

# Mystical 1141

## Chapter 1141: Dreamland 1

Baylon was dressed in a white windbreaker and a pair of white jeans that outlined her muscle-toned legs. Her hair was tied back in a ponytail and her waist was dressed with a white metallic belt. A hundred over years had brought minor changes to her facial features and a cold alluring demeanor.

She threw an indifferent glance at the man as though she has never seen this person before. She went about her own business, giving him the cold shoulder.

“Hey, Colonel Baylon. Don’t be like this. Don’t be so cold, we are best friends, you know? Would it kill to ruin your ice princess status?” The man grinned mischievously as he navigated the vehicle to chase after Baylon.

“Looking at you is repulsive. Scram!” Baylon remarked straightly, hastening her speed.

The man was called Owen Lisbe. One of Baylon’s many suitors and the most prominent. He had an extraordinary background. His family connections ran all over the Human Nine Emperor Alliance. Baylon was a colleague from the same bureau.

Ever since Baylon was transferred to this special tactical bureau, it was love at first sight for him and followed by over sixty years of courtship. Other suitors came and went but only he remained.

He initially thought that with Baylon, a self-independent elite coming from a mediocre background would be hiding her glee being courted by him who was the second generation of the rich and official family although she looked unfazed. She would probably only be reserved in the beginning. He didn’t think that after all these years, she would never respond to it. However, Baylon’s reacting to it was the same.

There were so many beautiful women in the sea. Sixty over years of waiting and keeping watch had Owen Lisbe unsure what it was for. His family had pressured him but he brushed it off each time so they then let him be.

“Am I really a sadist? The more I’m tortured, the more excited I become?” Owen Lisbe grabbed his chin and put on his sunglasses. He glanced at his extremely cool and perfect reflection from the vehicle and nodded with satisfaction. He drove his vehicle to catch up.

He was not clear on Baylon’s background but no matter what, nobody would be a stronger candidate than he was. He couldn’t be bothered to put too much thought into it. It was all to his fancy.

“I have the latest news on the Scarlet Snow Sect, want to chat about it?” If cat-calling didn’t work, then he should use his trump card!

And indeed, right after these words were said, Baylon stopped stepping forward.

The lady turned around and the shroud of coldness in her eyes deepened.

“I’ll kill you if you’re joking!”

Owen Lisbe had cold sweats. He immediately nodded forcefully.

“How could I? Little ol’ me would not dare kid with Your Majesty,” he quickly ingratiated with a huge smile.

Baylon’s combat efficiently has broken through the horizon. If he, a regular Inherited Level were to raise his sword at her, he could be crippled at any given moment. No joke, two of the Soul Officials of the Scarlet Mourning Hall had died in her hands. Baylon, this young lady was famous for killing without batting an eyelash.

This was someone who once was coined Beowulf in the special bureau and could tear a large dragon with her bare hands!

Although the uncles in his family were more powerful than her, if he could get a girl with his familial connections then he would be more than a failure. Owen Lisbe wasn’t a dumb second generation.

Getting into the vehicle, Baylon did not say a word but stared intently at Owen Lisbe.

“Don’t be like this... It’s pressuring me...” Owen quickly spilled everything he knew.

“The people from the Scarlet Snow Sect are proved to be hiding out in a large underground cave in the south of Mars. The hall leader of the Scarlet Mourning Hall is already making his way there. The capabilities of both hall leader and deputy are unclear as nobody has seen them in battle as those that did, died. So it’s best you don’t act rashly!”

Baylon frowned.

“And?”

“And... And nothing else...” Owen laughed awkwardly. “This is the specific map,” he transferred the first-hand-obtained map over through wireless.

Baylon received the map and projected to her retina for a careful look.

“Thanks!” She flipped and leaped out of the vehicle and walked towards an outer lane.

“Sigh!” Owen stretched his arm out in hopes to persuade her to stay but alas, not a shadow in sight. He could only sigh helplessly.

“Always so mysterious, sigh...” He really didn’t know what else to say about this beautiful colleague of his. No matter well he treated her, she retained a distance from him. “Don’t tell me she’s prepared to be a spinster?” He was struck by this thought. He shook his head and navigated his flying vehicle away.

Once the vehicle left, Baylon’s face emerged from the alley.

Her gaze was quietly fixated at the leaving flying vehicle. A hint of guilt flickered in her eyes.

"I'm sorry, I do not wish to trouble you..." she muttered in a low voice.

With Chinande as a sworn enemy and White King as a foe, this kind of life has no future. They were battling with fate every moment of the day. What qualification did they possess to marry one and live a steady life?

She wasn't stone cold. Anyone who was treated with sincerity for sixty years wouldn't be heartless, but...

Baylon lowered her head to look at another intel in her hands. It was from White Winter.

"The Scarlet Mourning Hall may have sent someone out. Double-Headed Crab is the leader. It looks like it's to probe on the news on the Scarlet Snow Sect. What's the plan?"

"Are we able to get through to Scarlet Snow? How are they perceiving it?" Baylon ran a line on the paper and a row of words appeared.

"We managed to contact but they couldn't be bothered. They are the last Energy Machinists. It's not just those from Scarlet Snow, they took in other Energy Machinists. Their capabilities are unknown," replied White Winter.

"Did you mention the name of my brother?" Baylon's brows were in a knot.

"I did, but it didn't change their attitude. They don't seem to have heard of it?" White Winter was puzzled.

Baylon frowned.

Ever since the Scarlet Snow Sect retreated, they hid behind the scene for more than a hundred years. While they were recuperating and rebuilding. It was unknown how their development was but no matter what, it was not probable that they never heard of her brother's name. He was, after all, one of the outstanding sect masters.

“Let’s continue this when I’m there!” Baylon responded and put away the paper. She took large strides into the alley and disappeared.

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Too many things happened in a hundred and fifty years...

Scarlet Snow City in the core of Mars.

This huge city built deep in the crust of Mars was surrounded by lava torrents. The entire black city seemed to be encircled by a scarlet red ribbon. It looked exceptionally majestic.

In an old stone house in the city.

A middle-aged man coated with white hair was sitting with his legs crossed on a black stone bed.

The man opened his eyes and they reeked of coldness and solemnity.

“Cough cough cough...” He acutely barked. He extended his arm to obtain a tissue to cover his mouth. The white tissues were swiftly smeared with bloody red streaks.

“White Night, the acting sect master has something he needs you for,” an equally cold voice rang through the stone house. It was a female voice.

“What is it?” The middle-aged man on the bed asked.

“You would be happy to do so. Your brother, White Winter has been rescued but has been taken under Sawtooth King. The sect master wants you to take care of any possible appearance of ambush,” the female voice explained.

“White Winter is out?” White Night’s eyes widened slightly, “What Level is he?”

“It is unclear but it should be below the Inherited Level. It is said that he became an instructor of a team and is currently training a bunch of newbies.”

“Idiot!” White Night’s eyes popped open, “He forgot the about the family animosity! He forgot all he should bear. A Gideon Body type yet make no use to it!” A sense of violence rose from his body.

“You’re willing to devote to cultivation, doesn’t mean that others would,” the female voice did not say more and faded to the background.

Only the chilling aura of White Night’s growing rage remained within the range of a few hundred meters of the stone house and a layer of snow indistinctly condensed on the ground.

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For all these years, the Scarlet Snow Sect had been in search of Garen’s whereabouts. Due to the Distortion Seeds, they firmly believed that Garen did not pass. In over hundred years of broadcast and assassinations of Mech Pilots, the old continued to sacrifice while the new kept emerging, replenishing the vacancies. In the Scarlet Snow Sect, apart from the high management, almost no one knew the real name of Garen, the previous sect master. Most of them only knew the name of Garen but not his real name.

On top of a bloody rock peaked on the mountaintop within the city of Scarlet Snow, was a red-clothed couple standing side by side, looking down at the city’s scenery in an arched cave.

The man was Dark Light, Dark Light Accord. After all these years, he had less of an arrogance and more of a maturity.

The woman leaning next to him was Alice from the Scarlet Snow Sect.

They looked intimate. It seemed they had bound in partnership.

“What path are you saying this Jared kid is taking again?” Dark Light narrowed his eyes. “The older he gets, the more I can’t get in his head. It was easy when he was young.”

“If you as a father can’t do it, do you think I can?” Alice rolled her eyes at him, “He’s only fooling around with Aloran’s girl all day. He’s such a baby even if he is over twenty. It’s your fault you did not educate him as a father.”

“Our Scarlet Snow as the head of the three major forces under Sawtooth King is only temporarily depending on him. I’m worried that Jared’s generation might be fused and assimilated by Sawtooth King,” Dark Light was concerned. “Garen must be still alive. With that character of his, there’ll surely be trouble once he’s back.”

“It’s been over a hundred years. What’s the point of fussing over it?” Alice wasn’t the least bit worried. “The acting sect master and Ice Demon General will be on it. Us, old folks should just live day by day. After years of killing sprees, it’s time for us to just enjoy our lives.

“That’s true, but...” Dark Light sighed, “I wonder how Liz and the rest are doing? When my father passed away last year, I only saw her once at the funeral and that was it.”

“You really think too much and complicate things. Our Scarlet Snow Alliance has extensive influence. We have thirteen just on our sect branches. We have grown more than ten folds compared to a hundred years ago. With the infusion of ninety percent energy essence from the Energy Machinists, apart from the Regent Levels, who would dare challenge us? Even if they were at Regent Level, they still have to be wary of Sawtooth King,” Alice was still unconcerned. “With this connection, it is enough for Liz to live comfortably.”

“Since King Cat was heading out, I asked for his help to investigate,” Dark Light was still at it. “We were friends after all.”

“I think you mean girlfriend,” Alice pinched him violently. The pain instantly had Dark Light’s brows in a tight knot.

Chapter 1142

White Royal Palace, Finite Nebula core.

A long robe hung loosely on White King as his white hair fluttered. His right hand calmly dabbed onto the dark golden void crystal.

Bam!!

The glass cracked then shattered with the sound of an explosion. Countless pieces of glass scattered and disseminated into sparkling white powder, firing in all directions with the pressure of the force field.

With a sound of a click, his palm penetrated sharply inside the crystal.

At the same time, a pure large resistance force blocked White King's palm which instantly decreased the penetrating speed and halting it within the crystal.

"Mm?" White complicated line patterns emerged on the skin of White King's right arm. On it were various symbolic characters with a scent of holiness. These white glowing symbolic lines seemed to have increased the strength of his palm.

The Distortive Power erupted from the palm of his hand and met head-on with the Confinement Power.

Two forces of power rules collided with no sight of an exaggerated explosion. The measure of their attribute concept was absolute and wouldn't change based on its capacity. They didn't have the concept of quantity but rather a form of an attribute.

The two forces of concept diminished all together and disappeared without a trace.

This was unpredicted whether by White King or Garen.

The attribute concept of Shadow Dragon and White were at the same height.

Clang!!



The palm of White King ricocheted out of the crystal. He took a step back and cradled his right hand. He was slightly surprised as he looked at the void crystal in front of him.

“What attribute is this?”

He instinctively felt that the concept of this attribute was no more inferior than his distortion and Regent Level that surpassed Perpetual Motioners in the concept of attributes. Without this, it would depend on the individual actual combat strength.

At this stage, the true telling of victory would be first to measure between attributes and second, at circumstances of equal attributes would be the actual killing power of the true form.

Seeing White King blocked successfully, Garen’s nerves simmered down.

“If your distortion is absolute to chaos then the confinement here is absolute to frozen stillness.”

White King frowned, extended his hand and pressed on the crystal once again.

This time, a large white ring appeared behind him. This ring seemed to be built by white jade. It looked sacred with carvings of complicated patterns and sculpture of flora and fauna.

“Crush space,” White King’s palm imprinted on the surface of the crystal and a distortive attribute different from before wildly surged.

This was purely the attribute of a distortive dimension without the accessorial distortion that aimed only at space. This sort of Distortive Power reached a terrifying level in a blink of an eye.

Buzz!!!

The contact this time burst open a slight distortive yet transparent force field between his palm and the crystal.

The surface of the crystal was sighted with strings of cracks but these cracks quickly disappeared.

Compared to the previous casual attempt, this was a demonstration of White King's powers. The high density of the attribute concept did not destroy the dark golden crystal. It went without saying what this represented.

"Who would have thought..." The White King retrieved his hand and had a complicated look on his face, "Who would have thought that you'd use the attribute of foreign objects to bypass this checkpoint and covertly protect yourself."

However, doubt still lingered in his face.

"But with this sort of absolute confinement, you have not grasped the attribute concept. Even if you succeed, you would lock yourself tighter in. What is the point of this?"

To him, Garen's series of actions did not pose too big of a threat. For Garen to seal himself in, he had to avoid fated battle to the death, but wasn't this equivalent to suicide?

"What do you think... Perhaps I am only begrudging..." Garen's voice started to shift on and off. The dark golden crystal repeated a round of extreme dark energy absorption. The confinement concept increased and even Garen's voice could not be transmitted as it went on and off. Even if he grasped a part of the confinement attribute, he still received a severe interference.

"Begrudging?" White King stared coldly at Garen. It was a long pause.

The two of them exchanged glances without anyone giving in.

It was long until White King turned and left.

He built Garen a prison. He didn't think that Garen would in turn, make the prison even more secure to the point that he as a creator could not even open it.

“A meaningless struggle. You are so, so are humans,” White King’s voice was heard from afar.

Garen’s lips pursed into a smile in the crystal.

“Is it really... meaning though?”

He stared at White King’s receding figure and knew that he finally retained his life from this world’s strongest existence.

The three strongest giant void beasts of the Endor civilization were the most mysterious Shadow Dragon who held the confinement attribute. Although it wasn’t him who personally yielded, it was enough to passively keep him alive.

“So the first stage of the plan is finally executed. On to the second stage... Since history has determined the new Red King to kill White King, the only thing I should do is...”

Garen looked at almost-collapsing Shadow Dragon boundary point. He slowly closed his eyes and fell into a deep sleep.

The confinement power of the void crystal increasingly built; getting more terrifying and heavier by the minute.

It was the third day since Garen closed his eyes.

With a clang from the crystal, its entirety emitted plain white cold air, spreading to the outside world.

The small half of White Royal Palace island territory was shadowed by the cold air. Although the Distortive Power was quick to vanquish, but since the ejection of cold air, the dark golden crystal had completely turned transparent. It embodied the finest of glass without a hint of impurity.

White King didn’t seem to be bothered by Garen’s series of actions. Too many things happened in over a hundred years and each of them were beyond his control.

The twelve Golden Merit Blue Princes each had their own ax to grind and was only suppressed by his authority and power. There seemed to be a new development in unison battle. This change brought about distance to the original general trend.

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“Lon...”

“Lon...”

“It’s me... Lonnie...”

Calling after calling, a familiar voice lingered continuously by Baylon’s ear.

She saw herself standing in an empty city. A silvery-white city. Empty, still, cold. She could not see one soul in there. It was a dead city.

Right in front, walked a blurred figure of a man. He wore an outfit that she was familiar with. He lightly trod over, closing in and taking her hand.

The man’s face was a blur with an obscure dark fog.

He held her hand and made a turn, taking steps forward.

It was most peculiar as she saw her body from the neck down travel ahead with him. Her head remained where it was as she quietly watched her body leave with the man, further and further away.

“Lonnie...” The voice was heard again.

Baylon heard the voice again. A familiar voice.

She felt a pair of coarse hands wrapping around her head and then placed in one's embrace.

"Who...?"

She opened her mouth to ask.

"You can see me," a gentle voice of a man was heard.

Baylon struggled to lift her head, in an attempt to look at the person holding her head. Who was the owner of that voice?

Beep beep beep... Beep beep beep...

Suddenly, the sound of an ear-pearling alarm exploded in her ear.

Her eyes opened with a pop. Baylon got up from the bed. Her entire body was full of sweat.

Hu... Hu...

She gasped for air as she was short of breath. She lowered her head and held her face. That was when she realized her face was wet. She was unsure whether it was sweat or tears.

"What is this dream?"

She turned over and got down from bed. Her white pajamas were drenched all over. She walked to the washroom to strip off her clothes and turned on the heater valve, letting the hot water flushed over her from head to toe.

Ring...

Suddenly, her phone rang.

Baylon stretched her arm on the white-tiled wall and poked a few times. Instantly, a semi-transparent screen appeared in mid-air in front of her. On it was a projection of a blonde with two ponytails.

"Lin, where did you agree to meet with Clint?" A woman shouted without reserve.

"Oh, Duoduo. What are you asking this for?" Baylon casually rubbed her wet long mane and brushed it to the back of her head.

"Just tell me already. It's fine if he doesn't care about me, but his wife just had a newborn. Can't he spend a little time with her?!" Duoduo was in rage. "He just runs around. He's a grown up now yet he acts like a child!"

Duoduo was Clint's wife. They both had a daughter. They had been married for thirty years. Between them, Clint was married while White Winter had a relationship but was hurt and now had turned into a decadent bearded uncle. He was an instructor at a rookie educational team.

It was only Baylon herself who kept away from the sentimental department.

"Relax, we'll be back soon. You know how Clint is. It's going to be alright," she comforted. Duoduo wasn't just Clint's wife, she was also her best friend.

"I'm not opposed of you handling tasks but would it hurt to let me know prior to missions! What's with leaving behind my back!?" Duoduo was still seeing red but could comprehend that the position Clint and the rest were in. Work task should always place first.

"The departing date is today. We'll be back about twenty-five days later. Don't worry, it will be as before, nothing major," Baylon softly replied.

They were positioned at a special department and needed to be kept secret from family members as well so Duoduo was not aware of the dangers of their work. She thought that it was a gathering intel mission for some sort of safety task force. She wasn't clear on the details.

"That's fine then. He's always like this. I have to look for you to learn what's going on," Duoduo vented. "Alright now, Ling is up. I have to take a look."

"Alright, go ahead," Baylon nodded and cut off communications.

With the splashing sounds of the shower, her thoughts drifted back to the earlier peculiar dream.

"Really... How long has it been since I last dreamed?" Shaking her head, she put aside the ridiculous thoughts. Intercepting the Scarlet Mourning Hall leader's movement was happening in the afternoon.

The Scarlet Mourning Hall was a surly organization under Chinande. Perhaps she would be able to obtain news regarding Garen.

Chapter 1143

Mars planet ring.

The oversized red planet ring wrapped around like a belt and hung around the crimson Mars, spinning slowly.

A large group of figures in red long robes were flying out a hidden leaping black hole on the planet ring in a tidy order.

The figures that flew out landed on the planet ring. Large amounts of universe debris and various elements camouflaged them.

Each leaping figures triggered force field ripples enough to tremor anyone of an Inherited Level.

One of a red figure was the last to fly out and within this group of over a hundred, he stood in the highest position to distinguish his aristocracy.

“Chinande, hopefully, this time your intel isn’t lacking,” the red figure was heard in a low voice.

Hiss...

A black crack was ripped out of space and a white figure walked out of it. It was Chinande with a pair of pale emotionless eyes.

“You think I would lie to you?” He asked solemnly.

“My Scarlet Mourning Hall is now out of your control. Hehe, you think that by wiping out the Energy Machinists, it will clear you of suspicion? What a joke. With your capabilities yet you allow this huge tumor of a Scarlet Snow Alliance escape really is incomprehensible,” the red figure coldly smiled.

Chinande did not say anything more but rather looked at Mars. That direction was this mission’s crucial point. At this stage, if the Scarlet Snow Lianne still was in the dark then they were idiots. The enemy was already at their doorstep.

It could be clearly seen that shades of white and red figures burst open from Mars’ atmosphere like denser tiny meteor sparks, firing over at the Scarlet Mourning Hall.

Leading them were the four Perpetual Motioners with Two-Faced Person as their head.

After the war from that year, the remaining Perpetual Motioners Energy Machinist were only them four, all of which entered the Scarlet Snow Alliance and became branch sects, living in seclusion on Mars.

“Prepare to attack,” Chinande shouted. “We have to first eliminate them before Sawtooth King and the rest could react.”

Mars was a stronghold base bestowed by Sawtooth King to the Scarlet Snow sect. If it weren’t for the sudden removal of the Scarlet Mourning Hall’s stronghold above that attracted a large amount of attention, they probably wouldn’t be able to spot something amiss.



At one side was a team of pure crimson while on the other side, a mixture of red and white. The two assembly of people swiftly closed in and stopped at a distance of a few thousand kilometers.

“So it is the Scarlet Mourning Hall! Attack!” Not wasting a breath, the Two-Faced Person flung his arm and signaled the start of the battle. All these years, there was animosity between Scarlet Snow Sect and the Finite people of the Scarlet Mourning Hall in the North Pole. A blood feud, to say the least. Wars of bloodbaths that raged between the two parties had caused the fall of many experts of Inherited Level, Non-Failing Level, Level Eight, even Level Nine as well as Level Ten Perpetual Motioners meeting death together.

Suddenly, a vast fluctuation of force field spread out, sending the people of the Scarlet Snow Sect to be thrown off the leaping ball of inverse space.

With a swoosh, a large black round empty hole appeared between them, engulfing everything around in extreme.

Both parties flew into it in tacit agreement.

Those who could fly in space in true form were either top buffed Energy Machinists or Mech incorporated Mech Pilots who were at least the Non-Failing Level. Up to this point, these average performers were only serving side dish and would not even possess the qualification to even participate the battlefield.

All of them soon made it into the black hole. The opening then shrunk and just as it was going to vanish, a pitch dark spaceship leaped out of nowhere, shot into the hole like a rocket and disappeared into it.

The moment the spaceship disappeared, a ray of light blasted from afar and before the last crack of the hole could seal up, it snuck into it.

The poor hole was prepared to shrink completely yet a boundless force field held it up.

“Inverse space battlefield?” A man’s voice echoed in space. Whizz whizz whizz... rays of blue light fired into the hole. Once again, disappearing out of sight.

This time, the black hole finally shut entirely.

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Inverse space universe.

Countless planets were injecting large amounts of various attributes and rainbows rays. A large majority of the planets were different in size, a lot of them in a shade of yellow while a small quantity was in blue but mostly emerged in change shades of color such as the rainbow.

Two-Faced Person from the Scarlet Snow Sect and those from the Scarlet Mourning Hall were caught in a fierce battle the moment they entered.

They chose a spacious place where there weren't any nearby planets. Within the dark space, both parties were familiar with each other's techniques and strategies. The familiarity was to the point of a friendly match with tacit coordination.

Chinande stood high above, levitating in mid-air. Hiding behind a white robe, he did not make a single move. From an outsider's point of view, he was a member of the Scarlet Mourning Hall's red-robed minions but this time, his undercover identity was the deputy hall leader of the Scarlet Mourning Hall.

Seeing the battle between the Scarlet Mourning Hall and Scarlet Snow Sect, he was not in a rush to lend a hand.

"Chinande, what the hell are you doing? You're not here to be a spectator!" The hall leader of the Scarlet Mourning Hall used a quantum computer to transmit his voice in frustration.

He was ganging up against the Two-Faced Person a few light years away. The frightening black-hole type ripples caused by the two reached up to tens of million kilometers of range but the universe was simply expanse. One light year went up to a hundred billion kilometers of range. If it weren't for quantum technology, communication between them would be a problem.

So from where Chinande was, he could see nothing but a blur of darkness as the battle rays had yet to reach here but in actual fact, it had already begun.

In order to witness the situation over there, apart from perception and induction, the only way was to wait a few years for the ray to fire over.

This was the universe with unimaginative expanse.

This wasn't limited to where Two-Faced Person was, it was the same for other confrontation between Non-Failing Levels. Each of them fought in pairs and could not lay eyes on other groups.

Chinande did not respond. He remained silent as he hung in space as if waiting for something.

Time flowed by, seconds and minutes.

Without knowing it, it had been over ten minutes.

Chinande maintained his original posture. A long time ago, his team of Perpetual Motioners were slain in one of the Energy Machinist battles, only he survived while most of the Perpetual Motioners of the Energy Machinists passed and only a handful escaped. Both parties had long laid a deadly grudge.

The team of his best friends were almost completely vaporized because of White King yet he pledged his faith to White King just as a loyal dog.

Some criticized him staying true to the nickname he was coined, Wild Mutt but he did not take this to heart. His real identity was then exposed and as the faithful lackey of White King, he sought refuge from the camp of Finite people.

In the darkness of the cold and serene space, a black spaceship silently streaked from the depths, flying just beneath Chinande.

"So they're here?" Chinande's white eyeballs dryly twirled, "Little rat..."

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Baylon and Clint stood side by side in the cockpit, staring ahead of the three sloping glasses. The pitch black inverse space universe outside was within their sight.

White Winter and another man with short green hair were navigating the spaceship, agilely dodging pieces of broken meteor fragments.

“We should be united far from the battlefield. We only need to capture one Soul Official Class exports of the Scarlet Mourning Hall before heading back,” White Winter grabbed the goatee on his face. He was no longer the shy little boy that was more beautiful than a woman. With one hand holding a cigarette, his other hand was swiftly operating on the navigation board with dexterity.

“Soul Official Class expert is at least the Non-Failing Level. I will personally handle it,” Baylon spoke coldly with a heavy murderous intent.

“Be careful, I sense something amiss,” Red Moon’s voice was heard amongst the people.

“With me on board, I can take two! Don’t worry about it! I will be going with Lonnie!” Clint’s hands rested on his waist as he spoke with arrogance.

“Is your exterior armor fixed?” Baylon glanced at him and frowned.

“Er...” Clint has yet to reach the Non-Failing Level. He instantly rubbed his nose and lowered his head in awkwardness, “Not yet...”

“Then you stay,” Baylon said without compassion. “Without an exterior armor, you don’t even stand a chance to have Master Red Moon make an appearance. You’ll be a burden even if you go. I alone am enough.”

“How ruthless...!” Clint was crushed.

“Is the leaping settings ready?” Baylon held the handle of her white sword on her waist and looked at White Winter.

White Winter gestured an okay sign.

“Be careful,” the green-haired man reminded. “There’s a Soul Official alone just on the right. He must be planning on backing up the others.”

“Relax.”

Baylon took large strides to the center of the spaceship. The secede pod was there.

Clint and the rest behind her immediately stripped away their joking expression and started to solemnly prepare for any possible unexpected event.

Hiss...

The hatch opened and Baylon entered the isolating cabin. The hatch behind her shut tight and the air current gradually withdrew from both sides.

Swoosh!

The exterior hatch finally opened, revealing the dark and endless universe in the outer world. The inverse space universe.

A silvery-white armor was immediately released on both sides of Baylon’s face, covering the lower half of her face from the nose and providing her oxygen.

Her clothes quickly shrunk and tightened, becoming a tight black suit and outlining her bewitching bodyline. Her body leaped forward a few times with agility, somersaulting into the darkness.

Just out of the hatch, were two red figures that leaped and appeared here.

It was two Soul Official dressed in red.

“Two!?”

Baylon’s eyes turned stern. Her body hasten in its leaping. The force field on her body crystalized a swallow.

With a swish, her body embodying an agile swallow dashed towards the two Soul Officials with lightning speed.

The duo immediately reacted and erected force field. The red force field simulated two crimson glow in blossom similar to two large red eggs within the universe.

A large piece of the force field became red sparks and splattered around after a series of clang noises was heard.

“Unparalleled Sword, Peacock!”

Baylon released a phantom of in form of a peacock. Cold air surging from all directions wrapped the two Soul Officials.

“50% mock!” A hint of cold ruthlessness flashed past her eyes. She drew out her white blade with speed and evoked a wave of white light in the darkness. Becoming one with the beak of the phantom peacock, she struck one of the Soul Official in the chest.

“Fantasy Resonance!!” This Soul Official must have known that he was on the verge of death. His opponent’s lightning speed had caught them off guard and he was almost at the end of the rope with just one blow. Hence, he decided to go all out.

A large amount of red silkworms roved out of the red force field, charging at Baylon in biting motions.

Cling cling!

Two crisp sounds were heard.

Baylon gently landed on a slow-moving aerolite. She stood still.

Fogs of blood exploded out of the two Soul Officials behind her. The force field was frozen solid and their bodies turned into ice blocks. They were knocked unconsciousness.

Hu...

Baylon took a deep breath. The mock earlier exhausted her a fair bit.

Clap... Clap... Clap...

Suddenly, clapping sounds were heard coming from above.

"Not a bad performance," a cold emotionless voice was heard from the upper space.

Chapter 1144

It struck a chord in Baylon as she lifted her head to look up.

A figure floating above came into sight. It was a face she recalled many times in enmity.

"Chinande!!" Baylon's iris shrunk as unbearable fear stirred within her.

Yet at the same time, the hatred that once lived in her memory sunk in, intertwining with fear.

“Level Ten... Perpetual Motioner Holy Lord,” Baylon tightened her grip on the white blade. The handle of the blade was almost crushed in her hands.

Wham!!

In a blink of an eye, Chinande’s face magnified before her.

With no technique whatsoever and using a level ten gravitation in ten thousand folds, she was gravitationally knocked away with one punch.

Wham!

Vast amounts of gravitation amassed in his pale knuckle punched Baylon’s head without hesitation. Space in the universe seemed to collapse and warp around the knuckle. Even the rays of light assembled into this one punch.

A plain murderous intent was clearly emitting from Chinande.

Baylon watched his knuckle slam against her with eyes wide open without an ounce of strength to retaliate. Time seemed to have slowed down as the nerves in her body reacted with extreme speed but no matter how fast she was, it was powerless against the ten thousand fold gravitation.

Watching the knuckle nearing in, Baylon could somehow hear the nervous shouts of Clint, Red Moon; raging screams of White Winter and the lot as well as the roaring of the spaceship’s laser beams.

But it was all too late...

No one could have predicted the unexpected appearance of Chinande who was a level ten Holy Lord, personally attacking them who were merely supporting characters.

Yet it happened and to this point, any resistance would be futile.



“Am I... going to die?” She watched in a daze as the distorted gravitational knuckle closed in. She was not afraid of death. She was only dissatisfied. Dissatisfied with the fact that she grew too slow. Although she developed faster than most, she was still far from talking about revenge.

Unknowingly, she closed her eyes and waited for the arrival of her death.

Wham!!!

The expected pain did not come. It wasn't just the same pain, even a tiny shred of collision wasn't felt.

“Even if you're going to die, you must make your opponent pay. I have taught you this, have you forgotten?” A deep voice rung in Baylon's ear.

She popped open her eyes and saw a tough and large build figure in a red robe standing in front of her. He single-handedly held onto Chinande's wielding right hand.

Shrouds of cold, white air were confronting the extensive gravitation of extreme oblivion emitted by Chinande.

“Bro...ther...” Baylon's eyes widened. She stared at the figure before her in disbelief.

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Within the spaceship.

“Lonnie!!”

Veins were showing all over Clint's body. The charging action of pulling open the hatch was quickly stopped.

Phew...

White Winter grabbed onto his pounding heart. A single fleeting moment between life and death had him over the edge.

"I won't be able to take a few times of this..." He took a deep puff of his cigarette but his trembling hands revealed his less-than-calm state.

"Thank goodness someone blocked..." The green-haired man went pale white. For a moment, the entire spaceship fell dead silent and everyone had their hearts in their mouth. The swift turn of events had caught even those who were experienced off guard.

"Who is that Holy Lord that rescued her?" Clint ran back and asked loudly.

"Let me see," the man with green hair adjusted the portrait, magnifying it.

The magnified portrait has everyone on board stunned...

"This is... This...!" White Winter's cigarette dropped onto the ground.

"It's that fellow, Nonosiva!!" The first to regain senses was Red Moon, "How could it be! I couldn't even sense it!?"

"Nonosiva?" The green-haired man was dumbfounded.

Clint shared a complicated expression.

"He's Lonnie's brother. Blood-related brother. Perhaps you'll recognize the other name he goes by."

"What?"

“Holy Lord of Scarlet Snow...”

“Holy Lord of Scarlet Snow, Garen!?” The man with green hair went sluggish. This name once shook the human race. There wasn’t one Mech Pilot that didn’t know this genius of an Energy Machinist.

“Faded... Creation...” At the same time, a cold and ruthless voice came from the outer world.

Crimson snowflakes appeared in space and slowly descended from above. It was no different within the spaceship.

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Countless crimson snowflakes gathered in Garen’s palm. The snowflakes twirled around, belching terrifying chills. He flung his arm to hit Chinande’s chest.

A faded force field automatically sprung out and this level ten faded force field was absorbing the energy out of Chinande. This was an absolute force field that engulfed all creations.

Chinande raised his arm in an attempt to block but found no strength. The majority of his power absorbed as he began to channel.

“You!!”

Wham!!!!

Their palms directly met with each other.

The snowflakes plummeted out like scarlet blood, expanding onto Chinande’s body.

Garen’s palm broke Chinande’s arm with ease and then ruthlessly pressed onto his chest.

The freezing force flowed onto Chinande's body and instantly froze his entire body into a snowy ice block.

A streak of puzzlement fled past Garen's eyes as he pushed the ice block containing the frozen Chinande with one arm to move ahead with distance.

He generated the attacking punch of destruction that he hadn't used for a while.

"Tenfold."

The violent force was instantly raised by tenfold and a red ring as wide as a few meters burst open from Garen's hand.

The muscles on his body expanded ferociously. His muscles could be seen expanding more than double its size through his clothes. They embodied black pythons, crawling on Garen's body.

Kaboom!!

He wielded his thunderous arm in the dark of the space and flung it against the flying ice block containing Chinande.

Wham!!

The ice block was smashed into countless pieces of red ice crystals.

"It's over..."

Garen stared at crushed bits and pieces of Chinande, before turning to look at Baylon.

The brother he had not seen in over a hundred years, or should he call her sister, seemed to have aged.

“Brother...” Baylon’s eyes welled with tears. It was unknown whether she was happy or sad.

“It must have been hard for you...” Garen extended his arm to pinch Baylon’s face. He gave her a gentle smile. Nonosiva had never flashed a smile at his sibling but this time, for the first time, he gave a sincere smile to Baylon.

Puff!

All of a sudden, a long white spear penetrated out of Garen’s abdomen from the back, striking through his body entirely.

Blood spewed out and splattered on Baylon’s face, clothes and body. She was momentarily stunned.

“Bro... Brother...!?”

Garen lowered his head to look at the long spear on his abdomen in surprise. The smile on his face that blossomed froze.

Everything fell into silence...

A gust of wind particles swayed from the sun. The broken pieces of red ice crystals were still scatteredly floating about. The engine of the spaceship was activated.

Time stood still at this very moment. This spear not only penetrated Garen’s body, it pierced through Baylon’s newfound glimmer of hope as well as the hope of all in the spaceship.

Baylon stared at Garen’s penetrated body in a daze. Her eyes that were first filled with joy and hope turned into despair.

“No!!!!”

Her sharp voice that was filled with hysteria echoed through space.

Her voice was heard by all witness on site but Baylon’s pain, despair, struggle and anger could never be felt by anyone.

Black tadpoles-like characters swiftly emerged out of Baylon’s eyes and wildly coated all over her body. As her voice of despair rang faster, so did the characters.

Garen stretched out his hand, trying to touch Baylon’s face but alas, he could not even succeed in this final little gesture.

Wham!!!

His body immediately exploded into a rain of blood and torn-apart limbs.

Behind him was a white figure floating in high space. It was Chinande! He did not perish!

Chinande’s high and above figure had transformed into a white-maned, young man dressed in pure white. Even the brows of this young man were white. He lowered his head to coldly stare at the exploded Garen.

“I didn’t plan to kill you this soon...” He muttered in a low voice.

“Yes, neither did I plan to kill you this soon...” A gentle voice was heard coming from behind him.

Swoosh!!

White King was startled. He felt a sharp pain from his abdomens. A bloody hand had pierced through his abdomens, stabbing straight from behind.

“You!!” White King’s body was imprisoned. A force of absolute confinement power took over his strength.

Puff!! His body became an illusion, broken apart into soapy bubbles. All that was left was a man with a tough build.

“Distortive power? This body is a phantom of distortion?!” The man was Garen who was killed earlier. He was dressed in the long robe of Scarlet Mourning Hall. He hung in space with a shocked face.

With a swish, a white spark drilled into him, combusting and scattering into a rain of blood as it exploded.

White King’s figure appeared at the other end of space. His cold gaze fixated on the rain of blood.

“Destiny will guide me to the righteous path!”

“Has destiny ever told you that this is not the right path?”

Another shadow of the Scarlet Morning Hall dashed out, tackling White King in close combat. Their attributes of concept clashed and rampaged in a feud.

Wham!

The shadow beat and ruptured into ructions of bloody rain.

“It is meaningless no matter how many times you come at it!” White King’s voice remained icy cold.

“Is it really meaningless?”

Another red figure flew over.

More and more red figures surfaced below. All of them were the people of Scarlet Mourning Hall dressed in red robes.

In a trance, a large crowd of Scarlet Mourning Hall lifted their heads and revealed their faces. All over hundred of them were carrying Garen's face with a fake smile.

“!!!”

White King wasn't the only one bamboozled, even Baylon who was still in pain, Clint and the rest were left bewildered.

Chapter 1145: Real or Fake 1

The Scarlet Snow Sect that followed behind were shaken on the spot.

“It's Sect Master!! Sect Master Garen!! Hahahaha!! We're saved!!” Ice-Grand roared with laughter.

“I knew that Sect Master would be alright. He would definitely turn up! Definitely!!” Ice-Crack laughed out loud.

Two-Faced Person and rest appeared. A row of level tens stood together to form a large red force field to block off any residue of attacks from the outer world.

The four-armed woman stared intently at the battle between Garen and White King.

“If I'm right, Sect Master must be using some tactic to turn those from the Scarlet Mourning Hall into his embodiment. That isn't White King's true form either but rather a projection. His distortive attribute is



able to mask everyone's senses. The body that Garen sneaked attack earlier is most likely an illusion of distortion."

"I don't quite understand..." Two-Faced Person shook his head. The woman part of the face spoke. "It is chaotic now. What tactic did the Sect Master use to occupy the body?"

"White King first disguised as Chinande to scheme against the Sect Master. He must have predicted that Sect Master would turn up at that moment and indeed he did but he did not succeed in his goal," the four-armed woman fell deep into thought and provided an explanation closest to the truth.

"Then where is the real Sect Master? And where is the true form of White King?" Two-Faced Person asked in return.

The four-armed woman shook her head.

Who schemed against who and who really won against who? No matter Garen or White King, they were plotting against one another.

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White Royal Palace.

In front of the dark golden crystal.

White King stood silently before the crystal rock. The crystal clearly reflected his stone-cold face.

"I see you're well prepared."

"I should say the same to you too," Garen replied in the crystal. "It seems that the strength of your projection is no better than my embodiments," Garen's eye revealed a hint of a smile.

“Even possessing a unique attribute, you shouldn’t be able to have that many projectory embodiments,” White King pondered.

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Battlefield.

Beams of white rays shone from another part of dark space. The string of beams turned into white rings and emerged in an airspace far from where Garen and White King were battling it out.

Figures of vast spirits appeared in the rings. These figures each carried an identity emblem of the Human Nine Emperors. The four people that lead the pack had a larger build than most, doubling or even tripling the height of an average person.

These were the Human Nine Emperor force tailing behind White King’s activity.

At the other end, another group of the white crowd arrived, standing opposite of the Star Emperors. They were all affinity forces of White King. These people were the strongest forces wielded by White King. All thirty of them were Perpetual Motioner and above experts.

These were hidden chess pieces which both parties placed in ambush but now it seemed that these chess pieces would not yield its worth as only the projection of White King made it here so destroying it would amount to little. Moreover, they were uncertain about the peculiar appearance of Scarlet Snow Holy Lord, Garen. Prior to comprehending Garen’s attitude and capabilities, the Nine Emperor force decided against acting recklessly.

At this exact moment, White King, the Human Star Emperors and the rest were staring at the hundred over Garens floating in space. No one spoke a word. These hundred over people were valiant of the Scarlet Mourning Hall yet all sighted at such a strange scene.

A mountain of red-robed Garen were amassed together in a red cloud, facing off White King.

“Now... What are you planning to do? White King...” All the Garens spoke with voices strung together. Their force fields gathered to form a resonance phenomenal. Sharp yet peculiar.

At the same time, White King’s strongest team — the Perpetual Motioners, each lifted their heads. The royal family of White King and all Perpetual Motioner’s followers were bearing the face of Garen.

“You...!!” White King was stunned. The Perpetual Motioners were at a certain level and was one stage of a difference from him, a Saint. Yet now they were controlled by Garen’s peculiar ability. This drastically changed his original plans.

“My King!!” Suddenly, a weak voice was heard.

It was Linora!!

White King spun around and saw Linora appear in space, held by Garen with one hand on the neck. She gave a struggle.

“Garen...!!!” A never-before fiery of rage blared out White King’s eyes for the first time, “You’re seeking death!!!”

He could ignore his parents but Linora who took care of him since he was young was his weakness.

“My King!”

“Your Majesty!!”

Out of the blue, many of the Garens recovered their original identity and face. They anxiously shouted.

“Don’t bother about us! Kill him! For Finite!!”

“Save me! My King! Save me!!”

“Avenge us, Your Majesty!!”

“Long Live Finite!!!”

A jumble of voices rang into White King’s ear.

These chaotic voices that couldn’t be censored or dare not be censored struck chords in him, making him flighty and impetuous.

“My King!!” The real Chinande appeared by White King, “we have to decide on the spot, either to retreat or kill! Please decide!” His stone cold face bore no expression. Perhaps he played so many personalities for a long length of time that he completely lost the ability to be expressive.

Of all the people there, only he and a few princes of the royal family were not possessed. The remaining experts swiftly gathered by his side. Facing the large quantity of Garens encircling White King, the originally Finite squad had turned into the enemy’s base camp. He was in a dangerous situation.

“Retreat?” A hint of struggle crept into White King’s eyes. No matter how powerful or skillful talent he possessed, he still had important people in his life. He was a regular person that hadn’t live more than a thousand years. Even if he was talented, the most talented, even if he had seen destiny’s general trend, even if he had plans to sacrifice for his ideals, White King was still a human no older than three hundred years old. He was a Finite.

He carried with him the hope of rising and uniting the Finite people. No matter what, he must not lose. Garen’s cloning abilities had been tested and it was at the peak of Perpetual Motioner Holy Lord level but as it hoisted the attribute concept of confinement, it made his movements sluggish.

However, this wasn’t the main point. If he were to make a move prior to getting to the bottom of Garen’s peculiar ability, his attack may cause the death of his own people!!

This was the reason for him holding back.

Moreover, a Regent Level wouldn't be able to go up against him and it would be the same for two or three Regent Levels as well. He would be hot on their tails but it was unknown how many of the Human Nine Emperors arrived. It was possible that they would regroup and with Scarlet Snow Holy Lord, Garen in the mix, the outcome of this sort of battle simply could not be predicted.

In the face of war, the Human Nine Emperors had proved their worth. If five of them were to team up, they could face White King's distortive attribute while the remaining three who had equilateral skills with the Twelve Golden Merit Blue Princes. However, there had been a turn of events.

"Retreat!!"

This word made out of White King's mouth with difficulty.

"Retreat? That easily?" Garen's low pitch laughter rang without fear in space.

Phew...!

Figures of Garen flew straight to White King and his group. Each figure bore heavy and terrifying energy of confinement attribute.

"Retreat!!" "Retreat retreat retreat!!"

Voices echoes within the experts under White King.

In the dark inverse space, the white troops hasten their move backward. A large distortive hole appeared behind them. It was a leaping black hole.

The mountain of Garen's charged towards the white troops, launching assaults in kamikaze mode. Streaks of red glow were fired within the low-level Finite troops.

"Distortion! Ancient Void!!" White King suppressed his anger and extended his arm to grab a hold of amassed Garen figures.

A large blob of transparent distortion shot from his hand and split up to little blotches, charging towards the Garens and encircling them. The blotches held the berserk Garens in captive within the distortion, sealing them up.

There were more transparent distortion that scattered down like raindrops firing at the Garens in attempt to resolve all in one.

“Solidify everything in existence!” Garen’s voice was heard, “Faded Creation...”

One of the Garens flew up vertically. Pure huge crystalized wings were formed at his back. He suffused himself between the once white robes and golden helmets.

With crackling sounds, his back emerged countless crystalized vines. These vines took root within the void and grew to all directions to form a large, white windscreen

Red snowflakes descended at this moment in the universe, fluttering about. In a space of a few hundred light years, all was covered with the scarlet snowflakes.

Everything that was touched by the snowflakes, regardless of foe and friend, experienced stiffness in their bodies. They lost all will to retaliate and were immediately imprisoned.

The snowflakes counteracted against the transparent distortion, annihilating each other and resulting in a standstill.

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The Human Race legion.

“What should we do now?!” Bull King, one of the Nine Emperors looked at the strongest Thousand Pillar King.

“Let’s hold our horses for the moment,” Thousand Pillar King calmly concluded.

“Why!?” Now would be the best time to pursue an attack!” Bull King did not understand. “Do you think that White King could have any tactics to counterattack?”

“No, not that,” Thousand Pillar King frowned. “I am not worried but White King but rather the Scarlet Snow Holy Lord.”

“You’re saying that... the battle where the Energy Machinists were annihilated...” Bull King immediately came to his senses. The two were currently the strongest of the Human Nine Emperors. Their decision would impact the movement of the entire human race.

## Chapter 1146: Real or Fake 2

“It is nearly impossible to kill off someone of the Regent-Level. Even if we continued our pursuit, other than taking care of this projection and its base combat power, what else could we possibly do?” Thousand Pillar King looked on meticulously. “On the other hand, if the Scarlet Snow Holy Lord could use such an abnormally large-scale ability against the Finite People, he can easily do the same to my people... Don’t forget, back when we just became the Nine Emperors, only Sawtooth King didn’t join the encirclement...”

“Furthermore, if my instincts are right...” Thousand Pillar King’s gaze moved towards the direction the White King retreated in. “White King seemed to have incurred some injuries at the end of it all.”

“Injuries?!” Bull King slowly responded, his facial expressions tensed up. “You are talking about... The one that managed to confront him alone the last time, right?”

Looking at Thousand Pillar King silently nodding, the two great Regent-Levels’ huge bodies silently faded into the void, trying to hide their current emotions from each other.

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“Retreat! Retreat! Retreat!”

The Finite’s elite army was rapidly retreating through the Jumping Black Hole in a frenzy.

The flurry of red snowflakes formed a red snowstorm, whirling through a pitch-dark tunnel of the Jumping Black Hole, closing in on them.

Garen relentlessly pursued them, one of his clones had already captured one of the White King’s most important men – Lanerra.

Her entire body was engulfed in the red snowstorm. She was trying desperately to escape, showing no signs of stopping.

At that point, this type of spine-chilling abnormal ability had stopped appearing.

In actuality, this was not some amazingly powerful ability, he could only fully possess one body at a time and superficially apply an Imprisonment Attribute on it. This was a method that allowed him to enter his opponent’s dreamland and take control over their Willpower. It was a unique ability of the Void Creatures and something Ancient Endor was proficient at dealing with.

The reason why there were so many Garen clones, was that out of all of these clones, only one clone could utilize its true potential at any given point, applying the Imprisonment Attributes to his targets. The remaining were just there purely to hypnotize the other targets and drag them into their respective dreamlands. This was a basic Void Creature ability.

However, by making all his clones appear at once, it managed to leave the White King and the other experts completely shell-shocked. It gave off the impression that all of Garen’s clones were simultaneously utilizing their fullest potential.

Naturally, their fight or flight response kicked in and they all retreated in a state of panic.

“Linora!” The White King’s projection was glaring daggers at Garen’s clone.



Within the Jumping Tunnel, both parties did not dare to make a move. If you made any missteps in your attacks you'd easily be tossed into a space-time distortion with no way of returning.

The White King's eyes started to glow with a soft white light. Looking at Linora who was in the hands of the Garen clone, he suddenly reacted.

"Impossible! You couldn't have captured Linora! She should've been accompanying Empress Dowager back in the God Palace! To capture someone from under Empress Dowager's nose, you're far from powerful enough to achieve that!"

The Linora in Garen's hands suddenly smiled slyly. With a poof of air, she turned into a ball of scarlet red gas and flew up Garen's nose.

"As expected, it did not manage to fool you."

Garen clapped his hands together as if trying to brush away the nonexistent dust on his palms.

"However, it wasn't ever my intention to try to fool you. To be able to fight to such a degree, you're not half bad after all."

Garen once again clapped his hands lightly.

Two crisp sounding claps could be heard.

The White King's kin who were being pursued by the snowstorm and all the 'possessed' Perpetual Motion Level experts suddenly dissolved like soap bubbles, as if everything earlier was all an illusion.

From the beginning up till now there were never any reinforcements that arrived from the White King's kin or Perpetual Motion Level expert teams. There was nothing left around Garen, even the people in the Scarlet Mourning Hall had vanished.

“As you might’ve already guessed, your kin are probably still desperately moving towards the venue of our battle just now, sending themselves to their deaths. Don’t forget that there are still four out of the Nine Emperors over there... Hehe...” Garen revealed a cruel grin. “You, on the other hand, would not even make it in time if you rush there right now. It’s already too late.”

Hearing this, the White King’s face immediately turned green.

He looked around at his surroundings. The group of White King’s men all had terrible expressions on their face. As it turned out, from the very start, what they thought was mercilessly pursuing them was just an unbelievably lifelike illusion. They were completely fooled by Garen’s self-directed play of illusions to the point where they had all retreated in fear, most likely causing the demise of the Perpetual Motion Level team that headed over as reinforcements, trapping them in a Regent-Level ambush.

If word of this got out, it would be the most disgraceful incident ever in Finite People history.

At this moment, in the Jumping Tunnel, the White King and his group of experts, including a few Prince Levels and another Regent Level had a terrible look on their faces. They all simultaneously looked over at the Chinande who was the first who suggested the idea of retreating to the White King.

‘Chinande’ let out a sly grin. With a poof of smoke, his body turned into gas, dispersing into the void.

Within the Jumping Tunnel, there was a clear separation of white team and red team. The illusions slowly started to get dispelled.

Garen’s side seemed to be shrouded by a mist that resembled red smoke. He was the only one in the entire red team.

On the other hand, the White King’s team consisted of him and a few Prince Levels. As for the people in the Scarlet Mourning Hall, they were all deep in slumber. They all had a beetle-shaped gas body placed on their faces, covering their noses and mouths, causing them to sleep soundly.

In other words, from the very beginning, the White King’s projection and the Prince Levels were all in a state of isolated illusions.

Garen did not even lay a finger on the White King in actuality, it was merely an illusion.

Real or fake, which part was real and which was fake, at this point, the White King could not make out the difference. This was precisely what Garen was aiming for.

“Well then, this time, it’s my victory...” Garen let out a cheeky smile.

“Ghostly Trickery!” The White King’s face was icy cold. He furiously waved his palm towards Garen.

A bundle of twisted power directly shot towards Garen’s body, blowing up Garen’s body into ashes with a loud boom.

As Garen died, this body he possessed slowly revealed its original appearance. It turned out to be one of the average Non-Falling Level experts in the Scarlet Mourning Hall.

The red mist that was shrouding Garen’s body earlier also started to fade away, slowly vanishing into thin air. The beetle-shaped gas bodies on the faces of the people in the Scarlet Mourning Hall also started to dissipate.

“Immediately contact Latva!” The White King rapidly ordered.

“We’ve already contacted him, but...” The Prince Level beside him turned pale. “According to our recon spies, Latva’s team got ambushed by the combined power of the four Star Emperors. They were completely wiped out...”

Boom!!

A huge ball of twisted energy burst from the White King’s fist, nearly causing the entire Jumping Tunnel to collapse. His gaze was cold to the extremes.

“Garen!!”

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## Original Battleground

The four of the Nine Emperors looked at the destroyed remains of the area. The remains of the corpses of the White King's kin and the Perpetual Motion Levels were scattered all over the place.

With their combined strength, the four struck at the key point of the White King's kin and Perpetual Motion Levels' jumps with utter precision. Once again demonstrating the fearsome power of when the four Regent Level work together. In an instant, they had mustered up enough power to destroy even stars. With all this power concentrated at a certain point, the result would be the space surrounding the area to immediately collapse. A part of the Perpetual Motion Level was directly disintegrated on the spot, imploding into a black hole causing an even larger space-time collapse. Hence, before the remaining reinforcement managed to land, they had already been sent off to another galaxy countless light years away.

The overall result was that all of the White King's strongest kin were completely wiped out.

The Thousand Pillar King stared at the red-shirted Garen in front of him with a complicated expression.

"At the end of the day, how much of it was real and how much of it was fake? Even I couldn't tell anymore."

"Such a masterful execution. For the White King to have made such an enemy, it's just..." Bull King nodded his head in agreement.

At this moment in the Negative Spatial Universe, there were only four groups of people left.

Thousand Pillar King and the forces of the Nine Emperors, the Scarlet Snow Sect's Double-Faced Man and other experts, and the flying ship that Baylon, Clint, and the others were piloting.

Lastly, there was the lone red-robed Garen who was floating in space.

At this moment, Garen was like the most average energy machinist, facing the Thousand Pillar King in silence.

Since the Thousand Pillar King had taken action earlier, he had revealed his actual physical body. He was the size of an entire planet, solemnly staring down at Garen, who was sesame-sized in comparison.

The two were like David and Goliath, even if it was just based on the aura of their energy forces, there was definitely more than a whole level in difference. However, Thousand Pillar King looked very solemn at the moment. If we ignore the difference in size, he looked no different from a serious and calm middle-aged uncle.

“This current body of yours, it’s not your actual body, right?” He softly asked.

Garen smiled.

“Your Majesty Thousand Pillar King, whether it is real or fake, it doesn’t really matter much, does it? What’s important is that it got the job done, is it not?”

“What a powerful junior I have. Never would I have thought that just after slightly more than a hundred years of my slumber, an expert with such outstanding talents as this would suddenly appear,” the Bull King was repeatedly praising Garen as he looked over at him, “Scarlet Snow Holy Lord, if my gut feeling is correct, the ability you used just now should be something to do with the dream world of Void Creatures and Guise-type abilities.”

“Bull King is indeed very sharp,” Garen nodded while smiling, “In reality, my actual strength pales in comparison to the White King’s. It’s just that I had some unique attributes and it was his first time dealing with this type of ability. He was completely unaware of this ability that he was completely unfamiliar with, giving him a huge disadvantage. However, it seems like I won’t be as lucky the next time around.”

“Well said,” Thousand Pillar King nodded in agreement. Even he could tell that Garen’s actual strength is far lower than the White King’s. He had to rely heavily on this type of abnormal ability that utilizes deception and confusion. However, once the opponent had done adequate preparation work, it would be highly improbable if he wanted to achieve a similar favorable result. The scientist of the Finite People

would definitely not ignore such an abnormal ability, with their research, they are bound to come up with strategies and countermeasures against this trick in no time.

“Then, we must show our gratitude to Scarlet Snow Holy Lord for the results of this battle,” Thousand Pillar King said cheerfully.

“The pleasure’s mine,” Garen answered politely.

Looking at the Thousand Pillar King and company leaving the scene, Garen finally turned around, gazing at the passed out Baylon, Clint and his crew in the flying ship and the group of Scarlet Snow members who were looking on anxiously by the sidelines.

#### Chapter 1147: Opportunity 1

“Due to some personal reasons, I cannot physically be with you guys at the moment,” his smile on his face slowly faded away. “As a matter of fact, this body is not my actual physical body. I have seen all your hard work and effort over the years.”

“Sect Master, please come back!” Ice-Ocean stood forward, “We need you, the Scarlet Snow Alliance needs your presence.”

More importantly, the potential of all the experts with the Distorted Seed parasite that were present at the location relied on Garen’s existence. Once Garen died, all of the Energy Machinists here may very well return to their former weak selves.

This was what worried the Two-Faced Person and the other Level Ten Perpetual Motioners the most. Since Garen went missing, they all had a serious feeling of unease lingering in their hearts. In an attempt to release themselves from his shackles, they have tried to research the principles and theories behind the Distorted Seed over the years but to no avail.

“That’s right Sect Master, after so many years of improvement, the Scarlet Snow Sect is no longer the small sect from the past. The only thing lacking now is a true blue Regent Level in our ranks. Once you’ve returned, our Scarlet Snow Sect will break through boundaries and become a real Regent Level force! The human’s Tenth Great Royal Star Force!!” The Two-Faced Person shouted out.

Garen smiled bitterly as he shook his head.

“It’s not that I don’t want to return, it’s just that my physical body is now at the White Royal Palace, unable to escape confinement. The White King’s physical body is constantly monitoring me. Unless there comes a day where you guys can manage to defeat the White King and break into the White Royal Palace...”

“White Royal Palace!!”

Who would have thought that Garen’s physical body was at the Finite People’s main camp. This was something that the Two-Faced Person and the other experts could have never expected.

That place was completely surrounded by countless Finite People experts. Even for the Thousand Pillar King, the epitome of the Regent Level, it would be a suicide mission breaking into their defense, much less for the average Regent Levels.

White King was one of the top Regent Levels, an existence that boasted itself as the unmatched peak within this universe. Furthermore, within the Finite Royalty, there was also the White King’s mysterious mother – Goddess Dowager. There were also the Twelve Golden Merit Blue Princes, twelve Regent Level experts!

With this kind of lineup, even if we get another Regent Level with a similarly strong power as the White King, it was still an impossible mission.

“White Royal Palace...” Not just the Scarlet Snow Sect members, but even Clint and company on the Flying Ship fell silent.

“No wonder you went missing for so many years. You got yourself stuck in the White King’s home base,” Red Moon sighed. “It looks like he understood a bit more about essences. For someone who understood

the concept of essences, when facing others who have not, they would have an absolute suppressing power against them. This effect can be apparent with even the slightest bit of understanding.”

“You mentioned essence, but what exactly is it?” White Winter paused for a long while before asking, his gaze locked onto Garen’s eyes.

“That’s the foundation and the basis behind all Regent Levels,” Red Moon explained.

While listening to his explanation, Clint and the others started to feel more at ease as they were no longer in imminent danger. They listened on curiously at Red Moon’s explanations.

“In theory, the coverage area of essence could go up to an infinite distance. Currently, the furthest essence coverage is wielded by the one known as the weirdest Regent Level, Golden Thread Flower King. His essence can cover an area with the radius of up to hundreds of light years apart, affecting the people within its coverage. It can completely cover the entire Solar System and even its bordering areas.”

“That’s absurd!!?” Clint’s eyes widened. “Essence coverage of hundreds of light years! Then, what about the weakest? What’s the smallest coverage area?”

Red Moon clicked his tongue.

“What’s so absurd about it? Strength is similar to essence, it has a concentration level. The more concentrated it is, naturally, the coverage area would be smaller. If you want to increase the coverage area, naturally it will cause the concentration level to drop. However, once the concentration level drops below a certain extent, it would become more or less useless. You need to, at the very least ensure that there is the lowest level of effect.”

“That’s true...” Clint rubbed his chin, understanding what Red Moon was saying.

“Garen’s abilities look to be similar to that of a Void Creature’s Dream Abilities. It seems to be very strong, very real, and its coverage area is also quite large. However, he has a fatal weak point,” Red Moon coldly stated.



“What weak point!?” White Winter’s face tensed up.

“His actual strength is too weak. Thus, he has to rely on illusions to make his opponents think they are under confinement. However, once they learn about his essence, their subconsciousness will no longer think he has the ability to put them under confinement, breaking the illusion and causing an opposite result,” Red Moon calmly explained. “To put it simply, his ability is to deceive his opponent’s nervous system, making them see certain things or think that they are confined and are unable to move. In reality, he was just manipulating their nervous systems, using it to create illusions, not actually doing anything in the real world.”

“It’s like inducing a dream on the opponents!”

“Exactly! That’s how you can look at it!” Red Moon confirmed. “With that in mind, that is why his essence coverage area is very wide. As long as there are sentient organisms in the area, it will be under his coverage. This might even exceed the Golden Thread Flower King, reaching a terrifying level. However, it’s only flaw is that once the opponents do targeted preparation on him, it would be extremely hard for his abilities to achieve the same effects. In other words, what’s fake will always remain fake. No matter how real it looks, once it gets seen through by someone, it would become useless.”

“This type of ability seems to be powerful on paper, but in actuality, it is very weak,” White Winter nodded in agreement.

“That’s right... Real or fake, if only Garen’s potential was just a bit stronger, he might actually be able to use this essence of his and reach a terrifying level,” Red Moon said regretfully. “However, I found out that his essence had already been completely locked in this current degree. I don’t know why that is the case.”

Although Red Moon was a Regent Level of the older generation and his experience could help him see through a lot of things, he was still clueless about the truth behind this issue.

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“My essence...” When Garen was asked about this, he let out a slight smile.

“It’s confinement, freezing. It’s also illusions and dreamland,” he calmly answered.

“Between the Regent Levels, what is the deciding factor for the difference in potential?” Whilst Garen was around, the Two-Faced Person took the opportunity to ask what he wanted to know. He was now at the very peak of Perpetual Motion, with only one last step to reach Regent Level. He understood that essence was a concept, but he could not fully understand the details regarding it.

“Regent Level...” Garen went deep into thought. “It’s the confrontation between concepts. Regent Levels back in the Perpetual Motion Level era gained unlimited strength. However, Regent Levels nowadays gained unlimited Willpower. When Willpower condenses to its maximum point, it would naturally become essence. Regarding this, it’s best for you to find your own essence that suits yourself the most, then only can you become a true Regent Level.”

“My own essence...” The Two-Faced Person and the other Level Ten Perpetual Motioners started thinking.

Garen was also sincerely hoping that some of them would manage to attain Regent Level. Thus, he decided to pass down his wisdom that he attained to aid them as well.

“In my opinion, the difference between Regent Levels does not lie within strength. Since everyone can freely gain unlimited strength, it was not a point of contention. The key difference should be in the difference of one’s essence, and one’s grasp and understanding of it. The confrontations between essences is dependence on one’s depth in understanding. Whoever can grasp their own essences better shall have a greater impact on the battle. In turn, they will have a greater chance to dispel their opponent’s essences, allowing their own essence to affect the opponent. However, no matter how much you try to suppress or affect your opponent, it wouldn’t be likely that you will be able to one-shot them. In other words, the difference would not be too big.”

Garen continued.

“With that in mind, there wouldn’t be any quick deaths between two Regent Levels. Unless it’s a fight to the death or a battle of endurance, most of the time the Regent Levels would survive these battles. Unless, of course, an unexpected situation occurs.”

“In that case, would all Regent Level battles eventually turn dragged out long battles?” A girl with four arms asked. The Two-Faced Person and her were currently the ones with the strongest potential within the Scarlet Snow Alliance. She was also one of the representatives for the other Level Tens.

“Would Regent Level battles ever not be a dragged out long battle?” Garen returned her question.

With this question, the people at the scene came to a sudden realization. From the start of the battle between humans and the Finite People, there were not any Regent Level casualties. The last Regent Level casualty was from an unimaginably long time ago.

Garen put out his right hand, five balls of pale red light appeared on his fingertips.

“Go.”

He shot the red lights into the air, attaching them onto the five strongest people present.

Almost as if a hallucination, the red light seeped into their skin without them feeling anything.

“This is...” The Two-Faced Person frowned.

“It’s a bit of my essence that can attach itself to your bodies, If you have any updates or urgent situations, you can concentrate your Willpower on it and send a message to me. I should be able to receive it,” Garen explained. “My essence is not one that has high offensive power, so it’s slightly more troublesome.”

“There aren’t many essences with high offensive power, supposedly only the Fresh Blood Holy Lord, who is missing in action, had a purely offensive essence. Unfortunately, after she challenged the White King, she went missing, or she might even have died...” Garen thought back to his last encounter with the crazy lady of the Wraith Royalty. At first, he straight up shot a star, almost completely crushing her.

“Alright, my time is almost up,” Garen looked at his current body. This physical body he possessed belonged to a Non-Falling Level expert at the Scarlet Mourning Hall. However, this possession was not permanent, it was only available for a temporary amount of time.

“Sect Master...” Ice-Ocean and company sincerely hoped for Garen’s safe return. If the Scarlet Snow Alliance was led by Garen, it would no doubt improve a lot. Instead of having to cowardly live under the protection of Sawtooth King.

“Say no more, I will continue to watch over you guys in the White Royal Palace. Perpetual Motioners without an essence will have no way of defending against my possession, White King would not completely disregard my presence. He wouldn’t dare to take any direct action towards you guys. He knows that once I no longer have anything to linger on to, it will result in both of our mutually assured destruction,” Garen seriously stated.

To tell the truth, he did not actually fully attain Regent Level. In reality, he used a trick, utilizing Shadow Dragon’s essence to consider himself half a Regent Level.

Thus, his possession was completely vulnerable to the White King’s projection. From the very beginning, He only used ambushes and illusions, temporarily pulling the dreamland into reality, overlapping it. Only then did he manage to create such a large effect. However, in actuality, the damage he had done was pitifully little, far incomparable to when the Thousand Pillar King completely annihilated the White King’s kin later on.

If the White King decides to disregard him as a threat and take action, he would not be able to do anything against it.

“Now return... I will talk to Sawtooth King a bit later...” Garen finally started to feel that his possessed body was at its limit. Looking back at the flying ship, Clint and company were looking at him through the ship’s glass window.

Baylon was still passed out unconscious.

“The stimulus this time, should be able to replace the stimulus from the Battle of Ice Age?” Garen silently pondered, “Hopefully she can successfully awaken...”

In the grand scheme of things, Baylon was originally affected by the death of her brother, causing her to completely awaken, rapidly becoming a top level Royal Star. On the other hand, Clint was also working hard, rapidly growing up. This is now their true turning points.

## Chapter 1148: Opportunity 2

Garen had a feeling that, ever since he started using the void crystal to confine himself, the muscular structures of his body had started becoming, leaving his body in a state of a suspended animation.

Even he himself did not know how his body is continuing to exist, neither did he understand why his body was being confined. He just understood that his willpower could still go through a Dream Weave. His hypothesis for this was that the essence for Dream Weaving is of a higher level the essence for confinement.

The superficial confinement essence that Garen knew could at most dispel some of the other average Regent Levels' essences or be used when conversing with the White King. Only when he was facing a non-Regent Level existence could it have any obvious effect.

When facing an actual Regent Level, it would be extremely underwhelming.

He had a hunch that ever since he forcefully grasped half of his essence, especially the confinement essence, all the way up until when he grasped the Dream Weaving essence, his entire worldview had been flipped upside down.

The world consisted not only of the material world but also the Dream World where our spirits are intertwined with each other and a lot of other things that cause waves and ripples, creating a non-material world.

The entire universe seemed to become even more vast and mysterious, completely unpredictable.

This essentially showed the truth in the statement that "the more you know, the less you understand."

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## Finite God Palace

The blue sky was filled with white clouds slowly drifting through the air. Golden sun rays showered down from above, landing on the huge white palace below and reflecting on a pale gold surface.

The White King was moving up along the pure white stairway. His silhouette would glow every few hundred steps, instantaneously leaping a large distance, teleporting him to the next section of the stairway.

The white palace stood in solitude in the middle of a huge white desert, surrounded by an endless sea of white sand. Under the light of the golden sun, the entire desert seemed extremely glaring and beautiful.

Soon, the White King arrived in front of the palace entrance in his white robes.

As he stepped forward, the grand stone gates that were dozens of meters tall automatically opened to two sides, revealing a deep and long hall.

The floor of the hall was tiled with thick, white bricks, with every brick being a few hundred meters in width and length. The entire palace looked big enough to house an entire city. It was purely white, wide, and completely empty.

The White King walked into the hall, gazing at the center of the hall, looking at a white circular platform floating in the air.

“Mother, it has been many years. Once again, I’m here to visit you,” White King’s calm voice echoed through the hall.

The Finite King and Queen had been killed by their own son. After the White King inherited the throne, he felt no remorse over his father’s death. However, he bestowed the title “Goddess Dowager” to the mother that he personally killed and had the girl that he loved the most, Linora, take care of this tomb behind him. This caused a huge commotion throughout the world back when he first decided to do it.

"You had personally killed my physical body, all for the sake of stopping me from interfering in your grand scheme. Now, why do you still have the leisure of time to come here and visit me?" A lady's cold voice rang from the floating stone platform.

"Killing you was not my intention, it was all part of our destiny," The White King answered calmly. "The reason behind my visit is partially to see you. I also wish to pay Linora a visit."

The lady coldly snorted out. She stopped speaking and remained silent.

A moment later, a blue-shirted girl appeared from behind a tall stone pillar from the other side of the hall.

"Your Highness."

The girl's face was covered with a white cloth, her body looked thin and frail, almost like a willow in the wind, as if she was gonna collapse as she walked on by.

"Lin," The White King walked up to greet her. Looking at the girl standing in front of her, he let out a huge sigh of relief. "As long as you're still fine."

"What happened, Your Highness?" She asked in confusion. However, before she even finished her question, she was caught in the White King's embrace. Removing the white cloth covering her face, he passionately kissed her.

Surprisingly, underneath the white cloth, the girl's face was not beautiful at all, as a matter of fact, it was completely hideous.

Small eyes, a snub nose, big mouth, and a complexion that was barely decent. However, no matter how one looked at it, one could not see her as a beautiful person. She could not even be considered average. The only word that could describe her was "hideous".

However, the way the White King looked at her was one of unconditional loving. He did not care about Linora's physical appearance. In his eyes, Linora was like a gemstone that constantly emitted a bright shine. The beauty of her spirit and willpower was incomparable to anyone else in the world.

"Your Highness... You're uncalm again..." Linora softly touched the White King's hair. She was much shorter than him, so the White King bent down to compensate for their height difference, resting his head on her chest.

"Yes... Whenever I start to feel anxious, you're the only one who can calm me down," While the White King's head rested on her chest, they looked like a couple of lovers, but something similar to a maternal bond could also be felt.

Linora was the absolute source of the White King's motivation.

"What's the matter? Did your father's consciousness escape again? Or did all the Finite Princes band together to start a revolution?" The Goddess Dowager's voice coldly rang out behind him.

"It's only a small problem," The White King raised his head from Linora's embrace. "I'll resolve it soon, you don't need to worry, Mother. You just focus on taking care of yourself in this place."

His visit was mainly to check up to confirm that Linora was alright. Garen's trick managed to give him quite a fright.

Since he had achieved his goal, the White King stood up, once again kissing Linora on her cheeks.

"Your Highness, emergency meeting. Prince Dragonrock requests that you get there immediately, it's about what happened to your kin this time around..." A man's voice could be heard from the palace entrance.

"Understood," White King replied plainly.

"Go..." Linora gently caressed his face. "I will always be here."



“Mm.”

White King’s gaze revealed a hint of reluctance, as he held on to her hands.

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After the battle in the Negative Space, Scarlet Snow Holy Lord Garen’s name had spread throughout the two nebulae inhabited by the two races.

The combat evaluation report had also reached the Head of the Regent Level Force’s table.

“Scarlet Snow Holy Lord Garen: Regent Level.

Danger Level – Extreme.

Combat Level – Regent Level, ranking unknown.

Combat Coverage: Over three hundred light years (Previously initiated an illusion affecting all organisms within a three hundred and twenty-one light year radius.)

Concept Type: Confinement, Illusion. Precise details unknown.

Special Ability – Possession, similar to Projection. Limits and requirements unknown. There is an eighty percent chance that utilizing his potential will allow him to possess only one body unit and utilizing the body’s full power.

Positions and Authorities – Alliance Leader of the Scarlet Snow Alliance, Scarlet Snow Sec Sect Master, an existence of the Human’s Tenth Star Emperor (Regent Level).”

After that, the report had investigated most of his growth and experiences in his life since he was young. Many academics had also started to research on the sudden exponential jumps in his growth progress as his potential had an irregular growth progress.

In the last battle in the Negative Space, although he had the Thousand Pillar King and other Regent Levels backing him up, the trick Garen used to deceive the White King into retreating to buy time managed to intrigue a lot of tacticians' interest. Someone had also leaked out the information that Garen's actual body was still in the White Royal Palace, being confined by the Dark Gold Void Crystal, the strongest material known to mankind. One of the reasons he was still alive was because he had grasped the foundation of the Confinement Essence.

For a Regent Level under confinement, he still managed to have such a big impact. This instantly made the days of most of the higher-ups.

After the Human's Nine Emperor forces' research and discussion, they had also officially bestowed the title "King of Scarlet Snow" to Garen.

However, a lot of people thought that instead of King of Scarlet Snow, Garen was more suited for the titles "Crystal King" and "King of Lies". While being confined in the crystal, he relied on illusions and lies, causing huge losses for the White King and his men. In retrospect, the King of Lies would be more appropriate, considering his essence.

Thus, the official title only existed in name, Garen's colloquial title became the two aforementioned. Those who were fond of him would call him the Crystal King; whilst those who were not would call him the King of Lies.

The gossip about him also started to die down as time went on.

The Scarlet Snow Alliance had gained independence, founding a whole new territory in another galaxy, officially becoming the Tenth Great Star Emperor Force. They were recognized by the other forces, officially joining the Human Alliance.

However, the mysterious Garen, due to his special circumstances, could not be present for most of the Regent Level events. Naturally, Scarlet Snow's ranking had also dropped to the last place.

In a blink of an eye, a hundred years had passed.

The humans and the Finite People had once again been in countless wars, but all of them ended without any definite winner. On the other hand, Garen had occasionally participated in these battles. The frequency of his appearance seemingly getting less and less.

As for Clint and the company who joined the Scarlet Snow Alliance, they had all matured into a new generation of experts. Clint had entered Level Eight while Baylon directly attained Level Nine. She had achieved terrific results in numerous battles, once even surviving a fight with a Level Ten Perpetual Motioner in one piece. They had successfully propelled themselves up to the circles of the top ranks. In one of the reconnaissance missions, Baylon managed to use her ability to mimic one of the Finite experts, successfully deceiving the countless layers of strict security and defense, obtaining important information on the enemy, and allowing the human forces to heavily injure three of the Finite Golden Merit Blue Princes.

With that success, she had been dubbed the “Almighty Woman” and her name spread across the two nebulae.

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White Royal Palace

Garen was still his same old self. There was literally nothing that had changed about him. The confinement essence not just halted all activity on his body, it also stopped all time from passing on his body.

The “him” now and the “him” from two hundred years ago had literally no differences.

As compared to the Confinement Power in the beginning, the crystal’s current power had been raised to a terrifying level. The Confinement Power seemed to have risen ceaselessly. At the start, Garen could still use voice transmission with the White King through the crystal, utilizing his understanding of a part of the confinement essence to transmit voice exchanges. However, now, not even a whimper could be transmitted.

Garen felt that the Shadow Dragon's essence seemed to have already been increased to a level that he could no longer comprehend.

Now, he could only rely on his knowledge to forcefully receive the everything from the external world unilaterally. The void crystal is continuously absorbing the external world, taking in everything he comes in contact with and subsequently confining it.

Seemingly due to prolonged confinement of the Hellfrost Peacock Queen, the crystal started assimilating some of the Hellfrost Peacock Queen's devourer essence.

The current him could only observe and listen, but his own voice could not be transmitted out. Even the most basic of actions like blinking or smiling could no longer be done by his body. The confinement had already been raised to a level that no one could even comprehend.

#### Chapter 1149: Resolution 1

A cold wind was whirling. On the entire island of the White Royal Palace, save for the forever unchanging meteorite flow surrounding it, it was just a wide and empty wasteland.

The Void Crystal with a dark golden hue had already become a part of the island's scenery.

"I seemed to have miscalculated the outcome of this battle," The White King's voice sounded from outside the crystal.

Garen looked at the figure that suddenly appeared outside blurrily through the crystal. Without a care for his image, the White King sat down on the floor cross-legged.

He had already stopped talking since dozens of years ago, even the time for outside activities was starting to get limited. It seemed like the confinement essence had already started to affect his Dream Weaving ability. Most of the time, he was stuck in the crystal, silently trying to get a deeper grasp of the confinement essence. However, his progression was getting increasingly slower, and bearing fewer and

fewer results. Most of the time, the results were so minuscule that he started feeling that he was not improving at all.

In this time, whenever the White King felt bored, he would come over to chat with him. At first, he could still barely force out a few sentences, but now, as the Confinement Power was getting stronger and stronger, he was no longer able to say a word.

However, even if he could not reply, the White King would still come to chat. It seemed as though he was rambling to himself, but all he wanted was an audience to vent to, so he did not mind if there were not any replies.

“The Red King has finally awakened,” The White King calmly said. “I heard that he entered Level Eight. That’s fast. Although he’s an outlier from the general trend, this kind of speed is still considered astonishingly fast...”

“There’s also your younger sister, she’s already Level Nine. She’s now even able to escape from the clutches of a Holy Lord unscathed. It’s truly amazing... Just using that bit of information and conditions, they managed to grow to such an extent within just a couple hundred of years,” The White King’s voice seemed to reveal a hint of emptiness.

“Wasn’t this part of the original script you intended?” Garen wanted to reply with that. Unfortunately, his voice was completely sealed by the crystal.

“I know, you’re trying to ask me that ‘wasn’t this the script that I planned myself?’” The White King gazed at the orbiting meteorites from afar indifferently. “It is... Didn’t I start off by pursuing unification and peace? The Red King can bring this generation an even longer-lasting peace, end all wars, and allow the two races to cohabitate in harmony...”

He paused briefly, taking out some sort of snack from his hands. Putting one of them into his mouth, he started to lightly chew on it.

“To be able to promise this type of complete equality, it’s not something I can offer.”

“So you waited for the Red King to grow up, waiting to pass on the baton to him once he was ready?” Even though Garen knew his voice could not be heard, he still asked.

Surely enough, the White King could not hear anything. He had stopped talking. As he started eating the snacks slowly piece by piece, his gaze felt empty.

In reality, the two knew deep inside, every time Garen weaved out, the Confinement Power would get jolted with some stimuli and strengthen its confinement against Dream Weaving. This inadvertently caused the difficulty of weaving out each time to become progressively harder.

Perhaps, after weaving out a few more times, he would no longer even be able to return anymore...

“Is this considered a ‘you reap what you sow’ moment?” Garen was helpless. The strongest confinement had far exceeded his expectations. Not only did it manage to successfully block out the White King, soon it could be possible that he himself would be blocked in. He might even be sealed in here forever.

He believed that the White King had already predicted this as well, that was why the White King decided to use Garen as an audience for his venting. He started coming over to vent with no restraint or any intention of hiding anything.

“Maybe, I can go out two more times,” Garen carefully calculated and arrived at this conclusion. Two more times, with less than a month of a grace period in between. Otherwise, since the Confinement Power continually increases, he might not be able to return anymore. Then, his consciousness and physical body would be separated, making him no different from a Fallen... Oh, it might be slightly different. Once a person had fallen, their consciousness could only remain at a place or in a location, they could not freely move. He might still be able to move by his will...

Once a Regent Level had fallen, this was the result. Even after their death, they still existed as a highly concentrated bundle of consciousness, allowing them to exist for a very long time. It was similar to the types at Ancient Endor, having their soul seeds remain even after their deaths.

That was the case for Goddess Dowager and Red Moon. Just that one was sealed in a palace, while the other was sealed in his own mech’s core parts.

“For the final time I’m weaving out, I have to find a concrete method of escaping this...” Garen did not want to be forever sealed in this void crystal. Living like this without any notion of time or space would eventually drive him insane.

He had a hunch that the opportunity to leave this world was soon arriving...

“It looks like you reap what you sow,” The White King looked at Garen who was in the well and said. “To block me, you ended up sealing yourself inside the crystal with no way of coming out.”

He brought out a jug of alcohol and started to drink without a care in the world, directly drinking it straight out of the jug.

“Laughable... Who would have known, the human’s Tenth Regent Level, the Crystal King, the King of Liars, is now a crystal statue that had almost fallen?”

Garen could see that he was somewhat irritated. Perhaps, he had started feeling conflicted with the pathway he had planned out in the very beginning. Maybe it was a conflict between his ideals and the reality. From what it looked like, the White King seemed to not want to die.

He started having conflicting feelings towards his plan which he had set out to achieve back then.

“Forget it, you’re already at your death’s door, what am I doing here still talking to you?” The White King stood up and tossed away his alcohol jug as he turned and slowly walked off.

Looking at his silhouette slowly disappearing from his sight, Garen had a complicated, indescribable feeling in his heart.

“For the final time I’m weaving out, I’ll need to start considering my future plans...” He made a decision in his heart.

Celine, and Chinande, these were the two matters that he still had to resolve to get the peace of mind.

Did Celine actually lie to him, or did someone kill her and disguised themselves with her appearance? Or maybe there was not a person called Celine from the very start? What if she was a pawn from one of the White King's subordinates from the very beginning, hiding amongst the masses solely to learn about the Red Moon Star Emperor's movements?

Even up till now, Garen still had not found a clear answer to this. The last time Garen went out, he did discover some clues. This time, he had to clear up everything.

"It's time to resolve everything..." Garen started to concentrate his consciousness within the crystal.

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Five days later...

Some Star Region of Mankind – Central Black Bottom Star.

In a small town located on the high grounds next to a snowy mountain, a tall man covered in a black cloak was walking on a somewhat narrow street. He was wearing a black mask, only revealing two deep blue eyes. His entire body was completely covered by the cloak.

There were a couple of kids running around the town, occasionally stopping to look at this weird and unknown visitor.

This town was situated somewhere rural, it was also the most barren place in the whole of Black Bottom Star. Usually, there would barely even be one visitor every half a month. Thus, every time an outsider comes to visit, these children would be the first to run out to witness their arrival.

At the houses on his two sides, an auntie carrying a steel basin out to water the plants looked over at the man just as she was heading back to her house.

"Auntie, may I ask you a question?" The man's voice rang out from within the cloak. "Is there a female mech pilot named Celine living around these parts? She has short green hair, was quite stalky and looked decently pretty. I think she moved here about more than thirty years ago."



The auntie stopped in her tracks.

“Celine? Thirty plus years ago... You mean Big Sis Celine?”

“Big Sis?”

The cloaked man was slightly shocked.

“Yeah, she’s even older than me. What else would I call her other than ‘Big Sis’?” The auntie answered matter-of-factly. “But, what are you looking for her for?”

“I’m her friend, I haven’t seen her in ages so I decided to visit. Since it was en route, I decided to come over to explore the area a bit,” The man answered. However, judging from his voice, this man’s age was still quite young.

The auntie instantly started to feel suspicious. However, as she thought about it more, a lot of mech pilots also had anti-aging capabilities, so she gave out Celine’s house address after a brief hesitation.

“To get to her house, you’ll just need to follow this road. It’s the third green building up ahead. However...”

“However what?”

The auntie looked around the street and softly whispered.

“However, Big Sis Celine had passed away almost ten years ago... You...”

What she said after that, the man had obviously stopped listening. He was completely in a state of shock. Lightly removing his mask, it revealed a fierce but cold face.

“Died?”

The man’s brow slowly lit up in a white V-shape, displaying his current emotional fluctuations. The white light will brighten or dim accordingly to his feelings.

Whoosh!

Just as the auntie and the children screamed due to the sudden breeze, the man had instantly disappeared into thin air, leaving no traces behind, as if he was never here to begin with.

He leaped a few hundred meters in an instance.

When Garen once again appeared, he was already standing in front of a green building on the other side of town.

The building was slightly dilapidated. One side of the metal gate in front of the door was open. A young girl with green hair and a backpack was closing the gate with her back facing him.

The girl was in a black student’s short skirt, black thigh-high socks, and small leather boots. Her body was thin and shapely, almost a carbon copy of Celine back in the day.

Click! Right after the metal gate got locked, the girl turned around. Looking at the black-cloaked man who appeared silently behind her out of nowhere, she was obviously frightened. She leaped back slightly, her hands putting on a familiar pose.

Garen looked at the young girl in front of him that looked almost identical to Celine from back in the day and the Twelve Flying Dragon Fist stance that she was in. It caused him to reminisce about the days of him teaching her back in the Blackboard Region.

“Who are you?” The girls asked, alerted. “Why did you come to my house?”

Garen started laughing. His face which originally looked fierce, suddenly turned even more frightening as he started laughing while his facial expressions remained emotionless. He was originally already a character that could easily make a young child cry just from his looks. Now, his potential and aura seemed to have increased, giving off an even more terrifying feeling. This sight caused the girl to suddenly tense up.

“Me? I’m here to find Celine. Who are you to her?”

The girl once again stepped back, maintaining the best distance for her to strike.

“I’m her daughter. My mother had already passed away ten years ago.”

Garen did not know what to say. Regarding the problem with Celine, up till now, he still had to legitimate answer. However, it was certain now that she was not a familiar or clone of Chinande, but instead an actual living human. But daughter?

“Who is your father?” Garen stopped laughing.

“Father?” The girl frowned. “Why should I tell you? Who even are you?!”

The atmosphere seemed stiff.

Garen suddenly raised his right hand, his palm was covered in a thin colorless film. He lightly grabbed onto the young girl in front of him.

Chapter 1150

“Go to sleep... Go to sleep...”

His voice was almost like a magical chant. It seemed to have an irresistible hypnotizing effect. In an instant, the girl’s eyes closed, as she passed out onto the ground.

At this moment, the surroundings had already been silently covered with a spherical film. The townsfolk outside did not seem to notice a thing as they continued on with their daily lives.

Garen placed his hand on top of the girl's head without any hesitation.

She was an average person, there was not a trace of willpower on her body at all. There was no way she could fend against his Regent Level willpower memory search. However, it was exactly due to the fact that the difference in power between them was so huge, this kind of search was completely unresisted, and it would not do any harm to the girl as well.

After a brief moment, images of the girl's memories start flowing out from her brain.

Scenes from her memory start continuously playing one-by-one in Garen's mind. All of her memories, all the way back to when she first opened her eyes as a newborn were recorded down.

Celine raised her with what seemed like a gentle guy. However, not long after she was born, the guy had died. A bit later, when she was six years old, Celine went out for an errand and never returned.

After a few days, someone found Celine's unrecognizable corpse in a ravine in the wilderness.

What followed was suffering, despair, and depression. When the girl participated in the funeral, she was alone, without any relatives, living on with only the occasional help offered by some of the kind people in the town. Luckily, Celine had left a fortune enough for her lifetime. Every day, she would go to school in town for her classes, then return home to revise her homework and read. She desperately wanted to leave this place and find out about the truth behind Celine's death. At the same time, she never forgot to continue on her Celine's ideals – to keep getting stronger! Until no one can stop her!

This was all of the contents of her memories. For a sixteen-year-old's memories, it would only take Garen a short couple of minutes to finish viewing the entire thing.

"Was she murdered?" Garen frowned. Using his Energy Machine Imprint, he rapidly input a command to send an order. His message was sent instantly over an immeasurable distance, reaching the Scarlet Snow Alliance headquarters.

A huge Alliance Databank suddenly popped up. It was a collaborative effort between the huge forces network and other information networks.

After having the rough direction and narrowing down the search with more precise details, similar information could then be easily searched up.

Almost instantaneously, everything regarding Celine's murder case appeared inside Garen's imprint.

For some unknown reason, Celine had left the Energy Machinist forces' radar, leaving the populated and bustling regions. Posing as an average mech pilot, she continued to live in seclusion. She later found herself an average man to marry. All these made it almost as though she was hiding something. She was later violently assaulted by an outsider pilot, seemingly due to an internal dispute caused by an uneven loot distribution when they banded together to explore an ancient ruin.

Due to her qualifications, countless coincidences, and other factors, before her death, Celine was still only a mech pilot who barely attained the Inherited Level. Her side as an Energy Machinist seemed to have less desirable results as compared to her mech pilot achievements; it seemed like she had given up on it.

Despite the strength that she accumulated over her entire lifetime, at the very end, she died without a trace in this small town.

To be honest, Garen had also understood, Celine was nothing more than a so-called genius only within the Blackboard Region. In the wider scope of things, she was not anything extraordinary. To be able to reach the Inherited Level was already a feat worth commending, that was the extent of growth a lot of these so-called geniuses and elites could achieve. To continue on, what they needed were not more qualifications, but rather, the appropriate temperaments, coincidences, and countless other factors.

"Find the murderer's location," Garen directly ordered.

"Understood," The Scarlet Snow Alliance's Quantum Communications replied.

Garen regained his focus as he looked at the young girl in front of him. Reaching his hand out, he lightly pinched her cheeks. It was soft and smooth, but also slightly cold.

"Who would've thought that she died..."

Originally, he planned to find out the truth. However, it seemed like he had no choice but to bury the hatchet. What happened to Celine back then was a question forever left unsolved, where only the late Celine had the answer.

In the end, did she betray Garen, was she forced to do it, was it another person disguised as her, or was it something else? Everything remained a mystery...

A reply from the Scarlet Snow Alliance was received a moment later.

Whoosh!

Garen's silhouette instantaneously disappeared from the girl's location.

As he reappeared, he was facing a strangely busy pub. It was dark and noisy, with multiple boys and girls twisting their bodies to the music. Their clothing was either very sexy or very enchanting.

Garen looked past the crowd and saw a group of carefree-looking boys and girls. These people had their legs crossed across the table. Some were smoking, while others were drinking. They seemed to be playing some sort of game.

There was also another person on the other side playing with his phone. With the bright screen shining on his face, he looked as pale as a ghost.

Garen carefully identified these group of people. He also looked down at his current clothing and appearance. He was in an extremely sexy outfit, with perky breasts jiggling all about. He was even wearing a white miniskirt with a black pantyhose, his long blonde hair going over his shoulder.

At that point, Garen did not know whether to laugh or to cry. Even for reconnaissance investigators from the Scarlet Snow Alliance, to dress up to this extent is going a bit overboard...

He directly used Dream Weaving, landing in this Scarlet Snow Alliance member's body that was currently high from an acid trip. (TL Note: The original words were '嗑药' which meant "taking drugs" or "popping pills", and '迷迷糊糊' which meant "blurry". They were changed to "tripping acid" and "getting high" as it is more localized and suitable for the context.) However, he did not expect the target to be a girl, much less someone in such an erotic outfit.

Casually using the energy field condensation to form a makeshift black cloak, Garen walked towards the table with the people he identified earlier.

A black shadow from underneath Garen's feet silently shot towards the group.

Shooop!

The shadow suddenly split into a few strands, fading under the target group's feet.

After a moment, they all started to wobble about before collapsing onto the table.

Bam!

Suddenly, their skulls all simultaneously burst open like an exploding watermelon.

Aaaah! Aaaah!

Almost immediately, the entire pub burst into screams. The people nearby were startled by what had just happened, causing them to run away in panic. The people who were a distance away were completely oblivious of what had just happened, as they continue to twist the bodies to the music, enjoying themselves to the fullest.

With the sudden frenzied movement of the people, the pub turned into a chaotic mess.

Garen turned around and left the scene, taking off his black cloak in the process.

Whoosh!!

In a flash, his sight returned to outside the pub. He was now in the body of a small boy, quietly taking a nap in his mother's embrace.

Garen slowly opened his eyes, silently watching the chaos unfold within the pub.

This was his Dream Weaving Possession. As long as it was within his range, anyone asleep or without a clear consciousness could not escape from having their fates controlled by Garen.

As his distance with the pub grew larger, while still possessing the small boy, he once again closed his eyes.

Whoosh...

Countless rainbow-colored strips zoomed past his two sides. It looked like a liquid rainbow, continuously flowing past him, emitting all sorts of colors.

This was a rainbow-like circular tunnel. It was extremely long, almost feeling as if it was endless.

Garen's body was weaving through the tunnel, flipping about. This tunnel seemed to be indestructible. He had attempted many times in the past, using various different methods, but he still did not manage to break this dream world tunnel.

He could only use it as a medium, entering different individuals' dreams.

A light suddenly flashed in front of his eyes.

As he opened his eyes, he was in a dense cemetery in the wilderness. No one was taking care of the place, some of the crosses on the tombstones was already started to tilt or break due to nature's wear and tear.



Garen's current body was stood in front of a black tombstone, the words engraved on it had already started to fade away.

However, he could still vaguely make out the word "Celine" written on it.

This body that Garen possessed belonged to a Scarlet Snow Alliance member. When Garen left, the body owner would automatically move accordingly the orders given by the Scarlet Snow Alliance.

Squatting down, Garen gently placed the bouquet of white flowers in front of the tombstone.

Time was almost up for his current trip out... He needed to quickly resolve the trouble. Garen originally planned on staying a bit longer over here. However, he could only regretfully look at Celine's tomb as he let out a sigh.

"Looks like, the truth behind everything will have to be left for Lonnie to eventually unravel..."

Whoosh!

With a flash in his eyes, he once again entered into the dream world.

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At a huge white waterfall, large amounts of lake water flowed down the waterfall, forming what looked like a stretching of shining white silk. The downflow of water caused a huge white splash, creating an amazingly majestic sight.

The Great Diamond Waterfall, it was one of the Finite Central Star Region's most famous tourist attraction.

From a bird-eyes' view, the entire waterfall formed a semi-circular arc shape. The waterfall had two sides; on the left was a green lake that was as flat as a mirror, while on the right was this majestic white waterfall.

The white clouds in the sky drifted with the wind. At the center of this bright blue sky, a golden star gently showered the place in warm sunlight, warming up the coolness from the splashes of water.

Gush...

Amidst the continuous gushing of the waterfall, at the center of the waterfall, a white-shirted man sat on top of a black rock silently fishing.

Both his hands held onto his long white fishing pole, allowing his fishing line to be pulled tight by the rushing current. His face showed no emotion.

Sitting alone at the center of this thousand-meter-long waterfall, this place was charged with various twisted magnetic fields and radiation, not even an average Inherited Level Mech Pilot would dare to fly pass the airspace above. However, the white-shirted man seemed to show no concern at all as he continued to silently sit atop this black rock as if he was waiting to get a bite. However, at the same time, it seemed that he was also awaiting something else.

It was at this moment, on the other side of the waterfall, a silhouette in a black cloak slowly stepped into the waterfall. Carefully treading the boundaries in between the white waterfall and the green lake, the black cloak seemed to be completely unaffected by the water currents. He was just carefreely walking through the water, casually allowing the water to flow past his shins. He slowly made his way towards the white-shirted man.

Not far away, the large water splashes had caused a lot of water vapor to be propelled into the air, forming a rainbow under the sunrays.

The black cloak continuously made his way toward the white-shirted man, completely unaffected by the radiation or the magnetic field, and he finally stopped when he had reached the white-shirted man.

“After searching for you for so many years, I never would have expected that you would be in a place like this,” Removing the cloak, Garen’s face was revealed. “It’s time for payback.”

Behind Garen, a brown, Middle Aged-style sailboat slowly floated up, drifting in the air towards afar. That was the tourist sightseeing boat over here. On the boat, one could vaguely see a group of people looking over at their direction, screaming in confusion. No one had thought there would still be anyone who dared to enter this place.

The white-shirted man slowly stood up from the black rock.

Turning over, the man had a completely cold and emotionless face. His eyes were almost like a pair of white stones, completely matt, devoid of any sense of life.

“Your action holds no meaning,” His voice was dry and coarse, as though he had not said anything for a long time.

“Light of Justice, former Light of Freedom, the so-called strongest Star Emperor Perpetual Motioner, Chinande,” Garen stared straight into his eyes. “Tell me your true identity.”