

Mystical 1241

Chapter 1241: Volatility 1

Garen moved sideways as he illusively evaded 1 the attack from the giant face. Perhaps it would be effective going against a typical powerhouse with such speed, but it was completely ineffective against him who stood at the pinnacle among the powerhouses. Despite all of these, he was still unsure of Zhi Jinqin's ultimate goal.

"Perhaps this is her defense is at its peak in this form?"

Garen recalled the effect of his slash a moment ago. It did not seem to be effective against the monster in front of him at all.

He leaped to the right side of the face monster as he threw his sword to pierce through it.

Pew!

The trace of the saber pierced through the face as if it were air and there was no effect on it.

"I see." Garen had somewhat understood the situation as the Energy Machine Imprint instantly analyze the basic reasoning of this giant face. "The source of immortality should be that Energy Field Ring on her back."

He then laid his sight on that giant Ring of Energy Field behind the monster's back.

In just a single step, Garen leaped hundreds of meters and appeared behind it. He was now less than ten meters away from the Ring of Energy Field.

Garen raised his saber high up as his Soul Energy started to boil. The effect of the Soul Ring was to raise one's martial prowess. He would be able to increase it by one level with one Soul Ring. Garen, who had three, completed Soul Rings had only been using one of his Soul Ring to increase his strength.

He now planned to activate the strength of the second Soul Ring.

“Burn.”

He reached out his hand and a red fiery fire started to ignite on his left hand. It was not white but pure red similar to blood.

His left hand’s strength, speed, toughness and everything else was greatly increased to the point they were doubled up in an instant.

Everything happened in an instant, which the face monster had yet to react and turned around.

Without any expression on his face, Garen reached out his left hand. Although he was still ten meters away from the Ring of Energy Field, he reached out his hand to grab hold of the Ring of Energy Field as if there was an invisible and huge hand.

In an instant, Garen felt that he had touched a circle of cold, hard metallic item.

He was not physically touching it but instead, his Soul Energy’s fluctuation had sensed a certain cold object as his Soul Energy was being utilized.

“Burn.”

Garen thought.

The bloody red fire then propagated from his hand to the Ring of Energy Field.

Kaboom!!

The entire Ring of Energy Field was on fire as it lighted up the entire sky.

Psst!!

The face monster started to become flat like a deflating balloon as the air inside was ejected out turning into gales. He no longer needed to continue attacking.

Garen levitated behind its back, unaffected by the current by the slightest. He was staring at the Ring of Energy Field that was in front of him.

The Ring of Energy Field started slowing down as a black crude oil-like viscous fluid started flowing out from within.

Gush!!

A terrifying Soul Energy Aura had turned into the wind as it blew towards Garen, fluttering his shirt and hair to the back.

He remained unmoved as he squinted at the Ring of Energy Field in front of him. An extremely familiar aura was slowly emitting out from the Ring of Energy Field.

The sky had turned red without him realizing, blood red bubbles started appearing around Garen in the sky. These bubbles seemed to be made from blood and each of them ranged from ten meters to hundreds of meter in diameter.

These bubbles would pop and resurface over and over again as if the surrounding had instantly turned into a Dream World.

The black crude oil-like liquid propagated around the entire surface of the Ring of Energy Field, turning the Ring into a black mirror.

Hehehe...

A sharp and playful laugh traveled out from the black mirror.

“What a rare occurrence.” A deep-tone and majestic voice rang within the sharp laugh. “To be able to meet someone of the same level here. How fortunate.”

“The Void Language...” Garen was slightly startled. The language Void Creatures used was actually similar to Ancient Endor’s language. As both of them had battled against each other for a very long time, both parties had learned their respective languages. Naturally, as a Void Pursuer, it was necessary for him to be able to communicate with them.

“Who are you?” He was lazy to figure out the origin of his opponent and asked straightforwardly via the Void Language.

“My ancient name is too long, so you can call me Canster.”

“Canster? Holy Voice?” The word Canster was the pronunciation of the word Holy Voice in Void Language. Garen frowned. “What’s the purpose of you appearing before me on your own accord? You’re exhausting a huge amount of energy to talk to me from such a far distance. Please don’t tell me you did so because you’re bored.”

“Bored?” Canster laughed. “You’re right. I was really bored to the point I wanted to see what kind of a person is able to kill two of my generals. I wouldn’t have believed it’s someone of the same level and existence as me without witnessing you with my very own eyes. Tell me your name.”

Garen did not feel any ill intention from the opposing party. It was obvious that the distance was too far apart and the opponent could only transmit his voice as this action alone required a lot of energy from him.

This distance could not be measured via light years as it was the distance between universes. Garen did not know how many universes he and Canster were between and the amount of energy required for them to communicate for every second was astronomical.

"I have too many nicknames and you won't be able to remember them anyway. You can just call me Garen." He said calmly. "Your purpose of coming to this universe is because of the Soul Ring as well, right?"

He did not care if anyone could understand him as the Ancient Endor Language and Void Language sounded like a meaningless howl towards humans and they would not be able to understand anything. If it was not for Black Sethe and his incredibly powerful attribute abilities, he would not even be able to learn these two languages.

"It's unfortunate that you were one step ahead of me." The opponent laughed. "However, the Illusionist is mine."

"Since the result has been decided, what's the purpose of you coming out?" Garen asked calmly.

"There's no purpose and it was a whim to meet the person who took all the goods away from me." Canster paused for a moment. "By the way, there are too little amount of people who are of the same level as I. The two sides of the Mother Stream, the Void, and Ancient Endor will soon become a relic of the past. Compared to the current generation, we are just ancient relics who refuse to step down from the stage... I forgot to mention to you that I have another identity as well. I'm a Warlock Pursuer."

"Oh?" Garen recalled his identity as a Void Pursuer and realized that both of their identities were relatively similar. However, it was strange that there was no reaction from the oath towards the Mother Stream when he was facing a Void Demon Lord.

"Do you feel it?" Canster laughed. "The strength of the Mother Stream is weakening. Hence the constraint towards me is wearing off as well. The True Soul... The True Soul within the Mother Stream has started to perish."

"Impossible!" Garen was shocked. "The True Soul is eternal. How could it perish!?" Regardless if it were the Ancient Endor or the Void Creatures, those who pursued to reach the pinnacle of the world were actually pursuing to reach the True Soul Level. The difference between them was that the Void Creatures had found their own path to the True Soul after learning from the Warlocks. One could say that Warlocks and Void Creatures were enemies and tutors towards each other simultaneously. The Warlocks learned Inherited Secret Technique from the Void Creatures and paved their paths forward, expanding their civilization's vision and height. On the other hand, the Void Creatures had learned the truth and knowledge towards reaching the pinnacles of existence from the Warlocks – True Soul.

One could say that the True Soul was no longer just the pinnacle of the Ancient Endor's civilization, it had become the pinnacle for both civilizations.

"I've seen two Eternal True Souls perished with my very own eyes." A sense of sadness could be heard from Canster's tone. "Their bodies had disintegrated into countless of galaxies and had turned into the blood of the universe, supplying nutrients towards thousands of beings."

Garen was stunned by this news.

It was his ultimate goal to reach the True Soul, which was the pinnacle of this world. But now, somebody was telling him that the realm that he had been pursuing was collapsing out of the blue.

"Are you saying that our path..." Garen held his saber tightly as the bottom of his eyes were filled with an additional layer of sorrow. He had never felt so emotional throughout his travel in so many worlds.

"Our path has been cut off." Although Canster seemed calm, he was similar to Garen, a volcano that was about to burst at any moment. "I have chosen three representatives out of eighty million citizens in the Dark Void to try to get in touch with the Ancient Endor's civilization. Now that the Mother Stream's Oath is unable to restrain everyone, you should come up with a plan as well. As an opponent of the same level, the war between our civilizations has been ongoing for far too long. Both you and I are tired of it."

"We have been watching you ever since the Nine-Headed Dragon Queen reported your situation to the higher up. We will give you this world as our sincerity in hope that you could select three representatives from your side as well so that we can form a parliament. The Mother Stream is depleting. It is your direct lifeline and our indirect lifeline. With the True Souls perishing before us, a great threat will fall upon us." Canster explained calmly. "Since we are unable to reach the high-ranking Demon Lord from your side, we have no choice but to request you to inform them."

Garen bit his lips slightly.

He could not tell them that he was not in touch with the higher ups from Ancient Endor. Other than the ancient secrets that Black Sethe had once told him, he was no better than a typical Ancient Endor's Inheritor.

"I will notify the upper levels of this news." He could not reveal that he had no one backing him up here since his opponent was clearly a representative from the highest level. Once they realized that he was alone, it would spawn trouble that he could not handle on his own. The Demon Lord Class was not something he, a Demon Lord Class novice, could handle. He could not simply reveal his background without knowing the exact situation.

"Time is running out. Quickly..." Canster's voice started toning down slowly. Then, a small black cube item came out from the black mirror. It looked like a Rubik's Cube as it was made out of many more small black cubes.

Garen grabbed hold of the item.

"A communication device?" His Soul Energy immediately understood the purpose of this item.

Perhaps it was not his Soul Energy that sensed it but the item transmitted a huge amount of information to him the moment he grabbed hold of it.

"We represent the ancient and the highest level of order among the Mother Stream System. Among the countless of life born from the Mother Stream from all universes, our civilizations can only be considered the best. If you can get in touch with the True Soul Level from your side within a thousand years, please inform us as soon as possible. We need to think of a way to stop the Mother Stream from depleting!"

Casnter's tone became weaker and lower as a faint hissing noise started to appear, disrupting their communication.

Chapter 1242: Volatility 2

As the voice vanished completely, Garen only then felt that his surrounding had finally cleared up. The bloody bubbles had vanished and the sky had returned to its original, clear blue shade. It was as if the environmental change was nothing but an illusion.

“The high ranking Demon Lord is truly impressive. He was able to pull me into the Dream World in an instant.” Garen looked at the black cube in his hand. It was obvious that the enemy had mistaken him for an Ancient Endor Inheritor with a strong background due to his rapid improvement.

“Unfortunately, I am just a normal Inheritor who has no existing background.”

As he transmigrated so many worlds, he had the suspicion that the Ancient Endor’s Demon Lords had all perished. Excluding the remnant soul, Black Sethe, that he had met earlier, he had yet to meet another Demon Lord Class being. On the other hand, he had met quite a few Void Creatures instead.

Sizzle... Clang!

The Ring of Energy Field’s black mirror shattered into countless of black debris which disintegrated into thinner and smaller pieces. Soon, it diffused into the air and had fused together with the world.

Although he was not able to absorb the Illusionist’s Soul Ring, he had unexpectedly obtained a piece of news from the Void Creature. He was not sure whether the news regarding the depletion of the Mother Stream was legitimate hence he had to validate it. However, Garen believed that this news was very likely as there was no need for the Void Creature to lie about it at all.

“I didn’t expect to receive such news instead of absorbing the Soul Ring.” Garen slowly lowered the saber in his hand and the rocky water was instantly calmed down by his intense Energy Field.

With him as the epicenter, all of the waves on the surface of the blue sea within ten kilometers calmed down so quickly that one could see it with the naked eye.

Holding his saber, Garen gently landed on the boat that was approaching him. Nine-Tailed Fox and Kong Xinxue were on the deck. They looked rather miserable as they were drenched from head to toe from the waves. But they did not care how they looked as they stared at Garen with an unacquainted gaze as he came down.

“How did it go?” Nine-Tailed Fox stepped forward and whispered. “We’ve seen your battle. You’re very powerful. I’ve seen a battle between the Suppressors before in the Lighthouse and they were about as

strong as you are.” She tried to retain her arrogant tone but she felt rather helpless as she talked face to face with Garen.

Her gaze was locked onto Garen’s saber that was in his hand.

She was once an incredibly powerful monster who once ruled over a world before and believed that she was strong enough. However, she was only slightly stronger than an average human in this world where the restriction was incredibly tight. Only she knew the difference in strength between her and Garen, who was able to become so ridiculously powerful in this world.

She felt extremely uneasy as she stared at Garen. She felt that she was a commoner who was standing in front of a murderer who had just killed a person with a gun. Her life would be threatened if the opponent was slightly unhappy with her.

The feeling of her life not being within her grasp made her feel extremely threatened. She, who was already an extremely insecure person, felt even more uneasy as she stood in front of Garen at such a close distance.

“It’s good because everything has been resolved. Since the host of the virus has been taken care of, it should lose its sustainability and would no longer be a threat. I’m heading towards Lighthouse immediately and would not stay long in this world. Are you guys coming along with me or do you prefer to follow up later on?” Garen casually asked.

“We will catch up with you later on.” Kong Xinxue spoke up as she noticed Nine-Tailed Fox was feeling uneasy. She, on the other hand, was fine with it. Garen had always been rather secretive and people who practiced the Mother Stream System always did things differently from the rest.

Since she herself had not much power, she was used to facing against people much stronger than her.

“You really concealed a lot of your strength. Hehe.” Kong Xinxue walked around Garen once. “I will definitely look for you if I were to be in trouble. You better not reject my request! It may be a life or death situation to us but child’s play to you.”

“No problem.” Garen smiled. He knew that it was all just lip service. Their self-esteem would not allow them to ask for help unless it was an actual life or death situation. In fact, Garen suspected that these two might not even look for him for help if they really were in a tight spot.

“Is there anything else that needs to be resolved?” Kong Xinxue looked behind Garen. “Look, your disciple is coming for you.”

Garen turned around and saw Yuria gliding towards him. He had already gathered all of the survivors at one location when Garen and the Demon Lord who puppeteered Zhi Jinqin were having a conversation. He was currently gliding towards him with a panicked look on his face.

“Run!! This place is going to be completely destroyed!! They are going to use nuclear bombs!!!” He shouted as he was still a dozen meters away from them.

Garen, Nine-Tailed Fox and Kong Xinxue’s face turned pale as they heard what he had said.

Since this world’s restriction was too great, Garen himself could not guarantee that he would be able to defend against a nuclear bomb’s explosion.

“Let’s go!”

He turned his head around to look at the marines on the ships but he did not see anyone on the ship. It seemed that the marines on the ship had hidden themselves up.

“I’ll go and inform them!” Nine-Tailed Fox reacted.

The trio then started to move swiftly.

Yuria started to move the survivors nearby to Garen’s ship.

Since the Lighthouse’s seal had yet to be undone, Garen could only wait with everyone else in the ship.

The shocked and mentally fatigued marines who had holed up were forced back into their delegated posts. They then started to turn their ships around and left the area swiftly.

Vulture No. 1 and Red Nation's Prince were paralyzed as they were rescued by Yuria as well. Both of them had given a lot of strength to Yuria as they had lent their strengths to him when the Savior's ability was activated.

Both of them faced each other while they laid on the deck.

"I have never expected that things would end like this." Vulture No.1 was speechless.

"I didn't expect this as well." The Prince gave out a long sigh. The clumsy Yuria had just torn his wound on his leg by another two centimeters and this made him felt extremely painful to the point he started to sweat profusely.

"All I know is that when I have healed, I need to skin this kid off or I am not..."

"Hey hey hey!" Yuria was carried over and placed beside them. He was fully covered in white bandages and only his eyes could be seen. "I risked my life to save you two. Can you treat me like a person who had just saved your lives?"

"We would survive even if you didn't save us. Those who looked down on me, The Prince, are already dead!" The Red Nation's Prince said with a deep tone.

"You?" Yuria scoffed.

"I hate people scoffing right at my face the most. You're so dead! You're dead the moment I can start moving again!" Red Nation's Prince was furious.

"Didn't you say those that look down on you are already dead? Well, I am still very much alive." Yuria put on a sloppy look on his face.

“Just you wait!” The Prince was obviously pissed as he stared at Yuria with killing intent.

“Alright, alright. Keep those thoughts to yourself.” Vulture No.1, who has always been a good man, tried to dissolve the situation. He was rather speechless towards The Prince. “You’re an old man now. What’s the point of verbally cussing at others?”

“I!” the prince still had more to say but he saw Vulture’s gaze. He looked at where he was looking to see Yuria had his face up, with two streams of clear, crystal-like liquid flowing down his cheeks.

“This kid’s family has completely perished. What’s the point of arguing with him?” Vulture No. 1 whispered. “He killed his father with his own hands and his sister has been killed by his master. Then, he found out that his mother is actually not his mother. He wouldn’t have left the house if his father killed his mother and even planned to murder his sister and him. All in all, it’s a complete mess.”

“What? Such a mess.” Red Nation’s Prince was speechless as well.

“That’s right. It’s a mess.” Vulture No.1 lamented. “What was just a family’s issue had turned into an international mess. Many outsiders had suffered death and injuries.” He sighed and stopped speaking.

After going through a life and death battle side by side, both of them did not put up on a mask between each other as they were both abandoned by their own respective countries. They managed to get along well as they sympathized with each other.

The ships were moving away from the White Crab Island at an increasing speed to the point where it was on the verge of flying away from the sea.

Garen would occasionally release a gust of wind with his palm at the back of the boat as he tried to push the boat forward.

He stared at the White Crab Island from afar.

Suddenly, a pitch black torpedo-like object appeared in the sky. It had a golden-white tail on its back as it quietly dropped into the crevice of the White Crab Island.

Boom!!

An eye-blinding dazzle flashed across the sky, seemingly turning the sky into a pure white paper. It was so bright that everything was dyed white in color.

Garen shut his eyes, but he could still feel the blinding light piercing through his eyelid and into his retina.

He then tried to cover his eyes with his hands but to no avail, since his hands were dyed completely white as well.

Ahh!!

He heard cries of agony behind him as their eyes were excited by the blinding light. They would eventually lose their sight if their eyes were to continue being excited by such blinding light at such a close distance.

“My eyes...!” Garen heard Kong Xinxue’s painful cry.

Garen sighed, and raised up his three-meter long saber and sliced it to the front.

Cling!

A ten-meter tall silver curtain was erected, blocking the crowd from the light.

The majority intensity of the light was reflected back and the deck of the ship was much dimmer than before. Although it was still bright, it was very much better.

“Be careful of the waves!!”

One man shouted loudly but no one could hear him as the explosion's shockwave had already reached them.

Garen was the only one who could hear him through the vibrations.

He then looked at the White Crab Island and saw a few hundred meters tall tsunami about ten knots away from them. It was fast approaching the ship as it kept folding the sea repeatedly.

The blinding light pierced through the tsunami, dying it completely white. It was as if it was glowing uniformly as it turned into a huge giant water wall which spanned hundreds of meters tall.

Behind the huge tsunami was the mushroom cloud that ascended into the sky. The fiery red fire and smoke fused together as the light dimmed down. What came next was an intensive trembling and roar.

The entire ship started to tremble and shake thoroughly.

"The distance is too close." Garen frowned.

He held his saber up and gently flicked at it.

Buzz!

The metallic saber started to vibrate as it released an ear-deafening buzzing sound.

Boom!

The saber did not even break as he fought with Zhi Jinqin earlier. However, it had turned into a chunk of debris as it was shot towards the back of the sea. What followed along this debris were those high buzzing noises.

The sound waves canceled out the huge sound created from the nuclear bomb as Garen was able to cancel out the noise with great precision instead of creating a superpositioned wave via his Energy Machine Imprint.

“It’s all over!” He casually threw away the saber in his hand. Everything in this world had come to a closure. The next thing he wanted to do was to deal with the Lighthouse incident.

Chapter 1243: Lighthouse 1

After the great battle with Zhi Jinqin, the pandemic, worldwide spread of the virus finally returned to normal. Without the support of the parental host body, most of the virus lost their strong infection rates instantly and were speedily eradicated as if roots without water.

Most of the humans, animals, and plants that were infected had produced antibodies on their own. Without the parental Yuri’s Kiss, it was actually just a normal flu virus.

Garen brought the boat full of people back safely. Unlike the expectations of all the forces, they were not destroyed by the impact of the nuclear bomb at the final juncture. It was evident that this matter was beyond the consciousness of the various high-level major forces. However, Red Nation’s Prince and Vulture No. 1 were slightly discouraged. After returning home once again, they seized control of their influences to eliminate a group of buffoons from the forces who emerged to seize their authority before retiring behind the scenes. As both of them harbored gratitude towards Garen, they would occasionally meet up for a drink with him. They discovered that an old soul was concealed beneath Garen’s youthful appearance. They gradually formed a teacher-student relationship with him that resembled Garen’s relationship with Yuria. Additionally, they discovered that Garen could answer and explain many things to them.

Through Garen’s assistance, the internal situation between Slann and the Red Nation stabilized quickly. Both countries then formed an alliance to counter the Black Federation that possessed powerful forces.

While he was waiting for Lighthouse to open their seal, Garen focused on fully digesting the large amount of Slaughtering Techniques that Slayer had given him. Meanwhile, his physical fitness rapidly increased and broke through to twenty points because of the Soul Ring’s nourishment. This turned him

into an actual Humanoid Universal Beast. As the rules of this universe were unusually strict, all kinds of physical strength would certainly correspond to terrifying depletion because of their physical composition.

This caused Garen to encounter situations that he had never experienced in the previous universe.

Boom boom... Hoo...

Boom boom... Shh...

Inside a gigantic soundproofed building somewhere in Slann, the sound of loud surging air currents that resembled thunder echoed occasionally. It entered and exited the space over and over again like a continuous stream of water that flowed steadily.

The colossal white building was built within a military base on the outskirts of the capital. Over a thousand guards were positioned in the surrounding area to defend it. However, the guards were not there to prevent the people inside from exiting but were there to stop outsiders from accidentally trespassing.

Garen sat with his legs crossed inside the building. Black alloy boards covered the long broad stretches of empty space fully. He sat upright on the center of the ground, densely-packed interchanging air holes were above his head.

Garen merely possessed the form of a muscular but normal human who was over two meters tall. However, the gentle sound of his breathing was currently accompanied by the sound of surging air currents that were as terrifyingly loud as thunder.

When most of the air and airstreams were sucked into his lungs through his nostrils, they would spurt out rapidly like cannon balls after being compressed before colliding chaotically inside the building.

The clothes on Garen's back were constantly blown and upturned by the intense surging air currents as well.

Click.

The building's main door was opened slowly before Vulture No. 1 who was dressed in a white suit took long strides and walked inside. Meanwhile, Red Nation's Prince who wore a black, tight suit and a black coat followed him and entered as well.

"Brother Saber, you've become even more excessive..." Red Nation's Prince covered his ears immediately after entering because he felt that his eardrums were numb from the vibrations of the rumbles of Garen's breathing.

Both of them withstood the air currents to walk to Garen's front before sitting down with some difficulty and steadying their figures.

The wind stopped immediately when Garen held his breath. Once his body had achieved this grade, holding his breath for a few hours was merely child's play.

"Why have you come here? Haven't you been very busy recently?" Garen asked casually.

He had been here for two months already. He had been waiting for the permission on Lighthouse's part all this time to undo the limits of the virus. However, his physical fitness had undergone frightening increments that allowed him to reach an excessive degree whereby a mere breath was strong enough to send a person flying if he blew them.

On a random day when he accidentally used his nostrils to blow Nine-Tailed Fox away, he could not help but voluntarily seek Vulture No. 1's help to find a large, specialized soundproofed house for him to stay. This prevented him from accidentally using his body that was constantly getting stronger to kill the people around him as if he was merely stomping on ants.

"How could we not come? We made a special trip to visit you once we finished our hectic task. Didn't you say that you wanted to go? How is it? Have you finished preparing?" asked Vulture No. 1 directly. They had gotten along for two months without any conflicts of interest. The matters of life and death

also allowed him to see many things in a clearer view. Moreover, he grew increasingly open-minded as well. Recently, he had successfully ended the matter with the previous leader with Garen's support. He was moving towards the position of the first and leading figure in Slann now. If everything went as planned, he could establish a dynasty fully within these few months.

"It's still alright." Garen tried to speak as softly as possible but his voice still resembled thunder while the strong air currents that he exhaled caused both Vulture No. 1 and Red Nation's Prince's clothes to overturn towards the back frenziedly. Large pools of his saliva pitter-pattered and sprayed everywhere.

"This is exaggerating..." said Prince dumbfoundedly. He wiped off the spit on his face. "Rumor has it that you can even spit and cover a person's entire face in drops of saliva..."

"I can't do anything about it..." said Garen helplessly. He was too strong and a lot of saliva would splatter and fly out whenever he was not careful. It simply resembled rain whenever he was speaking to someone else.

"What about Yuria? How is his situation?" Garen asked casually.

"That fellow has gone to the Black Federation and contacted his former subordinates. When he ran away from home in the beginning, he joined an organization that specialized in countering his father before it disbanded later. Hence, he's gone to find his old friends now. Now that his sister's gone while Garen is nothing to him and Light Path's whereabouts are unknown, I won't be willing to forgive him again even if I find him. He's all alone now," said Vulture No. 1 frankly. "As his master, you should hurry up and keep an eye on him."

"Keep an eye on him? Everyone needs to experience these things. Isn't growth only experienced through endurance?" Garen lifted his teacup and sipped it gently.

Shh!

The tea moved and disappeared instantly before the teacup shifted directly into his mouth.

This was due to the fact that his suction was too strong. It caused the tea to move too quickly as if it had teleported and could not be distinguished by the naked eye.

"I don't think I can hang around here for more than a few days." Once he had finished drinking his tea, Garen placed the cup down and slowly said, "Once I leave, please take care of Li Hua and the others. This is one of my requests."

"No problem." Vulture No. 1 lifted his own teacup and drank from it calmly despite being drenched from head to toe in Garen's splattered spit. "Can you reveal where you're planning to go?"

"You wouldn't even know the place even if I told you," Garen smiled. "You could say that it's the depths of the universe."

"Indeed, a freak like you would simply destroy the balance by living on this planet. I suspect that the current nuclear bombs would not be able to kill you in the explosion either," said Red Nation's Prince bluntly.

"Nonetheless, if you ever need some help, don't forget that there are still two old fellows here who are indebted to your kindness."

"I won't forget that, of course."

Garen briefly inquired about the most recent situation regarding the management of the virus as well as the other circumstances regarding the White Crab Organization. Everything had stabilized now.

Both nations had taken confrontational stances towards the Black Federation and would not lose to them. This allowed him to be at ease completely.

Everything in this world revolved around the rotations of the Four Great Cornerstones. The heavy curtains around the stage were fully opened for Yuria who was the first generation of the Four Great Cornerstones. Perhaps in another ten years or so when the second generation of the Four Great Cornerstones reappeared and walked on the international stage, everything would begin once again.

Nonetheless, that was not a problem that Garen needed to consider anymore.

He had absorbed two of the Soul Rings that belonged to the Four Great Cornerstones of this generation. If possible, he would probably return and absorb even more Soul Rings when the time came. However, these matters would only occur more than ten years later.

The Soul Rings were symbols that the energy of this universe would condense endlessly. After it was lost, the universe's inexhaustible strength would replenish and condense it again. It was equivalent to the constant bearing of abundant fruits.

Since the Void Demon Lord Canster had already given him this world, Garen did not hold back and prepared to come and reap it once after a certain period of time. Nonetheless, before he did this, he would still want to go to Lighthouse first because he was already looking forward to visiting for a long time. He was not looking forward to Lighthouse itself but rather, the records inside Lighthouse that could provide him with Paramount Sources.

Some people referred to them as Paramount Sources while others called them Supreme Laws. However, the highest leveled powerhouses within Lighthouse purely recorded the things that they had seen and heard initially. That was the source of the Mother Stream and the spring of all life. More people referred to it as the Origin of the Mother Stream.

The Mother Stream was the strongest of the Thirteen Major Existences in the entire Countless Space-Time Universe. According to the sources of the records where it was stored, the Origin of the Mother Stream was a treasure that was sought after by innumerable Ancient Endorian systems.

Of course, reading the Origin of the Mother Stream required one million Contribution Points but Garen had a sufficient amount of them this time. To thank Garen for saving this world, Sea God and another person named Demonic Lamp had each transferred one million Contribution Points to him as compensation when they returned. They did this to show their gratitude when they heard that he wanted to see the Origin of the Mother Stream. After all, this world would truly be in danger if Garen had not been present.

Everything was ready and he only needed to wait for Lighthouse to finally lift the restriction order before he could leave.

He strengthened the bonds between himself, Vulture No. 1 and Red Nation's Prince and set the tone properly to reap his future gains. Once both of them had left, another new group of visitors soon arrived.

It was not anybody but Nine-Tailed Fox and Kong Xinxue who were planning to travel to Lighthouse with Garen.

Garen had attended the other Transmigrator's appreciation banquet last month. He received odds and ends tens of thousands of Contribution Points which was better than nothing. He had already agreed to travel to Lighthouse with the other two people then.

However, when they came over this time, it was obvious that an additional person was hiding behind them.

"Night Water?" Garen looked at the little girl in black clothes who was hiding behind Nine-Tailed Fox.

"It's me!" Night Water stood forward openly despite feeling slightly embarrassed. "As compensation for imprisoning me for such a long time, what do you think of taking me to Lighthouse with you?" she bargained with him.

"Weren't you part of an organization?" Garen looked at the three people who had walked over and were now sitting on the opposite side of him, a few meters away.

"I left."

"You mean you got kicked out," said Kong Xinxue meanly. "Tsk tsk, poor child. You said you left when you were actually kicked out just for the sake of your pitiful self-esteem. Did you really think that your thoughts could be concealed so easily?"

"Is that any of your business?!" Night Water was slightly furious because of the embarrassment.

"Then why do you want to go with us?" Garen was not concerned about the minor incident that was related to Night Water's previous group but merely asked the question randomly.

"Just tell me if you agree or not? After all, you've imprisoned me for such a long time and I've even helped you perform so many unspeakable tasks..." It was clear that Night Water planned to blame him.

Chapter 1244: Lighthouse 2

“Hey, isn’t this different from what we had decided on before we arrived?” asked Nine-Tailed Fox unhappily. “I know that you’re thinking of using Garen’s position of strength and rank to improve your own social status but you should still behave with a bit of integrity, right?”

“Integrity? Are you actually saying that I don’t have any integrity?!” Night Water yelled. “Do you know who frantically went back and forth to take care the both of you when the after-effects occurred after you fell into a coma suddenly? Do you know who was supporting the rear steadily when both of you left for White Crab Island and were risking your lives there? Do you know who had to risk being discovered to sneakily place the monitoring device in... Mmm!!”

Before Night Water could finish speaking, Nine-Tailed Fox covered her mouth without batting an eyelid, making it impossible for her to make any noises except mumble.

“Aren’t you guys annoying?! You have been yapping all day long just because of some trivial matters! Do you know how to empathize with other people’s feelings?! You were yapping yesterday and today! Don’t forget that I still have nude photos of both of you... Ahh!” Night Water lunged towards Kong Xinxue, causing her to fall down before Nine-Tailed Fox rushed over to help as well. The three of them wrestled into a chaotic and messy catfight.

“Enough!”

Garen raised his voice slightly.

Whoosh!!!

A gust of strong wind was accompanied by a torrent of rain submerged the trio completely.

The trio was soaked to the bones instantly as Garen’s saliva sprayed across their heads and faces.

Splash.

Nine-Tailed Fox wiped a handful of saliva off her face before using both hands to comb her damp sticky hair backward.

“Isn’t it comfortable now...”

“I know! Ptui ptui ptui 1 !” Kong Xinxue jumped up from the ground. Her entire body was covered in Garen’s saliva.

Speaking of which, ever since Garen’s physical fitness became excessively powerful, his saliva secretions were also sufficiently strengthened. A random drop or sprinkle of his saliva could soak an entire person.

This was not the first time that this trio had experienced this situation.

“Hehehe... Luckily, I came prepared!” Night Water crawled up from the ground. The black tight-fitting clothing that covered her whole body seemed to be waterproof as large amounts of spit trickled down her body from the top. She became spotless once again. However, she had clearly overlooked the fact that her face and hair were still dripping.

The trio sat before Garen again. They were sitting upright despite their entire bodies being in a state of disorder. Moreover, the rising scent of the vaporizing saliva made them seem in an even worse off position.

“We came over this time with Night Water to proceed to Lighthouse together. That’s fine, right?” asked Nine-Tailed Fox formally. After all, it was obvious that Night Water and themselves wanted to go to Lighthouse together this time because they wanted to take advantage of Garen. Thus, they needed to seek his permission.

“It’s fine. Tell me the main matters.”

“From the information that I’ve received, Lighthouse should’ve lifted the restriction order long ago. However, there’s a huge difference on how to treat you,” said Nine-Tailed Fox quietly.

“Differences? What do you mean?” Garen was startled.

“Your powers have already reached the Suppressor’s level even though it’s merely human strength like ours. Thus, the forces of the three main clans in Lighthouse are consulting each other on how to arrange a position for you,” replied Nine-Tailed Fox.

“There are a total of three main clans in Lighthouse. Of course, these three clans are the most important. While there is obviously an abundance of other Transmigrator clans, their powers can be overlooked in comparison to these three main clans.”

“Who are the three main clans?”

Kong Xinxue took over the conversation and explained.

“The first one is the Many-Limbed Clan. Any races that have more than three limbs will be classified as part of the Many-Limbed Clan. The second one is the Many-Eyed Clan. It follows the same principle whereby those with three or more eyes will be determined as part of the Many-Eyed Clan. Our human race is next. All beings that possess human figures or forms will be classified as part of the human race. However, careful and strict classification has determined that our human race mainly consists of human earthlings, merpeople, and winged people that form three groups. As a newly discovered earthling who belongs to the same level as a Suppressor powerhouse, they need to discuss the actual position, attitude, and treatment that they’re willing to give you first. Next up are the attitude, position, and reply within the human race. Indeed, many years have passed without the appearance of a Suppressor level powerhouse.”

“Many years? How many years?” Garen was not interested in these struggles for influence but was focusing on other aspects instead.

“Perhaps about two to three thousand years. Lighthouse wasn’t established for a long time either and has only been around for about over ten thousand years. Only three Suppressors have appeared so far and they are the three highest-ranking individuals within the members association. They are Evil Shadow King, Strengthening Superhuman, and Pure Jade Clan King.”

“What about the other three?”

“The other three’s combat powers aren’t that great. However, they’re very useful and effective in other aspects such as the Worldly Tree of Knowledge Jules. He can give you the answer to almost any piece of knowledge you desire. He’s a superhuman old man who has lived for more than ten thousand years. He will hold classes spontaneously when he’s in the mood. Occasionally, he will sleep or doze off as five or six years pass,” explained Kong Xinxue.

“The inside of Lighthouse has been further divided into Wind Tower, Water Tower, and Spirit Tower. We’re in the territory of Water Tower. This is because the specialty of our race is water as more than fifty percent of our bodies are made up of water.”

“Are the others similar in that sense? Are half of the insides of their bodies made up of wind? Or spirits?” Garen continued asking.

“Yes, the Three Main Tower Territories are each used as the living areas of the Three Main Forces. However, powerful beings like yourself must usually be sealed up first before they are allowed to come out and meet others,” answered Nine-Tailed Fox while smiling.

“I understand...” nodded Garen knowingly. He currently felt that the difference between their grades had grown too far. Moreover, this situation had produced various inconveniences. He could not help blowing a person away if the tone of his voice was slightly too loud.

“So the three of you came together because the restriction order was lifted?” Garen asked casually.

“Yes, it has probably been lifted now after so much time has passed. However, regardless of the forces, at least your strength is powerful in comparison to the entire Transmigrator community. This is extremely good news because it means that they won’t neglect you but will spend to win you over instead,” replied Nine-Tailed Fox, smiling. “When the time comes, everything will be fine as long as there are no accidents.”

“When do we leave?” Garen took the communication device out. No one knew what this object was made of but its quality was unusually solid. The device had experienced numerous battles alongside Garen but was able to persevere without being damaged or breaking down at all. It was truly rare.

“Anytime.” Nine-Tailed Fox stood up.

“We’ll leave now then.” Garen got up before the two remaining people followed suit and stood up as well.

Nine-Tailed Fox nodded and took out her own communication device before tossing it in front gently.

“Open the Teleportation Point,” she said softly. “The largest scale.”

“The largest-scale requires the consumption of the highest level of Contribution Points, are you sure that you want to open it?” A melodious female voice echoed from the communication device.

“I’m sure,” answered Nine-Tailed Fox certainly.

Whoosh!

It moved at a rapid speed. Within the blink of an eye, a white Light Beam that resembled a line was projected from the bottom of the communication device directly.

The white Light Beam pulled itself open from both sides slowly like a folding door that was pulled into a semicircular white light door.

“You can go in now.” Nine-Tailed Fox nodded towards Garen. She finished speaking and took a long stride towards the light door.

A brief hissing noise could be heard when Nine-Tailed Fox’s entire body had just touched the light door before she disappeared completely.

Kong Xinxue took a step forward and caught up to her. She disappeared at the same time at the moment when she touched the light door.

Night Water cast her gaze towards Garen instead.

Garen smiled and walked towards the front of the light door.

He was finally about to leave this world and enter a larger universe and dimension.

His heart grew faintly exited. He was not merely going with the flow and rushing into a world and universe chaotically by trying his luck. Instead, he had chosen his own path to the greatest of his capabilities.

“I’ll go first then?” He looked at Night Water before she nodded.

Garen did not waste time and took a big step forward. However, the moment before he was about to touch the white light, he suddenly felt Night Water’s hand grabbing his arm.

Shh!!

The white light burst open before his eyes and made it impossible for him to see anything clearly at that moment.

Within the boundless, pitch-black spatial universe, a long stretch of the galaxy was flowing slowly. The countless celestial bodies resembled the most insignificant grains of river sand in the galaxy.

These hundred billion celestial bodies finally formed this entire vast beautiful blue galaxy.

The galaxy moved slowly like the most magnificent whirlpool of flowing water while an imposing white lighthouse stood upright in the center.

The cylindrical white lighthouse stood tall in the center of the galaxy coincidentally while three blinding golden light pillars were projected from the top of the lighthouse. These light pillars penetrated the entire galaxy and illuminated the exterior of the boundless jet-black universe.

It seemed as though these three light pillars were completely motionless. However, if someone could measure the speed of the light pillar extremely accurately, they would discover that these light pillars would occasionally move towards other directions at a slow pace.

Nonetheless, throughout the distance of this vast galaxy that spanned across countless light-years, the speed of the light pillar's movements appeared to be abnormally slow.

The interior of this white lighthouse was divided into a total of five floors. The highest floor was the control floor that controlled the operations throughout the entire lighthouse while the bottom included two floors of halls which were the High Hall and an observation hall.

The bottom of this lighthouse consisted of the important dwelling areas. The two other layers included the circular plaza and the library area.

The circular plaza was currently bordering the examination area. Within the largest Teleportation Linking Point, Garen appeared at the linking point suddenly with Night Water still holding on to his arm. Faint halos of white light were being released by the side of their bodies slowly.

The white shades before Garen's eyes faded slowly as he regained his sight quickly. More than ten smiling white-robed people entered his line of sight and welcomed him.

"Welcome to Lighthouse, my dear clan member!" said the leading white-haired man loudly while stretching his arms open. "Sword Master Garen, we've heard about your great strength all the way from our headquarters. We're ready to welcome you to formally join us any time."

He walked over and extended his hand.

Garen reached his hand out as well before the both of them shook hands gently.

“I’m very glad to be able to come to Lighthouse formally as well.”

Garen surveyed his surroundings. He was currently standing inside a white cylindrical pavilion. There were rows of various white stone pillars beside him that were each larger than the previous one when you approached them from afar. Each of these stone pillars surrounded pavilions of various sizes. It appeared that they were used to teleport and transport Transmigrators of different physical sizes.

The vast blue galaxy was above his head while the white jade colored solid stone floor was below his feet.

“My name is Pera and I’m the main person in charge of the humans here. Our leader Pure Jade Clan King has already given orders regarding your matters beforehand. He will definitely entertain you properly and will meet you personally immediately after returning. The old man is currently handling the sect’s important matters in the local world and is too busy to attend to you for now,” explained Pera while glancing obviously at Night Water, Nine-Tailed Fox, and Kong Xinxue who were standing beside Garen.

There were all beautiful women. His heart knew exactly what it wanted immediately.

As the headquarters of the Transmigrators, Lighthouse naturally possessed beneficial relationships on the inside as well. Places with intelligent creatures would have clashes of interest and could never be that pure. Moreover, the division of profit would naturally be related to the closeness between the strengths and forces.

“I’ll take you to the resting area that has been arranged already. After that, what would you say if I brought you to visit the various areas briefly?” said Pera while smiling. The other people behind him had friendly smiles on their faces as well. However, they were not forced smiles but were smiles that evolved from the heart instead. It was obvious that Garen’s arrival could produce real benefits and advantages to them.

“There’s no need. We’ll take Garen to visit around the area.” Without waiting for Garen to answer, Kong Xinxue stepped forward voluntarily and spoke. She was not an idiot. When she saw Pera coming forward to receive him personally despite being someone whose face she had never even seen once on a normal day, she immediately understood that Garen’s position of strength was perhaps higher than her expectations.

She was not an idiot. If she acted as if she was slightly closer to Garen now and borrowed some of his influence, her life would become much better in a place like Lighthouse where everything depended on power.

Chapter 1245: Origin of the Mother Stream 1

“That’s fine as well.” Pera glanced at Garen knowingly. “Cocosher.”

A blonde girl with a tall slender body and charming features who was dressed in a black, tight-fitting silk mini skirt walked out behind him immediately.

“Inform the rest to place the portraits of His Excellency the Sword Master in the various departments with the permission to pass through.”

“Understood.”

The golden-haired woman nodded in response.

“So would you like to have a meal now first?”

Pera smiled while looking at Garen.

“That won’t be necessary. However, I only have two wishes.” Garen lifted two of his fingers.

“Firstly, I’d like to examine and inquire about the situation on Earth before we transmigrate. Is there any way to find out about the whole situation regarding the status of Earth?

“Secondly, in regards to viewing the records of the Origin of the Mother Stream, my Contribution Points are most probably sufficient.”

“Regarding these two questions,” Pera smiled, “I think that it’d be better for us to talk while we walk.”

Pera and ten other people clustered around Garen and the three other girls who were in the center. The group walked towards the interior of Lighthouse slowly along the Starry Sky Sword Bridge.

This was a long strip-like sword bridge that appeared outdoors in the star-studded sky. It resembled a sharp blade that poked straight out of the side of the lighthouse. The top of the bridge was filled with densely-packed Teleportation Linking Point. This place was directly connected to the circular plaza area on the third floor.

As Garen was clustered to walk in the middle, he could occasionally see rays of white light behind him that came from the new people who were being teleported back.

Meanwhile, Pera introduced the fundamentals of the area to him.

“There aren’t many people who are living in the Lighthouse headquarters here because the Transmigrators only occupy one percent of the population. The majority are personnel who stayed back to manage the place while most of the others would rather live in the Plots of worlds that were slightly more peaceful. You understand as well that in many worlds excluding the places in where the Plot is occurring, the other areas are actually very safe because the locations that are involved are not vast.”

“I can understand that.” Garen nodded. “So how are these worlds classified?”

“Classified? No, that’s not quite right. Every world belongs to a universe that contains a myriad of planetary worlds. We don’t have any way of fully probing or determining the true situation of the universe through elimination. The only thing that we can do is contact our companions that have transmigrated and incarnated in different worlds or universes. We can all contact each other to form an organization that provides services that led to mutual benefits. Simultaneously, we can also engage in the trade and optimization of resources.”

Pera smiled and continued. “For instance, Dark Colored Gold isn’t valuable in worlds where they are present because they can be found anywhere and you can obtain a large amount just by grabbing it randomly. However, Dark Colored Gold possesses unimaginably terrifying magic in the worlds where it is present. Hence, they’re a first-rate resource that everyone yearns for even in their dreams. Therefore,

we transfer between worlds to conduct reasonable allocation of these resources. This allows us to promote everyone's development further to obtain an even greater influence throughout the various worlds."

"I understand what you mean." Garen nodded. "What about Earth? Since we have so many Transmigrators from Earth, even if everyone's homes were in different dimensions on Earth that were in parallel spaces, someone would've surely engaged in the exploration of this aspect, right? What was the conclusion?"

Pera furrowed his eyebrows slightly when this matter was brought up.

"We've always been working hard in this aspect but so far, it seems like we can't even touch the edges because the distance between us and earth is too far. On the other hand, we've discovered numerous similar planets in other universes. These were the additional benefits as some of these planets are very unique. You should visit these places if you have the chance in the future."

"In other words, you still don't have any clues regarding Earth?" asked Garen directly.

"You could say that," Pera exhaled then sighed. "Many of our companions who yearn to return are truly looking for a possible way to go back. However, we currently don't see any rays of hope from the looks of it. This doesn't apply to the human earthlings like us only. Many people in the other two clans have the same sentiments but none of them have discovered a path to return yet."

The group walked through the entrance of the circular plaza and entered it.

They stood on a suspended silver platform that resembled a parallelogram. The platform that was made of metal silently pulled more than ten people through a purple round-arched tunnel.

Pfoo...

A few rainbow-like Airstreams that were overflowing with vibrant colors gradually appeared in their surroundings. These fine, continuous thread-like things revolved and flew around everyone.

“These are Rainbow Elves. We discovered them in a unique universe. They’re considered as a species of microorganism that can purify the air while constantly emitting beneficial magnetic fields that are healthy for us humans. Moreover, they also serve as landscaping ornaments in the city,” explained Pera.

“It’s very beautiful.”

Garen lifted his head and glanced at the translucent, multi-colored Elves that resembled flowing water in the tunnel. They did not look physical but presented a faint illusory impression instead.

Garen reached his hand out and caught the Rainbow Elves beside him gently but could not feel anything substantial.

Pera smiled at this sight.

“Speaking of these increment creatures, the Origin of the Mother Stream, which is also your main goal of coming here this time, had recorded the existence of a being that is of an even higher level than the Rainbow Elves. They seem like pure energy bodies so we’ve named them the Elementals. Perhaps you will gain some things when viewing through the records.”

“I hope so.” Garen smiled and nodded.

“The Origin of the Mother Stream that is a part of the Mother Stream System belongs to a section of the first-rate records that require middle-ranking viewing rights. Regarding the viewing rights, I don’t know whether you’re acquainted in this aspect?” asked Cocosher quietly while standing beside Pera.

“Cocosher’s other identity is of a service person who manages the High Hall. Therefore, she’s more qualified in that aspect than me,” Pera explained while smiling.

Garen shifted his gaze towards the beautiful blonde woman who was dressed in black silk.

“Viewing rights?”

“You still need viewing rights to just look at something?” asked Kong Xinxue, puzzled.

“Don’t tell me that the quantity of the information here is so great that everything has become jumbled, causing most people to be unable to accept the effects of the information overload at one go?” This assumption made it more obvious that Nine-Tailed Fox was more experienced and knowledgeable.

“This is one aspect,” said Cocosher, nodding. “The main issue is that the Origin of the Mother Stream is constantly releasing powerful radioactive rays. We only have one thing to filter these unique radioactive rays to turn them into protective shields that allow people to view them head-on. Otherwise, when we’re unable to proceed with sheltering it, regardless of the greatness of your own power, there’s a probability that you will instantly suffer Soul Beckoning and be drawn into the Origin of the Mother Stream directly.”

“Soul Beckoning?!” yelled Night Water in a slightly shocked manner. As she was also a powerhouse of the Mother Stream System, she was naturally clearly aware of the number of evil ways that existed within these playthings. “The Mother Stream is the source of all life. Therefore, anything that possesses a soul cannot withstand her Soul Beckoning at all! Isn’t this just asking for death? No wonder it’s so expensive!”

Garen knew about this Soul Beckoning as well.

It was as if the Mother Stream was the positive pole of a gigantic magnet while the Soul Beckoning seemed to be the opposite side that also resembled the tiny weak negative pole of a magnet. In other words, viewing the Origin of the Mother Stream was like drawing the distance between these two magnets closer to achieve a stage where it could be felt that they were both pulling each other.

He had heard Black Sethe mentioned this before. It was a first-rate True Soul killing move that existed in Ancient Endor. It had previously instantly destroyed two large armies of Void Creatures and three Demon Lord level powerhouses. It was worthy of being called invincible!

The position of this Soul Beckoning move in the Ancient Endorian civilizations was simply equivalent to super strategic weapons in the civilizations on Earth such as nuclear bombs and hydrogen bombs. They were considered as first-rate mass weapons of destruction.

“Lighthouse actually possesses the materials and resources to counter the Soul Beckoning? That’s truly unimaginable!” Garen sighed with sincere emotion.

“This is another benefit of converging with many other worlds and being entrusted with their resources,” Pera explained. “There’s a world that’s purely a soul world that is abundant with materials that are specially used to counter the traction of souls. We’ve also exhausted a great deal of effort to merely create a tiny amount of it that is only sufficient to be seen once by a single person. Moreover, it can only be seen for ten minutes. Otherwise, even if the resistance of these materials are weakened, that power will still cause living creatures to lose their minds and throw themselves into it voluntarily.”

The group had just entered a gigantic white plaza. The surroundings of this plaza were round while the ceiling above their heads was not the white sky that they had imagined. Instead, it was a cerulean sky filled with white clouds and an additional little golden sun that was hanging there quietly. It seemed as though they had truly entered a whole new world.

“We’ve entered the initial part of the plaza here. If you walk forward from here, there’s a large stretch of land below with an area that is almost equivalent to half the size of the planet that you arrived from earlier, except that its surface area is measured by spreading it out completely. The entire circular plaza refers to this whole area of land,” said Pera while smiling. “Welcome to the third level of Lighthouse.”

He snapped his fingers before the silver platform that was supporting the group accelerated suddenly. It flew quickly and passed this small-scale plaza before arriving at the edges of the said plaza.

The borders of this entire plaza were actually suspended in mid-air while this place was situated in high altitude skies. When they looked down, they could see the terrain of a long stretch of rugged uneven mountainous grounds, lush green forests, and a silver flowing river that resembled a ribbon. There were also flocks of wild geese that flew below them frequently. This was basically another living world.

Garen walked towards the edge and looked down. They were currently situated in the utmost point of high altitude. They were at a height of at least a few thousand meters while the ground below them resembled an exquisite and fine site model.

He looked towards the faraway distance on his front-right side. There was a long stretch of white area that seemed to be a cluster of many buildings there.

“The trade section of the plaza is located there where a myriad of items are sold inside. Transmigrators aren’t allowed to kill each other but other than that, this place permits any meaningful fights as long as no lives are taken,” said Pera while standing next to Garen.

Nine-Tailed Fox and Kong Xinxue stopped Cocosher who was trying to catch up to Garen on the other side. They asked her random questions and found conversation topics even when there were none. They were obviously trying to prevent her from getting too close to Garen.

Garen had no time to pay attention to their insignificant thoughts now. He was observing the white trading section below from afar.

“So where should I go if I want to view the Origin of the Mother Stream?” The trade section was not that important to him. Other than those with the Transmigrator status, the other people here did not share any similarities with him or provide him with a sense of belonging. As for the rare and strange energy systems, they were insanely suppressed when they arrived in the communal universe here. Although they were not as overpowered as the Four Great Cornerstones, they were considered to be extremely vicious in comparison to most of the other worlds.

Garen’s current power grade had already barely restored itself to the Planetary Level now. He could influence the grades that were on the levels that could balance planets. It was stronger than the world of the Four Great Cornerstones but much weaker than the Mech World.

“The Origin of the Mother Stream is one of the thirteen main sources of records. Since you must go to the High Hall which isn’t on this floor, we’ll take you to your dwelling place first. You can proceed to the High Hall anytime by either teleportation or fly there on your own,” answered Pera.

The group simply used the silver platform as support before flying off the plaza and soaring speedily to the bottom. Along the way, Garen constantly asked about the various situations here before he gained a certain understanding towards almost the entire layout and distribution of Lighthouse. This place no longer gave off the atmosphere of good friends helping each other. Instead, it was a place that was flooded with disputes and the bartering of benefits. No wonder Kong Xinxue and Nine-Tailed Fox were unwilling to return here and settle down. It was not surprising that many other people were more willing to hide in different worlds to live their own lives.

While he spoke to Pera along the way about certain major events and situations that occurred on Earth previously, Garen was certain that the other party did not originate from the same Earth as himself at all. It seemed as though Nine-Tailed Fox and Kong Xinxue did not transmigrate from the same Earth as

him either. Instead, it seemed like they came from certain parallel spaces that were branched out in history.

This declined his interest slightly.

After flying to a silver palace-like place among the mountains, Pera gave Garen a key. The entire territory that spanned a few hundred square kilometers was now Garen's domain.

Chapter 1246: Origin of the Mother Stream 2

"Although our surroundings are all wild mountainous areas, I believe that as long as you live here, there will be people who follow suit quickly," Pera smiled while speaking. "The powerhouses who belong to the level of the Suppressors can befriend others easily even if they have minor flaws. Whether you're looking at the aspect of exchanging resources or close protection, as long as you have the support of a mainstay powerhouse, you can't be more secure than that." He gazed at Nine-Tailed Fox and the other two women profoundly when he said this.

"What are you looking at? We're indeed planning to stay near Garen but it's not for that reason!" Nine-Tailed Fox remained silent but Kong Xinxue piped up arrogantly instead.

Pera paid her no mind. However, he was not the only one gazing at the three women as the members of the accompanying entourage around him were looking on in a faintly dubious manner as well.

"Your Excellency the Sword Master, do you require any slaves? There are members of the local Kachusha clan who have reproduced here, and their physical appearance and features are similar to us humans. Although their IQ is slightly lower, they naturally possess loyal personalities and can be considered as a pretty good breeding race."

"It doesn't matter, I don't think that I'll be staying here for long." Garen shook his head and declined. The threat of the Depletion of the Mother Stream made him feel an unprecedented sense of urgency. Perhaps viewing the Origin of the Mother Stream would help him. However, he had to know everything fairly well before he could discover what type of path he would thread on in the future.

"Is that so? That's truly a shame," said Pera sympathetically. The silver platform descended slowly before Garen and the others walked off and stood before the doorway of a silver palace that was shaped like the top of an onion. He turned back to look at Pera and the others.

"Thank you very much for arranging everything. Please thank Pure Jade Clan King for me. We'll definitely have a drink together in his free-time when he returns," said Garen in a casual but polite manner. The other party's alias clearly indicated that he came from the Immortal Hero World. Therefore, it was traditionally not seen as a taboo for them to drink alcohol together to display gratitude.

"I will surely relay this message." Pera cupped his hands in salute. "Cocoshier will live near you as well so you can seek for her directly if you have any questions or require anything. I'll take my leave now."

The platform soared into the sky, taking Pera and the others away before leaving into the distance.

Garen glanced around his surroundings. There were vast stretches of pine trees, and pine needles and nuts covered the ground in thick layers. A few squirrels scurried around, unafraid of people at all. Occasionally, a squirrel that was holding a pine nut would crouch on the ground and stare at Garen and the others blankly.

"Your Excellency?"

Cocoshier walked beside Garen and whispered, "There are more than a thousand rooms in the palace. Would you permit the three others and me to live here with you?"

Garen returned to his senses.

"I'll allow it. You can arrange everything on your own because I might not be staying here for long."

After experiencing the manner of Lighthouse, his mood was not as excited as he had imagined before.

The Depletion of the Mother Stream would not only result in the discontinuation of his future. Additionally, other related phenomena would probably appear as well. The thing that he was most

concerned about now was not his dwelling place in Lighthouse but the issue of finding his own goal and way out instead.

As Transmigrators, they would constantly encounter endless rebirths and reincarnations. This was a type of passive process. If they were unable to grasp this process smoothly or extend each of their lives to the best of their abilities to improve their own souls, the Transmigrators would gradually lose their previous memories as time passed and the number of their reincarnations increased. Moreover, they would also gradually lose more of their Soul Energy to the point where it would be rinsed out completely and transformed into countless nutrients in the universe that would disappear in time and space.

“What methods must I use to achieve eternity? Those who are powerful enough to reach the True Soul level aren’t spared from the threat of encountering depletion.” Garen pondered deeply.

It was because of him feeling insecure initially that got him to thread on the path of martial arts. However, these feelings weakened and disappeared after a period of time. Unfortunately, now with the news of the Depletion of the Mother Stream, these insecure feelings resurfaced once again.

He did not know why he wanted to proceed forward continuously. However, he felt that constantly strengthening his own body would temporarily fill the hole in the depths of his heart that was left by these uneasy feelings.

This normal-looking palace named Sword Master Palace was finally established near the third level of the circular plaza’s trade section.

There were only a few people who knew about this. The news agencies sent beautiful women to try and interview Garen. Unfortunately, they discovered that the main door was tightly sealed and no one responded even when they tried to announce themselves to gain entry. Hence, they were forced to leave with nothing.

Information on Garen’s origins was trending within Lighthouse for a few days before it was immediately brushed aside by other gossip news regarding the other Suppressors.

As time passed, the number of guests who came to visit Garen increased greatly.

Nine-Tailed Fox and Kong Xinxue kept to their words. After staying here for a few days, they went to the fourth level where the library section was located before they found jobs as managers there.

Garen had visited the fourth level once as well. The library section kept books of various power systems that were all very rudimentary. They were nothing but the most basic methods of operation for the various laws of the universe. As a first-rate martial artist, he already possessed a realm of his personal experiences that also stemmed from the Slayer's diverse killing moves and close combat techniques. His great comprehension of a good deal of strength experiences allowed him to easily abandon a few paths that were connected to the books in the library.

After all, they merely served as popular items that were used to satisfy and guide many people who had recently transmigrated. The library section mostly sold various functional objects that could only be used once. Meanwhile, the information in the library was mainly used by the people who used communication devices to engage in long-range remote-controlling between various worlds.

Garen glanced through the information but was ultimately uninterested. His grade was too high now while these things were overly shallow. They were of no help to him at all.

They served no purpose except for increasing his reading experiences somewhat.

Kong Xinxue and Nine-Tailed Fox left quickly because they were merely here to take advantage of him. Nonetheless, they could contact Garen anytime because they had already exchanged their contact details with him.

Meanwhile, Night Water obtained mid-level authority after taking advantage of Garen's position and using her powerful connections to intimidate others in the library section. Since she could view mid-level information regarding strength systems now, she moved out happily after vowing solemnly to Garen that they were both even now because the debts between them were reasonably paid off. Not long after, she found herself a boyfriend with wings on his back.

Only Cocosher stayed. It was clear that this woman had impure motives because she took care of Garen every day as if she was his wife. She was clearly planning to keep a tight grip on such a good catch.

She managed most of the tasks inside the palace.

Meanwhile, Garen had a constant stream of visitors. He attempted to find a companion that came from the same Earth as himself among these Transmigrators. Unfortunately, he could not find one as none of the Transmigrators had even heard of a scenario where two of them originated from the same place.

The parallel space was too vast. As numerous Transmigrators from earth had converged here, the probability of finding one who coincidentally came from the same place as he was as likely as getting smashed by a meteor when he was walking on the street.

Other than humans, there were also other races among the visitors. The powerhouses from the Many-Eyed Clan and Many-Limbed Clan who came to visit him were also from the same Mother Stream System as Garen.

Garen put on a welcoming face when he was visited by guests of the same race as himself. After the initial contact, he understood the powerhouses of the Mother Stream System within Lighthouse even more.

None of them were of the Demon Lord Level.

There were two people who belonged to the Army Level. After that, most of them were in the General Level followed by the Division Level and Guardian Level. Although there were only a few of the last two in Lighthouse, their base numbers in the various worlds were very high. It was also impossible to calculate the specific quantity. However, since many people had embellished their Mother Stream Systems, it was difficult to make a distinction.

These powerhouses came forward to ask for guidance humbly when they discovered that Garen belonged to the Demon Lord Level of the Mother Stream System. Those in the General Level asked him to teach them how to break through to the Army Level, while those in the Army Level sought guidance on how to break through to the Demon Lord Level.

The path of the Mother Stream System was actually very simple. Those who had achieved the Demon Lord Level and obtained the foundation of their own Soul Rings could upgrade their Soul Ring through plundering. Previously, they would only be at that stage where they could solidify their foundations. As their foundations grew stronger, it would become more likely for them to absorb and plunder the Soul Rings of others in the Demon Lord Level. However, Garen was different. As the properties of his own Soul Ring carried devouring abilities, the probability of his absorption was many times higher than the others in the Demon Lord Level. Unfortunately, his other abilities were unlike many of the other Demon Lords.

He was reflecting on the Army-Level individual in the Many-Eyed Clan.

There were many Demon Lords who possessed extremely powerful annihilation-type destruction abilities. Some of them were special abilities such as super long-range attacks like Black Sethe's previous near-death effect that could dull all creatures. However, Garen's abilities were unusually normal. The only Devour ability that he possessed did not include increment effects. Hence, his actual combat was truly weaker than some of the other Demon Lords in the same situation.

Garen had discovered this point on his own.

In the world of the Four Great Cornerstones, he had always been suppressing his opponents with his Soul Ring Energy and standing on the advantageous side.

However, when he was really about to encounter the Slayer, he would discover that his opponent's abilities were extremely overpowered and one of his Soul Rings could be countered with many of his enemy's own. This was the true difference in strength between them.

Garen decided to proceed with viewing the Origin of the Mother Stream after experiencing the initial stages of Lighthouse and understanding them fully.

Other than the Thirteen Ultimate Origins, there was nothing else here that could help him.

"The Origin of the Mother Stream, huh... Those are the supreme and paramount sources of recorded information. I had previously accumulated a lot of Contribution Points over a long period of them to view that information once," discussed Hawthorn of the Many-Eyed Clan who was sitting on the opposite side of Garen. "It's unfortunate that I could not remember anything other than a stretch of light. I could only feel as if something was constantly beckoning me kindly. It was asking if I wanted to stop concerning myself with anything else and break through all of my restraints to cast myself there."

Hawthorn's name was not actually Hawthorn. Garen had merely given him this nickname because the pronunciation of his name was very similar to the Chinese hawthorn fruit. As an Army Level powerhouse

of the Mother Stream, Hawthorn and Garen could be considered as kindred spirits. He came over frequently to discuss the news of Ancient Endor and Void Creatures with Garen. He had taken great pains to establish a large army of thirteen General Levels, fifty-two Division Levels, and a few thousand Guardian Levels. They were all clan members who had followed him each step of the way and grown together as a family. Therefore, he was much better than Garen in terms of gathering information.

“What happened after that?” Garen was playing a game of chess on his own. He used both his left and right hands to play while listening carefully.

“I woke up after that. I wasted one million Contribution Points without gaining a single thing.” The six eyes on Hawthorn’s head blinked helplessly in synchronization. His eyes were formed in a particular manner. There were two straight lines on both sides of his face with three eyes on each side that descended in size from the top to the bottom. They blinked of pale green light.

“Later, I inferred that it was very likely that my Soul Seed wasn’t strong enough. Thus, it was overly affected by the Soul Beckoning which made it fully impossible for it to be free enough to detect other things. Hence, you should probably be much stronger than us before you proceed to view the records.”

“Have you understood the situation with the Void Creatures slightly better?” asked Garen while changing the subject.

“A little bit. We’re currently worried about the Depletion of the Mother Stream. However, there are probably at least over ten thousand years between now and the Depletion of the Mother Stream. It is completely unnecessary for us to worry about these things so early on because the True Souls would never just sit and wait for death. When the time comes, the things that are completely impossible will be transformed into things that can be done.” Hawthorn disapproved of Garen’s worries. “Rumor has it that they’ve established six associates. One of my friends came looking for me a while ago in hopes that I could contact a few of the Ancient Endorian important figures. I told him frankly that after being mixed up in this for so many years, you are the only Demon Lord Level Warlock that I’ve encountered, Brother Saber. I haven’t seen any others. Ancient Endor has declined for far too long.”

“It has been impossible for the Mother Stream’s Oath to restrain us as well. You can see that it’s already very likely the Depletion of the Mother Stream is right in front of us. After a span of more than ten thousand years, I’m also suspicious that the mist that is being released at the Void Creatures’ area shows that there isn’t much time left,” said Garen while furrowing his eyebrows.

“If you look at it that way, it’s true that this is very likely...” Hawthorn nodded in agreement.

Both of them were speechless for a while as the current situation had changed.

The Void Empire had found three Demon Lords of higher grades to act as their associated representatives. However, the Ancient Endorian side could not even find one because their civilization had dulled long ago. Hawthorn had said that they could rebuild themselves but once the Ancient Endorian souls had formed Soul Seeds, there would be no leeway to backtrack anymore. This was because the Soul Seeds were the condensed bodies of all life forms and their Soul Wills. Once they were abandoned, they could only release Soul Seeds. Therefore, the best possibility was to lose all of their reincarnated memories. If they were slightly unfortunate, their bodies and souls would decay fully before they were turned into nourishment for the universe.

“I don’t know the exact implications of the Origins of the Mother Stream’s Soul Beckoning. However, my instincts from the Kabida Clan that I come from is telling me that the biggest secret regarding the soul of the Mother Stream is probably hidden there,” sighed Hawthorn.

“Is that why you exhausted all your efforts and put yourself and your family on the line initially?” laughed Garen.

“Yes, I owed a huge amount of debts in the end and didn’t even gain anything. I walked out while my mind was still entirely blank,” said Hawthorn helplessly.

“I’m going to the High Hall tomorrow. I’ve already submitted a request today in advance so that I can go there later. A certain amount of time is required beforehand for the preparatory work there,” Garen said indifferently.

“I can only wish you good luck then.” It was clear that Hawthorn did not think highly of Garen.

Chapter 1247: Black Hole 1

“Good luck?” Garen laughed. “Good luck won’t be enough...”

Since all of the powerhouses of the Mother Stream System were the most direct influences of the Depletion of the Mother Stream, their life forces would gradually become exhausted as well. If they could not find a way to change it before the Depletion began, every single creature in the Mother Stream and the powerhouses who directly or indirectly depended on the Mother Stream to survive would face the threat of their life forces being severed.

“A Soul Seed forms a Soul Ring, the Soul Ring produces Soul Energy and the cycle begins again. These processes are actually supported by the laws of the Mother Stream. Therefore, once these laws disappear, all of the Soul Rings will collapse completely while the components of the Soul Seed will be destroyed as well. When that happens, none of the Soul Seeds will exist anymore. In other words, the rest of us including me will be completely reduced to normal people,” said Garen softly.

“Perhaps this is still a good thing.” Hawthorn of the Many-Eyed Clan lifted the cup of tea before him and drank a mouthful of it. “Great risks also bring great rewards. If we can make ourselves aware of the process that is released and produced by the Origin when the Mother Stream collapses, we’ll have a chance to realize the core rules of Space-Time.”

“So what? Even if we do realize it, it won’t be very useful once the Mother Stream and the greatest aggregate of rules collapse.” Garen shook his head.

Hawthorn chuckled.

“That’s uncertain. Don’t forget that there are thirteen Space-Time Origins and the Mother Stream is only one of them. We can blend in pretty well in other places by becoming aware of a few core laws.”

“You have a point.” Garen was speechless.

“I was merely just throwing thoughts around from the beginning.” Hawthorn shrugged. Suddenly, a little object that he wore on his ear made a brief beeping noise.

“Alright, my time is up. I still have a bunch of things to sort out. I wish you all the best and hope that everything goes well tomorrow.”

He stood up.

“Don’t worry.” Garen nodded while smiling.

He watched on as Hawthorn left.

Garen placed a chess piece down, his right hand finally checkmate his left.

He laughed quietly and shook his head lightly.

Ever since he had reincarnated from Earth, it seemed as though he was traveling forward without stopping. He had formed four Soul Ring Demon Lords and belonged to the middle grade of the Demon Lord Level.

These four Soul Rings could forcibly upgrade themselves by four grades when they were situated in the peak levels of strength in the world. This was an incomparably terrifying increment. It also represented the overly frightening powers of the middle-grade Demon Lords.

Meanwhile, the high-grade Demon Lords were naturally more amazing. The colors of their Soul Rings ranged from being colorless to the rainbow’s seven colors of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. All of the Soul Rings had to be achieved and condensed according to the arrangement of these seven colors. An individual could only be bestowed the title of the high-grade Demon Lord once they had obtained a total of eight Soul Rings that consisted of the aforementioned seven colors and the colorless one.

It was rumored that people who had obtained at least seven colors would have achieved the True Soul grade. Currently, although Garen could clearly feel that he had four Soul Rings of his own, they were still extremely unstable. After all, the first Soul Seed was the only one that had come to realization painstakingly while the rest were forcibly snatched and devoured by him.

“In other words, I’m merely a middle-grade Demon Lord on the surface now. In reality, my explosive powers are probably only at the lower grades of the Demon Lord Level.” Garen shook his head.

“My Soul Rings aren’t stable enough yet and I had barely achieved the Colorless grade. I shouldn’t even think of obtaining the colors after the Colorless grade because I don’t know how long it will take to achieve these stages,” sighed Garen. He closed his eyes, adjusting his state of mind with great concentration to prepare to view the Origin of the Mother Stream tomorrow.

Garen’s arrival did not cause any great changes because he merely lived quietly in seclusion. Despite being a Planetary Level source of combat strength, he did not seem to care about extravagance or servants.

The forces of the three main clans noticed his lack of participation and attitude that seemed to be ignorant of everything else. Hence, they naturally and discreetly acted as if he was nonexistent because he did not participate in matters that involved scrambling for benefits.

Although powerhouses were not lacking in places like Lighthouse, Garen was still the strongest one among them. He went to view the Origin of the Mother Stream within a few days of being released. When all of the influential emissaries gained knowledge of this external information at the same time, these forces temporarily gave up on drawing Garen over to their side.

Garen woke up extremely early the next day. The color of the simulated sky was operating according to the natural patterns completely and it happened to be seven o’clock in the morning. He had prepared everything properly before proceeding towards the linking area in the circular plaza.

Cocoshier had made arrangements for one of the specialized transportation boards for him here. It was the same flying board that they had used when they came here directly.

Garen allowed Cocoshier to remain in the house while he rode the flying board to the linking area alone. The little pavilion began to transport him there directly.

Large amounts of white snowflake-like objects swayed before his eyes constantly. This teleportation process lasted for more than ten minutes.

Garen finally felt both of his feet sink.

“You’ve arrived.”

A deep male voice echoed beside his ears.

Garen’s eyes brightened before him.

When he opened his eyes, he realized that he was standing inside a white, round hall. He was currently standing on the centermost area. A bald black man who wore a gold stud earring was standing before him.

“I’ve received the notifications, Lord Sword Master. Everything has been arranged for you so please come with me.” The bald black man wore a pure white, long robe and spoke to Garen softly politely.

“Thank you for your trouble,” Garen replied briefly in an equally polite manner.

“You’re welcome. These are our daily tasks.” The black man smiled, revealing his snowy-white teeth.

However, Garen was currently not in the mood to observe him now. Instead, he observed his surrounding environment carefully.

He walked out of the Teleportation Point with the black man and pushed open a little door on the left. They passed through a narrow and dark corridor before arriving in a little white stone pavilion that was neither big nor small.

It seemed as though one side of the little pavilion was see-through. A transparent glass was placed over it in one direction. The bright, starry sky that was moving slowly outside could be seen through the glass.

“This is where the Mother Stream is positioned in the High Hall. One of our powerful seniors had previously experienced life-and-death situations to record the information regarding the Origin of the Mother Stream here. The glass here is actually used to ward off the negative side effects that were brought on by the vast information. However, please don’t worry because there will definitely be no hindrances towards your realization process,” explained the black man softly.

“Once I close the door, the records will begin to be released in about ten minutes. Please prepare yourself. The total sustained time is calculated based on your own achievements. Although we don’t know the principles behind the mechanisms of the calculations, we’ve noticed that important figures with greater power tend to have longer sustained viewing times. They can even last up to three days at times.”

“How long does it usually last?” asked Garen.

“About ten minutes. This is the usual continuous state,” explained the black man patiently. “The handle inside this other room can be used to turn on the alarm. You can notify us immediately if you encounter any dangerous situations. We will turn off the transmission at that first instance and proceed to rescue you. This button is used when you require food or drinks while this button is used when you require particular items. Meanwhile, this is used when you require a particular person with special talents to coordinate with...”

He began talking nonstop while introducing each of the functions inside the room in the small pavilion.

Garen listened casually but his thoughts had somewhat shifted towards the walls of the room. Faint shrouds of Soul Energy Aura were constantly permeating throughout the room in the white pavilion.

“No... It’s not pure Soul Energy. Instead, it’s a type of fused Soul Energy that is closer to an actual Aura. The water in the Mother Stream is made up of countless substantial Auras that were liquefied. Could it be that Soul Energy that is fused with Auras will finally turn into a power source of an even higher grade?”

This assumption drifted in his mind secretly.

“... So that is it, we will take one million points from your account as the viewing expenses if you have no other requests. May I ask if you would like to view it immediately?” The black man’s voice echoed, pulling Garen back out from his thoughts.

He scanned his surroundings. There were faint scratches on the walls. There were even a few tiny holes that seemed as if they were created when a person went mad and scratched the walls crazily. It was clear that viewing the Origin of the Mother Stream could produce some unimaginable phenomenon.

“You can start now.” He nodded to indicate that he was ready.

“If that’s the case, please wait for a while.” The black man withdrew from the room and closed the door of the room in the small pavilion gently.

Click. A locking noise echoed from the outside before multiple layers of strength and energy forces drifted over and adhered on the room door fully.

“Are you worried that I’ll become mad and destroy this place after I lose my mind?” Garen had heard that most of the people who had seen the Origin of the Mother Stream would fall into a state of mental confusion and damage the room because of their chaotic madness.

He walked in front of the glass and glanced outside at the boundless starry sky through the transparent icy glass. This place was the High Hall in the interior of Lighthouse. It was completely unlikely that it led outside to the galaxy in the external world directly. Most of the scenery here was simulated.

Time passed slowly before changes appeared in the galaxy on the other side of the glass quickly.

The dark blue then pitch-black starry sky gradually accelerated, moving faster and more frantically.

Garen could only feel that his eyes were now filled with the light of countless blue stars that were moving rapidly. Next, a long slim mark that resembled a line was pulled out.

The entire galaxy instantly turned into a tornado-like funnel that was larger on the top and narrower at the base.

Shh!!

At that moment, the entire galaxy shrunk downwards and condensed into a ball completely. It was actually a little silvery-white button.

Inside the little button that was only the size of a fist was a galaxy that was turning slowly. It looked unusually magnificent.

“Has it started?” Garen concentrated and held his breath while staring at the button carefully.

A thunderous noise could be heard from the button suddenly before an abundance of white light burst forth at that moment. The white light was significantly brighter than the rays of a nuclear bomb. Garen’s eyes could only feel a bout of piercing pain instantly before his eyes closed due to the conditioned reflex.

Hiss!

There was a faint noise.

The white light disappeared.

Garen opened both of his eyes quickly. The scene before him had completely undergone great changes now.

He was not standing inside the room of the little white pavilion anymore. Instead, he was currently floating within an infinite, faint yellow colored space.

Little ball-like objects that resembled liquid and air bubbles floated up beside him before fluttering above.

He could only see an endless stretch of yellow when he raised his head. It seemed as though the bubbles could not float to the end when they drifted above. Instead, they only turned smaller.

“This place is...”

Gurgle...

Another air bubble floated up beside him.

He suddenly saw that there were countless galaxies that were rotating and flowing inside these bubbles. The bubbles that were only the size of an eyeball could actually map out gigantic and uncountable sights.

He could not help but reach his forefinger out to touch one of the air bubbles gently.

Boom!!!

Suddenly, countless terrifyingly vast oceans of information from the bubbles surged towards his brain madly.

His Energy Machinist Imprint instantly turned rapidly. A large amount of Soul Energy was being exhausted. Garen felt as if he was a dried-up sponge that was thirstily absorbing the massive amount of information that was surging over with the bubbles.

Although the contents of the information were extremely vast, some of it was insignificant. That type of information included the history that was formed by countless planets and destinies. Even though it seemed magnificent, it was actually meaningless to him. Each planet had records that were either long or short. Some of them spanned over billions of years while others lasted as long as more than a hundred billion years.

As the information surged into his brain madly, Garen slowly and gradually realized that something was amiss. All of this information was faintly interspersed with a certain strange Aura. It resembled the Aura that was fused with Soul Energy that he had discovered earlier.

Chapter 1248: Black Hole 2

Every trace of Information Stream that was enough to instantly cause the brains of ordinary people to collapse was constantly surging and condensing in Garen's mind, gradually forming golden symbols with a splendid aura.

These were meaningless symbols, yet incomparably complex. Though they seemed unusually concise, if seen in detail, each and every line contained countless terrifying changes and Information Streams.

"The predecessors who were able to record these were definitely powerful to a certain realm already." Garen sincerely admired the predecessor who established these records of Information.

As the Information Stream gradually increased, every flow contained the history of the Milky Way Universe's development. Gradually, these new symbols began to stick together slowly and formed a stream of golden symbols, flowing slowly in Garen's mind.

Instead of water, only a myriad of golden symbols was in the creek.

Garen could feel the inexplicable aura intensified as it got stronger and stronger. As soon as the stream of golden symbols was formed, the aura immediately increased.

The symbols flowing into the stream were getting denser.

The small stream gradually grew to become a river, and still continued growing bigger and wider.

Steadily, the heavy parts of the river descended rapidly, sinking to the riverbed as the clear parts gradually rose. The clearest and lightest part was on the surface, attached with a faint unreal layer of aura. That was the vast aura formed by the golden symbols.

The aura flowed along the huge river, gradually forming a river that was lighter and thinner. It was no longer golden, but translucent and almost colorless.

As the aura increased and thickened as time passed, it began to fade into a pale green shade as it rushed rapidly.

The entire river was gradually divided into two layers. The inner layer was the golden inland river wrapped in the aura as it continued flowing slowly, whereas the outermost layer was just a myriad of aura flowing around.

Due to the different flow rates of both layers, a slight friction was formed. This force had an incredible penetration, and that was a new time. It constantly brushed against all the foreign objects, wearing them out until they slowly declined. From complete to deformity. From their peak until they fall to decline. Thus the creation of a brand new history, a new form of Information Stream. The Information Stream continued to condense into golden symbols and then formed a new Mother Stream.

“What is the origin of Mother Stream then? Where did she originate from? What kind of pull forms such a scale?” Garen still could not see the whole picture. Even though he understood the concept of Mother Stream’s existence, he still could not find the fundamental origin of Mother Stream. Only by finding it would he be able to truly figure out the real reason behind Mother Stream’s exhaustion.

He continued looking patiently. As if responding to his inquiries, the pictures changed once again.

The picture changed from the pale green aura rushing upward. The river surface grew wider as its shade darkened, the flow rate of the gushing water increased as well.

The friction against the inland river was also increasing at the same time. The flow of time had reached an exceedingly terrifying extent, almost thousands of years have passed by. Perhaps another ten thousand years would pass by if he took a nap.

The pictures started to shake.

“I’m afraid I can only get here...” A low, loud voice rumbled from the picture. “My limit, my life, is not able to support itself any longer if I continue moving forward.”

The voice spoke in Endor. Clearly, this snippet of picture was not recorded down by a random transmigrator, but a certain supreme True Soul from Mother Stream.

Garen also knew that he had reached a crucial point, all his attention fixed on the image before him.

The picture swayed more and more but the recorder seemed to be unwilling. It hesitated for a bit before the picture started swaying even more violently than before.

It seemed to have thrown the recorded item to the front.

Garen could feel his head swim for a while, not knowing how far it flew.

With a puff, the picture paused for a moment, completely settling down on a huge bunch of giant dark green balls.

Around the balls were green wired tentacles that were densely grown together, and among the mass of dark green was a small black opening. The Black Hole was so conspicuous that the eye-catching greens around it were not even able to cover up its existence.

Darkness, indescribable darkness. Broad, grand, and vast.

As soon as Garen set eyes on the black hole, the Soul Rings in his mind suddenly started swaying, his Soul Energy was boiling like hot water.

He felt that the darkness was so gentle, so peaceful, and so inclusive as if it could accommodate and tolerate everything.

A sense of security that he never felt before poured into his heart.

It was as if he was back home. His physical body and mental mind were completely relaxed after a grueling exercise, he was sleeping on his bed after a shower and resting face up on his bed. The sort of unspeakable comfort almost made him let his guard down, and so his body moved toward the front involuntarily.

It seemed that a voice was calling out to him softly.

Come on... Come on... Darkness is the source of everything. Darkness embraces everything, derives everything, and it is the mother of all things, the mother of darkness. Before light, before the universe, before dimensional space, everything was in chaos... It was one of the beginnings...

Garen continued staring at the black hole blankly as surges of information flowed into his mind. From that moment onwards, the amount of information that entered his brain increased tenfold, then a hundredfold. His Energy Machine Imprint had completely collapsed as it was unable to deal with the immense information data. Blood started trickling down Garen's nostrils but he did not notice anything at all.

Instead, he walked toward the glass slowly as if he was a complete, lost soul.

Bang.

He was blocked by the glass. Realizing he was blocked, Garen got angry instinctively. He started to punch the glass that was blocking his path.

The immense force echoed in the entire pavilion room.

The amount of information was getting more as it increased in size. Without noticing, four days had passed already. Within these four days, Garen never stopped his action of punching the glass. His nostrils were still bleeding and his face was getting paler by the day.

Perhaps nobody had ever been able to receive the Information Stream to this extent, but Garen did it.

This was the first Demon Lord Level powerhouse to enter and view this record whereas the previous highest rank was only just an Army-Level.

Garen persisted until the very last minute.

The black hole was constantly emitting an aura that was a combination of highly concentrated aura and Soul Energy. The combination of these formed a substance that was unknown toward Garen. When the

substance reached a certain high point of concentration, it naturally produced a huge sense of security, as if everything was one. It was that sort of inclusive feeling.

Not only that, he had also found out something big. This substance seemed to be the main root of Mother Stream's formation, separating into Aura Outer River and Golden Inland River. The river continued branching out as the different rates of water flow produced a different effect to the flow of time which would then affect the space universe that it flows through, hence generating a different rate of time flow.

Such a terrifyingly enormous river that could not possibly be surpassed connected an infinite universe of time and space and this cosmic time was divided into a different flow of time according to their different flow rates, forming various worlds.

Poof.

The picture disappeared suddenly.

Garen suddenly snapped awake from the recording and he found himself back in the pavilion.

He felt the region below his nose was moist and he reached out to touch it. Immediately, he could see his hands full of blood, most of them already dried into gores, all stuck below his nose and right above his jaw. He felt extremely uncomfortable.

"How long have I been standing?" He was a bit stunned and cast a glance toward the timer on the wall in the room. The clock-like timer displayed the count of fifteen days, twelve hours and six minutes.

"If we open it this way, Mother Stream seems to be a massive Information Stream formed by countless space information substance, but simply because of the innumerable information substance that was not likely to produce entities, the aura flowed from the black hole should be more important. That seems to be the real actual thing that gives Mother Stream substance."

Garen's brain was still very clear, though it was slightly aching as it had been a long time since he used his brain.

“Darkness embraces everything, it breeds everything, because it contains everything, it contains an infinite variety of substances. That is why we are able to find all sorts of entities that can match the Information Stream carried by Mother Stream. These entities are the substantial form of the massive Information Stream. They are the materialization of the universe galaxy’s history of development, the history of countless worlds. After they are all loaded, everything will come into place and form the stream.”

Garen calmed his nerves.

“From the looks of it, perhaps Mother Stream can be called the Long River of History, a substantialized version of the River of History, but it was higher than history itself. She did not just record about humans, but more of everything. But now, Mother Stream is almost depleting. If that’s real, that means... The recorded history is about to be destroyed.”

“Mother Stream’s water represented the records of the past. She does not represent the past, just the information records of past history, just like words on a slate. But it is such words that brought out a new meaning of its own, just like how recordings of books have affected time, space, and even life. This process is not normal at all,” Garen’s train of thoughts was clear by now.

“Then, the root of everything should be the Black Hole.” He recalled the mysterious Black Hole he saw in the images earlier on, that was what gave Mother Stream the ability to influence the entire universe.

Surprisingly, the pictures had completely disappeared right at this moment. But when Garen recalled the Black Hole, he suddenly felt that it was still constantly emitting an indescribable surge of aura right in his mind, right in his memory.

He was shocked.

Once the Black Hole was pictured in his mind, he could suddenly sense an inexplicable aura pouring out from the Black Hole into his mind.

Darkness and affability, embracing all things.

“This...!!!” Garen sucked in a deep breath. The aura emitting from the Black Hole in his memory had merged into his Soul Ring. It really did seem real as it slowly absorbed the Soul Energy constantly generated in the Soul Ring.

After he finished going through the Origin of Mother Stream, Garen had a deeper understanding of Mother Stream now.

Mother Stream’s water was not the root of life, but it was the huge amount of different information contained within it, those were the information of the evolutionary history of the natural universe. It allowed life to be closer to the natural universe and integrate with time to gain greater adaptability and many powerful forces.

The waters of Mother Stream were a condensation of numerous information. In other words, the aura condensed by Secret Technicians were actually a vast amount of information from their souls and also their own perceptions, combined with individual natural substances that carry information, finally forming the similar products.

With that, as long as there was a system of means that fit the rules of Mother Stream, even if it was no Secret Technique, other methods would still be able to produce such similar aura energy.

“Mother Stream is indeed huge and complex, but if I’m able to figure out the root of the Black Hole, perhaps I’ll be able to find out the truth behind the Depletion of Mother Stream.”

He was not reconciled at all. With his current soul, a Middle Demon Lord Class, perhaps an average creature would have a soul lifetime that could reach tens of thousands of years. Four Soul Rings represented forty thousand years of Soul Limit life. This was undoubtedly a great success for Garen, who was an evolved ordinary human. An average human’s soul, even a transmigrator, would collapse entirely after three or four times of reincarnation. Three or four times. If it was an average human who did not practice, the longest lifespan was approximately hundreds of years, and the soul would completely collapse after a total of three-four hundred years.

If it were the old men from Mech World who were fully cultivated, they would try to aim to extend their lives up to thousands of years, but Garen was far beyond that. As a transformed soul of Mother Stream System, his soul lifespan was no longer comparable to the general system.

After reincarnating into so many worlds, he was indeed bored of reincarnating already, having to live his reincarnated life repeatedly.

However, if it meant that he would lose his long life, he was not going to accept that as well.

The Depletion of Mother Stream meant all beings of Mother Stream System would lose their support and shelter. If the Mother Stream regulations were to collapse, the existence of Soul Energy of spirits would be fundamentally corrected by the cosmic force. The depletion was not just the cutoff of water, it was the extinction of the fundamental way of existence.

Just like a towering tree which had always been supporting the cave. Once the big tree withered, the cave would lose its support and there would be a huge mechanical gap. The cave would then naturally create a new structure and collapse to fill up the gap that was originally the tree. The force used would eventually crush the big tree entirely and re-establish a new mechanical balance of its own. A new, natural balance.

This was the case for Mother Stream.

In order to fill such a gigantic loophole that appeared all of a sudden, several universes would re-adjust their balance structure. Perhaps at the moment when the cave collapsed, all the small saplings and flowers under the big tree would instantly be crushed to death. All because the universe had adjusted its environment so that there was no more room or space for time to continue surviving.

Chapter 1249

“I... How should I go from here?”

Garen held the intense pain in his head as he stumbled toward the door. He gently pushed a button.

It was a button that reminded the people outside that he had finished watching.

There was no sound at first, but soon, soft footsteps could be heard outside.

Crack.

The door opened.

“Your Excellency, are you alright?” A young silver-haired lady in a white robe stared at Garen with a slightly stunned expression. The instant she opened the door, she was shocked by Garen’s appearance. Blood trickled down his nostrils and had splattered everywhere. He looked extremely miserable.

“I’m alright, I just need a rest and I’ll be fine,” Garen waved her off.

What he was most concerned with now was what kind of substance that was flowing out of the moving black hole in his brain.

Instinctively, he had a feeling that those black hole 气息 were of no harm to him.

The lady hurried forward and helped Garen up. The brushes of her arm released a few pale blue ripples that covered Garen’s body.

Immediately, a cool and comfortable feeling emerged within Garen, but in exchange, the lady’s complexion instantly paled.

“Sorry... My abilities are only barely able to treat you...” She whispered.

“Thank you, I’m already feeling much better.” Garen forced a smile. This was obviously a treatment approach but he knew his own body best. With his strong physique, unless he recovered himself, the external force required to affect his body would have to pay a price that not any ordinary living creature could afford.

Exiting the room, Garen came to the side of High Hall with the help of the lady. They found a chair for him to sit and take a breath.

This time around, Garen had used up so much energy inside out even his Energy Machine Imprint had collapsed. He could now only rely on his brain to deal with the large amount of data that he collected.

He had once encountered the same situation in Mech World, but it was not as troublesome as this time.

Especially that mysterious black hole, he had only watched the records of Information once but Garen already felt something had gotten into his mind.

He quietly closed his eyes and leaned against the chair. He heard faint noises of someone calling out his name softly but he was too exhausted to care about it, and so he fell into a deep sleep. High Hall had the same restrictions as the entire Lighthouse; that no living creatures were allowed to use force at the area, hence he could take a rest without worries.

As his consciousness gradually blurred, Garen faintly felt as if he was wrapped in a never-ending darkness 气息, as if something was holding onto him and moving in a certain direction.

He himself was classified as an Endor Demon Lord, possessing the terrifying powers of the Four Great Soul Rings. Such a level of dream control was practically a natural ability and basically, dreams would not be affected by any external forces. However, such an abnormal situation was currently happening.

With a slight shift of attention, Garen instantly woke up, his consciousness completely waking up from the dream.

The black mist around him dissipated all of a sudden, revealing a misty view of the outside world.

What surprised Garen was that the outside world was not an endless black region of dreams, but the large expanse of green waters of Mother Stream.

The roaring rumble constantly trembled in his ear.

He found himself swimming toward the upstream of Mother Stream. There were numerous 气魄 waters that were getting denser and greener.

“Come on... Embrace the darkness of everything... Turn it into the energy of the universe...” A faint voice that sounded like a summons constantly rang from ahead.

All of a sudden, Garen saw a familiar Black Hole that swiftly emerged before him.

“Black Hole!?”

His heart shook.

(What in the world is happening!? How did I suddenly get so close to Black Hole from my dreams? What in the world is this?!)

Garen thought of retreating. Facing something that he had completely no knowledge of, he was unwilling to simply rush into it. When he was prepared for the next time, with all the complete information he needed, it would still be not too late for him to have a go again.

“Retreat!” He commanded. As Demon Lord, the dream should still be completely under his control.

Boom!

With a loud crash, the surrounding rivers 气魄 was stilled immediately. The immense powers of the Demon Lord started spreading and he was once again in full control of his dream.

Garen felt his position gradually falling back as he began to move away from the mysterious, strange Black Hole.

But it was right at that moment! An extremely massive force rushed out of the Black Hole.

“Darkness... Darkness... Supreme darkness...!”

It seemed as if there were crowds of people praising, praising and singing songs, when an intense silk thread-like power started spreading and entangled Garen, pulling him by force into the pitch-black Black Hole.

“This is!!?” Garen’s heart tightened as his Soul Ring turned violently in an attempt to regain control.

But to no avail, the terrifying Black Hole’s power was like gigantic tentacles of multiple octopuses, and even more like innumerable invisible hairs, wrapping around him all over. In comparison with Garen’s own strength, the force that it had was like a giant’s compared to a baby’s. It was simply incomparable.

“Damn it!”

Everything was out of Garen’s control already. If the power of this Black Hole was really the source of Mother Stream, it was basically impossible for him to compete with his ant-like strength in comparison. After all, it was just a tiny recording image.

“Wake up!!” Stirring up the energy of his whole body, he tried to wake himself up from the dream, but unfortunately, his agitation just seemed to aggravate the Black Hole’s pulling force. An even stronger surge of pulling force spread from its tentacles.

Although Garen wanted to explore the secrets of Mother Stream’s source, he had never thought that it would be under such violent situation.

Suddenly, the Black Hole inflated and with a boom, it covered his entire sight.

In an instant, it was as if Garen dived into a pool of black ink. He could not see anything around him, only the thick, oil-like dark liquid slowly moving about as his body moved slowly like a vortex in water.

With such slow movements, a subtle trace of Information gradually penetrated Garen’s brain.

He vaguely understood what this place was...

“High-Dimensional Universe? The High-Dimensional Space that exists high above myriads of dimensional universes?” Garen identified the content of this Information. These records of Information were clearly arranged and seemed as they have been specially organized to form a method of storage similar to the Endor’s form of textual speech. It was also evident that the content was later on processed once again.

But then, Garen soon felt that his strength was constantly clustered just like a Celestial Body.

All his energy, including his powers, were all shrinking in the depths of his soul.

His surrounding was getting darker as it got denser, moving around was getting even more difficult. The pulling force stopped after pulling Garen in and disappeared completely.

“High-Dimensional Space... Inevitably requires an immense low-dimensional force as the base for evolutionary improvement. I don’t know if it’s enough for my level though.” Garen understood that after the process of improving his dimensional evolution, he would no longer have to worry anymore. However, he was currently worried whether his powers were sufficient to cope with him entering the High-Dimensional Space this time around.

Just like a character eager to break through the frames of a painting, entering the dimensional-space was no different. The price to be paid was absolutely unimaginable.

Since he was already pulled in, he was forced to begin this dimension improvement. Garen could no longer hesitate, and since there was no room for retreat, he could only move forward.

From the Endor Information left from the dark space, those residuals of Information seemed to contain a ton that wanted to forcefully increase their dimensions but failed. Among them were some Army Level ones, some were ordinary people who had acquired powerful treasures, some were the same as him; in the presence of Demon Lord Level when they encountered the existence of the Black Hole by coincidence. After irresistible circumstances, they were pulled in by force and forcefully carried out their dimensional development. Those who succeeded were able to enter the new High-Dimensional Universe whereas those who failed were turned into cosmic fertilizer, nourishing all beings.

Garen stirred up his Soul Ring which released an immense force. This intense force was the ultimate strength of a Middle Level-Demon Lord and it was even able to resist the Black Hole’s pull, even for just a second.

Perhaps a True Soul-Level would be able to completely break away from the pulling force, but Garen did not have the slightest resistance at this moment.

In the dark, the power of the whirlpool was getting weaker and weaker by the moment. Garen was almost in a sluggish state. From the looks of the Information memory that remained in the space, it was nearly impossible for one to rely on one's energy to recover from a sluggish state. Once Garen's mind was thoroughly stagnated, awaiting him would just be a moment where he gets swarmed by the huge flow of time as he rots to death.

The rotation of the whirlpool was actually able to largely offset the time flow over here at the source of Mother Stream. Once stopped, it would only need one or two hours to completely erase Garen's life for ten thousand years.

Along the road, transmigrating through a number of different worlds, Garen had never feared to face death, and he stayed the same as the matter of life or death was right before him.

Being pulled into this Black Hole under odd circumstances, he would just be waiting for death if he did not advance. The only thing he could do was to fight hard.

Deep in Garen's soul, he had decided that he would not hesitate anymore if he had to fight.

The Four Great Soul Rings started to spin and an immense power combined with his violent physique began a self-destructive nature.

The self-destructive nature would be able to produce a huge amount of aggressive force, but it would cause a permanent and irreversible damage to his Soul Ring. However, a Soul Ring could be devoured and absorbed again, whereas he only had one life.

Garen whipped up all his strength and prepared to release it all behind him.

At that moment, the Natural Attributes Pane below his gaze suddenly burst out a striking red flare.

The endless red light instantly penetrated his eyes, his bodies, and even the darkness around him. It was as if a light bulb suddenly lit up in the dark night.

Magnificent yet crystal clear.

The red crystal-like radiance instantly froze Garen like a bug caught in amber. He was unable to move at all, even the self-destructive Soul Ring energy that he prepared within his body condensed in a blink of an eye.

“This is!?” Garen was shocked. He had investigated the origins of his talents and powers for a long time, but no matter how much he investigated, he had never discovered a specific source. This sort of extreme, abnormal talent and power was just a formidable strength that was discovered by accidental luck.

But in reality, he knew deep inside that just relying on chemical mutation was actually sufficient to activate such a complex ability naturally.

To be able to modularize all the skills and abilities of beings in the world, and to generalize all of that so that they would never be chaotic and develop in a negative direction, every ability was well organized. Furthermore, it solidified his body so his physique would not degrade even if he slowed his training.

Such a strange and powerful talent was still never before seen even now that Garen had arrived at the Lighthouse.

Solidify everything and accommodate everything. These were practically the highest conceptual power.

Chapter 1250: Reincarnation 2

Once an ordinary person possessed the ability to solidify, if he were to train for two hours today, his strength would gain an adaptive improvement. Even if he stopped training for the next one year, the increase in his strength would remain permanently. In other words, as long as an ordinary person trained consistently every day, the person's body would sooner or later reach its limit that the universe could only tolerate. After that, the solidifying ability would then exist at its peak and it would never degenerate.

This was the most terrifying part of talents and powers. The more Garen understood its power, the more he was afraid of it. Later on, he even tried to not depend on his talents and powers as much as possible as he was still unable to figure out its specific source.

And now there was finally a clue to the origin of his powers.

“Absolutely.” Garen’s entire body was wrapped in the red light as he began to move forward swiftly.

“It’s definitely from the High-Dimensional Space, otherwise it would’ve been impossible to trigger the Black Hole that easily!”

Garen made a few guesses in his mind.

The sudden outburst of Garen’s talents and powers prevented him from using 自爆魂环, and also temporarily halted the threat and danger imposed by the Black Hole, but the situation was still not optimistic from his side.

As the force of advancing increased, the speed increased as well. Garen felt as if he was drowned in earth, as if he was moving among layers of rocks in the soil. The resistance was stronger as well as the red light started shaking. It seemed that some of the powers were not caught.

Garen started to panic. Once the red light disappears, he would not even have the chance to struggle anymore as he would be instantly turned into cosmic fertilizer by the horrifying flow of time around him.

Fortunately, a glimmer of light seemed to emerge in the darkness.

At the forefront, there was a faint white light and the red light became dinner. As it gradually weakened, Garen took the opportunity and rushed forward immediately.

Boom!!

A scarlet blood-red whip lashed over all of a sudden.

Garen was only able to have a good look when it got closer and he realized that it was not a whip, but a gigantic stream of lava. Floating across the stream were numerous living creatures that were moaning in pain. Some human, some non-human. They were all naked, their bodies scorching black as they drowned in misery in the corrosive waters.

The scarlet red river close to Garen was emitting a ghastly attractive force, but as the red streak of light suddenly accelerated, the force merely rushed over instead, leaving the river far behind.

Soon, an enormous white-golden disc followed suit, zooming by the top of Garen's head. The white-golden disk, too, had a powerful and alarming attractive force. It was also filled with numerous dignified castles, flying giant beasts, a large majestic army, and a choir that was singing praise.

The red light along with Garen accelerated once more, darting forward.

The white light in front was getting closer and closer. Garen could even see that the white shade actually just seemed to be a thick layer of plastic-like light membrane.

“Ladia... Ladia...” Soon enough, a bunch of galaxy-like vortexes slowly emerged at the left side, sending out subtle ear-piercing hums that emitted an even more horrifying attractive force, attempting to draw Garen over from the red light. However, the red light accelerated one last time, leaving it far behind.

At this moment, the red light has weakened to its limit, only a thin layer remained.

Garen was worried that it could no longer sustain itself and just explode straight away.

He then only noticed that his body had completely melted for some time already, and all that was left was his soul. The four Soul Rings rotated slowly around him, overlapping each other as they let out a bright, colorless fluorescent light.

And compared to before, his Soul Ring was slightly more condensed as if it just went through the previous process. The structure of his Soul Ring was now more stable and the original Middle Level-Demon Lord's rickety base situation was now solved.

As soon as the white light membrane got closer and closer, Garen felt that his Soul Ring began to shrink rapidly. It became smaller and smaller until it was pocket-sized, becoming one full size smaller than its original size.

Finally, the red light wrapped around him crashed into the thin white membrane.

Boom!!

The crash seemed to explode in his ear.

White light flashed before his eyes and nothing could be seen at all. Garen had completely lost all means of perception.

The white light faded rapidly in front of his eyes and Garen felt as if he had broken a layer of membrane. He then straight away rushed into a brand new space that was more viscous and stronger.

The time flow here was a hundred times faster than the original one. He could clearly sense that the time flying by was tearing up his soul. Right this moment, the red light had completely lost its function of protecting him, hence why he could sense the time flow in the external world.

“So this is the High-Dimensional Universe?” With a slight hint of curiosity and in inexplicable awe, Garen extended his perception and looked outside.

In the dark endless space, appearing right before Garen’s eyes was a bunch of colorful substances that resembled seaweed, floating in the black space.

There was light moving about above the bunch of substances. Some spots were dark, some spots were blue, and some spots were an eye-catching red, but most of the spots were the yellow earth and the blue sea water.

It seemed to be a hefty Sand Table Projection of a world.

Garen found plenty of small disc-like pieces on the top. The pieces were slowly rotating like the gears of a machine, precise yet heavy. They were also all of different sizes and shades of color.

Around the discs were a lot of silk-like tattered colored materials, and some were even fluttering.

Whereas at this moment, he was moving ahead at high speed with the help of the red light's final inertia, heading straight toward the seaweed-like world.

The bunch of substances itself already had a strong attractive force and as he gradually closed in, the world's attractive force seemed to become bigger and stronger.

Swoosh!

Garen lost all his senses instantly and he fell into complete darkness. It was as if his speed accelerated to its limits, entering a state similar to teleportation. Suddenly, he entered an unpredictable situation.

Lighthouse

“Is Sword Master His Excellency still resting?” In the High Hall, a tall man dressed in a white robe walked out of the Teleportation Point slowly as he asked a lady who was also dressed in a white robe.

“Yes, Your Excellency.” The lady responded respectfully and stepped aside, revealing Garen who was sitting still behind her, leaning against the wall with his eyes closed.

Garen still appeared to be asleep. His eyes were shut tight, his complexion ruddy, as usual, nothing seemed to be out of the ordinary.

The man in the white robe's face was shrouded in a clear light. He cast a glance toward and snorted as if he noticed something.

"No."

He strode forward.

"Garen, Your Excellency." He reached out and pressed on Garen's shoulder.

Hiss...

In an instant, Garen's entire body toppled over like a sandstorm, turning into countless beads of sand scattering all over the ground.

The lady was stunned and the man in white robe blanked out.

He quickly retracted his arm and went silent for a moment. After a while, he slowly spoke.

"Garen, His Excellency, I can't feel the presence of his soul at all. His body has been completely withered and turned to sand, even all his life energy has been completely drained."

The lady covered her mouth as she stared at him in disbelief.

"How is that possible!? He... He's only seen the Mother Stream source once...!"

"Although I'm not willing to believe this, but it is what it is." The man sighed in a low tone. "Garen has fallen. Notify the control team of Lighthouse to lower the flag..."

He showed an expression of sympathy.

“How unfortunate, a prodigy powerhouse... Perhaps this was an accident... As for the calling of the true source, maybe Garen was a bit too overconfident.”

Darkness...

Darkness remained and nothing could be seen.

When Garen woke up from his coma, he did not know how long he had been unconscious. He could feel that his Soul Ring seemed to be slightly cracked, but fortunately, it was still much better than before so there was no major loss.

The feedback from the surrounding powers indicated that he seemed to have stabilized, and the surrounding universe space rules were unusually stable to the point where people could boil in anger. If the rules of the Four Great Cornerstones world were said to be abnormal already, then the stability of the rules here was basically ten times stronger.

Nothing was in sight in the surroundings but Garen could feel that he seemed to be in an oval-shaped space. The space was small enough just for him to stay alone, but the troublesome thing was that there was a small meaty object that was snuggled up beside him. Unsure as to what was it, Garen slightly wriggled his body according to its movements.

This small little thing clearly occupied Garen’s activity space.

Garen could feel his actual body. He tried to hold his hand out but due to the complete darkness, he was unable to see both his hands. However, he could still sense the slow movements of his hands.

“I guess I’ve reincarnated again...” He came to a conclusion. According to his sense of touch, his hands did not feel like the palms of a human being, but something like a bird’s. There were three fingers in the front and one at the back, the tips of his fingers were sharp yet soft, obviously not fully grown yet.

In the darkness, Garen stretched out his claws and squeezed the small meaty object toward the corner. When he finally occupied the large space, he began to explore his current body shape carefully with his small claws.

He touched his legs, which seemed to be in the same position as his hands, his muscle lines were evident. He had no human toes, but the same four toes that were sharp at the tip yet still soft.

Touching his back, he could feel that something seemed to be moving on his back.

As he reached out with his claws, he indeed felt two fan-like things curled up clinging to his back. As his claws felt it, it was just like the feeling of touching his back ribs.

Besides that, Garen felt that his neck seemed a little too long.

His entire neck was one-third of his entire body length. There even something moving behind his butt.

This made him shudder for a bit.

“Is this a deformity!?”

No, it could not be. He quickly calmed himself down. In his four Soul Rings state, even if he was in the High-Dimensional Universe, the meaty object at the side would be a good enough contrast, no? That little guy was obviously a Soul Level-Soul Seed. In other words, even if it was not for the gap in their qualities, his powers were practically twenty times of this little thing beside him. Not to mention that his Soul Ring had a huge different qualitative change in powers in comparison to general Soul Seeds. Even if the wisps of powers were compiled together, there would still be a vast difference in terms of quality.

Garen felt a chill in his heart. He tried to release his Soul Energy to explore the situation outside the space but the oval-shaped hard wall was very strong and his Soul Energy was unable to penetrate through them. After multiple attempts, he gave up.

Moreover, he even found out that once his powers separated from his body, it would be exceedingly tough to unleash it.