

Mystical 531

Chapter 531: Secret of the Ruins 5

After the black tree man fell, three arch-shaped black doors had also appeared slowly on the walls of the cathedral hall, as though black flames had burned through the paper surfaces, the sides of the black doors were all ashes, mingled with black and sparks.

Garen looked at the Testament in his hand, and strode towards one of the doors, no longer looking at the other two.

Going past the black door, he entered yet another cliff, surrounded by a limitless black abyss.

The cliff was in a huge deep blue hole, freezing winds blowing through the air, making it unnaturally cold.

Standing on the edge of the cliff, Garen looked down, only to see a sea of pitch-black, with the vague hint of a roiling black mist. He was all alone in here, and there was a thick layer of transparent ice on the stone walls.

He took a deep breath, steadying his heavily injured body, and holding the ancient badges in his hand, he opened his palm calmly, then he closed his fingers down on it tightly again.

The Testament Badge instantly sliced a small wound on his palm, the blood flowing around his palm, and dripping directly into black abyss below.

The dark red blood drops bumped into each other and rolled about, scattering and falling into the bottomless abyss, disappearing in an instant.

As the blood dropped down, Garen lightly released his Testament Badge, and let the blood-tainted badge slide out from his hand, also falling into the deep abyss.

Whoosh!

Just then, a bit of blue lit up suddenly in the deep abyss.

At first the blue was only the size of a sesame seed, but in an instant, it expanded to the size of a fist, and in another instant, the blue abruptly rushed up from the abyss, a wave of ice cold blue air like a tide.

A giant ice blue bird, several tens of meters tall, flapped its wings and flew out of the abyss, suspended in front of Garen in an instant, its huge bright blue eyes staring at Garen on the cliff calmly.

The huge bird had a long tail feather, like the legendary phoenix, but it had an incomparable and terrifying icy air around it, instead of flames.

The blue ice layer on the walls around them kept growing thicker and thicker, and within a dozen or so seconds, the whole place had become a huge ice cave.

Clouds of almost solid cold white air surrounded the bird and Garen, singing lightly as though it was alive. That was not the sound of the wind, but rather more like a rhythm and melody.

There was still a lot of cold blue air roiling around, expanding, a cold blue current spinning through the air like seawater.

Garen raised his head to look at the giant bird in front of him, the huge blue wings spread open lightly, guarding him from the sides like a statue carving.

The huge bird lowered its head slowly, its beak approaching Garen, and opening slightly.

A dot of blue light fell out of its mouth, and hovered just in front of Garen.

The light had a hint of pure cold inside, Garen could feel that it was not just his body that felt this cold, just looking at that dot of light, even his heart felt traces of cold.

He reached out his right hand, and gripped the blue light dot lightly.

He felt as though the light dot wanted to bury itself into his body, and Garen did not put up any resistance at all either, relaxing his heart and spirit, only to see the light dot dart under the skin on his palm, utterly disappearing from sight.

As soon as the light dot vanished, the huge bird in front of him faded slowly as well, vanishing slowly as though it was an illusion. All that was left behind to prove it was not just a dream was the ice on the walls.

Garen took in a deep breath, and carefully checked his body, but discovered nothing.

He knew that he probably would not feel anything for a while, combining it with what the Cthulhu King said would happen before, he turned around decisively and walked towards the sealed room in the cathedral before.

Striding back to the cathedral, he glanced at the other two black doors, and walked straight towards one of the black doors, where the Cthulhu King's scent lingered.

Walking past the black door, he saw the Cthulhu King just barely standing on the cliff, evidently waiting for him.

Garen tossed the Light God's head, that he had been holding this whole time, towards the Cthulhu King's direction, the head rolling to the Cthulhu King's foot, but the Cthulhu King did not even look at it.

For world-dominating heroes like the three of them, they would never actually take such overconfident novices seriously. In the end, the Light God's self-absorbent plans and plots would have no hope of succeeding even if he was facing anyone else other than Garen.

Precisely because he posed no threat whatsoever, they did not place any importance on him at all, forget facing him head-on or hating him.

"Just waiting for you." The Cthulhu King looked even worse than Garen, although there was no longer blood flowing all over his body, the wounds of different sizes were still clearly visible, just one glance and more than ten wounds could be seen. Add that to his deathly pale face, and he had obviously lost a

lot of blood, the fact that he could still stand out of his power and determination was enough to see how he inherited the title of Cthulhu King, proving that he was an impressive figure.

Garen nodded at him, and strode over, taking down the Demon Mirror that he had tied up, and threw it over directly.

The Cthulhu King also threw him his Testament directly. The two items crossed paths in mid-air, falling into their respective hands.

Catching the Testament with a smack, Garen strode to the edge of the cliff, turning around to look at the Cthulhu King. The latter smiled at him, and wisely retreated a long distance away.

Only then did Garen grasp the Testament again, applying slight force, so that drops of his blood instantly dripped into the abyss. After that he released the Testament again, letting it tumble down.

In no time at all, a dot of red light lit up again deep in the abyss.

The red light came with an intense whooshing sound, like the sound of an intense wind blowing at a huge fire, then the whole abyss just lit up suddenly, the piercing red light growing brighter and brighter, closer and closer.

In an instant, bright red flames sprayed out of the abyss, like a sea of fire, illuminating the whole cave fiery red.

In the middle of the flames, a huge humanoid figure, more than fifty meters tall, flapped its wings and pounced up.

The humanoid figure was covered in red bone armor, with bat wings on its back, and every time it flapped its wings, it would bring a surge of flames.

In just a few seconds, the red-armored figure had dashed out of the abyss, floating in front of Garen, and looking down at him slightly.

The figure was like one of those legendary devils, with an utterly humanoid shape, black bat wings, and a pointy long black tail twisting slightly behind it. Its whole body was covered with a boiling brand-like red bone armor, and a pair of curly black horns on its head.

What Garen admired most was the countless intricate symbols carved into its bone armor, and the black humanoid carving on the middle of its chest that seemed to be suffering. That human figure had its arms spread wide, as though crucified on the demon's chest, and its eyes were full of pitch-black smokiness, it was even wailing in a low voice.

Just then, the devil flung its long tail, covered with layers upon layers of thorns, slightly, and it came towards Garen lightly like a snake.

"Careful! That's the Living Secret Techniques backlash!!" Behind him, the Cthulhu King's expression changed, and he yelled hurriedly.

"Backlash? Looks like this secret technique should be a type of demonic technique!" Garen's expression did not change. He allowed the long tail curl around him.

There were countless scales stacking on the long tail like thorns, forming many hooks, and even the slightest touch could tear a large chunk of flesh and blood off any living body.

With a curl of the thick long tail, it was enough to completely hide Garen away, so that he could not be seen at all.

Garen's eyes were abruptly dyed pitch-black, surrounded by the huge tail as he stood, and suddenly he spread his arms open wide.

Screee!!!

The piercing cry of a huge bird rang out in the air. Currents of air flowed behind him and gathered, forming a pair of huge transparent wings, several dozens of meters long, and flapped them lightly.

Bathump!

Bathump!!

Huge tremors began to spread and beat from Garen in the center, as though it was the pulse of the Earth beating.

The Frost Living Technique that he had just absorbed was rapidly taking root and growing inside Garen's body, from his lower abdomen, growing countless tiny blue light roots, and spreading towards every corner of Garen's body.

The most eye-catching was the Dragon's Heart in the middle of Garen's chest, the countless blue light strands surrounded and wrapped around it, the mix of blue and red forming a pulsing blue cocoon.

The giant red devil retreated a certain distance, covering its chest with its right hand, pulling back its tail, and bowing slightly towards Garen, lowering its head and smiling as it bowed like a noble.

Boom!!!

The devil explosively scattered, turning into countless dark red flames, spraying everywhere and swimming about, filling the whole cave in an instant. The Cthulhu King had no choice but to retreat into the black door, watching Garen in the center of the flames from afar, that was the only place in the cave that did not have flames.

Garen stood at the edge of the cave, a black-red cross-shaped sword impaled in the ground in front of him.

In the middle of the sword was a carving of a suffering figure, it was just like the carving on the devil's body, its eyes flowing with black air that spilled down the black-red blade, and spreading apart on the ground, like icy cold air, sinking heavily.

Garen reached out his hand abruptly, and gripped the blade of the cross-shaped sword lightly.

Psst!

A pair of black metal wings spread from the hilt of the blade, the wings reflecting a faint black light, stacking and stacking, as though it was woven out of many metal wings.

As Garen gripped it tightly, many uniform and closely-woven patterns appeared on the hilt of the blade, like twining snakes, close-knit and dense, forming a strange non-slip pattern.

The moment he gripped the handle, Garen's originally pitch-black eyes also overflowed with two streams of black air, like the figure in agony.

Clang!!

The black-red cross-shaped sword was abruptly pulled out, standing straight in front of Garen, the blade of the sword as clear as a mirror, clearly reflecting Garen's face.

Garen laughed coldly. Holding the cross-shaped sword tightly, he raised it up.

Whoosh...

In an instant, the countless red currents of flames formed a huge whirlwind of fire, as though returning to their origins, rapidly gathering towards the sword's blade.

The many streams of flame, the many fiery snakes, all poured into the blade.

With just over ten seconds, the whole cave had utterly cleared out, leaving behind not even a trace of fire.

That black-red cross-shaped sword had also soundlessly faded, becoming transparent, and finally disappeared from Garen's hand.

Garen's pitch-black eyes also slowly returned to normal.

The cave instantly fell silent, as though the flurry of flames just now was just an illusion.

"Congratulations, Palace Master Garen, on obtaining two Living Secret Techniques." Behind him, the Cthulhu King said loudly as he laughed, this person could give and take rather easily, and seemed to think the ends justified the means. From his arrogance at the very beginning, to his fury and helplessness afterwards, until he finally looked at Garen seriously, he could even forget about their past grudges for the greater benefit, inviting Garen to join in, to prevent the dgpm from overpowering them and monopolizing everything.

Garen turned around, a hint of suspicion in his eyes.

"I remembered you said before, that when obtaining the Living Secret Technique, it would often form all sorts of unique fantasies, these fantasies would mostly be an illusion formed by the unconscious emission of the secret technique's aura. But what was that just now?"

The Cthulhu King had also seen that huge devil automatically releasing its backlash, instead smiling, bowing, and giving way to Garen. His eyes twinkled, who knows what he was thinking.

"Or maybe... maybe Your Excellency has a powerful existence in you that even Living Secret Techniques cannot resist..."

He lowered his voice slightly, replying softly.

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Garen looked at him deeply, that black-red cross-shaped sword was actually the materialization of the Living Secret Technique from that devil.

And it was just then, that the two secret techniques seemed to be slowly merging inside his body, creating a strange and unique effect with his own Black Water True Technique.

The Living Secret Techniques, especially this Secret Technique that the Cthulhu King had given him which was appropriate for himself, definitely had some special characteristics that he did not know.

Seeing Garen's expression sink, the Cthulhu King chuckled, leaned on the black door, and coughed a few times, heavily.

"I didn't trick you, this Living Secret Technique is the real deal, it just has some little side effects."

Garen narrowed his eyes slightly, and was about to say something, but he saw the Divine God Palace Master walk out slowly from behind the Cthulhu King, and the words he had wanted to say paused in his throat.

The Divine God Palace Master glanced at the two of them, and walked to the middle of the cliff by himself, sitting on the ground, and leaning on a protruding stone to rest.

The three of them took up three spots in front, in the middle, and at the back of the cliff respectively, not saying anything.

Each Living Secret Technique was an ultimate and powerful existence, once you find a Living Secret Technique that suited you, and trained it successfully, you could break past the peak of Form Five, like Hellgate, and enter Form Six, reaching a terrifying, unprecedented level. Everyone would want such a treasure, and the more the merrier.

More than ten thousand kilometers away from the ruins, the Enderian capital, Monolith Main City.

The huge Monolith City was like a giant white dragon, nestled on the soil-yellow highlands.

There were the white Enderian national flags flying everywhere in the city, the white flags with the red cross flapping loudly in the wind.

At dawn, between the scattered swathes of green paddy fields outside the city, many teams on horseback, all dressed differently, rushed towards Monolith City under the attentive gazes of the farmers.

Like so many differently-colored long ribbons, they flowed into the city from all directions.

On the high walls inside the city, there were groups of totem users in white patrolling back and forth, and many Double-Headed White Eagles also flew circles in the air above the city, occasionally squawking, loud and long.

Several huge hot-air balloons were suspended in the air, with people scattering clouds of fresh pink petals from the baskets below, forming petal rains that fell down.

In the group headed towards Monolith City, some were riding tall horses and all other types of creatures, while others just walked, their armor bright and distinguishable. There were even some who sat in carriages pulled by flying birds and walking creatures, advancing at high speeds.

On the two sides of Monolith City's large white stone doors, almost a hundred meter tall, there were two giant white statues, also almost a hundred meters tall, one held a sword while the other held a shield, and both wore helmets so their faces could not be seen. There were occasionally people who stopped at the feet of these stone giants to admire them.

Outside the city gates, the traffic kept flowing, without end, peddlers carrying fruits and vegetables, outsider totem users with weapons, swords and shields on their backs, wandering hunters with their longbows and arrows, even some stout men wearing black silk clothes, these men in silk clothes had a simple pattern of two dragon heads on their chests, and were in fact disciples of the Black Swamp Palace from Kovitan.

"What are the Nine-Headed Hydra's disciples doing all the way here? Could they also be here to join in the World's Totem King Festival?"

On the left of the large white road leading into the city, a worn old black carriage with silver edges drove in slowly, there were several black-armored guards following it, and one of the young guards spotted those few members of the Black Swamp Palace, muttering under his breath.

"Nine-Headed Hydra?"

The carriage's curtain was lifted slowly, revealing a man's face that looked curious.

"Recently, after Phiros died in battle, his many descendants were exterminated, only his oldest son having hidden well enough to save himself. These Black Swamp Palace disciple should be out here to gain experiences, ignore them."

"Even if the Black Swamp Palace Master himself comes here, could he be stronger than Phiros?" Another girl's voice came out from the carriage, with an air of straightforwardness, evidently the owner was a cheery and straightforward person.

"After coming out from underground, it's been such a long time since I've seen such clear skies..." The woman lifted the other curtains, revealing a pretty and fair face, looking up at the sky, her bright yellow eyes revealed an ease as though she had put down a heavy burden.

"The President has called out all of the society's fighting power this time, and even pulled us out from underground, looks like he really means to make it big." The man said in a low voice.

"That's for sure, it's just we still need to plan our move. Phiros' final battle that time caused our President to sustain some slight injuries as well. I didn't expect the King of Daniela to have nearly broken past that limit, if we gave him a few more years, he might really have become a great enemy of ours."

"Thank goodness President was decisive enough, and made his move before that guy became a ticking time bomb." The man nodded in agreement. "The Divine God Palace in the south have gathered a bunch of people, seems like that old fellow hasn't given up yet."

The woman shook her head, and said no more.

The man sighed.

"After settling the King of Ender here, it's time for we, the Black Sky Society, to unite the two continents. But I don't know why, these past few years it's been getting harder and harder for me to understand what the President is thinking... Back then we had followed him out, just by ourselves, and after adventuring for so many years, I really don't know if our first promise from way back then still counts."

"Maybe... the President has already forgotten..." The woman interrupted then, her voice extremely soft, but revealing a hint of uncertainty and worry.

"Pass down my order, send some people to follow those guys from the Black Swamp Palace, and find a chance to clean them up." The man told his subordinates.

"Yes!" A guard woman at the side lowered her head and accepted the order, choosing two others and leaving the team, to follow the people from the Black Swamp Palace.

"Might as well take it as collecting some interest from God Cloud and the others," the man said softly.

Just as the people from Black Sky were quietly entering the city.

A hooded man dressed fully in black slowly followed the large road into the city from the other city gates.

In the midst of the hustle and bustle, he squeezed out of the crowd quietly, and walked to the side of a fountain in the city, looking up and towards the distant heart of the city.

There was a giant golden statue of the War God there, more than three hundred meters tall, sparkling under the morning light, the War God held a long spear, bent his right knee, and bent his body as though about to throw it, wearing just a golden gauze cloth around his body. There was a huge and thick beard on his face, a simple snake-ring belt around his waist.

The man in black looked at the golden War God statue, the hint of a smile appearing on his bare face under his hood.

That face had a strange metallic grey hue to it, as though he was not alive, without the slightest blush of color.

"Eternal Night Palace..."

Just then under, right underneath the War God statue, in the deepest point of the huge underground palace, up to a hundred meters deep.

A person dressed in heavy armor and sitting on the throne suddenly raised their head, a pair of white eyes slowly lighting up in the darkness of the helmet.

Ker-chak.

The figure in heavy armor slowly gripped the throne's armrest tightly.

"Hellgate... You're finally here..."

An icy woman's voice rang from underneath the armor.

Inside the ruins

Garen sat cross-legged on the tip of the cliff, staring at the other two quietly, not saying a word.

Of the other two, one stood and one sat, but neither said a thing.

The three of them had all gotten what they wanted, but as temporary allies, they all had their own thoughts, even if they had no ambition, they would still be worried about whether or not there was something suspicious between the other two.

It was highly likely that the Divine God Palace Master had some plans, trying to see if he had a chance to take the things the other two had. Be it the Living Secret Technique or the Demon Mirror, neither were

things that could be quickly and completely absorbed and controlled, they all required a long time to fuse and understand.

As a nest leader, if he could kill off these two right here, then the nest leaders would have two fewer powerful enemies to face in the future, after all, such peak-level fighters were not like cabbages that could simply emerge at any time.

But if he was to face the two of them alone, he believed that his condition right now might not allow it; one, on the other hand, was no problem. As a non-human, his recovery speed was extremely fast, and that period of time just now was already enough for him to recover part of his power.

Garen had naturally seen through his intentions, out of wariness, he was in no rush to attack either, so he just delayed it, he was confident that his recovery was no slower than the other's, so he was in no hurry. If at first, before he entered the ruins, he had Form Five peak-level power, then now, after learning Doublecast and spying the secrets of the Living Secret Technique, just a little, his power had gotten an even stronger boost.

Although he did not break his limits, but compared to an old-hand elite fighter like the Cthulhu King, under these circumstances where unnatural power was limited, he was already around the same level.

Faced with the threat of the Divine God Palace Master right now, he was not nervous either, just sitting cross-legged on the ground, to see what the other party had in mind.

The Cthulhu King, on the other hand, had twinkling eyes, his heart somewhat unsure, his expression seemed to be saying that he was planning to let the other two fight it out and he would take advantage of it. This was already the key reason the Divine God Palace Master was wary.

Right now, the three of them had instead formed a strange balance, and nobody dared to make the first move.

At first the Cthulhu King did not have this intention either, but after seeing the scene with the devil just now, he began to have second thoughts.

Looking at Garen, whose expression was steady, the Divine God Palace Master fell silent for a moment, but his gaze floated slightly towards the Cthulhu King's direction, evidently he could not find an opportunity to attack, so he decided to switch targets instead.

Even he, a nest leader, could read some of the Cthulhu King's intentions.

"Divine God Palace Master, this time all three of us have earned much from these ruins, but we are all seriously injured now, what's say we each go back and rest, and only consider other matters once we're healed, what do you think about that?"

Garen spoke suddenly. He had cleverly noticed that the Divine God Palace Master's thoughts had shifted to the Cthulhu King, and by speaking decisively now, he made it clear that he did not plan to meddle, and just wanted to go home and heal, so you can kill the Cthulhu King after I go, I won't interfere at all.

"Humans are all crafty and sly. I don't trust you." The Divine God Palace Master shook his head slightly. If Garen retreated intentionally and hid, waiting for both of them to hurt each other before appearing again, that would be truly dangerous.

"Then why don't you leave first, and then all of us can recover, wouldn't that be better?" Only then did Garen voice his true intentions. What he implicitly meant was, since you can't make a move, worried about this and that, why don't you just not do anything.

But the Divine God Palace Master just stayed quiet and said no more, evidently trying to stall the two of them.

Garen and the Cthulhu King exchanged a glance, and read a hint of cruelty in each other's gazes, both of them figured out that the other wanted to join forces and kill the Divine God Palace Master.

The atmosphere in the cave began to grow heavy.

Chapter 533: Scattered Power 1

The atmosphere got heavier and heavier, Garen and the Cthulhu King slowly moved their position, forming a pencil-straight line with the Divine God Palace Master in the center.

The Divine God Palace Masters eyeballs turned slightly, the ink-green longbow on his back glowing with a hint of jade-green. He looked at the expressions and actions of the two in front and behind him, his heart sinking slightly.

"In that case, it might be good to end things here today."

"It's best if the Palace Master thinks that way." The Cthulhu King chuckled, and stood aside to open up a path. The shape of his mouth was slightly strange, the red needle hidden under his tongue so he could shoot it out and attack at any moment.

The Divine God Palace Master nodded, and still did not use the long bow that remained unused, standing up slowly, his figure turning into a flash of shadow that brushed past the Cthulhu King in an instant, disappearing without a trace.

In no time at all, there was only the Cthulhu King and Garen left on the cliff.

"Together?" The Cthulhu King asked quietly.

"Of course."

Garen nodded.

Although the Divine God Palace Master left, that was just on the surface, if he was still hiding somewhere and waiting for his chance, the dumbest thing to do would be to separate now.

The two of them stuck together, out of wariness for the Divine God Palace Master who might still be hiding, but nothing really happened, following the crack they had fallen down from, every time they leaped up, they could instantly stab the stone wall with their arms and keeping themselves suspended. Then they could leverage on that and leap up again.

Jumping like that again and again, soon enough, the two of them returned to the second floor branch they had used to enter the third floor.

The branch was still covered with a pale blue mist.

The two figures leaped out of the hole on the floor, landing lightly beside the hole, one black and one red respectively.

The black figure was a calm-looking Garen, his golden hair cascading down his shoulder, his pitch-black demon eyes not showing any signs of receding, meaning his Black Water True Technique was constantly channeling at the highest level.

The red figure, on the other hand, was the Cthulhu King with his body full of wounds, his face was deathly pale, and he panted heavily.

"Looks like after going back this time, I'll need to properly rest and recover for a while."

"Phiros is dead, the situation is extremely unstable now, do you have time to relax?" Garen raised his brow slightly. Now he could no longer compare the events to the original path, he had already turned history utterly upside down, everything had become a mess.

Hellgate did sustain some considerable injuries after defeating Phiros, but after the Daniela War of Destinies, Ender actually did not move at all, so they evidently had some other plan.

The Enderian King(1) and Phiros were two complete opposites, she was mad and extremely active, and most of all, she would not obey any pre-set rules, plus she was herself a peak-level totem user. Compared to Phiros, she had become famous several hundred years ago, and was a long-known peak-level fighter among the previous generation, who knows how powerful her home base was.

This would be yet another world-ending clash.

"Unfortunately... If Phiros had been willing to join forces with me, there's no way he would have ended up like that." The Cthulhu King shook his head, lamenting.

Garen did not say anything, he just watched the tracks left by the Divine God Palace Master around the area carefully.

The Cthulhu King looked at him.

"This time, both of us reaped a lot of rewards, may I know what plans Palace Master Garen has from here on out?"

"Plans? Don't you know perfectly well what I want to do?" Garen was too lazy to beat around the bush with him, he was going to lose control of the Living Secret Technique's side effects. He moved his feet, and instantly became a shadow rushing down the way he had come.

The Cthulhu King cackled, accepting and absorbing two Living Secret Technique Seeds at once, especially the one that he had exchanged with Garen, was not that easy a matter. But the two of them had made a deal and exchanged, neither of them had any intention of regretting it.

Evidently, Garen had also gotten some benefits from that Living Secret Technique.

Garen in front, and the Cthulhu King behind, both of them concentrated on rushing back, neither of them speaking.

Right now, the green and black-red threads inside Garen's body were interweaving and tangling, darting in and around his body like countless long and thin worms, causing him unbearable agony. Thankfully, his roots were in the Secret Technique World's peak-level Black Water True Technique, so it was slowly forming a buffer between the two Living Secret Techniques, so that the two conflicts would not be too sharp, and giving him some time to breathe.

The first Living Secret Technique he had gotten was a Frost-type. And the second looked like it would be a Fire-type, but it was actually a Metal-type, the fire devil representing the melting and forging of metal, only the black-red long sword that appeared at the end was the true Seed, the two Living Secret Technique Seeds were tangled up and clashing inside Garen's body, forming two balls, one green and one black, both spinning at high speeds. The center of the spinning was the core formed from his Black Water True Technique blood qi and the fusion power, that Garen had trained for a long time. But right now, the Black Water True Technique was being burned away quickly, every second he stayed here would cost him another portion of the Black Water True Technique's fusion power.

Garen's heart grew more anxious, and he began to run even faster.

Boom!

The stone door to the ruins was broken through explosively, and a black shadow shot out, flying into the dense forest, landing on a small piece of empty land.

There was a black eagle-drawn carriage waiting on the empty land, and a bonfire alit beside the carriage, with Demon Phoenix and Phantom reading their books beside the fire, when they heard the noises, the two of them stood up in unison, turning around to see Garen appear on top of the carriage.

"Palace Master..."

"Leave here at once!" Garen tossed the words at them, darted into the carriage, sat down cross-legged, and fell into a state of self-meditation. There was a slight sheen of sweat on his forehead, as he resisted that immense pain.

Demon Phoenix and Phantom hurriedly put out the bonfire, got onto the carriage, and yanked hard at the ropes.

The black eagle that had been resting instantly flapped its wings and flew up, the huge pulling forcing jerking the whole carriage hard, and then it seemed to suddenly grow lighter, rising into the air.

The Demon Cloud Spirit Light that Garen had asked Demon Phoenix to prepare also did not come to much use this time, that thing was to prevent the other two from ganging up on him, the Demon Cloud Spirit Light was best at turning others' power into his own. It was the most effective in group battles.

As for peak-level power, with the Form Five Demon Phoenix around, added with Garen's current recovery power, even if he did not make a move, there would still be poisonous and extremely corrosive Spirit Light aura emitted.

Because of the merging with his aura, his Spirit Light was now a deadly weapon on its own, merged with the Demon Cloud Spirit Light, it had just nicely formed a powerful 'kill - convert - kill again' mode.

Luckily, neither of the other two set down other traps, if Garen was not so affected by the Living Secret Technique side effects, perhaps this time he would have a chance instead to kill the other two, but unfortunately, he could barely protect himself right now.

The black carriage carved out a line through the high noon air at rapid speeds, and disappeared into the sky in no time.

On the other end of the sky, a blood-red mask appeared slowly, and then disappeared rapidly, while the Cthulhu King's figure also vanished at the same time.

After both of them disappeared completely, outside the door to the ruins, the Divine God Palace Master's figure slowly materialized from the air, as though he had always been invisible from the start, and the other two had not noticed at all.

Looking at the direction the two of them had left in, he touched the end of the longbow sticking out from behind his waist, a flash of hesitation in his eyes, but after a second, he still relaxed his fingers, turned around, and walked towards the other end of the forest.

Inside the black eagle carriage

Garen closed his eyes tightly, biting his lower lip hard, strands of blood dripping down his chin, but he was totally unaware of it.

Strands of black air emanated from the bottom of his body, soundlessly, creating a thin layer of ice on the wooden floor.

He was using his heart and spirit to match the life forces of the two Living Secret Techniques, with the Black Water True Technique as a buffer that was constantly being absorbed and fused by the two Living

Secret Techniques, absorbing the parts of the secret technique memories and wills that suited him, and then forming a larger, stronger clash.

The Black Water True Technique's core grew smaller and smaller, weaker and weaker, if it went on like this, by the time the core had been utterly absorbed, all of Garen's True Technique roots would be completely gone, becoming the nutrients for the clash between the two types of Living Secret Techniques. After the conflict leveled up, there would be no more buffer in between, and just one clash would be enough to make him instantly explode, with no chance of survival.

Garen tried his best to slow down the expenditure of his Black Water True Technique, looking for a proper rate between the buffer and absorbing speeds.

"No! If I go on like this, I'll be sucked dry by the Living Secret Techniques sooner or later!" His thoughts were whirring quickly now. He spent so much effort for so long to reach this level, if he was forced all the way back to the start just for this one accident, it would not match his aim for coming here to these ruins.

Reaching out his hand, he opened up his palm, his palm and fingers emitting tiny whiffs of black smoke that seemed to come alive, destroying and absorbing all of the other impurities and traces on his body, fusing away the useful ones and forcing out the useless ones.

He took the Original Eye out from the War Chain on his arm, and fused in the black smoke. Those black flowers with the frost spirit power were also fused and absorbed into the black smoke, forming nutrients to temporarily slow down the two Living Secret Techniques.

Only when absorbing nutrients will these two Seeds slow down their number of clashes, so although he knew this was barely helping and could make things worse, Garen had no choice but to do it. It was better than the very foundations of his Black Water True Technique being destroyed in front of his eyes.

After the Original Eye was pulled inside, the two seeds suddenly paused abruptly, splitting into half each, and greatly reducing the speed of the clashes, after the black flowers were added in, it just slowed the spinning speed of the Frost Seed.

This way, the endgame of being torn apart and exploding to death within possibly a day was extended to at least one week.

These two Secret Technique Seeds were like greedy beasts, continuously absorbing the structures and sources of the same type that they did not have, trying their best to improve and perfect themselves, and as they perfected themselves, they would also release spirit energy to improve their true bodies, if there was just one type, it would just nicely improve Garen's body, and may even reach the next level. But if there were two types, that would be bad. The two spirit energies clashed with each other, you want to change it this way, he wants to change it that way, and neither giving way. In the end the one being pulled apart painfully in the center was Garen himself.

He knew that he had been careless this time, he did not think that the Living Secret Techniques would be such dominating things, and they had their own instincts as well. But before actually experiencing it, nobody would know that the fusion of two Living Secret Techniques would create such a terrifying clash and conflict.

"It's not like I really have no way..." Garen's eyes twinkled, "If I completely ground down both secret techniques, and let the places where they clash round out completely, so that they're not so sharp, and find the similarities between them, the two Living Secret Techniques can become one. All the power can be converted into mine. Only then will I truly obtain the legacy information for the Living Secret Techniques."

Right now, because of the secret technique resistance, he had practically yet to truly obtain the ways to train and the secret technique information from the Secret Technique Seeds.

"In that case, the required conditions are..." His mind spun rapidly, going through all the massive amounts of knowledge he had accumulated from before, one by one, each of the different systems trying to create models, failing and collapsing each time, then attempting to build them up again from scratch.

Translator's Notes:

Yep, it seems to be a female 'King'.

Chapter 534: Scattered Power 2

Seconds ticked by, then minutes.

The Black Water True Technique was being worn down constantly, while the Nine-Headed Hydra's talent and ability, Swallowed Lives, had been completely destroyed and broken down at this point. It was eliminated immediately as an impurity by both of the Secret Technique Seeds, meaning that Garen would lose his Swallowed Lives ability completely.

All this while, he had killed innumerable enemies and overcome countless obstacles with this ability. But now, he could only stop and stare while it rapidly disappeared into black smoke following the decline of the Black Water True Technique.

However, this was only the beginning, as the Nine-Headed Hydra's tremendous recovery abilities were beginning to decompose and dissipate slowly as well.

Garen knew that if he did not find a solution soon, his other abilities such as Dragon's Roar, Poison Mist Corrosion, and Dragon Demon parasitism would be torn apart before decomposing one by one.

The Black Water True Technique had fused with Garen's own Core Totem and the Nine-Headed Hydra's genes, but once it decomposed fully, other than losing his Dragon's Heart, he would also be degraded to the level of a basic Totem User, one who lacked even a Totem.

Garen came up with various solutions and adjusted operation models but ended up destroying one after another, despite using every single one of his twelve intelligence attribute points. If he became a regular Totem User again, it would be impossible for him to create models or develop his logic skills this quickly, even if he happened to be the highest leveled Totem master.

Garen's powerful neurons made it possible for him to use up to two techniques at once, allowing him to attempt to establish two different models simultaneously, instantly increasing his speed by twofold.

After a seemingly endless period of time, the flying carriage jerked suddenly, as if it had landed.

Garen opened his bloodshot eyes, before getting up to open the curtains.

"Welcome, Palace Master!!"

In the middle of Black Swamp Palace's plaza, more than a hundred inner palace guards and administrators formed two lines to welcome Garen. Both Skyharp and Blizzard walked towards him, but when they saw him alight from the carriage, their expressions were overcome with shock. They stopped in their tracks. Skyharp even took two steps backward.

Garen's entire body was currently shrouded in pitch black smoke that swirled around him, binding him terrifyingly like black string. Below his feet, layers of black ice formed on the ground instantly on the plaza's white stone floor, wherever he stepped.

While looking at both of their frightened and uncertain faces, Garen chose to skip his explanation, before a raspy noise escaped him.

"Take me to the Nine Snakes System!"

"I'll go inform the Technique Hall!" When Blizzard noticed the severity of the situation, he instantly turned himself into snow before dispersing throughout the ground.

Skyharp hurriedly removed multiple bottles of fiery red medicine, before applying them directly on Garen's body.

Shh!

When the black smoke and red medicine came into contact, puffs of white gas formed there.

"I can only temporarily stop your poisons from spreading further," said Skyharp truthfully.

"I know." Garen took long strides towards the inner palace, walking directly towards the core of the Nine Snakes System's controls in the side hall.

The black smoke was actually poisonous mist formed by the scattering of the Black Water True Technique, that had the potential to injure innocent lives in a moment of carelessness. Skyharp noticed this, and took the necessary measures to prevent it.

Demon Phoenix and Phantom alighted the carriage with gloomy faces, staggering as they got down. It was evident that they had been poisoned slightly. Skyharp rushed over to administer the antidote to both of them.

Meanwhile, the black hawks that pulled the carriage earlier now screeched their final breaths, collapsed on the ground, before melting into puddles of black water slowly.

Garen walked towards the core of the Nine Snakes, leaving heavy black smoke footprints on the ground with every step he took, all the while more smoke dissipated out of his body like shadowy tentacles.

The scattering of the Black Water True Technique caused incomprehensible pain throughout his whole body, as if numerous saws were tearing through his flesh.

Although Garen was strong-willed, the pain made it impossible for him to walk properly. Every step he took was difficult and sluggish, and he began to stumble as well, as if incredibly heavy chains were dragging him from behind.

Some of the decorative plants and flowers around him wilted and turned black instantly when he walked past, before melting into puddles of black water.

Thin layers of black ice formed on the surfaces of the stone furniture. Meanwhile, the maids and guards that passed by were unable to avoid him in time froze into black ice sculptures. Some even remained in their bowing positions.

Garen could faintly hear the ear-piercing, terrified screams that echoed throughout the palace endlessly, and the noise of frantic stomping, as well as the shattering of expensive porcelain.

Once he had walked into the side hall where the Nine Snakes' controls were located, he noticed that all of the Elders that were in charge during his absence had gathered there as well.

The image of the Nine Snakes had solidified and appeared long ago, and was now bowing in front of Garen.

Upon seeing Garen's condition, grave expressions appeared on the faces of the Elders from the Seven Night Tower and the Island Masters.

However, Master Calingan of the Technique Hall became extremely anxious.

"You're scattering?!" He recognized Garen's condition at once.

The remaining Elders were currently in shock. Garen was the core of Black Swamp Palace, but during his absence, the effects of his scattering had grown severe. Everyone merely exchanged glances, unable to think of anything to say.

"You were able to tell..." Garen could barely force a smile. He had already combined the knowledge systems of all three worlds to find a barely usable solution. "Nine Snakes, Master Calingan, I need an environment with sufficient pressure, water, and low temperatures. Please hurry!"

Since Nine Snakes had collected all of the purchasable maps in the world, while Master Calingan was a high leveled Totem master, perhaps they would have a solution.

"The current situation requires us to delay the scattering speed immediately!" As a fellow technician, Skyharp had the highest authority to speak.

"Alert the outside immediately! Glittering Water possesses certain buffering functions! Bring the closest reserves now! Hurry!!" Master Calingan found a delaying method instantly.

"I have searched for the best locations." The image of the Nine Snakes made a noise at once. "These three locations can be consulted. Number one: The Mesir Valley draught. The strong wind pressure there fulfills the conditions that require high pressures, and the fierce winds will remove excess heat while producing extremely low temperatures. There is also a little lake within the valley, fulfilling the criteria of water."

"Number two: The depths of the North Sea. A freezing environment with deep waters, low pressures and temperatures, as well as a water source are all present."

"Number three: The Mola Snow Caves. One of the Nest Leader's hideouts in the northern area where an icy pond with flowing water is located. The icy water there is a hundred times denser than mercury. Therefore, immersing oneself into its depths will also fulfill the above criteria."

Garen muttered to himself for a moment, while his brain searched for the best location quickly.

"To the North Sea!"

The entire Black Swamp Palace was thrown into a frantic state. Under the petrified attention of numerous guards and maids, the Elders and Demon Phoenix carried Garen into the Flying Hawk Carriage carefully, before it flew towards the North Sea.

All of the forces inside the Black Swamp Palace stopped their activities at once, postponed their plans, and suppressed their powers while waiting for the news.

Meanwhile, two out of the three remaining Gargantuans in the Kingdom had already left for the Eternal Night Palace in Ender to get in on the action.

Only the Princess's forces had remained to form an active alliance with Rainbow Domain, while a large black minaret was being built in her own mountain peak regions for unknown reasons.

Black Swamp Palace was never interested in their power struggle or various plots. Therefore, the other forces were uninterested in their current actions as well.

From their perspectives, Garen was merely an individual who was attempting to achieve peak levels, and as long as they did not disturb him, he would not be a threat to them at all.

So Garen left Black Swamp Palace silently, leaving the Ultimate Protection, before flying towards the direction of the polar circles of the North Sea.

A few days later...

The depths of the North Sea.

A black Flying Hawk Carriage speeded over from afar, before hovering over the surface of the sea slowly.

Suddenly, a black shadow leaped out of the carriage gently, splashing into the turbulent blue waves like an arrow.

Crash!

White sea spray splashed up from the icy seawater, before returning to a calm state immediately afterward.

A sea of complete blue covered the surroundings.

Garen fell into the sea, before rolling around, and looking upwards at the surface. He noticed the bubbles that floated around his body like strings of transparent pearls.

His eyes, ears, nose, and mouth were filled with icy seawater, making him feel extremely suffocated.

Rays of white light permeated the the surface of the sea and into the depths below, giving the illusion that there were multiple layers within the blue sea.

Black smoke drifted out of Garen's body. He looked up at the light above his head, before slowly sinking into the murky depths of the sea

The light drifted further away, before everything grew dimmer.

His surroundings became colder and darker.

Garen opened his eyes wider to look at the single dot of light above his head. He did not know how much time he had spent sinking.

The black smoke mixed with the surrounding seawater, while a school of whitebait swam past him. However, after swimming for a short while, all of the fish turned over and floated, belly up, all signs of life snuffed out of them.

Below him was an endless abyss. Garen flipped over and moved his arm gently, quickening his dive towards the depths of the pitch black sea.

Gradually, his surroundings soon turned to darkness, devoid any light.

Garen could now feel that the scattering effect had slowed down slightly. The heavy underwater pressures had replaced the Black Water True Technique, becoming nutrients for the Metal Secret Techniques, while the extremely low temperatures had become the corresponding nutrients for the Ice Secret Techniques, decreasing their speeds of decomposing the Black Water True Technique.

However, this decomposition had not stopped fully, and Garen did not hesitate before diving deeper.

Suddenly, a transparent, gigantic disc-shaped jellyfish swam over from afar. The jellyfish emitted dark blue light throughout its whole body, resembling a light bulb that could be seen clearly in the dark. When the jellyfish noticed Garen diving towards itself, it positioned its skinny tentacles and prepared to sting him. Its body froze suddenly, its light dimmed and shut down completely, before it melted into an ink-like poison that was finally dispersed by the water.

The current depths of the waters were unknown, but the high pressures of the surroundings made it exhausting for even Garen. A regular Totem User that was Form 4 or below would implode completely within moments of entering this place.

Although Totem Light could filter out the oxygen in seawater, it could not withstand these terrifying underwater pressures.

This was the largest trench in the depths of the icy North Sea. Garen could not see what lay at the bottom of the sea, as it was completely dark.

He fumbled around the trench and furiously dug a large cavern beside an upright precipice, before hiding himself inside.

While Garen sat cross-legged inside the cavern, he noticed that the pressure had alleviated the effects of the scattering greatly. Unfortunately, his Black Water True Technique was left with its last parasitic Dragon Demon, and the last thing that was decomposing was his strongest core ability, Nine-Life!

Chapter 535: Abyss 1

The absence of the Nine-Life Talent meant that Garen would lose his greatest advantage against the other peak individuals. Therefore, he had to find a method to cure the after-effects of both his Living Secret Techniques while he remained in this delayed decomposition environment.

Garen closed his eyes, seemingly free of worry about any trouble breathing he might encounter. This vitality underwent the modifications of the Nine-Headed Hydra's genes, he gained a Totem Light type ability entering Form 5. Absorbing oxygen from seawater was a simple skill he had acquired, as it was one of the basic abilities of Totem Light.

It happened the moment he shut his eyes.

Thick black mist rose from his body quickly, dispersing in all four directions.

While Garen remained as the center, the surrounding water within a hundred mile radius gradually slowed in its flow, before appearing to almost solidify. The deep sea creatures around him escape by swimming towards the further parts of the sea.

At this moment, the sound of a resonance signal escaped from Garen's body, transmitting itself to the flying carriage that was hovering above the surface of the sea.

Almost instantly, more than ten giant, dark blue Sea Hawks flew over the sky. The white-clothed Totem Users in who rode on the backs of these giant birds had dignified airs about them.

They were clad in white fur coats, and wore the symbol of the number seven in blue. Blizzard, Angel of the Night, and Spellcaster were among them.

"Courteous Tower Lords of the Seven Night Towers, I apologize for the trouble," Ivycius's voice could be heard from the black carriage.

"As collaborators, we would never dream of neglecting such a simple task, much less a request from the Palace Master," answered the Grand Tower Lord politely. He was a feeble old man with a white beard that covered his whole face. "Food and drinks will be sent daily, as building a continuous passageway will take a considerable amount of time."

"That's fine," replied Ivycius. "We must request for the dwellings to be built sooner, so that Skyharp and myself will have a convenient place to stay."

"Of course," replied the Grand Tower Lord respectfully.

He had felt a terrifying force the moment the black carriage arrived in the north. This force had greatly exceeded the powerful strength of his own Precious Heirloom, therefore he did not dare to remain idle, and instead gathered all of the other Tower Lords to welcome the visitors immediately.

He could only breathe a sigh of relief after witnessing Palace Master Garen sink into the depths of the sea, meaning that he had really come here just to retreat.

Among the people that arrived, he noticed that Ivycius, and another Elder called Phantom, were also first-rate professionals of the same level as himself, while Ivycius's aura showed signs that he would break through any minute. Meanwhile, the other one, Demon Phoenix was impenetrable, meaning that facing her was like encountering an endless abyss. It was strange for such a powerful individual to merely be one of Palace Master Garen's subordinates.

After witnessing this scene, the Grand Tower Lord thought of the good relationship between the Seven Night Tower and Black Swamp Palace, and his heart ignited with a fiery passion.

"From today onwards, these waters will be designated as Black Swamp Palace's marine territory, and it will be our responsibility to provide the manpower to guard this place," said the Grand Tower Lord earnestly.

"That will be unnecessary. Palace Master only requires utmost secrecy. He does not need people to guard this place as both of us will be sufficient," said Ivycius in a lowered voice.

"Utmost secrecy, you say?" the Grand Tower Lord nodded certainly.

Suddenly, shocked faces appeared throughout the crowd as they lowered their heads to peer into the sea.

They could see that the previously dark blue seawater was now tinged black. Choppy waves crashed about the turbulent water, while the amount of crushed ice within the sea increased.

Minor changes had appeared throughout the sea.

The Grand Tower Lord's expression changed slightly, as his fingers frantically drew gestures in the air. Instantly, a ray of white light shot out of his sleeve, but disappeared in flash.

The Grand Tower Lord closed his eyes and concentrated, attempting to detect something.

Moments later, he opened his eyes again, his face overcome with a grave expression.

"These changes have appeared throughout the entire hundred mile expanse of the sea!"

"It's Palace Master!" said Demon Phoenix suddenly. "I could feel his breath!"

The three members of Black Swamp Palace exchanged glances but remained silent, merely observing the incomprehensible changes that were occurring below them.

However, the members of Seven Night Tower were overwhelmed with shock. If Garen managed to cause these extreme changes despite being submerged in an abyss over ten thousand miles deep, they would have to reevaluate Black Swamp Palace's strength again.

This was not something within the reach of a regular Form 4!

Below the crowd, within a hundred mile range of the sea, the seawater started turning dark and cold. Dead fish and struggling sea creatures floated up on certain parts of the water. Colorless poisons spread across the expanse of water, before the entire hundred mile stretch of the sea was completely polluted, into an extremely terrifying and toxic no-entry zone.

Garen, who was currently located below the depths of the sea, was covered from head to toe in streams of green and red water. A thin layer of ice spread around him slowly while he remained in the center.

He raised his head and looked at the darkness above him, before closing his eyes slowly and sinking to the bottom with all his might.

Many months later...

Boom!

Thunderous noises echoed from the rolling black clouds.

Below the black clouds were seemingly endless red plains. Meanwhile, Nest Monsters had gathered there in large herds, resembling a huge wave.

Giant White Bats and Red Unihorn Lizards flew around in the sky like flying insects. At a glance, they looked like clusters of little red and white dots.

On the side of a dark red cliff where countless Nest Monsters were camping stood three silent figures, looking at the terrifying Nest Monster army in front of them.

A slender male figure in a green cloak stood in front, shielding himself so that only his eyes were exposed. He carried a dark green longbow on his back and wore a green hood on his head, giving off an indescribable sense of mystery and quietness.

The other two figures behind him were also clad in long grey robes, making it difficult to observe their bodies.

Dark clouds rolled through the sky, before a round hole appeared above the heads of the three people. A ray of white light shot out of the hole and formed a white pillar of light, descending upon the green cloaked man's body.

He stretched his hands out before, a green, dark, exquisite longbow appeared in them instantly. It was the same bow that he had been carrying on his back earlier.

There was a spherical object at the center of the longbow that was constantly rotating.

After two crisp clapping noises, two blood-red wheels aimed at each other appeared on both sides of the bow. Meanwhile, a small, green snake slowly appeared on the body of the bow and slithered around silently, before coiling around. Finally, it gradually stiffened in place, before turning into a snake-like embossment.

The white light grew brighter, and along with it the faint light that reflected off the bow became clearer.

The man in the green cloak held the bow and arrow with both hands tightly, before raising it upwards with a quick motion.

Boom!!!

Numerous Nest Monsters exploded in an instant, letting out angry howls.

The Bats and Salamanders in the sky poked their necks out and screeched, while the black Mammoths, Four-Winged Giant Pythons and the other strange and powerful creatures howled in anger, as if they were about to unleash all their strength at once.

"This is a war of vengeance!" A cold male voice echoed from the green cloak.

Time flew by, as more than a year had already passed since Garen entered the depths of the North Sea.

The world fell into a surprising state of calmness.

Obscuro Society had gathered all of their forces in Ender, but since Hellgate did not make the first move, Ender's Eternal Night Palace seemed like a powerful moat that was obstructing all of Obscuro Society's Marshalls.

Strangely enough, Hellgate had suddenly disappeared for seemingly unknown reasons right in front of everyone.

The World's Totem King Festival in Ender had gone on for more than a year, and after the selections from the first match were decided, the strongest competitors were about to enter the semifinals.

Within the span of a year, eighteen competitors were finally selected for the semifinals, and each of them were peak Totem Users from across the land. Now, they were about to enter the Eternal Night Palace for the final matches.

Ender was simmering from within. The relationship between the local aristocracy, the army generals, the exterior forces and Obscuro Society were inexplicably complex and entangled.

Simultaneously, something else was happening on the vast red plains on the other side of the Vicra Mountains, in the northwestern part of Ender.

Obscuro Society's numerous Empowered armies were engaged in a frenzied battle with the Nest Monsters. The Nest Leaders' territory was a restricted area for humans, but Obscuro Society's Silver Totems had invaded their Core areas.

Dark red, rotting corpses and skeletons could be seen everywhere, dyeing the area in a deeper shade of mahogany, while black smoke incessantly wafted out of certain places. It came from the war weapon that the Nest Leaders' had built, the Rotting Well. This weapon was able to cause a continuous rotting effect to the armors of its enemies throughout a range of many kilometers.

The Rotting Wells resembled eyes that were flashing, with green light in the ground, but once its source was smashed open and the contents of its core flowed out, some of it remained dark and indistinguishable, while the rest of it gathered into winding, glowing green streams.

Monster corpses and Silver Totem skeletons were piled together, while flies and other flying insects buzzed around them. Flesh-eating insects had crawled into some of the corpses as well.

In the center of the red plains, where everything remained silent, a bright red pool was in the middle of the corpses, while the skeletons of two giant dragons formed a ring around the pool of blood.

Divine God Palace Master sat cross-legged beside the blood pool. He wore a black eye patch over one of his eyes, while his body was still covered in the same green cloak, except that it was now torn, with holes and blood stains all over.

Some of the blood inside the pool gathered slowly and formed a bloodied human figure. The human figure stood opposite Divine God Palace Master, while the corners of its mouth cracked suddenly, exposing a strange smile.

"It is almost time." The volume of its voice fluctuated like a communication device with strong signal interferences.

"That's right."

Divine God Palace Master remained silent before closing his eyes slowly.

"You sacrificed millions of soldiers this year just to temporarily obstruct my return to the inner world, but for what?" asked the bloodied human figure in a low voice. "The flesh of two Time Dragons in exchange for the Original Heirloom to return as the core of the bow, and a pool of the blood of millions of soldiers... How generous..."

Divine God Palace Master did not reply, choosing to remain silent for a moment.

"You will die by my hand."

He stood up and turned around, before walking far away, without the slightest hint of nostalgia.

Chapter 536: Abyss 2

He knew that this place would not be able to withstand one of the strongest Totem Users anymore. However, his continuous acts of vengeance caused serious losses towards Obscuro Society. Within the span of a year, most of Obscuro Society's Silver Totems had destroyed the blood pool in order to save Hellgate. They charged forward without caring about their own safety..

Both sides suffered numerous casualties during the battle with the Nest Leaders, forming the red plains and sea of countless corpses.

The absence of proper leadership resulted in the stalling of their forces by the Eternal Night Palace, causing Obscuro Society to suffer extremely difficult setbacks. Without powerful battle forces on either side, the Nest Leaders were able to obtain great advantages.

This was the first step of the complicated plan that Divine God Palace Master had drafted out after he had obtained sufficient Living Secret Techniques.

The King of Ender cooperated and tempted him personally, hastening the creation of the blood pool. After Hellgate had entered the inner world, he could control and interfere with his exit and entry points freely. However, these complicated plans involved too many people.

They would only be able to obstruct Hellgate in the inner world, making it impossible for him to return temporarily. Meanwhile, it would only last for a year.

An outcome like this...

Kovitan Kingdom

This place had changed completely after a year.

While Garen sealed himself at the bottom of the sea, Ivycius and Skyharp guarded the area, leaving the tasks of the Black Swamp Palace to be handled and discussed by the Elders, allowing Demon Phoenix and the other Elders that had just entered the palace to pass their time comfortably.

The White Knight tribesman and princess that Garen had saved in the field formed a new force after entering Black Swamp Palace. The leader of the White Knights from the White Wind Tribe progressed quickly, and obtained the necessary Appraisal to practice the Black Water True Technique. Once he had coordinated and refined it to his Secret Technique, his powers broke through to Form 4 suddenly, leading him to form the White Knights of the Wind that were unwaveringly loyal to Garen. They were in stark contrast in comparison to the Black Knights of the Four Directions Sky Warriors. Once they had obtained power, their initial plan was to return to their village for vengeance. Unfortunately, their enemies had left their original locations for good and were nowhere to be seen.

Demon Phoenix and the others spent their days enjoying themselves in a comfortable environment that most people could only dream of experiencing. Occasionally, they would travel to the North Sea to check on Garen's condition. After Garen took them out of their rural homes, they became inseparable from the new dazzling world that they had stepped into. However, their reveration for him remained deeply rooted in their hearts. They would never dare to have other intentions even if they were enticed by others.

Within Black Swamp Palace, only Demon Phoenix and a few others were the clearest about the exact details surrounding Garen's existence. During the past year, she had restored herself to middle-level Form 5 completely. However, an exhausted feeling still lingered whenever she faced Garen.

While Black Swamp Palace held their troops back and recuperated, the other forces in the Kingdom, including the other three Gargantuans, gathered crowds of Totem Users and civilians that were seeking refuge, before beginning to build two cities outside the protection areas.

The Princess' constructions were finally revealed. They were called 'Dawn Towers', and the five towers that she had built within her domain were able to gather Totem Powers and shoot them across distances of more than a thousand meters. They also possessed the ability to amplify powers, allowing the Totem Users within her domain to experience power upgrades of up to ten percent.

This was a frightening enhancement. Moreover, it also meant that the Princess had first-rate master Totem Forgers among her subordinates. She would definitely have Grand Duke Benoc's support behind her as well.

Meanwhile, Grand Duke Cody concentrated all of his efforts in the new city, and gathered a large group of regular Forgers to build a superweapon called the Kars Cannon outside the city walls.

This weapon used the Totem Light of fifty Totem Users to cause terrifying explosions within seconds. It was rumored to be the invention of a young prodigy Forger that had fled to Kovitan, thus giving the cannon its name.

On the other hand, internal disputes of interest occurred after the heads of the guild alliances took in Totem Users from the outside, causing numerous large-scale forces to fall apart during the war. This led to changes in the political regime, causing everyone to become weaker in the end, while the Four Gargantuans were also threatened to be removed from their seats.

Through Demon Phoenix, Garen was not completely cut off from the outside world during this period. Instead, he knew the changes and developments of the current situation clearly.

As for the other forces in the Kingdom, Garen was unconcerned about them. This information only reached him because of the close distance between them and Black Swamp Palace. Although the palace did not participate in their affairs and remained detached, they were still aware of certain happenings.

In comparison to the incidents that were ongoing in Daniela, everything else was unimportant. Out of the countless messages and news that he had received, the thing that shocked him most was not the

news of Phiroth's death in battle. Instead, it came from the largest civilian assembly fort in the world that had been built in Daniela — Heart of Life.

A large-scale, widespread epidemic had appeared within the Heart of Life, and before the news reached him, more than a hundred thousand people had already died from being infected there! In the beginning, the spread of this epidemic was quarantined within the fort, but once it reached this stage, they were unable to suppress it anymore, causing the situation to reach an extremely dangerous degree.

The scariest part of this epidemic was not its hundred percent mortality rate, but the fact that it would turn the dead into zombie-like monsters. These monsters hunted the living as food and roamed about. Moreover, they would still be able to live for a few days even if their heads or hearts were destroyed fully.

This made Garen faintly think of the living corpses that he had encountered the first time he entered the mysterious Ghost City. The surroundings of the capital of that little country were filled with the strange zombies that were described earlier.

Vaguely, he could feel that it was highly likely that this epidemic was connected to Ghost City.

The occurrences in Ghost City were caused by the black copper phenomena, of which the root cause was black copper, and the source of the black copper phenomena was very likely to be Hellgate.

Since the situation had reached this degree, it had left the original timeline completely.

Hellgate had disappeared temporarily, and another person had similarly disappeared without any news was Divine God Palace Master.

The Three Territories had formed a temporary alliance, cooperating as one major force. The other domains were thriving prosperously, becoming the largest, ideal, living stronghold outside Ender and the Ultimate Protection area.

A pale blue light twinkled at the bottom of the pitch-black sea, faintly illuminating the surrounding waters beneath the deep sea.

Within the bottomless ocean abyss, a cluster of gigantic, hundred meter tall icicles were erected in the large marine trench. The sharp icicles stood upright like an array of long transparent spears that were faintly stained black.

In the middle of everything, within a sharp large icicle that was over ten meters thick, was the source of the twinkling pale blue light.

In front of the icicles was a stretch of icy ground.

As it was situated in the opening between two marine trenches, gallons of seawater had frozen into ice because of the extremely low temperatures, while the bottoms of the marine trenches were completely filled with ice, forming a gigantic ice mountain that filled the marine trenches at the bottom of the abyss.

The ice mountain was translucent and slightly black, and behind the pale blue light in the center, situated within a large icicle, was a slender golden-haired man that had been frozen within the ice. The man was unmoving, while both of his eyes were slightly shut as if he were in deep sleep. However, it also seemed as if his gaze was fixated on something in front of him.

Meanwhile, a handsome man with a head full of long white hair sat cross-legged on the icy floor in front of the icicle. He wore a long white robe with a silver-black belt tied around his waist while a long white sword lay flat on his knees.

"How does it feel to break through?" An empty-sounding male voice reverberated throughout the layer of ice, as if he were speaking in a large hall, carrying echoes that sounded unconventionally graceful.

Ivycius grasped the hilt of the sword on his knees gently, shaking his head slightly.

"If I hadn't guarded you here personally and observed the effects and changes of your Secret Techniques towards your surroundings, I would not have entered Form 5 so quickly. The originally estimated time, is still insufficient."

"Only a high-leveled prodigy like yourself would be able to see patterns from the traces of these Secret Technique changes," said Garen casually from within the icicle.

Ivycius declined to comment. During this time, after he married Skyharp, he had spent all of his time guarding this underwater abyss while the professionals of Black Swamp Palace and Seven Night Tower built a simple underwater residence here.

But before they could add the finishing touches to the place, the construction workers were forced to retreat, being unable to withstand the frightening cold air that Garen released increasingly every day.

Ivycius, Skyharp, and Garen managed to connect with each other on a deeper level through their interactions during this time.

Ivycius was a person who abided to his own principles closely. He chose to stay behind and guard Garen, and did not give up on him despite the ending of the Dragon Demon's bindings. He did not think of the Demon Dragon's bindings as any form of restriction at all.

In reality, Garen had never imposed any forceful commands on him, allowing both of them to have a normal friendly relationship with each other. For both of them, the presence or absence of the Dragon Demon's bindings made no difference.

"There have been signs of activity in the Heart of Life again, while Ender is entering the finals. How is your situation here?" asked Ivycius in a low voice.

"Still considerably smooth." Garen did not explain it in detail.

Both of them fell into silence. Within the period of a day, silence was their most commonly used mode of connection, as both of them preferred to enter their own worlds.

Garen suppressed his thoughts, before placing them back within his Living Secret Techniques.

Two of his Secret Techniques had mostly fused already, while the Black Water True Technique had reached its final scattering phase. The forced tearing of two of his main Living Secret Techniques caused his will and fusion powers to be absorbed as nutrients, leaving nothing but the last bits of his Nine-Life Talent.

As the Nine-Life Talent was the core strength of the Nine-Headed Hydra, the fact that the extremely delayed speeds were able to support it for such a long time was already a very rare occurrence. But at this point, they were unable to evade the complete decomposition forever.

Meanwhile, the two Living Secret Technique seeds within his body had absorbed many nutrients from the outside after a long period of time, allowing them to reach extremely desirable states.

After a long period of bodily operation fusions, Garen's body had fully adapted to the Living Secret Technique's powerful activities. As the fusion between the two Secret Techniques deepened, the transformations within Garen's body became more integrated as well, lessening the conflicts.

"Soon... Soon... Only a little while longer before I get to the essence of the mysteries of the Living Secret Technique..."

As of now, he had yet to truly receive the Legacy of the Living Secret Technique. One of the reasons was due to the conflict between both of his Secret Techniques. The most troublesome part was that the true Secret Technique practice message would only be transmitted after he had finished the transformation completely.

The Living Secret Techniques would be able to exceed their limits after coming to fruition, allowing him to achieve peak levels. This was the general consensus among strong, peak individuals.

The fusion of two Secret Techniques would not necessarily bring positive changes. However, they were not too undesirable from his current perspective. Although he had lost many parts that conflicted with one another, the seedlings that were preserved continued to possess the presence of extremely terrifying air ripples.

Once he received the Legacy, the presence of the Black Water True Technique and the large quantities of Living Secret Techniques that he had accumulated recently would definitely allow Garen to achieve a

higher level within a short span of time. After all, he had already obtained an extremely high Secret Technique state.

Chapter 537: Abyss 3

Many months later, in the Ender Kingdom

More than ten gigantic white hot air balloons floated in the blue sky, pulling banners filled with celebratory words and messages of congratulations for the Totem King finals behind them.

Elite participants from various countries stood in their respective lines on the War God Plaza in the middle of the Kingdom, waiting on the plaza quietly.

The surrounding areas were filled with people, including aristocrats, civilians, artisans, and merchants; more than half of the population of the Kingdom had gathered here. From above, all four corners of the area looked like they were filled with dark stretches, that were actually the tops of human heads. Although everyone was merely discussing and exchanging information among themselves softly, the noises they made was still loud enough to form a distinct hum.

There was an exquisite silver diamond-shaped carved fence in the middle of the plaza, that cordoned off a circular area where Totem User finalists stood. Each of them possessed unique styles, and while some of them had calm expressions on their faces, others appeared malicious, still others were either gentle and polite, or completely indifferent.

All of them had their trusted subordinate deputies behind them.

Since the King of Ender had organized many competitions in the past, he had built up a fine reputation for himself all this while. If that was not the case, the elite participants from various countries would not have hastily believed that he would put up such a generous sum of wealth as the prize for the finals.

A white, hollowed out sacrificial altar carved with various patterns was placed in the center. Below the feet of the golden War God statue, two thick books were placed on two sharp thorn-like white-gold platforms, while two sacrifices stood behind the books and flipped through their pages, loudly chanting prayers for the finals.

More than ten beautiful young girls stood on the side and held vases, sprinkling some of the clean water that had been soaked with flower petals on the foreheads of all of the participants gently.

Next, the participants and representatives came forward to greet the audience, while their bodies activated rings of different Spirit Lights naturally. These were recorded by specialized note-taking officers, in order to prevent impersonations or replacements.

Finally, the inspection officer came forward to individually check the permitted items that the participants had brought with them.

The concave black main door of the Eternal Night Palace was slowly pushed open.

"Let the finals begin!!"

An old feeble voice was amplified and echoed through the sky above the entire Ender Kingdom.

Bang bang bang!!

Suddenly, white-gold fireworks exploded throughout the sky, before tiny white-gold lights fell on the ground like gentle raindrops.

A bell toll echoed from afar. The female sacrifices sang the eternal hymn of the Giant Divine Statue loudly, as their voices turned into physical, silver colored, transparent music notes that floated in the sky.

The sages stood on top of the Kingdom's three holy pillars and released all of their strength simultaneously. Three crisp tearing noises could be heard, before three white-gold light beams shot out of the ground and pierced through the sky, extending through the clear sky above the fence towards the infinite universe.

Only then were the finalists led into the Eternal Night Palace by the guides.

At this moment, the world leaders were paying close attention to the Ender Kingdom's movements. Numerous analysis, reports, and forecast texts were constantly placed on their desks.

Radios broadcasted the whole course and reported all of the movements that happened at the scene in real time.

Among the group that was entering, a figure in a long black robe raised his head slightly, before the corners of his grey metallic-like mouth curled into a faint arc.

On top of an ashen cliff, somewhere between the Three Territories

Black Prince sat leaning against a pile of overlapping ashen rocks on the cliff. His entire body was covered in a suit of black armor that made it impossible to see his face, except for the faint gleam of red light that flashed through his eyes that gave off a wild, beast-like violence.

There were two other people on the cliff. One of them was a tall man, with long black hair that reached past his shoulders while a large black horse stood beside him. Thick black smoke would appear around the man and the horse's bodies occasionally.

The other person was a woman, clad in splendid attire from head to toe. She wore an exquisite red gown with a long train that dragged behind her and a dark silver fan-shaped crown on her head. A strange, evil-looking smile flashed on her beautiful pale face from time to time.

"Divine God Palace Master and the King of Ender's plan trapped Hellgate for a full year. Now, it seems that Hellgate was unable to find Divine God Palace Master, and decided to go directly to Ender's Eternal Night Palace instead. Who can be sure of the winners and losers this time?" said the woman in the red dress in a soft voice. It sounded as if she were speaking to herself, but also seemed as if she was asking the other two a question.

"Ender's chances of winning are less than thirty percent," answered the knight with the black horse quietly.

Black Prince raised his head and glanced at the Black Knight. "I refuse to flinch, even if the situation has truly reached its most dire point." His voice was hoarse, resembling the low roar of a wild beast.

"With the core of the Three Territories as the foundation, our numerous Precious Heirlooms as the bones, and the Origins of all three of us as the blood, we must swear not to let Hellgate or the others escape from the Eternal Night Palace!" said the woman in the red dress as she lifted up the strands of hair from her shoulders gently, without a trace of seriousness or worry on her face. "We don't know how much protection power will remain in the Three Territories after this."

The three people from each of the Three Territories had their own ideals and wills. Obscuro Society's Hellgate would perish if he continued to resist, and after Phiroth was destroyed, the decline of Ender would occur again, before their Three Territories would befall the same fate next.

At the crossroads of life and death, the leaders of the Three Territories would finally meet again.

All three of them became quiet at once. None of them opened their mouths again as they were all waiting for something.

After some time, three slender white light beams lit up in the sky from afar, and pierced through the clouds.

"It has begun... That's Eternal Night Palace's Moon Scar light..." The woman in the red dress looked towards the beams in the distance.

The Black Knight mounted his large horse and shook the reins before, the large smokey horse moved in that direction immediately. The sharp sound of its footsteps could be heard clearly above the static while it entered the depths of the man's heart. Moments later, the giant horse jumped off the cliff and began to trot through the sky normally as if it were walking on level ground.

The red gleam in Black Prince's eyes flashed suddenly when he stood up, before he gradually turned transparent.

A green light flashed beside the woman in the red dress, before a cold but handsome swordsman appeared. He held the woman's waist with one hand, while the sound of a sword echoed beneath his

feet and a green light screen flashed and appeared out of thin air, pulling both of them towards the light beam hurriedly.

"It has begun..."

Clad in a white robe, a white-haired old man with a white beard stood in front of a little wooden house in a remote mountain forest in the East Continent.

He raised his head and looked at the continuous drizzle in the sky. His gaze seemed to have passed through the clouds, allowing him to look at the shapeless changes behind them.

Two youths in identical white clothes stood behind the old man. One of them had silvery eyes and was carefully smoothing out the wrinkles on the old man's long robe.

"This is the first time you've come out to bask in the sun in such a long time. What bizarre things are you about to say now, Mr Noah?" It was obvious that this was not the first time the youth had heard this old man speak.

The other person was an even younger male youth who only smiled after hearing the things that had been said.

"I'm not joking this time, Stone." The old man had a serious expression on his face.

"Wasn't that what you said last time?" Beckstone was dumbfounded.

The old man turned around and grabbed Stone by his wrists suddenly.

"Don't mind me, just go and do the things you were supposed to do. Wasting your time on an old dying person like myself just isn't worth it." The old man's face was unusually solemn.

Beckstone and the other youth finally realized that the old man was truly being serious this time.

He stopped his tidying actions and met the old man's gaze instead.

"Mr Noah, are you doing this wholeheartedly?"

The old man let go of his hands and became silent for a moment.

"The Moon Scar Light has appeared. Therefore, the things that were prepared by us old people and both of our Presidents should truly be of use to you now..."

Beckstone's heart sank for a moment. The Terraflor Society President had died because of Hellgate, while all of the involved Elders were captured in one go. The only person left in the whole Terraflor Society was this heavily injured old fellow who only had a few months left to live.

Although Hellgate had kept to his promise of letting Terraflor Society go, the commanders below him would not release them so easily.

Stone did not have a close relationship with these old people. He only returned this time to accompany the previous Thunder God Hannet to look for a place to nurse his injuries, but never expected to save Mr Noah by accident. After getting to know each other for a period of time, Noah gave all of his knowledge and assets to Stone. Their teacher-student relationship and Stone's own interactions with this man made him acknowledge Noah as a wise old man.

However, when he realized that the President and Elders had already expected an ending like this long ago and had even made preparations in advance, Beckstone's heart was slightly heavy.

"Take everything from Terraflor Society and go... Go to the Eternal Night Palace... Stop Hellgate," said Noah in a low voice. Suddenly, a pointed sphere like red gem was gently placed in Beckstone's hand.

"Hellgate's goal is the Door to Heaven, so it's unnecessary for us to block him from the front," said the other youth suddenly. "Pulling open the Door to Heaven requires a great price to be paid. Therefore, as long as we wait for the right moment, we'll get a chance to work together and kill Hellgate!"

"That's right, Mr Noah. Why do we have to stop the appearance of the Door to Heaven?" Beckstone was not confident enough to make a move at this moment either. Their forces were too weak, and if a face to face confrontation occurred, Obscuro Society would crush them easily.

Noah exhaled slowly.

"Hellgate has no intention of using his own powers to pull the Door to Heaven open. His true goal is to use the Eternal Night Palace's power! Now that Phiroth is dead, if the people who are coming to get Ender die as well, no one will be able to stop Hellgate's desires anymore!"

Both Beckstone and the other youth became faintly gloomy. Regarding the death of their President and Elders, they were not emotionally moved at all. After all, they were too far apart. However, after listening to Noah explain the current situation, both of them began to form clearer judgments of the larger picture in their minds.

"Hellgate has already promised to let our Terraflor Society go, so why do we still need to continue going in?" Beckstone's question concerned his greatest doubts.

"Let Terraflor Society go?" A mocking expression appeared on Noah's face. "What he wants, is an obedient Terraflor Society; a secret association controlled by his people. He doesn't want an organization of previous enemies like us that will definitely cause trouble for him in the future. Moreover, it's not like we wanted to cause trouble for them. On the contrary, they were the ones who would never let us go..." Suddenly, Noah smiled mysteriously. "Listen... They're here..."

At the same time, the sound of soft footsteps echoed throughout the mountain forest, while beast-like roars could be heard occasionally.

Suddenly, a grey membrane layer appeared across the sky.

Clang!

The sound of moving chains rang out throughout the sky at once.

God Cloud's figure floated out slowly and appeared in front of the little wooden house. His head was completely bald while his body was surrounded by thin black chains. Meanwhile, his falcon-like gaze focused on old man Noah's body instantly.

"Never thought that there would still be some scum for me to clean up, Noah Counterman."

Chapter 538: Abyss 4

Beckstone and the other youth reacted at once, and stood in front of the old man. When they noticed the increasing number of Silver Totems around them, both of their faces soon became extremely unsightly.

"I'll hold them off! You take Mr Noah away!" shouted the other youth in a low voice.

"No one will escape today!" sneered God Cloud. "Noah, give me the Earth Flower! A Precious Heirloom like that can only show its true value in the hands of President Hellgate!"

Noah did not show the slightest hint of worry. Instead, he looked towards God Cloud with a mysterious smile on his face.

Pfft!

A flash of golden light appeared in front of them immediately.

Beckstone and the youth were blinded for a moment, unable to see anything.

"Amplified delivery technique!! Noah, how dare you!!!" When he heard God Cloud's furious voice, a panicked feeling washed over him as he reached over and grabbed in Noah's direction, but his hands merely met air.

Many days later...

The depths of the North Sea.

Garen's body, frozen inside the icicle, had a sudden, slow movement. .

The sound of quiet footsteps echoed from the deepest, darkest end of the plaza, in front of the icicle.

Ivycius had accompanied Skyharp to collect medicinal herbs, leaving Garen alone underneath the deep sea. This was the bottom of the deep sea, the darkest and coldest place in the entire North Sea. Under normal circumstances, no one would ever dare, or even be able to come here. However, an exception had appeared now.

The sound of footsteps grew clearer, before a person slowly emerged from the darkness..

This plaza was isolated from the rest of the seawater using a specialized technique. A large cavity formed in the area that allowed noise to reverberate through the ice plaza continuously, like the endless echoes across a valley.

Pap... Pap... Pap... Pap... Pap...

The person stopped in front of Garen. Its human like figure was completely shrouded within black mist, making it impossible to see its attire, appearance, skin color, and even its hair color.

The figure raised its head slightly to look at Garen, suspended within the gigantic icicle.

"I designed a stage, and I was wondering if Palace Master Garen would be interested to come in and see it?" The figure's voice was neither male nor female. Instead, it was a completely specialized and neutral, an obvious sign that it had been processed beforehand, making it impossible to distinguish the speaker's gender.

"Oh?" An unusually graceful male voice could be heard from the icicle. "What a secretive fellow... I don't even know your identity, yet you dived into the depths of the North Sea just to say these mysterious words to me?"

The figure smiled. Although it was covered by black mist, Garen could still sense that it was smiling.

"The world is balanced, and the order of survival of all creation depends on this battle. We reap only what we sow. . Aren't these the laws that govern the universe?"

Garen remained silent, as he waited to hear what the other person would say next.

"Throughout the entire polar region of the North Sea, areas spanning more than hundreds of nautical miles have turned into poisonous and forbidden marine territories. Palace Master, although you willingly decided to conceal yourself here for more than a year and withstood these abominable environments as the price to pay for scattering, do you truly not desire the next stage in your quest for power ?"

Once the figure stopped speaking, silence once again covered the plaza. .

Garen calmly focused his attention on the other party. .

"Did you come here just to speak. ?" he asked suddenly.

"Of course not." The figure smiled again. "I came to give Your Excellency an unexpected surprise."

They had just finished speaking, before the figure turned into a shroud of black mist suddenly and flowed into the icicle. The black mist had merely come into contact with the ice before the sound of corrosion hissed loudly. .

Moments later, the black mist passed through the icicle, before entering into Garen's nostrils.

Seconds, minutes ticked by, before Garen finally shook slightly and opened his eyes again.

"King of Ender... How generous!" A satisfied smile finally appeared on Garen's face.

Simultaneously, a strong quake could be felt from the direction Ender was in. Even in the depths of the North Sea, these vibrations were strong enough to be noticeable. Garen gladly accepted the King of Ender's gift. .

She had lost. During the secret fight in Eternal Night Palace, Hellgate had forcibly defeated the powerful Giant Divine Statue soldiers, before controlling them with his mysterious energy, quietly turning them into his puppets in the end. However, this strong willed woman had not given up. Instead, she took the key knowledge and memories that she had stored earlier, and placed them inside a clone that she had prepared, before turning it into Garen's gift.

This was the stage she was talking about.

Yes, the stage had already been built. . The only missing piece was the debut of the main character. .

A giggle could be heard, before black threads once again appeared in Garen's eyes. .

Ender Kingdom

Numerous local Ender professionals, diplomatic envoys from various countries, Totem Users, and representatives of both major and minor forces were all waiting for the doors of Eternal Night Palace to open again, as well as the arrival of the final outcomes.

Pale flower petals fluttered like rain in the wind, while the sound of hymns turned into numerous tiny silver lights that flew around the expanse of the rocky city.

Within the largest area among the five main sections of the city, inside one of the secret aristocratic buildings.

Goth sat in front of the third floor window steadily, while a familiar-looking woman sat opposite him.

"Jessica..."

"Aren't you happy to see me?" asked Jessica with a smile as she sat opposite him. She was clad in a long, pale white dress, as she intertwined all ten of her fingers of both hands on the table casually, currently free of any heroic spirit.

"How is our child? Is everything still alright?"

Goth remained silent. . He turned his head and looked out of the window; the pale flower petals and silver dots of light that cascaded like snowflakes had now piled up into a thick layer on the roof, on the opposite side of the street. The entirety of the Ender Kingdom had turned into a sparkling silver field, and every building seemed as if it had been covered in a layer of silver fluorescent powder.

"Coincidences don't happen in this world often. Why did you have to pick such a key moment to return..."

"I don't know," shrugged Jessica. "Perhaps the Totem that's controlling me decided to do this. It was involuntary. A little boat floating on the sea wouldn't know when a wave would come and swallow it either."

When Jessica noticed that Goth's face had matured, she smiled faintly.

"Goth, don't you want us to return to the past, to that period of time in the beginning, when we were at our happiest?" She spoke in a kind, gentle voice, her soft gaze set on man in front of her.. He was the most important man in her life; her one and only.

"Those were the happiest days of my life..." Goth smiled reluctantly but felt an indescribable bitterness in his heart for some strange reason.

"That person said that as long as you help me do something, she'll release the control she has on me," smiled Jessica sweetly.

Looking at Jessica's sweet, familiar smile tugged and squeezed at Goth's heart, , forcing him to close his eyes. Vaguely, he knew that something incomparably pure in his life had slowly begun to shatter. .

Jessica, who was opposite him, stood up and walked over quietly, before embracing Goth's head against her chest.

"I know that you love me more than anything in the world , only you..." She nestled her chin against the top of Goth's forehead, while her eyes betrayed the traces of resentment, pain, and insanity intertwined within. .

"As long as you destroy Garen's life, just one life... she'll finally release me."

No one knew, that after the many times that Garen had provoked Obscuro Society, Jessica, whom they were controlling, would be used as a tool to vent their anger. She was heavily injured, to the point of death, time after time, and had suffered various types of torture. At the end of the day, she would be locked in the deepest part of the filthy underground water dungeon with nothing but cockroaches and insects as food.

Before she arrived, she had once again suffered the hand of violent abuse. . The woman that appeared suddenly changed her methods, and chose to torture her continuously instead. She did not know what had upset the other woman, but it was clear that Obscuro Society had once again suffered a great loss at the hands of Garen..

But, it didn't matter. She was already used to it.

Violent beatings like this did not bring her pain, but stirred a faint, strangely pleasant sensation within her instead. Compared to the torture that she had suffered in the past, this was merely child's play.

However, what made her the happiest, was the thought that she would finally be free, as long as she killed Garen. That incredibly successful Black Swamp Palace Master, Garen.

Why did she have to suffer in the damp, cold, smelly water dungeon, while he lived comfortably in a magnificent palace?

While she suffered various kinds of torture and was beaten up mercilessly, the others were busy enjoying themselves and having fun...

Hehehe...

Jessica could not help but giggle softly.

So many days had passed, but no one had found her, or even remembered her. She was forgotten, left in a corner of the world, forced to suffer a repetitive life of dark, endless days. .

Black Prince leaned against his mother's chest quietly, like a newborn baby, a sentimental smile on his face.

"If I'm able to wake the dragon up again, what will you be willing to give up in exchange?" A low male voice rang out behind him.

"Everything," answered Black Prince softly.

His vision blurred, before Black Prince realised that he was staring at the diplomat in front of him, while the other person was currently explaining the situation of the Ender Kingdom finals.

He was seated on the throne in the main section of the Ambassadorial Hall while the Dragonfield Totem User officials filled the seats on both his left and right sides.

"My thoughts wandered off again..."

As she walked through the street corners of the rocky city, it seemed as if the excitement of the finals had spread throughout every block in the Kingdom.

Queen Earnest was dressed in plain clothes, and resembled a fragile, pretty young girl. She held Green Dragon Swordsman's wrists, making them seem like a romantic young couple strolling through the various stalls, occasionally buying cheap but cute accessories.

Although they were squeezed by the crowd, neither of them seemed impatient at all.

"Could we not participate in the movement this time?" For an unknown reason, Green Dragon Swordsman felt an indescribable sense of worry when he looked at Her Majesty the Queen's cheerful smile. As her long time Green Dragon Sword companion, he had an extremely sensitive instinct towards matters of survival.

Waves of uneasiness constantly stirred within his mind..

"Don't worry. The numerous Precious Heirlooms are the price we have to pay, while the resources of the defense foundations of the Three Territories will be used as the core. Therefore, all three of us controllers will only require a small amount of blood as a form of permission. There will be no danger at all," said Queen Earnest as she brought the swordsman's arm towards her chest slowly, letting it rest there.

"It was really difficult for us to get here. Tonight, I am yours..." the Queen whispered as she gently leaned against the swordsman..

"Let's get married when we return." A trace of gentle warmth appeared on Green Dragon Swordsman's cold, but handsome face.

"Mhmm."

A light breeze blew past, while fluttering silver dots and flower petals fell on the Queen's long hair. Coupled with her milky white skin and pale lips, she was definitely the most beautiful creature in that moment. .

Chapter 539: World 1

Within the dark and gloomy Eternal Night Palace.

The yellow light by the wall dimly lit the round, spacious passage, which had two huge pillars textured in golden circles.

There were a pair of triangular mirrors every few meters on the ceiling in the passage that was at least ten meters wide. The shiny mirror had reflected everything within the corridor.

Ding!

Suddenly, a single note of the piano echoed through the passage. The key was pressed again and again, like an anxious heart beating incessantly.

The piano notes gradually climbed higher, from the deepest area of the Eternal Night Palace. The spherical melody traveled like a ripple.

The notes were random and out of rhythm, nor was it pleasant to listen to. It was rather painful to the ear, as countless sharp short, tones blared.

A person in black robes slowly traveled down the corridor with a wheelchair.

The actions he took beneath his robes were slow. There was a white haired girl, in full armor, in the wheelchair with her eyes closed. Her pale skin was slick with sweat.

"What a beautiful melody..." The person who was pushing said softly.

"You have a very unique sense in music." The girl in the wheelchair tried her best to laugh.

"What kind of emotion do you need to produce such a strong melody? I'm really curious." The person pushing the wheelchair said.

Their figures inside the mirror were slightly bent, and what was strange was that the reflection of the person who was pushing the wheelchair inside the mirrors, kept disappearing and reappearing. It was as if the girl was moving the wheelchair on her own.

As the wheelchair moved forward, a white light appeared in the distance. It was the only exit from the Eternal Night Palace, and the final passage to arrive in the outer world.

A deafening roar of a crowd cheering traveled from the outside, accompanied by the din of a master of ceremony doing an introduction.

An ocean of heads was looking inside, and there were even two rows of beautiful ladies throwing flower petals out from a basket. Two sacraments were guarding the entrance with a silver robe and white gold flower chaplet in their hands. It was the reward for the champion.

The man pushing the wheelchair wiped the sweat off the girl, smiled gently and pushed the wheelchair forward.

Creak...

The wheelchair was moving out of the exit, slowly but firmly. At the same time, the girl's face turned very pale.

"Welcome the honored Eternal Night Palace Master, the King of Ender! Her Majesty Serena!!"

The master of ceremony's voice was choked with passion, and the girl's pupil shrunk as she saw each pair of eyes in the sea of people focused solely on her.

She opened her mouth and tried to speak, but strangely, only kept opening her mouth wider and wider. Suddenly, a pool of viscous blood gushed out and kept flowing out from her, onto her chest, and subsequently to the ground.

In that instant, the crowd went silent. Then, a sharp scream broke the silence.

The blood kept flowing out from the woman's mouth, as if there was an endless source within her. The ground was stained crimson as it spread around her, congealing into a pool.

Now, the screams had erupted across the plaza, as emergency response units came rushing into the pool of blood. As their feet stepped on it, they, too, joined the screaming, as they seemingly disappeared into the pool. Their lower bodies corroded and dissolved into the pool of blood. After a few steps, they would tip and disappear completely.

Ding ding ding...!!

Bell tolls joined the chaotic symphony of noise, as the whole kingdom was slung into a state of panic.

"Her Majesty has been assassinated!""Help!!" such were the screams that permeated the kingdom, as teams of guardians quickly gathered together and flew out of the Eternal Night Palace. They were the Ender Kingdom and multiple countries' elites.

Boom! Boom boom!

The hot air balloons' baskets in the sky exploded one after the other. Whatever sounds the occupants had produced, only silence remained. Only the balloons themselves could take their space, in serenity, on top of a bed of chaos.

From a bird's eye view, the small pool of blood in the center of the Monolith City spread outward at great speed. From the size of the nail, its liquid tendrils extended into the size of a palm, then to a basin, and further and further beyond at an alarming speed.

Whatever living being that was stained by the blood, be it a commoner or a totem user, immediately melted like a burning candle. What was their being was now thick, red, blood.

The pool of blood continued its crusade across the city, chasing the countless fleeing citizens in every direction. An unlucky soul would find himself beneath the feet of the tsunami of bodies, and then, as he tried to get up, in the pool of unstoppable blood. Every corner of the city; merchants, alleys, shops. None were spared from the chaos.

Screams penetrated whatever order sound had tried to form.

And it was at this moment, that three white lights flew inside the city.

"Gentlemen, do what you do!" A girl's voice emanated from one of the light orbs.

"The queen is too kind!"

"This is what we should do!"

"We must save Her Highness!" "Her Highness is already dead!" "Impossible!"

The second wave of white lights floated on top of the sea of blood, all at least from four totem users from multiple countries. The tri-country alliance, together with the King of Ender's plan, the whole line up was almost filled with the elites from the Eastern Continent.

"Stop arguing!" One among the three lights from the first wave shouted deeply. "Great Starry Sky Sacrifice Tactic, activate!"

Goth's eyes seemed to be on fire inside the white light. He reached out his right hand and stabbed it with a dagger, as his blood dripped down to the ground.

The remaining two people, Queen Earnest and the Black Prince did the same..

Kachak!!

Countless white lightning arcs started to flash among the crowds.

In an instant, with the three district leaders as the core, the white lightning had formed into a net.

"Judge!!" Queen Earnest shouted.

A white, meaty tongue came out in between the space of the lightning net and descended.

The tongue was about a few hundred meters wide, and it seemed to not have any limit in length as it kept elongating. It was also covered with a white, disgusting fluid.

Buzz...

The earth started to tremble, as the buildings in the Monolith city started to fall apart one by one, as if they were a bunch of dominos.

A small vortex appeared at the center of the large, bloody pool.

The vortex became larger and larger, and expanded to the edge of the sea of blood within seconds.

Kaboom!!

A dark red, giant hand reached out from within sea of blood and collided with the white tongue in the sky.

"Judgement!!"

Goth shouted.

The sky was immediately engulfed in darkness as dark as black clouds descended upon the city. The dark cloud kept tumbling, giving off an intense oppression.

Bam!

An arc of lightning appeared, lightening up the faces of the citizens and totem users who had managed to escape from the city.

The outskirts of the Monolith City was suddenly surrounded by a huge group of people in white robes. Most of them were Divine Officers from the Ender Kingdom. The top totem users within the three districts were mixed in among them.

They raised their hands up high, as black smoke seeped out from their bodies and gathered in the sky.

Behind these circle of white robes, there was another circle of people in red robes. They had different kinds of Heirlooms shining in their hands. These Heirlooms kept disintegrating and turning into countless white dots, floating up in the sky.

The black clouds in the sky then amassed into one.

The clouds shaped themselves into a giant humanoid figure, which looked strong and muscular.

Its muscles were packed full and its body was made purely out of the black smoke, and was large enough to cover the city. He growled as he lowered down his head.

"Your spine is the world's to smite! Repent! Villain!"

A wavelength made of pure energy rippled outward, turning into countless languages, and then directly into everyone's head.

The giant reached both of his hands out and placed them upon the sea of blood.

The world stopped to look at this moment; as countless totem users joined together and cast a feed of the Monolith City out across the world.

The Three Districts allied with the Ender Kingdom, the remaining forces of Daniela, and countless of survivors hiding in the dark to fight the final battle against the Obscuro Society's Hellgate.

Another giant hand appeared from the sea of blood, and resisted the giant arms made of black smoke. Both hands joined and connected, forming a huge pillar from the heavens down to hell.

Among the three largest white dots, the Black Prince raised his head, and looked at the giant in the sky. He could even feel the gaze from the other two.

"You need me..." His hands reached, outwards, touching the inner wall within the white film.

Screech!!

In that instant, he pulled the inner wall of white film with both of his hands.

"What are you doing Black Prince!!??"

A shout of rage came.

"No!!"

"Your Highness!" "What are you doing!!"

Waves of roars came, as banded as the totem users that came together.

The white film that was torn apart, and slowly began to lose its glow. What replaced it was the evil smile of the Black Prince.

His lips curled, and then he exerted once more.

Screech!

The film was torn split into two. He walked out of the white light surrounding him, gently made his way to the ground.

"...Welcome back..." A bald man slowly emerged from the sea of blood. He smiled and looked at the approaching Black Prince.

The Black Prince marked an arc in the middle sky, and the sea of blood automatically spread out as he landed on the side of the bald man.

The white net of lightning took the Black Prince's betrayal and faded. The power source of its resistance was now gone. The electricity arced in all directions, collapsing in on itself and disappearing

The giant made of black smoke dispersed along with it. The band of totem users in battle began to regurgitate crimson, as their bodies trembled and fell to the ground. Some had even imploded, showering the ground with their blood. Still others disintegrated in mid-air, their now lifeless corpses as dark as the Black Prince's betrayal.

Goth and Queen Earnest's light film shattered, and they fell from the sky. They barely managed to flee the city, and landed safely, and were attended to by the people they'd prepared earlier.

Giant hands kept emerging from the sea of blood, one after another, right in the heart of Monolith City.

Two became three, then five. Ten. Twenty. Fifty...

An innumerable wave of crimson hands, a huge pillar column that grew unstoppably longer, reaching far into the sky.

Goth and Earnest looked at each other and took out two, shiny blue spherical cores.

"I didn't expect that it would come to this..." Earnest muttered, her heart and spirit heavy.

"Haven't we decide on this earlier?" Goth said calmly.

"Without the Black Prince's black district core... I'm not sure if it would be successful." Earnest shook her head.

Under the protection of those around them, their gaze was transfixed on the forest of dark red arms that pierced through the clouds. The stench of blood filled the air, asserting its dominion.

The ground trembled greatly, the sea of blood hammering the earth with incessant shocks.

The world fell into darkness as hands blanketed the land.

The only things still shining were the weak green light from the green spheres in their hands.

Compared to the forest of arms, they were about as significant as ants under the leg of a giant.

Although the current conditions of the other totem users were thrown into the unknown along with the light, at least they knew without a doubt that their first plan was a total failure.

"I'm not sure what the Queen of Ender Kingdom has in mind, but I hope the second plan is effective." Goth looked at the forest of arms, his face devoid of expression.

Chapter 540: World 2

Inside the Cthulhuism Society, all the Cthulhus had gathered together, as they sat in a huge, oval living hall. The afternoon sunlight came into the room from the left, scattering across the long table.

All the Cthulhus, sat in 2 rows, were looking at the monitor on the other end of the table.

It was showing the horrible chain of events that happened in the Ender Kingdom's capital, Monolith City.

Countless dark red arms as tall as the sky looked like giant, oppressing mountains.

The whole living hall was in complete silence.

Kovitan Empire

A huge, square water mirror was floating in the sky, on top of the Kingdom, in between the peaks of three mountains.

The water mirror was constructed by a huge amount of clear water and broadcasted the situation in Ender Kingdom, thousands of kilometers away.

Countless citizens of the Kingdom had their heads raised, their gaze firmly fixed on the screen. They prayed, they were in pain, but most of time hold their breath as they waited for the arrival of the end.

It was in their plan to let the others know how cruel and merciless that Obscuro Society was.

At one of the small buildings in the Palace District.

Sofea, and her sister Danielle, were doing some gardening in the garden. She was in a white dress, and she had a pot of water in her hand as she watered the flowers. Her gaze was also on the giant mirror up in the sky.

The two sisters kept looking at the situation within the water mirror.

There were masses of dark red arms, and the unending cries of citizens gravely injured. It was like a mountain of trash piled together as they ran away from the kingdom in fear.

The earth would occasionally tear apart and swallow the crowd.

A few people tried to maintain order, but were immediately torn apart by the wolf type totems summoned by the Obscuro Society. Those totem users who were able to fend for themselves were surrounded by multiple strong empowered totems.

The totem users of the Obscuro Society were merciless, as they slaughtered and murdered the people escaping from the Monolith City.

On the other screens were the battles between the remaining totem users from different countries and the empowered totems from the Obscuro Society. No one seemed to have the upper hand; the quantity of the empowered totems were far too great. A majority of the most elite totem users had entered the Eternal Night Palace, and had yet to come out.

The explosions in the town, the guttural roars of creatures and cries of dying citizens all joined and continued a symphony of destruction across the whole city.

The Monolith City had become a battlefield overflowing with blood.

"Sister..." Danielle hugged her sister Hathaway tightly.

"It's going to be okay... We're inside the Ultimate Protection..." Hathaway tried her best to smile.

However, the countless red hands had, indeed, faltered her heart. She found it impossible to believe what she had just said.

No one could be sure that the Ultimate Protection would be able to defend against that terrifying strength.

At the peak nearby the Kingdom, there was a white manor that was recently built.

On the balcony outdoors.

Emin was holding onto a wooden crutch, as he looked at the water mirror in the sky quietly. There were a few disciples standing behind him, watching quietly as well.

"Teacher..."

A man voiced out softly from behind.

"We can do nothing but wait." Emin replied softly.

"Hellgate of the Obscuro Society is simply too powerful..." He looked at the water mirror. He could feel the overwhelming power, even though it's so far away.

The stronger the totem user, the more they understood just how powerful one needed to be to create such a scene.

"The Obscuro Society will definitely eliminate any forces that pose threat to them. They will definitely come after us!"

"We still have brother Garen! With him and the Ultimate Protection, we will definitely be fine!!"

"Yes! We still have a chance, since we still have the Ultimate Protection and the Big Four!"

The disciples' voices kept coming from behind and yet Emin still lowered down his head. Deep down they knew that Hellgate was the strongest since the death of Phiroth.

Since the Obscuro Society had directed the big turmoil of the aberrated beings, no one was fond of them, and in fact was filled with hatred.

Many people had lost their families, relatives, and their peaceful lifestyle because of them.

If the Obscuro Society were to succeed...

The sky was trembling.

In the sky of Ender Kingdom, countless giant dark red hands pierced through the black clouds.

Arcs of white lightning flashed within them.

Countless of dark red arms pierced into the clouds as if they were pillars supporting the sky.

"All shall return... All shall return..."

A song could be faintly heard in the sky, spreading across Monolith City, and then the Ender Kingdom. The melody travelled through the air, across oceans, and even into the Western Continent.

The whole world had been instantaneously filled with the same melody.

Everyone in every country could hear its faint notes, like someone singing. The song carried with it a sad air about itself.

The black rain started to pour onto the ground.

The people around the Monolith City raised their heads to look at the forest of arms that pierced through the clouds.

The black rain descended upon the land, dying them in the same shade of black.

The rain was like oil, sticky and smelly, just like fresh blood.

In the sky, a crack of pure, white clouds appeared.

The pure white light pierced through the black clouds like an arrow, as it shone onto the dark red hands.

A huge circular door of light slowly appeared above the forest of red arms, supported by them.

The door was carved with scrawls of symbols and textures. The white gold flowery texture of carvings depicted nature in its many forms; in the form of mountain valleys, rivers, oceans, forests, snowy, mountain capped peaks mountains and many more. As one looked at it, it was as if it weren't a motionless picture. The picture was moving, alive, just like mother nature herself.

A mirror as clear as glass was in the center of the door, but it was dark, and nothing was reflected off its surface.

The innumerable, dark red hands reached and held onto the door, before they collectively pulled on it from the sky. The melody that floated across the land had come from this very door.

"The Door to Heaven..."

Under this door, and above the bloody Monolith City, a bald man in black robes was levitating among several white hot air balloons.

His silver skin was rather dim under the white light, as he stared at the giant white door with his silvery eyes and smiled a smile of satisfaction.

"Finally... Finally I've succeeded.."

At this moment, viscous blood flowed from the red arms up to the door.

The sea of blood pushed Hellgate upwards to the mirror, getting closer, and closer...

Boom!!

A layer of blue light exploded from the surface on the red sea, and halted its movement.

A mouthful of fresh blood came out from Goth's mouth, outside the city. Goth, who had just entered the middle fifth form had instantly degraded to the elementary tier. As the Black District's core inside him exploded, his strength instantly dropped by half.

Queen Earnest, to one side, raised the Rainbow District's core up high as she walked slowly towards the sea of blood.

She crushed the green core in one swift movement.

Boom!!

The sea of blood that was climbing up to the door was once halted again. The layer of blue light shattered and disappeared.

Hellgate stared down coldly and raised his hand.

Queen Earnest was impacted by something invisible and was sent out flying like a ragdoll. She landed tumbled about before coming to a halt. A simple attack from him had caused a grave injury on her, and blood started to flow out from her body.

"No!!!" A green light came from behind and landed beside Earnest.

The Green Dragon Swordsman knelt down and cradled Earnest in his arms.

The sky was then covered in a layer of a pure, blue net, and countless huge symbols were blinking within it. The huge blue net had separated the sea of blood and the Door to Heaven; a terrifying power blasted to wind and surged out in all directions. Not a single survivor in the vicinity could open their eyes, and they fell lower and huddled their bodies when the wind blew.

"The world!" Hellgate raised both of his hands up as he shouted.

The sea of blood trembled.

"The world!!!"

He raised his head as if he were trying to shout with all his might.

A circle of blood appeared in the sky.

"The world!!!"

Hellgate's roar masked over the mysterious holy music.

The blood gathered together, and gushed upwards.

The sound of a huge impact reverberated through the land

The blue net was torn apart, and completely drowned by the sea of blood.

Hellgate's face turned pale. It was only natural, as he was going against two major district's energies that had been accumulated for countless years. There were also the energies from the Heirlooms, and countless of totem users. In addition, there was also the secret battle against the King of Ender and the series of major battles that followed, and also the formation to obtain full control over the Eternal Night Palace. He had also sacrificed countless of lives to pull out the Door to Heaven. Even if he was the strongest totem user in history, he wasn't able to resist the damage, as injury after injury started to appear within his body, at the same place where Phiroth hit him.

He raised his head as his eyes turned red.

The sea of blood behind him increased picked up speed as it pushed him to the Door to Heaven.

"The world!!!"

He roared!

Kachak... Boom!!

The mirror in the center of the Door to Heaven shattered.

The holy music stopped instantly.

On the peak of a mountain, far away, the Cthulhu King, clad in a white robe, opened one of his red eyes.

Within an active volcano, a single head could be seen bobbing above the lava. It was the Divine God Palace Master. The scorching hot lava flowed on his body, like springtime dew on a leaf at dawn.

Under the abyss in the ocean, Garen, who was covered in poison and ice, slowly had his eyelids part. Krak! A fine, thin line cracked its way down the ice.

The world, was changing.