

Mystical 441

Chapter 441: Chaos 3

Garen made a trip to White Phoenix Forest Academy and couldn't find his cousins, which was when he knew things had gotten bad. It was very likely that they had followed an escaping group and were planning to leave the Kingdom.

He had always tried not to interfere with his cousins' lives, hoping they could live their lives peacefully. He tried his best to leave their lines of sight, and prevented others from finding out his relationship with them as well. After all, his villainous reputation as the Black Fire Palace Master was growing out of hand, it wasn't a good thing to get involved with him.

Although there was no way he could truly fool the significant factions, it was still better than being completely public about it.

But he didn't think this would be the result, his cousins misunderstanding his power and not listening to his opinions, telling them to go to the White Phoenix Forest Academy that didn't look like much but actually had a deep and powerful background. Instead, they were convinced by Sylvia, and had left together with her distant relatives.

When Garen realized this, he immediately rushed towards the evacuation point, the large lake behind the Secret Service, and directly set up a barricade in front of the only entrance. Anyone who wanted to enter had to undergo his examination first.

After stopping several groups of people, he finally managed to stop his cousins. After some advise, Hathaway finally left the group with Dani.

Several members of the group were casually killed by Garen, so they left quietly.

Carrying little Dani, Garen rushed directly to the Kingdom's Royal Hospital. Most of the doctors had chosen to leave with the nobles, only a few older doctors staying put. As they grew older, apparently, they began to look at some matters more openly.

In the clean white hospital room

An old doctor dressed in white took a thermometer out of little Dani's mouth, pulling up her eyelids and mouth. Next to them, Hathaway was waiting anxiously, and asked for some details.

"She was probably shocked, her heart couldn't take it so suddenly. She'll be fine after a night's rest." The old doctor finally concluded.

"Thank you, Doctor Hurley." Hathaway hurriedly thanked him.

Garen gave his thanks as well.

Hurley nodded calmly.

"I still have other patients, I'll go for now."

"May I ask, are there many patients in the Kingdom?" Garen asked suddenly.

Hurley glanced at Garen. He knew this Black Fire Palace Master, and he didn't just know him, he was very familiar with him, in fact. Because the Royal Hospital had to deal with too many of the people he had executed or punished.

Even though this person was powerful in court, Hurley didn't like him.

"Why must I answer that?" He retorted stiffly.

Garen was slightly taken aback. Seeing how this old man had rushed over just now, he had thought his reputation had scared the doctor, but this was one stubborn old bag of bones.

A young green-haired nobleman next to them immediately raged.

"Damn you! How dare you speak like that to the Palace Master!?"

Clang!

The man drew the sword from his waist, and was about to attack.

Garen raised his hand to stop him. He examined the stubborn old man in front of him carefully.

"Interesting, it's rare for someone to know my identity and still not fear me."

"I'm about to die soon anyway, why should I fear you?" The old man replied stiffly. "There are enough dead people in the Kingdom, I won't make a difference either way."

He glanced at Hathaway.

"Alright, since it's not a serious injury, I'll take my leave first, there are still many patients I need to settle over there."

"Thank you, doctor." Hathaway hurriedly thanked him again.

They watched the old man leave straightaway.

Surprisingly, Garen wasn't angry, it was rare for him to meet a normal person who had no power but wasn't afraid of death.

"Oh, right, Big Sister, where's your colleague?" He suddenly realized that woman was nowhere to be seen.

"She didn't come with us." Hathaway shook her head. After all, no matter how terrible her family was over there, they had still planned to let the girls leave with them. Without knowing Garen's identity, they were still willing to give the girls a chance. But as soon as Garen arrived and killed several of them barehanded, the relationship instantly changed.

No matter what, Sylvia couldn't have immediately left with them. She was part of that family, after all. There were relatives who she cared for there, and relatives who cared for her.

"After this, Big Sister, you should still go to White Phoenix Forest Academy, I've arranged matters there." Garen frowned. "Prynne, Andel and Marin are all there, they're all people you know. You don't have to worry about only meeting strangers there."

"Mn..."

Hathaway was like a guilty child, lowering her head and not daring to meet Garen's eyes.

She felt as though the situation had changed, before this she had always been the one scolding Garen at this angle, but now it was the opposite.

Before she knew it, Garen was now half a head taller than her. At first she wanted to gather her courage to retort him a little, but remembering that other awkward relationship between them, whatever courage she had immediately faltered.

"Alright, alright." Garen took her into his embrace lightly. Patting her back. "It's okay, it's all okay. No matter what I'll always be here, I'll take care of you."

His cousin's soft body went slightly stiff as she leaned into Garen's arms, feeling their chests plastered against each other. An intense sense of safety surged into her heart before she knew it.

"Sorry... I shouldn't have disobeyed you." Hathaway bit her lip, and said softly.

"Before this you were taking care of me, but now it's my turn to take care of you." Garen let go of her. Towards this cousin of his, although he didn't feel as deeply as the Acacia from before, he could still tell that she truly cared for him.

If others treated him sincerely, he wouldn't repay them with falseness either.

"Okay, once Dani is properly rested, I'll have someone send you all to White Phoenix Forest Academy." Garen said softly.

Suddenly, the hospital ward door was knocked open.

Bam!

A young man dressed in white rushed into the room hurriedly.

"Garen, is Dani okay?!"

"Prynne?" Garen immediately recognized him.

"I was looking all over the outer city! But I just couldn't find Sis Sofie! In the end it was still because you were dominant enough to block the exit point directly, so no one could leave until you found them! Impressive as usual!" As soon as Prynne saw that Hathaway and the others were there, he instantly heaved a sigh of relief, and gave Garen a huge thumbs-up.

There was also a girl with a purple-red ponytail behind him.

The girl was pretty, tall and slender, and wore figure-fitting white clothes with a waist belt.

"Marin! You came too?" Hathaway recognized the visitor as well.

"Sis Sofie, where do you all run off too? Prynne and I looked everywhere but we couldn't find you!" Marin complained as soon as she came in.

"It was my fault..." Hathaway smiled slightly bitterly, and as though suddenly realizing how close she was to Garen, her face turned red and she pulled away imperceptibly.

Just then another girl squeezed in through the door, with flax-colored shoulder-length hair and purple-red eyes, like beautiful ambers.

"Sis Sofie!" She pounced into Hathaway's arms in an instant.

"Andel!" Hathaway was slightly panicked, she was actually closest to Andel, back then when they left the Vanderman estate, the two of them had traveled together.

"Thank goodness you're fine!" Andel hugged Hathaway, her eyes reddening.

Suddenly she realized that Hathaway seemed to be standing too close to Garen next to her, and instantly looked confused.

Prynne noticed too, and understanding quickly dawned on him.

"Okay, okay, the girls can catch up in the room, and chat a bit. Garen, let's go out and talk?"

He led the way out of the ward.

Garen hinted at the two Black Fire Palace guards to follow, and went out as well.

There was a clean and tidy corridor outside the room. The two Black Fire Palace guards and the green-haired nobleman who wanted to suck up to Garen had already chased the other patients away, and everything around the room was quiet.

Prynne and Garen left a few totem user guards behind to protect the girls, before walking towards an empty hospital room on the left.

Garen noticed that a short, fat man with a huge aura had also followed beside Prynne.

Judging by this aura, this guy had to be at least Form Three and above.

He closed the door after entering the room. Garen turned around and glanced at the fatty.

"Not bad, you did well for yourself! A Form Three totem user as your guard, how extravagant!"

There were only the two of them in the room, so Garen let loose as well, and didn't maintain his image like with outsiders.

"I still can't compare to you." Prynne suddenly gave a dirty laugh. He went closer and asked quietly, "Hehe, Hathaway's tits feel good, don't they?"

Garen was instantly speechless.

"From what I see, Hathaway's butt is pretty tight too, and there isn't any gap between her long legs when she puts them together, so it seems you haven't really gotten into it yet." Prynne abandoned his usual graceful mannerism, and smiled pervertedly.

"Are you saying you finished Marin?" Garen squeezed out one sentence after a long time.

"Of course, who do you think I am!" Prynne flicked the hair at his forehead, as though showing off his good looks. "But Marin still can't compare to that cousin of yours, tsk-tsk, that small waist, those long legs, and of course that chest, and she's also an official with the Royal Guard, that means she's not like those totem users who never train at all and have no power, until their bodies lose their shape too. Big Sister's figure, if clamped onto your body... Tsk-tsk..." Prynne was obviously started to fantasize.

Garen kicked his shin fiercely.

"You dare fantasize about my, Garen's fiancée, do you have a death wish!" He scolded while laughing.

"Ow!" Prynne cried out in pain, "I just thought about it for a while, it's not like you lost anything! I'm telling you now, back then I was planning on chasing Sis Sofie, if it weren't for you suddenly making her your fiancée, I would probably have been on the full-on offense by now!"

"Then what about Marin?"

"Of course she'll sleep with us! Everyone on one bed, two beauties serving me at once, ducking under the covers naked..." Prynne was starting to fantasize again.

"You seem to be living pretty comfortably recently." Garen said pointedly.

"Naturally." Prynne chuckled. "Why don't you come with me for a few days?"

"I'm busy with work, do you think everyone's as free as you, with a grandfather up there supporting you?" Garen couldn't help but kick him again. This fella used to be fairly serious, but now he was obviously getting more and more perverted.

"Alright, alright, on to the serious matters!" Prynne had enough of joking around, and stopped smiling as well. "I happened to bring my grandfather's request as well on this trip here. After His Majesty passed, the situation in the Kingdom has changed. Since you have no intention of leaving either, I bet you must surely know the secret of the inner palace. Is that true?"

Garen was not surprised at all, Prynne's grandfather Benoc was one of the Empire's long-time peak-level fighters. Unlike the newly-risen Garen, Benoc had deep connections, countless trump cards, and naturally knew more secrets than usual.

"Your grandfather means to?"

"Our family supports the First Princess. Grand Duke Cody also intends to fight for that position, they support the Fourth Prince, probably to make him a puppet. Right now, there are four powers that can truly decide the situation in the Kingdom." Prynne said solemnly.

"Which four?"

"My grandfather Grand Duke Benoc and the First Princess are one, Grand Duke Cody and the Fourth Prince are one, together with the support of the minister Veska. And then there are the residual palace powers controlled by the Silver Palace Master, Lord Edin and yourself, as well as the last Little Alliance."

"Little Alliance? What Little Alliance?"

"The War Guild, Assassin's Guild, Mercenary's Guild, Kovistan Merchant's Guild, Forger's Guild. The five groups joined together to form the Little Alliance, founded a long time ago, but never revealed until now. They represent most of the middle-lower powers in the country, and they have many important trump cards as well. Although they don't have many peak-level fighters, but there are quite a few of high-level totem users who are willing to fight with their lives on the line. They shouldn't be underestimated. This is exactly what my grandfather wanted me to tell you. Don't underestimate them."

"Oh?" Garen naturally wouldn't underestimate this Little Alliance. They call themselves the Little Alliance, but out of the five guilds, he didn't really know much about the others, but he was also a member of the War Guild himself, so he knew a little bit insider information about the War Guild's power. They weren't very strong, but they weren't by any means weak either.

The other four were at the same level as them, so they couldn't be all that weak too.

"My grandfather and the others call the Little Alliance Five-Colored, the Five-Colored Alliance, because their official alliance flag has a mix of five colors." Prynne brought Garen information about the general state of the Kingdom.

"Now the entire Kingdom has been split into four by these four powers, out of the three districts in the Kingdom, the Palace District has been controlled by you and the Silver Palace Master. The Cloud Light District is under Duke Cody. The Trading District is under the Five-Colored Alliance and my grandfather, since it is the largest in area.

"Then the area outside the city?"

"All abandoned." Prynne shrugged. "Too many nobles ran away, their farmers and laborers, as well as their guards mostly rushed into the Kingdom, it's too hard now to even maintain order. Once they hear that the monsters have come attacking, who would dare to go out of the city and walk into certain death?"

Garen nodded.

"What about the three departments? Anybody stayed behind?"

Chapter 442: Chaos 4

"I didn't pay any attention to that, but my grandfather said that the three departments have utterly given up on Kovistan, this situation is now set, and all their power has gathered in Daniela now. The situation there is even worse, but there's still hope of salvaging it." Prynne said simply.

"But if it goes on like this, the situation in the Kingdom will only get worse, without farms, where will we get our food? Our daily necessities?" Garen frowned.

"So we need to stabilize the situation as soon as possible." Prynne shrugged. "My grandfather's plan is for us to join forces, call a large-scale nobility meeting, create a Noble Senate, and unify the situation in the Kingdom, or rather in Kovistan."

"True, right now all the powers are no different, nobody is willing to bow to anyone else, so this is the only method to stabilize the situation as soon as possible." Garen nodded. "I agree, let's see what the others think."

"Great, let's not waste any time, I'll go back now to report to Grandfather."

"Okay, I was about to go settle some things too." Garen agreed instantly, "Take care of my cousin and the others for me."

"Of course!"

As soon as they left the hospital. Garen and that green-haired noble messenger boy immediately rode their horses towards the National Department of Experimentation.

The National Department of Experimentation was a critical technical lab that Avic always supported wholeheartedly, and it had been under Veska's jurisdiction this whole time. The finances also leaned heavily this way.

The method of handling the meat of aberrated monsters so that civilians could eat them as well came from here too.

Taking advantage of the chaos in the Kingdom now, Garen headed straight for the National Department of Experimentation rapidly.

The two of them were followed by more than ten aberrated horses, each of them ridden by the green-haired noble's subordinates and guards. There were two Form One totem users among them, and the rest were all normal people trained in martial arts. But their bodies looked strong and sturdy, so they had an impressive presence as well.

On the way, the group went straight through everything, not afraid of anything. Wherever they went, everyone just let them past, by now even some bandits and vigilantes who couldn't tell all that clearly had no choice but to avoid such a formation.

"What's your name?" Garen finally remembered this young man who had passed him the message.

The green-haired nobleman immediately looked gleefully surprised.

"My name is Bivon! Bivon Caelus! Sir, I am your avid supporter!"

"You did well this time." Garen nodded, slightly accepting this fella's show of loyalty. Since he had this sort of gaze, he did not fear his terrible reputation, and had enough guts, it was enough for him to be considered a talent, one that could be used.

As soon as he said that, not only the green-haired man, but even the host of men and women behind him all looked happy. But they also knew that this was just the beginning, because the biggest problem with following the Black Fire Palace Master wasn't getting him to accept them. But the pressure that came after that acceptance.

The Black Fire Palace Master had executed many and offended far too many more in the Palace, but anyone who could reach the inner palace had to have some background, yet Garen killed them without hesitation, no matter who went to plead for mercy. Or rather, he didn't give anybody any time to plead, and just killed them straight away.

That was how he offended a huge group of people, but with Garen's villainous reputation there suppressing them, nobody dared to make a move. Even then, it was a small matter to manipulate some things in the shadows.

The Black Fire Palace Master was strong, but he wasn't undefeatable in the Kingdom. The two Grand Dukes, the defense minister Lord Veska, and even without these three, Garen was still alone, a few more Form Four fighters gathering their tactics together would still pose a huge threat to him.

Garen knew where his limit was too.

One of two Form Fours he might not mind, three or four might not be too much, but seven or eight of them, combining the power of their tactics would make a formidable power. After all, he wasn't a Form Five yet, faced with Form Fours, if he were to fall into a formation that gathered power such as tactical formations, he would be stuck in a dead end no matter how many lives he had to waste.

And besides, the two Grand Dukes definitely had an Ultimate Heirloom each.

The Black Crow Formation back then was just a forgery of an Ultimate Heirloom, and it was already so powerful, enough to fully use Form Four power. If it was a true Ultimate Heirloom, used in the proper hands, who knew how strong it could be.

After sorting out the information he just received, he had also arrived at the National Department of Experimentation.

The street outside the door was cold and empty, with nobody at all in sight, rubbish scattered all over the floor, papers and clothes, shop signs, overturned carriages, and even two corpses burnt to a crisp.

Right now he was in the west area outside the Kingdom's city walls.

He was surrounded everywhere by large swathes of black mountain ground, and of the whole Department of Experimentation, only one empty street was connected to the road outside, which made it the only exit and entrance.

The Department of Experimentation was in the middle of the mountains, just like a ring, surrounding several tall buildings and factories inside. He stood outside the large entrance and looked in, seeing a mushroom-shaped white tower standing there quietly.

At the top of the tower, there were occasional flashes of blue lightning circling around it.

"Palace Master, what are we here to do?" The green-haired man, Bivon, asked softly.

"Looking for something, something I had given to His Majesty in the past." Garen replied calmly, not attempting to hide anything.

"Come, let's go in and look!"

Garen led the way and rode straight towards the tightly-shut door.

Just as his horse's neck was about to crash into the large door, a red shadow instantly flashed by.

Boom!!

The door was directly smashed open, the metal door more than ten centimeters thick fell down just like that, and even large chunks of the tall wall on either side were ripped out.

There was the sound of crackling explosions in the air, but no light appeared.

"Hm?" Garen glanced at his left hand, the palm and the back of the hand were both charred black.
"Invisible electricity?"

When he released the Dragon Shadow from his left hand to smash open the door, he also went numb from the powerful retort of electricity, just a second's contact was enough to make his entire left(1) hand completely charred. The Nine-Headed Dragon's defensive Totem Light was destroyed just like that. It made Garen feel the Nine-Headed Dragon's defense was falling behind.

As he began going to more dangerous places, even though the Nine-Headed Dragon's dragon skin defense was considerably strong among low-level totems, it was still too far away compared to others of the same level. Recently its Totem Light kept getting easily destroyed.

After all, whenever the Totem Light was destroyed once, that meant the totem had been grievously injured once. To other totem users, it was a terrifying injury that would require years of healing and recovery if done naturally.

Normally, this was a very rare possibility, because after all totem users' Totem Light was twice as strong as the totem itself.

But to Garen, this situation was happening more and more frequently recently.

No wonder the Nine-Headed Dragon had nine lives, between defense and reviving, it had chosen the latter to evolve into. Only then did Garen begin to understand.

Feeling for the Nine-Headed Dragon's condition in the dark space, one of the dragon heads had begun to wither up again.

Garen quickly took twenty points off his potential points, and patched it up, returning the nine lives to full once more.

But out of his previous potential points, he was now only left with slightly more than fifty.

He led the others into the Department of Experimentation, taking striding steps.

Inside the door was a ring of grassy land, equivalent in area to three or four football fields, unnaturally wide.

The white tower was standing right in the middle, arches of blue electricity continuously sparkling around its peak, its surface as smooth as a mirror, with a strange futuristic feel to it.

Garen didn't even look at the other tall buildings around it, walking straight towards the white tower, while the others followed behind him.

There was the sound of many rapid footsteps around them, and even some heavy stomping.

Whoosh!!

A beam of white light brushed past Garen's body horizontally. It nearly touched his nose.

"It's the White Guard!!" Green-haired Bivon was slightly panicked, and hurriedly reminded Garen, "Palace Master, the White Guards are the Department of Experimentation's best masterpiece, half human and half totem, they're very powerful, and not afraid of dying! There are a hundred of them in total, they're all made from dead high-level totem users. You must be careful, Palace Master!"

"How strong are they?" Garen had already seen the people in white-armor surrounding them.

"That depends on how strong the totem user they were made from had been..." Bivon's face had gone white as he looked at the circle of white-armored people around them.

These people had their entire bodies hidden under the white armor, two blood-red crystals on their helmets in place of their eyes, glimmering with a faint red light. They held a sword in one hand and the other had been engineered into a silver cylinder, shining with a vague white light inside, as though it could spray out at any moment.

"Looks like this is one of Veska's trump cards..." Garen glanced around appreciatively. "They should be somewhat similar to my Black Fire Guards, but they seem to be even stronger by a little. Tsk-tsk... there are fifty of them in three waves, and more than ten Spiritualized ones... impressive, as expected!"

The surrounding White Guards seemed oblivious to everything, as though they hadn't heard what Garen said at all. They all stood quietly on the spot, completely motionless, not attacking or letting them pass.

"Veska, looks like you don't nearly have as many back-up White Guards as my Black Fire Guards, right? If you don't want to waste your power, then let me pass. I'm just here to take what was originally mine." Garen harrumphed, and ignored the White Guards blocking in front of him completely, riding his horse forth. Going straight for the white tower.

These powers and a few more trump cards would pose a certain threat to him as well, but he took the most pride in his survival power, without enough same-level power to suppress him, even if something could utterly destroy his power, he still believed that he could escape in one piece. That was probably the terrifying power of the Nine Life talent.

Bivon and the others followed Garen, terrified, and as expected, the White Guard in front of them kept retreating, naturally opening a path for them.

Veska must have a method that allowed him to see the situation here.

Garen understood now, the other party didn't want to lock horns with him, and he wouldn't go looking for trouble either, declaring war on Veska and all that. After all, he still didn't know how strong that fellow was, he was also at the peak of Form Four. And he was connected to the other Grand Duke, Cody, too.

Riding his horse to the foot of the white tower, Garen leaped off the horse and strode to the door of the tower.

The door to the round white tower had naturally spun open, and there were a few researchers in white bustling about inside, as though they hadn't noticed the changes outside at all. Each of them looked utterly lost in their work.

Garen strode into the tall tower. A voice came from behind him suddenly.

"Your thing is in the third secret room on the second floor." It was still that old, traditional-sounding voice, Veska's voice.

Garen smiled, strode through the crowd, and followed the stairs up to the second floor, while the others followed closely behind.

On the second floor's white corridor, the door to the third secret room was clearly glowing with a faint red light, as though showing Garen the way.

This light was slightly piercing, even with Garen's sight he had to narrow his eyes, while the rest seemed to not feel it at all.

He strode towards the secret room.

There were two people in white standing guard outside the secret room. Seeing Garen approach, they actually lifted their feet as though ready to kick open the door.

"Without a decree from His Majesty or the defense minister, you cannot go in!"

"Scram!" Bam! Garen pushed aside the people blocking him, he strode into the lab, took a glance around everything, and instantly identified where the Green Vine Sphere was.

The thing was kept in a crystal bottle, a cylindrical crystal glass bottle, filled with a green liquid.

The whole Green Vine Sphere was like a green ball of thread with claws and teeth, bits of thread sticking out everywhere.

Garen walked over.

He smashed the glass with a bam, and reached his hand in directly, fishing the Green Vine Sphere out and pressing it onto his shoulder.

Psst...

The Green Vine Sphere waved its green tentacles around madly, rapidly piercing them into the flesh on Garen's shoulder, and had completely melted into him in no time.

"Let's go!"

Garen turned around and left the lab, if he stayed here any longer, he was afraid Veska's weak will couldn't take it.

Translator's Note:

Raws said 'right', which directly conflicts with the previous bit, so I'm assuming left.

Chapter 443: Caeserton 1

The Black Fire Palace in the Kingdom.

Garen sat on his Palace Master's throne, carefully playing with the Green Vine Sphere in his hand.

This little thing was like a small animal, crawling from his left hand to his left shoulder. After he caught it and put it on the back of his hand, it began to crawl towards his left shoulder tirelessly again.

Garen kept bringing it down, and watching as it kept crawling up.

Ivycius stood behind the throne, holding a sword with both arms as he leaned on a round black pillar. Watching Garen play with the Green Vine Sphere out of boredom.

"The second Nobility Conference is about to start, aren't you going?"

Garen smiled.

"How was the first one like? I wasn't there, but I heard some fun things happened."

Ivycius closed his eyes and rested.

"Just some trivial things."

Garen felt the Green Vine Sphere carefully, saying casually, "All sorts of people joined this Nobility Conference, any middle-level nobles or above can join. Too many cooks spoil the broth, so how could they possibly come up with any good ideas?"

Of all the nobles, most of them were middle-level nobles, these people were all the pillars of the various departments and units, and they tended to make up most of the levels among the nobles too, since they liked to suck up and compare, prioritized their pride and reputation, throwing themselves at the higher powers. At such a time as this, they were probably mostly arguing about how to divide the land in the Kingdom."

Garen could easily imagine what kind of scene that would be.

"It's different this time, we're deciding the true state of the Kingdom." Ivycius said calmly.

"We've taken over the Palace, who dares to say anything else?" Garen said lazily, "Forget it, might as well make a trip there, and see what those old fogies have to say."

He had gotten enough materials, and the Royal Treasury was still under his control, his people endlessly bringing out large amounts of weapons, supplies and treasures from it.

But he didn't see the most important item. The Precious Heirloom!

Garen was suspicious because they hadn't found a single Heirloom in the entire Royal Treasury. That was illogical.

The only possibility was that the royal family surely had another secret treasury. That was where they really kept the Heirloom.

"I won't go then, I'm currently at a pivotal moment." Ivycius said from behind him.

Garen didn't bother him either, although Ivycius had been modified into a Dragon Demon, but if he simply force-controlled Ivycius all the time, Ivycius might lose his potential to level up.

Walking out of the palace hall, on the way to the conference hall, many Black Fire Guards walked out of the surrounding corners in the Black Fire Palace.

Some of these guards seemed to walk straight out of the dense foliage, out of the shadows.

Garen walked towards the garden and the flowers, and suddenly countless green plants grew madly, twisting and twining, rapidly forming a silhouette that quickly grew a suit of heavy black armor as though growing fruits.

Within several minutes, the plants in the garden grew into a brand new Black Fire Palace guard, who followed closely behind Garen.

Holding the Green Vine Sphere in his hand, he had already completely understood how the Black Fire Guards were formed.

In other words, the Green Vine Sphere gathered plants to form a body. They needed a plant called varde flowers, and would rapidly hasten the plants' roots to create the Black Fire Palace Guards.

The Black Fire Guard was completely covered by the suit of armor, and the insides couldn't be seen, so nobody knew that there weren't any humans inside their armor, but a congregation of plants instead.

The Green Vine Spheres could only make two hundred Black Fire Guards at any one time, four of them Form Three, also known as the Four Guards, while rest were all Form Two. Their weakness was that they were individually rather weak, but their strength was that they were never afraid of death at any time, and their self-destruct ability was powerful.

Garen had almost used up all the varde flowers in the Black Fire Palace, before he managed to scrape out the numbers for the Black Fire Guards again.

At the same time, he needed to have his servants plant more varde flowers, stimulating them with a special method, a single varde flower only needed two months to bloom, spreading their vines everywhere. And he only needed ten flowers to form one Black Fire Guard.

Other than the Black Fire Guards he sent out, Garen had recreated more than a hundred Black Fire Guards here in the Black Fire Palace, sending them to all parts of the palace, to amp up defense together with the Silver Palace Guards.

The Silver Palace's Royal Guard wasn't the same royal guard as they told others outside, but were instead the true inner guard made fully of totem users.

Royal Guards like Big Sister Hathaway were only the outer members, and had no right to interfere in the really important matters.

The Kingdom's Trading District

Royal Theatre

This huge black building was as large as a football court, standing in the east wing of the palace, it was shaped like a huge ship, and had Kovistan's black-red flag in front of it.

The Royal Theatre's square was already filled to the brim with people.

Out of the entire crowd, three groups were particularly eye-catching.

Three groups of people dressed in fighting clothes stood together respectively, their military uniforms being white, black, and dark blue each. They were the Empire's Three Armies, the Hawks of Dawn, the Third Heavy Armor Regiment, and the last one, the Navy Flag.

These Three Armies were the main forces defending the West Farm. And now their people had all returned to the Kingdom, which meant something intriguing.

The rest of the empty spaces were filled with the major and minor nobles from all areas.

The carriages kept arriving, and occasionally there were totem beasts like colossal birds slowly descending onto the square.

By the time Garen arrived with the Black Fire Guard, it was already afternoon, and the sky was growing dim.

Four extremely tall monsters with really long legs appeared in front of the theatre, carrying four bright fire basins on their backs.

These four monsters looked like black buffaloes, it was just that compared to the regular buffaloes, their legs were too tall and long. They were over ten meters tall, and looked unnaturally strange.

"Whose totem beasts are those?" Garen curiously asked the white-haired noble lady leading the way.

"Palace Master, they are the ornamental Aberrated beasts belonging to the theatre's original owner, Earl Eli. They're not totems." The young white-haired woman replied quietly.

"Oh? Aberrated beasts?" Garen felt as though Aberration was influencing life in this whole world more and more.

They walked onto the square, and the nobles who had been chatting now fell silent, glancing over at them.

Some of them bowed while the others looked wary, others curious. But they all opened up a path for him.

Garen walked past the crowd, followed by four Black Fire Guards, the black cape on the Black Fire Palace Master's billowing in the wind, flapping loudly.

In front of the theatre's large arching white door, Veska and the other two Grand Dukes were chatting.

"The Black Fire Palace Master is here!"

The herald roared loudly.

The three of them hurriedly stopped talking, and looked towards Garen's direction.

Veska was expressionless, the slightly plump Grand Duke Cody looked calm, and just nodded at Garen.

Of them all, only Grand Duke Benoc, the tall and skinny white-haired old man gave Garen a friendly smile.

Garen smiled back.

There weren't any guards around the three of them, so they made a small empty space.

When Garen walked over with the Black Fire Guard, his steps stopped suddenly.

An immensely powerful force was pouncing at him, full-frontal. This force was extremely powerful, until even Garen's Nine-Headed Dragon strength paused slightly.

His expression surprised, he looked around him.

Nobody was within thirty meters of them, as though an invisible and terrible power was bordering off a certain area around the three of them.

The noble leading Garen had stopped respectfully, and stood at their right, lowering her head.

"The area ahead isn't for us to enter, Palace Master, kindly enter yourself."

"Interesting."

Garen licked his lips. The glowing red dragon shadow flashed past his face.

Bam!

He forced his hand to step out, as though forcefully embedding his leg into the force field the three of them had gathered in.

The three dots on his brow became a darker blood-red.

Garen took two consecutive steps, as though he wasn't under any obstruction as well, walking straight towards the three of them.

The force field around him instantly scattered, as though admitting that he was powerful enough to deserve entrance into their circle.

The four Black Fire Guards couldn't enter, and could only wait quietly outside.

"Welcome." As the Kingdom's strongest fighter by name, mysterious and unpredictable, Benoc began by expressing a friendly attitude towards Garen.

"Grand Duke Benoc, I have long heard of your reputation from Prynne, nice to meet you, I'm Garen, Garen Trejons." Garen pressed one hand to his chest, and bowed as a junior to a senior.

"Not bad, not bad!" Benoc laughed and nodded. "Let me introduce you. This is Cody, Grand Duke Cody." He patted the short and plump old man beside him, it seemed that the two of them were closer, which was why he was so casual with him.

"As for Veska over there, I believe you've met a long time ago."

"Naturally." Garen looked at Veska. The latter nodded calmly, and didn't express anything more.

"Since everyone is here, let us begin." Benoc clapped his hands, and said a few words to the herald beside him. "Come, let's all go in."

He was the first to walk into the theatre.

"The Second Nobility Conference, has officially begun!!"

With the herald's loud declaration, Garen and the three of them walked into the theatre, followed by the normal high-level nobles, sixteen in total, half of them were the two Grand Duke's relatives. The rest were some of representatives of the Kingdom's academies, and the ministers of some important department, such as the minister of military, the minister of finance and so on. These people had some speaking rights when Avic was alive, but at a critical moment like this, since they didn't have sufficient power, they could only be one step lower than Garen and the others in the hierarchy.

And then there were the tides and tides of middle-level nobles, these people represented the many different families of all sizes. Some of them took advantage of the chaos to conquer certain territories and benefits, and needed the conference to acknowledge them. Once they succeeded, these properties would then really belong to their families.

Some of the others were victims, who needed the conference's power to obtain justice.

Yet others were observers, here to decide their direction and camp from here on out. The remaining ones had their own plans.

When the middle-level nobles walked in, the empty theatre filled up quickly and became a lot noisier, buzzing like so many flies in the sky.

Above the theatre, there had already been a row of chairs arranged by others. There were eight seats in total. They faced the several hundred seats below, from high up above. Guards in dark golden armor surrounded them.

But right now Garen's attention was elsewhere.

In the four corners of the theatre's black ceiling, there were four pitch-black bat statue gargoyles.

The four gargoyles had blood-red eyes, curled quietly in the corners, looking like normal ornamental statues, but in truth there was a hint of a strange force in the air.

Garen pulled back his gaze, and just happened to see Grand Duke Benoc smiled at him slightly.

This tall and thin old man had pale skin, a tall nose, a cross-shaped scar on his forehead, and a slightly grotesque smile.

He had evidently realized that Garen had noticed the set-up here.

He had suggested this conference, so this set-up was naturally his doing as well.

Chapter 444: Caesarton 2

While the four people, both politically and physically powerful, took their seats up there, the First Princess arrived fashionably late as well, curtsying at everyone before getting seated.

There was also a handsome copper-skinned man, wearing the signature white-silver colors of royalty, who walked up to the platform and sat together with everyone else. This was obviously the legendary Fourth Prince.

The Fourth Prince looked utterly confident, exchanging a glance with Grand Duke Cody, smiling composedly as he sat down. At the same time, he nodded politely towards the others.

Garen sat towards the left near the curtain, the next two seats beside him completely unoccupied.

He was glad for the quiet too, leaning on the chair back, lacing his fingers together with an expression as though ready to watch the drama unfold.

The seats beneath him were mostly filled in now as well. The theatre's doors fell to a gradual close.

Bam!

A circle of silver ripples spread across the large arching marbled-white doors, expanding quickly along the surrounding walls, covering all the walls inside the theatre.

In an instant, all the forces within the theatre became a single entity.

The middle-level nobles below made a slight commotion, but they quickly settled down.

"The Second Kovitan Conference! Has officially begun!!" The herald shouted loudly.

As his voice sounded, the whole theatre slowly fell quiet.

Benoc smiled slightly, tapping the long white table with his finger.

Tap-tap!

"Silence, everyone. Silence!"

Instantly, everyone inside the theatre fell completely silent, and everyone's attention focused on Benoc.

"Yesterday, our Kovitan's great ruler, His Majesty Avic, passed away due to unfortunate circumstance, and the royal bell of mourning was sounded throughout the Empire. But the dead are gone, and we the living need to consider the serious matters at hand." He spoke slowly and clearly, trying hard to make sure everyone present could understand what he meant.

"The people seated here, are all those who haven't abandoned the Empire even at the most crucial moment. Right here, representing Her Highness the First Princess, I sincerely thank all of you."

Benoc stood, and solemnly bowed slightly towards those seated below.

Whoa...!!

There was instantly thunderous applause from below.

It took several whole minutes before Benoc straightened up.

"Right here, we are gathered together, and everyone's aim, is to help the Empire through this crisis. The Three..."

Brrr!!!

The ground started vibrating all of a sudden, as though there was an earthquake, the entire theatre shaking constantly.

Benoc steadied himself, and even though he was just interrupted, his expression was one of joyful surprise.

"It's here!!"

Grand Duke Cody stood up. Turned his head up to look at the sky.

The center of the whole theatre's ceiling began to swirl and open, like a blooming flower, a huge circle hole appearing in the middle to reveal the afternoon sky outside.

The sky was golden-red.

The setting sun had dyed the white clouds outside red, and amidst the red clouds, a pillar of silver-white light, straight as an arrow, pierced into the sky.

Whoosh!!

The light pillar broke apart the clouds, leaving behind a clear straight white line, flying into the distance.

Countless clouds surrounded the traces left behind by the pillar of light, twining around it, as some of the sparkles of white light scattered down like raindrops.

"God bless the Empire!!!"(1) Benoc was the first to yell loudly.

"God bless the Empire!!!" Cody shouted as well.

"God bless the Empire!!!!!" Suddenly the First Princess, the Fourth Prince, all the attending nobles, everyone all stood up, and yelled passionately.

They weren't really sure what happened, but this shot of white light was flying towards the West Farm's defense lines.

Before, the Wall of the Empire, General Georbas had led an army to resist the monsters and eventually self-destructed, temporarily slowing the attack of the sea of monsters. Plus there were many monsters, impeding their speed, which was why the Kingdom was spared from attack.

But everyone was also worried because of this, and half of the people had fled the Kingdom even before the sea of monsters arrived.

And now with this sudden pillar of white light shooting into the sky, the reactions of Benoc and the others were enough to tell everyone that this was very likely the Empire's final trump card.

Garen stood along with the crowd but didn't shout, simply lip-syncing with them.

He looked up and watched that pillar of light, even the traces of forces it had left behind could linger in the sky for so long without scattering, and it even permeated through the sky above the entire Kingdom, ending up several tens of kilometers long!

Such power had indeed far exceeded that of a single Form Four peak-level fighter.

After the crowd vented their passions for a while, Benoc finally began calming everyone down again.

"Ladies and gentlemen, our Kovitan's final shield, Lord Caeserton, has finally been truly activated. "The Ultimate Shelter Caeserton had actually merged fully with the previous emperor, Hanison, but when His Majesty Avic was on his deathbed, he used his life as the price to fully activate Caeserton's true power as an Original Heirloom. As for the situation here, I invite Her Highness the First Princess who understands it best to explain."

The First Princess stood up on cue, her expression solemn. She wore wholly white, black crepe tied onto her hand to look like a pure black rose.

"Caeserton is Kovitan's biggest secret, and was also the most integral core that Father had been studying his whole life. This Original Heirloom isn't like what others assumed, with a simple activation maneuver and huge power."

She paused and glanced beneath her, vaguely seeing some greedy gazes among them.

"Every time Caeserton is activated, it requires all of the inheritor's life force. This time, the price was Father!"

As soon as she said that, the whole audience beneath her gave a jolt.

Even Garen, sitting at the side, was shaken, he never thought that the price for using Caeserton's power would be so high! At the same time, he also understood why Benoc and the First Princess would choose to openly announce this secret.

Obviously, this was to cut off the ambitions of Obscuro and the masterminds behind them. An Heirloom that required all of the inheritor's life before it could be used, what was the point no matter how strong it was?

Besides, Caeserton had already been merged into the previous emperor of Kovitan, and it was hard to say what it had become inside. Rather than trying to get this thing, they might as well set their sights elsewhere.

"That pillar of light just now was the previous emperor hearing His Majesty Avic's plea, officially activating Caeserton's power and throwing it all at the sea of monsters near the West Farm defense line." Cody's deep voice began explaining. He evidently didn't want the First Princess to keep stealing the show.

The Fourth Prince stood up hurriedly.

"Father mentioned before that Caeserton's power is enough to cover the entire Kingdom of Kovitan, as well as the surrounding area of about five hundred meters in radius. And it can last for thirty years. Therefore, we are now completely safe!"

"May I ask, can Caeserton's power truly fight the endless army coming from the nest of monsters?" A bulky middle-aged man from below stood up and asked.

This man's forces around his body had actually reached Form Four, he was a Form Four elite fighter!

He was obviously the representative of that Little Alliance formed by the many different guilds. They didn't have any peak-level fighters like the Grand Dukes and Garen, and couldn't get much say through their status, so naturally they didn't have the right to sit at the very top. But quite a few of the middle-level nobles down there were among their ranks.

"Of course, this is for certain. Caeserton had fought against the snowstorm disaster from the North for up to ten years, this was recorded in history." The Fourth Prince replied calmly.

"They're all Original Heirlooms, so why aren't the other powers' Original Heirlooms as powerful as Kovitan's?" A child stood up, wearing a black cape, and asked like a little adult.

Sitting at the side, Garen was drinking some fruit juice to moisten his throat, but when he saw this child, he nearly sprayed out that mouthful of juice.

That child was evidently a member of his Crimson Team, Kid.

He was still the same as ever, completely wrapped up in black clothes, only revealing his black eyes, a strange air still winding around his entire person.

How did this guy get in here! Hadn't he left with the Secret Service?

Garen was speechless, he wouldn't forget that this guy could actually kill without hesitation just because Kid was friendly towards him.

After that large strawberry, he realized that strange things would always show up around Kid.

Hurriedly swallowing his juice, Garen waved at Kid.

"About that, the price to be paid is directly proportional to the rewards." The Fourth Prince was in the middle of answering Kid's question. But suddenly he saw the boy retreat into the crowd, and vanished as though he had gone invisible.

At the same time, a small head popped out from behind Garen's seat, it was Kid who had just been beneath the stage.

The crowd beneath the stage began to rumble again.

A hint of surprise flashed past the eyes of the other three strong fighters on stage, but none of them showed anything strange.

The Fourth Prince and the First Princess were also people who had seen all sorts of strange powers, so they paused for just a moment before continuing to answer questions from beneath the stage.

"Why didn't you leave?"

Garen said quietly to Kid behind him.

"You haven't left, and you still owe me money." Kid said matter-of-factly. "Of course, the main reason is that I realized that compared to the others, you are more..." Suddenly his voice went silent. As though he was a duck whose throat had gotten abruptly stuck, he went completely quiet.

Garen turned back to look at him in confusion.

He saw Kid's mouth hanging open, his black eyes like dark deep bottomless black holes, staring hard at Grand Duke Cody's direction.

Following Kid's gaze, Garen paused slightly.

Behind Grand Duke Cody's seat, just like his, there was a little girl in a red dress who wasn't even as tall as the chair.

The little girl was completely wrapped in a red cloak, revealing only a pair of blood-red eyes, dressed extremely similar to Kid.

The little white legs sticking out from under the little girl's dress looked completely bloodless, barefoot, and gave off the strange feeling as though they were swollen and about to rot.

Just like Kid, the girl was staring hard this way as well.

Suddenly, thick blood began to flow slowly down the girl's inner right thigh, flowing down her thigh to her calf, all the way down to her foot, but as it was about to touch the floor, Garen's eyes blurred suddenly.

He blinked, and realized that the blood had somehow disappeared.

Garen looked at the girl's head instead.

She suddenly pulled up her mask, revealing a fair, delicate chin and a small blood-red mouth.

Bleh!

The girl suddenly stuck her little tongue out at Garen.

It was supposed to be a mischievous and adorable action, but after she stuck out her tongue, she didn't pull it back in, instead making it longer and longer, longer and longer.

The previously pink tongue had somehow become blood-red, and kept going down, falling to her chest, stomach, groin, legs, and like a snake, began to twine and crawl up the little girl's right shoulder, poking the tip over her shoulder.

"Lu-lu-lu..."

The girl seemed to be making a cute face, but Garen didn't find it cute in the slightest. He just felt a terrifying feeling surge over to him endlessly.

Suddenly, a tiny figure in a black cloak stood in front of him. Blocking away all of that terrible air.

It was Kid!

Chapter 445: Parliament Established 1

In the sky above the Kovistan Kingdom

A hemispherical silver veil of light was rapidly spreading towards its surroundings.

Like a hemispherical glass cover, it kept expanding, quickly expanding in all directions.

All the people and objects covered by the veil of light didn't change in the slightest.

Some people looked up and stared at the sky blankly, watching as the veil of light disappeared into the distance before vanishing at the horizon.

A few black Stone-Armored Rhinos in the bushes turned their heads towards the direction where the veil of light had left.

Moo~~~

The rhinos called out in their deep voices.

A group of large white birds flying quickly in the sky were shocked by the veil of light that brushed past in an instant, and scattered.

In the distance, the veil of light went across the mountain, crossed the plains, leaped over valleys, and scaled hills.

An oval shroud of light seemed to have fallen over everything around the Kovistan Kingdom. It completely covered a large area of and around the entire Kingdom.

The shroud of light was fully silver-white, and was slightly translucent, the shadowy figure of a man's top half with his arms held wide open appearing vaguely at the very top.

The man seemed to be hugging something, his gentle gaze looking down, as though carrying endless nostalgia. His lower half was directly connected to the shroud of light, his whole body glowing with a faint silver light, himself vaguely translucent. As though he was an unbelievably huge statue of light.

Countless people and animals raised their heads, trying to decipher the man's shadowy face, but they couldn't see him clearly no matter what.

The shroud of light lasted for a few minutes, and eventually disappeared totally together with the figure of the man.

Just then, the endless black sea of monsters swept over heaven and earth, all surging towards the direction of the Kingdom.

The innumerable monsters gathered together, like a black tide, rushing madly towards the Kingdom.

Roar!!!

Within the sea of monsters, a black centaur-like monster, several dozen meters tall, threw its head back and howled at the sky.

It had black curved goat's horns on either side of its ears, the neat and dense fur on its back burning with crimson flames, as though they would never go out. The flames danced constantly, scattering bits of red sparks.

All the monsters around this goat-horned centaur moved faster than the others, their bodies considerably lighter.

There were several hundred of these goat-horned centaurs in the sea of monsters, and others kept showing up quickly behind them.

A huge grey stone statue of an angel in the sky held a huge sword in its right hand, flying towards the Kingdom. It was followed by large herds of little red monsters, the groups of red Unihorn Lizards screeching as they flew around the angel, mixed with some huge, fully white bats.

There were also some floating eyeball-like monsters. They occasionally shot out beams of black light. The beams splashed apart when they hit the floor, turning into countless dots of black light, sticking onto the monsters within several hundred meters of them, causing these monsters to keep expanding as though their bodies were being inflated with air, becoming stronger and stronger.

Bam!!

The first huge black wolf monster stepped onto the ground that was covered by the shroud of light.

In an instant, it howled in agony, its whole body rapidly burning starting from its feet, the white flames engulfing it from bottom up. In the blink of an eye, it was completely lit on fire.

The huge wolf darted out several meters away, and turned into black ash with a whoosh, disappearing completely.

Hot on its heels, countless monsters rushed into the area covered by the shroud of light.

In an instant, countless white fire torches were lit on the ground.

Bam-bam!

The huge goat-horned centaur swept aside the other monsters around it, and ran directly into the area covered by the shroud of light.

Roar!!!

Its whole body was instantly ignited with an intense milk-white flame, holding its arms out, it suddenly began howling madly, the scarlet flames on its back rapidly extending downwards, as though trying to stop the white flames.

But eerily, the red flames were directly absorbed into the white fire, and the flames grew stronger.

The goat-horned centaur was more than twenty meters tall, but it only lasted several seconds, and was directly burnt into black ash, scattering in the wind.

The endless sea of monsters kept rushing into this area of white fire, and then turned into countless black flames.

Strangely, the more monsters rushed in, the faster the white flames burned and destroyed.

A-wooo!!!!

The huge wolf had a wolf's torso but its bottom half was that of a giant python, pale white flames burning around its body but somehow not igniting anything else around it, as though it was just an illusion.

The huge figure, more than thirty meters tall, stood like a coral outside the area of the shroud of light.

"Purified Land..." The white wolf actually spoke in a deep voice. It was the Enderian language! "To think that after all these years, I could still see Kovistan's Wheel of Purification, Caeserton."

"It can only last thirty years, after thirty years, we can still continue to rule this earth." The other, largest stone angel statue slowly landed beside the huge wolf, and instantly trampled large masses of small monsters and dead babies. It was somehow speaking Enderian as well.

"Or maybe it won't take thirty years..." The wolf licked its lips. "Once the President(1) wakes up, we won't need to go to all this trouble anymore."

"Seems like you're doing pretty well with this clone, aren't you?" The huge stone angel statue glanced at the wolf in surprise.

This statue, the largest one, was more than sixty meters tall, twice the height of the wolf, but the two of them seem to be equal in standing, without any difference in level due to the discrepancy in height."

"Although I don't have the brute power you do, what's important is that I don't spend as much either. And I can control it perfectly," the wolf replied. "Since the Wheel of Purification had finally appeared, do we still continue attacking?"

"There's no need, although our plan only succeeded halfway, the change in the situation is already enough. What's important is Daniela. My real body and the other two clones are there, but I'm not powerful enough, this side is a lot easier."

"Then I'll go meet my other clone, I can't simply lose the Distorted Beads." The wolf retreated slowly, and turned around, running back towards the direction it came.

"There are fifteen nest leaders, and three of them are Form Four nests, hehe... If this plan completely succeeds, the entire Kovistan won't be able to fight back, unfortunately..."

The stone angel stared at the faraway Kingdom, and after standing there for a moment, it also spread its wings, flying back the way it came. Among the countless advancing monsters in the crowd, its figure was totally unassuming, and rapidly disappeared into the sea of monsters.

Outside the area shrouded by light around the Kingdom, in a small and isolated valley

Beckstone opened his eyes slowly, lying in the mud with his face covered in black dust.

"Ugh..."

He propped up his body, his entire body covered in wet black mud, his long robes completely sullied into a black-grey color.

The bearded uncle was lying not far away from him, and the Eleventh Princess Tina lay beside him, the two of them cushioned by a white object that looked like a circular mushroom, protecting the two of them perfectly.

Cough cough...

Beckstone bent his head and coughed a few times, spitting out a large mouthful of foul mud. He raised his sleeve to wipe the mud away from his face, but it just made his entire face even more filthy.

He looked up to see what was above their heads, and saw that a hole, several meters wide, had been punctured through the previously dense forest canopy. The sunlight shone down through the hole, and the Black Crow King was nowhere to be seen, which meant it had probably thrown them off after a struggle, and escaped on its own.

The three of them were already grievously injured, their Totem Lights punctured through, and their core totems useless. They only had the Totem Light of their support totems in case of emergency. Before they ran, they were hit by the Nine-Headed Dragon's poisonous gas spray, and Beckstone still felt utterly weak even now, the Solidifying Tactic he had on him, Purifying Spirit Light, had been completely countered. He could clearly feel it, the poison swirling in his chest, like a cold snake.

Touching his waist pouch, Beckstone was just planning to take out his pocket-watch to see the time. But his hand found nothing. His waist pouch had long since disappeared in their bid for escape. Who knew where it had fallen.

Actually, now that he really thought about it, he didn't have many memories of his hatred or his surprise towards the Nine-Headed Dragon, Garen. In this period of time, after finding out a lot about Garen from Mr Emin, he had a clearer understanding of this man who had once been Acacia Trejons.

After his escape this time, he also felt that Garen wasn't really in all that much of a hurry to kill them. It felt as though he was simply killing time, or playing with some toys. He didn't really want to kill the three of them.

Although he didn't know why, but add that to the previous incident, and Beckstone was slowly starting to feel his hatred towards Garen fade.

Since then, it wasn't just with the Nine-Headed Dragon, he experienced many things in many other situations as well, and this had completely rubbed away Beckstone's past arrogance. He understood as well, that in this world, talent wasn't enough to take you to the top. Talent merely put your starting point slightly higher compared to others, but the of factors that truly decided how high you could go, one was the accumulation of time, and the other, persistence.

He surveyed his terrible condition.

"How pitiful." Beckstone smiled bitterly. He took off his filthy overcoat and threw it directly to the ground, but the clothes inside had mostly been soaked through by the mud as well. Not only had they turned gray-black, they were also emitting an intense odor. Some bugs he couldn't name were crawling all over them.

After some hesitation, Beckstone raised his left hand, and twisted the black metal ring on his little finger.

The finger did not react.

Beckstone blinked, and twisted the black ring on his ring finger instead.

He waited a moment, but there was still no reaction.

Beckstone froze, his gaze falling on the yellow wooden ring on his middle finger. Neither of his communicative rings had any signal to reach others. Now all he had left was the one ring he didn't want to use in the slightest.

The person who gave him this ring had so connections to Terraflor, but was instead a totem user with Oscuro. Each of the people these three rings could reach specialized in providing a certain service.

In exchange for a price, he could obtain temporary hiring, medical, or protection services.

It was like an elite fighter's seal, one ring could usually equal to one commission.

And now, of the three rings he had prepared this time, two of them were useless, leaving him with the final, most dangerous one.

Chapter 446: Parliament Established 2

Beckstone looked at the two people lying beside him, especially the unconscious Eleventh Princess, Tina. This adorable little girl had blood clotting on her forehead, her beautiful hair scattered and her face pale. Her lips were also turning vaguely purple, which meant she had slight poisoning.

Even though she had Beard's protection, as a normal person, it was probably inevitable that she would be slightly affected by the poisonous gas.

Seeing how bad Tina's condition was, Beckstone finally made the decision, and twisted the yellow wooden ring on his middle finger.

Brr!

The ring instantly shone with a faint yellow light.

"Oh my my, to think you actually contacted me? How surprising." A slightly piercing woman's voice came from within the ring.

"Miss Nesat... I really have no other choice." Beckstone replied with a bitter smile.

Garen's expression was stormy as he pressed his hand to the armrest of his chair.

"I don't need you to protect me from evil intentions." He said calmly, "Stand aside, Kid."

"She's different from totem users." Kid slowly stepped aside, and that little girl had utterly vanished.

On the other hand, it was Grand Duke Cody who narrowed his eyes, and looked their way.

Their gazes met, and both saw something inexplicable in the other's eyes.

In unison, he and Garen broke away their gazes.

"Different? How so?"

The First Princess and the Fourth Prince were battling over who could win the support of the nobles beneath them, keeping up performances and making promises.

Meanwhile, Garen and Kid spoke quietly at his seat.

Kid returned to standing at Garen's left.

"I don't know, either." He seemed to be considering how to explain it. After a moment's silence, he finally spoke,

"Our existence is different from that of normal people. In many ways."

Garen's gaze was sharp as he glanced at Grand Duke Cody's surroundings, but he didn't catch another glimpse of that little girl.

"Interesting, my interest in that little fella just now is growing..." He was starting to get slightly excited.

"She chose that person as her Imprint."

"Imprint? What's that?"

"It's a symbiotic relationship, if we want to use our own power, we need to sign an Imprint with someone." Kid explained a lot more clearly this time. "I can only remember this much, I can't remember anything else."

"No rush, you'll know eventually." Garen smiled, calmed down his emotions, and once more brought his attention back to the conference.

Just then, there was a giant white oval mirror hanging in the air above the conference.

The mirror reflected images of the sea of monsters far, far away. Countless monsters rushed into the land surrounding the Kingdom in droves, and were all set aflame, turning into white torches of fire, rapidly scattering into countless black ashes.

Slowly, some of the stronger monsters began to retreat.

Although the nest leaders weren't particularly smart, they still knew how to instinctively avoid danger. As the nest leaders retreated, the monsters following those nests also began to leave in herds.

As the monsters kept retreating, tides upon tides of cheers washed over from the bottom of the stage.

Everyone heaved a sigh of relief.

As emotions were running too high, and could not be suppressed for now, they had no choice but to take a timeout.

Just then, on the higher seats, Veska stood up, gathered those who controlled the three armies and said something softly to them, his expression solemn.

Grand Duke Benoc stood together with the First Princess, chatting about something cheerfully.

The Fourth Prince was accepting questions from the nobles at close range.

On the other hand, Grand Duke Cody got up straight away, and walked towards Garen.

Garen got up as well.

"Your Excellency the Grand Duke, I just saw the little fella behind you. She sure is cute." He smiled, reaching out his hand.

The two of them shook hands.

Hearing Garen's words, Cody's eyes flashed with a steely light.

"I didn't think you would be a Listener's Imprint as well, after all these years, I could count the number of Imprints I've met on one hand, and here I thought no one else would know this secret."

"Oh? What secret?" Garen looked utterly mystified.

"You don't know?" Cody was slightly stunned.

"Should I know?" Garen asked back.

"Can I see the Imprint on your hand?" Cody paused, and requested.

Garen was about to reply when suddenly he felt Kid grab his right hand.

All of a sudden, there was a burning sensation on the back of his hand. This feeling only flashed by for a second, and then vanished as rapidly.

Garen looked at Kid, and saw him shake his head slightly.

"Sorry, seems like I jumped to conclusions." Cody smiled instantly, and said no more as he turned back to return to his seat, sitting down.

Only then did Garen raise his right hand and looked at it.

The back of his right hand was printed with a small red dot, like a tiny round red mole, as though someone had dotted his hand lightly with red ink.

"What is this?"

"An Imprint." Kid replied honestly, "When I heard that guy ask you just now, I accidentally Imprinted it onto your hand."

"What is this for?" Garen was speechless.

Kid looked frustrated.

"I don't know either, this is my first time giving someone an Imprint. In any case, any Imprinted people would get certain benefits, but these benefits are easily absorbed and robbed away by other Imprints, after absorbing them, the successful robber will keep getting stronger."

"You must be careful." After that, Kid added, "I think this Imprint can allow you to enter the world I can listen to."

"The world you can listen to?" Garen's heart skipped a beat. For some reason, he had inexplicably thought of the Secret Technique World he was at before he transmigrated here.

"Also, you gotta protect me." Kid hurriedly added, "That little girl just now wanted to steal my powers."

"Alright, alright, I'll protect you." Garen patted Kid's head. "Even though I still don't really know what's up here."

"I knew I was right in choosing you!" Smilingly, Kid took a plum out of pocket. The plum was strangely slightly blackened, but Kid threw the whole thing into his mouth and started chewing it loudly.

"Do you want one?" He pulled out another plum and held it in his palm.

Garen glanced at these plums, both of which were round and smooth, with thin skin and thick flesh, looking fresh and juicy.

But thinking back to that strawberry from last time, he suddenly had no appetite.

"Forget it, you eat it yourself."

Coming back to the present.

The site of the conference was slowly growing quiet.

The First Princess spoke again.

"At this conference today, as a representative of the royal family, I announce that Kovitan's National Parliament is hereby established!!"

Whoaaa!!!

There was thunderous applause.

Everybody present began clapping excitedly.

That was followed by the distribution of seats. Now that the threat had been nullified, everyone was a lot more relaxed, and the Parliamentary voting seats were divided according to status and faction. Nobody had any objections.

The four powers: The First Princess and Benoc, the Fourth Prince and Cody, Garen and Edin, the Little Alliance. The four powers were the core forces that decided the Kingdom's current situation. So they equally split eighty percent of the votes.

Garen and Edin got twenty votes, meaning each of them had ten votes, while the remaining twenty votes went to the middle- and low-level nobles, sending their representative to cast their votes.

That way, the basic structure was settled.

Although it looked very fair on the surface, but in truth, the ones who had the most advantage were Benoc and Cody, they were both Grand Dukes, and had many relatives below them, as well as hordes of noble children and nephews, who made up a substantial portion of the normal middle-level nobles. They had a large influence over those final twenty public votes.

But in any case, Garen had no intention to fight for power, he was fine as long as he himself was comfortable. Political nfluence and physical power were always connected, no matter which world it was. He just needed to raise his own abilities, and his political power would naturally grow as well.

In the end, the conference ended. Everyone was dismissed, and the conference's doors opened grandly.

Everyone stood up respectfully.

Garen brought Kid and the four Black Fire Guards with him, walking towards the side door.

"Palace Master." Suddenly the First Princess' voice came from behind him.

Garen turned around, and saw the First Princess walk over to him gracefully, her low-cut black dress wrapping her slender waist tightly, emphasizing her perky chest even more. Her long slender legs showed vaguely through the slit of dress, so high it nearly split to the tops of her thighs. It gave her an air of pure, sexy temptation.

"Your Highness? Is there a problem?" Garen lowered his head in a slight bow.

"Can't I talk to you without a problem?" The First Princess looked slightly wistful. She approached Garen lightly, her body tilting forward and the tip of her nose about to touch Garen's chin. The tips of her firm breasts brushed past Garen's chest lightly.

"My words from before, still stand now..." A thin, soft voice, as soft as a mosquito's hum, reached Garen's ears.

The First Princess finished speaking, and took her servants away with her as she left with light steps.

Grand Duke Benoc smiled suggestively as he nodded at Garen, and then took his people away as well.

"Boss, don't touch that girl." Kid's voice came from behind him. "That woman's body has a problem."

"That's how she was controlling all these master fighters to serve her, it'd be weird if she didn't have a problem." Garen nodded in understanding. "Let's go, this time we've confirmed the situation in Kovitan."

The situation in the Kingdom had settled, and it would definitely cause the surrounding areas to stabilize as well, while the refugees who had escaped to the other chaotic defense lines would also slowly grow

steady. But after this raid by the monsters, the crops that they had just planted had all basically gone to waste, so the issue of food would be the biggest problem at hand.

Garen suddenly thought of Beckstone and the others, he had always been using Beckstone as the standard to measure the progress of history, to see how far history had gone according to the original.

In the original history, while Obscuro rose and the royal family fell, due to the continuous warring and riots, as well as the raiding by the monsters, even though Obscuro succeeded, the civilians nevertheless descended into an abyss of despair, as food and water had to be purified before it could be eaten, now that everything had been polluted.

Many civilians starved to death, since they couldn't afford to eat the food that had become so expensive.

That was when Terraflor's largest advantage finally took centerstage.

They had powerful control over plants, allowing them to own incomparably cheap crops and food, hastening the growth of paddy as well as other fruits and vegetables to win the support of the majority.

"I wonder if Ivycius' men have found Beckstone and the others." In the original history, Beckstone and the others had successfully escaped the palace, but they weren't so badly injured, instead they had encountered that poison witch from the Secret Service, and were heavily poisoned by her.

He didn't know whether they would still encounter that Black Nesat this time.

"Is there still anyone in headquarters?" Garen asked.

"Very few, not many left." Kid answered honestly.

"Let's go see." If he could meet the Black Nesat, he might as well settle their grudges from before.

Chapter 447: Stable 1

Several days later

Black Fire Palace back garden

Bam!

Garen thrust out his first and pulled it back slowly, as though pulling something from mid-air, countless white mists appeared in the air, like white ropes, and madly gathered in his hand.

Like a huge white web.

Garen wore loose white clothes, closing his eyes to concentrate, and then he swung out his left hand as a fist again.

Bam!!

There was another dull sound in the air.

"Do you need me for something?" Ivycius was slowly walking out from the corridor on the right of the garden. Looking at Garen, doing his morning exercises in the garden.

"How's the situation on Beckstone's side?" Garen asked with his eyes closed, never stopping his movements for a moment.

Turning around, thrusting his fist, reaching out his palm, as the white mist around him roiled around, giving off a foggy, blurry feeling.

The flowers and plants in the garden, and the surrounding varde flowers kept waving in the mist, whooshing as they went. The pebbles and dried leaves on the ground also formed whirlwinds of different sizes, constantly spinning.

Ivycius watched Garen train casually. He replied,

"My men have searched the whole area around their landing spot, we could only find the marks of their landing, they probably ran away. After all, Form Four fighters would have a few survival methods no matter what."

"Then forget it, there's no rush for now, when the time comes they will naturally appear, how about the Wells Castle?" Garen spread open his fingers and grabbed lightly, five little snakes made of white clouds appearing instantly and then disappearing as rapidly.

"The people from the Secret Service have all left. We didn't find that Black Nesat you were talking about." Ivycius replied calmly. "What do you plan to do now? Just staying here and training?"

Garen gradually pulled back his stance and stood on the spot. Ever since his fight with Ivycius, he had obtained a brand new and deeper understanding of the secret techniques he had learned before.

"The situation has just only stabilized here, if we want to take root here, we have no choice but to stay temporarily and steady our forces here."

"It's not that easy to steady our forces, since we're the ones controlling the palaces. As Palace masters, we had always been sponsored by the royal family, paid from the country's coffers, but now that Avic is dead, our main source of income has been cut off as well."

"Other than the royal family's sponsorship, what other sources of income did we have back then?"
Garen accepted some faintly salty water from a Black Fire Guard at the side, and gargled lightly, then he used a warm and damp towel to wipe the sweat from his body.

"There are also the offerings and teaching fees from our disciples." Ivycius said mildly.

"Then we'll start from there." Garen smiled slightly. He was preparing to introduce the things he learned from the Secret Technique World to this world. Naturally, he couldn't simply reveal his secret techniques, these were a form of martial arts that required a background in the culture, and wasn't something one genius could invent by himself. Anybody with a good eye could be able to discover the completely different culture embedded in them.

But while the secret techniques couldn't be taught, basic martial arts and fighting techniques would be fine.

Some totem users liked close combat as well, and although there were Master-level fighters among the normal people, their martial arts had never been appreciated by others. And they were an utter mess, with not a single unified system.

"Thankfully I have the Green Vine Sphere here, so other than the Black Fire Guards ability, I can also bestow Totem Light on regular armor. This will infinitely reduce the distance between normal people and regular totem users. Wouldn't this prove to be the best basics?"

"Aren't you afraid of raising a future threat? Since your father could create the Green Vine Sphere, surely someone would be able to neutralize it."

"That was why Avic was too scared to use this on a larger scale, right?" Garen said calmly, "If I don't even have that much generosity, what right do I have to pursue the legendary Strongest Way?"

"The Strongest Way?" That was the first time Ivycius heard Garen mention his dreams.

"That's right. I used to contemplate often, how the universe has limitless colors, limitless miracles, limitless mysteries, limitless horizons. Since I was already born into this world, if I don't see and experience everything I find interesting, then wouldn't I have come to this world only to waste my life?"

Garen had recently started fusing his fist fighting secret techniques, and in his silence, he had an enormous aura like the peaceful sea.

Every day, he would use his own body to channel the Myriad Water Jasper Technique, his unimaginably powerful Nine-Headed Dragon's body had its blood qi rise and fall like the tide in the process of training with his secret techniques. It was enormous. It reflected back to nourish Garen's spirit, until his spirit reached an indescribable level. He was also growing closer to the legendary Form Five.

Every time he channeled his blood qi and made it boil, Garen could feel the Nine-Headed Demon Dragon's body slowly merging with his own. The huge totem power kept slowly nourishing and modifying his body.

If the other Form Five totem users could only start training their secret techniques after they achieved the highest form of merging, then Garen was approaching the peak of this step by using his level as the strongest secret technique practitioner, the King of the Century.

He just had to achieve Form Five, and then he could instantly reach the very peak of the Form Fives.

This was the base he had forged himself from the previous world. It was a spiritual level and height.

This was the powerful will that came from countless battles of life and death.

In the Secret Technique World, although Garen had his special power to help him, he still experienced many life-and-death battles. And as he continuously crossed swords with many peak-level masters of the ancient martial arts, he had successfully walked out of his failures and fears, the martial arts of his spirit having achieved an extremely high level.

The more he feared something, the more this will of his made him excited.

Because he could feel terror, that meant he had seen a taller mountain for him to scale.

Ivycius was the person closest to him, and the one who had the best view of the changes Garen had been undergoing recently. He also knew the method to train for Form Five, but usually Form Five required a period of adaptation after the user merged with the totem.

This was because a person's will couldn't control the totem's massive power. This adaptation period was a time to get used to it. Usually, this would require years. The stronger the totem, the more years needed to get used to it and adapt.

Only after experiencing this adaptation period, could someone truly be considered a Form Five elite fighter. Even the Form Five fighter that spent the shortest amount of time in this adaptation period used a full twenty years. The longer ones could take up to a century.

This was also the main reason most Form Five users didn't usually walk the grid, they were too busy adapting, so they sent their clones out, and let their wills continuously adapt to the totem.

Even for those powerful fighters who had experienced the adaptation period, if they wanted to use their totem bodies to learn the secret techniques that had been discovered in the ruins, that would also be an extremely long process. A decade or two would pass like nothing. Each time they tried to train, during the time it took for them to close and open their eyes again, even their grandchildren's grandchildren might have been born.

And they could only start from the beginning after achieving Form Five, by channeling their immense blood qi through their bodies, which made it far harder than using just a normal person's body.

This was Garen's biggest advantage, in that he could easily learn this sort of secret technique.

"Is your dream to pursue the position of the strongest?" Ivycius looked at Garen, as though affected by this atmosphere, his experience growing slightly solemn as well.

"Rather than pursuing the position of the strongest, it's more like I want to overcome life and death." Garen replied calmly, "I'm just a normal person myself, it's just that my desire to avoid death is too strong." It was as though he had instantly returned to that pure state of mind he had in the Secret Technique World.

"Once you reach the strongest, nothing will be a threat to you?" Ivycius was slightly surprised.

"Perhaps." Garen didn't reply, it was a question even he didn't really know the answer to.

"We better return to the previous problem, since we have no source of income, and we also need to build a strong influence. Then let's open the palace doors."

"Open the palace doors? You intend to?" Ivycius had thought that Garen had only wanted to expand a little, but to think he actually...

"That's right, I plan to truly open the palace doors, and recruit disciples on a large scale!" Garen said deeply.

He didn't want to teach the Secret Technique World's secret techniques, that was his biggest secret, no matter how much of a genius he was, it wasn't something he could create by himself in such a short frame of time. What he truly wanted to teach was a series of understanding he had come to after coming to this world and using the Totem Light to fight.

With Garen's level now, without using any of the Secret Technique World's secret technique basics, it was still possible for him to invent some rough and simple blood qi channeling methods without revealing anything.

Although it wouldn't reach the level of secret techniques, but mixed with the martial arts and fighting techniques of this world's masters, he could naturally still form a school of his own.

During these days, the stuff he had been training every day were the simple exercises he was planning to teach. At the most, these exercises could only train the human body to infinitely approach the level of a Grandmaster of Combat, but it could never break the limits of this world. So it couldn't be called a secret technique.

The so-called secret technique was something that could theoretically approach the level of a Grandmaster of Combat, a secretive form of martial arts that could approach the limits of the human body.

Garen's aim now was only to build his own power and influence, so naturally he didn't have to go so far.

This rough and shoddy exercise, added with some various other useless steps and methods that he himself couldn't remember, plus some messy, meaningless spirit training methods. He hid the truest, simplest technique into the countless intercepting signals.

This guaranteed that Black Sky from Obscuro, and the ancient antiques of Terraflor, would definitely be unable to decipher its secrets.

Seeing Ivycius' somewhat surprised expression, Garen continued.

"I invented a form of fighting exercise, upon surveying all of the normal people's fighting techniques from this world, I noticed that most of them began from the outside moving in, and there are even some Master-level fighters who achieved the peak of their techniques. Unfortunately they worked for most of their lives, and still can't defeat even a normal Form One totem user. In the world of normal people, this sort of elite martial arts fighter would naturally grow weaker in influence. But everything will change with this Green Vine Sphere technique of mine."

He smiled slightly.

"I plan to use the Green Vine Sphere as the basic, and use the normal people as the base, to create a force that belongs to us completely."

"As long as you don't find it troublesome." Ivycius gave Garen a long look. Then he turned around and left.

Garen stood alone in the garden.

"Won't it be fine as long as I give all the troublesome bits to the people most suited to handling it?"

He reached out with one hand and grabbed with his five fingers, so the countless white wisps appeared instantly, surrounding and dancing around his arm like many little snakes.

These simple exercises used his Ten Thousand Mammoths technique as a base, and was an adaptation of his Northern Capturing Hand. He used his own body to vibrate rapidly, the blood qi inside turning and rippling, absorbing the countless water vapor around him to form rapidly vibrating micro water droplets that could permeate into the enemy's body and wreak havoc.

After Garen simplified it, this simple set of exercises created from this move could also control water vapor to permeate and destroy the enemy's insides, while at the same time he could also use Totem Light to sense the movements of any possible threats around. Once it was given the quality of Totem Light, this move's ability to kill and destroy tracelessly would be unstoppable! If enough water vapor was gathered, the ripple of water vapor summoned would be bigger and bigger, stacking up to an extremely powerful vibrating force with countless water vapor. Even if its ability to break defenses was slightly weaker, it was still a peak-level ability to cause large-scale destruction.

In terms of power, once it was trained to the peak, it could at least reach the Form Four level.

Chapter 448: Stable 2

Of course, this happened when the Green Vine Sphere was given Totem Light characteristics.

However, these exercises had to be created, and although they were minor exercises in the Secret Technique world and therefore were very rough, once they were integrated with Totem Light, they could then be considered as rare and powerful resolutions.

However, exercises were merely exercises, and of all the people who had practiced Secret Techniques like the Southern Holy Fist Gate, Neptune Fist, Red Sand Sword, Star Ring Door and many others, how many of them had actually reached the absolute cutting edge like Garen or Cayduran?

Appraisal, perseverance, will, luck. They were all elements that one could not lack on the path to the top.

Thus, though these exercises were created, a worthy disciple would still be needed to inherit them.

The techniques of the Green Vine Sphere would be discovered sooner or later. It was a matter of time. However, the imprints left by these exercises would never disappear.

A great martial art with this as its foundation would need to be established, to allow the disciples to possess a sense of belonging, so that everyone would automatically allow themselves to be part of the group.

Of course, preparations on the Green Vine Sphere were needed as well. Then, they would truly be able to achieve an incomparable synergy, and regardless of whether or not the Green Vine Sphere techniques would be discovered elsewhere, the effects on them would be negligible..

Garen narrowed his eyes and left the flower garden. After washing himself, he wore his clothes neatly, before walking straight out of the Black Fire Palace, towards the palace book collection hall.

Currently, he and Ivycius were the only ones living in the palace due to the sheer destruction that swept the area. The princess and the royal family had moved into the other palaces on the opposite side of the abyss to seek refuge.

The whole Kingdom was separated into three hilltop territories. The center of which was near to a large canyon where large clouds rolled by, and each side was connected by a stone bridge,

The Palace District and the Cloud Light District were conjoined on top of the largest and tallest cluster of hills. Looking from afar, the black palace had undulating layers, towering minarets, and high, scale-like walls.

The other two hilltops were slightly smaller, and were both Trading Districts. One of the hilltops had been built with a palace.

Along the way, Garen saw many of Ivycius's subordinates supervising the tasks being carried out to clean up the debris in the damaged palace.

When they saw him, they all bowed with their faces in awe and their heads lowered.

He reached the book collection hall, where there was only a single Black Fire Guard guarding the doorway.

Walking into the palace, on both sides of the dark golden hall were countless, tightly-packed copper-coloured bookshelves.

The interior of the palace was almost completely empty; there were less than ten people who were standing in front of the bookshelves with books in their hands.

In the book collection hall, as long as the aristocrats paid a reading fee, they were allowed to come in to research information and learn about subjects that they wished to have a deeper understanding of. Of course, the books were separated by level, and books of different levels would require different fees. Moreover, they were not allowed to be borrowed out to be read outside the library.

Garen walked in quietly, without attracting anyone's attention. He glanced at the bronze notice sign at the doorway which acted as a directory to the different contents of each area's bookshelves.

Garen, who had already visited this place yesterday, immediately walked towards the area that he was looking for. He stepped past a few bookshelves, before taking out a black copper key and opening a small door on the wall, then walking inside.

There were two large bookshelves filled with books inside. This was different from the outside, because the books on these shelves all had black covers, while the front of the bookshelves were engraved with secret characters.

These were the records of the research findings by the scholars and researchers after many years, under the command of Avic. There were research notes, and also some precious documents that were nearly out of print, including some of the best academic books.

For most people, even if they were Form 2 or Form 3 Totem Users, if they stood in his position, they could not even dream of understanding the important information there. Perhaps the Forgers and Luminarists who were proficient in research would be able to understand, but even ten years of painstaking studying were not equivalent to reading these Bible-like books.

But Garen was different.

Although Attribute Points were unable upgrade Secret Techniques, learning new knowledge could still prove to be extremely useful nonetheless.

Garen's foundation was already very good, firstly because of Edin's teachings and books, later Reylan, then Windling, and Vanderman's underground book collection and research journals. After his exchanges and the nurturing he received from these talents with excellent techniques, it added to his terrifyingly powerful photographic memory.

Here, the advantages of his ten full intelligence points would finally come to fruition.

These attributes allowed his logical thinking to become more cautious and efficient. His memory and rationality had become stronger as well. In other words, it made his brain more advanced, enabling the potential of his brain to reach frightening heights.

But to Garen, these things were only useful when he was studying and acquiring knowledge here.

It was as if someone was handed a pistol but never fired a round, which, in the end, would result in the the pistol being completely useless. Even with an advanced brain, Garen himself did not like using schemes to solve his problems and troubles. He had always used his raw strength to crush his opponents.

If he could not beat them, he would just flee, and once he had returned and strengthened himself, he would go back and fight again! He would fight until the end!

This habit of his made planning completely unnecessary.

Therefore, even if his brain became any stronger he still refused to use it. Naturally, none of its uses would become apparent.

Garen had always treated everything in front of him as opportunities that he could use improve himself and move forward, transforming them into forces that would make him stronger. This allowed him to constantly increase his strength and deviate more from normalcy one step at a time.

A force that was strong enough to increase the pace at which strength was gained. This increase in speed would, eventually, reach a terrifying stage.

However.

While most people were still coming up with schemes to beat their strong villains, Garen had already unconsciously surpassed his enemies, and had become stronger than his opponents.

He had already become the King of the Century, and while he promoted his abilities to reach far, another reason was this.

This was one of the threads connecting all the different worlds together.

Even a genius with an agile mind would not necessarily possess the persevering characteristics that ensured a life of success.

There was only one factor, which was to remove distractions, and to find the right direction and the courage to go forward. That was the key element to achieve success.

Geniuses always had agile minds, and a lot of problems were not serious to them. Many troubles were also minor issues when placed in their hands.

This way, the chances for them to encounter difficult obstacles were far and few in between. The desire to become stronger was insufficient. If a motivating force was insufficient, they would naturally take a back seat. Resulting in them stagnating.

This was similar to the reasoning behind the hare and the tortoise, except that in real life, the tortoise was never as slow as most people assumed, and neither was the hare as fast as they had expected.

Many times, the act of surpassing others isn't as difficult as they thought it would be.

Thus, Garen's method of thought paid attention to ensuring that he would never end up like the devilishly smart geniuses that chose battle strategies that involved scheming their way to victory. Although conspiring was still a type of strength to be had, it was not the path that he wanted to pursue.

A large chunk of biochemical research and Totem research knowledge had been stuffed into Garen's brain.

He stood in front of the bookshelves while the faint yellow sunlight reflected off the crown of his head, and continuously flipped through books and read them.

The ceiling of the book collection hall was not thick, and was made with a layer of polished yellow crystal stones. When the sunlight touched it, went through a refraction process, allowing some light to pass through while not harming the books. Instead, it expelled the moisture within the book collection hall.

Garen hurriedly flipped through the informative notes inside the records. It passed through his own experiences and experimental statistics in his mind, and kept correcting some of the mistakes, while some of the unclear and blurry parts were temporarily marked out. Waiting for future experimental verification.

A large chunk of the knowledge and statistics in his mind were continuously intersected, perfected, and deepened.

Garen was indeed a professional in this field, who had once given himself core organ transplant surgery. He had modified a part of his body, experienced and practiced Secret Techniques for many years, absorbed so much of Obscuro Society's knowledge, plus deepened his knowledge through the notes in the palace. There was probably no one in this world who could possibly be stronger than himself.

Obscuro Society specialized in Creature Totem modifications. Terraflor Society specialized in plant cultivation research.

Meanwhile, the Royal Alliance of Luminarists had an assortment of things, and had all kinds of information which was all sophisticated, but none of them were the deepest in the world.

Garen was most concerned about human body modification techniques. He was the successful result of a human body modification that was alive and well too. Although many death row prisoners were sacrificed in exchange for this, it could not be denied that through this path, Garen had successfully lifted the restrictions of a Luminarist whose Appraisal value was insufficient.

If only another person was able to obtain King of the Century's precise control and Secret Technique realm, plus this technique, and had a Silver Totem that was able to adapt to organ transplants. If they were able to control rejection reactions and after effects, perhaps they would achieve Garen's current state as well.

Other than human body modifications, Garen had seen many other things, such as research reports and records that involved the Green Vine Sphere's techniques.

The research regarding the Green Vine Sphere was kept in Vanderman's underground library, and Garen had already understood it deeply, and was now combining it with the royal research notes and knowledge systems.

He had gotten a better grasp of it, and after he had mastered it thoroughly, he was one step closer to perfecting the Green Vine Sphere.

Once he had actually come into contact with the Green Vine Sphere's core techniques, Garen finally understood the importance of the coincidence that allowed Vanderman to forge this plaything.

There was a very low possibility there was another thing like the Green Vine Sphere in the entire world.

Because its main body was made of an endangered plant that was likely to have been destroyed more than ten years ago.

After Vanderman had moved back home with this plant, there were issues with its climate and temperature, and there was no way to stop it from constantly wilting to death.

He never expected that during one coincidence, when an accident occurred while Vanderman was practicing his Totem Tactics, would ultimately affect this plant.

Most of the plant died, but one stem of it barely survived. This was the original part of the Green Vine Sphere.

As he had never expected that even Totem Light would be unable to destroy this plant stem, Vanderman began his lengthy research journey. He search the four corners many times in between, in an attempt to find more of these plants, but unfortunately, this plant had soon died out completely, because it was unable to adapt to the ever-changing climate environment.

Thus, Garen was not worried that someone would be able to discover the secret of the Green Vine Sphere in such a short span of time. Most of the highest royal scholars were only able to touch the shallowest surface layer as well. Unlike himself, who had Vanderman's research notes.

His visit to the book collection hall this time, was mainly to find a way to combine the techniques of the Resonance Stone and Green Vine Sphere, to form more complete and complicated Green Vine Sphere abilities. If it was possible, he hoped that he could break out of his current bottleneck situation.

Other than that, he was also hoping to see the other Core Totems of the other Totem Users that were stronger than the Nine-Headed Dragon, to find out how they actually obtained them.

Although his Nine-Headed Demon Dragon was not an actual ancient complete body, its powers were not to be dismissed. It was actually ranked around number one hundred on the list of Totems.

This made Garen wonder about the remaining Ultimate Totem Users, and how they came about. He also wanted to know how it was possible that their Totems were stronger than his own Nine-Headed Dragon!

Chapter 449: Seed 1

He gingerly took a large book with a black cover down from the end of the bookshelf.

He had read almost all of the books that contained research notes. This book was a complete glossary of rare Aberration Totems, and was similar to the atlas that Edin had given him earlier.

That book was kept in the underground library inside Blue Bay manor.

He opened the book cover, skipped past the foreword and preface, and went straight to the table of contents.

Suddenly, rows of faint words appeared in front of Garen's eyes. Much like a tree, the entire table of contents were divided into many little branches.

‘Aberration Totem ---- Idealized Totem ---- Coincidence Totem ---- Sacrificial Totem ---- Ancestral Totem’

Below the four main groups were countless thin branches that listed out the various types.

Naturally, the books that were stored here were not those that had regular research contents, instead, they contained deeper research that could not be found outside.

Garen read the bottom part attentively.

Soon, he found a tiny branch of words at the Ancestral Totem pane.

‘Swamp Nine-Headed Snake ---- 8882’

The words at the back were the page numbers.

Above the Nine-Headed Snake was the Moth Wing Giant Lizard, while the Rainbow Bird was below it. These two animals were species that only existed during ancient eras.

He flipped to the Nine-Headed Snake's page number immediately. The records on top appeared before Garen's eyes instantly.

‘Swamp Nine-Headed Snake ---- The ultimate overlord of the swamp areas during the ancient times; great life force, uses strong sound waves to attack airborne creatures, and takes on the Dragon Demon's life after confusing it. Entrenched in the deepest part of the swamp, it releases endless amounts of poisonous gas. It is the main producer of poisonous fumes in places with toxic swamp types...’

Garen read carefully, but realised that the above records were mostly things that he already understood. He felt that they were only added recently, and was perhaps information that was only discovered by researching his Totems.

Wordlessly, he remembered Ivycius' plant series Flowering Plant Totems. After looking through the book for a while, he quickly found the White Rose Totem.

'White Rose Totem: Plant series Totem, exists in theory. Flowering Plant Totems have strict cultivation requirements, requires the blood of immediate family members as raw materials, and needs sustenance from a part of one's close relative's Totem Power. Before it achieves Spiritualization, its power is weak, but after Spiritualization, its power will increase explosively. According to rumors, once Flowering Plant Totems are successfully cultivated, it can hastily sustain the spirits of its relatives. This has not been proven to be real or not.' Behind were different kinds of variations, and the White Rose Totem was divided into different types, and each type had a general introduction. Their abilities were also abundant and strange, but most of them were either poisonous or illusion types.

Garen began to find Veska's ocean whirlpool type Totem.

But it was slightly harder to find it this time. The Totem images that resembled large whirlpools, included four different types of Totems.

Siren Totem: An Aberration Creature that was theoretically cultivated, it was the result of a small family's accidental experiment, and when this Siren Totem was born, it used its singing voice to destroy the whole family, before mysteriously disappearing.

Beluga Whale Totem: The overlord of the ocean, the Beluga Whale, can stir up huge whirlpools to hide itself.

Elemental Totem Ocean: Pure Ocean Totems, that were theoretically formed by the successful evolution of Elemental Totem water spirits. Possesses exceptional attack control even in large ranges. Its units of power are not very strong, but its wave range is the largest among all the other types. Its master, Minister Veska can even attack creatures within distances of a few thousand meters. It is one of the strongest war Totems.

Although the news about Veska's Totem experiments were recorded above, the ability section that Garen was most concerned about was just a blank space.

The same Elemental Totems also included Earth Elementals, a creature that was purely made up with soil, also known as a humanoid that could control terrain changes.

Ghost Wind, a strange formless Totem, had very little information, but was immune against any type of movement based attacks, and could only be harmed by abilities with static natures.

Lava Rock Men, high-temperature humanoids made of lava, abilities still unknown.

Garen scanned past these entries, and noticed some Item Totems above.

Weapon Totems, much like God Cloud's chains, and Green Dragon Swordsman's sword light.

Armor Totems, like the Triangular Shields of the wall generals who had just sacrificed themselves for the Kingdom.

There were also Sacrificial Totems that, through certain secretive measures that led to countless successful cultivations when put together, used these measures to allow it to swallow itself, before finally obtaining an ultimate Totem King, before then using these sacrificial means to borrow the Totem King's power.

The most successful Totem King system, belonged to Daniela.

Daniela's strongest Totems, were not the King of Daniela's Core Totems, but rather a Cthulhu Totem that had been successfully evolved by the Totem King.

It had swallowed the ninety-nine Totem Kings that were cultivated in the world, and achieved Cthulhu status, only allowing families of specific bloodlines to borrow its strength.

Cthulhu Totems possessed unimaginable strength, and no one knew their true power. No one knew how many levels they had evolved.

Daniela's possession of the Cthulhu was their strongest form of protection. It was like Kovitan's extremely powerful Caeserton Ultimate Protection. Ender had ancient mystical Giant Stone Sculpture battle groups. The three large kingdoms each had their own trump cards, and this was the result of the three main Emperor's painstaking efforts.

When Elemental Totems were first successfully called Core Totems, they allowed Totem Users to quickly leap towards Spiritualized status, however, the starting point was extremely high, and evolution was also extremely difficult.

This book recorded many cases, and all of them were examples of Elemental Totems that could not evolve successfully.

It was different from the information outside that depicted the Elemental Totems as legendary items, as this place clearly pointed out the existence of these Elemental Totems. Obscuro Society was one of the representations of success.

Once Garen had finished reading this book on that introduced Totems, more than two hours had passed already.

His Totem knowledge had also become much deeper from when he first started.

The Nine-Headed Dragon was actually not as amazing as the other extremely strong Totems.

Moreover, the entire Aberration Totem series was unlike other Totem series.

Other than Elemental Totems, he could easily find a Totem that was stronger than the Nine-Headed Dragon. The Storm Elemental Totem for example, was a terrifyingly powerful black storm, and this was only its primary body, because after its first evolution, it would become a Hurricane Totem. Two people in history had obtained this Totem, and they were known as Hurricane Kings.

Each of them could single-handedly dominate a war. When regular Totem Users stood before them, all who came to fight would end up dead.

‘Mass war tactics were ineffective’

These comments were a bloody lesson that arrived in exchange for the life of an ancient kingdom.

There was also the Hill King Totem, an Elemental Totem made up of large rocks, which evolved and was known as the Mountain King, and once the entire Totem fused with the Totem User, it would transform into a large endless mountain that spanned over ten thousand kilometers, swallowing the three thousand elite Form 3 Totem Users that once invaded its homeland, destroying their Tactical Thunderstorm Formation at the same time.

These peak Totem records flashed past Garen’s eyes continuously. He was initially unconvinced, but seeing these Totems that were more frightening than myths, he knew that his own strength could not compare to these deviants. To be able to rank within a hundred of them already meant that he was strong enough.

However, although these Totem Users were extremely powerful, they all shared one characteristic.

Their short life spans.

Using these powers that could be considered the pinnacle of strength, in other words, made them grow old and reach their deaths quicker.

No one found the reason yet, but the most popular assumption was that they used strong powers that greatly surpassed themselves, but did not have an equally strong spirit to control them. In the end, they were affected by these powers and were ultimately assimilated.

Excluding Elemental Totems, there were still Daniela’s Nineteen Cthulhus, and besides the strongest Cthulhu King, the other eighteen Cthulhu Totems were distributed in different areas, each occupying their own territories and providing protection for the local Totem Users, and accepting their sacrifices.

Thus, Daniela was unlike the other kingdoms, as they were a religious country.

In actuality, Daniela had two rulers, one was the King of Daniela, while the other was the Cthulhu King.

The Royal Alliance and the Cthulhu Church both dreaded each other, creating a sense of balance. The Kings of Daniela of previous generations died inexplicably, and discerning people could see that it was highly probable that the Cthulhu King had caused it. Only the Emperor of this generation sat soundly on the throne, governing well, and strengthening the system.

Among the three Kingdoms, Daniela's losses were probably the smallest.

The Cthulhu Church took the opportunity to save ten thousand people during the Great Chaos, thus receiving the trust and worship of countless people. The consequent result was that the Cthulhu King's strength increased day by day, and his powers expanded as well.

Garen could finally see a clearer picture of the entire current situation through this secret information.

If Obscuro Society wanted to overturn Daniela, they were most likely to join forces with the Cthulhuism Society, as Obscuro Society's ideals were of the survival of the fittest, coinciding with the ideals of the Cthulhuism Society. Except that the Cthulhuism Society's aim was for the weak to become the food source for the strong, to provide everything for the strong, and to satisfy their every need. If one did not wish to be considered weak, they would need to strengthen their body quickly, and the fastest method was to sign a sacrificial contract with the Cthulhu. As long as it was suitable, within a night, a regular Totem User could make the leap into a strong, ultimate Form 2 Totem User.

They would receive the Cthulhu's son as their Totem, and when the number of sacrifices increased, the Cthulhu's son's upgrade speed would increase as well.

If the sacrifices were strong enough, it was also possible for the Cthulhu itself to become one's Totem.

Among Sacrificial Totems, Cthulhu levels were higher than Elemental Totem levels, and Cthulhu's was at least Form 4, and became the backbone of Daniela's strength. The eighteen Cthulhus and Daniela's other Cthulhu that had once appeared in history; when these different types of Cthulhu Totems were

added together, the number of Totems that were stronger than the Nine-Headed Dragon would naturally increase. Getting pushed to a ranking of one hundred was expected.

But fortunately, Garen understood that Kovitan's Ultimate Shelter Caeserton actually had another name, and was called the Wheel of Purification. It happened to clash with the attributes of Daniela's Cthulhu.

Since the Cthulhuism Society's strength attributes had been restrained by Caeserton, naturally the alliance between Daniela's King and Kovitan would be very close, and that was expected as well.

In reality, only very few people knew about this secret.

The average person, and perhaps the majority of Daniela's Totem Users, did not know that they were worshippers of the Cthulhuism Society, and one of the Cthulhus that they worshipped actually originated from a Totem.

However, there was also a possibility that Kovitan was looking at the problem from a different angle. They were like the scientists on earth. Any problems that they faced would always require a scientific explanation.

Many things probably just needed a change of perspective.

Many consecutive days were spent at the book collection hall and Black Fire Palace, and every day Garen would forget to eat while burying himself in his research. The presence of his Attribute Points allowed him to forget this tiring process completely.

He quickly entered the practical experiment stage.

The Green Vine Sphere began to undergo encryption measures.

The principle of the Green Vine Sphere used parasites in reality, and would implant tiny spores into non-living things. These spores would progressively change the structure of these non-living things, and would release a special active substance known as Zibane at the same time. They already possessed

strong contagious natures and viability, and their size was also smaller compared to other types of bacteria. They could almost be compared to viruses.

The strangest thing about these substances was that once they were mixed with specialized techniques, they could be arranged into a sphere-like structure, like countless wireless receivers that could accept certain types of nerve signals and neurotransmitters. They would follow the commands of the nerve signals to infect and infiltrate.

In simpler terms, the Green Vine Sphere could make objects into Totems that would still be under the command of their masters.

People who wore equipment that was made into Totems by the Green Vine Sphere, would actually need to be connected to the equipment through their flesh. The energy that they used looked like Totem Light, but was actually a type of energy that was closer to the active substances of the Totem Light's Polluting Power. This strength was named Zibane Power by Vanderman.

Thus, they were able to turn their surrounding substances into Totems within a designated span of time, except that this Totem-inducing time was very short. However, the time needed for the Zibane Power to infect others required a high level of spirit control, and without spirit control, this strength would not be able to infect others automatically.

However, Garen was satisfied despite this.

The Green Vine Sphere gave regular people a chance to become strong.

As long as your spirit and physical body were strong enough, even if you did not have Totem User Appraisal, as long as you had a Green Vine Sphere, you would be able to reach a powerful level.

This was a brand new strength system, just like Totem Power!

No wonder Obscuro Society, Royal Alliance, and Terraflor Society all wanted to seize this technology.

Within the Green Vine Sphere's system, one's spirit would decide the Zibane Power's level and strength, and after offsetting the nature of the gap, the physical body's strength would determine the gap between each other.

Garen arranged everything carefully and came to a conclusion.

"In other words, after obtaining the Green Vine Sphere's Zibane Power, spirit will would largely decide the class, like Form 1, 2, and 3 of Totems.

Meanwhile, the physical body would decide the strength difference between classes."

While he encrypted the Green Vine Sphere, Garen also allowed it to implant itself completely into his right shoulder.

However, this technology could not be directly announced, because it would be a large impact against the entire Totem User system. Zibane Power's activation also needed certain requirements from his will and spirit strength. It required extremely high spirit levels to be activated.

But this final research was impactful towards the Totem User system, as Totem systems were the foundation of the aristocracy's control over the world, and if it was discovered, it would surely become the target of public criticism.

Chapter 450: Seed 2

Ding.

Garen placed the forceps back into the glass bottle gently.

He looked at the oval-shaped silver pauldron in front of him, and exhaled slightly.

He picked up a piece of white cloth from the side and gently wiped some stains off the surface of the pauldron.

"There are some defects apparently..." He furrowed his eyebrows and murmured softly. "The roots of the Green Vine Sphere can only support fifty-three divisions of Zibane Power. It can only forge fifty-three sets of weapons or armor to be made into Totems. No wonder... No wonder there were only two hundred Black Fire Guards. This was also the best result that could be obtained when Avic integrated his cutting-edge technology carefully. Nearly four times of increment would be enough to frighten most people."

"Two hundred Black Fire Guards, giving up their control would mean obtaining two hundred sets of Black Fire armor. It would grant normal people Totem Power traits. This was the foundation, and geniuses with strong wills and strong bodies would be able to truly activate the Black Fire Armor."

Garen picked up the pauldron in front of him, and illuminated the surface carefully, as many faint silver dots began to light up on it, showing the characteristics of Zibane Power after its activation.

"Zibane Power requires strong to reach activation; the stronger the will, the greater the power that can be controlled, allowing Zibane's activation to become stronger, thus strengthening its infectiousness as well. This beneficial cycle made it like a seed, the more substances it absorbed from the outside, the stronger its main body and armor would become."

He put the pauldron down.

"Avic gave up on this potential, and used the absolute loyalty of the corpse-like Black Fire Guards instead. But this kind of power was ultimately too small." Garen shook his head. "If those with weak wills received the armor, they would be swallowed by the Zibane Power in the end, turning into the living dead. They would lose their whole personality. This thing seems to be extremely dangerous."

He began to think about ways to solve this danger, and after some thinking, he thought of more than ten plans, but still had no clue. Vanderman had researched this level for many years, but had yet to find a conclusion. The people in the Royal Alliance had no conclusions either, thus it was natural for him to not be able to even touch the sidelines when he was working alone.

"No matter, to gain power, one must surely be aware that a price must be paid in exchange." Garen exhaled.

To gain two hundred sets of heavy Black Fire armor would mean that two hundred people would have to be chosen as the carriers of the heavy black armor, to walk on the path towards strengthening oneself.

In other words, Garen would not be able to ultimately command these people. He only had the right to recover the Zibane Power, but if someone was strengthened to a powerful degree, even if the strength was recovered, his power would still remain. The physical characteristics that were altered by Zibane would not change.

It meant that even if more than half of the strength was recovered, it would still remain.

This way, his control of his subordinates would not be as tight anymore.

But Garen was unconcerned.

The only thing that he wanted was power, and strength that was sufficient enough. Whether or not he could grasp it, depended on his own abilities.

Bang bang bang.

Suddenly, a series of rhythmic door-knocking noises broke his train of thought.

"What's the matter?"

He asked in a slightly impatient manner.

"P... Palace Master, there's a group of people... They're carrying a heavily injured woman, and are here to see you, saying that they're your old friends," said the servant girl in a loud but shivering voice.

"Old friends?" Garen closed his eyes and converged his thoughts. He pulled the curtains on the right closed.

He walked towards the doorway and opened the main door. Outside the door stood a servant girl with shivering legs, she was extremely pale, and did not dare to raise her head. It was obvious that this girl had just entered the palace, and did not seem older than eleven or twelve years old.

Garen opened the door and eyed the girl carefully. He was about to speak.

"Don't... Don't eat me!!" The little girl was frightened to the point where she sat on the floor. "Palace Master... I beg you, I was wrong! I've learnt my lesson!! I'll never do it again!!"

Garen's had a blank expression on his face, he was merely surprised at the rare arrival of a new servant girl at the Black Fire Palace, and when the time he took to size her up increased slightly, he had frightened her to this degree. He assumed that this girl thought that his curious gaze was actually him deciding on which part of her flesh he would like to devour first.

This girl seemed like she was used to getting bullied, and would frantically admit to her wrongdoings before the situation cleared up.

"Damn, those rumors will be the death of me!" he cursed softly.

"Take me there!" A noise echoed behind the little servant girl instantly.

The little girl got up from the floor quickly and ran inside the palace with Garen while her whole body was still shivering.

Garen followed closely behind her silently.

At the side of the Black Fire Palace hall, the girl dragged Garen behind her, before disappearing in a puff of smoke as she ran.

Garen was not the only one who was speechless, as the people in the palace hall were speechless as well.

There were a boy and girl in black clothes, who both had white leopard heads printed on the arm sleeves of their clothes.

They were led by a young boy and girl, and beside them on the floor, lying on a simple stretcher, was a pale yellow woman in a coma.

Garen glanced over, and was suddenly startled.

"Angel?!"

He recognized the woman on the stretcher as Angel, the female fugitive he had met in Iron Tank City.

She had once given him some raw material supplies in either the Kingdom or Trejons territory.

"How has she become like this?!" Garen walked over frantically and knelt beside the stretcher, before checking Angel's condition carefully.

This allowed the group of people to let out a sigh of relief suddenly, while their initially frightened faces also began to look much better.

"So it's true that the Palace Master knows Teacher!" said the young man that led the way, or perhaps the young boy, as he stepped forward immediately. "We're from the Black Panther Mercenary Group, and Commander Angel is our teacher. I'm Gracie, and she's Hill."

His upper lip had a soft, faint green mustache, he had short brown hair, and he could be no older than eighteen years old, but his face had a certain childlike perseverance and paleness. It seemed like he had lost a lot of blood as well. Currently, the boy was looking at Garen frantically.

"I'm begging you, please, please save Teacher!" The girl who was standing on the side had a red ponytail, and was crying terribly, and could not help but plead Garen. "We've thought of everything, and tried all kinds of medicine! All of the hospitals said that there was no cure."

"Stop crying! How can I save her if you don't tell me the whole situation?!" Garen looked towards the boy, Gracie, who appeared much calmer. "You, tell me!"

The boy nodded solemnly.

"Teacher went out last month, and I heard that she had planned to go out with some of her old friends to do something, but I never expected that when she returned two days ago, that she would collapse suddenly, and become unconscious. We initially thought that she had been poisoned, but all the hospitals and Luminarists did not detect as much. After that, we assumed that her brain had suffered injuries, so we hired the best brain disease curing Luminarists, but to no avail. They could not detect any wounds."

"What did Angel say before she fainted? Did she allow you to come find me?" Garen asked softly.

"Teacher didn't say anything, she just looked exhausted, as if she hadn't had proper rest for many days." The boy shook his head. "As for coming to look for you, Palace Master, Teacher had never mentioned this. We only heard from our seniors in the group that Teacher and Palace Master used to be friends. Since we had no other options, we decided to come and beg you."

"You did well." Garen patted the boy's shoulder. "Calm in moments of danger, very good!"

He bowed his head to check on Angel's condition again.

Angel, who used to be curvaceous, was now a skinny bag of bones. Her blood flow was not unusual, and her body did not have any traces of poison, while her brain remained in a sleeping state, a sign that everything was normal.

"Oh no, this person is about to die," Kid's voice suddenly trailed out from behind Garen.

"Do you know what's wrong?" Garen was used to Kid's elusive manner, and he did not even turn his head to ask.

Meanwhile the others were frightened to the point where they moved away, and some of the easily scared members swallowed their saliva, as they glared at Kid with a shocked expression.

Kid was sucking on a lollipop as he crouched beside the stretcher like Garen, while both of his hands shook aimlessly, waving around.

He furrowed his eyebrows and touched Angel's forehead.

"She's having a nightmare," He said certainly after a few seconds.

"Having a nightmare? You're saying that someone pulled her into a nightmare, and now she can't wake up?" Garen asked.

"Perhaps. Someone planted a seed on her that induces nightmares. She failed to realise it, and then fell right into the dream," Kid shrugged, a mature expression on his face.

"How do we solve this? Garen asked directly.

"It's simple, we just need to get rid of the nightmare seed, however, most of these seeds will naturally hide themselves in her most private areas," Kid pursed his lips. "We'll just have to see which of you can find it."

"Get rid of the nightmare seed?" Garen stood up and pondered. "I'll do it."

"What are you planning to do?" Kid looked at Garen curiously. "If the seed has burrowed itself in her most intimate parts, you'll be responsible."

"It won't be that troublesome," Garen said nonchalantly.

His toes raised themselves, and the crowd cried in shock when Angel who was on the stretcher earlier was suddenly lifted up in the blink of an eye, and began constantly turning around in midair.

It was as if she was suddenly suspended in front of Garen.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh... The violent flipping of her body caused blowing wind noises to be heard.

Bang!

Garen slapped his palm against Angel's shoulder suddenly. He instantly held her in place, clutching her in midair.

Bang bang bang!!

Endless slapping noises could be heard between the two of them continuously.

Garen's palms slapped the unimportant parts of Angel's body.

Each slap made Angel's whole body shake, and some tiny, loose objects immediately fell off her body, and flew towards all four corners of the room.

This was one of the higher level skills of the Secret Techniques, Shake.

Using it here, with some added tricks, was just enough to shake all of the hidden things loose.

In the Secret Technique World, it was used to get rid of the hidden weapons and poisonous darts that were left in the dead soldiers, but was also extremely suitable for Garen to use here.

Soon, the objects that were shaken out lessened, and her outer clothes had almost fallen off as well.

Plop!

A purple dot fell suddenly fell out of the bottom of Angel's shirt.

Bang!

Garen used both of his palms to support her, before carefully placing Angel back on the stretcher, with incomparably gentle strength. He showed extreme and precise control over his power.

"This is it."

Kid picked up the little purple dot, and saw that it was obviously an oval-shaped plant seed that looked like a soybean, except that its colour was different.

Garen and the others looked at Angel, noticing that her complexion had improved. She did not look as haggard as before.

Kid held the seed, wiped it on his shirt, and put it in his mouth instantly.

Crunch!

"Seems like something weird is flowing out, but it doesn't matter, I'll just chew it up." He chewed it for a few moments, before the sound of something falling could be heard, and swallowed it.

A group of people including Garen, immediately stared at him silently.

"You're... alright??!" The red-haired girl stared at Kid with a shocked look on her face.

"Yes, I'm alright?" Kid rummaged his pockets, and took out a handful of purple seeds immediately. "I still have some, do you want any? They taste pretty good."

The others around him stood dumbfounded.