

Mystical 191

Chapter 191: Argent Mirror 3

"Enough talk! I've heard about you for a while now, now let us Black Snakes get acquainted with you!"
The woman of Black Snake couple yelled with a shrill. "Attack!"

In an instant, the plaza echoed with guns firing and bullets wheezing. Gunners swarmed the plaza from all directions and fired at the Bishop of the Argentists, who dodged the bullets with ease.

The Black Snake couple brandished their guns, attacking the Argentists with a series of aimed shots. Together with Chris' attacks, they managed to keep the Argentists at bay.

Only the Bishop managed to avoid the attacks simply by stepping left and right. He walked straight toward the box despite the bullets wheezing at him.

Determined to win, the Black Snake couple threw their weapons away and charged at him.

The three exchanged blows in the plaza. Within seconds, the Black Snake woman was hit by a palm strike and shot away, the Black Snake man was also pushed back. Soon, the Bishop would have caught the box.

An obviously empty bullet thudded against the floor tile in front of the box. Weirdly, the bullet did not pierce the tile, instead it rebounded straight at the Bishop's face.

Bam!

The bullet exploded, spreading a flame that devoured the Bishop.

The Black Snake female smirked and wiped away the blood on her forehead. "This is my first injury this heavy, let's see you dodge this Snake Bite Bullet!"

The explosion blasted the box high up once again, this time toward the other direction.

The Bishop grunted and covered his face, but alas, he suffered a minor burn. "Die!"

He ignored the box and bolted at the two Black Snakes.

Both sides were the strongest elites in Picardi, each having their own fame and followers. The Argentist's influence was strong in Picardi, and Black Snake was a top assassin syndicate in neighboring countries. None of them had a simple background, anyone from their organizations would be considered fierce and ambitious. Meeting here was definitely not planned.

Both of the parties have long been trying to fight each other, this was a good opportunity to do so.

Black Snakes are assassins with a kamikaze attitude. When they saw the Bishop charging at them, their eyes reddened and charged back at him.

By that time, some of the lesser underlings had already retired from the battle, leaving the more witty, agile fighters on field with their injury.

The main battlefield was for the leaders. A pillage-turned-head on fight was not expected by the Black Snake. However, Black Snake wasn't planning to avoid the Argentists either. They weren't good at surprise attacks, but they are famous for their ruthlessness within the other assassins nearby.

Both parties intertwined exchanging blows mixed in with the occasional gunshots, somehow forcing the battle into a stalemate. All over the ground were numerous debris and scraps broken in the fight. Street lights kept falling after fracturing.

Boom!

Flame burst between the three leaders, forcing them to separate once again.

Regaining balance, they were prepared to start the assault again.

A sudden red silhouette shot at the box with the Mirror of Secret Texts.

"Don't you dare!"

The Argentist Bishop and the Black Snakes yelled simultaneously in fury. Trying to snatch the box in front of the three of them? That's a provocation of the highest degree.

Without much thought, the three attacked the figure in red. The Bishop rushed over and the Black Snakes fired two shots aimed at the red figure.

Boom!

The two shots exploded together, causing two balls of scarlet flame to erupt in mid-air.

At the same time, the Bishop's hands struck at the figure. He wore silver gloves on his palms, bringing a storm-like gust with him. Striking the figure in the chest, he seemed to want to rip his opponent into two halves.

Psst!

A sword shone red.

Argh!

The Argentist Bishop yelped and took a few steps back, his steps quicker than before.

At the same time, a fine red line spread outward, reaching the Black Snakes in an instant. They both cried aloud before furiously retreating.

The fire slowly dispersed revealing a sharp-featured man standing there in stillness. In his hand was a red long sword with runes sparkling like diamonds.

Shing!

Placing the sword in front of him, he used his hand to caress the sword.

"Worlds will moan, Sprites begone!"

Fwoosh!

His eyes glowed a fluorescent red.

A terrifying huge psychic explosion burst out like a storm ravaging the plaza.

If there were people who can see the source of this outburst, they would have seen a red peacock. Its massive tail feathers flowing gently in the storm, spraying crimson sparks periodically.

Inside the hall, Garen suddenly feel a massive mental threat from outside. It felt familiar.

"Maybe it's time..."

He scanned around at the other people.

The gentleman was mumbling something under his breath while holding an item with one of his hands.

The girl Ophany stood behind the gentleman uncomfortably, looking a bit fearful.

Sounds of bombing and guns firing slipped in occasionally, scaring the survivors from even moving. Most of them were elites from the city itself, some were even higher government officials.

Placing their trust at the government and the Argentists, everyone were waiting for the chaos outside to subside.

Garen calmly observed the rest of the visitors, not finding Andrela and King of Nightmares. He wondered where these two went.

"Don't worry, trust the government." Garen looked at the scared Ophany and soothed her in a soft voice.

Ophany gulped, nodding in anxiety.

"Not bad. This is the headquarters of the Argentists, they will soon arrive to calm the situation here." The gentleman nodded in agreement. "Trust the government, that's a good one." He stared at Garen with appreciation with a sense of 'not bad, I expect great things from you'.

Garen was dumbfounded with the comment and was prepared to step out to join the battle.

A few streams of mental pressure only slightly less than Flamingo's surged into Garen's senses. It was so subtle, only a Grandmaster of Combat was able to detect through their enhanced senses.

"Flamingo! I didn't expect you to be sent!" A tiny voice belonging to an old woman came from outside.

"It is him." Finding the answer he sought, Garen hesitated, and decided he would follow the original plan, which is to wait for Andrela's signal. He calmed himself and continued to wait.

Outside, Katyusha and the owner of the Mirror of Secret Texts hid behind the wall behind the entrance, peeking out with caution.

The situation at the plaza was as if a bombing plane barraged, scattering rubbles, soil, and earth everywhere. The pillars had fallen with the statues left at the side. Black street lamps were sliced neatly in halves. The air was reeking with the thick scent of gunpowder and artillery fire.

Both Black Snake and Argentists were heavily injured by the man who appeared out of nowhere.

The only one left from the five main forces of Black Snake was her. Wendy and the other three either escaped or were killed. The two Bosses of Black Snake were also badly wounded, having both their left arms cut off in an instant during the battle.

Not only them, the Argentists had it worse.

The one with the title Unwavering Shield, the black man Marvin, as well as two other Grandmasters of Combat got knocked down during the ring of red line and haven't been able to get back up.

The Bishop of the Argentists had his palms cut off by the wrist, his blood spilling out from his sleeves. He glared at Flamingo with fear and disbelief.

This man, even with so many elites attacking him at once, was able to cut them off one by one, as if he was killing chickens. The illusionary red light possess extremely damaging powers. It didn't matter if it were bullets, explosions, or melee, as soon as the red light flickered, any incoming attacks were nullified.

In front of this man, all of the elite fighters were just like livestock, he could kill any one of them any time he wanted.

As if that wasn't enough, anyone who saw him was immediately paralyzed, with the exception of the Bishop and the two Black Snakes.

If it weren't for the newcomers, they would have all been exterminated.

"Flamingo! I didn't expect you to be sent!"

About ten meters in front of Flamingo were four old people dressed in black. Beside them, a good looking brunette girl wore two golden metal claws, lengthening her reach like ten cold steel spikes.

The one speaking was a gray haired woman. She stared at the white haired man coldly, as did the other three. They all had a dark gold crest on their chests in the shape of a Three-headed Hydra.

"You again." Flamingo frowned, as if he recalled unpleasant memories. "Last time you almost made me fail, how dare you appear in front of me again."

"The Argent Mirror is not something you can touch." The old woman said, "Julie, all yours."

"Leave it to me." The brunette answered.

Some time had passed as Garen hid in the hall. He could hear the gradually softening sounds from outside. The backup forces from before had somehow disappeared, he heard nothing from them since.

Subconsciously, he touched the spot on his chest where the book pendant had hung. He had previously hid it in the hotel room safe together with the Golden Sword Throne out of worry that it may be destroyed.

"What's happening? Why has no sound came from outside?" The old gentleman asked, confused.

"Not sure, but let's not go out yet." Garen shook his head, "If it was safe to go out, someone would have come looking for us."

"You look pretty composed. Not bad. After all this is over, I'll let you have some of my wines I'd just gotten from Tina's Winery." Not one scent of worry was seen on the old man's face.

Bam!

Before he could finish, the entrance door as well as the wall around it was blasted open by an invisible force, revealing the situation from outside.

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Everyone inside the expo hall buried their heads. Only after the smoke and dust had cleared, then people were able to start making out the situation inside the hall.

A white haired man with a long red sword was walking towards the hall, and in front of him was a brown haired girl struggling to get up on her feet amidst the rubble.

Obviously the main entrance wall was blown open by this girl just now.

What was even more shocking was how the hall was now littered with heavily injured or comatose people. Corpses and limbs were also all over the place. Amongst them there were some Argentists and some folks of unknown origins. The floor was filled with shrapnel and bullet marks, the air was thick with the scent of gunpowder.

The crowd in the hall suddenly turned into a mess as some tried to run through the exit formed by the explosion early, but were quickly shot to death by a quick succession of silenced bullets.

"Ish....looks like our drinks tonight will have to wait another day," the old man took a deep breath and mumbled under his breath.

"Didn't you say to trust the government?"

Garen asked bemusedly.

"That belief depends on situation," The old man balked at Garen talking back at him, "you little one, later just watch out and follow me. We must find a way outta here, this place is too dangerous! Damnit, why did this have to happen on my rare day off?! What shit luck do I have to deserve this!"

The girl called Ophany squatted by the side, upon hearing the two of them joking about in a situation like this, her heart started to calm down.

The crowd now all stared at Flamingo, nobody dared to raise their voice or breathe too loudly in fear of attracting his attention.

While Garen was talking to the old man earlier, Flamingo had easily killed two assassins who attempted to attack him, all while casually blocking a rain of bullets.

Through all of this, his steps never changed, he continued walking towards the girl.

Four old men's bodies were covered in blood, two of them had their heads and bodies in separate spots, while the other two were heavily injured.

Flamingo looked at everyone in the room calmly. Not too far away, a few police cars started to stop around the perimeter, but none of the policemen who got off dared to come close. With Flamingo as the epicenter, nobody dared to walk too close to him within a hundred meter radius, and nobody could leave either. It was as if an invisible force field had covered this entire area.

"What a pity. Is this your surprise for me? By suppressing my blood's power?" Flamingo said plainly, "in my eyes, you are all like worthless trash. Nothing but stronger ants."

Julie struggled to get up.

The monster in front of her had gotten stronger again. Compared to the time they fought in the Water City Moyako, Flamingo's sword was now at least twice as tough as his last one. It was even able to slice through her telekenesis abilities.

"You still talk a lot of crap, when all you want is to just show off how powerful you are." As she spoke, blood flowed out from her mouth, making her look incredibly miserable.

"We're done, we're so done. The more we know the more likely we're going to be killed," the old man's face started turning bitter, even his bodyguards were starting to lose their cool.

"Boss, isn't that a little un-auspicious to say?" one of his bodyguards asked.

"We're about to die, screw being auspicious!" the old man's face scrunched up.

"We can't be sure, who knows maybe he's a good guy, and it's because of what happened that's why he did what he did," Garen interjected.

"Does his face look like a good guy to you?!" the old man was dumbfounded.

"Well, I know that you shouldn't judge a book by its cover."

Garen suddenly smiled softly like he just noticed something, he reached out his right hand softly and his skin was glowing a soft white gold.

"Excuse me, I need to go now, I have something to do."

The old man and Ophany looked at Garen stunned, especially the old man who was still dumbfounded, he opened his mouth like he wanted to say something.

Ding!!

Suddenly a loud ring echoed from a distance.

In a split second, Garen disappeared from where he stood and turned into a shadow, alongside two other mysterious white shadows, they all dashed towards Flamingo.

The three shadows appeared almost at the same time in front of Flamingo. Boom!! A big ball of fire exploded from Flamingo's body.

"You lot!!!" in the explosion, one could hear Flamingo angrily yelling.

The three shadows dispersed and stood in a circle around Flamingo, turning into three humanforms. Turns out it was the King of Nightmares Stephen, Andrela and Garen.

The three of them had completely surrounded Flamingo.

The King of Nightmares excitedly licked the dagger in his hand.

"Since you're out, don't go back."

"It's you!" Flamingo's pupils shrank, like he recognised the King of Nightmares. Right now, Flamingo's left arm hung limp on the side of his body, seemingly broken after the initial hit.

"If I want to leave, none of you can stop me!" Flamingo did not spare any more chatter, and dashed backwards in retreat, in the direction of Garen.

"Divine Statue, Thunder Sprint!"

One of Garen's hands expanded and turned into a greenish black colour, swinging directly in the direction of Flamingo.

Boom!!

His palm and Flamingo's sword collided and burst into a ball of sparkles. Flamingo was pushed back by the impact, leaving behind two footprints dragged through the floor.

At this point, nobody cared about the Argent Mirror anymore, everyone had their eyes on the four of them fighting in the middle.

The King of Nightmares and Flamingo were having a arch nemesis reunion, their eyes were especially filled with anger towards each other.

"You guys stay out of this, let me handle this alone!" Stephen raised his hand, indicating Garen and Andrela to stand their ground.

"Go ahead," Garen shrugged.

"Don't take too long," Andrela stood in attention, blocking one of Flamingo's potential escape routes.

For someone as powerful as Flamingo, nobody could be sure how many secret techniques he had hidden under his sleeves. Folks like the King of Nightmares, Flamingo and Sylphalan had reached such a level that even if they fought each other, they would not be able to be completely sure that they could kill their opponents.

To be able to defeat each other and killing each other were two distinctly different levels of difficulties. Just like the time when Flamingo teamed up with other skilled fighters to hunt and catch the King of Nightmares, while they were able to almost defeat him, a slight mistake still allowed him to break through and escape.

Julie studied the arena and was stunned. Earlier she was struggling to even put up a fight against Flamingo, yet here he was being surrounded by these three bastards so easily. Looks like the trio had come just to hunt and kill Flamingo. They had all forgotten about her existence at this point.

Killing Flamingo? An elder level member of the Immortal Palace Alliance?

She couldn't make out their motivations, for the Immortal Palace Alliance were undefeated across the board, they ruled every land they stepped on, where did these people muster the stupid courage to even launch a hunt and kill operation against one of their elders?!

Julie instinctively went towards her teacher for answers. On the wall, half lying down against the wall, was the old woman. Like Julie, the old woman was also at a loss of words. Evidently, nobody saw this coming. If they had known that someone was coming to kill Flamingo, they wouldn't have wasted their efforts on trying earlier.

"Garen, are you sure you want to become an enemy of the Immortal Palace?" Flamingo was struggling to defend, and looked absolutely miserable as he yelled at Garen between punches.

Garen's face was unfazed, like he hadn't heard him at all.

"Garen?" the old woman's face suddenly turned into a shocked expression, "could it be...?" She started carefully studying Garen's face, "didn't the Old Man Gregor once say that he had no potential? How can this be?"

"Teacher, can you tell the origins of these three people?" Julie ushered up to the side of the old woman and whispered.

"I too, am unsure...."

"Teacher didn't you once say that normal people would not be able to hold up against Telekenisis users like us? What's happening now then?" Julie was filled with questions.

"I can't be wrong, these three people are so powerful, they must have some hidden talent!" the old woman was certain she'd nailed it this time.

Hidden talent her ass that is....

Julie was helpless. Her teachers had spent too much time locked within their own confines, even with the truth right in front of their eyes, they still deny it, believing that one can only become powerful if they possess the talent at birth.

She saw that since amongst the original three elders, two were dead and one was injured, she was better off just standing where she was and observing the situation.

The old man who was still crouched on the floor looked at Garen with an expression like he was constipated.

"I actually discussed about antiquities for a half a day with a terrorist! I must be going mad!"

Ophany on the other hand, showed no signs of distress or fear.

"I feel that, that man is not a bad man..."

"You're still young, you still can't see past their facades hiding their evil side." the old man shook his head in disagreement.

"Boss, I think it is better if we retreat for now," one of the bodyguards carefully advised him.

"I dare you to move, I bet in a split second you will find your brains hollowed by bullets if you even try!," the old man grunted.

Garen stood alone in his part of the arena, occasionally blocking a stray shrapnel or two casually.

The way the King of Nightmares fought Flamingo was different from usual, it seemed as if Flamingo had been downgraded to an amateur from a master. The way he was swinging his sword was like a young boy just learning about swordsmanship for the first time. The Sword of the Sprites in Flamingo's hand was twisting and turning, slicing nothing but air over and over again, like he was playing along in a play fight with Stephen.

However, Garen could tell from Flamingo's strict face that he wasn't giving way, instead he was pushed to a really tough spot by his opponent.

Unconsciously, Garen clenched his fists in pain. After blocking Flamingo's sword with his bare hands earlier, he seemed to have sustained some minor damage to his fist. If he was still using the Giant Mammoth Secret Technique from back then, even if he was at the peak of his Body Hardening Technique form, he probably would not stand a chance in a direct hit like that.

"Oy, speed up! We're running out of time!" Garen nagged.

The King of Nightmares did not respond, but he started speeding up his attacks.

Stephen's body allowed him to attack from different angles as his arms could twist and turn like noodles. His eyes were even more mysterious, their beautiful blue hue were like the ocean, attracting the attention of anyone who looked at him, and subsequently distracting his opponents.

Garen and Andrela stared at Flamingo attentively, anyone at Flamingo and Stephen's level would definitely possess an unusually resilient amount of life force. Especially some who has lived for so long, they must have a plethora of tricks to extend their own lives, should a small mistake be made, Flamingo could easily escape.

Clang!

Suddenly there was a loud noise, one of the stray gravel hit the metal box holding the Argent Mirror. An oval white and silver mirror slowly rolled out from inside the box.

"The Argent Mirror!" the old woman beside Julie exclaimed, "Julie!"

"Understood!" Julie's body bent in aggression and dashed towards the mirror immediately.

Chapter 193: Truth 1

"Hmph!" Andrela scoffed, and turned into a shadow, appearing in front of Julie, "go away unless you want to die!"

The Argent Mirror was one of the trio's objectives, he wasn't going to let anyone else get it.

"The Argent Mirror is related to the Will of the Origin, if you acquire the secret technique in it you will also learn of the method to disassemble the Will of the Origin!" Julie explained hurriedly.

"Will of the Origin? What's that?" Andrela asked with suspicion.

"It's something evil and destructive. It can transform a person's mental willpower and enhance physical limits. I don't have time to explain. How about this, let's work together. You want the secret technique, I just want to disassemble the Will of the Origin, so we can team up. How's that?!" Julie answered rapidly.

Andrela studied the girl's expression, and by the looks of the people behind her in such a dire situation, they had no reason to lie.

"We will be in charge of keeping the mirror!" with a quick swing of the tip of his sword, he threw the Argent Mirror into the air and caught it with his other hand, "give me a means of contacting you."

Julie hesitated.

"Give it to him Julie!" the old woman yelled from behind her.

"Fine," Julie revealed a red card and threw it at Andrela.

Andrela caught it, and was about to respond before suddenly turning around and dashing towards Flamingo in distress.

At the same time, Garen's calm expression dropped as well, he stomped his feet onto the ground and took off in the direction of Flamingo.

Flamingo had turned mad of sorts, the Sword of the Sprites in his hand suddenly turned into a drizzle of red raindrops, pouring like a hurricane towards the King of Nightmares.

What was even more mysterious was that the runes on the sword itself suddenly lit up in a blindingly bright red light.

"Peacock!!" Flamingo jumped, and his body suddenly split up into three different shadows, each headed for one of the trio.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The trio each took a step back, their bodies all hit by an unknown attack.

The King of Nightmares scoffed coldly, and lifted up a single piece of rock with the tip of his leg, with a loud bang it shot towards seemingly empty air in the sky. Mid-air, it suddenly collided with something that turned out to be Flamingo who was moving so fast that he had turned invisible until he was hit by the rock.

At the same time, Stephen snapped his fingers.

Loud roars could be heard from around the perimeter, over a dozen smoking rockets suddenly flew towards Flamingo.

Over a dozen shocked, but professional soldiers calmly lowered their rocket launchers, and proceeded to fire at Flamingo in frenzy with their sidearms.

They were unfazed by Flamingo's aura of suppression at all!

Rumble!!

Suddenly there was a loud screech and rumble in the sky, a big ball of blinding yellow light shot through the sky. Along with it came a circle of white smoke that spread across the entire arena.

Before that settled, an invisible pressure seemed to press down from the sky.

Hum....

The pressure spread about like invisible bubbles across the entire battlefield in the direction of the trio.

The ground started shaking as well, causing the houses around to shake as well, the air twisted and turned, and even the fire was breaking and burning over and over again.

Pow!

Flamingo landed from the sky, and calmly knelt beside a silhouette that appeared out of nowhere.

The silhouette was wearing a black cloak, he slowly lifted up his head, pulling off his cloak's hood to look at Garen.

"Long time no see, Garen."

"Sylphalan... you actually showed up."

Garen stood silently in the middle of the chaos that was erupting, looking at the cloaked man with a plain expression.

Garen slowly lifted up his arms.

Rumble!!

An aura as large and powerful as the pressure that had struck started spreading as well.

With him as the epicenter, everything within a radius of a hundred meters was now covered in wild winds in the color of white gold. The white gold air flowed around furiously, before gathering into a giant upper body humanoid that looked just like Garen.

This monstrous giant was made out of white gold, it had a height of tens of meters, so tall that its shadow alone covered over half of the arena. The aura formed giant looked like an exact copy of Garen's upper body, it looked down on the crowd below with eyes that were filled with black space and infinite stars.

"Heh, heh. This is good, each of us gets one to fight." A slim man with a black beard jumped down from the upper floor. With a loud crash, he landed on the ground; as he landed, he emitted a blue aura around him that formed an opaque mermaid that stood meekly between Garen and Sylphalan's.

Boom!! Boom!! Boom!!

Multiple blasts of mental blows reverberated in everyone's head.

Behind Garen, Andrela and the King of Nightmares had respectively formed their auras. At the same time, Flamingo released his massive red peacock aura again.

With Sylphalan and Garen at the heart of it all, an invisible aura faced a white gold half humanoid. Further away from them were the four smaller, and varying colored, smaller auras.

At this moment, no matter how little Andrela and the King of Nightmares wanted to admit, or how little Flamingo and Griffith understood, everyone had to admit that in this arena, only Garen was capable of fighting Sylphalan.

Regardless of the outcome, the both of them were on the same level now. This was proven simply by the sheer scale and force of both their auras, this was made out of pure energy, not just mental strength.

At this point, everyone that wasn't a high level martial arts practitioner such as the pedestrians and policemen around the area, were all starting to get knocked out by the sheer force of the auras enveloping the atmosphere.

Only those who stood further away from the actual battle could roughly make out what was going on in the expo hall.

While normal people couldn't see the aura forms, they were still intimidated by the way the six of them stood facing each other. The tension alone was a clear enough indication of the impending dangers.

The passed out policemen and onlookers were good enough evidence that this was beyond their logical comprehension.

In the hall, the old man looked at Garen and the lot afar with a perplexed face.

"Fuck me, could this be....the legendary...subsonic boom attack?! This is too much! Where is the government? Where is our beloved government? In this key moment why isn't my dear government coming out to save the world?!" he was starting to utter gibberish, "just a quick shiver, and everyone around us has fallen, is this also the mythical Tiger Body Shake? The air of a king?!"

"What is this so-called Tiger Body Shake?" Ophany asked innocently.

"Small children who don't know anything shouldn't ask stupid questions!" the old man felt light headed now, "No, no, no, I must stay calm," he used all of his might to shut his eyes, and rubbed his temples in hopes of calming himself down.

Very rapidly, he led his small group of bodyguards and Ophany to hide in an even more obscure spot away from the epicenter of the battle. As the old man stared at Garen and the black cloaked man, he knew just how much danger they were all in; he was only joking in hopes of relieving the fears of the people around him.

The university student Ophany didn't seem to be aware of how thick of a situation she was in, "Old Sir, I think we should try to sneak out of here!" she whispered.

"It's no use, if we touch whatever's covering this place, we will fall and die." the old man said as he pointed to a seven or eight people who had fallen without a sound while trying to sneak out of the area.

Ophany felt a chill run down her spine.

At this time, the old lady and Julie's group had all moved to a corner to rest. The two old man whose heads and bodies had been separated also had their parts moved to a corner by Julie.

Studying the monstrous energy facing each other in front of her, the old lady's face started to lose colour.

"It's him...Sylphalan...he has finally come. Julie, if you see an opportunity you must help Garen! Who knew that the seed planted by Gregor so many years ago would grow into such a powerful being today." her gaze turned to Garen, while she was still hesitant, she couldn't help but admire him,"what a pity. If Gregor was still alive today, he would be so proud and relieved to see how powerful this one has become."

"Teacher..." Julie's face was red,"if I go, what will become of you all?"

"Don't bother with us! None of us know for sure what that madman will do. If they start fighting you must try to help Garen whenever he needs it. He's the one whose skin just turned into white gold!" the old woman desperately explained.

Julie clenched her teeth, seeing how serious her teachers were about this, she forcibly nodded.

The powerful auras were still facing off each other, pushing against each other ever so slightly, stirring up a mental hurricane between the streets and the hall.

Garen raised his right arm with its palm facing upwards. He lightly clenched the air. Boom! A bubble of white air blew up in his hands.

"I've finally caught you..." his whole body was like it had been dyed, as it glowed in white gold color,"this time, I will avenge the Elder properly."

Sylphalan was shocked to see their auras facing off each other as equals as he looked up at them,"I haven't seen you in a while, and you've already grown to this level. I must say I do regret not killing you, but just a bit."

"You sure you can kill me?" Garen scoffed. He swung his arms about casually, as he did so, the Divine Statue behind him too followed suit in his actions,"today, we will settle all our scores once and for all!"

Garen lifted up his right hand, aimed it at Sylphalan's group and made for a grab.

Boom!!!

A circle of shapeless aura exploded on the spot where Sylphalan stood.

"Let's go!"

The three villains jumped up in response, avoiding the explosion by flying in the opposite direction.

"Trying to run?" Garen reached his hand out again and aimed at the three of them, forcing them to disperse with another grab.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Like grabbing insects out of the sky, the giant Divine Statue kept going after Sylphalan and his two followers' shadows.

"Attack!" Andrela bellowed, and dashed out with the King of Nightmares.

A black cross sword flew towards Griffith.

At the same time, the King of Nightmares casually, and soundlessly appeared in front of Flamingo.

"This is not a good place to fight," Flamingo commented coldly, as he looked up at the massive Divine Statue.

"I don't think so," the King of Nightmares swung his arm, releasing millions of paper shreds. The shreds were like snow, floating across the sky in a beautiful dance, causing Flamingo to go into a daze.

Both Andrela and Stephen each caught up with their opponents and flew away to fight them respectively.

Leaving behind only Garen to face Sylphalan alone.

Chapter 194: Truth 2

Garen stood on the same spot, his right arm reaching out over and over again in the direction of Sylphalan. However, they were all only catching air as Sylphalan skillfully evaded them.

"You planning to wear me out? But you have grossly miscalculated!" Garen smiled coldly. The strongest part of the Divine Statue Technique was in its ability to defend and heal. At the rate that Garen was healing, he could easily go on for dozens more hours.

Sylphalan took a backflip, and landed gracefully atop a lamp post.

"It's like...." he mumbled under his breath while looking at Garen, his eyes revealing an inner mix of loss and struggle, "it's really like....."

"You can run pretty fast!" Garen was still now. He knew that if Sylphalan was not willing to fight him, he couldn't force him into it either. At this point, both of them were tough characters that were near impossible to kill. Just like Duskdune Shura, even if one of them were to sustain heavy injuries, they could still confidently pull out. All masters of combat have a secret trick under their sleeves for the express purpose of escaping let alone that this was Sylphalan we were talking about.

"No..." Sylphalan seemed to think of something, his expression changed suddenly, "you're not like older brother, you ended up on my path?" he suddenly started laughing like a madman, "Truly! Truly I am the only one who is right!"

"Only I am right!"

"Only me!"

Sylphalan suddenly pulled back his invisible aura, and did an elaborate backflip flying towards the buildings behind him. With each step pushing off a building after another, he sped off in lightning speed so fast that even Garen couldn't make chase. With the blink of an eye, Sylphalan was gone, only the distant silhouette of his body hopping between building erratically visible.

Garen looked at Sylphalan from afar, feeling a little pissed off. For a moment he thought he had Sylphalan, but the next he was gone. While he had managed to acquire the Argent Mirror, this but only his secondary objective.

He raised his hand casually, the white gold Divine Statue melted into golden fog and disappeared. Compared to the Giant Mammoth, the Divine Statue was at least twice more powerful.

Afterall, the Divine Statue technique was based off the Golden Statue sect, which once stood toe to toe against the Crimson Sand Sword Gate at its peak.

Not far away, there was a rumble, and in the midst of a massive explosion a red shadow appeared. Boom! There were sounds of glass shattering as the red shadow dashed through a few buildings and escaped.

The King of Nightmares tried to make chase, but still lost Flamingo.

"Damnit! He ran away!"

At the same time, Andrela appeared with a bitter face and a broken sword.

"I almost didn't make it, thank heavens that guy ran away."

"Who knew that even with the three of us combined we still can't match the Immortal Palace," Stephen looked defeatist, "if only Palosa was here..."

"Stop overthinking," Garen took a deep breath and tried to loosen up himself, "Palosa wasn't here, the Immortal Palace also didn't all show up. It's too early to call the results. However all in all, we are definitely at a disadvantage against them."

"This is so underwhelming!" The King of Nightmares started cleaning up his wounds, apparently in that short fight he had been stabbed by Flamingo in his chest once. From the looks of his face, it wasn't a small wound.

Garen also now understood that if all of them were pit head to head, they were definitely still not a match against the Immortal Palace. If today had been their final fight, even if they managed to shave the Immortal Palace by one or two members, they would do so at a hefty price. Perhaps they might've even all died.

This newly formed troop was simply too weak.

"Masters of combat at this level all have their own tricks to stay alive. Defeating them is easy, but to kill them entirely is next to impossible unless they're suicidal." Andrela shook his head, "now we have the mirror, the Confederation is probably sending troops over now. We ought to leave."

The other two nodded, and the three of them leaped together in an instance, disappearing into the distance as three shadows.

"We should retreat too." the Old Woman clenched her teeth and bellowed as soon as Garen left. Julie helped the Old Lady up, and with the bodies of their dead comrades in hand, they disappeared into the shadows as well.

The remainder of people also started leaving.

At the corner of the hall, between the rubble of what used to be some pillars and statues, a man emerged from the dust looking horribly miserable.

With a body full of ash, and both arms visibly broken, it was the Bishop of the Argentists.

"I can't believe that I, the great Bishop of the Argentists, would see the day where I had to act dead in order to survive!"

A few moments later, the Black Snake couple emerged as well.

"Aren't we the same as well? Once we realized we couldn't put up a fight we had to hide too!" the female Black Snake said, "if you're so cocky, why don't you bring the fight to them then!"

At this point, both sides had lost all intent on fighting each other after seeing what had transpired earlier. In retrospect, their abilities were just like how Flamingo put it: nothing but stronger ants.

"It's just a stupid mirror, yet it attracted so many insane characters. Heck, even the Immortal Palace showed up!" the male Black Snake frowned as he studied the hall, seemingly in deep thought.

"What's on your mind?" the female Black Snake looked at her man.

"No..nothing."

In an open field, not too far away from the hall.

Beside an abandoned dirt road, stopped a black truck.

With a loud "KA CHA" the door swung open, out came Andrela, Garen and the King of Nightmares.

Andrela leaned against the door of the truck and swung out an oval white silver mirror.

"This is the Argent Mirror, it is also the Mirror of Secret Texts. Stephen, you should know how to use it right?"

He looked at the King of Nightmares.

Stephen nodded, "Of course. I'm still disappointed that I wasn't able to severely injure Flamingo. Who knew that he wouldn't even properly fight us, and just run away in the end!"

The King of Nightmares took the mirror over and studied its detailed carvings carefully.

"To unlock it will take some time. Before that happens, perhaps we can go take a look at that group that popped out of nowhere opposing Flamingo?"

"That old woman seemed to know me," Garen frowned, he reached out to take the mirror from Stephen's hands. He couldn't sense any hidden potential, which meant that item wasn't one of those cursed antiquities.

As he studied the mirror, he seemed to hesitate.

"Those folks said that there's something about the Will of the Origin in here? What's that?"

"I've never heard of anything like that before," Andrela shook his head.

Even Stephen was baffled, "that's why I said we should pay them a visit, they probably know more about this than we do."

Garen touched the pendant on his chest, it was starting to heat up again. It was heating up irregularly a lot lately for reasons unknown, "Do we have a means of contacting them?"

"It says so on the card."

Stephen took the mirror over again and studied it, "if we translate the runes and carvings on the mirror, it seems to say that the Hidden Text inside the mirror is a record for a secret sealing technique. It can seal up energy accumulated over time and convert it into a deadly blow when needed. However according to intelligence reports, the Immortal Palace found something similar once too, but I've never heard anything about a Will of the Origin."

"I think I might have an inkling of who that old woman is...." Garen finally found a piece of memory from a distant past that matched the face.

In the old man's dolphin antique shop, he seen a woman bearing a similar face enter the shop.

He suddenly had a feeling that he was about find out where Sylphalan was very soon.

In the night.

Following the address given by Julie, the trio quickly arrived at a small jungle by the suburbs.

In the middle of the jungle was a dried out well, this was the entrance as told in the card.

The three of them hesitated, but they could see some light coming from the end of the well. A man in black overalls climbed out from beneath.

"Please follow me. The teacher awaits you below," the young man greeted the trio respectfully.

The trio could feel that a lot was happening underground, they could even hear the occasional music reverberating from the well.

Following the young man, they took turns climbing into the well, then climbing into a corridor just about the height of a grown man by the left of the well. The corridor quickly opened up to a spacious rock basement.

The walls were made out of rectangular stone bricks that looked pretty well aged. By the corner was a black grand piano with a young girl in black clothes playing a tune on it.

The girl, was Julie.

The music started slowing down before coming to a halt as the trio entered the room.

"Teacher, they are here," Julie stood up and spoke to the other corner of the room.

It was only then that the Trio noticed that there was an old woman sitting on a black chair made out of ratan by the other corner. Her breath was almost silent, her presence invisible unless announced.

This was the same old woman who sustained heavy injuries earlier in the day.

"Something here makes me incredibly uncomfortable," the King of Nightmares frowned and sniffed with his nose before covering it with a white silk cloth.

"You have really sharp senses," the old woman smiled and nodded, "I still haven't thanked the three of you for your heroic acts earlier today. Had it not been for the three of us, we probably would've suffered severe losses."

"You lost two of your elders, and that still isn't a severe loss?" Andrela asked rhetorically.

"It's not," the old woman nodded, "the two of them were just telekinetic surrogates, their hosts have already started recovering in a secret location. It's just one severe injury, no big deal."

"Telekinetic surrogates? One severe injury isn't a big deal?" Garen repeated her words, "looks like telekinesis is a lot more interesting than I thought."

"Three of you, please sit and we'll talk."

The old woman served up three cups of coffee.

Chapter 195: Truth 3

A few people sat in the rock basement. The King of Nightmares refused a chair by himself and instead went over to squeeze onto the same seat with Andrela. While they were both expressionless, one could easily sense the intimacy between the two.

He realized that everyone was puzzled, so he reached his hand to his face in a massaging gesture and very soon, a thin piece of human skin mask was torn off his face, revealing a beautiful feminine face.

He had suddenly went from a moustached gentleman, to a stunningly beautiful flat chested young lady.

Andrela reached his arm over around her waist, the two of them pecked each other like there was no one else in the room.

"Alright, let's get talking. I heard from Garen that you said you know him?"

The old woman looked at Garen upon hearing this, and squinted her eyes at him.

"The truth is, I do know him, Mr. Garen Lombard."

She slowly lifted up the coffee and took a sip.

"The reason I invited the three of you over, is because I have news about the Argent Mirror that I wish to inform you all about."

The trio was silent, awaiting for her to continue.

The old woman stopped for a moment, and introduced herself.

"I am Zhaoxing Qin. Just like you guessed, I am from the east. My father and I are telekinetic experts from the east.

As for telekinesis, it is the manipulation of reality with one's mind, it deals with the fundamental form of matter. To be able to wield it and master it, one must be one in a million possessing talents beyond logical comprehension."

"I have heard before that superpowers around the world tried researching something like this. They wanted to activate some inert human potential or something," the King of Nightmares said softly. At this point her voice was clear and high pitched.

"That was a long time ago, all they got out of it is a bunch of failures," Zhaoxing shook her head, "just as you've seen, the Immortal Palace's elders: Flamingo, Sylphalan and all, are all masters in telekinesis. They were famous even at a young age, but as the years and decades passed they started to disappear into the shadows and eventually formed the Immortal Palace Alliance in hopes of absorbing the elites of every generation. However, nobody knows what their true intents are."

"Famous since many years ago? How old is Sylphalan anyways?" Garen cut her short and asked.

"He came here with my father, when my father arrived he was already 45 years old," Zhaoxing didn't answer his question directly.

Garen frowned.

"I need to know if you knew a man named Gregor, he used to run an antique shop. What's his relationship with Sylphalan.?"

Zhaoxing wasn't surprised at all, it seemed like she was expecting Garen to ask that.

"We will discuss that in private later. That is related to one's privacy, we can talk about the Argent Mirror first."

She reached out her index finger and used it to draw a small circle in the air.

An unknown invisible energy seemed to emanate in the air. From the mat on her knees, a thin thread floated up and started stitching itself in the air.

In less than ten seconds, it had formed a perfect copy of the Argent Mirror.

Andrela was shocked and sat stunned, squinting in disbelief.

The King of Nightmares however was plain faced, obviously she had experienced supernatural phenomena like this before.

As for Garen, he was totally unfazed.

"This is the so called Argent Mirror, I've made a copy to ease explanation." Zhaoxing looked at the copy in the air and sighed, "the Argent Mirror is a relic from ancient times designed for sealing. It is not a treasure, and it is definitely not a container of some secret technique. Instead..."

She stopped for a second, "...it is a tool for sealing willpower."

The trio was now incredibly engrossed.

"In ancient times, there were many telekinesis experts. Some were good, some were bad. The Argent Mirror was made to seal off evil intent and the will of evil thoughts," Zhaoxing explained.

"What would happen if it is unsealed?" Garen asked.

"The evil intent and willpower will contaminate all living organisms within a one mile radius. The kind of thoughts and willpower stored within here can turn a normal man into a ruthless dictator, wielding absolute power but also insatiable greed for power and blood. A man contaminated by the Argent Mirror's unsealed intent can only be killed, and not defeated," Zhaoxing sighed again. "the evil intent within is ranked according to different levels, the highest of which we've named the Will of the Origin. Aside from that particular one, there are also the evil intents of many powerful telekinetic wielders from the past. Their greed, lust, and ruthlessness, even their perverted interests are stored inside. Should it be unsealed, the potential for harm is exponential!"

"We can't just trust what you say at face value. For what it's worth, the Immortal Palace really wants this mirror. I refuse to believe that they're unaware of its secrets, in fact they might be after exactly that" Andrela shook his head.

Zhaoxing lightly poked the copy in the air, and the mirror suddenly broke into many pieces, revealing a small ball in its heart.

"The Immortal Palace Alliance is a bunch of madmen. They're hell bent on pursuing the path of the Blood Warriors. In pursuit of immortality, they've spent billions of dollars and years on research. However the Blood Warriors have all disappeared in the last era. In the last era, the Blood Warriors were defeated by other practitioners, and the battle of which they lost were recorded as myths and legends in our culture."

Zhaoxing pointed at the small ball floating mid air and said, "but I've digressed. Now back to this ball, this is the heart of the Argent Mirror. It contains an extraordinary amount of contamination potential. If it were completely unsealed, it will affect the thoughts of organisms far and wide. The Immortal Palace plans to allow one man to control and absorb this thing."

"What's the benefit in doing so?" Garen looked at Zhaoxing.

"The evil intent and memories of hundreds of incredibly power people are stored inside. If the person who absorbs it is able to put up with the immense stress, he will receive the experience of some of the greatest fighters of our time. He would even know how they trained, what they trained, where they kept their money, with all that he who absorbs it will have access to an unspeakable amount of power and influence. However, whoever tries to do so will surely lose their mind and also according to legends, he would have also lose a great amount of his potential and life. On a good day he will live on with just schizophrenia, on a severe hit something called a Time Scar could even appear on the user's body. The Time Scar will show the remainder of one's life, and the amount will definitely be a staggeringly low amount." Zhaoxing explained seriously.

"From what we know, Sylphalan already absorbed one of the Argent Mirrors about half a year ago."

"As long as one absorbs it, one will get schizophrenia?" the King of Nightmares asked curiously.

"This is definite. Whoever uses the Argent Mirror, regardless of their personal willpower, or how powerful their base is, they will all suffer from permanent brain damage and thus schizophrenia. Some even turn into a different person altogether, like their own personality's been completely drowned by the Argent Mirror." Zhaoxing replied definitively.

"That's a pity, I was going to ask you to let me try it," the King of Nightmares was visibly disappointed, "but screw it, I'd rather not turn into a schizo."

"Sadly, only masters in telekinesis are able to absorb the Argent Mirror. Perhaps the three of you might possess some hidden talent that I could help activate?" Zhaoxing shook her head.

She looked at the trio sitting before her.

"To be honest, I asked you three to come here in hopes of convincing you not to unseal the Argent Mirror."

"We took the mirror with the sole purpose of discovering the ancient secret technique, and now you want us to give it up? Do you actually think that's possible?" Andrela smiled.

"I know this might be asking too much, but this is relative to the lives of hundreds of thousands of people, maybe even millions across the planet. If just a thousand people are contaminated by the fact that you unsealed that mirror, their ill intent paired with the experience of the evil within, they will definitely take over the whole planet."

"This means if we want to unseal it we should do in a place where there is nobody?" Garen frowned.

"It's useless, without an organism as a bearer..." Zhaoxing didn't even finish before Garen cut her off.

"What if I found a butchery then?"

"Oh..a living organism which is too low levelled will just expand and die, their pre-death struggles will just further enhance the evil intents inside the Argent Mirror. If it were so easy, I would've gotten rid of it long ago." Zhaoxing replied.

"It sure is a fuss," Garen nodded, "what if we took used prisoners then? Criminals on the verge of their death, instead of executing them we will just expose them to the Argent Mirror's ill intent and then kill them after."

"If that's the case, you will need to kill way too many people..." Zhaoxing squinted.

"But there is a chance of success right?" Garen squinted back at her and sat up straight, "this sounds like a potential plan. So how many criminals will we need?"

"That'll depend on how powerful the Will of the Origin in this mirror is," Zhaoxing did some conservative calculations and was suddenly stunned, "...at least ten thousand people..."

Julie who stood at the side turned pale, visibly shocked as well.

"Let me settle it," the King of Nightmares snapped her finger, "I'll make up some cover story about some chemical fallout. It will be easy. But of course this is all taking into account that what you've told us so far is the truth."

Her words sent shivers down every body's spine. The way she held so little regard for human life made it no wonder why governments around the world treated them like terrorists.

"I have no reason to lie to you. Plus, you're the ones who came up with this plan," Zhaoxing shook her head.

"Let's set this aside for now. The Argent Mirror stays with us, as long as we don't unseal it we will be fine," Garen rose his hand to stop this topic, "that's it for the mirror, we will continue after we have validated your words. For now, we need to talk about my personal issues."

Chapter 196: Truth 4

"Alright," Zhaoxing nodded, and looked at Garen, "follow me. Julie, please take care of our two guests."

"Yes teacher."

Zhaoxing stood up and headed towards a wall on the right side of the room. The wall suddenly rose up and revealed a stone door.

Garen followed closely as they went in one after another.

The door closed behind him, Garen was now in a quaint study room.

A few ash white shelves sat in a corner, while some small tables paired with black sofas and yellow lights on the wall. It was a simply furnished room.

"Sylphalan plans to head east. He knows you're looking for him, so perhaps he's running away from you, or maybe he has other plans, but he is already preparing a boat. Him running away from you today was not a coincidence."

Zhaoxing said that once they got in.

"What's your relationship with the old man Gregor?" Garen asked.

"My mother is Sylphalan and Gregor's sister. The three of them were perfect siblings until one day my mom died in an accident trying to save Gregor." Zhaoxing casually turned on a gas light on the small table, illuminating her's and Garen's face with a flickering yellow light.

"Sylphalan believed that it was all Gregor's fault, so they fell apart. At that time, Gregor was incredibly handsome and very powerful. His position among telekinetic practitioners was just like the position of the Immortal Palace Alliance today. Sylphalan couldn't fight him, so he distanced himself," Zhaoxing sighed, "Sylphalan seemed to have some sort of perverted affection towards my mother. Since the accident he started relentlessly pursuing greater and greater power in hopes of challenging Gregor one day. Finally, in the end, he killed Gregor."

Garen could sense that there was more to this, but the general summary seemed to be true.

"Sylphalan once had the opportunity to kill me, but he let me go, why?"

"He only has two lifelong objectives, one is to kill Gregor for revenge, and the other is to revive my mother," Zhaoxing said softly, "his relationship with Gregor was complicated. Everything he knew, he learned it from Gregor. Gregor was more than just his brother, he was his teacher. You are Gregor's heir, so I believe he spared you for the sake of Gregor."

Zhaoxing shooked her head.

"Actually, Sylphalan went mad many years ago."

"I can see that," Garen nodded, "his mental state surely isn't normal right now."

"So what is your objective?" Zhaoxing looked at Garen, "find Sylphalan and avenge Gregor?"

Garen sat down and cupped his face in his hands, he couldn't come up with a response.

After a long silence, he finally spoke.

"Sylphalan killed Gregor, he also almost killed me once. I will find him, and I will kill him. This is my objective."

"Aren't you interested to know if Sylphalan found the path of the Blood Warriors?"

"Do you know?" Garen laughed, "I don't know anything about what you people call telekinesis. Even if he finds it, it has nothing to do with me, I'm not one of you."

"As someone who is able to achieve this level of power at such a young age, the three of you aren't just ordinary people. I trust my guts, mere mortals would not possess talent like yours," Zhaoxing said definitively, "well? Would you like to test it?"

Garen hesitated.

"Sure, but how?"

"It's very simple," Zhaoxing walked to the front of one of the shelves and took out a few books, revealing a hidden compartment in the back. From the hidden compartment she took out one thick book.

The book was covered in a black hardcover, and on the cover were some twisted text that Garen couldn't recognize.

"This book.." Garen could however feel a sense of familiarity towards the book.

"This is the book of potential I got from Gregor. This used to be his telekinetic tool, it carried the potential of his abilities within it. Now that he's dead, he mailed this to me before he died," Zhaoxing said, "open it, it will trigger the potential inside your body. The strength of your inert telekinetic abilities will be shown by how many words turn red as you open the book."

"Turn red?" Garen took the book over and casually flipped a few pages. The words on the cover, the words on the page, all remained in their typical black ink.

"Perhaps I've gotten the wrong book," Zhaoxing stared at the pages, feeling something was off.

"No, this is the right one," Garen disagreed, "I've actually flipped this book before in Gregor's shop."

"You've flipped it before?" Zhaoxing was stunned, she checked the cover again and was certain that this was the book of potential.

Her face started to turn displeased.

"This can't be! How can someone like you acquire such great amount of power without any potential at a young age?! Keep flipping, maybe you need to do it longer."

Garen shrugged, he couldn't understand why this old woman was so tense, it was just telekinetic energy, not like it was a big deal.

"Alright, I'll keep flipping."

As time passed in the study, there was only the sound of Garen occasionally turning pages.

Zhaoxing's face also started turning more and more displeased. The excitement that was once in her eyes slowly faded away.

"It's not that serious right?" Garen noticed her changing expression.

"I shouldn't have had high expectations..." Zhaoxing sighed, her face seemingly turning older, "and there I thought our generation was saved. But all of it was just a dream."

"Well, I just don't possess telekinetic potential, what's the big deal?" Garen frowned.

"You don't understand. Gregor was the greatest master of our generation. He represents the continuity of our millennia of traditions and culture. But now, all this is for a naught, we will just die out...." Zhaoxing replied softly, "He gave you that book and that pendant. Only you have the right to inherit his abilities sealed within that book. Yet now, you don't just not have telekinetic potential, you can't even open the pendant...."

"As I said, don't you think you're taking this whole thing a little too seriously?" Garen asked plainly.

"Telekinesis is everything to us," Zhaoxing closed her eyes, and replied in immense sorrow.

Garen slowly understood her perspective. Everyone has something that defines them in life, for this woman, it was the telekinetic culture.

"Screw it, let's not talk about this for now," Zhaoxing opened her eyes, they were still filled with waves of tiredness, "now we can only rely on you, Garen. You are our last hope. You've given us hope, even though you failed to live up to my expectations," she smiled bitterly.

"Sylphalan seems to treat you like his enemy?" Garen asked, "he doesn't even care if you live or die, looks like he's just going to bulldoze over everything that comes in his way."

What this meant was that Sylphalan never even treated Zhaoxing and group as enemies, they were merely like ants on the road that Sylphalan couldn't even be bothered to step on.

That, was the truth.

"While it sounds harsh, it is the truth," Zhaoxing nodded, "However i must ask you again. Garen, are you sure you want to completely settle your vendetta with Sylphalan?" her face suddenly turned serious.

"Of course, that's the whole reason why I'm here." Garen replied plainly, "I am different from the King of Nightmares and Andrela. This is the sole reason why I'm here."

The whole reason why Garen went on this quest to destroy Sylphalan was because of the fact that he killed Gregor, and almost killed him.

Ever since he arrived on this world, he's had little close friends or relatives. If he were to rank them, the first would be his sister, the second would be Gregor and his teacher, his uncle, parents, then followed by Su Lin, Andrela and the rest. As for everyone else, he had known them for too brief a time to say much.

"What do you mean by asking that?"

Zhaoxing shook her head, "I just needed to be sure. The Immortal Palace's plans are way too elaborate, should you choose to pursue them, you must be prepared for the worst."

"Do you hear what you're saying?" Garen stared at the old woman, "I don't think I can run into much danger given my abilities. Let it be Behemoth's Gate, or even the Immortal Palace, nothing can stand in my way. Heck they'll only serve to entertain my journey."

Zhaoxing did not expect him to answer like that, "You are insane! Do you even realize how powerful Sylphalan is?! He even..."

"You should have more faith in me." Garen smiled as he cut her off.

"If you continue to be cocky like that, you will lose everything the next time you face the Immortal Palace!" Zhaoxing was visibly angry now.

"I am not cocky, I am just confident about my own abilities." Garen shook his head.

"This is cockiness! You aren't even certain of how powerful Sylphalan is, and yet you dare talk about him so lightly!"

"I told you, I am not cocky," Garen frowned, "Nevermind, I shan't waste my time on pointless arguments like this with you."

"You have no potential, you can't possibly fight Sylphalan! Today he was not being serious but if he goes into his full form..." Zhaoxing couldn't help but shiver for a bit, like she was recalling some brutal scene.

Garen saw the woman who was scared out of her mind before him, and was at a loss for words to comfort her. He had to respect her still, after all she is a relative of the late Gregor, and an elder.

"For his next step, Sylphalan is going to travel somewhere at a specific time, not sure if he's running away from you or he's planned this all along. If you are as powerful as you claim to be, then go ahead!"

"Where and when?"

Chapter 197: Absorption 1

"The ancient ruins on the Smoke Island in the Harp Sea are the largest ancient ruins that have been discovered to date. Only masters in telekinesis are able to accurately pinpoint the entrance of the island's ancient ruins." Zhaoxing Qin said. "Rumor says that visitors on the island have disappeared without a trace recently. I'm guessing that thing has appeared again."

"What on earth is that thing?" Garen furrowed his eyebrows.

"The Black Smoke Pot. Legend says that it releases a black smoke that allows people to communicate with the dead. It is a relic left by the Ancient Endor civilization." Zhaoxing Qin looked at Garen, who seemed to want to ask something. "I know what you're thinking. The answer is, I don't know. There are a lot of Ancient Endor treasures but only a few of them had mystical effects. And even then, they are not reliable as the effect tends to fluctuate. Hence we are not sure if this Black Smoke Pot has such a mystical effect or not currently."

"How sure are you that Sylphalan will definitely be there?" Garen questioned.

"Definitely. He became strong because he wanted to resurrect my mother. There's nothing more useful for that than the Black Smoke Pot." Zhaoxing Qin replied.

"Do you know when he will be there?" Garen asked again.

"I'm not sure about that. The entrance of ancient ruins on the Smoke Island can only be found during the night of a full moon, or it would be extremely difficult. The next full moon is about four months from now." Zhaoxing Qin explained. "The Smoke Island is located at the border of the Federation's sea. It's not that far, and if you're really set on going, I suggest you set off a month before the full moon rises."

Garen understood very well that Zhaoxing Qin had no reason to bluff him. She had always been in the position of fighting against the Immortal Palace, as well as being in the position of the Old Man Gregor. Although she was not strong, she was very knowledgeable in the secrets buried by history.

"I understand the overall situation. How do I get to Smoke Island?"

"We can arrange the best boat for you if you depart from the Siberia Port. There are very little tourists there because the island is covered in mist most of the time. In addition to the rumor that the smoke on

the island is poisonous, there are even less tourists once the mist is up. It's good timing for you to do your business there." Zhaoxing Qin gave Garen the gave she had directly to him as she knew that he had already decided to go, no matter what.

"Alright, since we have more or less finished discussing, I should let my partners know of the matter as well." Garen stood up. "As allies who go against the Immortal palace, they will cover my back to ensure I'm safe. Similarly, while I don't have the knowledge of telekinesis, it doesn't mean my allies are in the same shoe as I."

"It was a memento from Gregor, which was a book that contained all of his telekinesis. Unlike the Eternal Starry Night Pendant that you're currently wearing, it has an amazing ability to repel anything except the memento. It was also an item that Sylphalan attempted to get his hands on. However, he doesn't really need this anymore since he had absorbed the Argent Mirror. Soon, I will pass this book to Julie and if possible, I hope you can take care of her."

Garen softly touched the pendant in front of his chest and nodded.

"I promise I will do everything within my power."

Zhaoxing Qin nodded and finally gave a sigh of relief even though she still felt extremely disappointed and dejected.

Both of them got up and left the stone chamber one after the other and went back into the stone room from before.

Andrela, Julie and King of Nightmares were gathered around the charcoal fire, having a soft, casual conversation. It looked like they had gotten closer within this short time span.

The three of them stopped the moment they saw Garen and Zhaoxing Qin came out of the chamber. Julie immediately stood up and looked at the book of potential which was in Zhaoxing Qin's hand skeptically. As if she immediately thought of something, the girl who was about to speak out held herself back.

"I have performed my test towards Lord Garen and unfortunately, he doesn't have the talent in telekinesis.." Zhaoxing Qin said in a deep tone. "With the request from Garen, I hope I can test both of you. Are you guys..."

"Of course. It's just what we wished for." Andrela and King of Nightmares replied in sync.

Both of them seem to be very curious and excited about telekinesis.

"Alright then. Who shall go first?"

Andrela and King of Nightmares stared at each other and the latter pushed the former to the front.

"I will go first then." Andrela smiled leisurely.

After the simple explanation given by Zhaoxing Qin, with the same process as what Garen went through, he flipped the book softly as he took possession of the book of potential.

Unfortunately, there was no trace of changes to the pages and cover of the book.

Zhaoxing Qin shook her head.

Andrela couldn't help but to feel disappointed.

"Please pass the book to this lady."

Andrela passed the book to the King of Nightmares. The latter took the book as she couldn't help herself but to reveal her excitement and interest on her white and tender face.

As she grabbed hold of the book firmly and opened the first page.

The wordings on the cover of the book of potential slowly became red, as if fresh blood had crept across the cover page's letters.

At the same time, the first page of the book started to become red as well, just like a book written in red ink.

"It's reacting!" Garen and Andrela were staring at the King of Nightmares.

"Pale red, I see.. This level can be further categorised into three tiers." Zhaoxing Qin nodded. "Congrats miss, you indeed have the potential to learn telekinesis." Her reaction wasn't excited as if this was a very common thing.

Judging the reactions from Julie and Zhaoxing Qin, the three of them knew that the King of Nightmare's potential in telekinesis was fairly common and standard.

"Alright then. Miss, would you like to stay back and learn our style of the telekinesis battle strategy?" Zhaoxing Qin offered out of Garen's reputation. Increasing the King of Nightmare's strength meant that she was increasing the strength of the enemy of Immortal Palace. Furthermore, she was Garen's ally.

"Battle strategy? Of course I'm very interested." The King of Nightmares licked his fingers with a strange look in his eyes. Whenever she did that gesture, it meant that she had some troublesome idea in his mind.

Andrela, who was off to the side, had a strong hunch. He remembered that the last time when he saw the King of Nightmares did the same gesture, he had been horrified that she attempted to transform into a man the next day and attacked him with all of her new techniques. He was so horrified that he didn't dare touch her for the next few months.

"What are you planning to do this time?" Andrela quickly asked in panic.

"To be honest, I want to know how it feels like to absorb to Argent Mirror, rather than learning the telekinesis battle strategy..." King of Nightmares started laughing softly.

Zhaoxing Qin was not that surprised as she had already anticipated it.

"It might be too much for you to absorb the Argent Mirror. It's a very dangerous thing to do."

"It is also very exciting as well." The King of Nightmares continued. "Do you think I am able to?"

"Yes. as long as you don't regret it, any person who has potential in telekinesis is able to absorb it." Zhaoxing Qin said coldly. "A lot of people have actually tried it and without any exception, they either fail mid way through or became crazy."

She looked at the King of Nightmares coldly. "To be honest, your personality is very similar to of my mother, and hence I'm not surprised that you have made such a decision. However we may require some time as absorbing the Argent Mirror requires a lot of preparation."

"How much time do we need altogether?" The King of Nightmares whispered.

"About three days. There are some materials required which we would need to obtain from an old friend of mine, who lived very far away. So this is the earliest we can manage. We also need some materials to isolate the Argent Mirror to prevent any pollution if it leaks." Zhaoxing Qin calmly explained. "The price of the material will be borne by you since we don't have any extra money laying around."

"That's only natural." The King of Nightmares nodded in agreement.

"What should we do then?" Andrela looked at Garen, who was supposed to be the leader of the team as he was the strongest.

Garen shrugged his shoulders.

"If possible, I hope to stay here and have a deeper understanding of the fighting style of a telekinesis master. We have too little knowledge about Sylphalan and his gang since they have yet to show their telekinesis to us yet."

"I, too, think that to be advisable." Zhaoxing Qin nodded.

Hence, for the next three days, Garen and his team decided to stay a hidden basement, secretly constructed from an entrance to a tomb.

It was spacious; so spacious that it had more than ten rooms. The rooms were quite clean as well, a janitor having obviously made some rounds in this place.

What was most surprising, however, was that this basement was connected to other basements, and there were outsiders who used these basements to deliver essential products and food to customers.

The whole basement was like an underground kingdom, or an underground social circle. Garen and his team found out from a few people that these basements were like nodes connecting to other nodes, forming a complete, labyrinthine system.

The two old men that the trio thought had killed visited them on the second day. They even provided some intel and news as thanksgiving. They thanked them for saving his life.

It was just as Zhaoxing Qin had said, they were perfectly fine. However, they looked rather pale as if they had lost quite a lot of blood.

When Andrela was bored, he followed Julie to a specially designed basement which contained an isolation field for training. The isolated field was a field created by telekinesis with a metal enhancement. It's hardness and toughness were well above all the metals on the surface. Andrela tried slicing it with his sword with all his might but there was only a fine scratch on its surface. This was nothing to a wall that was nearly half a meter thick.

This made both of them able to train at ease.

On the other hand, Garen had been studying extensively anything related to telekinesis, including the knowledge in advancing the telekinesis' strengths from the books. Although he didn't have the talent in telekinesis, that didn't stop him from obtaining knowledge.

As a person who once lived on Earth, he knew very well the importance of information. It was much easier to deal with a dangerous situation or formidable enemy when one understood well the enemy's techniques and strengths, rather than not knowing what the future held.

Three days passed in a blink of an eye, and the King of Nightmares had gathered all the necessary materials with his money. Together with Zhaoxing Qin, he had spent up to a few hundred million in Pi dollar. This wealth was equivalent to a billion RenMinBi on Earth where Garen once lived.

With the cooperation of a few old men and Zhaoxing Qin, the ritual to absorb the Argent Mirror was finally finished.

Chapter 198: Absorption 2

Knock Knock Knock.

Garen gently knocked on the brown wooden door in front of him before pushing the door open.

Inside was a spacious, enclosed black stone chamber. The walls, ceiling and floors were all made out of black, reflective marbles.

In the middle of the stone chamber, there was a blue, pentagonal pool filled with clear blue liquid.

At the edge of the pool erect was black scepter with two hawk-like wings that spanned over two meters across. The construction of the wings was so detailed and clear that even the feathers were crafted.

The design of the scepter was simple; the top of the scepter was shaped like a rounded diamond, the engraved musical notations largely faded due to wear.

Garen walked past the pool and saw the King of Nightmares and Zhaoxing Qin, along with the two old, white haired men behind the scepter.

Zhaoxing Qin was standing just behind the scepter with a black engraving knife on her hand engraving something onto the back of the scepter. She was so focused that she didn't seem to notice Garen's presence at all.

After some amount of time had passed, Zhaoxing Qin finally stopped moving her hand and tiredly let out a sigh. It was only then that she looked up at Garen who was standing to the side.

"You've arrived?"

"How is it? Is it finished?" Garen nodded.

"Almost. A final step remains." Zhaoxing Qin placed the engraving knife down tiredly and shifted her focus onto the King of Nightmares. "When do you want to start?"

"Anytime." The King of Nightmares replied with a smile. She had changed into Julie's attire, which was a T-shirt paired with a pair of jeans. Although there was nothing much going on on her chest, her body figure was still rather proportioned due to her small and exquisite size. She gave off a teenager's vibe instead even though she was in her thirties.

"Then let's start straight away. The flow of the ritual depends entirely on you, as disturbing the ritual with an external force would be very difficult." one of the old white haired men replied from the side. "We can only help you set up the ritual and nothing else."

"Isn't this better?" The King of Nightmares nodded satisfactorily. She took out the Argent Mirror from her jeans. "I just need to place this on the scepter and jump into the pool. That's it right?"

"Yes." Zhaoxing Qin nodded.

"We shall head out first. The medicinal effect here is too strong."

"Thank you for your help, both of you." Zhaoxing Qin politely thanked the elders.

Both the old men bowed slightly before leaving the stone chamber.

"Once you jump into the pool, open a slight wound on your eyebrow and the rest will follow suit."
Zhaoxing Qin turned around and gave the simple piece of instruction to the King of Nightmares.

Andrela and Julie, who had already received the news, came to see the ritual as well. They stood alongside the old men in the transparent stone chamber, which was next to the ritual chamber and looked into the ritual room through the glass panel.

Both chambers were separated by a layer of telekinetically enhanced crystallized glass. It was purpose-crafted for this situation to ensure the safety of the observer outside. This chamber was originally used to conduct telekinesis experiments.

They could clearly observe what was happening in the experiment room from the observation room. Furthermore, the enhanced crystallized glass panel was retardant to high temperature, erosion, frost, etc. Even hard-point metal was no match for it.

This guaranteed the safety of the observer.

"Alright. We should take our leave." Zhaoxing Qin started ushering the party out once the King of Nightmares was ready.

Garen and the others went out, and he saw Andrela standing in front of the glass panel with a worried look on his face.

"Why don't you stop her if you're worried."

"Everyone has to be responsible for their own actions, her and I are no exception. We only depend on each other when we are lonely and we definitely won't allow our relationship to affect our decisions."
Andrela calmly replied.

"A very abstract answer." Garen replied. "I only know to achieve my objective. Taking care of other people's emotions has no important value to me."

"You should be careful. Looks like the Divine Statue Technique has some side effects." Andrela squinted his eyes as he looked at Garen, as if he had noticed something.

Garen was slightly stunned. He felt something was wrong when he spoke just now as it was not his usual style and personality.

"I'll keep that in mind."

The Divine Statue Technique was a top tier technique that no one had ever obtained before. No one knew the overall effect of this technique, even the inventor himself might only be able to manage a guess. Although its power was huge, the side effects had started to show itself.

Garen could faintly feel his personality secretly starting to change. It was as if it was a direct effect of using the Divine Statue Technique, where he felt like a God, a being so high and above everyone that they would be as insignificant as ants to him.

"Prepare to start." Bam, after the experiment room doors were shut, multiple metal rods thick as arms mercilessly sealed the door, accompanied by a series of mechanical whirs and knocks.

Garen, who was standing beside Andrela, had snapped out from his thoughts and gazed into the experiment room.

Zhaoxing Qin, Julie, and the two old helpers were monitoring the King of Nightmares closely.

"Everyone listen up. Julie, I want you to be alert at all times. You will immediately release the sleeping gas and stop the experiment if you notice something amiss!"

"Understood!" Julie nodded her head.

Zhaoxing Qin gave the King of Nightmares the OK gesture as she looked into the experiment room.

The King of Nightmares nodded his head and gave a sweet smile to Andrela as she looked at him, before hastily jumping into the blue liquid in front of her, which was about waist level deep.

The King of Nightmares gently scratched her eyebrows with her thumb nail. Her nail was as sharp as a knife as it easily drew a thin wound across.

She then immediately threw the Argent Mirror with one hand, which came to a stop hanging onto the scepter.

With excitement and curiosity, the King of Nightmares dipped her whole body into the pool, up to the point where her wound was being covered by the blue liquid as well.

Then, it was all silent.

"It's starting." Zhaoxing Qin murmured.

As she finished her sentence, a splash came from the pool all of the sudden and the King of Nightmare stood up and started to vibrate. At the same time the water from the pool started to vibrate as well as if there was an earthquake.

However, even more curious was the faces of strangers flashing across the Argent Mirror's smooth surface, which sped past one after the other. It was as if a lot of people were taking turns using the mirror.

Among the faces, expressions of pain, cold laughter, cruelty, anger. The only emotion that they lacked was one of calm and normalcy.

Garen and the others who were standing outside of the room couldn't see or hear the situation inside. They only saw the King of Nightmares shutting her eyes tight as she frowned. It looked like she was in some sort of pain.

"What's going on!?" Andrela couldn't help but ask. He clenched both of his fists tightly as he felt involuntarily nervous.

"She's absorbing it." Zhaoxing Qin replied. "It has just begun. There's still a long way to go."

Andrela felt assured the moment he saw Zhaoxing Qin's calm expression.

Garen had been setting his eyes on the King of Nightmares as he continued monitoring her status. He had to be careful as the King of Nightmares was their main source of strength going against the Immortal Palace. She might also be the only one who was strong enough to go against the top master Flamingo.

Time continued on its slow passage.

An hour went by...

Two hours went by...

Three hours... Four hours...

After a full six and a half hours later.

"There's a progress!!" Zhaoxing Qin shouted out of nowhere.

Garen and the others immediately rushed towards the glass panel and looked at the King of Nightmares nervously.

They saw King of Nightmares opened his eyes, covered in thin, sprawling blood vessels. The worm like blood vessels travelled from the pupil to the sclera, to the temple point and to her cheeks and even her neck.

Hmph!!!

A strange power suddenly diffused through the experiment room and rippled the blue liquid.

"Attempting to suppress me? In your dreams!!" The King of Nightmares suddenly growled as the veins started to recede.

It was at this moment that everyone noticed at some point, the faces in the Argent Mirror had disappeared and only one face remained.

It was a face of a powerful man with eyebrows resembling knives. He had a black scar on his nose and his gaze was overflowing with confidence and violence. His hairs were short as nails.

The man in the mirror opened his mouth and he seemed to be talking to the King of Nightmares. When he stared at the King of Nightmares, his gaze were so cruel that it felt like he was trying to squash an ant.

"She has reached the final phase, which is to fight against the first generation's Argent Mirror holder." Zhaoxing Qin explained. "The first holder is the strongest in the Argent Mirror. This is universally known. They are also the only one qualified with the ability to restrain and capture evil telekinesis users. He is the person in charge of the Argent Mirror and at the same time has sealed his negativity into it as well. That man should be the strongest holder in the Argent Mirror!"

"If she fails this phase, what will happen?" Garen asked.

"She will be severely injured and at the same time, she will suffer psychological damage." Zhaoxing Qin answered in confidence.

Andrela clenched his fist even tighter as he listened.

Garen kept quiet as he looked at Andrela. After that, he shifted his attention back to the experiment room.

The King of Nightmare's veins kept expanding and shrinking. This probably meant that she was fighting against the strongest holder of the Argent Mirror.

"I feel like I have seen this man's drawing..." The old man suddenly said as he came forward. His face was so frozen that it was as if he thought of something very serious.

"He's Ansheli! He is the evil empire Ansheli!!" The other old man continued the sentence. He looked like he was in disbelief and shock as if he just saw a ghost.

Chapter 199: Handling 1

"The legendary emperor who ruled the ten countries for nine generations??!!" Zhaoxing Qin was stunned. "How is that possible!? That was just a legend!"

"No. I'm sure of it. It's definitely that man. I saw that his left ear had a ring gap!" The old man kept swallowing his saliva as he was too scared to look away from the Argent Mirror.

"According to the legend, the Evil Emperor Anshela's left ear was wounded by a woman under orders. The wound was formed as she pierced his ears with all her might with a sword! I'm very sure of it! It's definitely him!" The old man was about to panic. "Damn it! How could a legendary person actually exist!!?"

"Maybe you've mistaken him for someone else..." Zhaoxing Qin was very skeptical as she didn't believe that a legendary person would appear in the Argent Mirror.

"Oh?" The deep toned voice of a man penetrated through the glass and entered the observer's ear. "There are still people who recognize me?"

"Quick! Activate the sleeping gas!!" The old man quickly rushed towards the trigger on the right. "Stop the experiment now!! Now!!"

"At this moment, Zhaoxing Qin and Julie sprang into action, the severity of the situation having dawned on them. As their faces went pale, the both of them rushed towards the trigger as well.

Boom!!!!

A telekinetic wave was as dark as ink exploded from within the experiment room. Zhaoxing Qin and Julie suffered were shellshocked from the explosion and dropped to the floor, having completely lost their sense of balance.

"Hmph!" The man in the mirror gave a cold hmph as the King of Nightmares' veins had started to travelled throughout her body from her head.

Garen and Andrela had no idea what was going on at this point. A few seconds had passed as they saw Zhaoxing Qin and Julie collapsed to the ground.

"What's going on?!" Andrela's raging aura started swelling up and held his sword by the waist with his right hand, preparing to attack at any given moment. They did not hear the old man's whispers, and were still in the dark even then.

"Looks like the experiment has failed." Garen sighed. "Zhaoxing Qin, I don't care how you do it. Tell me what to do now!"

"Stop... Stop the experiment!!" Zhaoxing Qin's body was still numb from the shock inflicted by the telekinesis. It felt like her organs had completely rearranged themselves inside her body.

"Stop the experiment?" Garen started, his right fist.

At this moment, the King of Nightmares, who was in the experiment room, jittered her body and all her veins disappeared in an instant. She seemed to have calmed down.

Ah!!!!

Suddenly, an ear-piercing scream erupted from the King of Nightmares. Within the shrill voice was the voice of another male, layered on top of hers.

"I hadn't expected to be able to return to this world..."

"Over my dead body!" The King of Nightmares raged as she shouted.

"Now, this isn't your decision to make." The man started laughing.

A force field started to engulf the whole experiment room.

Boom!!

The highly enhanced telekinetic crystallized glass was smashed into a million shards by Garen's fist. He then walked towards the King of Nightmares without any expression.

"You!!" The King of Nightmares' male voice seemed to be surprised as if she was about to speak out.

Garen's right hand instantly flexed outward and he threw a punch with his golden white colored hand.

Boom!

Two fists collided into each other.

Hmpf! The opponent cried out as she retreated back to the experiment room and immediately dashed sideways. Kaboom!! The wall behind her was punched through by Garen's fist.

"Hah! Divine Statue - Thunder Sprint!!" Garen shouted as he raised his left hand. In an instant, his hand was glowing white in color as he attacked from a completely still posture and landed a punch of the King of Nightmares' left shoulder.

Another explosion was heard and the King of Nightmares was sent rolling on the ground and crashed into the wall. She screamed out of pain and collapsed to the ground.

Garen walked towards her with his expanded, beast-like right arm which was at least half a meter thick. With this very arm, he grabbed the King of Nightmares by her hair and pulled her up.

With a fist, Bam!

The King of Nightmares' body arced.

"No!!! I don't want to return!! Never!!" The male's voice came out from the King of Nightmares' mouth.

Bam! Another punch!

"I am the almighty Evil Empire Anshela."

Bam!!

"Garen!!" Andrela shouted as he couldn't bear it any longer.

"I know what to do!" Without even looking at Andrela, Garen took the King of Nightmares up and throw her against the wall.

After a thud, the King of Nightmares laid still on the floor and was completely silent.

Hit after hit, pound after pound, the King of Nightmares was completely defenseless against the onslaught, and was in rough shape.

Finally, her gaze changed back to normal. She laid on the ground and stared at Garen, unable to utter a word.

The whole interaction lasted less than 20 seconds in the experiment room. In this short amount of time, Garen managed to put Anshela, who had taken over the King of Nightmares' body, down onto the ground.

Zhaoxing Qin and the others who were outside of the experiment room started to gradually recover as they got up from the ground. They sluggishly set their gaze upon Garen who had just taken down the King of Nightmares who was in the experiment room.

No. The one who was taken down was Anshela who had taken over the King of Nightmares' body.

The King of Nightmares, who had showed signs of personality disorder and mental breakdown was brought back to normal conditions?! Zhaoxing Qin, Julie and the others witnessed Anshela, who was controlling the situation like a great devil beaten by Garen into submission in the experiment room.

It was like an adult hitting a small child. Even the pure and innocent Julie couldn't watch the horrible state Anshela was currently in.

Fortunately, the King of Nightmares regained control over her body, but she was so badly injured she was left unable to speak.

"You alright?" Garen reached out his hand and picked up the King of Nightmares. He walked towards Andrela with a wry smile and threw the King of Nightmares into his arms. "I will let you take care of the rest."

"You scared the hell out of me. I really thought you're about to kill her!" Andrela helplessly hugged the King of Nightmares. From her eyes, Andrela could see that even though the King of Nightmares was severely injured physically, at the very least she wasn't in any mental danger anymore. Furthermore, the injury on her body was not considered a big issue to the King of Nightmares, even though Garen had in fact pulled his punches.

"How is that possible? Do I look like someone who couldn't control his strength?" Garen stared at him. "If I hadn't reacted any faster, it would be so much more difficult to call her back when that man got used to the King of Nightmares' body." He read about this from a book. Since the King of Nightmares wanted to attempt to absorb the Argent Mirror, he collected a lot of information so that he could understand the overall situation better. With his learning pace, which was inconceivable to a commoner,

as long as he met the condition of having a maximum point in intelligence, he would obtain photographic memory and the ability to understand the information instantly.

"Alright, I will carry her inside to rest." Andrela quickly brought the King of Nightmares into their room.

Zhaoxing Qin, Julie and the two old men slowly got up from the ground at this moment.

"That was a shock wave used to target at telekinetics. Fortunately the shockwave didn't affect either of you since both of you didn't possess any latent ability in telekinesis."

"Indeed. I doubt I would have such an easy time if that guy got used to his new body." Garen agreed as he nodded. "Luckily this incident is threatening but not dangerous. The King of Nightmares shouldn't have any sequelae from being forcefully brought back, right?"

"The absorption process of the Argent Mirror had been interrupted, so at least half of the personality had been absorbed back." Zhaoxing Qin shook her head, as if she was still in pain. "However, Anshela should still be inside the King of Nightmares' body. As long as she is careful not to be mentally excited, she should be able to slowly eliminate his consciousness. However, some essential memories are lost forever.."

She finished with a tone of pity.

Garen, too, nodded in regret.

He was able to fight against Anshela with ease because the King of Nightmares' consciousness was fighting with Anshela to regain control of her body back. Hence Anshela was unable to fully control the body or use any telekinesis.

The most important thing to note was that the King of Nightmares was a novice and had little latent ability in telekinesis. To be able to produce a telekinesis shockwave was considered amazing. When Garen rushed in and forcefully interrupted the absorption process, it was equivalent to throwing a punch directly into a living being's brain.

These few aspects must be met. If the opponent had successfully control of her body, the Evil Empire Anshela would reborn. Being a person who stood at the pinnacle of all telekinesis practitioners during the ancient era, only God would know what damage he could cause in this generation.

"To be able to cause so much damage to us with the King of Nightmares' little ability. If it was Sylphalan who absorbed the Argent Mirror..." Zhaoxing Qin's face started to turn pale.

Although Sylphalan had absorbed one Argent Mirror, albeit a weaker one, he would definitely be someone very hard to deal with as the consciousness inside the Argent Mirror had a lot of telekinesis secret techniques.

"Master..." Julie held Zhaoxing Qin as she was very worried.

Speechless, Garen looked at the old lady as she was definitely afraid of Sylphalan. Unlike Garen and the lots who practiced martial arts, who would feel excited as they could see themselves being stronger in the future than being scared when they encountered a strong opponent.

"Alright, since the absorption process had been interrupted, everyone should take a rest. We will gather again when everyone has recovered and move on based on the King of Nightmares' status." He suggested.

"I guess that's our only option." Zhaoxing Qin was standing on her own as she told Julie to help the remaining two old men.

It didn't surprise anyone that the absorption of the Argent Mirror had failed. What was surprising was everyone finally understood the troublesome side of the Argent Mirror when Anshela's consciousness appeared before them.

This item was just like a pandora box, where countless of treasure and secret techniques were stored inside it. One might possibly released an evil and horrifying being once one opened it. Anshela might have successfully reborn and took over the King of Nightmares' body if not for Garen and Andrela. He might even be a telekinesis practitioner stronger than Sylphalan.

Garen and his team finally understood the pros and cons of the Argent Mirror.

After recovering in the basement for some amount of time, Zhaoxing Qin observed the King of Nightmares everyday. Once she confirmed that there were no major issues, the crowd finally felt that they had placed down a boulder from their shoulders.

Garen, Andrela and the King of Nightmares had wasted too much time here as they had their own matters to settle.

Chapter 200: Handling 2

Garen was the gate master of the White Cloud sect, and thus had a lot of underlings. Since he had just laid down his foundation not long ago, he couldn't be away for too long, for fear of trouble brewing.

On the other hand, Andrela was the senior fellow apprentice of the Celestial Circle Gate, and the master who had long since surpassed the gate master and elders of the sects. He had to go back to sort out some internal affairs.

And then there was the King of Nightmares, the founder of the Siren Group and an internationally wanted criminal with lot of enemies. She had a lot of troublesome things to deal with as well.

The three of them agreed to meet at Hilda City, which was located in the Federation's bay, on the fourth month. They had also officially settled on the name that was originally a joke: Flamingo.

The King of Nightmares had decided to took the opportunity to spread the Flamingo's reputation in the dark since there were quite a few witnesses during the battle with the Immortal Palace. The Immortal Palance had abused their power for too long. No one could stand against them except for the Behemoth Gate and the government from the big countries. They could collect enough information as they ran amuck around the world.

Garen took the train and returned to his country following the proper procedure. Once he had entered the country, he immediately arranged a military airplane and flew to Galantia using his authority from the Golden Hoop.

It was currently the first month, which in fact wasn't that far off from the fourth month. He had to arrange everything in detail to prevent any trouble arising, as this trip towards the Smoke Island might take him a lot of time.

Ten days later....

Galantia's Huaishan Province.

Kachak.

Garen slowly opened the door with a key.

"I'm back." He shouted.

Immediately, rushing footsteps could be heard from far as the father Eisen Lombard and mother Vania came rushing in.

"Why are you back all of the sudden? You should inform beforehand." Mother quickly gave Garen a brand new cotton slippers to wear. "I thought that there's a thief in the house."

"Mum, did you think a thief would shout I'm back? You've such a rich imagination/." Garen smiled as he closed the door and wore the shoes.

The family gathered in the living room.

Mother went to brew some hot coffee, whereas the father Eisen and Garen were sitting opposite each other on the sofa.

"How is it? Did you learn anything in school today?" Eisen looked so much different from before as his face was now smooth and clean since he had shaved his beard. He was wearing a tidy white shirt, a black tie and even applied some hair oil onto his dark purple hair. He was like a successful man. "Living alone outside is definitely different from living in a home, right?"

"It's alright. I'm still getting used to it." Garen took an apple from the table and started peeling off its skin. "There's not much difference between the life of a middle schooler and college. Oh right dad, I've received an internship offer from a big corporation, I might go there for an internship on the third month. Just a heads up."

"Not bad. This internship is an opportunity given to you or..." Eisen was no longer in the dark about the whole ordeal as he had a clear understanding on in the influence of the White Cloud Gate. He finally witnessed his son's succession as the Gate Master of the White Cloud Gate since the funeral.

"This wasn't arranged by me. The opponent is much stronger than the White Cloud Gate so there's no need to be concerned with it." Garen shook his head as he explained.

Mother Vania came in and served three cups of hot coffee.

"Let's drink something to warm you up first. It's cold outside."

"Oh yea, where's Ying Er? Is she still in school?" Garen asked as he lifted the coffee cup and drank from it. The rich aroma of mixing coffee and milk that entered his mouth, albeit slightly hot, made him feel warm and cozy.

"She said that the school was organising an event. She had to go to school and do some preparation as a committee member. She thought that you wouldn't return so she went out early. You should know your sister well; she would definitely wait for you if she knew that you were coming back." Mother Vania looked at Garen gently, since Garen was her biological mother whereas Ying Er was Eisen's biological daughter. Both Eisen and Vania had realized Ying Er's feeling towards Garen. It was not of a sibling relationship but something more intimate.

Both of them weren't opposed to such a relationship, since Garen and Ying Er was not biologically related.

"You should rest early Garen, since you came back at such a late hour. Now that most of the stuff has been passed down to the workforce, your mum and I are not as busy anymore. In fact, we have more and more free time as the days pass. Let's go play hockey tomorrow. It's not often that we get to hang out together and have a good chat." Father Eisen patted on Garen's shoulder. "What dense muscles. All thanks to training in martial arts for such a long time!"

"It's also called body building." Garen laughed. "Oh right dad, mom, I thought you guys were planning to buy a bigger house and move in. What happened to that?"

"There's no need for that. Although we are rich now, we have already gotten used to the communities here. I have been hanging out with our neighbour madam Davis at the orchestra on a weekly basis. Occasionally we would gather and have a tea. Life is more entertaining when you have company. We don't know who to mingle with if we actually moved to a new area." Mother Vania shook her head as she explained. "Don't worry about this. You should think about your marriage."

"Eh, isn't that too early?"

"Our son has just reached home and he must be tired. There's no need to raise that topic." Father Eisen cut it off. The parents had realized Ying Er's unusual affection towards Garen when Garen rejected their offers of introducing women to him. They' were testing the waters now.

"Yes, yes..."

The whole family had dropped the topic after that, and the conversation slowly moved towards lifestyle matters.

Garen started to feel at ease when he saw that his parents were starting to have more time to enjoy life due to the White Cloud Gate's arrangement.

He stayed at home for a few days. Everyday, he would accompany his father to play ball and occasionally he would drive to the swimming pool nearby for a swim. He even attended the tea sessions and orchestra as well. His schedule was packed with leisure events for the past few days.

As a core leader of the greatest profit organisation locally, the news of Garen returning was spread throughout Galantia province in a short time span.

Invitations to parties kept coming as time went on. The same went for the visitors who knocked on their door as well. On top of that, most of the visitors had brought along their nieces or daughters over with a smiles on their faces. They were obviously hoping for Garen to fall for one of them.

It was unbearable to such a point where Garen hadn't bothered to return home and decide to go to his dojo instead. The place was in good shape under the management of his disciples, Simon and Corinne, and the White Cloud Gate had returned to its former prosperity. The White Cloud Gate had expanded its community in a lot of schools within Huishan City and nearby cities as well.

Garen had no need to worry regarding the growth of the White Cloud Gate. Both Simon and Corinne had gone out for an experience exchange and were no longer in the city.

He then went to the Golden Hoop headquarters only to find out that the Eighth Hoop Cyclops Dragon was the only one sitting there. Since both of them didn't really know each other, Garen chatted for awhile and left the place immediately.

For the next few days, Garen visited the local governors, his third fellow master apprentice and his respective family under the Gold Hoop and White Cloud Gate's body guard protection.

Afterwards, he went to his uncle's place.

According to his uncle, Garen had not seen him since the cursed ring's incident. Since he had treated Garen well in the past, he decided to visit his uncle out of politeness.

Huaishan Pennington Street

Inside a five-story building next to the street.

Tyr was sitting on a rattan chair in a black thick tee shirt as he was looking at the noisy children in the living room as he dangled a tobacco pipe from his mouth.

For the past few days, he had successfully closed a big trade deal, and his business had been getting better and better as the days passed. His place was constantly packed with visitors and all of the elite cousins from his wife's side even visited him of their own accord. It was obvious that they wanted connections with him. He found himself slightly annoyed, as he couldn't reject their visits either.

"Lombarth... Lombarth!" He raised his voice.

His son, Lombarth, was happily chatting with a tall girl. He quickly ran to his father when

he heard his father's call.

"What's the matter father?"

"Where's Phelia?"

"She's playing chess in the basement with some of her friends."

"I knew you can't count on that girl. Please take care of the visitors for me. Most of them are around your age. The son of Minister Jeter has finally come to visit us. You should accompany him and talk less with these beautiful girls." Tyr suggested.

"Alright." Lombarth was very happy as Garen was not going to fight against him for the properties, and his father had started to nurture him. It seemed like his father is preparing him to become a worthy successor.

Vaeneris Westin and Delai Ando were elite siblings who once tried to snatch Tyr's property as well. He was a little bit unhappy, he didn't know why they had come to his house.

Before he left his father alone and walked to the corner of the living room to meet a golden haired man, he walked towards the girl and politely apologised to her.

"Lombarth, you don't want to talk to these beautiful girls anymore?" Delai Ando's voice came from a corner. This gloomy person who mixed with the underworld was gently swaying a glass of wine as he tried to act elegant, even though his rough body figure was keeping others at bay. His hand seemed to recover from the injury he had gotten from Garen last time.

Vaeneris was beside him with a feminine smile. He didn't speak much and just hung out among a few guys and girls, like the stars were surrounding a moon.

"Who's coming? There're so many cars down stairs!"

"That car plate number... It's the governor's car. Could it be the governor's cousin?"

"There're seven V8s opening the path. What a huge scene, each car costs up to millions! Who's causing all this balze?"

The visitors who were sitting by the window started to gather and look down as they murmured.

The black cars stopped beside Pennington street one by one.

A strong, bald bodyguard swung open the door of the car.

A tall and muscular guy with red eyes emerged from within. He had a simple, short black hairstyle and though his body was very muscular, it was very symmetrical and not bulky in the least. He gave off a strong sense oppression even though he wore a simple tee shirt and jeans.

The man was wearing a golden earring on his left ear. This gave off a slight sense of barbarity. This man was none other than Garen, who had been everywhere recently. With his current social standing, this scene was a must or would affect how others viewed the White Cloud Gate. What made it even more eye catching, however, was that he was also a member of the Golden Hoop.