

Mystical 541

Chapter 541: World 3

"People once said that the sky was originally red mixed with black instead of blue."

"Red mixed with black? Do you think that's possible?"

"Perhaps. There are things that exist even if we don't believe it."

Noah, who was in a wooden chair, gently placed down a copper yellow watch as he smiled.

It was dead silent inside the small house and only a faint chirp could be heard from outside as the black rain poured nonstop outside.

"The dance stage has been all set." He looked at the sky through the window as his body became more and more transparent.

"Serena... I really wish I can see you one more time."

A gentle wind blew and only a robe was left onto the table and no one knew where he went.

At the same time, in the sky of the whole Eastern Continent.

Three silver meteors flew towards the Monolith City at great speed. The three meteors pulled out a long tail as they flew from three different directions. The sound of the shockwave deafened the sky.

The black clouds were moving about and no one could make out if it was day or night.

In the middle of the black cloud, the huge white door was giving off a pure white light, which pierced through the clouds as if it was the only Door to Heaven in hell.

Three meteors landed onto the ground, forming a standard equilateral triangle.

As the silver light shone, a deep explosion could be heard as it immediately cleared off the empowered totems from the Obscuro Society within the vicinity.

"Ten Jedi!!" A huge green sword appeared and cut the black clouds into half in an instant.

The sharp sword was like a green lightning as it went after Hellgate in the air.

Clank!!

Hellgate moved his left hand and an after image appeared in front and blocked the attack directly.

His hand and the sword collided together and countless of green sparks appeared and spread around him and locked him in place.

Pew pew pew pew!!!

In an instant, a series of green sword kept attacking Hellgate with great precision.

Nine greatswords landed onto Hellgate as fast as lightning.

Clank! Clank! Clank! Clank clank clank! ...

As they collided against each other, Hellgate who was flying towards the Door to Heaven was pushed back down.

"Sun God King..." He turned his head as he looked at the origin of the green blade.

The silver light dimmed down as the Divine Gone Palace Master's green robe appeared. He was holding an exquisite green great longbow which spanned at least ten meters long, which was larger than him. There were two sharp blades at the edge of the longbow and it's a weapon that could be even used during melee combat.

Sizzle Sizzle...

The silver light from the other two ends dimmed down as well, revealing two figures in the middle of the sky.

The Cthulhu King and Garen was floating quietly as the three of them surrounded Hellgate.

"Sun God King, the Cthulhu King, Black Swamp Palace Master, and the instant teleportation via the Earth Flower from the Terraflor Society's master. Looks like this is the gathering of the strongest in this world." Hellgate didn't seem anxious at all as if he was just having a chat after a meal.

"Is this Noah's final formation?"

The Cthulhu King's expression was heavy. He, who was in a red robe, held the magic mirror tightly in his hand as a pale face kept floating within the mirror.

He gently jolted the magic mirror.

Pew!

A stream of black light instantly soared to the sky, engulfing him in the process. The light soared up the sky and started to change its shape as it formed into a big black minotaur figure. It was constructed with countless of shades, forming into a humanoid figure. The upper body was of a human and the lower body was of a fish's tail and had a black harpoon which was about ten meters in one of its hand.

The horned humanoid gently tapped its tail.

The Hellgate's body jolted as if there was a great force exerting onto his body.

The fish tail moved once again.

Hellgate's vision turned muddy as everything became out of focus. As he was covered in the shadow, his body had become 2 times denser than before.

The fish tail moved the third time.

Hellgate's lower body twisted and, pew!

The shadow's left shoulder was suddenly split opened. At the same time, the same thing happened to Hellgate as well.

"Heh..."

Hellgate suddenly smirked as he gently moved his body.

Boom!

A circle of black light was released from his body and spread in all direction.

"Sun God King, you've finally created your own Living Secret Technique..." He glanced at the other two and immediately paid attention to the Divine God Palace Master as if the other two weren't even worth his attention and only the Divine God Palace Master was the only threat.

Garen retreated slightly as he smiled. A black cross sword slowly appeared in his hand and grew longer over time from about one meter in length to three meters. It was filled with concentrated black smoke and slowly forming into a great halberd. At the tip of the halberd, a cold blue light could be seen.

On the other side, the Cthulhu King who had transformed into a mermaid had countless green jellyfish behind him.

Each and every green jellyfish pulsed as they illuminated a faint green color as their numbers kept increasing. In an instance, half of the sky was filled with them as if it was highly contagious.

"Attack!!"

In an instance, three people disappeared.

The jellyfish, black halberd and green blade lit up at the same time.

With a roar, the Divine God Palace Master grew a pair of red butterfly wings and had a pair of eyes textured onto it. The wings fluttered, creating a gush of strong wind which went towards the Hellgate. He then moved his giant longbow to produce a huge, solid green blade which pierced through the air, forming a stroke of green line.

The Cthulhu King, who had transformed into a mermaid, rushed towards Hellgate with countless of jellyfish following him tightly from behind. He then increased his speed and the jellyfish looked like a series of green meteor showers.

Garen took out the great halberd and held it with both of his hands.

The black great halberd instantaneously increased its length to tens of meters and in an instance was swung towards Hellgate.

Three of them attacked at almost the same time.

Three of them managed to hit Hellgate and cut off countless of dark red hands in the process.

Boom boom boom!

Three consecutive explosions could be heard and countless of jellyfish were melted, the green blade was shattered to pieces as it was caught by Hellgate. The shattered pieces caught fire as they fell into the sea of blood but the fire did not distinguish.

Garen's great halberd was caught by Hellgate with one hand as well and a great spark could be seen. However, as the tip was in contact with Hellgate's hand, it fired out countless of black metal spikes towards his eyes and ears.

Hmpf!

Hellgate scowled as he raised up his other hand and a transparent crystal wall appeared and blocked off all the spikes.

The black metal spikes were all nailed onto the crystal wall.

However, in that instance, the green blade pierced through his armpit and the black harpoon hit him fiercely from the top.

The Divine God Palace Master, Cthulhu King and Garen took this opportunity to get close to him. The green longbow blade hybrid, black harpoon and the great halberd. These three weapons once again went after the Hellgate in the center.

With the teamwork among the peak of form five, a mysterious vortex was formed with the four of them as the epicenter. The black clouds from the surrounding gathered together, forming a horrifying whirlpool.

Buzz!!

Suddenly, it was as if Hellgate had an additional pair of hands as afterimages of his hand could be seen and interacted with the weapons that was about to landed onto him.

Hundreds of metals colliding against each other could be heard, trembling the sky.

The horrifying shockwave spread out from the four of them towards the empty land.

Cracks formed on the ground as the earth quaked!

Shockwaves came from the sky one after the other, hitting the ground and towards the totem teams who had yet evacuated.

There were cries of pain, agony, explosion, craziness and hopelessness.

Countless of emotions and voices were mixed together.

The formations created by the totem users were shattered by the shockwave as if they were all legoes. They were shattered by just a gentle touch. Those totem users and totem creatures in the sky exploded as they couldn't withstand the shockwave.

"Is.. Is that Garen...?!"

Among a team which was moving, Goth raised his head as he looked at the horrifying figure battling in the sky.

"The King of Ender separated his wealth into three portions and gave it to these three as they're the last hope of this world." Earnest muttered as she was being carried by the Green Dragon Swordsman.

She raised her head and looked at the horrifying battle in the sky. "Those three are the last resistance from this world..."

Huh!

The Divine God Palace Master pulled his longbow and the tips of the longbow were lighted in red, forming two arcs.

The Cthulhu's mermaid form shrunk and condensed as if it was turning into an ancient fish creature. The contour of his black muscles could be clearly seen as well.

The halberd in Garen's hand would occasionally turned into a sword, dagger and countless of other weapons. The transformation was smooth and natural.

The combination attacks from those three had no flaw and with the countless of afterimages of Hellgate's hand, the situation had reached a stalemate.

The sky was agitated as the earth cried.

The walls of the Monolith City couldn't withstand it and start to crumble.

This millennium old city started to disintegrate as these four fought.

Suddenly a green light landed.

Boom!

Following tightly was another two black light landing onto the ground, causing the dusts and dirt to fill the air.

Although Hellgate's hands were filled with small wounds, he seemed to know feel anything from it as he looked up and went after the Door to Heaven as the sea of blood pushed him up.

Garen crawled out of the crater as the blue light around his body spread out.

Hehehehe...

He suddenly laughed crazily as he realized he's in a dire state. Wasn't this kind of life that he had been yearned for?

To bet everything that he had and enjoy the battle of life or death as he met a stronger foe.

Didn't he want to see the world from the peak when he started practicing martial arts?

"This is it... This is it...!!" He muttered as he could feel that his blood is boiling.

A strong fusion of energy poured out from the seed of Living Secret Technique and with him as the epicenter, cold air leaked out from him and spread across a few hundred meters, freezing everything and turned the land into blue.

As the ice and metal Living Secret Technique merged together, it didn't bring forth a stronger Living Secret Technique but a system that was more suitable to him.

Garen had finally reached the final phase of merging Secret Techniques as he relied on his past experience and the wealth given by the King of Ender.

However, this was also where countless of peak form five totem users failed.

He raised his head up and looked at Hellgate in the sky.

Garen suddenly disappeared from the ground.

As if it was their plan, the other two flew towards the Hellgate as well.

Kaboom!!

Four of them collided against each other and a spherical shockwave spread out with them as the epicenter.

This shockwave disintegrated countless of limbs and the fleshs flew up and rained down.

At that instant, the three attackers' robe was torn into pieces and their bodies were showed towards every totem users.

The Divine God Palace Master's left arms was completely gone and one section of his right knees had disappeared, leaving behind a messy injury.

The Cthulhu King's head was split into half vertically and one could see the sky behind his head. His brain was almost split into half.

One of Garen's eyes exploded, leaving behind a bloody hole. His body was filled with countless of small holes but it was frozen by the ice crystals to prevent any major loss of blood.

In that instant, the three of them threw everything they had towards Hellgate.

Two puffs of bloody mist leaked out from Hellgate's waist as his face turned pale.

Kovitan Kingdom, which was far away.

Hathaway held onto her mouth as she tried her best not to scream. She could feel Danielle holding her arms tightly.

"That's.. Brother.. Garen.." Danielle muttered.

Hathaway thought that Hellgate had recognized someone wrongly as Garen was just a form four totem users in everyone's perspective and was nowhere near the peak of form five.

She no longer had any doubt as the black robe was torn into pieces.

It was indeed Garen. Unknowingly, he had reached the peak of the world.

However, she would rather Garen to be a form four as this cruel battle was not something someone in their mid twenties should experience...

A sense of pride and complicated feelings kept conflicting against each other.

Hathaway stared closely at the water mirror in the sky and realized that the one eyed man was smiling. He was smiling!

He was enjoying such a cruel battle.

It was something that came from within. It was his deepest emotion.

At the other corner of the Kingdom.

The princess and the remaining Gargantuans and elite totem users gathered together.

No one spoke a word as the oval shaped water mirror floating in the long table was broadcasting the horrifying battle in the Ender Kingdom.

The princess held the fan tightly in her hand as sweat had completely filled her hand. She stared closely at the water mirror and didn't want to miss out any single detail.

As she looked at the face of this young and crazy man, she suddenly felt scared as she didn't expect the man whom she thought she knew so very well had hidden such an incredible strength.

As she recalled the interactions with Garen in the past, she felt very conflicted.

A sense of fear and complicated feelings kept appearing inside her heart.

She looked at the remaining two Gargantuans and Grand Duke Cody was horrified.

As they're fighting against each other to obtain power and authority, that young man had unknowingly surpassed them and obtained a very powerful strength.

He was able to fight side by side with the Nest Leader Divine God Palace Master and the strongest person in the Cthulhuism Society, Cthulhu King.

All of them had terrifying powers.

Grand Duke Benoc's expression was calm but he was holding the arm rest tightly to the point that the metal arm rest had a mark on it.

Everyone didn't know what to feel as they didn't expect that the young genius who once stood side by side with them in terms of strength had far surpassed them in such a short time.

Chapter 542: World 4

Inside the Black Swamp Palace

Countless of disciples and guardians had walked out of the palace and looked at the water mirror in the sky.

Lala held her arms tightly and shivered as she looked at the horrifying battle in the sky. All she prayed for was that Garen would survive in the battle.

Groups of disciples in the Black Swamp Palace was passionately observing this world class battle as it's the battle that decided the fate of this world. As the Palace Master's figure appeared in the screen, everyone's spirit had engulfed the whole palace.

These disciples felt an immense proud as they're different from the others. They grouped themselves into two or three crowds and gathered at the balcony, entrance of the palace, residences, gardens, public, etc. In that instant, everyone was looking up at the water mirror in the sky.

Some prayed, some shouted loudly and some were in complete rage. All the disciples of the Black Swamp Palace were cheering at the final battle in different ways.

Ivycius and Demon Phoenix stood together with the elders.

None of them spoke. Excluding Ivycius and Demon Phoenix, everyone's face turned pale as they're oppressed by the immense strength displayed from within.

Some unconsciously brought themselves into the battle as they started to shiver and almost vomited blood as well.

In this level of battle, it's best to not understand at all as those who were able to understand aura and yet unable to resist it were in the most trouble. They could feel the immense amount of strength and those strength were able to reach them mentally from afar.

The battle inside the monitor had far surpassed everyone's imagination. It wasn't a battle for a mere mortal but a legendary battle told in the folklore!

The black rain in the sky dropped harder.

The holy music that appeared once in a while had another voice mixed within it.

"Death! Death!!"

"Death is eternal!!"

It sounded like the whistle of the wind or the sound of the droplet.

The Ultimate Protection in the Kovitan Empire's skies trembled as ripples appear one after the other as if there was a strong force hitting on it continuously.

Jessica held goth tightly as they looked at the battle in the sky.

Those four people had went insane as everytime they collided against each other, the earth shattered and the sky roared.

Goth held his fist so tight that his nails almost pierced through his skin. He could also feel Jessica looking at him as well.

An explosion could be heard and countless of hand columns were torn apart.

With the Hellgate as the epicenter, the trio was pushed down to the ground.

One of them were pushed towards the both of them.

It was Garen!

Goth could clearly see that Hellgate purposely sent Garen to his location.

Garen was hit by the giant dark red arm as he crashed onto the ground.

The ground trembled as countless of dirts floated up into the air.

He cough a few times, took out a silver bottle from his body and immediately drank it.

His injury was beyond serious but a sense of excitement kept flowing out from him.

Garen panted as he started to smile.

He could feel that the Seed of Strength inside his body raised every time he fought. Fighting against Hellgate was like walking on a very thin thread where he would die if he were careless.

At this moment, the hand in the Monolith City finally broke down.

Boom!

One hand broke apart and fall onto the ground.

Then the next one followed along.

The second piece, third piece.. The tenth piece...

More and more hand broke apart and they weren't able to resist the strength from the Door to Heaven.

Even if it were to strength of the Eternal Night Palace and Hellgate, it was their limit to be able to hold onto it for this long.

It was forbidden to obtain a strength that was able to pull out the Door to Heaven and now this amount of strength wasn't able to hold on any longer.

"Heh... Hehe..." Garen couldn't stop laughing.

He wasn't sure how the other two were doing but he almost succeeded.

"No!!" Hellgate covered the injury in his waist and the sea of blood behind him rose once more, pushing him to the Door to Heaven.

"Die!!"

Divine God Palace Master stroke out a green light and stabbed the back of Hellgate.

The Cthulhu King had exhausted all of his strength and the magic mirror on his hand had no light coming out from it. His entire condition was dire and weak as he laid inside the crater, unable to move and all he could do was to look at the final battle in the sky.

Garen got up and the black halberd in his hand transformed into a wheel of black crescent. The Living Secret Technique had almost reached its edge as he kept battling.

As he's near the edge of surpassing Hellgate, Garen's intelligent attribute started to spin and countless of inspiration kept entering into his brain.

Thousands of potential points that he had accumulated inside the ancient ruins started to drop at an incredible rate as if the rise of the Living Secret Technique required countless of potential points.

Garen sort of understood that Potential points can be used to replace the time to learn the Secret Technique and the strengths that he needed can be obtained by Potential points. If he were to really encounter a threshold where there were no tiers, the potential points would be useless.

In that instant, the convergence energy within him started to shrink as the Ice Secret Technique and Metal Secret Technique kept fusing with each other, forming a small seed at great speed.

The seed were then planted deep into his soul and he could feel that his soul was flying. It felt comfortable and was free from everything.

"This is it... This is it... Hahahaha!!!" Garen started laughing and the whole sky was filled with his laughter.

Jessica and Goth stood behind Garen, who noticed their presence and ensure that his aura didn't hurt them.

Goth's expression was strange as he looked at Garen's back, as if he wanted to say something. Jessica had left everything behind as he didn't want to lose her best friend because of the tragedy in the past.

"Becareful Garen!! Goth wants to kill you!!" Jessica suddenly shouted as she shielded Garen with her body while facing Goth.

Garen was stunned and his mind went blank.

Garen who was currently at the most crucial part of promotion felt it and was about to turn around.

Stab!

A black dagger-like being was stabbed into Garen's back by Jessica. The dagger instantly twisted like a snake and drilled into Garen's waist.

Goth's mind went blank as his pupil reflected Jessica's twisted smile.

Garen was stunned as well as he pressed onto his waist with one of his hand.

Boom!!

A hole was blasted in his waist and fresh blood and flesh flew everywhere. A hole appeared in his abdomen and a snake flew out as it went towards Hellgate. However, Garen caught it with one of his hand and snapped it into two pieces.

Garen walked a few steps to the front as he stared at his abdomen.

He was interrupted at the most crucial moment during his promotion. In that instant, the seed of the Living Secret Technique became unstable and the original bloodline was obstructed and the damage was severe.

Ugh..... Agh...!!!

He raised his head up and roared.

With him at the epicenter, a shockwave was blasted out.

Jessica was the first one to be sent flying off. Together with Goth, both of them were sent flying off as if they were hit by something big.

Goth's vision turned blur as he tried to gain control of the situation and tried to reach out his hand and grab Jessica but she was falling from the sky slowly.

He could hear Garen's agony as he was enraged and couldn't believe of the betrayal!

"Hehehe. Die!! Die die die!! All of you should die!! Hahaha!!" Jessica started to laugh madly in the sky as her face was filled with hopelessness and bitterness and yet she didn't realize her face was filled with tears.

Boom!

Jessica's body was slammed onto a stone pillar and her head was pierced by a sharp stone and she instantly stopped breathing.

Thud!

Goth finally kneeled down and cried as he covered his face with his hands.

The sky was then lightened by a circle of green ring.

The whole sky was instantly brightened up.

The Divine God Palace Master's chest was deformed by the attack and fall into the sea of blood.

Hellgate panted as he moved his attention onto Garen.

No one knew when, but Garen stopped shouting.

He was calm and standing still.

The bloody hole in his abdomen was about the size of a fist and one could clearly see the black ground behind him. However the whole was being filled by countless of red ice crystal.

The attribute pane underneath his vision was reacting crazily.

In the skill pane, The Black Water True Technique was something like of an unnamed Living Secret Technique. As the Living Secret Technique was learnt, even if it's not fully learnt, countless of messages appeared.

The messages were frozen by a blue fluid as it kept gathering on the skill pane, forming a deep blue whirlpool.

A clear name appeared inside Garen's mind.

It was a name automatically derived after merging with the Living Secret Technique.

He opened his lips.

The icy blue whirlpool stopped rotating as it formed into a complicated and strong symbol.

A blue icy crystal halberd appeared behind him, aiming at Hellgate.

Hah!

Garen's eye was filled with icy blue fire that completely covered his pupil and he could only see two icy blue smoke.

Northern... Trident Frost-Fire True Water technique!!

Garen muttered softly.

The name of the Living Secret Technique carried a mysterious magic power. As he softly muttered it, a giant dark blue whirlpool appeared behind Garen.

It was a huge whirlpool constructed with countless of blue crystal halberds.

The halberds were mixed together into the whirlpool like an exquisite gear as it moved slowly.

Garen looked up and stared at Hellgate.

Go!!!

In that instant, a deafening chirp soared into the sky.

Countless of icy blue halberd soared into the sky from Garen's back and the deafening chirp was created by the countless of sonic boom as the halberd moved forward.

"This is my dream... my only dream!!" Hellgate muttered as his expression became firm and his gaze, crazy.

He raised up both of his hands.

Countless of icy blue halberd rushed towards him and within the stream of halbert, Garen's figure appeared and with a halberd in his hand, he stabbed forward.

"Towld!!!"

Hellgate started laughing as he opened his hand, as if he was welcoming something.

Thud!!!

The sea of blood in the middle of the sky exploded and all of the dark red hands broke apart and assimilated into the sea of blood.

The sky was completely dyed in red.

As they were covered in fresh blood, Hellgate looked at Garen, the person who had just entered from six and destroyed what he had built.

This was the peak of the world and no one could see them through the sea of blood.

"Can you accept one of my request?" Hellgate smiled gently as his body was pierced through by Garen's halbert. His body was slowly disintegrating into pool of fresh blood starting from his legs.

Garen kept quiet for a moment.

"Say it out."

Hellgate smiled happily.

"Please go into the Door to Heaven in my stead. I want to know what's inside, what's inside..."

Garen was stunned.

"That's my only dream..."

Hellgate smiled as his body disintegrated while one of the red light flew in front of Garen.

It was a pure Secret Technique memory and it was a gift left behind by his opponent.

The word dream kept reverberating in his ears as Garen looked at the gift given by Hellgate.

Chapter 543: Change 1

Dream.

The only thing Hellgate was going after all these while was his dream.

Garen used everything on his last attack. Although Hellgate was severely injured and had no energy left to pull the Door to Heaven, he still had the energy to deflect Garen's crucial attack. However, he gave up and dissipated this strength to Garen so that he could have the opportunity to enter the Door to Heaven.

Kaboom!

Thunder roared as an arch of lightning flashed above his head.

Garen woke up from his unconsciousness. His abdomen was in pain and all of his body felt sour as his body was filled with countless of holes. He was like a deflated balloon, falling down from the sky.

He looked up and found out that the black clouds were dispersing.

The clear and white door went back into the clouds and soon returned to where it came from.

The wind whistled as it moved his ragged clothes up and down.

Garen hesitated for a moment but in the end he sighed.

He reached his hand out to take the red light ball. As his finger touched the ball, it instantly fused into his skin and disappeared.

All information regarding form six and its strongest inspiration, Living Secret Technique and its uses and understanding entered into Garen's mind.

This was the last gift from the Hellgate.

Garen sighed as he looked at the Door to Heaven. In the end, he chose not to go for it.

The Door to Heaven's changes would affect this world and he didn't want to become the 2nd Hellgate.

Huu...

Suddenly, a rain poured and the black red rain disappeared as it was replaced by a normal transparent rain.

The Door to Heaven entered into the clouds and rain poured more and more heavily.

As the black cloud tumbled about, lightning could be constantly seen and thunder kept roaring.

The sea of blood on the ground disappeared quickly as Hellgate disappeared. As if it didn't exist in the first place, revealing the remains of the Monolith City.

Garen floated in the sky as he deactivated all sorts of Secret techniques and totem energy, leaving nothing extraordinary flowing inside him.

He was merely floating in the middle of the sky as countless blood and halberd disappeared. As the dust settled, he quietly looked at the scenario from the top.

Monolith City was filled with corpse as the people from the Obscuro Society had left. What was left remaining in the Monolith City was the remaining totem users and citizens who came rushing back in as they witnessed their abandoned houses. Some were crying as they kneeled down, some were still shivering from the fear. However, most of them looked at Garen and bowed slightly before helping the injured.

The Cthulhu King was carried out of the crater by the people from Cthulhuism Society and he seemed to be on his last breath.

Although Hellgate's attack didn't attack the physical bodies, it's injured both side at the same time and even the nicknamed immortal Cthulhu King wasn't able to avoid it.

He laid down onto the black stretcher as he looked at Garen who was descending. He opened his mouth but didn't say anything in the end

No one noticed that the Divine God Palace Master had left the scene. He had left the place when the sea of blood disappeared and Hellgate being killed by Garen. As the Nest Leader, he would always be the enemy of the humans and with the biggest threat Hellgate being dead, he would be asking for death if he were to stay around any longer with his injury.

As he slowly descended to the ground, Garen looked around the area. He then looked at Goth, who seemed half dead and Jessica's corpse not far away.

He didn't know what to feel when Jessica was being used by Hellgate's as an ambush as he left a huge dagger which had the strength of a form six. He also had successfully diverted his promotion as well.

If not for the potential points that were used to replace his life, any other totem users would've died no matter what.

The potential points had saved him once again and Jessica, who was used as an ambushed tool had injured herself in the process.

As he recalled the days with them, Garen felt complicated towards the whole situation.

Owh!

He vomited a pool of blood.

The fresh blood landed onto the ground and froze instantly.

The after effects of his injuries finally surfaced as he tried to suppress the condition with his Secret Technique forcefully. In the end, he couldn't suppress it further.

Garen didn't think much and immediately fly up and disappeared in the horizon.

The whole battlefield was in a dire state. As the situation calmed down, countless of totem users and soldiers formed a team and started the rescue mission.

The teams were lead by strong totem users as they went to investigate if Hellgate had truly died. They also had to face the remaining power from the Obscuro Society inside the city.

After Garen flew away.

Beckstone and his team who had arrived late walked out of the forest nearby the Monolith city. They looked at the broken city from afar as Beckstone slowly placed down the Earth Flower Heirloom. He was hiding inside the forest and used the Ancient Endor Heirloom to increase the trio's strength during the battle to ensure that their will weren't affected by their injuries.

It was the cooperation between him activating the Earth Flower and Master Noah from afar that managed to send these three attackers here.

Without this Heirloom, no one would be able to send these three here in such a short notice.

"Is it all over?" The girl in red armor beside Beckstone asked softly. He looked at the severely broken city as she couldn't believe this was the damage caused by a few people.

As she looked at the corpses everywhere, she shivered and unconsciously held Beckstone's arm tightly, as if this was the only way for her to find peace.

"Perhaps..." Beckstone shook his head as he sighed. "If that man isn't the next Hellgate, perhaps everything will end soon."

"That man..." The red armored girl was worried but she didn't say any word after that.

"Let's go help the rescue teams." Beckstone tapped the girl's arm as he walked towards the battlefield.

The earth that had turned black had cracks everywhere. The teams were moving in between as they looked for any survivors.

From afar, the Monolith City looked like a circular cake that was chipped away by mice as the whole city was filled with misery.

A rescue team leader stood at the edge of the crack as he looked at his members holding Goth up and placed him in a simply made stretcher.

"Although we've won this battle, we've sacrificed way too much..."

"Yes..." Another totem user nodded slowly. "At least half of the citizens didn't manage to escape out of the city and the rough estimation on the death toll is sixty thousands, excluding the ones missing or had missing limbs."

"I wonder how many years Ender Kingdom require to fully recover from this battle..." The captain said.

"This isn't the end." Totem user shook his head. "Those bastards from the Obscuro Society needs to be killed! We have to kill these crazy lots sooner or later!" He started to grit his teeth as he say so.

Cris of agony and pain could be heard from afar.

Although both of them were not citizens of the Ender Kingdom, they couldn't help themselves but to feel pity as they saw the scene. This organization appeared because of them and these truth had made them outsiders realized that the world had view the Obscuro Society as the common enemy.

"Yea... we're not done yet... This is just the beginning!" The team leader saw a corpses kneeling down as they protected their children. The hatred inside the children's eye made him shiver.

He knew that in the near future, there would be another bloody battle between Ender Kingdom and Obscuro Society.

The world was filled with joy.

No matter if it's humans or nest leaders, everyone was celebrating. However, most people from the Ender Kingdom were holding a funeral. Some of them buried the dead while some only had tombs containing the personal items of the deceased. The forger who was forging the tombs had become the hottest occupation but they weren't willing to earn these money. This was because they knew that the others required this money for something else other than sculpting a tomb.

Ender Kingdom, Kovitan and Daniela.

The already broken Eastern Continent was finally free.

From the existence of Obscuro Society to its downfall was nothing but a few years. However, they had caused so much havoc within these few years.

The capital of Ender Kingdom, a thousand year old city was completely destroyed. The elites from the Ender Kingdom was completely annihilated, where the strong ones were heavily injured and most of the citizens had passed away.

On the other hand, Kovitan had lost half of their land and could only move about inside the Ultimate Protection. As they'd saved some strength, they were able to reclaim some of the lands. However, this didn't mean that they could recover the lost of half of their citizens. All kinds of industries and business flunk. Compared to the days of the past, they're probably in the lost of millions of silver rumsb.

Daniela, the holy land was turned into an abyss when Hellgate fought with Phiroth. The country's strength was less than ten percent and the place was claimed by the Cthulhuism Society. However, Cthulhu King said that he needed to isolate himself from the outside world to recover his injuries during the battle with Hellgate. His soul was seriously damaged and he had overused the magic mirror as well. This made him sacrificed a lot and the Cthulhu King was on the verge of dying due to the consecutive major attack from the Hellgate. Hence he could only isolate himself and no one knew how long it would take for him to completely recover.

Chapter 544: Change 2

After Divine God Palace Master's Sun God King's mysterious disappearance, all the hideout masters automatically retreated into the underground.

The underground had been cleared out by Hellgate in secret ages ago, regardless of the occupants' species. They had all been exterminated by Hellgate's strong plague, the top-tiered experts had been secretly eradicated after Hellgate's breakthrough, and mankind's strongest organization: Elder's Hall had been annihilated.

It could be said that the underground had been emptied out under the leadership of Divine God Palace Master, and the lords of the hideouts have avoided the fight over resources with the humans on the

surface. Instead, they began excavating the underground and formed an independent force to be reckoned with.

All that was left on top were some mutant creatures and low-level creatures that had no intelligence. These creatures were all creatures that were considered to be trash in the eyes of the hideout leaders.

As the time passed, the aftermath of the destruction of the Door to Heaven began to show.

No matter if it was totem users, or even mutant creatures, all the totem powers and totem's light began to deteriorate rapidly. The speed at which it deteriorated was similar to unplugging the sinkhole in a pool, it formed a large whirlpool that leaked all the unnatural powers.

This war at the Door of Heaven had been coined the term "Battle of Heavens" by historians of many countries. Harp players and the musicians have all made songs out of this war, and songs and poems were uncountable, for a time after the war broke out, an inexplicable literary revolution happened.

The corresponding opera, drama, and novels have also come into being.

Whereas the three top-tiered experts have never appeared anymore after the war broke out, people had been exaggerating the myths due to the very same reason, and they became the symbols of the world's strongest existence.

As the time passed quickly.

50 years have passed in the blink of an eye.

The Monolith City which fell into ruins was now full of greenery and flowers. The crumbled walls were now densely packed with moss.

Those who came to admire its history could not help but to be mesmerized and prolong their stay, which spurred a lot of franchised hotel businesses.

Due to the aftereffects of the war, Monolith City was full of irregularly sized cracks and rumbles and was no longer suitable to be rebuilt as a capital. Conversely, a large number of tourists have been attracted to visit this ruins of the great war, whereas the plains outside the city were developed to be a tourism-centric city called the Monolith Town.

In the town was a white square, and in the middle of it was the memorial of the people's heroes. It was erected in memory of the three King-level experts' noble life stories which have almost become a myth at this point, as well as the countless innocent lives of civilians and totem users lost in this war.

The evening light dyed the entire square yellow.

On the side of a flower bush, a bearded tour guide is enthusiastically introducing the accounts of the things that happened 50 years ago to the tourists.

"... the peace and serenity that we enjoy today were largely attributed to the aftermath of the Battle of the Heavens. Sun God King, Cthulhu King, Northern King, the three King-Level experts have fought here, for their own principles, the ten of thousands of subordinates and subjects behind them, they chose to risk their lives to stop Hellgate from annihilating the entire world. That war shook the heaven and earth, even the thousand-year-old Monolith City which was the capital trembled in fear from that war. The heavens howled and the earth was covered in scars; that immense power was absurd, like a legend. According to the account of one lucky survivor's memories, the situation then was....."

"Who would believe it.. Haha.." some of the tourists began laughing softly, the laughter was deeply hurtful towards tour guides. As it contained a large amount of disbelief, sarcasm, and a suspicion that couldn't be refuted.

"It is now the technological era, totems? Could this pseudoscience reach this level?" someone continued saying

"I guess the heroes were memorialized, things like totems, I have tried a few activation methods, but there weren't many effects, aside from strengthening your body. Whereas the Secret Techniques excavated from the ruins were not bad, the combat techniques were all very practical."

"Is it? I had just realized too, previously I have been learning Secret Technique from a teacher, it was apparently a family heirloom, it was indeed very practical."

"How does a Secret Technique look like in real life? I have only read about them in novels."

The group of tourists have now taken an independent topic as the core of the discussion and were socializing.

This caused the tour guide in front of them to speechlessly shake his head this is not the first batch that was like this. To disbelieve the Battle of the Heavens, have been the common consensus among the tourists of recent years.

They originally had some hesitation but when they reached the actual ruins, they immediately stopped believing it completely.

There wasn't any other reason, but the ruins looked too terrifying.

Monolith City was a large capital with a population size over a million people and at the same time, they had a strong defensive reserve troop, to say that a war with only a few people had formed this horrifying scene, nobody would have believed it.

Totems? Totem Users?

Even if such a thing really existed in the history, it could barely compete against the increasingly powerful guns, bombs and cannons. It would probably be a legacy that is directly made obsolete by these technologies that grew stronger.

Moody among the tourist group believed it, that this battleground was the aftermath of a few people's doing. Everyone else believed that this tragic scene was the result of the explosion of countless explosives. It was undeniable that the three King-Level figures had a part in this war, but those armies and subordinates were the actual heroes that should be respected.

This was especially so in the recent years when the affected armies' descendants' living conditions were exposed, and many countries began introspecting it.

As the tour guides were in deep thoughts, he brought the tourists around the ruins of Monolith City according to his routine. Now that East Continent has tens of countries of varying size, almost all of the tourists came over to look at the historical site and achievements, the locals that were born and raised in the town could actually make a relaxing, decent living out of being a tour guide.

"Caddy! Valerie and the rest have already finished their class, are you done yet?" A middle-aged man shouted from afar as he stood in front of a bar, waving towards the tour guide. That's the man whom he used to play cards with, Jack, both their sons were studying in the same boarding school. Coincidentally, it was weekends today, so he should be fetching the child home.

"Almost done!" The tour guide replied. "Give me a minute!"

"Alright!"

The tour guide brought the tourists to the final spot of the day, and then hurriedly met up with the middle-aged man.

As the day fell into dusk, it was getting late.

"Hey! Little Beck! How's life in school?"

"It was good. I can take care of myself." A young boy, aged 11 with silver hair and of gangly height replied.

The father and son walked out amidst the packed crowd which was leaving school, and they walked home while holding hands.

"Is mom alright?" Beck had a vibe of a young clan leader, with his little bag and his milky white skin, as he raised his eyebrows and asked.

"She has to work overtime today, perhaps she will be going home late, as there was a dinner party that needed planning. But Old Beck and Lady Cyan will be coming today, they said that they want to visit their favorite grandson. I guess Lady is already in the kitchen working on your favorite cookie." the tour guide laughed.

"Really? I meant to say since before, that that type of cookie is really too sweet."

"But that's the tender loving care of your grandmother."

"But if it's too sweet, it's not good for the teeth, isn't that what you said?"

"Um...."

"I guess I should learn how to politely refuse." Little Beck thought deeply while touching his chin.

The father and son discussed along the way and played all the way home.

The grandfather with a full head of grey hair, Old Beck was reading the newspaper, whereas Lady Cyan was indeed in the kitchen. This young-hearted lady in red attire came rushing out with a large smile on her face and gave Little Beck a smooch after hugging him.

"Oh, my dear Little Beck I really hope you never grow up, and stay this cute eternally."

"Please refrain from using adjectives like cute to describe your grandson, it is insulting to my character." Little Beck, whose full name was Jack Beck struggled.

"Alright, alright, stop messing around." The grandpa who sat on the sofa put down his newspaper, he looked at that brat with a stern face. " Looks like it's been a while since we had messaging contacts, your thoughts have been misled. Sleep with me tonight, I shall correct your recent thought process."

"By using your experiences? That's great! There're more great stories!" Little Beck threw his bag aside and cheered loudly.

"Those are not stories!" Grandpa's face turned stern.

"Yes yes, those are true accounts, it is your precious adventure, containing countless life's wisdom!" Little Beck immediately followed suit.

"Speaking of which, dad, every time you told this brat a story, it always felt so real..." the tour guide was asking softly beside him.

"Those were your geezer's personal experience! At that time, there weren't any cannons or missiles, totem users were the true force to be reckoned with. Haven't you been repeating the Battle of the Heavens daily? Why would you still ask such childish questions?" the old man's face turned serious.

"Alright, alright, Beckstone you're always this emotional about this topic, those things were of the past, the history, speak less and take care of that heart of yours." Lady Cyan Berlina was advising with laughter on the side.

"What did you say when you proposed to me? Didn't you fell heads over heels over my immense strength and cool aura..." Beckstone looked at his old partner's warming smile, he suddenly felt guilty and gradually spoke softly.

"Looks like someone has been getting too much pocket money.. Hahaha...." Berlina still had that warm homely face.

"Be fearless!" Little Beck suddenly shouted.

"Correct! Be fearless!!" the duo then started sprinting away.

Beckstone circled around while pulling his grandson, but he was internally reminiscing the times of fire and fury.

There's nobody who had it clearer than him.. The Battle of the Heavens among the three kings were indeed from the history.

Even though the aftermath of the destruction of Heaven's Door had led to the nearly complete annihilation of the totem users, the world could no longer see the existence of totem's power and totem's light. But only the elderly who survived that era could truly understand the near-mythical era had actually happened.

Following the weakening of the totem's power, the immense power of Form 5 he was once proud of have now been reduced to a regular Form 1 totem users' totem's power, which could only be used to conjure up some small tactics like a trick.

Furthermore, people who had no totem's power were completely unable to perceive the existence of the said tactics and tricks..

Beckstone had a premonition that the Heaven's Door had been some sort of a living object, as after it recognized the immense threat of the totem's power, it began consciously altering the world and let this power slowly go extinct.

" I wonder how the enemies are doing now...." without him knowing, he began thinking about the past again.

"Grandpa, quick, show me some new tricks!" little Beck called out mysteriously.

The world would have changed in the end...

Chapter 545: Change 3

In the new Kovitan capital, Escalvate.

In the clear blue sky, flocks of birds in V-shaped formations soared through the air.

"Sister, have you take your medication?"

In an old but lavish looking white building.

An old lady with a head full of white hair was carrying a grocery basket as she ascended the flight of stairs. She took out her keys to unlock the door and walked into a wide living hall.

"Madam Dani." a maid in white skirts stood by the door as she greeted the old lady.

"Thank you for the hard work, Little Jenny " Dani greeted the maid warmly.

"Another quiet day..." a coarse elderly voice was heard from the study room near the living room.

Dani laughed after hearing the voice and handed the basket to the maid before walking towards the study room located at the deepest corner of the living hall.

An old lady full of white hair with a graceful figure was sitting in a red rocking chair by the full-length curtains near the study room.

Her face was wrinkled but her eyes were calm and serene, with no traces of the pessimism and low-spiritedness of an elderly.

"Sister, I bought your favorite goby fish. I saw someone foraging it from the wilds, so I bought all of it since it's fresh." Dani said as she exerted large amounts of force to push open the curtains.

"Aren't you supposed to go to the palace festive? Why are you free to come over here?" the lady who sat on the rocking chair asked softly.

"Isn't it because of my worry?" Dani laughed. "Once I saw that you left your medication at my place, I immediately sent them over."

She took a chair and sat next to her sister, Hathaway. The sisters gazed at the bright blue sky beyond the window, enjoying the serenity.

"Speaking of which, it has already been more than 50 years, time really does fly in the blink of an eye." Hathaway sighed. "I wonder how is he now, there hasn't been any news from the palace."

"It was said that due to the aftermath of the battle, he is still recovering." Dani nodded, her eyes solemn. What kind of injuries would take 50 years to recover? They were afraid they were injuries that would be deemed terminal... She dared not speak of such words though, as she was worried that her sister's last hopes would be extinguished.

After fifty years, what used to be the powerful and influential Black Swamp Palace was now the world's second largest hybrid university in the new capital.

After the world's totem power was weakened to the brink of extinction, the Black Swamp Palace had invited former totem users and swiftly converted into a government-run university. Using their core martial techniques' powerful reputation, they have established their reputation.

In these years, numerous talented disciples have been admitted into the university, among them were the top-tiered prodigy Ansapello who became one of the few martial arts masters of the world. After continuous effort, he was hired as the leader of the Kovitan Empire's Military Headquarters. He even opened up a separate martial arts school, which was widely available worldwide, called the Pure Hearted Fist and had many disciples under him.

Aside from that, that girl called Pefalia had established the Blackbird Double-Handed Weapons Combat school after she left the school, and it too spread everywhere.

There were actually many more talents that graduated from Black Swamp Palace that had established their own careers and had expanded into different industries, obtaining decent achievements of their own. Even the least of them were at least industry experts.

Hence, there will be a moderate sized festive held in the entire new capital.

"Has Ansapello dropped by recently?" Dani suddenly asked

"Why? That brat visited me a few days back." Hathaway had a very good impression towards that genius who respected her. Ever since Garen had disappeared, he remained respectful towards her even

through the darkest of times in the Black Swamp Palace. Even though he had already graduated, he still tried his best to help his fellow students and seniors. Though he looked arrogant, he was actually a responsible person.

"That brat has recently proposed a resolution in the Senate, it's slightly controversial... as the nation grows stronger in recent years, it seems that the boy is becoming ambitious again." Dani frowned as she spoke.

"What did Ivy and Skyharp think about it?"

"It's neutral I suppose. They didn't overtly reject nor support." Dani shook her head.

"Then it's best that I don't express my opinions. The matters of the country are not something we can judge with our personal eyes. As our position differs, our perspective may differ too." Hathaway said as she shook her head. "Right, how's that brat at your place doing?"

"Same old, same old, he brought his family for a vacation at West Continent, leaving behind this lonely old woman alone." Dani started complaining. She lifted her head and saw her sister's face that was no longer comparable to her youth, and her heart shivered.

"What about you, sister? Was it worth it, waiting for that person for so many years?"

"There's nothing unworthy about it, I've grown used to waiting all these years. Plus, I don't feel lonely at all, Lala, Ivy, Angel, Sylvia and the rest have always been visiting me. With so many friends around me, what else is there to feel unworthy about?" Hathaway had remained single even though she had been wildly popular among men when she was young. They had all been turned down politely, whereas her sister Dani had found a decent man to marry, and her family was now one of the top-tiered nobles in Kovitan. She had two sons and 5-6 grandchildren, which made every gathering a rowdy and warm one.

In these years, the Grand Princess has inherited the title of Queen and become the honorary symbol of spirit in the Royal Family. The actual administration of the country still fell upon the Senate that was composed by the four giant influences. Among that, Black Swamp Palace took two seats, which one would consider to be the biggest influence in the entire Kovitan. Aside from that was the Grand Duke Benoc, who represented the Grand Princess, now the current Queen, as well as an organization

representing the civilians. Grand Duke Cody had long been eliminated, hence his whereabouts were unknown.

Even after the fall of totem users, the radio that had been developed all those years ago still had very holistic functions; its core still used resonance technique and not totem's power, hence its usability was not affected.

This had expedited the spread of messages within this world, in the midst of the high speed, high volume message transmission, technology had also abruptly improved at an exponential rate. Countless forgers from the totem world had migrated to scientific research and used their previous knowledge as a basis for many breakthrough theories and research results that took the world by storm.

In merely fifty years, the technology evolved from the original firearms and steam engine locomotives up to the biplane, a wide variety of cannons, tanks and civilian-friendly technology, born as the results of multiple conflicts.

With giant ferries traversing between two continents, countless water bodies have been explored.

In the fifty years worth of recovery, the global population had dramatically increased under each country's strong push for policies encouraging population growth.

At the same time each technology continued its growth, the medical standards have improved tremendously. What used to be specially used by totem users, such as microscopes, incubators, training equipment and the like have all been converted for medical purposes. Mankind's birth mortality rate had decreased drastically and everything was developing at an unprecedented rate.

In a deep sea trench of North Pole.

An immense blue ice mountain stood upon the entrance to an abyssal trench.

In the deepest part of the ice mountain were some tiny spaces, and there was actually a man-made underwater tunnel and plaza. What used to be a place that isolated water had been ruptured and flooded with water and shards of ice.

The plaza was dark with a hue of blue, minus a swarm of illuminating jellyfish floating through slowly, their bodies expanding and shrinking. The pale blue glow emitted by the swarm was calming and serene.

Oddly enough, these jellyfishes were different from jellyfishes from the outer world; the ends of their tentacles emitted a faint purplish-blue light.

Soon, a school of anchovies swam through the plaza in circling motions, they also have the similar purplish-blue hue on their sharp teeth, which seemed unusually ferocious.

This was the world-renowned Deadly Poison Sea Territory. It didn't mean that the seawater itself was poisonous, but rather the species inhabiting it, as for unknown reasons, all the species here carried some lethal form of poison.

The Deadly Poison Sea Territory was considered famous in the North Pole, and there would be a certain amount of tourists expected to visit here even though the sea creatures here could not be consumed. Instead, their unique appearances left the tourists mesmerized.

Under the ice mountain deep within the trench.

It had been many years since anyone had entered this realm.

Ever since the totem's power had been destroyed, there hasn't been any human capable of traversing such depth.

This was the deepest trench in the entire North Pole, tens of thousand meters deep. After repeated measurements done in the recent years, this trench was rated one of the deepest existing trenches, and second place in terms of depth.

At the deepest parts of the trench, a faint crackling sound could be heard from the inside of the odd ice mountain's serene pitch darkness.

"How long has it been...."

Garen slowly woke up from his deep slumber.

As he opened his eyes, his surrounding was still the same blue ice layer. This ice was from his body, forming a cryogenic hibernation area.

Outside the icy layer, the migrating poisonous jellyfish floated by once again, Garen suddenly had a flash of realization.

"Has it already been another ten years?" He mumbled. When that swarm of jellyfish passed through this area once every decade, up to this point, he had already witnessed it 5 times.

"Fifty years already?" Garen's head had some delayed memory recalling. Not being awake for exactly ten years, always being in the state of recovery, it was normal for him to be unable to recall something immediately after waking up suddenly.

After the last time where Ivy, Skyharp and the rest of the elders came to visit thirty years ago, there hasn't been anyone who'd come to this underwater trench.

The water isolation plaza that was supported by totem's power had also been ruptured, and it had turned into a wonderland for the underwater creatures.

There were already signs of the weakening of totem's power thirty years ago, and Ivy, who used to rely on his own power to come in, had to combine powers with the rest of the elders to forcefully come down.

That was the last time Garen had had any contact with humans outside..

In the later years, he relied on the special radio to contact the outside world, but then even the radio had run out of power and had broken. Since then, he'd always been alone...

The totem's powers' had been weakened, but Garen's body already had no totem's power, what replaced it was the brand new Living Secret Technique. This power was not affected by the destruction of Heaven's Door and had retained its immense power.

This was already beyond the realm of a totem user; to be breaking through into form 6.

Garen made a detailed scan of his own body's condition.

The Secret Techniques of his body had completely integrated, Northern Trident Frost-Fire True Water Evil Technique was a technique that would have been no different from a normal Living Secret Technique, but due to the interruption by Hellgate's subordinates during the final advancement, it'd caused an anomaly on the technique's formation, which became an evil technique. Piling onto the side effects and heavy injuries sustained in the war, the Secret Technique put him into a deep slumber recovery status, each sleep lasting more than ten years.

Taking advantage of the immense pressure and extreme coldness as food and resource of the North Pole Deep Trench, it slowly recovered his body's injuries.

Alone in the vast deep sea, he stayed there for tens of years.

Even a totem user with a mind as calm as Garen, he couldn't help but fall into a state of mental disarray.

He checked his body's condition. In the final war where he killed Hellgate, the deed hadn't earned him any potential points. But instead, his attributes and talent underwent their first changes in history.

The real change was in the Attribute Pane.

"Strength 18. Agility 14. Vitality 14. Intelligence 12. Potential 0%. Soul limit 20."

Garen turned his gaze on his attribute pane and disregarded the large pile of complicated things at skill pane.

The Attribute Pane has undergone a huge change.

Chapter 546: Change 4

His strength had merely been 16 points before advancing to form 6, which means 2 points had been added.

Agility was at 12 points, increased by 2 points.

Vitality was also at 12 points, also an increment of 2 points.

Intelligence was the same, so there were no changes.

For the potential points to have silently fallen to 0, Garen believed he had a theory; after killing Hellgate, he didn't obtain any potential points, hence he didn't have any increments. Whereas ever since his closed training, the potential points had decreased during the process of recovery over the years. Obviously, the recovery of the body via Secret Technique was due to the consumption of the potential points.

Even though the Secret Technique absorbed the pressure and extreme cold to repair the body, the source of the power that was used to activate the recovery was ultimately the potential points.

The Secret Technique that morphed into an evil technique, any other totem user would have died from the self-detonation from this change. But Garen had enough potential points to spare to replace his life force. This was what allowed him to survive the harsh conditions of the deep sea.

After checking over himself carefully, Garen could feel that there was only a tiny part of his body that was completely repaired. It was obvious that the potential points had been completely exhausted, and he could only wake up from the deep recovery slumber when the Living Secret Technique lost its source.

As well as the last Soul Limit, though he was unaware what that was.

Garen frowned and looked over at the Soul Limit pane. A descriptive message then appeared in his head.

'Soul limit is the highest limit of one's attributes. The life gene will increase its upper limits following one's natural physiological properties, this was innately decided, just like all other creatures, this is a limit bottlenecked by the flesh and blood given by their parents. Whereas the soul limit helps adjust the genetic limits beyond the congenital limit, perfectly reaching a higher realm and breaking through the innate shackles.'

Garen felt that this message had already been in his head originally, but was only activated when he paid attention to this place. This allowed him to confirm that this special ability was based off from his subconscious' generation of such immense ability. To be able to use his understanding of the knowledge and language systems to the fullest extent, he could collate and tap into the potential of the subconscious to maximize the use of external forces, accurately reflecting his status.

Hence, his abilities would continuously undergo changes alongside the expansion of his knowledge, though what he didn't know would not be preemptively shown. It was the same for the Soul Limit.

If that was the case, were his Soul Limit to be at 20 points, did it symbolize that all his attributes would be maximized at 20 points?

As he began to doubt, he decided not to pursue it further, as the messages from the subconscious feedback were reassuring.

His brain began to become active again as he woke up.

Garen's body moved slightly, and the ice layers around his body began melting.

While he waited for tens of years' worth of ice to melt, Garen checked on his body's conditions.

Living Secret Technique had broken through Form 6, which also meant it had reached its completion.

At the peak of completion of Northern Trident Frost-Fire True Water Evil Technique, it began circulating in cycles. There was a viscous icy qi which circulated throughout his blood vessels endlessly that made Garen's blood turn icy blue and carry an intense coldness.

Even his blood had the effect of intense cold. Garen couldn't help but feel very amused by such an odd sensation.

It was obvious that there was a lack of warmth in his body, his usual body temperature was at least negative 30 degrees, but his bodily functions and blood circulation were normal, and there were no discomforts.

This anomalous Living Secret Technique had circulated in his body, it also occasionally caused the cold stream move. It was very amusing.

When Garen looked into this Secret Technique in detail, excluding the odd, amusing sensations, the actual functional abilities could be categorized into systems, totaled into a few types. These abilities also included the abilities acquired after advancing into Form 6.

"Northern Trident Frost-Fire True Water Evil Technique:

1 Control of Extreme Coldness, metal weaponry, fluid and Frost Fire, absolute control within a radius of three hundred meters.

2 Trident Lair, an unlimited barrage of tridents. Trident owner can simultaneously move to the location of the trident.

3 Ice Rejuvenation, slowly rejuvenate owner's injuries. Forms defensive ice plates to protect itself.

4 Form 6 combination power - weather manipulation, buffing from cloud formation, maximized scope of energy combination with an attribute source of their own properties, forming an advantageous ground."

These 4 abilities were the strong abilities of Form 6 Living Secrets that could manipulate weather.

To Garen, these abilities weren't that important, what he cared more about were the changes in his Attribute Pane. Entering Form 6 may seem like a huge feat, but in reality, most of the offensive techniques relied on the condensation of external power.

There weren't many changes to his own body. That was probably why his own body's attributes haven't improved much.

Aside from that, Garen realized that there was an ability that wasn't part of the list of abilities.

Origin Seed of Living Secret Techniques.

This ability allowed the Living Secret Techniques to be completely recondensed as a soul seed, returning to a state of inactivity and stored into the deepest parts of your consciousness.

Subconsciously, Garen felt that this ability could have a pivotal function. So he carefully made a mental note about this.

The icicles had finally melted completely...

Garen slowly walked out from the sky towering ice pillar, as both his legs slowly stepped down on the ice plaza.

His surroundings were dark and there was only some faint blue luminescence from the ice, dyeing the entire area blue.

The igloos on the plaza were still here, except there was nobody living here anymore; Ivycius and Skyharp have already left for the surface as they could not withstand the immense cold and pressure.

Even all the experts from the Seven Knights' Tower had retreated, leaving him here alone.

As Garen moved around the plaza alone, even though there was no totem's power providing him with oxygen, using his strong manipulation of water, he could use precision controls to obtain enough oxygen for his consumption.

Garen extended his hands, and slowly touched the rough surface of the igloo, and that realistic touch sensation caused him to shudder for a moment.

In the tens of years of inanimation, aside from his hearing and vision, the rest of the senses had been basically unused, and now that they were reactivated, this long-lost feeling made Garen tremble without realizing it.

After some time, Garen pulled back.

"Totem's power has indeed disappeared..." He can feel the empty void of totem's power.

Totem's power used to be inside all living things. While the seawater now has a feeling of unprecedented purity, there wasn't a speck of unnatural powers.

"This is infinitely similar to my previous world..." Garen suddenly had this thought.

He floated upwards slowly, swimming towards the surface like a slow fish.

At this point, two giant green light bulbs lit up in a large round cave hidden between a layer of ice in a dark corner on Garen's far right.

It was a deep-sea octopus king which spanned over a hundred meters. It had an odd green pair of eyeballs, and as its giant tentacles swiftly latched onto the walls, with a strong pull, its entire body suddenly shrunk and it shot out of the cave like an arrow.

The octopus king took no effort to reach Garen, but it had no hostility, but instead, it was an uncontrollable desire to get closer to Garen.

Its giant head was lowered, indicating that it wanted Garen to sit on it.

Garen smiled gently, and lightly sat on the octopus' head. Its head was about thirty meters wide, Garen looked like a little pebble on it, it seemed ordinary.

With its eight tentacles propelling it, the octopus and man swiftly glided upwards.

As it approached the surface of the ocean, the water temperature increased as well, and the seawater around it became brighter.

Garen looked up towards the surface, that clear layer of blue, from dark blue, to light blue until the white light on the surface of the sea. Layer by layer, it slowly ascended. But without him realizing, the octopus king stopped ascending.

It was actually a deep-sea creature, and the water temperature here was already the limit that it could bear. Ascending any further would mean a boiling hot sensation for it, so it could only stay here.

Garen patted its head, and he leapt off, swiftly swimming towards the surface.

Splash!!

He shot out of the water suddenly.

The squawks of the seagulls, the splashing sound of the waves, as well as the blow of the whale from a place far away.

All these things have led Garen into an inexplicably touched state.

For in that instance, he felt the same sensation as transmigrating into a new world, just like the first time he got to this world, everything looked so clear and elegant.

The skies were crystal clear, and as he basked in the sun, a warm sensation was felt for a moment before it was cooled by the sea breeze.

As the seawater around him rippled, there were pools of white bubbles floating on it.

As he looked around, there was only seemingly endless water on the horizon, as though the entire world was nothing but ocean.

With a leap, he swiftly sprung out of the water and gently landed. The seawater under his feet freezes instantaneously and formed a sturdy white float, supporting Garen's weight.

He stood upon the piece of ice about a meter wide as he surveyed the skies and his surroundings.

The air around him had zero traces of totem's power.

Chapter 547: Years 1

Kovitan Kingdom

Around the mountains surrounding the Kingdom, there were many mushrooming towns and villages of different sizes.

These villages were centered around the Kingdom, with many farms and windmills everywhere. What used to be the Kingdom was no longer just a small area, but was now a gigantic city more than ten times larger than what it used to be.

Garen stood on the large white road far away, watching the huge city that used to be covered by the Ultimate Protection, his expression unnaturally calm.

The Ultimate Protection above his head had vanished completely a long time ago, and there was no longer any hint of totem power in the air.

He had come all the way here following the road, and of all the people he met along the way, basically none of them had any totem power.

There was vaguely the sound of radio music coming from a car repair shop by the road nearby, a little boy humming as he arranged the things inside the shop.

Coming straight at him were two bull carts with some unsold fruits. There was also a wooden plaque beside it, with a sign on it, with the words 'Square Stone Road' on the wooden plank pointing forward.

He had no intention of making a fuss, on his way here, after discovering the condition and general situation of the world, Garen knew that his face, that had not aged for several dozen years, represented something huge in this time.

He walked forward slowly, his steps looking slow but actually far faster than a normal person's walking speed.

After going through several little towns and villages outside the city, the sky had already gone dark outside, and the road that wound around the mountain, that had led into the Kingdom and was once heavily guarded, was not too far ahead of him.

There was nobody on guard anymore in the arrow guard tower, this was an era of peace, the arrow tower no longer posed any threat now that cannons were everywhere, and there was a sign that refused visitors on the door.

Finding a carriage that went uphill, Garen was kindly taken up the hill together with a talkative old carriage driver, he sort of hitchhiked, as the two of them chatted idly on the way.

The old man had also experienced the warring times, and believed completely in those matters regarding the totem users, and as he spoke, he kept on lamenting how the young people these days did not believe all that had happened back then, or how they did not respect the true history, so many of the older generation had seen the Kingdom under the Ultimate Protection with their own eyes back then.

Now many of the elderly had passed away, the totem power had wasted away, and this younger generation began to treat the legends of the totem users with incredulity, they could not believe that those could match up to the bombs and cannons they had now, and assumed that those were just the results of the fear and respect the previous generation had, allowing things to be slowly deified.

Garen kept nodding in time beside him, but also found out a lot about the situation in the Kingdom.

He found out that the Black Swamp Palace had somehow become a general university now, and that prodigy disciple that he had acknowledged back then was now one of the Black Swamp Palace's two most accomplished scholars, he even held the power in Kovitan, and was an extremely influential person throughout the whole country.

Garen could not help but sigh inwardly, the time had passed like an arrow, and to think that the little fella back then had now become a pillar of the country.

Just as it was about to become completely dark outside, Garen got off the carriage at the entrance to the Kingdom on top of the mountain, there were no more guards there, and instead there was a lot of traffic there, many people ascended the mountain at night in search of entertainments, and left the city at night to return to their own estates and cottages, interweaving and flowing like a stream at the city gates.

The house prices inside the Kingdom were too high, and many people who could not afford it had to stay outside, so over time, many small areas came up around and outside the Kingdom, halfway up the mountains, and the whole Kingdom had truly become a city within a city.

Garen walked towards the direction of his cousin Hathaway's place, completely familiar with the way.

Many new buildings had come up in new places around the roads and streets from several decades ago, and several places on the road had also been changed.

He still had to ask many people before he finally found the house Hathaway was living in.

At night, standing outside the house, Garen raised his head and looked up at the little bit of yellow lamplight on the second floor of the house. This world had no more totem power, and the technological pathway that had been developing slowly before was now blossoming.

With the foundations of the totem forgers, the development of science far exceeded everyone's imaginations, and electricity was created to meet the demand.

This was originally just an unstable source that totem users had stumbled across in their experiments, and after totem power disappeared, it had finally and rapidly replaced totems in their functions.

These forgers were also now what modern people called scientists.

The electric lightbulb was one of these scientists' newly-invented products.

Garen glanced at the guard post outside the house, there was a guard sleeping there.

Soundlessly, he darted, as though floating, past the guard post, leaping up and landing in the garden behind the metal gate.

Walking up to the door of the house, his palm jolted towards the door, and with a crisp 'ker-chak', the house door was opened lightly.

Sitting on the living room sofa, an old white-haired woman with a white towel on her knee entered his line of vision.

Maybe the sound of the door opening had attracted the old woman's attention, she put down the book in her hand, raised her head, and glanced over at him.

With that look, she never lowered her head again.

Garen was also staring dazedly at the old woman on the sofa, the fifty years of time had carved deep traces on her once-handsome features. Her previously smooth and fair skin had become wrinkled, loose skin. Her once bright and beautiful eyes, had also become the muddled, calm eyes of the elderly.

Her hair was snow-white, and Garen could only sense a vague hint of his cousin's image from that indescribable aura of hers.

"You... you are his son?" Hathaway's voice was slightly hoarse.

Garen shook his head, a hint of gentleness in his eyes as he looked at his family's cousin, who had once been pretty and handsome.

"It's me."

He said softly.

"I've come back."

Hathaway's old gaze gave a hard jolt. This familiar way of speaking, this familiar tone and gaze, it was as though she had instantly returned to the time fifty years ago, and it was as though that handsome and powerful young man had just gone overseas for a few days, saying calmly when he got home, I've come back.

Hathaway's eyes welled up, she waited so hard for more than fifty years, and now, with the passing of time, she was already this old, but Garen was just like how he was back then.

"Don't lie to me... Did Dani get you to come here and lie to me? Did she give you the key?" She suddenly thought of something, and smiled sadly as she shook her head.

"Dani's fine, right?"

Hathaway suddenly fell silent.

All of a sudden, she realized that she no longer knew how to face Garen. After waiting so hard for several decades, with the situation being what it was right now, what ending could they have? Now that there was no longer totem power, over seventy years old was already reaching the average lifespan these days.

She was already on the brink of death, and Garen... Hathaway laughed self-condescendingly, she did not believe that this young man was the Garen from back then.

"When did he go?" she asked suddenly.

Garen was dazed for a moment, and instantly reacted, Hathaway thought he was dead, and had asked his 'grandson' to find his old flame before he died.

She still did not believe, could not believe that the Garen from back then was still so young.

All of a sudden, a sense of faint loneliness surged out from the deepest depths of Garen's heart.

He looked at the old woman on the sofa, walked up to her, and half-knelt lightly, kissing the back of her hand.

"Don't wait anymore..."

With that, Garen stood up, turned around, and left the room wordlessly.

Behind him, Hathaway did not say anything more.

Perhaps neither of them knew how to face each other.

After all these years, Hathaway had truly become the matriarch of the Trejons family and the Black Swamp Palace, she had adopted one of her little sister Dani's grandchildren as her own, to become the next heir for the Black Swamp Palace Master's position.

This grandchild was unnaturally excellent, and had the full support of the current Head of Military.

And now, even if Garen came back, what was the point? Other than disturbing everyone's peaceful lives, there was no longer any place for him here.

Everyone, all of them, including Ivy, including Skyharp, Angel, et cetera, all of them thought Garen was already dead.

Died in the ice-sealed extreme depths of the ocean.

The Kingdom had even set up a memorial especially for him, every year there would be mighty officials and nobles making their way there to pay their respects.

As for his reappearance, taking over the Black Swamp Palace again? What was the point of it?

Back then when Garen started this organization, other than to collect information, his deepest intention was simply to leave the mark of the White Cloud Gate in this world. He had regrettably died in battle in the Secret Technique World, so he could only leave his teacher Fei Baiyun's legacy here.

The Black Water True Technique had traces of the Mammoth Secret Technique everywhere, it was actually equivalent to a totem version of the White Cloud Secret Technique. That was already enough.

Leaving the house quietly, Garen walked on the brightly-lit Kingdom roads slowly, there were night stalls and night markets on both sides, with snacks, clothes and accessories, little knick-knacks, a balloon-shooting game, gambling games, and all sorts of other night market activities, making Garen feel as though he had returned to Earth.

Before he knew it, he had actually walked back to where the Mercenary's Guild was by himself.

What had been the Mercenary's Guild was now just a true and actual bar, the people coming in and out were fat rich merchants with beer bellies and all sorts of slender barmaids. Or there would be young men and women, fashionably dressed.

Loud and noisy music floated out of the bar, and even standing outside the door, he could feel the rhythmic drumming sounds.

Garen released his five senses, and reached into the bar.

There was no one else with totem power inside, and they were all young people. He would occasionally 'see' some young military officials with black military guns on their waists, and they would be the most intimidating presence here.

As for the totem user mercenaries? What about Angel, who Garen had unconsciously come here in search of, that friend of his who was the first to join his War Chain, there was no more trace of her whatsoever. He did not know if she had died, or left...

Garen stood for a while outside the bar, just staring at the bar dazedly, until some seductive young beauties came up to him to try and chat him up, only then did he slowly turn around and walk away.

"Fifty years... who's still alive?" He asked himself in his heart.

Those friends from back then, who was still around?

He walked towards the direction of the Black Swamp Palace subconsciously, the night street market with the throngs of people, somehow made him feel a faint loneliness that even he was not aware of.

Chapter 548: Years 2

The Black Swamp Palace was no longer as heavily guarded as before, there was a notice plastered on the wall beside the door announcing the recruitment of students this year, as well as the steps and places to register. There was even a red feedback box nailed beside it.

The university students in the prime of their lives were leaving and entering the school gates, in groups of twos and threes, the sounds of their laughing, talking, and playing permeating everywhere.

Just above the palace gates, on a huge semicircular sign, the words 'Black Swamp University' were clearly carved.

Garen was dressed fully in a black, looking clean and neat, and added with his natural aura of nobility, the guard assumed that he was one of the school's students, just raising his head for one glance before continuing to read his novel.

Walking through the palace door, there was an extra glass cabinet on the left wall, with the school's name list pasted up inside.

Of these, his portrait was the very first one.

'Garen Trejons: The Black Swamp Palace's first founding principal and Palace Master.

Sun calendar 3550 -- 3592. The great founder of the Black Water True Technique Secret Technique, one of the first members of Parliament, the country's honorary Military Commander-in-Chief, and the winner of Kovitan's first Highest Contribution Award. He was the only person to win the 3958 World War and Peace Award. Ranked number thirteen among the World's Historic Figures.

With the light from the streetlamps, he looked at his own portrait, and could not help the urge to both laugh and cry. He was standing right here, alive and kicking, looking at the results of his life as written by others. Even his general time of death had been set down.

The young man in the portrait was handsome and stern, with an aura like a lion or eagle in his eyes, his golden hair falling over his shoulders, his gaze sharp as a blade, giving the impression of a hero of an era. This was probably what the artist thought of him.

Garen guessed inwardly.

Going past his pane, the second place was the second row of Historic Figures.

Demon Phoenix Trejons, had become a voyager, traveling all over the world, in the end she was caught in a storm on the left of the two continents, in the West Pole Ocean, her ship overturned and no trace

found of her. By then totem power had already disappeared for more than ten years. After that, people found her and her friends' corpses, burying them on a nameless island on the West Pole Ocean, and that island was also named after her, becoming the Demon Phoenix Island.

"To think she actually took my last name..." Garen did not know how, but he still had the mood to smile.

He continued reading.

Ivycius and Skyharp had gone to the West Continent for an exchange, the two of them had many children and grandchildren, and had already become the highest tier family of the entire Kovitan. They were equal to the Trejons family. Recently, medical checks had found that the two of them had illnesses. In order to investigate and overcome his disease, Ivycius performed some of his own studies and research, actually becoming a famous medical expert worldwide, specializing in lymph tumors.

His trip to the West Continent this time was to make a medical report on that matter.

That Master Calingan from back then, and the three Master-level disciples he had chosen himself, all of them had left a deep impact on the history of the university.

As he continued reading to the end, Garen's heart began to grow hollow before he knew it.

Walking past the list of Historic Figures, he walked slowly inside the school, what was once a palace had now become several different teaching and experiment blocks. He could occasionally see some foreign exchange students with different-colored skin walking around, speaking some awkward Kovitan as they tried to chat with the local students with difficulty.

Taking a leisurely stroll around the school, Garen did not meet unexpectedly any old faces, all the people, all the faces, he did not know any single one of them.

Walking in the Black Swamp Palace that used to be so familiar to him, was like walking into someone else's house.

He had also found the Black Swamp Guards modified by the Green Vine Sphere, but these Guards were no longer as powerful as they used to be, and were just a lot stronger than normal people in terms of vitality and aura, without that unnatural power they used to have in the beginning.

Evidently the Green Vine Sphere's modification had also been affected by the disappearance of totem power, and had utterly become a normal process.

The main palace hall that he himself used to live, half of it had been sealed away as a historic site, and the other half had actually become a popular rendezvous spot among the students due to the dim lighting there.

After Garen bumped into several little couples, he was no longer in the mood to survey his old home.

If he was willing, the whole Kingdom would still return to his grasp in a very short time, but what was the point of that?

When Garen walked out of the university, he turned around to look at the words above the palace gates, his feelings unnaturally complicated.

His coming to this world, had been an accident after all.

The only person he felt guilty towards in the Kingdom, perhaps in the whole Kingdom, was his cousin Hathaway, after waiting so hard for more than fifty years, the final result was that neither of them knew how to face the other, with such a great difference in their appearances.

Or perhaps she had really taken him for his own grandson...

Garen thought somewhat self-deprecatingly.

With the disappearance of totem power, practically all the unnatural power had completely disappeared. As such, the totem users who relied on that reproduction ability to lengthen their lifespans had also naturally lost their longevity, falling one after the other.

The world had become a world of normal people.

The ones who were Luminarists had become knowledgeable scholars, the ones who were forgers had become scientists using the power of science to solve all. The ones who were totem users, only the very peak-level ones, could become famous martial artists.

Before leaving the Kingdom, Garen went to visit his teacher Emin's grave. The Tasura Academy was a clan renowned through the whole Kovitan, so Emin's grave was covered with all sorts of fresh flowers, evidently there were disciples and students coming here to clean his grave often.

All of the people he had once been familiar with had left forever, and this world that he had grown familiar with had once more slowly fallen into estrangement.

Garen left the Kingdom soundlessly.

Before leaving, he checked Hathaway's body for illnesses, using the power of his Living Secret Techniques to freeze and clear away the roots of her diseases, allowing her to live for at least more than ten more years.

This was the only thing he could do for her. Similarly, there were his friends from back then, Prynne and the others, Garen also made the same final arrangements for all of them.

The secret technique he was practicing did not have the ability to increase their lifespans, and may even have other harmful side-effects to normal people. But if he controlled it carefully, he could precisely kill the diseases within a body, attaining the complete eradication of diseases.

The country of Black Field, Meteor Town.

In a white graveyard outside the city limits.

Garen sat in front of a black tombstone, holding a black beer bottle in his hand, and chugging from it every now and then.

There was no alcohol in it, only coffee.

Under the setting sun, the black tombstones reflected a red glow, the black tombstone with a bit of white had the following words carved clearly onto it: the Combined Graves of Goth and Jessica.

The carvings were extremely simple, other than the row of simple names, there weren't any other words. No summary of their lives, no singing his praises as the Black Field Master, not even their birth and death dates.

Just the two names.

Perhaps this was Goth's atonement for himself.

After coming to the Black Field Country for the past these days, Garen had more or less found out how Goth died.

After the Battle of Heaven, Goth's previously strong body began to deteriorate rapidly, and in the end he died suddenly of myocardial infarction and a stroke.

Be it Jessica's betrayal and death, or Garen's eventual disappearance, both had sunk the once-powerful Black Palace Master into the depths of guilt and despair.

For some reason, as Garen sat here before Goth's grave, he just reminisced like that with unnatural calm, his heart unexpectedly peaceful.

He could understand Goth's final feelings, that man looked strong on the outside, but in actuality, his heart was still as fragile as a child's. Jessica's betrayal was a serious blow to him, like a hard stab in the heart, hurting him so much he could barely breathe.

With a life like that, perhaps just living in this world was a sort of agony, so he might as well die and call it quits.

The Cthulhu King's base was near Black Field, and he went there to look around too, but there was not a single Cthulhu there, all of them had died back when the totem power scattered.

The Cthulhu headquarters had become an utter wasteland, and the Cthulhu King was nowhere to be found. Some people said he had left and headed for the mysterious South Pole, some said he headed underground, but more people believed that perhaps he had already died, died in an unknown corner of the world, without any of his past glory, only a body's worth of injuries after the disappearance of totem power.

"Why does it feel like the sky without totems is a lot cleaner?" Garen threw his head up and drank a mouthful of coffee, as though talking to Goth, or perhaps talking to himself.

All of Goth's achievements had practically been buried away, only some very few of the older generation still remembered the Grand Duke who was once the Black Field Master. That was why a stranger like Garen could sit in front of Goth's grave like that, and nobody would bother.

Some of the men and women coming here to pray in the evening glanced at him from afar, seeing Garen sit in front of the grave, they might have thought that it was just a drunk relative here to visit, so they left quickly out of understanding.

Garen did not really care, after the initial melancholy, now his emotions had utterly gone calm.

"These days, I suddenly have a feeling." He said softly, "As though I have become the only, lonely person in this world. You've gone, Teacher's gone, Ivy and the rest are all old now, and perhaps soon, they will leave for sure as well."

He paused.

"All of a sudden, I don't know what to do."

"Everything I know is leaving me." He raised his head to look at the slowly setting twilight sun, the bright red light dying his face completely red.

"A person's life is just like this sun, rising and setting, no matter who it is, they won't be able to escape this natural cycle. I'm just a few steps slower than you guys."

Standing up, Garen just left the beer bottle in front of the tombstone.

"After leaving this time, maybe I really won't come back here anymore." He paused. "When I have time, I will think of you." And then he turned around, walking towards the distance, leaving.

Without turning back, it was just like having a cup to drink with an old friend, and then going back to their respective homes, calmly.

There was still the last stop...

Garen's heart welled with an unprecedented loneliness, this sense of loneliness had only grown stronger since it emerged in Kovitan. Like rounds and rounds of dark-colored vines, tightly, they wrapped him up in layers, at first mildly, but towards the end, they grew tighter and tighter, until he was finding it harder and harder to breathe.

He could not help but remember Hellgate's last moments.

That stubborn man, had he been just like Garen was now? Having experienced the times when his friends and family left him, over and over again, that bone-deep loneliness, that obstinance that no one else could understand, perhaps that was the true source of his motivation to purely chase his ideals.

Everything in the world would pass with time, only the everlasting principle, the ever-unchanging Door to Heaven, was always and ever standing right there.

Garen desperately wanted to find that last person, the one who was most likely to be like him. Even if it was just a tiny comfort...

Chapter 549: Return 1

In the north-east direction of what used to be Daniela, among the thick forest near the sea, in an underground base headed towards the depths of the world.

Among the dense forests, there was a lonely little town with very few people.

Looking down from above, amidst the forest as thick as a green ocean, the town was like an irregular yellow spot, clear as can be.

There was no sign of anyone in the town, everything around was surrounded by thick vines and grasses, from afar, the houses and buildings in the town looked like they were covered by a layer of sticky green liquid, and some was even flowing down from the roofs.

Walking inside for a look, he saw a curtain of dense green moss and vines, and the ones drooping down from the roofs were some long leafy vines.

Dressed fully in pitch-black, Garen walked into the town slowly.

This was once an entrance into the underground world, countless totem users going in and out had formed a busy town for trade and exchanging supplies.

And now, this place was merely a deserted wasteland.

Walking slowly down the town's streets, he would occasionally sense some movement darting through the thickets of dense foliage by the main streets, there seemed to be something small dashing past at high speeds.

The sky was dark and heavy with clouds, as though it could rain at any time.

Garen raised his head to look at the sky, his hands in his trouser pockets, as he walked slowly toward a house on the left with some worn and torn cloth hanging outside.

There was some blurry writing on the large red horizontal sign that he could not read clearly, and some black bugs he could not name were crawling over it slowly.

The house was still intact, just the doors and windows were all destroyed.

Garen pushed open the half a door casually, and walked into the house.

A stench of mold assaulted his nose, it was completely dim inside the house, and there was green moss all over the floor.

It had been three days since he came to this town, and he had not discovered anything, but he still did not leave.

He had indeed found the entrance into the underground, but unfortunately that entrance had been completely obscured a long time ago. After digging for more than a day and getting nothing in return, he simply gave up.

It had been three days, after one more day, he will leave this place. That was his plan.

Standing in the moldy house, Garen just stood in the doorway, raising his head to look at the sky outside the door, his heart completely calm.

Boom...

The deep sound of thunder came from the distant skies, and the sky began to grow even darker.

"It's going to rain..." Garen murmured instinctively, in this place with no other traces of human presence, he seemed to be talking to himself. But he also seemed to be talking to someone else.

"Yeah, it's going to rain..."

Suddenly there was another voice behind him.

Garen's expression froze for a second, and he turned around, deep in the darkness of the house, a huge silhouette appeared.

It was a grey-brown Mantis, a full two meters tall.

A giant Mantis dressed like a human. It just stood there in the darkness, only revealing its head, as it stared at Garen peacefully.

"Garen, it's me."

Garen's gaze intensified, he recognized this voice. Although it was old and weak, it was indeed exactly the same as that familiar voice from back then.

"Sun God King..."

This was the Divine God Palace Master that had explored the Shadow Ruins together with them.

Whooshhh...

In an instant, the rain poured down from the sky.

By the time he recovered, the man and the Mantis were already sitting side by side under the roof outside the house, staring at the heavy veil of rain less than a meter in front of them.

It was as though heaven and earth had been covered by this heavy rain, nothing could be seen clearly, and this house was their only shelter.

"I knew you would come." The Mantis said quietly, "Ever since totem power started vanishing, I just knew."

Garen looked at the veil of rain and said nothing.

"It's a new era now." The Mantis seemed to smile, "It's a miracle that I, a creature from the previous era, could last this long."

"Where are your subordinates? Where have they all gone?" Garen asked softly.

"Them? Most of them became normal beasts, but even more, died of old age." The Mantis replied calmly, "You know, most creatures don't live long to begin with."

"If you break through as well, could you continue living like me?" Garen asked calmly.

"I don't know." The Mantis raised its arm blades with difficulty, scratching its mandibles lightly, just like a gesture a real mantis would have. "Actually, I was supposed to die several months ago. But my premonition told me, that an old friend might come visiting."

"So you held on until now."

"That's right." The Divine God Palace Master looked at the veil of rain, without any hint of fear towards his impending death, just peace.

"Is there anything you want to tell me?" Garen fell silent.

"Anything I want to say?" The Mantis shook its head, "These years, I've gone to many places, so many, many places... Looking everywhere for the traces of the old era, I saw a lot, and experienced a lot. But when the Cthulhu King died in front of me, my heart suddenly went empty."

The torn bright red cloth curtain drooped down on the right, swaying in the wind, fluttering.

"That feeling, that you're the only person in the world, it sure hurts... There are people all around you, but not one of them is the same kind as you." The Mantis' mouth split into a grin.

Garen did not continue, and just looked at it quietly.

The sky was growing darker and darker, and time continued to tick by.

In the rain veil, the man and the Mantis chatted idly, talking about their experiences back then in the ruins, talking about their most painful experiences, their most proud moments, talking about all their stories since they were young.

In that moment, the two of them were like best friends who spoke about everything, and most of the time, it was the Mantis who talked while Garen listened.

The wind grew stronger, the rain grew lighter, and the Mantis' voice grew softer and softer.

By the time the rain had stopped completely, the Mantis was no longer breathing at all, sprawled quietly beside Garen, its body already stiff and cold.

"The weather tomorrow might be clear." Garen did not look at the Mantis, just staring at the sky calmly, "Too bad it doesn't matter for you and me."

He patted the clothes on his body, and stood up. The Mantis' corpse was already shattering slowly, soundlessly turning into something like black ash, flown away and scattering in the wind.

"Now it's just me..." Garen laughed self-condescendingly.

He rolled up his sleeves, the small and clear Imprint on his arm was still there, so he pressed it lightly.

The surroundings darkened.

After a moment, it lightened up again.

He was still standing in the doorway of the house, the scarlet-red banner straight beside him. Some of the floating leaves froze in the air on his right, some raindrops had dripped from the roof and were about to crash into the ground, but they never could.

The world seemed to have stopped in this moment.

Garen looked around him, there were silver rings hanging all around him in the air, each huge ring swaying occasionally, and then they soundlessly began to shatter and fall, turning into countless metal shards.

And after the old rings collapsed, some new silver rings appeared slowly, but they still could not match up to the speed of collapse.

Garen did not look at the whole inner world, he just reached out his hand, and a trident like an ice-blue water mirror gathered in his hand.

Psst!

The bottom of the trident pierced into the ground, upside-down.

"Have you come?"

A deep man's voice came from the forest in front of Garen.

"Kid?" Garen raised his head and looked forward, the Imprint telling him he was not mistaken.

That ancient man walking out of the forest in front of him, was the one who was once Kid.

He looked obscenely old, not at all like a person in his sixties, but more like an ancient monster who had lived for several centuries, the wrinkles on his face were as deep as gutters, his skin was like tree bark, and covered with tiny black spots.

He wore grey cloth, holding on to an old wooden staff, and walked out of the forest like it was only natural.

"I waited a long time for you." Kid leaned on his staff, standing quietly in front of the forest, and watching Garen.

"What on earth happened here?" Garen walked up to him, standing in front of Kid. "Why did the totem power vanish?"

"This is the image I left behind in the Imprint." But Kid ignored Garen completely, just saying his own thing. "The real me, and everyone else, have died in the thirty-two years since that battle."

He paused. "If you can wake up at the very end, and see this, then perhaps you are considered lucky. This image can only last thirty years."

Garen shut up, he had already noticed that although Kid's eyes were looking at his direction, his pupils were not concentrated at all, and seemed to be looking through him, at the things behind him.

"The world is collapsing. Totem power is collapsing." Kid said deeply, "This is the result of our research. Because I am the youngest, I lasted until the end. But soon enough, all unnatural things will be expelled by the Door to Heaven, including me."

"Expelled?" Garen's heart gave a jolt.

"That's right, you didn't hear wrong." Kid nodded. "The Door to Heaven is not a dead thing, after that Battle of Heaven that time, it felt threatened, so totem power began to be eliminated. All unnatural power began to die."

"Only those who have truly escaped the shackles, the Form Six who have escaped the control of totem power, might perhaps be able to escape the effect of the Door to Heaven completely."

Garen listened to Kid's explanation quietly.

"But, in the world that no longer has totem power, even if Form Six fighters would probably be unable to touch the Door to Heaven ever again."

Garen nodded despite himself.

Totem power was indeed a unique power that only this world had, and after eliminating totem power, without the support of the surroundings, even if the Form Six secret techniques succeeded, forming a highly-compressed soul Seed, it would still only have the power of a Form Four during the totem era, maximum.

But even so, in such a world without unnatural power, his power was already definitely the most powerful, unrivaled existence around.

"Be careful, the Door to Heaven won't let you go, it will surely try everything it can to expel you." Kid left with that line, heavily, and his whole person slowly began to fade, disappearing where he stood.

"Be careful..."

That last voice was still slowly echoing, and only then did Garen wake from his thoughts.

"The Door to Heaven..."

Before he knew it, that familiar huge set of white light doors had appeared again in the sky.

There were countless mountains, flowing rivers, and flying birds on the door frame, like so many miniature worlds, unbelievably realistic.

The white light shot down like pillars, going past the slowly disintegrating silver rings, and falling onto Garen's body.

A huge complicated will, like that of countless creatures combined, exploded into Garen's heart.

"Leave... Leave... Leave..."

"Leave..."

"Leave....."

The endlessly repeating will kept assaulting Garen's heart, as though countless people were constantly howling softly into his ear.

This combined will had no consciousness, it was just the will of countless creatures mixed together. It was a bleary, muddled will.

Garen seemed to hear the whole world in it, animals, people, fish, birds, everything with life, all gathered into a huge current, and wrapping him up in it.

In that moment, he seemed to feel, as though he was the last poisonous tumor in this world, and the whole world seemed to be desperately trying to expel the existence of such a tumor.

From the dark sky, there was just one clean white light pillar surrounding Garen, falling from the sky, like a staircase to Heaven.

Garen smiled slightly.

This world actually had a conglomeration of wills like the Door to Heaven, and he clearly remembered that the worlds before this, the surroundings of Earth and the Secret Technique World, did not have such an existence, or perhaps they did, and he just did not notice.

The universe sure was mysterious.

"If possible, I'd like to go back to the place I had come from." He lightly sent out his own will. If the Door to Heaven had a consciousness, perhaps...

Soon enough, a scene appeared that took him completely by surprise.

The images and memories of his initial arrival into this world abruptly appeared in his mind.

Chapter 550: Return 2

Lightning sparked in the dark, cloud-laden sky, and a red comet fell towards the ground with its long, long tail. This meteor was too small and too weak, so nobody could have noticed it at all.

The meteor pierced through the clouds amidst the clapping of thunder, rushing into an estate on the earth, that was what had once been the Vanderman Estate.

Barroom!!

With a clap of thunder, everything in front of him vanished in an instant.

Garen's eyes went black, and he was suddenly no longer standing in the forest town from before.

In the next instant, it was as though he was being yanked by an unbelievably huge force, his whole person turning into a blood-red meteor, flying into the sky of the inner world from the surface of the ground.

Red flames burned around his body, forming a thin layer. Looking down through the layer, the ground became further and further, smaller and smaller.

The Door to Heaven in the sky became larger and larger, closer and closer. The pitch-black mirror surface in the center was like a huge mouth of darkness, as though waiting to swallow him up.

But strangely, a sense of familiarity surged into Garen's heart.

He paused, giving up the energy he had gathered in order to struggle and escape, and instead felt that familiar sense closely.

"The Black Smoke Pot..."

That was the feeling he had when he was leaving, pushed out of the Secret Technique World by the terrifying force of the volcano.

Everything changed so fast, that it was like a dream.

From meeting the Divine God Palace Master, to the sudden change in the inner world now, Garen was completely not mentally prepared for any of it.

Whoosh!

In an instant, the meteor shot into the Door to Heaven.

Instantly, everything around Garen turned completely pitch-black, there was no light whatsoever, when he turned around to look, there was not even the Door to Heaven's white light, it was equally nothing but endless darkness there.

His whole body was covered by a crimson-red flame. That flame seemed to be coming from inside his own body, gentle and warm.

The darkness around him slowly changed, turning into the limitless and vast starry space.

Countless silver twinkling stars were scattered all over the universe, and the nearer blue and white planets flew past him quickly like bowling balls.

Garen could feel his speed pick up, becoming faster and faster. The blue stars around him all had long silver threads behind them, brushing past him constantly.

He had actually been sent straight out of the planet by the Door to Heaven, and under its immense protection, he was sent flying alone in an unknown direction. It was all happening so fast, much faster than even when he arrived.

Countless stars twinkled and flowed past him, the time passing slowly.

After goodness knows how long, Garen suddenly saw a pale blue planet ahead of him grow closer and closer, becoming larger and larger. Soon, it took up his entire field of vision.

The planet was being magnified in front of his eyes at a high speed, and just ahead was the pale blue ozone layer, just as the red meteor that was Garen nearly touched the ozone layer, a pitch-black whirlpool suddenly appeared in front of him, swallowing him directly.

The whirlpool rapidly vanished, and the universe continued on as though nothing had ever happened.

Between two of the three continents, the Fivestar Continent and the Azure Continent, on an unknown stretch of sea.

A scarlet-red meteor appeared in the air above the ocean as though it had teleported there.

Boom!!

A wave several tens of meters tall suddenly erupted in the middle of the big blue sea.

The white pillar of waves rose high into the air, and then scattered down with a whoosh.

A ton of seawater was spinning, forming a huge deep-blue whirlpool that was several hundred meters deep.

In the middle of the whirlpool, a tall and lean blonde-haired man was standing above the water's surface quietly, his eyes closed tightly, his arms lightly drawing a circle around him.

The deep-blue walls of the whirlpool around him abruptly reached out two tentacles of water that looked like snakes, twining gently around his waist, and lifting him up lightly.

The deep-blue whirlpool shattered explosively, a large current of water surging out to form a wave several meters wide, surfing under the figure's feet and using the momentum of the whirlpool to take him towards the distant sea.

Just then, Garen's eyes were closed, and he was rapidly checking the side effects of this journey through space. His attribute pane was clearly showing the changes in his body's condition right now.

Compared to the last time, when his body had been destroyed in the flames, this time, with the help of the Door to Heaven taking the initiative to send him off, as well as his power being much stronger than it was before, he had somehow only sustained extremely light injuries. His organs had internal bleeding to different degrees, but after channeling his secret technique for a bit, these wounds had been completely frozen up.

Opening his eyes abruptly, Garen looked at this blue ocean far, far away, from a distance.

Everything was an endless sea of deep-blue, but in the direction of the ocean surface that Garen was looking at, there seemed to be a hint of a white dot.

It was a white cruise ship, a steel cruiser!

There were even words printed on the side of the cruise: Fivestar Continent General Merchant's Alliance, Farsea Company.

Those were the Weisman words that Garen was absolutely familiar with.

In that instant, the images from back then appeared in Garen's brain one by one, the ambitious Weisman Empire had set a trap for the peak-level elite fighters who entered the Black Smoke Pot Island, and eventually released that terrifying explosive that seemed to be an atomic bomb.

The Immortal Palace, Behemoth Gate, the Number One Divine Warrior...

The memories and images were flashed past Garen's eyes like a temporary illusion.

His figure moved, falling into the water, and rapidly swimming towards the steel cruise ship.

On the white cruise ship

Lindsay Whitman hugged a novel about legendary figures as she yawned out of boredom, leaning on the rails by the side of the ship, she yanked her hair that was growing longer, her long dark brown hair gone from ear-length to falling over her shoulders, flying messily in the sea breeze and irritating her.

The high noon sun was rather piercing to the eyes, but felt warm and cozy on the skin, making her whole body feel relaxed and comfortable.

She was only twelve years old, but she followed her father out to sea a lot, sailing the seas between the Azure Continent and the Fivestar Continent, selling all sorts of ceramics, silks and tea leaves for the company. Ever since her mother died in an accident when she was three, she had been living her life on cruise ships.

On the wavy white ship deck, several sailors were carrying large buckets of water and washing the floor.

This was the stern of the ship, and underwind as well, so the sea breeze blowing from ahead brought with it the aroma of fragrant and spicy stir-fried squid.

Lindsay could not help but swallow some saliva.

She wanted to resist her hunger, but her saliva kept coming, making her empty stomach feel all the hungrier.

She was not pretty, and she had bad skin, her features coming from her ship captain of an old man, so she had thick brows and large eyes, thick lips and a short nose, with none of a girl's gentle beauty. Her figure was not nice either, slightly chubby around her waist, and her skin was absolutely dark, after so long living on the sea, all her skin had been baked into a glowing dark brown color, although it looked healthy, it was nothing like that fair silkiness she desired for so much.

"Excuse me." Suddenly, a clear man's voice came from behind her.

Lindsay instantly turned around, and as soon as she saw the person behind her, the pupils in her eyes dilated rapidly.

This person was completely soaked from head to toe, and was clambering over the railing to climb onboard from the side of the ship, all his clothes were completely dripping wet, and plastered tight to his skin. Even more strangely, there was some seaweed left on his body.

"Y-y-y-you..." Lindsay felt her voice shaking, but she could not control herself. She pointed at the other person, her whole body shaking.

This was the deep sea! The deep sea!!!

There was not even an abandoned island without several thousand nautical miles of here, and even sailing alone, it would take more than ten days before they saw any land! More than ten days before seeing land! What did that mean?

Wasn't this deep sea area a part of the ocean that you could see either whales or sharks, either sharks or eels, and nothing at all else?

Oh! My God! Could this be the legendary humanoid sea monster? Humanoid sea monster!? How could I have stumbled across one of those legendarily terrifying things, wasn't that something only the main

characters in those legends came across? Without a world-ending divine weapon, or a super precious sword, anybody who met one of these would die without a question!

Wait! What if this wasn't a sea monster, but was instead a fairy tale mermaid prince? She wouldn't be that unlucky, would she?!! They said mermaid princes loved eating children under the age of fifteen the most, and they would skewer them with iron poles, eating one in each bite, and usually putting away more than twenty a day...

It's over... it's over, it's all over...

"Excuse me..." Garen looked at the little girl in front of him, watching her face go green and then white, and was suddenly slightly confused. "Could you lend me a set of clothes? I'm a traveler who got in trouble, the passenger vessel I took from Stonecliff Continent was in a storm, and I was tossed overboard, thank goodness I met you guys."

The little girl pointed at him woodenly, her chest rising and falling drastically, but when she heard these words, she finally recovered her senses.

Phew...

She released a long breath.

"So you're a traveler who got thrown overboard... You... you scared the heck out of me... Don't you know that climbing up the side of someone's ship suddenly from the middle of the sea isn't something just anyone can do?"

"Sorry, my young friend, I gave you a scare." Garen smiled apologetically.

His aura as an upper-level noble from the Totem World, as well as his own beautiful looks and behavior, made Lindsay's heart skip a beat.

He spoke very good Weisman, it was just that his vocabulary was slightly outdated here and there, sounding slightly awkward and unnatural, but that gave this man an even stranger sense of charisma.

"Are you a Grandmaster of Combat?"

"Grandmaster of Combat?" Garen paused slightly, it had been a long time since he heard this term, and he felt something strange yet familiar surge into his heart.

The other crew members had also noticed the situation over here by now, and more than ten crew members dressed in white who were nearby picked up their weapons and started surrounding them. Their expression all held a slight wariness and caution.

The weapons they held in their hands included shovels, harpoons, large webs, but were mostly long silver machetes and fish guns.

"Lindy! You come over here first!"

A sailor with a large beard yelled towards Lindsay. His gaze on Garen was extremely nervous and wary, as though he was not seeing a person, but a terrifying ocean beast.

More crew members surged out of a tower in the distance, and they surrounded a middle-aged man in black clothes and a round cap, that person was holding an intricate silver handgun, his expression dark as he jogged over to them.

"Don't worry, I have no ill intentions." Garen smiled as he raised both hands. "I'm just a traveler who was thrown overboard, I floated for several days before I was just lucky enough to encounter your ship."

Just then, some of the other passengers onboard the ship also came out of their cabins, watching the action from afar.