

Mystical 1161

Chapter 1161: Joy 1

Garen woke up bright and early the next day. Since it happened to be the weekend, he decided to follow Kong Xinxue out and see if he could discover anything interesting.

After eating breakfast and washing the dishes, Kong Xinxue changed into a black dress, took an umbrella, and left the house.

Meanwhile, Kong Yuan had left for work. Garen was bored because he had already grasped Saber Art instinctually and all that was left was to strengthen his body. The constant nourishment from his Soul Energy and the Internal Organ Training Method of his specialized Saber Art Secret Method fused into his Energy Machine Imprint. This allowed it to control his body with ultimate precision while achieving the most superior effects of his Internal Organ Training Method at all times.

The presence of the Energy Machine Imprint was equivalent to Garen constantly training himself at every moment because his physical strength seemed to change daily. Nonetheless, this was merely child's play for someone like him who already had tremendous accumulations.

The No. 1 High School was the best senior high school in Lily of the Valley. The students there either had the best grades or were the children of the government merchants with the most powerful family backgrounds. This school greatly surpassed the others within the city in every aspect.

Garen left the house following Kong Xinxue. When he saw her getting into a taxi after walking down a street, he followed her frantically.

"Excuse me, please follow that car in front," Garen instructed hastily.

"No problem." The driver sneered dubiously. There was clearly a slight misunderstanding.

Numerous cars came and left on the roadway in the downtown area. The traffic seemed somewhat heavy during the weekends but once they had passed a few consecutive red lights, they arrived at the front of a gymnasium quickly.

Kong Xinxue got down and was immediately greeted by several people that consisted of both men and women. They seemed very eager as they pulled her into the gymnasium hurriedly.

Garen got down from the car behind her and raised his head up to look at the building.

‘Performance of the Famous Symphony Orchestra’s Intelligent Paradise’

An enormous red banner hung above fluttering in the wind, giving off distinct characteristics of socialism.

Several security guards kept watch at gymnasium’s doorway. They were dressed in blue uniforms and were smoking and chatting happily with each other. The door closed quickly after Kong Xinxue and the group entered.

Garen glanced at the writing that was stuck above the door which read: Passageway for internal personnel.

“Is it a concerto performance?”

He severely lacked in general knowledge regarding both classical music and earning money. Therefore, he was unclear about the total remunerations that could be earned through concerto performances.

“However, attending a concerto after buying a winning lottery ticket clearly shows that an individual is planning to train their own Ability Qi Fields.”

He turned the corner around this door and walked to the gymnasium’s front, to where the tickets were currently being sold at its biggest door. More than ten people were scattered in a queue to buy tickets.

Garen rummaged the insides of his pockets for loose change. He had about more than a hundred left before he walked forward to line up and buy a ticket.

It was time for him to enter soon. He followed the stream of people and entered the gymnasium where it was completely pitch-dark inside. The faraway performance space in the center was the only section illuminated with lights while numerous music stands were already arranged on top. Several staff members were busy tuning the audio.

The attentive Garen quickly soon realized that some people were already walking out from the side of the area. The group was preparing to get on stage and Kong Xinxue was one of them. However, a man with a gentle face and holding a bunch of roses in his hands was following her from behind while mumbling incoherently.

Kong Xinxue seemed as though she was too busy to deal with him. She merely answered him occasionally instead.

“Oh... The pursuer has been discovered.” Garen was tinged with excitement suddenly.

The performance began quickly. As for classical music, Garen had previously learned how to play the violin in any case. Although his standard could only be considered as that of an above average amateur, he could still distinguish the good parts from the bad ones by hearing it.

Kong Xinxue’s violin sound took up a significant proportion of the performance and could be clearly heard. No wonder the others looked up to her immensely.

He listened until he was about to be lulled to sleep when the performance finally ended.

Garen stood up and walked to the front approaching Kong Xinxue hurriedly.

He was holding a single white rose that he bought from the flower girl beside him.

“This is for you, beautiful Miss Violinist.” Garen pushed through the crowd and reached the front before passing the white rose to her directly.

“Thank you...” Kong Xinxue’s gaze stirred when she recognized Garen. However, she plastered a dignified and graceful smile on her face before accepting the rose.

Both of them moved up near to each other quickly.

“Dad didn’t give you an allowance for you to just waste it on simply buying flowers!” said Kong Xinxue quietly so that only the both of them could hear her.

“What’s wrong with buying flowers for my own sister?” replied Garen innocently.

“If you want to listen, I’ll let you listen to this every day when I’m at home so don’t come here and cause trouble,” said Kong Xinxue while lowering her voice and furrowing her eyebrows.

“I only came here to observe what my beloved older sister does exactly every weekend when she goes out.” Garen continued to reply blamelessly.

“If you don’t want your cell phone number to appear on the flyers that advertise erectile dysfunction treatments on the telephone poles, you better not let me see you a second time.” A hint of maliciousness flashed across Kong Xinxue’s gaze. “Alright, your impotent self can get lost now. Don’t let me see you again.”

Garen was speechless.

However, he did not leave but continued following Kong Xinxue instead. The mischievous intentions in his heart intensified as he looked at the jet-black long silk dress that she wore.

He simply tore off the corner of a flyer from the side of the wall and crunched it into a ball before throwing it in front.

Plop.

The paper ball hit Kong Xinxue's bottom precisely.

Kong Xinxue felt it and turned around to glare at Garen at the first instance. The warning overtones in her gaze were extremely intense.

It seemed as though she was being spoken to by a girl beside her. This forced Kong Xinxue who was about to react to continue maintaining the dignified smile on her face instead when she turned around to chat with the other party.

Plop.

Another paper ball hit her bottom accurately but discreetly once again.

The corners of Kong Xinxue's eyes twitched before she turned around discreetly to give Garen a brief warning.

Garen smiled at her provocatively.

The third paper ball shot out furiously but was single-handedly blocked by Kong Xinxue. She pinched the paper ball and glared at Garen with a look that indicated that he was dead.

"Come and spank me, then." Garen smiled beamingly.

"Hey."

The figure of an imposing man clapped Garen's shoulder from the back suddenly.

"Is something the matter?"

Garen turned around. Someone actually dared to disturb his entertaining, stress-relieving activity. This made his mood extremely unhappy.

The person standing behind him was a tall man in a black t-shirt who was more than one hundred and ninety meters tall. He was a skinhead and one look was enough to tell that he was not an ordinary character. Furthermore, it was unusual that the contours of the muscles in his entire body could be seen clearly.

The person glared at Garen while towering above.

“You actually came here just to harass Miss Xue. It seems to me that a little guy like you is probably tired of living, huh?”

Garen glanced at Kong Xinxue’s male pursuer who was standing behind the other man. It looked like this person had clearly only started pursuing her recently. Otherwise, it would be completely impossible for him to not know that he was Kong Xinxue’s younger brother.

“Let’s go for a walk.” The bald man grabbed Garen’s arm and walked out of the little door at the side. The male pursuer from before was following behind them.

The three of them walked out one after another before entering a little alley beside the gymnasium. There were tall walls on both sides of the alley. The area was extremely quiet as chatters and noises from the departing audience were slightly further away.

Garen allowed the other party to drag him while they were walking out and did not resist at all. He had coincidentally planned to teach these guys a proper lesson for disrupting his fun activity.

“Start doing the main thing.” The male pursuer behind him lit a cigarette and said softly.

“Alright.” The bald man was about to put his hand to the task. Garen raised his hand as well and prepared to teach his ‘little friends’.

“Wait!!” Kong Xinxue’s voice echoed behind the trio suddenly.

Her heaving chest was panting. She was still dressed in the long black silk dress from the performance and did not even have time to change out of her stilettos before she ran over hurriedly. It was obvious that she had seen them dragging Garen out.

“Lincoln! Who allowed you to come here and do this?!” There was an extremely stern expression on Kong Xinxue’s face when she admonished him coldly. “When did the time come for you to interfere with my business?”

“Xiaoxue...” The man who was smoking discarded his cigarette butt hurriedly and extinguished it by stomping on it once before smiling bashfully. “But I’m just doing this to protect your safety, right? Since this little guy was already harassing you in public, he wouldn’t know that some things are off limits unless I taught him a lesson.”

“Don’t call me Xiaoxue. After giving me such a horrible-sounding nickname presumptuously, do you really think that I’m unaware of the dirty thoughts that are actually swimming in your mind?” Kong Xinxue glared at the man coldly.

“Uhh... My pursuit of you is extremely pure, really!” Lincoln laughed hollowly a few times.

Shh!

Kong Xinxue held a pen and stabbed it into the wall beside Lincoln’s face violently.

“Look me in the eyes. Are you brave enough to repeat those words?”

“Xiaoxue...”

Bang!!

A knee collided against him fiercely before Lincoln bent his waist in pain. However, a delightful expression could be seen on Garen’s face clearly while he stood on the side.

“Ahh!” A scream of excitement that sounded more like a shriek of pain could be heard suddenly.

“...” Garen looked on as Kong Xinxue continuously beat Lincoln up furiously. The bald bodyguard stood at the side indifferently but had on a pained look indicating that he could not bear to look at the other man being beaten up. It was obvious that this was not his first time witnessing this scene.

“Sure enough... The friends of an abnormal person would surely be crazy as well...” Garen exhaled. One of these two people was a sadist while the other was a masochist. Hence, they were simply the most perfect match in history.

“Therefore... You should stop minding my business.” Kong Xinxue single-handedly grabbed Lincoln who was badly battered. “Also, you should remember that the weak, impotent, repulsive little brat there is my younger brother Kong Xiaofei. Don’t you dare trouble him again.”

Clap.

The pen in the wall broke.

“Younger brother?!”

Lincoln shivered before looking at Garen with a pained look on his whole face. His entire body had been assaulted until he looked like a fool. He finally understood why he was beaten up.

He had almost attacked his future brother-in-law. How dangerous!!

After trying his best to apologize, Lincoln and his bodyguard left the scene hurriedly. Now that it was clearly stated that Kong Xinxue was preparing to teach her younger brother a lesson, it was really unsuitable for them to be here. If his brother-in-law harbored resentment towards him in his heart after looking at his pitiful state here...

After waiting for both of them to leave, Kong Xinxue shifted her gaze towards Garen who was on the side. She became more furious immediately after seeing the beaming smile that was still apparent on Garen’s facial expression.

“You’re done for!” She said simply.

Garen blinked.

“?” What did that mean?

Whoosh.

A square photo appeared in Kong Xinxue’s hand before she threw it at Garen gently.

Garen caught the picture precisely. He glanced at it briefly before his face darkened immediately.

It was actually a nude photo of him, with his important parts pixelated!!!

In other words, it was secretly taken before Kong Xiaofei was about to shower and was unaware of the situation.

“Don’t worry, there are more here.” Kong Xinxue threw another photo out.

Garen caught it again.

It was even worse this time...

It was a high-definition, uncensored picture of Kong Xiaofei who was masturbating with an intoxicated expression on his face...

“...”

Garen lifted his neck somewhat stiffly.

“Stupid monkey.” Kong Xinxue covered her mouth while a loathsome look on her face. “I anticipated your every move each day. I know every inch of your whole body, including your private parts like your d*ck and b*lls, like the back of my hand. I really couldn’t care less if a disgusting bedbug like yourself died a thousand times. However, who asked you to become my younger brother?”

Chapter 1162: Joy 2

This was the first time, the very first time, that Garen regretted possessing the body of Kong Xiaofei who was such an important figure in the general trend timeline...

It was very obvious that these pictures were not taken recently but were secretly snapped when he was caught off guard previously.

However, in comparison to that, carrying her younger brother’s nude pictures with her was something that only an extremely perverted older sister would do, right?!

Large-scale composing techniques had yet to appear in this world. Furthermore, when you looked at the details, it was clear that all of these photos were authentic.

“How many more pictures like these are there?” Garen took two, full, deep breaths before looking at Kong Xinxue with a constipated look. Although he had already estimated the scariness of ‘lunatics’ with mental illnesses like split personality disorders long ago, he never expected that she would actually do such perverted things.

“There are as many as you think,” said Kong Xinxue confidently. “Perhaps you’re thinking of searching for all of the photos that I have now. You probably think that your male strength can override the initiatives and superiority of others. However, I need to remind you that a price will have to be paid for being impulsive...”

Garen's emotions got more complicated.

He knew that it was impossible that Kong Xinxue would actually take these pictures out and stick them everywhere. After all, she needed her face and would not ruin her father's face in the outside world either. However, now that this had happened, he had truly lost all of his own prestige in front of this girl now...

"I'm planning to turn your beautiful, youth-filled memories into a photo album and let our children see them when we're older. What do you think of this idea?" The corners of Kong Xinxue's mouth curled up into a devilish smile.

"..." How vile...

Garen was left speechless.

"Alright, today's matter ends here. I still need to return and remove my makeup." Kong Xinxue stretched. "Remember what I said."

She turned around and walked towards the interior of the gymnasium.

A cold breeze suddenly blew behind her.

Pfoo... Bang!!

Unexpectedly, Kong Xiaofei pounced on her swiftly and actually pressed her against the wall tightly in one go.

It seemed like this brat has been training recently. His current outburst was clearly powerful. The actions to gain momentum that were initially properly prepared by Kong Xinxue collapsed instantly. Instead, her entire body was plastered against the wall tightly in a humiliating pose.

“The thing I hate the most is being threatened by others.” Garen sneered coldly twice. “Where are the photos? Take them out.” It was best to properly destroy embarrassing things like these as soon as possible.

Both of them stood against the wall closely, its icy surface causing Kong Xinxue to shiver unconsciously.

“I only have those two on me.” It seemed like she was not frightened at all. “Since you want them, what are you going to give me in exchange?”

“It would be best for you to just give them to me...” sneered Garen. “After all, you’re not the only one who knows how to take nude pictures...”

“Oh?” The corner of Kong Xinxue’s mouth turned upwards. “When did my impotent little brother learn how to take nude pictures of girls? Come on, I’ll leave it to you. As long as you’re brave enough to take them, I have no qualms about the quantity and types of poses!”

“...” Garen was speechless.

He glanced at her long black dress that lacked a single pocket. It was clearly impossible for her to keep any photos there.

“Come on!” Kong Xinxue puffed her bosom forward and nearly hit Garen’s chest with the tops of her breasts. “Come take pictures of me, I’m getting impatient.” A victorious smile gleamed across her face.

Apparently, testing his limits with a maniac was not one of his strong points...

Garen pondered sadly before releasing Kong Xinxue in the end. After pressing this beautiful woman against the wall and standing so close to her, his youthful, male body had stiffened shamefully. He would definitely face another round of perverted teasing if the girl discovered this abnormality.

“You’re just a little monkey that I used as a physiological research project for three days while I even studied your kinks intensively. Are you actually still brave enough to challenge me?” Kong Xinxue’s toxic words made it simply impossible for others to bear with her.

“...your perverted self must be very bored for you to research your own brother’s kinks and even use a surveillance camera to take these pictures secretly?!” He really wanted to shout those words. However, when he remembered that she still had an advantage in her hands, he merely suppressed these words in his stomach.

“Alright, alright, you’ve won.” Garen lamented helplessly.

“Now you’re being a good boy.” Kong Xinxue caressed Garen’s face. “Okay, Big Sis has to go remove her makeup now. You need to be obedient, go home and sleep, understood?”

“...”

“Alright, see you at home.” Kong Xinxue smiled brightly while straightening out her skirt. She entered the gym and disappeared behind the door quickly.

Garen rubbed his chin and felt the desire to tail Kong Xinxue. Although he would only be meddling in her business, the joy of life would follow in the end.

However, the most critical issue now was to find the original copies of these nude photos first...

He strode out of the alley.

In comparison to his previous life of endlessly seeking power, a life like this was occasionally joyful as well. This managed to indescribably improve his mood greatly.

A week passed.

Garen used various measures to finally successfully solve the nude photos issue. Rather than saying it was solved, all he had to do was to pull open Kong Xinxue's locked drawer to uncover a drawer full of densely packed, nude photos of him...

Garen's face literally turned green when he found the drawer.

Fortunately, he managed to find the original copies of these photos. He sighed in relief resolutely after destroying all of these properly.

Nonetheless, he still needed to keep his guard up against his crazy sister. A meticulous person like her would never put all of her eggs in one basket. She would definitely have other records. Thus, it was better for him not to provoke her if possible.

Peace was restored in his life once again. Garen did not provoke his sister while she quietly resumed her role as the beautiful violinist.

Receiving a large sum of money, the Kong household was able to quickly move into a larger house located in a high-end community in the central downtown area. They even bought two high-quality cars that truly resembled streamlined race cars from the outside.

Their quality of life improved greatly as well. Their allowances were increased while their apparel was updated to the latest fashion.

Meanwhile, Garen's application to join the school's Unrestricted Combat Department was successful as well. He began his safe blade-wielding plan.

There were special rules in the Unrestricted Combat Department. They were allowed to wear the various accessories that were used for practice at most times. This was part of the special treatment that was given to them along with their credentials. This was also the main reason why No. 3 High School was weakest academically yet also the strongest sports school in Lily of the Valley. Various students with special talents and martial arts practitioners were specially invited to enroll there because what good would it be if these students merely studied? They focused most of their energy in their training while using their remaining bits of vigor to study. Those who could get good grades were geniuses.

Inside the bright and spacious main combat classroom, numerous rows of fluorescent lamp tubes hung tightly to each other from the white ceiling above. The nameplates of each divisional branch's members in the Unrestricted Combat Department hung above the headquarters' main door.

Tables were packed tightly inside the classroom. Several members of the divisional branches within the group were busy conducting the formalities with the new students who were either specially recruited or had just applied. Others were explaining certain matters.

Garen sat at the table at the Saber Art Dojo Department. He was bored as one of his hand was supporting his face. His lazy manner made it impossible for people to not want to beat him up in one look. He had completely relaxed after coming to this world. He was enjoying life, taking and experiencing things slowly.

After joining the Unrestricted Combat Department's Saber Art Dojo, he now possessed his own wooden saber as well. However, he was disappointed because there were only a few martial arts hobbyists in the Saber Art Dojo. The most skillful one was merely a showy individual who had only practiced for a few years. This person would be completely ineffective during actual combat.

He merely had to get rid of the supposed strongest powerhouse within a few rallies before he sat properly at the seat of the top member.

However, no one came over to apply to the Saber Art Dojo because of Garen's lazy, sleepy state.

Only one person joined after more than half a day. Frankly, the other cold steel branches were suffering similarly. Some of them were even forced to merge together because their membership registration was extremely low.

Two people sat behind Garen. They consisted of a handsome young man and a beautiful girl whom Garen had picked out from the Saber Art Dojo to attract new members to join his department. However, since there were only a total of fifteen people in the Saber Art Dojo, they were merely of that caliber despite being specially selected...

“We want to join the Saber Art Dojo. Please add us to the name list.” Suddenly, a resounding voice roused Garen from his drowsiness.

“Someone wants to join?” The man at the side whom Garen had named as Saber Two smiled radiantly and stood up to greet hurriedly.

The girl who was known as Saber Three stood up to greet another female student as well.

The boy and girl who were standing in front of the Saber Art Dojo’s table looked extremely arrogant. They were dressed trendily and their dressing was not low-grade items. They were obviously from upper-middle-class family backgrounds.

Through the conversation, both of them quickly revealed that someone had specially introduced the Saber Art Dojo to them and asked them to join it. They had clearly rushed here for Garen’s sake.

Through their speech, Garen managed to guess the person who had sent them quickly.

“Lincoln.”

When he saw both of them agreeing implicitly, Garen was too lazy to concern himself with this.

“From today onwards, you will be Saber One and you will be Saber Two. The rest of you can arrange yourselves until the end,” he said while pointing at the young man and woman who had arrived recently.

He decided to refer to them like this simply so that he could manage them easily. Moreover, he was too lazy to remember the names of these rookies.

“...don’t we need to introduce ourselves?” said the new male student called Saber One helplessly. Although he had merely come here for fun with his younger sister, wasn’t it too sloppy to not even do a simple task like asking for their names?

"Names aren't important. It's fine as long as they're easy to remember," answered Garen simply. "Alright, you guys are the only recruits for this week so pack up." It would be impossible for him not to tell that the person who arrived had a foundation in combat already. Moreover, he had at least a few years' worth of actual combat experience. These were things that could be determined through observing his every move including the way he stood or walked.

These two people pushed the original Saber One and Saber Two down right after they arrived. However, the first two people had good temperaments and merely shrugged their shoulders to indicate that it was fine.

The Saber Art Dojo team tidied and cleared the tables quickly before the group of five left the headquarters.

"Now, everyone is free to proceed with their own activities now." Garen decisively let them go on a break.

"Great Saber, what time should we assemble?" asked ex-Saber One helplessly.

"Everyone can do as they please." Garen waved his hand. "Don't come looking for me unless there's a reason." He walked away, leaving an unrestrained figure behind before disappearing past the school gates.

"..."

The group could only gaze at him in silence. At this moment, everyone including the new Saber One and Saber Two regarded him as an incomparable pain in the ass.

Chapter 1163: Ambushed 1

Garen was indifferent towards this person named Lincoln who had forced his way into the lives of the members of the Kong household unexpectedly. However, it was now apparent that there was almost no

one who could stand Kong Xinxue. After spending more time with her and discovering the truth gradually, Lincoln's pursuit of Kong Xinxue turned into fear quickly. In the end, he merely respected her from afar and became good friends with Garen instead.

This fellow resembled a strapping, two-faced person who was also the spoiled son of a wealthy nobleman. In reality, he was merely an average university student who was still studying now. His only distinguishing feature was that his appearance seemed more mature...

"Uncle, your glasses are really cool. Where did you buy them?" A twenty-something-year-old youth moved closer and asked him this question on the public bus.

Lincoln's face remained expressionless. Standing beside him, Garen covered his mouth and laughed wildly.

"I bought it online..." He glanced at Garen and answered the youth quietly and helplessly in a deep voice.

At this moment, an old woman stuffed herself into the bus. She seemed to have some physical disabilities. An eighty-something-year-old elder man who was standing beside Lincoln glanced at him.

"Bro, you should give your seat to the old lady. We can stand here together."

Bro!!!!

An old man who was more than eighty years old had just called him 'bro'!!!

These words were like a sudden bolt of thunder in the sky, striking Lincoln violently burning him into crisps.

He stood up and gave his seat to the old woman with a stupefied expression. As the other party thanked him, he walked over and stood with Garen. The seat that he had previously taken was actually reserved for those with special needs.

“Do you now know why I don’t like taking the public bus?” Lincoln exhaled deeply while speaking softly.

“Got it...” Garen smiled while nodding. “Frankly, when you were pursuing my sister before this, I assumed that you were a successful, wealthy, middle-aged man who was planning to take care of her.”

“Sigh... It hurts when you mention that.” Lincoln let out a long, drawn-out sigh. “You can endure your sister on your own... I don’t think that anyone can stand her other than you.”

Garen shook his head silently and was about to speak.

Screech!!!

The entire bus lurched forward suddenly as it braked violently. The vehicle rushed a few meters further because of the inertia.

“Are you trying to kill himself! Lunatic!! Find other ways to die instead of running to the middle of the road to hitchhike!!” The driver cursed brazenly and was somewhat clearly flustered by the incident. His forehead was drenched in sweat as he was shocked.

The sudden forward lurch and brake movement caused the bus passengers to grumble.

The incident made Garen lost interest in the things that he was about to say. Instead, he lowered his head and looked forward through the gap between the people.

He saw a person standing at the front of the vehicle. It was a man with a crew cut and a long scar on his face. He was also very tall and muscular. When Garen was about to look at him closely, the person left the front of the bus quickly and walked into a side alley before disappearing completely.

Snapping out of it, Garen noticed that Lincoln’s expression seemed slightly abnormal. Lincoln’s head was lowered and he was looking at his right hand. No one knew what he was thinking about.

“Hey.” Garen reached his hand out and waved it in front of Lincoln’s eyes.

Both of them had already decided to play pool together today but for some reason, Lincoln looked like he was breaking out in cold sweat now.

“What’s up?” Lincoln responded finally.

“You seemed distracted earlier,” said Garen suspiciously.

“Did I?” Lincoln laughed. “Nothing’s wrong. I merely thought of something suddenly just now. I need to return slightly earlier so I might not be able to play pool with you.”

“Your main matters are more important. We can play pool any other day,” said Garen casually as he noticed that Lincoln had worries on his mind.

“Alright, I’ll be getting off first to go back and handle some matters. You can play with the boss there instead.” It was obvious that Lincoln was somewhat preoccupied now.

“Okay, go then.”

Lincoln got off at the next stop. Garen watched as he hailed a cab and rushed back.

“Looks like he has some urgent matters,” Garen looked on pensively while sensing Lincoln’s anxiety. Unfortunately, it was impossible for him to see the external appearances of the Four Great Cornerstones because they were similarly protected by Soul Energy as well. Moreover, he could not detect the Soul Energy Auras of the four individuals after possessing this new body.

“Could it be that the general trends have started?” An assumption flashed across Garen’s mind.

He got off the bus quickly as well before calling a cab and rushing back.

A row of abandoned factory buildings in the outskirts

Outside a grey building, a little black sedan drove over quickly from afar.

Stopping at the factory building's doorway, the car door opened.

A muscular and imposing man in sunglasses got down from the car before turning around to drag a woman out.

"Get out." The man's voice was extremely cold and he was clearly somewhat impatient.

Fortunately, the young woman listened obediently and did not have any intentions of resisting when she got down from the car.

It was Kong Xinxue who was initially supposed to go to the airport to get on a plane to participate in a competition. She was dressed in a long, white dress, black silk stockings, and high-heeled shoes. It seemed like she was dragged off when she was getting ready to perform.

"Who were you calling on the phone earlier?" asked Kong Xinxue calmly. "They didn't sound like my family members."

The man ignored her and pulled her towards a narrow staircase instead. The car behind him drove away quickly, leaving a long, tire tread mark in the dirt ground.

After entering the little building, the man spread open a few pieces of newspaper that he had brought before sitting down with his legs crossed.

"Why did you kidnap me? I don't think you look like a pervert or someone who needs money." Kong Xinxue looked out the window. There seemed to be no other accomplices and only him instead.

"That car was going really fast. Wouldn't the driver worried about being fined with a traffic ticket?"

“...”

“How far is this place from the city? How are we going to get lunch?” It did not seem like Kong Xinxue had been kidnapped at all.

“...”

She glanced at the bored man who was closing his eyes and resting.

“Do you know the five ways of writing the box-shaped Chinese character ‘hui’ which means ‘to return’?”

1

“...” The man widened his eyes and glared at her grudgingly. “Keep yapping and I’ll kill you!” he said furiously.

It seemed as if these words had frightened Kong Xinxue.

She could actually feel this man’s murderous intent. It was bare and completely unconcealed which made her shivered slightly. Despite her crazy tendencies, she was merely a young woman who had yet to even turn twenty-one years old in the end. After being captured by this man and taken here because she was unable to fight back, she then realized that something was amiss. Now that she could clearly sense the other party’s murderous intentions, large patches of goosebumps rose throughout Kong Xinxue’s entire body suddenly.

She bit down on her lips and swallowed her spit before sitting on the newspapers quietly.

The small building became quiet for a while again.

“You’re a good person.” Kong Xinxue opened her mouth yet again.

“?” The man was somewhat confused. He never expected that his victim would actually regard him as a good person.

“After kidnapping such a beautiful girl like myself, most people would definitely force themselves on me even if it wasn’t their first thought. But you’re different.” Kong Xinxue combed through her long red hair vainly.

“...”

“Do you have any brothers or sisters?”

“They’re dead.”

“What about your parents?”

“Dead.”

“Other relatives?”

“All dead...” The man turned silent and lowered his head before taking a multi-purpose army knife out and drawing random lines on the ground with it.

Kong Xinxue sighed dejectedly.

“Actually... I had a younger brother too but he died... My father died as well...”

She met the man’s gaze directly and noticed a sympathetic response in his eyes.

“That was a joke,” she added.

Screech.

The knife that the man was dragging across the ground stopped suddenly when he drew a deep scratch violently.

“...stop babbling!” He glared at Kong Xinxue furiously. He felt like she was constantly testing and challenging his patience.

The sound of an arriving car could be heard outside suddenly.

“Someone’s here,” said Kong Xinxue softly. “Should we hide?” She looked at the man.

“...”

The man vaguely felt as if the roles had been reversed.

He stood up and took out a sharp, black three-edged army knife from his thigh. He strode out and went down the stairs.

A little while later, a few painful screams could be heard from below. There were no more noises after that. The man strode back up the stairs quickly again. He took a cell phone out and made a phone call.

Beep...

The phone call was connected.

“Hey?” It was a man’s voice. Kong Xinxue recognized it as Lincoln’s voice at the very first instance!

“I’ll only wait for half an hour. If you don’t come after that, you will only see your girlfriend’s corpse,” said the man coldly. “Remember, my name is Silver Chain.”

“Where’s Big Sister Xue?! What are you planning to do exactly?!” Before Lincoln could finish his sentence, the other man disconnected the phone call.

“Actually...” said Kong Xinxue softly in a voice that was somewhat timid. “You might have kidnapped the wrong person... Him and I don’t have the relationship that you’re thinking of...”

Bang.

The man named Silver Chain dodged behind her precisely and knocked Kong Xinxue on the neck with a karate chop.

Kong Xinxue’s eyes rolled to the back of her head and passed out. The man held her and placed her down gently on the newspapers beside him. Once Silver Chain had completed everything, he returned to his original spot, using his little knife to scratch lines across the ground quietly.

The entire little building returned to a state of complete calmness.

In the evening, the setting sun ducked even lower beyond the horizon.

Lincoln’s car finally appeared on the lane in front of the little building. There was a screeching noise as the car braked frantically before he jumped out from the vehicle in his white sportswear.

“F*ck... What happened exactly?!” He could not help but curse.

He was living his normal daily life initially before he heard someone speaking to him suddenly while he was inside the bus. The noise was clearly right beside his ear but no one around him including Xiaofei could hear it.

The occurrence of a single spine-chilling incident like this would have been enough. He had never expected that the voice would also tell him that Kong Xinxue was kidnapped! He could only come to this place to save her on his own. He had to do it alone without informing anyone else.

If they noticed that other people had arrived to help or the police had come, Kong Xinxue's survival would not be certain.

After verifying that Big Sister Xue had really been kidnapped, he rushed over in burning anxiety.

Bang!

Lincoln's expression relaxed after he slammed the door close. He observed his surroundings carefully before the various lessons that were taught to him by his father who had disappeared when he was younger now floated back up in his mind.

He strode forward towards the little building in the abandoned factory area.

"Challenge?"

Garen stood inside the Saber Art Dojo's interior classroom and looked at the muscular young woman before him who was carrying a wooden stick that was used in martial arts on her shoulder. The flesh on her body weighed at least 100 kilograms 2 . He could tell with one look that she was the strong type.

"Yes, I felt that there was no need for your Saber Art Dojo to continue anymore. Since there aren't any activities planned throughout the days, I thought that you should merge with my Staff Art Society instead." 3 This girl had introduced herself to him before but Garen had forgotten her name. Instead, he only remembered her by her nickname 'Wild Boar'.

"You're... Wild Boar, right?" said Garen helplessly. "You called me out for a combat challenge during one of my rare off-duty weekends? Have you fought against the other members of my Saber Art Dojo?"

Wild Boar nodded before saying, "You're the only one left."

Chapter 1164: Ambushed 2

From the corner of his eye, Garen glanced at the numerous Saber Art Dojo members who were grimacing in pain. Although he already knew from the start that these people were really weak, he never anticipated that they would be so bad to this extent. This was truly beyond his expectations.

Frankly, he was initially preparing to trail Lincoln and see what was going on exactly. However, the situation over here seemed more urgent hence he decided to come here first.

Even though this organization's sole purpose was to allow him to practice legitimate saber skills, he would not allow anyone to simply snatch his position as the leader and force him to become their subordinate instead.

"Then you should attack."

He noticed that a crowd of leaders from various branches was already standing outside the doors and windows, looking as if they were about to watch a show.

The others pulled back quickly and moved aside to leave an empty space for the two people.

"Perhaps we should do it instead." A voice squeezed past from the other side of the door suddenly.

Two more people walked in. They were the newly appointed Saber One and Saber Two who were also the siblings recommended by Lincoln. Neither of them was around in the department previously but once they had heard of this news, they worried that it would be difficult to explain the incident to Big Brother Lincoln if their other boss here was injured in the fight. Hence, they rushed over quickly and prepared themselves to take over the fight.

“You guys came to do this?” Garen grasped the hilt of the saber at his waist. He had imitated the katana to smith a supposed single-edged saber. The body of a saber like this was advantageous when used for chopping because it was incomparably sharp. However, the drawback was that it was not flexible enough. Nonetheless, it was very suitable for his current Saber Art. Weapons like these that resembled sabers but were actually single-edged swords were unanimously well-received by everyone in the Saber Art Dojo quickly.

“That’s good. Coincidentally, I have some matters to attend to now so you guys can stand in for me. No problem, right?” Garen patted the shoulders of both people.

“This guy...” Saber One and Saber Two were completely speechless. By looking at his manner, they had initially assumed that he would reject them frankly and start the fight immediately. In the end...

“Is he merely getting out of an embarrassing situation because he knows that his opponent has the upper hand and he can’t defeat them?” Saber One pondered silently. However, he was still forced to say the necessary formalities.

“Great Saber, you can leave without worrying because you have us here.”

“I’ll leave this to you then,” Garen nodded earnestly. He took a few long strides and rushed out of the classroom door before suddenly recalling a possibility. What if Lincoln was one of the supposed Four Great Cornerstones? This was not impossible.

Pfoo!

Suddenly, a little object flew towards his face quickly. Some unknown person had shushed at him intentionally. They were obviously extremely disdainful towards his actions that indicated cold feet.

Clang!

His wooden saber moved on its own calmly and hit the front of the little object immediately before cutting it in half like a block of tofu.

There was a brief whooshing noise before a faint ray of light that resembled a red thread appeared when his reddish-brown wooden saber sliced through it. The people around him could only see the red light flashed faintly while Garen's saber still remained in the sheath on his waist. It seemed as though he had not moved his saber at all. He continued rushing out of the classroom and running into the faraway distance as if nothing had happened.

The object fell to the ground. It was actually a black eraser that was sliced cleanly into two halves by the saber.

Oh!!!!

A crowd of leaders from the Unrestricted Combat Department burst into an uproar suddenly.

"Such fast sword strokes!" praised the Head Minister while standing up. "That was definitely Saber Art that was trained through actual combat. The drawing and sheathing of his saber were almost instinctual. Amazing!!"

Every single leader that possessed proper judgment could naturally see the terrifying nature of his saber, including Saber One and Saber Two. Both of them looked at each other, before turning to gaze at Wild Boar who was on the opposite side.

This person was also dumbfounded before she finally reacted and scratched her head.

"We don't need to fight anymore. Saber Art and Staff Art have the same roots. I think that it would be better if my Saber Art Society merged with your Saber Art Department," said Wild Boar readily, throwing her stick away.

"..."

In the end, all of them were merely students who did not value victory or defeat highly.

After all, the Unrestricted Combat Department's various branches were always either coming into being or merging with one another messily. Incidents like these were common occurrences.

“Is there anyone else who wants to swap pointers?” Saber One stood forward and yelled.

Other matters were still on Garen’s mind after he exited the classroom. He had no time to pay attention to the surprised gasps behind him. He hurriedly made a phone call to inquire about Lincoln’s whereabouts. Strangely enough, no one knew where he had gone to now.

However, he had yet to walk much further away before he heard the sound of commotion echoing from inside the Saber Art Dojo behind him. Soon after that, Saber One and Saber Two rushed out frantically.

Once they had exited the school gates, they hailed a cab and traveled into the distance.

Garen was standing in a slightly remote area. Moreover, the two other people were in anxious states and did not notice him when they passed by. Nonetheless, this was still very strange.

He remembered suddenly that both of them were introduced to him by Lincoln. Hence, they would probably be aware of some news that was related to him. When he thought of this, Garen called a cab hurriedly and followed them.

The car drove speedily towards another remote place. Garen asked the driver to follow them from behind at a reasonable distance that was neither too far nor too near. Perhaps the impatient feelings that the two people in front were experiencing had caused their anxiety to increase as well. Thus, neither of them had discovered this additional car that was tailing them.

Once they had exited the city area, the cab quickly stopped in front of a small building in an area that was filled with abandoned factory workshops.

Saber One and Saber Two got down from the car swiftly and rushed towards the factory workshop. Before the first cab could even turn the corner, Garen had caught up to them already.

He looked at the small building from afar. Garen had yet to alight from the car before he saw the other two people carrying Lincoln out from the building. His older sister Kong Xinxue was next to them as well. They seemed to be fairly messed up with blood traces on them.

“Oh... Could it be that the general trends have started?” Garen rubbed his chin. It looked like he was one step too late because it seemed like the incident had ended by now. He glanced at the four people as if this was not a big deal.

“Mister, please rush back to the city quickly. These four people don’t seem like decent individuals and I don’t want to provoke them,” said Garen hurriedly.

“You have a point.” The driver turned and sped off towards the city decisively. “Really, the ways of the world have become more chaotic. It’s a good thing that you were here to remind me, bro. Otherwise, we wouldn’t be able to shake off these troubles if we had really encountered them.” The driver started to share stories on a few uncommon murder cases that he had previously witnessed. He sounded perpetually sorrowful.

Garen merely smiled but did not reply because his thoughts were still somewhere else.

“Four Directional Winds!”

Ring!!

Four rays of white light illuminated every single side around Garen’s body simultaneously. Four wooden pillars were chopped in half at the same time respectively before they slid down slowly.

Wow...!

Suddenly, the members of the Saber Art Dojo clapped vigorously with feverish looks on their faces.

The entire main classroom of the Saber Art Dojo was bustling with excitement.

Garen sheathed his saber slowly.

“These are all of the contents. Your final goal is to learn this basic delicate saber move that I used earlier.”

More than two months had passed since the sudden incident previously. Unconsciously, Garen had now obtained the position of the Head Minister of the Unrestricted Combat Department despite being uninterested. The previous Minister unashamedly forced the position unto him, leaving him no other choice. Fortunately, this position allowed him to skip classes legitimately and this satisfied him greatly.

Since he was now assigned to this position, he was naturally forced to become slightly more responsible. A large group of people would stare at him with hopeful gazes every day while the previous Head Minister had become his eagerly attentive ‘little brother’.

It would be rude if Garen had not displayed some of his skills to allow the others to learn and reach their goals.

Up until now, his physical fitness had improved once again. He had basically achieved more than twofold of an average person’s fitness level now. Since he was always using the Energy Machine Imprint’s help to train the various aspects of his physical qualities, it was unlikely that it would not improve.

Thus, he simply chose a few people from the group as examples for close range teaching. After that, he allowed them to guide the others.

The people that were selected included Saber One, Saber Two, Wild Boar, and the previous Head Minister.

“Alright. Step forward, Saber One. We’ll use the usual simulated attack routine.” Garen looked at Saber One listlessly.

“Head Minister Great Saber, could you call me by my name?” Saber One stood up helplessly.

“You’ve already learned the basic saber skills and grasped them quickly as well. It’s time for you to continue your actual combat training now. Come, attack me.”

Garen held the hilt of the saber in one hand. After possessing this body for such a long time, his current figure was far beyond his initially average and feeble state. Instead, he became sturdier and more muscular now. He rolled up his sleeve single-handedly and exposed the contours of his muscles underneath his white shirt. His current self was like an abnormally sharp blade.

When he compared himself to Saber One who was standing on the opposite side of him, Garen’s body was clearly two sizes larger. When he looked at him directly, Saber One sensed a bout of pressure that was moving towards his face suddenly.

Hup!

His movements were skilled. He drew the saber and swung it towards the other party. He was using the most basic slaying techniques.

Clang!

The edge of the saber was a real blade. It was instantly blocked by the back of Garen’s saber that remained there steadily without quivering at all.

“Left!!”

Saber One swung his blade towards the left and made another clanging noise. However, he could not see how Garen had managed to block it at all.

“Another few more rounds,” said Garen calmly.

Suddenly, a few more people leaped up on the side, including Saber Two and Wild Boar.

There were five people in total who were simultaneously attacking Garen from all four directions now.

Clang clang clang clang...

All the blades fell two meters away from Garen's body after they were blocked. Despite how hard the five people tried, none of them could advance to the next step.

This type of Saber Art was simple enough to make people gasp in amazement.

Garen could only see twinkling stars in the space around him that lit up occasionally. He could not see anything else.

"Alright, sheathe your sabers!" Garen commanded.

Everyone kept their sabers quickly and stuck them back in their sheaths at different times. All of them were panting in exhaustion. Garen stood in the center and remained indifferent.

"His physical strength is simply insane!" Saber Two could not help but whisper softly to her older brother on the side.

Saber One smiled bitterly. It was not a big deal for a girl like his little sister to say something like that. However, he was sure that Garen's ear had definitely twitched earlier. Definitely! It was highly likely that he had heard that...

He looked at Garen's arms that were almost twice as broad as his own. They were almost the size of an average person's upper thigh. Garen and the guy from earlier were both similar deviants...

He unconsciously recalled that guy named Silver Chain whom he had encountered previously... Despite activating a certain skill, he had almost died at the hands of that person nonetheless.

“That’s all for today. Everyone is dismissed,” said Garen indifferently. He took his clothes and water bottle before leaving at once. He was completely unconcerned because everything else was the responsibility of the previous Head Minister.

Some people who refused to accept this ended up picking a quarrel with about a dozen other people. However, everything calmed down again after they were beaten up and bruised to the point where they were unrecognizable.

While watching Garen leave swiftly, Saber One told his younger sister to go home with him. The sky outside was getting slightly darker now.

“Let’s go, Xiaojie.”

“Okay.”

The house that they stayed in was not far from here. Their journey home from school only required a ten-minute walk because it was very near.

After exiting the Unrestricted Combat Department, both of them walked side by side past the stream of scattered students. They left the school gates before passing through an intersection.

They continued walking forward past the edges of a shopping street. This was the road that they frequently used to go home.

The road seemed somewhat calmer today as there were only a few pedestrians. However, it seemed to be too quiet.

Chapter 1165: Attack 1

It seemed like several electric poles on the street were malfunctioning. Some of them were blinking while the others turned dim occasionally. A few pedestrians walked past, a single car would drive by sometimes.

Both Saber One and Saber Two wore their blue and white school uniforms like regular students and walked home carrying their backpacks.

Saber One's real name was Yuria. He was a fair-skinned cheerful youth with a beaming smile. Meanwhile, Saber Two's name was Yurijie. Her hair was tied in two separate ponytails and she had features that were very similar to Saber One's appearance. The only difference was that her skin was smoother and she was always quiet. She was inseparable from Yuria.

Both of them walked towards a street corner. There was a bar near the corner where the sound of quiet music echoed from inside while red light radiated out from there as well. A row of characters were etched beside the door. However, they were distorted which made it impossible to distinguish the words on it.

"How do you think the Head Minister managed to learn those skills? I found them insanely powerful. I don't think I could necessarily beat him single-handedly." Saber One Yuria was holding his cellphone and replying a text message from his friend when he randomly asked his younger sister.

"Who knows," Saber Two was currently using her phone to take a selfie and preparing to send it to her circle of friends. She pouted while puffing out her cheeks to look cute.

"He was able to achieve strength of such a powerful degree despite being so young. I wonder what he's like during actual combat?" asked Saber One listlessly.

"Actual combat?" Yurijie put her phone down and glanced at her older brother. "Are you still thinking about the previous incident?"

"Don't tell me that you've forgotten?" Yuria asked a question in reply. "That man captured Big Sister Xue and then led Big Brother Lincoln out even though I was his true goal in the end," he tugged at his hair. "I was targeted by this deviant for no reason. Sure enough, I can feel a great pressure..."

“Let’s make a police report,” Yurijie suggested.

“Would it even be useful? I’ve reported twice.” Yuria rolled his eyes. “Don’t tell me that I should really tell the cops that we’re actually not normal people and for the sake of world peace, an organization called Vulture has targeted us. Moreover, they want to capture and perform experiments on us? Do you think that the police would really believe nonsense like this?”

“That’s indeed a problem...” Yurijie nodded solemnly. “Then... why not find someone to help you instead?”

“Who could we look for? Please, actual combat and tournaments are two different matters. How many people out there have experienced actual combat in this day and age?” said Yuria helplessly.

“We could pay them and hire some mercenaries or something.”

“...you’ve read too many novels...” Yuria was speechless. “Moreover, how would we get access to channels like that?”

“Then what do you think we should do? We can’t just wait for them to ambush us again in the end, right?” Yurijie shrugged.

“What else can we do?” Yuria rubbed his chin. “Think about it, what would happen if our uncle hadn’t anticipated this day much earlier and allowed us to train with Big Brother Lincoln ever since we were little. The hunting skills that we learned from capturing wild boars and foxes were directly used in this aspect no matter how you look at it...”

“When you put it that way, it actually seems pretty accurate.” Yurijie’s mind had always been duller.

Both of them chatted while turning past a corner and walking into a byway alley. This was a shortcut that led directly to their house. They had walked through it countless times and had become completely familiar with it much earlier on.

However, something happened when they had just turned into the alley.

“Watch out!”

Yuria pulled his younger sister away suddenly to avoid an object that flew at them from the sky.

Shh!

That dark object penetrated the wall beside them quickly and actually sank into the depths of it.

Both of them were frightened to the point where their entire bodies were covered in cold sweat. When they looked at it closely, they noticed that it was a black lethal metal weapon that resembled an animal's claw.

That lethal weapon had three fingers that penetrated the cement wall directly. It hooked itself deeply inside, digging out pieces of cement and plaster.

“Who was that?!” Yuria's guard instantly rose to the highest level. He widened his eyes and stared closely at the dark spot in front of the alley.

Within the darkness, a silhouette that was two meters tall walked closer towards them gradually before revealing itself.

The figure actually belonged to a man whose entire body was wrapped in thick layers of clothes. He resembled a heavily wounded person who had just rushed out of the hospital. His entire body appeared swollen but was also enormous and sturdy at the same time. This gave off a cumbersome feeling.

The man's face was the only part of him that was exposed. However, it caused Yuria's entire body to stiffen instantly.

“Yuria, I let you escape the last time but that definitely won't happen again this time...” The man's voice was deep and rigid. It appeared that he was not human.

He moved one of his hands in a grabbing motion before numerous silver chains came crashing down. They shook and reflected faint silver light.

“Silver Chain...” Yuria’s expression turned grave immediately.

“You need to leave first.” He said to his sister softly.

“I can’t...” Beads of sweat trickled down Yurijie’s sideburns faintly. “There are people guarding the front and back of this place. I can sense the reflected light from the muzzle of a gun!”

“This is troublesome...” Yuria’s heart dropped.

Silver Chain took one step forward.

“This is merely a test...”

Whoosh!

His entire body charged forward. His imposing body was actually as agile as a wild wolf.

Several minutes later, Saber One and Saber Two were both lying beside the wall on separate sides of the alley. Bright red blood snaked down their bodies and flowed down to form two red lines that could be seen clearly.

A metallic bloody scent wafted through the entire alley.

“Is this the strength of a Savior?” Silver Chain appeared colder than the last time. Neither of his two hands resembled human palms anymore. They had fully transformed into mechanical claws that twinkled with cold pallid light in the dark.

“Rumor has it that you can borrow the powers of others?”

Silver Chain walked towards Yuria who was lying on the floor.

“You’re too weak indeed. Legend has it that the strongest Savior can borrow the strength of a hundred men and achieve a terrifying, endless realm.”

Bang.

He walked beside Yuria and kicked him brutally once. The kick made a banging noise and caused Yuria to cough up a mouthful of blood violently.

“You, however, can only borrow the strength of less than three people, right? That’s really pitiful...”

“Don’t touch my brother!!” Yelled Yurijie who was not far away. She had never expected that Silver Chain, whose hands they barely managed to chop off, would actually become so strong within a short period of time that he was simply on another level now.

Never in her wildest dreams would she have imagined that her brother would collapse so easily after merely a few short clashes.

Her brother was famous for his physical strength and could even borrow the strength of others. However, he was defeated so easily now!! This was unbelievable!

“If you want to fight... then fight me!” She supported her body tenaciously despite the fact that her lower abdomen was covered in blood that trickled downwards constantly.

Silver Chain turned his head before looking at Yurijie somewhat impatiently.

“Those who aren’t Savors are completely worthless to us.”

He left Yuria's side and walked towards Yurijie instead.

"Do you want me to kill you?"

Yurijie's pupils constricted instantly. Despite the various types of training that she had undergone and the two deadly battles that she had experienced previously, she could still feel herself shivering when she was truly faced with death. Her heart compressed and tightened as well. She felt as if she was faintly gasping for air too.

"Don't touch my sister!!" Yuria's voice echoed behind them.

Silver Chain bared his teeth and smiled suddenly as he was about to speak.

Suddenly, a faint noise could be heard from the electric earpiece that he wore. He stopped in his tracks as if he was listening to something.

"Are you joking? Retreat?! Hahaha..." Silver Chain pinched something in one handful and smashed it abruptly before simply throwing it on the ground. "Both of my arms were broken and I almost died at the hands of these two disgusting little monsters. This is truly the best chance for me to take revenge but you're actually asking me to retreat instead?!"

Bang!

A bullet hole appeared directly on the ground beside his feet suddenly.

"Huh?" Silver Chain lifted his head and looked in the direction of the marksman who was concealed outside the alley.

"You...are threatening me?"

There was a brief whooshing noise before he fled into the darkness like a large wolf in the dusky night.

Ahh!

A painful cry could be heard far away suddenly. Yuria and his sister took this opportunity to try their best to crawl to each other frantically.

“Go quickly! That guy isn’t human anymore. Half of his body has been fully modified into a machine! I couldn’t even move him at all when we were fighting!” said Yuria urgently. “Go look for Big Brother Lincoln quickly! Don’t make a police report!”

He supported Yurijie determinedly but his sister’s body seemed completely lifeless already. She barely stood up, and the wound on her abdomen burst open and blood began flowing out quickly.

Plop.

Both of them collapsed on the ground again. They could not get up again no matter how much they crawled this time.

“Eh? What are you two doing here? Having a forbidden incestuous relationship between siblings?” A bored voice echoed through the entrance of the alley suddenly.

“Leader!” “Head Minister!!”

When they saw Kong Xiaofei at the entrance of the alley, both of the people on the ground were instantly moved to the point where their eyes were brimming with tears.

They were finally saved!!

However, Yuria was suddenly filled with panic again when he remembered the current situation.

“Head Minister, help me call my cousin quickly!! This place is very dangerous so you should hurry up and leave!!”

“Saber One and Saber Two?” Garen walked into the alley with his eyebrows furrowed. He sniffed around before detecting the scent of something that was amiss.

“This is... the smell of blood...”

His expression stiffened quickly. He glanced at the brother and sister on the floor with worried looks on their faces. He was about to speak before he turned his head suddenly and looked at the other deep part of the alley.

“There’s a scoundrel who is hiding in the alley sneakily.” Garen’s gaze sharpened before he glared immediately at the two meter tall Cyborg named Silver Chain who was walking out of the depths of the alley slowly.

“Outsider... Leave on your own. Otherwise, die!” Silver Chain raised the sharp black claw in his hand that made a cold, hard noise.

The distance between them was less than three meters away. Garen’s hand grasped the hilt of the saber at his waist gently while Silver Chain’s hand tightened around the sharp black claw as if it could burst forth at any time.

The situation would break out at any moment.

Saber Two who was heavily injured on the ground covered the wound on her abdomen.

“... Head Minister?! How did he appear here suddenly?!” Saber Two Yurijie said softly in a faintly exhausted tone.

“We need to warn him and get him to leave quickly! That guy... is not someone that humans can withstand!” Saber One’s forehead was drenched in sweat. Three of his ribs were probably broken.

He understood now that this was a battle of the Four Great Cornerstones. Their opponent was a member of Vulture, a large organization that was specially created to capture the Four Great

Cornerstones. They were an armed force that most people could not counter at all. It would be fine if they were the only ones here because they would not kill two of their own people easily as they were part of the Four Great Cornerstones. However, the circumstances would change when outsiders were involved... People like them did not take human lives seriously!

He could not drag other people into this!

While harboring these thoughts, Saber One grabbed his keys and flung them in Garen's direction firmly.

"Get out of here quickly!!" He yelled while using his last ounce of strength.

The crashing noises of the keys echoed in the air.

However, something happened momentarily when the keys flew across the sky.

Clang!!

A ray of white light lit up as Garen drew his saber.

Chapter 1166: Attack 2

In the darkness, the saber was as bright as a silver path, reflecting the dim lights by the street.

Silver Chain's black claw and Garen's saber clashed against each other.

Clank clank clank clank clank!!

Big white light sparked around Garen. Those sparks were the result of the clashes between the extremely fast moving saber and sharp claw. Every time they collided, a white light sparked.

“Slash!” Holding his saber with both of his hands, Garen drew a sharp path forward at lightning speed.

Pew!!

Thud thud thud...

Silver Chain retreated a few steps back as a big, deep wound opened up on his chest. Fresh blood started flowing out of the wound, dripping to the ground.

It was only then that the keys Saber One had thrown out started to fall to the ground. It had already been cut into tiny pieces and no longer resembled its original appearance.

He was stunned as he lowered his head and looked at the wound on his chest.

He was injured?!!!

He was a modified Cyborg, a top class warrior from the organization that had experienced hundreds of battles! Surprisingly, he was injured by a man who was less than twenty years old?!!

Silver Chain was in disbelief as he moved his hand and touched the wound on his chest.

“This...”

Shing... Garen slowly sheathed his saber.

“Do you want to scram on your own or do you prefer me sending you off?” He asked in a condescending tone.

“... I'll let you all off the hook this time!” Silver stared at Garen as he turned around decisively and leaped, disappearing into the darkness in an instant.

Boom!!

Suddenly, plenty of black sharp claws burst out from the darkness and headed towards Garen.

Clang!!

The white sparks appeared once more as the black sharp claws were blocked off with great precision. No one could even see Garen moving his saber at all.

Garen did not pursue after him as he deflected the last black sharp claw. Garen then sheathed his saber once more, making a clunking sound as he did so. It seemed that he had created an Absolute Territory two meters around him with him as the epicenter and nothing would be able to invade this space.

Furthermore, it was as if he was not in the battle at all from the beginning until the end as his white shirt still looked the same as previously when he was walking back home.

The alley was in complete silence. It was as if nothing had happened here excluding the messy remnants from the battle.

“So... So strong!!” Both Saber One and Saber Two witnessed the whole situation with a dull look in their eyes as they looked at Garen deflecting the black sharp claws.

The strong and terrifying cyborg could not even break Garen's defense at all! This level of Saber Art... was almost at the peak of humanity's limit!!

“That's... That's the Head Minister for you!” Saber One gulped as he now realized that Garen had been holding back more than a trick or two when he sparred with Garen back at the Combat Department. It was no wonder he kept being bullied as the difference between their strength was simply too huge!

It was incredibly ridiculous for a typical human's strength to reach such a level!

"Are you okay." Garen walked towards them and helped them up. "Both of you are seriously injured and will need blood transfusion in the hospital immediately." He frowned and told them as he saw their injuries.

"We're lucky... that the Head Minister had coincidentally walked passed here...we will be in big trouble if not for you..." Saber Two smiled wryly.

"It's best for you to not represent the human next time." Garen smiled gently. "That thing is not something you can win against. You shouldn't fight it even if you don't represent the human race."

Saber One was stunned momentarily, and he smiled.

"Understood."

He nodded repetitively.

Half an hour later. Lincoln's ambulance arrived to send the two to the hospital.

Garen stood on the street as he looked at the ambulance disappearing in the distance. If it was not for him to pass by coincidentally while Saber One and Saber Two were ambushed, he might not be able to discover one of the Four Great Cornerstones was actually Lincoln's cousin brother, Yuria.

He was no other than Saber One, whose real name he did not bother to remember.

In the Saber Art Dojo, Garen's nickname was the Great Saber and beneath him was Saber One, Saber Two and so on until the Saber Tens. This crude management brought about a strong passion for competition and rivalry as the number in the nickname signified their strength.

"I didn't expect... the Savior, one of the Four Great Cornerstones would be Yuria... I always thought that it would be Lincoln." He held his saber by his waist tightly as he gazed at the silent street around him. As expected, someone with great influence had set up the surrounding beforehand as they wanted to keep it as an absolute secret.

Garen then walked back slowly from where he came from.

At the top of the building far away, a variety of surveillance equipment was set up. Several people in blue tight shirt were crawled in front of the surveillance system. Their faces twitched as they saw the situation on the other side of the monitor unfold.

"This... This is ridiculous!"

"Seven slashes in one second! What incredible talent in Saber Art!" A middle-aged woman in glasses said as she sweated around her forehead. "This level of Saber Art can be coined as a master in the world of blades and sabers."

"Are you saying that this kid who's less than eighteen years old is a Saber Master?!" The person beside her, who was responsible for the operations whispered in disbelief.

"If everyone has this kind of talent in Battle Skills, no one would be using firearms to make up for their lack of skills." The woman smiled wryly. "It's as you said. This young man named Kong Xiaofei has indeed reached the pinnacle as a human weapon and it would be an understatement to call him a Saber Master."

"Legend has it that a Saber Master is able to cut down the airplane in the sky."

"My Lord, it's a flying bird..." The woman said helplessly.

"Alright, alright. A flying bird. It's incredible that he is able to stand toe to toe against our ultimate cyborg warrior without modifying his body at all!" The man in charge praised. "How are we going to deal with this talented man who appeared out of nowhere?"

"I think..." The woman adjusted her glasses. "I think we can try and make contact with him. The purpose of humans living in this world is to obtain reputation and authority to lead a better life. Perhaps we can recruit him into our organization, Vulture."

"Recruit him?" The person in charge started to ponder about this possibility. "Although he looks very promising, I don't think we have a suitable position for him even if we manage to recruit him...unless he is willing to be modified."

"While it's true that we do not have a place for him to do what he does best, I think he is very suited to become an instructor. You have to know that there are less than five people with talent similar to his in the entire world and all of them are big shots with widespread reputation and influences. He has nothing as compared to them so he should be easily tempted by this invitation."

The woman explained.

"Let's send some people to test the water." The person in charge decided.

"Understood."

"It seems... that there is a little bit of Soul Energy, but it isn't as much as I expected," Garen recalled the amount of aura he sensed from Yuria. He could only sense a vague Soul Energy when their limbs came in contact with each other.

"It seems to be in an inactive state."

He sat in the courtyard in his new house. The golden sunlight shone through the skylight above him, bathing nothing else but him in the courtyard.

His new house was a villa located in a high-end residential area of the city center. A villa at the heart of the Lily of the Valley, a second-tier city, did not cost much at less than half a million.

The design of the villa is of the traditional, square double story with a courtyard. One may call it a gigantified version of siheyuan 1 instead of a villa as it had slightly more area than the usual ones. Furthermore, it was much more beautiful as there were exquisite eagle sculptures placed at every edge of the roofs.

There was also a small pond at the entrance with a beautiful copper mermaid sculpture in it.

"I still can't confirm that he is an Inheritor. I need more time to interact with him," Garen pondered.

He then recalled that Cyborg earlier and thought that he was rather powerful.

"I believe they will contact me on their own accord to test my attitude soon. The Vulture and The Four Great Cornerstones..." Yuria had told him everything he knew in the hospital and he had also found out that the Cyborg belonged to a large and mysterious organization, Vulture.

"The Savior is able to borrow the strength from the people around him and become strong enough to achieve his goal. Is he able to borrow strength from the others? Interesting..." Although Garen did not know what kind of abilities the remaining Three Great Cornerstones possess, he guessed that it would be something of similar scale.

The ability of the Savior was very subjective as it depended on how the user made use of it. If the people he borrowed the strength from were powerful, then he would be powerful as well. If he were to borrow it from many people, he would then become the Savior who bore the hope of tens of thousands of citizens. This would grant him strength so powerful to the realm where no one had seen before.

Crack... He heard someone returned as the door to the living room far away was opened, breaking off Garen's chain of thought.

"I'm back." Kong Xinxue threw her high heels to one side, stepping onto the wooden floor still in her white stockings. She entered the house without even wearing any slippers.

"I heard that you are the one who sent Yuria and the other to the hospital?" Kong Xinxue carried a chair towards Garen, placed it down in front of him and sat on it.

The white one-piece dress was wrinkled horribly as it was used as a cushion when pressed in between the chair and her butt.

"Yeah." Garen nodded.

"I heard that your Saber Art is incredibly good? Where did you learn that? Why did I not see you practice before in the past?" Kong Xinxue stared at Garen suspiciously.

"It's because I'm a genius." Garen had no sense of shame. "I learn those things via observation." He replied calmly as he sat cross-legged on the floor.

"A genius..." Kong Xinxue was speechless. "Alright genius. Can you tell me why there's such a drastic change in personality before and after the fever? Don't tell me a spirit possessed your body or something the Mysterious Old Man novel used to trick the kids."

"Mysterious Old Man?" Garen was stunned. Transmigration novel had yet to gain its momentum in this world, right? Only people from Planet Earth would be able to mention the Mysterious Old Man novel naturally in their examples.

He then stared at Kong Xinxue suspiciously.

"What are you talking about?"

"What do you mean?" Kong Xinxue seemed to have sensed something as she started to act dumb. "Regardless, I feel that there's something off about you."

"In what aspect?" Garen did not understand her.

"Every aspect about you seems off." Kong Xinxue took a deep breath. "Recently, you've scored full marks for every exam paper. The teacher has already taken your paper as a benchmark for being the perfectly answered paper in the entire Five School Alliance. Oh right, I guess you haven't realized that

that was a mock examination for the college entrance examination. Every student in the schools including us would be participating in it. You, on the other hand, have hit a perfect score...”

Garen wanted to say that he had solved them while he’s half-awake but he was not sure if he should...

Regardless, he had decided to come to this world to take a rest so he was too lazy to take note of such trivial stuff.

Chapter 1167: Organization 1

“Then, someone came running towards me telling that my brother is a martial art genius who only appears once every millennium... You’ve turned from a good-for-nothing into something else entirely, so much so that your personality and attitude has changed as well. It’s as if you’ve turned into someone else.”

Kong Xinxue’s expression turned serious.

“Be honest. Who exactly are you?”

“I am your brother.” Garen thought for a while before replying.

“Stop acting dumb! Be honest. We have a huge circle of friends. We will eventually know who you really are even if you act dumb.” Kong Xinxue smiled coldly. “Furthermore, you don’t seem to be hiding your identity at all from the very beginning. Were you not planning to hide this truth?”

Garen blinked.

“What are you talking about, I don’t understand what you’re saying at all.”

“Stop acting cute!!!” Kong Xinxue glared at him. “This world is a resting point for us. Spill the beans. We’ve encountered many of you outsiders who barged in without going through inspection!”

Although Garen was slightly stunned on the outside, his heart was already sinking from the huge tidal waves.

A Transmigrator!!??

He did not expect that Kong Xinxue was also a Transmigrator! Furthermore, there seemed to be more than one Transmigrator in this world!!!

“What do you mean ‘this world’?” Garen continued acting oblivious.

“Huhu...” Kong Xinxue laughed coldly.

As they stared at each other in the eyes, they both had already known the truth.

“Fine...” Garen nodded. “I have just arrived in this world not long ago and entered Kong Xiaofei’s body. Do you have anything else you wish to ask?”

He decided to be honest with her as he didn’t see any signs of lying from Kong Xinxue as well. Hence, it would be fair to assume that whatever she had said was the truth.

“Well, aren’t you pretty good in acting...” She continued smiling coldly. Now that she had confirmed that the Kong Xiaofei wasn’t the person she knew, her attitude towards him had distanced and was no longer as close as it used to be.

“I have seen many closet perverts like you who would say things implicitly and act cold on the outside and feel sexually passionate from the inside. Each and every one of you is a hypocrite who would act innocent on the surface and has been suppressing your twisted desire inside.”

She pondered for a moment before continuing. “Do you know what I wish to do the most right now?”

“What?”

“I want to punch you.”

“...” Garen blinked. “You can’t win against me.” He said with utmost sincerity.

“...” Kong Xinxue was speechless. “Do you know what the phrase one needs to lose some in order to gain what one desires mean?”

“I do.” Garen didn’t understand the reason she told him that.

“If you wish to f*ck me, you better not hit back!!” Kong Xinxue then stood up swiftly as she threw a punch towards Garen’s face.

Hu...

Her fist stopped right in front of Garen’s face, which was less than half a centimeter away. Her fist was single-handedly caught firmly by Garen.

“I’ll tell.” He looked hopelessly at Kong Xinxue who was well within reach. “Can’t you be a bit normal? Weren’t we having a civilized conversation? How did that unfold into this now?”

“You killed my beloved brother. Do you expect me to be grateful and treat you as my best friend?” Kong Xinxue’s expression turned ice cold.

“You... I shouldn’t have placed any hope on a mentally challenged person.” Garen was speechless as he sighed.

The moment he loosened his hand, Kong Xinxue turned her body around and side kicked Garen’s waist.

Slam.

Her leg was caught firmly by Garen once more.

While her small leg in black stocking was in Garen's hand, the important detail was not of this. As Kong Xinxue had her leg raised up high, Garen was able to see everything underneath the dress from his point of view...

He could vaguely see a white triangular shape underneath the black stocking.

"See. You're indeed a pervert!" Kong Xinxue put her leg away as if nothing had happened. "You even dared to peak at your own biological sister!" Perhaps she had realized that she could not win against Garen, so she decided to stop trying.

"You must be an extremely cruel and merciless man in the past."

"Why do you say so?" Garen sat in his original position firmly, as if he did not make any move at all.

"You didn't even give me a chance despite how beautiful I am." Kong Xinxue calmly sat down and she did not seem to be embarrassed about showing what was underneath her dress. Her action assured Garen even more that she was a weird person.

"To yield in and let you punch me?" Garen was speechless.

"Alright, let's stop talking nonsense. As a Transmigrator, I have the duty to introduce you to people like us nearby so that you can have a better understanding of our internal social network."

"What social network? Do you have a lot of associates in this world?" Garen was interested in this topic. It was rather stressful to be with this oddball on a daily basis as one small mistake and he would be branded as a pervert.

"A lot? It's a handful I guess since we have dozens of people. Since this place is where everything started so a lot of people gathered here." When Kong Xinxue calmed down, she was actually rather lady-like. Her beautiful and elegant face, white dress, black stockings and long hair had made her look extremely seductive.

"It's been a while since everyone gathered. Perhaps I can suggest everyone to meet up."

"Do all Transmigrators originate from the same place?" Garen asked another question after thinking for a while.

"No. Not at all." Kong Xinxue shook her head. "Technically speaking, there is no single location. Although some may come from Earth, they are from a different parallel universe. Naturally, most of them come from Earth and the minorities come from somewhere else. I do not know the reason behind this but this is the current situation."

"Also," she gave him a respectful look. "Don't be conceited that you're strong. There are many Transmigrators who are very powerful as well."

"What's the name?" Garen nodded. "There should be a name for this Transmigrator organization right?"

"Of course there is." Kong Xinxue stood up. "It's called Lighthouse."

Garen did not expect that the members of the Lighthouse would give each other a helping hand. According to the intel from Kong Xinxue, not everyone inside had stood at the pinnacle of the world. Most of them were at the middle or above average level and a handful of them had reached the very top. However, the majority of them were at the below average and lower level.

All of them would exchange resources and help each other so that everyone could improve together. That was the motto of the Lighthouse. Afterall, the worlds were incredibly huge and everyone had their own unique system. Hence they should be able to exchange their knowledge no matter what.

Everyone nearby was soon told of the gathering.

Kong Xinxue departed together with Garen ten minutes earlier to a fancy restaurant nearby. Although there was a sign stating that it was closed at the entrance of the restaurant, both of them entered without having any regard for others and locked the door. There were about seven to eight people already sitting in the transparent glass chair by the glass table. All of them seemed to be chatting about happily among each other.

They were in a variety of uniforms such as police, white-collar worker, technician, housewife, and student.

The moment Garen and Kong Xinxue entered, A fat middle-aged man walked up and welcomed them.

“Welcome, welcome! Ah Xue, it’s been a long time since you invited us for a gathering.” The fat man smiled, giving off a friendly and peaceful vibe.

“I’ve brought a new person along so that everyone can get to know him. Everyone feel free as I may have to trouble you all once again .” It was rare to see Kong Xinxue being so polite and formal.

“No problem! I’ll take care of him.” The man patted his chest as he said with alacrity. “You are...”

“Garen,” Garen told him his name on his own accord.

“Nice to meet you.”

“Nice to meet you.”

Both of them shook hand and the first impression was great. As Transmigrators, they could not determine their age based on their physical appearances. Hence everyone did not care that Garen looked like a kid.

"Alright let's hear it from everybody. As the Plot is just around the corner, what do you guys plan to do?" Kong Xinxue sat down as she gave off a vibe of a leader.

Garen followed along as he sat in a chair beside her. No one felt strange seeing two similar faces sitting side by side.

"Why don't we transmigrate?" A technician uncle who was drinking alcoholic drink quietly suggested as he frowned. "I've been to two worlds, three if you include this one. The problem with facing against the Plot is that it is dangerous. The Plot is not something that could be easily changed. If it were that easy, there wouldn't be so many predecessors dying in the middle of their journey."

"Where do you want to transmigrate to? This world is the safest world around. The Power Level here is low and the constraint of the universe is extremely high. Isn't it more troublesome to go somewhere else?" The policewoman curled her lips. "All I did was hiding here and there as I tried to move forward in the previous world. Ultimately, I died due to unforeseen circumstances. Just thinking of it annoys me."

"Li Hua is right. We can still gauge which area is still safe or not if we are within the Plot. However, once we are out of the Plot, we will be placed in the dark. I think it's best for us to play by the ear and avoid the dangerous zones of the Plot. The Slayer is one of the dangerous points among the Four Great Cornerstones and the remaining three should be relatively safe." The housewife agreed as she added on.

"Are we not going to introduce the new member?" A woman suggested.

Garen stood up and picked up his wine glass as he looked around. "My name is Garen. I've recently transmigrated into this world and I wish to be part of the team as soon as possible." He was quick to earn everyone's friendliness with his smile and his educated manner.

Soon, everyone present told him that he could inquire them anything if he needed help.

Garen then obtained the means to contact everyone before sitting down and continue listening to their discussion.

“Everyone should be aware of the Slayer of the Four Great Cornerstone’s ability. He possesses every slaying technique in this world. He can learn any assassination technique by just looking at it once and is seriously overpowered. To make things worse, we also have this world’s constraint as well. He, who is one of the Four Great Cornerstone will never die. Who would be able to fight against a killing machine that can’t be killed?” The technician uncle said hopelessly.

“Can we request for support? The people we have here that know how to fight are mainly Li Hua and Yong He and the rest of us are just career professionals. If we are in trouble, isn’t our only option is to be reincarnated? It would be difficult to contact one another if that were to happen.” The woman frowned as she explained.

“What level of assistance can we request based on our current Contribution Points?” Kong Xinxue asked calmly.

“I’ve just obtained a hundred points from the ultimate cake quest.”

“I’ve just finished collecting the consultation. I have about a hundred and fifty points left including the ones that I didn’t use last time.”

“I can only fork out two hundred points. I need to save some to purchase my medicine since this world does not have the medicine that could cure my illness...” The young woman said helplessly.

“I can fork out three hundred points.” Kong Xinxue said firmly. “I’ll note down the number of Contribution Points that everyone had pooled in. Let’s try and collect more Contribution Points in these coming days so that we can afford to hire a high-level helper. Although the Slayer’s ability is very troublesome, he would not be able to learn the techniques of a powerhouse that specializes in sealing and dealing heavy damage instead of killing.”

“That’s a good idea.”

"Alright let's stop this pessimistic conversation. Let's talk about our experience in the past world." Kong Xinxue clapped her hands.

It was obvious that she was the leader of this small group as everything she said was very convincing. Naturally, everyone started to talk about their past experience in the previous worlds. This was to introduce everyone's history to Garen.

"My previous life can be summed up into a single word, tragic. It was a Machine Girl World and the sky was filled with missiles. I always had the impression that Machine Girls were incredibly cute from the animation back in the days but if you were to encounter them, you will soon realize that they would kill anyone without batting an eyelid. I lived alone in seclusion inside the forest for sixty years before I died at the age of eighty-two due to illness." The technician uncle said helplessly.

"How can you call that a tragedy, when my previous life can truly be summed up with the word tragic." Li Hua the policewoman from the other side of the table butted in. "The three major races mainly Orcs, Demons, and Humans were in an all-out war. My family, the half-orc was categorized as slaves and we had been sold here and there as ornamental pets." She gave off an unbearable expression as she recalled.

"You guys know nothing about it. I was two meters and two centimeters tall and considered to be the tallest among my family members. However, those Demons, Humans, and Orcs were all at least ten meters tall and would often squat down by the cage and play with us as if we are birds... It felt like an earthquake whenever they walked and I thought that I had arrived at the Giant World when I first reincarnated. Ultimately, it's not us that was short but they were just too tall..."

"That doesn't sound tragic at all. You get to be a pet where you get to have good food and drinks. You can sleep after you eat and vice versa. My previous life was truly a tragedy. I was reincarnated as a human blood bank for the vampires. I would be awake for no more than three hours on a daily basis and I could not even move since I was placed inside a nursery chamber. Ultimately, I died after living for thirty-two years."

"All of you have never been to my previous world. That world is defined by the word tragedy!" Another middle-aged man said with a depressed look on his face. "Have you guys heard of the show Dragon Ball? That world is approximately the same as Dragon Ball. They would fire an extremely wide area of effect planet-destroying class missiles at the drop of a hat. It's best for you to not come out and fight if you're less than Level Seven or Level Eight. You'd be ashamed to call yourself a powerhouse if you're not a Level Nine and have become a Guardian of a Planet. They wouldn't even classify a battle that cost one

hundred billion lives as a war! That was classified as fooling around! Unfortunately, I was just a normal Interstellar Technician and was not qualified to learn how to operate a mech.”

“I don’t understand those level things. All I wanted is to live a quiet and peaceful life as a normal human who strives in his career, work hard and enjoy life.” The fat chef said with a smile on his face as he came out from the kitchen, placing two enticing dishes onto the table.

“Everyone has a different goal and will go after the things they deem meaningful,” Garen smiled as he responded.

“However, since we have reincarnated once and lived so many additional years, shouldn’t we lead a better life when compared to the others? Won’t it be humiliating if we keep living the same way?” A woman with short, red hair spoke arrogantly like an elderly.

Kong Xinxue who was just beside Garen started to introduce her to Garen softly.

“Her name is Yuan Xing. She was a boring uncle in her last life. She has now reincarnated as a rich lady from a highly influential family. Furthermore, she has a goddess-like appearance...”

Garen maintained his smile as he nodded at the woman and the opposing party, too, politely greeted him back.

“Isn’t the girl beside her pretty?” Kong Xinxue hinted him to look at the long black-haired woman beside the lady with red hair. The woman was whispering to another person in a ladylike manner on a certain topic. She had fair skin and her facial feature was very exquisite, giving off a natural and elegant vibe.

“Yes.”

“She’s Xi Yuan. She raised and fed pigs for a living in her previous life. Although she has been reincarnated as a beautiful maiden, she still constantly thinks of raising and feeding the pigs. She is now a multi-billionaire who owns a business in raising pigs.”

“ ... ”

The smile on Garen's face turned stiff.

"Do you see that uncle sitting on the other side?" Kong Xinxue curled her lips. "He was an absolute beauty who mastered the art of seduction via her gaze. He carries that habit along with him even after reincarnation and would automatically move his eyebrows while making eye contact with anybody. It's best for you to close your eyes to avoid any trouble."

"Is there anyone normal here..." Garen was speechless.

"There is one. She is sitting right next to you. It is no other than I, Kong Xinxue." Kong Xinxue patted her chest as she said narcissistically.

"How many worlds have you been to?" Garen asked curiously.

"Three." Kong Xinxue told him truthfully. "There's nothing much to say about the first world. I kept striving forward as I thought that I could conquer the world's economy. Unfortunately, I died in the middle of my journey. There are a few gifted people who you can't win against even if you were reincarnated. They're simply that amazing."

"That's pretty normal." Garen nodded. "What about the second world?"

"The second world is the Bacterial World. I transmigrated and became a Bacillus inside the large intestine. I was ultimately killed along with the intestinal worms via insecticide." Kong Xinxue did not try to hide anything at all. "Frankly speaking, I always felt that I may have transmigrated into a person's bowel, becoming a bacteria with a conscience. It was really fascinating."

"... You're not far off from being an oddball." Garen was speechless.

"Nothing is impossible." Kong Xinxue shrugged.

"That's true." Garen nodded as he picked his cup up as he gently drank his wine. He stopped speaking as he sat quietly, listening to everyone's chatter over a variety of topics.

“You seem to be rather lost judging from your look. You should go and search for the Tree of Wisdom. He’s the smartest among us Transmigrators.” Kong Xinxue spoke after a moment of silence.

“Tree of Wisdom?”

“Yep. He’s a wise man.”

“He needs fifteen minutes to do something we can do in one second. You’ll have to wait for at least half an hour for him to finish one sentence.”

“...”

Kong Xinxue then started mimicking how the Tree of Wisdom would speak to them.

“Life... is... extremely... cruel... we... need... to...”

The densely packed crowd sitting in the big square under the tree started yawning here and there.

“Which word has he reached?”

“He’s still at the word ‘to’.”

“Oh. I’ll take a short nap while I wait.”

“I’ll go buy some snacks. Do you need anything?”

“A bucket of small steamed buns will do.”

Garen and Kong Xinxue couldn't help but burst into laughter as she finished speaking.

"The funniest part is his longest sentence was three hours long! At that time, one of the people thought that he had finished his speech even though he was only eighty percent through. As he stood up and was about to leave the area, he added on and said that what he did was f*cking wrong."

"When that man found out, he raged to the point he almost vomited blood." Kong Xinxue laughed as she staggered forward and backward.

"There really are all sorts of people." Garen sighed emotionally.

"Indeed. We're all Transmigrators. There's bound to be good ones and bad ones. We're considered very fortunate as there are some Transmigrators who encountered all kinds of unfortunate events and tragedies from the very beginning, causing them to have a huge temperament." Kong Xinxue sighed. "Although I know that it's bad for me to speak behind someone's back, I couldn't help but say it out loud."

She pondered for a moment. "Alright. That's all from me. It's your turn now. How many worlds have you been to?"

Garen drank a mouthful of wine.

"I've been to three worlds. Sigh... The first one is a Martial Art World. It was pretty dull and I eventually died from an atomic bomb and a volcano eruption."

"Died without leaving any corpse behind huh."

"The second world is a supernatural world. Although I managed to survive well there, I was eliminated by the new era." Garen was trying to explain that the supernatural power had faded and he was ultimately kicked out by the Planet's Will.

"That's pretty tragic but slightly better than the first one. What about the third world?"

The third one..." Gared sighed. "I lost a fight in the third world. I was then captured and died from old age while waiting for someone to rescue me."

Pfft.

A woman sitting on the other side of Garen could not hold onto her laughter as she started laughing. No one knew when she appeared beside Garen. She had on a cute, white cat ear as a hair clip, two ponytails and was wearing a long sleeve, black T-shirt paired with a black red checkered short skirt which was part of a school's uniform. She looked very innocent and cute.

"Sorry. I couldn't hold in my laughter when I heard that you died from old age." The girl laughed as she covered her mouth.

"... No wonder you always look rather sulky and lazy all the time." Kong Xinxue ignored the other girl as she sipped the milk from her cup.

"I've lived as a failure in all three worlds." Garen sighed. He didn't mention the Blood Breed World in the middle of the second and third world. In his perspective, he was just passing by in that world so it was not counted.

"And you are?" Out of politeness, Garen looked at the girl who was laughing earlier.

The girl tilted her head innocently. "My name is Zhao Wenzhen. I am the temporary leader of the Sky Seat's Shooting Fragrant Sect. I heard that a newly joined member here is a Kendo master. Hence, I've personally come here to recruit you into my sect."

"Kendo?" Garen shook his head. "I do not practice Kendo. What you're referring to is the Japanese Blade Technique, right?"

"Wrong~" Zhao Wenzhen smiled as she spoke. "Japanese Blade Technique is a Saber Art developed in Japan. What I'm referring to is the Assassination Blade Technique developed during the Spring and Autumn Warring States Period."

"You pestering fox, can't you see people are ignoring you? Did you come here to seduce another man again?" Kong Xinxue's tone was rather hostile as she spoke loudly to Zhao Wenzhen.

"You may call me Ms. Nine-Tailed Fox even though that was from my previous life. In this life, I wish to live a peaceful life as a cute and beautiful woman." Zhao Wenzhen gestured a V shape with her finger as she smiled with her eyes closed.

"Everyone present here are most likely Transmigrators from Earth. As the other Transmigrators from another civilization were not the same kind as us, we do not communicate much. If we Transmigrators from Earth do not unite together, we can only blame ourselves if we were bullied by others." Zhao Wenzhen added on as she elaborated.

"I can't stand people who are extremely flirtatious towards everybody." Kong Xinxue said in a bad mood.

"Aren't you used to not seeing an open pervert?" Zhao Wenzhen was all smiles.

"You!!"

"Alright, stop fooling around." Everyone tried to smoothen things over between the two of them.
"Everyone, let's eat. It's a classic Chinese meal!"

Garen was speechless as he sat in between these two girls.

"What I know is just Sword Art instead of Kendo... I know nothing of it at all. I feel that Kendo is more towards cleaving in a non-conspicuous manner."

"What about your technique then?" Zhao Wenzhen squinted her eyes as she spoke gently. "Do you want to spar with me here?"

"Ignore her. She is the boss of the world's largest mafia. Her definition of competition is to kill as many people as possible." Kong Xinxue smiled coldly. "Don't be fooled by her innocent look."

“What’s wrong with Black Fist? Those people are only good at brawling. If I didn’t welcome them with open arms, give them a second chance and organize the Black Fist Competition in this world when they couldn’t afford to survive, the society would be much more unstable by a few hundred points.” Zhao Wenzhen started to feel discontent.

“Furthermore, how can those idiotic rash fellows be compared with our little brother Garen?” Zhao Wenzhen leaned her body closer to Garen as she, who was wearing a short skirt, placed her snow-white tender leg beside Garen’s leg.

Chapter 1169: Curtains Rising 1

“Little brother?” Garen laughed out loud. “Do you know how old I am? And yet you dare call me little brother just like that...” He emphasized the word ‘little’.

“Could you possibly be older than five thousand years old?” said Nine-Tailed Fox smilingly. “I’m already 6,600 years old, you know~~”

“You musky fox!” Beside them, Kong Xinxue’s expression was one of disgust as she held her nose and hurriedly distanced herself from them. “If I sit close to you, that foul musk of yours gets me straight in the nose!”

“In that case, you are older than me, but this is my first time seeing a girl insist that she’s older than someone else.” Garen sniffed, and did indeed smell a sweet fragrance. It came from Nine-Tailed Fox and seemed to be a perfume, but it was not particularly thick. It was true, men did enjoy a smell like this.

“That’s why you gotta call me Big Sis... Compared to that worthless Ah Xue over there, there are a lot more benefits to calling me your big sister,” said Nine-Tailed Fox with a laughing, twirling a lock of her long hair around her finger.

On the other side, Kong Xinxue was annoyed again.

“Damn old witch, you’re still acting young at your age? Why couldn’t you have been struck dead by lightning back then!? To think you ended up reincarnating here, meeting you is the biggest stain on my life!” said Kong Xinxue expressionlessly.

“Oh, my... Look, your little brother’s hand is starting to wander, isn’t it?” Nine-Tailed Fox grabbed Garen’s hand, and placed it on her waist gently, slowly moving it downward. Her expression was taunting as she looked at Kong Xinxue. But although it looked extremely promiscuous, in truth she did not allow Garen’s hand to touch her body at all, the back of her own hand staying resolutely between his touch and her skin.

“Pervert!” Kong Xinxue stared at Garen, and spat the words out through clenched teeth.

“It has nothing to do with me,” said Garen innocently. “I’m being forced.”

“...” Kong Xinxue was speechless, Nine-Tailed Fox giggled. Everyone else burst out laughing as well.

They had a lot of fun with that meal, and then some of the others who had business to attend to left first.

Since Garen had laid it out with Kong Xinxue, and no longer assumed the identity of her younger brother, the two of them were not as close as they had been before either. Kong Xinxue could not watch how Garen allowed Nine-Tailed Fox to hug him without resistance, so she angrily downed a few large cups of soy sauce, then she got up and left without a word.

“Let’s go too.” Nine-Tailed Fox had always held Garen’s hand on her bosom, and it looked extremely suggestive on the surface, but in truth he never really touched anything sensitive either.

Now that Kong Xinxue had left, she pulled Garen’s hand away.

“As a Territorial Administrator, that girl isn’t tolerant enough,” she giggled, smoothing out her long hair.

“Are you very close to her?” asked Garen curiously.

“So-so, I guess... We used to be very good friends, but then the guy she finally fell in love with for the first time fell in love with me instead, and I threw him away in the end. Perhaps that was too heavy a blow to her ego, and our relationship started going downhill from there.” Nine-Tailed Fox sat alone with Garen, chatting idly. She drank cup after cup of plain water, but she drank it as others would drink wine. Seemed like she was no regular person either...

“Sounds like a very tragic story.” Garen was bored anyway, so he decided to stay back and listen to some gossip about Kong Xinxue. Unbeknownst to him, as soon as he relaxed completely, it was as though he was a completely different person. Consider how nervous he was before, and that was how relaxed he was now. He did not want to even think about things like Soul Rings or the like anymore. At first he thought he would be able to find a fellow Inheritor, but instead he found something better, fellow Transmigrators. That sense of loneliness buried deep within Garen’s heart was slowly beginning to fade.

The existence of Lighthouse told him that he was not alone, and that there were many other Transmigrators struggling and living their lives in many of the other different worlds. He just never encountered them before. Even if he had, perhaps they simply did not recognize each other.

“I can tell, you’ve been alone for a very long time. I know that feeling,” said Nine-Tailed Fox with a sigh. “There was a period of three thousand years when I was so lonely I nearly went mad. The fact that I was a Transmigrator was a secret that only I could keep, and I was constantly terrified of revealing my true identity in my daily actions and daily life. I only managed to relieve that suffocating sensation, of having something forever stuck in my heart, when I met Ah Xue...”

“When you met Ah Xue? Were you two in the same world before?” said Garen out of curiosity.

“She was the one who saved me...” Nine-Tailed Fox gently picked up a lock of her black hair, twirling it around and around her fingertip. “She found me in a maze underneath some ruins, and brought me into Lighthouse... In the end, she was the one who brought me here, to this world, where I settled down. It’s been 53 years now, come to think of it.”

“No wonder your relationship seems strange.” Garen nodded. “Since you’ve lived for six thousand years, you’re my senior, so I’d like to ask you a question.”

“Go ahead. I can’t promise I’ll be able to answer you, but since I fancy the way you look, I’ll try my best to reply as a reward to you.” Nine-Tailed Fox narrowed her eyes, sprawling onto the table and letting her long hair fan out, some of it falling onto the table like a cloth and some of it hanging down like a waterfall.

“Do you know anything about Soul Seeds?”

“Soul Seeds?” Nine-Tailed Fox was slightly taken aback. “Isn’t that something from the Mother Stream System? I thought only people who used the Mother Stream as their cultivation system would have something like that, but I hear that it’s extremely difficult to condense. Why? Do you want to condense that?”

“Of course I do,” replied Garen frankly. “Since you know about it, that must mean that there are other people using the Mother Stream System in Lighthouse, right?”

“Yes, there are... But the Mother Stream System is quite the unpopular system, it’s very hard to level up, and it is highly restricted by the laws of the world, so it would require a great commitment in terms of both energy and time. Very few people would take this path...” said Nine-Tailed Fox hesitantly. “Using my Faerie System, for example, I can reach a high level of power within a mere thousand years, and even I come to a world with very harsh restrictions like this one, my Vitality will still be extremely considerable. Then there’s the Holy Knight System, people who use it can obtain extremely powerful physical abilities within a very short time. These are all extremely effective shortcuts, but the Mother Stream System is different... Their aim is something far too pure, they always discard more than 90% of their energy because it’s impure, and they only accept the tiny bits of the absolutely pure Soul Seed that’s left.”

“So they’re a bit too slow, is that it?” Garen continued.

“Yeah, extremely slow.” Nine-Tailed Fox nodded.

Panpan was starting to bring up some candelabras, lighting them. There were three three-forked candelabras, placed on the long table to illuminate the faces of those who remained.

By now, the attendees had been divided into three small groups, Garen and Nine-Tailed Fox in one, and the rest divided into two groups. They all kept the conversation to themselves.

“If you have enough Contribution Points, you can apply to go to a world that specializes in cultivating Soul Seeds, I hear that you’d need a large sum of Contribution Points to reincarnate that world. If you

use regular methods, it's really easy for them to discover that you're a foreign soul, so quite a few travelers have been destroyed by the people there."

"That's why I'd need to pay a large sum to conceal myself?" Garen understood now.

"That's right." Nine-Tailed Fox nodded. "To us Transmigrators, our souls are the root to everything that's special about us, so if it's destroyed, we'll die for real. Although the Mother Stream System is very mysterious and powerful, less than a handful of people would actually choose it. In my opinion, if you haven't gotten too deep into it yet, you can choose another type of system." Garen could tell that this advice came straight from her heart.

"It's okay, I'm already used to it anyway, and now I've even condensed a Soul Seed. I'm already halfway down this path, there's no reason for me to squander all my past efforts," said Garen with a shrug. He had based everything he learned on the Ancient Endor Civilization, and he really would not be used to it if he changed paths now.

"You already condensed one? Then that's not too bad, although I don't exactly know what Soul Seeds actually do, there should be something special about them. It's just that the Mother Stream System takes too long, so don't think of obtaining any decent powers for at least ten thousand years, hang in there." Nine-Tailed Fox nodded. "Sigh..." She stretched, revealing glimpses of her jade-white abdomen.

"Alright, Little Brother, your Big Sis wants to go back and sleep." She waved her fingers, and conjured a black card as though by magic. "This is my name card, it's my private number, y'know... If you ever have the need, just come find Big Sis and I'll help you get it out of your system!" she said by Garen's ear softly, bending over.

The card was quietly slipped into Garen's shirt pocket.

"Sure, don't mind if I do." Garen had no intention of declining, this Nine-Tailed Fox in front of him was more than six thousand years old, and would have more knowledge than an encyclopedia.

Accepting the card, he smiled at her.

"If I encounter any problems, could I ask you for help, Big Sis? I might need your help with some things soon. I've been swept into this world's Plot, and things could get very troublesome if I'm not careful."

"No problem, as long as it's not the Slayer, I'll be sure to cover for you! Relax, my little brother!" Nine-Tailed Fox got up, and patted down her short skirt. "Alright, I really gotta go."

"Thanks, Big Sis," said Garen with a smile.

"If you're already calling me your sister, why do you have to be so polite? You look just like me from back then, alone, constantly wary. You poor child..." Nine-Tailed Fox bent over, and touched Garen's face lightly.

"Be careful, only a very select few unnatural powers work here in this world, so if you ever see a gun, just get away from it as soon as you can."

She got up and walked out of the restaurant, swaying her hips elegantly. After greeting a few of the remaining people, she left for real.

Garen got up as well, bidding Panpan goodbye.

"Wait a sec, Ah Xue left this for you." Panpan handed him a small item, it was a round silver button.

"What's this?" Garen turned it over in his hands, confused.

"It's a Lighthouse communication device, using the latest projection technology, it can connect directly to Lighthouse's main server. You can accept Quests to earn Contribution Points there, or you could upload Quests to hire powerhouse, or you could even use it to buy items. You keep it yourself, it can only be used after verifying our unique soul attribute. Others would only think it's a regular button," Panpan explained.

"Got it. Thanks." Garen nodded. He recalled that Kong Xinxue had left in a huff earlier, but to think she had still remembered to arrange all this for him. In his heart, his impression of her improved somewhat.

Leaving the restaurant gathering, Garen soon reached home, and greeted Kong Yuan in a hurry. Kong Xinxue had already fallen asleep.

After Garen quickly cleaned up and brushed his teeth on his own, he entered his own room, and started to investigate that Lighthouse communication device.

Turning on the table lamp with a smack, he adjusted its brightness, and then Garen pressed down lightly on the silver button.

Psst...

A silver light flashed across the surface of the button.

‘Soul Verification complete, system activation conditions met.’ A melodious female voice spoke in Garen’s head. The words were not spoken in any language, but seemed instead to be converted straight into brainwaves.

Chapter 1170: Curtains Rising 2

Curtains Rising 2

‘System verified as first-time activation, please input username vocally, and the system will automatically encrypt your soul attribute as the password, no manual settings required.’

“That’s some high-tech stuff!” Garen clicked his tongue appreciatively. Of all the many civilizations that he had experienced, the Mech World was the most technologically advanced. But this thing before him left that world in the dust. Evidently, there would always be something out there that was better.

“For the username, let’s go with Greatsaber,” said Garen offhandedly.

‘Username confirmed, Greatsaber is already taken, please re-enter a username.’

“It’s already taken...” Garen touched his chin. “Then use Scarlet Snow.”

‘Scarlet Snow is already taken, please re-enter.’

“Scarlet Snow Greatsaber!”

‘Sorry, this username is taken...’

“Blood Splatter Greatsaber!”

‘Sorry, this username is taken...’

“Saber King!”

‘Sorry, this username is taken...’

“Saber God!”

‘Sorry, this username is taken...’

“Saber Saint!” Garen was getting exasperated.

‘Sorry, this username is taken...’

“Saber’s all taken, then use Sword!”

“Saber’s All Taken, this username is available.”

“...”

Garen was beginning to doubt this system.

‘Confirm username, ‘Saber’s All Taken’?’

“Confirm.” He could not be bothered to waste more time on this.

Whoosh.

The silver button in front of him immediately projected a pyramidal 3D image.

The white image spun once, slowly, and a black lighthouse logo appeared in the middle of it.

‘Welcome to the Lighthouse System’

A row of words appeared in the very middle of the image, and they were actually written in the local language.

Immediately after that, a white screen that looked like a forum popped up.

It began with Trading Zone on the very top, followed by Quest Zone, Information Zone, and finally News Zone at the bottom. Four in total.

At the bottom right corner, by his personal account, there was an indicator stating his Contribution Points: 0.

Garen immediately pressed Quest Zone, and found two more options inside, Accept Quest or Submit Quest. He pressed Accept Quest, and was instantly hit by a barrage of information.

‘Forming a team to farm Little Hell Demons, price negotiable.’

‘Sunrise Celestial Technique World: Middle-ranking disciple from the Celestial Sect urgently requires Ultimate Yin ingredient in order to create an instrument, those in possession of any please mmm...’

“A regular martial artist from the Martial Arts World is hiring powerhouses to challenge dojos, the fee is one hundred points a day.’

“High altitude exploration quest: ruins discovered in this world, looking for someone to undo magical formation, price negotiable.’

...

Garen was a little overwhelmed by the long list of various quests, it looked like there were all sorts of quests from all sorts of worlds.

At the bottom, there were even quests asking for someone to bake a cake, ferment some wine, or plant something. There really was something for everyone.

He pressed one, and saw that it also contained the world’s weakening degree.

Garen tapped the explanation, and instantly understood.

“Meaning this is how much each world reduces the visiting Transmigrator’s powers? Minus one means you’ll be one level weaker, minus two means two levels.”

He quickly entered the Four Cornerstones World into the search bar, but it came up with no results. He did, however, see the information of this world in the user bar.

'Weakening degree of current world: -12 (all levels reduced by 12 levels, minimum level Mortal, Level Zero.)'

"...Tsk-tsk, twelve levels, no wonder it's so crazy here, such an oppression is just downright nuts." Garen bet that Kong Xinxue and crew's wish to hire a powerhouse would go up in smoke, what kind of a powerhouse could withstand that twelve-level reduction and still manage to fight that so-called indestructible Slayer?

Even the six-thousand-year-old faerie, Nine-Tailed Fox, had been weakened so far as to become a regular person, what was more anyone else.

Garen did not consider himself in the equation, because people from the Ancient Endor Mother Stream System had to discard their previous powers and leave with only their souls, so they were forced to start over from scratch every time. That was completely normal to him.

But it was different for the other power systems.

Closing the Quest tab, he pressed the News tab next.

'Demon World Information Exchange', 'Xianxia 1 World Information Exchange', 'Martial Arts World Information Exchange', 'Wilderness World Information Exchange', 'Latest Updates on World Changes'

'Encyclopedia of Forbidden and Dangerous Areas'.

There was a ton of information along those lines, all crammed in there.

Garen just browsed through them briefly.

There was also a page for asking questions and requesting help in the News tab.

Garen pressed it, and found a chatroom space. There were people chatting in there, but they seemed to be reaching the end of their conversation.

“Thanks for your help, Silly Bear, I feel a lot better now. No matter how hard the going gets, I’m still a Transmigrator, so I gotta still make something of myself!” — typed the user called Carlos.

“Just try your best! Good luck!” — Silly Bear replied encouragingly.

“Help requested: I’ve been reincarnated as a sprig of grass in the middle of the road, and now I get run over every day, what do I do?” — Lil’ Grass.

“...” — Silly Bear.

“You get used to it once you get run over enough times... My condolences.” — Flying Divine Wings.

“Help requested: My mom was killed! My dad’s still outstation, I have a hoe and two water buckets, and I plan to fight them to the death, anyone got any good suggestions?” — Whole Family Died.

“...Do you know martial arts?” — Silly Bear

“No, I just possessed this idiot kid’s body this morning, and in the afternoon...” — Whole Family Died.

“...It’s a low martial arts world, huh... It’s okay, it’ll just hurt for a while. As long as your soul is unharmed...” — Gothra Number 1.

“.....” — Whole Family Died.

“Excuse me, anyone here knows how to make beans sprout?” — Beanie.

“You wanna grow bean sprouts?” — Silly Bear.

“Nah, I just accepted a quest, it’s a compulsory advancement quest from the academy’s teacher, every one of us has to germinate a hundred buckets of bean sprouts within twenty days... The teacher said that if a Sorcerer can’t even make bean sprouts, they might as well go die!” — Beanie.

“What the heck does bean sprouting have to do with sorcerers!” — Silly Bear.

“Yours sure is weird...” — Apollo.

“No one would come here asking if it was a regular quest that wasn’t weird... C’mon, help me out, I’m dying here!” — Beanie.

Garen laughed as he read, compared to these tragic Transmigrators, he suddenly felt that his own adventures were perfectly great. His mood was a lot lighter, and more importantly, he no longer felt as though he was always the only one fighting, the only one moving forward. This sort of feeling gave him a true sense of belonging, and of acknowledgment.

Soon enough, another question popped up.

“Help requested: I have Human-Level martial power, how do I defeat a Fire Demon unharmed?” — Snow Mountain

“Who do you think you are, Ximen Chuixue 2 !? If I can do it unharmed, why would I still be here? The heart core of a Fire Demon is worth two hundred Contribution Points per pop, why wouldn’t I be out there earning it for myself?” — Kadaj

“My wife cheated on me, my brothers teamed up to summon a Fire Demon to off me, and they’re supported by the High-Speed Life Halo and Holy Prayer Light up there that my parents just cast. C’mon, guys, help me.” — Snow Mountain

“...Just how bad do you have it, your wife brothers and parents are all working together to get you!” — Kadaj

“I can’t help it, issa long story.” — Snow Mountain

“Hire someone.” — Silly Bear

“Excuse me, do I add soy sauce when frying tomatoes?” — Cooking God.

“...” — Kadaj

“...” — Snow Mountain

Garen laughed as he continued reading, constantly refreshing the chat history and the help requests since he had nothing better to do.

Since he found out about Lighthouse, Garen’s mood has been getting even lighter. Whenever he had free time, he would constantly go through the news, information, and quests on the forums. Most of the quests required leaving this world and heading to another, and the transmigration process costs a fee in Contribution Points. The points needed to enter different worlds varied as well.

So now he still did not have points to let him transmigrate to other worlds, and besides, this world might still have that Soul Energy he was interested in. That was why he had no plans to leave for now.

But even so, he had managed to drastically widen his horizons.

He also knew now that other than the Mother Stream System, there were actually so many more different systems. Each of these systems started from the basics and moved on to the higher level studies, but of course they all required uniform Contribution Points.

Garen also set up a martial arts teaching course there, in which he explained some basic and common tips for martial arts. It was very useful for some rookie Transmigrators.

And before he knew it, his physical fitness had increased as well. The nourishment of the Soul Energy and the way his Saber Art trained his internal organs meant that he was soon at this body's current limit. Plus, his Soul Limit had long since been increased to an average of fifty thanks to his Soul Seed, so even after he achieved the physical limits of the human body in this world, Garen's physical fitness did not stop increasing. Instead, it continued to surge upward.

The days passed one by one, and Garen felt unprecedentedly fascinated and relaxed. His nerves, pulled taut over the past few worlds, also began to loosen up somewhat.

In these days of meaningless rest and relaxation, he also discovered, to his surprise, that the rate of his Soul Energy production was slowly starting to increase. The Soul Energy in his Soul Ring increased in speed and volume. It was clearly a result of the holistic work-play, yin-yang balance he had achieved.

And before he knew it, the thing that those Transmigrators called the Plot of this world, that which Garen had once called the fate of the general trend, finally started to move again.

In a small, dark alley in Lily of the Valley.

Silver Chain wore a black coat, a mask, and a cap, hiding his face completely as he sat beside the trash cans all alone.

The cries of the wild cats and dogs rose and fell in the night, and only a few passersby walked past the entrance of the alley in the distance. Other than that, there were no other noises.

These were Lily of the Valley's slum areas, and almost no one dared to just wander around the streets at night, because these streets were far from safe.

"Silver Chain." A tall and slender blue-haired woman abruptly appeared at the alley entrance, staring coldly at Silver Chain, who was sitting on the floor.

Her hair was tied into a tall ponytail, her long hair tied into a bunch that cascaded down the back of her head. She wore blue pearl earrings, her long and narrow blue eyes giving off a contemptuous, arrogant air.

Tap.

The woman took one step forward. She wore a skintight, dark blue pants-suit, her tall black heels stepping down hard on the cement floor, clicking loudly.

"It's you..." Silver Chain's voice was hoarse, as he tilted his head to glance at the newcomer.

"You disobeyed my orders," said the woman coldly. "You even killed the person sent to watch and warn you, so surely you must know what the consequences will be."

"You wanna kill me?" Silver Chain stood up without a single hint of emotion. "I've been modified, do you really think you can still beat me?!"

"Of course, I won't be the only one." The woman's smile was ice-cold.

Tap... tap... tap...

More footsteps came from behind Silver Chain.

He turned around, but he saw who had arrived, his pupils dilated abruptly.