

Mystical 551

Chapter 551: East Continent 1

"Traveler?"

The people around them began to make a commotion.

In the midst of the chatter, Lindsay left Garen carefully, going to stand beside the man with the big beard. Her old man the Captain also separated from the crowd, walking towards Garen with silver gun in hand.

The man's face was covered in bristles, and he wore a blue round cap, his eyes bulging out somewhat, so he looked at others like a frog looked at insects, his gaze icy cold.

"You're a traveler?" He did not wait for Garen's reply, continuing, "I don't care if you really are a traveler or not, since you're on my boat, you'll have to follow my rules."

He observed Garen's clothes and appearance carefully, his expression relaxing ever so slightly.

What he did not say was that although there were many navigation routes through this part of the sea, there would not be ships going through the same area within at least three days of each other.

In other words, if this person really was a traveler who had been thrown overboard, then he must have survived alone in these waters for at least three days, soaking in the seawater for three days. What a preposterous thing... haha.

Putting aside how corrosive seawater was, it was very harmful to soak in it for long, and even drinking water here was a problem. Besides, there were periodically sea sharks in this area.

But he had heard that some strong martial artists had bodies that were exceeded normal limits.

"You are... a martial artist?" He thought about it, and asked quietly.

"Uh..." Garen did not understand that term for a moment, but after he translated it, he nodded slightly.
"That's right, I have trained before in martial arts."

"If you're a martial artist, that makes sense." The Captain's expression instantly softened, "May I ask, your name is..."

"Garen, Garen Trejons." Inwardly, Garen quietly added on that familiar last name, Garen Trejons Lombard.

After some simple explanation and verification, Garen very ordinarily took on the identity of a lost traveler, and joined this ship, becoming one of the ship's passengers.

The Weisman Captain seemed to have a lot of respect for martial artists, and asked no more about Garen's identity. He did not ask Garen for any passenger fees either, even arranging a room for him enthusiastically, and getting his own daughter Lindsay to serve him in terms of food and drink.

After boarding the ship and settling down, Garen had not thought that just showing a little of what he could do with throwing knives, instantly arranging three throwing knives into a straight line, was enough to make the Captain's attitude change so much.

Compared to the confusion and suspicion of the surrounding crew members, the Captain's reaction was more surprising to him, this was evidently a person who knew the world and had knowledge of many things.

Two days after boarding the ship, Garen was arranged to stay in the VIP room in the passengers' lounge, there were even some navigation books inside that he could read. For the past two days, he had been living, eating, and resting in his room, the injuries on his body recovering rapidly.

"Mr Garen." After tidying up the room, Lindsay looked at Garen with a look of anticipation, "Could you tell me some stories about you martial artists?"

This was not her first time serving martial artists, but although her attitude was very proper, her potential and appearance were also very important, her appearance missed the mark by a long shot in every way, and her talent was not particularly good either, so no matter how good her attitude was, most martial artists would just tell her some stories about basic knowledge, and that was to thank her for her good attitude. As for taking her as a disciple, they did not even consider it. As for those slightly weaker ones, she herself did not want them, those normal dojo masters probably could not even defeat her own old man.

"Stories?" Garen sat in the room, holding a ship captain's journal as he drank some specially-imported black tea. "Speaking of stories, do you know about the Battle of the Black Smoke Pot Island?"

"Of course I know the Battle of the Black Smoke Pot Island." Lindsay nodded hard, "I heard that it was the peak of the era of Grandmasters of Combat, the two Kings of the Century faced off on the very peak of that island, but in the end the volcano erupted, and a nuclear bomb exploded, so they all fell there."

"Oh? You know it so well?" Garen was slightly surprised.

"Of course I do!" Lindsay answered matter-of-factly, "It was about more than sixty years ago now, that was the peak-level incident in the martial arts world. The Immortal Palace's strongest fighter in history, Sylphalan, died in that battle."

"You even know the Immortal Palace?" Garen was suddenly interested. "More than sixty years?" He abruptly noticed that key term, and instantly fell silent.

"Of course I know, the Immortal Palace and the Demon Gate, they're the two strongest powers in the combat world, they're the two holy grounds of combat. They are the joint organizers of the Combat Festival tournament that happens once every three years. Our ship has ferried martial artists participating in the Combat Festival more than once!" Lindsay said, with a hint of pride.

"The Combat Festival?" Garen heard a new term again.

"It can't be? You don't even know that?" Lindsay's eyes widened.

"I've always been training hard in the wilderness... So..." Garen shrugged to indicate that he truly did not know.

"The Combat Festival is an important tournament that the two powers use to rank and choose new generations of Grandmasters of Combat, not only do these include the Grandmasters of Combat in the traditional sense of the world, they also include mysterious martial artists who combine technology with their killing moves. It is held once every three years, and by now it's been held more than ten times. I heard that the truly strong competitors will even be chosen by the two powers to become their official members." Lindsay walked to the chair opposite Garen and sat down, explaining patiently.

"More than sixty years..." Only then did Garen know, in the process of him returning, he also seemed to have used up far too much time.

As for the Combat Festival or whatnot, that was just the method the Immortal Palace and the Demon Gate were using to find new talent as well as weed out potential threats.

That Demon Gate was probably what used to be the Behemoth Gate, and that Immortal Palace might be the same Immortal Palace from back then, but he had not expected these two to grow so strong.

"Other than the Immortal Palace and the Demon Gate, are there any more powerful sects in the combat world?" He continued asking with a slight hint of anticipation.

"Other than these two... there are also the Black Fist Gate, the Crimson Sand Sword, and the Celestial Circle Gate. I don't know the others, but these should be the main few."

"Is there a White Cloud Gate, or a Southern Sky Holy Fist Gate?" Garen paused for a bit, and asked.

"White Cloud Gate? That powerful sect that joined the Battle of the Black Smoke Pot, huh..." Lindsay seemed to remember now, "After that battle, the White Cloud Gate fell into obscurity, they only had that one extremely powerful Gate Master, after that the people from the Immortal Palace and the Demon Gate took revenge on them, apparently the losses and casualties were great, and most of their important legacies were lost as well. There is still a White Cloud Gate now, but it was a sect rebuilt by

the some of the previous members, they don't have any complete legacies from before, so they're only considered a lowest-end sect."

She thought back carefully. "I used to want to watch the Combat Festival very badly, but I was blocked outside and could not go in, so I just wandered around outside for a few days, but afterward I bought a book introducing the different combat sects, and they mentioned a little bit about the White Cloud Gate.

"What about the Southern Sky Holy Fist Gate?" Garen fell silent for a moment, and continued asking.

"I've never heard of it before...." Lindsay shook her head, "That sect's name sounds super impressive, are you from this sect, Mister?" She asked somewhat curiously.

Garen smiled, but did not reply.

In terms of his position, not only was he the White Cloud Gate Master, he was also the Southern Sky Holy Fist Gate's number one Divine General. Sadly... these identities that were once so striking, after a mere sixty or so years, had become utterly unknown.

The White Cloud Gate had already fallen to such an extent, and the Southern Sky Holy Fist Gate, that had peak Grandmasters of Combat such as himself and Palosa, must have been suppressed by the Immortal Palace and the Behemoth Gate until it was unrecognizable.

In the distant Azire Continent, a small town by the sea.

In a dilapidated old dojo's old wooden halls, several young men and women stood in a row, obediently listening to what their young senior brother was saying in a loud voice.

"In the history of White Cloud Gate, we were once glorious as well."

The senior brother pointed at the sign above them proudly, facing his junior brothers and sisters.

"In our history, we once had two Divine General level Grandmasters of Combat, and four Divine Marshals, our power was definitely absolute, so as disciples of this gate, we must always remember the pride and glory of the past... Always remember the Three Prides and Three Sins as dictated by our Teacher Ancestors, do not forget our sect rules, be disciplined, shoulder the responsibility of developing and strengthening our sect, take pride in your identity as a disciple of this sect, you must..."

The senior brother continued on and on up there.

The few young girls and boys below him were all groggy from the lecture, but this weekly ideology class was compulsory.

Divine Generals, Divine Marshals? Nobody knew if those legendary levels actually existed before, they were just too far away from normal disciples like them. It was probably their Teacher Ancestor blowing their own horns.

These days, which small sect did not make up their own glorious history? If they had nothing to say even when bluffing, and could not intimidate those rich people into a daze, who would send their sons and daughters into the sects, and pay the tuition fees?

That was how the four or five young men and women down there were tricked into it.

Two were children from a small-time merchant, one was the daughter of an out-of-luck noble, and two of them came from normal families in town, one boy and one girl.

Out of these children, the youngest was only thirteen, and the oldest nineteen, having all entered the sect at different times. At first the White Cloud Gate had several dozen disciples and members, but the Iron Leg Gate nearby challenged them once, injuring some of the old masters and even grievously hurting the old Gate Master. So the disciples left and scattered, and after a few years, only these few were left of those from back then, added together with the newly-recruited ones.

Most of these children were here because of the cheap school fees, if it were not that they truly could not afford the other expensive dojos, nobody would be willing to be a disciple under this old and dilapidated lowest-level sect.

The First Senior Brother was still up there chattering away, as he thought about what the old man told him before he left. Good for that geezer, he had taken some of the sect's senior and junior sisters to meet the Crimson Sand Sword's invitation, helping out preparations for the Combat Festival next March.

Just thinking about it made this First Senior Brother really mad, that damn geezer kept bringing those few pretty ladies with him everywhere, there was no time to bond at all. Wasn't the whole reason he joined in the first place because the White Cloud Gae had many pretty ladies?

The geezer's three granddaughters, especially the youngest Lollosa, were practically white cabbages in this black mud, so tender and sweet...

"First Senior Brother, you're drooling."

He instinctively wiped the corners of his mouth, but the First Senior Brother immediately noticed something amiss, his gaze sinking as he stared harshly at one of the blonde-haired boys beneath him, that boy was hiding behind a cool-looking young girl with black hair, his expression mischievous.

"Sit back in your own place! As a man, is it right for you to keep hiding behind your older sister!?"

The First Senior Brother scolded him, but his gaze was quietly wandering over the cool black-haired girl.

He had to admit, that old geezer's eye for beauties was pretty good, and his taste was the best as well. Ever since the geezer took over as Palace Master, he had started adopting baby girls from all over the place, they looked all wrinkled and ugly when they were young, but after they grew up, each of them turned out to be pretty and tender young girls.

Putting aside their potential, there were several young male disciples who joined just for these pretty girls, if the Iron Leg Gate's challenge had not chased away most of them, right now the sect would probably be expanding like anything.

Sigh... Who knows when that damn geezer is coming back...

Although the First Senior Brother was preaching ideology, his thoughts had long since flown away from here, floating towards those three cute ladies with the old geezer.

Chapter 552: East Continent 2

After listening to Lindsay's explanation about the combat world, in the next few days, Garen asked her about the relevant situation every day.

More than sixty years, Ying Er might still be alive, but his parents...

Garen sighed inwardly, time was still the strongest weapon of all.

He suddenly had the urge to return to the White Cloud Gate and take a look. But it was obvious that the current White Cloud Gate was probably no longer in the Stonecliff Continent's Yalu Confederation.

However, since all the famous sects will join the Combat Festival, then the old sects like the Crimson Sand Sword and the Celestial Circle Gate would definitely be there, if he went there, he might be able to meet some of his old friends from back then.

Andrela, the King of Nightmares, the members of White Peacock from back then, were they still around now?

If he could meet some of his old friends, he might be able to find Ying Er as well.

Just then he was sitting in his own room, listening to Lindsay recall some of the combat world stories she knew, and he could more or less deduce the changes in the state of the world as well as their technological level.

"...After the Battle of Black Smoke Island, the second to grasp nuclear bombs were the Yalu Confederation, and then it was the Republic of the Tulip. After all three superpower countries controlled such intimidating power, there basically were no more great wars, only a few military exercises and

constant small-scale skirmishes. That was when the true value of Grandmasters of Combat could be seen."

Lindsay spoke about all of this logically, after following her father on the sea for so many years, she had seen all sorts of people, and had many sources of information, plus she was bright enough, so Garen understood everything unnaturally well.

"More than ten years ago, a special forces team made completely out of Grandmasters of Combat infiltrated the Republic of the Tulip, in a mere ten days, they assassinated fifteen province-level high officials consecutively, and caused a huge international uproar. That mission was the famous Flash Operation, as though teleporting in a flash, they moved from one place to another, killing instantly, meeting no resistance. This made all the countries in the world understand the terrifying power of Grandmasters of Combat in a special forces unit. And because of that, the Demon Gate and the Immortal Palace began to grow dramatically stronger, bringing the whole combat world with them. Each country began to understand the Grandmasters of Combat more, and more combat-related activities blossomed, until training in combat became a popular trend. Now, all of the countries determine the strength of their special forces according to the number and quality of the Grandmasters of Combat in their countries."

Lindsay finished saying all that in one go, then she picked up her tea and chugged from it, moistening her throat.

Garen watched the little fella talk and talk in front of him, acting like a little adult, and he could not help but find it slightly funny.

"Then the Demon Gate and the Immortal Palace have their own territories, right?"

"That is for sure, the Immortal Palace is mainly in Weisman where we are, and they have countless connections with the military. The Demon Gate is mostly based in the Yalu Confederation, and the Republic of the Tulip in the Azure Continent is the weakest, although the Crimson Sand Sword and Celestial Circle Gate are very powerful, they are still too far away from the Immortal Palace and the Demon Gate."

The Crimson Sand Sword and Celestial Circle Gate were both forced to the Azure Continent.

Garen understood now, the old Yale Confederation had been utterly conquered by the Behemoth Gate, while the Immortal Palace were in cahoots with Weisman. If the White Cloud Gate really still existed, and was still teaching their legacies, then they were most likely in the Azure Continent.

Picking up the tea cup and sipping from it, Garen fell into deep thought, when suddenly he felt the cup in his hand sink a little, the hardworking young Lindsay had refilled his cup with tea.

She had been cleaning his room and serving him tea every day for these past few days, and this young one carried out her duties respectfully, her service detailed and first-rate.

"Is the Combat Festival held in a fixed location?" He picked up his cup and sipped again.

"It's not, they choose a different place each time. Mr Garen, are you planning to join the Combat Festival?" Lindsay asked carefully.

"That's right, after training for so many years, I thought I should go out and meet the people outside." Garen put down his cup, "I bet you've practiced some things with your old man, right?"

Lindsay's heart brightened, and she pressed down her excitement.

"You mean..."

"I won't take you in as my disciple, but I can teach you a thing or do." Garen smiled. "Get up and show me everything you learned before. The one you practice the most."

"Yes!"

Lindsay was instantly overjoyed, and she hurriedly moved the chair away, opening up some space.

Standing in the empty space, she pressed her arms forward slowly, and then she raised a knee, the tip of her foot moving slowly at first, but then kicking quickly, her upward kick drawing an easy and beautiful arc.

Turning around, side kick, forward kick, spinning stomp, warhammer downward chop, both her legs in the air as she kicked consecutively.

In that little two meters worth of space, the girl nimbly demonstrated all sorts of different kicks in a very short time, her actions light and quick, her control excellent.

The whoosh of her kicking kept spinning and resounding in the small room.

"Attack me!" Garen said suddenly. "At full power!"

Lindsay's heart was filled with joy, she knew that this was his real test for her. Her right leg was pulled back, and instantly bounced up again like a poisonous snake, turning into a black shadow and aiming for Garen's throat with a whoosh.

Smack!

Garen caught the tip of her foot steadily in his hand, so she could not move at all, and all the momentum seemed to have been kicked into the empty air, making Lindsay feel unspeakably uncomfortable.

"Your basics are not bad, but they're just for show, without the secrets of blood qi, you can only beat up normal people at the most."

"Blood qi secrets?!!" Lindsay's eyes instantly lit up, "Are you going to teach me blood qi secrets!?"

Blood qi secrets were something only secret techniques had, and the true secret techniques among secret techniques, were the essences of all sects and true martial arts. No matter how the fist- or kick-fighting techniques were, without the secrets of channeling blood qi, they would still only be normal people, unable to reach their limits.

And once they had this secret, only then would they truly step into the world of secret techniques, the world of martial artists.

Garen laughed out loud, blood qi secrets were the core of secret techniques, so they were indeed precious, but he had too many secret techniques stored in his brain, and yet any low-level secret technique would be a priceless treasure to this fellow, it was a core item that could be passed down for a lifetime, and used to strengthen a family.

Besides, even if it was just one of the low-level secret technique secrets that Garen remembered, to Lindsay, it would still be a huge opportunity.

She knew it best herself, this was different from the era where several hundred families clashed with their secret techniques, now countries were paying a lot of attention to the power of Grandmasters of Combat, and had strict regulations over secret techniques, and especially so over the Immortal Palace and the Demon Gate, they would not allow the large-scale spreading of secret technique secrets at all, and they had strict rules over the other sects as well. As a result, other than joining the Combat Festival, those who were not chosen and did not have the opportunity, would never be able to learn true secret techniques.

"I'll teach you a simple leg technique. Practice more of this yourself." Garen went through some options, and found the Snake Style Leg secret technique that he had recorded under the White Cloud Gate.

"This secret technique tip is called the Snake Style Leg, it has tremendous power, immense speed, allowing you to extend and retract your leg quickly, so you can land one hit before the enemy could even react. It's not really a secret technique, at the most it's only really an explosive blood qi technique."

"It's enough, it's enough!!" Lindsay's smile was going to turn her face into a flower, she was so happy it was turning her silly.

She was deeply in love with martial arts since young, but unfortunately she did not have the conditions required, so she could only keep repeating her old man's few moves.

After that, Garen got up and showed her the key to the Snake Style Leg, the moves, and pressure points regarding blood qi and will.

Lindsay was indeed no prodigy, and she was barely even bright, she was just average at best. After hearing it three times, she still barely understood, so Garen had to explain it to her again in detail,

analyzing the Snake Style Leg in parts, and setting several goals and steps for her, so she just had to train towards these daily goals.

This was his way of repaying her food and accommodation services.

Time passed by day after day, Garen stayed deep within Lindsay's family ship, just teaching Lindsay a bit about the kicking technique every day, while he spent the rest of his time alone in his room, reading books, and listening to the radio Lindsay had brought him.

Soon enough, the ship also approached their destination -- the East Continent.

The east side of the three continents was called the East Continent. In truth, the whole East Continent was the East side that Garen's master, Fei Baiyun, mentioned back then. In other words, it was the place the White Cloud Gate was initially founded. For his whole life, Fei Baiyun wanted to return to the East Continent, to see his old hometown and school, but unfortunately he never managed to fulfill that wish of his, so he passed it on to Garen on his deathbed.

Back then he had thought he would not be able to fulfill it either, but now he had somehow returned to the East Continents, though it was several decades later...

"Hahaha...!"

Amidst the hearty laughter, a large man with a black beard hugged Lindsay's old man hard, patting his back loud enough to for others hear the clapping.

"Safe sailing, Captain Whitman! And I thought I'd only see your ship next week, but to think you're here today!" The large black-bearded man was shirtless, revealing his powerful and healthy dark skin.

The two of them stood on the jetty, surrounded by the laborers carrying the cargo back and forth. It was dawn, the air was clean and cold, with a faint hint of mist, veiling the whole jetty in a foggy blur.

"You kid, Brother Feng, this time I brought a large cargo with me, if I don't move faster, I'd regret it if all the cargo had been taken away by others!" Whitman chuckled as he added on.

While the adults chatted on that side, the children were gathered elsewhere.

Lindsay was standing aside, facing a boy and a girl.

"Big Sis, this is the fifth edition of the 'World's Combat History', I bought it specially for you." The little boy's face was all swollen and his nose green, but he handed her a neatly-wrapped book respectfully.

"This is the 'Transmutations of the Kick' that I found." The girl handed over a book she had found as well.

Both of them seemed about ten years old, their faces childish, but even the girl's face was covered in bruises.

"What's up with your faces?" Lindsay's voice grew angry, and she asked softly. She was the Big Sister of the captains' kids here on this jetty, and because she liked martial arts, she often beat these kids into submission. The two small ones in front of her now were her 'true disciples', not everyone dared to touch them.

Seeing as the two of them weren't speaking, Lindsay humphed coldly like her father.

"Was it Zhao Qinglan!?"

The two of them stuttered but did not dare to reply.

If it was the Lindsay from before, she would not dare to rush and find that Zhao Qinglan either, that person was new to the jetty, and had been studying martial arts since young, she was even better at it than Lindsay, although she was also a girl, she already weighed more than sixty kilograms despite her young age, and had tremendous strength.

But now that she had gotten the secret of the Snake Style Leg, Lindsay was full of confidence, and was sure of her powers, so she had the urge to give it a try.

Chapter 553: Situation 1

"Let's go! We'll find that damn fatty!" She pulled her two subordinates and headed towards the street deep within the jetty fiercely.

Within a few minutes, the three of them saw Zhao Qinglan, who was showing off by beating up another little boy in the street, she was tall and heavy, her face covered with flesh, and her hair tied up into two swirls, she wore a powder-white coat, that intimidated anyone who looked at it.

"Yoo-hoo! Lindsay, you finally got the guts to challenge me?"

"Cut the crap, this fight decides who's stronger!" Lindsay jumped straight towards the side of the street, as soon as she stepped out, the young children who were surrounding and watching them instantly opened up some space for them.

Heh!

Zhao Qinglan spat some saliva onto her palm, rubbed it, and pounced forward, dashing at Lindsay with a speed and agility complete unlike her appearance, moving extremely quickly.

As soon as the passersby looking over at them noticed that she actually had some rhyme and reason to her moves, some others stopped walking and began to watch.

With that pounce, and according to Zhao Qinglan's strength, it should be more than enough to knock Lindsay to the ground. Once she had the other person pressed down, and unable to get up, that would mean Lindsay could only lie down and be pummeled blindly.

Seeing Zhao Qinglan pounce at her, Lindsay panicked for a second, she had not thought that her opponent would be so fast despite looking so fat.

Before she knew it, her right leg was pulled back abruptly, hiding behind her left leg, and her blood qi, wound up like a spring, was pressed into her right leg in pace as she adjusted her breathing.

Psst!

Like a released spring, in that instant, her right leg naturally shot out, like a black whip, but even more like a pouncing poisonous snake. The tip of her foot was the fangs, making a hissing sound as it swung through the air.

The Snake Style Leg that she had been training constantly these past few days was used ever so naturally.

Bam!

The leg touched the right side of Zhao Qinglan's pouncing body, and her whole body rolled away, falling at the empty space by Lindsay's left foot, still swaying.

"Ouch!" She heard a cry of pain.

That Snake Style Leg only had one percent of its true power, mainly because Lindsay used it with the power of a child, and she was extremely unfamiliar with it, so it was far from actually embodying the shape of a snake, and hissing like one.

But that one hit was enough to make Lindsay's heart jolt.

For the first time, she truly knew for the first time, just how powerful this Snake Style Leg actually was.

The kids around her cheered, these captains' children who had grown up with Lindsay had disliked Zhao Qinglan for a long time, and seeing her fall now, they all jumped with joy.

"This is the secret you learned from that punk you picked up halfway?"

Suddenly, a deep middle-aged man's voice came from beside Lindsay.

"Snake Style Leg? Hehe, to think there would be someone who would simply teach others secrets!" The man's voice suddenly sounded happy at their misfortune.

"You surviving vermin from the Southern Sky Gate! Die!!"

With a boom, the man in black flew into the sky, a terrifying humanoid pitch-black aura rioting behind him.

The woman stiffened for a second, and his palm hit her directly, sending her flying and coughing blood. She spun several times in the air with a groan, before finally falling hard onto the ground.

The woman stumbled but finally managed to steady her footing, and she actually began to run slightly faster, borrowing the momentum from before. Like a graceful swallow, she darted into a copse of trees beside her, and disappeared after a few turns.

"Get her!!" She vaguely heard a low yell from the man in black behind her.

The man in black took a hand towel offered by the subordinate beside him, and wiped the fresh blood off his hands, his expression hard and cold.

"She can't escape! We finally managed to catch that little rat, I have set down an inescapable trap, and the main players inside can never escape!"

A short woman in black laughed beside him. "Once the Divine Master(1) leaves the palace, we will just nicely have the leader of the Southern Sky Gate as a present. The Young Divine Master Jessian has personally promised, that as long as we, the North-West Nine Iron Gate can complete this matter, they will personally help us conquer the Bronze Gate's copper mine, I wonder if this is true?"

As the two of them spoke, large groups of strong black-clothed fighters rapidly rushed into their woods, looking everywhere for her.

"The Demon Gate Demoness Lola is also about to re-emerge from her meditative retreat, the Young Divine Master is probably doing this to prevent any future threats, as long as he settles this matter with the Southern Sky Gate completely, perhaps the Divine Master might place more importance on him." The man in black nodded.

"I heard that the Young Divine Master has already entered the fifth level of the Omniscient Eye, and is now only two steps away from the highest peak-level. once he re-emerges this time, he will surely go toe-to-toe with the Demoness Lola. Add that to the Divine Master's tremendous power, once he comes out of his meditative retreat this time, he will surely achieve the highest peak-level, the Demon Gate is surely in trouble this time." The woman in black pressed her voice down low.

The man in black instantly looked thoughtful.

The Immortal Palace and the Demon Gate were the two main holy sites of the combat world, controlling countless powerful battle skills and secret techniques, so they had the highest position in the combat world. The Divine Master and the Demon Soldier were the two strongest fighters of the whole combat world, but now the Divine Master was coming out of his meditative retreat soon, and allegedly had the biggest breakthrough, achieving the highest state of secret technique training.

But regrettably, on the Demon Gate's side, the Demon Soldier had sealed himself into a meditative retreat, but it was said that he had failed and died, so with the rise of one side and the fall of the other, the Immortal Palace had practically become the strongest power in the combat world.

Before this, the survivors of the Southern Sky Gate had managed to live because the Demon Gate was holding them back, but now the chase was getting tighter, with Grandmasters of Combat looking for them everywhere.

Garen got off the cruise ship slowly, looking at the jetty in front of him.

This was evidently a decently-sized jetty by the bay, the whole jetty was like a circle, an oval with a hole in it, and the path into the ocean was that only hole.

There was a faint mist over the ocean, and nothing could be seen in the distance, but he could vaguely see rows upon neat rows of Chinese-style houses and buildings, on the streets between the houses, the red-skinned strong men carried their naval cargo, but there were mostly fishermen wearing their hats and preparing to go to sea. There were also quite a few bull- and horse-drawn carriages, mostly parked beside the many large ships.

The ship that Garen himself was alighting from was already considered a large ship here, and by now there were already several horse- and bull-drawn carriages stopping beside it. The merchants and travelers getting off the carriages were discussing something with the crewmembers from the ship.

"Mr Garen, may I know if you have any plans after getting off the ship?" Captain Whitman said from behind him, after he found out that his daughter obtained a secret kicking technique from Garen, he had gotten even more passionate.

He would fulfill each and every one of Garen's wishes, evidently taking him for a legendary Grandmaster of Combat.

Garen shook his head.

"I have no plans, but I've come out this time to see the Combat Festival happening soon."

"The Combat Festival is naturally something everybody passionate about combat and martial artists will want to see." Captain Whitman chuckled, "But I heard that the location this year is on a small island in the ocean. It is not too long from now, that the Festival will begin. Why don't you stay with us and be greeted together with our Navy Alliance, Mr Garen? What do you think?"

By Navy Alliance, he did not mean just his own ship, but the large alliance of the sea formed by the merchants trading and buying here in the East Continent. This huge power had also recruited several power martial artists, and although they did not know exactly how many Grandmasters of Combat there were, even the pirates by the sea had to be wary of such an alliance of over a hundred merchants. As large ocean alliances would sometimes come across rich targets, they would also take down their

merchant flag and put up pirate flags to perform the fastest deal to earn money. Nobody could truly differentiate merchants and pirates.

"That sounds fine too." Garen thought about it, his return this time was only to see how Ying Er and the others were doing for the last time. And then, if he had the chance, he wanted to see if he could discover the mysteries of the Black Smoke Pot.

Over the past few days, he had also tried to use his Listener's Imprint to enter the inner world, but it seemed that there was no inner world here at all. When he was in the Totem World, his Listener's Imprint could feel something mysterious. It was a feeling, as though the world itself was living.

And it was soon proven that the Door to Heaven, as the representative final product of the Totem World, did indeed have its own life and instincts.

But once he returned to the Secret Technique World, Garen could not feel any of that sense of life. The whole world's air seemed dead and stagnant, the Listener's Imprint did take effect, and was not affected by this planet, so he could feel the waves from inside, but this place simply did not have any inner world, so Garen had no way of getting in.

He had a theory, that these planets were all different, the world of the Totem Planet had a planet's will, which was the Door to Heaven. And this place, the Secret Technique Planet, probably did not have such a thing.

Perhaps not all planets were the same type, once he thought about it that way, he felt that it was understandable.

The universe was endless and powerful, containing space, time, and everything else. It was probably only natural that there would be different planet systems and conditions.

His thoughts turning instantly, Garen looked at the bearded captain in front of him.

He was utterly penniless, but he could not always depend on the charity of others, so it was convenient for both of them if he was recruited by this Ocean Alliance.

"Before the Festival begins, I'll have to continue bothering you, Captain Whitman."

"You're too kind." Whitman hurriedly replied in a low voice, intense joy filling his face.

Martial artists who had secret technique secrets these days were all powerful people, they moved quickly, and any normal person with a gun within ten meters would be sitting ducks to them.

The two of them chatted a bit, when suddenly they heard the soft sounds of an argument nearby.

Garen looked towards the direction of the noise, and vaguely saw Lindsay facing off against someone else in the fog.

"Something seems to have happened, I'll go over there and have a look."

"Who taught you the Snake Style Leg?! Tell me!" The middle-aged man with the cold eyes glared hard at Lindsay, his right palm was at least twice as thick as his left hand, shining with a faint purple glow, as though all of his skin was dyed with a layer of purple. This man wore a grey-green military costume, and there was even a young man about as tall as him standing next to him.

The East Continent was currently in a state of warlordism, these private soldiers and gangsters were all over the place.

That person was just walking past the jetty at first, but he happened to notice a child performing a prohibited secret technique, the Snake Style Leg, and was instantly overjoyed.

Ever since the Immortal Palace declared the Martial Prohibition, anyone who caught the practitioners of those secret techniques involved, would have the right to exchange them for a secret technique or secret of equal level. Although the Snake Style Leg was only one of the lowest-level secret techniques, but for some reason, it was also one of the secret techniques that the Immortal Palace had strictly placed under prohibition.

Of course he would not know that the Immortal Palace hated the White Cloud Gate and the Southern Sky Holy Fist Gate to the core, especially the White Cloud Gate, back then the White Cloud Gate Master Garen was unrivalled, using a normal secret technique to make it all the way to the peak, such a story seemed like a legend, no matter how you looked at it.

And so the descendants of the Immortal Palace began to think that it was highly likely that the White Cloud Gate and the Southern Sky Holy Fist Gate had something special which allowed Garen to skyrocket upward. After a hard chase and intense search, they still could not find any clue, so they decided to put all the White Cloud Gate's and the Southern Sky Holy Fist Gate's techniques under prohibition, since they could not find the reason, then they might as well make sure that nobody could learn those martial arts techniques.

This was actually the very foundation of the Prohibition. It was also the reason the current White Cloud Gate did not even dare to practice their own inherited secret techniques.

Chapter 554: Situation 2

There were several dozen types of secret techniques under the Martial Prohibition, some stronger and others weaker, but most of the martial artists had memorized all of them, since these things could be traded for Immortal Palace Secret Techniques. Everyone wanted a secret technique that was most suited to them, but it was always difficult for martial artists to find a secret technique that fit them well, and the secret technique offered by the Immortal Palace were extremely numerous, so they would definitely find the one they wanted there.

Lindsay was completely panicked and lost, she was only a twelve-year-old child after all, she might have been at the top of her age group, but when faced with an actual military punk with a gun at his waist, her heart was instantly confused.

"I... I..." She stuttered, at first she wanted to say some tough words, but she just could not form them. The more she could not speak, the more panicked she got, and so she was even more tongue-tied.

"Heh." The man with the cold gaze laughed coldly, and came up to her.

"Master Zhao, why are you still joking around with a child? I know this child as well, she's the Ocean Alliance boss' daughter, we'll inevitably meet each other all the time, so please be patient if there were any misunderstandings or if she was rude in any way." A jolly short and fat man walked out of the

riotous crowd, his face all smiles as he greeted the other two with one hand over the other fist. "How about I treat you two sirs to a few drinks at Jade Garden?"

"Fat Lan, you stay out of this matter." The cold-eyed military punk Zhao pushed the fatty away, and walked straight up to Lindsay. "Pretty bold of you, to secretly learn a demonic secret technique under Prohibition!"

Before he finished speaking, he made to grab Lindsay.

Smack!

Lindsay instinctively kicked him, blowing his hand away.

"Oh-ho, you still dare to resist!" The military punk Zhao was instantly furious, and kicked towards Lindsay hard, his foundations were naturally much stronger than the girl's, plus he was also an expert at kicking, so he instantly calculated a few ways she could dodge, his right leg kicking forth at a strange angle.

"Master Zhao, please let her go!" "Master Zhao, she's just a child!"

Seeing that he was actually attacking her, some of the familiar faces in the crowd instantly reacted, they were all Captain Whitman's close friends, so there was no way they could just stand by and watch their niece get bullied.

In this chaotic world, most of the people on the jetty were huddled into groups, even if normal people did not go against officials, but they still took pride in justice, and could not help but stand up to stop him.

Bam!

Lindsay was kicked hard in the stomach, and she fell forward onto the ground, in too much pain to get up.

The two men who had pounced out beside her were also kicked far away by the military punk Zhao, and stumbled before they finally steadied their footing, but their faces were pale and they could not catch their breath for a while.

"Serves you right for goddamn interfering with me! Go ahead, block me! Block! Go on blocking!!" The military punk Zhao seemed to have been provoked somewhere else, and was now taking all of his anger out on Lindsay.

He kicked Lindsay's waist again and again, sending her rolling back and forth as though she were a toy.

The people around them were riotous in the beginning, but they began to fall silent afterward, just standing around and watching him kick her. The few who were brave enough to stand out had been settled by this man in a few hits, and still had not recovered.

"Stop!!" There was an explosive yell from nearby.

The military punk Zhao's expression grew cold, and he stomped on Lindsay's head even harder.

Of course he would not kill her, he still wanted to give her to the Immortal Palace in exchange for a secret technique, but it was more interesting to destroy this girl's face than it was to kill her.

He had gotten used to dominating the streets, and did not think he would nearly be humiliated by this young thing today, plus he had just taken a harsh scolding from his senior officer, so his heart was burning with rage. When he hit her, he immediately started putting more force into it.

Garen walked over to them with Whitman, and just glanced at Lindsay, who was lying on the floor, as well the pale children beside them, sensing that Lindsay was in no great danger. He then immediately moved his gaze to the two military punks.

The situation around them was similar to that of the Huaxia period in China on Earth(1), the crowd gathered around to witness the spectacle were completely numb and expressionless.

But for some reason, when he and Captain Whitman walked over, the gazes of everyone around them were instantly dyed with a hint of respect, including those two military punks.

After some careful observation, he noticed that their fear and respect was not aimed at Whitman, but him.

To be more precise, it was aimed at his shining long golden hair.

Garen had just asked Whitman about the situation here on the East Continent, and the information he got was that it was similar to the Republican era(2).

The place had been split up by regional warlords, as soon as the feudal dynasty collapsed, the foreign allied armies had divided up the profits on the East Continent, and there were settlements from other countries everywhere, becoming an eternal trauma in the hearts of Oriental scholars.

The war from a few years ago and the debts they accumulated had utterly shattered the East Continent's dream of becoming the strongest country in the world, and had also torn away the veil of mystery and mythic respect that the foreign countries had historically had for the East Continent. They were hit as soon as they went down, the East Continent armies with the soldiers on horseback and their sand cannons were basically weak as lambs in the face of the foreign gunpowder cannons.

After they terribly lost several patriotic wats, the blatant conflicts and division of territories began.

The Yalu Confederation, Weisman, Tulip, and some other middle- or even small-scale countries.

Each of them supported their own representatives and ambitious leaders, doing their best to grab as much profit and supplies as they could by politically manipulating the area.

That was also when Whitman's family had gone onto the ocean and contacted foreign merchants, doing their business in trade. As locals from the East Continent, they had made contact with many foreigners over the years, and this did improve their standing somewhat. But all that was not as shocking as an actual foreign friend.

Foreigners always looked down on the East Continent, especially ones from the strong countries. For Whitman abruptly brought a young blonde man here, it truly shocked everyone and left a huge impact.

Such pure golden hair could only be found in some of the strongest countries on the other end of the sea. Such as Weisman, such as Tulip, such as the Yalu Confederation...

Those were the three strongest countries...

The military punk Zhao did indeed pull back a little, and looking at the little girl on the floor, he noticed that blood was leaking out the corner of her mouth. Evidently, this was getting complicated.

But even if there was a foreigner here, he still did not want to let go of his long-awaited dream, to get a secret technique that truly suited him. His dream of many years could finally be fulfilled, such an intense temptation rapidly forced down his urge to run away.

"It is a serious crime to secretly learn a Prohibited secret technique! This is the Prohibition from the Immortal Palace, a law supported by the Weisman authorities, you would know that as well, right, sir?" The military punk Zhao thought hard, and forcefully found a wordy excuse for himself. It was just that he was using the local language of the East Continent, so he had no idea if the other party could understand him.

Garen smiled slightly, revealing a mouthful of pearly whites. Beside him, Captain Whitman was prepared to translate for him.

But it was not as though he had done nothing over these past few days on the boat, so as soon as he spoke, it was in fluent East Continent language.

"Prohibition? The Immortal Palace's Prohibition? What is that? Could you explain it to me?"

"Uh..." The man Zhao hesitated.

"I was the one who taught her the martial arts, do you have any opinion about that?" Garen immediately declared that he was the one who taught Lindsay.

He did not care about any Martial Prohibition, or any warlordism, as the terrifying ruthless killer from the Black Swamp Palace, a legend even in the Totem World, that was even more so in this Secret Technique World with its lower combat level.

Be it the Immortal Palace, or the Demon Gate, if they got in his way, then they had better be prepared to pay in blood.

He was not one of those old-fashioned justice warriors, in order to achieve his own goals, although he was not completely immoral, it was still only natural that he would choose the most effective way to solve a problem.

He stood here and traded useless words with these two, just to express two things.

One, the Whitman family was not extremely close to him, as proven by the question he did not care about Lindsay who was lying on the ground. That was also to prevent that family from getting too involved with his problems.

Two, Garen still thought it was necessary to bequeath a dead person with a few words.

The man named Zhao was already feeling something ominous, his right hand reaching for the gun behind his waist.

But all of a sudden, his whole body gave a jolt, his movements stiff and unable to move. It was not just him, the other man beside him who had come with him had also stiffened, and could not even speak, even his expression did not change. But he could see the same terror and fear in the other person's eyes.

They could not move at all!

It was as though all the blood in his body would not listen to him.

Demonic arts!! This was demonic arts!!!

No wonder the Immortal Palace declared the Prohibition, such a terrifying martial arts... It was like there was an avalanche in Zhao's heart, his wariness from before collapsing instantly in the face of extreme terror.

Garen smiled at him slightly.

"What a coincidence, I was just looking for you, come with me. Let's discuss this properly."

He said a few words to Whitman softly, and led the way directly to a small teahouse outside the crowd. The two military punks followed him quickly, not saying a thing.

"Alright, break it up, everybody, break it up!!" Behind him, Whitman's subordinate was yelling, and only then did Whitman wipe the sweat off his head, carrying the unconscious Lindsay off to find a doctor.

The three of them sat down on the second floor of the teahouse, taking Garen's favorite position closest to the window, and nobody dared to take any of the three places around them, the owner forced a smile as he served them a pot of high-quality tea, and then hurriedly rushed downstairs, too afraid to say anything more.

Garen very naturally controlled the blood inside their bodies, taking away their wallets, opening it up and counting the money inside. There were only seven or eight pieces of silver inside, as well as some scattered copper coins, he wondered how much that would buy.

He put them all into one pouch and kept it carefully, tying it to his waist, and then Garen smiled at the two of them.

"Don't be scared, you will always come across some obstacles in life, this is just a small trial in your lives."

He slowly released the control he had over their faces.

The military punk named Zhao opposite him had a smile that looked worse than if he cried. He was already a hundred percent sure that he had bumped into a person from the Demon Gate that truly hated the Immortal Palace, or perhaps even a demonic martial artist who was wanted by both sides!

"My lord, please tell me if there's anything you need, we will definitely tell you anything we know, everything we can!"

"Is that so?" Garen smiled slightly.

"Then, please tell me everything about the Martial Prohibition..." The smile on his face grew deeper and deeper.

They dare to declare a Martial Prohibition, prohibiting the White Cloud Gate's martial arts...

Hahaha... Immortal Palace, how dare you!

Chapter 555: Gather 1

After sitting in the teahouse for more than half an hour, Garen quickly found out most of the information in even more detail thanks to this punk Zhao.

The East Continent was too far away from the three main continents, the martial arts world here was relatively independent, but the influence of the Immortal Palace and the Demon Gate was still prevalent here. The Martial Prohibition was still the best way for regular martial artists to obtain powerful secret techniques.

After hearing all the information this guy had, Garen fell into deep thought.

His motive was very simple, he just wanted to find Ying Er first, or anyone related. But now the Immortal Palace's Martial Prohibition made this thought slightly harder.

Then how could he find the people he wanted as soon as possible?

The best way was to borrow other powers, if he could borrow a pre-existing large-scale power, he could accomplish whatever he wanted to do with half the effort.

"How is the situation here in the local martial arts world?" As he thought it, Garen decided to just ask.

"L-Locally, there are three main sects, the White Dew Gate, the Black Killer Gate, and the Dragon Gate..." The military punk Zhao hurriedly replied. "If you're looking for the elite fighters of the three main sects, I can also help you, I know an outer ring disciple of the Black Killer Gate, they would definitely be of use to..."

"And then? Since there is already a self-made system here in the East Continent, then there would surely be someone with as much influence as some of the Immortal Palace's or the Demon Gate's power here? Otherwise they would surely have been swallowed up, right?" Garen asked calmly.

"Naturally, naturally, the White Dew Gate's Yue Qingdi is one of the East Continent's Three Absolutes, and there's the Dragon Gate's Yu Qingzi, and the Black Killer Gate's freelance guest, Master Sanshan, oh, they are all what you martial artists call Aura Condensation level fighters."

"Aura Condensation?"

Garen had heard some natural-born elite fighters use this term back on Earth, to think it had the same meaning here.

White Dew Gate, Black Killer Gate, Dragon Gate, these were the three strongest martial arts factions here on the East Continent.

"That means they can almost liquify their aura, the combat classics mentioned three states, gas, liquid and solid, these states represent the levels of the Grandmasters of Combat. Other than that, the three main sects are all in cahoots with three of the main military warlords, forming alliances, of the four military warlords, Kong, Lin, Zhao, and Hu, only the Hu army does not have the support of a martial arts family." The military punk Zhao spilled everything he knew, telling Garen everything at once.

Garen mused slightly, he knew the levels of aura very well. The White Dew Gate, based on the name itself, it might have some connection with the White Cloud Gate, so that might be worth a visit. The only problem was what excuse he should use to go there. Should he just pull out his own White Cloud Gate identification, or he go over there quietly?

Garen found it troublesome, so he decided to forgo thinking too much about it, he would just find the White Dew Gate first.

"Take me to the White Dew Gate, I'll let you go once we get there." He looked at the military punk Zhao in front of him calmly, "What's your name?"

"Zhao... Zhao Jun..." The military punk Zhao kept shaking all over, watching as Garen's expression grew calmer and calmer, there was an ominous feeling in his heart.

Whumph.

Just then, his friend beside him fell forward onto the table and remained there motionless, as though drunk.

Zhao Jun's heart skipped a beat, and his face went instantly pale. He could feel, his friend's body beside him grow colder, and colder...

He saw Garen, who was sitting opposite him, smile slightly, revealing eerily white teeth.

Between the green ocean of trees, amidst the rise and fall of the mountains, the uneven tide of the trees seemed to have been covered by a green carpet.

In the middle of it was a twisting small white road, like a grey-white cotton thread in the sea of trees.

"Sixty years of Ying Xu, each as temperate as a cold summer's day."(1)

Garen frowned as he looked at the red words on the white mountain cliff. Even standing on a small path and looking from a distance, he could tell that the words were written with steely power and depth. They gave off the air of being carefree but also delicate.

Zhao Jun was behind him, pulling two healthy black horses, his attitude timid and respectful.

"This is Ying Xu Valley?" Garen turned back and asked.

"Yes, yes it is." Zhao Jun nodded hard. "This is the place the White Dew Gate receives guests!" he said very certainly.

"Then why isn't there a single person here?"

"It's morning now, someone will probably be coming soon... And the White Dew Gate's standard is unnaturally high, many people have given up on being accepted as disciples." Zhao Jun replied without hesitation.

These days, he had to withstand the feeling of his body temperature lowering every night, feeling as though he was on the verge of death, that feeling as though he was sinking into an endless darkness had increased his respect and fear toward Garen to the highest possible degree. He was even nicer to Garen than he was to his own father.

Garen nodded nonchalantly, and strode down a fork into the forest beside the stone wall.

There was a cool green bamboo forest on either side of the branching path, the light was slightly dim here, and the air was rather cool, making the whole place somewhat creepy.

One in front of the other, the two of them walked slowly down the path while pulling their horses beside them, and in no time at all, a grey-black wooden square mountain entrance appeared in front of them, with the sign of the Ying Xu Valley hanging over the entrance.

There was a flight of stone stairs beneath them, leading directly down and deeper into the mountain entrance. They could see that the steps kept extending upwards, reaching for the top, and the peak was veiled with a white mist so that the end could not be seen.

There was a young man in green at the mountain entrance, sweeping the floor lightly with a broom.

Garen saw the sweeping young man, his eyes narrowing slightly, he could vaguely see a hint of the White Cloud secret technique blood qi channeling method in the boy's actions, with the power of his Northern Trident Frost-Fire True Water Evil Technique, he could not miss any movement of liquids within a two hundred meter radius. Naturally, he would be very clear about the movements of this young man's blood.

"Spare me, sir! Spare me, sir!" Beside him, Zhao Jun suddenly howled, turning around and running away.

Garen did not even look at him, flicking his finger towards the back.

Psst!

Zhao Jun collapsed on cue, red and white blood fluids flowing slowly from the back of his head. He never moved again either.

The young man who was sweeping over there paled instantly, screaming and throwing his broom down as he immediately ran up the mountain.

"Somebody, help!! Somebody!! There's been a murder!!"

The young man practically scrambled away on all fours, disappearing in an instant.

Garen did not bother with him either, and just walked up the stairs himself. Before walking for too long, he heard the clanging of a bell from above, followed by the sound of many disorganized footsteps.

Garen sped up, climbing more than ten steps in one stride, and soon enough, a green-black temple appeared in front of his eyes.

There were clouds and mist surrounding the temple, as though he was in a divine mist, and just then the doors opened wide, several elderly people dressed in black striding out of the door, surrounded by their disciples in green, walking towards the stone steps.

Seeing Garen appear, the elders in black all froze for a moment, and immediately looked wary.

"This layman..."

"Haha... There really is a shadow of the Behemoth secret technique..." Garen's eyes lit up slightly.
"Summon your leader."

"Dear sir layman, for what reason doth you come?"

One of the old men asked wordily.

"I'm looking for your White Dew Gate for something." Garen grinned.

"How insolent..." There was a dissatisfied voice from the crowd. The people moved slightly, it seemed like the disciples of the White Dew Gate were growing restless.

"I am the person in charge here, Bai Yuqing." Suddenly there was a flash of a shadow, and an old man with snow-white hair appraisers between Green and the others, wearing white Taoist robes and holding a horsetail whisk in his hand. He looked thin as a deity, as though he was separate from the mortal world.

"Sir layman, you have a deep gaze, it is obvious from a glance that you are no simple person, so why don't we all sit down for a cup of cooling tea, and exchange some of our martial studies experiences?"

"Bai Yuqing, is it?" Garen smiled slightly, "Looks like you're the strongest person here."

Before he finished speaking, his figure flashed, disappearing from where he stood.

Bai Yuqing's heart tightened as well, and he also disappeared from the spot.

The two figures instantly clashed once in the empty space in front of the Taoist temple, brushing past each other.

Garen's figure slowly appeared at the temple entrance, and behind the crowd, while the old priest Bai Yuqing's face was deathly pale, standing in front of the steps and wavering on his feet.

"Im-impressive Qinggong(2)..." He raised his right hand, the sleeve on his right forearm had had a large chunk shaved off, and he only noticed afterward. "I thought that learning up to Triple Floor Qinggong was already impressive enough, to think..."

As one of the White Dew Gate's elders, he was a powerful old elite fighter even amongst the Grandmasters of Combat, so even his bodily functions had decreased with age, his experience had increased instead. The kungfu he took the most pride in was his ultimate Qinggong called the Triple Floor. But he did not expect that this young man who suddenly showed up today would break past it.

The people from the temple watching them all had terrible complexions now, shocked speechless, even their ancient Grandmaster of Combat had lost in one move, that meant nobody in all of this mountain sect could stop him, if they were to accidentally provoke this man...

In this chaotic world where lives were worth nothing and people killed without batting an eyelid, anything could happen.

Instantly, it was absolutely quiet around the temple entrance, all the gazes were trained on Garen.

"Your Excellency..."

"I need the White Dew Gate to help me find some people." Garen voiced out his demand straight away, "The people from the old White Cloud Gate back on Stonecliff Continent, as well as, the people from the Southern Sky Holy Fist Gate."

Before his words stopped reverberating, everyone's pupils instantly dilated.

The Southern Sky Holy Fist Gate!

"You are a filthy survivor of the Southern Sky Gate..."

Before that voice in the crowd finished his sentence, there was a bam and his head exploded, red and white brain parts splashing everywhere like a watermelon.

A filthy survivor of the Southern Sky Gate!

"I am the White Cloud Gate Master, the number one Divine General of the Southern Sky Holy Fist Gate, Garen Trejons Lombard, and I hereby summon all my gate members, be it the White Cloud Gate or the Southern Sky Gate."

Garen's voice shook the whole temple, like rumbling thunder, and some of the weaker young people had gone all numb, nearly falling to the ground.

"The Southern Sky Holy Fist Gate!! You... you..." Bai Yuqing's face twisted, the others had not experienced that era, they did not know the terror and vastness of that battle, only they of the older generation knew, back then he had been one of the martial arts disciples who had headed to the Black Smoke Island, and he had personally witnessed that earth-shaking battle with his own eyes.

"Ga-Garen?! You're Garen?! The King of the Century!!" Bai Yuqing's scalp had gone numb, all the strength he had gathered in his body instantly scattering, his gaze on Garen as though he had seen a ghost.

"Spread the word for me." Garen's face was calm, "There's no problem, is there?"

There was a loud booming noise.

With Garen in the center, a terrifying blood-like aura exploded in an instant, in just that moment, it had utterly engulfed the whole temple.

The blood-like aura seemed to dye even the sky red, and a strange eerie wail began to ring out.

Chapter 556: Gather 2

Several days later...

Boom!!

A fist covered in a black metal fist glove instantly pierced through a tree barely thick enough for one person to hug with the length of their arms, creating a perfectly round and smooth hole, as though a high-speed diamond-tipped drill had gone through it.

"The White Cloud Palace Master..." The man wearing the fist gloves panted hard, his eyes reddening.

He raised his head abruptly.

Ahhh!!!!

The howl of frustration and anger instantly reverberated throughout the whole valley.

"He's not dead... not dead!! Hahahaha..." The man threw his head back and laughed, "Not dead! Teacher! He really isn't dead!!!"

"Even if he really isn't dead, that person had been at the level of King of the Century even back then, do you really think you can take your revenge?" The man's expression changed instantly, and he smiled strangely, his voice even turning to that of a piercing woman's voice.

"Teacher died, but he didn't!? He didn't die?!" The voice instantly changed again, becoming a man's voice once more. The man held his head and stumbled a few steps back.

"If that person is the real deal, you won't be able to kill him." The woman's voice appeared again. "You are still one step away from King of the Century."

"Why don't you ask about that guy's level?" The man's voice gave a low laugh."

"That's right, what if it's a false alarm?" The girl's voice laughed softly. "Unfortunately, the name Garen had long been completely silenced, the only ones who know this name are all from the older generation, and the young ones have no idea what the name means. Even if someone impersonated him, an elite fighter who could defeat the White Dew Gate elder, who looks young, knows that name, and can say even Garen's surname without mistake, when he stands out like that to gather his gate members, he could invite enemies first if he's not careful. In that case, that person would either be a fool, or truly a survivor of the Southern Sky Gate, y'know~~"

"A hidden expert, is it?" The man's voice said coldly.

"Who knows?" The woman's voice slowly fell silent, and spoke no more.

In the forest, only the man was left standing quietly alone there, not moving at all.

"How's the Divine Master's condition?"

In a white gazebo, two people dressed in black were playing chess, talking in low voices as they listened to the howls and roars from the forests, neither of them seeming particularly bothered, evidently used to it.

"Not too bad, last time there was someone who impersonated the King of Nightmares, and this is even better, they even dare to impersonate the King of the Century, aren't they bold..."

"Not necessarily, with that kind of aura, that person does not need to impersonate any elite fighter, it would be too easy for him to just make his own name for himself."

"He is directly declaring war with our Immortal Palace. Or rather, this could very well be a ploy from the other factions directed at us."

"Interesting..."

The two of them took turns with their moves, moving extremely quickly, but with every rise and fall of their hand, the mill-sized chess board still kept on staying in play, remaining in a strange state of balance.

"It is most likely that there really was an expert born from the Southern Sky Holy Fist Gate. There might even be a shadow of the Demon Gate in there."

In the thick forests of the East Continent

The young woman in the skin-tight black clothes stumbled, leaning on a tree bark after a few steps, lowering her head to pant as she rested, then she continued laboring her way forward.

The light of noon was bright, the golden sunlight coming down through the leaves, making the whole forest hot and humid.

The girl's vision was growing blurred, she rubbed her eyes hard, and continued looking forward as she rushed forward.

The sweat on her body had already totally soaked her black clothes, plastered to her body, and onto the wound on her back, making it sting with pain.

Suddenly, her foot lost its footing, as though she was tripped by something, and she fell forward slightly, dropping to the ground with a bam.

"Cherry!" Suddenly there was a panicked woman's voice from afar.

A woman with white clothes and black hair made a few hasty leaps, landing beside the girl and hurriedly helping her up.

"I'm fine." The girl was slightly dizzy for a while, but now she opened her eyes again, pushing the woman away, as she stood up on her own, leaning onto a large tree beside her.

"Aunt Nora, how's the situation up north? I was ambushed here too, so it must be even worse up north!" She forcefully steadied her head, dizzy from blood loss, and asked quietly.

The black-haired woman frowned, and looked at her worriedly, but had no choice except to reply hurriedly.

"In the north, with the protection of Arielle and the others, they managed to evacuate most of the people, but there were still three people who... fell..."

The girl fell silent.

"That damn Immortal Palace!" She smashed her fist onto the tree trunk next to her, looking down so that her expression could not be seen.

"The Immortal Palace pulled off this ambush splendidly, it was arranged and directed by the Young Divine Master Jessian himself. There were fifteen different-sized sects surrounding us, they are all led by the best Grandmasters of Combat." The woman in black, Nora, replied carefully. "Thank goodness we still have news of you, Miss, or else this time we'll truly have..."

"I need to hurry back, if this goes on for much longer, Daddy and the others will be in danger." The girl said softly.

"But with the news leaked this time, you'll be suspected, Miss! If you go back now, and if your injuries are discovered..."

"Say no more!" The girl's expression was determined, she raised her head, revealing a fair, pretty, and pure young girl's face, her eyes were actually a rare wine-red color. Her shoulder-length purple-black hair was tied into a ponytail, well-defined and handsome. Her body was well-balanced in its curves, but she looked no more than fifteen or sixteen years old, so no matter how she acted mature, there was still a hint of childishness.

"If I don't go back for too long, the Moon Star Gate's young gate master will definitely suspect something, and then Father and the family will be involved as well!"

"But, if it is discovered that you got the news from the Moon Star Gate's young gate master..."

"I will handle it myself, don't worry." The girl's back was against the black-haired woman, "Aunt Nora, please help me put on some medicine, I can't reach it myself."

"Sigh..."

Nora saw the mess of flesh and blood on the girl's back, and her heart twinged in pain.

The fate and responsibility of the White Cloud Gate and the Southern Sky Holy Fist Gate were all on the shoulders of a mere fifteen-year-old girl to bear alone, even if she was from a family that had borne the King of the Century, even if she herself had outstanding martial talent, even if she had just reached the level of Grandmaster of Combat right now, and was mature beyond her years.

But she was still a little girl that had just turned fifteen.

Her parents, and siblings, all of them had died at the ends of the Immortal Palace. She wandered around since young, and then in order to take revenge, she had given herself up to adoption by a family of good Samaritans. On the surface, she was a rich young heiress, but secretly, she was a powerful Grandmaster of Combat with great talent and a family legacy. And every day, she had to interact with her suitors to gain information...

After hurriedly bandaging up the girl's gruesome injuries, putting on some specially-made medicine, and taking out the clothes that had been prepared beforehand so she could change into them, Nora finally released a long breath.

"Your injuries are too serious, you must not fight within a month, nor can you activate your aura, or you run the risk of becoming paralyzed..."

But the girl seemed not to hear her.

"I'll go back now. With the help of Big Sister Arielle and the others from the Azure Continent, make sure nobody comes out for anything these next few days, as for your daily supplies, I'll have my maid secretly send them to a fixed place, be careful when you come to receive them."

"Got it."

"Alright, go." The girl said calmly.

"Cherry... be careful!"

"Mn."

The girl watched Aunt Nora leap away, and quickly picked up the clothes she had changed out of, disappearing into the forest and feeling instantly relieved.

"There really are threats on both sides... Grandma Ying Er, if it were you, how would you solve this right now..." She muttered, lost in thought.

White Dew Mountain Green Cloud Temple

On a large square plaza in the middle of the temple, a white cement square, there were about a hundred elite fighters gathered in the plaza, the hot golden sunlight sparkling, but none of them felt hot.

Each of them felt ice-cold in their hearts.

In the middle of the plaza, there was a man with blonde hair dressed in tight black clothes, he stood in the center with a calm expression, surrounded by four elites of the gate with their floaty white beards. All four of them wore green, but just then, their clothes had been soaked in sweat.

An old man in white sat beside the plaza, his eyes lowered, but his hand was trembling slightly on his horsetail whisk, indicating how extremely disturbed his heart was.

The two middle-aged man behind him were already gripping their fists tightly, their nails digging into their palms but they did not even know it. Their gazes were just fixed hard on that handsome young man with shoulder-length blonde hair in the plaza.

"Your Excellency Garen, we have already helped you pass on the message you wanted us to, may we know if you have any other requests? You can just speak them all at once." The old man in white who was sitting in the chair spoke in a low voice, his expression solemn, but the weakened tone in his words unhidden.

Garen also felt that bullying these average elite fighters had no point whatsoever, with his prowess in his Evil Technique, he just had to use a little force, and these people would not be able to resist at all, their blood would be controlled by the Evil Technique in an instant, becoming his own puppet. Although they had trained their secret techniques for many years, and the blood in qi in their body was a lot more stable, but to Garen, even a larger ant was still an ant, and could still be stomped to death without him noticing.

Before he even released his presence, the elders around him were already too scared to move, and even too scared to fight.

"I had wanted to borrow your White Dew Gate's power for a bit, the people from the Immortal Palace and the Demon Gate will reach here sooner or later, so I would still need you, Gate Master Yue, to arrange a location for us."

"Do you really have that much confidence, Your Excellency?" Yue Qingdi could not tell how strong Garen was at all, he felt Garen's blood qi was as vast and limitless as an ocean, but how could a human's blood qi reach such a level? This was evidently an illusion caused by his secret techniques. But he had never heard of such a secret technique effect!

He did not dare to make a move, he was one of the East Continent's Three Absolutes, the strongest Grandmaster of Combat, once he made a move, it was normal for him to win, that would be fine. But once he lost, that was a fatal blow to the reputation of the White Dew Gate.

"Confident? Haha." Garen raised an eyebrow, this was not a matter of confidence at all, it was just that they were not on the same level to begin with.

"Regarding the Southern Sky Holy Fist Gate, I have some new information here." A white-haired elder next to Yue Qingdi spoke suddenly.

"Do speak." Garen looked at this person.

That elder glanced at the Gate Master, received his approval, and immediately spoke again.

"The Immortal Palace's Young Divine Master is gathering elites to surround and exterminate the... members of the Southern Sky Gate, and there is also the cooperation of the Lin family army, we don't know what the results are. I just received the intel as well."

"Extermination?" Garen's eyes narrowed, "Location?"

"I don't know... but we can go investigate!"

Chapter 557: Hurried 1

"The blistering midsummer period has arrived. Do you have any plans to beat the heat, Xiao Ying?"

Within the three southern provinces under the jurisdiction of the Ling Army, inside Great West City, one of the provincial capitals of the south.

Inside a large square courtyard on the outskirts of the provincial capital, numerous maids in white skirts accompanied Xiao Ying while she changed into a Western school girl's uniform of a white shirt and black skirt. She walked with an effeminate boy slowly, strolling through the little flower garden in the courtyard.

The weather was scorchingly hot, forcing the people in the garden to constantly spray themselves with water mist from the sprinkles to cool down slightly.

Xiao Ying suppressed the pain from the wound on her back and pretended to casually observe the flower pots in the corner of the courtyard instead.

"Beat the heat? Father said that he has already ordered some ice blocks from the Zhao family's shop. Once we put them inside the house to distribute cold air, we won't have to suffer blistering hot days anymore."

"Ice blocks, huh? That's not a bad idea," said the young man with a smile. "But I heard that the Zhao family's shop is going to move soon. Do you know the whole story?"

"I'm unsure..."

"Rumor has it that the tracks of Demon Warriors have been discovered nearby recently. These individuals won't shy away from any form of evil; they live to kill and burn. Not just the Zhao family, but many other merchants plan to move further away as well."

"Does Moon Star Gate not have any way to help?" asked Xiao Ying in a slightly surprised tone.

"Of course we have our ways. However, our plans were leaked last time, allowing the Demon Warriors to escape. Therefore, before we find the source of their information, we will not act rashly," whispered the Moon Star Gate Young Master.

He gazed at Xiao Ying's side profile longingly.

"The world has been troubled with chaos recently. Xiao Ying, uncle, and aunty should move into the courtyard beside my house temporarily. It would be good to be taken care of."

"Won't this... be very troublesome for Lord Gate Master?"

"Of course not!" laughed Moon Star Gate Young Master. "After the information was leaked previously, I'm afraid that the Demon Warriors may find out the relationship between Xiao Ying and myself. If you don't move over, I'm worried that you may be in danger sooner or later..."

He implied something by lowering his voice for an extended period of time.

Danger?

Xiao Ying felt a chill creep down her spine and realized that he was threatening her.

Dangerous Demon Warriors? Afraid that if she didn't move in, the experts at Moon Star Gate would not hesitate to invite the Demon Warriors over for a bit?

"I will discuss this with Father for a while." Xiao Ying combed through her long hair, allowing it to curl around her fingers.

"Xiao Ying." Young Gate Master reached his hand out and attempted to raise the girl's chin, but failed to do so when she dodged slightly. "You know my true intentions."

"Young Gate Master, please behave!" Xiao Ying took a small step back while her face turned red in embarrassment.

"Hahaha..." laughed Young Gate Master loudly as he turned around and left with his subordinates.

The noise could be heard across the courtyard gates for a while, before disappearing into the noisy murmurs of the faraway street.

Xiao Ying stood on her original spot and inhaled deeply. Only one maid, Xiao Yu, remained at her side. Currently, this little girl who was a year younger than herself was currently looking on at her mistress worriedly.

"He's suspicious of me..." said Xiao Ying softly.

"That can't be... Wasn't he prepared to protect milady?" asked Xiao Yu quietly in a surprised tone while she glanced at their surroundings immediately.

She was actually a disciple of Southern Holy Fist Gate and had trained there ever since she was young. After meeting Xiao Ying at Southern Gate, her life was taken over, and she had been with her ever since to take care of her daily life.

"This person seems gentle and courteous on the surface, as well as humble on all fronts. However, he must have been a secretly ruthless and cunning individual in order to receive Young Divine Master Jessian's admiration. Since the information was leaked, they will definitely investigate everyone individually, and I'm certain that I have been listed as one of the suspects," analyzed Xiao Ying calmly.

"Then... Then what do we do??!" Xiao Yu turned pale immediately.

"Moon Star Gate Young Master is viciously cruel to the bone. He is only doubtful now but has yet to confirm anything. If this was not the case, he would not waste time speaking but would have captured me immediately instead." Xiao Ying paused. "There's no need to panic now. Go and arrange for some manpower immediately and prepare a way out for Father and Mother. We don't have much time to think this over."

"Alright! I will contact them at once."

"Be careful not to be found out."

"Understood."

As she watched her maid Xiao Yu leave, Xiao Ying twirled a few strands of her own hair gently while standing in front of a pot of three-petaled white flowers, looking on pensively.

That fellow definitely had his doubts. As Moon Star Gate always carried out their tasks seriously, their Gate Masters would comprise of two Elders and three Grandmasters of Combat. Meanwhile, my wounds would make it impossible for me handle them and even if I healed completely, I would not be on equal footing with these senior experts. In my current condition, not only would I be unable to fight the Grandmasters of Combat, successfully defeating that perverted Young Gate Master would be an uncertainty as well.

She would need to think of a surefire plan...

Suddenly, the sound of many people's footsteps echoed faintly from outside the courtyard.

Bang!

The courtyard gates were swung open at once before the maid Xiao Yu's half-naked body crashed inside. She used both of her arms to shield her pale, trembling chest but remained as an erotic sight nonetheless.

Xiao Yu sobbed helplessly.

"Milady!"

"Just a little maid. I was wondering who leaked our secret movements. I never expected that it would be her..." said Moon Star Gate Young Master in a gentle voice as he walked into the courtyard slowly with Xiao Yu's white undergarment in his hand.

"Xiao Yu!!" Xiao Ying's face was deathly pale as she rushed towards Xiao Yu and held her. "Yannen! What are you doing?!!" She raised her head and looked at Young Gate Master angrily while using her own body to shield Xiao Yu as best as she could.

"I'm clearly rebelling against you..." Young Gate Master Yannen smiled gently. "This girl is a spy that the Demon Warriors hid beside you. Since she leaked my Gate's secrets, she might have plotted against you as well, Xiao Ying. I'm just here to help you."

"Demon?? I don't know of any Demons! She is only my maid and my closest sister!" Glistening teardrops appeared in Xiao Ying's eyes faintly. Half of it was fake, but the other half was real.

"I only have your best interests at heart, please don't blame me..." Yannen's expression remained unchanged, but the corners of his lips curled upwards slightly.

Whoosh!

He opened a white paper fan in his hand.

Suddenly, two young women ran through the gates and forcibly carried Xiao Yu out.

"You! Put her down!" Xiao Ying merely thought of striking them, before a sharp pain pierced through the pit of her stomach at once.

The injuries that she had sustained from the previous trip were not limited to the surface wound on her back. Instead, her heart and internal organs had suffered the heaviest injuries from the internal shock of the force. Her opponent was a refined Grandmaster of Combat who was an expert in palm destroying moves. Therefore, ten of those moves were enough for him to strike her back with his palm.

"Don't blame me, Xiao Ying. Matters that involve Demon Warriors will not be handled by me." Yannen sighed under his breath.

"Milady!!" Xiao Yu was a fourteen-year-old maid who used to be an orphan that was trained by Southern Gate ever since she was young. However, she had yet to display any hidden talents even until now. "I'm sorry! I hid the truth from milady..."

"Take her away."

The courtyard gates were closed with a 'bang' again before Yannen allowed someone to drape a coat around Xiao Yu to protect her modesty.

"Send her to my room tonight after you've tied her up."

"Yes," replied both of the female guards quietly and obediently.

Xiao Yu closed her eyes in despair as she already knew what fate had in store for her.

Yannen seemed refined and gentle on the surface. Moreover, his appearance, talents, and fighting skills were all first class. However, his true nature revealed a deranged pervert. During troubled times like these, it was rumored that he had once used two thirteen-year-old maids as playthings and killed them during the night, and although the incident was covered up, his bad reputation continued to spread around.

The Gate Master of Moon Star Gate was also a perverted devil who liked bathing in the fresh blood of young people in a vain attempt to rejuvenate himself and retain his youth. Once she entered this place, her future days would be...

Her heart sank as she bit the inside of her mouth suddenly.

Inside the courtyard.

Xiao Ying covered her abdomen in agony while supporting herself against the wall. Her body seemed unable to move and her vision darkened slowly while the stabbing pain in her stomach felt like a saw that was slicing through her determinedly.

Within a bleak and desolate black wasteland.

Two White Dew Gate Elders escorted a white horse carriage as it traveled forth quickly. The carriage was surrounded by two groups of lightly armed knights who wore white leather gloves. They were all dressed in white clothes with the symbol of White Dew Gate on their backs in large white letters.

They were the White Dew Gate squad that was escorting Garen on his quest to find the Young Divine Master. Their current moods were now different from when they were at the headquarters. Currently, the older guys from White Dew Gate were respectful while both of the Elders had calm expressions on their faces as well, as if they were not dissatisfied with anything.

Garen's casual pointers during these past few days had helped many of their disciples upgrade themselves while two of their expert-level Grandmasters of Combat received benefits as well. The feeling of almost breaking through a bottleneck situation and Garen's continuously courteous attitude that was not only present when they entered the mountain gate had a positive effect on everyone's demeanor, allowing both parties to respect and admire each other more.

Inside the carriage.

Garen sat in repose with his eyes closed while both of his hands were subconsciously pressed into a triangle in front of him. Shrouds of dull blue auras rotated around his hands slowly like little blue airholes.

A good while passed before Garen opened his eyes suddenly while the auras in his hands dispersed slowly and disappeared into the air.

"White Dew Gate's Airhole Tactic makes some sense now. It seems like it has somewhat gotten close to the Living Secret Technique already..." pondered Garen in slight satisfaction. Hundreds of years had passed but no one in White Dew Gate had learned this Airhole Tactic successfully. As Garen had promised to help the Gate amend and perfect their Secret Techniques, Gate Master Yue Qingdi had also agreed to open up his entire depository to Garen in exchange, allowing him to examine it as he pleased.

The numerous remaining Secret Technique exercises and battle skills increased Garen's reading and memorizing abilities. However, he was most concerned about the Secret Technique that no one had been able to learn in hundreds of years: Airhole Tactic.

This Secret Technique had neither attack effects nor defense abilities. Moreover, it was not a powerful internal energy Secret Method that would be able to increase one's state and potential temporarily.

Its only use was to condense one's own physical strength and blood qi to form a purer aura that would burst forth.

Garen was very interested in this because his Living Secret Techniques had already condensed themselves into the most compact Soul Seed, which was deeply rooted in the most distant corner of his soul. The revolving Airhole Tactic would condense the Soul Seed further, and although the effect was slow, he could truly feel that the Soul Seed was being condensed right now.

The difficulty of this Secret Technique lay in the extremely accurate control of that alternated one's aura, blood qi, and physical force. All of these came naturally to Garen, but to the other Secret Technique Users of this world, it was more difficult than touching the sky.

"I never thought that I would be able to reap these unexpected rewards just by flipping some random pages..." Garen moved his palms away. "Stop the carriage."

The carriage began to stop gradually at once, and although the coachman had yet to signal the horses to halt, he could see that the two white horses had already stopped in their tracks on their own.

Chapter 558: Hurried 2

Two of the Elders that accompanied him were the first to react before they all scanned their surroundings vigilantly.

The White Dew Gate experts around them tensed up while their powers circulated around, a display that they were ready to make a move at any time.

Suddenly, they heard a demure and charming female voice in their surroundings.

"You are truly worthy to be called the hidden experts of Southern Holy Fist Gate. I thought that I had concealed myself well enough, but never expected that there would be people who would be aware of my whereabouts from twenty meters away."

The female voice spoke in a strangely accented East Continent language, but before she had finished speaking, a bewitching woman in a black veil and a tight fitting short black silk dress had appeared on the black earth in front of the plains suddenly.

The woman's black hair was tied up and she held a long, thin sword in her hand. She was poised gracefully as she stood in front of the carriage alone, blocking its path. She had a pair of eyes that were as bright as stars, while the corners of her eyes were turned upwards slightly, making it look as if she were smiling.

"Demoness Lola!!" One of the two Elders could not help but yell in horror when he recognized her.

"Has Demon Gate come into being?!" The other Elder flipped his hands over before two silver daggers appeared in his palms suddenly. An extremely grave expression remained on his face.

The accompanying White Dew Gate experts had never crossed paths with people from Demon Gate before, but when they saw the stern looks on their Elders' faces, their hearts sank when they immediately realized the true power of their opponent.

"To the hidden expert who calls himself the White Cloud Gate Master, are you really unwilling to come down and meet me?" Demoness Lola smiled daintily as she walked towards the carriage slowly.

Pop!

When the tip of Lola's foot stepped within ten meters of the carriage, her expression changed suddenly while her gentle smile stiffened instantly.

Bang!

She stepped back immediately and leaped into the air like an arrow before flying backward a few moments later. Apparently, she was escaping even though she had just arrived.

Shh!

The curtains of the carriage were lifted gently while a light breeze blew past. A hand reached out in midair and caught the Demoness immediately.

Lola retreated a few meters away frantically but fell on the floor once before leaping backward quickly again.

That hand seemed as if it was able to pass through space because of some strange magic. It also attracted everyone's attention as no one paid any mind to the owner of the hand itself.

The large hand traveled a distance of more than ten minutes within a few moments before grabbing the Demoness by the throat gently while her pale, pretty face looked on in fear.

There was a sudden flash in their surroundings.

Lola's vision became blurry before she realized moments later that she was already sitting inside the carriage despite being unable to move her body at all. She was lying down on the knees of the man inside the carriage obediently while her black hair fanned around her like a waterfall.

"Black Orchid, are you alright...?" Garen reached his hand out to stroke Lola's long hair gently.

Lola, whose delicate form was still trembling moments earlier, now shook awake suddenly. She raised her head with much difficulty before laying her eyes upon a man who was as handsome as the Sun God.

Marshall Black Orchid had once planned to poison someone, and that night was etched deeply into Garen's memories.

Although Lola's appearance did not resemble Black Orchid, their quick-witted temperaments were eerily similar, meaning that if Black Orchid had not trained her personally, it would be impossible for both of them to have such similar qualities.

"Proceed with the journey."

The White Dew Gate experts looked at each other before realizing that the woman had been captured in that moment earlier, and was now unable to resist at all.

"Perhaps that person was not from Behemoth Gate... But merely an imposter..." said someone quietly.

Both of the Elders swallowed their own saliva and glanced at each other before noticing the apparent astonishment in the other person's eyes.

Although they had already anticipated that Garen would be powerful, they had never expected that he would actually be this strong. Other people would be unaware of this, but as Grandmasters of Combat who could detect Lola's presence, once they felt the heavy blood qi that surrounded her whole body and realized that she truly belonged to the Grandmaster of Combat level, they knew that she was definitely stronger than themselves.

But now she seemed like a baby chick in Garen's hands that could not rebel against him at all. Such powerful strength... Wouldn't it mean that he was undefeatable?!!

Moments later, the carriage began to move slowly again.

The control he had on Lola who was in the carriage was finally lifted.

She seemed to be unable to get up and continued lying on Garen's body instead. She also pressed her ample breasts against Garen's knees intentionally. A faint sweet smell wafted from her body and permeated throughout the carriage slowly, making everyone feel relaxed and joyful.

"Don't tell me you know Teacher Black Orchid?" she asked softly in a gentle voice, giving off a strong pitiful feeling as if she was an adorable little animal that could easily evoke the man's desire to protect her.

"You're very much like her." Garen allowed Lola to lie on his knees while he ran his hand through her smooth, shiny black hair, combing through it gently.

"Don't tell me that you're truly the legendary White Cloud Gate Master, First Heavenly General of Southern Holy Fist Gate?" asked Lola daintily. She knew that she was unable to fight back, but her opponent currently had no ill intentions towards her either. Therefore, she decided to clear up the situation before saying anything else.

Garen smiled slightly but did not reply. Instead, he turned his face away and looked out of the carriage window.

Boom!! Boom boom boom boom!!

Suddenly, series of explosions could be heard from a further distance away while the ground shook slightly.

"The soldiers from the Hu Army are practicing, huh..." Lola's eyes darted around. "I wonder what Gate Master's plans are for coming into being this time? Chief Hu Qingzhi of the Hu Army has a good relationship with my Behemoth Gate, perhaps he can help Your Excellency."

"The Hu Army, hmm?" Garen looked in that direction. "My goal is very simple, I just want to find someone from Immortal Palace."

"And after you find them?"

"Well, what plans did Behemoth Gate have for you to pay me a special visit like this?" Garen smiled without answering her directly and asked her another question instead.

When Lola heard the words 'Behemoth Gate', her heart trembled slightly suddenly.

"The Marshall chief soldier perished and caused our Behemoth Gate to decline. Lola had no other choice but to come out and search for one that could support our Gate. Once I heard that Gate Master had left the mountain, I rushed over immediately."

She made a pitiful face.

"If Gate Master could promise to be my Gate's diplomatic Elder, then Lola... Lola would do anything you instructed..."

She lay on Garen's legs with her slim waist pushed back and her buttocks raised up high, exposing her beautiful, black silk covered long legs underneath her short dress.

This kind of naked seduction in the form of a beautiful woman with a kitten-like obedience was currently curled up on Garen's lap. Most men would not have been able to resist the temptation and would have granted her wishes right away.

"You've truly learned Black Orchid's tricks and tried to poison me when I wasn't paying attention." Garen's smile disappeared quickly before he patted Lola's buttocks gently.

The faint sweet scent in the carriage subsided completely before a gust of cold wind blew past them suddenly, before disappearing as soon as it came.

"Gate Master..." Lola's whole body shivered while she begged in a fragile voice. "Lola didn't do it on purpose..."

While she begged, her blood qi continued to flow throughout her body slowly, while a small crack appeared in the sword in her hand.

Clap!

Garen's hand slapped against her buttocks lightly again. A strong numb sensation could be felt this time, instantly causing the blood qi in Lola's entire body to shake furiously before scattering it completely.

Lola raised her head while a look of disbelief appeared in her eyes.

Within Immortal Palace and Behemoth Gate, other than Divine Master and the Demon Soldier Marshall, the strongest individuals were Young Divine Master and herself. The remaining Grandmasters of Combat were all ranked below them. Both of them were true experts with high aura condensation levels.

Her lack of prior preparation had probably resulted in her accidental capture, or perhaps it was a temporary oversight on her part. However, the blood qi in her whole body had been activated at once, and although she had secretly used a few Secret Methods to strengthen herself, she never anticipated that a single pat from her opponent would result in the complete scattering of all of her own blood qi, without him injuring himself at all.

The ability to use various Secret Methods to move and gather blood qi would only be able to scatter one's blood qi, despite the fact that her opponent was an expert that was stronger than her. This Secret Method would usually cause the user to suffer reverse blood qi damages, but this person was apparently able to scatter all of her condensed blood qi easily, without suffering any harm at all.

This ability... This strength could only be used under the circumstances that one completely understood the Secret Techniques and Secret Methods that they practiced, was clear about the flow of blood qi and possessed strength that was at least one level higher. However, it was still not as simple as what the man in front of her had just displayed.

Shock jolted through Lola's mind like waves that drifted in and out constantly.

She contemplated her current skills and realized that even if her master had still been alive, she would not have reached this far. Perhaps the Divine Master from Immortal Palace would be able to do it after he broke through...

Divine Master? Could it be that this person in front of her was actually...

The wheels of the carriage moved slowly while both of the people inside the car fell silent.

Garen smiled while looking at Lola who was leaning against him. He gently sniffed the sweet smell of hormones that were released from her body naturally while listening to the rhythmic chimes of the carriage bells, allowing his emotions to fall into an unprecedented state of calmness.

"I know where the Young Divine Master of Immortal Place is located!" whispered Lola suddenly.

A smile flashed in Garen's eyes suddenly.

Jessian held a short black blade in his hands and scrutinized it carefully.

"The technique is slightly stronger than the previous one but it has not achieved my desired standard yet." He flung the short blade away but it landed on the right side of the black platform slowly, as if it was supported by an invisible force.

One of his subordinates in black clothes came forward to store the short blade properly, before turning to leave.

Moon Star Gate Master kept watch beside him respectfully. Aside from the guards in the courtyard, the only other person there was an old man in black tight-fitting clothing who was waiting with his head lowered.

"We will definitely do everything in our power to find your desired blacksmith, so please wait a little longer," implored Moon Star Gate Master with his head bowed respectfully, much unlike the arrogant way he acted when he was in the provincial capital.

"I understand your difficulties and I know that this speed is considerably fast. Therefore, I don't mind waiting a few more days," nodded Young Divine Master Jessian faintly. "That's right, why did the remaining members of Southern Sky Gate leave? Do you discover the reason?"

"Yes, I found out that one of the remaining members of Southern Sky Gate planted himself as a spy within the city. He was probably hiding in a secluded place when they noticed one of our dispatched members..."

"I won't ask about the whole process. Can you assure me that the next ambush will not be leaked?"

"Yes! I will submit to your commands and put out the military orders at once!!" announced Moon Star Gate Master while clapping a hand against his chest.

"Then that will be all." Jessian turned to leave.

"That's right, Young Divine Master, recently at White Dew Mountain..." Moon Star Gate Master began to speak but stopped himself.

"Just say whatever you need to say. My subordinates have always spoken as they wished," said Jessian as he turned around and stood in place.

"The person who is pretending to be the White Cloud Gate Master over at White Dew Mountain is currently on his way over here, and might be charging towards you..."

"Charging towards me?" Slight changes finally appeared on Jessian's face. "Hehe, interesting. I won't go looking for him since he's already brave enough to come find me."

"He's suppressing White Dew Gate, and I'm afraid that he's not good news," Moon Star Gate Master reminded him frantically.

"It's better if he's an expert. Inform Nine Iron Gate and the other numerous, delighted factions and allow them to return with their teams."

"You mean that you want them to gather here on their own before capturing all of them with one go?" Moon Star Gate Master was a knowledgeable person and could ultimately guess Young Divine Master's intentions.

"It will be too troublesome to search everywhere. Wouldn't it be better to let them see a glimmer of hope on their own, gather them in one place, before reaping the wheat in one go once it has all ripened?" Jessian smiled gently. "Also, get your son to hurry up and settle the problems with that girl. If he dares to hinder my grand plans again..."

Moon Star Gate Master's face turned pale suddenly.

At the same time, Moon Star Gate Young Master who was waiting by the doorway turned pale as well, before he quickly sank to his knees on the ground with a 'thump'.

Chapter 559: Declaration 1

The carriage was accompanied by the sound of ringing bells as it moved forward.

Inside the carriage, Garen and Demoness Lola sat opposite each other. A short square table stood between them, and the dark red tabletop was currently filled with Go pieces. Garen chose the white pieces while Lola picked the black ones.

The player of the black pieces would usually be on the offensive side and the younger player would start the game, while the white pieces would be played by the senior player.

Garen had never expected that a game which resembled earth's Go would exist in this world with the exact same rules as well.

The white pieces had currently occupied most of the spaces on the checkerboard. Lola tried relentlessly to find an opening but could not find an empty space to place the black piece in her hand.

She raised her head and looked at Garen who sat on the opposite side of her, and pouted her lips.

"I don't want to play anymore!"

"Wasn't it your grand plan to dominate the board?" Garen smiled and asked softly. "Why aren't you going through with that?"

"What grand plan?! What's the use of a grand plan that involves dominating the board when I'm just going to die immediately?!" said Lola unhappily. "You don't even have a proper plan. You just come charging over directly before immediately destroying the layout that I planned painstakingly!"

Garen's route did not involve any grand schemes or layouts at all. His annihilation abilities were abnormally strong, allowing him to swallow his opponent's pieces whenever they came into contact. If the placement of his pieces were any better, it would be impossible for him not to win the game...

Lola put in a lot of effort to find a method that would allow her to drag her opponent out and occupy the board at the same time. Unfortunately, she spent too little time luring her opponent out, while

Garen's precise calculations were too accurate, making it impossible for her to delay his moves. Moreover, her frazzled state of mind caused her pieces to be killed even faster...

"Is this a typical example of using strength to defeat skills?" said Lola in sudden realization. "When the difference between strength levels are too great, incidents like these will occur."

"It's good that you understand," nodded Garen. "In theory, skills can be used to make up for the difference in strength levels, except that there are limits to that. When you reach the stage where someone's each and every move and word requires you to rack your brains just to decipher them, that strength difference means that they can use force to defeat the skills of others."

Lola understood this principle naturally, as her master had mentioned it before.

"Wisdom needs to be used as a form of leverage and influence against an opponent to reach its full potential, is that right?"

"Wisdom is actually a form of strength as well." Garen smiled and began to sweep the pieces back into their own baskets slowly. "If your wisdom is sufficient to transform the world into your chessboard and everything else into your chess pieces, you would have achieved one of the strongest powers."

"But there are too many variables between heaven and earth. In order to reach this level, one must have basic knowledge of everything, terrifying control over information, as well as extremely powerful strength, right?" Lola asked again.

"Therefore between one's mind and strength, both of these paths have their own advantages and disadvantages. One will strengthen the physical body, while the other will give you leverage over everything. It depends on what others choose for themselves. The scientifically advanced guns and cannons of our current era are the results of the second path."

Both mind and strength were the final answers that brilliant martial artists of the past generations had been searching for.

Centuries worth of advisors, tyrannical generals, and first-rate strategists who lacked physical strength but were able to command great forces easily were once normal people that had no leverage over armies before they came into being.

Powerful generals and elite fighters that could wipe out a battlefield would ultimately face physical limitations as well, and would never be able to exceed the combined strength of multiple people.

Only the integration of the mind and strength and their mutual advancement and evolution, such as the balance between light and darkness, would be able to produce a harmonious state that was also the strongest state. From Garen's perspective, the strongest state was a strength that was powerful enough but also possessed sufficient wisdom and intelligence.

If it were compared to a measurable strength as its baseline, a strength that depended on intelligence as its leverage would not add up to much.

But when thousands of other powers were used as the baseline to be altered by intelligence, the effect would be truly terrifying.

Garen understood this. Therefore, his path had always comprised of prioritizing the advancement of his physical strength while supplementing it with wisdom. He chose this path because his talents and abilities allowed him to surpass limitations that most people could only dream of.

"Human strength will always have its limits..." said Lola regretfully while she pondered momentarily.

"That's right... The heart and mind can move the strength of countless people and gather them together, greatly exceeding the strength of an individual," nodded Garen. "That's why intelligence has no limits, while physical strength will always be limited."

Neither of them spoke for a short while, allowing the carriage to fall into silence slowly.

Garen felt somewhat emotional. Other people assumed that the road towards strength had ended, while he believed that the road was endless.

Clang... Clang...

Time ticked by before the white cuckoo clock that was hung inside the carriage rang suddenly.

Both of them glanced at the clock that read: 16:00.

Lola crouched beside the short table with a somewhat changed expression.

"Gate Master Garen, if you are truly the King of the Century that fought the final battle with the previous Divine Master, then that little girl in the provincial capital is your little sister's granddaughter..."

"Oh?" Garen was shocked.

"I've met her a few times," said Lola softly. "That little girl is the current Southern Sky Gate Master. During the battle on Black Smoke Island when you disappeared, Southern Sky Gate separated internally and the Sky Warriors formed their own groups and left the school of thought. Southern Sky Gate was once the result of the integration of twelve southern groups, but once they lost their unifying symbol and leader, a separation was inevitable. Some of them joined Immortal Palace while others joined Behemoth Gate. The ones who remained integrated themselves with White Cloud Gate, forming the current Southern Sky Gate.

"Continue..." This was the first time Garen had heard a full explanation regarding the developments of Southern Sky Gate. He had never expected that it would still be a result of the fusion with White Cloud Gate.

Lola rearranged her train of thought.

"Since they were no more Holy Fists in Southern Sky Holy Fist Gate, they changed their name to Southern Sky Gate. Under the guidance of Celestial Circle Gate and King of Nightmares, their leader Ying Er was able to run everything smoothly. However, Ying Er later died of illness and left an adopted son and daughter behind, causing Southern Sky Gate to split again because of a power struggle. Since they had no ties to the new leaders, Celestial Circle Gate and King of Nightmares did not look after them anymore, while Divine Master took the opportunity to take action. Although Behemoth Gate tried to take care of them to the best of our abilities, still... Still..."

She made a sympathetic face and spoke with great sentiments. Anyone who had heard her speak would have noticed that someone who was so concerned with the developments of Southern Sky Gate had obviously tried to assist them wholeheartedly.

When Garen heard that Ying Er had passed away from sickness, waves of emotion flashed in his eyes.

"That's how the Martial Prohibition came out?"

"Mhmm," Lola nodded. "Nobody expected that senior Ying Er would place her true hope in her young granddaughter. When they found out, Immortal Palace's great forces had already been established and although Behemoth Gate wants to help, it is difficult enough to protect ourselves now..." Lola looked like she was about to burst into tears at any moment.

"Then what's going on at the current White Cloud Gate?" Garen, on the other hand, seemed unusually calm.

"Are you talking about the little school of thought in the Azure Continent?" Lola regained her composure hurriedly. "It is true that it was built by a previous White Cloud Gate disciple, but no one inherited it from long ago, and they only practice declining Secret Techniques." She was very knowledgeable, making her a worthy leader of Behemoth Gate, and also the first person in command of the soldiers there as well.

She sneaked a glance at Garen.

"You want to rebuild the ancestral gate?"

Garen smiled but did not reply.

"Andrela and King of Nightmares, are they still well?"

"Senior Andrela is currently the strongest Sword King in Celestial Circle Gate. He has been overseeing the entire group and has not shown his skills for many years. As for senior King of Nightmares... his

whereabouts are unknown, but you already know that... This senior has unpredictable moods and is full of changes. Therefore, nobody has been able to track his movements... The only thing I know is that he's still alive." Following the local customs, Lola explained these matters in the East Continent language, sounding unusually fluent while using the appropriate terms.

Garen had only learned the East Continent language by speaking to that military punk Zhao. Therefore, he was not as fluent as her.

Andrela and King of Nightmares had been a pair of good friends since long ago. They had always been inseparable, and deep down in his heart, Garen knew that if he were to find one of them, the other would definitely be nearby.

"Also, please inform the members Celestial Circle Gate that Andrela and King of Nightmares should get over here right now!" said Garen indifferently.

"Using your original words?" Lola's heart beat frantically in her chest. The Celestial Circle Sword King and Nightmares were first rate masters, and although they had not made a move in many years, their powers were unfathomable. Even Divine Master tolerated Celestial Circle Gate's repeated protection of Southern Sky Gate. Some people even said that both of them would be able to defeat Divine Master in one strike if they formed an alliance.

"Of course." Garen turned his head and looked out of the carriage window. The black wild grasslands that they kept passing by formed layers of dark green ripples when the wind blew past.

Suddenly, a black pigeon flapped its wings and flew inside the carriage before landing on Lola's arm gently.

Lola glanced at Garen before lifting one of the pigeon's legs and removing the black scroll that was tied there.

She pulled the black string off and opened it.

She had only scanned through it briefly when her expression changed slightly.

"Gate Master, I'm afraid that we need to hurry up now. There have been changes in the provincial capital. Southern Sky Gate Master may be in danger."

"Give me more details." Garen's expression became faintly serious.

"Southern Sky Gate Master Xiao Ying has been put under house arrest. I'm afraid that Young Divine Master has realized her true identity."

Before she could finish speaking, Lola felt her waist tighten suddenly while her whole body became faint. Her vision was blinded momentarily before she realized that she was being held in Garen's arms. They had left the carriage and were rushing through the black wilderness hurriedly.

The sound of the wind whooshed beside her ears. She could faintly hear the sharp whistling of moving air. The scenery in front of her turned into a complete blur, and she was unable to see anything clearly despite her dynamic vision.

"Show me the way." Garen's voice was right next to her ears.

Lola was overwhelmed. When she looked in front, she could only see the wilderness, stones, and winding ashen path passing by quickly. When they rushed past a little stream by some grassy plains, she realized that the speed they were traveling at was faster than anything she had ever experienced on her own before.

"I... I can't see clearly..." said Lola in embarrassment. She was the highest ranking master in Behemoth Gate, but she could not even see her directions properly right now... Now, she had truly believed that Garen was indeed the King of the Century. Although she did not know why his appearance did not match her previous account, that was not an important matter. It was rumored that Immortal Palace's Omniscient Eye possessed the Secret Methods to memorize one's soul. Therefore, if a suitable body could be found, it would be disguised as rebirth.

Garen could only slow down temporarily so that Lola could find her bearings.

Chapter 560: Declaration 2

Within Great West City, one of the provincial capitals of the south.

Xiao Ying sat on the stone bench in the courtyard, her face frozen stiff. Her foster parents sat opposite of her with worried expressions on their faces.

Her foster father was a middle-aged man with a black goatee who looked like a slender schoolmaster. Meanwhile, her foster mother was a wealthy-looking noblewoman who was usually dressed in red clothes and wore a necklace with large pearls on her neck.

Two maids stood around the three people with equally anxious looks on their faces, with gazes that occasionally darted outside the courtyard wall.

"Xiao Ying... Those people outside who say they're from Moon Star Gate, who are they actually...?" asked the man with the goatee quietly in a trembling voice.

Xiao Ying glanced outside the courtyard gates. The sound of the footsteps of the Moon Star Gate guards that were patrolling outside could be heard occasionally.

"I'm not sure either." She felt guilty for involving her foster parents.

"Moon Star Gate Young Master will be here in a moment. He said that he wanted to invite you to Moon Star Gate," said her foster mother quietly.

"There's no rush, I will go with them in a little while. Please don't worry, nothing will happen to Father and Mother." Xiao Ying forced a smile. Her current priority was to ensure her the safety of her foster parents, while the second-most important thing was to prevent the people from Southern Sky Gate from coming forth to look for her.

This was a trap!

She had been completely certain of that since the beginning. Perhaps they were unaware that she was the Gate Master of Southern Sky Gate. However, they would surely know the relationship between her and themselves. It was highly probable that their plan involved using her as bait to lure the other members of her Gate.

As Xiao Ying was still young, her intelligence had not matured fully yet. When faced with dangerous situations like these, she was unable to find a way out of harm's way even when she racked her brains. Meanwhile, Xiao Yu had also been captured, and in order to save Xiao Yu, she would also...

"It is realistically impossible, but pretend to yield to that person so that we can find an opportunity to observe the situation before making our escape," said her foster father in a hushed voice.

Xiao Ying smiled bitterly. If only it was so easy to just escape like that. It was difficult enough for Xiao Ying to use her enhanced Grandmaster of Combat senses to eavesdrop on the guards' conversation to find out that the current provincial capital was now a large prison. Furthermore, out of the manpower that Young Divine Master had gathered, more than ten of them were Grandmaster of Combat level experts, greatly exceeding their wildest dreams.

Bang!

The courtyard gates were pushed open.

Two brawny men from Moon Star Gate walked inside.

"Miss Xiao Ying, our Young Master has invited you over," said the brawny man who stood on the left loudly.

Xiao Ying shivered as she stood up and consoled her parents quietly before following both of the muscular men out of the courtyard.

She was surprised to see the captured Xiao Yu standing by the doorway with red swollen eyes. She had wanted to commit suicide but failed in the end. As a commoner who was under the surveillance of many experts, it was impossible for her to find an opportunity to kill herself.

Currently, almost twenty people from Moon Star Gate were standing around in the courtyard while an Elder with a cold gaze who was dressed in white waited on the side.

"Please, Miss Xiao Ying," said the Elder faintly.

Xiao Ying glanced at him and stiffened her face as she held Xiao Yu's hand, before sitting in the white sedan chair that was waiting for her.

"Go!"

The bearer carried the sedan chair as his feet moved quickly throughout the remote and quiet area.

After almost ten minutes, the sedan chair stopped again, before the bearer pulled the curtains by the door open.

Xiao Ying was dressed in a white dress that matched the color of the sedan chair slightly. She stiffened her expression and pulled Xiao Yu out, before noticing that she was now in a different vast courtyard that did not resemble Moon Star Gate at all.

She had been to Moon Star Gate and seen their courtyard, it was nothing like this.

There were fake mountains and a pond in this courtyard. There were golden carps inside the pond that were swimming around slowly and happily.

A blue haired youth in a white suit stood beside the pond and scattered fish food into the water slowly, smiling as he fed the carp. This person was clearly not from Moon Star Gate!

The moment she laid eyes on this person, Xiao Ying's pupils dilated when she recognized his true identity.

Jessian!

Young Divine Master Jessian, the true assailant who had assembled the Southern Sky Gate elimination team!

At the first moment, Xiao Ying had already guessed that something was amiss.

This entire courtyard was devoid of a single outsider, and even the bearer who had brought her here earlier had left quietly as well. Her acute five senses told her that there was no one within a hundred meter vicinity of this place except for the three of them.

Jessian... He was giving them a chance on purpose, a chance to rescue Southern Sky Gate. It was not a trap and there was not going to be an ambush. This was a covert plot to strike them until they collapsed completely.

He wanted to defeat the entire Southern Sky Gate's forces with nothing but his own strength!

He had openly withdrawn all of his manpower and was clearly giving Southern Sky Gate a chance to ambush him and save their own members.

But Xiao Ying's instincts told her that something was wrong because the rumors said that Jessian was not such a straightforward person who definitely had an ambush hidden somewhere deeper.

"You thought that I was waiting for you?" Jessian smiled. "How wrong."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Xiao Ying calmly.

Jessian did not pay her any mind.

"This arena was prepared for the fellow that would appear at any moment."

Clap!

The faint sound of a footstep could be heard from the shadows of the courtyard suddenly.

Simultaneously, numerous figures in black clothes walked out of the shadows within the courtyard slowly.

Xiao Ying was able to recognize the people who had appeared. There was Aunt Nora, Teacher Yue Jian who had rushed over from the Azure Continent, Uncle Ling Feng, and Big Sis Arielle. All of the remaining Southern Sky Gate masters had also arrived.

But only Aunt Nora and Teacher Yue Jian were Grandmasters of Combat, the others...

Her heart fell into the bottom of her stomach at once.

Teacher and the others were completely unaware that Jessian had assembled an entire assassination team! Without any information from her, they were now standing in front of her blindly.

The masked members of Southern Sky Gate in black clothes moved quickly before circling around Jessian.

"Jessian, surrender yourself!" Aunt Nora held a double-edged sword in her hands and a worried expression on her face. However, out of all the people on site, the legendary Young Divine Master would probably have a certain amount of power.

Aunt Nora and Yue Jian were considered as masters within the Grandmasters of Combat who belonged to the level of liquidized auras. Young Divine Master would probably belong to the level of solidified auras. Therefore, since there was only one level between them, they might have a chance to ambush him.

She had once crossed swords with a solidifying aura master, and although there was a huge gap between their powers, Young Divine Master was still juvenile, making it highly unlikely that he would have achieved a high level.

Jessian smiled slightly.

"All of you can come forward at once."

Before he had finished speaking, he raised his right hand immediately and blocked the front of his body.

Bang!

A black whip appeared suddenly and formed a ring around the legs of the people that approached him. The ring resembled an oval that was formed by two whips, bringing the people from each side towards his temples.

Two clapping noises could be heard before Jessian brought his fingers together and aimed them directly at his opponent's ankles. He turned around before two twinkling stars flew out silently, forcing Nora who had attacked him from the other side to move backward, while a chain of fragmented shadows appeared around her body the moment she was pushed backward.

Tch!

He raised his right hand and a silver line shot out suddenly. The sound of little bells could be heard before the silver line exploded into twinkling stars that dispersed throughout the entire courtyard. They fell down like raindrops until the walls, floor, pond, and fake mountains were all covered with tiny silver steel needles.

The people from Southern Sky Gate could barely evade the hidden weapon. Just as they were about to pursue and attack Jessian, they realized that he was no longer standing in his original spot.

Whoosh! A dull noise could be heard before a man in black clothes held his shoulder and rushed off, staggering as he left.

"Southern Sky Gate! This is barely acceptable! Hahaha!!" Jessian turned into a translucent shadow that pranced around the courtyard quickly like a flash of lightning. The dots of silver light disappeared hurriedly after landing precisely on a black-clothed person every time they appeared.

Within a few minutes, four black-clothed people had suffered injuries. Although Nora had to protect Xiao Ying and Xiao Yu, she was still embarrassed when two flying needles had successfully stabbed the back of her shoulders.

It was fortunate that there was nothing unusual about the needles and that their injuries were not too serious.

While they were fighting, a large group of soldiers in yellow military uniforms filled the courtyard suddenly. The Grandmasters of Combat from the ambush team had appeared around the courtyard walls. They were surrounded by martial arts firearms, while ten mortars were placed in the vicinity.

An officer in a yellow military uniform was accompanied by a Grandmaster of Combat as they took large strides into the courtyard. Moon Star Gate Master, two other Elders, and Moon Star Gate Young Master Yannen arrived as well.

The members of Southern Sky Gate were forced into the center of the courtyard, while ten guns were pointed directly at them.

"Young Divine Master is truly wise! You anticipated that they would surely arrive at the last minute!" praised the officer in the yellow uniform happily. "These Southern Sky Gate scum commit crimes everywhere they go, and they don't shy away from killing people or setting fires. By capturing all of them in one go today, Young Divine Master truly made a great contribution towards the security of my jurisdiction!"

"You flatter me, Chief Ling," replied Jessian with a smile while a group of people gathered behind him. There were thirteen Grandmasters of Combat on site, including those from Moon Star Gate, which were probably the most powerful forces throughout the three provinces. Attempting to break out from an encirclement of such strong forces were but a fleeting dream.

"If it wasn't for my previous apprehension, Southern Sky Gate would not have existed until today." He glanced contemptuously at the group of injured black clothed people. "A simple trick was enough to capture them in one go. There wasn't a single fuss..." Boom!!!

Suddenly, a flash of black light pierced through the wall like a broadsword, passing through the large army before creating an opening in the courtyard walls with a 'bang'.

"You waited until the final key moment to appear, can this still be considered as coping with the emergency on time?" A charming female voice echoed through the clouds of dust that filled the sky.

"It's fine as long as we achieve our goal," replied a male voice.

The sound of gunshots filled the air while worried expressions appeared on the faces of the soldiers when they realized that the finest Grandmaster of Combat had arrived.

The military officer in the yellow uniform took a few steps back quietly, allowing the other Grandmasters of Combat to shield him.

Grave looks appeared on the faces of the Grandmasters of Combat who stood beside Young Divine Master because they knew that the first-rate master had arrived. Even though they had prepared themselves mentally much earlier, they were still worried when they encountered him in the flesh.

"Demoness Lola, are you trying to interfere?" Jessian's expression changed slightly.

"Interfere?" Lola smiled daintily. "This humble lady would never dare to disturb the Heavenly General's good mood."

The clouds of dust subsided, gradually exposing the two figures.

The Demoness was dressed in a short black silk dress. Although she should have been the center of everyone's attention, they were currently focused on the golden-haired man instead.

There was a handsome man with golden shoulder length hair, a calm face, and wine red eyes whose body was currently shrouded in dark blue mist.

The moods of the encircled Southern Sky Gate members became more joyous at once. Meanwhile, Lola quietly released her grip on the thing that she was holding tightly moments earlier.

"Too weak." The man's gaze fell upon the crowd of Southern Sky Gate members.

"Too weak indeed..." Jessian smiled and opened his mouth before his expression changed instantly. The face of the golden-haired man flashed before his eyes quickly.

Tch!!

He felt a sharp pain in his forehead while he stared off into the distance blankly in his original spot. A pool of blood shot out of the back of his head before landing on the back wall quickly, as if it was shot through by an arrow.

Cold air wafted out from both of their bodies.

"Omniscient Eye... How I missed you."

Garen retracted his fingers slowly, exposing the bloodied eyeball that he had gouged out of Jessian's head.

"Divine Master... Will not... Forgive you..."

Bang.

Jessian's dead body collapsed on the ground stiffly.

The entire audience fell deathly quiet.