

Mystical 121

Chapter 121: Assassination 3

Garen was slightly stunned, and suddenly felt a strange sense of uneasiness. The sentence reminded him of the life he used to live on Earth.

The gloomy Momentum around him gradually dispersed too because he was distracted.

He straightened himself up and looked down at the boy in front of him.

"Why not find someone else? Why did you specifically find me?"

The boy finally started to relax after the Momentum dispersed, and he stopped trembling. He looked up at Garen.

"Because I feel you're...the most powerful!"

Garen's mood inexplicably lifted.

"You have a good willpower," he deliberated, "if you can pass my test, I'll consider accepting you."

He raised his right arm and swung it backwards.

Chrrrh!

The sound of cloth being torn could be heard.

"Do this action a thousand times every day, use all your might. Seven days later, if you think you've achieved it, come to this address." He whispered the address of Su Lin's manor.

The boy saw it only once; the action was fairly simple. It was mainly about perseverance.

In actuality, Garen just set a random test. He took a last look at the dazed boy.

He was mumbling the address repeatedly while starting to practice the action he had just learnt.

Soon, Su Lin walked out of the shop. He looked at Garen confusedly, and then looked at the dazed boy.

"Come on, let's head back."

Garen didn't bother to explain either; he just followed him and walked out of the alley.

That action was a simple use of the Swinging Form. If the boy could really stick to it, one week later his right arm would swell and itch due to a congestion of blood, and the joints in his arm would be damaged.

This would depend on whether he was obedient enough to practice this action with all his might.

Because this action wasn't beneficial to him in any way and was merely part of the test, when the time comes, if the injury to his arm wasn't serious, it would prove that he didn't do as instructed.

Of course, if it was indeed as Garen expected, he would treat his arm and temporarily receive him as a disciple.

Without further delays, Garen and Su Lin took the car directly back to the estate.

The subtle sound of tea being poured into a white jade cup could be heard.

Magenta flower petals would pour out with the tea from time to time, emitting the fragrance of clivias. Underscored by pure flawless white jade, the magenta seemed unusually pure.

"Please, have some tea."

A purple-haired girl put the teapot down and gestured at the piping hot tea.

"Thank you."

Garen and Su Lin were sitting side by side on a bench. The purple-haired girl sitting across from them was Su Lin's sister, Aris.

The girl inherited the good genes of Su Lin's family. She was pretty, and had a serene and vintage aura about her.

Her long purple hair was combed into bangs towards the right, and tied into a ponytail at the back. It was neatly done up, without a single frizz in sight. She wore a black dress with purple motifs on it. Her figure was slender and proportionate; sitting in the chair with her legs together and angled sideways, she was a typical aristocratic young lady.

When she raised her teacup to drink, her actions were delicate: she merely took a sip as the teacup touched her lips.

"I'm truly surprised that my brother has such a proper friend like you, Mr Garen," Aris said with a smile.

"Uhh..." Garen didn't know how to reply. It was obvious that in his sister's impression, Su Lin was extremely shallow.

Su Lin sitting by the side could only smile awkwardly.

"You don't have to mind." Aris smiled. "Alright Su Lin, I'm assuming this visit isn't just to introduce me to Mr Garen?"

"Of course not..." Su Lin chuckled. "It's mainly to see how you've been. After not seeing you for such a long time, even I would miss my beautiful sister."

"Don't go out and about for no good reason," Aris said in a hushed tone. "Settle yourself at home for the time being."

"Actually..." Su Lin paused, "haven't you always wanted to learn authentic combat martial arts? Garen is the martial arts coach I've hired for you."

"Martial arts coach?" Aris was slightly surprised. "You've hired a... At this time...?" She seemed to have figured something out, but stopped short of saying anything, and started to scrutinize Garen.

But when Garen wasn't applying the Body Hardening Technique, his body merely seemed well-built, and wouldn't exhibit any distinctiveness. He had long curbed his Momentum; this would help conceal it from Duskdune Shura in their encounter.

Aris was an ordinary person who had never trained in martial arts before, so she couldn't tell.

She frowned, but didn't reject.

"Mr Garen, where do you work?"

"Oh it's nowhere special. I'm just a trainer at a dojo in a small town," Garen replied casually.

Su Lin sitting to a side cut in by replying, "Garen is a good friend of mine, someone I really trust. I would worry if anyone other than him were to be your coach!"

Aris wanted to decline, but Su Lin's burst of interruption and debate made it seem as though she would be disowning him as a brother if she didn't accept Garen as her coach; the consequences were severe.

All she could do was agree to let Garen teach her martial arts.

Garen observed from the side. He felt that the relationship between this pair of siblings was reversed. Aris was playing the role of an elder sister instead: she was mature, courteous and graceful. She handled things decisively without drawing it out.

Su Lin disappeared after he left Garen with his sister, probably out fooling off.

Garen and Aris were left sitting face-to-face in the tearoom. A maid refilled their tea for them.

"So... Master Garen, I'm over 18 this year. To start training in marital arts at such an age, would there be any problems?" Aris began asking the most basic questions.

She truly took Garen as her martial arts coach. In their casual conversation, the martial arts knowledge that Garen presented was passable.

"In doing fundamental training, age doesn't matter," Garen replied. "Even though you're starting out late, but you're still young; you still have the potential to develop. Don't worry too much."

"I've always wanted to learn authentic martial arts. Where should I start? To tell you the truth, we have quite a number of dojos locally, but I've been hesitant all along," Aris sighed. "Martial arts can improve physical fitness and exercise the body and mind. My body has always been weak. Please see if you can devise a suitable training plan for me."

"No problem," Garen nodded. "Since I'm your martial arts teacher, this is part of my duty."

"I'll trouble you to do it then. How about a salary of 5000 dollars per week?"

"That's very high."

Garen understood that to mean he was not welcome, so he stood up, bid her goodbye and left the room under the directions of the maid.

Aris lifted her teacup and blew at the rising vapor. She glanced at the motifs etched on the side of the table.

"Colonel Moen, is there news on Duskdune Shura? What made you come over personally?"

In a dark corner of the room, a military officer in black appeared from behind a bookshelf. The faint sound of a trapdoor automatically closing came from behind him.

"Duskdune Shura has made a move. The latest information from the intelligence bureau is that he's sent 20 men, split into two groups, directly headed to the estate. It's unknown what method he's employing. Our men failed to trace their whereabouts." A silver scythe hung from the military officer's waist: it was long, with the breadth of a longsword, and there was no sheath. This lent a cold and piercing air to him.

"How soon are they expected to arrive?" Aris rubbed her temples to ease her headache.

"Within this week," Officer Moen replied in a hushed tone.

"So father has sent you to protect me for the week?"

"Yes." Moen nodded.

"And about father and brother..."

"You needn't worry. There is a separate arrangement for Commander."

Aris nodded.

"As one of the three strongest special agents in the Southern Military, even you have come over. I'm assuming there are sufficiently strong guards protecting my father and brothers?"

"Yes. Colonel Turnery and Colonel Von Eckardt have arrived. Also, the Commissioner, Major General Wellington, is having tea with the Commander," Officer Moen calmly replied.

"Even the Commissioner of the Special Agent Bureau is involved? That's right, father is the Deputy Commissioner. If something were to happen to him, it would be a huge embarrassment."

"What a grand setting... Of the individual military elites within the entire Southern Military, more than half have gathered here." Aris started to relax a little. "It seems that everything is ready. Alright, I'm fine here, you can busy yourself elsewhere."

"Please take care." Moen bent over slightly and gave an elegant bow, then turned around and left silently through the secret passageway.

"Luna."

"Miss?" the only maid in charge of serving tea replied.

"The one I'm worried about most at the estate is my brother, Su Lin. You stay with him for this period. If he wants to go out, stop him and don't let him out."

"Yes, Miss," the maid nodded in agreement.

"I can't believe he still remembers that I like martial arts, and actually hired me a trainer. I merely mentioned it casually back then, but he actually took it to heart." Aris smiled, and her gaze softened.

"Oh yeah. What do you think of that Mr Garen?"

The maid deliberated and said, "He has solid foundational skills, but we are trained in military combat arts, so I am unclear about traditional schools of martial arts. I can only tell that he's not a fraudster."

From his temperament and age, he seems to be a core disciple who has inherited proper training. But Miss, why don't you train in military combat arts with us? These are the practical combat skills actually adapted to fight and kill."

"Traditional martial arts has its advantages. My purpose for training in martial arts is not to fight and kill, it's to condition my body. Even though the practicality of traditional martial arts isn't strong, it's very good for training the body. That is something military combat skills lack. Forget it. You may go down now. Also, have Annie and the others focus on protecting Mr Garen. I'm guessing he's trained in typical traditional martial arts and would perform poorly in actual combat. Make sure you protect him well, it would be bad if something happened to brother's guest."

"Yes, Miss."

One standing and the other sitting, Su Lin and Garen were skipping pebbles by the lake.

"What is the current situation? When we were heading back, I noticed that security has been increased," Garen inquired in a hushed tone.

Su Lin flung a pebble out: it skipped nine times on the surface of the lake. He smiled in satisfaction.

"All my dad's old partners are here. The four most powerful people in the Southern Military; Commissioner of the Special Agent Bureau, Wellington; and the strongest three selected from hundreds of thousands in the military, three special Colonels. It seems that, in order to deal with this trouble, dad has made countless promises."

"The four most powerful people in the Southern Military? How powerful?" Garen was somewhat sensitive towards such claims.

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"I don't know actually. There's no one to compare them to. They are strong for sure, and we probably don't need to do anything this time." Su Lin laughed breezily, "I heard about the Spy Agency when I was very young. The Spy Agency is a special department in the federal government, and its members are all very strong. They're in charge of solving the special cases all around the country."

"Sounds good." Garen nodded, "It's great if the only thing we need to do is watch, also, when will the disgusting old gunman get here?"

"Disgusting old man? You mean Yoda, the Dragon King?" Su Lin was speechless, "He said he'd rather take actions alone. He will be here when he thinks it's necessary."

"I hope he's not just too scared," Garen scorned.

"..." Su Lin had a bitter smile on his face, "Well, I will assign everyone's tasks, you go take care of my sister, and I will stay with Yoda. What do you think?"

"Sure, I am a 'Martial Arts Coach' anyways."

"That was not just a name... I actually wanted you to teach Aris some things." Su Lin shrugged.

"She's too old for that." Garen shook his head, although he was only 17 years old, the Secret Martial Arts made him look like he was more than 20 years old, and he had a mature-looking face.

"Just do whatever you can." Su Lin knew age was the problem, "I'll go check on Yoda. Tomorrow is the deadline marked on the black card, Duskdune Shura had their rules, and they will take actions anytime between the second to the seventh day you receive their black cards."

"Got it."

Garen skipped a stone, and it bounced off the surface for more than ten times. He stood up after watching Su Lin leave the lake and walked into the manor.

"I haven't improved since the meeting..." He felt a bit disappointed.

Garen's progression slowed down after he became a Grandmaster of Combat. Without obtaining new Antiques of Tragedy, he could not increase his attributes and level up his skills.

At the moment, Garen could only practice the low-level Secret Martial Arts he acquired a while ago.

Th Firestream Fist and the Dark Iron Palm, he could probably increase the levels of those two Secret Martial Arts. However, the accumulation of venom for the Dark Iron Palm was way too slow. Garen raised his hands and looked at his palms.

Unlike the other parts of his body, his hands looked a bit dark.

Garen looked at his skill bar, "Dark Iron Palm: Entry level not reached."

He had no idea how much venom he needed in order to reach the entry level, based on the normal training duration of low-level Secret Martial Arts, Garen knew it was going to be hard.

The Firestream Fist was also about the hands, and its progression was slower than Dark Iron Palm. Garen had not yet reached the entry level of Firestream Fist as well, and he really could not tell the difference between now and when he just started.

He was a bit nervous, but he calmed down quickly. Garen needed to stay calm to reach his full potential.

"I can't increase my attributes, and the low-level Secret Martial Arts are not progressing well... Should I go to other sects to collect some Secret Martial Arts that are easier to learn?" Garen scrunched his eyebrows.

After the battle with Andrela, Garen knew he had already reached his limit, and he needed some special methods to help him reach the next level. His plan was to collect low-level Secret Martial Arts from different sets, but he knew Su Lin's matter was urgent, and he needed to help Su Lin first.

Garen thought he could at least level up the Firestream Fist and Dark Iron Palm but, although he spent a long time on them, nothing happened. He started to think the problems were on the Secret Martial Arts themselves because he had already done everything he could.

"Maybe I need special talents to level up those Secret Martial Arts?"

He closed his eyes and stared at the skill bar. There were no special signs behind Firestream Fist and Dark Iron Palm.

"If that's not the reason, then there must be missing pages of Secret Martial Arts I obtained, and the books in the Dojo are not complete. There must be some key requirements for those two Secret Martial Arts, just like the Explosive Fist Arts and White Cloud Secret Arts, I needed to consume the Body Quenching Pill which was not written in the book. Such requirements are probably passed on by word of mouth." Garen recalled how fast he had learned Boulder Martial Arts and Iron Body, he was sure the Body Quenching Pill helped him a lot.

"I need to find the missing pages quickly, those low-level Secret Martial Arts can be found everywhere. I need to visit other sects after the things here are done."

About the sects that were holding Secret Martial Arts, Garen remembered the new organization founded not so long ago, Southern Sky Holy Fist Gate, and he was one of the three Divine Marshals there.

"I'm a member of it, and I think it'll be fine if I want to check the normal Secret Martial Arts stored there. The Southern Sky Holy Fist Gate was the combination of many different sects, it must have something valuable in its library."

Garen suddenly had the urge to go to the Southern Sky Holy Fist Gate.

"Also, White Bird Holy Fist Palosa is there, and I want to see how strong his legendary Fist Arts really are!"

The Holy Fist!

His Fist Arts were remarkably strong that people considered him as a saint.

If it was called Holy Fist, it must be much stronger than average Secret Martial Arts.

White Bird Holy Fist was one of the top Fist Arts Masters in this era, and Garen felt excited that he had the chance to actually meet Palosa in person.

"After this is done, I will head to Southern Sky Holy Fist Gate!" Garen made up his mind.

For the next several days, Garen trained with Su Lin's Sister Aris every morning and taught her some basic training techniques. Those techniques were developed by the elders, and they could be applied to almost anyone.

Those techniques were the foundations in the Mammoth Gate, people would not be able to practice them properly without being coached by someone from the gate, and they were mostly used for exercises.

Every single action mentioned in the techniques were important, and Aris needed to meet the standards of those actions. The techniques could help Aris strengthen her body and avoid injuries during the training.

Garen was coaching her and made a special plan for Aris. He considered how much exercise Aris could do per day, and how strong her body was at its current state.

Garen decided what she ate every day, and he also crafted the medicine used to treat general injuries for her. Also, Garen was trying to apply mild venoms on his palms in order to level up Dark Iron Palm, he used things like poisonous insects and plants. However, nothing worked.

Garen was sure the Secret Martial Arts he obtained had missing pages, and he needed something else to help him meet the requirements.

He also practiced Firestream Fist every day based on the standard techniques, he knew he was progressing, but it was so slow that he might as well ignore it.

Garen thought it would take him years to reach the entry level at this rate, and it seemed Firestream Fist also had some special requirements for him to be able to speed up the process.

Five days passed, and he did nothing besides coaching Aris.

Finally, Su Lin sent Garen a message on the last day of the deadline.

On top of a hill not so far from the manor.

A middle-aged man dressed like a noble stepped on the leaves that dropped from the trees, he was surveying the manor and the lake.

The man's blonde hair was a bit dark, and it spread out over his shoulders. His pupils were pink and beautiful, and they were almost glowing under the sunlight

The man had a black whip rolled up in his hand. He looked like a nobleman that was about to go hunting.

"This is Crohn's manor?"

"Yes." A man with mask appeared behind the tree on the right. He was wearing green, making him hard to be detected in such environment.

"Crohn and Belfatalia are two of the top commanders in the south, and they are both Lieutenant Generals. I think they already know we are here because there are people from the Spy Agency currently in the manor."

"That Spy Agency?" the man in green wondered. "How much did they spend on this? I heard about the infamous federal agency a long time ago, and I never expected to actually see them in person. Is Director Wellington here too?"

"Yea."

"Let's wait for everyone to arrive then. All of our member are here this time. Whatever, I am not the one giving orders now, and I will let Duskdune Shura worry about all this," the man said in a light tone.

"Wellington..." another deep voice came from behind.

"The last time I saw him was 30 years ago." A man in a black cloak appeared from the shadows.

"You are here? Duskdune Shura. What's the plan?" the man with pink pupils leaned to the side and asked.

"Nothing special. We go in, take out the target, and leave," Duskdune Shura spoke in a light tone.

"Are you kidding me?"

"I will do it myself this time."

The man with pink pupil hesitated, he wanted to say something, but he decided not to.

"Let's wait for everyone before going in. Crohn ignored my offer, and that's what he will get." Duskdune Shura stared at the manor down the hill.

"Actually... I have a question," the man with pink pupil said. "Is it really worth it? You need all of us to join this mission just for the thing you talked about?"

"You don't understand. I will explain after everything is done," Duskdune Shura responded.

The man stared at Duskdune Shura, and the atmosphere got heavy. He spoke again after a while.

"Fine. I hope you have a good reason for this."

"I will do whatever you tell me to do. That's what I promised," a cold female voice came from the top of the tree.

A lady with green hair was sitting on the branch, she was wearing a white eyepatch, and her other eye was open.

"You won't be disappointed," Duskdune Shura muttered, "let's move."

He started to head down the hill.

The man with pink pupils followed him in the back, and many green shadows were moving from both sides of the bushes, but they barely made any noises.

"Golden Sword Throne... Duskdune Shura, I hope you don't lose yourself," the lady on the tree mumbled.

Chapter 123: Heated Battle 1

Inside the manor.

Su Lin stood by the window and crossed his arms, he was looking outside.

"They are here. They didn't even disguise themselves!" His eyes were filled up with excitement and expectations.

"Show me what you got, the former Royal Generals of Southern Sky Holy Fist Gate..."

As a Martial Artist, he wanted to observe and pursue higher-level skills.

Inside the changeroom.

Garen was putting on the tight black coat, but he suddenly stopped.

"The enemies are already here, and you are still wandering around?" he turned back and spoke in a cold tone.

"You should worry more about yourself and don't get killed by the former Royal Generals!" Yoda, the Eight-arm Dragon King, sneered and walked out of the shadow. There were eight heavy sniper rifles on his back, they looked like peafowl tails, and it was almost like there were wings on his back. People would feel scared just by looking at the man.

"I hope you know more than just talking." Garen put on his clothes, turned back, and left the room.

"Same to you!" Yoda stopped saying anything. He turned around and disappeared into the shadows again.

Garen closed the door slowly and walked toward the exit of the hallway quickly.

About several hundred meters away from the manor.

Under the sunlight, leaves were dropping down the tree.

Suddenly, several black projectiles were thrown toward the manor.

BAM BAM

After the gunshots, those black projectiles exploded and turned into fireballs.

At the same time, the guards hiding inside the manor were hit, they groaned and fell to the ground. Fresh bullet entry wounds decorated their foreheads.

WUUUUUU

The alarm was triggered right away.

BOOM

The gate of the manor was blown away by a fireball, the flame dropped to the guards behind it like liquid, and they started burning.

Those human torches groaned and struggled before falling to the ground.

Three black shadows flashed into the manor as the gate opened, they looked like three black strings.

BAM

One of the black shadows opened fire and multiple shots were fired within a second.

Snipers on the roofs were hit all at the same time and were all taken out.

Machine gunners started firing as well, but they were all dealt with after the first rounds were finished, and the only thing they actually did was making mud splashes.

Two teams of soldiers appeared on both sides of the building and were rolling to dodge the projectiles, but their foreheads were hit halfway and they died instantly.

Three black shadows stood in the middle of the manor's lawn. They were all wearing black cloaks. From head to toe including their faces, they were covered in black.

Dozens of soldiers followed them into the manor. They all had submachine guns in their hands, wearing green suits and masks. Those soldiers started trading shots with the guards inside the manor quickly.

"Proceed as planned," the first black cloak said in a hoarse voice.

"They are hiding at different positions, and they are far away from each other. Many guards are protecting them. I am not sure what they are planning, what should we do?" another black cloak said in a low voice. There was a lot of gun firing going, but they could still hear each other's voices.

"They are trying to hit us from multiple angles maybe. If they want to play hide-and-seek, we can do it as well. Let's separate from here," the leading black cloak said. "They were trying to distract us with the guards and exhaust us. They've probably already regroup. We need to move before more guards show up."

"Don't worry. The manor is huge. At this rate, it will take them several minutes until they can meet up with each other, and that's more than enough time for us," the last black cloak was a woman, and she said the words in a cold tone.

"Move! Fire the signal after you find the target!"

They moved toward three different directions before the final word left his mouth. Right after they left, a black grenade dropped to their wherever they just were and exploded.

Inside a stone house beside the river.

Su Lin's sister Aris was drinking flower tea with Garen beside a table.

One side of the stone house was open, and dock stairs were built beside it. Waves were hitting the white stone stairs occasionally, sweeping some green water plants to the shore.

Rays of sunlight hit the surface of the lake and reflected back onto their faces. The lake glinted in the sun, and it was glaring.

"I love afternoons, so relaxing..." Aris lied down on the wicker chair, her beautiful hair spread out on the white pillow, and there was a lazy but sexy expression on her face.

She used her slim fingers to block the reflected sunlight, "I want to take a nap..." her voice lowered down.

"Well, no more than half an hour. If you really want to sleep, I can wake you up when it's time." Garen sat on the side, sipping a cup of red flower tea. "We began the training several days ago, and you already got tired. Now I know why you can't even reach the entry level."

He looked at Aris, "You need the perseverance to practice Martial Arts, without that, it will be hard for you to get the hang of it."

"But I want to sleep..." Aris got familiar with Garen, and she was not acting like a gentle girl anymore, she always had a lazy but sexy look on her face.

"Ladies always need more sleep!"

She turned to the side and stared at Garen in curiosity.

"Master Garen, are you looking for a girlfriend now?"

"Nope." Garen shrugged, "Don't try to change the topic."

"But I'm really tired..." Aris started acting like a spoiled child, "I need to take care of my skin, comb my hair, read books, and work every day. I need to make sure I have enough sleep so my skin will stay elastic."

"But if you—"

BOOM

Garen's words were interrupted by an explosion, and he heard the alarm right after.

He looked at the direction of the manor in shock.

"Don't worry. They are probably doing the military exercises again." Aris laughed nonchalantly, but the laziness in her eyes was replaced by some sharpness.

She stood up, left the chair and looked at the direction of the manor. Aris had a glance at a pattern on the stone house's right side corner, and the pattern rotated by itself without making any noise.

He finally came... Duskdune Shura.

Aris slowly combed the hair to the side of her face with her fingers and tied it up. Although there was a smile on her face, her eyes were not laughing at all.

"Master Garen, let's move. If we don't go to the special soundproof room, the military exercise will bother us. It's usually very noisy."

"I'm fine with that." Garen stood up.

Poof

A strange light sound came from outside the door.

The pattern at the corner rotated again, and Aris stopped moving after seeing the change.

"That's was fast!" Her pupils contracted a bit. The rotation of the pattern meant the enemies were already here, and Colonel Moen, the one in charge of her safety, was already fighting them.

Also, it meant that the enemies had already surrounded them, and Colonel Moen wanted Aris to stay in the house and wait for further updates.

The original plan they had was meeting up in a certain location after the alarm was triggered. They were not so far from each other, and it would take them several minutes to reach the place.

However, the enemies were fast, and they were already here before Aris could move.

"Actually, I'm still tired. Let's sit down and have some more rest." Aris smiled and sat down slowly.

Garen sat down as well, he narrowed his eyes and knew something was wrong.

CHI

Colonel Moen slowly returned the spiked chain back to his hands.

The end of the chain was pinned to a green masked man's throat, stained with blood dripping down. The chain shivered and returned to his hands like a silver snake.

After the chain had returned to his hands, he glanced around.

There were more than ten dead bodies of the green masked soldiers lying on the ground beside the lake, their heads, throats, or hearts were impaled by the chain.

Blood was all over the ground, and the yellow shore almost turned red.

"Sir!" two soldiers in brown suits ran to Moen and saluted him, "All enemies have been eliminated! What are your orders?"

"Good," Moen looked at them, "How's the situation in the manor?"

"Everything is proceeding as planned," the soldiers answered immediately.

Moen was going to say something else, but his expression suddenly changed and rolled to the left.

BAM BAM

The two soldiers fell to the ground after getting shot in the heart.

Moen fired two times without looking, he then quickly rolled again and stood up.

The enemy was right behind him after dodging the bullets. The enemy changed his position as Moen stood up, and he managed to stay behind Moen the whole time.

Moen turned around again and fired four times with the white pistol in his hand, he was aiming at all the possible angles the enemy could hide.

He quickly backed off after firing his pistol and dodged two bullets from the enemy.

"Silenced pistol? There is more than one enemy here!"

He kicked some sand into the air and threw out a black grenade sneakily.

He jumped forward and started rolling again.

BOOM

The grenade exploded behind him, sand on the shore was blown into the air and dropped down like rain.

Moen quickly got up and threw his chain toward the front.

Clank

The thorns on the chain were blocked, wrapped on the silencer of the black pistol.

In front of Moen, there were two twin girls that looked exactly the same. Their eyes, hair, and tight suits were all green, and they both had beautiful faces.

"How did you manage to stay alive?" one of the twin girls said in a deep tone.

"Don't worry. Let me deal with him, and I'll let him know, me, Master Sayman, is the No.1 in the green team!"

A tall man in green cloak approached Moen from the side.

"The Royal Generals will know how brave I am." The man named Sayman had a strange expression on his face, and it seemed like he was expecting something.

Moen backed off and returned the chain to his hands.

He had a serious look on his face and waved his hand.

Teams of soldiers in brown walked out of the bushes, they all had gun in their hands, and there were about a hundred of them here.

They surrounded the twin and the man in the middle.

"Kill them all!" Moen ordered.

He quickly moved backward and stood behind the soldiers.

Chapter 124: Heated Battle 2

In the middle of the manor.

Dadadada!!!

Multiple machine guns furiously fired out a frightening rain of bullets.

The deafening sound of gunfire in the manor made everyone's eardrums ache painfully.

In the center, there was a two-story mansion.

Su Lin's father, General Crohn, stood side by side with a blue-bearded bald man on the second floor in a room with French windows. They quietly surveyed the scattered battlefield.

Both of them were dressed in black army general uniforms. They stood straight with their hands clasped behind their backs. Two calm, beautiful assistant officers stood behind them.

"This is not looking too good," Crohn said in an undertone as he looked over at the blue-bearded man.
"Descon, perhaps we have to do it by ourselves."

"If the two leaders must personally take care of this, then it would already be a negligence of duty on their part." The blue-bearded Descon was emotionless. "Duskdune Shura, renowned as one of the top three assassination organizations. If they were to die facing these assassins, it would be a blessing for the Confederation."

"You are this confident in your subordinates? I heard that after I left, you managed to scout some new talents?"

"Not through scouting, it was through courting. You know that the guys at the special agent bureau joined because they had too much bad history with the state. Talented people without a bad record would never join." Descon explained, "The new recruit is an infamous, wanted outlaw from the Seluja Confederation, which makes this a good opportunity to test his skill. As the strongest assassination organization in the Stonecliff Continent, Duskdune Shura have already been encountered multiple times. It would be a good opportunity to gauge their strength."

"That's a good point," Crohn nodded, "but I am still worried about my son and daughter. Even though I sent some help there, I don't know if the help will arrive in time." A glimpse of worry flashed across his face. "Duskdune Shura's speed is remarkable."

"They'll have to face this eventually as it is their adventure as well. Without hardships, there would be no growth. As parents, the only thing you can really do is worry," the blue-bearded man exclaimed as he stroked his beard.

"All of your children are accomplished, but it is a pity. If Canou was still here..." His eyes dimmed down.

"That was an accident. Don't think too much, it's part of what we do." Crohn quickly changed the topic. "Oh right, New Pacific Corporation has recently announced that they conquered a route to the east. I don't know if this is real or not. Do you have any insider information?"

"Hmm... New Pacific have always been accountable to the Blue Parliament, so I can't intervene as part of the Red Parliament. But I have heard from Senator Taniyas that New Pacific did in fact established a relatively new sea route to the ancient east."

"Mhmm. The porcelain from the East, spices, and handicrafts are among the most expensive luxuries. With the establishment of a stable route, New Pacific Corporation would be the center of attention for a long time," Crohn exclaimed. "If it is possible to establish a trade relationship with the giant ancient kingdom on the other side of the sea, it would be immensely helpful to the Confederation!"

"Don't think too much yet and focus on solving the problem at hand." Blue-bearded Descon lowered his voice as he slowly turned around to the direction of the door. "Let's go take a look?"

"Lead the way." Crohn smiled and followed.

Pa... Pa... Pa...

In a dark yellow office in another part of the manor.

Su Lin spun around in a black leather chair as he played around with a silver pistol. The gun's barrel was extremely long and wide, while the metal surface looked brand new and gleamed with a bright, reflective, silver light. The handle of the gun was made of wood and featured an upright roaring brown bear carved on it. The letters "KZ" were engraved on top.

"This pistol is so damn sexy!" Su Lin could not stop playing with the gun.

Yoda, the Eight-Arm Dragon King, sat on a wooden chair beside the table with his legs crossed. He had a long-stemmed bronze pipe in his mouth as he continuously breathed out rings of smoke.

"As long as you like it. This is my specially crafted, upgraded version of the Seline Pistol."

"It uses Denuda bullets with engravings. Among special bullets that use purple explosive, its power is not to be underestimated."

"Purple explosive? Damn! You can even get your hands on these types of prohibited items and you have the audacity to say you live in seclusion!" Su Lin disdainfully glanced at the Dragon King. "With the addition of purple explosive, is this the type of bullet that's used to hunt devil girls as the rumor says?"

"The church has used this type of bullet to hunt down devil girls from what I know, so you could say that. It was different in the past though, so time may have changed a few things." He took a deep drag from his pipe as he jubilantly closed his eyes. "This gun's effective range is 800 meters, so you'll have to make the judgement. Make sure that when you use it, you don't shoot people that are lined up or you will have to bear the consequences when it penetrates multiple people."

"800 meters!!" Su Lin almost dropped the pistol on the carpet. "Are you saying this is a sniper rifle?!"

"No sh*t! If some powerful individuals wore bulletproof vests, the combination would be impossible to penetrate even with a sniper rifle. If I didn't have anything to offer, how could I be called the Eight-Arm Dragon King?!" Yoda answered in slight annoyance. "Be careful of the recoil."

"I already have a terrible feeling about this," Su Lin mumbled.

"The bullets are specially designed and can only be fired five times. Don't waste them as these types of explosive rounds are hard to find. This is a potent weapon designed to fight against powerful individuals."

Su Lin felt the weight of the hefty pistol in his hand as a frightened feeling emerged in his mind.

Bang.

Beside the lake, a red flare exploded in the sky.

Fallen Confederation soldiers in yellow uniforms were scattered across the beach. The blood followed the trail of bodies and gradually drained into the lake. A majority of the lake was already colored red.

The twins in green stood quietly at the river bank. Although both of their arms were slowly bleeding, their eyes were full of defiance.

The man named Sayman tried to catch his breath standing in front of the twins with his gaze locked on the Confederation Colonel Moen.

"Woo... So it is you! Silver Snake Moen! You became a pawn for the Special Agent Bureau! I didn't imagine this!"

Colonel Moen's body was full of bloody cuts that looked like they were inflicted by a dagger like weapon. His yellow uniform had already been stained a red color.

The battle was too fast and was decided in a matter of seconds.

The twins had wielded two guns that, at a glance, looked like assault rifles and fired rapidly. Each bullet was incredibly accurate and wiped out the hundred elite soldiers.

But it was not without repercussions. Both of their arms suffered grievous wounds and they could no longer use weapons.

Moen and Sayman's clash immediately resulted in them using their strongest moves as they wanted to finish the opponent in the shortest time. Unfortunately, because Moen lost focus due to losing his soldiers, he was cut despite being equally skilled compared to Sayman.

"I didn't think it was you either." Moen sneered, "Black Feather Blade Sayman, it's a pity, but you all have to die here."

He already heard the hasty footsteps of additional soldiers coming to his aid.

This place was surrounded by soldiers already.

"I also feel pity. If you had joined Duskdune Shura, you wouldn't have died here." Sayman suddenly squinted his eyes as he smiled.

Moen paused slightly as he wanted to say something.

Suddenly, he felt that someone was standing behind him. Then, he felt a sharp pain in his chest as the world began to spin around him. He flew out and crashed on the beach.

"How is this ... possible!"

Moen did not understand. When his body was spinning in midair, he saw a figure in a black cape standing behind him.

He was a Special Agent Bureau Colonel that could defend against bullets! The keys to guarding against gunfire were strength and acuity in the five senses. Then, to change position and finish the enemy before they could even pull the trigger.

With such powerful senses, Moen only realized his opponent was behind him when the enemy was inches away.

Bang.

Moen's body crashed on the beach as blood began to emerge from his chest. His eyes widened as if he did not understand why. The man in the black cape stood at the same place.

"You all are too slow."

Sayman and the twins did not dare to respond as they lowered their heads.

Rapid footsteps were approaching, but it was not confederation soldiers in yellow. Instead, it was masked killers in green.

Two middle-aged individuals, a man and a woman, led the way while wearing a different uniform, but of the same green color.

"Marshal, we have taken care of the situation," the middle-aged man reported as he came to a standstill. He confusedly looked at Sayman and the twins. "What did you guys get yourself into?"

"We met the Silver Snake from before," Sayman answered in a resigned tone as he pointed at the body not far away. "He is a Colonel of the Special Agent Bureau. If it was not for the Marshal's arrival, we would have been in trouble!"

As they were talking, the black caped man walked to the small stone house.

From the time that the assassins started attacking to Moen's death, it all had happened within half a minute. These rapid actions did not take much time at all.

In the stone house.

Aris sat quietly on a deck chair as her eyes occasionally glanced at the flower pattern on the wall. Just when she had sat down, the sound of gunshots began to reach the room.

She was hesitant about whether she should leave immediately by herself or wait for the Colonel's return.

The secret tunnel could only be opened once before it was locked down. This design was to prevent the enemy from chasing.

Within half a minute, the gunshots died down.

Aris knew that there were hundreds of soldiers hidden outside. Although she heard some screams, the only logical explanation for everything suddenly ceasing was that the enemy must have been

eradicated! Even Duskdune Shura could not resist a force comprised of Colonel Moen along with a hundred soldiers head on right?

She glanced at Garen on the side as he poured another cup of tea.

"Hmm? Is the drill over?" Garen lowered his voice.

"No, not this fast." Aris smiled as she was just about to explain to him.

Suddenly, the stone house's door gradually opened.

A figure in a black cape stood silently in front of the door.

Aris's pupils suddenly contracted as she felt her body freeze. Without thinking, she stomped her right foot as a dresser suddenly opened, exposing the dark underground tunnel passage.

"Go!!" Aris loudly screamed as she jumped into the passage, but she did not hear the sound of Garen following.

"Sorry, no traffic through here."

She heard Garen's calm voice.

Garen slowly stood up as he directly faced the open door with his body blocking the closing passage.

"It is you, Divine Marshal Garen," another voice said in an undertone.

Aris's eyes popped. "Brother Garen." All of a sudden, she realized what her brother, Su Lin, had intended.

The intruder slowly lifted the cape exposing a face with pink pupils.

"Now let me see, Divine Marshal and Royal General, who is the ultimate conqueror!"

Chapter 125: Heated Battle 3

Boom!

In the manor, a black cape suddenly stopped. In front of him, a large amount of flaming debris exploded everywhere. The bright yellow flame removed all the shadow under his cape as a beautiful yet cold female face appeared.

Not far from him, more than ten killers in green were killed in the explosion. A few lucky ones survived, and only their limbs were blown off as they crawled on the ground to escape from the fire.

"Third Royal General Charlotte."

From a hidden window not far away, the Eight-Armed Dragon King locked onto the caped woman as he said in an undertone.

"I can't believe the Duskdune Shura is using this much force. What did your dad get himself into that made them attack with full forces without considering the consequences?" He turned around and looked at Su Lin behind him.

"I don't know, I hope it's not like he killed their family or anything like that." Su Lin shrugged.

"Whatever, the hidden bombs are probably not going to be effective. This guy's instincts are too sharp! Leave first, I'll do it myself." Eight-Armed Dragon King Yoda bit onto his smoke pipe and began to check and load his sniper rifle rounds one by one.

"Are you sure? One person. A Special Agent Colonel is protecting here on the outside, there is no way they get in here that fast." Su Lin looked rather relaxed.

"The scary thing is that she doesn't need to go through the door," Eight-Armed Dragon King said quietly.

Su Lin walked over to see outside when he spotted that Third Royal General Charlotte was gradually taking out two black barrels from under her cape. She slowly assembled them together to create an odd looking gun with a barrel sized of a fist.

"What is that..."

"Damnit." The Eight-Armed Dragon King rapidly lifted up a sniper rifle as he aimed at Charlotte and fired.

Boom!

The black cape in vision suddenly exploded as the upper body shattered into pieces of meat. Only the lower half walked a few steps before falling over.

"That's it?" Su Lin was shocked.

"Still too early!" the Eight-Armed Dragon King sneered. "Let's go! She has already found this place! That's a fake."

He dragged Su Lin and left.

From an underground entrance in the corner at the right side of the room, they ran in before the entrance quickly closed.

Bang!

The door was kicked open as a black cape dragged a Colonel in. She scanned the room before her vision locked onto the entrance at the corner of the room.

Boom!

Another loud noise and flames suddenly erupted and emerged from the closet, table, floor, and the ceiling. Flames burst out from everywhere in the room.

The room turned into a sea of fire.

At the tunnel beside the room, a black cape crossed her arms and leaned against the wall. She looked at the room emerged in flame before quietly walked away.

In the underground tunnel.

"Hello, didn't you say I'd go in alone while you'd stay behind? Why are you running with me!?" Su Lin looked at Dragon King Yoda running in front speechlessly.

"I am running because I am going to help other places." Yoda smiled, "If my guess is correct, that bastard has already entered the death trap. Two fakes already died, even she can't be overzealous now."

Bang!

A depressed explosion echoed from the back as the ground shook.

"Look. She is done." A cheerful smile emerged on Yoda's face.

In the tunnel.

The black cape stood at the same place silently, not making a single move.

The exploded room burned not far behind from her as the sound of wood burning and crackling was occasionally heard.

Tiny droplets of sweat appeared on Charlotte's face. Her beautiful eyes were constantly scanning her surroundings.

"This setup. Only you, Yoda," she mumbled as her body didn't dare to move a single inch.

She knew that if she moved slightly, the hidden bombs would all explode. She didn't know the nature of the mechanisms. Sensor? Time? Pressure? Trap?

But she knew that if she moved a single step, whether to the front or the back, she would immediately trigger the bomb.

No one could undermine Eight-Armed Dragon King Yoda's bomb.

Her eyes focused as she suddenly realized that her body was surrounded by tightened transparent silks.

The silks were tightened like metal wires and filled the room. It was like a silkworm's cocoon as it completely covered her.

She knew that if she touched any wire, it would start a chain of violent explosions.

Countless silks created a human-sized space exactly where she was standing. This was the only place where she could avoid any of the silks.

Splash.

A droplet of sweat fell down on the ground.

"Pity, but you are underestimating me." A hint of arrogance slowly emerged on her beautiful face.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Four sniper rifles simultaneously fired at all four directions.

Yoda had two on his hands, two on his feet. His feet naked as his toes were as agile as his fingers. They freely adjusted the direction of shooting.

Every shot from the four sniper rifles would accurately take away four lives.

Su Lin stood behind him along with a young man in a Colonel uniform who was responsible for protecting Su Lin. The person that had previously died was a fake.

The two stared hysterically at the Eight-Armed Dragon King's performance.

The three stood on top of the three-story building.

Bang Bang Bang... amongst the heavy gunfire, Yoda ecstatically roared.

"Haha! Go die! Die!"

The faint gray smokes filled his surrounding as it gave a bloodthirsty taste.

Suddenly Yoda rolled.

A black dot dropped from the sky.

Peng!

A black spear pinned where he was standing before. The silver tip penetrated deep into the concrete floor.

"I knew I wouldn't get you, Charlotte." Yoda stood up as he moved to the edge of the building calmly.

Bam!

The black hook suddenly appeared from the edge of the building as a person hopped on top.

Black cape, as the head was not covered, a beautiful yet cold face appeared, and one of her eyes was hidden behind a white patch. She retracted the black hook.

"Yoda, I haven't seen you in a while, you are still this sinister. Too bad, I am within twenty meters of you. Should you give up or should I personally end you?"

"Isn't 'sinister' the definition for you?" Yoda sneered. "You should be the one giving up."

His hands shook.

Crack crack crack...

The cracking sound filled the top floor.

The eight sniper rifles on this body simultaneously divided into two arcs as the gun barrels all pointed directly at Charlotte.

"Do you know why I can be called the Dragon King?" He began to laugh.

"That's because no one can beat me when I have eight rifles. Therefore, I am known as Eight-Armed Dragon King!"

Charlotte froze in place without moving a single inch.

She was extremely focused as the eight rifles were all equipped with special explosives and bullets with rapid firing speed.

She had originally thought that Yoda's name was just an exaggeration, but she didn't believe it was like this.

She noticed that Yoda controlled the eight sniper rifles with his special transparent silks.

"Let me see how much strength is left of the original Royal General." Yoda groaned as two barrels combined to fire simultaneously.

Bang!

Garen and One of the Four Royal General separated as both took steps back.

Pieces of clothes and dust from their impacts still scattered in the air.

Within the stone house, Garen finally heard the tunnel closing behind him, and a smile appeared on his face.

Without thinking, he suddenly bumped left as broken stones scattered.

He broke the wall and fell in the water.

Boom!

The stone room exploded in a second and was completely engulfed in fire. The reflection colored the lake into a dark red.

Garen just walked out of the lake before a black shadow dashed at him.

"Double Star!"

Two blue lights shined from the black shadow and flew directly at Garen's chest. It was the light from the reflection of the daggers' tip.

A grimace showed on the Pink Pupil Royal General's face. Both of his arms were fake as two crescent-shaped daggers popped from below. From the blade, it was obvious that it was made through multiple materials combined together.

The two chilling stars fiercely stabbed in Garen's chest.

Bang!

Garen's body leaned upward as the dagger was popped away.

"Slash!"

Pink Pupil Royal General whipped his hands as he released a cloud of gray sands which completely submerged Garen.

He then stepped backward.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Countless amount of bullets fired directly at Garen. These gray sands were explosives and were instantly ignited. The explosion's red flame engulfed Garen.

The shooting lasted for a few seconds before it stopped.

Where Garen stood was completely covered in smoke and nothing was visible.

"Don't play these boring tricks again."

All the sudden, Garen's voice gradually appeared from the smoke, calm and collected.

Pink Pupil Royal General's eyes slightly contracted, and he gazed onto Garen walking out of the smoke.

This strong man's body looked like steel plates with the light black color, his body size seemed to have increased. He slowly walked out of the smoke as his upper body was completely naked. There was not a single sign of injury on his body.

"Impeccable Body Hardening Technique!" Royal General's voice lowered. "Looks like normal weapons are useless against you. Too bad Charlotte is not here."

"Charlotte? Another Royal General?" Garen confusedly asked.

Bang!

Another bullet fiercely hit his right eye. The moment the gun fired, Garen closed his eyes, and his eyelid bounced away the bullet.

"Annoying little bugger."

He waved his right hand.

A killer in green not far away was frightened as he held his neck, a blood hole appearing on his neck.

The entire battleground was silent. A bullet couldn't even penetrate his eyelids!

This terrifying Body Hardening Technique must have reached human's limit?!

Royal General's face twitched as he unknowingly stepped backward.

Garen scanned around.

"Too many buggers... let's clean up the battlefield first."

Before his voice died down, Pink Pupil Royal General suddenly felt a fearsome aura exploding within him.

His face paled as a frightening thought flashed across his mind.

"Lori! Run!" he suddenly used all his energy to scream out.

Boom!

A wave of terrifying aura completely engulfed him in a glimpse.

Chapter 126: Heated Battle 4

Two twin girls heard the scream and unwillingly flipped backward and blended in with the forest. It seemed that something had pulled them into the forest.

Inside the forest, another slender shadow stood. It seemed to be a woman.

The twin girls finally realized what was happening and stared at the fearsome aura by the sandy beach.

The Pink Pupil Royal General was standing there along with the large group of killers in green.

Looking afar, Garen felt the air around him moving in twisted ways. As if something below the ground was howling, there was a horrifying noise of shaking.

Both of his eyes were glowing with the color of blood. It was a premonition.

The twins' bodies started to shake lightly. A deep insane fear was pouring out of their hearts and was trying to take control of their bodies.

"With opponents like this... How is it possible that we win!!??"

Bang bang bang!!

Machine guns, pistols; bullets were crashing against the frightening silhouettes, yet sparks were flying. It was absolutely useless.

Just as they were taking out the grenades, they exploded after being hit by the thin sands Garen threw out. In an instant, blood and human skin went flying. Even Sayman could only try and shield himself from the powerful aura. Tiredly, he only dared to shoot his machine gun from a far distance.

Only the Royal General dared!

He crazily dashed towards the opponent, wrapping himself tightly with faint auras in order to protect himself.

The twins' bodies were starting to shake harder.

"Don't look! This is an illusionary mental stress! It only affects your thoughts. Don't look at him directly!"

A pair of delicate white hands simultaneously covered the two girls' eyes.

Bang!!

Bang!!

Bang!!

Garen stood where he was in silence. He pitifully looked at the Pink Pupil Royal General, who was continuously being bounced back by the counter quake. On the ground, on the sand, the opponent's blood was splashed everywhere. The serious injuries were caused by the counter quake created by the changed Mammoth Secret Technique.

"Time flies," Garen stood there, unmoving. He calmly stared at the Pink Pupil Royal General, who was having difficulties standing up.

"This is your aura?" He watched as his opponent tightened his body. it was only enough to protect one area of his body.

The sound of bullets continuously shooting out of guns started ringing again. Garen's body was flashing with golden sparks. However, nothing could stop his footsteps.

Step by step, he walked toward the Royal General, leaving a trail of fresh footprints. He stood before his opponent.

"Maybe I am too naïve. Time is unkind. No matter how strong someone is, will become weak as time goes on," in reality, he knew very well that his aura became stronger after he fully consolidated his improvements after becoming the Grandmaster of Combat. In other words, he got stronger.

Hu...hu...

The Pink Pupil Royal General breathed heavily.

"It is true that my capability is only half of what it was like during the full blooming stage... If I still had both of hands... I would beat you up so bad your mother wouldn't recognize you!!" he cursed.

"Your power then is only twice the power you have now?" Garen was disappointed.

"Ah!!!"

Instantly, a green shadow appeared behind Garen. With the army knife he had in hand, he tried to pierce through Garen's left ear.

Moo!!!

The horrifying sound of an elephant growling rumbled beside the two people's ears.

Garen's body swelled up crazily and reached two and a half meters high. His muscles knotted together and tightened, just like rows of steel bars.

A giant amount of aura solidified around him and formed into an illusion of a growling white mammoth.

The black army knife froze right beside Garen's left ear.

The blade was shaking.

Blackplume Sayman was shaking uncontrollably.

His eyes were watering and his nose was runny, yet he didn't dare to wipe them off. He held the army knife with both hands and used all his strength to try and pierce through. However, it was as if the knife has been solidified. It stayed motionless.

"M...Move!!" Sayman finally cried out. It appeared that he remembered a similar experience from before. His tears rolled down his cheeks continuously.

Bang!

The blade pierced through.

Garen was astonished. So was the Royal General on the ground.

In the forest not far away, the slender woman was also in shock.

The left-over killers on the battleground also froze in surprise.

"We won?"

Pia!

The army knife fell to the ground weakly. Everyone's heart dropped.

Garen was expressionless. Not a single drop of blood dripped from his ear.

"What a shame."

Single shot!

Chi!

Garen's arm entered through Sayman's chest and exited out the back.

"Jency!!"

At that moment, Pink Pupil Royal General aggressively pushed forward. His auras were seemingly howling like an owl. With two hands holding onto the knife, he swung toward Garen's soft skin around his chin.

Taking advantage of Garen's one split second distracted state, he stabbed. This stab took all of the Royal General's strength. It was the best move he knew that was derived from the Star Fist, incorporating three different sources of strength with each source releasing power at a different time. In the end however, they would all converge at the tip of the blade and release with three times the normal strength.

Rather than saying he stabbed with the knife, it was more like he shot out the knife with two hands, then he used the technique to speed up the knife two times.

The Royal General put his palms together and pushed up the knife toward Garen's chin. Immediately, the sword's handle spat out blue and purple flames. He sped up the knife for a fourth time with another push!!

This stab was like a silver and blue vertical line that flashed across Garen's body, as if it was going to slice Garen into two halves.

"Die!!"

The Royal General, at this very moment, felt like he had reverted back to his most powerful days. This attack was strong enough to have been the best move he had ever made.

The price he paid after one attack, was that he had no more strength left for any more attacks.

"If I can kill this guy then I am okay with it!" looking at the knife blade pricking Garen's skin, his eyes were filled with anticipation.

Dang!

The Royal General's expression turned into desperation.

Garen was looking down on him. His right hand blocked that attack.

"If you used this attack while you were in full bloom stage, I might've been badly wounded. Pity..."

The Royal General opened his lips to say something. Yet no words came out.

He silently sat on the ground. His eyes, ears, nose, and mouth were all seeping with fresh blood. The effects of the counter quake ensured that he no more chance of survival.

"This move was called Jency? Only one move...no wonder you are a late Royal General," Garen extended his index finger and pushed his opponent's forehead lightly.

Puff.

The Royal General collapsed onto the ground and never breathed again.

This move was a little too aggressive. Garen had to block it with his hand. Even with changed Mammoth Secret Technique, he still had areas of weakness. He had no choice but to shield himself with his hand.

When he turned up his right hand, Garen saw the blood flowing out of the center of his palm. He was finally wounded.

The Royal General was already over 50 years old, yet he still had such strong abilities and was able to sustain his youthful look. On top of that, he was able to cause slight damage to Garen.

With these facts in mind, it was no wonder he had the title of a Royal General.

Casually flicking, he threw out a fistful of small rocks. The killers in green reduced in numbers again.

Under the stress and pressure of the aura, these killers were as tiny as ants to Garen.

After killing everyone, Garen slowly dispelled the conditions of being in the third stage and reverted to his original form. He glanced at the forest. People in there had long escaped without leaving any trace.

He walked back to where Pink Pupil Royal General was, and searched his body.

A wallet, a piece of ID that could've been fake, some white napkins, a few black medal cards. Finally, there was also a small notebook.

He hurriedly put everything together and casually flipped through the notebook. On it was pen written notes of training as well as his experiences. Because the battle was still going on in the manor, he didn't have time to look through it carefully. Garen stuffed it into his pocket.

His pants were specially made by Su Lin, who added special protection on them. This was why he didn't have to leave this place butt naked.

Also why he had a useful pocket.

After he took care of the stuff, Garen picked up a random machine gun and jogged toward the manor.

Over there, the sound of gunfights was still ongoing. The battle between the Confederation army and the group of killers was getting more and more intense.

"I wonder how the situation is. I must find Su Lin and them fast."

Bang!!

Yoda shot three guns into the air, aiming at Charlotte, The Third Royal General.

The three bullets each landed on different areas of the body. However, Charlotte's elastic like body twisted and turned, dodging them all. She then landed on a pole on top of a roof.

Charlotte was getting frustrated and tired. She had long thrown away her black cape. Inside she wore a red and bulletproof bodysuit made out of stretchable elastics. The bodysuit blocked the bullets a few times, hence why she was not hurt.

"Not bad!" The Eight-Arm Dragon King, Yoda, said with a smile. With one hand, he smoked his cigarette as his left hand reloaded his gun impatiently.

He had eight guns in total and he shot them in turns. This forced Charlotte to dodge and run tiredly and gave her no opportunity to get close to him. His best move was how he was able to aim all eight guns at once. Though these kind of explosive moves were not sustainable as they came with a period of weakness right after he used the technique.

Charlotte hated that move despite her passion for weapons. It was because Yoda had appeared to be relaxed this whole time, yet he was highly alert. He gave her no window for attack and this made her frustrated. Her guns were different from Yoda's. She chose not to use them but if she did, he would definitely be shot!

The two fell into a stalemate.

Su Li, who was hiding behind the stairs at the entrance, exhaled in relief.

He invited Garen and the Dragon King over to try and stall the strong opponents. The others could be defeated with his father's power. Under this plan, there then were only Duskdune Shura and another Royal General. Their capabilities had thus decreased greatly because of his plan.

"As long as Garen can hold off the first Royal General, then we have a chance at winning," Su Lin calculated in his head.

Duskdune Shura was different than other criminal organizations. They had their unique arrogance. Even though they called their murders assassinations, in reality, they killed their targets face to face as a way to let the world know of their horrifying ability of combining weapons with martial arts.

Their group of people think of Duskdune Shura as their leader and fully believed that the combination of martial arts and machine guns was the ultimate path to preserve martial arts.

Also, this was the only path old martial artists could choose, as their physical abilities became drained.

This was what they were trying to prove.

They wanted to prove that traditional martial arts would not be eliminated by time!

Yoda and Charlotte pranced again to find the best opportunity to attack each other.

The two of them were seemingly drawing circles on the roof top, twirling with each other.

The sound of Yoda's gun firing decreased as time went. It was replaced with the sound of the fast movements of the silencer.

Charlotte was in the same position. The two of them started a silent game and contest.

They belonged to the same generation, and they were their generation's most powerful top talents. Before, they had never had a face to face battle before. Now, they had the opportunity to battle and decide who lives and who dies.

Chapter 127: Peak 1

Bang!

This time it was Charlotte who opened fire.

A cluster of sparks created a small pit on the ground beside Yoda, and gravel was blast into the air, forcing him to dodge the gravel with a somersault.

Charlotte was holding a magenta handgun, but it was larger than an average pistol by one size; smoke was coming out of the muzzle.

Missing her shot, she stored her handgun and disappeared from the spot in a flash.

Two more gunshots were heard. Two small pits instantly appeared where she had just left.

Yoda was sweating from his forehead, but he didn't dare to wipe it.

He had some information on Charlotte. Once part of the four Royal Generals, her most prominent characteristics were her strong intuition and agility. Her flexible body was capable of making various incredible attacks and evasions.

But this wasn't the most troublesome issue.

The most troublesome issue was Charlotte's Secret Martial Art, Ten Fingers Flying Needles.

This was a hidden weapon method which used fine needles as hidden weapons, where a layer of compound toxin had been deftly coated on the needles.

Once a person was abraded by the needle, they would definitely die of poisoning. Even Charlotte didn't have the antidote.

Additionally, the special structure of the flying needles was such that they were silent when thrown.

"Looks like we've really suffered miserably this time..." Yoda murmured in a hushed tone. He tugged on a thread; eight sniper guns gave a slight jerk, and let out subtle clicking sounds, as if something was being adjusted.

This was the true mystery that Yoda, the Dragon King had never revealed. No one alive knew about his true secret. But now he didn't intend to hide anymore.

At the same time, Charlotte, who was standing at the edge of the roof, suddenly felt a numbing sensation on her scalp. Without any time to wonder, she leaned backwards and fell towards the ground.

Wham!

Garen stopped in his tracks and looked into the estate in the distance where the sound had come from.

The gunfire over the estate was gradually dying down. It was obvious that the fighting was coming to an end.

This dull gunshot was entirely different from previous ones; it gave one a strange sense of unease.

Garen scanned his surroundings. On the ground, there were bullet holes and blood everywhere, and the bodies of soldiers and assassins were scattered all over. Some buildings and houses were burning; the fire burned the wooden material within, and let out constant blasts.

The entire elegant estate had now been reduced to a dead zone. The stench of gunpowder and blood filled the air.

Garen stepped over two bodies which had died intertwined in a fight. He frowned slightly.

Although he had experienced many killings and had fresh blood on his hands, he still felt a faint disassociation from reality when he saw this tragic small battlefield.

In his past life, he was merely an ordinary youth, an office worker. Since he arrived in this world, he started pursuing martial arts but had unwittingly reached this juncture.

He was a strong Grandmaster of Combat spawned from special abilities. He was already ranked at the peak level in the martial arts of this world. From an ordinary person to a Grandmaster of Combat capable of killing someone by lifting a finger, this huge leap was something he could never have imagined in the beginning.

Walking in the estate which was quieting down, he could only hear gunshots from time to time in the distance.

Suddenly, Garen saw a body which was severed at the waist by machine gunshots. It was a male soldier. His eyes were wide open as if he had not even figured out what happened.

This type of machine gun was the heavy duty type of machine gun mounted to the ground. Garen scanned the bullet holes on the ground and made a rough estimate.

"If five heavy duty machine guns fired at me all at once, the impact would probably impede me from going forward. Such is the power of firearms..."

He sighed and jogged towards the lawn in the middle of the estate. That was the agreed final meet-up point: Aris, Su Lin, the Dragon King and the others would run there to gather.

It was because the Commissioner of the Special Agent Bureau, Su Lin's father and all the most powerful people were all gathered here.

Not long into his run, he casually handled a few surviving green-shirt assassins along the way. Soon, he arrived at the lawn in the middle.

A large area on the lawn looked like it was dug up by an excavator: the green grass had been replaced by black soil, and the ground was full of traces of explosions.

Garen walked to the edge of the area which had been dug up, crouched down and examined the soil.

"What a fierce fight!" he murmured.

"It is inconceivable for a 50-60 year-old expert from the previous generation to have such a powerful explosive force." He was himself a Grandmaster of Combat. Naturally he could make out traces of the fight from these residual markings. "Compared to that Royal General, they are two different people!"

Clap!

A clapping sound came from the distance.

Without hesitation, Garen stood up and dashed towards the direction of the sound. There was a small isolated chapel with a silver cross on top of its white spire.

He banged the chapel door open. Garen stopped in his tracks; his expression turned.

The large domed hall within the chapel was a mess.

Su Lin's father, Lieutenant Crohn, and a bald man with a big beard, were half-lying in two corners respectively. Both were bloodied, and there were human limbs and organs on the floor everywhere around them.

The red carpet turned a darker shade of blood red.

Apart from the two of them, Aris and a few guards with a terrified expression on their faces were standing guard in front of the two generals. Their hands holding the guns were trembling as they stared fixedly at a black-cloaked figure crouched in the center of the red carpet.

"Someone is here again?"

The black-cloaked figure stood up, his voice hoarse. Some blood slowly dripped from the black leather boots at his feet; apparently, he was injured too.

Garen squinted and was about to speak when suddenly, by the side of a wall not far from him in the chapel, the ground started to open up and three people appeared: it was Su Lin, Yoda, the Dragon King, and the Colonel.

"Duskdune Shura!" Yoda, the Dragon King noticed the black-cloaked figure in the center as soon as he appeared. After taking in his surroundings, his expression turned.

"Yoda, long time no see." Duskdune Shura looked towards the Dragon King; his tone was passive and composed. "What a pity. In the end, you are still standing opposite me."

"After all these years, you should have killed me long ago," the Dragon King curbed his expression and replied coldly. "Too bad you didn't."

"Where's Charlotte?" Duskdune Shura asked all of a sudden.

"She fled after being injured by me. She won't return to support you anytime soon. Yoda gave a tug, and eight heavy duty sniper rifles spread out into the shape of a fan and aimed at Duskdune Shura and his surrounding area.

"At this point in the battle, the outcome has been determined." Duskdune Shura shifted his gaze to Lieutenant Crohn who was leaning on a corner wall. "Hand it to me, Lieutenant Crohn."

"I didn't expect your gun skills to be as terrifying as your martial arts skills. You truly live up to being the leader of the strongest assassin organization," Crohn sneered. "You can have it, but it's not here. It's somewhere else a distance away from here."

"My martial arts has reached a maximum limit," Duskdune Shura calmly said. "No martial arts expert in the world is a match for me. Even Palosa is stagnant at my current level."

He spoke calmly, with a domineering tone that seemed to say 'who else but me'.

"I have reached an extraordinary stage, but unfortunately...I'm still unable to resist the tide of time." He held his head up high, and finally removed the hood of his black cloak.

This was a thin, white-bearded old man. All his hair had turned white, his eyebrows too. The strangest part was, even his pupils were white!

His face was wrinkly like the bark of an old tree. It was obvious that he was past his prime; he was at least 70 to 80 years old.

"Golden Sword Throne, the key to unlocking a legendary higher level of martial arts. It's now my only hope." Duskdune Shura gazed calmly at Crohn. "I am almost 80 years old. I don't have any more time to 'find my path'."

"Why are you still talking?" Garen cut him short, then stepped forward and said, "Win or lose, we'll have to fight to know!"

Upon finishing his sentence, he dashed towards the old man and stomped hard on the ground with a Step Form.

The whole chapel reverberated; the gigantic sound wave threatened to crumble the building.

Everyone's eardrums sensed a deafening sound, a soft, incessant buzzing. It was the effect of temporary deafness.

Garen was seen sprinting towards Duskdune Shura, and the vibration of air around him sounded faintly like the roar of a mammoth. When he raised his palm to strike downwards, a whirring sound like an elephant flinging its nose could vaguely be heard.

When he entered, Garen had already sensed a powerful, invisible aura faintly suppressing the entire chapel. The shadow of a lion crouched within Duskdune Shura. It was a spiritual shadow formed from strong Bravery. If Duskdune Shura didn't let it out, an average martial arts practitioner would be unaware of the situation.

But Garen sensed it as soon as he entered the chapel. This person's Bravery was almost on par with his own. It was impressive that, being almost 80, he had managed to maintain such a strong Bravery.

This aura was much stronger than Andrela's. It was comparable to his current form.

"Junior! You think you can take advantage of my injury?" Duskdune Shura sneered and turned around. "It's delusional for a fresh Grandmaster of Combat to think he can challenge an elder. How reckless!"

His brought his hands together and placed them on the side of Garen's palm striking at him and gently hit it.

Clap!

Garen was stunned. That knife-like strike contained most of his strength. It was actually deflected by his opponent with a gentle tap.

Bang!

A bullet hole appeared by the side of Duskdune Shura's feet; he managed to easily evade it by an inch.

This 80 year-old man reached a palm out at a moderate pace, but it was unavoidable. It rattled Garen's Shot Form on his other arm, and tapped his chest.

"Lock!" he shouted in a low voice.

Garen's body seemed like it was struck by lightning, and instantly froze in place.

He felt as though his chest had stiffened all of a sudden, and didn't respond to his actions. It was as if flesh and blood had been transformed into cold, hard stone.

"Young man, you don't win in martial arts by relying solely on strength."

Duskdune Shura took a step backwards; his face was calm.

"Talk to me when you actually win!" Garen gave a cunning laugh. His body suddenly inflated; he grew from 1.7 meters to 1.9 meters.

Shot! Step! Swing!

All three forms combined!

Garen Shot his right elbow out and stepped with his feet; the ground shook slightly. His arm transformed into an arc, and his Shot Form was converted into Swing Form in an instant.

Chapter 128: Peak 2

This elbow strike combined the explosive forces of both Shot Form and Step Form, coupled with the huge range of attack and rotational force of Swing Form. It was a powerful blow, and Garen struck with all his might.

Even an armored tank would be instantly wrecked.

The strong gust from the force blew against Duskdune Shura's beard. His expression didn't change. He stretched both palms out and—although it seemed slow, it was in reality, extremely fast—tapped the underside of Garen's elbows.

Tap tap! Two crisp sounds were heard. Apparently, his knuckles dabbled at the underside of Garen's elbow twice.

The originally violent and strong elbow strike was instantly elevated. It deviated from its original trajectory and flew over Duskdune Shura's head.

Bang!

Another palm hit Garen's chest.

Garen took two steps back, and a strange expression was on his face. He looked at Duskdune Shura's methods and recalled the numerous unique small sects in his past life on Earth.

"You're using Gentle Fist?"

"Gentle Fist? I guess you could call it that." Duskdune Shura calmly nodded. "This phrase is a good summary of it. To be able to become a Grandmaster of Combat at such a young age, it must not be by chance."

He stood with his hands behind his back.

"This is Spiritual Hoop Fist of my own invention. It's the most appropriate counter against Body Hardening Technique experts like you who only know how to use brute force."

Garen touched his chest. The stiff tension that he had relieved by inflating his body with the explosive Body Hardening Technique had now re-emerged.

His chest felt frigid; it seemed to have been drained of sensation again.

"It looks like I can't deal with you without using some real skills."

Garen took a deep breath. His body vibrated suddenly and started inflating again.

He grew from 190cm to 245cm!

He was now two heads taller than Duskdune Shura. Facing each other, the contrast was stark, like an adult and a child.

"The peak of Body Hardening Technique..." Duskdune Shura's expression changed slightly. "You..." He had barely started his sentence when he saw Garen's palm reaching over to grab him. Like a fan coming down at him overhead, the hand blocked most of the light from above. He hurriedly raised his arms to block.

Wham!

This muffled sound made everyone in the chapel dizzy.

Su Lin stood with his sister and father. All of them huddled close and were protected by the soldiers, colonels, and a few military officers.

When they saw Garen frighteningly expand to twice his original size, they were instantly stunned.

"So... so powerful!" Aris covered her mouth and gave a low cry. She didn't expect Garen—who merely looked quite buff—to suddenly transform into such a terrifying size. He swiped at the skinny old man like an eagle preying on a chick. This was too stark a visual contrast.

Aris could already visualize Garen smashing the old man with a palm.

"The peak of Body Hardening Technique?" Crohn exchanged looks with his big-bearded old partner, and they both saw a trace of shock in the other's eyes. They had trained in some traditional martial arts before, but never imagined that martial arts actually had a Body Hardening Technique with such a terrifying effect. Just by the look of his size, they could guess the intensity of strength of his palm strike now.

"It seems that we have underestimated traditional martial arts before. In close combat, the efficacy of martial arts could match elite gun skills!" The thought flashed through Crohn's mind.

Su Lin stood stunned by his sister's side; he felt a strong sense of impact at this sight. Even though he had heard rumors about Garen previously, it wasn't as shocking as personally witnessing it.

But these weren't even the main reasons he was stunned.

The main reason was that Duskdune Shura—by raising his arms in defense—had managed to firmly block the palm strike!

After the loud muffled sound, Duskdune Shura's legs had sunk into the cement floor, almost knee-deep.

Growl! Roar!

The sounds of a mammoth growling and a lion roaring mashed together and reverberated ferociously.

As a martial arts practitioner, Su Lin could clearly see that in the duel between Garen and Duskdune Shura the aura on both of them fiercely entangled and clashed like a mammoth and a lion.

A snap was heard, and both of them were instantly separated.

Duskdune Shura pulled himself out of the ground, leaped a few steps backward, and stood firm. Now, there was shock and doubt in his eyes when he looked at Garen.

"What kind of Body Hardening Technique is this? I have seen all the prevalent Body Hardening Techniques, but I've never encountered yours!"

"White Cloud Gate, Mammoth Secret Technique!" Garen wasn't exactly comfortable either. The moment he struck at his opponent's arms, the terrifying counter-vibration force generated by his opponent in that instance had unsettled his Qi and blood; he felt a faint sense of fatigue.

All Grandmasters of Combat who were Elite Fist Artists grasped the essential skill of close combat: counter-Vibration. It was obvious that his opponent's counter-Vibration was one league above his own.

Clang!

A bell rang outside the chapel.

Duskdune Shura's face sank.

"Hand it over! Otherwise, be prepared to die!" He suddenly turned to stare at Crohn who was heavily guarded. His terrifying Bravery started to expand and superseded Garen's in an instant; it heavily suppressed Crohn and the rest.

Crohn looked grim. He scanned the room and deduced that the situation wasn't going in his favor. Without hesitation, he proposed. "Duskdune Shura, with your martial art skills, there is no need for you to endanger yourself in battles like these every day. Why don't you join the Special Agent Bureau? The Confederation will soon carry out a reorganization of the special experts. By then, I'll be the first minister of the Special Agent Department. If you join us, I can promise you a position as the deputy minister!"

Duskdune Shura threw a look of disdain at him, like a tiger staring at a pig, and then utterly ignored the raging Crohn.

"Time is running out, I need to finish this quickly!" His gaze fell on Garen who was blocking the exit, and he could sense Yoda was hiding in the dark. Yoda, with his guns loaded, had been waiting for the right timing. Compared to opening fire, this gave Duskdune Shura a stronger sense of restraint and threat.

"I can't believe I actually encountered someone with the peak of Body Hardening Technique here! Unfortunately, I'm running out of time." Duskdune Shura looked at Garen, a trace of admiration flashed across his eyes. "Move aside, young man. I have no intention of killing you!"

Garen was now experiencing what the Pink Pupil Royal General felt. His opponent's aura was like the ocean, encapsulating his own Bravery in waves. His aura was restricted to his own body. He restrained his aura and monitored Duskdune Shura's every move as he felt like he was a flying insect, stuck on a spider web.

He had a bad feeling about the situation.

The Mammoth Secret Technique was a supreme Body Hardening Technique fortified by layering the skin hardening on one level, and Qi and blood stabilizing the other; despite the layered fortifications, his opponent completely disregarded it.

"You are indeed a top martial arts expert of the previous generation. But you're still not good enough to have me move aside!"

He had always wanted to see what the next level of martial arts looked like. Now that it was in front of him, naturally he refused to retreat. Moreover, he had heard rumors about a link between Duskdune Shura and the Immortal Palace Alliance; it was impossible that he would let this opportunity slip.

Duskdune Shura narrowed his eyes. A hint of danger emanated from him.

Clang!

The strike of a bell could again be heard coming from outside.

Duskdune Shura was startled. At this moment, thunderous gunfire broke out.

It was Yoda!

Eight sniper rifles simultaneously fired, all aimed at the positions that Duskdune Shura could possibly dodge towards.

Suddenly, Duskdune Shura's body shortened. His entire body size had shrunk by one fold, turning him into a dwarf. He gave a muffled cry; obviously, he had been injured.

"You're gonna pay!" With a roar, Duskdune Shura swung an arm out; there was a purple handgun in his hand and he started firing it.

Bang!

Yoda, who was concealed in the distance, let out a cry of pain. His right shoulder was hit and the wound was bleeding.

At this moment, Garen stomped his foot and started spinning his arms.

Serial Swing Form!

"The first Dragon Gate!"

At the same time, Duskdune Shura gave a low growl as his entire body inflated by a few folds of his original girth. There was a murderous look in his eyes. He pointed a finger and stabbed it towards Garen's Swing Form arms.

He intended to fight brute force with brute force!

Then another gunshot was heard.

Yoda had fired another shot while struggling.

Duskdune Shura was late to react. He was in the midst of a duel with Garen so he could not evade in time. Suddenly, his body had swelled to quadruple its original girth! He had transformed into the body of a muscular and fit man, only slightly smaller than Garen; he too had attained the peak of Body Hardening Technique!

Bang!

Garen felt a pain in his arm and saw the murderous look in Duskdune Shura's eyes as the latter leaned in and gently struck his chest with a palm. That last shot had no effect on him whatsoever.

"The second Dragon Gate!"

Wham!

Duskdune Shura struck Garen in the chest with his palm and then, with a swivel, appeared behind Garen.

"The third Dragon Gate!"

A backhand slap hit Garen on his left shoulder blade with a whack.

The three palm strikes seemed heavy, but Garen didn't seem to budge even the slightest after being struck consecutively.

What the others couldn't see was that Garen's whole body felt like it had been frozen by something; he couldn't move a muscle, and the Qi and blood in his veins seemed to be blocked and couldn't flow freely.

His heart pounded fiercely; his body seemed to tremble with each heartbeat. An intense dullness, palpitations, and nausea—all these negative states—surged towards him in that instant. His heart felt like it could explode at any moment.

He staggered a little and was almost unable to stand firmly.

"The last palm: the fourth Dragon Gate!" Duskdune Shura coldly raised his right palm, and struck hard towards Garen's forehead; Garen stumbled and evaded it awkwardly.

Bang!

Another gunshot.

Duskdune Shura's expression changed slightly. He retracted his hand and took a step forward.

A large amount of cement slag sputtered from the ground behind him; he whacked it with one hand and it instantly transformed into a secret weapon and enveloped towards Yoda, the Eight-Arm Dragon King in the shadows.

Yoda didn't manage to react in time. All he could do was block with a rifle in front of his body. He was injured in a few spots, but fortunately, his vital parts were unharmed.

"Seven Dragon Gates! Duskdune Shura... You've finally...managed to attain it!" He watched with his bloodshot eyes as Duskdune Shura darted out of the chapel in a few leaps. Unable to hold it in any longer, he covered his mouth and coughed up mouthfuls of fresh blood, which flowed through his fingers.

Garen fell to the ground embarrassingly. He wanted to stand up, but couldn't exert any considerable amount of strength.

"If I had encountered this person alone, I would have been dead!" In that moment, he could still calmly analyze his and his opponent's true strength.

He supported himself up and half-knelt on the ground. His gaze tracked Duskdune Shura as the latter darted out the door.

"Is this the true strength of a martial arts practitioner at his peak? He exhibits such a powerful true strength even though he is pushing 80!" He thought he had reached the peak of a martial arts practitioner; he couldn't believe he just encountered a supreme expert like Duskdune Shura who was far stronger than he was.

When he and Yoda arrived, Duskdune Shura had defeated two generals from the Special Agent Bureau and massacred a large number of siege troops; he had obviously been injured. Afterward, he dueled with Garen—using brute force—and was hit twice by Yoda's opportune shots.

Even so, he still managed to apply Explosive Force in the end and almost killed Garen. Moreover, he seemed like he was rushing off somewhere. Otherwise, everyone here would probably have died!

Duskdune Shura didn't even use his full force, and it was likely that he was only slightly injured.

Garen's heart was filled with an inexplicable sorrow.

Duskdune Shura was also a Grandmaster of Combat with peak Body Hardening Technique like him, and in fact, was even more skilled!

"If he had applied Explosive Force earlier, and we dueled in our peak states... I would have been killed in an instant..." Garen felt bitter about it, but more than anything, he was excited!

Chapter 129: Notes 1

Clang!

The strike of a bell could again be heard coming from outside.

Duskdune Shura's figure finally disappeared into the distance.

At the same time, the assassins in the estate quickly retreated too. Obviously, Duskdune Shura did not intend to go all out against the Yalu Confederation. That was the reason they halted their attack right at the moment when they had the absolute advantage and did not kill the two generals.

With some difficulty, Garen stood up. After a while, his strong physical constitution and Body Hardening Technique had an obvious effect—he was recovering much faster than the others.

He turned to look at everyone else inside the chapel.

Some soldiers who were unharmed were carefully placing the two generals on stretchers. Aris and Su Lin were crouched beside the Eight Arm Dragon King. Yoda's injury was extremely horrifying: his shoulder was directly punched through, leaving a fist-sized wound. The bones and flesh within had all become minced meat. At this moment, his face was pale as he leaned on the wall and allowed the medical staff to deal with his injuries and stop the bleeding. When he realized Garen was looking over at him, he was actually still in the mood to stare back.

"What are you looking at? I'm not dead yet!"

Aris hurried over to Garen's side. At the sight of Garen's chest—which had been injured in the duel—she was tempted to reach and touch it but didn't dare to in case it would hurt him.

With tears in her eyes, she asked worriedly, "Are you...okay?"

"It's nothing. My true strength is much stronger than a certain old man in denial." Garen directed a cold sneer at the Eight Arm Dragon King.

He couldn't stand someone Yoda. It was obvious that Yoda's true strength wasn't up to scratch and he was old, but he still thought he could be arrogant like when he was young. He genuinely believed himself to be the best in the world.

Combined with the fact that his martial arts attainment was terrible, but he still managed to be on par with Garen by relying on firearms, this irritated Garen.

"Do you want to die?!" Yoda was obviously agitated: he quickly stood up and rolled his sleeves.

"Come on! I'll stand in place for you to hit me. If you can injure me without guns, you win!" Garen replied.

"You! Cough cough..." Yoda was angered to the point that he almost vomited blood. "You bastard!"

"Alright, alright. Let's not say anything harsh." Su Lin hurriedly stood in between them. He looked frustrated.

"Both of you are at the top of your field, there's no reason to break the peace just because of a little spat," the purple-bearded bald man on the stretcher spoke. "I have a humble suggestion, why don't the both of you..."

"Forget it. I would never join the Special Agent Bureau. It's easier to be alone and free," Yoda rejected instantly.

"You're not giving it any further consideration? Joining the national force is better than going it alone..."

"No, I don't. To each their own." Yoda shook his head without hesitation.

The purple-bearded man and Lieutenant General Crohn were disappointed as they exchanged a look.

Compared to Garen who directly confronted Duskdune Shura, they actually respected the Eight Arm Dragon King, Yoda more. Talents like Yoda are able to multiply their combative efficacy in proportion to the increase in the power of firearms. Even merely by controlling guns now, he had such great power. If he used more powerful firearms on the battlefield, it would be unimaginable. It would almost affect a small-scale war.

Whereas talents like Garen, no matter how powerful, the most he could do was engage in special combat, assassinate, or be the vanguard of a guerilla attack from behind the enemy. He could not compare to the magnified version of the Dragon King, Yoda. But regardless, courting such talent was still necessary.

The two men halted the people who were carrying their stretchers, and their gaze fell upon Garen who was standing by the wall at the entrance.

"So what about Mr Garen right here? Are you interested in joining the new Special Agents Bureau to be established?" The purple-bearded man knew that he had made Garen feel left out earlier, and started to compensate for it. "If you are willing to join, arranging a deputy minister position for you would not be a problem."

"My apologies, I am not in pursuit of such things." Garen shook his head. His face was equally pale. After being hit consecutively by Duskdune Shura, he still felt that his body had not fully recovered its smooth flow of Qi and blood.

"Is that so?" Crohn shook his head with slight disappointment. "Fine, then. Since it is so, we won't force the issue. Both of you have been heavily injured, you will need to recuperate. The estate will be under heavy security 24 hours a day from here on out. Just tell me if you have any requests with regards to safety or medicines."

He was aware that many martial art practitioners had their own method of healing which was more effective than common methods, but it required different drugs than what an average person would use.

These failed invitations were not unexpected to them either. Shifting the point of view from their actual willingness to join the government to the perspective of playing hard-to-get, even if they had intentions to join, they would not agree so quickly either.

Anyway, since both of them were friends invited over by Su Lin, even if they were unwilling to join, they would be convenient to contact in future. The two of them could be considered a strength that sided with them.

After the fierce battle, a large number of support troops and medics arrived and started to clear the battlefield in an orderly manner.

The fighting within the estate merely lasted for less than twenty minutes, but the number of casualties had reached hundreds. There were corpses and body parts everywhere on the ground and blood flowed downstream. Under the hot sun, some areas had already attracted buzzing flies.

The supporting troops which had rushed over were nervous at the sight of the battlefield. Fortunately the General was safe; otherwise, this would have been the biggest scandal since the founding of the Yalu Confederation.

Two generals from the Special Agents Bureau responsible for special force talents and elites forced into a crushing defeat by an international assassin organization and killed in battle.

This would deal a fatal blow to the reputation of the Confederation.

It was akin to a police chief being burgled in his own home.

If the rumor spread internationally, the true strength of the Confederation would naturally be despised by other countries. They might even see the Confederation as a weak force and send troops over to cause trouble. At that point, even if it wasn't a weak force, it would still be reduced to one.

Supported by two medics, Garen was no longer tense and gradually relaxed.

Just as he relaxed, he felt dizzy; fatigue poured into his head like a tide.

"Give me a quiet room. I want to rest," he said softly.

"No problem," without waiting for Su Lin to reply, Aris spoke first.

Garen felt that even his hearing was muffled, and he couldn't hear clearly. He didn't know which martial art Duskdune Shura's fist strike belonged to, but he was in a very bad state right now, and he desperately needed to recuperate.

It was his first time experiencing fatigue.

This was unimaginable. In past combats, regardless of the opponent—even an expert Grandmaster of Combat like Andrela—he could still maintain an unwavering spirit, and almost couldn't feel the limit of his endurance.

But now he felt extremely tired.

His heard Aris saying something, but couldn't clearly make it out. He barely managed to maintain a clear consciousness while allowing a few people to support him. He was carried on a stretcher to a room, where he finally fell into a deep sleep.

An unknown amount of time passed.

Garen slowly came to.

He opened his eyes. He was lying on a large round bed surrounded by pure white plush, as if he was lying in countless white feathers.

The ceiling was covered in pastel purple wallpaper with flowers and organic patterns engraved along the edges; it was exquisite.

He took a deep breath. The bed was filled with a subtle fragrance which smelled floral, but was more like the smell of a woman's body.

Garen turned to look at the bedside. Sitting on a curved chair to the right of the bed was a beautiful and elegant girl with purple hair. Her long purple hair was tied into a ponytail and her fringe was combed to a side. She exuded a combined sense of innocence and charm.

This girl was Su Lin's sister, Aris.

She seemed very tired: she had dozed off with her head tilted to one side. This was inconsistent with her usual elegant image, but it gave Garen a more authentic sense of intimacy.

In addition to Aris, there was a basin of clean water for freshening up on the purple bedside table with a black towel soaking inside.

"You're awake?" In a daze, Aris saw Garen open his eyes. She hurriedly stood up. "How are you feeling? Master Garen?" she asked nervously.

"It's alright. I can condition myself." Garen felt that his lower body had recovered by a great deal. "That fist strike by Duskdune Shura was likely a type of martial art with temporary effects. Coupled with my strong Physique, I should be fine now."

He supported himself up and leaned against the headboard.

"This is...?" Garen had just realized that the layout of this room was very gentle and delicate, full of floral patterns and designs. A subtle fragrance filled the room. The most conspicuous thing was a pink sofa in a

corner of the room. It was shaped into a pink hippo taller than an average person. The back of the hippo was the backrest. It looked naïve, and was extremely cute.

"This is my room." Aris gave a weak smile. "All the rooms are filled with injured soldiers, so I decided to let you rest in my room. You don't mind, do you?"

"Of course not." Garen paused, then smiled. He vaguely felt that, after this battle, Aris's attitude towards him seemed different.

He turned to look out the window. It was bright outside; a faint bluish-white ray shone on the windowsill.

"Can I get a glass of water?" Garen was parched.

"Of course." Aris hurriedly poured a glass of water from a delicate purple flask and handed it to Garen.

After two full glasses of warm water, Garen gradually felt relieved.

"What's the situation now?"

"It's fine. The estate is managed by my brother now. The Parliament is furious about this terror attack, so now this place has been stationed with thousands of soldiers inside and out. Three generals are rushing over too, to guarantee our safety, and to track the whereabouts of the terrorists."

She paused for a moment, her beautiful eyes looking elegantly into Garen's.

"We really owe you a huge debt of gratitude this time, Master Garen. Without you, I'm afraid we would have been in deep trouble."

"Su Lin helped me out with a serious issue before. Don't mention it." Garen waved a hand.

"That's right. Father says, if you wake up and feel fine, to request your presence at the conference room. There's an urgent matter. It's about the Golden Sword Throne."

"The Golden Sword Throne?" Garen narrowed his eyes. "This is what Duskdune Shura is after, isn't it?"

"That's right. Father says he will reveal everything. Duskdune Shura's attack means that this isn't a secret anymore."

"Alright then. I'll have to recuperate for a while." Garen nodded.

"I'll head out and leave you to it." Aris was very considerate and took her leave. She understood that tough martial arts practitioners didn't like to be disturbed when they were recuperating.

Garen nodded. After seeing Aris leave and close the door behind her, he slowly shut his eyes.

The Attributes Pane in his lower field of vision was unchanged and maintained its original stats.

'Strength 2.64; Agility 1.22; Physical quality 2.09; Intelligence 1.53; Potential 98%'

Chapter 130: Notes 2

"There's just an average increase of 0.01 in Attributes. I still need 2% more to enhance my Potential, just short by a little. Too bad there aren't any Antiques of Tragedy for me to absorb Potential. Antiques of Tragedy... What secret lies within these objects?" He had been unable to figure out what the Potential within Antiques of Tragedy actually was. He merely speculated that the more an antique was associated with a dangerous and bloody ancient legend, the more Potential it contained.

"It's unfortunate. If only the ring in uncle's hands was stronger, I could wear it for a few months to top up that final 2%. But if it were stronger, there would probably be problems before uncle could wait for me to realize it." The level of the ring was too low; it was essentially ineffective for him. He would probably have to wear it for a few years before there was any effect. He might as well approach the issue through Golden Hoop.

"I wonder if this Golden Sword Throne contains Potential. If an antique with a widespread legend could be an Antique of Tragedy, why were the similar antiques that I later found completely useless? Is it that only objects which are able to bring the collector misfortune contain Potential?"

"Forget it, I shouldn't think so much. This matter is unfinished. I will know when the time comes."

He stopped thinking further, and looked at the current Skills Pane.

——Secret Martial Art——

Mammoth Mutation: Explosive (Top level), Skin Hardening Level One (Iron Body), Blood Qi Stabilization (Boulder Martial Art).

Dark Iron Palm: Accumulation has not reached rudimentary level (accumulation of physical toxins Level Two)

Firestream Fist: Weak progress (Level Four)

"Duskdune Shura should have no idea that I killed a Royal General, otherwise he wouldn't have talked so much nonsense in the end, and would have just ended me directly. I've escaped this time, but the next encounter would be troublesome."

"Now that I'm caught up in this whirlpool of trouble, I can't leave to find low-level Secret Martial Arts. But even though I can't, that doesn't mean Su Lin can't! I could maybe seek his help in finding some low-level Secret Martial Arts for me to train in."

The ones most valuable to him were those inferior Secret Martial Arts that required little external criteria. Generally, for middle- or high-grade Secret Martial Arts, the higher the level, the more powerful it was, the less restriction it posed, the more it required external conditions to supplement it. Those would be unfavorable to his training.

He got out of bed and put on the prepared clothes by the bed. Garen suddenly saw, at the bottom of the bed, the martial arts notebook that he had previously found on the body of the Pink Pupil Royal General. He picked it up to browse.

On it were notes about the confusions the Pink Pupil Royal General faced in his martial arts training and the eventual solutions that he came up with. It was like someone recording their own difficulties, then focused their energies to conquer them.

Initially, Garen was merely browsing casually. He didn't expect to be unwittingly absorbed in it.

Much of the notes recorded some unexpected deficiencies and difficulties of martial arts. Garen had encountered many of them and had yet to encounter many more. Most of them contained solutions on the back.

It was then that Garen realized the value of this notebook. Because of his lowly origins from a low-level small sect, a lot of his martial arts experience had been unable to reach a certain height. This notebook could coincidentally make up for a portion of his deficiencies.

This also made him realize why his physical qualities and Attributes hadn't had much progress after all this while.

In other words, if it were not for his inherent special ability maintaining the solidification of his physical qualities, maybe he would have experienced a decline in quality long ago.

"Although its usefulness for me isn't that great, it would be very accessible and helpful for the average person learning martial arts." Garen looked at the book satisfactorily. This was an unexpected gain.

Unintentionally, he turned to a page about difficulties in Secret Martial Art training.

'Attempt to train in cumulative low-level Secret Martial Art, failed, extremely poor progress! Why?' This was a problem faced by the Pink Pupil Royal General. It was exactly what Garen was facing.

He started to look more serious.

He gently turned to the next page. The line of words recorded on it initially made Garen's heart skip a beat, but when he instantly saw the lines underneath; his lips couldn't help but curve upwards slightly.

Dense black wordings were clearly recorded on the pale yellow paper.

'Cumulative low-level Secret Martial Arts are mostly incomplete. Here I have collated the deficiencies of some common Secret Martial Arts.'

'1. Dagger Fist: Boil safflower petals in water and apply the solution to both hands. Method identical to previous medication.'

'2. Buzzbeck Arc Sword Skills: Need to forge a special hilt for continuous practice. The hilt design is as follows...'

'3. Odin Steel Fist: Need to use spiked board together with the medication for Level One Fist Arts in training.'

The more Garen read, the more he felt satisfied. Not for the deficiencies of the many Secret Martial Arts that he had never heard of, but because he actually found the practicing deficiencies for the two low-level Secret Martial Arts he was training in: Firestream Fist and Dark Iron Palm.

'31. Dark Iron Palm: Need to be upside down when practicing.' After reading this short line of content on the deficiency, Garen searched his memory and recalled the method of training for Dark Iron Palm, and was instantly enlightened.

Those training methods that seemed strange, if practiced upside down, would instantly make sense from the perspective of martial arts concepts.

He turned a page, and read on.

'38. Firestream Fist: A Secret Martial Art that is relatively more time-consuming. Practice needs to be complemented with hot iron sand. Strike and stab fists into a basin of iron sand in the initial stage,

which can later be replaced with real charcoals. See illustration for specific training method.' On the back were a few clearly drawn illustrations for practice methods and stages. It covered every stage of practice for Firestream Fist.

Garen could not help but give a low laugh.

"Finally, I am able to complete these two low-level secret Martial Arts even if I don't go to Southern Sky Holy Fist Gate!" This bounty eased the depressed mood he had experienced from his injury and defeat.

"Practicing upside down, hehe, I'd like to give it a try." Garen was impatient to give it a go immediately. His sudden excitement caused him to feel a dull sensation in his chest.

"I have not recovered yet. Duskdune Shura is powerful indeed. Such a light strike has caused me prolonged negative effects." A chill ran through Garen's heart. He recalled Duskdune Shura's tactics and his high spirits were calmed once again.

Knock knock knock.

"Mr Garen, Master requests your presence in the conference room. Breakfast will be served there too."

"Alright," Garen replied aloud. He quickly straightened his clothes and glanced at himself in the mirror.

His strong, fair body was evenly toned and muscular. There wasn't the slightest flabbiness and no muscles seemed overly uncoordinated.

His purple hair was somewhat long and almost covered his eyes. It draped at his shoulders, and seemed slightly frizzy. The faint dark red tone gave others a sense of cool toughness.

Wow.

He put on a black shirt and a white suit, and allowed his shoulder-length hair to hang freely. Garen tugged the shirt collar and looked at himself in the mirror.

The man in the mirror gave off a sense of wildness, as well as a trace of cool and strength. His chin was slightly lifted. He could give others a strong sense of fear and oppression without saying a word.

"Unconsciously, I have become like this..." Garen swept aside the hair covering his vision.

He gently touched his chest; there was still a slight numbness.

"Duskdune Shura..."

He stowed the notebook, turned, and left through the door.

Estate Conference Room

A yellow boardroom-style table was placed in the middle of a small room with pale yellow tones, with a few black leather chairs surrounding it.

Above the table, a square-ish lamp hung from a black wire, emitting a soft, yellow light.

Su Lin and his father, Lieutenant Crohn sat in the main seats by the curtains. They were clad in black suits, slowly sipping coffees.

The Dragon King, Yoda sat with Su Lin. He looked calm, and was casually drinking coffee too.

A gloomy-looking old lady sat alone at the other end. This old lady was also wearing a military uniform. The golden badge on her shoulder shone with three silver stars and a pair of crossed swords. It was the symbol for lieutenants.

"Apologies, I am late." At the opened door, Garen slowed his pace and entered. He glanced at everyone inside, then sat directly beside Su Lin.

"No worries. Your injuries are not light." Crohn gave Garen a friendly smile. In that moment, after a suitable change of attire, Garen's temperament perfectly embodied his powerful true strength and Bravery.

Su Lin and Yoda looked at Garen, shocked. After the battle with Duskdune Shura, Garen's initial strong Bravery had become more restrained, and the impression he gave now was akin to a volcano hidden beneath the seabed. It wasn't like before, where the sight of him would be associated with strength, power, and pulverization!

He was indeed worthy of being deemed a martial arts expert capable of directly countering Duskdune Shura in a short amount of time.

Crohn was silently impressed. He pointed at the white-haired old woman sitting alone.

"Allow me to introduce. This is the person in charge of the Special Response Unit newly established by the Confederation, Lieutenant Lenny. "

The old woman, Lenny, nodded dully at the three of them, not saying a word.

"Lieutenant Lenny is the main person in charge of tracking and following-up on this terrorist attack. She is interested in your understanding of the situation, and hopes that you can provide her with some information on Duskdune Shura. Of course, I too will reveal the source of conflict between myself and Duskdune Shura."

"No problem," Su Lin was the first to respond.

"I have some reservations about matters related to my personal privacy, but rest assured there will not be any impact on this incident," Yoda answered lazily.

"I have no opinion either." Garen nodded.

Crohn nodded in satisfaction.

"In that case, let me start."

He gestured for the guards to shut the door, then glanced around the room once.

"Actually, no one knows what the essence of the Golden Sword Throne is apart from its maker, including myself, its owner."

He broke off, then continued.

"When I went to the ruins of Nabudas Empire on the Fivestar Continent, I acquired a golden ornament from the chief of the indigenous tribe there. It looked like a sword pierced into a throne-like ancient stone. It is merely the size of a palm, almost like a pen holder. I didn't expect it to be the legendary mysterious Golden Sword Throne."

"Fivestar Continent is different from Stonecliff Continent where we are at, as well as Azure Continent. There are many backwards and ancient areas there, so it's not surprising that they had a golden ornament like that. How do you know that the ornament is the Golden Sword Throne?" Lieutenant Lenny asked.

"Hold on. Can you explain what the effects of the Golden Sword Throne are, specifically?"

"This was confirmed by my daughter, and also by Duskdune Shura. As to its effects, it is said that the secret to the inheritance of an ancient and powerful martial art is hidden within. It has also been said that it was an object used by medieval warlocks to curse souls. There are also rumors that the Golden Sword Throne is the key to a mysterious ruin, and the person who accesses the ruin will obtain a gift from the devil. These are all different words telling the same story. I, too, am actually unsure of its true secret," Crohn explained. "Originally, I wasn't too concerned about it, and viewed it as a nice collectible. I didn't expect Duskdune Shura to contact me about trading for it. You must understand, terrorist organizations like Duskdune Shura's, if able to be eliminated, would be a fortunate event for the Confederation, and for the three continents, so..."

"So you used it as bait and mobilized the entire Special Agents Bureau, all to capture Duskdune Shura. What you didn't expect was for the opponent to be too strong, resulting in our current situation?" Yoda interjected.

"Indeed. My estimates were miscalculated, causing such a big casualty. It is indeed my responsibility," Crohn let out a long sigh.

"Even the entire Special Agents Bureau couldn't stop Duskdune Shura. If not for your son, Su Lin soliciting the help of two elite experts, I'm afraid you would have been killed in a miserable defeat," Lenny said casually.

"I am miserable enough." Crohn shrugged helplessly. "The reason I invited you all here, is mainly because we have discovered the location of the ruins where Duskdune Shura is headed. We are hoping that you would assist our military forces in killing the leader of this terrorist organization. Even though we are reluctant, we still have to admit that perhaps only with Garen and Mr Yoda, combined with the military, can there be a chance in suppressing Duskdune Shura."