

## Mystical 581

### Chapter 581: Secret 5

After a good night's sleep, Garen slowly rose from his bed.

Taking a deep breath, he turned to look at the window. The sunlight was seeping through his curtains, making the dust in the air somewhat visible.

He pushed away his blanket, once again looking at his wounded heel from yesterday. Except for a light red scar at the very top, it looks nothing like a wound anymore.

Today was a weekend, so he didn't have to rush to school.

After dressing himself, he walked up to the window and opened the curtains.

"Hey!!"

Raffaele was on her bike waiting for him as usual.

Opening the window, Garen shouted, "What's the plan?"

"How about the beach again? We can make barbecued seafood!" Raffaele answered after some thought.

"Sure." Garen didn't invite her to come into his house. The last time she was in the house, there was an awkward atmosphere.

"I'll be out in a bit!!" Garen shouted out loud.

Walking out of the bedroom, Jason and his sister Vivien were already eating breakfast in the kitchen. His mother was still in her study, and his father was in the living room sitting, talking with his new research student about their learning objectives for the day.

"Going out again?" Jason asked loudly.

"Yea, Rafi is waiting outside." Garen sloppily picked up 2 pieces of bread and spread some tomato jam on them, chugged a few mouthfuls of milk, then walked straight towards the door.

"Bro, you haven't even brushed your teeth!" Vivien loudly said.

"Oh, right!" Garen placed the bread on the bathroom counter and proceeded to speedily lather his teeth with toothpaste.

All of the sudden, the bathroom door cracked open, and in came a red-headed girl in a black dress. Looking at Garen, she was a bit shocked, but managed to recover herself and politely gave her greetings.

"Good morning big brother Garen."

"Oh, Morning. You are?"

"She's my best friend Arisa! She came to visit, she's a tourist!" His sister Vivien ran it and answered.

"Arisa, this is my brother."

This girl looked no older than 10, she gave of the aura of a shy young lady. With Garen staring intently at her, she started to blush.

"I-I'm Arisa, n-n-nice to meet you, big brother Garen..."

"Same here, but sorry, I have a friend outside waiting for me, so I'll leave you in my sister's care," Garen said after gargling, wiping off the remaining bubbles around his mouth.

He did not know why, but he felt that this Arisa was a bit different from other average people, so he couldn't help but look at her a bit more.

"Arisa is here with her older sister, but the inn was full already, I ran into her at the town center, so I offered her to stay at our house," Vivien answered seriously. "Her sister is living in Serin's place next door!"

"Ahh that's great. Travelling at such a young age." Garen started ruffling her hair a bit, lightly patting her head, making her blush even more.

Her hands were behind her back, playing with her fingers frantically.

"Then I'll be off, you guys have fun! Grano is a quiet and beautiful place, I hope you guys enjoy yourselves!" Garen said with a smile, walking towards the door.

"No worries, I'll take good care of them!" Jason confidently slapped his chest, there was a sly grin on his face, he probably was scheming on bringing them through some strange tour.

Opening the door, a tall brunette girl with long hair was standing at the side of the gate, wearing a black slim fit windbreaker, carrying a small purse. She had an oval face and white skin, giving off a cool and unapproachable aura. At the moment, she was staring blankly at the distance.

This beautiful cool girl was still giving off that unapproachable vibe, even when she was just staring idly at nothing.

Garen, clad in nothing but a simple T-shirt and jeans, started pushing his white motorcycle out of his garage. The sound seemed to have startled the girl.

She frowned as he walked over.

"Good morning, I am Arisa's older sister. I am here to pick her up. Thank you for your hospitality from yesterday." The brunette bent down slightly and gave a proper curtsy.

"There's no need for the formalities..." Garen felt that this girl was slightly too serious.

"It's only appropriate," she replied seriously. "Nice to meet you, my name is Isaros, I'm in your care."

"Nice to meet you." Garen nodded as he opened the gate and pushed his motorcycle out. "Arisa is inside with my sister, please make yourself at home, I didn't lock the doors."

"Then, sorry for interrupting." Isaros bowed slightly.

Garen quickly assessed this girl, she looked younger than twenty, and had a cool aura about her. She was well-mannered but somehow spoke in a very traditional, formal manner. This made her even more unapproachable.

Furthermore, the name "Isaros" reminded him of the colloquial name of Duskdune Shura in the Totem World - Anzera. The two were only a syllable apart, this gave Garen a strange sense of familiarity.

"Grano is a beautiful and quiet place, I hope you guys enjoy your stay!"

Isaros nodded with all the seriousness in the world, "Thank you."

Garen looked back. He saw Jason frantically opening the door, his face blushing like a beetroot. He didn't even dare to look Isaros straight in the eye. Garen finally knew why he was so adamant in taking the initiative to give them a tour just now.

Pushing his motorcycle, he waved to Raffaele, who was standing afar. They then proceeded to ride off.

Coldly looking at the direction Garen and Raffaele headed in, Isaros slightly frowned.

They weren't here in this town as tourists, although, how they managed to escape their pursuers from Primary Colors escaped her. Fortunately for them, this was no doubt one of the safer places they had arrived at. She could probably stay here with her younger sister for around 2 more years.

Thinking about that, she let out a sigh of relief.

Arisa was still so young, yet she had to put up with so much pressure, living her life like a fugitive. Hopefully, they could live here for some more time... In the best case, the people from Primary Colors won't ever find them... They already gave up trying to seek revenge for all the things in the past, all she wanted now was to live a peaceful, normal life, watching her sister grow up.

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Two motorcycles were speeding across the woods.

As the sound of the motorcycle engines roared through the woods, they could see rustling leaves slowly falling to the ground.

Garen was wearing a black helmet, following closely behind Raffaele. However, his mind was still fixated on the sisters Arisa and Isaros, from just now.

The kind of feeling they give off, it was as if... there was an indescribable kind of vibe, strange and thick, but he just couldn't put his tongue on it.

"What are you thinking about?" Raffaele's voice interrupted his line of thought, she had apparently slowed down, now riding next to Garen.

"Nothing much, I just had a weird dream last night, I haven't calmed down completely yet." Garen didn't dare to say that he was thinking of 2 other girls. Raffaele treated him well. When it came to things like this, she had a short temper, if he wasn't cautious he could easily piss her off. These unnecessary conflicts should just be avoided.

"You're not thinking of other girls, are you?" Raffaele asked in suspicion.

"Of course not. I already have you." Garen nervously laughed.

"Hmmm."

Raffaele once again sped up and went ahead.

With this little interruption, Garen somehow figured out what he was feeling earlier on.

He might be on to something here.

The vibe he got from looking at the 2 sisters, felt similar to when he was looking at the history of the planet in the Totem World.

Although he didn't see any special imagery or messages, but that unique vibe he got, was exactly like when he was viewing the history of the planet from outside of the planet in the Totem World!

"This feeling..." He muttered with his head down. Although his sights were still on the road, his mind was on the sisters.

"It should be from the Soul Seed..." He finally managed to distinguish this feeling he had.

Soul seeds are hidden in the deepest parts of one's soul, at this moment, it was emitting a strange wave, affecting his current thoughts.

He felt that, around the 2 sisters, a lot of interesting things will start to happen.

Screech!!

The 2 motorcycles came to a halt on the road next to the beach, sliding into the opposite direction which they came from.

The two stepped off of their respective bikes and removed their helmets.

"Why were you so out of it just now? Are you starting to fancy that girl from before?" Raffaele aggressively asked, her hands on her hips, standing right in front of Garen.

"How is that possible?" Garen said, "It was just about the dream I had last night..."

"Stop lying! I can see it clearly in your eyes that you were thinking of the girl you saw earlier." Raffaele interrupted.

"Alright alright... I admit it, but it was only because that girl gave off a weird vibe, nothing more." Garen meekly admitted.

"She's just a tourist, what's so weird about that? You're my man, don't you dare go around playing with other girls! Or else, hmmm..." Raffaele raised her fists up in a threatening manner, her cute appearance making such a violent pose made Garen chuckle. He couldn't resist his urge to pinch her angry face.

The two then started to play fight a bit, chasing each other on the beach, accidentally falling into the sea getting themselves all wet.

Going back to their bikes, while they were changing their clothes, Garen quickly took out his phone and sent a blank text to the number he got from that Vampire yesterday. After that, he deleted the message records and kept his phone.

Looking to his side, he saw Raffaele had changed into her swimsuit.

"What do you wanna eat? I'll go catch some for you. I might have to leave a bit earlier because I have some stuff I need to do."

"Can't you even have some fun on just on the weekend?" Raffaele's pure white skin was glowing under the sunlight, almost as if it were forming a halo. It was surprising, that after spending so much time in the sun, her skin was as white as ever.

"I have some stuff to do. As you know my parents are always busy with their things, when I got old enough they stopped taking care of us too much, so most I do of the stuff at home." Garen shrugged.

"Oh, right." Raffaele leaned closer, her height was slightly shorter than Garen, she looked up at him innocently. "If there's any trouble, don't hesitate to ask me for help, don't try to carry the burden by yourself, okay?"

"Of course, I won't forget my manly girlfriend is one of the strongest girls in town." Garen lightly grabbed her waist, his hand slowly moving downwards, almost reaching the thigh gap below her butt.

Raffaele smiled slyly, then turned around out of his embrace.

"Alright, since you have some stuff to do, when are you leaving?"

"We can still play around for about 2 hours." Garen disappointedly retracted his hands.

Chapter 582: Secret 6

"Well, that's enough." Raffaele was grabbing Garen's hand, she liked to see his helpless expression. "Speaking of which, recently there's been a lot of stuff happening on my side as well. When it rains it pours, all kinds of troubles are starting to pile up, making me extremely busy. If it weren't for my sisters who came back from their universities, I think I wouldn't have any time left for even myself."

"There sure are a lot of people coming to the town recently."

"Yeah, all the inns are fully booked, and a lot of tourists have no choice but to stay in the townspeople's houses. However that's not a bad thing, and it gives everyone some bonus side income." Raffaele nodded, "It's probably because word of 'that' got out to the public."

"That?" Garen didn't notice anything out of the particular.

"The biggest bear species, the Mika Bear, is supposedly the world's biggest species of bears ever discovered, breaking even the Brown Bear's record. It's almost a third bigger than the Brown Bear."



Raffaele softly answered, "A lot of tourists are here to find out more about the Mika Bear, but the amount of Mika Bears are very few, in my entire life here I've only seen 2 of them."

"Is it really that big?" Garen was interested.

"It is, when standing, it can go up to 4 meters in height, however, it is non-hostile in nature and won't act aggressively towards humans unless provoked." Raffaele explained, "The 2 times I saw them was when they were out fishing."

Although it sounded ferocious, Raffaele showed no fear in her eyes.

Noticing this, Garen decided to change the topic.

"Oh right. I loved the Buck Badge you gave me last time, Can you bring me to see other similar antique items?"

"Err... That requires my grandma's permission..." Raffaele hesitated.

"I just want to look at them and admire them, you know how much I'm interested in antiques." Garen sincerely asked.

Raffaele already knew how fond Garen was of antiques, it could even be said that his knowledge in antiques had surpassed even that of experts, at least those shown on television series anyways, or so she felt. The more she started to understand Garen's strengths and weaknesses, the more she adored and loved this ideal man.

Although she was hailed as Grano's Strongest Witch with the strongest affinity for Ancient Power and her domination of all the witches from all the regional towns, besides that, Garen outshone her in every way.

"I'll go ask my grandma then. Like they say, Antiques are like the precious treasures of elders. They are very protective of them, it's not within my control whether she will let you see them."

"I understand." Garen nodded, his potential points had not increased even after all these years.

Recently, his secret technique progression entered a slow state, and without potential points, all he could do was to grind it out with time. The degree of growth had hit new extremes of slowness, and if he wanted to get back to his previous form, it'd have to take a lot longer.

Potential points could largely decrease the needed time and give him a distinct advantage. As such, he needed to utilize it as soon as possible.

After killing that vampire and measuring his strength, Garen started to feel an urgent need to increase his abilities and get back to his previous form as soon as possible. Otherwise, if he met a stronger Blood Breed someday or faced an unknown power, he wouldn't know how to react. With the power he had right now, it would be a suicide mission.

His experience and technique did make up for some of his lack of power, but that was only in a situation where the power difference wasn't too huge. If he had to face an opponent much stronger than him, he'd be in trouble.

Furthermore, regarding whether the Blood Breed was actually immortal, that statement piqued his interest.

"I'll give you an answer latest by the day after tomorrow. As you know, my grandma is a very strict person, I'll try to ask her when she's in a good mood." Raffaele said apologetically.

"Thanks!" Garen gave her a kiss on her right cheek and pulled her back into his embrace.

Regarding Raffaele, he had very complicated feelings, his identity in this world naturally accepted her, but the Garen hidden deep in his heart seemed to treat this as nothing more than a game.

Maybe Raffaele felt that hence she was reluctant to give her first time to him.

Garen had lived through 2 worlds and he had already become used to keeping all his feelings to himself. In comparison with Raffaele's astounding age, he would not easily accept her as well.

He had already planned to take matters into his own hands if her grandmother declined his request and use the antiques in secret, hopefully activating an effect on his progression.

After chatting for a bit on the beach, catching and cooking some scallops, the two saw that it was almost time, so Garen got on his bike and bid farewell to Raffaele.

Raffaele saw Garen off, her long hair swaying in the sea breeze.

A young girl in a grey shirt walked out from the crevices of the rocks from a small distance away and stood next to her.

Looking at the infatuated expression of her chief, she let out a helpless sigh.

From the point of view of others, regardless of whether it was the Blood Breed or the Witches, their chiefs were prideful and cold. The monstrous beauty that people call the Strongest Witch had revealed her horns since the very beginning, during which she managed to recruit all of the witches in the Alice Forest area. She was known to the witches in the other areas as the Sun's Will. This nickname was due to her overwhelming willpower; as strong as the sun's rays, inexorable, and a powerful leader.

In the early years, after a meeting with North America's chief of the Witches - the Moonlight's Darkness, Raffaele was unanimously nominated to be the 3rd strongest witch in America. Her talent was monstrous, she had a strong heart, and left a strong impression on the Blood Breeds and the Witches from other countries who were there to witness her presence.

However, this great being, the Queen Witch of the Forest, was now infatuated with such a normal boy.

"What's the matter?" Raffaele looked at her sisters on her sides.

"Nothing much, we were just jealous of your pure relationship with Garen." The girl muttered, "Maybe I should follow your example and use a hidden identity to find a nice guy that isn't after my position. That kind of relationship should be pure, right?"

Raffaele started giggling, and her smile had a sense of warmth that no outsider had ever seen.

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"Sis, can we really live here for a period of time?" Arisa asked, wide-eyed staring at Isaros.

The sisters were walking side by side in the town center, following closely behind Jason and Vivien who were leading the way. They seem to have not heard the sisters' conversation.

Isaros carefully assessed the surroundings.

"This seems like a place the Primary Colours cannot get into, they haven't found our trail, if we remain hidden for long enough, we can live here for quite some time."

"That's great!" Arisa couldn't resist the joy and started skipping around gleefully.

"Don't worry, if we plan this well enough, they might never be able to find us in this lifetime," Isaros smiled while patting Arisa's head.

The Primary Colours, Asia's strongest shadow syndicate, had countless connections with numerous governments and also a strong standing in the Asian underground world. Their leader was Rabstein Cairo, the board chairman of the third largest financial group in the world and the owner of numerous banks, energy companies, firearm dealers, and black markets.

The Primary Colours as a whole was like a monster, having a major influence in every field, from military to politics, and legal to black markets. The sisters were merely average European girls born in a wealthy family, but because their genes were appropriate for the human strengthening experimentations of the Primary Colors, their families and lives were destroyed. Miraculously, they'd managed to escape during one of the experiments, and their life on the run had somehow led them to Grano.

Thinking back to how the Primary Colors managed to send elite military-trained soldiers and their multiple attempts of kidnappings, it sent a shiver down her spine as she reached out to softly caress the scar on her sister's neck.

No one would have thought, that scar was the aftermath of a near-fatal slash to the neck that should've killed her. If it was not for the increased regenerative abilities from the experimentation upon her, her sister Arisa would have entered an eternal slumber.

She had originally considered claiming revenge, but against a monster that had completely dominated the entirety of Asia, taking care of them was as simple as sending out some hired soldiers, mercenaries, and assassins. There were even more rumors about their underground sector having acquired technology like mutant soldiers and killing machines. The entire organization had completely conquered Asia's underground world, if they used their true power against the sisters, they wouldn't even stand a chance.

Isaros did not want her sister to suffer anymore. She was so young, yet she already experienced countless near-death incidents...

Even if she wanted to get revenge, thinking of the amount of increasingly powerful opponents and the Primary Colour's seamless authority over Asia, it sent a chill down her spine. In the experimentation lab, she'd once seen that terrifying man - Rabstein Cairo. He had a nickname back there - Titan.

That man gave off a strong fear-inducing aura, making even someone like her, who'd survived the experiments, tremble uncontrollably in fear. That strong aura made a glance at him feel as though she was a baby facing off against a ferocious lion.

"Who cares about revenge... I should just give up. As long as Arisa is happy and safe..." Isaros lightly nudged Arisa's back, letting her walk together with Vivien. The two started happily chatting with each other.

From the front, Jason kept looking back to steal a glance at her, making her chuckle.

This household that lived peacefully in this little town of Grano, having no qualms with the world, left a strong impression on her. After chatting with Jason for a bit, Jason blurted out every detail he could about his family.

Their parents were the standard intellectuals, were kind to others, but spend a lot of their time on their own work.

Their children were all somewhat mature. The oldest child, Jason was very muscular, with a huge body. He liked to practice martial arts, and overall, was just a pure-hearted upper-secondary student.

Their second son, Garen, was the most mature of them all, his position in their household hierarchy seemed to be higher than Jason's. He was immensely handsome, had a calm demeanor, liked to play the violin, and was one of the most popular kids in school. There were even rumors that there were multiple girls fighting over him.

Their youngest daughter, Vivien, was still a young kid, pure and energetic, sometimes weird in a cute way. She adored his brother Garen but also liked to tease and play pranks on Jason.

This tight-knit family had Isaros a bit of envy. On the other hand, Arisa was completely immersed in the atmosphere, becoming best friends with Vivien within such a short period of time, even sharing all her treats with her, making the actual sister feel a bit jealous.

Chapter 583: Secret Technique and Reward 1

"Do you know why seahorses are so slow?"

Garen looked back and asked Isaros a strange question.

Isaros thought for a bit, then shook her head. "I don't know."

"Because seahorses are the smallest horse! Hahahahaha..." Jason started laughing out loud.

Isaros looked at him silently, the other two young ones were also speechlessly staring at him.

Out of the 4 people, he was the only one laughing.

"Hahaha... Err... Haha... Didn't you guys find that funny?" Jason finally stopped laughing. Looking at the 3 cringing people before him, he realized how lame his joke was.

"Err... Alright... Alright, let me tell another joke."

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As he slowly maneuvered his motorcycle into his garage, he noticed that no one else was here.

The house was completely empty, needless to say, Alma and Trish had both gone off to do their own research work.

After securing his bike, he opened the door to his house, took off his shoes, then swiftly shut the door.

He had no clue why, but his mind was still lingering on the strange feeling he got from the sisters, the soul seed wouldn't have this kind of reaction for no reason.

The strange yet familiar feeling was exactly the same as when he was viewing the planet history in the Totem World.

Quickly moving to his room, he took out his laptop and connected to the web.

After browsing through the news about Grano, he found the first result was the Mika Bear. The appearance of the world's largest bear species in this forest had attracted tourists not just to Grano, but also to multiple far-off small towns.

In other news, there were more articles on wild wolves attacking humans, leaving 1 dead and 1 wounded. Other than that, nothing much had happened.

Closing the laptop, Garen went into deep thought.

Crack!

A sudden crisp cracking could be heard from downstairs. If it was any other person, they would've probably thought that this was because some parts of the material of this wooden house had broke.

However, Garen regained his calm, silently stood up, walked towards the door and lightly pulled on it. The door opened smoothly and silently.

He slowly peered down from the railing of the 2nd-floor staircase.

There was a bald man in a black leather coat, calmly walking around the room without making a sound. He was looking left and right as if he was searching for something.

On his black leather coat, there was an image of a white phoenix stitched on the chest area. A muscular guy wearing a coat with a stitching of a white phoenix, it seemed weird. However, this person didn't seem to care; his face was as emotionless as a piece of wood and his skin appeared like there was no blood circulating under it, as though he was wearing a mask.

Garen silently observed his movement around the building. Ignoring all other rooms, he walked straight towards Arisa's bedroom. He reached his hand out to touch the bedroom door, then suddenly raised his head.

The second-floor common space was completely empty, not a soul in sight.

The baldie frowned, slightly pushed open the door to Vivien's bedroom. However, he did not enter the room, he just stood in the doorway and sniffed a bit.

"Isaros's scent isn't present." He muttered in a soft voice, he spoke in Classical Arabic, which was written as Asia's Quran Language.

Garen once spent half a year learning all of the major languages in the world. At his current skill level, he could completely understand what the man was saying.

Only then did he notice that the man was wearing a black earpiece.



"There were some traces over here, it must've been her." From the earpiece came a soft female voice.

"Looks like they've temporarily left the house to play, this time the mission is quite easy." The baldie said with a small grin.

"Don't be too careless. Earlier, all my D-ranked men were wiped out, something must be up." The voice said.

"Don't worry, I'm not like that D-ranked garbage." The baldie laughed lazily.

He quickly closed the door and retraced his steps back to where he originally came from. At the same time, he was holding a long pole with a fluffy circular cloth on one end, wiping away his footsteps as he left.

In no time, all traces of the baldie's entrance had been removed, he then swiftly closed the door and left.

This entire time, he did not go up to the second floor, probably because he already knew there were people upstairs.

After the door closed, Garen's silhouette emerged behind the door. Looking through the door viewer, seeing the baldie's back as he walked off, he couldn't help but let out a small grin on his face.

"The aura of potential..."

He lightly touched the places where the baldie had reached to touch, that tingling familiar aura turned his bad mood around completely.

"That baldie is probably from some organization hunting for Arisa and her sister, his body had remnants of potential aura... Looks like there is stuff with potential in this world after all. This is great news." Garen started smiling.

He suddenly remembered about the weird feeling he got from the sisters.

It was the same feeling he got off of Beckstone and Goth at the start. It was a special reaction of the soul, an indescribable feeling without a clear cause.

If one had to describe it, it would be that it felt influential.

Similar to Beckstone and Goth, Arisa and her sister should be very influential trendsetters, like the first domino in a domino show. More accurately, they could be said to be the leading actors in a paradigm shift, like the butterflies in the butterfly effect, with just one flutter of their wings, it could start a chain reaction of small influences, adding up together creating even stronger forces, and eventually becoming a gigantic tornado.

Taking out his phone and checking the time, Garen sent a message to Raffaele.

In almost an instant, he got a reply.

"Already reached home, don't worry, I'll take care of myself"

"That's good"

Garen didn't want to cause trouble or damage on Raffaele's side so he followed the vampire's instructions, even though he did leave a bit earlier.

Softly opening the door, Garen observed his surroundings. It didn't seem that there were any people from Raffaele tasked to protect him. The baldie was also nowhere to be seen.

He sniffed around for a bit, then walked out of his yard in a carefree manner, headed towards the byway on the left side of the road.

No one bothered about the actions of a 10+-year-old boy. It was noon and most people were at home eating lunch, and there were barely any cars on the road, nor were there any passersby. You could only hear some vague conversations from the houses.

The sun was shining brightly, baking the ground.

Garen was walking on a grassy field, Grano's forests were different from a lot of other places, the grass here grew extremely tall, and could grow up to one's knees, completely covering one's shins.

Normally people had to pay attention to where they were walking due to the presence of poisonous bugs and snakes, but Garen was completely carefree about that, instead, he was completely focused on finding the baldie.

Slowly, the number of trees started increasing, from just a few trees scattered about into a condensed canopy blocking out all sunlight.

After a short while, in a small bush tucked between two trees, he saw two silhouettes in black leather coats. One of them was obviously the baldie who left his house just a moment ago, while the other was a black haired girl with a bombshell body.

"Are you guys crazy? Wearing black leather in this kind of weather." Garen laughed as he walked over.

"Who's there!"

The baldie roared, looking towards his direction.

With the two's alerted gazes on him, Garen slowly walked out of the bush, stepping on some tree roots protruding from the ground.

"The two of you just visited me a moment ago, how can you have forgotten the owner already?"

He laughed with his hands tucked into his pockets.

Baldie looked as if he saw a ghost, looking over to the lady next to him in uncertainty. She shook her head, stating that she didn't know what was going on either.

"Who are you?"

His hand was gripping onto his suppressed handgun on his waist.

"What organization are the two of you from? Why did you sneak into my house?" Garen ignored their actions, though now changing his language, speaking fluently in Classical Arabic, shocking the two.

"Fire!"

The baldie did a combat roll and pulled out another black handgun. In a flash, he fired 3 bullets. Without even looking at the aftermath, he swiftly hid behind a tree.

The lady also did the same thing, except in the other direction.

6 bullets were fired spread out in the area Garen was standing. Even if Garen did not move, it would have hit him right in the forehead and at his heart.

However, right before they fired, Garen tensed his body up and leaped forward into the bush, almost as if a slithering cobra, he rushed towards the baldie. Out of the 6 bullets, none of them hit their mark.

He swiped his right arm forward.

Hiss.

His arm suddenly curved as if it was a noodle, going around the tree and pinning the hiding baldie to the tree.

His nails turned into sharp black claws, looking almost metallic, and pinned the baldie to the tree by his neck.

The lady on the other side looked as if she'd just seen a demon. Garen swiftly jumped in front of the baldie, his face still smiling.

"Now will you answer my question?"

"Y... Yes..." The baldie gulped and motioned for the lady to drop her gun. His face was completely pale and his heart was beating like crazy, one small movement and he was done for. Looking at his opponent's black claws, he knew that this time he had kicked a hornet's nest.

"What do you want to know sir? I swear we won't hide anything from you, sir." He answered quickly without any resistance.

"Who are you guys? What business do you have over here?"

"We are from the Asian White Phoenix society, we were hired as mercenaries to come over to recover the escaped test subjects."

"Asian White Phoenix? What kind of organization is that?"

"It's one of the main combat branches of the Primary Colors, as for the Primary Colors Organization you can probably find out a lot more about them online, sir."

"Then, what are you referring to when you say test subjects?"

"I really don't know, sir. We are only external mercenaries, we have no clue about the backstory of the targets, as, sir, you may know, knowing too much isn't always a good thing." The baldie answered sheepishly.

"So the test subjects are Arisa and Isaros?"

"Yes, sir. Our objective was to capture them alive and we were to only take action if we truly were unable to capture them alive."

#### Chapter 584: Secret Technique and Reward 2

Garen looked over at the lady, the two seemed to be a married couple. She was worriedly staring at the claws wrapped tightly around the baldie's neck, trying to not move even a single inch.

The two were only mercenaries trained by the military. Their abilities with firearms were definitely exceptional and their reaction speed was quick as well, but compared to a real Grandmaster of Combat, they would be defeated instantly.

The same could be said if they were to fight against the monstrous beings in the town.

The two were just average humans, and as the baldie said himself, they were just hired mercenaries.

However, Garen's objective was not that simple.

He carefully looked through the pockets of the baldie, swiftly ripping out a small black wooden cross from his robes.

The moment he made contact with that cross, a cooling aura flowed through his arm, and a sparkle blinked to life in his eyes.

"Where did you get this thing?"

The baldie's face seemed to wince in pain.

"This is a souvenir from a friend, a very good friend of mine. He asked me to always carry it and to never let it out of my sight."

"What a great souvenir," Garen purred, satisfied.

This cross definitely contained some potential aura, not the type that was for one-time-use, but the type that continuously flowed.

The surface of the cross seemed to be covered by a layer of shapeless energy as if it could burst any moment.

Garen guessed that this was the type of charm that was used against supernatural beings. If it came in contact with a supernatural being, it would burst immediately to protect baldie.

Baldie's friend was obviously worried about him getting into life-threatening trouble, so he gave him this necklace.

"Looks like your friend is a great guy." Garen ripped off the necklace. His original killing intent towards the two had completely been dispersed. He started to think about how he could manipulate this two to work for him.

After all, his sources of information right now were extremely limited, it was almost none other than the Internet. If he had two people with different identities he could use as his eyes and ears, his understanding of this world would increase even more.

There were many ways to manipulate an enemy, but since he did not have any understanding of the unknown powers lurking in this world, it was difficult to find a way that can guarantee success...

This world was full of vampires and quite possibly witches as well, and possibly other supernatural beings. At the surface level, this world seemed simple, but it was only the tip of the iceberg.

Looking through his memories of past secret techniques, Garen decided to use a stealthier secret technique.

If it was purely for punishing an individual, even the lowest tier skill would do, but to ensure the loyalty of the individual, this was the best method.

Looking at the baldie, he let out a meaningful laugh. Garen loosened his grip on the baldie's neck.

"Thank you for all the information, but as you guys can see, this is not a town that you can mess around in. From our conversation earlier, I felt your sincerity and I applaud you for that."

He paused for a moment, "Since you guys are mercenaries, I have a mission for you guys, I was wondering if you guys would like to accept."

"You're not gonna kill us?" The baldie asked, looking visibly relieved.

"I'm not some bloodthirsty serial killer, why would I want to kill you?" Garen opened his arms, "This mission, if you guys manage to succeed, I might consider taking you guys on as disciples and teach you that powerful Battle Skill you guys saw just now."

There was a sparkle in the baldie's eyes, not only him, even the black-haired lady unconsciously gulped.

Only mercenaries like them who have been in countless near-death scenarios would understand how useful having that kind of battle skill would be in combat. Furthermore, if they could be like this kid in front of them, with that terrifying reach and complete lack of fear of firearms, it was the ultimate killing ability. The opportunity to learn this skill, in the eyes of the couple, posed an irresistible temptation.

"Are you serious?! You're really willing to take us as apprentices and teach us that frightful technique?" Even baldie's voice was audibly trembling. Although what was in front of him looked just like an average looking 10-year-old boy, at this point, he had completely ignored the age of the being in front of him.

The lady at his side was still in shock, she opened her mouth trying to speak, but the words wouldn't come out. She helplessly looked at the baldie, letting him handle everything.

"Of course." Garen smiled. The assassination skills he had accumulated were countless, not to mention that since he was a master in the human body's structure and a Grandmaster of Combat, his expertise in human combat could allow him to create a simple killing technique in a blink of an eye.



Furthermore, a simple technique to him could be considered a top tier ability to others.

"Then sir, what is your mission?" Baldie cautiously asked. This kind of amazing reward must come with a steep cost.

"It's simple actually." Garen raised up the wooden cross in his hand. "You see, I'm very interested in antique items, especially this kind of antiques. I want you to find out the origin and history of this item, and to find out if there are more of these similar items. Of course, it would be much better if you could find them."

At the sight of the two confused mercenaries, he tossed the cross into the air.

"From a quick assessment, this cross has at least 80 years of history, you guys can start from there."

"If it's to find out about this cross, I have an idea." The baldie proudly exclaimed.

"Are you sure?" Garen asked with joy.

"Yes, 100%." The baldie answered reassuringly, "I once saw some information about these crosses at the organization, the number of crosses isn't a lot, but the price isn't too high as well. They are often sold off as accessories."

Garen gave him a strong pat on his shoulders.

"Great job. As a reward, let me give you a preview of what I will teach you. You guys can then decide whether this job is worth accepting or not."

There was a fire ignited in the duo's eyes.

...

2 hours later...

Garen slowly walked out of the woods onto the road, his hands were in his pockets as usual as he walked towards his home.

That wooden cross was in his pocket, and he was gripping onto it tightly.

Hints of an icy aura kept flowing into his palm, slowly moving through his arms, to his shoulders and finally to his brain.

Looking at his skill pane, then once again feeling the total amount of aura the cross contained, Garen estimated that this cross could provide him with at least 3 attribute points, which equated to 300% of potential value, and that was a very conservative estimate.

After such a long, dry period with zero growth in potential value, suddenly earning so much boosted his mood tremendously.

He suddenly started having a much better impression of Arisa and her sister. Upon the sisters' arrival, he'd immediately managed to capture someone who gave him potential points. Maybe even more of the White Phoenix Primary Color or whatever people would come, and his potential points will slowly accumulate even more.

Looking back to the baldie and his wife learning secret techniques.

Garen let out a sly smirk, they were his feeler tentacles, from now on, he would no longer be like before, lacking information on the underground world.

The skill he'd taught them wasn't a complete secret technique. Without the support of a real secret technique, it was naturally impossible for it to be a strong secret skill.

Furthermore, it was a secret skill that Garen had created on the spot; as the name suggested, it was the middle point between a skill and a secret technique. The learning prerequisites were low, so anyone

could learn it, but it would cause certain harm to the user's body when using it. It was a skill that sacrificed one's own health to increase one's ability.

Although it could only power you up for a short period of time, it was still an extremely useful skill for the couple.

Garen called this new skill the Shooting Shadow. It was a shooting type support secret skill which could stimulate certain nodes on the user's body, allowing it to double their sight, hearing, and reflexes for 30 minutes. To them, this was the ultimate trump card.

And this was only the 1st level of this skill, there were a total of 6 levels.

The amount of sacrifice for each level was the same, it may even decrease, but its effects would only get stronger as one progressed.

At level 6, this skill could amplify sight, hearing, and reflexes by up to 6 times.

This made the couple pay full attention to Garen, with his support, they finally managed to attain Level 1 of this simple secret skill. After feeling the strength of the skill, the two were completely set on working for Garen.

The side effects of this skill were very damaging; every time it was used, it would cause internal damage to the user's body, but this kind of damage wasn't obvious. Every time it was used, the user would need to rest for at least 3 months, otherwise, if the skill was used repeatedly in short succession, it would lead to irreversible damage to the body, like blindness or deafness.

That was the biggest difference between secret techniques and secret skills. Secret skills came at a huge cost and couldn't be used continuously.

Secret Techniques, on the other hand, had no major side effects and could be used repeatedly. Just like Palosa's 99 Acute Airholes, which gave him his reputation as the unrivaled master he was from the beginning.

The reason the secret skill Shooting Shadow was so strong was that, when Garen was guiding the two, he used some of his own aura as a primer to stimulate a certain amount of change in their bodies, allowing them to master the skill.

What they didn't know was that if they wanted to continue training for this skill and get to the next level, they had to find Garen and have him stimulate their bodies again.

In other words, their growth was all up to Garen.

There was also one other disadvantage to secret skills.

It was they could only be improved and could not be abandoned.

Once you learned a secret skill, it was like walking into a dead end, and you could only continue to train. If you don't get to the highest level but stop your training for a prolonged period of time, you will experience intense pain and your body will slowly deteriorate until your death.

Regarding this point, Garen was prepared to improve it a bit more.

After all, secret skills were just something he created at the moment, he needed time to perfect it.

When he reached home, he started to record all his memories down. At dinner time, his parents were finally home, and so were Jason, Vivien and the sisters who'd spent their day outside playing. Under their parents' invitation, the sisters also joined the family for dinner.

Garen sent Raffaele a text.

The reply stated that everything was fine, the other party did not try any of their schemes.

Now that his two feeler tentacles were sent out, all he needed to do was to wait for their reports. He had also gotten his hands on his first batch of potential points, putting Garen in a cheery mood, and he gleefully gazed at Arisa and his sister.

If this was successful, he could obtain even more crosses, giving him even more potential points. Everything was going according to plan, and with his strength rapidly increasing, he could soon find an opportunity to find out more about the vampires.

It was still early anyway, he was still a lower-secondary student going into upper-secondary next year, and was still young.

Chapter 585: Accident 1

Time passed by.

Raffaele's grandmother had rejected Garen's invitation in the end. Raffaele felt very sorry about this and sent a lot of old things to him as compensation.

High school life was no different from Junior High, other than the workload of their studies becoming heavier, but for Garen it was negligible.

After he'd finished absorbing Black Wood Cross, due to the fact that his mental age was too disconnected from the students around him, without Raffaele to accompany him, he would be alone most of the time.

He would go to the music classroom alone to practice, and would also find an empty room to practice his battle skills.

He practiced his battle skills slowly. On the surface, he was merely practicing outer martial arts for his health but as long as he was willing, he could produce a deadly force in an instant from these stretches.

Garen did not have friends other than Raffaele, whereas Raffaele had a lot of friends or rather, subordinates. These two always had one common point, something that maintained their relationship, which was loneliness.

Even if these two were lovers, they had never let each other know their secrets.

No matter it was Garen or Raffaele, they were the same.

Yet, it was due to this, they felt that compared to other people, their distance was much closer.

These few years were plain, nothing big happened in town except that a Mica bear was 'invited' to leave by the National Zoo.

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In the afternoon, the air was warm as the sun baked the ground, and withering leaves were scattered by the errant breeze.

Behind the school outside the music classroom

A slender young boy was standing on the podium in the music classroom and a gentle melodious tune could be heard.

Softly, peacefully as though a person was walking quietly on a boundless field. Moonlight glimmering in the night accompanied by a refreshing cold breeze, stillness in the heart.

The boy had white and delicate skin, a neutral gender face and golden short hair.

Black shirt and slim black trousers perfectly outlined his slender figure.

By the windows of the music classroom were rows of unknown trees. A golden-haired girl was sitting on the windowsill, quietly listening to the melody. The sunlight glimmered on her white dress, leaving patches of white and gold.

"It's Michael Sidd's I Hope?" When the sound of the violin ended, the girl casually asked.

"You got it right again." Garen put down the violin and carefully began its maintenance work. This violin was specially bought by his mother from one of her old friends, spending 200,000 Gallons. If this was on Earth, it would be spending over 200,000 US Dollars, although this violin's greatest worth was in collector's value.

"I don't even need to guess. I've heard so many times." Raffaele combed down her hair with her hand.

"Which school are you going? Your SIT score is over 2300, there shouldn't be any problem for you?"

Garen walked over to the window and rested his hands on the window's side.

"Quite, I'm planning to go to Gullivier. The family's supporting too."

"I don't think I can go there." Raffaele twirled her hair with her finger. "I took the test five times, but the highest I could get was 2000 points. I don't think I can keep up with you. My family's suggestion is the state's university."

"Studying in the state?"

"Mhm."

Garen went silent. After all, they'd been together for so long, affection for her had slowly grown.

He could still remember Raffaele's heart-shaped candles that'd caused a commotion among the students during the night.

Over the years, she'd come to pick him up almost every morning. Occasionally, for a period of time, she would send him a variety of flowers in bouquets of 99. In everyone's eyes, this was incredibly romantic.

Undoubtedly, Raffaele was passionate. Perhaps in her heart, she desired someone to truly understand her and become a shelter for her heart.

"Gullivier...that's the best school in the whole of America. Perhaps this is for the best, you and your family shouldn't have come to this countryside." Raffaele was a bit down-hearted.

"I will be back again." Garen smiled, "My family is not moving, what are you worried about?"

"The outside world is very exciting..." Raffaele was obviously a little moody.

"Don't you think that mentioning to other people that your boyfriend is a Gullivier student, it sounds cool?" Garen put his hand on her shoulder.

"Who knows? After you go there, would you still put ordinary countryside girls in your eyes?" Raffaele was jealous. After knowing Garen's family background, she knew that the gap between their families was too great.

On the surface, his father was a university professor and his mother was a psychologist who had some reputation and Garen himself was talented and beautiful, skilled in violin and cultured, totally different from other students.

This was also the reason she could not take her eyes off him.

As for her, if her identity as a witch was taken away, she would just be an ordinary countryside girl who was a bit pretty and wild. Compared to those enchanting city girls who knew how to put on makeup, the gap was obvious.

Even if she exposed her identity as a witch, it was useless, perhaps it might even scare Garen.

Her first love, perhaps it was really the end...

While thinking so, Raffaele looked up into Garen's eyes.

"You will remember me right?"



"Don't make it seem like a drama where we're separating for life." Garen pulled on her cheeks. "We're not shooting a film. I'm not going to disappear."

Gullivier University was synonymous with Earth's top few universities like Harvard, Yale and so on, one of the best universities in America. The ranks among these top three were constantly interchanging.

This kind of university not only looked at the SIT score but also examined other aspects. Garen's parents were also one of his admission factors.

SIT was like American university's SAT and ACT on Earth, splitting into two parts and using the integrated scores. All American universities used this system. The students could take the tests multiple times or only one time if they were satisfied with their results.

After Garen figured out all of this, he had gone to apply for the examination earlier on and easily got himself a score of 2345 points. This was after his adjustments because the full score was only 2400 points...

Raffaele also went with him. Unfortunately, perhaps because her education was focused not on this aspect but on witchcraft, her results were not that good. The highest score she ever got was only 2000 points.

"After you're gone, nobody will be here to talk to me." Raffaele also pulled at Garen's cheeks, but he immediately escaped, so she went after him.

"After you go to a new school, you will be able to make new friends." Garen laughed. "To be so easily worried at such a young age, you will go bald in the future."

"You're the bald one!" Raffaele was mad and reached out to pull at Garen's hair but Garen still managed to dodge. By the window, one was clawing and the other was dodging.

Du...Du...

Raffaele's phone rang, it only had a simple dudu sound, no music or whatsoever.

She halted her attempts.

"I'm going to get you for this!" after dropping a stereotypical villain's line, she took out her phone and went to a place further away to answer.

Garen stood by the window, watching her answering her phone. She waved at him.

"I'm going ahead, there's something I need to deal with!"

"Okay! I'm also going back!" Garen nodded.

Looking at Raffaele on her motorbike roaring away, Garen smiled. He had not told Raffaele that he was leaving tonight. This mysterious town, he could make out the situation now.

Witches and Vampires both ruled this town. The Witches were guarding something and the Vampires had a certain understanding of them. They were vigilant of outsiders. These two were maintaining a seemingly fragile but solid relationship.

Grano town was not famous among ordinary people, but in the world of Witches and Vampires, it should be a rather important place.

Garen would sometimes catch some foreign Vampires and interrogate them. This basic information, he was familiar with it.

This world's Vampires and Blood Breed had a strict hierarchy which was maintained by control.

High-level Blood Breed controlled low-level Blood Breed unless a special means was used to avoid it.

Garen was not clear about high-level Blood Breed but he knew about the general hierarchy among Blood Breed.

The first one was Death Apostle which was the highest level Garen knew.

The second one was Upper-level Blood Breed, the third one was Middle-level Blood Breed and then Lower-level Blood Breed. The last one was the Vampires.

Vampires were only common cannon fodder which the Blood Breed looked down upon. In fact, they were not even recognized as part of the Blood Breed clan. No matter what method they had, they could not avoid the fate of being under the control of the Blood Breed. Simply put, as long as they met a Blood Breed, they could only be unconditionally controlled.

However, although Vampires were only the Blood Breed's cannon fodder, to ordinary people, they had a control ability which was synonymous with hypnosis.

They called this ability "charm".

Death Apostle, Upper-level Blood Breed, Middle-level Blood Breed, Lower-level Blood Breed, and Vampires. That was all the information Garen could gather from the vampires' mouth.

Lower-level Blood Breed could freely convert Vampires, Middle-level Blood Breed could convert Lower level Blood Breed and so on. Death Apostle could convert Upper-level Blood Breed. This was the source of their absolute hierarchy.

Unlike the Blood Breed on Earth, the Blood Breed here did not fear sunlight, not even the Vampires. They only feared silverware.

The division level among witches was based on the vampires.

Death Apostle Witch, Upper-level Witch, Middle-level Witch, Lower-level Witch and Spirit Seekers. This division was according to their strength. Garen had never seen how Witches fight so he did not know their fighting style and strength but based on this mysterious town, they were most likely very strong.

## Chapter 586: Accident 2

Garen focused more on the Blood Breed's position.

The entire Blood Breed was roughly divided into two factions or tendencies: the light party and the secret party.

Light party: Due to the fact that the Blood Breed's origin in this world was human, they regarded themselves as humans that had undergone evolution to becoming advanced humans. Therefore they should be the elite of the elites, the leader of humanity.

This faction's opinion was that they were part of the humans' society. They maintained order and dominated a large part of this world.

Secret party: This faction of Blood Breed had bloody tendencies. They regarded themselves as higher species and humans as food and livestock. Just like rearing cattle and sheep, they could eat the humans whenever they wanted. They belonged to higher species and did not consider themselves as part of the human society. This faction of Blood Breed were terrorists. They destroyed the order and were in conflict with the light party.

However, these two tendencies were only a fad, not real parties. Some Blood Breed might change their way of thinking over time and changed from light party to secret party. Some secret party Blood Breed might integrate with the humans because they fell in love with humans, changing from secret party to light party.

As long as it was not obvious conflicts, there would be no dispute between the two sides.

On the whole, apart from Blood Breeds and Witches, there were no other supernatural forces. It seemed this world was ruled together by Blood Breeds and Witches.

This made Garen feel weird but at the same time, he understood why the towns' women had higher status than men. It was because the women held mystical powers.

Excluding Witches and Blood Breeds, although the remaining humans had advanced technology, in the face of Blood Breeds and Vampires, they were too weak.

They were like predators. Even the lowest Vampires could control humans and even make them commit suicide easily.

The ability to charm humans, terrifying speed and regenerative ability. Even the top Grandmaster of Combat could barely fight against Vampires.

However, excluding a few areas, the number of Blood Breeds and Vampires were very limited. They had restrictions on their reproduction. Even the Vampires were not free of that restrictions.

This was Garen's conclusion after carefully studying the components of the Vampires' blood.

Their core was Blood Nucleus. Although the name contained 'Nucleus', unless the blood was totally dried up, it could not be found. This was the essence of Blood Breed which appeared in their heart when their blood was completely let out.

Blood Nucleus required a higher level Blood Breed to separate a trace of their own Blood Nucleus to inject into a body that was sucked dry of blood, as a foundation to turn them into a lower level Blood Breed.

At this stage, the Blood Nucleus would go through differentiation, this process consumed their own Blood Nucleus.

Blood Nucleus was their root and their source of life. As long as their Blood Nucleus was not extinguished, apart from having their head blew up, they could regenerate and recover their wounds.

When the situation of Blood Breed was roughly clear, Garen began to collect things like Black Wood Crosses.

With the help of two mercenaries, the bald-headed Kaedun and his wife Hera, two more Black Wood Crosses were gathered. Along with the one originally obtained by Garen, a total of three had been collected.

He absorbed 10 Potential points from the three crosses, which was a rather rare harvest for this world.

These 10 Potential points were placed in the Attribute Pane, and Garen was considering how the points should be distributed.

There were no uses for Secret Technique for now anyway. His safety was also guaranteed by Raffaele. In the eyes of other people, he was just a normal high school student and would not meet any situation that was outside of his present ability. Initially, he'd wanted to enhance his strength because he was worried about the Blood Breed invading but after knowing Raffaele's force, Garen was not as worried anymore.

Not to mention the faint tacit understanding between the Witches and the Blood Breeds in the town.

Sitting on the window, Garen took a look at his Attribute pane.

'Garen Thomas.

Strength 2.4. Agility 2.5. Vitality 2.4. Intelligence 2.1. Potential 1058%. Soul Limit 30.

Seed of Soul: Northern Trident Frost-Fire True Water Evil Technique.'

Below, the previous bunch of skills was no longer there except two.

'Black Claw of Sethe: Second level Insidious Hand. (Total four level)'

'Violin Mastery: Second level, proficient. (Total three level)'

For other aspects such as education, Garen's opinion was that maybe his subconscious regarded them as things that were not difficult, hence they were not on his list.

His gazed at the two skills, they showed the number of potential points required for an upgrade. Black Claw of Sethe needed 5 points to upgrade a level whereas violin only needed one point to master it...the difference there was too big.

After thinking, Garen still moved his gaze to Black Claw of Sethe. This Secret Technique's origin was not clear. To ascend from the second level to the third level was unusually difficult, and he'd originally thought he needed only a few years to break through. Unfortunately, there had been no sign of breaking through until now, which made him wonder if he needed external stimulus.

Fortunately, Second level Insidious Hand's power was comparable to a fully mastered Mammoth Secret Technique's highest damage from Secret Technique World. The aura also astonishingly covered an area of more than 10 meters.

Finally, he chose to rely on external stimulus to break through.

Garen sighed, watching his potential points drop by 5 points. Then, the Black Claw of Sethe blurred for a moment before clearing up. The whole label of the Secret Technique was faintly covered in black.

'Slaughtering hand: Third level: Bloodshed. (Can be upgraded to higher level)

This skill originated from Bloody King, Black Sethe's terrifying killing technique. Only after reaching the third level would it truly revealed the information within. One of the Ancient Ender's 42 Demon Kings, Black Sethe had an unspeakable talent for killing. With a glance, souls would be extinguished and legend spoke of his hands that could send anything to the abyss whether dead or alive...

"Gee...I knew it was no common item." Garen's mood lightened. This was the first time he had ever heard that Ancient Ender had 42 Demon Kings.

Black Claw of Sethe was originally something that had been dug out from ancient ruins. From the look of it, the Secret Techniques from the Secret Technique World that Garen had collected, especially those

that Garen could not even see through, must have come from Ancient Ender's different level of powerful existences.

Less than two minutes after the Secret Technique was upgraded, Garen felt something cool gushing out from his brain and spreading throughout his body.

In that instant, both his hands became hot and he vaguely heard some kind of raging roar.

In a trance, Garen felt as though he could see a human-shaped murky dark smoke in front of him.

"I wiisll kam!! Wiisll kam!!!"

The human-shaped smoke had a pair of eyes that exuded endless light. It roared furiously and then under Garen's gaze, it crumbled and turned into black dust entering his body through his nose, mouth, and ears.

"Ancient Ender's language?" Garen sat on a window, wobbly.

From other people's perspective, he had been sitting on a windowsill quietly from the start to the end.

Yet, if someone got close to him, they would realize that in the white of his eyes, black smoke was swirling.

The black smoke quickly flowed into Garen's pupils and disappeared.

He did not know what that thing was talking about.

It seemed like Ancient Ender's words but that combination of words made no sense to him.



If he did not guess wrong, that figure should be Ancient Ender's Demon King, Black Sethe but why was he so furious? The secret must be connected to the mysterious disappearance of the Ancient Ender's civilization.

Ancient Ender's civilization was closely related to powerful warlocks. They worshipped death and yearned for death. As one of the 42 Demon Kings, Black Sethe must be among the top. So, what kind of things would make this kind of powerful existence furious to this extent?

Garen snapped back to attention. He felt some changes in his Attribute pane and looked at it.

What he saw shocked him.

The previous human-shaped smoke turned into a shadow with a pair of white eyes in the Attribute pane and charged at the name Garen Thomas.

As the shadow got nearer, Garen felt a chill in his body as though something dangerous was threatening his safety.

"It's trying to possess me?" Garen's gaze turned cold. The Seed of Soul inside his body burst into a bright blue humanoid and pounced on the shadow.

The blue figure was holding an icy blue halberd, his face looking exactly the same as the Garen of his past life.

With his gaze cold, he waved the halberd to fight with the shadow.

Two tiny humanoids were fighting each other furiously on the Attribute pane. It looked like two kids fighting but Garen knew this involved his life's safety.

The shadow was powerful beyond words. Initially, Garen was beaten without any chance to fight back but as time went by, Little Garen who had the continuous support from Seed of Soul finally managed to suppress the shadow.

In the end, with a roar, the shadow collapsed, turning into smoke and was absorbed by the Slaughtering Hand in the Attribute pane.

Everything became calm again.

Garen came back from his trance. Just now he focused his attention on the Seed of Soul and fought a death match with the shadow. Even with Northern Trident Frost-Fire True Water Evil Technique, he still got beaten black and blue.

That shadow was obviously not in its prime but with some strange techniques, it managed to suppress an Evil Technique with not a tenth of its strength. Fighting it with its strength fully recovered could truly be very dangerous...

"The Seed of Soul was the condensation of all my power in Totem World. At the soul level, it has the same strength as me at my prime in Totem World, yet it could not even hold a candle to this shadow."

Chapter 587: University 1

"Ancient Ender Demon King...is really strong..." He spat out a sigh and jumped down from the window.

The sudden threat to his life this time allowed him to understand one of the uses of the Seed of Soul.

Protection of his soul, and the strength which he gathered the previous world inside the Seed of Soul. This meant that at the soul level, he had extra help in the form of the strength of himself at his prime in the previous world.

Garen felt that the Seed of Soul had much more uses than this and the protection of his soul was just a basic function.

Only after checking over his whole body and finding nothing wrong did Garen heave a sigh of relief, pick up his violin case and walk out of the classroom towards the place where he'd parked his vehicle.

Starting his motorbike, he rode the entire way with that human-shaped shadow on his mind.

He vaguely felt that the shadow was not the real Black Sethe but a fraction of him. Black Claw of Sethe had two parts. He got one himself and Andrela got the other. Both had been sealed inside metal cases. Although Black Claw of Sethe was something that Garen could not completely understand, it had appeared in Secret Techniques that were hidden in other ruins. Perhaps this Black Claw of Sethe was meant as a net, and as long as someone could break through to the third level, there would be an opportunity to possess that person.

"Unfortunate." Garen shook his head, "Even with my level, the mutation by the Seed of Soul and training since I was a child, it did not allow me to reach the third level, never mind others. Most of the people probably can't even break through the first level. It would be a miracle if someone manages to the second level after training for tens of years."

Putting aside these thoughts, there was no sense of crisis from Slaughtering Hand anymore. The fraction of Black Sethe should have been eliminated by the Seed of Soul. Garen was much relieved.

He had to pack up his belongings when he reached home. At night, his father Emmer would drive him to the train station and he still had to catch a plane at the capital.

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"Brother~~Come back to see me often." Sister Vivien had a talent in acting cute ever since she was small. Even though she was now 10 years old, she still puffed out her cheeks and stretched her arms wanting a hug.

Garen picked her up.

"Of course, we can't forget our cute little Vivi."

At the doorway connecting the living room, his mother Trish in a white shirt with jeans crossed her arms and leaned against the door.

"Alright, that's enough, it's not like you won't meet again, there's still the holidays."

His father Emmer brought over Garen's bag. Inside the large brown bag was an assortment of clothes and shoes.

"It's almost time, let's go. Come back whenever you can." Emmer spoke with a cigarette in his mouth.

"Bro, remember to bring back an autographed poster!" Jason stood in the doorway of his room, unable to hold back his smile. It was apparent that with the pressure from his outstanding brother gone, he was more than a little happy.

"I know." Garen waved at him, "The first year will be more troublesome but I should be able to take out some time to come back once I reached the second year."

Carrying his things outside, Arisa and her sister were standing in the yard. These two sisters were very familiar with his family due to Jason and Vivien. They'd bought a secondhand house near them and had become very good neighbors.

Once Garen was out, Arisa went over to Vivien happily and chattered non-stop while eyeing Garen sneakily.

Apparently, a top university's student still held some weight in the eyes of some children, comparable to some idols in the television.

Isaros was politely talking to his mother Trish at the side, while sometimes speaking a few words to Garen, giving some pointers on her experiences traveling outside.

Garen was quite familiar with Isaros, mainly due to Jason. He had taken the initiative to ask her out but sadly, there was no chance for Jason. On the bright side, the relationship between their two families became closer due to this.

Isaros was somewhat seen as an elder sister in Garen's family.

His parents felt pity for both sisters for losing their parents so early and they were very willing to accept them. They also found a job for Isaros in a bookstore in town.

They walked Garen to his mother's white car and put his luggage in. Garen sat in the seat beside the driver's and waved at them.

"Jason, remember the mission I gave you!" Garen gave Jason a look.

"No problem, leave it to me!" Jason patted his chest.

In the end, Garen still told Raffaele his leaving time. Although he did not see her, that girl must be watching here at a corner quietly.

Garen got Jason to give Raffaele his violin which was used for practice when he was a child.

Mother drove her car while waving to the back, slowly speeding up and soon there was nothing in the back except streetlights.

The car quickly exited the town and traveled along the winding dark road.

Streetlights gradually became dim. Soon, there were only the headlights from the car shining on the road and their surroundings became dark.

Garen looked towards the front, there was nothing visible except the white line in the middle of the road. Looking back, the town was completely out of sight.

Sometimes, there were cars passing by, though their blinding lights revealed nothing about what kind of cars they were.

The roadside was irregularly peppered with gas stations and motels.

There were only the sounds from the engine in his ears, nothing else.

His mother Trish was driving the car while glancing at her son's condition.

"What is it? Are you nervous? That's right huh, you grew up here and never really traveled outside once. Now that you're out here, there should be some feelings of excitement?"

"I'm alright. Although I looked it up on the internet beforehand, when I really traveled outside, my feelings were truly a bit excited." Garen nodded.

"Remember the route, when you come back, travel from White Card City by train to Feinan and then get a taxi or call me to pick you up."

"Mhm, I know."

"Remember to get along with others at the school, the students there are all not bad, you will be able to form useful connections for your future career."

"Understood."

"Also, when you arrived at school and were in trouble, you can call this number." His mother Trish hesitated before giving him a number. "Call him Uncle Anke and be polite, he should be a professor in your school now."

Garen looked at Trish's expression, it was obvious their relationship was not simple, perhaps he was once her pursuer.

After that, both were silent, Trish focused on her driving and occasionally talked to Garen whenever she remembered something that he had to take note of.

Garen answered casually and focused on looking outside at the road and forest.

Until there were more than ten minutes of silence, Trish pressed the button on the radio.

'I know you will always miss me~~~if Heaven has a window to look down~~~'

A melodious hoarse male voice sounded in the car.

The gentle melody made Trish hummed along.

Garen got bored of waiting, so he closed his eyes for a short rest but he soon fell asleep.

He woke up still in a daze when the car slowed down.

It was lively outside the windows with the noise from the cars.

Outside their car were different colors of lights from shops, street stalls and cars continuous passing by.

"Almost there." Trish's voice came from beside him.

"What time is it now?"

Half past ten at night, dear."

"I slept for more than two hours?"

"Pretty much."

Garen stared at the unfamiliar street outside. Yellow lights and white lights with the lights from the cars kept flashing by, in front of them was traffic.

A white convertible overtook them from the right, a dark-skinned man wearing an earring whistled loudly towards Trish.

"Hey! Beauty!"

Garen gave him a middle finger and the man suddenly burst out a laughter.

Screech~~

Trish jerked her steering wheel, the SUV sped towards the man's sports car and almost crashed into it.

That man got a big scare and hurriedly sped away, loudly swearing a few words but no longer daring to provoke them.

"When you're outside, don't let people think you're easy to bully and don't hide your abilities until people are on top of you. Show it to them, let them know even if you can't beat them, you still can make them regret. That way, most of the people would not take the initiative to provoke you, understand?" Trish took the opportunity to give Garen a lesson.

"Of course I understand. We may not win against others but we have to let them know that they will have to pay a price when going against us. As long as the price is big enough, we will be able to protect ourselves." Garen nodded.

"Of course, this is only when you encounter a general problem. When there are special circumstances involved, get a lawyer then. I've already hired a private lawyer counselor for you, if you meet some troubles in school, you can consult her in advance."

"Is she beautiful?"

"Of course." Trish laughed. "My senior brother's student and also your senior sister."

Garen shrugged.



"She will contact you when you arrived. She's called Caitlin, don't forget."

"I know, Mom really got everything arranged for me."

The car slowly came to a halt at the train station. At the parking lot beside the train station, both of them got out of the car. Trish spoke a few words with a manager and pulled Garen to the station hall.

Among the crowd, there were security guards and ticket inspectors, then they got to the platform.

Trish was silent all the way. She only kept checking Garen's luggage, wallet, identification card, guidebook, medicines for cold and diarrhea and so on.

"Alright, that's enough, Mom, go home." Garen got on the train, turned back and shouted. "Go home."

Trish waved at him, her face showed a warm smile.

"Bring back a grandchild for me before graduation!"

She suddenly called in a loud voice.

Chapter 588: University 2

Garen was stunned and the passengers around him laughed out loud. Among them, one big-bellied man's reaction was the most exaggerated, with him patting his belly while drinking canned beer.

"Your mom is really strong." He clapped Garen on the shoulders.

Speechlessly stared at him, Garen picked up his luggage and walked towards his compartment. The train was wide so there was not much squeezing and shoving. The air-conditioner was quite cold and with the air blowing from below, sometimes he could get a whiff of smelly feet.

Garen quickly found his compartment according to his ticket but unfortunately, a bald-headed guy was lying on both seats with his shoes off, sleeping soundly.

After putting his luggage on the opposite luggage rack, Garen observed the guy. His face and arms were bulged out, giving him a muscular, tough appearance.

He clapped his hand on the guy's trousers but there was no reaction.

"Here, sit by my side." Opposite the seat were a pair of father and daughter. It looked like the father was sending his daughter to the university. The daughter was about 18 or 19 years old and looked quite timid, while the father wore a blue worker's uniform and had gray hair and a kind face.

He smiled at Garen and gestured towards a space by his daughter.

"Sit here, wait until he wakes up."

"No need." Garen returned his smile.

He clapped the man's legs again, this time with more strength.

"What!?" The man finally woke up and narrowed his eyes looking at Garen.

"You took my space, can you get up for a bit?" Garen asked amicably.

"Can't you sit there?" The bald-headed man asked back, a little irritated.

"There are people sitting there." Garen shook his head. "Will please you get up?"

"Let me sleep for a bit longer after that I'll give you space." The bald-headed man complained. "Young man, you're still young. You need to learn to sympathize with adults like us."

Garen was speechless. This time, he noticed that behind his seat, there were two more of the bald-headed man's companions wearing black sleeveless shirts with bulging muscles and black green snake tattoos on their necks.

One was totally bald and the other's hair was cropped short. Both of them were looking at him.

"Come here, sit with me for a while." Sensing the weird atmosphere, the father pulled Garen to his side.

"When we're outside, let's have some understanding towards people." He smiled kindly at the sleepy bald-headed man. The two guys at the back went back to their chat.

"Thank you, but I prefer my own seat." Garen smiled and pushed off his hands.

Then, he stretched out his hands towards the bald-headed man's collar.

"Don't you dare!"

The two guys at the back suddenly stood up. One of them cocked his eyebrows and his hands went for Garen's shoulders.

Peng Peng!!

Two consecutive kicks. Before they could figure out what happened, they felt an immense pain in their stomach and collapsed wailing.

"Why don't you listen when we're talking? You can only regret when it's too late." Garen lifted the bald-headed man by the collar and punched his stomach. The speed was so fast that before he realized, he had been thrown to his companions.

The three guys curled up while moaning, looking like caught shrimps, who could not even straighten themselves.

For small fries like them, he was lazy to spend more effort on them. Looking at the father and daughter's wary expressions, he put on a smile as warm as the sun.

A beautiful smile washed away the violence he'd displayed just a moment ago.

Soon, two guards arrived and asked a few questions. Garen walked up and stuffed some money into the hands of the guard leader, then the three guys kneeling on the ground were dragged away.

The whole compartment had originally been quiet, but when Garen, the weak-looking beautiful guy had settled the three thugs so easily, the attention of the whole compartment had been attracted to them and everyone was checking out Garen. The originally quiet atmosphere got even quieter.

The father and daughter sitting at the opposite were even more curious.

"Child, those three may have more accomplices. You must pay attention when you get off the train." The gray-haired man worriedly advised him.

"No problem, I handled a lot of this kind of things." Garen grinned, baring his pearl white teeth. In his previous two lives, the creatures that had died in his hands numbered at least eight thousand if not ten thousand, especially in Totem World when he needed to farm Potential points. His hands were dyed with blood.

As for those three, he did not even put the matter to heart.

They did not know why but when they saw Garen's shiny white teeth, they shuddered unconsciously and did not mention the three guys again.

For some time, both sides were silent. Garen sat by the window which was his favorite seat. Originally, it was not his seat but that bald-headed man's, but now that man had no way of using this seat, naturally, it became his.

As for whether those three would come back for him, of course, it was impossible.

The injury that Garen gave them would cause them at least two hours of pain until they were totally powerless. This kind of pain would be memorable for them.

The train continued as normal.

With an elbow on the windowsill, Garen took out a CD player with his other hand, insert a music CD and played it on loop.

A gentle female voice harmonized with the melody and crooned in his ears.

Garen's fingers tapped on the table following the beat of the song. There was no sound of his tapping, as he was only gently tapping.

The girl across him looked at him curiously, while feeling embarrassed. She tried to avert her eyesight but her curiosity was obvious. The girl's looks were normal. Short black hair, dark blue shirt, and black jeans with no makeup and a pair of glasses.

Garen smiled at her. She looked down quickly, her face red.

The time on the train passed by quickly. With nothing to do, Garen took out a novel from his bag and began to read.

Originally, he had been planning to buy a berth ticket but it had sold out early. With all the students going to university, berth tickets were difficult to purchase. He was not some spoiled brat, so he gave in and directly bought an ordinary seat.

Travelling from Feinan to White Card City would take about eight hours, and he would arrive after midnight.

Garen gauged the time. When he arrived, he would be just in time to catch his plane so he did not go to sleep.

Sitting there, he observed the flow of people boarding and alighting from the train.

To his surprise, even after hundreds of people, not one of them was a vampire or other supernatural existences. All of them were ordinary people.

This made him realized how rare the numbers of Blood Breeds were in the human society.

As for witches, he could not recognize them. As long as they did not display their powers, they would be the same as any other ordinary person going about their daily lives like working and studying.

Since there was nothing worth paying his attention to, Garen went back to reading his novel. It was rare for him to have such leisure time. Whether he was in Secret Technique World or Totem World, he was always facing challenges and there was not a moment for him to rest. Here, secret techniques could not be practiced excessively. He could only do whatever he felt like in his spare time, and there was a lot of it.

When he was bored, he also thought of the conflict between Arisa sisters and the Primary Colors organization. Ever since the time that bald mercenary had come, he'd covered up the information of both the sisters using some unknown means and now after several years, not even one mercenary had come to kill them.

However, as Isaros' little sister, Arisa grew up, the strange aura that was emitted by her body thickened, and felt even more similar to an aged planet.

He had a hunch that maybe Arisa was the key person behind all these incidents.

For now, all this had nothing to do with him, as he only needed to focus on university and find more things similar to Black Wood Cross.

After the bald mercenary and his wife had left Primary Colors, they'd set up their own mercenary corps. Every member had Garen's approval and learned Shooting Shadow Secret Skill.

The members were originally very talented. Now that they had the Shooting Skill, they were like tigers which have grown wings and were comparable to those high-leveled specialized mercenaries.

Lately, they'd become popular in the specialized talents' circle and even received a nickname, Nighthawk.

Sniper elites with the Shooting Shadow Secret Skill, now they became top killers. Last year in Africa, they achieved noticeably remarkable results and became the top three headhunting mercenary corps which placed them among the top ranking in mercenary circles.

Garen gradually improved the Shooting Shadow Secret Skill and greatly reduced the side effects but the improved version only existed in his hand and was not handed out.

Although to him, this skill was only some plaything.

To others, this was one of the top killing techniques.

As a creator, he had to be as clear as possible on the value of the resources in his hands, using the least cost to obtain the highest profit. This was a principle that Garen had always abided by.

After all, a person could not always get what they wanted anytime and anywhere. Having this habit would help in making the most out of every situation.

All this time while he was deep in thoughts, Garen did not let up on observing the people for any hidden Vampires or Blood Breeds. Apparently, their numbers were very small compared to the humans.

Eight hours of time passed by, and the father and daughter opposite him were still watching a movie on their MP4. The train finally arrived at the White Card City.

Garen took off his earphones, put away his low-powered CD player and smiled at the duo. Taking his bag from the opposite luggage rack, Garen smoothly disembarked at White Card City.

The time was after midnight.

After getting off the train, the air outside was chilly.

The train station was empty except for the passengers that had just alighted and were headed towards the underpass. He could vaguely hear the sound of another train at a distance.

Garen exhaled through his mouth and saw that his breath was white.

He grabbed his bag and calmly headed for the underpass.

The white cement floor, the bright billboard and the voice of a woman announcing the arrival of a train.

All of it looked very normal as if after leaving Grano, the outside was just a world without any anomalies.

No Blood Breeds, no Witches, and no extraordinary powers. It was just a normal world.

Chapter 589: University 3

Garen picked up his bag and followed the flow of people away from the platform. The outside was full of idle vehicles. There were also a lot of unmarked black cars and women soliciting people to check in at their hotels or hitch a ride with them.

One by one, they were like wolves hunting for prey, their eyes sharp and accurate in their search for people who did not have somebody coming to fetch them.



As soon as Garen walked out, he was faced with three or four people.

"Bro, lodging?"

"Looking for transportation?"

"Mine is very near, choose my car."

Garen pushed away from those people and headed for the taxi stand and joined the queue behind the row of people waiting for taxis.

Although White Card City was the state capital and the largest city in the Faya state, the Faya state was the most remote state in America and therefore it was not as advanced and orderly as other states.

Garen took a free tourist map and could not help smiling when he saw the introductions for Grano Town.

On the way here, he did not see even a single vampire. The world outside was surprisingly very normal.

This world belonged to ordinary humans in the end. Blood Breeds and Witches, as long as their luck was not abysmal, the average person wouldn't meet one in their lifetime. Perhaps, they would not be able to recognize one even if they did meet.

Except for some areas, this world was the same as Earth.

Soon it was Garen's turn, he asked for the cost of the fare, then got in the taxi. There were also a boy and girl that were going to the airport. After asking Garen, they got in the same taxi.

The couple wore matching white T-shirts with large cartoon head of a brown bear. Both looked very ordinary. From their getup, it seemed their family was not that well-off. They sat behind Garen exuding a sweet atmosphere.

Looking at them, Garen could not help but think of his ordinary life on Earth. His first love had been the same as these two people, ordinary and sweet. Although they did not encounter any extraordinary things, immersing in their own little world might be a happy thing.

Di Di, Di Di...

At the sound of a voicemail, Garen took out his phone and tapped on it.

"Head, where are you?" It was bald head. This guy was now very successful as the deputy. With the rise of fame, his income also climbed up and made him a millionaire. He also bought a villa at the famous Crosse vacation island.

"I'm still at White Card City. There's no need for you guys to come, I've got someone else to pick me up." Garen said.

"How can this be, it's so rare for Head to come out...Alright, alright, if you need money, it's in the usual account. You can just use it straight away, and if it's not enough just say the word."

The driver beside him heard it and glanced at him. His expression changed and he seemed to be in awe.

From the sound of it, this guy seemed to have some background.

Garen did not know whether to laugh or cry. After reflecting on it, he immediately paid attention to his words. After a few words with the bald head, their conversation ended and the car immediately quieted down.

Apparently, bald head's loud voice was heard by the people at the back. For some time, Garen seemed like the boss of a gang, causing the other three to be afraid of making noise.

"Er...my friend got hooked on movies...you guys should know about it too, that Reborn from Fire." Garen's thoughts accelerated and shrugged it off with this explanation. Reborn from Fire was the latest gangster movie with a production cost of over millions and box office gross of over a hundred million.

The couple was relieved but although the driver was obviously still having doubts, he drove on in silence.

The taxi was neither fast nor slow while traveling from the train station to the airport.

Garen looked at the time on his watch, it was 6.42 in the morning. There was still over an hour of time until the departure of his flight.

"Are you also a student traveling to your school?"

From the couple sitting behind him, the boy suddenly asked.

"Erm."

"Yes, that's right. I'm going to Nottingham. Just finished my SIT this year. You guys too?" Garen asked in passing.

"Yeah, we're also going to Nottingham!" The boy suddenly got excited, "You can call me Mike and this is my girlfriend, Jelal. We just got our notice letters from Scot. Bro, which school are you from? There are five universities in Nottingham."

Garen smiled.

"Mine is Gullivier."

"Oh~~~" The boy dragged out his tone when expressing his surprise. The girl also exclaimed while covering her mouth.

"Amazing!" The girl could not help be said so, "I thought you are from Burlington Music Academy. That place is full of beautiful men like you."

Her words did not finish before her thigh got pinched by her boyfriend Mike and the two went on with their playful antics.

The driver shook his head while giving the back a glance. Looks like he thought of his children at home.

"I'm Garen. Since we're in the same city then let's come out to have some fun when there's opportunity."

Not waiting for Garen to finish his words, the girl immediately agreed.

"This is what you said, give us your contact number and don't make excuses when that time comes!"

Both sides exchanged contact numbers and the atmosphere became closer. The two kept asking about the specifics at Nottingham but found out that he was also someone who never traveled before. They immediately talked about the information they got from the internet and other various sources.

During their heated discussion, the time passed by quickly.

Soon, they reached the airport. Garen paid for the fare and the three of them got off. The couple said that Mike's aunt would come to get them and invited Garen to eat with them.

Garen smiled and declined. He mentioned that there was someone here to pick him up and that after arriving at school, they could pick a time and played around the whole Nottingham.

Both of them promised just like that. Seemed like these two were very naïve and did not have personalities that doubt others.

After getting their tickets using their identification cards, they found out that the three of them were on the same flight so they simply acted together.

It was not time yet so the three of them found some seats and waited for their flight notice while chatting away.

"What's your major? Gullivier's best Worf Business School? Birmingham Medical School? Or the archaeology department?" Mike was very talkative, his topics were endless. Compared to Garen's silent personality, he seemed very lively.

"Why are your guesses only those few?" Garen put down his violin case by his legs and his bag on the seat on the other side.

"Those few are the most famous! Worf Business School is said to have a very powerful alumni association which has a lot of graduated world-class talents like Mastan of Horizontal River Group, who is also someone I admire the most!" Mike was much more informed than the real Gullivier student here, which was Garen.

"Weren't the other two among the most famous places in Gullivier as well? Worf Business School ranked first for three consecutive years on Laplace, which was also the best business school among all universities. As for the medical school, Gullivier holds world-class medical seminars every few years with all kinds of themes, and scholars renowned all over the world will participate in it, so isn't that obvious? And archaeology, the library in your school is enough for the archaeologists to research. There are a lot of books still hidden in that library that have been forgotten ages ago. I don't even need to mention the exhibitions."

"Amazing!"

Jelal gave her applause at the side.

"Talking like you are the real Gullivier student..."

"Hihi, our Scot is also not bad...not bad..." Mike immediately giggled.

"The first year will give me a lot of time to understand all that anyway, there's no need to be anxious." Garen was indifferent to all this. Coming out to study was just a front for him to understand the differences between the worlds. Only by getting out of the small town could he understand the reality of the outside world in a more profound way.

"You're right, during the first year you can choose a club or something to play and the basic courses should not be difficult." Mike seemed to look forward to it. "But you guys seem to have an interview session as part of the examination, are you nervous?"

Garen laughed: "What is there to be nervous about."

"How many points did you score during your SIT?"

Garen instantly put on a serious expression.

"I don't want to deal a blow to you..."

Mike immediately hid his face.

"I knew it...Ala, I need comfort..."

"I warned you not to call me Ala...this brings back unpleasant memories." Jelal hugged Mike while patting his back.

Mike who pretended to be in despair suddenly noticed the violin case by Garen's foot.

"What is this?" When he was getting more familiar and found out that Garen was not easily angered, he became even more open.

"My hobby." Garen picked up the violin case and handed it over.

Mike quickly opened the zipper. One glance at the long shape of violin case and people would know this was some sort of musical instrument, just that the content was unknown.

Opening the case, a dark red exquisite ancient violin laid quietly inside.

"Oh~~~Beautiful!" Mike whistled. "One look and we can tell it's not some cheap stuff. Sure enough, poor families like us can't afford something like this..."

"It's just a musical instrument..."Garen was at a loss for words looking at Mike.

"Just, a, musical, instrument!" Mike held his chest as though in pain, "Just...ten years of my living expenses...no, probably a hundred years of living expenses! My heart...my heart is shattering..."

"Enough of your act, careful of breaking it!" Jelal was obviously nervous. She took the violin away from Mike hurriedly and appreciated the violin for a moment before she carefully put it back into the case and passed it to Garen.

The three of them chatted happily. The flow of people coming and going continued and the attention of some people was attracted to them.

Garen's handsome face and perfect white skin caused even some females to be envious. After a glance at him, there would be some people who would turn back to pretend to look for someone in order to take a second look at him.

The time soon arrived. The announcer read out the number for their flight.

Going through the security checks, after Mike's lighter that had been hidden under the insole of his shoe was found out, his expression was as though he was grieving for a dead relative. Watching him pretending to be sad while hugging Jelal, the young lady in charge of security checks felt a bit sorry.

Garen was completely speechless.

After a while, the three of them got on the plane and found their seats. There was no coincidence this time, the three of them were separated to the front, middle and back of the plane respectively.

## Chapter 590: University 4

Soon, Mark was tugging at Jelal's sleeve as he begged her to switch seats with him so that he could sit opposite to Garen.

"What a coincidence, we're sitting with each other again." He happily sat down opposite to Garen, in what was originally Jelal's seat.

"Yeah, what a coincidence." Garen sarcastically looked at him.

It was a small airplane which had three seats on one side and two on the other, separating the seats into two columns. They were seated in the three seated column, with Garen opposite of Mike and Jelal. Besides the duo was the young girl who had been swapped out by them. She was an eastern yellow skinned girl and she looked rather quiet. She was in a black shirt with bubble sleeves and a dark red skirt which was at knee length. She even had mature black stockings on her as well.

On Garen's right were two old and pale elders who appeared to be in their sixties. It was surprising that they would board an airplane at their age.

Speaking of which, Garen once had the habit of respecting the elders and adoring the children but as he faced these two elders, he couldn't seem to respect them at all.

Whenever he realized that he was much older than them, what was left inside him was adoring the young and not respecting the elderly. He felt rather sentimental whenever he saw elders being weak and would renew his determination in continuously improving his body.

It was fine that the body got old but what shouldn't get old was the soul. Once your soul felt old then you would be old for good. You would feel gloomy, hopeless and would just pass the days without any motivation, desire, and vigor. Once the soul was old, the body would follow suit.

Hence, Garen never once felt that he was old.



"Speaking of which, this plane is filled with students..." Mike felt bored as he stood up and looked around. "These are all students who're going to Nottingham. Perhaps most of them are our alumni!"

"Are you guys going to attend Nottingham as well?"

The black stocking eastern girl suddenly opened her mouth. Although her American accent wasn't natural, it was rather accurate as every pronunciation was standard, and one could hear it from the anchors on television.

"Yeah... are you an international student? From the East?" Mike was ecstatic, as the most blessed thing that could ever happen to a talkative person like him was someone initiating a conversation with him. "Your pronunciation is very good."

"Is that so? Thank you for your praise." The girl smiled with her eyes. "My English name is Kelly, what's yours?"

"Mike is the name and this is my wife Jelal. Ouch alright alright I'm wrong so stop hitting me!" Mike was immediately grabbed by her. He then pointed at Garen.

"That's Garen. He's been going after my wife for many years but unfortunately, she's still mine. Hahaha!! Ah!!"

As he was attacked at his groins, Mike finally confessed.

They felt more familiar with each other as the four of the exchanged their names.

Garen leaned against the window lazily as he looked out at the airport's ground through the oval window, as though he wasn't interested in engaging a conversation.

On the other hand, Mike, Jelal, and Kelly were happily talking among themselves. Kelly was a student at the music academy, which was the academy Mike mentioned earlier, Burlington Music Academy and she was majoring in piano.

What made Garen happy was that someone had managed to occupy the talkative Mike. Kelly from the East had obviously decided to use him as a sandbag for brushing up on her oral skills. She kept talking to him about everything from the beginning of the flight until the end of it and she didn't seem to be tired of it at all.

About half an hour later, the girl was getting more and more excited and she would even ask Mike about the tiniest detail in his family's lifestyle. Although it was obvious that she wasn't interested in Mike, she was willing to speak to him so that she could try out different pronunciation from different regions...

Half an hour had passed and Mike was now terrified... He felt that he could never be loved for the rest of his life. It was fine if the opposing party engaged a conversation with him if she was interested, but Kelly would always deflate his ego when he got excited, as she would interrupt him by saying she didn't understand what he said earlier.

Then the whole atmosphere went cold...

Although Kelly's pronunciation was very accurate, she had no experience in accent and this made Mike tired as he spoke to her.

After countless times of begging to Jelal, his girlfriend decided to talk to Kelly.

Garen sat at a corner and would occasionally stand up and looked around out of habit. He still had yet to see any Blood Breed or Vampire, as if it was a legend just like how Grano Town only existed in the movie. The world was completely normal. There was no Witch, Blood Breed or Vampire and only normal humans.

Under this environment, he couldn't help but suspect that he had returned to Earth. There was nothing supernatural and he was back to his life where he had no special abilities.

He no longer took note of his attribute pane or the status of his Secret Technique and led his life as a normal person, passenger, student who was sitting on an airplane heading to his school.

This sensation made him feel rather lost.

After an hour or so, the conversation had reached the end, as the plane was about to descend.

The four of them had started to become closer to one another. The eastern girl Kelly, who seemed to be out of her country for the first time, passionately exchanged contacts and KL communication methods via the internet with the three of them. They even called each other's phones to make sure they got it right after they landed.

While the dejected Mike seemed to be traumatized by Kelly, Jelal seemed to be talking to her happily.

On the other hand, Garen didn't speak much but this seemed to have attracted Kelly. Obviously, this introverted personality was something eastern people adored and Garen's neutrally beautiful face and body played a huge role as well.

As their ears popped from the change in pressure, the airplane finally landed with a wobble.

It slowed down and eventually stopped.

After the announcement, the cabin was opened and passengers got up one after another. The passengers who were once strangers had become familiar with one another, and it seemed like they got to know each other better as they talked on the plane, just like Kelly, Garen, Mike, and Jelal. Most of them were students who were about to attend Nottingham.

As they got out of the cabin, four of them went down to retrieve their luggage and walked out of the arrival terminal together.

The terminal inside the airport was teeming with people holding up different kinds of tags, waiting to greet those who just arrived.

Garen sent a message to the person his mother had arranged to pick him up to tell him to not to do so. He then casually glanced around and saw Gullivier University's pickup person. She was a young tanned girl and she seemed to be a senior at the university.

She was standing at the most unnoticeable spot but holding the sign at the corner on the right. There was already a young Caucasian man walking towards her.

Garen bid goodbye to Mike and the others and walked towards her.

"Welcome, new students! The newly arrived studs and beauties!" The tanned girl shouted towards Garen's direction. "This is the pick-up point for Gullivier so all new students, please follow my lead! Don't get lost as we have a transit car!"

A few guys and girls came from behind Garen and it was rather dismal that there were no presentable guys or girls other than Garen. Eight out of ten students were wearing spectacles and one could instantly tell that they did not know how to dress up properly. They always put up a serious face and he could feel the hardcore study aura from them.

"All first years are like that... They're all this way... Didn't we still have one good looking one?" The Caucasian guy who had approached her seemed to be a pick-up personnel and he held the tanned girl's shoulder as he looked at her sympathetically.

"Sigh..."

They then formed into groups and waited for a while as a few more people gathered around. All of them looked like geeks and the tanned girl led the teams out of the airport after no one was left.

Along the journey, no one talked as each and every one of the first years were completely silent. Even those who tried to speak were suppressed by the quiet atmosphere.

Gullivier was the world's most advanced medical business university and was ranked world number one among the schools of business and top ten among the schools of medicine. Naturally, the prerequisite to be admitted into this university was to obtain a very high score on the previous exam. This was the case for the local students. The international students were required to pass their local exams before they could even attend this prestigious university. This meant that they had to frequently burn the midnight oil.

One could say that none of the people here were normal and all of them were the best in their schools. Perhaps, based on their academic records, they were even rewarded for some sort of international record in comparison with the students from the other countries of the same age.

Garen was able to easily enroll into this university not only because of his high score. His parents' blessings played a role as well.

His academic record was the worst among these students. The Gullivier's examiner who came to see him sat quietly as he listened to Garen playing his violin for a brief moment and approved him after looking at his results. He then went to find his father Emmer for a drink...

In retrospect, he was the tall, rich and handsome man among them. He wasn't rich in terms of wealth but knowledge...

The bus was in complete silence as all of them boarded the white bus.

At least ten pairs of eyes were staring at the tanned senior. This made her swallow back her words and sit down quietly.

Only the sound of the bus could be heard along the journey.

It was obvious that not all first years liked to enjoy the silence but this group was a coincidence.

Garen glanced at the man on his right, who had a small beard and had panda eyes, which made him looked like an AIDS patient who was in the final stage. He was very focused on playing the rubrics cube in his hand. It was a pure 4x4 rubrics cube.

The rubrics cube was solved in a very short amount of time in his hand and he would then mess it up again.

"Do you like rubrics cube? You wanna try it?" The guy glanced at Garen as if he was looking down on him. From his perspective, those who liked to dress up and take care of themselves were just nothing

but show. And even if they were able to get into a university, they more or less wouldn't make any impact.

It was a given that dressing up and taking care of oneself required time and effort and everyone's time and effort were limited. If one were to spend time on this portion, one would have less time for other places. Hence, they theoretically couldn't handle everything well. Only those who were able to do so were the gifted ones and were called the all-rounders. However, at higher levels, these people were just mediocre and were just a person who was slightly better than commoners.

"I haven't played this before." Garen took the rubrics cube from his hand.

The messy rubrics cube was turned here and there and then it snapped.

"Uhm..."

Garen placed the rubrics cube which was broken into two pieces back into the guy's hand.

"I have a strong hand... This... I'm sorry..."

The guy blinked and looked at Garen before looking back at the rubrics cube in his hand as he gulped. He was thinking that the opposing party would either solve the rubrics cube in high speed, clueless against it or would think about solving it slowly.

He didn't expect that the end result would be like this.

Garen was careless as he turned it twice before his chains of thought clicked. The moment he applied more force to it, it broke into half...

Gare didn't do it on purpose as he had placed himself in a commoner's lifestyle. The moment his thoughts clicked he unconsciously applied too much force.

The rubrics cube was kept back in and both of them didn't know what to say.

"It's fine. It may be because I've been playing it for a long time and it's on the verge of breaking apart."

"I'll get you a new one when you get down from the bus."

"It's alright. I have plenty of them." The guy kept the broken rubrics cube.

Afterwards, both of them was thrown into silence and didn't know what to say to each other.