

# Mystical 1121

## Chapter 1121: Goodbye 1

“This treasure resembles a type of parasite. Once it enters the body, it can use its supplementary state to form a layer of ice armor outside. Next, it will enhance the various qualities of the body. Moreover, it will also amplify them greatly!” Garen explained.

He spoke as he passed the Distorted Seed to the Two-faced Person.

The Two-faced Person took it with a steady expression on his face. The moment it touched his hand, he quickly began scanning and analyzing its composition with his Energy Machine Imprint. As for his task of coming here this time to punish the Scarlet Snow Sect, he had decided to pardon that minor incident some time ago. Since he was already at Level Nine Peak now, if this thing could really produce harmless increments throughout his body, Level Ten would truly exist if he could go any higher! When that time came...

A trace of nervousness flashed in the depths of the eyes of the woman behind the Two-faced Person suddenly when she thought of this as well.

Inside the banquet hall, the mummy and the two others were completely silent, save for the occasional cold sneers that escaped them. It seemed as though they were not giving the Two-faced Person any face at all. This was indeed true, considering the strength of their current alliance was already incredibly powerful. Since they did not have to yield to most of the large-sized sects, they were completely unafraid of the large-sized sects that were backed and represented by the Two-faced People Emissaries. If it was not for their positions as the Emissaries of the Alliance, these people would probably harbor intentions of striking out and getting rid of these Two-faced People.

The confrontational atmosphere in the banquet hall was clearly intense, despite being restrained by the three Level Nines.

“Indeed... This treasure possesses extremely powerful incremental abilities!” The Two-faced Person sighed in admiration and wonder as he put the Distorted Seed down. “However, it has a deformity.”

“What deformity?” One of the male Emissaries could not help but ask.

The Two-faced Person glanced at him and said, “Its attributes.”

“Attributes?”

A few Emissaries reacted and understood immediately. When they felt the chills that were being emitted by the Distorted Seed, they clearly understood what he meant when he mentioned its attributes.

“Its energy attribute is not bad,” The Two-faced Person looked at Garen and smiled. “However, although this treasure can increase powers, it will turn the attributes of its parasite’s hosts into frost-types. Moreover, it can even naturally collude with others of the same species through certain channels. In other words, after using this treasure, the user will theoretically be changed into a different race with a different type of genetic composition.”

“Lord Emissary is indeed amazing!” said Garen in a tone that displayed an uninhibited admiration. “You could see its core with just one look!”

“What about the side effects?” The blue-haired female Emissary asked softly. She was somewhat interested now as well. However, she did not have to worry about conflicts in this aspect at all, as her genes did not have any attributes.

“The side effects are very simple,” said the Two-faced Person quietly. “That depends on one’s personality. Your personality will be affected and manipulated into becoming slightly colder. It is related to this treasure’s energy transformation mechanics. Of course, in comparison to the functions, these side effects are simply negligible... Tch, tch, it’s truly the epitome of a marvelous treasure...” He could not help but praise it.

“Colder personalities?” None of the people who were seated here considered it as a problem. After living for too long, it was almost inevitable that their personalities had already become cold.

“Lord Emissary, what are you trying to say then?” Garen opened his mouth and asked again.

“Why don’t I test this treasure out first and see its effects? How about that?” The Two-faced Person smiled and looked at Garen. “After all, as a Level Nine Peak, it might be a problem whether this increment will be effective towards me. I’m unsure whether there are great quantities of these treasures either.”

“You don’t have to worry about the numbers. I only established this alliance because their quantities were too great. I was hoping to gather everyone’s powers to protect this secret that belongs to us, the Energy Machinists,” Garen said in a ‘calm’ manner.

“If that’s the case, I don’t have to worry then...” The Two-faced Person nodded before opening his mouth and preparing to swallow the Distorted Seed directly. It was clear that he only knew that this was the best method of parasitism after analyzing it.

“Hold on!”

The blue-haired woman spoke suddenly the moment the Distorted Seed was placed at the side of his mouth.

The Distorted Seed was suspended beside the Two-faced Person’s mouth before he placed it down again and looked at the blue-haired woman.

“Trisha Yuko, what do you think?” The Two-faced Person asked softly while furrowing his eyebrows slightly.

The gaze of the blue-haired female Emissary scanned across Garen and the few Guardians while her eyebrows were knitted together tightly.

“To be able to obtain a treasure like this so easily, it’s almost as though they are gifted to you. Can such a wonderful thing really happen in this world?”

None of the three Guardians made a sound. They merely minded their own business and sat in their seats without batting an eyelid.

Meanwhile, Ice-Ocean, who stood beside Garen, smiled faintly.

“Lady Emissary, you might have misunderstood something. In the beginning, we dared not believe that such a treasure existed either. However, after numerous tests, we only let our guard down after discovering that they were indeed no serious side effects. It was only after then were we able to take such initiatives, because of our selfish motives. If we could drag a few lords into our alliance, our forces would become even greater as well. In reality, we who have used this treasure are already essentially considered as another race. We can even use this treasure to naturally transmit messages and communicate throughout great distances without using other technologically-advanced means.”

“Is it similar to telepathy?” asked the blue-haired woman while furrowing her eyebrows.

“You could think of it like that.” Ice-Ocean maintained his gentle smile. When he stood beside Garen, neither of them looked abnormal at all.

“Do you have any more questions? Miss Yuko!” The Two-faced Person was already somewhat unhappy now.

“I’m worried about letting you use the treasure first. You should let me go first instead,” The blue-haired woman named Yuko reached her hand out to grab the Distorted Seed from the Two-faced Person.

The Two-faced Person’s gaze flickered. Nonetheless, he placed the seed down and allowed the other person to snatch it.

“I’ve known long ago that Miss Yuko possesses the Blood of Disintegrating Everything. This is a good opportunity to broaden my horizons. If this treasure can affect your genes and blood vessels, it’s truly a priceless treasure then!”

Yuko declined to comment and did not even look at him when she stuffed the Distorted Seed directly into her mouth.

The blue Distorted Seed resembled a reel of thread that rolled directly down her throat into her esophagus. It melted and disintegrated speedily before being absorbed into the surroundings of the tube walls of her throat.

Woo...

Yuko's expression turned slightly strange. It seemed as though her body was undergoing some unspeakable pain.

Shrouds of faint chills began spreading across the surface of her body. This allowed Garen, who was slightly anxious earlier, to calm down now. After all, the Hellfrost Peacock was merely one of the Void Creature species. Since the universe was so vast, it was impossible for everything to pollute and invade it freely. He was suddenly worried after hearing the Two-faced Person say that Yuko's blood was the Blood of Disintegrating Everything. The Distorted Seed might not be effective towards that.

However, it looked like this female Emissary's genes did not seem to determine anything here.

Everyone waited quietly and looked at the changes that the blue-haired woman's body experienced.

The chills became denser and more intense... The chills of the few other Guardians were also faintly aroused before the temperature of the entire banquet hall decreased by more than ten degrees. Layers of white frost froze on the bodies of a few normal people, whose entire bodies were shivering while they were standing guard outside.

With the passing of the seconds, shrouds of faint white gas spurted out of Yuko's mouth quickly and dispersed throughout the air in front of her. She closed her eyes slowly. She could feel that thin layers of ice were currently covering her body continuously. These ice layers felt extremely strange, as they could twist freely. Unlike solid ice, they were not firm or fragile. Instead, they were as flexible as rubber but cold nonetheless.

"Such a strong, enhanced ice armor..." said Yuko while sighing in admiration slightly.

"How is it?" asked the Two-faced Person in a somewhat expectant voice while leaning his body forward slightly.

“Still alright. However, unlike my expectations, the effects are not as... Ooh!” Yuko widened her eyes suddenly before the chills around her whole body broke out abruptly. The chair that she was sitting on froze quickly and was covered by a thick layer of solid ice.

Whoosh!

A jet-black disc flashed in front of her eyes suddenly. The violent and powerful aura was about to surge out before she suppressed it forcibly.

“What... What powerful strength!” Yuko could not help but cry out.

The Energy Field around her body twisted violently. The moment she spat out a mouthful of cold air, it seemed as though the entire Planet Scarlet Snow could hear the sound of her exhaling.

Her every move could influence the turning of the planet. This was a sign of the Level Nine Peak!

Through her efforts within a few short moments, Yuko was apparently able to enter the peak of Level Nine from the lower stage directly! The Two-faced Person and the other Emissaries to stare at her blankly because of this.

“This... is really... a priceless treasure!” The Two-faced Person’s serious greed could not be inhibited anymore. His own gaze and those of the others were all focused on Garen’s body. “Sect Master Garen, I don’t know if this treasure...”

“Don’t worry, Lord Emissary. Everything has been prepared accordingly.” Garen’s voice echoed from beneath the helmet respectfully.

A few more Distorted Seeds appeared in his hand. Each of these Distorted Seeds resembled woolen balls that floated automatically. They separated themselves before flying towards the few Two-faced People.

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On a yellow planet within a ring of planets outside Planet Scarlet Snow, three silhouettes appeared out of thin air suddenly on an ashen, stony meteorite that was a few kilometers large.

These three people stood on the stony meteorite and glanced at the gigantic, crimson Planet Scarlet Snow quietly. A few bits of dust and debris in the outer space dodged the sides of their bodies automatically, as though they were sentient. However, upon closer observation, an invisible yet powerful Energy Field layer could be seen beside the bodies of these three people. It could ward off all the external elements on its own.

“Looks like Jeros managed this pretty well,” Said a little red-haired girl, smiling.

“We should just get rid of him silently and consider it done,” A white-haired man on the side said helplessly. “Who knows what he’ll dare do if we delay this any further? This fellow has already separated himself from control.”

“The Wraith Royalty has always been chaotic. They’d even slaughter their own family members. I’ve recently received news that the new Wraith Monarch has already killed her father, Tasean. She has also released a declaration now, and will officially challenge His Majesty next month,” pouted the little red-haired girl. “From my perspective, she has a death wish. There were always some maniacs in the Wraith Royalty who were deviants that would not rest until they forced themselves to the brink of death. I heard them say that this was the fastest process to unleash their own potential.”

“Let’s go,” Chinande said softly. He flew toward Planet Scarlet Snow straight away. Although it looked like he was moving slowly, he had actually leaped across a distance of more than ten thousand kilometers within a few moments. He turned into a scarlet meteor that descended from the sky quickly.

The imprints of the Scarlet Snow Sect itself made it impossible for the sealed Crossfire Web to be rendered at all. Instead, it was coordinated to separate on its own immediately.

Three meteors descended from the sky rapidly and shot in the direction of the Scarlet Snow Headquarters directly.

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The Distorted Seed was completely swallowed by the remaining Emissaries respectively.

These few people closed their eyes one after another while feeling the changes that were rapidly occurring inside their bodies now.

“This feeling...” The Two-faced Person shut all four of his eyes tightly and muttered to himself as if he was slightly uncertain of the effects that the Distorted Seed had displayed. “Looks like there are still aspects that I haven’t analyzed yet.”

The energy chills of the Distorted Seed were quickly admitted into him voluntarily. He then released the chills, allowing them to surge through his own Sublime Board freely.

The Sublime Board that lingered in the depths of his mind was completely pitch-black. It emitted hints of strange, unknown suction that quickly sucked in all of the strength of the Distorted Seed’s chills.

A thin layer of ice armor began to gradually cover the surface of his body.

The Energy Force Fields of Level Nine Peak appeared involuntarily and began to progressively affect the magnetic field on the ground of the entire Planet Scarlet Snow. The ground shook and vibrated faintly.

Inside the banquet hall, Garen and the few remaining Level Nines moved out at the same time and began releasing their own Energy Fields along with the Two-faced People’s forces.

The earth regained its tranquility and calmed down naturally.

Hum...

Suddenly, a subtle vibrating noise echoed from the sky in the outside world.

“Huh? This is?” Garen raised his head slightly as though he felt an indescribably enormous aura that was oppressing him in his current location now. That aura had already surpassed a powerful domain; it could



only be described as something profound. It resembled a fountainhead that was spouting spring water endlessly.

Countless violent Energy Fields gushed out of the fountainhead frantically and collided against the Scarlet Snow Headquarters forcefully.

“Who is this?!”

Yuko, who had recently entered Level Nine Peak, was still familiarizing herself with this strength when she felt these terrifying forces that were pressuring her mightily. It seemed as though it wanted to suppress the auras of all the powerhouses here into submission. Despite being an Emissary of the Alliance, she had never seen such a major scene before. Therefore, she could tell immediately that the person who had arrived was a Level Ten Perpetual Motioner Holy Lord!

“It’s a Holy Lord Level powerhouse!”

Her expression changed rapidly before she stood up suddenly and opened the roof to look toward the sky.

One after another, the few remaining Guardians became angry and stood up as well. The few Level Eight Emissaries, who were recently elevated to Level Nine, were also firmly suppressed by this oppressive aura.

## Chapter 1122: Goodbye 2

The roof opened itself slowly, revealing the blue sky above. In the sky, three silhouettes were floating quietly, looking down at the group of people below. Among the trio, one of them emitted an extremely, terrifyingly deep aura in an unrestrained manner. This aura resembled a bottomless black hole.

“Three Perpetual Motioners?!” The expression on Yuko’s face became extremely contorted suddenly.

Aside from her, the faces of the remaining Emissaries of the Alliance changed immediately in succession, as if they had encountered a great enemy.

Garen stood and looked up at Carthage who was floating in the sky.

Perhaps it was more accurate to call him Chinande now. He had not expected that Carthage would suddenly arrive now. Garen suppressed the worries in his heart with determination, before opening his mouth and speaking calmly with a slight sneering tone in his voice.

“It is true and extremely offensive, that I, Garen of the Scarlet Snow Sect, did not come out and greet the celebrated Light of Justice and Perpetual Motioner Holy Lord who came here personally.”

His current identity depicted him as Jeros, and he was no longer the previous Garen or Nonosiva. Traces of his remaining evil aura dissipated out suddenly.

“Nonosiva, you broke the rules of the sect,” Chinande was unusually detached; he was seemingly colder than before. His voice did not even seem to fluctuate.

Garen’s face stiffened slightly beneath the helmet. When he raised his head, his eyes behind the helmet coincidentally met Chinande’s white pupils. Both of them stared directly at each other without flinching.

Although his powers were unlike the other party’s, Garen did not harbor any intentions of cowering.

After inheriting the will of all the seniors and founders of the Scarlet Snow Sect, he was destined to become the strongest person in the world! If he was too afraid to even face the Level Ten Perpetual Motioner before him, what honor would he have left to face the other higher Regent Levels?

Boom!

A shapeless Spiritual Light rushed into the depths of Garen’s soul through his eyes violently. An immense pressure as heavy as a hammer collided against him, blinding his eyes instantly and making everything blurry.

However, he kept his eyes widened determinedly.

Aside from him, everyone else that was currently here was also violently shaken by this Spiritual Light. The air stiffened and solidified. Everyone resembled insects that were stuck in an amber when they were suppressed and imprisoned by the enormous and limitless forces of the Energy Field.

The difference between the Energy Fields was truly this brutal. If you were stronger than someone else and your Energy Field stifled them, your opponent would lose even the ability to make a move.

“This is the Scarlet Snow Sect. As the Sect Master here, my decrees are the laws!” Garen could not see clearly anymore. He had never expected that Chinande’s powers would actually be so terrifying. His Energy Field suppression could make Garen’s Level Ten self pant for air. However, his honor as a Secret Technician made it impossible for him to have any intentions of compromising or cowering.

Although he could not see, he used his greatest power to release a loud noise.

He was not merely representing himself in this place now. Instead, he was doing this for the numerous Scarlet Snow founders who had sacrificed numerous things for him! If these numerous Soul Seed sacrifices yielded to submission easily under the weight of someone else now, how could he become Scarlet Snow’s strongest individual? How could he walk on the path of becoming the highest peak of the Secret Technicians!

The sound waves echoed in the empty space and reverberated between Garen and Chinande before suddenly jolting awake the nine other people who were confined to the sides.

Boom!

The terrifyingly abundant pressure descended from the sky and gathered before pressing down on Garen’s body firmly.

The white robe that covered his entire body danced and fluttered frantically while his golden helmet remained as cold and as solid as before. It blocked off the gazes of anyone who wanted to peep through it.

The dark section that represented his face looked up at Chinande unwaveringly. However, traces of broken, porcelain-like cracks were gradually appearing throughout Garen's entire body underneath the helmet.

"Jeros has apparently entered Level Ten. However, there's still a range within Level Ten, Captain!" said the little red-haired girl softly when she opened her mouth. "Otherwise, you could simply get rid of these people here and end it. Hehe, the Federation of Energy Machinists can't even fend for themselves now anyway."

"I think that's fine. It's merely the annihilation of a single small-sized sect and a few supposed Emissaries. It won't matter if we just kill them. Since the plan has almost come to light now, do we still need to conceal it like this?" On the side, the white-haired man lifted a few strands of his hair while voicing his agreement.

Chinande remained silent.

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The strong wind whistled, as more people from all four corners of the earth realized that something was amiss. Most of the members of the Scarlet Snow Sect walked out of their dwellings and looked at the three figures that were floating in the sky.

Alice and Aloran walked out of their own residences and looked up at the sky before traces of shock appeared on their faces suddenly.

"That's... the Light of Justice?!" Alice grabbed her own long hair to prevent it from being blown and sent flying messily by the strong wind. "That face... really looks like Great Senior Brother Carthage..."

She noticed that Chinande's hand was already grasping the hilt of the sword at his waist slowly.

An indescribable fear surged through her heart suddenly. Alice looked at Aloran who was flying far away; she noticed a similar look of frightened panic on her face.

The same look of horror was apparent on the faces of the crowd of people around them who had walked outside too.

This was not merely their own fear, it was the fear of the entire Planet Scarlet Snow!

“The Light of Justice... wants to destroy the entire Planet Scarlet Snow?!” An unbelievable and frightening thought escaped from the depths of Alice’s heart suddenly. She felt as if it was getting slightly harder for her throat to breathe.

The tremendous aura seemed as if it possessed an invisible magic. It was clearly surging in front of her. She felt as though she could almost not breathe any air at all.

“This is... the Planetary Imprisonment?!” An ability that she had only seen at the basic level appeared in Alice’s mind.

Aside from her, everyone else around her was also experiencing breathing difficulties. Moreover, some creatures that did not even need to breathe could also feel this indescribably suffocating feeling.

Everyone on the entire Planet Scarlet Snow now felt as if their breathing was being suppressed, while their bodies grew weaker.

Shrouds of lifeless air started spreading throughout this entire planet. Some feeble insects and small animals in the forest were the first to die from suffocation. They were quickly followed by the sea creatures and fish species that were slightly larger.

More than a million lives were dying every moment.

“Chinande!”

Other than Garen’s own aura, another Level Ten aura burst forth suddenly.

The four eyes of the Two-faced Person that were tightly closed all this while opened abruptly. With him at the center, a strange and cruel aura scattered in all four directions ferociously.

The floors turned gold wherever the aura traveled. While the Two-faced Person remained at the center, the entire area of a few thousand meters turned into a bright, golden sea instantly.

Countless blocks of bright golden pieces melted slowly and flowed there. The banquet hall turned golden silently before it similarly melted. Everyone here was floating in mid-air. They were enveloped and protected by this golden aura that was contending with Chinande in the air.

With the crowd at the center, all of the gold in their surroundings melted into liquid and began turning around everyone. It rotated, forming a gigantic golden spinning whirlpool.

When looking down at it from above, the floor of the entire courtroom had turned into an enormous golden whirlpool completely. It was unusually magnificent.

Both the male and female faces of the Two-faced Person laughed cruelly.

“Are you thinking of obliterating the Emissaries? Would you actually do such cruel things despite being both the dignified Emissary and Light of Justice? You wanted to slaughter the entire planet?!”

The spinning gold shook the power of the Planetary Imprisonment suddenly, causing it to disperse and relax.

Garen stood behind the Two-faced Person but remained silent. After the pressure was eliminated, he allowed the Two-faced Person and Chinande to challenge each other head-on.

Chinande’s hand which was grasping the hilt of the sword loosened slowly. His lifeless eyes glanced at the Two-faced Person below him quietly.

“Holy Child?”

“A Level Ten Holy Child... This is slightly troublesome now...” The two people behind Chinande were faintly surprised as well.

The Holy Child primarily referred to the descendants of the Sacred People’s bloodline. Most of them were directly related because only the second generation of the Sacred People could be known as a Holy Child. Powerhouses like these would generally surpass regular experts greatly. Once they entered Level Ten, their lineages would overlay, allowing them to become even scarier. Their combative strength did not have to be mentioned, while their survival rates were definitely first-class. There were innumerable types of Holy Lord Level escaping measures. They were extremely difficult to kill when this was coupled with their initial state of being Level Ten Perpetual Motioners.

Although the powers of the three people greatly surpassed their opponent now, it would still be slightly troublesome if he wanted to kill a Level Ten Holy Child... Even if his opponent escaped alone...

The Two-faced Person below, who had already absorbed the Distorted Seed, now understood the relationship between himself and Garen clearly. Although he was slightly unhappy, he finally stood in front of Garen and blocked him while the latter stayed behind.

Both of them confronted each other with one on top and the other below.

The wind blew and made some whooshing noises. The Planetary Confinement was already removed, allowing the entire space to return to its original state.

“Chinande! Are you trying to rebel?!” Yelled the Two-Faced Person with a completely strict expression on his face. “The Holy Lords can neither strike each other freely nor use abilities of planet-destroying levels simply. Don’t tell me that you’ve forgotten all these rules?!”

Chinande’s hand stopped moving suddenly.

No one had said anything after that. Everyone could see that Chinande was hesitating because the appearance of one Level Ten Holy Child was a variable that he had not anticipated.

However, only the Two-faced People knew that once he made a move, everyone else except themselves would die!

Hence, once Garen died, the powers of the Two-faced People would fall back to its initial state. They would be annihilated by Chinande and the rest then.

In other words, everyone here would perish when he struck!

Time moved slowly. Everyone's gazes were focused on Chinande's hand that was holding the hilt of the sword weakly.

He loosened his grip slightly and finally put it down.

Chinande's face looked expressionless, as though he did not feel defeated with the decision he made at all.

"Let's go," He turned around and flew towards outer space.

As the right-hand man of the White King, it was not time for him to reveal his identity yet.

"Hmph, I'll let all of you live a little longer!" The little red-haired girl twitched her lips disdainfully and left with him.

The white-haired man sighed regretfully and followed closely behind. The trio disappeared outside the atmospheric layer in the outer space quickly, as the terrifyingly oppressive aura weakened and dispersed gradually.

Every single trace of their forces disappeared cleanly once the trio had left completely.

Only then did the Two-faced Person lower his head weakly; an extremely exhausted appearance could be seen throughout his body. Yuko and the other Level Nines inhaled a large breath of air violently as if they were just pardoned. They did not need air at all but did this because it was the quickest way for them to relax.



Garen was still looking on in the direction where Chinande and the two others had flown away and fled.

“As expected of a first-rate powerhouse that was able to nearly annihilate all of the Energy Machinists single-handedly that year! Despite having the assistance of his subordinate members, Chinande’s powers are still a bottomless abyss.”

Just you wait, we would meet again.

A deviation had already appeared in the general trend of events. Chinande, who was originally not supposed to come back at this time, had actually returned now...

#### Chapter 1123: Plot 1

Ever since the Scarlet Snow Sect forced Chinande and the rest to retreat, its reputation swiftly spread from neighboring star regions to further territories. The Scarlet Snow Sect went from an inconspicuous little sect to a Scarlet Snow Alliance major sect with Level Eight and Level Nine experts dominating the entirety of more than twenty neighboring solar systems, forming an enormous energy force that could not be overlooked.

Yet, Garen’s name was suppressed by the Two-faced Person.

As an Energy Machinist that was recently promoted to the new Holy Lord, the Two-faced Person received grand and massive congratulations the moment he returned. The experts of the three major organizations had prepared the grand ceremony in his honor. The expert elders of his sect had organized an enormous celebration.

Within this short time frame, at the same time the competition was announced, the Two-faced Person had completely solidified his new position in the sect. He managed to secure the reins of the likes of Bone Metal Sect, eliminating dissidents immediately and resolutely, as well as promoting those who accorded absolute conformity.

Garen, on the other hand, continued gathering the various materials sent by the guardians of all sects. He placed his focus on practicing the Tempered Body Technique.

The big number of various materials amassed had enhanced the Nine-Level Tempered Body Technique to Level Seven. The final two materials required a high level of physical fitness. These sorts of materials were difficult to find, he could only play the waiting game. However, his vitality heightened by 28 points, bring his total vitality at 78 points. Garen wasn't sure himself how much stronger he had become, as there was nothing around for him to test the limit. The strengthening of his body has reached to a terrifying stage where there seemed to be some sort of unique change after his vitality surpassed the 70 points mark, although it was increased by using the Tempered Body Technique to cover foreign objects.

The movement of the Scarlet Snow Alliance seemed to have triggered friction between sects. Seeing that the Federation of Energy Machinists was unable to attend, a few of the medium and small sized sects began to jostle at one another.

For a moment, there was a foul atmosphere surrounding the entire alliance. The Federation of Energy Machinists showed no signs of dabbling in.

Under such peculiar circumstances, the competition of the Energy Machinists, highly anticipated by the entire world, had finally begun.

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The City of Nagadako

On the surface of the entirely-red planet, white and blue fireworks were blasted all around. The fireworks oscillated in ripples of waves, blossoming a few layers of charm.

Around Planet Naga was the unparalleled dark space storm of the Negative Space. Eight silvery-white metal pipelines peeked through the storm, pointing towards Planet Naga.

The crowds in various outfits surged through each of the silvery-white pipelines. These groups of people were attended to by passing ships, headed towards Planet Naga,

"It is currently an uncommon phase, please forgive us as Planet Naga is going through a large-scale system upgrade. Hence, the surrounding space passageways are used as leaping points, instead of directly leaping onto the soil of Planet Naga. Please bear with us for any inconvenience caused."

A man in red, emitting a bright red glow, was suspended in the air, attracting the attention of many. His clear, crispy voice was transmitted in all of the gateways so that everyone could obtain the message.

"To all guests and participants, please do not leave the regulated navigation range, or we shall not bear the consequences for any casualties caused."

The man dressed in red calmly called out.

"It's only a competition, what's the need for there to be a nervous wreck?" A group of women dressed in white walked out of one of the pipelines. One of the women exclaimed in disdain. "We are forces at the Imperial Star level! Even if we were to go off course, what can he do about it?"

"Why don't you try it then," Another woman, who appeared to be the lead, dully remarked.

"I shall then!"

The earlier woman immediately saw red and flicked her finger.

With a swoosh, a dot of white light shot above the sun. The white light flew higher and higher. From afar, it resembled a white mechanic bird.

The white bird flew out of the tunnel's safety range, yet it did not experience any abnormality.

"Return, White Phoenix," The woman glared at the other woman provokingly. She extended her arm to catch the landing white bird.

Boom!

And it was at this time that the mechanic white bird exploded, burning all mechanical parts to complete oblivion.

“Let’s go. Stop causing a scene,” The leading woman commented, taking the rest out of the pipeline and heading toward the incoming spaceship. Only the woman who released the white bird was left sulking.

“Solomon of the Star Cloud!” She viciously glared at the man in red hanging high in the sky, “Humph!” She seemed to have placed the blame on him.

“Welcome, all representatives of Imperial Star region leaders,” A polite smile was flashed on the robotic face of the man in red suspended in midair.

The eight pipelines immediately radiated three bursts of white light soaring upward. Each white light shrouded the entering teams. These were the representatives of the nine Imperial Star level forces of the Human Alliances. Each Imperial Star was one Regent Level. They were nine of the human race’s strongest existences and the nine biggest forces against the Finite people. They each governed vast territories and were situated quite a distance away from the Energy Machinists’ star region. To have arranged a representative to come over, it was a display of an attitude. An attitude of respect.

Swoosh!

In one of the passageways, one team was holding flower baskets. A beautiful team dressed in fluttering white flew out with grace. This team was made entirely of males. Their bodies were lean and tall, strutting a shoulder-length long hair and having lush-red, vertical scars between their brows. They were fashioned with celestial-resembling outfits from ancient mythology, yet it was obvious they were men, yielding a peculiar vibe.

Still, it was their team ability that stood out. The most inferior of them was at the very least at a Non-falling Level. They were impenetrably strong. They were like a deep abyss, carrying an obscure aura.

“Welcome all from the Horn Scale Sect,” Solomon in the sky hosted the welcome. They were also an Imperial Star level force.

"The pleasure's mine, junior Solomon," A man who headed the team, with skin as white as jade and a face more delicate than a woman's, gently answered. His pair of slanting eyes glistened with a light silver glow, giving out a sense of radiance and mysteriousness.

"This time, it's Senior Noddy personally leading the team. Please move to the spaceship," Solomon responded with a tone of respect.

The gentleman nodded and brought his team of juniors at a seemingly slow but realistically swift pace to the receiving entrance of the spaceship.

Their group attracted the attention of surrounding people, but the majority of them were locked on their appearance. These men had feminine looks. If one took no notice of their Adam's apple and chest, then their gender wouldn't be identified. Instead, they would give a sense of androgyny.

"A bunch of queer shemales!" Out came two men in large builds exiting another passage afar. One of them spat and scraped the ground with his boot in disdain.

"The Horn Scale Sect has always been so. They transform to fight faster than anyone, get used to it," The other man was wearing sunglasses. His light bulb of a head was a socket with a few blue aerials plugged in. He seemed to have failed in his body alteration.

"The nine major forces seems to have reached at the same time. We are all well-coordinated."

"We just don't see eye to eye, tsk!"

The duo swiftly walked toward a spaceship that came individually to pick them up.

Right behind them were a few individuals. Another group of people glistened in the white light and walked out of the passageway.

In the lead was a person in a white robe and golden helmet. Following closely behind him were the disciples in white. There was over ten of them, with a mixture of men and women, young and old.

“They’re from the Scarlet Snow Alliance, huh?” The moment this group of people appeared, chatters could be heard from the crowd from the front and back.

“Experts who dare challenge the alliance rules head-on!”

“Let’s see how the alliance is going to handle this!”

The small sect at the front instantly stood with wariness. Under the guidance of an elder, they stepped aside to give way, letting the people from the Scarlet Snow to leave first.

Garen lifted his head to watch the pitch-dark space. There was a red light straight far ahead. That was the shimmer released by Solomon of the Star Cloud to welcome all incoming guests. This layer of light was enough to protect all who were directly exposed to the space environment, and it forged a protective screen to isolate the invasion of the low temperatures and vacuums.

“So this is Planet Naga? How beautiful...” In the team, the white-haired Hong Guo and White Night were filled with curiosity. They had never seen Planet Naga in its whole. No matter how mature they were, they were still at a young age; seeing such a magnificent view naturally stumped them.

Apart from them, another who had yet to witness its beauty was Prism Light.

Prism Light was a mysterious person. He was not old, but he was one who was difficult to read. He was listed as the fifteenth among the Three Hearted. Garen sensed that he had huge potential, so he brought him along to broaden his horizon. In order to expand the Scarlet Snow Sect to glory, it was eminent to nurture the younger generations.

And Hong Guo, White Night and Prism Light were the geniuses selected by the Scarlet Snow Sect.

The rest that came with were, firstly, Alice that ranked first in the Three Hearted, followed by the three Ice Demon Generals, Ice-Ocean, Ice-Grand, and Ice-Crack, and finally Mandi, the expert in creating machinery imprints. The remainders were purely regular disciples in charge of daily trivialities.

“The Planet could be accessed directly through the leaping point at the volcano before this. Now, it seems we’re caught in a tense situation.”

Garen lowered his voice.

“Let’s go.”

Those from the Scarlet Snow Sect quickly entered the incoming spaceship. Once they entered, the spaceship displayed the names of all various sects within, and the name of the Scarlet Snow Sect was displayed in most prominence.

However, compared to the major sects at an Imperial Star level force that occupied an entire ship at the front, the Scarlet Snow Sect wasn’t that appealing. No matter how ravaging they were, it was not a region of an Energy Machinist. His reputation wasn’t at the stage of threatening other major forces.

## Chapter 1124: Plot 2

Garen and the rest sat in the rest area arranged. They were separated from the surrounding medium and small-sized sect. There were people specifically assigned to serve various beverages and fruits.

Although any discussion about him was unheard of, he could tell from the glances he received from these sect personages from time to time that they were quietly transmitting, communicating on the Scarlet Snow Alliance matter.

The Scarlet Snow Sect was considered a fierce major sect within in spaceship after all.

To develop at such a pace within a short time frame with the sudden emergence of bountiful experts had many spies prying intel. A rumor about the Scarlet Snow Sect obtaining some sort of treasure to raise its capabilities was also leaked from their internal affairs.

It was also unavoidable for Garen and the rest and despite his efforts to seal the news, this intel still made its way out.

Sensing the hidden sizing stare from around, Garen and his group minded their own business. They kept to reading and drinking while most of them rested with their eyes closed.

Hong Guo, White Night and Prism Light could not keep to themselves. They got up to engage with other sects.

Alice saw an old friend and went forth to have a conversation.

Truth be told, Garen was clear that the Scarlet Snow Alliance already has the resources and capability of a major sect. It was not completely exposed under the sun so everyone thought that there were only the Level 8 experts trios, Ice-Grand, Ice-Crack and Ice-Ocean as the face of the sect. Although their influences had risen, it was not too massive.

This time, they were counting on bagging one that lacked in skill. For one thing, it was to push the Scarlet Snow Sect to a new edge; and another, it was to get to the bottom of the scheme and plot for the Energy Machinist in order to finally snatch the Energy Machinist's best masterpiece — the Combo and that would be ideal.

The Combo was having all Energy Machinists of the three major Energy Machinist metropolis to combine their energies. Each of them would scatter a bit of their free energy and focus them together to pour onto the champion of the competition.

The competition wasn't between the experts within the sect but rather between disciples so this step could potentially shrink the discrepancy of cultivation length between talents and genius disciples from various sects.

It was the fastest accumulation to enter Level 8.

As normally the highest level would be the Non-Failing Level in competitions, there was not once a participating disciple that reached Level 8. The Non-Failing Level was the top in the completion, any higher would require a few hundred or thousand years of accumulation and ability to grasp.



It wasn't just anyone that could achieve the Realm of Board after all.

The spaceship quickly entered Planet Naga and halted at a vast expanse grassland. A white snowy mountain could be seen afar from the nearby grassland.

The spaceship projected a light beam, transporting groups wave by wave.

There were assigned anti-gravity vehicles beneath operating transportation.

Once Garen and the rest gotten down, the first thing that caught their eye was the gorgeous golden anti-gravity vehicle.

Opening the door, a few young men dressed in gold were waiting in the automobile.

"The Sect Master has ordered me to welcome our fellow Scarlet Snow Alliance. Please!" A young lady smiled and said, carrying a tone of respect.

"The pleasure's mine," Garen knew that she was an expert from the Bone Metal Sect sent by the two-faced person. As one of the fifteen major sects, the Bone Metal Sect built a solid base. They have six Level 9 experts, over ten Level 8 experts but none on Level 10. Once the two-faced person marked his return and upgraded to Level 10, it gave a surge of confidence to the sect. The Bone Metal Sect finally met the requisite to battle a seat at Holy Lord level of force. They possessed hope to become the fourth Great Holy Lord level sect.

The disciples would naturally attach great importance to the orders of the current new sect master in hopes of leaving a good impression to the friends of the sect master.

Moreover, rumor has it that it was the treasure of the Scarlet Snow Alliance that aided the two-faced person to increase a level. If this were the case, then this Scarlet Snow Alliance really had quite a banking value!

Thinking about this, the disciples in charge of the reception revered in deeper respect.

The group sat in the vehicle and the door slowly shut tight under the envious glances of surrounding Energy Machinists and Mech Pilots.

The vehicle sent by the Bone Metal Sect, resembling a large frisbee, fired towards the faraway plain.

“We will be depending on you in this competition,” Garen sat in the vehicle and in front of him were the three genius sent by the Snow Scarlet.

Hong Guo, White Night and Prism Light.

These three met with the participating conditions that were no more than a hundred fifty years of joining the sect. Hong Guo somehow or rather inherited a teacher ancestor’s soul and energy, erupting his potential that could match with an Inherited Level expert. White Night has a solid Gideon Body. Although he wasn’t as good as Hong Guo, he excelled at the speed of light and presently resonated the Full-Moon Level.

As for Prism Light, Garen could not see through this little fellow. He could only sense that there was another powerful soul hidden within him. Moreover, he carried a peculiar constitution. Garen brought him to participate in this competition in order to size him up.

Although he was already at Level 10, it was not the pure Level 10 of this world after all. He couldn’t transform into a black hole nor could he link to the inverse space for relentless endurance. It was pure explosive force for him to reach the Level 10. He had the power of destruction but not the endurance.

No matter how terrifying the engulfing ability of his Hellfrost Peacock technique was, he could not beat the endless endurance of those Level Ten Perpetual Motioners. Garen knew that his advantage was to operate in the dark.

Utilising the distorted seeds to create more Level Ten Holy Lords to manipulate and reel into the alliance was the crucial key to expand influence.

Although there were only three Level Ten Holy Lords among the Energy Machinists, the number of Level 9 experts were not in the red. Those in the open and in the dark would have at least fifty in number. If he could just place a parasite in this bunch of people...

"Please do not worry, Sect Master. I will put forth my best effort to advance and gain a good name for our sect!" White Night responded solemnly with a hint of indifference.

"We will do our utmost. Please do not worry, Sect Master," the same words from Prism Light's mouth came out less solemn and leaned towards listlessness in comparison.

"Come what may. If I could I would. If I couldn't then there's nothing I can do," Hong Guo was honest and always at ease. He hasn't been that attached to the Scarlet Snow Sect before due to matters concerning Rainy. It was only when he started gaining attention of many and received major changes from upgrading that he forged ties to stay and joined the Scarlet Snow. He came because he thought well of Garen. Little One and Little Two who were taking care of his sister were people of Garen yet he allowed the duo to remain by him.

He had thought of Little One and Little Two as family from the days spent together. And for this, he would too put his best efforts to place in the competition for the Scarlet Snow Sect.

So although he was most light-hearted amongst the trio, his determination was the highest.

Moreover, in the inherited soul, it bore a recognition towards the Scarlet Snow Sect so if he were to compete, he would definitely put in his all.

"It's a shame. My position has decided that I will not be participating the competition but staying on the sidelines. I really wanted to take part myself," Garen sighed with remorse.

"For you to get up on stage, wouldn't that leave other sects no chance of survival?" Osho Ice-Ocean shook his head and joked for the very first time.

"If Sect Master were to participate then it would be bullying the little ones. There really isn't much to watch and everyone can just announce who is the winner," Ice-Grand snickered.

“So this time the hope of our Scarlet Snow is on you three,” Garen returned to seriousness. “You may be up against Non-Failing Levels and once you do, immediately surrender and do not attempt to delay.”

“Understood,” White Night responded to heart. The remaining two nodded as well.

Garen took out three items. It was the shape of three little ice cubes.

“This is a little something I coughed up. It could erect an absolute ice wall at critical times, blocking off any fatal strikes. Do not use it unless it is critical. It exerted great effort to create this thing and it is for single use,” production tools materials to sustain such powerful energy were rare. The extent of its rarity would see major sects having only one or two of these. Moreover, it deemed useless after a single use.

It is destined that participants would not be winning the competition solely on high impact tools made by the powerful.

Garen did not hand over his distorted seed to the trio. The use of the distorted seed was better on a more solid foundation. If he were to offer them use, the most they would upgrade to would be the Inherited Level, which meant nothing to the Scarlet Snow Sect.

Once the trio received the item, Garen started to whisper important details to them. Having the advantage of memory, he could describe the points for attention exhaustively.

The vehicle reached its destination in a jiffy. It was a grand hotel in the City of Nagadako.

There was already a group of people staying there as vehicles were parked outside.

The group from the Scarlet Snow Sect exited the vehicle and entered the hotel. They swiftly settled in.

Garen returned to his individual room and opened up the Energy Machine Imprint, beginning his communication with the remaining alliance guardians.

Going through over a decade of repeated encryption, a communication channel was quickly established.

The miniature projection of over twenty people reflected in Garen's retina, each of them occupying a tiny section.

"Alliance Leader, have you arrived?" One of the five Level 9 guardians asked.

"Uh huh, which of you have arrived as I am now at the Waysooner Hotel in the city of Nagadako," answered Garen.

"Following the plan, we have already invited our fellow friends to join and organize a meetup. It's starting to take shape at the other side," a mummy of the three Level 9 Peak lowered his voice.

"I have received an invitation from a Level 9 Peak expert here and asking about the treasure. I am leading him on," another female Level 9 Peak smiled.

"Be careful not to let anyone spot a flaw," the last was also a Level 9 Peak. He was a white-maned wizened old man. There were layers and layers of wrinkles on his skin that looked terrifying as though his entire skin sagged, separating completely from its muscle.

"Relax, do you still need to remember this little detail after having lived for a few thousand years?" The woman casually remarked.

"Dare you not call for me an emergency call? Alliance Leader, are you being a stranger?" A sharp voice suddenly cut in the conversation. The projection of the two-faced person abruptly pushed away the vast projections of Level 8 Guardians, occupying a large section.

"I have received the invitation of three Great Holy Lords. Hehe, and another nine formal apprenticeship correspondence. These are all from various sect expert elders at Level 9 Peak."

"All nine of them!?" Garen's face laid hidden under the helmet with his expression not in sight but a sense of anxiousness from his tone revealed his current mood.

“Of course. I plan to discuss the price with them,” the two-faced person pulled a scratchy laugh. “This treasure comes with responsibility. It can’t be taken without any sacrifice. Anyone would be worried for anything to go wrong so a sufficiently heavy price is key!”

“That’s true,” Garen nodded. “Transport the resources directly to the Scarlet Snow headquarters. I’m not sure if you could contact the other Holy Children, it’s best if they’re Level 9 Peaks.”

“Holy Children... Doable,” The two-faced person was hesitant but nodded. “But for me to proactively head up would be suspicious. I will make my own arrangements so you need not ask more.”

Although he hosted the distorted seed, his mind and body were not affected. Even though there was an increase in his energy, the distorted seed could not completely manipulate the host but could link the energy increase with the parent body, nothing more. So it wouldn’t be wrong to say that it was a harmless alternation.

Although the host would automatically protect the parent body, it could not entirely be enslaved. Losing independence or even disobeying the instructions of the parent body was likely as long as it did not involve hurting the parent body.

## Chapter 1125: Start of Competition 1

No sooner had he finished his sentence, the two-faced person immediately vanished with a slight disrespect. It seemed that even with the obligation to protect Garen and stick with him because of the distorted seed, as a Level 10 expert, he was unwilling to fall on his knees for him.

Once the projection disappeared, it struck an unhappy chord among a number of Level 9 Peaks.

“How outrageous,” a woman couldn’t hold her tongue.

“So he thinks he can just take flight, huh?” The wrinkled man chuckled in a low tone.

“Fine, let’s not bother about him and just handle our matters. Be careful not to leak the plan and do not rush to give out items,” Garen reminded.

“Understood.”

“Relax.”

They all responded. The projections immediately disappeared.

Garen sat alone in the room and started to carefully inspect the arrangement for possible loopholes. Should the plan succeed, the possible outcome could be fairly horrifying.

Holy Lord Level experts, especially Holy Lords of Energy Machinist has emerged in large quantities. This definitely would create an irreversible impact on Chinande’s plan. The more it was so, the more he as the parent body needed to hide in depth or if Chinande were to find that he was the source of all, he would reel in the highest animosity.

“It’s really... hard to execute...” Garen sighed and closed his eyes, focusing himself into a quiet meditation.

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The competition went on as scheduled. There were a total of three completion arenas.

Representatives of various sects received the qualification notifications from the alliance. Osho Ice-Ocean was solely in charge of everything for the Scarlet Snow Sect and there was one who specially took care of any problem for the Scarlet Snow Alliance.

Garen directly received a VIP seat sent by the alliance in his room.

The sect master, as well as deputy sect master of a few major and medium-sized sects that paid him a visit similarly received the credentials of VIP seatings.

Talking and laughing with these bunch of people, Garen blended in within the high position crowd of medium and large-sized sects. They headed to the third competing arena together.

While on the way, he kept an observant eye. Although it wasn't the break of dawn yet and it was still early, there were many that crowded the entrance of the competing arena. Many of them were still making way towards the entrance.

It was only discussions pertaining to the completion were heard while on the way. The entire city of Nagadako had transformed into a farmer's market. If he didn't transmit voice with his Willpower, he wouldn't be able to make clear of the conversations.

Spaceships after spaceships came and went, transporting incoming representatives of major sects.

Garen and his group of higher level sect masters were also arranged transportation by spaceship in which they flew past the main gate and landed in a parking ground within.

Walking out of the spaceship, Garen could sense a furtive scent close by. If he didn't keep a little of Jeros' scent from before as well as absorbing the energy essence of the blood bead, he wouldn't be able to sense this minute difference.

"They must know that I broke away from control and will strike during the competition," Garen came to a realization while carefully detecting any possible suspects around.

The third competing arena was huge. The completion was on an elimination basis. It was between two competitors and the one that succeeded would move on. The winner would advance while the losers would compete again for the following winner to move on. This elimination process would continue on until a ranking was confirmed.

It sounded simple enough but the rules were complicated as the losers would continuously be determined and between the losers there would be winners. This way, it would be defined with precision. There would also be voting by the committees and referees involved.



Garen couldn't care less about this rule. He was now at the twelfth section of the third competing arena. All around him were medium-sized and small-sized sects. Although the Scarlet Snow Sect had only recently made waves, they only showcased a sect of Level 8 experts so they were marked as small-sized. Being assigned to this competing arena was not out of the norm.

Garen swept his glance past all participating sects and found there was none worth the attention.

There was only one that was at Two-Moons Level with difficulty. He could be considered as a tough competitor.

He was sat in the middle of the VIP seats' row. On his left was a female sect master of a small-sized sect while on his right was an elder of a medium-sized sect.

"I heard the Scarlet Snow Sect is recently expanding rapidly..." This elder from the medium-sized sect narrowed his eyes in laughter while twisting his mustache.

Garen was dressed in a white robe and wearing a golden helmet. It was uncertain what expression he carried as he showed no response.

"Your representative of the Aerial Upright Sand Sect doesn't look too good," a female sect master of a small-sized sect on the left remarked. She had earlier argued with this elder.

"Seeing the Scarlet Snow Sect Master like this, you must be confident in your disciples or else you wouldn't be firmly sitting here without a finch. See, there are elders from certain sects who personally came down to boost their disciples' morale," this elder continued without any sign of rage.

"What is Elder Gong Neng trying to say?" Garen duly replied.

"Nothing, nothing of concern," this elder continue to avoid eye contact and looked below at the two representatives preparing to take the stage.

Garen maintained his composure. He knew that Chinande's original plan was to bring home the title and then when the three Great Holy Lords poured energy into the champion as an award, he would launch a

revolt and trigger a string of explosion with the property of the combo to severely wound the three Holy Lords so being the champion was imminent.

The Energy Machinists' higher positions must have predicted so regardless of the party, no one was going to let this competition go on with sportsmanship. There would certainly be some dirty tricks involved, and he as the troublemaker would possibly be eliminated at an early stage to prevent any variable.

He took one glance at the crowd and instantly discovered the peculiar scent that presented earlier.

Sitting in the grandstands were two figures in black capes within the shadows of the crowd. Many amongst the Energy Machinists that were unwilling to reveal their identities would drape all kinds of camouflage and black capes were a common choice. These two didn't draw attention. If it weren't for Garen's detailed search, he probably wouldn't trace them in the crowd.

After internally keeping a close watch on the two, Garen averted his attention to the two participants up on stage. In this competing section, only two representatives from the medium-sized sect that could barely match up with the trio of Scarlet Snow Sect.

And now one of them was on stage.

"Throne Sect versus New Aurora. Participants, please be ready," a sweet female electronic voice was heard.

Two youngsters quietly took a stand on stage.

With a buzz, it began.

The two released their Energy Machinery at almost the same time. A black bear up against a green fox.

Strangely, the fox was larger than the black bear by a tad, doubling the height of its opponent. It looked like a huge monster, a giant fox.

Upon releasing their Energy Machinery, the two individually stood apart. It was obvious they were testing the waters of the another.

Up to a certain standard, the Energy Machinery would be able to sense the Willpower, degree of purity and endurance of their opponents.

Both of them had a go and with the testing completed, they abandoned the preparation works and welled up their Willpower to charge at their opponent for close combat.

One of them even opted for close combat with firearms as at times there were highly destructive laser beams discharged, impacting the protective barrier and causing ripples.

“Both of them are at the New-Moon Level. So they’re just some representative from unknown little sects,” The old man beside Garen whispered. Among those sitting here, Garen from the Scarlet Snow Sect was the only one he couldn’t read so he made attempts to probe Garen the whole time.

“The two of them aren’t that bad. They seem to be the kind that doesn’t spend all day cultivating in the sect,” the female sect master on the other side lowered her voice.

Garen gave a slight nod in agreement.

The competition continued on with a minute end result. Instead of triumphant between the Energy Machineries, it was a slight miscalculation from the female Energy Machinist that caused her the competition and her dreaded exit, earning New Aurora the win.

The second round started immediately. The winners’ winning counts decided the upcoming ranking distributions. This was a way to test their ability to reserve endurance in battle.

The contender of the second round appeared to be a disciple without any battle experience. He was nervous and despite his senior’s efforts to cheer him on on the outside, with one look, he didn’t react from being swept away by the tail of his opponent’s giant fox. He knocked onto the protective barrier and lost consciousness. He must have been mollycoddled in an overprotective environment.

Then it was the third, the fourth, the fifth. There was quite a bit of Energy Machinists without real battle experience. There were even those with high Willpower at Two-Moons Level but no one was spared from being taken down in a jiffy.

This sort of academic group of Energy Machinists researching theories was not a small sum. They made a large population in competitions annually.

Everyone was not surprised and many were already yawning.

Those up on stage at this time were only testing the waters. The actual strong representative of the sect hadn't made their way up yet so it was the crucial moment when it came to rankings.

Normally, sects would place their strongest disciple at the back of the line. As long as one person out of three disciples was able to snag a higher ranking, the rest didn't matter as the names were arranged by rankings.

It wasn't long with a match after another, it was the turn of Scarlet Snow Sect's White Night.

Garen had regained some of his spirits.

The opponent of White Night had already been through over ten rounds. Hence, her sect replaced her with another person.

White Night first bowed towards the direction of Garen and then proceeded to size up his opponent.

"One move! It's all I'll take you down with," White Night gently raised his arm and did a slicing motion complete with a face of disdain.

His opponent was obviously enraged.

“Anyone knows how to talk big!” Even so, facing the representative of one of the three strongest sects in this competing arena, he brought his serious face. He slightly bowed and released an equally black giant fox in front of him.

The moment the fox was released, he felt a surge of cold air around. White Night who was earlier standing before him had vanished and the warning device he wore on him blared a sharp alarming sound.

Left!!

He immediately turned and saw a white shadow glided by.

“Snowstorm Palm!”

With the rupture of vast white snowflakes, White Night marked his palm on his opponent’s chest. Massive freezing palm force surged into his body, recklessly destroying all vessels and nerves in it.

## Chapter 1126: Start of Competition 2

The Snowstorm Palm that could be used for far range attack was altered by him for close combat. Garen came across this palm technique due to its incomparable speed that couldn’t be dodged. Now White Night has indistinctly blended his technique into this palm technique, allowing the palm technique to guide his body to lightning bolt speed.

The Snowstorm Palm was one of the three consummate skill of the Scarlet Snow Sect. Having it displayed by White Night, the extent of its impact has reached its highest potential.

Far range attacks would have its energy loss after all while close range battles would burst out the strongest explosive force.

White Night played it out at a Full-Moon Level, at the opponent's unguarded chest.

The outcome was determined.

Wham!!

That person lifted his head and spewed out fresh blood. His blood hung in the air frozen, landing crushed red ice chunks on the ground.

Stumbling a few steps back, this person went down unwilling with his head thrown back. His breathing stopped temporarily. He went through shock with one palm.

The people from New Aurora immediately opened up the entrance of the protective barrier to get on stage and removed him.

"Will the battle continue?" The referee asked.

The elder from the New Aurora tensed his face and decisively shook his head.

"No."

"Scarlet Snow Sect wins! The next opponent, please get up on stage!" The referee immediately announced the victory.

This was a training tactic. If they were to continue the battle, wouldn't that be giving a chance to those competitors that needed to head up on stage to exhaust White Night's energy? Wouldn't that give way to other sects? So the best strategy now was to wait.

White Night gave a contemptuous smile and turned to return to the area he occupied earlier. He nodded the direction of Garen with respect.

Garen nodded in response.

“He didn’t even release his Energy Machinery... Tsk tsk, what an amazing real experience fighting ability!” The elder beside Garen could be throwing sarcasm or praise.

“No one will think you’re a mute if you don’t speak,” the female sect master coldly blurted.

“I’m just afraid that someone thinks I’m mute,” the elder smiled with narrow eyes without throwing a temper. “This competition is for one thing, ranking; and another thing, is to have potential disciples see the real world and have an exchange. This blow by the representative of Scarlet Snow really shows no mercy... To vanquish that palm without the skill of a Non-Failing Level would take no less than a few days, tsk tsk...”

“Thank you for your compliment,” Garen dully responded.

White Night ended the next few rounds with one palm. No one could fathom on how quick he pushed forth the palm. The Snowstorm Palm was an undefeatable feat. Those behind simply threw in the towel.

It wasn’t long until the first course of the competing section ended and the Scarlet Snow Sect ranked first. The first immediate winner to complete the competing section and advancing to winners’ major arena grouping.

“I will excuse myself now,” Garen got up and left the arena with the three representatives. The value of the major area was not here but at a separate location.

It wasn’t that all surprising on the easy win for the Scarlet Snow Sect.

An additional effect on the Scarlet Snow Technique would happen for White Night to possess the Gideon Body. Moreover, he had a solid real battle experience so an easy win wasn’t something to be taken aback by.

Garen was slightly worried by the lack of activity from the two men in black. They didn’t make a move to assault him so it was unsure if there was a shift in their plans for his bonus appearance.

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Within a pitch black abyss in Planet Naga.

“And the seeds?” A clear crisp female voice was heard afar in the darkness.

“In the competition. The three seeds are in the three competing arenas respectively. It’ll be all good as long as we win,” another young boy’s voice was heard replying.

“Be careful of the Red Skeleton, White Lion, Black Jade Dragon and Hell King Blade. These four are the eight most powerful with White Lion lurking the deepest yet the most powerful. He would be the biggest threat to the seeds.”

“Handle them first before anything.”

“And the matter concerning Jeros?”

“Captain has observed their participants. They’re not up to the level of threat to the seeds. Heed no attention. He wouldn’t dare to pull a stunt in ruining our arrangement.”

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Wham!!

Black Jade Dragon brutally smashed his opponent onto the ground, sinking him to the point his flesh and bone were meshed beyond recognition.

He flexed the muscles on his tough upper body.



"I said I'll come face on! One punch! You can't even hold one punch. Just go home and suckle your mother! What a waste of my time!" The then Black Jade Dragon Beast has grown into a tan-skinned wild man.

The elder of the opponent rushed to the stage to move the wounded disciple. No one dared to glare at him in rage. Black Jade Dragon represented one of the top constitutions of special talent.

Without a body type of the similar level, no one stood a chance to face him on chance.

"Next!" Black Jade Dragon roared in insolence and boredom.

This was the hundred and sixth opponent he struck down. No one would take more than three punches from him. Most of them collapsed in one hit. This had Black Jade Dragon who was out seeking opponents in utmost dissatisfaction.

Black Jade Dragon was wearing some golden accessories all over. The shadow of the once dedicate little boy could indistinctly be seen.

The following opponent held off going on stage that Black Jade Dragon grew impatient and dug his ear.

"I said, next! Are you deaf!?" He glared and shouted in front of him.

A pale young man who was just prepared to head upstage fell on his posterior from this fright and couldn't get up.

"I... I surrender..."

"I am surrendering too!"

"Me too!!"

Those lined up behind immediately raised white flags.

The round at the competing arena ended in an instant. Black Jade Dragon was dumbfounded as he swept his glance around. The experts from other sects couldn't help but avoid eye contact with him.

Those that surrendered wanted him to swiftly triumph so they could reserve their ability for a better ranking.

"Patooi!" Black Jade Dragon didn't manage to vent, "Since Strength Kaiser and Mammoth, there really isn't any competent opponents! How unfulfilling!"

He may as well have left the stage.

The first winner of the first competing arena was then determined.

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The second competing arena.

"Paw of White Lion!"

A gentle male voice was heard.

With that, a rumbling acute tremble ensued.

In the competing grounds, a black hole appeared on top of a white-clothed man and within the black hole, a terrifying large limb of a lion over ten meters thick extended out and crushed the opponent to the ground. It was an explosion of fresh blood galore, splattering onto the ground. Residues of flesh, blood, bones and intestines scattered all around.

"White Lion wins!" A female referee's voice was heard.

“White Lion!!” An elder of a major sect scowled viciously at the man on stage. The beloved disciple that he took pride in was instantly murdered by him! Such enmity!!

“You better pray you do not end up in my hands...” The cold yet heinous voice of this elder was heard.

White Lion didn’t take it to heart.

“Thank you for your advice,” he gently replied with manners.

“The last round is won by White Lion!”

Ensued with constant gruesome state of each of his opponents, the reputation on the cruelty of White Lion in the second competing arena spread out.

The reputation on the strength of Black Jade Dragon from the first competing arena circulated. That terrifying strength to immediately smash in one punch no matter the attacking Energy Machinery far exceeded the Inherited Level range but rather at the peak of the Non-Failing Level. Black Jade Dragon only revealed the tip of the iceberg of his brutal force.

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The third competing arena.

Up on stage was a graceful young lady in red facing a blue-eyed man dressed in black with a black mask.

The two’s whip intertwined heavily as the red and black whips lashed edgy weal. Each weal scratched the surface, leaving a deep gully.

“Resonate Rumble!!”

The young lady in red raised her arm.

With a rumble, a blue lightning was released from her whip. Carrying forth a mount of quake, it leaped meters in distance and fronted the man in black in the face.

“Resonate Sand.”

The man in black’s other vacant arm disappeared and reappeared between the thunderous lightning and his face. He erected his pointer and lightly dabbed.

Swoosh!

His finger penetrated the thunderous lightning and burst open an overcast of yellow sand that wrapped everything within. The yellow sand held up for half a second before disappearing after engulfing the thunderous lightning.

“Little Red!” The young lady in red seemed to have predicted this turn of events and while her opponent was busy attending to this move, she shot a red thread at the speed of light.

The red thread limbered out in mid-air, quickly transforming into a red-jaded skeleton as tall as a person.

The red skeleton barged towards the opponent. Its sharp claws swishing with sounds of cutting winds. Its speed far surpassed the whip by multiple thresholds as it emerged before the opponent.

“Leap Sand,” the man turned to lash his whip as quick.

Bam!!

He managed to cast it on the incoming red skeleton.

The lash burst open a vast amount of yellow sand, interweaving to a few seconds of standstill with the red blazing light on the red skeleton before separating in a loud crash.

It was a tie!

The long holding battle was still on the run, the two were already catching their breaths.

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On the other end, the Scarlet Snow Sect sang songs of triumphant, bagging more victories and fewer losses. It was soon when they entered the third competing arena's final battleground. It was a zone near Red Skeleton and the man in black's ongoing battle.

More than half the sects had been eliminated by now. In the winner's grouping, only twelve sects remained with three from the medium-sized sect and the rest were large-sized.

The Scarlet Snow was a member of the three medium-sized sects. His current scale was naturally considered a medium-sized.

When Garen led the pack to enter, he caught glimpse of Accord sitting amongst the selected participants.

The formation of the Scarlet Snow Sect lured the attention of Accord. He motioned his sight over in search of Garen but quickly averted his eyes with slight disappointment.

Once here, he could not transmit his voice out at his disposal. This was the arena's final battleground. It was equipped with absolute isolating barrier.

Garen too temporarily shut his communications channel.

He could tell that Accord covered up his appearance and scent. Although it could not be concealed from top experts, regular people would not be able to recognize his identity nor appearance. The name he introduced himself with was Dark Light and not Accord.

## Chapter 1127: Versus 1

Both of them arranged to meet at the arena. With each of them concealing their identities and not revealing their true self, Liz was unable to contact them both. This place isolated lower wavelength of voice transmission communication.

“Where’s Garen and Accord? Are they not coming to such a grand event?” Liz leaned her arm on Dios’ and entered into the arena with team Black Blade.

Her gaze secretly screened through the seats of participants in the arena, in hope to find her two best friends.

“This is the winners’ grouping. If you want to find your two friends, you should go to the competing section. This is the place for experts that are due to enter the final arena,” Dios burst into laughter as he shook his head as a reminder to Liz.

“This is the winners’ grouping? I didn’t know...” Liz stuck her tongue out in a sort of naughty yet cute way. Dios was fond of this characteristic of hers. Ditzzy, beautiful, dolled up, pouty and cute. Don’t all men like their women to be pouty and act all cute?

“You are not at the same level as them. They would probably have a hard time entering here. Only the winning representatives and elders can enter,” Dios smiled. “I can only enter in light of my grandfather.”

“I see...” Liz nodded with comprehension.

“Watch the competition. It is a not-to-be-missed real battle experience that will be an eye-opener to actual combats.”

"Alright," Liz nodded in obedience. She scanned the people around her and all of them were experts with obscure aura. Apparently she herself has unconsciously entered a new height.

"I gave them a chance but they did not value it." She still felt down in the dumps. They were friends that originally came together. Wasn't it normal to depend on the strong when one did not have the capabilities? It can be tiring to fight alone, and with an outcome that may not be successful, was it worth it? Couldn't they be like her, find someone great to rely on and live a blissful life without a worry? She had intended to introduce two female Energy Machinists from a strong family background to Dark Light and Garen... but it's a shame that they did not strive for it.

"Quick, look! The three representatives with the most consecutive wins are coming out!" Dios' voice trembled with excitement, "Senior Brother Hell King Blade from my team Black Blade is there!"

Liz was instantly pulled back from her thoughts and looked towards the direction he was pointing at.

"The final winners' grouping of the competing arena: Red Skeleton, Dark Light, Hell King Blade and Crimson Ice."

The final verdict from the referee was out and based on the number of wins, the four strongest was tallied. These were the four strongest of the third competing arena.

Four people with different temperament stood up and were prepared to accept challenges thrown by others in the winners' grouping.

Anyone who was with confidence could get up on stage to challenge them.

This was also providing the losers one last chance. Thereafter there would a battle between them.

At present time, there were still competitions that hadn't ended in some competing arenas for winners to come out, so the four were also waiting for the rest of the winners to challenge them.

Liz's eyes swept past Dark Light but she did not recognize him. That dark aura covered up many of his characteristics.

"We will begin the second event of our competition. The Challenge. All challengers please head up to the stage base on nickname," the referee announced.

"It's going to start...my senior brother Hell King Blade will surely win!" A senior sister by Dios spoke with confidence.

"That's right. If Senior Brother were to use his full potential, then no one can stop him!" One of the Black Blade juniors exclaimed.

"The final champion belongs to senior!" Dios nodded in agreement. No one was clearer than them on how terrifying Senior Brother Hell King Blade could be.

The four stood on an independently stretched platform, waiting for challengers to come up.

It wasn't long when one leaped up.

The moment he stepped up, this person was immediately lashed with Red Skeleton's whip. His clothes were stripped to rags from top to bottom. Through the sounds of teasing and laughter, this Energy Machinist was dragged down by his sect elder in embarrassment.

"How embarrassing! Really," Liz couldn't help but laugh. "Sister Red Skeleton is really good! She was top three in our year of assessment and she's still that powerful now."

"Of course. Red Skeleton is a genius that with the right nurture, how can she not end up to be one of the top experts," Dios nodded. "With the condition that she doesn't die."

Another one went up to challenge Hell King Blade.



Almost sliced into half at the waist by one strike of his blade, the challenger held his wound as he was rescued down the stage in helter-skelter.

“Gotta give it to Senior Brother! One strike and done,” Dios laughed saying.

“Who is more skilled between Sister Red Skeleton and Senior Brother Hell King Blade?” Liz asked in a seductive tone.

“Senior Brother, of course. Red Skeleton just entered Inherited Level while Senior Brother is already at the Non-Failing Level and is the strongest in our Black Blade’s youngest generation. But I heard that there’s something uniquely dangerous on Red Skeleton’s that needs to be handled with care. I don’t know if it’s just a rumor.”

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One by one, challengers went up on stage. Hell King Blade, Red Skeleton, Crimson Ice and Dark Light knocked them all down the stage.

As the challenge continued non-stop, Red Skeleton began to show signs of exhaustion. Beating the expert with the sand earlier had consumed a large amount of her willpower and skill. Now with this back-to-back challenge and being the weakest of the four, her face started to pale.

Dark Light remained at ease without feeling strenuous. He whacked each of his opponents with his dark gas scorpion tail. Any resistance proved futile. The difference between him and his opponents was far too wide. If they were of the same level, the opponent could put up a struggle, but his willpower was now hidden within the dark gas and could have possibly reached a higher stage. As challengers were defeated at first blow, gradually there wasn’t anyone who was willing to get up on stage as they saw no hope.

As for Crimson Ice, it was an alias. Crimson Ice was actually Hong Guo of Scarlet Snow Sect. White Night and Prism Light did not enter the final battle of the strongest as they lost one round. Hence, only Hong Guo who went all out was still standing on the battlegrounds.

It was as how Garen had predicted. Although Hong Guo nonchalantly responded but when it came to it, he was the one who put in the most effort.

White Night was the type that would analyze the strength and weakness of his opponent and if he felt he could not defeat them, he would throw in the towel immediately, whilst Prism Light responded the same as completing a task. Except for Hong Guo.

This fella was the one who would go all out!

Garen was sitting below and upon seeing this, he was satisfied. This sort of talent was the real backbone that Scarlet Snow Sect needed! White Night was overly selfish and carried the burden of his family's vengeance. Prism Light was overly mysterious and his real intention remained unknown. Only Hong Guo grew up proper. He was the grandson of Senior Sister Rainy and inherited Frost Hell's soul seed secret technique. He felt indebted to the secret technique teacher ancestor and developed a sense of protectiveness to the Scarlet Snow Sect.

With the Inherited Levels heading up one by one, Hong Guo was starting to struggle.

Garen looked at the statistical data and the accumulation wins on the Scarlet Snow Sect was enough to enter the final competing grounds. It was only that he couldn't be the strongest representative but that didn't matter as it was good that they were not attracting too much attention.

Seeing Hong Guo struggling on stage with no intentions to back down and intertwining with an Inherited Level Energy Machinist of a large bird, Garen decisively transmitted his voice over.

"Enough, Hong Guo. You have done enough."

Hong Guo who was on stage was flabbergasted. He looked beneath at Garen from the platform.

"No, I can continue!" He saw the proud smiling faces of the sisters Little One and Little Two in the audience, Uncle Ice Fox shouting at everyone around while thumping his chest, a few companions as well as Conan, this young lady who has been supporting him was looking at him.

“There’s so many that’s supporting me. To leave that early while I have not given my all, I am not fulfilled!!”

Hong Guo casted Garen’s voice transmission aside and continued to battle his opponent.

Garen who was below wanted to transmit his voice further but found that this little fella was ignoring him. He did not know whether to laugh or cry. Would a boss of a company complain about a diligent staff? Of course not.

So he let him be.

Alice and Osho Ice-Ocean that followed behind had a funny look on their faces. They had never met such a peculiar little fella. The remaining experts have moved on to another arena to prepare their duties. Only two of them were left here to compete.

“See that?” Garen’s deep voice transmitted to the ears of them both, “This is the elite of our Scarlet Snow. The hope of our sect. Although Senior Sister Rainy has left, she did not leave behind merely memories.”

Alice silently nodded.

“If all of our Scarlet Snow were as such, then we need not worry of the decline of our sect,” Osho Ice-Ocean sighed.

“Emphasize on protecting and nurturing him,” Garen dully gave the lowdown. Once the Energy Machinist’s crisis was over, Hong Guo receiving focus in nurturing was evident.

“Understood.”

Osho Ice-Ocean nodded.

Witnessing everything on the side, Alice suddenly wasn't all that resistance towards Garen's power usurp. No matter what, they were still part of Scarlet Snow and they were all fighting for the rise of it.

She still remembered the words said by Garen when he took office.

"When the sect is in dire peril, I, Garen, will strive for prosperity and usher in thousands of years of outstanding hegemony!"

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Bang!

Hong Guo took down another opponent on stage.

All of them could tell that Hong Guo and Red Skeleton was at the end of the rope and focused on attacking them both.

Another opponent went up on stage.

Hong Guo's line of vision was already starting to blur and his sweat drenched all over yet the coldness emitted from his body condensed it to ice.

"You're losing it. Isn't it better that I take your place on this stage?" His opponent was a treacherous looking woman with a hook nose. Holding double blades, she teased Hong Guo.

Hong Guo noticed the sect emblem of his opponent. It was the Melting Tool Sect, one of the fifteen major sects with a solid background. It was going to be another tough battle.

"You can try it out yourself to see if I'm losing it or not." Hong Guo has always been intractable who responded only to reason and not force. He arched his back and gave a nonchalant attitude.

Swoosh...Clang!

Their two figures clashed into each other with sparks of snowflakes and flames counteracting and melting, sprinkling all over the platform.

## Chapter 1128: Versus 2

On the other hand, Red Skeleton finally gave in as she was hit off from the stage before passing out by a young man with a shamed look on his face.

"I'm sorry that I didn't have a glorious victory."

The man apologized to Red Skeleton's elder respectfully.

"You have a sense of propriety during the fight and this is her limit by far. It's fine." The female elder shook her head as she carried Red Skeleton tenderly out of the place. Since both of them did not manage to win the battle, they were dropped out from the throne reserved for the best.

The remaining competition would then decide the best among the remaining three.

Dark Light looked as relaxed as ever. He finished off his opponents quickly, beating them off the stage and injuring them seriously. He was not afraid of anybody regardless of their strength and background as the Star Cloud was the local tyrant in this area. No one was a rival to them and the Sect Elders could only stare at him in anger and were not able to do anything even when his opponents were seriously injured.

Dark Light stood alone on the stage as his arrogance was off the chart.

"A bunch of trash! Are you guys that afraid of coming up on stage?" He stood above everyone as he looked down at the challengers, giving a disdainful look at them.

Although all of the challengers were furious at his taunt, none of them dared to go up on stage and challenge him.

“Weaklings. How sad...” Dark Light showed no sign of hiding his contempt.

He then he looked to his side at the young man who had just won against Red Skeleton.

“Do you want to have a match?”

A sense of secrecy flashed across the young man’s eyes as he smiled gently and shook his head.

“I do not wish to embarrass myself.”

Dark Light scoffed as he sat cross-legged and rested quietly.

Then, a mysterious voice came from the young man’s body as it traveled to the audience sitting far away.

“I’ve dealt with the Red Skeleton. The next one shall be Black Jade Dragon.

“Understood.”

A black shadow figure then flashed over the audience’s seat.

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“What a boring battle.”

Hell King Blade struck once with his blade. After the black knife took a few changes in directions here and there, it then pierced into his opponent's chest at lightning speed.

Stab!

Fresh blood was drawn. His opponent was unable to catch up to his speed as he could only see the blade flashed about in front of him and pierced into his chest.

"Next."

The fatally injured challenger was carried down the stage. He who bore the title the Strongest Black Swordsman had made the challengers lost hope in fighting him. The tactic of fighting him by taking turns seemed to be ineffective as one person fighting him didn't seem to tire him out at all.

"The challenger has forfeited." The referee sounded.

The time to challenge had ended and the two who were still standing were Hell King Blade and Dark Light.

This was within everyone's expectation as they were the representative of the two major sects, Black Blade and Star Cloud.

The highly ranked sects were indeed something else and the result was not out of the norm at all.

"The battle to determine the victory shall be Hell King Blade of the Black Blade against the Dark Light of Star Cloud." The referee announced again. This would represent the wills of the Three Great Holy Lords and no one would be able to defy it. This was because the referee was a manifestation of the Three Great Holy Lord's wills fused together.

Then, the two tall stages shifted to merge together.

Heh.

Dark Light opened his eyes and stood up. He adjusted his posture before walking towards the Hell Blade King.

With each step towards his opponent's stage, black gas started to emerge from his body. It seemed like a fog of black gas was flowing towards the number one black swordsman, Hell King Blade.

"Hell King Blade... hehe. I've heard of this name for a long time..."

"Dark Light, the second strongest and youngest powerhouse of Star Cloud." Hell Blade King's expression was calm as an enchanting purple-black flower patterned line appeared on his forehead, giving off a cold yet enchanting vibe.

"Rumor has it that your Stellar Hand is very powerful. I wonder if it can break my Hell King's Exhalation."

"Won't you test it to find out?" Dark Light clenched his fist as he grabbed hold of a viscous black gas which appeared out of nowhere. The black gas then turned into a puddle of sticky black glue. As the black glue dripped onto the stage, it corroded holes of various sizes on it.

It was the Stellar Hand, which was famed to be the number one Killing Move in terms of corrosion. Since Dark Light had decided to use his Killing Move at the start of the battle, it was obvious that he was taking this match very seriously.

Buzz!!

Two auras in the form of black gas emerged from their bodies at the same time as it rose up into the sky, piercing through the clouds.

In that instant, every audience stood up.

"Non-falling Level!! They're both Non-falling Levels!!"



One man shouted.

A person who was just at the disciple level was already at the Non-falling Level. This high level was simply unimaginable!

The invigilators' face from the VIP seats turned for the worse as a mere single division would elevate to such a level. One could only imagine what level of battle one could see after this! This competition...may exceed everyone's expectations...

"Looks like we will have a good show..." A middle-aged woman beside Garen squinted her eyes as she reacted.

"Kill!!" Dark Light moved as the black gas around him gathered and formed into a giant black scorpion, which immediately pounced towards the opponent.

Kaboom!!

The Scorpion's stinger stabbed into the flat surface, creating a one-meter wide crater.

A black shadow figure then shot out from the edge of the crater at lightning speed.

"One slash."

Boom!!

A black light flashed as the inconspicuous trace of the blade moved across space and instantly reached the side of Dark Light. It then silently cut the Scorpion's shell opened and pierced its innards.

"Wavering Light!!" Dark Light started twisting his body and rotating at high speed as if he had turned into a gyroscope. The scorpion's stinger started to rotate quickly as well as they went towards the Hell King Blade's attacks.

The entire battlefield was covered in black smokes and it was hard to see the event unfolding clearly. Two black clouds of smoke fused together and no one could identify who's who. They could only vaguely determine that they were still fighting it out from the black smoke's heated turbulence.

Suddenly, the black gas spread out, revealing the battle between the two men. The speed of them exchanging their blows were so quick that their hands and legs had turned into muddy shadows and one could only see the powerful shockwaves when their fists and legs came in contact.

The black gas had dispersed away by their purely condensed Non-falling Light.

"Extreme Slash!"

Out of the blue, Dark Light turned his body and released a crescent-shaped attack with his black blade, cutting everything in all directions.

"Raining Swallow!"

Hell King Blade countered it by pulling out a black sword to attack it head-on. The sword gave off a swallow-like cry as he mysteriously evaded the Dark Light's incoming attack with a strange maneuver. The sword then directly appeared behind the attack and slashed towards him.

The black blade took a shift in its direction and bypassed Dark Light's right hand which was trying to block it, piercing directly into Dark Light's left shoulder.

Pew!!

Blood was drawn.

"Extreme Slash! Ten times!!"

As Dark Light experienced pain, he erupted as circles of black crescents appeared around his body. The crescent-shaped attack covered everywhere from top to bottom and left to right, turning him into a black sphere.

Kaboom!!

The black crescent covered the entire sky as it spread out in all direction.

In that instant, the entire stage was so black that nothing could be seen clearly.

“Eat my Dark Light Extreme Slash!!” He roared.

A blade which spanned tens of meters tall appeared from the chaos.

“Osprey. Hell King’s Exhalation!” Hell King Blade knew that it was not a good idea to take this attack head-on as his opponent released his full strength. He would suffer fatal injury if he were not careful with his approach. He took the conservative approach and gathered the Non-falling Light around his body and turned it into a light sword of a similar essence.

He then threw the slash in front of him!!

Roar! A tall muddle humanoid figure in a black armor vaguely appeared behind his body and it looked like the legendary mysterious Hell King!

Hell King gave off a deep roar as he pounced forward along with the light sword while releasing a half transparent black gas.

Boom!

The two light swords clashed but Hell King Blade surprisingly collapsed in that instant. He was stunned as he didn’t expect such strength from his opponent.

"This..." He suddenly felt something was wrong with the aura coming off from the opponent's light sword.

"This is!?" His pupils widened but it was already too late.

The giant black sword slashed across his front body.

Slash!!!

This attack slashed across his body from his left shoulder to his right leg, opening up a large wound.

Blood immediately spurted out from the wound like a geyser!

The Hell King Blade's Non-falling Light was weakened immediately.

He lost.

He lost in such a strange manner that no one could comprehend it!

The Light Sword carved a deep scar into the ground and it far surpassed the residue strength from the Non-falling Light.

"This is my strongest attack...it can absorb the opponent's strength and increase my own attack. I called it the Dark Light's Extreme Slash! Hell Blade King? Hehe. I would be slightly more worried if I'm fighting the Black Jade Dragon Beast."

He then turned one round as he glanced at the crowd before he stared at the seat of the Scarlet Snow Sect.

"Garen! Come and fight me!" His voice reverberated, and the entire stage trembled.

With a slash, Dark Light pointed his sword at Garen who was sitting on the VIP seat. He pointed at the chairperson of the Scarlet Snow Sect!

The crowd went wild as no one would expect him to challenge the recently infamous leader of the Scarlet Snow Alliance!

Dark Light, who had just gotten out from a concise and tyrannical battle wished to challenge a powerhouse who was a Sect Master Level without any rest!? Has he gone crazy?!

The people from Black Sword Sect among the crowd were still in disbelief.

“Senior Brother Hell King Blade was defeated!!? How is that possible!” The group of junior brothers and sisters’ faces turned pale. The Hell King Blade was considered one of the strongest disciples among them. How could he lose without a clear explanation? It was entirely incomprehensible! How could the last strike give off such a phenomenon!?

“How could he lose!?” Dios’ face paled as he muttered to himself.

The person who was more shocked than him was not the rest but Liz, whose eyes were wide opened as she looked at the battlefield.

“Is that...Accord!!??” Liz’s eyes widened to the point where her eyelids seemed to be tingling in pain. “How is that possible? How is that possible!!?”

She kept looking at the man standing on the stage as she wanted to assure herself he was probably somebody similar. However, based on his attitude and even the minor characteristics, this so-called Dark Light was without a doubt Accord!

“Isn’t Accord a normal disciple in Star Cloud? How could this be?” She tried to recall the time when Accord and Garen separated and the vague sensation of disdain in his gaze. ‘One will never improve if he keeps relying on someone else. You better learn to be independent.’

This was his final word towards himself before he left.

Dios, too, had already recognized Accord. His eyes widened as well as he was one of the two people Liz wanted to introduce to him when they gathered.

“Leader of the Scarlet Snow Alliance, Garen! Do you dare to come down and fight with me!!” Accord’s voice reverberated once more. Everyone could hear his words loud and clear!

“That Garen? Perhaps!?” Liz and Dios recalled a terrifying possibility as they looked at the VIP seats at the same time.

## Chapter 1129: Temporary 1

Garen’s face was hidden under the helmet as he looked up at the stage. His expression could not be seen and the honored guests started to whisper among themselves. He was the only one who sat straight up, not moving an inch.

“According to the rules, the final victor is qualified to challenge one of the honored guests. Alliance Leader of the Scarlet Snow Alliance, please comply.” The referee voiced out. As this was the will of the Three Great Holy Lords, not a single Energy Machinist was allowed to defy it.

“You only get to challenge once.” Garen’s calm voice could be heard from the helmet. “You don’t have to waste it on me.”

“Haven’t we both been concealing our strengths for this exact moment?” Dark Light dispersed the black gas around his face and revealed his young, common-looking face which was rather pale and strange looking.

“Come! Let’s prove it now which one of us is the true genius!!” he unsheathed his sword as he activated his terrifying Non-falling Light, which set off a series of shockwaves trembling through the air.

He stared at Garen fiercely as he had already suspected that this Garen might be the Garen he knew back then. He was the best friend that he couldn't get in touch with. He had searched the Scarlet Snow Alliance thoroughly and couldn't find a second person called Garen. The only person who was called Garen was the rumored leader of the scarlet Snow Alliance. Hence, the suspicion within him rose. His best friend, who had always revealed his strength that was weaker than the Inherited Level had suddenly become a topnotch Sect Master powerhouse. The strength between these two was too great, which was the reason why he wanted to make full use of this opportunity to challenge him and place himself in the light of the whole situation.

He had been wanting to fight against Garen ever since he found out Garen had hidden his true strength!

Garen remained still in his seat.

However, the Judge's Light Barrier could not care less how he reacted as the area he sat alone had turned into the battlefield.

The surrounding honored guests were isolated on the outside, leaving Dark Light and Garen together within the barrier.

The air twisted as Garen's seat was directly sent towards the stage, forcing him to sit directly in front of Dark Light.

As Garen realized he could no longer push the issue away, he sighed.

"You, are no match for me." He did not stand up as he did not wish to reveal his identity so soon. However, he did not expect the situation to end up like this.

"We will fight to see if I am no match for you!" Without saying another word, Dark Light unsheathed his sword and it immediately turned into a giant black scorpion and engulfed him. He then transformed into a black figure and lunged towards Garen.

"Dark Light's Extreme Slash!!! Double!"

Two streaks of black blade's marking in a cross shape were shot out into the air and were sent directly towards Garen's position.

Garen's Non-falling Light spread out, shaking the battlefield's protective screen greatly.

"It's useless." Garen sat in his original position as he looked at the blade's markings flying towards him quietly.

"My Absolute Energy Field, Faded Creation can absorb every external energy as nutrients. Your attacks are useless."

The two blade markings became slower and smaller. By the time it reached Garen, what was left was two thin black lines struggling to move forward. Ultimately, they disintegrated and popped apart like burst bubbles.

"Interesting!" Dark Light's revealed a ferocious smile on his face but his gaze had become more serious than ever.

"We have known each other for so long and I thought I had hidden a lot of my true strength. However, I didn't expect you to be this terrifying and acted as someone more innocent than I am. I can finally reveal your true identity!"

"Aren't you the same?" Garen was speechless under his helmet. "Don't you feel ashamed that you've acted as if you're a Resonance Level even though you're at Non-falling Level?"

Two of them exchanged words quickly between the Non-falling light at an advanced. Hence no one could hear what they were talking about. Although a low-level communication was not allowed, an advanced one would be hard to restrict.

"Why did you come here and challenge me all of the sudden?" Garen asked without beating around the bushes.



“What do you mean? I suspected your identity and decided to test you out. I was still on the fence about it but I didn’t expect you to admit it.”

“Take this, Sky Shadow Slash!! Ahh!!” Accord shouted crazily as he changed his tune. “At least respect me and attack me! Won’t winning against me by just sitting there make me look bad!?”

“Alright alright...” Garen was helpless. Accord had never understood the concept of being polite and had always reacted on impulse. Hence, Garen decided to abide by his wishes.

Do it. Let’s Do it...he thought.

He raised up his right hand, hesitated and switched to his left hand. He then placed his hand forward and... pointed out... with his thumb...

As Accord approached him with his sword, envy was written all over his face.

“Ah!!!!” His cry had become more miserable and everyone could hear his true cry.

His swung his sword with all of his might but it came to a halt in front of Garen’s thumb.

Boom!

Accord’s collapsed as if he deflated like a balloon. He crawled on the stage as all of his energy had been absorbed by the Faded Creation...

He stared at Garen weakly. “You merciless bastard!!”

His eyes rolled as he passed out.

No one could see Garen’s face under the golden helmet. He sighed strangely as he gently tapped on his seat. Then, he started to levitate and went back to his VIP seat without moving at all.

He had never once stood up from the beginning until the end.

The whole battle lasted for only tens of seconds. Those people who wished to see Garen's true strength were disappointed. However, since Garen was a Sect Master Level powerhouse and one of the recently popular strongest people around, they understood deep down that the other powerhouses would no longer require to mingle around in this world if a Non-falling Level was able to force him to use his full strength.

"The challenger has failed." The referee announced calmly. "The overall schedule of the competition will start now..."

A rumbling similar to an earthquake came from underground and everyone present could feel the ground shaking.

Garen looked around. Although everyone was notified beforehand and prepared themselves for this moment, everyone seemed to not be able to hide their excitement from such a massive migration technique.

"This is amazing! To be able to migrate tens of thousands of people, including the crowds into a perfectly new stage for the final match. This delicate migration technique is not something a typical powerhouse can perform."

However, Garen felt uncomfortable for some reason. He felt a strange unease around this boisterous competition.

"Which part of this feels off?" He kept looking around but he didn't notice any suspicious target. The most crucial thing was that he could not sense any sign of the men in black earlier on.

"Have they completed their mission? Or are they about to create an even greater trouble?"

Garen's mind analyzed quickly for every possibility.

“The divisional competition has been fully merged. Today’s competition has ended and the finals shall start at five o’clock in the morning. It will be an elimination from one Sect to the other.”

The referee spoke again.

The competition itself was very pure and transparent. Although it was filled with people, the competition was only held once every few years. While there would be a lot of people participating in it, Energy Machinists were people who cared about efficiencies so it would not be dragged for too long.

The merging had been completed.

The blue sky above the arena turned red in a blink of an eye.

Everyone participating in the competition had already been placed into a huge circular arena. Surrounding them were the audiences and there was a huge amount of camera equipment planted among the audiences, broadcasting the event live to the districts far away from this region.

“Black Jade Dragon! Black Jade Dragon! Black Jade Dragon! Black Jade Dragon!!”

A uniform cheer covered the entire sky. Similar to of a tidal wave, everyone chanted Black Jade Dragon’s name in unison.

The people from the third competitive zone had finally realized that they had been moved to a huge arena. The entire zone three competition zone, including the participants and crowds, had only covered a third of the extremely huge arena. The remaining two-thirds of the arena had already been filled with people.

The arena was a circular and tall stage. There was a tall and muscular copper brown man raising both of his hands up as he walked around the stage with a gleeful look.

The Magnetic Field’s Black Jade Dragon.

There were a few fanatics raising and swinging their metallic signboards with the words 'all the best' written on it high up in the air.

"Wilder!!" Black Jade Dragon shouted as he patted his own chest.

"Black Jade Dragon! Black Jade Dragon! Black Jade Dragon!!!" The crowd cheered louder. Some girls screamed.

"What's with his attitude?!" Garen and the other honored guests were rather unhappy about it.

"He's the strongest man from the Magnetic Field so it's natural for him to be arrogant." One man responded.

"White Lion and Dark Light were not as wild as him!"

"Young man, what's bad about being wild?"

"What do you make of this, leader of the Scarlet Snow Alliance?" The female elder beside Garen looked at him.

"It's their freedom to showcase themselves. I have no right to judge them." Garen said calmly.

Black flying ships were densely packed in the sky above everyone's head. The ships were moving about slowly, giving off a terrifying and oppressing Energy Field. It was obvious that there were some very powerful powerhouses sitting inside these ships.

Among these ships, the largest one was as big as a mini city. It was hexagonal and was fully black, levitating in the sky freely.

The emblem of one of the three major Sect, Magnetic Field, could be seen imprinted on it.

Garen raised his head and looked at the Magnetic Field's ship. The blackhole-like Level Ten presence could be clearly felt and there was at least ten Level Nine presences entangled about among each other as well. The oppression from the Energy Field was very immense as it covered the entire sky.

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Inside the Magnetic Field's ship.

The floor was beautifully furnished with black flower texture. There was a lady in a full body dress which spanned towards the ground, she had a black top hat on her head. Her low cut dress was pitch black and the skirt had merged with the ground, which made her seemed like a giant tree growing from the metallic floor.

Her skin was extremely fair, her almond-shaped eyes were sharp, giving off a cold and seductive elegance.

A few males and females sat in front of her. They seemed to have just finished reporting to her, waiting calmly waiting for her orders.

"Magnetar Holy Lord, my household's Saint had determined that the opponent will make their move in the finals. Do you want to attack together with us or insist on your desire? Please give us a response." A man with a stern face said softly.

Magnetar Holy Lord shut her eyes without reacting to his question at all. She seemed to be pondering as she crossed her little snow-white hands on her abdomen.

"We've come to this situation and you're still doubting the other Holy Lords? If we don't unite together and fight against the threats towards the Energy Machinists, we will die in the hands of those greedy people hidden in the shadows! Holy Lord your Highness, have you not make up your mind?"

The man seemed to be the leader of these people. His presence was immense as he carried along the aura of a Level Nine. He looked extremely handsome and extravagance in his black suit.

The atmosphere turned dull all of the sudden.

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The lady in the black dress, Magnetar Holy Lord remained silent.

“Mother, I have been your son for millenniums. Would you please let go of the past grudges?” A male voice that covered the entire ship came from the back.

“Black Blade Holy Lord...” The woman in the black dress sighed as a sign of tiredness could be seen in her gaze.

“It does not matter if I have become a Holy Lord. You will always be my mother.” His tone was sincere.

“Uncle Huaer is currently trapped and will not be able to break free within five days. It’s obvious that the Pilots will make their moves in these five days. If we don’t unite now, we may possibly not be able to protect our last foundation!” The voice said, slightly emotional.

“My brother Ma Nong is currently trapped as he had unexpectedly encountered a new type of giant Space Storm and had been sucked into an Inverse Space far away from here. I believe the Backlight Holy Lord is currently in the same situation. Our opponent has started to move. They’re currently cutting away those Regent Level powerhouses who are willing to lend us a hand. We really need to kill all of them in one sweep!”

“We have no idea how many they are inside these major Sects. They seem to be everywhere.” Magnetar Holy Lord said softly.

“The three of us are their main targets. In order to fight against us, they first have to eliminate the Modified Demon Lord Team that serves us. Hence, I believe that we can command the Modified Demon Lord Team to attack so that we can lure out some of the opponent’s strength. We will then eliminate them.” Black Blade Holy Lord explained simply. “Naturally, the plan is much harder than it sounds.”

“...” Magnetar Holy Lord didn’t respond as she shut her eyes.

“Mother, can I take your silence as an agreement?” Black Blade Holy Lord asked.

“Do what you want...I do not wish to meet Backlight ever again no matter what.” As Magnetar Holy Lord waved her hand, a terrifyingly powerful transparent Energy Field instantly repelled Black Blade Holy Lord’s Projection Energy Field.

“The Holy Lord had already considered this.” The Level Nine male leader who had reported to her earlier spoke. “He had sent an item through his subordinate and said that you are sure to change your mind after seeing it.”

“An item?” Magnetar Holy Lord asked curiously. “Show it to me?”

“Yes.” With the utmost respect, the man took out a small box from the Space Ring. It was square in shape and had a ferocious black dragon’s image imprinted on it.

He released his hand as the box levitated and moved towards to Magnetar Holy Lord’s hand automatically.

“This is...” Magnetar Holy Lord opened the box and boom!!

Her eyes widened.

Slowly, she lowered her head and looked at her abdomen.

A black, short and extremely sharp spear had pierced into her abdomen. The short spear was pitch black and was unexplainably cold. Then, the body of the short spear started disintegrating and turned into throngs of huge, black worms drilling into her abdomen through the wound.

These worms were like miniaturized black beetles the size of a nail. However, their quantity was simply too many.

“Black Blade...” Magnetar Holy Lord was in disbelief as fresh blood started to flow out from the edge of her lips.

Boom!!!

An intense Energy Field tried to flare up but a solid and firm Spatial Barrier had unknowingly activated beforehand around her.

The face of the man who spoke earlier changed. After a few twisting here and there, it transformed into the stiffed face of Chinande.

“Magnetar Holy Lord, your son has submitted to the empire a long time ago. Backlight and you are the only ones left who are still delusional.”

“Chinande...” Magnetar found it difficult to speak up as her whole body started to tremble. She could not seem to tolerate the pain from the worms eating her out from the inside.

The Energy Field changed in a complex manner as it shifted into all sorts of attributes. However, it had no effect towards the black worms.

“As expected, the most dangerous person is the person who knows you best...” Magnetar smiled wryly as she understood that this was her son’s actual intention. He knew everything about her, from her response, reactions and hidden strength.

“You’re the only one I fear when it comes to fighting face to face. It’s rare to encounter a powerful opponent but...” Chinande said in remorse. “Everything is done for His Highness. I have no choice but to sacrifice my personal hobby.”

Boom!!

Magnetar exploded in an instant as a huge amount of black worms covered the entire sky and poured inside the mothership’s hall.



As the Spatial Barrier had surrounded the area, the Level Nines outside could not sense anything happening at all.

A humanoid appeared on Chinande's body and shot out to where Magnetar was standing. It transformed into a new Magnetar Holy Lord, looking exactly like the original.

"Is Magnetar dead?" A female member behind Chinande asked lazily.

"No," Chinande replied coldly. "She was ambushed by Black Blade's black worms and had been cut into twenty-five thousand pieces. Although her body is destroyed, her Ultimate Board has yet to be discovered."

"She has lost her battle body that she had successfully crafted through thick and thin. What use can a soul which lies in the Ultimate Board do? Although she can find another body at will, she can no longer bring her actual strength into play anymore." The female member casually spoke. "She will never be able to get back on her feet without putting in thousands of years of effort again."

"That is indeed true." Another member agreed as he nodded.

"Let's leave. We have already planted our mole." Chinande ignored their conversations as he dispelled the Spatial Barrier. He then gently bowed towards the new Magnetar Holy Lord before turning around to leave the area.

"Send the emissary away." Magnetar Holy Lord said in a cold, female tone.

One of the few Level Nine whose head was covered in silvery hair appeared as he glanced at Chinande.

"Let's go."

He did not realize that the Holy Lord had been replaced. Furthermore, he had yet to realize that the man in front of him was the real Light of Justice Chinande, who was also a Holy Lord Level powerhouse.

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The competition had stopped temporarily.

Black Jade Dragon slowly backed down from the main battle arena after flaunting his prowess for some time.

On the other hand, White Lion had gone to rest a long time ago and did not bother himself with the Black Jade Dragon.

Dark Light was beaten senseless by Garen and was currently receiving immediate treatment. The final was temporarily held off and the battle to compete for the rankings would be held on the second day. Although the top three had been finalized, there were still other rankings to be determined. Hence, there were still many days of fighting even after the main event, which was what the other candidates were aiming for excluding the three major sects.

The three major sects, namely the Black Blade, Star Cloud and Magnetic Field were always in the top three. It was a norm for everyone and no typical Energy Machinists could hope to compete against them.

Garen, who was at the battle arena, felt a sense of alienation for some reason.

It was already night time as he brought along the disciples of the Scarlet Snow back to his hotel. After making the arrangements and settling down Hong Guo and his subordinates, he waited for the final results.

As he had nothing better to do in the hotel, he decided to bring Ice-Crack and Ice-Grand out of the room for a stroll.

As he walked out of the elevator to the main elevator hall on the first floor, he saw Dark Light leaning against the door as if he was waiting for him.

"Let's go for a stroll?" Dark Light glanced at Garen. Wisps of light green smoke curled gently out from the cigarette in his mouth.

"Sure," Garen spoke through the helmet.

"Sect Master, at this crucial moment..." Ice-Grand frowned as he reminded and tried to discourage him.

"It's fine." Garen raised his hand. "Both of you won't be able to do anything if someone really tries to harm me."

Ice-Grand and Ice-Crack exchanged glances. They knew that Garen did not compromise easily hence they lowered their heads and took a step back.

"Sect Master, please return as soon as possible."

"Both of you can enjoy yourselves. I'm sure there are old friends that you need to catch up with, right?" Garen said calmly.

"Yes."

Dark Light then led the way as Garen walked from behind.

Liz was already waiting at the entrance of the hotel when both of them walked out of the building. Her boyfriend Dios was beside her and their expressions were rather awkward.

"Senior Brother Dark Light!" A few disciples from the Star Cloud Sect bowed and greeted Dark Light as they saw him.

"Alliance Leader!"

The newly formed crowd filled with students of the Scarlet Snow Alliance bowed and greeted Garen as well.

“No need to be so formal everyone, relax.” Garen and Dark Light said as they walked out of the hotel.

Walking in front, Dark Light turned his head around and looked at Liz.

“Want to go together?”

Liz was holding Dios’ arm tightly but she was urged by her boyfriend.

“Go,” Dios whispered, but he was not able to hide it from Garen and Dark Light.

There was a loud and sonorous singing coming out from one of the music halls nearby. The woman’s sharp and powerful voice spread far away during the night as it carried a mysterious and ethereal rhythm.

Liz gritted her teeth and followed them.

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At a riverside near the hotel, a row of green willow trees grew arranged by the river bank.

Dark Light stood at the top of the willow tree.

“How much percent of actual strength have you used today? Be honest!”

Garen took off his helmet gently, revealing his face which had not seen the sunlight for a very long time. His face was cold and valiant as there was a white V-shape imprint on his forehead, giving off an extremely intimidating and superior vibe.

This was the presence of a Level Ten with an infinite amount of amplification. At that level, he was like a sun where his presence would not go unnoticed wherever he went. Once the Ten Thousand Gravitational Force had reached a certain extent, it would naturally attract the souls of others.

"None..." Garen said honestly.

Dark Light's expression immediately turned depressed.

"Are you saying that you stood there and let me attack you freely without fighting back?"

"Isn't that what you wanted?" Garen laughed. "Stop being irrational."

"Damn it!" Dark Light punched at the willow tree. "Is our strength really that big of a difference? I will have you know that I am a genius!"

"I can't even hit you even if you let me..." Dark Light gnashed his teeth in frustration. "You're really insane! People have always called me that in the past! I didn't expect myself to say the same thing to someone else!"

"I really do not wish to kill your self-confidence. However, this is the truth and there's nothing I can do about it." Garen was speechless. "I promised that I would lead the Scarlet Snow Sect and revive it once more. I can't go back on my words."

"How do you plan on reviving it? The main competition will only test the disciples' potential and the competition for territory repartition is not going to happen..." Dark Light asked with a bitter face.

Then, he seemed to recall something out of the blue, and as his expression turned rather strange and surprised.

"Are you planning to..."

“Yes. I’m going to do that.” Garen nodded his head in affirmation.

“It’s the Sect’s Hegemony. Any sect that is not satisfied with their ranking may challenge the sect which ranks above them. It’s a final match where one fights to the death!” Liz spoke from the side.

“They would often hold an exhibition competition after the main competition as the main competition decides the ranking of the sects. According to the rules, if anyone is unsatisfied with the result, the Sect Master or the powerhouse from the sect may represent the sect and go up the stage. However, the representative must use their sect’s technique.” She added quickly.

She and Dark Light looked at Garen with a complicated expression.

The strength difference between them and Garen was simply too great! It was so great that the phrase ‘a world’s apart’ could not be used to describe it.

Dark Light might have been a genius, but Garen was already moving forward to become an Overlord. The term genius could only be used to describe a potential seed that had yet to sprout. Garen, on the other hand, was no longer a genius...