

Mystical 1081

Chapter 1081: Mad Increase 1

The weather on the Scarlet Snow Planet was becoming warmer. The land initially covered in snow was now warming up, the snow was gradually melting away, turning into icy water flowing down the sides of the mountains and forming new rivers toward the city.

The people of the Scarlet Snow Planet went out to investigate. The Great Supervisors handling the daily matters, who were usually separated from the external administrative people, also realized the changes.

The headquarter region was where the Great Elders and the hidden powerhouses stayed. This, on the other hand, was an independent managerial department. Other than the occasional request for assistance from the inner sect, they would not usually enter the inner sect.

However, now that the snow mountains melting was causing the rivers to converge, this anomaly had attracted the attention of the administrative people.

Garen had just exited the Frost Hell when the guards at the entrance were investigating the changes outside, so no one realized Garen had already left the Frost Hell.

“Senior Brother! Senior Brother Garen! I didn’t know you left!?” As he reached the front entrance of the cave, one of the guards exclaimed as he noticed Garen walking out.

“Mm... What’s happening outside?” Garen asked, confused.

“I’m not sure, but I think the snow is melting,” one of the guards whispered.

“The snow is melting?” Garen suddenly thought of the souls disappearing from the Frost Hell. It might have been him who triggered this change because the source of the snow mountains’ cold temperature had always been the secret souls in Frost Hell.

Now that the secret souls had fused together and formed a horrifying ice armor, it was the merged inheritance of all the ancestors. It was the condensed essence of Scarlet Snow Sect.

Garen knew that him taking the armor meant that he was accepting the wills and wishes of Scarlet Snow Sect's past ancestors over thousands of years.

"Is a ceremony going on?" He remembered what Carthage said before he left. The ceremony was the so-called Major Battle to gather all the elites. In the end, they were all defeated by the Pilots, which resulted in heavy casualties among the entire population of Energy Machinists in the City of Nagadako.

The only thing was that the Major Battle would last a long time; it was not something that could be finished quickly.

Returning to reality, Garen started thinking once again. How was he going to answer to the Great Elders about the disappearance of the Frost Hell?

He left the entrance of the Frost Hell, heading straight to the main peak's courtroom where Renee was once put to trial.

The entirety of the Scarlet Snow Sect had become chillier by the minute. Perhaps it had been chilly before, it was just that Garen was only realizing it now. Not many people were to be seen around on the way there. As the headquarter of Scarlet Snow, there were very few people around.

The extreme cold made it difficult for normal people to enter. Only the ones who practiced Scarlet Snow Technique could survive there in the long run. Not many people left their homes during the weekday anyway, only the trained ones dared to.

However, those trained ones were likely to retire into isolation for several years at times, hence explaining why the area was deserted.

In the desolate sky, Garen glanced down. The rare sight of a few sporadic figures could be seen flashing quickly across the ground. It was evident that plenty of people were moving about using Teleportation Arrays.

Soon, he reached the courtroom. From a distance, Garen could hear what sounded like a subtle roar, as though something was colliding against a heavy object.

As the courtroom became closer and closer, two white silhouettes could be seen crashing against each other between the huge ice sculptures.

A gigantic Ice Fox was hovering in front, constantly playing around with the small white spot on the other side.

“This won’t work, the strength’s not enough!”

“Speed! You’re too slow! Faster! Go faster!” An old man, who was in the middle of the Ice Foxes, yelled.

“Ah ah ah!” On the other side, a white youngster suddenly lashed out a clean palmprint that had a strong chill; it was still increasing in size toward the Ice Foxes.

“Too weak!”

The low rumble sounded among the Ice Foxes once again. A tail whipped out and shattered the clean palmprint.

“You just ruined a perfectly ruined the good old Snowstorm Palm! Yours just looks like a slow and powerless ordinary palm!” The old man’s hoarse voice continued to lecture.

Two young, beautiful girls were standing by the side, watching quietly. It turned out they were Little One and Little Two, the two guards given to Garen by the First Princess. From the worried looks on their faces, it was evident that they were very familiar with the two people on the spot.

Ever since Garen’s surroundings had been conquered by the Two-headed Werewolves, they were not able to receive any commands from Garen ever since. So, they roamed around Scarlet Snow Sect’s headquarter freely. Their lives were peaceful yet boring, and they somehow met people around the area.

With just one glance, Garen recognized the two people who were in battle.

The golden-haired teenager was Senior Sister Rainy's grandchild of direct bloodline, Hong Guo, one who inherited a Secret Frost Seed.

When he first ventured into the Scarlet Snow Sect's headquarter along with his buddy, it was said that he was imprisoned. However, to everyone's surprise, he was now safe and sound.

The one standing against him was a Great Supervisor within the sect. He had the powers of the Inherited Level, the Ice Fox Nasata, and he was one of the Great Supervisors in charge of foreign affairs.

"Hong Guo, huh?" Garen was floating high up in the sky to avoid being noticed by people on the ground. He was just observing how the Ice Fox was instructing Hong Guo how to unleash his powers as well as the Secret Frost Seed's strength.

He also noticed the mysterious teenager, the one always ranked at the bottom among the Third Hearted, was standing far away, witnessing the battle as well. He thought he had gone unnoticeable, just staring blatantly at Hong Guo with a greedy look on his face.

Garen recalled the incident that involved Hong Guo last time.

If this fellow had followed his original track, he would have been the leader of the lucky Energy Machinist survivors. After the Battle of Ice Age about a hundred years later, all the Upper Energy Machinists would be completely dead. Meanwhile, he would lead the leftover younger Energy Machinists away to start over a new life at a new place.

Since Little One and Little Two were somewhat congenial with him, he should just let them protect him then...

Garen did not move anything other than his lips, silently passing a message along to Little One and Little Two who were below.

The two girls' faces instantly lit up with shock. They searched around for Garen, but they did not see him at all. As for Garen's original worry that the Great Supervisors and Great Elderlies would notice the disappearance of Frost Hell, there had been no sign so far. Everything was in peace in the courtroom.

The Great Elderlies were not there, the Great Supervisors seemed to be busy with their own matters, and most of the Three Hearted Disciples of the entire Scarlet Snow Sect were still out, so they had not entered the Frost Hell and realized anything.

Without the Great Elder, Garen was currently the strongest in Scarlet Snow Sect.

Observing the battle below, Garen paused for a bit before leaving quietly.

Along with Carthage's ruling, the top reclusive powerhouse headquarter of the Scarlet Snow Sect had gradually died down, becoming extremely quiet and lonely.

The moment he returned to his own place, Garen immediately noticed the few Great Supervisors waiting for him outside his Black Wolf Lair's mansion.

"Senior Brother Garen, we have something urgent that needs a decision! An urgent matter! It's a pressing matter so we do not dare to make any unauthorized decisions!" One of the Great Supervisors, who was unusually sensitive, sensed Garen approaching and started shouting frantically.

"What about Senior Sisters Alice and Eva, and King Cat?" Garen frowned. If foreign affairs had started coming to him for help regarding emergencies, did that mean that the people in front of him were dead?

"Senior Brother Carthage rearranged all the rankings before he left, so you're the second one now. You're ranked number two!" One of the Great Supervisors quickly explained. "You have to make all the big decisions in the sect now!"

Only then did Garen understand the true meaning of what Carthage meant with his parting words.

He landed on the ground swiftly. He had yet landed properly when the Great Supervisors already rushed forward.

“Senior Brother Garen, we have an urgent situation! The Medicine of Creation has finally produced the fifth secret medicine! Should we send people over!?”

“There’s also the military situation. Our Scarlet Snow Business Alliance’s third lane was attacked by pirates and they’re in need of a powerhouse to help out!” Another voice followed.

“I’m here to report about the Sky Capital. Star Cloud and Black Blade have officially initiated a war! The thirteen cities will be destroyed, and the battle fire will soon touch upon Planet Naga!”

The three back-to-back information caused Garen to be taken back by surprise.

“Started war? Star Cloud and Black Blade? The Star Cloud and Black Blade Magnetic Field was one of the strongest organization of Energy Machinists, and now they were at war? This gave Garen an uneasy feeling.

“At the Blue Sky Capital?” He asked in a hushed tone.

“Yes... That’s right! The Blue Sky Capital already has thirteen of its major cities destroyed and completely wiped out. Their death count has reached over ten million already!”

“What about the few Three Hearted Royal Highness?” Garen asked quickly. Since he was the person in charge now, he should just get straight to the point.

“Some are in solitude, some are taking a break on holiday, but all of them basically have no idea what’s happening.”

“Make public the third piece of news you just gave me now. Inform the stationed personnel over at Planet Naga and reach out to families and relatives from other places to bring them back. Nobody is allowed to travel long distances from this moment on.” Garen barked out commands swiftly. Nobody knew the future as well as him, he just did not expect things to disrupt this soon.

“Also, inform everyone, including the Three Hearted Royal Highness, that I am calling together at a meeting at the courtroom! The Great Elder and Senior Brother aren’t here, we have to immediately confirm my authority as the decision maker of Scarlet Snow Sect!”

“Yes!”

The three Great Supervisors responded solemnly and dispersed, immediately going about to deliver the news.

As the three of them left, Garen returned to a state of calmness. He had reached a moment of life and death, this was not the time to hesitate.

He got up once again and ordered his Two-headed Werewolves and Turing to save up resources before he started toward the Second Great Elder’s main peak.

The white, cold tower stood above the mountains, rings of white halos could be seen surrounding it.

There were no signs of any bodyguards around, a completely different situation compared to the last time Garen dropped by. There were only a few automatic robots patrolling the area.

“Garen here to pay respect to Master,” Garen called out gently as he landed in front of the tower.

There was no response; the tower remained silent as if nobody was around.

“Garen here to pay respect to Master, request to open the defense screen,” Garen repeated himself.

Perhaps it was the loud echoes, someone finally rushed out from inside.

“Great Elder has said that he doesn’t want to see anyone, he’s in recluse now!”

“He doesn’t want to see anyone?” Garen’s eyes were cold as he made his way toward the tower. A terrifying aura of chill was emitting from him, turning into wisps of white smoke spreading everywhere.

“Stand still! How dare you enter the tower without permission!” The person shouted after Garen furiously.

The peak of the tower instantly flickered in fluorescent white.

A translucent screen appeared before Garen’s eyes, blocking his path.

Rip!

The screen was torn apart in Garen’s hands within seconds.

Garen continued on his path. At the speed of a lightning, he appeared before the man and grabbed the man’s head, freezing the man’s entire lower body so that the man’s brain was the only system still functioning.

“Forgive me! Have mercy on me! I’m just a messenger! It’s nothing to do with me!” The man’s reaction was strangely instantaneous. As it turned out, he was just a trash with a Level Three or Four Scarlet Snow Technique.

Simply throwing the person aside, Garen strode into the tower. The normally-filled place was now deserted, with no sight of the daily maintenance crew.

Remaining silent, Garen headed straight for the stairs.

Just as he reached the second floor, his eyes landed on Second Great Elder who was walking slowly toward him in the corridor.

“Are you rebelling, Garen?! Simply tearing the tower’s defense screen, you are just trying to ruin my hard work aren’t you!?” Second Great Elder shouted angrily, glaring cold at Garen with his hands behind his back.

Garen studied the Second Great Elder for a while and then bowed his head after making sure there was nothing wrong.

“As your disciple, I dare not do such a thing.”

“Dare not? You killed your Senior Brother and your Senior Sister; you disrespected your teachers and acted irrationally. Is there

anything else you dare not do?!” Second Great Elder scolded him.

“Seeing as you are well, teacher, I shall excuse myself...” Garen turned to leave, his face calm and steady. He suddenly realized that Second Great Elder’s hands were empty.

“Teacher, why do you not have your pipe with you? That’s your favorite pipe.” Garen narrowed his eyes against Second Great Elder.

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“A pipe?” Something odd flashed past the depths of the Second Elder’s eyes. “My lungs haven’t been feeling all that good recently, so I don’t really want to smoke, that’s why I put it away. Why, do you have a problem with that? Are you trying to dictate whether I smoke or not as well?!”

“Naturally, that is not my intention, Master.” Garen’s narrowed eyes grew sharper.

“If that is not your intention then hurry up and scram!” The Second Elder instantly lost his temper.

“Your lungs aren’t feeling well?” Garen laughed coldly. “I’ve been getting much stronger lately, maybe I can help you check, dear Master. Let me see just what’s wrong with your lungs...”

Before he finally finished speaking, Garen reached out his hand like a claw, grabbing at the Second Elder. With a tearing sound, a void-like vacuum was ripped out of the air, it was a terrifying vacuum left behind by immense speed. Before the air around it could even fill in the void, Garen’s claw had already reached the Second Elder’s chest.

The dazzling white Non-Falling light covered Gardens palm, dying his whole hand jade-white. From afar, it did not even look like a human hand.

The claw was just about to grab the Second Elder’s chest.

“How dare you!!”

A layer of black light abruptly exploded beside Garen, turning into a black whirlpool. Several black bugs the size of fists shot out of the whirlpool, rearing their jaws at Garen’s head.

The Second Elder also looked extremely shocked, the Non-Falling light all around his body exploding mercilessly, but even then he just delayed the progress of Garen’s arm, reaching forward quickly.

“One Time Fist Pressure.”

Garen’s right arm abruptly doubled in strength, and crashed towards the Second Elder’s chest with an even more intense and heavier pressure.

The intense fist pressure from the surroundings instantly caused his black bugs to exploded in mid-air, reduced to several mounds of foul-smelling pus.

An unstoppable, terrifying pressure pressed down on the Second Elder tightly, and right now, he was completely unable to fight back. He could only watch, wide-eyed, as the hand

approached him.

“You dare kill your master!!!?”

He howled madly.

Booom!!!

Garen’s palm disappeared, and the terrifying traits of the Ten Thousand True Technique meant that he could instantly transfer that immense power somewhere else, crashing it into the chest of a person in black who had just appeared.

Thick blood sprayed out from under the black-robed man’s hood, and he screamed, flying backward into the wall. Large cracks spread across the wall, and the layers of Non-Falling power fell off his body like layers of an onion, disappearing and shattering layer by layer.

“I... won’t yield...!!” His body instantly turned into a flash of black light that darted away.

“Cowardly sneak, you dare escape!” Garen harrumphed coldly, and took one step forward.

“Two Times Fist Pressure.”

Boom!!!

A terrifying pressure suppressed the black light, and the black light crashed onto the floor like a mound of lead, sending out a large spray of black shards.

The air began to coagulate slightly, like a thick liquid, and even the wind could not flow. The falling of the black light, the expression on the Second Elder’s face, the shards of the wall, everything seemed to move in slow motion.

Every movement would consume a great cost. This was the terrifying power of Garen's destructive abilities, the 88-times fist pressure seemed to increase completely according to the

capabilities of the user's own physical body. As long as the user's body could withstand it, the number could keep on rising indefinitely.

Right now, Garen's Strength was at 40 points, and by doubling the power of his Destructive Impact Fist, it could reach 80 points in Strength. Even a powerhouse at the same level as him,

at the peak of the Non-Falling Level, would not be able to fight back against such a terrifying pressure. They would be suppressed like infants. Faced with Garen's fists, their Non-Falling power was no different from eggshells.

To put eighty Strength points into perspective, back then Garen had dominated the Totem World with less than twenty Strength points. All the giant beasts or terrifying monsters several dozen meters tall could not do anything when faced with his fist. And a giant beast that was several dozen meters tall could destroy a skyscraper in one hit.

And now he had eighty points of Strength, four times what he had back then. If he split up the power and used it separately, he could destroy more than ten skyscrapers in one hit, and could instantly demolish some smaller cities.

This was all just the terrifying power of Garen's One Time Fist Pressure. Such power was concentrated fully in this space that was less than a hundred acres large.

"Sunshine!"

The black light on the ground made its last desperate struggle, exploding out with a terrifying golden light and heat. This was evidently his Origin secret skill.

"Three Times." Garen took one step forward, and the terrifying power just grew more intense. Faced with the overwhelming power of 120 Strength points, the black light's explosion was instantly extinguished like a flame being put out.

After a whoosh, the black light shattered and scattered, and everything returned to normal once more.

Up until that point, this unidentified Non-Falling powerhouse had died powerlessly in the tower, and all that remained of him was the web of cracks across the high-density alloy wall. And this was after Garen controlled his power, making sure not to waste too much.

“You—Y-y-you—!” The Second Elder’s pupils dilated, and as he watched Garen walk toward him slowly, a sweat broke out on his forehead. Even his teeth kept chattering, he could not fight his instincts at all.

“Master, do you have any problem with the way I finished off that suspicious character?” Garen asked calmly.

The Second Elder’s lips shook, all the blood drained out of his face. But he tried hard to maintain his image anyway. “No... no problem... You did well! You did very well!” He kept nodding his head. By now, he had lost all his poise and dignity as a teacher.

As his power increased, the Army-level Garen already had the beginnings of an invisible, formidable aura. Since he had completed his training for the Hellfrost Peacock Technique, it was now rapidly displaying its ultimate power.

Garen could see that his Vitality value had reached the Soul Limit, but some of his physical attributes were still increasing drastically, the most crucial one being his regenerative powers.

The most significant aspect of the Hellfrost Peacock Technique is immortality, or regenerative powers that border on immortality.

Garen was already feeling it.

Before this, when he activated the triple fist pressure, his body would tear internally from the burden, but now, it was a piece of cake. That was just a few days ago... and the speed of his regenerative powers was still increasing rapidly.

Even he did not know to what extent the Hellfrost Peacock Technique's regenerative powers could reach. At the end of it, even he did not know just how strong the highest level of a Living Secret Technique, the Army Level, could be. And Garen did not know just what heights he could reach when he merged it with the Willpower training of this world, either.

All he knew was that he was getting stronger and stronger, stronger and stronger...

Looking at the Second Elder cowering before him, Garen was now certain that this man was indeed the Scarlet Snow Sect's Second Elder. But he was only that person in body and in strength, whereas he was no longer that person in spirit...

Perhaps this was the same as what Carthage did to Garen in the past, right now, this person was just a Bodysnatcher they found from somewhere else. Thinking back to the Second Elder's personality, Garen knew that he would never be this scared by such a small matter.

Sadness flashed through Garen's heart, but even more of it was killing intent toward Carthage.

The Second Elder and Rainy were all people who had helped him, but now they were being treated like this, and he could do nothing about it.

"The Destructive Impact Fist has reached five times... this is the limit my body can take, if I go any further, I'll need to increase my speed. When the Major Battle starts, I might not have any time or energy to upgrade myself so relaxedly anymore.

Garen understood in his heart, and gave the Second Elder one last look, before he closed his eyes, turned around, and slowly walked away.

"It's time I focused on increasing my Nine-Level Tempered Body Technique. I need nine different types of precious mineral essences to temper my body. It will cost an arm and a leg, so I had best use my power in the Scarlet Snow Sect to gather and provide what I need. To face Carthage, I need all the power I can get." Garen already had a plan lined out.

"Master, I plan to call a Courtroom Meeting, please make your way to the Courtroom, and it's best if you're not late," he said calmly, without even looking around.

"I won't, I won't..." By now, the Second Elder had already been scared out of his wits, and could only say yes to everything.

If he was not mistaken, the Second Elder had been Bodysnatched.

Garen did not need to go see the First and Third Elders, they were probably in the same state. Perhaps the entire Scarlet Snow Sect had already changed hands. Carthage's aims had been achieved. If it were not for Garen, an anomaly, perhaps this Energy Machinist sect would have already been reduced to existing in name only, being used solely as a base to ambush other sects.

As for that hidden black-robed person he killed, Garen was not worried in the slightest. This had always been "Jeros'" character: bloodthirsty, evil, and a lover of destruction above all.

He was just a Non-Falling Level, Carthage would not really mind even if he did know. Theoretically, Jeros was at the same level and position as him, so naturally he would not be controlled by his orders.

Leaving the Second Elder's tower, Garen went to the First and Third Elders' places as well, barging in forcefully. Unsurprisingly, it was completely empty inside, with only a few blood stains left. Perhaps they were killed, perhaps Carthage did not think they were worthy of even the lowest-level Bodysnatching, and just killed them off cleanly.

As for the guardian, if the Scarlet Snow guardian still had not shown up at this point, that must not be good news either.

"Carthage..."

Garen floated in mid-air, he could feel the last Will of several dozen ancestors in the armor on his brow, they were furious and roaring out in anger. That was a fury and hatred born from the imminent annihilation of the Scarlet Snow Sect.

Some of them had lived for far too long in the Scarlet Snow Sect, some had been raised and protected by the Scarlet Snow Sect, and treated this place as their home. Yet others had poured too much of their blood, sweat, and tears into the Scarlet Snow Sect.

“Please relax, I will return this favor to Carthage properly...” murmured Garen softly.

He could feel that his powers were constantly growing madly with every passing moment, the mad dash as a result of the overnight explosion from the Army-Level, completed Hellfrost Peacock Technique was still in effect. And the tree branch of the Staff of Absolute Yin that he was getting from the Remora Business Alliance would arrive soon enough, and then he would have another new source for replenishing his potential points.

After this, he wanted his true form to try and break the next level of the Scarlet Snow Technique. Reaching Grade Sixteen Level Eight, or even Level Nine, would not be a problem, because the ancestors’ Armor of Ice had given him the experience to level up completely. He could even reach the very top level of the Scarlet Snow Sect without a problem. All he needed was time. But after Level Nine, he would once more face the same dilemma his forefathers did, and be unable to reach the Tenth Perpetual Motioner.

This was the Demonic Curse, a Demonic Curse that no one in the Scarlet Snow Sect could avoid.

Unless they could reach Level Ten, they would not be able to fight Perpetual Motioners, much less the powerhouse among Perpetual Motioners, Chinande. Perhaps the final key still lay with the secret techniques...

Chapter 1083: Sect Visit 1

“Maybe it’s time to make a trip back.”

Garen recalled everything that had happened since he arrived in this world, and his deepest impressions still came from his time in the Blackboard Region.

Right now, the Scarlet Snow Sect existed in name only. The Elders were gone, the Guardian was missing, so the only ones left holding the Sect up were the Great Supervisor and the Three Hearted Disciples. But even so, the power of the Sect had not really been reduced, because of Carthage, because of Garen

himself. But Carthage had not truly revealed his identity yet, so he was still a part of the Scarlet Snow Sect. As for Garen...

On the surface, he was just a Non-Falling Level Five, but in truth he had the Armor of Ice, and could reach Level Nine. But he had no idea about the Level Nine fighting style, and with just the power of a Level Nine fighter, he could not understand the corresponding knowledge.

Garen flew straight for the Courtroom.

Clang clang clang...

The heavy sound of the clock rang from the peak, spreading across the whole Scarlet Snow Sect headquarters, and many bolts of light quickly shot toward the hall at the peak of the Courtroom. Some of these lights were strong while others were subdued, and they instantly turned into figures of different heights once they entered the Courtroom, each landing quietly on their respective seats.

When Garen flew into the Basilica, most of the people had already gathered there, only a few were absent because they were either away or in seclusion.

Some of the Three Hearted Disciples looked impatient, these summonses had evidently interrupted something. Most of the Great Supervisors were quiet and thoughtful, betraying no emotion and taking no stances.

And then there was the headquarters' Head Manager, a chubby middle-aged normal person whose gaze swept across the whole area as soon as he landed.

"The Elders aren't here, Great Senior Brother isn't here, so who has the right to sound the emergency summons bell?!" he asked gravely.

"It wasn't the Elders?" One of the Great Supervisors grew confused. He was joined by a few others around him.

Even some of the Three Hearted Disciples began to frown. If it was not the Elders, who could it be? It could not have been the Guardian, the Lord Guardian would never make a direct order, circumventing the Elders. Could it be Great Senior Brother?

Eva stood in the number three position, her lips pursed and her expression cold. She did not really care who rang the bell, but since they had rung the emergency summons bell, that must mean something extremely serious must have happened.

Number Two, Alice, was still hidden in her white robes, her facial expression hidden, and giving off a similarly calm feeling.

Beneath her, Number Four, King Cat, was playing with his little white kitten, and seemed completely unconcerned with the meaning behind the summons.

The fifth position was empty, that used to be Rainy's. The Sixth, Angola, was dressed in blood-red robes, his face expressionless and his thoughts unsurmisable.

Number seven was Mandi, a strange loner of a guy. Usually, most of the Sect's Energy Machine Imprints came from him and his disciples, so he was the master of Energy Machine Imprints within the Sect. This old man with the disheveled beard did not look particularly eye-catching, but no one would look down on him.

The eighth was Mies, after he was carelessly knocked out by Hong Guo and the others last time, he was currently staring at Hong Guo and co as they stood behind the Great Supervisors, his expression cold and dark. Evidently, he still had a grudge over what happened last time.

Ninth and Tenth were Demonic Spirit Solomon and Aloran. The two of them were discussing something in whispers, and Aloran's expression did not look particularly good.

And then there was Eleven, a member of the Ballfish race. This giant and round creature was basically a Ballfish, floating above the eleventh position. Everyone had forgotten its name, and they just called it Eleven. There were two small and short fins on the surface of its black body, and they fanned around occasionally, creating a stark contrast with its roly-poly body. It actually ended up looking rather cute.

Twelve was empty, that was originally Garen's position, and Thirteen was Lonray, a newbie who had just risen here together with Garen. This person had luckily managed to survive the Void Battlefields, and seeing Garen descend from the sky now, he immediately sent word via voice transmission, enquiring about the situation.

Garen chatted with him idly, waiting for everyone to arrive.

But his gaze swept past all the Three Hearted Disciples and the Great Supervisors.

The last Fourteen was White Night, this guy had just returned recently, covered with wounds. Even now, there were still bandages on his arms. Clearly, his journey to unearth the treasures of his family did not go very smoothly, and he had no leads on his younger brother either. Right now his expression was cloudy, and he looked to be in a very bad mood.

Fifteen, on the other hand, was that mysterious young man. After reaching Three Hearted, he had changed his name, and gave himself the title Prism Light. Right now he was dressed fully in white and looked average, completely outshone by the handsome and ice-cold White Night beside him. He was wholly inconspicuous.

Garen's gaze turned, and he looked at the Great Supervisors.

There were not many Great Supervisors who had the right to participate in the Courtroom, only five in total. The middle-aged one who taught Hong Guo, the Ice Fox, also stood among them, whereas the other four were two men and two women respectively. They came in different shapes and sizes, but looked like very normal academics, such as teachers or professors. If it were not for the occasional flicker of Inherited Power around them that resisted against the chill of the Courtroom, no one would have guessed that these very average-looking academics were actually Inherited-Level powerhouses.

Three of them were the Great Supervisors who had come to report to Garen back then, and right now all of their gazes considered Garen slightly, indicating respect.

The three Elders seats at the very top remained conspicuously empty.

Whoosh!

There was a distortion of white light, and the Second Elder instantly appeared on the Second Elder's seat.

As soon as he appeared, he instinctively looked at Garen, who was standing at the Three Hearted position. The Three Hearted position did not indicate their rank, because the ranks of the Three Hearted Disciples had changed recently, and there had not been enough time to readjust them.

Rainy had died, and her seat was emptied, so naturally the rest would take one seat forward.

So even though Garen stood at that position, his rank was not just number twelve.

"The other two Elders can't make it." The Second Elder calmed himself down. "Now, I want to tell you some devastating news."

The Basilica fell silent as soon as the Second Elder spoke, and everyone's eyes gathered on the Elders' seats.

"Due to an accident, the First and Third Elders have perished in the line of duty..." said the Second Elder in a grave and sorrowful voice.

The voice echoed around the Basilica, and everyone who heard that news doubted their ears. Some people blinked, and instinctively turned around to ask the people next to them, wondering if what they had just heard was simply a figment of their imagination.

Some people frowned deeply, completely disbelieving.

Eva lowered her head, and no one could see her expression, but they could tell from her tightly-clenched fists that she was in deep shock.

She knew better than anyone else what state the Scarlet Snow Sect was in, Carthage and Garen have been acting all mysterious, as though they barely belong to the Scarlet Snow Sect at all. Recently, she had been secretly investigating the two of them, and the information that she gathered shocked her

tremendously, so she grew more and more suspicious of the two. Especially with regard to their powers, their rate of progress had reached terrifying levels, needing only several decades to accomplish what others took hundreds or thousands of years to reach. For two such impossible prodigies to appear in the tiny Scarlet Snow Sect at the same time was a total anomaly...

And during such turbulent times, the two Elders had suddenly perished...

The entire Scarlet Snow Sect had reached a point of life and death!

"I don't believe it!"

The Silver Fox Great Supervisor stood out and barked loudly, looking slightly panicked and dismayed.

"Father just talked to me a week ago! How could he have died!!??" He was referring to the First Elder, since he was the First Elder's son in the direct line.

And beside him, another female Great Supervisor also looked disbelieving, as she too stood out and spoke.

"That's right, my grandfather just sent me a message three days ago, asking me to get him the newest Blue Eagle Stone! Ever since he entered Non-Falling Level, for several hundred years, he had never left the headquarters, who could just sneak into the headquarters and kill two Non-Falling Levels like that!? Second Elder, you..." Her grandfather was the Third Elder. After all, as Great Supervisors who could enter the Courtroom, the two of them had to have relied on their connections to the two Elders, otherwise it would not be plausible for them to get in.

"Silence!" The Second Elder's authoritative voice interrupted her, and his Non-Falling aura instantly pressed down on them, suppressing them mercilessly.

"You dare doubt my words?!" The Second Elder stared at them coldly. "Guards!"

Two white-armored guards appeared abruptly behind the two Great Supervisors.

“Take them away, throw them in the dungeon, and have them executed tomorrow!”

Executed?!

Just then, not only did the two of them doubt their ears, everyone present there wondered if they had heard that right.

Execution just for doubting what the Elder said? Executing two Inherited-Level powerhouses that had always done their job for the Scarlet Snow Sect properly?!

Has the Second Elder gone crazy?!

Or could it be, that the deaths of the two Elders were closely related to the Second Elder...?

For an instant, Eva, Alice and the other high-ranking Three Hearted Disciples thought of this possibility, and felt that the situation was getting stranger and stranger. No one knew if the two Elders were dead or alive; after all, they were two long-established Non-Falling Level powerhouses, and it was not like people would believe that they had died just because the Second Elder said a few things. Without proper proof and evidence, no one would truly believe that they had died.

“Is he trying to cover up his own actions?” The possibility occurred to some people.

The two of them were instantly apprehended by Non-Falling Light, all their powers completely disabled. They were restrained by the two white-armored guards, and were about to be dragged away.

The Basilica was completely quiet, no one dared to forcefully voice out. The Second Elder right now was very strange, and instead of being calm and low-key as he used to be, he was acting rather impulsive now.

“Wait!”

Suddenly a voice rang out in the hall, gentle and clear.

It was Alice!

She was ranked number two, the leader of Moonshine, and right now, she finally spoke.

“What do you have to say?” The Second Elder glared at Alice coldly. Although all of the Three Hearted Disciples had hidden their abilities to some extent, this woman was the most mysterious of the lot. Back then, when Rainy had been rescued, she could actually manage to hold the Non-Falling-Level Carthage back without getting injured. That was practically unimaginable.

“Executing some Inherited-Level powerhouses just for talking back and suspecting you a little, don’t you find that a terrible waste, Second Elder?” said Alice calmly.

Garen watched this scene with interest, at first he had planned to step out, but Alice had actually gotten one step ahead of him.

Even without the two Elders and the Guardian, even putting aside Garen himself for now, the power of the Scarlet Snow Sect was not all that weak.

Chapter 1084: Sect Visit 2

Alice was mysterious, but it was highly likely that she had Non-Falling Level power. Out of the Three-Hearted Disciples, there were already eight Inherited Levels, aside from the late Rainy, Carthage, White Night, and the mysterious young man Prismatic Light.

And of the Great Supervisors, the four of them present here were already the strongest four. Other than them, there were thirty-five other Inherited Levels who were scattered across the planets, either living in seclusion or managing the sect’s various operations, returning only once every fifty years to hand in their report. This was also a huge asset for them. Apparently, some of these Great Supervisors had even started their own branch sects, and some of their disciples were Inherited Levels too, adding up to an astronomical number.

A rough estimate calculated that the entire Scarlet Snow Sect would have at least more than sixty Inherited Level powerhouses and two Non-Falling Levels. This would have been unimaginable to his Black Flood Party from back then, this was equivalent to all the power in the Blackboard Region. In fact, it was even stronger! Once you put it that way, it could be said that an Inherited-Level Energy Machinist could fight with at least two Inherited-Level pilots of the same level.

“...” The Second Elder exchanged glares with Alice for a while, but his bark was worse than his bite, and the situation slowly calmed down.

“Since Alice is the one pleading for them... I guess I’ll spare them for now.”

The two white-armored guards finally released the two of them, and by then, the duo was already dripping with sweat. They had practically put one foot in the coffin, so they were still not over the shock, their hearts beating wildly.

“Alright, alright.” Only then did Garen step out, and speak with a smile. “Every Inherited Level is a precious asset to our Scarlet Snow Sect, how could Master execute such elites so casually? Wouldn’t that hurt the hearts of the Great Supervisors stationed outside?”

“Stop pretending!” said Eva coldly. She could already tell that there was something wrong with the Second Elder, and it was not just her, every Energy Machinist here was an elite. After living for so long, they could deduce a lot of things from just the tiniest clues.

But to Eva’s surprise, the Second Elder changed from his previous impulsiveness, and actually nodded very gently now, as though fully approving of Garen’s words.

“Garen’s right, I was being too rash just now.”

“Alright, time to get to the main point.” The Second Elder grew solemn. “The main reason I called this Courtroom Meeting was to hand over the rights to the Sect. From now on, all the Elders’ rights, as well as the rights to manage and mobilize the Sect, will be handed over to the Three Hearted Disciple Garen!”

These words were like another bombshell that instantly exploded within the Courtroom, shocking everyone's minds into a blank.

"Put Garen in charge of all matters!? Master, are you joking!?" Eva finally lost it, yelling loudly. Her almond eyes widened, as though she had never thought that her master would give such an order.

Surely! Surely he had been controlled by Garen! Even back then, Garen was already so terrifyingly powerful, now he must surely be working with Carthage. He must have taken Master off-guard, and then controlled him with some unknown method, that must surely be it!!

When she thought of that, the hatred rose straight to her head, and her glare at Garen was almost burning in its intensity.

"Why would you put Garen in charge!" yelled Aloran too, as he stepped out. "He's ranked further than number ten! Even if you want to put some in charge of the whole Sect, that person should be Senior Sister Alice, right!?"

"Although Junior Brother Garen is talented, I believe he has yet to reach the level where he can be in charge of everything, no?" Alice spoke too.

A cold air blew through the Basilica. It was not just the Three Hearted Disciples, but Great Supervisor Ice Fox, Hong Guo, and the others all began to murmur softly. There were also other onlookers, the higher-ups brought by each of the Three Hearted Disciples. Even though they did not have the right to speak and join the meeting, and could only watch from the sidelines, they still began to whisper among each other in spite of themselves.

In that instant, the Basilica became a mess, the rowdy buzz of conversation lingering around everyone's ears like a swarm of bees.

"Are you... doubting me?" The Second Elder's expression darkened, and instantly, the Non-Falling Light spread everywhere again. It suppressed the auras of everyone present.

“Second Elder, are you trying to get your way by brute force!?” Alice took one step forward, emanating ice-blue Non-Falling Light from her body, with a whoosh, shot into the sky in the form of a blue pillar of light.

It directly split the Basilica into two, one side white and the other blue.

To everyone’s surprise, even though he was the strongest among the Elders, the Second Elder was losing ground. His Non-Falling Light no longer had that strange ability to gather into a snowstorm, and it instantly disintegrated the moment it made contact with Alice’s Non-Falling Light.

The two powerful Non-Falling Lights suppressed everything else, those who had not reached Non-Falling Level yet could not do anything but watch. The Non-Falling Light was significantly stronger than the Inherited-Level force field, and someone who was not at the same level could not hope to join the conflict.

“Second Senior Sister, are you trying to disobey your master?” Garen took one step forward as well.

“You have no right to speak here!” said a voice suddenly.

Psst!

A white ice crystal abruptly shot at Garen’s head, but he shattered it with a flick of his finger. The ice crystal shattered in mid-air, reduced to countless twinkles of white light.

“Is that so?” Garen smiled slightly.

Boom!!

A most terrifying Non-Falling Light exploded from his body, surging madly in all directions.

Eva, who had shot out that ice crystal, turned pale. She took more than ten steps backward in a hurry, until her back was pressed against a huge ice sculpture, as she gasped for breath. There were despair and disbelief in her eyes.

“How’s that... possible!? Non-Falling Level!?”

King Cat and the others looked shocked as well, he was just at the peak of the Inherited Level, and now he was at the Non-Falling Level!? Even Carthage had not been this fast back then, right!?

“M-Monster!” Aloran’s eyes were full of fear as he stared at Garen, this had gone beyond merely being a prodigy.

The three powerful lights fought and resisted each other in the Basilica, but it was not a three-way battle. Instead, it was just Garen single-handedly suppressing the Second Elder’s and Alice’s Non-Falling Lights.

“Before he left, the Senior Brother left everything to me. I have received Master’s trust and support, and since the two fates of the Elders are currently unknown, who is more suited to bear this responsibility than me?” Garen smiled as he looked at the Three Hearted Disciples, who were too heavily suppressed to say a word, and then at the managers and higher-ups around them.

The cold wind howled, making his robes billow in the wind. His gentle yet ice-cold smile sent a chill down Eva’s and Aloran’s spines, and even the Second Elder looked faintly fearful.

Boom!

A huge power landed on Alice abruptly.

Alice’s body was instantly sent flying, and she was embedded into the ice statue behind her with a bam, sending down a storm of crushed ice and snow.

The air had solidified, the huge and terrifying fist pressure instantly pressing down on the surface of Alice’s body as though it were truly air pressure, rendering her unable to break free.

“You...” She opened her mouth with difficulty, but an even stronger pressure attacked her suddenly, forcing her words into her throat. If it were not for the fact that just recently reached this stage... A hint of furious shame flashed past her eyes.

“Anyone else has any opinions?” Garen looked around him.

The Basilica was completely quiet, no one dared to say anything.

Even Second Senior Sister, who was a Non-Falling Level, was being suppressed, so who dared to say anything else?

“Very good.” The Second Elder retracted his Non-Falling Light, and smiled in satisfaction. “Looks like everyone’s perfectly fine with my suggestion. In that case, from now on, Garen is our Scarlet Snow Sect’s Highest Supervisor, after this I will propose to the Lord Guardian that we make him our Sect Master as well!”

Sect Master!!

The Three Hearted Disciples below all had strange expressions, Sect Master? How many years had it been since someone held that position? A Sect Master had to be agreed on by all the Elders and the Guardian before they could accept the Frost Hell’s Willpower test.

“No need for that.” Garen smiled slightly. “You don’t need to propose anything to the Guardian any longer...”

As everyone watched in confusion, he walked up straight to the highest point in the Basilica.

With every step he took, a white chill spread from his body, turning into white light that surrounded him.

The white light grew in volume, as did the white air.

Phew...

Garen raised his arms, and a pair of sharp jade-white arm armors appeared on his arms. Pure unadulterated chill emanated from the armor.

“That’s...!!” The Second Elder’s pupils dilated abruptly.

Step by step, Garen slowly stepped up into the air, as though there were invisible stairs beneath his feet, holding him up as he walked toward the air above the highest point in the Basilica.

With every step, another piece of clear ice armor appeared on his body.

When he reached the very top, and stood level with the statue, he was already wearing a full suit of luxurious white armor made of ice, with a sharp horn poking out of its scabbard.

Psst...

A giant helmet that was as fearsome as a crescent moon appeared out of nowhere above Garen’s head, covering his entire face.

Countless chills gathered in the air to form a Throne of Ice that floated in mid-air.

Garen turned around, and slowly sat on that empty chair.

Bzz...

The Basilica began to tremble slowly, and all the ice statues, several dozen meters tall, began to shake.

Garen, wearing his Armor of Ice, had already transcended what a normal Energy Machinist could understand, his power spreading through the whole area. To everyone here, Level Nine and Level Seven were both beyond their reach, they were both untouchable, overwhelmingly strong, and hence they were practically the same.

Baroom!!

The originally clear skies rumbled with thunder, and countless black clouds appeared out of nowhere, spinning and roiling in the sky right above Garen.

Garen looked down at everything beneath him, the Three Hearted Disciples were flushed red under the pressure of his power. Eva, Aloran and the rest were still holding on, but King Cat, Demon Spirit and the rest had already succumbed without resisting, just looking at Garen with unprecedented respect in their eyes.

The Second Elder had already stood up, his expression respectful. Clearly, he had thrown all pretenses to the wind. When faced with ultimate power, everything else was arbitrary.

As for the remaining Great Supervisors and those who were here as witnesses, they could not even raise their heads to look at him. The difference in power was far too large, if they saw just a little bit of his white light now, they would feel a piercing and irresistible cold, and they might even be instantly frozen.

“From today onward,” Garen’s voice spread throughout the entire Scarlet Snow headquarters, “I, Garen, will officially be the Scarlet Snow Sect’s sixty-ninth Sect Master.”

Nobody dared to say anything, and no one could say anything. The chill emanating from Garen had instantly sealed everyone’s mouths.

“While the Sect is on the brink of danger, I, Garen, will continue the battle, and bring more glory to the Sect than has been seen in the last thousand years!”

And thus, I will prove that the highest realm of my Living Secret Technique will not lose to mechs!!

Garen secretly added in his heart.

“All disciples, this is an order!” The Second Elder immediately understood, and ordered loudly. “Bow!!”

He actually took the lead, bowing first.

The followers under his faction immediately bowed as well, showing their allegiance. Most of the people who had been shocked by Garen’s power also bowed, to them, as long as it was someone in the Sect who was strong enough, anyone could be Sect Master.

Only Alice, Eva, and Aloran clenched their teeth and continued to hold on. However, they could no longer affect the bigger picture, everything was settled now. The Second Elder was in the lead, the other two Elders were missing, the Guardian was nowhere to be seen, so nobody in the Sect could fight against Garen.

This is the reality, the stark truth!!

Chapter 1085: Officially in Power 1

“Congratulations to the Sect Master, infinite glory over a thousand years!!” yelled the Second Elder very cooperatively. He spread his arms open wide, the Non-Falling Light emanating from him dazzlingly, shooting into the sky and turning into a pillar of light, as flawless as white jade.

Psst...!

The pillar of light shot up from the Courtyard and shot straight into the clouds, but it was completely engulfed by the black clouds all over the sky, and did not make so much as a ripple in them.

“Congratulations to the Sect Master, infinite glory over a thousand years!!”

“...Congratulations to the Sect Master, infinite glory over a thousand years!!”

“...infinite glory over a thousand years!!”

The echoes of the voices stacked over each other, and grew larger and larger in volume, like waves from a distance.

Garen sat in his Throne of Ice, the thick and grotesque Armor of Ice on his body covering his entire figure, such that his face underneath could not be seen at all.

Although he did not have long to prepare, the Second Elder did very well with the preparations. After Carthage left, the people in his faction all automatically came to Garen instead, so most people in the Scarlet Snow Sect considered him Carthage’s successor. This was originally Jeros’ privilege.

“It’s too bad... you miscalculated...” When Garen saw this scene, he knew that Carthage could no longer return, so he would surely change his identity. Garen had more or less gained control of the Scarlet Snow Sect, so he might infiltrate another sect instead, or perhaps he might continue managing his plan in secret.

“Jeros, is there anything you need help with?” Suddenly, a sharp voice reached Garen’s ears. That voice was very distinct, and anyone who had heard it once would not forget it.

It was Red Robes!

Garen instantly remembered whose voice it was.

“This is already my territory, if you don’t have anything to do with me, go find Carthage yourself,” Garen replied mildly through voice transmission. He noticed that a few of the Three Hearted Disciples already had a mind to leave, their gazes twinkling uncertainly, and they were obviously communicating in secret. But he did not stop them, it was good if they left too. Right now, the Scarlet Snow Sect needed a large-scale clean-up operation, from the top to the bottom, so that he could grasp all the power before the danger arrived.

Since he had already inherited his ancestors' Will of Ice, he should naturally fulfill his promise, and do everything he can to bring glory to the Scarlet Snow Sect, in order to meet his elders' expectations.

It did not matter in the bigger picture whether these disloyal Three Hearted Disciples left or not, they were of no great importance. In fact, it would help to gather up the sect's power, so that they could advance to the next step.

"Hehe, looks like your control isn't stable enough yet..." Red Robes began to laugh piercingly.

"Don't forget Master Carthage's plan. You must move on cue during the Major Battle, since the Scarlet Snow Sect is one of the three central figures, you and I both understand what will happen if you don't complete the mission." Red Robes actually started transmitting his voice to Garen boldly, even though everyone was right there and watching.

"Do I need you to tell me what to do?!" Garen's palm gripped the armrest it was resting on lightly.

Bam!

A large hail of white snow and ice exploded from a certain spot in mid-air, and countless clear white shards scattered everywhere, accompanied by the screams from a red figure. The red figure was instantly torn to pieces, turning into several shards of red cloth that floated down, and moved no more.

"Here, I have 64 glasses of Scarlet Snow Wine, it's a reward specifically for the elite powerhouses of the Scarlet Snow Sect. It can boost the body's qualities significantly." Garen gave a sweep of his hand.

64 ice-crystal wine glasses suddenly appeared, floating before him, filled with what looked like a fragrant emerald liquid that emitted an intense aroma of wine.

The 64 ice-crystal glasses of wines just stayed floating there underneath the Throne of Ice, and with a whoosh, the glasses suddenly shot downward, some portions naturally landing in front of everyone present, floating in mid-air.

“In order to celebrate my official ascension to the throne today, this is the Secret Scarlet Snow Wine that I have obtained from the Frost Hell. I will now share it with all of you, and I hope that we will be united as one, for the glory of the Scarlet Snow.” Garen’s icy-cold and deep voice had a hint of authority, and it spread like a tremor from underneath the Armor of Ice, spreading throughout the entire Basilica.

“This...” King Cat frowned, his instincts were telling him that this wine would not harm him, and instead the chill emanating from it was extremely tempting, as though that was the tastiest delicacy in the world. But his logic was telling him that Garen would never be so generous, if he was trying to hand it this wine with strengthening effects to everyone equally, he must surely have a motive behind it.

He glanced at Alice, she was the leader of Moonshine, so not only did she have influence and power with the Scarlet Snow Sect, she also had her own financial group and power in the mortal world. She could survive independently even if she did leave the Scarlet Snow Sect, and her gaze clearly said she wanted to leave, but right now she was being suppressed by that huge aura, and could not get away from it at all. She had just escaped from the ice statue, but now the danger was this choice that might lead to poisoned wine.

“Garen would never let a Non-Falling Level like Alice leave, this meeting is no conference at all, he’s just using this chance to take over, and control all the higher-ups at once...” King Cat lamented inwardly, glancing at Aloran and Eva, and seeing that they were looking at him too. He thought back to the mission he had gone on with Garen recently, as well as that terrifying, bottomless potential. Helplessly, he reached out his hand and took the glass. Instantly, a sharp cold came through the glass and pieced through his body. He could not help but shiver.

Psst!

In one gulp, King Cat finished all the wine without any hesitation. He did not even taste the wine, and just drank it all in one go.

At about the same time, the Demon Spirit Solomon also drank it with a nonchalant smile. She never really had a fixed stance, she just went where the best benefits were. She did not have any fixed likes or dislikes, her personality was strange, and she did not really matter who was in charge, as long as they were strong enough.

After two of the Three Hearted Disciples drank it, the Ballfish’s huge body frowned unhappily, glancing at Alice, and then looking at Garen’s thick, ferocious-looking Armor of Ice. He knew that he would not be able to leave this place without drinking it.

"I'm sorry, Alice," he said inwardly, and he had no choice but to finish all the wine in one gulp.

Everyone present actually understood that they would not be able to leave the Basilica without drinking the wine. Garen's rampaging, terrifying chill above them was the proof, the chill had turned to a solid white smoke, and had completely surrounded the entire Basilica, making the peak of the mountain look like a divine realm.

Once the few Three Hearted Disciples led the way and drank it first, the remaining few could only follow suit reluctantly. Only Alice, Eva, and Aloran remained steadfast.

"It tastes good! As expected of the wine to come out of the Frost Hell! New Sect Master! Do you have any more, how about seconds?!" Of the Three Hearted Disciples, the Energy Machine Imprint master, Mandi, was all flushed and drunk, yelling at Garen without pretense.

This guy was rather blunt in nature, although he was often isolated, that was mostly because he did not mix around enough. It was not as though he did not understand the way the world worked, he just happened to only trust his own instincts, and his instincts were telling him that this new Sect Master, Garen, had no ill intentions. That was why he decided to just not think about it, and he never did care two hoots about the battle for Moonshine and Star Plate.

Now that the Second Elder, who was the support pillar behind Star Plate, had completely thrown his lot in with Garen, that meant that Garen had gotten the support of most of the Sect. Moonshine's Alice could not support much on her own, the situation had practically already been decided, and there clearly was not much of a fight. That was why he decided to take the initiative and offer his allegiance.

"I have wine, but only that glass can increase your powers, the rest can't." Garen laughed exasperatedly, and raised his hand lightly, sending another glass of wine sliding up to Mandi, who made sure to taste it carefully. Standing there alone, he stood at the Three Hearted Position, and watched with a smile as Alice and the rest continued to hold on, trying not to surrender in the face of that terrifying pressure.

Nothing happened to those who drank the wine, and this confused Alice and the others slightly. Perhaps this wine really was harmless, and Garen was just using it to confuse them?

The situation here now was that Garen had the whole area suppressed, and you could not leave unless you drank that wine. Be it Alice or Eva, none of them could see where Garen's limits were anymore. Such rapid growth could no longer be explained by saying he was a prodigy. There must be a huge secret behind this.

Alice gritted her teeth, and glanced at Eva.

"If we drink it, will you let us leave?" she asked icily, looking at Garen.

Surprisingly, Garen actually raised his hand lightly.

"You can choose to not drink, just make sure you don't regret it later." He actually acted as though he did not care whether they drank it or not.

"It's up to you too if you want to leave. Of course, you are still considered a member of the Scarlet Snow Sect even if you're away. Everything you have was given to you by the Scarlet Snow Sect, even if you don't admit it, unless you throw away all your powers, your roots are still in the Scarlet Snow Sect in the eyes of others. This will never change," said Garen calmly.

Just then, there was the continuous sound of people drinking, and this meant everyone, including Hong Guo. Nothing strange at all happened. On the other hand, this allowed Alice, Eva, and Aloran to relax ever so slightly.

"Fine, I'll drink it!" Aloran grabbed a wine glass decisively, tossed her head back, and drained it.

Smack!

She smashed the glass onto the ground, turned around, and left. She flew straight out of the Basilica, turning into a bolt of light and flying off.

From the beginning to the end, Garen just watched coldly from the side, without any intention of stopping her.

When they saw that, Eva and Alice also took their glasses decisively, draining it on one go, and they rose into the sky at the same time, leaving the Basilica.

After the three of them left, there were only nine out of the original fifteen Three Hearted Disciples left.

The few strongest ones had all left, and now the strongest one was King Cat. He sighed, looking around, and felt as though it was instantly a lot quieter now.

“Second Elder, you can start to organize all the Inherited Levels in the sect now, and order all those Inherited Level and above to gather at the headquarters, Planet Scarlet Snow, within aa week. Those who disobey will be punished as traitors!”

Garen ordered calmly.

The armor on his body grew thicker and thicker, as though it was getting thicker, bigger, and bulkier as time went by. It had almost merged together with the Throne of Ice.

This was activation proof that he was constantly sensing the higher realm and fundamental qualities of the Scarlet Snow Technique in the armor. He needed to understand how the ancestors could reach the ninth level without understanding the Board. Normally, anyone Level Eight and above would need to understand the Board, but the ancestors had somehow directly crossed this hurdle. This was an extremely precious bit of experience, even if he had all sorts of trump cards and immense confidence that he could make it past this challenge, he would still like to save some time wherever he could.

Chapter 1086: Officially in Power 2

Once the Second Elder received his orders and started handing out orders, the powerhouses beneath him who had drunk the wine finally gave up for good. Even those who had not given up, those who refused to accept this, had to pretend to obey the orders. Otherwise, they might be punished to set an example for the others.

The Energy Machinists had lived for so many years, so none of them were fools. They all saw clearly that Alice, Eva, and Aloran might have been spared because Garen still cared for their old bonds, but the remaining people might not be so lucky.

Some of the more experienced Energy Machinists had already realized that Garen's aura now might have already surpassed Non-Falling Level, and they quietly spread the news of this possibility, so that the atmosphere in the Basilica grew even more fearfully respectful.

Right now, Garen was sitting on the Throne of Ice, and he was also considering how to manage the entire Scarlet Snow Sect. Other than for Alice and the other two, he had added the Distorted Seed into every other portion of wine.

By now, his Distorted Seed was even more terrifying than ever, it could increase the parasite's physical fitness by six times, but since there was a limit to the human body's physical fitness, so this increase would manifest in a different form, and that was the Armor of Ice.

When the extra power was activated, it would automatically envelop the parasite, forming an extremely powerful suit of Armor of Ice, and increase the parasite's physical fitness by the maximum of six times that way.

This was very similar to Garen's current situation.

But even then, the increase was already exceedingly frightening. Once Garen activated it, everyone's physical fitness would be increased by six times, reaching an extreme degree.

After all, every one of the Inherited-Level Energy Machinists here had already reached the limit of their physical fitness, they were all at twenty points. If they all had that increased by six times... that would equal to 120 points, that was strong enough to force their way into the Non-Falling Level!

"If the effect really is as good as I imagine it would be, then I would instantly have many Non-Falling-Level assets." Garen closed his eyes to rest, and it looked like he was quietly waiting for the orders to take effect, waiting for all the Inherited-Level powerhouses to meet, when in fact he was considering all the possibilities.

He needed to take complete control of the whole Scarlet Snow Sect right now in one go, and catch all of Carthage's spies all at one go, turning them all into his assets through the Distorted Seeds. This was the only thing he could think of.

The time passed by. To Energy Machinists, even a few months barely counted as anything, it was equivalent to what normal people considered a few days. Nobody was impatient, and even if they were, they would not dare to show it.

A day passed.

Some of the Energy Machinists had completely white hair, and brought their disciples back to the headquarters. They were quickly led to the Basilica, and gifted the Distorted Seed wine, then they were sent to an area near the Basilica to rest.

The Great Supervisors and powerhouses who had retired into secrecy all streamed back to the headquarters, and to Garen's delighted surprise, two of the old men had been hiding their powers, and had actually already reached Non-Falling Level.

These two were the brothers Ice-Crack and Ice-Grand who had retired to the South Pole base, they were old-time powerhouses from the same generation as the Second Elder. Back then, they had lost in the battle for the Elder positions, and had retired in their despair. No one had thought that they would unexpectedly reach Non-Falling Level.

Although Garen did not know how they did it, regardless of the result, he just happened to be in dire need of powerful helpers right now, so Garen did not care all that much about the process. He offered them the Distorted Seed wine, and he only had to release his Level-Eight aura to get those two old geezers, as well as their four disciples' disciples, to obediently drink the wine.

The Scarlet Snow Sect's secret power was extremely considerable, and contrary to Garen's expectations, on the fifth day, even more powerhouses appeared, one after the other, from the outer planets. Many of these were capable powerhouses who had been exiled to the other planets, and one of them was even one generation older than the Second Elder. This person was truly a long-lived elder, currently aged 5602, and was also at the Non-Falling Level, but this one was at the peak, making him(1) overwhelmingly powerful.

This person came with all his disciples and grand-disciples, carrying a fearsome momentum. He clearly planned to usurp Garen's position, and had even brought some of his friends from other sects to buff up his forces.

Unfortunately, he met Garen. Garen just had to release his Level-Eight aura, and the whole group deflated like balloons, each of the Inherited-Level and above powerhouses obediently accepting the Distorted Seed wine, and all turning into parasites.

This parasitism would not take effect immediately, but it would slowly and subconsciously affect the parasite's Will and Soul, gradually turning them into the Hellfrost Peacock's larvae. They would then be unable to resist their inherent fear and respect for the original mother queen. Although they would not obey the queen unconditionally, they must still never have the slightest intention of disobeying the queen, and whether they were alive or dead, they would eventually merge into the queen. At the same time, their affinity for ice would increase tremendously, and naturally they would also possess the talent for the Cold Chaos ability, that was the true power of the Hellfrost Peacock. When an army of countless soldiers brought out their Cold Chaos ability and spread it everywhere, devouring everything, unless they were stopped, the whole world would truly fall apart at the seams.

This blindly ambitious old man was forced down by Garen, and even the thirty-odd Inherited-Level powerhouses he had brought with him became the Distorted Seed's parasites. These included not just the older members of the Scarlet Snow Sect, but even the powerhouses from other sects, and in turn, this greatly benefited Garen's succession to the throne.

After half a month, the main situation had settled. Every member of the Scarlet Snow Sect was under the control of the Distorted Seed, and all the powerhouses, Inherited-Level and above, were completely unaware of the parasites. Instead, they felt the wine slowly strengthening their regenerative powers, and at the same time, a layer of ice armor gradually appeared on their bodies, one that they could extend and retract at will. When they donned the armor, their fitness would also be greatly increased.

Garen had always been sitting in the middle of the Basilica, high above the ground. A thick white pillar had naturally appeared beneath the Throne of Ice, connecting it to the Basilica underneath.

The armor over Garen's entire body had completely fused with the Throne of Ice, fixing him onto the seat. He had also sent the others away, so he was the only one left in the entire Basilica.

An extremely terrifying chill was circling around the Basilica, turning this place into a true Frost Hell. As soon as any living thing entered this place, even their Wills and souls would be instantly frozen, and they would completely be paralyzed as Garen's Faded Creation skill slowly devoured them.

Unless they were powerhouses at Inherited Level or above who had become parasites of his Distorted Seed.

Ever since Garen succeeded the throne, the sky in the Basilica had been covered by a whirlpool of black clouds with the occasional rumble of thunder, the pressure low and cold. The whole Basilica glowed with an eerie cold blue light, and the ice-blue cold flames flickered sometimes, burning slowly on the torches.

Garen sat on the Throne of Ice, his eyes glowing with an eerie cold blue light, the patterns on his armor growing more and more intricate, marks like sword scratches appearing on the surface of his armor. Some sharp Wong-like thorns of ice had already started appearing on his back. These thorns were blue-black and extremely sharp, stacking on top of each other without any rhyme or reason. Seen from a distance, they looked like a random pile of bird wings, without any order or symmetry to speak of.

But they vaguely gave of a sense of holy, majestic sharpness.

The many wing thorns were wide and long, and had nearly become the most eye-catching symbol in the whole courtroom. Compared to Garen and his throne, which were only several meters tall, the blue-black wings on his back, more than a dozen meters tall, were even more iconic and memorable.

From a distance, all that could be seen was the infinite chill emanating from the piled-up wings, such that anyone who even glanced at it, even from several kilometers away, would feel all cold all around their bodies.

It had already been half a month since Garen gathered all the powerhouses. The sky was calm without even a hint of clouds, because all the clouds had gathered above the Courtroom, forming a black whirlpool there that seemed as though it would never cease. And everywhere else was as sunny as could be, without the slightest bit of chill, as though the entire headquarters had instantly gone from winter to summer.

Psst!

All of a sudden, from a building within headquarters, a pillar of pale blue light shot into the sky. It shot straight for a dazzling star in the sky, and the pale blue glow it emanated almost outshone even the golden light of the sun.

“I’ve broken through! I’ve broken through! Hahaha!! Hahahaha—!!” A man’s deafening, almost mad laughter rang out, and echoed infinitely across a large area of the headquarters.

In a small alley between the palace’s many buildings, Eva and Aloran looked at the pillar of light in the sky, shocked.

“That’s... Non-Falling Light??!”

Eva said disbelievingly.

“Who else in the Sect could break through to the Non-Falling Level in such a short time? Could it be King Cat?”

“No way! That’s not King Cat’s voice!” Aloran was equally shocked, and murmured softly.

Ever since Garen dominated the entire Scarlet Snow Sect, they had left the Courtroom, thick with conspiracy, in a rage. They wanted to leave alone, but they could not break away completely, both of them had their own relatives. They both came from large family clans, with at least a hundred members in total, their parents, their children and grandchildren. All of these people lived under the protection of the Scarlet Snow Sect, and could not escape at all.

So all they could do was turn a blind eye to this, and secretly investigate the change in the Elder while also secretly transferring their families and assets away.

At first, they had thought that since they did not support Garen, and the Scarlet Snow Sect had two of its Elders go missing, the Sect’s strength would be affected. But now, someone had actually broken through to Non-Falling Level!

"If it's not King Cat, then who is it?" Alice sighed. "I just got the news, two weeks ago Garen announced the latest situation, Star Cloud and Black Blade have started warring against each other, and the impact is felt far and wide. The battle has already spread to more than thirty planets, and our Scarlet Snow Sect has been implicated as well. The Major Battle has been delayed indefinitely now."

"Then what do we do now?" asked Aloran dejectedly, looking at the Non-Falling Light with some envy in her eyes.

"I heard that two Perpetual Motioner Holy Lords have joined in as well, once it's reached such an extent, our Scarlet Snow Sect can only hide in our headquarters, keep a low profile, and wait to see how it ends." Alice was melancholic. "But even such a wish might not come true."

"You mean..." Aloran suddenly thought of something.

"That's right. That one will probably come..." Alice nodded.

Psst-psst-psst!!

Suddenly, three more pillars of light shot into the sky. They were all Non-Falling Light!

This time, Alice's eyes widened, and Aloran was completely stunned.

"Wh-what's this?!" Her mouth fell open as she stared at the four pillars of white-blue light shooting into the sky, and she could not close it for a long time.

Chapter 1087

In the dark blue Courtroom basilica.

"What's the situation?" Garen's voice fell from a height. It was grand and broad, giving people a sense of extreme prestige.

Second Elder and the other two old men quietly stood in the center of the basilica in a shape that resembled a fan.

The two old men were similar in their appearances. They seemed to be twin brothers and were advanced in years. They had white hair and white beards. Each of them had a black cane in their hands and their white robe was constantly puffed out by the cold stream.

They were the Ice-Crack and Ice-Grand brothers who had returned to the headquarters from the polar base. After acquiring the Distorted Seed, the two Non-falling Levels' strength had entered an unfathomable state. Adding to the ambiguity of their body aura, even Garen did not know what level they had reached. After all, the greater the strength of the parasite of Distorted Seed, the more terrific the increase was.

After Second Elder acquired the Distorted Seed, from his initial stage at the bottom of the Non-falling Level, he had only risen to the peak of the Non-Falling Level. He could be considered to have only just restored the dignity of the original Second Elder. But now, he was somewhat shrinking in fear in front of Ice-Crack and Ice-Grand.

If Garen had not checked to confirm that the real Second Elder had been completely killed off by Carthage, leaving only this flesh for this fellow to parasitize, and if it were not for him occupying the body of Second Elder, he would have gotten rid of this disgusting waste with a strike earlier on.

"The statistics are already out," Second Elder reported with a fawn smile. "In the whole sect, there are a total of one hundred and sixty-seven Inherited Levels with more than half of them breaking through recently. Under the increase brought about by the Scarlet Snow Wine, they have acquired the Armor of Ice and their strength has greatly improved."

"Get to the point!" Garen said coldly.

"Yes, yes, yes..." Second Elder, or the parasite, whose real name was Dansey, quickly put it short. "The number of Non-falling Levels has been completely stabilized at about eleven people."

"Eleven people? Is it possible to have even more?" Garen asked.

"The possibility of having more is not big..." The Fake-Second-Elder, Dansey, quickly answered.

“Since this is a Secret Technique Sect, we must restore the glory of Secret Technique...” A thought flashed through Garen’s mind. “From now on, discard the system of elders and put all those who entered Non-falling Level into the new position of Ice Demon General. Their authority is one-third of the original elders.”

“Sect Master, that’s eleven people. Would the number be too many?” Ice-Grand frowned from beside.

“Many? How could it be many?” Garen shrugged it off. “I think it is too few instead. That is how it will be. In addition, change the name Armor of Ice to Ice Demonic Armor. You are all dismissed.”

“Yes.”

The trio retreated respectfully. The more powerful they were, the more they felt the horrific aura around Garen, and the more they realized the gap between Garen and them.

After the trio had left, a white old man soon entered the basilica slowly.

It was Osho Ice-Ocean, who had originally wanted to return and seize power. He was an over five-thousand-and-six-hundred-years-old ancient.

At this time, he looked not much different from those old gentlemen; white slim suit and a neat white-golden short hair with a strand of it hanging from the right side corner. A small tuft of white beard was left on the chin, while the rest was shaved cleanly.

Holding a white cane in one hand and an eyeglass, which was just taken off, in another hand, his posture was straight and tall and his expression was solemn.

Anyone who saw him the first time would get an impression of one who was clean, elegant, calm and steady. But, in the same way, such a face would also give people an ambitious sense of power.

“Sect Master, what have you sought this old man for?” Ice-Ocean asked with a hint of awe from the depths of his heart.

“As the best-informed family, how is the situation now?” Garen went straight into the topic. He had asked Osho to go collect information these days and now it was time to grasp the information.

“There is something wrong with the situation. The Major Battle has been delayed and Magnetic Field did not give any specific reply. However, there is news circulating from many small and medium sects that the Major Battle this time is likely to cause a reshuffle in three major organizations,” Osho Ice-Ocean replied softly. “I am sending people to conduct a careful investigation. Because of the uncertainty of the news, it was not reported to Sect Master yet.”

“Did Alice and the others make any movements?”

“No. They wanted to leave, but now that there are wars and disputes, the Stargates nearby have been dominated by the big Sects. It’s okay for a single person to leave, but it can be troublesome when there are more people,” explained Osho.

Garen also understood that this may be the work of the three major organizations, but it was more likely that Carthage and others had given impetus to the situation. Only by sealing off the Stargates could the Energy Machinists be completely eliminated.

In any case, the Scarlet Snow Sect had finally survived the original storm. As one of the surviving sects, the Scarlet Snow Sect was eliminated only after more than a hundred years in the Battle of Ice Age.

From this perspective, there was just enough time to settle his own business.

Garen’s eyes glimmered slightly.

“Go prepare. You will temporarily preside over the sect. I’m going out on a trip.”

“Going out!?” Osho Ice-Ocean was a little surprised. “Sect Master, the situation within the Sect has just been settled, and there are wars and chaos on the outside. At this kind of time, we need a powerful figure such as you, Sect Master, to keep watch. Going out now might cause instability in the hearts of the people!”

He was not feigning it but was really considering it. Although he had vainly tried to seize power, during this times of war, strength and capability were the foundation of it all. With a powerful figure like Garen keeping watch, it was served as a reassurance.

"It's okay. I've got my own arrangements," Garen said lightly. "Pull back the Business Alliance completely and drop the peripheral parts of the business first. Have everyone return to the headquarters of Planet Scarlet Snow. All the powerhouses on Planet Naga are to return as well. The resources in stock are sufficient for us to use up to hundreds of years. During this time, we just need to quietly wait for the war to pass."

"Since Sect Master has already made a decision, I will not say anything more. It's just that, Sect Master, the present situation hasn't reached this level yet, has it?"

Garen was calm and collected. His knuckles gently knocked on the seat.

Pap.

A silver resplendent star map suddenly appeared in the air between the two people.

The star map was a square. The map was full of twinkling stars and dots. Each star represented a planet.

"These are the two major nebulae. The Human Race and the Finite People are divided into two sides."

Garen lifted his finger and the square star map was immediately divided into two blocks: red and blue. On the blue parts, there appeared the logo of Human Race, while the red showed the Finite logo.

Hiss...

The nebula of the Human Race quickly magnified and occupied the entire square star map, making the entire star map a blue one.

"We are...here." Garen raised his finger and gently pointed.

Hum!

On the blue star map, a small, irregular area emerged from the furthest corner, turning white with the Energy Machinist logo appearing on it.

“Whether it is the Positive Spatial Universe or the Negative Spatial Universe, our star region is only this large, less than one-tenth of the entire Human Race area,” Garen continued.

Osho Ice-Ocean knitted his eyebrows together and was puzzled.

“However, we have occupied one-third of the entire Human Race’s resources, and perhaps even more,” The Garen’s tone changed, becoming increasingly low and deep.

Osho Ice-Ocean was immediately startled.

“You mean...the pilots might take action against us... That’s impossible! We Energy Machinists have the support of the Regent Level!”

“Nothing is impossible,” Garen said plainly. “By now, perhaps many of the top-level people have already seen some indication of it. This is an open secret. But as the Stargates have been sealed off, there is also no way to escape.”

“If that is the case! Then all the more you should not leave!” Osho was stunned and spoke in a low voice.

“I have my plan and intention. You need not worry,” Garen raised his hand to stop him from speaking. “In addition to that, I may bring someone to leave together. Rest assured.”

Osho frowned hard and felt that the situation was turning more complex and stranger. He was feeling more and more that this Sect Master, who had always been mysterious, was unfathomable. The Scarlet Snow Sect was a small sect and yet, he could actually know this kind of classified information. One could imagine how profound the card this new Sect Master had in his hand.

“In that case, who are you planning to bring along?”

“Turing,” Garen whispered with a smile.

Mother Planet.

Central Academy.

The vast towers and castle of the Central Academy stood quietly on an isolated island in the middle of the ocean. The white castle had an irregularly triangular, cone-like shape with honeycomb-like black holes on it. A large number of small spaceships went in and out of the mouth of the honeycomb continually.

From time to time, a flock of white seabirds would circle around the castle and made cawing noises.

Blue sky, white clouds, sunshine, beaches, and white gull birds together with the white castle and minaret which stood in the middle.

A spaceship in the sky slowly released a white projection.

“Celebrating the three thousandth year of the establishment of the Central Academy.”

The white projection was still as it continued to surf in the sky, displaying to anyone passing by below.

The castle was surrounded by white roads extending in all directions. Exquisite and gorgeous sedans continued to hover above. Many of these cars were driven by students and instructors. Occasionally, one could see a Mech flying out of the castle heading far away.

In one of the cars, a tall and robust man admired the huge Central Castle.

"It's beautiful. One will definitely feel good to study in this environment. With the beach, pretty girls, swimsuits, tsk tsk..."

The man had a V-shaped white mark between his eyebrows. It seemed to be an inlaid metal tattoo. He had short purple-black hair, and his outfit was no different compared to any other students. The white T-shirt and jeans looked very inconspicuous.

"Nono, if you want to go back to the Blackboard Academy, you can only transfer from here. There really is no other way. Only this place has a long-distance teleportation portal. This thing is extremely expensive. It costs at least ten thousand Universal Units to teleport once. Apart from the rich people, most people are forced to either drive or to fly by spaceship."

The driver was a student of the Central Academy, Luke, whom he encountered on the way by chance and gave him a friendly ride.

Luke was a typical rich kid. He was only an ordinary second-year student at the Central Academy and was only here to gild himself.¹

The two men looked out of the window. On the golden beach in the distance, one could see some girls in bikinis and men walking and playing with water over there.

"I heard that there are also many beautiful women in Blackboard. It is said that the people in Maria Region are all women. Tsk tsk, how nice. Unfortunately, my hometown is on the Western continent. Otherwise, I can go and have a look too..." Luke was a standard dandy disciple, but he was enthusiastic about making friends and liked to travel. "I also know a few friends from Blackboard who came to study at Central Academy. How about going with them together when the time comes?"

"It doesn't matter to me so long as I can go back," Garen smiled faintly. He was sent directly to the Mother Planet through a Star-Level teleportation portal. From Planet Scarlet Snow to the Mother Planet, he had spent two golden crystals. The expense was huge. But he did not expect the teleportation portal on the Mother Planet was in disrepair since the early years, causing an error in the teleportation positioning and sending him directly into the Radiation Zone in the wilderness. Furthermore, the current

Mother Planet was still in the stage of an inter-region blockade, as the Predator Wave was still at its peak.

Garen could only quietly enter the nearest region, and he did not expect it to be Central Region, which had the largest territory and was the site of Central Academy. He then simply went straight to the Central Academy to use its long-distance teleportation portal to return to Blackboard Region.

As a result, he met Luke on the way. According to him, he saw that Garen had an extraordinary temperament and was clearly not an ordinary person. He sincerely wanted to befriend him, which was why he took the initiative to pull over and gave him a ride.

Chapter 1088: Chaos 2

"I don't know how it is like in the Blackboard Region recently and what has changed there. I haven't been back there for a long time. After graduating for so many years, I really don't know if a lot of things are still there," Garen sighed.

"Hehe, people always miss their hometown when they are outside. It's also human nature," Luke laughed. "Speaking of which, Black Star Diofie who came from your Blackboard Region is really awesome. He withstood the alliance between two major regions by himself and has become a pillar of the region at such a young age. My sister especially adores him and keeps viewing him as her idol, constantly telling me about him..."

Garen shook his head. Black Star Diofie actually became the pillar of the Blackboard Region. He wondered what kind of changes had taken place in these years. His fame had even spread to Central. Presumably, the recent reputation of Blackboard Region was very great.

"That year when the Divine Wind General rebelled, the vitality of the Blackboard Region greatly suffered. The Black Flood Party was divided into two, one part in the Blackboard Region and another in the Polar Region. If it wasn't for the emergence of Diofie, I reckon that the Blackboard Region would have ceased to exist. Our battle-class professor regarded this reversal battle as a classic," Luke praised. When speaking to a certain kind of people, one had to find a certain common topic to talk about. Since Garen was from the Blackboard Region, he would naturally pick this area of topic.

"I don't know how my professor is doing now," Garen sighed.

"Once you return, you'll know." Luke raised his hand and pointed forward. "See that? That right there is the long-distance teleportation portal. The one on the leftmost leads directly to the Blackboard Region."

Following the direction of his finger, Garen looked up and saw that there was a row of tall, circular arched doors at the far end. The middle of the door was flowing with a thin, membrane-like liquid that flashed with a blue light.

The doors were more than ten meters high. They were extremely large. There were more than ten doors in a row, and each of them corresponded with the names of the different regions. Among them, the rightmost one was the Blackboard Region.

There was also the Polar Region and other names that had not been heard of. Obviously, only when the scale reached a certain level would it be qualified to arrange a teleportation portal here.

Chhh!

The car drifted sideways and stopped.

"I can only send you 'til here," Luke said with a smile. "There are soldiers in front that do not allow cars to pass."

"It's okay. Thanks a lot for sending me all the way here," Garen politely expressed his gratitude and looked up at the large door to the Blackboard Region. The doorway was still sparsely lined up, with about a dozen people waiting for an inspection before teleporting.

"It's all right! Remember to get your teleportation card. Without such a thing, you're not allowed to be teleported," Luke kindly reminded.

Garen smiled.

“Don’t worry. When you have time, come to the Blackboard Region. You must remember to contact me then.”

“Hehe. Have a safe journey,” Luke waved, drove his car and left after turning around the bend.

Garen looked at the electronic inspection device on the white road ahead, smiled and walked over.

Doo. Doo.

After a subtle sound of inspection, Garen, who did not have any proof of identity, naturally passed it. His identity wrist-watch was already destroyed by the Blackboard Region back then. Nonetheless, what was the point of a proof for him now?

He went along with the queue, slowly waiting for the inspection. However, with the use of Inherited Level Willpower, he easily mingled in. Garen followed the crowd flow and directly walked into the blue liquid of the huge teleportation portal, disappearing instantly.

Just as he entered the teleportation portal, the entire portal shook violently and the surface surged with large ripples.

“A high-energy creature had mingled in just now! Check the equipment quickly! Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!”

“Notify the Blackboard Region and immediately send out a warning!!”

A few senior officers in a group of soldiers stationed over there immediately panicked and issued a series of instructions loudly.

“What’s with the panic? People were just passing by!” A white-haired old man with a goatee appeared out of nowhere in front of the teleportation portal and was hovering in the air.

“In... Inherited Level professor!”

Most of the soldiers were ordinary people. They rarely had the chance to see an Inherited Level powerhouse in the castle. At this time, there was a sudden exclamation.

The old man breathed out a sigh of relieved without anyone noticing.

“Fortunately, that lad, Luke, had safely sent this old monster away...”

Recalling the message his grandson had sent him, he said that he had encountered a horrific guy whose limit could not even be detected by the aura detector. He immediately rushed over and did not expect that from far, he could feel that this guy was definitely extraordinarily powerful. Even the Dean of the Academy was incomparable to that vast ocean-like aura. How could a powerhouse of this level appear on the Mother Planet!?

The resources of the Mother Planet had long been scarce. There was nothing else valuable other than some ruins. Non-falling Level was almost the strongest ranks. Most of the more powerful powerhouses had left the Mother Planet to more prosperous places. It was impossible for them to come to such a barren place to hamper their own development.

“Anyway, as long as he has left, it’s fine. It’s fine...” The old man was relieved.

“Someone! Immediately close the Blackboard Region teleportation portal!” He ordered loudly right away. “There is something wrong with the teleportation portal and it needs to be repaired immediately.”

He himself, on the other hand, flew directly to the main castle. He must immediately report this incident. His instinct told him that there probably was going to be a major change of events in the direction of the Blackboard Region.

Osiris City by the border of Blackboard Region.

Osiris was only a small city, but it was garrisoned with one of the Five Great Border Corps, the Lion King Corps. It was led by a military chief, who was a Level-Five pilot stationed here named Lion King Ryan.

This place was also the main checkpoint to examine the incoming and outgoing of people teleporting.

Soldiers and Mechs in black uniforms guarded the huge, long-distance teleportation portal.

One by one, the teleporters came out from the inside, each pulling their own luggage. They quickly began to go far away to make a call.

“Please show your wrist-watch and then leave quickly along the safe route. This is a high-radiation zone.”

“Please do not stay near the teleportation portal so as to avoid high radiation from damaging the body.”

The sweet broadcaster kept on giving out instructions. There were cars parked outside the railings in the distance. They were all vehicles that had come to pick up their loved ones and friends.

The noisy crowd lined up. After the entire body was scanned by the Mech soldiers’ electronic scan, they quickly left one after another.

Hum...

Suddenly, the entire teleportation quavered, triggering a large number of ripples. It then abruptly closed off with a screech.

Garen had just stepped out of the teleportation portal when he felt the teleportation portal closing behind him.

He smiled lightly, not at all surprised. Luke’s appearance and the observers in the dark on the way made him aware that Luke was not so kind as to help him. Although this situation was obvious, it was also expected.

Hiss...

Taking a deep breath and closing his eyes, he felt the familiar scent in the air.

“Finally... I’m back here again...”

Returning once again, he looked at the surrounding Mech soldiers that were just Level One and Two. Faraway, an estimated Level-Four aura that was rushing over here was probably the most powerful person in the vicinity. After just coming back from the busiest metropolis filled with powerhouses, he was reflecting on the barren state here where a Level Four could be considered a powerhouse.

The huge gap made Garen shook his head slightly.

In the Three Major Metropolis, Level Four Energy Machinists could only be considered as technicians and they were the largest group of workers. Meanwhile, over here, they could be high-level generals who guarded this kind of important teleportation portals.

If such pilots were put on Planet Naga, they could only be the underlings of the ordinary Level One and Two sect disciples.

Mixing in the crowd, he watched a grand spaceship fly quickly into the sky. Black standard Mechs with a black disc on their back jumped down from it.

Professor... Seventh Divine Wind General... and also a biochemist Bamente, Ice Dragon, Fila as well as the Sixth Divine Wind General who had saved him before. One by one, their faces flashed through Garen’s mind non-stop. Finally, it was fixed on a pretty and striking girl’s face.

“Celine...”

Garen let out a breath lightly.

It was time, to end everything.

Fila, who had caused him to almost die back then, Seventh Divine Wind General, and Bamente. These three were his primary targets. As for the Professor, who had once helped him even though he gave up in the end...

"Turing, what do you think I should do?" Garen's lips were motionless, but he used Willpower to transmit his voice directly.

Turing had always been hidden in the air around him. As Garen advanced to the Non-falling Level, they had also advanced to the degree of Non-falling Level. It was just that they had a layer of cutting-edge invisible clothing on them.

"Mother Planet is merely a poor and underdeveloped area used by Energy Machinists as their experimental zone. With Master's power, there is absolutely no need for any fear. Nobody will try to offend Master because of the Mother Planet," Turing answered faithfully.

"I used to live here for many years. There are many people here whom I have once known..." Garen said plainly.

"Master's will is the fate of Mother Planet," Turing's voice slowly came about.

The wind was blowing, and the sun gave off a warm feeling as it shone on the body.

There was silence for a long time.

Garen slowly laughed.

"In that case..."

He gradually closed his eyes, and an invisible wave of power slowly spread out.

The sky was gradually filled with dark clouds and they were getting denser. In just a few moments, the entire city was covered with darkness.

“Is it going to rain again? Didn’t it just rain?”

“Didn’t the weather forecast said that it will be sunny today and tomorrow?”

“The weather forecast has never been reliable!”

The teleporters who passed by Garen complained.

“Blackboard Region, Polar Region... Your destinies are about to be the same as this dark sky. Will there be anyone who can break open this dark cloud... who can break through this fate...”

Garen murmured in a whisper. His figure suddenly blurred, instantly disappearing among the crowd.

Numerous dark clouds covered both the Blackboard Region and the Polar Region at almost the same time. Even the vast Radiation Zone in between was covered. The abundant dark clouds obscured the sunlight in the sky.

The temperature dropped rapidly, and reports of the sudden formation of cold air were everywhere.

The atmosphere that was supposed to be summer seemed to have returned to winter all of a sudden.

The Capital, Blackboard City...

“Snow! It’s snow! It’s snowing! Mommy, mommy, it’s snowing!” A child on the street was so surprised that she caught a snowflake in a glove and hopped and ran in the direction of home.

Plentiful snowflakes descended from the sky.

At the highest point of Blackboard City, a slender, black, pointed Mech was half-squatting on the tip of the minaret on a Blackboard battleship.

Black Star Diofie in the cabin was no longer the handsome young man back in those years. His hair was white on both sides and there were obvious wrinkles on his face, showing signs of senility that were not supposed to be there.

Chhh...

The roof of the cabin opened. He sat in the Mech and looked up at the falling snowflake in the sky.

"Snow?"

He reached out his hand in a daze, caught a little snowflake, and watched it melt gradually in his palm.

As soon as the snow melted, he felt an intense anxiety in the depth of his Willpower.

"Dean."

Suddenly, a light curtain screen appeared in front of him automatically. A young woman on it spoke solemnly.

"It's weird. The Intelligence Bureau sent news that the Polar Region and we have a sudden unusual gathering of clouds in the sky above. All areas, including the Radiation Zone, have begun to snow as such."

"Notify the professors in the Inner Courtyard to organize a group of experts to conduct a research. We must make clear the source of this snow," Diofie frowned.

"Understood."

"I don't know why," Diofie whispered. "I have a bad feeling."

Chapter 1089

Blackboard City

The city which was once referred to as the Blackboard City had fallen more and more into desolation and disarray. The prosperous streets and alleys were full of rubbish, and broken pieces of newspapers were scattered all over the ground. Some wild dogs and cats were still looking for food residues in the trash, and whimpering sounds could be heard from time to time.

The vagrants and wanderers who had never appeared squatted and wandered in the depths of the alley, fighting with the wild dogs for food.

The ruined walls of the building, the dark and dirty streets on the green belt, and the occasionally-agitated curses coming from the vehicles that passed by.

Garen walked slowly in this capital, Blackboard City. From the teleportation point, he arrived here straight away without any delay at all. Fila and the Seventh Divine Wind General from back then, as well as the biochemist Bamente, had surely left this place.

Coming here, Garen's only wish was merely to have a look at the current Blackboard Academy and to visit his previous professor.

He slowly walked down the street.

"Hehe... Kid, people from outside who pass through this place have to pay a protection fee... Do you understand the rules?" A few thugs came out of the alley and stopped in front of Garen. They wore an aura of teasing and malice on their faces.

The few remaining passersby around hurried to flee and pretended not to have seen anything at all.

Garen's black, top-grade clothing looked no different from the rich young master wandering on the outside. His smile was mild, but it gave people a kind of pretentious feel.

He recalled that once, he did not know who had told him that if he did not know how to be nice to the people around you, then just keep on smiling. By doing this, it would let those who were genuinely thinking of you know that you were doing well and there was no need to worry...

“Protection fee?” Garen looked at the three bullies in front of him. “When does Blackboard City have this kind of thing there?”

Looking at the calm and composed Garen, something seemed amiss. The few bullies started to have a bad feeling.

“Our boss is...” Boom!

A muffled sound was heard. The three bullies flew out at the same time, slamming into the sides of the walls. The sound of their bones being cracked burst out. Before they could even shout out in pain, it was unknown whether they were dead or alive. Blood slowly flowed down from the three people and formed a small bloody puddle on the ground.

Garen did not even lift his hands. This was only one-hundredth of his One Time Fist Pressure. One Time Fist Pressure would not increase any power but evenly dispersed the force from the fist into the vacuum around it, instantly breaking out the same force in all directions.

It was not merely a little power of the fist.

“Was it still a little over?” Garen frowned slightly. He had originally intended to keep them alive, but he did not expect one-hundredth of One Time Fist Pressure to be this heavy...

Boom.

There was a light sound of windows closing in the upper floors.

The surroundings suddenly became emptier. The entire street became increasingly desolate; several cars darted pass in an accelerated speed as if the drivers were fleeing for their lives.

Garen put his hands in his pockets and looked at the city that had become even more desolate due to the war. If this place had become as such, let alone other places.

“Go and see Celine’s residence first...”

As soon as he thought of it, Garen went a little further to stop a taxi.

Once in the car, he mentioned the name of the place Celine’s house was at.

“That place... Oh, the original villa district of the Academy,” The driver was a chubby, middle-aged man with a crew cut and he had a black, knife-like leather by his side. He looked at Garen from the rear-view mirror.

“Are you a student of the Academy?” He asked as he started the car. “Your temperament does not look like the average person.”

“How is it over there now?” Garen smiled and asked.

“Still okay. In the war these recent years, many have died. The Academy has rushed to recruit a lot of freshmen, but it has become a bit messy,” The driver replied casually. “Now, even an ordinary bully will not dare to go to that place. That place is filled with powerhouses with Willpower. Ordinary people who go there are just looking for a beating. In the beginning, I have also mingled over there, but I did not expect that in the blink of an eye...”

The driver began to talk incessantly. Although he looked fierce, no one would expect him to actually be such a long-winded person. He could not get to the point after talking for half a day, and he immediately began to talk about his brilliant years back then.

Garen was not impatient. Instead, he sat quietly looking out the window.

It was really regrettable that this once-prosperous city had become dilapidated to this extent in such a short period of time.

Along the way with the driver's babble, Garen finally arrived at the villa district near Blackboard Academy.

He got out of the car and paid with a black card that had been prepared beforehand. This black card was previously stolen from a rich man. The order here had been chaotic to a point where even the number of soldiers was far from enough. Not to mention, the police was also lacking in quantity. The social order could only be maintained at a basic level.

Garen knew the way well and went around the path with ease. He soon saw Celine's villa in the middle among rows of small white villas.

This place was vacant and there were not many people living in. It was afternoon. With the dark clouds in the sky, the snow falling and the lights dim, it was still dead silent here, seemingly deserted. Only a villa was spotted with lights on in a far distance away.

Garen followed the road in the district. On his way, he did not see anyone else except for the broken streetlights. The entire district had almost become a dead city.

Walking to the door of Celine's villa, there were specks of thick dust on the ground everywhere. The self-defense guarding system of the villa had also stopped monitoring and defending for a long time. The entire villa was dark and unusually quiet.

Reaching out his hand and with a light flicker, the door creaked open. Garen slowly entered inside.

The huge living room was pitch-black. Only the metal armor figure of an ancient knight reflected a faint silver glimmer.

The air was filled with strong dust particles.

"Sure enough, there was no one..." Garen sighed. With a thought, a cold wind instantly rolled up in the villa, promptly blowing all the dust out of the house and gathering it in a corner.

The entire villa suddenly became much cleaner.

After wandering around the villa, Garen entered the basement again and looked at the place he had constantly trained with Celine back then. It was also dusty. He gazed at the familiar furnishing, but the people had completely left. It came upon him that he had not contacted Celine for a long time. Presumably, she had completely abandoned this house.

Many years ago, Celine returned the news that Nonosiva's parents and sister had been completely settled down in the most peaceful center, the Freshwater Galaxy. Celine herself had also followed the Professor to the Freshwater Galaxy, and could only send back news once in a long time because the distance was too far away. Now that the long-distance Stargate was completely sealed off, there was absolutely no way of knowing what had happened.

"Freshwater Galaxy. Don't know how they are doing..." Garen thought of Baylon again, who was destined to become the younger brother or sister of Royal Star. If it went according to history, she might soon be returning from Four-Star Alliance.

Just when they returned, there would be an eruption of an enormous energy tide. This grand occasion was just as nice as a good opportunity for him to devour energy. Garen came back at this crucial time for this exact reason, not only for revenge.

Moving about Celine's basement, the familiar environment was still there, but the person was no longer here anymore. He himself could not escape from this vortex.

"If there is no relationship with Red Moon, no relationship with Baylon, perhaps whitewashing¹ to become a pilot is also a good evasion method. Unfortunately... Life isn't so kind as to allow so many 'if's. The moment I am noticed by White King, I will absolutely be the target to be used for coercion."

Garen left the villa. His heart was still unable to calm down.

Walking along the path toward the outside of the villa district, he finally saw a few people: three men and a woman. The three men were dragging a girl toward the darker area. Their lustful laughter was mixed with the girl's horrified crying sound. Obviously, they were not up to something good. Sure enough, the trouble that the driver mentioned was no ordinary because, among the three men, there was actually one who had Willpower fluctuation.

“Is the impact of the war really this big?”

Garen sighed.

“Even this city has decayed to such a point in just a few years’ time...”

His voice traveled from far into the ears of the four people. It was calm as if the event occurring before him was irrelevant. It was like he was watching a movie with total stillness.

“Who’s there!?” One of the three men pulling the girl shouted loudly and glared at Garen with a warning.

“Don’t meddle in, or else...” He did not finish his sentence, but the threatening message behind it was obvious.

“Help! Save me!” The girl seemed to have found hope and cried out loudly for help. “As long as you save me, I can give you money, Universal Units! One hundred thousand, one million! Please! Save me...”

Pap!

The man who spoke gave her a hard smack across the face.

“Bitch, back then when I pursued you, you were unwilling and humiliated me with all kinds of way. You looked down on me, eh? What about now? Hehe!”

He grabbed the girl’s hair.

“Aren’t you virtuous? Aren’t you a goddess? Why are you crying like this now? Didn’t you look down on me? Ah! Now you know how to seek help?”

The man laughed sinisterly.

“Let go of Nolan!” In the quietness, a quivering female voice suddenly rang out from the darkness not far away.

A black-haired girl in a white tunic dress slowly walked out of the darkness. She also held a pair of high heels in her hand. Her black, clean single ponytail and her delicate, fair face gave out a simple yet elegant aura.

It was only that the girl now looked abnormally discomposed. Her forehead was slightly sweaty and her breathing was a bit too quick. It was apparent that she ran over here. Parts of the black tights on her legs were torn.

“Tesna!” The girl who was held was instantly overjoyed. “Save me, quickly save me! These fellows are crazy!”

“Tesna, nothing concerns you here. You had better not butt in,” The man warned fiercely.

The response he received was the white dress girl doing a run-up to give him a ferocious elbow strike.

The lightning-like elbow accurately struck the tall man who had come forward from behind to block her. He was the one with Willpower, clearly the man’s bodyguard.

“Spin axis!”

Tesna’s elbow was blocked, but her arms suddenly straightened out, changing to a knife-hand to strike the other party’s neck.

“What?” Garen viewed from his peripherals. The girl’s moves faintly resembled his Twelve Flying Dragon Fist. When he taught Celine at the beginning, he did not restrict her from teaching others this fist technique. However, he only did not expect to encounter someone who knew this fist technique in this vicinity by chance.

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The girl, Tesna's fist technique was very surface-leveled. Compared to the other party's Willpower, she was obviously a little weaker in her actions, reactions, and prejudgment. Coupled with her lack of strength, she gradually fell into a disadvantageous position. If it were not for the fact that the concept of the fist was stronger than the other party, she would not have been able to hold out long ago.

"I'm someone who wants to pursue ultimate power! How can I lose out here?!" Celine's roar from that time reverberated in his ears again. Seeing the girl was still struggling, Garen recalled how Celine persisted under his fist technique back then.

These ordinary people were far from achieving the realm of flawlessness. Although flawlessness was something relative, when the strength and speed were not equal, there would be an outburst of flaws. However, to be flawless in the scope of ordinary people could be achieved through advanced computer-simulated training, just like Eagle's Nest of the Blackboard Academy back then. Obviously, Tesna was just an ordinary person incapable of reaching that level.

"Left knee forward."

Garen suddenly voiced out.

Boom!

Tesna involuntarily gave a knee-forward hit and it strangely landed on the lower body part of the opponent, who had wanted to dodge.

A sound was heard, and something seemed to have broken...

The tall man clasped his lower body and howled miserably, rolling around on the ground.

Tesna was dumbfounded on the spot. She did not expect her earlier move to be so powerful.

Suddenly, two other men surrounded her. Their face darkened.

Meanwhile, that girl who was held captive had already fled some time ago, leaving her alone instead.

Both sides were going to start another fight for the second time, but Garen was somewhat impatient.

Although the girl who had betrayed her friend brought him a little surprise and fun, this kind of drama was also very sparsely common. It was just that this girl in a white dress, Tesna, still had such a naïve kindness within her, making him felt something.

“Turing, get rid of them.”

Garen informed plainly.

“Yes.”

A dark shadow suddenly lunged out of the darkness and swept past the three men in an instant. There were three muffled sounds at the moment, and all three fainted at the same time. The dark shadow quickly penetrated into the darkness and disappeared.

Garen was too lazy to watch and turned away.

Tesna was left standing on the spot, stupefied. She immediately knew that she had met an expert.

“Must be a powerhouse!” Her heart suddenly thumped. The outbreak of war brought a serious loss of sense of security. As a result, there were more and more martial arts practitioners with relatively good battle skills. Some even installed a miniature Mech to strengthen themselves. This was a good way for self-defense. The government had also liberalized the restrictions on miniature Mech because of the ever-growing legal problems. Anyone with money could purchase a set. This had also led to the increasing popularity of battle skills.

Tesna was a typical fanatic lover of combat, at the same time, she was also a typical character of one who had a serious lack of security.

“Wait up!”

She shouted loudly and ran after Garen right away.

Unexpectedly, even though Garen seemed to be pacing slowly in the dark, she could not catch up no matter what.

Tesna felt strange, but this all the more confirmed that the other party was an absolute powerhouse, and not just not any ordinary ones.

“I will absolutely not let this opportunity pass this time! Absolutely!” Tesna gritted her teeth and ran madly. Even though her socks were worn out and her skirt was flapping due to the wind, she did not seem to notice them at all. She chased after Garen madly without any shoes on. However, the distance between them did not close in even with her accelerated speed, instead, it was getting further.

“Why are you chasing me?” A voice sounded in her ears.

“Whew... Whew... To be your disciple...!” Tesna was out of breath. She was sweating profusely and there was an abnormal flush on her face.

“Be my disciple?” Garen stopped. The momentary pause caused Tesna to almost bump into him from behind. She immediately braked, and only then did she feel a burning pain in both her feet. Obviously, she had injured the skin.

What Garen appreciated was people with a strong determination, just like Sinno from Radiation Zone; that child was untalented, yet she was constantly putting in hard work. And so, he helped her to obtain the hope of having Sixth Divine Wind General’s guidance; a hope to bail herself out of her own fate.

And now, he seemed to see a trace of this quality again in the girl.

“Bring my disciple is not an easy thing...” He turned around and spoke quietly as he looked at this girl, who was not quite pretty but had a good temperament.

“I know,” Tesna did not talk much, but her tone was resolute.

Looking at this little fellow, Garen immediately remembered that, in the Totem World and Secret Technique World, he seemed to be in favor of those children with this kind of cold temperament but a firm determination. It was the same, even for now.

“You must understand that if you want to be my disciple, you must accept my test. And the hardship of some tests is beyond your imagination.”

Tesna recalled the strange scene she had just seen. It was just the spin of a shadow and the three people totally fainted without any resistance.

As an untalented ordinary person, even if she cultivated Willpower, it would still be like a balloon leaking. There was no way to deal with it. Perhaps this person was her only hope!

“I’m not afraid!”

She nodded with certainty.

With Garen’s current status, he naturally would not simply take in disciples. As the Sect Master of Scarlet Snow Sect, the greatest genius in history, and the strongest person who had inherited dozens of ancestor’s Will, he was destined to surpass the first Sect Master and reach an unprecedented realm.

With such a level of power, taking in disciples would have a far-reaching impact. It was not just to him alone, but a kind of adjustment to all the people under his command as well.

“What do you want to learn from me?” Garen asked with interest.

“Battle skills! Powerful battle skills!” Tesna said without hesitation.

“Battle skills...” Garen immediately smiled. “I have three tests. If you can pass, I will decide to take you in as my disciple and teach you these battle skills.”

Tesna’s eyes lit up at once. The rapid breathing just now was forcefully suppressed to slow down, fearing she had misheard anything.

“Which three? I’m sure to pass without any problem!”

“Don’t overestimate yourself,” Garen extended a finger. “First, it is now snowing heavily. Within two days, dig out a two-meter-deep pit by hand. Remember, only by hand.”

“Only by hand?” Tesna repeated.

“Go ahead. At the unmarked burial-mounds outside of the city to the south. Remember, you can’t use other tools. You have to use your fingers to dig out the soil bit by bit,” Garen added. “I will come to see you when the time comes. If you can’t do it, then don’t mention the matter about being my disciple.”

“I’ll go!”

Tesna did not hesitate at all and flatly agreed. She did not ask how he would find her, instead just turning around and left without any disinclination.

“Tsk tsk... Maybe she really is promising,” Garen shook his head slightly. “Next up, let’s go and visit Professor.”

Looking at the figure of Tesna leaving, Garen turned around and slowly merged into the darkness, disappearing completely.

Passing through Inner Courtyard was only a simple use of Willpower to Garen. The computer protection capability here was basically useless for high-level Energy Machinists.

The Energy Machine Imprint could calculate the loophole in a split second. Garen walked leisurely into the Outer Courtyard and roved around the Academy which had not changed much. He did not see any acquaintances. All of the people there were new students, so he went straight to the Inner Courtyard.

The Inner Courtyard was underneath the ground. After getting himself the status of a student, Garen naturally entered the underground space with a few Inner Courtyard students.

The artificial sun was still shining upon the entire Inner Courtyard.

Like the outside world, it was also rather deserted here. Obviously, there were too few people who met the high standards of the Inner Courtyard. There was almost hardly anyone on the street, and most of the shops were closed. Only a few were open but the customers were also very few.

Compared to the outside, there were still maintenance robots doing cleaning and maintenance work here.

Garen checked the address in accordance with the map obtained from the internal network. There were no changes made.

However, the Director of the Security Bureau had been changed from Fila to Red-Eyed Medero, who was a very mighty resonance powerhouse back then. He had no idea how strong her strength was now.

Following the original route, Garen once again came to Professor Van Doe's residence, that same small, double-storey house which was white. It looked very ordinary.

Just when he was ready to knock on the door, the door opened automatically.

A yellow-haired woman about two meters tall looked at Garen puzzlingly.

“Who are you looking for?”

Garen’s image and temperament at this time had changed dramatically. In the eyes of those with Willpower, his entire body exuded a touch of faint chill, and he was completely a different person from the original Nonosiva. Adding to the horrific transformation of the Hellfrost Peacock Technique, there was now only a faint contour of the past.

“Senior Sister Galafil?” Garen smiled and easily called out the other person’s name.

“Senior Sister? How do you know me? I don’t remember the Professor having you as a disciple.” Galafil was one of the three among Garen’s two senior brothers and senior sister in those years.

“Are Junior Brother Milo and Junior Sister Nehri doing well? Have you forgotten me after just a short period of time?” Garen said with a smile. “I’m Nonosiva...”

“Nono?!” Galafil’s expression suddenly became abnormally bizarre. The Nonosiva whom the Professor announced had betrayed and left the Blackboard Region was suddenly back!?

“Aren’t you going to invite me in?” Garen shrugged.

Only then did Galafil react over from her stunned expression.

“Please...come in.” She hurriedly let the door open.

Garen walked through the door, but he did not hear the voice of the smart butler.

“How did you think of coming back suddenly? Didn’t you leave?” Galafil seemed to have only heard bits of the original news. Obviously, Professor Van Doe did not tell her everything.

In any case, Garen was a victim of the conflict between the parties. If the truth was really announced everywhere, it would be harmful to the reputation of the Black Flood Party itself.

“After leaving for so many years, I miss my hometown, so I came back.” Garen entered the living room and sat down on his own to rest. “At that time, I was lucky enough to have escaped from the Blackboard Region. What happened after that? Senior Sister, why don’t you tell me? I heard that Fila and Seventh Divine Wind General who besieged me at that time were all declared as rebels. So, my case should have definitely be overturned?”

There was a trace of complexity in Galafil’s eyes as she sat opposite Garen, pouring out a glass of fruit juice for them both.

“Indeed, it has been overturned. Your matter has long been determined to have been wronged. The statement of your case was issued long ago. It’s just that, the monster that suddenly appeared when you were besieged had slaughtered many soldiers and civilians. Even though it was eventually encumbered and terminated, but...” She was not a fool. Although she did not know the truth, there were some things that could still be felt, such as Van Doe’s attitude back then, Britney’s attitude which initially supported Garen, as well as the sudden appearance of the besieging Mech forces at the hospital.

His own disciple was beleaguered, but as the Professor, he was unmoved. Was not this attitude obvious enough?