

Mystical 611

Chapter 611: Fate 1

Keeping his phone, Garen held on to the fragment tightly as he put it into his pocket. In a distance there was a red building that looked like a research lab, there was almost no people around that area.

Walking through the field, the building looked like 3 rectangular wooden blocks stacked together, Garen walked in from the left entrance, entering a rustic-looking corridor.

On the walls were circular stone windows, sunlight was sieving through the layers of leaves outside, shining onto the corridor. A few students were sitting by the window panes reading or studying something.

Garen slowly strolled through the corridor, walking through the sunshine, feeling the changes in temperature as he walked in and out of the sunlight shining through the windows.

"I wonder how long will this kind of lifestyle last..."

He walked up to one of the circular windows and sat down, the window was almost 2 metres tall, from the inside it looked gray, but under the bright sunlight, it was splashed in a warm beige color.

He looked at the clock, it was almost 10 in the morning.

His life has once again back in peace.

Everything with Baldy, with the Combat Club, with Blood Breeds and Witches, were all momentarily tossed away from his mind.

Sitting with one of his legs raised up, he leaned on the window pane, basking in the sunlight. The warmth of the sunlight was caressing his body, giving him the urge to laze around.

"It's been such a long time since I had a good night's sleep." A girl said out loud from somewhere behind of him, she had a thick Dorian accent.

"Then why don't you just sleep a bit more?" Another girl laughed.

"I don't have a choice, if only I had the time, I would even sleep till the next night if I could!"

The two left the corridor while cheerfully bantering.

Garen did not look over, he just silently listened to the conversation.

"How long has it been since I had a good night's sleep?" Garen asked himself.

He had been training his Slaughtering Hand since he was young, this was a demonic technique from one of Ancient Ender's 42 Demon Kings that bestowed upon him a mysterious power, but it also made him unable to have a good sleep for all these years. Even back when he was in the totem world, he still had a somewhat regular sleep cycle, but now, it seems that it's impossible.

He was spacing out at the window pane for almost 2 hours, only snapping out of it when he was awakened by the sounds of people exiting the building.

His phone suddenly beeped, he had received a text message. He whipped his phone out.

It was by Messi.

"Wanna have lunch? We're planning to have a group lunch with the babes from the girl's dorm, we're gonna drive out and have a picnic, how about it, wanna come?"

"You guys enjoy yourself, I feel like going back to the dorm to have some rest." Garen answered directly after thinking for a brief moment.

He already attained Level 3 of the Slaughtering Hand for quite some time, but it seems like the progress hasn't increased since then, in fact there seems to be no signs of progression at all.

"Rest?"

"Yeah, I'm feeling a bit tired."

"Alright, then I'll be heading off."

"Enjoy yourselves."

Garen put down his phone and looked to the distance. Across the field, there was a teapot-shaped red building, with students walking around, mostly walking towards the canteen or out of the school grounds.

A peaceful life, without any extraordinary powers, surrounded by nothing but normalcy, he enjoyed this kind of life quite a bit.

Buying a sandwich and a juicebox, he had a simple lunch. Garen then went back to his dorm. Since it was the weekend, the dorm was quite empty, with barely a few people in sight.

On a bench beside the entrance, there was a guy in a white T shirt and a pair of jeans, he had a guitar on his lap, silently playing it.

The music was clear and moving, he was completely concentrating on his music, completely ignoring Garen and the few people gathering around him. After listening for a bit, everyone could feel that their feelings have become more calm and tranquil.

Having nothing to do, Garen lazily walked upstairs, he could hear the sizzling of a guy frying eggs in the communal pantry, there was also a scent of its fragrant aroma slowly radiating from the pantry.

Using his key to open his unit door, he walked in. It was empty as he had expected, closing the door, he walked to his own room and grabbed his violin case, walking to the balcony.

From the violin case he took out his violin, carefully applying rosin on the bow then tightening it. After placing a shoulder rest on the violin, he moved the violin to his shoulder and rested his chin on the chinrest.

Zing...

A short and crisp note could be heard.

Slowly turning the pegs, he tuned the strings one after the other, and finally doing some fine tuning when he was done. It was better to loosen the strings slightly when it's not in use, only tightening it when you're going to play.

"What should I play?" He was thinking back to all the songs he knows how to play. Suddenly, he felt some inspiration and started playing.

In an instant, the melody of "Walking in the Rain" started flowing out of the violin.

The music was elegant and clear, with perfect dynamic expression and timbre, almost like a stream calmly flowing through the mountains, continuously flowing with no end.

Ting!

Out of the blue, a piano was being played from somewhere else in the dorm, creating a sort of harmony, softly latching on to the violin's rhythm.

Garen closed his eyes, the violin on his shoulder almost seemed like it was crying, as his bow swiftly moved, he unconsciously yet naturally unleashed some of his strengths.

His music started to sound more mysterious, devilish even, affecting even the piano. The piano's melody started to lose his own style, becoming the pure accompaniment of the violin.

Garen snapped out of it, suddenly stopping his violin.

He held his violin at rest and looked up at the reflection of the sunlight.

This was a melody with demonic powers...

Death Waltz.

Tang tang tang tang!!!!

The sound of the piano also came to an abrupt stop, leading to a sudden silence.

Soon, a commotion could be heard from afar, the school infirmary ambulance sirens could be heard getting closer.

Garen walked up to a window, looking down at a long-haired girl being stretchered off into the ambulance.

The sunlight was shining on his face, revealing his complicated expression.

This was the reason he started playing the violin less and less. It was as if his hands had some sort of demonic power, anyone who gets engulfed in the music he played would go through intense suffering and pain.

Garen held up his violin, staring at it, when suddenly, at the center of the backboard he could almost see a red eye.

It was a fierce demonic eye, completely white, yet covered in blood capillaries.

It was his eye...

"So even this violin has been infected by me?" Garen helplessly caressed his violin.

This violin was a present from his mother of this world, it was priceless and even said to be the one used by the great musician Richard Wagner.

Now, this exact same violin has been infected by the aura from his demonic techniques.

"The 42 Demon Kinds huh... They're so hard to master." Garen muttered as he kept his violin.

Lying on the reclining chair at the balcony, basking in the golden sunlight, he felt warm.

There was a warm breeze on his face, Garen opened his eyes, noticing that he fell asleep on the balcony for quite some time.

He stood up and walked to the sink at the balcony, splashing some water on his face.

The water was warm, with no cooling feeling.

He raised his head to look at the mirror.

"Hey brother, you said you'll bring me to play."

A charming voice could be heard from the living room.

"Where's Papa? Mama's not here, didn't you promise that you'd bring me out to play?"

It was a small girl's voice, it sounded very familiar, but Garen couldn't quite remember who it belonged to.

He wanted to turn his head, but for some reason, at this moment, he couldn't even execute such a simple action. His neck was as stiff as a statue, nable to be moved.

He used his limited vision to look over at the living room with the corner of his eyes, there was a black shadow over in the living room. The shadow was slowly moving towards him, coming nearer and nearer.

"Brother, you promised to bring me out to play."

"Papa is not here, Mama is also not here. Brother, you promised to bring me out to play..."

The girl's voice came from the shadow.

Garen felt that the shadow was approaching him even more, getting closer and closer. An indescribable fear of the unknown started to gush into him.

He could feel the shadow's closing presence, but he wasn't able to turn his head to look, only seeing it in the corner of his eye.

He felt that the shadow was right behind him, the voice was right behind him. His skin started getting goosebumps, almost as if it was hit by a sudden chill.

"Brother, you promised to bring me out to play..."

Garen didn't understand why he was scared, he could feel it, something getting closer and closer to him. He didn't know what it was.

"Garen... Garen..."

It seemed like someone was calling out his name.

"Garen... Wake up, Garen!"

He was right, someone was definitely calling his name.

"Brother, you promised to bring me out to play..." The black shadow was right beside him, surrounding him, he could feel something getting closer and closer to him.

"Garen! Wake up!"

Garen forcefully opened his eyes, he saw a white Caucasian face right in front of him, with a pimple on his nose, brown eyebrows and short hair.

"Messi..."

He noticed that he was still sleeping on the chair, lying alone on the chair, with his head tilted off to one side.

"I fell asleep?"

"Of course." Messi was in a somewhat formal black tuxedo. "I've just returned from a dinner event and I see you sleeping out on the balcony."

"Really?" Garen stood up and rubbed his face a bit.

That was a dream just now...

"What's up with you? Had a nightmare? Want me to call a chick over to comfort you?" Messi grinned while blinking at him.

"Screw off, I'm fine." Garen jokingly said, he felt that his face had a weird sense of numbness, he didn't know why.

"Well, you take care now, to be honest, you look terrible." Messi said with a concerned look.

"Really?" Garen was surprised, he stood up once more and walked to the mirror, looking at his appearance.

A pale white face entered his vision.

"You should really get some R&R. I'll be using the bath if you need me." Messi shook his head, Garen looked a bit off today. Well everyone has their own issues and privacy, it's better not to dig too deep in other people's business.

"I'm fine." Garen used his secret technique, manipulated his blood and qi, returning the colour to his face by hastening his blood circulation.

Listening to Messi's footsteps as he walked away, Garen opened the tap and used some water to wash his face. He felt much more awake, the water was cool, gushing out of the tap.

He grabbed a towel and wiped his face and looked down from the window. On the field, there were various couples sitting under the street lamps.

A white car slowly approached the dorm, it was driven by a girl in a white shirt, who was waving happily at the guy who was coming out of the car.

Chapter 612: Fate 2

The black clocktower in the distance looked like a gigantic upright pencil, with only a faint light flickering on the tip.

The orange-yellowish light of a plane slowly gliding through the night sky could be seen.

Through the open window, a gentle breeze blew, bringing a cooling sensation, along with the fresh scent of grass. There was also a hint of perfume from somewhere in the distance.

The chirping of the crickets plagued the night, along with the occasional calls of birds. A faint semblance of singing could also be heard from afar, gentle and harmonious. It was almost like a chant of some sorts, and it was all the voices of children.

Garen now felt more clear-headed than ever.

Thinking back to the dream he had just now, his mind was completely hazy.

He couldn't remember the last time he'd felt this type of fear. Was it 10 years? 20 years? Or even 50 or 60 years?

That feeling came almost naturally and he had no control over it, almost as if it was his body's reflex action. He definitely didn't encounter anything he could have feared recently.

"What a strange dream." He used a wet towel to wipe his face as he slightly shook his head.

Taking a deep breath, Garen hung up the towel, grabbed his violin, and returned to his bedroom. He glanced over at his laptop, but he had no intention of turning it on.

Without even turning on the lights, he sat at the edge of his bed.

Checking the condition of his body, as he found nothing out of the ordinary, he had no choice but to disregard it as something unimportant and pushed it to the back of his mind.

In the upcoming days, he would only head for class, train his secret technique - Slaughtering Hand, observe Cece's development, and train his 5 vice presidents.

The progress of the 5 vice presidents was extremely impressive, especially the 2 - Hochman and Dahm.

The two have started showing signs of becoming top-tier martial artists, one domineering, the other suppressed. The two have also developed their own fighting style and ideals as martial artists.

A few months later.

Bam bam!!

4 arms were interlocked with one another; Hochman and Dahm were furiously grappling with each other. Their feet pounded loudly on the ground, even causing the dense spiderwebs to shake.

Garen was clad in a white gi, silently observing the sparring from the sidelines.

Hochman sacrificed his defense for more offensive power, putting immense power behind every hit. His body was getting stronger every day and he had his hair trimmed into a buzzcut. When he removed his glasses he looked even fiercer, emitting the aura of a lion. Every attack was infused with fearful killing intent and aura as if he wouldn't back off before utterly destroying his opponent!

On the other hand, Dahm focused on defense more than offense; he would stall for time as he waited for opportunities to strike. Every strike of his was deadly, they were definitely loaded with the intent to damage Hochman.

This was not sparring, it was pure combat!!

Jamie, Quentin, and even Raelan were looking on from the sides, completely terrified, occasionally glancing over at Garen. The president seemed to have no issue with it, it even seemed like he had a look of satisfaction on his face.

They could only hope that Garen could stop the fight in time before any major damage had been done.

In the empty gymnasium, multiple bodyguards of the five vice presidents surrounded them. They'd bought the entire gymnasium over as their personal training facility.

At the middle of the gymnasium, Hochman and Dahm's blows were creating shockwaves through the Gymnasium, pushing back even Garen, Jamie and company who were watching on the sidelines.

Bam!

Hochman swung his right fist, causing his entire body to whip around. His attack was as like a cannon firing, landing a devastating blow on Dahm's left arm.

With that blow, Dahm flew back through the air, spinning to a distance away.

"Die!!"

With a roar, Hochman lunged forward, putting all his body's strength into his elbow.

Crash!

A hole was created on the thick wooden floor.

Dahm dodged away just in time, but the right side of his forehead had been split open with a small trickle of blood. Yet, his cold gaze was still fixed on Hochman.

"Hehe..." He suddenly let out a cold cackle, his 2 index fingers tapping lightly on his chest.

"Spinning Moon..."

Suddenly, with a flash, he vanished without a trail.

"Up there!" Quentin loudly shouted.

The other two followed suit and looked up, just as Dahm leaped down, not making a sound. Both his index fingers aiming for Hochman right at his eyes. His fingers looked like it was wrapped with a layer of white air in the form of sharp claws, looking extremely mysterious.

"A Level 3 Ultimate Spinning Technique? Don't think only you have such a skill..." Hochman laughed. He raised his right arm, suddenly his muscles started expanding, becoming darker and larger, covered with numerous black and blue veins.

"Dragon Spin!!"

Bam!

White gas billowed out of his arm, and almost as he was propelled by a cannon, Hochman catapulted towards Dahm who was flying right at him.

Roar!!

It was as if a ferocious beast's roar was ringing through the air, from an unknown beast of the same ferocity as an enraged lion.

"Enough!"

With a loud shout, Garen appeared between the two.

The two shockwaves were immediately negated as Garen caught both of their arms at the same time, separating the two from each other.

The facial muscles of Hochman almost seemed to start concentrating on his brow, forming a ferocious frown.

His right arm was being held by Garen's single hand. Although Garen's arm looked normal and a lot thinner than his, with just one grab, Garen managed to negate all of his arm's strength.

Hochman's skin on his entire body started to flush red, ever slowly turning darker. His body felt like it was boiling, the white air radiating from his body was his sweat being instantly evaporated from his body.

On the other hand, Dahm's two fingers were held tightly in Garen's hands while he stood firmly on the ground. The killing intent in his eyes suddenly got suppressed, his facial expression returning to his gentle smile. Although he was a burly man covered in muscles, at this moment he had a gentle feminine smile, giving people around him goosebumps.

"Well since master insists, let's end it here for today, I have some stuff I need to do, so I'll take my leave." He took back his hand, narcissistically rubbing his own fingers.

"What a heartless guy, I can't believe we used to have such a close friendship."

Hochman pulled back his arm as well, his facial muscles returning back to usual.

Behind them, the bodyguards of the two started helping them wipe off their sweat and treating their wounds.

"I also have some stuff to do, so I'll be heading off as well," Hochman said as he put on a black windbreaker handed to him by one of the bodyguards.

The gymnasium door was opened by the guards, revealing a snowy weather.

"Master, I'll be taking my leave then."

Garen nodded. Ever since he'd initiated the primer, the duo's potential had increased rapidly, far exceeding the other three who were training together with them. They were infinitely better than Cece and Kaedun, whom Garen had placed high expectations on in the beginning.

At this point, the duo had created their own styles of combat methods, and even after participating in Garen's training, they'd hired top-tier experts to help further hone their skills.

Hochman had even fought Polar Bears and African Lions with his bare hands.

Dahm on the other hand, there were rumors of him often going into primitive tropical forests, sometimes losing contact with the world for tens of days, or even more than a month, then suddenly reappearing while dragging crocodile corpses, scaring his family.

Both of them also set up their own Black Organizations, and the entire Nottingham underworld was dominated by their two factions, their power spreading to even other nearby states within a short period of time.

Ever since Garen noticed that they managed to initiate the primer and create a seed, he'd stopped forcefully controlling them, most of the time only meeting them to teach them new skills. To be honest, at this point, they don't even need that anymore, most of the time, because of the power of the seed, Hochman and Dahm would engage in lethal combat.

They both felt that, if they manage to kill the other, it would let them attain a whole new level of strength. That sheer power would make them invincible!

As they train more in the Two-Faced Waterbird Fist, reaching the highest levels, the more they truly understood how absurdly powerful this secret skill was.

They had extreme levels of energy and as a result, they could support faster and clearer brain functions. Originally already elites, this allowed them to get even better results and more respect as people of higher importance within the family.

They haven't even graduated, yet they were already slowly taking charge of their households' internal affairs.

Walking out of the training facility, Hochman raised his head looking at the snowy scenery.

"Dahm... Hmmph."

His ten bodyguards followed silently behind him.

The row of people walked through the snow-covered grounds and entered a few black cars, the motorcade slowly leaving via the road.

After a while, Dahm walked past in a red windbreaker and a fluffy white and brown scarf wrapped around his neck.

His hands were casually placed in the pockets of the windbreaker as he was being surrounded by the same men in black. The only difference with Hochman was that his men had a red armband on their right arm. In the sea of these tall men, all standing at almost 2 meters tall, he was standing out even more in the middle, with his short stature.

Reaching his hand out, one of the men immediately handed him a custom-made lipstick.

Applying the lipstick naturally, Dahm took out a small cosmetic mirror to check his appearance. After making sure that he looked perfect, he kept the mirror with a satisfied look.

"Hochman left in such a rush, I wonder why? Did something happen to that little apple of his?" Dahm placed his finger on under his chin, making a thinking pose.

"Maybe there has been some problems with his business." A man in glasses suggested to him.

"Oh? Then what about that little apple he cares so much about? His dear cousin?" Dahm raised his eyebrow.

"It seems like she fell in love with a guy outside, a North European."

Dahm nodded, revealing a bright smile.

"Do you think I should add some spice? It sounds like it'll be fun~~~"

"In my humble opinion as your servant, now is the best time to strike at Hochman. Hochman loves his cousin, but this type of love is too overbearing and selfish, he doesn't let her go out for activities, not even for work. All she was allowed to do was to wait patiently at home for him, this kind of life is naturally miserable and suffering. It is only natural for her to want to get out."

The man in glasses replied gloomily, as he adjusted his glasses.

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"Great point." Dahm smiled, "What a poor child... Let's create an opportunity for her then. If we could lure out Hochman that would be even better."

"As expected of Marshall Dahm! Your plans never fail to amaze this humble servant!" The bespectacled man praised.

"Recently the Primary Colours sent a representative on wanting to merge with our family. Since there's nothing much happening these days, why don't you follow me for the meeting?" Dahm nodded.

"Thank you, Marshall!" The bespectacled man burst out in joy, not trying to hide his happiness at all.

A row of people, similarly, walked towards a white motorcade, almost indistinguishable from the from the snow-covered ground. The motorcade slowly drove off into the distance.

At the entrance to the gymnasium, Garen stood with his hands behind his back, gazing at the leaving motorcade, his face unconsciously letting out a satisfied smile.

"Master..." Raelan said with a concerned look on his face.

After all this time training under his wing, they noticed that despite his appearance, his mental age has far exceeded them. With all his teachings to them, the five had unconsciously started calling him "master" as a sign of respect.

"Don't worry." Garen raised his hand, motioning for her to stop.

"This is their fate. I cannot stop them, and they know they can't as well."

"Fate? We're only average students, how can this kind of thing exist?" Raelan looked at Garen's back, she had never truly understood this man he called her master.

"Average?" Garen smiled, "Do you really think that those two are 'average'?"

Raelan opened her mouth to argue, but she reluctantly lowered her head.

Up till now, she was still stuck in the 2nd level - White, and no matter what she did, she could not progress towards the 3rd level - Spin, whereas the two have already achieved the final form of the Two-Faced Waterbird Fist, with the 4th level - Illusion.

This kind of difference was comparable to Heaven and Earth, and with just a flick of a finger, they could easily kill the three of them.

Quentin and Jamie were in the same boat as well, not able to exceed Level 2. Although their bodies had attained a certain degree of strengthening after training in the Secret Techniques, it was underwhelmingly little as compared to Hochman and Dahm.

"Master..." Quentin walked up to him, looking at Garen, "What is your goal for all of this?"

They all had a copy of Garen's information and notes which he'd prepared, which were intricately detailed yet extremely simple. However, when comparing what's written in the notes and what she saw, the difference was unreal.

Was there truly geniuses who were just born talented in this world?

"Goal?" Garen turned around, looking at the three. "All of you are my pupils, but all of you are from different types of soil, you would bloom into different types of flowers and bear different tasting fruits. This is not my goal, I am but a teacher, an observer. Everything is left up to fate."

"Fate?"

"Hehehe..." Garen didn't say another word. He slowly walked out of the training facility, disappearing into the snow.

Quentin and the others looked on as he left, no longer saying anything.

They had a gut feeling, that the clashes between Hochman and Dahm would become more and more intense.

The two's strengths have already far exceeded their imagination, it was unlike Garen's inscrutable and unapproachable strength.

Hochman had a type of sheer ferocity and force! Anyone who stood in his way needed to be annihilated! He started to treat even Garen with less respect.

On the other hand, Dahm looked gentle and polite on the surface, yet his body was emitting a chilling vibe whenever they look at him.

After a long while...

"I asked Hochman the other day," Jamie said as he leaned on the wall. "I asked him, what happened between you and Dahm?"

"What did he say?" Raelan looked over to Jamie. Quentin also walked up beside him.

"He told me to ask Master."

"So it was Master's doing after all!!" Raelan tightened his fists.

"Though Hochman said that he does not regret a thing. Master allowed them to become stronger and stronger, even achieving greater heights of the future." Jamie sighed, his breath visible in the frosty climate.

"Yeah... They have become stronger and stronger." Quentin nodded, you could see a hint of jealousy in her eyes. They were all training under Garen's guidance, what made them so much stronger than the others, whilst she was still stuck at her level?

"When I was talking to Hochman, he told me a statement that I couldn't wrap my head around." Jamie continued.

"What statement?"

"He said, 'This world is far more complicated than you imagine.'"

"What does he know, and what has he experienced?"

"Who knows?" Jamie's said expressionlessly, "He's become like a stranger to me."

"The seeds have already sprouted..." Garen was watering the potted plants in his room.

Drops of water were flowing out of the white watering can, splashing onto the leaves and dripping into the soil.

Hochman and Dahm's bad attitude towards him was no longer important. What's important was that their clashes have reached the point where they could no longer hold back.

To Hochman, those who submit to his will would prosper and those who resist would fall. In the areas under his rule, even the government servants had no choice but to submit to him. His family has widespread influence, and along with his monstrous physical strength, they'd become an influential superpower in the area.

On the other hand, Dahm used Nottingham as a base of operations, controlling the other areas through his family's influence and connections. Almost like a giant snake hiding in the depths of the sea, ready to kill at any moment.

"They've probably already noticed that I was the one who planted the primer in the first place..." Garen laughed. "But so what? The power created from the primers merging is not fake, it is an actual strength that one can feel. The two of them should understand that the most."

He felt that he could probably leave this circle at this point as Hochman and Dahm no longer needed to be under his manipulation.

Beep beep... Beep beep...

A clear notification tone rang.

Garen looked at the sunlight shining through the balcony for a brief moment, then walked into his room and grabbed his phone located on his bed.

South Africa

Smash!

A beautiful oriental porcelain vase was shattered on the ground, fragments flying all over the place.

Huff! Huff! Huff...

The baldy had one of his eyes bandaged up, his facial expression was twisted to the extreme.

"Trash! Bloody trash!" he wheezed in the ward. The doctors and nurses were at the door, too scared to even go in.

In the pure white ward, the group of men and women clad in black stood with indifferent expressions. The atmosphere of the entire room was gloomy, everyone inside was radiating a chilling vibe.

"That was a trap..." A younger girl said softly.

"Yeah... It was a trap." The baldy nodded.

Bam!

He angrily kicked at the metal table in front of him, knocking it to the ground.

"That Black Uniform, Levi." He roared in a low voice, "That sly, disgusting piece of shit! How did he manage to reduce the numbers of my, the African Hawk's men down by four?"

With two smacks, the doctors and nurses outside the ward were knocked unconscious and were dragged away, preventing them from hearing the confidential conversation.

The ward was completely silent.

"That pest that I could've killed with one strike! How dare he! How dare he!" Baldy was thinking back to what happened before, getting even more furious.

"Leader, I don't think that's the most important issue right now, Levi had a lot of schemes prepared, we were careless this time and fell into his trap. Under normal circumstances, we would have easily defeated him." A short-haired man with a beard said.

"No..." Baldy took a deep breath, "This is no longer about getting revenge. It's too late... It's already too late. The mission has failed. The Stone Clock of Fortune has been sold by Levito and the Vincent Organisation. Our mission has failed."

He paused, "I just sent a text to the boss."

Suddenly, the expressions of everyone in the room changed, their faces turning white and losing their calmness and indifference.

"You're crazy! We haven't failed! No! We still have a chance! We can still take back the Stone Clock of Fortune!" The young girl frantically shouted.

"No..." Baldy shook his head, "This issue is out of our hands, if we hide this loss from the boss, he'll definitely kill me."

"Damn it!" The bearded man furiously punched the wall behind him.

Thinking of the mysterious and torturous punishments of the boss, he couldn't help but tremble in fear.

Garen picked up his phone and looked at the text message, his expression instantly changed.

"Failed? The Nighthawks lost 4 men?"

Garen put down his phone, his eyes glowing in anger.

He immediately called Baldy.

The call went through in an instant.

"Boss..." Baldy now longer called him Commander, Baldy would only call him that in extremely formal situations.

"I'm coming over personally."

After saying this, Garen immediately hung up and turned off his phone.

Originally Garen didn't care much about the Stone Clock of Fortune, it wasn't important to him, the number of potential points it contained was too low. It was something that he did not need, but having it was better than not having it, that's why he sent the Nighthawks to get it.

Who would've thought the Nighthawks would fail? Even to the point where they suffered casualties. They were elites, all personally trained by him himself.

"Damn... It's been such a long time since I've taken a life." Garen squinted his eyes.

The data was sent over from the Baldy, directly to Garen's phone.

He vaguely understood everything that happened over in South Africa.

There were 2 key players.

The boss of the Black Uniform Organisation, Levi, and the archeologist Kenna.

Kenna was an adventurer and an archeologist who was being pursued by the Black Uniform Organisation, which specialized in auctioning antiques because he knew of the whereabouts of the Stone Clock of Fortune. This led to a series of mutual grudges between him and that organization.

The pursuer, Levi, somehow survived being buried alive by the rubble from the tomb collapsing that was caused by Kenna. Due to his grudge against Kenna, and also his greed for the secrets locked within the Stone Clock of Fortune, he decided to start pursuing Kenna. Kenna's sister and cousin have both died at the hands of Levi. Levi also suffered multiple heavy hits from Kenna's traps, with grudges piling up, Levi's goal shifted from the Stone Clock of Fortune to the sole purpose of killing Kenna.

To remove Levi from the picture, Kenna decided to stir the pot, spreading rumors and information about the Stone Clock of Fortune to the public, attracting the attention of other groups and elites.

This was the moment the Nighthawks decided to step in.

Baldy, with his immense strength and powerful henchmen, gave out killing orders on Kenna and Levi, thinking of finishing the two off.

Thus, after destroying various interfering parties, they fell into a trap. With Levi's scheming, he managed to get the other interfering parties to cooperate, defeating the Nighthawks.

Chapter 614: Battle for the Treasure 2

In a custom suite in a South African hotel.

"Idiot!!" Garen furiously slapped the Baldy across the face.

Baldy's body flew across the room, crashing through numerous tables and chairs in the process. With his body still half-lying down on the floor, he didn't dare to stand up. Neither did he dare to wipe off the blood dripping down from his head.

"Thinking you had enough strength to fight everyone at once, it's because of your arrogance and pride that caused this small issue to spiral into so much trouble!" Garen said coldly.

The Baldy looked down, not daring to make a sound.

The remaining members of the Nighthawk were all petrified, the room was completely silent, with the only audible sound being the rapid heartbeats of the people there. All the members were soaked in cold sweat, their muscles twitching every so often, some even started bleeding from biting their lips, yet no one dared to move even a muscle.

"Can't even complete such a simple task, bloody useless fools!" Garen was furious, although he didn't teach too much to this group of elites, no matter what, they were still one of the best groups in the mercenary world, with the addition of the secret skill - Shooting Shadow, they should be considered the elites of the elites. Yet they were still defeated by a bunch of humans with no supernatural abilities whatsoever.

This completely tarnished his pride.

While the punishment had already been given, but there was still the matters at hand to be taken care of.

"Prepare a list of the organizations that participated in the effort of stopping you guys for me."

After saying this, he walked out of the room with his arms crossed.

"This is no longer just about the Stone Clock of Fortune."

Garen moved his fist around, it's been such a long time since he had to take matters into his own hands, he wondered if he was rusty.

He went back to his own hotel room, looking down at Noordia city from his room window.

The numerous red and yellow lights were placed closely, and when linked together it looked like a river of light, outlining the long road. From afar, at the center of the road, there was a huge red circle of light slowly moving forward, it was a large number of cars slowly moving along the roundabout.

Standing in front of the window, Garen gently took off his new custom-made black gloves, revealing an eerily white pair of hands with a perfect complexion.

They were pale white and thin, almost as if they were intricately carved out from Jade. The palms and wrists had no signs of any flaws, to the point where even hair follicles couldn't be seen, it was truly perfection. Under the yellow room light, it looked mesmerizing, as if it had a demonic attraction.

That was the soft glow from his hands.

"Slaughtering hands..." Garen slowly felt the effects of this demonic technique on his body.

He did not resist it, allowing it to merge with him. He'd tried to completely manipulate the demonic technique's innate nature, but the prerequisite for that was to allow it to merge with the wielder. He could feel the changes of his mind and body through the influence of the demonic technique. However, if he wanted, he could reverse the change, though he wasn't against this kind of change.

He noticed that the secret techniques of the Ancient Ender's 43 Demon Kings were the complete opposite of the Living Secret Technique.

We could say that the Living Secret Technique used the practitioner as a base, and would change itself to become more compatible with the practitioner's body and form a completely unique secret technique.

On the other hand, Demonic Secret Techniques would be making the practitioner's body more compatible with the secret technique, slowly adapting the human body to the best possible conditions for the secret technique.

The two were completely opposite but were two of the possible ways secret techniques could evolve.

What was different from normal secret techniques was that normal secret techniques did not have the ability to change. If it wasn't appropriate, there was nothing you could do about it.

Compared to a normal secret technique, a demonic technique had so much more advantages and strengths, with high practicality and a low prerequisite.

As long as it wasn't a body that was extremely incompatible, it could be transformed by the demonic technique, allowing one to successfully train and attain its potential.

However, this kind of potential would lead a person with a weak will to lose their mind, eventually falling under the control of the demonic technique and becoming nothing but a mindless slave, a killing machine.

Hence, although Demonic Techniques were the easiest to attain for beginners, it was the most dangerous secret techniques to learn. The changes in one's will can't be easily changed by other parties, and it has to completely rely on the practitioner's perseverance, only then can one guarantee that they won't lose their way.

This was definitely one of the most dangerous secret techniques.

Garen gave a definition to the Slaughtering Hand in his mind.

When he was merging with the secret technique, he took note of the innate nature of the technique. This type of completely different path was extremely beneficial for its style of martial arts and his development.

"Stone Clock of Fortune, give me a surprise."

Looking down at the night view of the city, he slowly shifted his focus to his secret skills.

In another high-class hotel in the same city.

A few young people dressed in office attires were gathered around, playing cards. The table was piled with dollar bills, with more being thrown around from time and time.

Under the warm lighting, a bespectacled man in a grey suit was puffing on a cigarette, exhaling whiffs of smoke into the room.

"What now?" He said in a weird French accent.

"What do you mean?"

"We spent so much effort to damage the Nighthawks, removing one of our biggest rivals, we should at least get some benefit out of this, right? We even suffered countless casualties." The bespectacled guy said with the cigarette still in his mouth.

"Levi from the Black Uniforms isn't here, if you want benefits, go talk to him about it." The office lady in the black skirt sitting across him replied.

"How long have our two groups been waiting here? Has it been 10 days? I think it definitely has. Why has there been no updates?" The black man on the side impatiently said.

"Aren't we just waiting for the updates? What's there to rush? No matter if it's Kenna or Levi, if they want to find out about that secret, they will eventually have to come here. Our men are already stationed everywhere in this area, there's no chance they can escape." The office lady answered.

"As long as Vincent hasn't left, we just need to keep our eyes on him. Levi definitely already gave the stuff to him." The black man said.

Bam!

The room door was suddenly knocked open.

A burly white man walked in.

"I think we have a problem."

He looked at the 4 people in the room.

One of threw his cards on the table and stood up.

"Trouble? We even defeated the strongest group in this area, the Nighthawks, what other trouble would there be?" The black man asked, leaning on the leather chair.

"Unfortunately, it is the Nighthawks." The white man replied softly.

The atmosphere in the room suddenly became chilly, although some of them were still forcing a smile, their eyes show that they were on high alert.

"I just got the latest news, the real boss of the Nighthawks is here." The white man slowly said.

"Real... Boss?" the bespectacled man placed his cards face down on the table. For some unknown reason, the people in the room felt chills down their spine when they heard this statement.

"If I remember correctly, the Nighthawks should be the strongest mercenary group in South Africa, right? Their leader had always been the bald guy, the one they call the African Hawk." The man adjusted his glasses, "Now you're telling me, after all this time, that they had another boss? A boss controlling everything behind the scenes? Will, please tell me you're joking."

His hand pressing on the cards of the table started to turn pale without him even noticing.

Under the cooperation of their mutual groups and Levi's scheming, through multiple sacrifices, they'd finally managed to defeat the Nighthawks, even blinding one of the baldy's eyes.

The Nighthawks lost half of their men, losing a lot of their power, finally coming down from their throne as South Africa's strongest mercenary group. All their enemy and rival groups of the past would definitely take this opportunity to strike them while they're down.

It could be said that at the moment the Nighthawks got defeated, they were at their weakest and while in that state, in the world of mercenaries, it was a death sentence.

But now, a guy just came in and said that the Nighthawks had another leader all along, the real boss, someone who was the mastermind behind them.

"How funny, isn't that right, Casey? The Nighthawks were the strongest mercenary group in Africa, who has the authority to be their boss? This has got to be the joke of the century!"

He did not notice it, but his hands were trembling uncontrollably, his face turning paler and paler, even his voice started to shake.

He started to laugh, trying to lighten the situation.

No one else in the room laughed.

Seeing that he was the only one laughing, he slowly stopped and sat back down.

"I think we're in a lot of trouble..." The office lady said softly.

"We need to first work together to get some information on the guy's background."

"My recon team couldn't get any info on him." The white burly man walked through the door, then turned around and locked it.

"Work together?"

"Yea, work together."

Everyone took out their laptops or their phones, moving swiftly.

However, the bespectacled man kept pressing wrong keys, he felt that his fingers were so slippery he couldn't even type properly, so he looked up at the others. The office lady was acting calmly, but her beads of sweat from her forehead leaked her current feelings.

The black man had a calm look on his face, but his feet was uncontrollably shaking.

"Got it!!" The black man suddenly yelled.

"You got the info?" "Come on, spit it out!"

Everyone immediately started glaring at him.

"N-no... I mean I've got a plan!" The black man softly uttered.

"What plan?"

"Get Vincent and work together! The groups that defeated the Nighthawks wasn't just us. Even if he's a person from 'that world', he wouldn't dare to take on so many people at once, right?" The black man said.

They all understood, in "that world", those who had power and influence were frequently not your average person. This kind of being wasn't something they can fend against.

"Vincent himself no longer has much power, but rumor has it that there's still a being standing behind him from 'that world'. A very strong being."

"I found it..." The office lady said, his face showing visible signs of relief.

"It's still fine, the person is not a being from 'that world'. He's just a martial artist, a normal human."

Whew!

In that instant, the entire room breathed a sigh of relief.

Chapter 615: Tangled 1

A few red and yellow hot air balloons floated around in the sky. There were symbols and words that were written on them with certain meanings.

Garen raised his head and glanced over while standing on the street corner. He could not see properly because the sun was too bright and the hot air balloons were too far away, blinding his eyes and making him slightly uncomfortable.

He was wearing a normal long-sleeved white T-shirt and dark black jeans. His muscular frame and golden tassel-like hair constantly attracted the curious gazes of the little black children in his surroundings.

There were white communication lines drawn on some of the dilapidated streets that extended towards him in a straight line. A few dirty cars drove past slowly, before yellow-grey and black colored lines appeared and covered the floor, while heat waves radiated off the illuminated, scorching ground.

When he glanced over at a nearby area, he noticed that this place was filled with tall old buildings. Most of them had faint yellow stains that showed their age on the surface while other areas were obviously damaged.

This place called Caora was neither a bustling African city nor a famous tourist town. Instead, it was only a normal and unexciting little town.

A group of black women who were balancing baskets of fruit on their heads walked past the doors of the little roadside shops. They were clad in their unique long, bright yellow local dresses and wore noisy bone bracelets on their arms while laughing and chatting.

Garen could not understand their language at all, but this was unimportant. He glanced at the sun in the sky before getting down from the train and thinking that it was probably only twelve o'clock in the afternoon now.

The whereabouts of Kenna and the Black Uniform Organization were probably close to this town. Furthermore, the few remaining representatives of the Relic Organization had allied themselves with Vincent, and a mercenary group called Black Knife had invited the Primary Colors local representatives who were still on good terms with the Nighthawks, in hopes that both sides would be able to reconcile in this town.

The mediation could either be real or fake, as this was also an opportunity for them to check out the Nighthawks' hidden powers.

Garen agreed and asked them to come over, as the Nighthawks' members had already been concealed completely. However, he had never made it a habit to hide anything because he had always done everything openly to crush his enemies directly. Hide? Only the weak would do that. As someone who possessed sufficient power, he would only choose to hide if there was a possibility that he would encounter a threat.

As the row of people strolled through leisurely, Garen put on his black sunglasses while his gaze drifted from the roadside advertisement banners to the signboards.

A few black fellows rushed forward and tried to sell him some cigarette lighters and other little knick-knacks.

"Five dollars! Five dollars!" They yelled in fluent English, but it was possible that these were the only words they knew.

Garen glanced at the other people around him. He realized that the sellers would not call out to the other black people, while other outsiders who were obviously tourists would encounter the same situation as him.

He was unfamiliar with this town and did not like it because it was filled with wild animals. Moreover, wild cats and stray dogs would scurry through the streets occasionally while other animals like snakes or colorful birds were carried on people's shoulders.

Garen even saw a leopard with golden patches sitting inside an expensive car when it drove past him.

This place was extremely hot, and most people were clad in short-sleeved clothes and short pants, singlets, or even long skirts that were almost transparent.

When he walked towards the front of the street, Garen quickly stopped in front of a bar. There was a strange arc-shaped green sign that looked like a portrait in front of the bar, which was flashing with colorful red lights even in broad daylight.

The door and doorway were shabby and it seemed as if no one was entering or exiting the place except for a fellow who walked out of the side door with a pail before pouring the water out of it and down the drain.

Garen stood in the doorway of the bar and waited for a few moments. Two black men in white shirts walked out and nodded at him politely before pulling open the main door of the bar at once.

The interior was pitch black, making it impossible for him to see anything, as though it was merely an endless black hole.

Garen glanced at the men before noticing that both of their mouths were wide open and they were exposing their pearly white teeth as if they were smiling.

"Sir, there are people waiting for you inside," said one of the black men softly in English.

Garen smiled faintly before taking long strides into the bar while the door was closed behind him quickly. The inside of the bar was completely dark because all of the doors, windows and other places that allowed light to enter were all covered with black cloth. However, it was still surprisingly cool inside.

Bang!!

Suddenly, unimaginably bright light exploded throughout the entire bar at once. Instantly, the area was neatly illuminated with white light, allowing the whole place to light up.

"Welcome. Welcome, dear Nighthawks Commander." An old man who wore a cowboy hat and large aviator sunglasses walked out. He was clad in denim clothing from head to toe and was the spitting image of an American western cowboy from the movies.

This old man walked out and stretched his hand outwards before pointing towards the left side. He pointed at a group of people who were seated. All of them looked muscular and had tattoos on their arms and necks. Some of them lowered their heads and used pocket knives to clean their fingernails while others raised their legs and held the young black women beside them while getting up to mischief.

The one similarity that all of them shared was the black pocket knife tattoos on their bodies.

"The members of Black Knife." The old man in denim introduced them while smiling happily. "Those are all Vincent and Octagon Pot's people." He pointed at another group of people who were seated on the opposite side of the black people.

It seemed like this group of people came from all walks of life. There were office workers, women who sold vegetables, bakery bosses, lawyers, social-climbers and other kinds of people. There were obviously some differences between them and the people from Black Knife because they had some restrictions and were not as carefree as them.

Regardless of which side they were from, Garen still felt as if they were sizing him up carefully.

"Octagon Pot? Are you referring to the eight largest Relic Organizations in Europe?" he opened his mouth and asked.

"Of course. That's Octagon Pot." However, the old man did not explicitly say which one of the eight sides these group of people belonged to.

"I've never seen how a mediation is conducted. Am I going to see the flow of events while I'm here today?" Garen raised his hand and asked candidly.

"Since everyone has already arrived here, your presence shows your respect towards me and the Primary Colors. Therefore, why don't you just be frank and tell us your wishes openly," said the old man with a smile on his face.

The first thing Garen did after he arrived in South Africa was to use his Secret Techniques to contort his own facial structure and characteristics. Therefore, it was impossible for these people to identify his exact details. At most, they would only be able to use other channels to eliminate his possible identities but would not be able to discover the true powers that were concealed behind him.

"Openly? Didn't I just come here openly? What else do you want me to be open about?" Garen tilted his head and asked.

"We did not have a major clash with the aristocrats," said the Vincent representative loudly after he stood up. "The aristocrats decided to drive us out completely when they entered the picture, and as the weaker side, we could not even resist them properly despite working together."

"The Stone Clock of Fortune is with you?" Garen did not reply but asked him a direct question instead.

"Of course."

"Very good," Garen nodded. "If you want to reconcile, my requests are simple. Firstly, give me the Stone Clock of Fortune. Next, my Nighthawks group will be given eighty percent of the secret treasures. After that, I will just let this incident slide."

Whoosh...

When these words left his mouth, all of the people on site could not sit still suddenly.

"Eighty? Hehe. That depends on whether you're destined to take it..." The people from Black Knife sneered suddenly.

A brawny black man who seemed like their leader stood up while doing tricks with a sharp pocket knife in his hand.

"First of all, those who break the rules need to accept their punishments."

"Hehe. I heard that the Nighthawks sniping field is virtually undefeatable on the African battlefield. Do you think you could let me experience it for a moment?" He walked towards Garen and was clearly slightly taller than him.

"Sniping field?" Garen already knew that the Nighthawks' own special techniques involved forming a ring with faraway sniping techniques. The snipers who were part of this ring could protect each other while killing their surrounding enemies simultaneously. They would also be able to monitor the entire area to a certain degree at the same time to create a powerful sniping technique without any blind spots.

A few street performers who were banging on small drums walked past outside the bar. Their rhythmic drumming noises echoed throughout the area clearly, accompanying the melody of a man's strange singing voice.

Garen glanced around and noticed that everyone's eyes were focused on him as if they were either waiting for him to change his mind or were waiting to see a good show.

Black Knife and Nighthawks had always been two first-rate mercenary groups that had never dealt with each other. Black Knife had already been deeply rooted in South Africa before their first place position had been stolen by the foreign Nighthawks. They were obviously unhappy, and the Nighthawks bore the brunt of their anger by suffering injuries, as Black Knife would definitely take matters into their own hands during rare opportunities like these.

They had initially waited for Garen to show his trump card but had never expected that he would not follow the steps from the start. Since the situation turned out like this, there was nothing left for them to be concerned about.

Garen glanced at the people from Black Knife and noticed that some of them were already beginning to reach for their guns while others unconsciously held more and sharper cutting tools in their hands and glared at him strangely.

"Before we continue, I still have a question that I need all of you to answer," Garen piped up suddenly.

"What question?"

"The people who tried to ambush my Nighthawks previously, are they all here?" A sliver of a smile appeared on the corners of Garen's mouth suddenly.

Shh!!

Instantly, a bloody hole appeared on the forehead of one of the black people on site before he collapsed on the ground.

"Attack!!"

The Black Knife leader lunged at Garen and stretched his arms towards his neck immediately.

Bang bang!!

After the sound of two continuous gunshots, his arms seemed as if they had frozen in midair, and he was lucky that he was able to evade two bullets that came flying from behind Garen.

The black male leader flipped backward before two extra silver handguns appeared in his hands. He shot the gun at Garen thrice, releasing three banging noises.

There were no bullets flying towards him this time.

"Our people have discovered the Nighthawks! Capture him and take him hostage!!" yelled the Black Knife leader loudly.

The bar turned chaotic as everyone rushed to find a bunker. The sofa, bar top, tables, and chairs were all used as bunkers to shield people.

Everyone seemed like insects whose nests had been destroyed. They ran frantically and disappeared in an instant.

A crashing noise rang out when a stray bullet hit a crystal chandelier before the light was extinguished at once.

Garen walked through the bar listlessly. All of them were merely normal people and he had reached the maximum point of boredom. Moreover, he had only agreed to meet them after the others had gathered on their own.

Under the strong influence of the Primary Colors, his opponents had assumed that he would not actually make a move, but never expected that the opposite would be true instead.

The old man in denim from the Primary Colors rolled behind the bar top effortlessly without making any unnecessary noises or movements. He was a sensible person and knew that since the other party refused to respect the Primary Colors, the first thing that he had to do now was to protect himself.

Bang bang bang!!

Faint but sharp gunshot noises echoed throughout the inside of the bar constantly.

Garen walked throughout the bar confidently as if he was completely unconcerned about being hit by a stray bullet. He sat on a chair that was still perfect and poured a clear glass of spirits for himself. He did not care about the bottle and just sniffed it immediately instead before drinking a mouthful.

The gunshot noises quickly became shorter and softer and it soon became obvious that the Nighthawks were being suppressed.

One of the people from Black Knife rolled off the couch immediately and waved his hands.

Bang!!

A gunshot could be heard.

Garen turned his head slightly when the bullet hit a brown alcohol bottle inside the alcohol cabinet behind him before alcohol and glass shards flew everywhere.

When a glass shard flew past Garen, he deflected it easily. The glass shard flew at a speed that was impossible to be seen by human eyes before an airy hissing noise could be heard when it dug into the black man's forehead accurately.

Chapter 616: Tangled 2

Before he could even sigh, the black man from Black Knife collapsed on the ground instantly without a single breath.

The people from Black Knife swore at him continuously.

Bang!

Another gunshot could be heard before he realized that two guns were being shot at the same time. Two bullets flew towards both sides of Garen where his hiding places were located, making it completely impossible for him to hide.

Bang bang!!

Another two alcohol bottles exploded behind Garen but no one was able to clearly see how he had evaded them.

"What the hell?!" The expression on the Black Knife leader's face changed slightly as if he had thought of a possible group and quickly nodded towards his accomplices on the right side.

It meant that it was time for their ruthless measures.

A dot of red light lit up immediately.

Crash!!

With Garen as the center of the entire bar, four blindingly red fireballs exploded around him suddenly.

The Black Knife leader flew towards him suddenly while raining down bullets in a frenzy with guns in both of his hands. Garen made complicated and mysterious dodging poses and movements at the same time.

The sound of large groups of manpower could be heard faintly from outside the bar, but no one could tell if they were from Primary Colors or other groups.

"Is there anything fun left?" Garen's voice echoed behind him unexpectedly.

The Black Knife leader was extremely shocked and rolled towards the front. He charged into the sea of flames directly without looking at the two guns that were still at the back of his hands. He leaped upwards instantly and lunged towards the bar's black cloth covered glass windows.

There was a crashing noise before he rolled on the street a few times before getting back up again.

However, he could suddenly feel a slight pain in his chest. He lowered his head and looked there before noticing that a bright red patch of blood had appeared on the white shirt he was wearing.

The blood stain became darker and bigger before spreading throughout the entire area quickly.

"When did this...?" He stretched his eyes open and racked his brains but could not remember when he had been shot. Acute pain and the suffocating feeling when his lungs were completely unable to breathe spread across him quickly. He staggered forward and leaned against the pillar of the streetlight while his vision began to darken quickly.

When he finally collapsed, he could faintly see Garen carrying a person while walking out of the bar. Meanwhile, the whole bar was engulfed in flames but no one else came out.

The moment Garen walked out, a large crowd of people rushed towards him from all directions. Some of them held knives while others held guns, making the scene somewhat chaotic.

While holding on to the person, he turned back to glance at the bar before his footsteps quickened suddenly, allowing him to appear at the side of the bar instantly. A black child stared at him with a blank look on his face while standing helplessly in the alley.

Garen shouldered the bloodied person and smiled at the child before walking towards the back of the bar.

The large crowd of people outside the alley seemed as if they had not seen him as well, but perhaps they were just turning a blind eye as this occurrence was unbelievably strange.

Once he passed through the alley, Baldy, whose arms were covered in blood, was waiting for him at the back with two other people and two cars.

"Boss," Baldy lowered his head and greeted him respectfully while the other two people lowered their heads as well.

"Take care of this person for a while. This guy is a representative of Vincent. I let the Primary Colors representative escape, so contact him later." Garen flung the person in his arms on the ground.

He was aware that they were people who were noticing and peeping at them from a faraway distance.

"Get in the car and leave this place."

"Boss, what about the people inside...?" Baldy gulped while glancing at the burning bar.

"Aren't they right in front of you?" answered Garen casually.

His intended meanings were obvious. Other than the old man from the Primary Colors, the only other person left was the captured Vincent representative in front of them.

Baldy was somewhat intimidated. The Black Knife mercenary group that was only slightly weaker than themselves could not even withstand a minute under Boss's hands and had all died completely. This meant that...

"Get in the car." He did not think about it anymore and picked up the person before turning around and getting into the sedan.

Both of the white sedans sped up and left the scene from the back of the bar.

On the other side, half of a black man's face could be seen appearing from the entrance of the alley slowly.

The black man's forehead was filled with beads of sweat and he could only hold his breath desperately as he was too afraid to open his mouth and pant.

"Three minutes... And twelve seconds..." he said in an anguished voice.

There were a few more representatives who had not entered the bar at all and had stayed in the alley instead.

A young woman who was dressed like an office lady had turned pale while her hands relaxed and tightened unconsciously.

"It's fortunate that we didn't go in," said a bespectacled man in a deep voice. "We should just inform our respective bosses for now."

The others nodded respectively, as none of them were willing to encounter the golden-haired young man who seemed normal but was not.

That guy was literally taking a brisk walk before he went inside to visit the bar. Moments later, bullets were sent flying and explosions occurred everywhere, but he walked out in perfect condition without any injuries or clothes in disarray.

"What about Levi?"

"The only way to decrypt the answer lies in Kenna's hands, and Levi is still tracking him down," said the young woman softly. "The situation has already exceeded our control. All of the Black Knife members have died. Nighthawks' powers have greatly exceeded our expectations, so I suggest that we inform Vincent's big boss."

"Did you manage to investigate that guy's details previously?" asked someone.

"I only eliminated the actions and whereabouts of the famous people from the surrounding countries. However, if this person appeared suddenly, we can't do anything," the young woman shook her head.

"I'm afraid that it's impossible. He's just a normal person. According to the rules, they cannot interfere with the order of the normal world as they please," said the bespectacled man in a low voice.

"Should the middle section just retreat then?" The black man wiped the sweat from his face. "We don't have to risk our own lives for an imaginary legend. Report the current situation and get our superiors to send more people over to sort this out."

When the other people exchanged glances, they could see the bitterness in his eyes.

They could report all of this to their superiors, but this would mean that everything they had contributed and all of their losses would be wasted and that a demotion would be merely be considered as a light punishment.

"I'm afraid we don't have to do that anymore..." said the office lady suddenly.

"The latest news stated that Kenna and Levi have run into a remote village. An ancient power is entrenched in that village, and the Stone Clock of Fortune seems to have attracted their interest."

"What happened?"

"I don't know. However, it will be a good idea to return. It looks like the secrets of the Stone Clock of Fortune may have finally attracted the attention of certain people."

"I've heard that since Kenna is an ancient scholar, he knows a lot of mysterious people. He may have run to that village because his friends are located there," he said with furrowed eyebrows.

"I think it will be better if we don't interfere. We'll discuss this later once the winners and losers have been decided," the young woman smiled bitterly. "The situation has become more and more complicated, while more powers getting involved."

The other people nodded respectively.

Within a pitch black mess, an old man with a wrinkled face slowly lit a yellow oil lamp before faint yellow light illuminated the interior of the wooden house.

There was a wooden cross on the circular window while slivers of moonlight cascaded inside.

The old man turned his head and glanced at the bed inside the wooden house, where the figure of a black person laid on top.

The figure belonged to a black man who was clad in a black leather jacket that was torn and messy, while his body was covered in wounds and bloody scars especially on his face, causing him to be almost disfigured. However, one could see that he used to be an above average looking, middle-aged man if they looked past the scars.

"Oh..." The man stirred on the bed. "How long have I been asleep, Dahm Rose?"

"Not very long, maybe five hours," answered the old man with a smile when he turned around. His wrinkly face resembled a chrysanthemum flower in full bloom.

"Alright, chrysanthemum... Can I ask why I always think of this plant when I look at you?" The man rubbed his head and smiled bitterly. "Looks like you're not in such good shape either."

"Only slightly better than you." The old man shook his head and picked up the oil lamp before walking to the front of his bed. "I've told you this before, that until the final key moment arrives, don't come looking for me. Not only will there be a possibility that I won't be able to help you, but I may cause greater dangers to befall you as well."

"Of course I remember," smiled the black man bitterly. "But I really had no choice this time, and no other paths to choose." He lowered his head and ran both of his hands through his hair while his eyes were completely bloodshot.

"Looks like you're really in bad shape," the old man shook his head impatiently. "Friend, my own circumstances are not much better than yours, but if you don't mind, you can stay at my place."

"I was hoping that you could give me some inspiration." The man raised his head with a hopeful look in his eyes.

"That's useless," the old man shook his head. "When an extremely powerful force surrounds me, I have no use for inspiration." He looked at the other man and said: "Kenna, you will soon understand that whether your inspirations appear or not, the conclusion cannot be changed."

"Don't tell me that what we see is already the definite ending?" Kenna asked instead.

"It is not definite, but it is certainly the correct deduction from the gathered natural information. You must understand that accidental events don't exist in this world and that the supposed accidents are merely the final conclusions that result from the martial arts certainties that are linked up with one another," said old man Dahm Rose with a wrinkled expression.

"I'm already relying on you since I have no other places to go anyway," said Kenna with a smile even though he had quietened down.

"Is Liv dead?" The old man looked at his eyes but noticed that he was evading his gaze. "Not just Liv, but Corela and Bane as well."

There was nothing but dead silence for a moment.

"Looks like your situation can't get any worse. Just stay with me then," the old man shook his head.
"Sometimes, dying peacefully is not such a bad ending."

"What are you saying?" Kenna asked.

"Nothing." Dahm Rose put the oil lamp down and took out a little bottle filled with fireflies. He poured the fireflies into an earthen jar carefully.

Strangely, the fireflies inside the earthen jar flashed but did not know how to fly away and escape.

He took a stone pestle and began to grind the fireflies slowly while some unknown powder scattered out from there occasionally.

"What are you doing?" Kenna noticed his weird actions.

Rose Dahm smiled at him mysteriously but did not reply.

Kenna got up from the bed in a slumped position and picked up a bowl at his bedside that was filled with some sticky yellow substances towards his lips before gulping all of it down in one mouthful.

He did not know how Levi had been pursuing him. Both of them had encountered countless hardships in the wilderness and had fought each other constantly, making it impossible to mediate the hostility between them anymore. One of them was destined to die before this could finally come to a close.

Chapter 617: Tangled 3

Although he did not know Levi's current whereabouts, as long as he was by his old friend's side, he would be safe temporarily.

Dahm Rose was an expert in escaping and self-preservation.

Kenna walked to the side of the window and shifted his head to look outside before noticing that it was pitch black, except for a faint light that resembled stars from a faraway row of little houses.

"Where is this?" he turned his head and asked.

"My birthplace," Dahm Rose answered. He continued to grind the fireflies with his full concentration as if it was the most precious treasure. "You were unconscious for a long time and kept bouncing between a dreamlike and awakened state, so I used an ox cart that I borrowed to bring you back here."

"Are we safe right now?" Kenna was slightly worried because Levi was not someone who was easy to get along with. Although most of the Black Uniform members had been defeated by an external power, Levi still possessed unexpected moves and strengths. That person's willpower and physique were simply at a different level.

"Of course it's safe, as long as it's before dawn tomorrow," replied Dahm Rose with his smiling wrinkled face that resembled a chrysanthemum.

"This village is not a normal little village," he said in a low voice. "This place has the tranquility that you desire."

"I don't understand. You're talking about unnatural powers? Here?" Kenna asked instead.

"I was born here, grew up here until I left. You will like this place very soon," said Dahm Rose with hidden profound meaning.

The next day.

Snap.

An emerald green branch with a few leaves was snapped from a tree. A muscular, short-haired black man with a vicious aura that permeated throughout his whole body held the branch in his hand.

He placed one of the leaves from the branch below his nose and sniffed it carefully.

Shh...

His nose breathed in deeply, releasing hissing noises.

"South... Kenna, you won't be able to escape any longer..." The camouflage combat gear that once covered the black man's entire body had been reduced to a torn mess comprised of a few strips of cloth that hung on his body.

He held a black dagger in his hand and occasionally slashed at the branches and weeds that blocked his path.

This place was the extremely strange interior of a forest and was unlike the vast olive grasslands outside, as this place consisted of a continuous stretch of olive forests that rise and fell.

Crash...

Suddenly, chaotic noises could be heard from a faraway distance behind him.

Someone was shouting loudly in American English.

Levi crouched down carefully, only exposing a pair of eyes while he burrowed himself into the side of his trail under some raised tree roots before turning his head and glancing behind himself.

"Hasn't someone checked this direction already? Why are we back here?"

"Instructions from our superiors, don't be too concerned."

"We're already lacking manpower now. I really don't know what our superiors are thinking."

A few men in olive camouflage gear carried guns and walked over in this direction to search the area.

Levi lowered his head into the undergrowth and concentrated his gaze in their direction.

He noticed that there was a symbol of a black hawk on the sleeves of these men's uniforms.

"Nighthawks..." He recognized this symbol.

Previously, he had gathered the other forces to inflict serious damage on this mercenary group.

"Looks like a lot of new changes have occurred during the period of time when I did not return," he thought when his mind finally understood what had happened.

Bang!!

Suddenly, the sound of a gunshot echoed from a faraway area before a frenzied cry of a wild ox could be heard.

"Shit!! Kill it! Kill it!!" someone shouted loudly.

Bang bang!!

A few more gunshots could be heard.

A few people who were patrolling this area raised their guns frantically. But once they heard the ox shriek, they laughed happily and put their guns down.

"This group of rotten people. It would have been troublesome if they'd attracted the attention of the patrol group or the inspection cars. Couldn't they have been a little more careful?"

One of the black men spat and turned his head in the direction of the gunshot before suddenly noticing that the silence around him was somewhat terrifying.

There were traces of alertness and uncertainty on his smiling face while his hands raised his gun upwards unconsciously.

Kachak!

A large hand flew towards his neck at the speed of lightning before grabbing and twisting it.

The dead body became limp and collapsed backward before it was dragged by someone else and placed on the ground slowly.

Levi spat and took a few things that he needed from the three corpses on the grass such as their guns, water bottles, bug spray, as well as some food and snacks.

He pondered for a moment before picking someone who had a body size that was similar to his own, removing the other man's clothes quickly and donning them.

The corpses lay in the undergrowth that was half as tall as a human within the forest, making it impossible to detect any abnormalities unless one walked extremely near and took a second look.

Levi stuck his nose out and continued his chase in a predetermined direction. He was like a silent cheetah that possessed extremely fast speed and was almost completely quiet.

Garen stood on top of an olive cross-country vehicle with a pair of binoculars in his hands and looked towards the far away areas. He'd changed into a tight-fitting olive mercenary uniform while a black pistol with a large diameter hung from his waist.

Alongside him were the mercenaries that were especially in charge of driving and Baldy.

There were four similar cross-country vehicles behind the car that were seated to the brim with the Nighthawks' peripheral mercenary soldiers. Some of them were armed with machine guns while others had even brought miniature mortars.

A few of the Nighthawks' elite members had dark expressions on their faces while they checked their own equipment and sniper rifles.

"Carlo, has each group's investigation results been released?" Garen had already replaced Baldy and had taken over the command of the Nighthawks.

He wore a pair of silver-rimmed glasses and a layer of blinking light had appeared on his left eyeglass, showing a little display.

This was the latest research success that included a camera that could take pictures as well as other functions such as sound recording, short-range communication, internet searching abilities and other high-end miniature functions. This was specially made for them, and the Nighthawks referred to it as a Hawkeye.

"It's still alright. Everything is considerably smooth... No... Something has happened." A noise echoed from the earpiece that was connected to his glasses.

Garen raised his hand.

"Mark the location."

All of the twenty people who were spread out between four cars began to check their own weapons while the elite members began to test their communication glasses.

A fat man on one of the cars even raised an air cannon that was usually only used on planes...

There were bombs, anti-tank grenades, air rocket projectiles and heavy mortars among these twenty people. As long as it was a strong weapon that could be handled by a single soldier, it would definitely be there.

As the Nighthawks' were a mercenary group that would go down to the battlefield, excluding the few elite members and the decapitation team, the rest of them formed a group with tremendous firepower. Although their group merely comprised of about twenty people, all of them were senior soldiers who had experienced the flames of war and were already able to penetrate a small-scale city within a short span of time.

In Africa, an army like this would be considered as the cream of the crop.

Behind the four cars was the larger mercenary group that the Nighthawks had gathered. It was a large team of over a hundred people that was known as the Nighthawk Army.

All of them were the Nighthawks' peripheral soldiers. They had truly thrown away all of their animosities this time because the absence of the restrictions from Black Knife and other similar mercenary groups meant that the Nighthawks' could use a large number of their funds to quickly employ these mercenaries that had experienced the battlefield before.

Hordes of mercenaries enthusiastically joined the Nighthawks when they heard about their military exploits such as slaughtering Black Knife. Following a powerful army into battle meant that they would receive a considerable amount of commissions and would have a higher probability of evading death as well. Therefore, the mercenaries had always preferred to join the stronger group. They were like grass on top of a wall that would always be influenced to join the side that possessed stronger powers. On the battlefield of mercenaries, one could never allow their enemies to discover that they were weaker. Despite being less powerful, it was important to fight with the confidence of a madman so that others would be afraid.

Garen stood on top of the cross-country vehicle that was in front and turned around to glance at the three cars behind him.

The people inside these three cars were the true inner members of the Nighthawks. Excluding the elites, these people were the true members that possessed a certain relationship to the others. Meanwhile, the ones behind them were only here while the winds favored them.

"The position has been confirmed. One of the smaller patrol teams has been ambushed and three people have died," said Carlo's voice through the Hawkeye.

"Move towards that direction."

Garen nodded. When he was dressed in his military gear, a heavy air that was both ruthless and cold spread wafted from his body unconsciously.

"Yes, sir!"

The convoy began to turn around before driving towards the marked direction.

After receiving the commands from the front, the team at the back split themselves up into a few smaller groups that charged forward in a circled formation.

Garen's line of sight returned after he glanced at a cheetah that was climbing up a nearby tree trunk before he looked at a large herd of black animals in front.

The convoy had not driven for a long time before a large herd of African wildebeest charged out in front of them.

Huff huff huff...

Numerous black wildebeest groaned while charging towards the convoy as if they were a wide black river that flowed throughout the olive colored grasslands continuously.

Two twisted horns grew out of the heads of these horse-like animals that resembled cows. They were unlike buffalo as their faces were longer while their bodies were slightly slimmer.

Nonetheless, these creatures charged and ran towards them, they were not inferior to a speedy little sedan car. They were clearly very powerful.

The army groups could not help but stop temporarily.

"We should be able to reach that guy soon," said Baldy quietly as he touched the bandage that he had wrapped around one of his eyes on his own. "Levi is wearing our men's clothes, but our uniforms always have a miniature signal tracking device, making it impossible for him to escape." His expression was slightly bitter as his eye had been personally stabbed and blinded by Levi during close combat.

"There's no rush," said Garen lightly.

Suddenly, he pressed down on the Hawkeye's earpiece and turned his head around to glance behind himself.

A soldier with a face full of greasepaint walked out of the undergrowth there and stood beside the car. He held three little yellow things that resembled embroidery needles in his hands that also seemed like normal bamboo sticks.

"Commander, I've discovered three signal devices nearby from the soldiers that were ambushed," yelled the soldier loudly.

Garen glanced at Baldy while the latter struck his fist against the car door violently, releasing a loud banging noise.

"Do we have any other way of catching up?" asked Garen softly.

"The satellite. In this weather, there should be no problem," answered a woman with a ponytail who stood beside Baldy. "However, I won't be able to guarantee the precision."

"Get to it," Garen nodded.

The woman turned her notebook on before a blinding and chaotic screen reflected and flashed while clicking keyboard noises could be heard. Next, she turned the computer screen around and looked towards Garen and the others.

"It can essentially confirm the approximate area, but the rental cost of the satellite is too high. I need Boss to authorize this."

Garen looked at Baldy and nodded immediately before the latter pressed his right finger down to input his fingerprint into the computer.

Beep...

A soft noise could be heard before the woman turned the computer back towards herself again and began to focus on her investigation.

"Although we won't be able to find Levi's precise whereabouts, Kenna's specific location should not be a problem. He has a satellite phone with him, so we can use our technical means to confirm his location. He used this phone recently as well," explained the woman with the ponytail quietly. "Levi has definitely chased Kenna to his current position, so we will just need to get this."

Garen nodded.

The wildebeest herd had passed as well, leaving shrouds of flying yellow dust behind them.

The convoy continued moving forward.

Chapter 618: Tangled 4

Beside a large black canyon near some grasslands, an irregular little earthy yellow village was entrenched in a low-lying area.

The village resembled a dark plaque embedded within this light yellow prairie.

There was an area that resembled historical ruins beside the village where both intact and crumbling stone pillars could be seen everywhere.

Rays of evening sunlight cascaded downwards while the area remained completely silent.

A few African elephants had been dyed red by the sun's intense heat. The elephants used their pillar-like legs to follow the baby elephants, and whenever the baby elephants accidentally ran a few steps too far, the adult elephants would wrap their trunks around them to make them slow down.

Beside clusters of tall green trees, a few giraffes stretched their long necks upwards and chewed the leaves while swaying their tails peacefully and quietly.

Most of the trees in this area grew alone but would form a cluster when more than one of them grew together.

Kenna stood at the entrance of the village and watched a group of half-naked black women gather around a bonfire. They were dancing a dance that he had never seen before. It involved them raising both of their hands and slapping their palms constantly while singing an unknown bleak-sounding song loudly.

An old woman who looked as withered as Dahm Rose sat by the bonfire. She slapped her palms together as well while singing certain parts of the song and clapping according to the music and the beat.

A few younger fellows beat hand drums while sitting on the side, following the rhythm closely.

Someone else was tapping a white thigh bone and making popping noises.

When Kenna woke up this morning, he realized immediately that Dahm Rose was gone. After being unable to find him despite searching for some time, he decided to leave the house on his own.

The natives outside the house were very friendly towards him. Although there was a communication barrier between them, the natives would smile at him anyway.

Inside this place, this tribal village that was completely foreign to him, Kenna was suddenly able to feel an unprecedented sense of tranquility.

"This place is pretty good, right?" Dahm Rose's voice echoed beside him suddenly.

"Yes," Kenna nodded. He had gotten used to the other man's mysterious appearances and disappearances much earlier on.

"There are honest and simple people in this village, as well as ancient inheritors. Unfortunately... We cannot stay here for long," he said regretfully.

"Why?" asked Kenna quietly. "Didn't you say that this place was very safe?" He touched the scar on his chin. This deep scar added to his manliness.

"I'll tell you the truth." When Dahm Rose turned around, a fearful expression flashed in his eyes. "We're actually in the same boat. I'm also being hunted down by someone."

"That can't be true..." Kenna's eyes widened. "What kind of person would be able to hunt you down?"

"Someone that is very strong exists... They're absurdly strong," Dahm Rose replied softly. "Since you're with me now, you may face the same dangers."

"Dahm Rose, do you know that you're currently giving off the same vibe as a fake medicine salesman?" Kenna simply could not believe him. This old trickster always succeeded in fooling others. Even Kenna could not remember how many times he had fallen for his lies.

"It's fine if you don't believe me," Dahm Rose merely shrugged his shoulders. Neither of them continued to speak but decided to quietly appreciate the dancing of the natives that were gathered around the bonfire.

He glanced at a certain direction in the village quietly.

Kenna's troubles were merely a Mortal's worries and were not a serious issue. Compared to this, if that guy managed to catch up to him...

After being chased for so many years and running and fleeing in all directions, perhaps it was time for him to face his final ending.

When he thought about his previous struggles that occurred because he was blinded by greed, such as all of his friends who died and were buried, perhaps no one would have been able to imagine an outcome like this in the beginning.

He was already burnt out from a life that was filled with nothing but hiding. Choosing to return to his hometown where he was born, and where he would soon die, was not a bad decision.

Dahm Rose looked over at the old woman who stood in the middle of the crowd.

"Don't give up. We have been standing behind you from the beginning to the end, Dahm," implied the old woman's gaze.

"Yes... I may have lost everything, but I still remember that I have all of you." The chrysanthemum-like smile appeared on Dahm Rose's face again. Suddenly, he lifted both of his hands up high before balling them into a tight fist, closing his eyes devoutly, and singing along with the melody of the song loudly.

At the far end of the village, on top of a cliff at the border of the large canyon.

A frail old man in nothing but dark grey bits of cloth stood under the setting sun, leaning on a cane topped with a goat's skull and glancing in the direction of the faraway village quietly.

There was a deep scar on the old man's forehead. It seemed as if a sharp blade had sliced through his skin and flesh violently and it had almost cut through his skull.

"Fate has led me here, Dahm Rose. You won't be able to escape any longer..."

The old man's body was stooped over as if a gust of wind was enough to topple him.

However, there were two golden male lions that were currently lying beside his feet. One of the lions was constantly shaking its mane while the fur on its muscular and streamlined body gleamed red in the evening sunlight.

The clothes on the old man's back seemed like numerous pieces of clothes that had been bound together. Compared to a mummy's neat and orderly bandages, the cloth on his body was an awful mess.

"Everything is guided by fate."

He raised his cane slowly and tapped it on the ground lightly.

Clap.

Suddenly, both of the male lions by his feet roared quietly. They stood up from their initial crouching positions and shook their heads as they moved towards the village.

Next, numerous lionesses began to appear in the forest and grasslands behind them. When counted, they were at least ten of them.

A large herd of hyenas soon appeared behind the lion pride. They gathered together and ran towards them quickly while releasing childlike cries. They formed a black mess, and there were as many as a thousand of them.

They swept through the grasslands like a swarm of locusts. From above, they resembled a black cloud that was drifting towards the village.

Then, a troop of red-faced baboons appeared behind them. These powerful creatures that were so ferocious that even leopards were forced to retreat had formed a crowd. They waved their arms in the air while charging over. They ran in front and behind the hyena herd and constantly howled loudly while baring their sharp teeth.

The old man stood on the cliff and looked down at the herd of ferocious beasts that were surging forward beside him.

"Oh fate...!!" he yelled loudly at the top of his voice. "Tear everyone that obstructs your path to shreds!!"

His words were spoken in the local aboriginal language. The syllables made it sound like a song or a hymn.

Clang clang clang clang!!!

The frantic sound of a gong could be heard throughout the village suddenly. The native people rushed into the village while moving their hands dexterously to prop up numerous sharp wooden railings into the ground. These wooden railings that were as thick as arms made people feel much safer.

Fearful expressions appeared on the faces of all the villagers while they looked at the herds of wild beasts that were surging towards them from afar.

Some of them spoke loudly in their native tongue, saying incomprehensible things.

Some held their young children and ran into their own houses while others gripped their long spears, arrows, and other weapons tightly. However, most of them were fixated on the bonfire in the middle.

The strongest and most mysterious Witch Doctor in the Village, Dalier, was seated there.

Dalier had a similar cane that was made of black wood. There were different colored bone necklaces draped on the cane.

"Don't worry. The ancestors have always been by our side," she howled loudly. It was obvious from her appearance that she was an eighty to ninety year old woman. However, her voice was currently as loud and clear as a young person's voice.

When her voice rang out, the hundreds of people in the village went silent as one, as if it was magic. They gathered at the square, on the flat ground in front of the village entrance. The men raised their weapons such as spears, javelins, bows and arrows, machetes, and axes. It was clear that they had all sorts of weapons.

Meanwhile, under the instructions of their leader, the women began to gather wooden railings, stones, and sacks of soil in a circle in front of the sturdy houses on the outskirts of the village. Soon, they had formed a temporary fortress.

Dalier looked towards the far end of the area. She could see that the man who was standing on the faraway cliff was the true culprit of everything.

"The messenger of disasters that resembles a plague. He has returned..."

Caegarfaber. Perhaps too many people had forgotten this name.

This was a name that once caused fear among everybody. He was a figure that made all of the tribes tremble, and he had finally returned.

The history and stories from that time that resembled an epic were memories that Dalier would never be able to forget throughout her whole life.

She had once assumed that Caegarfaber had died.

She had never expected that Dahm Rose had merely lured him away and that he had only left because of that thing.

"The Ancestral Items cannot be tarnished. They are the source of everything we have. They are the source of our bloodline!" Dalier looked towards Dahm Rose who stood among the crowd.

Both of them exchanged glances before nodding at each other determinedly.

Kenna could accurately feel that he had been dragged into an even more complicated situation...

He watched as his old friend and the old woman exchanged amorous glances at each other while an indescribably weird feeling bubbled up inside him.

"The current situation is slightly inappropriate..." he said softly.

"We want to return to our ancestors' arms," said Dahm Rose indifferently.

"What the..." Kenna's expression changed slightly. This time, he could vaguely tell that his old friend was not joking at all. "Are you sure?"

"Is it because of the crystal books that you brought up?" He seemed to have figured something out. "The Arrival Book that all of you respected as your holy ancestral things?"

"Yes. Those books have always been here with me." Dahm Rose hid within the crowd and explained everything to Kenna quietly. Currently, Dalier had begun to boost the morale of the crowd loudly in a strange, incomprehensible native language.

Looks of grief appeared on the faces of the natives unintentionally before their morale was quickly restored by the encouragement.

Strangely enough, the wild beasts that had gathered outside the village would automatically stop when there was a distance of ten meters left between them and the village. They would whine in fear as if there was something terrifying in front of them.

Dahm Rose saw that the wild beasts outside had stopped. "That's true, the goal of the person that is pursuing me is to get the ancestral book, which all of you know as the Arrival Book."

When they saw this miraculous scene, all of the natives rejoiced at once. They yelled loudly and beat their hands against their chests while raising their spears and making terrifying noises. However, most of them were prostrated on the floor and praying to an unknown force loudly.

"Arrival Book, huh... An item with a secret that is even more troublesome than the Stone Clock of Fortune. It caused a lot of chaos previously." Even though he was not from this world, Kenna could vaguely figure out this point. The Arrival Book that possessed mystical powers was the source of these tribes' strength that also possessed an unimaginable strength.

Chapter 619: Track 1

Woo...

The tires of the convoy grazed against the grass while the engine made a loud noise.

Garen sat slumped against the seat casually while both of his eyes were narrowed slightly as if he was dozing off.

"Levi has been spotted!" said the woman with the ponytail suddenly while she was connected to the satellite. "There's a forty-three-kilometer distance between us."

Baldy glanced at Garen but the latter did not stir at all as if he had not heard anything.

"Pursue him," Baldy commanded on his own. He touched his own eye which had been pierced and blinded. A look of hatred flashed through Baldy's remaining eye.

"But it seems like there are signs of a large gathering of animals in front," said the woman with the ponytail softly.

"Just kill any obstructions that we encounter at once," said Baldy with furrowed eyebrows.

"Alright." The woman with the ponytail understood that if Garen remained silent, Baldy would become the head of the group.

They were a group that consisted of more than two hundred people who were all equipped in military gear with various heavy weapons on hand. Therefore, it was unnecessary for them to be afraid of any animals, as they would be able to get rid of a stampeding elephant herd immediately!

The convoy continued to travel forward.

Although Garen had wrapped his arms around himself was continuing to sleep in the car, none of the nearby elites and core members dared to let their guard down even though he was currently resting.

They were aware of the true measures and willpower that this young golden-haired man possessed. He was nothing like a regular twenty-year-old young man but was more like an extremely determined and terrifying mercenary.

Once in awhile, the gazes of the people in the crowd would wander towards Garen unconsciously.

Both of Garen's arms were wrapped around his chest while he slept in the car.

His initial plan for visiting South Africa was to get rid of his enemies and returning after retrieving the Stone Clock of Fortune. However, he never expected that the Stone Clock of Fortune would be involved in a big secret. Moreover, the person who was holding on to it has left the city long ago as well.

His initial plan that had involved a relaxing vacation had fallen through completely.

He thought that this trip would merely be a simple vacation. However, it had turned into a long and arduous track.

Furthermore, that sly Levi had used various means to lure them in the wrong direction many times. In comparison to him, their tracking expert was basically a rookie. No wonder that guy was able to live so comfortably under such dangerous circumstances.

"Another group's signal has been destroyed," reported the woman with the ponytail quietly.

"F*ck!!" Baldy reached his hand out and was about to hit his fist against the car door furiously before he looked at Garen immediately and put his hand down slowly.

How many times had they been down this road?

Not only had Levi led them to a dead end, he had also continuously hunted down the smaller tracking groups that they had sent out. So far, more than fifteen people had already died by his hands.

"Send out a command and tell them to switch to five people in a group. I don't believe that he will be able to get rid of five people so easily."

"Yes."

A row of soldiers in the convoy began to check their weapons carefully before loading their ammunition.

A heavy oppressive aura slowly dominated, as the convoy now resembled a proper army that was traveling towards the village beside the large canyon at a constant speed.

Roar!!

A lioness lunged over in a frenzy and bit at one of the native people's throats but was immediately stabbed in the abdomen by numerous sharp long spears.

A pool of blood remained on the surrounding weeds, dyeing the grasslands red.

This was only one side of the story. Numerous lions, wild dogs, and baboons lunged towards the native people's village and bit them as if they had gone insane from consuming poison.

Most of them were still afraid of the unknown and chose to stop outside the circle on the outskirts of the village. However, a small herd of beasts had charged into the circle with red eyes, fighting with the natives that were defending.

The village was filled with the blood of the natives and the beasts.

On a clean circular area in the middle of the village, no one dared to enter that area even if they were fighting, regardless whether they were man or beast.

A few people stood in this area while the village Witch Doctor Dalier stood in the middle, raising a cane with a chain of bones up high and muttering incantations.

Kenna stood beside her with Dahm Rose. Both of them stood slightly behind her while neither of them moved as they watched the brutal killings that were happening outside.

Astonished, Kenna realized that the village natives were not as weak and helpless as he had expected. Instead, they seemed to possess incredible strength and speed, as well as bravery. He saw two native women work together to kill a lioness with his own eyes.

Their strength seemed to have transformed overnight while their combat moves became abnormally adept and strong.

Meanwhile, the men would only be ambushed by the beasts when they were worn out. Otherwise, each of them would be able to kill at least ten animals, showing that they were terrifyingly efficient.

Sometimes, Kenna wondered if he had truly encountered God. Did the white people know that the natives were actually so fierce during the slave wars?

His mind was frazzled and did not know what expression to put on.

"Just smile, just keep smiling," interrupted Dahm Rose while he stood beside him.

"Oh shit!" Kenna was shocked. "Could you not suddenly appear like that?"

"It's almost time," said Rose Dahm suddenly in a mysterious tone while glancing at a faraway distance. "Remember the incident at the ruins in Ceylon previously?"

"Of course."

"That old guy was once the owner of the ruins."

"... You're saying that, that old guy... Those ruins were fixed for that old guy?" Kenna reacted immediately after being hit by a great surprise.

"He was the messenger of calamities and disasters; the plague of the earth. Three hundred years ago, the tribal leaders formed once formed an alliance to use the Best Book Page to kill and seal that person. However, they never anticipated that he would resurrect now," said Dahm Rose frankly.

"Shit... Are you telling me a legend? He was killed but later resurrected himself? I'm an ancient scholar! Do you know what a scholar is? I'm a person who is well-versed in science!" Kenna really felt like punching this old man violently. "You kept bragging and saying that you've lived for a hundred years, and now you tell me that this guy has lived for three hundred years and still managed to resurrect himself after dying? Could you stop teasing me?"

"Alright... Old friend, seeing that you've regained your vigor, I am truly relieved now," Dahm Rose shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

"Don't interrupt me!" Kenna's mental state had always been strong, and a little scene like this was not enough to scare him. It was like that time when he was attacked by numerous black flesh-eating insects inside the ruins. He had only been scared to the point where his body was limp but was still in much better shape compared to the other guys who had feces and urine running down their legs.

"Be careful! It's here!"

Dalier stood in front of them and spoke suddenly. "Dahm Rose, help me for a bit."

"Alright." Dahm Rose reached his hands out and started removing Dalier's clothes.

"Shit! Both of you should take a look at your surroundings before you fool around!!" Kenna screamed in horror.

"You're fooling around!!" "F*ck!" Dahm Rose and Dalier cursed at him angrily at the same time.

"You you you...! I thought you couldn't speak English?!!" Kenna pointed at Dalier as if he had just seen a ghost.

"I've seen and experienced more things in my life than you! Boy, watch your mouth!" Dalier patted Kenna's shoulder gently before this fellow behaved immediately. His entire body had stiffened and he remained unmoving.

Only then did he realize that Dahm Rose had not removed her clothes, but has simply used his hands to grab the clothes on Dalier's back instead.

After both of them were interrupted by Kenna, the atmosphere became much lighter immediately and was no longer as heavy as before.

Both of them nodded at each other before exchanging glances.

Dalier opened her mouth and stretched her throat.

"Woo~~~~~"

A black book flew out of Dahm Rose's clothes slowly.

There was no wind but it seemed like an invisible hand was holding on to the book and allowing it to hang gently in the air in front of the two people.

The pages of the book were flipped open slowly, displaying the black words and symbols inside that were leaning towards the left. No one was able to understand the things that were recorded in the book.

"Best... Best Book Page..." A frail elderly voice echoed through the faraway winds.

The grass that grew further away seemed to be pushed aside by an unknown force while the withered grass and shrubs collapsed after being rolled over. It was as if the ground that covered the entire area had been gently combed over and pressed down, similar to someone using a tool to comb over a carpet.

Whoosh...

A strong invisible force surged towards the village and pressed down on them furiously.

The wild beasts let out frightened roars and ran helter-skelter without stopping in their original areas as if a life-threatening force was chasing them from behind. They were completely unable to fend off the natives that were slaughtering them for the time being.

Large herds of wild beasts fled the village in a frenzy, resembling a dark yellow torrent that soon disappeared in the faraway grasslands.

"Woo~~~~..." Dalier continued to howl loudly as if the energy in her lungs was limitless.

But Kenna could see that Dahm Rose was constantly taking deep breaths while his hands remained plastered against Dalier's back as if both of their lungs were linked to each other's.

Roar!!

At that moment, Kenna felt as if his own ears had gone deaf. He felt a large air current explode from the black pages while it remained floating in mid-air.

These air currents formed a strong pressure that was used to face the large pressure that came from the further direction head-on.

All of the surrounding natives were enveloped inside these strong pressures. They crawled on the ground and let go of their weapons before singing praises and praying at the top of their voices with extremely devout expressions.

Bang!!

It was obvious that there were no sounds.

But when both of the pressures collided with each other in an airspace that was less than two meters from the village, Kenna felt as if he had heard a thunderous noise at that moment. However, it was not a real noise, but simply a loud bang that only existed within his consciousness.

He made a conscious effort to cover his ears but could not find a way to block the thunderous noise.

"Be careful!!" Someone pulled him suddenly. Kenna could feel that his body had moved a step towards the left before a large invisible air current gushed past his initial position at a moment when everything was hanging by a single thread.

His shoulder had been grazed slightly and a burning pain could soon be felt there.

He was still unable to see anything in his surroundings as his eyes were blinded by numerous colors that blended with one another and twisted around, as if many different shades had been poured into a bucket and mixed, making it impossible for him to see anything clearly.

A faint noise could be heard in his eyes.

"His consciousness has been shaken. It is a weak consciousness... To have encountered an attack like this head-on... It is truly troublesome..." A stuttering noise could be heard continuously as if Dalier was speaking.

Kenna felt as if he was submerged in extremely deep water. His body movements were slowed down and he was unable to see anything and could barely be able to hear a few things.

He felt as if someone was pulling him back while he was running. He passed through a colorful path before going through a cave that twisted and turned. This went on for an unknown amount of time.

Bang bang!!

Suddenly, two noises that sounded like claps of thunder rang out beside his ears.

Kenna recovered from his stupor before all of his senses returned to normal.

Suddenly, he realized that he was no longer in the previous village. His surroundings were completely dark as if he was inside a cave tunnel.

Dahm Rose was pulling him backward and following behind Dalier closely. All three of them were standing in front of a passageway that led to a cave opening.

Chapter 620: Track 2

Right in front was an empty hall made entirely out of stone. It was pitch black without any light but strangely, everything could be clearly seen. There even was an old man with a crutch standing in the center of the hall, staring quietly at them.

"Where are we?"

"The escape route underneath the village."

"Where're the villagers? Are we going to ignore them?!" Cohen kept asking.

"Us leaving is the biggest protection we can provide them." Rose Dahm replied softly.

"We should be very careful with what's going to come next." Rose Dahm said in a strict tone. "I'm not joking around. We're going to die here if we're not careful."

"I have encountered these situations countless of times." Cohen smiled as if he didn't care at all.

The old man in the living hall in front of them finally reacted. His pitch black eyes started to stare at three of them.

The first one was Dalier. The old man stared at him for a full second before averting his gaze to the next person.

The next person was Rose Dahm, he was stared at for three seconds.

The last one was Cohen, who was glanced at for only a second.

"He's marking..." Dalier whispered. "The death mark... This meant that one of us will be killed by him."

"It's an ancient ritual. According to the beliefs of the ancient witch doctor, they're able to leave a part of their conscience on one's body if they stared at that person long enough. Then those two would be strung together by fate and the witch doctor would be able to track the person within a certain range."

"This also means that he's firm in killing one of us." Rose Dahm smiled wryly. "We're definitely in his killing list."

"Why don't we hand over the book to him? That item is meaningless to us right?" Cohen whispered.

The other two stared at him in anger and it made Cohen shrugged helplessly.

"Alright fine, fine. Quit staring at me, I'm just merely saying it."

"Retreat!" Suddenly, Dalier shouted.

A faint buzzing sound came from the stone hall.

It was like those of swarming bees and Cohen, who had experienced this before, his face turned pale and retreated without hesitation.

Three of them ran crazily inside the tunnel.

Cohen turned his head and looked back and had goosebumps.

Behind them in the tunnel was countless of white worms which had a pair of transparent wings flying after them. He could even see the sharp needle-like mouth which resembled mosquitoes.

These white bugs came in like a flash flood as they went after the trio in the tunnel.

A fork suddenly appeared in front of them and each path led to different directions in the tunnel.

"Here!!" Cohen went into the inner path.

"Be careful!" A hand pulled him back.

There was a giant stone ball that was starting to get loose.

Boom!

The stone ball that was at least four meters tall started to roll towards them through the passage. The old man's face could strangely be seen on the surface of the stone. It was like of an illusion.

"Fuck me!!" Cohen was frightened by it. If he were to run into that path earlier, he would be trapped in between the stone ball and the countless of human eating bugs and would've died by now.

"You guys can't escape." The old man's voice came from afar.

"Go to hell!!" Cohen shouted loudly.

Pew!!

Suddenly a sharp stone flew past him from behind and landed on the stonewall in front as it sparked.

"Bring it on!!" Cohen shouted.

The trio started to dart around left and right as they kept evading the stones shot by the swarm of worms.

The old man behind them kept waving his crutch as stones flew towards them.

"There's more in front!!" Dalier shouted.

The other two looked to the front to see a huge giant stone ball rolling with the diameter of five meters towards them. As it rolled, it seemed to be able to squash everything into mincemeat inside the tunnel. Similarly, the old man's face could be seen on the surface of the ball.

"To the left!!" It wasn't sure if it's Dalier or Rose Dahm was shouting.

Cohen couldn't make out who's who in the situation any longer. He barely made it as he moved to the left as he entered into a narrow space.

Boom boom...

The stone ball rolled past the trio.

"Cohen..."

Suddenly, Cohen heard someone calling out to him and he looked at where the voice came from.

He saw the ceiling of the tunnel broke apart. As the light shone in, a human figure jumped into it.

"Cohen, hand over the Sone Clock of Fortune." This man was a handsome white man with golden short hair. He was muscular and gave off a cold aura.

The trio ignored him as the old man was catching up to them even after the swarm of worms was crushed by the giant stone. He somehow walked out from among the countless worms and evaded the giant stone mysteriously. As he moved his crutch, it started buzzing once more.

"Move forward!! Quickly!!" Dalier shouted.

Rose Dahm followed tightly from behind and Cohen was the last one running at the back.

"Evade!!"

Another giant stone rolled towards them.

Coincidentally, another narrow path by the stonewall appeared and three of them hid in it.

The stone ball went directly towards the golden-haired man. He couldn't evade in time and there was no place for him to run but to welcome the stone ball.

"What a pity..." Cohen prayed for the fellow as he was completely innocent.

At this moment.

Boom!!

A loud explosion could be heard as if it was a volcano eruption.

The giant stone was shattered into millions of pieces in the middle and what came out of it was the golden-haired man.

"Cohen, hand over the Stone Clock of Fortune." Garen slowly walked out from the center. Countless of bugs which were surrounding him mysteriously died off and layers of them were soon accumulated on the ground.

Cohen, who was sprinting forward with all of his might, turned around to look as he heard the explosion. He literally paused as he saw the scenario.

"F*ck me... This guy is even worse...!"

The mysterious old man started shouting as he stomped his crutch.

Five to six stone balls started rolling but were demolished by Garen's fist. Each fist was like a dynamite.

Everyone started to lose their calm when they saw Garen breaking the stone like he was popping a balloon.

"What the f*cking hell!!! Cohen, how did you anger this monster!!!" Rose Dahm finally lost his cool. This was something out of his expectations and wasn't in his control at all.

"I don't know!! I don't even know him!!!" Cohen shouted.

As the both of them fled frantically with Dalier leading the way, the giant stone that had been chasing them was now a tool to block the person after them.

"Cohen!!!" Garen shouted and in an instant, the giant ball was split in half as Garen moved his hand.

"F*ck me! Stop chasing me!!" Cohen cried as he sprinted.

While Garen was chasing them from the back, giant stone balls would occasionally block him from them. Eventually, the mysterious old man was angered by Garen. He started shouting and would summon sharp stones and shoot them towards Garen. This made it more difficult for Garen to chase them.

Garen was angered.

The moment he was slightly less alert, the whole team encountered a swarm of crazy beasts and were almost separated.

The whole team continued moving forward after killing a portion of the beasts via some heavy weapons.

After that, they encountered trembles similar to an earthquake when the village was right before their eyes. The earth suddenly trembled and the whole village was sunk into a deep pit.

He could avoid it in time but not so far the team.

At least half of the Nighthawk team's weapons was disrupted by this deep pit.

Afterwards, Levi secretly betrayed them and he escaped into this tunnel.

Afterwards, the trembled continued and the team which managed to reassemble for a moment were separated again. Raged, Garen went down and killed everyone in sight!!!

After a series of incidents, he was angered as he was here to take revenge and not on a holiday!

It took him great effort to find any movement underground. Coincidentally, he met Cohen's team as he jumped into it.

Since the Stone Clock of Fortune appeared right in front of him, he naturally would try to obtain it.

Hence the current situation.

The trio ran at the front, Garen chasing them in the middle and the old man was at the very back.

Garen was extremely annoyed by the old man but was afraid to lose the trio if he were to deal with the old man. He was really surprised by the turn of unexpected events today.

As long as he found Cohen, Levi shouldn't be far away. He could deal with almost everything if he could obtain the secrets of the Stone Clock of Fortune.

Boom!!

Another stone ball was split in half.

"What the f*ck! Cohen, didn't you say you're being chased because of a normal antique?! How could a normal antique relate to such a monster? Are you f*cking kidding me!!??" Rose Dahm lost his cool and scolded. Since these two were able to become best friends, their characters were almost the same even in the face of danger.

"It wasn't this guy before!!" Cohen still had the energy to reply back even though his face was drenched with sweat and he looked like he could pass out any moment.

"Pass the Stone Clock of Fortune to him!!" Rose Dahm cried out.

"Faster!!" Cohen agreed as well as he quickly took out a small white porcelain item.

He immediately tossed the item behind.

As the small bottle rotated in the air, Garen obtained it without much difficulty.

He glanced at the small bottle and continue pursuing them.

"F*ck! Why is he still here?!"

Rose Dahm felt hopeless.

"How would I know!!?" Cohen was on the verge of collapsing as his stamina was fast depleting and even he himself believed that he would die from the immense exertion.

"What is that floating thing?" Garen squinted as he saw a black book-liked item which seemed important floating in front of them. "Hand over that for me and I will leave you alone."

"F*ck..."

Suddenly the trio felt helpless as they realized that he was looking at the book.

Wasn't it the same from the very beginning?