

Mystical 1151

Chapter 1151: Premonition and Pursuit 1

Amidst the splashing of the water, Garen's voice reached the other person's ears clearly.

"True... identity..." Chinande repeated once.

He was quiet for a long time, and then he crouched down again, actually deciding to ignore Garen.

"If you want to see it, come see for yourself." Finally, he pointed at his own forehead, closing his eyes slowly. He continued to hold the fishing rod, and just like that, he sat down once more. As quiet as a statue.

Garen frowned.

This was not how Chinande's original records were like. In the past, he was never like this, but it seemed that after that war with the Finite people, he had changed into the strange person he was now.

Garen had always wondered how Chinande ended up becoming the White King's Royal Star. That had all been a myth.

Until now, he only had one motive for coming here, and that was revenge.

Revenge for the Second Elder of the Scarlet Snow Sect back then, and for the time Chinande tried to control him. And now they were at this level, he was a Regent Level facing off against Chinande, a Perpetual Motioner. Therefore, no matter what, there would be no accidents for a short while. Be it the White King, or the actions of the nearest Regent-Level fighters, Garen was completely aware of them all.

"See for myself?" Garen repeated.

Without any hesitation, he strode forth, and lightly pressed his hand against Chinande's forehead. The memory data connected immediately, and countless memories surged at him madly from the depths of Chinande's mind.

Bam!!

In an instant, a world of light, white light, exploded from the point of contact.

Garen was immediately drowned in the sea of light.

The ocean's worth of memories kept flashing past at incredible speeds, and finally stopped on a scene in space.

It was inside a floating metallic palace, and the White King's hand was pulling away from Chinande's forehead.

There was a corpse in white robes lying beside them.

Garen looked at it closely, and discovered, to his shock, that it was another Chinande.

"Starting from today, you are the new Light of Justice." The White King's voice reached his ears. The child-like White King still looked like a young boy, his smile gentle and clean.

Garen looked at Chinande's body within his memories.

It was just a mass of bloody red flesh, that did not even resemble a human!

Boom!!

Amidst the loud explosions, the memories began to recede rapidly, and everything around him became a mess of colors again.

Garen pulled his hand away slowly, looking at Chinande in front of him. It had never occurred to him that this so-called Royal Star would be an artificial creature that the White King created with his own hands.

“In that case, the White King knew that I would come looking for you?” asked Garen in a low voice.

“How many more times can you come out?” Chinande asked quietly.

Garen paused.

True, the person who knew his condition best, except for himself, was none other than the White King.

He instantly understood the White King’s intention.

Chinande was no more than one of his creations, it did not matter much to give him to Garen. This way, he could prevent Garen from finally going berserk as a result of never being able to find Chinande.

This was no more than a deal.

Garen’s eyes turned, and he stared straight at Chinande in front of him.

“Are you fine with this?” he asked, a question that seemed meaningless at first glance.

Whether he was fine with it or not, Chinande could not disobey the White King’s orders.

Chinande widened his eyes.

“I am merely an artificial creation, His Majesty’s lapdog.” His eyes were dry and completely devoid of light.

Artificial creation?

Garen suddenly found that slightly funny, the enemy that destroyed so many Energy Machinist Sects and troubled him for so long, turned out to be no more than one of the White King's artificial creations. And what was worse, it seemed to have given up on living a long time ago.

Then what about his many years of intense training to strengthen himself, what about his long search for Chinande's whereabouts? What was the point of all that? It was completely meaningless!

Inexplicable rage surged up within him, and Garen pressed his palm down hard.

Bam!!

Blood splattered everywhere.

Chinande's head exploded immediately, and there was nothing left above his neck. The flood of blood and brain matter was instantly condensed together, mixed with his bone and flesh, suspended above Garen's palm.

Chinande's corpse slowly slanted to a side, but his breathing continued. His powerful life force showed that this body was in fact the body of a Holy Lord, Chinande's actual body.

Just like that, everything was over.

Garen had a feeling as though none of this was real. Holding in his hand a bead of flesh and blood that had been condensed into the size of a fingernail, he did not even give Chinande's corpse a second glance. Turning around, he leaped lightly, and his whole body shot into the air, the ice-crystal wings, as pure white as jade, unfolding behind him. They layered onto each other, growing larger and larger, wider and wider.

Within a few seconds, they had almost covered the entire sky above the waterfall.

Countless scarlet snowflakes scattered down. Within a few short seconds, the whole planet had instantly changed from summer to winter.

The enormous waterfall gradually slowed down, gradually freezing over, until eventually it became completely motionless. It had turned into a beautiful ice sculpture.

Chinande's body was in there as well, frozen into the ice. The barrage of red snowflakes covered it, and soon dyed the white waterfall a pale red as well.

With a rumble, before anyone on the entire planet could even react, the ice-crystal wings had vanished in an instant. Other than the cold red snow, there was no other trace of it.

In the waterfall, beside Chinande's body.

The White King's silhouette appeared slowly. He crouched down, putting his hand on the spot where Chinande's body had been covered.

"I'm sorry..." he spoke softly, in a voice only he could hear.

Garen unfurled his wings, flying in the Negative Space. He could occasionally see the cracks in the Void Battlefield around him, and starting a few years back, these cracks seemed to have increased in number.

He was like a large white bird, flapping wings the size of half a planet as he flew at rapid speeds, the frustration in his chest pent up with nowhere to go.

It was true, he had no reason to fight anymore.

Chinande had waited for him on his accord, and leaped to his death without any resistance. Garen had no more reasons to harm other, innocent parties.

The strongest Royal Star, Chinande, was just another Perpetual Motioner in the eyes of the White King, just one who was slightly stronger than usual. If his death could calm a Regent-Level extremist's quest for revenge, how hard would it be to let Chinande kill himself?

Hiss...

From a black crack in space, a giant black snake poked its head out, its sun-red eyes staring at Garen.

This was one of those Void Boas that had been showing up more frequently recently. Void Boas like these were mostly made of space dust and other regular materials, but they survived by constantly eating high-energy objects, so each one had at least Non-Falling-Level power.

Recently, wild creatures such as these had been increasing in number.

The Void Boa was just about to approach Garen, but it seemed to smell an unprecedentedly dangerous scent. Quickly, it pulled its head back, and soon vanished without a trace.

With a few flashes, Garen stopped on a small planet at the edge of the Negative Space.

Like a pair of hands, the wings on his back tore apart the void in front of him, revealing a large crack big enough for him to pass through.

The huge wings quickly shrank, returning to Garen's back. The white robes and golden helmet appeared on his body once more.

Garen flew into the crack lightly.

Scarlet Snow Alliance, Scorching Sun Galaxy

This day, an all-enveloping red snow fell all over the entire galaxy at the same time.

An enormous presence with clear white ice-crystal wings had descended upon them. Every regular person in the galaxy could see the transparent white wings flapping constantly in the air above the planet, that was an extension of the Alliance Leader, the Crystal King's true body.

Because the Crystal King was there, the entire Scarlet Snow Alliance could remain safe and stable.

Suspended in the middle of the galaxy, on the edge of the star, Garen did his best to showcase his strongest, most dazzling power. He was not showing off just for the heck of it, but now, just before he left, he was also telling those small-fry hiding in the woodwork that he was still here. He, the Crystal King, Garen, still lived.

"This might be able to protect the Scarlet Snow Alliance for another few centuries. But that's the extent of it... A few centuries later, Clint and the others would have grown up." Garen looked down, at the four planets surrounding the star. He had done all that he needed to, Chinande was dead, his Will, flesh, and blood condensed into a bead that Garen now squeezed in his hand. The Scarlet Snow Alliance would become Clint's strongest ally, until he grew up.

Now that he was protected by the humans, it was too late even if the White King wanted to go back on his decision. The general trend was set.

Slowly folding his wings back up, Garen shot down, and flew straight toward one of the main planets.

Everything around him was rapidly magnified, flitting past, and the surface of the blue planet quickly expanded into a lake.

The green lake was surrounded by a forest, and there was a tall white tower with a sharp tip beside the lake. Clint, Baylon, and the others stood on the top of the tower, along with the Two-Faced higher-ups.

All of them looked up, at the direction Garen was approaching from.

“Alliance Leader!” “Sect Master!”

“Big Brother!”

Several different voices called out at the same time.

Garen slowly reduced his speed, and landed on top of the tower. He steadied his footing, and finally looked at Baylon as she was now. It had been many years since they last met, and there were even more white hairs on Baylon’s head now. She was looking at him with concern.

“Bro...” Baylon took one step forward. “I received your message, and we got here as soon as we could. Did something happen?”

In front of outsiders, she was the cruelest, most cold-hearted murderess, but faced with the people she cared for, she was only cold on the surface, in her expression. Even that was merely a result of the muscles on her face stiffening, such that she had forgotten how to soften her features.

“Exactly! I was eating dinner together with my daughter! You know what they say, the daughter is the father’s lover from the past life, as I thought...” Beside her, Clint was saying with a creepy expression of bliss.

“Ew!” Not far away, White Winter looked at Clint with an expression full of contempt. “You won’t even spare your own daughter! You monster!”

“Hey hey, I’m just close to my daughter, it’s not what you think!” Clint’s expression instantly blackened. “It’s been a while since I saw you, White Winter, are you itching for a fight because you haven’t been getting laid?!” He started rolling up his sleeves.

“What, just you!” White Winter flipped him the bird. His once-gentle personality had made a complete one-eighty. “Lonnie, give him a one-arm handicap!”

“Don’t pull me into your squabbles!” Baylon glared at them irritably, and the few of them instantly went silent. Clearly, her influence in this group was still increasing by the day.

Chapter 1152: Premonition and Pursuit 2

Beside them, the Two-Faced person and the Four-Armed woman were not as casual and nonchalant. Right now, they were reporting the latest changes in the situation to Garen.

After giving them simple instructions for what to do from now on, Garen told them directly that he might have to go into isolation for a long time, and might not be able to come out for a while, so he needed them to handle a lot of things on their own. Then, he taught them a few contingency plans for emergencies.

“Alright, you guys can retreat now, I want to have a few words with Lonnie and the others in private,” Garen said.

“Yes, Alliance Leader.”

The Four-Armed woman lowered her head in a show of respect and led the other higher-ups down the tower together with the Two-Faced person. Soon, they vanished into the Teleportation Point.

Only then did Garen look at Baylon and the others, who were still bickering.

“Alright, stop your fighting. I have a few things I need to tell you guys.”

He spoke, so naturally Clint and the others gradually quietened down. Although they still glared at each other, they had already settled down, waiting for Garen to speak.

Garen waved his hand, and instantly, a protective force field fell around them.

“This tower has already been covered with countless security and protection measures. If anyone wants to enter, even the legal processes would be picked up by internal servers, so even Perpetual Motioners

would not be able to enter unnoticed. Big Bro, just say whatever you want to say,” said Clint nonchalantly. “There is no issue with defense at all!”

Garen was just being extra careful, so he nodded.

“Where’s Red Moon?”

“I’m awake.” Red Moon’s voice spoke, reaching their ears. “Looking for me for something?”

“You need to hear what I’m going to say as well,” Garen said solemnly.

Seeing how stern he was, the rest also stopped goofing around, their relaxed expressions slowly turning serious as they waited for him to continue.

Garen waved one hand, and a bright black Space Ring shot out, falling into Baylon’s hand.

“This is?” Baylon pinched the ring, slightly confused, but as soon as she reached her Willpower inside, her expression changed abruptly. “S-So many things!!?”

She was shocked, there was a veritable ocean of rare metals in there, as well as many other precious materials. She could even see some parked giant Battleships and Mechs, all of them the best of the best in terms of quality.

“I’m leaving this all to you guys,” replied Garen calmly.

“Leaving?” Baylon’s expression immediately changed. “Big Bro, are you going somewhere?!” She was unnaturally aware of such vocabulary, so she instantly noticed something was amiss.

Garen nodded.

“This might be my last time coming out.”

He told them all about his relationship with the White King, and also came clean with them about his own condition.

“A Confinement Essence that even the White King can’t do anything about?!” Red Moon was at a loss for words as well.

Upon hearing such shocking news, the rest had completely lost their good mood from before. Instead, their hearts felt heavier and heavier.

“Something like this... Is there really no other way?” A hint of sorrow rose in Baylon’s eyes. After losing her relatives one after the other, it had not been easy for her to regain a hint of her original personality. But now, she seemed to be relapsing into her most extreme state.

Garen shook his head.

“Sorry.”

The snow slowly penetrated through the force field, falling onto everyone’s heads.

The whole tower fell quiet.

“Next time, I might not be able to come out again at all... From now on, everything will be on your shoulders.” Before Garen finished speaking, Baylon had turned around and strode into the Teleportation Point, vanishing without a trace.

She had tossed away the ring, and it spun a few times in the air before Clint caught it, holding it in his hands.

Garen’s gaze also fell on Clint.

"I understand." Clint did not look as carefree and half-hearted as he usually did, nodding solemnly. "I will take care of Lonnie."

"Sorry..." Garen said again. "I have failed in my responsibilities as an older brother." Although he did not particularly feel for Baylon, he still felt guilty for failing to uphold his promise to Nono.

"You have taken up enough responsibilities as it is," said Clint seriously.

Garen took a deep breath. He no longer required oxygen to live, but it was still a habit of his.

His gaze swept past each of them.

Clint's determination, White Winter's steadfastness, the green-haired man's seriousness. These were all companions who had gone through life and death together, they were all people who could entrust their lives to each other.

Trust could be very simple sometimes, but it could also be extremely difficult.

In truth, Garen envied them, he envied the way they could trust each other wholeheartedly. But no matter what, he could not do that himself.

"From now on, it will be your era..."

Garen reached out his hand, and all of Chinande's blood, flesh, and Will stayed suspended above it.

"Clint Beza, let me help you one last time."

Before he finished speaking, he abruptly shot out his palm, and it landed squarely in the center of Clint's brow.

Boom!!!

A pillar of red light shot into the air, breaking past the clouds, the atmosphere, and shooting into space.

Using Chinande's remains and Will as fuel, Garen used the concept of the Confinement Essence in his own body to form a model in Clint's mind, as best as he could.

This was a model memory recording that could loop infinitely, so that everything about the Conceptual Essence would constantly replay in Clint's head, until he completely understood some of the Essence encompassed within, or until he understood his own Conceptual Essence. Only then would he finally be able to completely turn off this recording.

As the red light shot into the sky, Garen's body also began to fade and vanish.

Trying to pass down his Conceptual Essence as a recording went against all the laws of the world, so naturally he would have to pay a heavy price for that. This body of Garen's was supposed to last for another few days, but now, he had instantly used up all of his power and Essence.

The others were all forced to take a few steps back by the blinding red light. They had to shield their eyes from the dazzling red light with their hands.

In the distance, under the tower, Baylon watched the red light over there. She seemed to have sensed something, and crouched down slowly, burying her head in her knees.

The Two-Faced Person and the other higher-ups were in a golden, rounded hall in the distance, and they all bowed at the pillar of light through the wall.

The next time Garen opened his eyes, he saw the White King outside of the crystal, looking at him with a calm expression. Garen did not know when it started, but he had begun smoking, sucking slowly on a cigarette in his mouth.

“The crystal has gotten even harder,” said the White King softly. “This should be your last time coming out, huh?”

There was no voice replying from within the crystal, and the White King had long since gotten used to that.

He walked to the side, and picked up the jar of wine that had been placed there a long time ago, pouring himself a cup of wine. The aroma of wine permeated everywhere, and the pale green wine squirmed and squiggled like a live creature in the cup.

The White King shook the cup slightly, and then reached out his finger to tap the side of the cup.

Ding...

There was a light sound.

The wine in the cup actually changed colors, instantly turning from pale green to pure red. It was bright red, blood red.

“Did you hear that?”

Garen’s gaze fell on the cup. To his shock, he realized that it was not wine, but blood.

Swirling the cup lightly, the White King spoke with a calm but slightly melancholic tone.

“It really did turn red... Looks like you really can’t come out anymore...”

Only then did Garen understand, the White King had evidently discovered a way to test whether or not he could still reemerge. He was still able to come out one last time, but once he used up that last chance, he could never return. He was unlike the other Regent Levels, the Essence he understood was not the one that suited him best, it came from the Dark Shadow Dragon, and that was actually an Essence that did not suit him at all.

In other words, if it were not for the Dark Shadow Dragon's Void Crystal, he would never have reached Regent Level, at the most, he would have stayed at Perpetual Motion. The Void Crystal made him, but in the end, it also destroyed him.

In truth, Garen had not completely comprehended the whole Essence concept, he had just used a trick, using the Essence of the Dark Shadow Dragon to confine himself, forcing his body to reach a material level where he existed purely as his Essence. He had completely merged with the Void Crystal into one entity.

But as the Confinement Essence evolved, he had also ended up a prisoner behind its bars.

"In a sense, I have achieved my goal," said the White King softly. "Even if you sped up the Red King's growth, everything will still return to the general trend in the end."

"What's the point of saying that now?" Suddenly, Garen wanted to laugh, for no reason at all. Ever since he came to this world, he had completed the Hellfrost Peacock Queen Body, reached Army Level, and may even be a match for the Ancient Endor Demon Lords now. He had also condensed his Soul Seed Ring, that was his biggest gain in this world.

The Soul Seed Ring could forcefully raise his main technique up a level, unconditionally, a derivation of strength in principle.

"Do you have any other wishes?" The White King took a sip of his blood wine. "Perhaps I could help you fulfill it."

"This guy... is going crazy." Garen looked at the White King through the crystal with some pity in his eyes, but his image could not go through the crystal. The Void Crystal absorbed everything, and converted it all into confining power. Even light could not travel through it.

The White King's sanity seemed to have already started distorting. There was no one to share his secrets, no one to stay by his side, no one to comfort him. He was alone in everything, horribly alone.

Outsiders would only obey him, fear and respect him. Then they would distance themselves from him. So he could only look for a crystal like Garen's, that could not talk or reply, and treat it as his own sounding board.

The White King was still there, chattering away. He no longer cared if Garen would reply, he was just looking for an outlet.

Garen could not be bothered with him, and just looked at his own attribute pane.

The attribute pane in front of him was like the most technologically-advanced quantum computer screen, it could scroll through countless skills from the top to the bottom. There were several hundred different techniques of different sizes scattered within, and an ordinary person may take days to find a skill they were looking for.

Garen quickly found the information about his Soul Seed that he was looking for.

'Soul Seed — Northern Trident Frost-Fire True Water Evil Technique (Blue), Holy Phoenix Demonic Book (Black-Gold). Hellfrost Peacock Queen Soul Seed (White)'

He needed to consider his way out, or if this continued on, he could very well end up trapped in this crystal forever. He would be the first Ancient Endor Demon Lord to trap himself to death...

Chapter 1153: Drifting 1

The main trait of the Demon Lords was that they had many Soul Seed Rings. Soul Seed Rings structured this way, known as Soul Rings for short, could allow Demon Lords to reach their strongest state quickly and inconspicuously within a short period of time whenever they invaded a world.

But now Garen only had one Soul Ring, and according to his estimates, it was highly likely that powerful Demon Lords would have multiple Soul Rings. That way, once they entered a new universe with new

rules, they would be able to integrate into the new power system there quickly, using the power of the Soul Rings to level up rapidly and eventually controlling the strongest power there.

That was the true terror of the Demon Lords. They were the real pillar in the fight against the Void Creatures.

“I don’t have a Will, so I can only rely on my soul’s special transmigration quality and the condensation power of my Soul Seed to sustain my existence. If I want to continue living for a long time, I’ll need to find a new body as soon as possible, and...”

With a loud crash, Garen felt as though the whole palace gave a huge tremor.

A tremor?!!

He was instantly shocked. Putting aside the question about whether or not anyone in the White Royal Palace had the power to shake the whole palace, there was also the Dark Shadow Dragon’s Void Crystal that he was trapped in to consider. It had the Conceptual Essence to swallow and confine all forms of power, so a low-level power like a tremor should not be able to reach him inside.

He looked at the White King outside the crystal, but the latter seemed completely oblivious.

Roar!!!

There was a monster’s howl, faraway and deep, reaching Garen’s ears from a distance. And the White King still showed no signs of hearing it, which clearly meant he did not hear these sounds at all.

“This is...” Garen’s eyes grew dead serious, “... the tremors from the Soul Seed!!!”

According to his Energy Machine Imprint’s quick calculations and derivations, as well as the innate understanding of the Void Creatures’ language that he had acquired by becoming a Hellfrost Peacock Queen, he soon understood what that roar meant.

That roar represented danger! Greed!

Garen quickly looked at one of the icons on his Status Pane.

On the pane that said 'Potential Quality — Void Pursuer', there was a bright and blinking red light, and some Ancient Endor symbols appeared behind it.

The translated meaning of the symbols was:

'Warning! A giant threat in the form of a Void Creature is approaching, Level: Army. Race: Void Thane. Twelve in number. Please evade them immediately, the best method would be to enter the Mother Stream in order to escape.

'Please beware, your position as a Soul-Ring-Level Void Pursuer will greatly increase your chances of being pursued by Demon-Lord-Level beings from the Void, please be constantly vigilant.'

Garen immediately remembered the enormous Ancient Endor Creatures with countless Soul Seeds that he had encountered when he first came to this world. They swam at the edge of the Mother Stream, like fishermen out fishing, always prepared to hunt and kill any inheritors of the Ancient Endor civilization who happened to float past.

"I lured that Army-Level Ancient Creature here?" Garen's heart began to pound. He knew very well that only the weakest of the Void Creatures waiting beside the Mother Stream were Army Level, the normal ones were all Demon Lord Level without exception. And because they had several dozen Soul Seeds, even if these were not condensed into Soul Rings, they would still be able to squash him effortlessly.

Even as a Void Pursuer, the one he had lured here was the weakest.

"Looks like I really can't stay in one place for too long..." Garen knew that he had no other choice.

Giving the White King outside one last look, Garen sighed inwardly.

He had come to this world, but he never thought that he would eventually leave like this. He had not found any more information about Ancient Endor, but instead he had collected enough technological knowledge, all sorts of the highest-end technological skills, and the Hellfrost Peacock Queen Soul Seed that he had formed at the very end.

“It’s time to leave...”

Garen had no more regrets, his body immediately leaving his body. Like shapeless mist, it flew out of the top of the crystal, and flew silently back down the direction he had once arrived from.

This was not weaving through dreams like before, this time he was truly dying. Garen’s soul left Nonosiva’s body of its own accord, and floated toward the direction of the Mother Planet, where he had come from.

Soon, a Void Black Hole appeared abruptly, sucking Garen’s soul inside, and jumping toward the direction of the Mother Planet.

The White King did not stop him, as the Crystal King, Garen had the ability to weave through dreams, so even if the White King stopped him, he could instantly weave into the body of a Scarlet Snow Alliance member before breaking away. It would be meaningless to try.

He just raised his head to look at the Jumping Black Hole, motionlessly, and Garen could not tell what he was thinking.

The Crystal King, the King of Lies, from the beginning to the end, he only lived for a mere few centuries, as dazzling and short-lived as a firework.

Standing in front of the crystal, the White King stayed silent for the longest time, until he sensed that the Spatial Black Hole that Garen had jumped into was completely gone. Only then did he slowly turn around and leave.

And the Void Crystal grew stronger and stronger, constantly increasing its Confinement and Devouring Essence. This Void Crystal would one day become an unprecedentedly terrifying black hole.

A black hole was more than just a natural phenomenon, any natural phenomena that had a powerful gravitational force, such that it could even devour light, could be called a black hole. Because there was no reflection of light, it looked completely black. But no one knew what was inside, it might be caused by the collapse of a star, or the self-detonation of a Perpetual Motioner, or it could be many other things.

Humans just called anything that looked black and had terrifying gravitational attraction power 'black holes'.

But be it the White King or Garen, neither of them had any interest in these things. The general trend was set, and they had each accomplished their own goals and missions. Everything else was of no more importance.

Edge of the Mother Planet

The star infinitely emanated golden light, and in a patch of black space by the border, as a few meteors were pulled by the gravitational force toward the sun and swept past this area, a hint of distortion appeared in this part of space.

Hiss!

Suddenly, a black crack opened up in this area of the Void, and wisps of an eerie shapeless aura flew out from inside. It was a form of soul, unseen to the physical eye.

Garen flew out of the crack, carefully calculating the spatial point of the Mother Stream that he had broken out of when he arrived here earlier.

The Mother Stream flowed through the entirety of space, connecting countless universes, parallel ones and perpendicular ones, ones of every shape and size, they were all connected like countless branches to the entire Mother Stream. And what Garen needed to do now was find the tiny hole in space that he had created when he came here, so he could use this hole to rush back again, leaving this world.

The Energy Machine Imprint spun at high speeds. As the person at the pinnacle of the Energy Machinists, Garen's Energy Machine Imprint had already reached an unprecedented level, and his computing power was equal to the Human Alliance's strongest quantum calculator. Of course, once he activated it, it consumed a shocking amount of energy and Willpower, so only a peak-level existence would be able to withstand such a heavy cost.

Garen was beginning to understand some Essences, and he could even use his Confinement Essence to devour the dark energy directly. While the Void Crystal merged with his Devouring talent, he had also been integrated with some of the Void Crystal's special ability to absorb dark energy with the Void attribute. He no longer needed to rely on the power of the Dark Shadow Dragon Whelp to first convert the dark energy into a material object before he could absorb it.

'Target found.' Soon, the Energy Machine Imprint came up with a result, the spatial point was in the Void nearby.

There was no research regarding the soul in this world, the closest thing to the soul was the Will, but that was only the external aspect of the soul, and the surface level of that as well. Perhaps many, many years later, the studies would finally involve the true, essential soul, and maybe they would be able to find this spatial point then, maybe they would discover the existence of the Mother Stream. But that would be a very long time from now.

The V-shape on Garen's brow blinked with a faint white light, his gaze locking onto that hole in the distant Void.

He did not act, because he did not know how to activate this hole. If he applied his power wrongly, it was very likely that he could destroy the hole, and then he would be in real trouble.

So the best way would be to open it from the inside, facing outward.

That was why Garen was waiting.

Waiting for the instant where the hole was opened from the inside. He could sense that the Void Creatures in his Soul Ring probably also existed on the soul plane, so normal people could not see or touch them. Only other souls would be able to sense them.

Garen had already sensed that there was a Void Creature with an Army-Level soul here, and there would certainly be a similar one on the bank of the Mother Stream. So what he had to do now was release his scent, waiting for these Void Creatures in soul form to appear and open the hole for him.

Time ticked by.

Garen stayed completely motionless, in the middle of the same action and the same stance.

One day passed, two days passed... A month passed...

In space, nothing much would have changed at all within a month. The only thing was that some of the nearest planets changed their position somewhat, but everything else was just as before, with nothing at all out of place.

Roar!!!

All of a sudden, the roar of a beast reached him faintly from a distance.

Garen finally perked up, concentrating.

With a tear and a yank, transparent ripples rose around that Void point, spreading in all directions. A giant black panther with ox horns slowly poked its head out of the ripples.

Roar!!!

He roared at Garen, and the purely soul-form soundwaves traveled past the long distances in an instant, reaching Garen's ears.

"It's finally here..." Garen advanced instead of retreating, his soul turning into a white thread that shot at the black ox-horned panther.

An enormous image of a peacock appeared behind him, whoomph!

The peacock's sharp beak pecked forward, as fast as lightning. The beak, that was only several thousand meters long at first, instantly grew until it was several tens of thousands of meters long. It bit down hard, grabbing the blank panther and tossing it out.

Rawwr...

The panther wailed, but it was only Army Level, so it could not resist Garen's power. As a Demon Lord Level, Garen was no longer someone an Army Level could hope to face. He applied force with his Soul Seed Ring directly, emanating pure Soul Energy.

The Hellfrost Peacock Queen's top half pulled back, and it actually pulled the panther out of the ripples as though it was pulling out a carrot. Then, it threw its head back and swallowed it.

The bottom half of the Peacock Queen was connected to Garen's tiny body, so the image looked completely off-kilter, as though it was Aladdin's genie lamp, but infinitely magnified. The panther that had been devoured also disappeared without a trace, as though it had gone into an abyss.

In the Void, after the panther was dragged out, the ripples instantly got even faster, smaller, more hurried, as though they were about to close in on themselves.

Garen jumped in, head-first and without hesitation.

The peacock behind his whole body faded and vanished, and his soul body vanished into the ripples as though it had dived into the water but created no splash at all.

Blurb-blurb...

Bubbles floated out from the corners of Garen's mouth.

He was surrounded by a familiar green liquid, that was the water of the Mother Stream, filled to the brim with life force. This was the River of Life, the beginning and the end of all things.

Chapter 1154: Drifting 2

Returning to the Mother Stream again after several hundred years, Garen felt that familiar corrosive power, that assimilative power. This power was unbelievably immense, and even as he was now, it was the most he could do to protect himself, as he flowed with the current.

He turned back to look at the hole leading to the Mech Universe, the gap had shrunk until it was only as large as a fist now, and it was still shrinking.

Around him was a limitless expanse of green. He could see nothing, and hear nothing,

Only the endless rush of the stream water continued to reverberate beside his soul's ears.

Garen looked up and saw that the surface of the stream was nearby. Through the surface of the Mother Stream, he could see the colorful Spatial Barrier outside.

Roar...!

There was another fearsome roar.

To his shock, Garen saw many cracks instantly appear in the Spatial Barrier, and then an outside power seemed to punch a hole through it by force. A long, seemingly endless arm stretched out from it.

That was a golden-bronze arm, shining with a metallic glow as it extended toward him infinitely.

Bam!!

The water splashed and rose into high waves as the arm crashed into it. That arm actually reached straight for Garen. As though it could stretch forever, it descended over him with a terrifying power.

“It’s a Void Creature!!” Garen knew he was in trouble, and hurriedly activated his Soul Ring, unleashing his pure Soul Energy to surround his soul, and diving rapidly into the Mother Stream.

With a whoosh, he just managed to avoid being captured by the enormous hand. It just brushed past him at the side.

But even this tiny contact caused the Soul Energy on his arm to instantly disintegrate, turning into several dozen transparent maggots that stuck onto the outer wall of Garen’s Soul Energy, devouring it in large gulps.

A sense of dizziness overwhelmed Garen, and he instinctively knew that this was because he had used up too much Soul Energy. Something that could destroy the Barriers of the Mother Stream was not something he could afford to fight now.

“I need to leave right now!” He made the decision, and cut off the part of his soul that was being eaten, tossing it into the distance.

And then he swam down the Mother Stream like a fish.

Thankfully, his Soul Ring could now generate infinite Soul Energy, unlike before when he could only use the limited power stored inside his Soul Seed. If the Mother Stream finished devouring that power, he could only surrender to imminent death. Now, things were different, Garen was perfectly capable of producing new Soul Energy infinitely, so that he could last even longer and swim even further in this Mother Stream.

Boom!!

The stream water shook wildly, as the Mother Stream’s powerful life force surged madly into the arm that had intruded into it.

Garen turned around, and saw that the golden-bronze arm was being rapidly corroded by that countless green current, revealing the black material underneath as large dollops of bright red blood also dripped out, merging into the Mother Stream. A large part of the green river water around it turned dark red.

Roar...!!

That unidentified creature roared out in pain, and had no choice but to pull its arm back, the palm quickly leaving the Mother Stream while all covered in blood as it retreated back into the hole in the Spatial Barrier.

The hole was also rapidly regenerating, and soon it was just as new. The waves slowly calmed down.

Inside the water, Garen heaved a huge sigh of relief. He had not felt this sensation for several hundred years, of instantly falling from the pinnacle of a world to the very bottom, turning from the hunter to the hunted. Just a moment ago, he was one of the 26 people at the very peak of the Mech World, and now he was running for his life, humiliated and ashamed.

"It's true, space is large enough to hold all sorts of wonders..." Garen sighed inwardly, and calculated his losses. The Energy Machine Imprint quickly showed its usefulness, because the Imprint was constructed around Willpower, and Willpower was a small branch of Soul Energy, he managed to retain it, and activate it using his soul. But right now, as he left the Mech World, the Energy Machine Imprint also began to operate slower.

After all, the computing laws behind its operation were mostly designed according to the laws of the Mech Universe. Once these laws changed, its auto-recovery powers should already be praised for keeping it running until now, when in fact it should have been immediately immobilized.

To put this into perspective, it was as though the speed of light was three hundred thousand meters per second in the laws of this universe, but they were nine hundred thousand meters per second in that universe. Or if one plus one equals two in this universe, but equals three in that one.

Of course, the latter was not that big a change, but it was enough to show you where the problem lay.

The reason Garen's soul could be used throughout the many universes was because its roots lay in the most basic laws, tossing aside all the other non-uniform aspects. All that remained was the general law that could be used in any universe.

This was the true power of the Warlocks. What they controlled was the general law of power that could be used across many universes.

In the Mother Stream, time was meaningless, and everything was mobile. Garen followed the bend of the stream slowly, going against the current as he swam back up the direction he came. Back then, he had been swept to the poorest branch of the Mother Stream, the Mech Universe, so now that he wanted to leave, he needed to go against the current.

After transmigrating into so many worlds, he had gone from his initial curious excitement to his current state of numb acceptance.

As for his goal, Garen had long forgotten what his original goal had been back then. Why did he choose to dive into the Mother Stream? Why did he continue to transmigrate like this? He could no longer remember the meaning and motive behind all this.

The deluge of new memories had washed away almost every trace of his initial determination from way back when.

As Garen swam upstream, he considered it slowly.

Was it for the war between Ancient Endor and the Void Creatures? Or was it simply so he could experience new lives in different worlds? Or was it so he could find the original motive for transmigrating?

Perhaps he was even looking for a way back.

As he swam, Garen's thoughts flew at high speeds. The turning of the Energy Machine Imprint gradually slowed, most of the functions lagging and stopping due to the lack of laws, until only a few of the most basic computing functions remained. The computing power was less than a ten-thousandth of what it used to be, but even then, it was stronger than the strongest super-calculator back on Earth.

Occasionally, Garen would encounter Void Creatures like the one that had tried to fish him out in the Mother Stream, but he managed to evade each of them safely.

But as Garen continued to ponder, he grew more and more lost, more and more confused. The more he searched, the harder it was for him to justify his continued existence, everything was just a repetitive cycle that would not end.

Other than to pursue even greater strength, he could not find any better reason for living.

“What is it that I want?” he asked himself.

By the time he asked this question, according to estimates, three years had already passed since he entered the Mother Stream.

He did not know where he had drifted to. There was never anything other than the endless green water around him, there were no living creatures, and only the occasional piece of flotsam floated past him. Even these items would not last much longer, dissolving rapidly in the stream water.

Throughout his entire journey, the only living things he could encounter were the occasional Void Anglers. Every one of these creatures was enormous, and each one had at least several dozen Soul Seeds. These were not the lowest grade Soul Seeds, either. Soul Seeds could be divided into the stages, namely Multicolor (TN: lit. messy colors), Colorless, and Unicolor (TN: lit. uniform color). Garen himself was at the lowest level, Multicolor, and his Soul Seed had formed only the most simple Soul Ring, so he was at the lowest end of the Demon Lord Level spectrum. If he wanted to advance further, he would need at least five Soul Seeds, forming a large Soul Ring. Then he needed to remove all the other colors, before he could advance to the Colorless Level.

And the Void Anglers that appeared outside the Mother Stream were all at least at the Colorless Level, they would not even show their faces if they did not have at least ten Soul Seeds. And the weaker ones, according to Garen’s guesses, probably had fewer Soul Seeds than that, so they were smart enough to stay hidden and not look for trouble. The Barriers of the Mother Stream were also stronger in some places and weaker in some, so the weaker creatures would not gain any benefits from coming here, other than getting hurt for no reason.

These creatures were not enveloped in the power of the Mother Stream, so their movements were slower. As a result, he played them like a top, and every one of them ended up becoming Garen's only source of replenishment.

But in the end, his Soul Energy was still not infinite.

Five more years passed, and Garen felt his Soul Energy begin to weaken. The production rate of the Soul Ring was losing out to the rate of consumption, and he immediately knew that he could not continue drifting aimlessly like this.

He had a Soul Ring, and a position as a Void Pursuer. If he stayed in one place for too long, he would be the prime example of bait, luring Soul-Ring-Level Void Creatures to his doorstep.

In order to solve this threat, Garen designed a virtual model, and counted the longest duration he could stay in one world. He could not linger for longer than two hundred years, or else he would attract the Soul-Ring-Level Void Creatures nearby.

"The Void Creatures and the Ancient Endor civilization, they must have a place where the battle is mostly centered at! I can't be the only inheritor around. If I can find another inheritor, then I can truly join a group, and then we can resist the Void Creatures together."

With such an idea in mind, Garen started paying attention to the countless universes flowing outside the Mother Stream's Barriers, trying to find a universe with the same scent of a Soul Seed.

Such universes were very easy to find, because not every universe could have Soul Energy Aura. Garen was a Void Pursuer, and he remembered how useful his super-sensitive sense of smell could be now. Put together with the Energy Machine Imprint, he could differentiate the wisps of Soul Energy Aura out of the tiniest hints of each universe's aura.

Even though he knew the chances of such a search being successful were slim, Garen had finally found a new aim, so he was no longer as lost and listless as he had been.

Time passed slowly... The Soul Energy produced by Garen's Soul Ring diminished further, and the parts of his own body that he could protect reduced further and further, as the power grew thinner.

After goodness knew how long, the chance he was waiting for finally manifested itself.

Poof!

A giant black octopus tentacle stabbed hard into the Mother Stream's currents, pouncing at Garen. The tentacle was covered with countless little suction cups, and brought with it a powerful suction force that surged toward Garen.

"You're asking for it!" Garen laughed coldly, watching the tentacle unleash its suction force in the Mother Stream. "Unleashing a suction force in this thick Mother Stream water? You have a death wish."

He taunted unabashedly. After staying alone for so long, he had developed a habit of talking to himself, otherwise, he might even forget how to talk.

As though proving Garen's jeers right, that black tentacle did not manage to catch him, but instead it instantly absorbed a huge amount of Mother Stream water, until the entire tentacle expanded, growing larger and thicker as it went.

Chapter 1155

Bzz... Bzz-bzz...

Countless tiny white cracks appeared on the surface of the tentacle.

"Don't let me see you again!!!" roared the owner of the tentacle angrily. His berserking Will was intense enough to create countless waves in the water of the Mother Stream.

Bam!!

The huge expanse of green water exploded from within the tentacle, turning into a rain of blood that fell onto the surface of the Mother Stream, creating even more tiny ripples. What remained of the tentacle hurriedly retreated. It instantly vanished through the hole that was created in the Barrier.

The hole rapidly shrunk, but he could still see the colorful flowing light outside, though he did not know what that could be.

Just as Garen thought that everything would return to being peaceful as usual, and that he would continue drifting, suddenly he sensed a faint but clear wisp of Soul Energy Aura, appearing rapidly outside the hole.

“That’s...!” Garen was instantly stunned. His reflexes, far faster than light, recovered immediately.

Without a hint of hesitation, he gathered up all the Soul Energy he had and turned it into a propelling force behind him, so that he leaped out of the water like a fish.

Splash.

His whole body turned into a white line that shot toward the hole in the Barrier above him.

All skills and abilities were useless in the Mother Stream, because the laws of other universes were ineffective here, and only the General Universal Laws applied here. Garen’s Confinement Essence and the Hellfrost Peacock Queen’s natural abilities were not affected, but he needed a physical body to use those, so he could not do anything in pure soul form. Therefore, the only thing he could use in the Mother Stream was the Soul Energy generated from his Soul Ring.

This remained true even if the strongest Void Creature came here, and that was also the crucial reason why the Mother Stream could protect the true souls of the Ancient Endor beings.

Garen was worried that his power was insufficient, so he used all of his Soul Energy up all at once, his body almost turning into lightning as he shot through the hole in the blink of an eye.

Poof!!

There was dull sound in his brain, and all Garen could see was rainbow-colored flowing light. He was blind to everything else.

The universe outside the hole was no longer the one where that giant octopus had been. Within a few short seconds, a ton of rainbow-colored light had flowed past outside, and the universe where Garen had sensed that Soul Energy Aura was a completely unfamiliar place, several universes away.

The rainbow-colored streaming light continued to flow past him, and Garen reached out his hand, trying to grab this streaming light, yet he could not touch anything at all.

The streaming light continued for more than ten minutes, and dark light spots began to appear slowly in front of him. Some of these light spots were grey, and others were black, all of them brushing past Garen.

As time passed, there were more and more light spots, with less space between them.

Psst!

Suddenly his vision blurred, and Garen abruptly found that the everything before him had opened up. The streaming light had instantly vanished, and directly in front of him was a wide, dark, vast and limitless area of space.

In the very center of this space, there was a giant planet with purple-red edges.

Garen could not help but turn around to look, the space behind him was just a sea of black, and he could still vaguely see the tiny ripples in space gradually vanishing.

“As expected... The place where the Mother Stream’s currents connect must be where the habitable planets exist.” Garen understood. “Things can only enter the Mother Planet when their lives end, and there they enter a new cycle. And the Mother Stream also transmits life in its endless flowing tides.”

He flew toward that single purple-red planet. The sun, a star suspended in space near it, drew his attention.

The light emanated by this star was golden in color, and it had many black spots on its surface, so it looked like a moldy kumquat.

“This...” Garen suddenly frowned. “There are such powerful laws here...”

The V-shaped white mark surfaced on his brow, but it faded instantly as soon as it appeared.

Garen closed his eyes, and carefully felt the differences in the laws of this universe as compared to the previous one. After a mere dozen or so minutes, he opened his eyes once more.

“Impressive...! It is 53% similar to the laws of the Mech Universe, and most of the Energy Machine Imprint’s functions don’t work here. Other than the basic computing abilities, there were strict laws regulating any unnatural powers, as well as anything that existed purely as energy.”

He looked at the kumquat-like sun, that piercing light forcing him to narrow his eyes slightly.

“This sort of universe... is even stricter than the Vampire World, the intermaterial bonds are shockingly strong, so it’s probably not possible to use other methods in order to leverage on the pure energy here...”

He allowed his body to fly toward that purple-red planet using its momentum alone. Looking at the purple-red planet from a distance, he would not have noticed that he was moving at all if it were not for the galactic debris brushing past him on both sides.

“Without a Jumping Ball, I can’t use any powers other than my Soul Energy... No, even my Soul Energy is being suppressed, no form of pure energy here can exist without material form... What an extreme world.” Garen frowned slightly, carefully analyzing the laws of this universe.

“But I can still use some of the knowledge I had gained over the past few worlds, so I should be able to protect myself without any problems. I just have to pinpoint the individual power system of this

universe, and then I will be able to increase my powers quickly. It might be slightly difficult to reach the same heights as before... But in a world like this, I won't be able to use unnatural powers, so naturally others can't either, not even Void Creatures. My safety will be guaranteed!"

In that case, however, it would probably be very hard for him to leave this world on his own. That was why Garen was starting to wonder if it was a mistake to come here.

The vast Soul Energy around him was rapidly diminishing, it was being worn out at an even faster rate than when he was in the Mother Stream. Because this place did not allow anything that existed as pure energy to last for so long, so Garen knew that a soul such as his would not be able to last very long in here.

"I need to find a new body as soon as possible..."

He created an explosion behind him with his Soul Energy.

Psst!

The faint transparent light exploded, and Garen's body immediately shot out, his speed reaching a terrifying level. Because he existed as merely a soul now, his own mass was close to zero, meaning he was practically insubstantial. The explosion of Soul Energy created a massive force that was enough to send him propelling forward at extreme speeds.

As he continuously approached the purple-red planet, mysterious images and fragments appeared before Garen's eyes once more.

"These are the memories of the planets again... I can only receive them while I'm in soul form..." Garen clenched his teeth as the information overload surged into his brain, and was completely unsurprised by this sudden barrage of memories.

The same thing had happened in the past few worlds that he had transmigrated to.

But this time, it seemed to be slightly different.

The memories of this planet were scarily long, it seemed to have existed since the moment this entire universe exploded into being.

As the information surged in, other than the general trend of this planet, there was also a lot of information about this universe as a whole. Although these were just fragmented clips, within a mere dozen minutes or so, Garen felt as though he had experienced the entire history of the entire planet and the universe, from the moment of their conception until this current instant.

“This universe... only has one habitable planet!” Garen resisted the headache, and looked at the enormous purple-red planet in front of him in shocked admiration. “According to the survival records included in the information given, this planet is the center of this universe, and it’s the only habitable planet in this entire universe.”

All the contents about the general trend instantly flowed through Garen’s brain.

This was a normal yet abnormal world.

Compared to the previous few worlds, this world was a lot more realistic, and a lot simpler.

The general trend of the entire world originated with the Four Great Cornerstones. In other words, it hinged on four people. Four users of unnatural powers who were constantly reborn and resurrected on this planet.

They had the Sacred Sigils of the Ancient Universe, and possessed unimaginable power. The four of them represented the entire planet, and the four basic powers of this universe. Other than them, no one else could use unnatural powers, they were the origins of all the legends. At the same time, they were also the source of the Soul Energy Aura that Garen was sensing.

“The Soul Energy Aura I sensed before this... is over there!!” Garen instantly determined his target location.

“The Four Great Cornerstones? What a strange law...” With a final sigh of admiration, his soul sped up further, turning into a shapeless light that fell straight toward the planet.

Lily of the Valley, in the country of Slann

In a small and slightly old yard by the suburbs, a yellow-skinned man with a tan was holding up a bespectacled boy of fifteen or sixteen with both hands, his expression solemn as he yelled urgently in a rather tongue-twisting language.

The hot sunlight shone down on both of them, and a faint stench of sweat began to rise from them.

The man was frowning so hard that his brows were knotted together, and he hurriedly picked up the boy, running toward a cooler, shaded part of the yard. He placed the boy gently on the slightly scalding floor, and then ran into the inner house hastily. Soon, he came out again with a basin of cold water, and there was even a white towel in the basin. The towel had been washed until it was yellowing slightly, and it looked like it had quite a few years behind it.

Splash.

He wrung the towel dry, and gently wiped the sweat off the boy's face.

The boy had slightly pretty features, but he was mostly just plain. His skin was slightly pale, as though he did not get much sun, and his lips were extremely cracked, his eyes tightly shut. It was quite clear that he had a case of heatstroke.

Whoosh...

Suddenly, there was a cool breeze.

Faster than anyone could see, an invisible light fell directly down from the sky, stabbing directly into the area between the boy's brows, It sank inside, vanishing without a trace.

The man did not notice a thing, and continued to wipe the sweat off the boy's body carefully.

Soon, possibly because the cool wet towel had an effect, the boy's body finally trembled a few times,

"Water... Water..."

Suddenly, he awakened blearily, calling out in a hoarse voice.

"Water? Here! Come on, drink slowly... take it slow." The middle-aged man hastily took the cup of water he had prepared beforehand and brought it to the boy's lips.

"I told you a thousand times not to fall asleep in the yard under the sun, but you never listen!" nagged the man in a low, whining voice that was completely different from his stern appearance.

The boy did not say anything more, and fell into a deep sleep after drinking a few sips of water.

The middle-aged man shook his head helplessly, picking up the boy in his arms and walking into the house, placing the boy on a bed mat in the room.

He reached out his hand again to touch the boy's forehead, testing its temperature. When he felt that it had cooled down somewhat, he finally left, relieved. The stress of the past few moments had caused him to break out in a sweat as well, so he desperately needed a cold bath right now.

The man's footsteps faded into the distance, and he entered another room, closing the door with a bang.

Only then did the boy lying on the mat slowly open his eyes.

“It’s a new beginning once again...” The boy spoke with a tone of wisdom, nostalgia, and a hint of weariness.

“After such a long selection, this should be the perfect body according to the general trend,” A white, indistinct V-shaped mark flashed between the boy’s eyes without leaving a trace.

Everything related to the boy’s memories instantly swept through Garen’s mind.

‘Kong Xiaofei: Seventeen years old, introvert and keeps to himself, a Year 2 Senior High School Student of Linglan City No.3 High School. Average results, bad in sports, enjoys reading comic books, drawing, sleeping...’

Garen swiftly scanned through all the different flashbacks that were swarming his mind, mainly focusing on Kong Xiaofei’s family.

Kong Xiaofei’s father, Kong Yuan, brought him and his elder sister up single-handedly. He works at an oil company with a decent pay and he was an ordinary, honest good man.

His mother died while giving birth to him.

The main focus was Kong Xinxue, Kong Xiaofei’s elder sister. When Garen was observing the planet’s memories, his fuzzily detected her as a major character.

Due to the fact that the memories were too overwhelming, plus the rules of the universe being too strict, he could only vaguely see pieces of it. He was not able to see the main content clearly. However, he was sure of one thing, one of the Four Great Cornerstones would come into contact with Kong Xinxue sometime in the future. And when these four fight hand to hand, Kong Xinxue would then play a more important role.

“It probably will not take a few years. By then, we will see whether the Four Great Cornerstones are of the same kind as me...” Garen was actually looking forward to it, as he started to feel this body’s state attentively.

Garen's face fell as he started inspecting. "No wonder this body didn't even bother to fight me back. It's deteriorated to this point..."

He took a look at the Talent and Power data that was on display.

'Kong Xiaofei — Strength 0.2, Agility 0.3, Physique 0.1, Intellect 1.1, Potential 0%. Soul Limit 50.'

Garen took a deep breath. "Besides the Intellect stats reaching the standards of an adult, the others were so horrible that he could hardly bear to see it, it was no different from advanced cancer..."

He held back the urge to cuss, instead, he focused on regulating all his remaining soul power to nourish this body.

Ever since the Soul Ring was formed, his soul power could finally be able to shift around at ease to nourish the flesh. The flesh's essence was able to produce a God in the form of a soul, and the God would naturally be able to replenish the body's essence. However, the only shortcoming was that this process has a high rate of consumption.

Especially in this sort of crazy strict world...

"It's a good thing the pure energy state within the body isn't really restricted, which is equivalent to energy attached to the substances."

Garen checked his soul power storage; there were about fifty-three units which were vacant. In the Mech World, every unit would be sufficient to fully nourish one adult's body and completely heal every indiscernible damage.

"However, there would be an eighty percent loss if one was to use his soul power to replenish his flesh. Moreover, this universe's rules are ridiculous... A 5% effect at most on the body is already not bad... To hell with it!" He could not resist ranting.

Five percent. This meant that after all his remaining soul power was exhausted, there would not be any more extra components to nourish and strengthen this body. The rules here were ridiculously strict. In the entire universe, there were only four people who had extraordinary powers, the superpowers that were supported by the entire universe. Even putting this way could not describe how exaggeratedly crazy this was.

Frankly, Garen knew it deep in his heart. It was what he had expected.

Furthermore, he wanted to restore and accumulate a brand new soul power. The rate of the Soul Ring recovery was indeed terrifying. In addition to its ghastly output, he would have to wait for a long period of time if he planned to use it to nourish his body.

“Seems like I’d have to make use of whatever pharmacology and biochemistry I’ve learned from the other worlds... After all, I’ve lived for so many years, I am considered as an elite biochemist,” In the end, Garen still found a way out. He was going to utilize this universe’s substances to strengthen his body, and not just insist on using pure energy to nourish his body.

At the thought of it, he immediately spread all the stored soul power in his body to every part of his body altogether.

There were no sounds or any light effects, just the plain sight of Kong Xiaofei, the body Garen was attached to. Colors were gradually returning to his cheeks, and even his dried lips were starting to have a tinge of moisture.

The effect was immediate.

Garen could see with his naked eye that his body’s state was rising rapidly. As time passed, his soul power reduced and became weaker, but his body’s attributes, on the other hand, increased.

At the end, when the last traces of his soul power was almost exhausted.

‘Kong Xiaofei — Strength 0.5, Agility 0.6, Physique 0.4, Intellect 1.4, Potential 0%. Soul Limit 50.’

The attributes were just slightly improved.

“Why are there no changes!?” Garen was shocked. He put in so much effort assembling this Soul Ring from a couple of worlds, and all the soul power produced by the Soul Ring was now wasted just like this. This was a complete tragedy.

However, he could vaguely feel the small changes that were happening within his body, and he suddenly understood.

In this world, the rules were as such. There would no longer be drastic changes like before, no more radical occurrences that involved processes that would nearly be neglected. Every single change here would only happen bit by bit.

Even if he completely saved up all his soul power, it would be impossible for him to change a seriously-ill patient into an ordinary person brimming with energy. He had to recover according to his body's restore rate in order to recover to his original state of physique.

“In other words, if you can master the ropes of the other worlds, you can advance through several processes instantly, inciting other strengths and then on, create a miracle.”

Garen lied on the mat. Since he was not able to recover his body in an instant, he might as well lie on the ground and have a good rest.

The good thing was that while his body was being nourished, his body would still be able to withstand for a few more days without eating or drinking. At the same time, his qualities would still continue to rise all the way until he finished up his powers.

“Energy Machinist Imprint can still be used for basic computing powers... But I'd need my soul powers to support it. I guess I won't be able to take both into account in the future,” Garen said helplessly.

Lying on the mat feeling tired with a tinge of weakness surging within the body, he lost all desire to move his body.

As time slowly went by, he soon heard the sound of a key unlocking the door outside.

“Thank you for sending me back. Please, you can go now,” It was a melodious voice of a girl. She seemed young, maybe about eighteen or nineteen years old.

“Remember the concert this Saturday! You’re one of our main characters, so you have to come,” An old man said.

“I’ll try. I’m really sorry, teacher.”

“Alright, enough with the chit chat, I’ve got to go to send off the others.”

“Yeah. Take care.”

Footsteps could be heard before the sound of engines whirred up, indicating that the car was leaving.

Bang.

The yard’s door closed.

“Xiaoxue, you’re back?” Kong Yuan’s voice could be heard from the living room.

“Yeah, how’s Xiaofei doing?” The girl’s voice sounded extremely cold.

“Doing much better, I tucked him into bed already.”

“... I’ll go see him for a bit,” Kong Xinxue’s voice was getting nearer and nearer.

Garen recalled every single detail about Kong Xinxue and the relationship between her and Kong Xiaofei.

'Kong Xinxue: Seventeen years old, a violin prodigy, Year 3 Senior High School Student of Linglan City No.1 High School. Participated in the region's student classical music competition thrice and was crowned champion back-to-back for three years. Talent has already been gradually shown, and in the next two years, she'll become a famous international classical violinist prodigy. Then, she will finally emerge as an incredible, world-renowned violinist when she reaches twenty-four years old.

Has a cool personality, maintains an ordinary relationship with her brother, Kong Xiaofei, which may be slightly distant.'

"What a stunning sister. No wonder the brother is such an introvert, always quiet and keeping to himself," A thought flashed through Garen's mind.

Soon enough, a young girl dressed in a white dress appeared by the bedroom door and peaked in.

The girl had long red hair flowing down her shoulders and bangs across her forehead, a hint of wariness in her eyes. The white dress on her accentuated her young body perfectly, showing off every single curve just nicely. It was a plain white dress with no patterns or any lacework, just a simple black belt wrapped around her waist.

"Are you feeling better?" Kong Xinxue asked softly. Once she saw Garen awake, the worry in her eyes was wiped away.

"Much better," Garen responded.

Kong Xinxue nodded, then turned and left.

The conversation between these two siblings had always been like that, it was as if both sides were used to it already. Since they were young, since they knew how to speak, Kong Xiaofei and his sister always kept conversations short and brief.

"So this body has red hair..." Then only did Garen realize that his own hair was actually a shade of fiery red.

Since the day of the heat stroke, Garen took a leave so that he could stay at home to rest.

Kong Yuan goes to work every day from nine to five while Kong Xinxue was always busy preparing for her school examinations. Both of them had their hands full, unlike Kong Xiaofei who was always idling away his time at home.

His sole purpose of coming to this world was to search for an inheritor of the same kind. Even if the inheritor was not the same kind, he should at the very least have the presence of soul power. He had everything planned. If the other person was not an inheritor of the same kind, he would take the opportunity and absorb the person's soul power. With that, he would increase the soul power in his Soul Ring, maybe even increase his Soul Seeds.

The reason why he attached himself to Kong Xiaofei's body was that this person was destined to die already. In the near future when Kong Xinxue came into contact with the Four Great Cornerstones, Kong Xiaofei would die from an accidental involvement on the first night they meet.

The one who would kill him was actually one of the Four Great Cornerstones.

To attach himself to an identity like this, there was no longer the need to search around all corners of the world. In the entire star, the only Four Great Cornerstones would automatically come on their own, which actually saved up tons of Garen's effort.

The second purpose was to hide away from the Soul Ring-Leveled Void Creatures and at the same time, properly consider the path on which he was about to embark.

However, the one thing that disappointed Garen was that the rules in this particular universe were too strict to a certain standard. The powers his body brought was far from what he initially expected. Thus, it was most definitely going to be a problem if he aimed to reach the extent good enough to face off the Four Great Cornerstones. After all, Garen was still unsure of what those four were really capable of.

Ever since he came to this body, Garen restricted the interactions between him and Kong Xinxue along with Kong Yuan. He would only see the both of them every day in the morning and nighttime. Meanwhile, life over here was somewhat similar to back when he was in Earth, a slight combination of life in China and Japan. Rice was deemed as the main course, and everything was available, including sashimi, stir-fry vegetables, dumplings and so much more.

One week had passed by in a blink of an eye, and there was not much communication in general. Garen's body was starting to recover.

Chapter 1157:

"One, two, one two, one..." Garen was in the midst of doing push-ups, counting non-stop in the yard.

It was the weekend, which marked the end of this week's holiday. The extra corresponding courses in school meant nothing to Garen, except that he would have lesser time to train and to recover.

After finishing ten push-ups, he got up and wiped away the beads of sweat off his forehead. Although his physique was slightly better, he still had to give Kong Yuan and Kong Xinxue some mental preparation as well. He could not just suddenly recover, that would be suspicious.

"Up so early huh... Xiaofei," Kong Yuan yawned as he walked out of the house in his black pajamas.

The sky was not even bright yet.

"What do you want to eat? I can go buy it for you."

"Bread and eggs," Garen answered simply.

Kong Yuan nodded, "Go see if your sister's awake, and see whether she wants anything."

“Alright, I’ll go see.”

Garen pressed on his T-shirt to ensure the black material stuck on his skin would absorb his sweat; he then marched toward Kong Xinxue’s room.

Thump thump.

Nobody responded to the knocks on the door.

The door opened by itself, so perhaps it was not closed properly.

“Makes sense. The weather’s too hot, no way she would just stuff herself in her room,” Garen knocked harder.

Thump thump thump!

“Who is it?”

A barely-awake voice came from the room.

“It’s me,” Garen answered.

Not long after, Kong Xinxue opened her bedroom door. Her hair was a mess, as she stood there in her white nightdress.

“What is it?”

“Dad’s asking you what do you want for breakfast.”

“Same as you,” With a slam, Kong Xinxue closed the door once again. She seemed mad.

Baffled, Garen staggered back to the living room and relayed the message to Kong Yuan. He had no idea why Kong Xinxue was angry, perhaps she just got up on the wrong side of the bed.

After breakfast, Kong Yuan went out to buy some vegetables.

Garen and Kong Xinxue were left in the yard under the cool morning sun, both of them sipping fresh tea.

The pale green tea was rickety in the cup as Garen kept swirling his cup around. It seemed thrilling as the tea almost spilled out of the brim every single time.

“Just drink your water, stop playing,” Kong Xinxue sat upright at her place with a stern look on her face, both hands circled around her cup.

With no other alternatives, Garen placed his teacup back down. He could not possibly tell her that he was actually training the accuracy of his body control.

Sitting in the yard, both of them were at their wits’ ends. Garen was still wearing spectacles, and his messy long hair covered up part of his face. Moreover, his spectacles were slightly oversized. With that combination, his face was basically covered up already. His clothes were untidy as well, the sweat on his T-shirt had already dried up, emitting a rank odor.

On the other hand, Kong Xinxue was dressed entirely in white, her hair tied into a simple ponytail behind her using a simple black silk. In addition to her delicate facial features and her proper posture, she gave off an elegant vibe.

“Recently... Do you have enough pocket money?”

They really did not have any topics to talk about, therefore, as the elder sister, Kong Xinxue took the lead and spoke first.

“If you don’t have enough money, I have some here.”

“It’s enough,” Garen replied curtly.

Then, it was silence.

The sun gradually turned half of the yard into a bright shade of gold as cicada sounds could be heard from the only brown tree in the yard.

“I’m going to take a shower,” Kong Xinxue stood up and walked toward the house.

“Okay.”

Garen responded shortly as he watched her enter the house, and only returned his gaze once he heard the sound of the bathroom door clicked shut.

Lifting the teacup gently, Garen took a sip again as he slowly regulated his breathing and heartbeat.

After a week of recovery, plus the nourishment of his powers, he was almost fully recovered, already reaching the normal standards of this body. Due to the fact that the body showed a heavy deficit along with plenty of damage in the congenital structures, he could only improve them in the future. At the very least, his powers were not fully exhausted yet.

“But I can’t just fully rely on my powers. I’ve got to choose a secret technique as my foundation,” Garen had been forcing himself to wait until this moment to begin thinking about this problem. He could only wait until his body was completely recovered before he could consider the training issue, otherwise not only would he be not training his physique, he would be hurting it instead.

All the secret techniques and killing moves he once mastered slowly came to mind.

“This universe’s rules are indeed harsh, it would take an extremely long period of time if I want my own flesh to achieve the level of being able to resist heat weapons. I need about two years time and a

killing move that can quickly come to form. It has to be highly destructive and capable of driving my body to train..."

After searching through all the sects, a swordplay similar to the Japanese Kendo came to Garen's mind.

"To use the weapon's sharpness to make up for my shortage of destructive power is indeed the shortcut for combat power. I'll go with agility, it should not be that bad"

At a realm like Garen's, although he did not comprehend Boards, his martial grades were thoroughly revised, already reaching another state of a realm. Most of the principles behind swordplay and fistfighting were somewhat similar.

Garen just simply focused all the essences from the other secret techniques on this certain swordplay, and soon, an extremely complex yet precise killing move was slowly taking shape.

Picking up a broken branch from the ground, Garen started drawing strokes in the air.

Up and down, then four corners. Every direction consisted up to thousands of different coping techniques to face all sorts of situations.

This was an extraordinarily-precise swordplay, no mistakes could be made on every track. Once an error is made, a brand new swordplay would be required to rectify. The entire swordplay was basically unlocking a series of locks. After the entire chain locks were unlocked, the effect produced would be groundbreaking.

To activate an extraordinary power as an ordinary mortal.

Of course, this was the original effect of this swordplay, who knew to what extent it would have in this world.

"Just try it then, let's see to what extent can this pure technique be activated."

Garen picked up a branch and slowly started drawing strokes in the air.

The branch became blurry between his fingers as it slowly started getting faster. As it accelerated, the blurry appearance intensified.

Wind!

All of a sudden, the branch stopped.

Crack!

With a soft crack, the branch broke in half, and the expected extraordinary power effect did not take place at all.

Garen sighed in disappointment.

“Although I did expect this, I really did not expect it’d be this hard to activate the extraordinary power’s boundary... This universe is indeed...”

He threw the branch away.

“Looks like I can only seek pure material attacks then.”

Ah.

Suddenly, Kong Xinxue’s scream could be heard from the house.

Garen’s expression changed instantly as he darted toward the house.

The first thing that came to mind was the Four Great Cornerstones. Did they decide to come earlier!?

“There’s no water...” Kong Xinxue’s urgent voice sounded.

But there was not enough time.

Garen had already reached the door of the bathroom and reached for the door handle.

Click.

The bathroom door opened with just a slit, and there was Kong Xinxue, stunned, staring back at Kong Xiaofei who was at the door. Her entire upper body was covered beneath a wet white towel, but the lower part of her body was not covered and strands of black hairs were visible.

“There’s no water?” Garen was shocked as well. Looking at Kong Xinxue like this, he was startled as well. Being too fast can be a pretty troublesome issue sometimes...

“Get out!” A red flush crept onto Kong Xinxue’s face as she yelled. “Get the hell out of here!”

Garen had never expected such a thing that would only happen in television dramas would actually happen to him.

After about ten minutes or so, Kong Xinxue sat in the living room, still angry, right across where Garen was at.

“I can understand that as a boy sprouting from the youth of his teenage years, there would be intense urges coming deep from within you, feelings you may or may not have before. But please, don’t go wild expressing your unsatisfied and lewd desires towards your own sister for no reason at all! Do you even know what your own sister means to you? Or maybe you’re suggesting that you, as a seventeen-year-old young boy, have absolutely no knowledge on moral education?”

Bang!

She brutally slammed the table yet again.

“I, Kong Xinxue! The eldest daughter of the Kong family. I’ve always tried to put up an image of a proper, serious eldest daughter in front of you, Kong Xiaofei. I’ve always tried to live my life representing the positive life values! But I can’t imagine that the corrupt society we live in would put up with those toxic on the internet. Yes, toxic! Toxic that were able to poison and make my very own brother, my closest relative, to change.”

“Can you even understand how I’m feeling right now? Hmm? Kong Xiaofei! I’m talking to you!?” Kong Xinxue noticed that even now, Kong Xiaofei was distracted! Distracted!?

She was lecturing her one and only brother and he was distracted!?

Unforgivable!

Bang!

A loud noise sounded as she slammed her hands vigorously against the table, causing it to shake.

“Every single day I return home, I’m doing all I can to restrain myself from any sort of vulgar behavior and using words of profanities, all this to provide the only boy in our Kong household a positive environment to grow, in the perspectives of human life, the world, and moral values. Yet, look at yourself now. In time you will learn how to keep yourself in check. Now, have you stooped so low to the point where you peep at me while I was in the showers!?”

Her voice instantly raised by an octave.

“Well, I say... Can you lower down your voice...” Garen forced a wry smile. “I wasn’t trying to peep at you in the shower...”

“You were ogling!” The urge to lecture that was buried deep within Kong Xinxue finally burst out now.

“Although they both have the same words and there’s only one character difference, there is a vast difference between these both serious natures! (TL Note: In Chinese, the term for peep and ogling shares the same Chinese character.) Hu...” She exhaled heavily. “I’m still contemplating whether to tell Father straight away.”

“I think you had better not...” Garen was completely speechless, “I told you, I really wasn’t peeping. I just heard your scream and that’s why...”

“And you’re still making up excuses for yourself.” Kong Xinxue took a sip of water. “I can understand your feelings right now, always hiding in the corners sneaking your so-called reading materials that cannot bear the light of day. Even though I did give it a try, all just an attempt to understand my only brother, to understand what kind of thoughts he would have. Thinking back now, these things are really just disgusting...” She said as an appalled look was written all over her face.

Chapter 1158: Kong Xinxue 2

“However,” Her entire upper body suddenly leaned forward to Garen, both of them had their noses against each other, their faces almost stuck together.

“I am pleased.”

“What?” Garen was shocked at her sudden movement. He had never seen such a temperamental person in his life. Even after transmigrating between so many worlds, this was the very first time he encountered someone who displayed such a split personality. The very second before, she was still cool and collected, but at this very moment, it was as if she changed into an entirely different person.

“I am relieved, as you have finally grown up, you’ve become a man,” Kong Xinxue grabbed on to Garen’s collar and almost lifted him up.

Bang.

She released her grip and Garen fell butt first back on to the chair.

“As a man, there will always be the dark desires buried deep within your heart that will tempt you into taking actions, and you’ve finally taken the first important yet poor-natured move. I don’t know if I should be happy or upset, but there’s one thing I know for sure.”

Kong Xinxue stood up and walked toward her own room.

“And that is, courage is the key element that makes a man.”

“Courage?”

“Do you know the Infinite Self-defence Rights?” She threw at him a black fountain pen. The pen rotated speedily and marked a straight trajectory before landing beside Garen on the sofa. “As a man, you have to be alert at all times and be ready to step up for a lady. Furthermore, how are you going to battle if you don’t have any weapons?”

“Weapons?”

Garen held the fountain pen up. There was nothing different about this item, it was just an ordinary black fountain pen.

Kong Xinxue turned back.

“Humans only know that it is not illegal to use one’s scissors for self-defense, but they don’t know that a fountain pen actually provides a better concealment. Practice using it... It’ll come in handy one day.”

She waved elegantly, then entered her room. After her door was slammed shut, no movements could be detected anymore.

Garen stared speechlessly at Kong Xinxue as she walked into her own room, then glanced at the fountain pen held in his hand.

“Weapon? This?”

An undeniably appropriate image kept bouncing into his head.

Nighttime in the streets.

“No... Please, don’t... I’m begging you...” Eyes filled with tears, Kong Xinxue begged as she shrunk into the corner in the alley.

Several thugs surrounded her, lustful smiles written all over their faces as they grinned at their trapped little sheep.

“Hey, little girl...It’s dangerous to be out about the streets alone in the middle of the night.”

“Looks like we’ve got to educate you on what safety is about, hehehe...”

“Shout all you want, nobody would come to your rescue no matter how much you scream or shout...”

Chirk.

A flick knife sprung out in the hands of one of the thugs.

According to the Infinite Self-defence Rights, the perfect time to counterattack is when the opponent shows his weapon!

There would only be one chance! Speed! Ruthless! Accurate! One fatal blow!

The silver ballpoint pen swiftly fell into her hand as a cold look flashed through Kong Xinxue's eyes.

Ah! Ah ah!

After a few screams, everything was silent in the alley.

"What a terrifying lady..." Garen shook his head in an attempt to shake away the crazy thoughts in his mind. However, for unknown reasons, he was slightly amused.

"She has a personality, and her actions are different from how she portrays herself to be, it's like she has a dual personality. And she's pretty. Such a special girl, no wonder one of the Four Great Cornerstones developed a crush on her," Garen touched his chin, finally acknowledging the fact that this world was actually quite interesting after all.

Monday, it was time for school.

Hiss...

Garen had his head on the table as he napped.

The teacher's lecture sounds in the classroom automatically played as his lullaby. The scratching sounds of students making notes around could be vaguely heard as the scratch marks echoed in the classroom, giving off a certain hollowness.

This world was almost the same as Earth, the similar lifestyle that was a combination of Western and Eastern cultures. There were also heat weapons, missiles, tanks, and even nuclear weapons. If it were not for the different name and the geographic location, Garen would have thought that he had arrived at another parallel world to Earth.

The basic knowledge learned in class were practically as easy as ABC to Garen. The only thing he needed to pay attention to was that he should not use other world's more advanced formulas to calculate when he solved questions in order to avoid triggering a worldwide buzz.

"Hey, Fei, I heard you suffered a heat stroke and almost died. Is it real?"

His deskmate, also one of Kong Xiaofei's few only friends, Koslan, was currently pretending to copy down notes as he squeezed Garen's elbows.

"It's fake," Garen simply responded, "Would a person who almost died return beside you this fast?"

"True, makes sense," Koslan nodded in agreement.

"Alright, I'm going to take a nap. Don't disturb me," With that said, Garen slipped into a deep sleep once again. In this world, nobody knew his real identity and his specialties, so naturally, there would be no threats of danger.

The only trouble he had was that particular day two years from now where one of the Four Great Cornerstones would kill Kong Xiaofei in an accident.

He did not need to go searching around, he just needed to wait. Until then, he would figure out whether the Four Great Stones were the same kind of inheritors, or were they perhaps just some Void Creatures.

After a nap, classes had already finished. For someone like Kong Xiaofei who had disappointing academic results, the teachers had long given up their hopes on him already.

The No. 3 High School was not a good school in the first place, most of the teachers just muddled along however they could.

"Hey, Fei, Koslan," A masculine-looking girl dressed in a black-pleated dress walked toward the both of them.

“It’s Patch. Why are you looking so feminine today? Are you experiencing your second spring (TL Note: Directly translated from Chinese, ‘second spring’ is used to describe a person who experiences falling in love a second time later on in life when she’s older.)? Koslan greeted her with a bright smile.

“Don’t call me Patch... Also, what’s with this second spring? I haven’t even had my first spring!” The girl was Zong Buqin, also a close friend of Kong Xiaofei in class. Due to her over-masculine looks and how she always liked aiming for the last hit in games, she was nicknamed Patch.

“So? Are you feeling better?” Zong Buqin looked at Kong Xiaofei with a face full of concern.

“Much better,” Garen nodded.

“Are you up for some ice skating then? The Dream Ice Arena will be done renovating today, let’s go have a look at how is it now.”

“I’ll pass, I have something on already, you guys go ahead though.” Garen declined immediately. He only had another two years, and even though he was confident that he would not lose the battle, he should definitely not look down on his opponent. He had to perform the best he could.

“Aren’t you scared of flashing someone? Wearing a skirt to ice skate,” Koslan grinned devilishly.

“So what if I do? Are you going to look?” Zong Buqin had her arms on her waist as she retorted.

“Yeah.”

“If you really dare, I’ll even lift my skirt up!”

“Are you going to be responsible for it?”

“You’d want to run once you see it!” Zong Buqin snorted.

“Forget about it then.”

“Alright, you both continue your banter, I’ll take my leave first,” Garen left the classroom, blatantly ignoring the duo who was quarreling. In Kong Xiaofei’s memories, those two had the pranking scale that not many people could actually relate to.

He walked all the way until he reached the balcony.

Garen pushed open the metal door and walked toward the railing, then he looked down.

“Other than the Four Great Cornerstones, this world has no other systems of power, all they have is technology. Should I consider joining the government’s troops to sell some skills?” He thought about it as though he had returned to his peaceful and relaxing life back on Earth.

There was no danger, even the so-called Four Great Cornerstones were not much of a threat in his eyes. Life continued to move on undisturbed, according to its timeline. There were no sudden twists or turns.

He pulled out his handphone and used the front camera to check himself out.

Red short hair, thick spectacles frames, and a pale, ghastly skin. His blue-white uniform shirt’s collar was folded high, covering his neck. His height was just average, and his body was neither too fat nor too thin. He was wearing a pair of unadjusted ordinary leather shoes that were coated with a layer of dust filled with wrinkles, shreds of evidence that indicated that he had been wearing them for a long period of time.

“At first glance, you’d know he’s not any more special than any other ordinary kids.”

With a heave of sigh, Garen placed his spectacles down. To his surprise, his face was actually pretty good looking. His thin brows nicely complemented his big eyes and sharp nose, his moisturized lips and his glowy skin that had the slightest tinge of hair growing were signs that his body was actually recovering recently.

“Forget about it, that’s all. I’ll resume training the swordplay I learned earlier.

Garen began regulating and controlling his breathing and his internal secretion softly.

The Energy Machinist Imprint's computing power could provide him a detailed observational data toward his body, and at the same time, provide the most suitable adjustment plan in order to help his body achieve the desired goal in the shortest time possible.

Every inch of his muscles started trembling as the different muscles were fighting against each other, forming a different direction of force in the body. This was an extremely high-end form of training that only powerhouses who were precise about themselves could use.

With the aid of Garen's Martial Art Realm and Energy Machine Imprint, he easily fulfilled the requirements.

His finger started drawing strokes, one after another, in a coherent but cool, decisive manner.

A week passed by in a blink of an eye. Every day was passed with the accompaniment of Koslan and Zong Buqin's bickering.

Garen would go up to the balcony to train his swordplay with every free time he had. At his level, it was natural for him to master the essential points in a short period of time, and the entire swordplay only consisted of three stages.

Firstly: Slight knowledge. Reaching mastery of ten thousand and above of different sword skills with high accuracy.

Secondly: Proficient. The ability to use different sword skills to carry out combinations at random to deal with external changes.

Thirdly: Thorough. Completely mastering all sword skills and turning everything into one's own instinct, reflecting sword skill in lightning-like condition.

Garen's own Martial Arts Realm had long surpassed the third grade of this swordplay, so the only thing he had to do was master all the sword skills and incorporate everything into this body's instincts.

This required a vast amount of repetitive practices. After all, this was a new set of body, not his body from before.

Besides that, he really had to strengthen his body. Also, he had to find a sword, a sword that was suitable for him.

"The power would slowly nourish my body, so I can still buy some herbs and make myself some medicine. I don't know whether the medicine in my memory is suitable or not, but I can always give it a try."

"Meanwhile, regarding the sword problem, I can enroll in the school's unlimited Martial Arts department."

Chapter 1159: Life's Turning Point 1

The world was indeed strange.

The center of the universe was just like a planet. It was as if the entire universe only had that merely one surviving planet left.

Garen did not know how to describe this particular feeling other than that it was plain weird.

However, with his capabilities, it was just a holiday for him to just have fun and enjoy as he waited for the general trend to begin.

This was the attitude that he had in life.

Time flew by fast.

In a blink of an eye, three weeks had already passed by, marking his one month time in this world.

On the other hand, his swordplay was slowly coming to shape already. Although he faced several limitations in this body, his improvements in all aspects had certainly been extremely alarming. Not only that, he even used his Soul Powers and other methods to raise his physical attributes.

After sleeping through another boring day of classes, Garen finally crawled up from his desk lazily. He did not know why just a moment of relaxation would result in him losing the urge to move forward. Sometimes, he even thought that living a simple life in this world was not a bad idea as well.

He took a look at his current attributes.

‘Kong Xiaofei — Strength 1, agility 1.2, physique 1.2, intellect 1.5. Potential 0%. Soul Limit 50.’

“So this is the final limit of my powers? It’s basically the standards of an ordinary person,” Garen felt helpless. He originally thought that he could at least still slack off a little. However, from the looks of it now, he had to make a greater effort in order for this to work.

He raised his head and checked his surroundings. There were a few students chatting in the white classroom, their chirpings no different from birds.

Koslan and Zong Buqin were still bickering like lovebirds.

Two students were at the back of the classroom holding their textbooks as a blackboard and using chalks to draw on them as though it was enjoyable.

The boys were dressed in white shirts and black slacks whereas the girls wore white blouses paired with black mini skirts and long, knee-high socks. Their outfits resembled the Japanese traditional uniforms.

“Feels like St. Oriole Academy...” Garen took a breath, once again reviewing the history of this world.

The planet was divided into three continents and four oceans. The Red Nation, Slann, and the Black Federation were known as the three big kingdoms, whereas the other small countries survived along the edge. Peace was able to be maintained because of nuclear weapon chains that were similar to those back on Earth. Everything else was not any different compared to Earth. Other than the customs being slightly similar, he basically found zero connections.

“Name-wise, there is even a sensation of combination, that’s so boring,” Garen did not even want to use his brain. After all, he was on a holiday break, so what was the point of fighting flat out?

Clap.

The girl sitting in front of him dropped her eraser on his feet.

Garen bent over to pick it up, then threw it back to the girl.

“Thanks.”

The girl turned over to give him a smile. Though it was not considered pretty, it was still pure and sincere.

“No problem.”

Garen stood up. It was time for him to go home.

The afternoon sunlight shone in from the window not far away, the warm rays touched the back of his hand.

Bag in hand, he walked out of the classroom alone and started his way back home.

Behind him was the noisy school and the sights of a few random bullies asking money from kids. The students would actually try to avoid this area subconsciously.

Garen walked to the front of a vending machine and threw in a one yuan coin dug out from his pocket.

Suddenly, two huge figures appeared behind him and surrounded him.

“Yo~ Someone’s pretty rich, what do you say about making friends? Shouldn’t be a problem for you to buy each of us a bottle of green yogurt huh?”

One of them who sported long hair and a silver ear piercing grinned, “How is one bottle enough for us? Each of us should get three bottles.”

The fatty person beside beamed devilishly. Both of them were dressed in all loose, black long sleeves and slacks. One had white hair and the other silver, obviously, they were not good seeds.

Garen exhaled heavily.

“I’ve always thought that teaching you gangsters a lesson would be pretty boring, that’s why I’ve never done anything. However, since you guys took this upon yourselves, don’t blame me...”

“What are you babbling about, punk?” When the gangsters saw that they could not get the money out of Garen, they got agitated.

Whoosh!

Garen spun around and his blade drew out a curve which landed on the long-haired teenage boy's neck. Bang!

The boy only realized it after the blow landed on him and blinked his eyes in surprise. Their eyes rolled and they lost all strength.

Plop. One of them fell to the ground.

The remaining fattie had his mouth wide open, his expression was shocked and speechless.

“You...”

When he finally reacted, he swiftly swung a punch at Garen. Even though the punch was quick, it was nothing.

Garen shifted his head to the side, effortlessly avoiding the punch, before rushing forward and retaliating with his knee.

With a plop, the fattie fell onto the vending machine. He rolled his eyes, he, too, had passed out.

Garen bent over and searched the gangsters, picking up about ten dollars of change. As he stood up, he realized students walking by around him were sizing him up with a terrified look.

“How boring.”

He found life like this was too boring already. It was obvious that fighting back against gangsters was a never-before-seen incident in the school, as everyone stared as if they were looking at aliens.

He turned around and bought a can of Coke, and walked back to his home as he started drinking,

“Well, teaching gangsters a lesson really is old stuff, but I did bump into them, no way was I going to just let it go,” he thought.

This body’s physical fitness was the same as an ordinary person’s. In addition to the terrifying effects from his practice swordplay, fighting a dozen of them would just be plain warm up, not to mention just two of them.

As he walked toward home, Garen did not notice a short-haired girl dressed in white athletic attire standing not far away, silently watching him. Or, perhaps he did notice her, it was just that he did not bother.

After all, high school life was indeed two different things for him.

“I’m back.”

Garen opened the yard’s door and closed it back.

In the small pond located in the yard, a red Koi fish wriggled as if it was welcoming him home.

The yard seemed to be empty.

As Garen walked into the house, there was a strip of paper left on the table. He took it up and read it.

‘Will be organizing some activities at my company this afternoon, you guys go ahead and order takeout or make something to eat for yourselves. — Dad’

The house was empty and completely silent, save for the occasional car honks from outside.

The afternoon sunlight shone over the ground, mapping the entire living room a shade of bright red.

Click.

Suddenly, the yard door opened slowly once again.

Kong Xinxue walked through the door with her violin case in hand. She was wearing a white dress, her fiery red long hair gently flowing in the wind. The natural makeup on her face was unusually refined, and she looked as if she was the most beautiful picture standing before the setting sun.

“Wow, you’re actually home earlier than me, that’s unbelievable,” Kong Xinxue turned her gaze toward Garen who was standing in the house.

“Why so?” Garen casually replied. After living together for this period of time, he sort of understood this sister’s nature. Although she seemed cool and elegant on the outside, she was definitely a sucker for ripping others’ scars on the inside. People were usually convinced by her cold exterior, and that usually ended up them being lied to without even knowing.

“Just unbelievable,” Kong Xinxue turned around and walked straight to Garen. “Something a person cannot do or take, at least according to the dictionary.”

She actually explained the meaning of this term in detail.

“So why is it unbelievable for me to be back first?” Garen added.

“Well, I thought you would be back early and try to force your way into my room, rummage through my things to find the tools I used to vent my wild desires last night, then have unforgiving, disgusting illusions about your lovely, pure and precious sister who cherishes you so, so much. Don’t you feel shameless,” Kong Xinxue no longer needed to put up a facade in front of Garen anymore, she just unleashed her bad nature without any hesitation.

“Have I done that before?” Garen blinked his eyes innocently.

“Haven’t you?” Kong Xinxue was standing right before Garen. She was almost at his height, her towering chest almost touching Garen’s chest. Her red eyes that resembled rubies stared into Garen’s eyes.

“Look me in my eyes and tell me you’re not lying.”

Garen had his eyes fixed at her eyes.

Both of them glared at each other until their eyes started hurting, but neither wanted to give in and blink.

The house was entirely silent, no sound could be heard besides the sound of each other’s breathing.

The clock on the wall slowly ticked away, and five minutes passed...

Kong Xinxue raised her arm to pulled strands of her hair back before throwing a punch.

Bang!

The blow directly landed on Garen’s abdomen.

Her actions were swift and skilled, it was as if she was secretly trained in martial art techniques that were not completely rigid. However, this was not the reason Garen did not dodge. The real reason was that Kong Xiaofei would not be able to dodge with that kind of speed. As for Garen, he just did not bother.

The small fist landed on Garen’s abdomen, then retracted.

Kong Xinxue cast a glance at Garen, then turned back to her own room as if nothing just happened.

“Nice abs.”

With that, she opened the door and entered her room. After that, the house returned to its original silence.

“Why is she acting crazy again...” Garen rubbed his abdomen. The body’s physique had definitely improved a ton, but even though this punch would not actually inflict an actual damage, it still hurt a bit. On the other hand, it was obvious that Kong Xinxue did not use all her strength, it was just a sign of punishment.

This punch represented her place as the eldest daughter in the Kong family and the powers she held. Those who dared go against her would never end up in a good place.

“Though she seems mature and crazy on the surface, in reality, she just can’t shake off the nature of a childish normal student,” Garen thought as he walked over to the dining table and poured himself a cup of tea.

Just another boring day.

In the evening, the rare sight of Kong Xinxue with her apron on was preparing dinner while Garen was helping out at the side. Small exquisite of dishes were then served on the dining table.

Tomato scrambled eggs, vegetable soup, and green pepper stir-fry meat. Although they were all just ordinary home-cooked food, they definitely looked delicious and it seemed that both color and fragrance were in place.

“Thank you,” Garen spoke.

“Go wash your hands,” Kong Xinxue gave him a commanding look.

This was Garen's first time staying with a neurotic patient who was suffering from personality splits. Hence, he was always constantly worried about what kind of unexpected things the patient would actually do.

"Got it," He then stood up and went to the basin to wash his hands. Behind him, he could hear the sounds of Kong Xinxue placing down the bowls and chopsticks.

Two of them then started eating silently.

As time passed by, the dishes on the table slowly reduced, and soon enough, the plates were empty. Even the soup was half gone.

"Is it delicious?" Kong Xinxue did not eat much as most of the time she was just staring at Garen eat. She seemed to find Garen's eating gestures something new and interesting.

"They're okay," Garen answered honestly. Even though the dishes did look tasty, the taste was surprisingly displeasing. It was fairly confusing as to where the delicious scent was coming from. For Garen to say that it was decent was already too good of a compliment.

"Your eating posture," Kong Xinxue leaned closer as she had her stare locked on Garen's lips.

"What is it?" Garen was slightly startled by her sudden closeness and backed off a little bit.

"It's nice," Kong Xinxue continued. "It's like a rigid etiquette. Really, it's unbelievable. The piece of meat under your lip actually isn't stained by any grease. Such a precise yet elegant eating etiquette... This is probably the first time I've seen something like this."

"Oh, really?" Garen put on a bored face as though he did not want to respond. An ordinary person might not be able to understand his true meaning, but Kong Xinxue could see through it. Not only did she make it hard for people to predict her next moves due to her split personalities, she also had an extremely subtle observation, which Garen already figured out long ago.

“Don’t you want to talk about it?” Kong Xinxue retracted her head. “Seems like people this age have a really wild imagination... I heard students this age can easily suffer from a special illness.”

“A special illness?”

“Basically thinking that you’re different from the others and that the world revolves around you. You think protecting and maintaining peace in the universe is all on you, just something like that,” Kong Xinxue said calmly as she poured herself a cup of tea and slowly sipped on it.

Garen noticed that the cup of tea she was drinking was not the one on the table, it was another cup of something that she prepared herself.

“Do you want to drink?” She lifted her cup and asked.

“What’s that? I smell something weird,” Garen answered with his brows furrowed.

“It’s soy sauce.”

“...”

A weirdo indeed.

Garen continued staring at Kong Xinxue who was seated right across him. With just a glance, she really was a cool and elegant beautiful lady, who knew she would be drinking soy sauce as if she was sipping coffee?

“I’m going to shower now.”

Kong Xinxue stood up.

“Do you want to join?”

“...” Garen looked at her as she stared back with her head crooked. He was utterly speechless.

“What a boring man,” She pulled her long hair as she slowly walked to the bathroom. “Sexually incompetent.”

“...”

“As expected... As one of the primary characters, despite being an ordinary person, it was still not that simple at all.” Garen said helplessly as he started cleaning up the cutlery.

No matter what his response was, he would still be the final targeted victim. He was already immune to this move that Kong Xinxue always used.

“Hey, sexual incompetence.”

“... Don’t you think it’s slightly inappropriate for you to call your only younger brother that?”

Garen got up helplessly.

“Help me get my underwear. They’re in the second drawer below my wardrobe in my room. I shall allow you to have a whiff at it, but you better not let me catch you,” Kong Xinxue was standing naked behind the bathroom’s glass door.

“I’m not even a pervert,” Garen was completely dumbfounded and quickly went to her room to retrieve a set of underwear. He soon noticed that all of Kong Xinxue’s underwear were white, every single one of it.

However, as he opened the drawer, a stack of letters fell out. They were all pink color with a small heart print on its top corner, with the words printed behind: To Kong Xinxue.

“Love letters?” Garen simply pulled out one of the letters. The seal was opened and he pulled out a piece of paper which was empty. There was nothing on the paper.

“Nothing?” Garen then swiftly flipped through all the other love letters. They were all the same, empty.

With a precise agility, he stuffed the love letters back before carrying the conservative underwear to the front of the bathroom.

“Just place it on top of the washing machine outside.”

“Alright.”

Garen placed the underwear down and turned around to leave.

“Oh yeah, sister,” He suddenly stopped.

“Speak.”

“I’ve known you for so long, but how come I’ve never seen anyone try to pursue you? Is it because everyone found out your weird personality and decided to keep their distance?” Garen asked straightforwardly.

“...” There were no responses from the bathroom.

After a long pause, he could hear the sound of water from the showerhead.

Garen knew that since she did not want to talk about this topic, there was no point asking anymore as he would not get any answers from her. He just had to be patient with her. She was one of those people who would definitely keep their mouth shut for a period of time once they had decided on not opening

up about a certain something as she believed that talking about something before the period of time would not reveal her true thoughts about it.

She was just such a weird person, so perhaps it was not something out of the ordinary that nobody liked her.

With that thought, Garen left and entered his own room.

In a blink of an eye, another month had passed.

Everything moved on as usual. School, practicing swordplay, eating, and squabbling with Kong Xinxue. Life was so plain to the point that Garen had forgotten what was he waiting for already.

Until one day.

“Father.”

Kong Xinxue sat across Kong Yuan, her blouse was as white as snow. She looked like the most elegant white plum blossoms, her face calm and indifferent.

“This is the cash reward I won in my competition.”

With both hands, she pushed a bank card on the table toward her father.

Kong Yuan awkwardly stared at his own daughter.

“Save it for yourself. You’re all grown up already, you should save up some money for yourself,” As a man, he still had his own dignity. He could not possibly take the money that his own daughter worked hard to earn.

Garen was drinking tea by the side as he leisurely stared at the both of them.

“Sister asked you to take it, so just take it. We’re family, after all, it doesn’t matter whose money belongs to who does it?” He persuaded.

“Yeah, this is just a little something I worked hard for as a token of appreciation for this family,” Kong Xinxue replied sensibly, “I’m genuinely happy that I’m able to contribute to this family.”

She could always use a strict tone to say something that was able to arouse one’s enthusiasm.

Kong Yuan still did not accept it.

“You know it too. Our financial situation at home is not that bad, we’re not short of your contribution.”

“This is not a contribution, I just want to be a part of the process of building this family. Also, don’t you think our house is a little too small? Although I understand that as a man, you should maintain your self-esteem and restraints. But, whenever I ‘accidentally’ pass by your room and see you with your right hand and that certain rigid movement pleasuring yourself, I, as your daughter, really feel sad from the depths of my heart.”

“...” Kong Yuan was absolutely stunned.

Garen froze as well...

Being pointed out by one’s own daughter that he self-pleasured, also being caught more than once, was the most terrifying thing in the world for a middle-aged father who was almost forty years of age!

The atmosphere in the living room froze.

Garen could see beads of sweat slowly trickling down Kong Yuan’s forehead and temples.

This father did somewhat understand this quality of his daughter, but he did not expect her to use such a sorrowful method of persuading him to accept this money. Even worse, it happened in front of his son.

Gulp...

A soft sound came from Kong Yuan's throat.

Even Garen felt sad for this father. It was perhaps the most distressing thing of all the fathers in the world to have such a neuropathic daughter.

"So..." Kong Xinxue pushed the bank card once again, "Please, just take it."

Her casual expression proved that she was not even bothered.

The atmosphere was then slightly alleviated.

Kong Yuan had his head hung low and started drinking tea like Garen. He had to relax his triggered heart somehow.

"Although this one thousand two hundred million..." Pu!

Kong Yuan spat out a mouthful of tea. Even Garen who was sitting by his side choked on his tea and started coughing.

Kong Xinxue did not finish her sentence as she used a magazine on the table to block herself with an incredible speed. The tea splashed onto the pages of the magazine, then she placed it back down as if nothing happened.

"One thousand... Two hundred... Million?!"

Kong Yuan's expression and tone were implausible as he stared at his familiar yet unrecognizable daughter.

"Yes, my dear father. Your hearing did not go wrong, you don't have to suspect anything," Facing the alien stares coming from these two men, she still did not show any trace of abnormality.

"I participated in eleven regional level competitions and I emerged as champion in eight of those, the four competitions that I won silver in did actually affect my reputation. After that, I just received twenty-one concerto lists from all over the country. The pay is pretty decent too. Oh yeah, I won about one thousand one hundred million from the lottery last month and I just claimed back the cash reward a few days ago."

"The last point is the actual point..." Garen could not resist complaining.

In other words, Garen did not care about the money much, but it was still a bit hard for Kong Yuan to accept such a huge sum of money which was almost equivalent to his income his entire life. His daughter even presented it right before his eyes and used such force in hopes that he would accept the money.

"We'll go check out new houses tomorrow then."

Kong Xinxue concluded.

This was the turning point of life that marked the start of a dramatic change.

Garen remembered the fragments which showed that the Kong family house had impressive conditions, but little did he know this was how it all happened...

And that was the end of this time's family meeting.

It was until then, Garen finally picked up a little interest on this world, all because of this cheap sister, Kong Xinxue.

This sister who was constantly suffering from typical split personalities was always in and out of different mental states, she could always end up doing things he would never expect.

This peculiar unknown feeling made him feel that maybe this world was not that boring after all.

Therefore, he decided to follow up on Kong Xinxue. He had a new interest for such a neurotic sister and her daily life.