Teacher Ancestor finally laughed out.

“At first, we thought we’d never see hope, that’s why we were forced to just wait. Yet, when the time has now come and opportunity has landed right in front of our faces... here we are, being anxious and mindful.”

“Yeah! Isn’t this the hope I’ve always been waiting for? Now that it’s here, I’m recoiling in fear instead,” Another person among the crowd laughed as well.

“Teacher Ancestors!” Garen wanted to say something.

“We’re not Teacher Ancestors, we’re just their last trace of conviction condensed by their will,” The black shadow in the center answered. “If it wasn’t your chill that activated us, we might have just vanished forever in history after another hundred of years, and nobody would’ve known that we actually existed before.”

Garen inhaled deeply. Leaving one’s will in a Soul Seed to last a couple thousand years was something he understood, it was one of the magic of the Endors as their knowledge regarding souls had reached great heights.

“Due to the fact that I didn’t reach the so-called Board Realm, I never had the chance to join the Perpetual Motioners even until the day I died. I’m not reconciled to this yet!!” The original Teacher Ancestor who spoke just now said with a sour expression which clearly showed his reluctance.

“As one of the most powerful prodigies in the Scarlet Snow Sect history, even transmigrating between worlds along the Mother Stream until here, but I still wasn’t able to break through any single Perpetual Motioner Level!”

“So what if I don’t understand Board!? My Secret Technique is Army-Level, even the Demon King Level is nothing less than a Perpetual Motioner!” The original Teacher Ancestor spoke softly. “That’s why I didn’t accept defeat just like that. Even when I died in battle at the end, I still gathered all my essence and converted it into my very own Soul Seed, so I can wait for my next chance.”

Garen finally made out the person’s background story, he was indeed the original Teacher Ancestor, the Secret Technique powerhouse who established the Scarlet Snow Sect. Not only that, the other person was freakishly similar to Garen. Both of them traveled along the Mother Stream until they reached this current world, it was just that he was less fortunate as he did not have such an intrepid born talent. Besides that, he was not able to see through the general trend of events and he could not transmigrate through several worlds continuously. He could only drift around according to the current.



“Now, I’ve finally seen hope.” The original Teacher Ancestor was staring at Garen with eyes overflowing of hope. “Tell me, is Army Level really any lesser than a Perpetual Motioner?”

Immediately, the hole regained peace once again while every single soul had their eyes on Garen.

Garen looked around and saw the same expression everyone was wearing on their faces. Each of them seemed anxious and exhausted, not forgetting the hopeful looks they were aiming at Garen. They had been waiting for this answer far too long. This was the highest form of belief of Secret Techniques, a sort of devout, a kind of unbreakable faith!

As a Secret Technician, Garen had the same faith and belief. Although his faith was once shaken, now that he had successfully broken through Level Eight of his Hellfrost Peacock Technique, all his doubts had been completely erased.

On the other hand, these people, the ancestors, were different. Their conditions were far worse than his when they began, yet they still adhered for so many years.

Ignoring viewpoints and personalities, just this perseverance alone that lasted a couple of thousand years, this willpower they showed, was enough for him to pay them the highest respect already.

“To be frank, I don’t know whether Secret Techniques or Mechs are stronger.” He said slowly. Looking at the stunned stares from the people around him, he changed his direction.

“But I will personally give it a try. I might be able to see the things that you can’t see clearly.”

The hall returned to its original quiet state as the slightly-disappointed expressions lighted up once again with a glimmer of hope.

“I shall become the strongest Frost Secret Technician in the history of this world. Not just one of them, but the strongest!” Garen held out his hand as a deadly chill hovered above his palms. Traces of the Hellfrost Peacock Technique’s pure chill started converging and slowly, a white crystal started forming bits by bits in his palms.

"If it's you, then perhaps..." The original Teacher Ancestor said softly.

A cold wind constantly whirled around the hall, and everyone fell into silence instantly.

Maybe it was half an hour, maybe it was an hour, or maybe it was longer than that. Finally, the original Teacher Ancestor spoke again.

"Your presence today is just to seek inspiration from the pure Cold Realm that I've been waiting for, am I right?"

He looked around.

"Are all of you still unwilling to let it go?"

"Not let it go? How is that possible?!" A tall and slender female Teacher Ancestor snickered, "Isn't this the ultimate hope I've been waiting for all these years? Let us lend him a helping hand!"

She suddenly turned around and transformed into a thread of blue chill. She then rushed toward Garen and encircled him before spinning around him rapidly.

"Even Annie gave up willingly, how can we be lagging behind so much!" The second Teacher Ancestor suddenly broke down before turning into a blue thread and rushing toward Garen.

"With all that we have, go... Improve your Scarlet Snow Technique to level so great it is never-before-seen by anyone else!" The third Teacher Ancestor, too, transformed into a thread of light.

"Our will, our faith, take it... Take it all... All creature of the world can never escape from fading."

"You! You shall become the strongest of them all!! Freeze everything..."

A bunch of threads starting swarming towards Garen, encircling him and spinning around him swiftly.

The sturdy, black shadow standing in the middle then held out his hand, placing it relatively against Garen's palms from a distance.

"Inherit all our willpower, may you freeze anything that comes in your way. It's too bad... I can't see it anymore..."

Boom!

With a soft crash, he transformed into a blue thread and joined the torrent of chills; it encircled Garen and started spinning as well.

"Go... Go and become the most powerful man of this generation! Bring along our will and faith!!"

The original Teacher Ancestor spoke lastly and his words echoed in the hall.

The blue threads were still spinning around Garen rapidly like an exquisite chiffon. It even looked like a shapeless blue cloud.

A vast amount of pure Cold Energy was swarming around Garen. At the same time, extensive experiences of practicing the Scarlet Snow Technique from the Teacher Ancestors of multiple generations were also pouring into Garen's mind.

Garen understood that the wills instilled within these Soul Seeds were waiting for a perfect moment like this.

Yet, he did not expect that he would trigger such a massive legacy. Every Scarlet Snow Technique essence of Scarlet Snow Sect's Teacher Ancestors was fusing within his body at the moment in high speed.

Various chills of different attributes were sinking into the faded, dead-silent peacock's chill. Along with the strongest faith of Secret Techniques, every chill surrendered to the dead silence unconditionally, which then fused together within his body.

A delicate layer of armor, as white as jade, slowly covered every inch of Garen's body – his head, chest, arms, lower body and both legs. Two horns arched out of the ice armor at his waist part as if it was covering Garen's waist like a belt.

Buzz... A white ring of halo appeared at the back of Garen's head. That was a product converged from every Teacher Ancestor's soul's energy focused together, meaning that this armor was extremely powerful.

The dead silent chill was getting stronger by the moment, while his Scarlet Snow Technique's grades were once again increasing under the increment of the armor.

Grade Fifteen was slowly broken through... Grade Sixteen... Grade Seventeen... Grade Eighteen!

The last three grades were just suddenly broke through within such a short amount of time. The last three grades were mainly to increase the texture of one's chill. Garen's chill itself already had a decent texture, to begin with, in addition to the priming given by the Teacher Ancestors of multiple generations and the input of past experiences through the soul armor, he had reached a whole new level of understanding toward chills.

A breakthrough like this was nothing extraordinary.

Grade Eighteen represented the ultimate Scarlet Snow Technique. There were altogether eighteen grades of Scarlet Snow Technique, which would be equivalent to a Level-Nine Energy Machinist.

"Who knew there would be martyrs like them in this world!" Garen stared silently at everything shattered in front of him. With his head bent low, he solemnly paid respect as a fellow Secret Technician.

"I will fulfill all your wishes."

The armor on his body shone a flicker of white light which vanished within seconds, it then formed a V-shaped white pattern. His aura once again returned to the Non-Falling Level, and he finally turned away slowly.

The Frost Hell shall no longer exist from today onwards.