

Mystical 621

Chapter 621: Track 3

"What should we do now?!" Rose Dahm's original plan had been foiled by Garen, and now he didn't know what to do.

Dalier looked back and didn't say a word. His eyes were clearly filled with complicated intent.

"Continue running and don't panic. I still have another backup plan."

"Alright." Rose Dahm nodded.

Compared to the two who had extraordinary stamina, Cohen was greatly exhausted after these ten minutes of sprinting. He was already on the verge of collapsing; both of his eyes were rolling up despite his legs maintaining a surprising pace.

As one looked closer, one could see a black aura glowing on his legs.

Even so, he was so exhausted that he couldn't even speak but panted all the way.

The tunnel was pitch black and only the Best Book Page was faintly glowing.

The tunnel became more and more narrow until the distance between the stone walls had shrunk from five meters to just a meter.

The stone ball appearing in front became thinner and thinner to the point it should be called a stone wheel instead of a stone ball.

The hefty footsteps from the trio kept reverberating in the tunnel. Seeing Cohen was at his limit, Rose Dahm turned around and patted on his shoulder.

"I can temporarily lend you your energy from the next day. However, you will need to rest for a week to fully recover. Remember that."

Cohen nodded and he suddenly felt very energetic. All the tiredness from before had completely disappeared and what replaced it was invigorating energy.

"This feels great!!" He couldn't help but comment.

"To the right!!" Dalier shouted.

The trio turned to the right and went into a corner which appeared before them. After that, they turned left and went into a pitch black nook.

Boom boom boom...

Three stone wheels rolled past them, filling up the whole passageway.

They could still faintly hear the old man shouting at the very back.

"Fate..."

The trio didn't dare to stop moving as they climbed out from the nook and continued running. After they climbed out of the small nook, it disappeared and reformed into the stone wall, as though the nook had never been there.

"This is very mysterious!" Cohen replied energetically.

"The Best Book Page's power is endless. Dalier used its power to pull us into a space that no one but us could enter to evade the stone wheel." Rose Dahm explained.

"What logic is that?"

Boom!!

A huge explosion could be heard from the back, breaking his sentence.

"Quickly!!!" Dalier shouted "In another hundred meters just jump as far as you can! Ignore whatever is about to happen! Jump! With all your might!"

The trio's speed was extremely fast, just like lightning shooting through the tunnel. In that instant, it was as if their bodies were stretched as the trio became a black line and traveled a hundred meters in an instant.

Pew!!

It was a dead end at the front and there was no path left.

As the trio turned here and there in the passage, Dalier was the first one to jump and climb against the stone wall.

Sizzle!!

A sound could be heard similar to of the noise emitted from a radio or television.

She jumped and as she was about to collide against the stonewall, she entered the stone wall and disappeared just like one would jump into a pool.

Without any hesitation, Rose Dahm too jumped into it as if the stone wall was just an illusion. However, in reality, that was just a mirror instead of a stone wall.

Cohen couldn't even react in time as his legs didn't even listen to his commands and he was propelled into the stone wall.

Ahhhhh!!

He shouted as he disappeared through the stone wall.

In an instant, the golden-haired man arrived the scene and stopped moving.

Garen looked around but he didn't see any trace of them. He moved the tip of his leg here and there and found the trio's footprints.

He then looked at the dead end in front of him.

He then instantly appeared in front of the stone wall and gave it a good punch!!

Boom!!

The tunnel trembled greatly as countless stones and clouds of dust filled the air. As the wind blew and the clouds of dust settled, a web-like crack appeared on the stone wall.

At the center of the crack was a clear hole of unknown depth.

Garen pulled out his hand which had a leather glove on out of the stonewall and exercised his shoulder. His whole right arm was inside the stone wall, right up to his shoulder.

"It's solid?" He muttered skeptically.

He looked at his surroundings.

His gaze was filled with immense power in the dark. It was so terrifying that even the few mice present were so frightened they were petrified.

Boom!!

He punched the stone wall once again.

Boom boom boom boom!!!

Fist after fist.

Explosions could be heard and the tunnel kept trembling.

Garen kept punching the stone wall with both of his fists. His hands were as hard as a drill as he created holes on the stonewall with every punch.

Suddenly, he stopped moving and looked at the back.

Thud, thud, thud.

The sound of a crutch hitting the floor appeared behind of Garen.

The mysterious old man slowly appeared at the corner of the entrance. He had the skull of a mountain goat on the top of the wooden crutch in his hand, and he was staring calmly at Garen.

"Are you... a mortal?"

The old man used a rather strange international English to ask him.

He seemed to be surprised, skeptical and astonished.

Hehe.

Garen smiled as he pulled out his limb from the stone wall. As he turned around, huge pieces of rubble fell out from the stone wall.

"Tell me, where did they go?" Garen stared at the old man like a lion staring at its prey.

"I do not know." The old man shook his head. "Although I don't know where they have gone to, I know they will be back here eventually."

Once again, he analyzed Garen from head to toe.

"Mortal, you have an unbelievable great physique and will. Do you mind telling me how you obtain such strength?"

His body was filled with a mysterious power that couldn't be seen.

"As an exchange, I will teach you my source of strength."

"Oh!" Garen patted the dust on his hand and gave a strange looking smile. This was the first time that he was in contact with a person with strong power. Compared to the Blood Breeds from the past, this old man in front of him was constantly surrounded by a mysterious force field. It looked like some sort of flowing aura yet it looked like lava. This made the person even more mysterious.

Garen wasn't able to determine what it was.

"Isn't your power only usable by women?"

"You seem to know it well. Frankly, regardless if it's the witches or us males, we are able to use the power of our ancestors. The only difference is that the success rate for a female is much higher as males have a lower tendency to attain peace due to their greed for power, affecting the fate of the ancestral

power." The old man explained. "Hence if the women have a strong desire to obtain the ancestral power, they wouldn't be able to contain it."

"Are you sure they'll be back here?" Garen repeated his question once more.

"Of course. This is the leaping point so they won't be able to escape here." The old man nodded.

Garen believed him as the old man's objective was obviously the same as his. He was after the book the trio had. Since the opponent wasn't panicked at all, he must be telling the truth.

"What is that black book page item?"

The old man listened and was slightly stunned.

"Are you chasing after something that you do not know about?" He looked at Garen in disbelief as if he couldn't believe there was such a person in this world.

"Aren't you afraid that item would be harmful towards you?"

"Something is only harmful when it excites more than your body can resist." Garen shrugged. "As long as one is strong enough, then a harmful item can only be a nutrient to a stronger self."

"That would require you to deplete your life force. Even the Blood Breeds wouldn't even dare to grow in such a manner." The old man said.

"That's my issue." Garen smiled. "Now, tell me. What is that black book page?"

Both of them stopped talking as they stared at each other.

After a long while.

The old man finally opened his mouth and this time, his mood was much better.

"That is the Best Book Page. It is said that it contains records and knowledge of an unknown world."

"What effect does it have?"

The old man didn't reply immediately as he stared at Garen.

"Your greed will lead you into the abyss."

"The abyss won't be able to stop me." Garen smiled and his white teeth flashed in the darkness.

"You're too crazy." The old man held his crutch tightly.

"Between you guys and the Blood Breeds, who's stronger?" Garen suddenly asked a very sensitive question.

"Hmpf!" The old man scoffed as his eyes turned black. He held his crutch high and slammed it to the ground.

It looked slow but in that instant, the crutch seemed to touch the ground like an illusion.

Thud!!

Amidst the clear sound.

Garen's body was reacting to it.

Items like black snakes or sharp arrows were shot towards Garen.

Garen gestured his hands into a claw shape and waved around in the air as sharp whistles could be heard with every strike. Multiple white lines could be seen as a vacuum was created.

Within the darkness, his eyes were glowing red as if there was something beaming it out from the inside of his eyes. The red eyes were horrifying to watch.

Boom!

With a deep collision sound, the claw stopped short, less than a meter away from the old man.

"Entanglement!" The old man shouted. There was neither light nor movement.

Within the darkness, only the sound of the crutch hitting the ground could be heard as it reverberated in the tunnel.

It was as if everything was an illusion for there was no light, no abnormality. The old man took a few steps back as he looked calmly at Garen.

He had no additional movement as he stared calmly. Unknown to Garen, this stare had created a strong power.

Chapter 622: Track 4

This invisible energy surrounded Garen instantly.

This energy was extremely strange as it would change based on Garen's strength. The more strength he used, the more powerful it became. It was similar to a glue as it stuck tightly to Garen's body.

With his amazing speed, it was strange for Garen to let the opponent shout within this wide area.

Under normal circumstances, he would have choked the opponent before he could even shout.

However, it seemed that there was something that was creating distance between him and the old man.

This made him recall those unique ones back in the totem world. Those unique ones were usually troublesome as if he didn't have enough power to disrupt or influence the field, then he could only be played within the opponent's palm.

Only when he exerted a force strong enough to disrupt the surrounding, only then could he break out from the effect.

Back in the days, he made use of the strong force exerted from the Totem Light to disrupt the stability of the surrounding so that it would be non-effective against him.

However, he currently did not have such strength.

Garen squinted his eyes as he grasped his right fist firmly. If there's a need, he would immediately go for the kill.

He had yet to truly release all his power in an instant before. However, he had been able to predict his strength based on small amounts of release and it was near towards his peak in the totem world.

Although it was just an instant, it would most likely injure his body and would require some potential points to recover.

If he were to release half of it... It shouldn't be any problem... However, he should use his normal strength to test it first.

Without any hesitation, Garen's right hand was filled with explosive energy as he sprinted towards two o'clock from his relative position.

He combined the energy with the Slaughtering Hand Secret Technique as his fist exploded.

He lunged forth like a swordfish and with a gentle roll, he landed in an empty space a few meters away from the old man.

However, that energy was still glued to him.

His every action, which started from attacking to retreating was about two seconds long. Then, the old man raised up his crutch once again and slammed it down once more.

Garen felt that his speed had reduced tremendously. His eyes flashed red as he increased his Slaughtering Hand to its maximum. Although it didn't make use of his life force, its potency was on the same level as he was at his peak in the Secret Technique world.

He immediately pressed his shoulder muscle with his right hand.

Pewe!

The muscle sunk and a gas leaked out from it as it whistled.

Garen seemed to be in pure pain. It was a natural reaction after hitting an acupuncture point.

After mastering the Slaughtering Hand, he had developed a lot of unique techniques and one of them was this acupuncture point.

He found out about this point from an ancient book. Combined with the characteristic of the Slaughtering Hand with a special activation method, he was able to produce an extraordinary amount of power. In an instant, his physique would increase greatly and be able to release a great amount of life force. Although it wasn't as powerful as the life force produced by the Slaughtering Hand, he was able to merge the life force together and form a single source of power.

As this acupuncture point was able to bring out the most life force after excitation, Garen had named it as the Life's Secret Point.

As he searched through his memory in the Secret Technique World, he was able to find nine of these secret acupuncture points and had left two of them as hidden points. No one was able to use it except him. The remaining seven points were collected together and he had formed it into a set of secret skills.

The potency of this secret technique was terrifying as he would instantly increase the status of the practitioner.

For example, if he were to open a point, he could increase his speed by one fold. By opening two points, he was able to increase it by two folds and three folds if it were three points. This wasn't just simply adding up the strength of the practitioner. What made it different from other secret skills was that it could be superimposed.

It could be superimposed with other secret skills!

This was why it was terrifying!

If one's physique was strong enough, one could activate the Shooting Shadow Secret Skill and Two-Faced Waterbird Fist before activating the Life's Secret Point to achieve a strength that stood at the edge of the body's limit.

Perhaps he had missed the life he once had back on Earth. Since the number of points was seven in total, Garen named this secret skill as the Seven Star Life's Secret Point. It was directly named from the Big Dipper from the ancient days of China.

"First star!" Garen muttered.

Hah!!

He growled as his skin started turning black. His muscle quickly expanded and his height increased from 1.8 meters to at least 2 meters.

It was different from the time when he had Mammoth Secret Technique and was called the King of the Century. He wasn't as big as before but he definitely looked more fit as his black skin shone like metal.

This was the result of activating the first star and the entangled force was immediately suppressed. It didn't disappear but rather its effect did not affect Garen any longer.

As he raised his legs and was about to rush towards the old man.

"Delay!" The crutch hit the floor once more.

The old man shouted and the invisible force surrounding him flew out and disappeared in the air between Garen and him.

Suddenly, Garen could feel an invisible force holding his limbs. He couldn't figure out where the source of the power was from as if it was air that was resisting him. This made him frowned.

As he just got off from the entanglement, he now had to experience an obstruction towards his movement.

However, due to him being two times stronger than before, he didn't feel much of an inconvenience.

The Seven Star Life's Secret Point was a secret skill came about due to the life force created from the Slaughtering Hand. To him, the life force could be accumulated via the Slaughtering Hand. He was distressed over the fact that the life force accumulated from the Slaughtering Hand had to be used all at once, even though it's powerful, instead of using it economically. After some series of thought, Garen had developed the Seven Star Life's Secret Point, which was the most effective way to use the Life Force. It was the most efficient way to convert the life force to actual strength.

However, this sort of secret skill was a life depleter for others and shouldn't be used carelessly, as it would require life force to be able to use it.

To others, life force was their lifespan.

However, as a secret skill that could be superimposed with other techniques, it definitely possessed terrifying strength.

Garen smiled as he twitched his body under this state.

"Polaris Fierce Arts!!"

He expanded once more as he pressed his chest with his finger once more and the air that was pushed away from his body could be clearly seen.

The Polaris Fierce Arts, which was a plain secret method, was completely terrifying under his modification.

One Punch!

Garen threw out a right punch and in an instant, a line of vacuum was formed in the air from the extreme speed and power. His fist was so fast that the air couldn't move in time to fill up the space he'd created, thus creating a vacuum.

"Vacuum slash!!"

Garen's right fist stirred up the air in the underground.

His golden short hair waved about like a lion's mane as the wind blew.

His fist reached the old man instantaneously as he opened up his fist and shaped it into a knife. He then slashed down like his hand was the sharpest knife on the planet.

The sound of the fist in the air changed into a sharp tone.

"Speed enhancement!!" The old man didn't panic at all as he shouted loudly before Garen attacked. At the same time, his body moved slightly to the left and by the time the hand knife reached in front of him, the invisible force had surrounded Garen's hand knife.

In that instant, a strange phenomenon occurred.

Garen's hand suddenly grew much longer as his slashing speed had tremendously increased. On the other hand, his body's speed remained at the same delayed speed.

In that instant, due to the difference of speed between his hand and his body, it had torn his body.

While his hand knife hadn't even touched the old man, Garen could feel that his right hand was about to be torn away from his body.

It was his first time experiencing such a strange phenomenon.

With a mysterious force added to his powerful slash, its strength went overboard as the momentum was too powerful, causing a difference in speed between his hand and body. For a commoner, this would cause an instant injury towards the muscle and worst, he would have torn his hand apart, decapitating it in the process.

However, Garen scoffed.

He stomped hard to put in a new source of energy, increasing his body's speed and reducing the strain on his hand. He had always casually exerted strength on his body. As he had surpassed the realm of the King of the Century, he had total control over his body and wouldn't be affected by external causes!

He instantly regained control of his hand knife.

The duration of them exchanging blows was instant. It was so fast that one wouldn't even have enough time to inhale or blink.

With this exchange at such speed and reaction, both of them had acknowledged one another.

Both knew that they were on the same level.

The hand knife ultimately missed as it cut deep into the stone wall, leaving a deep gash on it.

The old man unknowingly returned back to his original position two meters away from him.

"Mortal..." He gently caressed the mountain goat's skull on his crutch. "I have never seen such a strong mortal..."

Chapter 623: Arrangement 1

Garen pulled out his hand from the wall.

"What are you trying to say?"

He couldn't make out the source of his energy as it seemed to appear out of thin air. This made him slightly wary as the ancestral energy seemed very mysterious. He was deliberating if he should have done his research thoroughly before fighting against them.

"Why don't we work together?" Suddenly, the old man said something which stunned Garen.

Pfft!

Suddenly a wound appeared on his pale, wrinkled right cheek and fresh black blood spewed out from it. It wasn't slow flowing but sprayed instead, as droplets splattered onto the floor.

Then, something strange happened. The blood on the ground moved about as if it was a living worm. It then formed a black line and swiftly climbed back up and into the old man's face through his leg as the wound recovered.

Although Garen wasn't injured and the energy spent using secret skills was negligible to him, this might be a good opportunity to understand the arts of the witch doctor, as the opponent's skills were completely foreign to him.

It wasn't like he'd dismissed approaching Raffaele to understand everything. It was just that Raffaele was too close to his family.

Surprisingly, this world had given him an opportunity to live a peaceful life, and he didn't want to disrupt it just yet. In addition to that, he hadn't been taking the arts of witchcraft seriously and he didn't think that it would be this effective. Hence, he decided to be more alert against it.

"Ally with you? Since we're teaming up, it means we will have a common enemy right?" Garen shrunk and returned to his original shape. His shirt, however, was messed up by this transformation and he now looked like a playboy out for a trip.

"The Blood Breed." The old man's eyes turned black. "Two hundred years ago, they surrounded me and killed me, and my grandchildren placed my torn corpse into a constructing tomb during my funeral. Consequently, I revived by absorbing the energy of the universe and I was awakened by an adventurer just a few decades ago."

"Revive..." Garen's eyes flashed. "Are you saying that you can revive? If so, what's the cost of reviving? I'm not really related to the Blood Breed, else I wouldn't have teamed up with you for such a small matter."

"Unfortunately, Resurrection can only be used by the powerful ones blessed by the ancestor. The path you walk is different from mine so you can't use it." The old man shook his head. "As for the Blood Breed, are you sure you're not related to them?" He suddenly smiled in mockery which made it strange in the tunnel.

"Why are you laughing?" Garen's face turned serious.

"Your body, it's being marked by the Blood Breed's Illusive Trace. Did you not know that?" the old man stopped laughing but he was still smiling.

"An Upper-level Blood Breed had marked you with Illusive Trace. Judging from its level, it's most likely Death Apostle level." The old man smiled. "Simply put, you should have been targeted by a very powerful Blood Breed. They are always out to hunt for the best blood vessel with the strongest physique and will. Unfortunately, you've been targeted by one of the Death Apostles."

Garen's face turned pale.

He recalled the strange dreams he had recently. They were dreams that he had never had before, where his strong will and soul were able to fully control the reaction of his body.

However, that dream was totally out of his imagination.

"They have taken you as the best blood source. The Blood Breeds are able to obtain mysterious power through ingesting blood and even we don't know how they obtain their strength. Every Upper-level Blood Breed and Death Apostle are mysterious and powerful." The old man explained in a simple manner. "However, I am different from other witches as I do know a few things about them. For example, they lure, scare and even control their prey through dreams..."

Garen's pupils shrunk.

"Dream..." He couldn't help himself as the sound of explosions started to reverberate from his muscles and joints as if they were grenades implanted in them. The horrifying explosions kept ringing in series.

"The current me is so weak that I haven't recovered half of my strength and it appears that you've hidden a huge amount of life force. That power seems to be evil in your hands and perhaps this is the reason why they have yet to make a move on you yet. Perhaps he's frightened of you too." The old man explained.

Garen closed his eyes and pondered for a while.

He then opened his eyes.

"Looks like I do have the need to understand the world of the Blood Breeds..."

The old man in front of him smiled with joy.

"You've made a wise decision."

Boom!!

Suddenly an explosion could be heard.

A shapeless void appeared behind them as if a whirlpool had occurred in mid-air and there were a few black dots floating inside it.

The black dots became larger and larger.

Thud!

A black pile of items was pushed out from the whirlpool and landed on the floor.

This pile of black stuff was actually three people clinging to one another.

Dalier, Rose Dahm, and Cohen were hugging each other as their eyes were glazed and white fluids were dripping out from their mouths.

What's strange was that a faint black light was coming off from their bodies.

"Where's the book page?" The old man walked forward as he asked. "Tell me, where is the book page?"

Three of them looked dazed as if they didn't understand what he was trying to say. The black light coming off from their bodies were preventing the old man from approaching them closer.

Garen crossed his hand as he walked to the back to observe the situation.

Since he found out that he had been marked by the Blood Breeds, what was on his mind right now was to find a way to find out which Blood Breed had marked him instead of the Book Page.

The nature of this power was completely unknown to him. The main issue was that he didn't even know how the Blood Breed had marked him.

Buzz!!

Suddenly an electrical buzzing sound could be heard.

The old man withdrew his right hand which was about two meters away from the bodies. A wisp of black smoke was curling from the tip of his bony finger.

"What's the current situation?" Garen frowned as he couldn't understand what he was trying to do.

"They have left." The old man frowned as well. "They made use of the nature of the power to leave this place."

Garen was confused as he looked at the trio who were hugging each other. "Aren't they still here?" He looked at the empty gaze in their eyes as he pondered. "Are you saying that their consciousnesses have left their bodies?"

"Precisely." The old man nodded. "They're relying on this method to escape from my search."

"What's the point? Their body is being held hostage by us and they have to return to their bodies sooner or later." Garen asked calmly.

"That's not the case." The old man shook his head. "They can instantly pull their bodies away from here from afar. Furthermore, if they wish, they are able to build a new body if they wish to do so."

"What's the rationale behind this?" Garen didn't understand the logic behind the witch doctor or witch's power at all.

The old man glanced at him. "On our path, you're not even considered as a disciple so it's understandable that you don't get it." He looked back and continued staring at the three bodies lying on the ground. "If you wish, I am willing to pass down some knowledge to you as a partner. Do you wish to know more?"

"You're willing to give me knowledge?" Garen thought that these kinds of mysterious and powerful information weren't simply passed around. It shouldn't be simply revealed without any terrible ordeal. How could this guy simply pass down his knowledge?

"It's fine." The old man smiled. "We obtain this knowledge through dangerous means, which is searching endlessly in the universe. Even if one knows how to execute the procedure, one's body must be willing to cooperate and believe in it. Hence, it would be meaningless if one were to just know about it as the main foundation is to control your will."

"Your statement sounds very dubious to me," Garen whispered. "Fine. I hope to learn from you from now on. Perhaps this old knowledge would be useful to me."

The old man laughed at him. "My name is AG so you can call me that. We still have a lot of opportunities in the future so we should deal with these fellows who stole the book page."

Both of them stopped arguing after that. Garen took out his walkie-talkie and looked at the signal. He didn't care much about the old man's actions and started to contact his underlings.

"Angie, where's Baldy?"

"Boss is stuck in a deep drain nearby and is trying to pull the car out." A female voice came from the walkie-talkie.

"Are you with Cadytius?"

"Yeah."

"Bring your men to my place. Be careful as the ground will collapse at any given moment. Remember to bring in the heavy artillery and surveillance system."

"Understood."

The walkie-talkie was then switched off. This woman, Angie, and Cadytius were the best among the Nighthawks. They were elites who had practiced the Shooting Shadow Secret Skill. With their strength and the surveillance system, they could surveil a circular area of up to a few kilometers in detail.

The mysterious old man AG walked towards the trio, sat on his knees and placed his crutch on his knees. He then placed his hands together and started to tremble as if he went crazy.

Garen didn't know what he was preparing to pull but he could feel an invisible force emitting out from his body as it gathered on the trio.

"I'm going to leave so that I can track them. I hope you can stay here and take care of my body." The old man AG turned around and told Garen.

"No problem." Garen nodded.

As Garen finished speaking, the old man's gaze lost its colors and immediately turned dim, just like a faded gemstone.

Garen frowned as he circled these four people. Nothing strange happened near them as everything became peaceful once more.

Every second passed quietly as Garen sat waiting. The immense aura given off from his body, even though it wasn't a real aura, was strong enough to ensure the worms in the old tree didn't get near to him.

After a while.

"Ah!!"

A sharp scream was heard.

Cohen and the other two jumped out quickly and the first thing crossed their mind was to run towards the stone wall.

Garen reacted and with a stomp at his feet.

Boom! He shot out and grabbed Dalier by his neck and pushed against the wall.

Boom!

After a huge booming sound, Dalier vomited white fluid and fainted.

Rose Dahm and Cohen were scared as they shivered. They stood still as they stared at Garen and they didn't even dare to make any sudden movement.

Their faces were so pale that it seemed like they had no blood at all, as though they'd lived through their worst nightmares.

Then, the old man AG slowly woke up.

He took up his crutch, coughed loudly and stood up.

"Hand over the book page. That's mine!" He said calmly as he stared at the two with his black eyes.

Seeing Garen and the old man standing together without any intention of fighting, they were even more horrified.

"What do you want? The book page has been hidden by us at a place no one will ever find."

Rose Dahm shouted loudly.

"You people stole it away from my underground palace. Then you people claim that it is your item that you inherited from your ancestor! You people are mindless thieves!" AG said fiercely. "Fate has guided me to you. Hand it over to me and I'll consider letting you guys live."

Chapter 624: Arrangement 2

Garen who was at the side started to become impatient. "Cohen, What's the secret of the Stone Clock of Fortune? Furthermore, where is Levi? Tell me."

Cohen shook his head.

"I don't know. Levi should be tailing me but with all the fuss, I don't know if he's still around. Everything that had happened here must have been out of his imagination. The Secret of the Stone Clock of Fortune? Frankly, there's no such treasure." He smiled wryly. "We made that out to trick you guys. The so-called treasure was the fear of unable to steer your attention with the Stone Clock of Fortune. So we made up some lies so that everyone would be in the dark."

At the other side, the old man had planted his crutch on Rose Dahm's chest as they whispered swiftly between them. It seemed like an ancient language as none of them could understand what they were talking about.

As both of them were being interrogated by Garen and the old man, Garen took out a white porcelain bottle which resembled the Stone Clock of Fortune as he listened to Cohen's explanation.

The small bottle was similar to the eastern white jade porcelain bottle. It had a thin neck and was only the size of a palm. One could hear something ringing inside as one shook the bottle.

"Is this the Stone Clock of Fortune?" Garen frowned.

He could feel that this small bottle's surface was covered with a thin layer of cool qi. It was the qi of the potential points.

He tried to absorb it but the layer of qi was glued onto the surface of the bottle and wouldn't budge at all.

"Yes. Legend says that there's a mysterious story hidden inside the bottle. However, it looks like an antique to me." Cohen was helpless. "Believe me. We are not responsible for what happened to the Nighthawks. It was all Levi's doing. That guy is manipulative and worked with everyone to ambush the Nighthawks..."

"I know that already, which is why you're still alive." Garen butted in. "Next I would need you to lure Levi out for me. That fucker had killed quite a number of my patrols..." His eyes were filled with rage.

Cohen couldn't help but emit cold sweat. "What do you want me to do?"

"Simple. Bait him out." Garen smirked as he reached out his right hand and tapped even to eight locations on his body.

Tap tap tap tap!!

A series of clear taps could be heard and Cohen started to scream as if he was being slaughtered.

Instantly, at least ten bones in his bodies were broken as he flopped down onto the floor. His head and neck were covered in tiny droplets of sweat.

"No... Stop... I have a better idea to lure him out..." He begged.

"But I believe this is the best idea, no?" Garen smiled gently but it was a horrifying one in the eyes of Cohen.

He picked up his leg and kicked him without any mercy.

Boom!!

Cohen was hit by the waist. He flew and tumbled about and crashed into the stone wall by the side. Coincidentally, his leg was smashed into a sharp corner of the stone wall.

Ouch!!

He still had the energy to scream.

"Oh my god! Oh my god..."

Garen walked towards him and picked him up.

"I'm going to create a scenario where you're severely injured and was left alone in an empty wide field which was the most obvious to be spotted. To go against an enemy that could be dealt with from a shot from afar, I believe Levi would most likely make his move."

He picked up Cohen's head which was in immense pain.

"He will be dead the moment he makes his move."

The Nighthawks was his first trial and his first step in building a certain deterrence to let other forces know that he was unstoppable.

Buzz buzz..

The walkie-talkie suddenly rang.

Garen took it out and a girl's voice came out from it.

"Captain, boss Baldy has found and obtained five Stone Clocks of Fortune. However, we have lost a few people, do you need us to go to your location immediately?"

"Oh?" Garen's eyes flashed. "Another five Stone Clocks of Fortune?"

"That's... right. Excluding the Stone Clock of Fortune that has been broken, there.. Should be six more..." Cohen replied with agony.

"Bring him here, send him my location."

"Yes." An engine could be heard from the walkie-talkie.

Garen pulled Cohen back to where he was kicked as their tussle had resulted in them leaving the dead end.

As Garen arrived at the dead end, AG was conversing with Rose Dahm calmly in front of the big hole Garen had created with his bare hands. What's strange was that Rose Dahm seemed to be in agony as tears were flowing out from AG's eyes. AG was shivering as if he recalled something very sad.

"I didn't know... never thought of..." AG looked contradictorily sad as he looked at Rose Dahm with a strange gaze. There were love, sadness, and pain in his gaze.

"Love? What is with this development?" Garen frowned as he muttered while pulling Cohen to a corner, waiting quietly.

"I... I have some information..." Cohen whispered slowly.

"Garen looked at him, reached out his hand and tapped onto his neck to temporarily seal Cohen's sense towards pain.

"Let's hear it?"

His expression immediately changed as he stopped feeling pain instantaneously. Disbelief with what he just experienced, he tried to move his hands and leg but to no avail, as if his limbs did not belong to him. He couldn't do anything once he realized what happened.

"Rose Dahm is the descendant of AG..."

"?" Garen didn't even know how to react to it. They're trying to kill each other just a moment ago and now they're families?"

"Rose Dahm and his siblings believe that the Best Book Page has corrupted AG. Hence the reason why they had stolen the book. He was trying to use the sealed knowledge inside purely as a tool. However, AG couldn't comprehend it as he views the book page as his strongest source of energy. He risked his life to obtain it and it was his most precious treasure." Cohen spewed everything out.

"I don't care if you're his cousin. I have seen the killing intent in AG's gaze." Garen butted in.

"No way...?" Cohen's eye widened.

Garen quietened down for a moment as he attempted to sense the number of potential points inside the Stone Clock of Fortune. He estimated that a bottle had about five points, which was more than he expected. Based on this calculation, if every bottle was similar to each other, then he should have twenty-five more points with the other five bottles. It was more than he had anticipated.

He pondered for a moment and shouted towards AG.

"AG, how do I contact you in the future?"

AG turned around and looked at Garen and Cohen, who was in his grasp, strangely.

"Of course through the telephone? My phone number is 8224-657930****." While he didn't say out the last four digit, the voice was directly transferred into Garen's ears.

Garen memorized it instantaneously and nodded towards AG.

Although it seemed weird that an ancient old witch was able to use a satellite phone, everything seemed possible for this guy.

Garen felt that the witches and witch doctor he encountered during this expedition were weird as their relationships were a mess.

With Cohen in his hand, he stopped pursuing the Best Book Page as the most important he should obtain right now was the foundation of energy AG possessed and the Page was not something that might not benefit him at all.

Furthermore, He had the Stone Clock of Fortune and Cohen as a bait. Garen planned to deal with the hidden Levi immediately.

That guy wasn't willing to meet him in person and had been killing his patrols from afar.

The elite members went out to try and search for him but to no avail. His hiding ability was out of this world.

As he revealed his location via the walkie-talkie, Garen brought Cohen to the left side of the tunnel.

It was pitch black. He placed down the walkie-talkie and punched upward.

Boom!!

Huge chunks of stones and rubbles were ejected outwards as a beam of light shone down.

A huge hole spanning a meter wide appeared before them.

A few huge stones fall down but Garen casually pushed them away as the stones were pushed into the stonewalls like canons.

Cohen gulped as he saw in horror. He was afraid that the stone would crash into him if Garen were to be careless. It was a force that would instantly kill him!

Without saying any word, Garen carried Cohen and jumped out of the hole swiftly. He then landed on the right side of the hole.

It was a very spacious field with wilted yellow and green leaves rustling as the wind blew. A few brown antelopes which were frightened by their appearance were running away.

The sky was incredibly blue and the sun rays were red hot.

The giant sun on the horizon far away looked like a huge orange balloon.

Garen was carrying Cohen across the greenish yellow field as he moved in a certain direction at great speed.

Soon, the sound of a car engine could be heard up front and a huge group of cars appeared before them.

Garen threw Cohen on the ground as he welcomed the team.

"Captain!" Baldy was wrapped like a mummy. He was the first one to get down from the car as he carried a black package.

"I didn't disappoint you!" Baldy said as he stood in front of Garen with his back straight. Although his some part of his white bandages were seeping with blood, he didn't mind at the very least.

Garen took the package in his hand and looked inside. There were five identical white porcelain bottles.

He patted Baldy's shoulder as he nodded with a smile.

"Not bad."

"Captain, Jay has found Levi's trace and he was pursuing him alone. Perhaps they are even fighting against each other as of this moment." A black haired ponytail woman walked towards him and said softly.

"Let's head over there together." Garen's eye turned dim as he recalled Levi. "Looks like it's time we capture this mouse..."

He turned his head and looked at Cohen.

"Bring that man along. Levi hates this person the most. Perhaps he can save me some trouble."

"Yes."

Two soldiers went over and picked up the strengthless Cohen.

"Be careful. I broke some of his bones and will die from hemorrhaging if not careful." Garen smiled as he ordered.

With the five small bottles in his hands, he felt a lot better.

The next thing he should do was to absorb six of these Stone Clock of Fortunes. He didn't expect that his subordinates would be so useful. Although he didn't know how Baldy obtained five of these Stone Clocks of Fortune, he could see that he had put in a lot of effort from his wounds.

As he cleared the issues here swiftly, he decided to enter the strength of that world for real.

Chapter 625: Arrangement 3

On the yellow-green grass.

Tap-tap-tap...

The deep sound of gunshots continued on and on, rising and falling, once this side fell silent, the other side would ring out again.

The grass was battered up by the storm of interweaving bullets, some places had even lit up in flames, emitting black smoke.

"Split up and attack, try to keep them occupied."

A deep and powerful voice came from behind the soldiers manning the guns.

"Yes."

The gunshots stopped, and the soldiers split up into groups of five, scattering into several small teams and spanning out in all directions.

The commander had short white hair, and wore a slim-fitting black coat, his expression was cold, his eyes hidden under his slightly-black triangular sunglasses.

He had a strong body and a cold, calm aura, as though he was an icy-cold stone pillar standing on the spot, unbreakable, unmovable.

He was Garen's most trusted helper other than Baldy, Jay Bencott.

This young man looked mature, but in truth he was not even twenty years old, and his true age was probably even younger than Garen. He was a child soldier since young, and his malnutrition made his hair turn white, the effects were irreversible no matter how well he lived as an adult.

After Garen had taught him the Shooting Shadow Secret Skill, he began to idolize Garen desperately, undergoing a series of tests, and truly becoming Garen's trusted helper, joining the Nighthawks.

"He has no bullets, no food, and he does not dare to light a fire, or else the smoke will reveal his tracks." A bespectacled female officer beside Jay said softly.

"I exchanged a shot with him, but sadly for him I'm wearing a bulletproof vest, while he isn't. There was the smell of blood, he can't get too far." Jay nodded.

As he spoke, he opened the inner flap of his coat, and took out a bunch of small components from inside with a familiar hand, and then he rapidly constructed the components, quickly building a white handgun with a scope in his hand.

Activating the handgun, Jay's hand gave a jolt.

Bam!!

A shot abruptly exploded into an empty space in the grass to their right. An earth-yellow figure leaped out of there all of a sudden, and took off in a run.

Jay did not have any time to say anything else, and chased after him.

The gun in his hand kept shooting as he ran.

Bang bang bang!

Each bullet hit the ground beneath the person's feet accurately, but every shot missed by a hair, the second before he could steady his aim, that person could defy the laws of momentum and abruptly bounce away, without any sense of rhythm whatsoever.

"Reflexive dodging?" Jay smiled coldly. Abruptly he pulled out another white handgun from his waist.

Instantly, there was twice the number of bullets.

Bam!!

A ball of fire exploded in front of the person, it was a hand grenade!

Some of the soldiers had roughly predicted which direction they would go, and tossed a hand grenade there.

Both of them paused for a second as a result of the jolt from the explosion, then they rolled towards the left at almost exactly the same time.

There was the rattle of several more shots underneath that person, sending up a spray of yellow dirt.

And the place Jay had been standing at erupted abruptly, there was actually a landmine hidden there.

The gunshots stopped, the smog of grass and dirt temporarily blocking off visibility of this place. The soldiers in the distance stopped firing as they were afraid of hitting Jay by accident, they had tried this manner of sweeping shot many times before, it wasted a lot of bullets and was never effective.

The two of them hid in the smoke and grass, both hidden from the other.

Jay held his left arm, it was completely charred black, the blast had clipped his arm. He held a gun with one hand, a slight sheen of sweat on his forehead.

Lightly, he hooked up a small stone with his foot, and applied some strength to it.

The stone flew up instantly, landing in the grass about a meter away.

Smack.

The sound was extremely small, almost lost in the sound of the wind.

Bang!

Jay abruptly moved to the right, a cloud of yellow dirt exploded exactly where he had been, it was the splash from the impact of bullets.

"They can estimate my location just by the backtracking from the sound and direction of the stone's landing?"

A hint of battle-thirst appeared in his eyes.

"It's been a long time since I've encountered such powerful opponent..."

His handgun shook, and nodded three times.

Bang bang bang!

In the grass that had been shot at just now, neither of the other two places that he had guessed had any traces of movement, which evidently meant he had not caught his opponent's tail.

Jay fired off a shot and decisively changed location, there was a red cross appearing lightly in his right eye, it seemed to be a bulging cross-shaped vein, but it also looked like a blurred mark.

This cross-shaped mark just happened to be in the middle of his pupil.

This was the Shooting Shadow Secret Skill, after activating the Shooting Shadow, his senses, agility, and reflexes were so much higher than normal. Even the tiniest of movements around him could not evade him.

But he had a feeling that his opponent was not that much weaker than him, even after activating the secret skill, he still could not accurately gauge his opponent's movements.

Somersaulting and standing up abruptly, he instantly fired off a series of shots.

Bang bang bang bang bang bang!!

The gunshots did not stop, and there was a grunt hidden among them.

"Got you!" The corners of Jay's lips curved. He retreated backward rapidly, the red cross in his eyes disappearing instantly.

The large team behind him was ready in formation.

Several mobile cannons were locked and loaded.

In that instant, the cannons spewed out clouds of white smoke, and there were the dull sounds of something hitting the ground.

At almost the same time, on a grassy hill nearby, there was an explosion of bright fire light, and waves of dirt flew high into the air.

"Target identified, exterminate on the spot." Jay lay down low, hidden, and gave orders directly into the communicative earpiece of his Hawkeye sunglasses.

"Understood."

"Pay attention, I shot him, activate the tracking chip in the bullet right now, he can't escape." Jay told them.

"We're already identifying the signals, please leave it to us."

"Jay, how's the situation?" The voice in the earpiece changed suddenly, becoming Garen's low and calm voice.

"I got Levi with my tracking bullet, he can't escape." The corners of Jay's lips curved, and he replied softly. "Please leave it to us, our people are already identifying the signals, coupled with the satellite surveillance, he..."

"Watch out!!" A soldier knocked him away abruptly.

There was a loud and piercing wail, then barroom!

In the scarlet firelight, that soldier and Jay were both sent flying.

"It's a helicopter! An armed helicopter! Careful!!" Only then was there a yell in his earpiece.

Jay's head was spinning, as he crawled up from the ground.

He could just see three black helicopters appear out of nowhere in the sky nearby, he had no idea how long they had been there, each helicopter was three times as large as regular helicopters, covered from tip to tail in cannons, just like a honeycomb. There were also two mid-air machine guns attached to each side of the helicopters. Through the glass, they could see that the people inside the helicopters were controlling the guns to aim their way.

They were all wearing white uniforms, which probably meant they came from one organization.

"Take cover! Take cover!!" A loud voice yelled.

"Where are the Firethorns!? Destroy them!" Jay yanked the Hawkeye and roared.

Whoosh whoosh!

Two missiles flew towards the two helicopters, leaving a trail of smoke behind them.

One was hit by a bullet, exploding in mid-air, and the other accurately hit one of the helicopters.

Boom!!

A cloud of red flames erupted in mid-air, the middle of the helicopter was shot into a fireball, the whole helicopter tilted down and crashed into the ground, finally bursting with a loud explosion.

"Let me!" Jay ran back into the formation quickly, grabbing an anti-materiel rifle handed to him by a soldier. He fell belly-first onto the ground and propped up the gun, the red cross appearing in his eyes once more.

The rifle's barrel moved slightly, the wind resistance, deflection, distance, any obstacles, all of these factors and statistics flowed past Jay's heart.

He instantly locked down his aim.

Bang!

There was a dull sound from the barrel of the gun.

In the distance, a helicopter exploded on cue. It instantly exploded into a fireball in mid-air, and spun as it crashed down.

Its oil tank had been pierced straight through.

There was one helicopter left.

But by then it was too late, the last helicopter seemed to have been shocked, pouring out all of its missiles at once, six whole missiles whistled through the wind as they shot in all directions, and the machine guns also began to shoot in madly all directions.

The barrage made the soldiers around them unable to look up for some time, some were hit by the shots, their bodies breaking into two.

Faced with this sort of war weapon, unless you had an anti-materiel and powerful weapon, most guns were totally useless against it, you had no choice but to hunker down and take the hits.

"Take cover! Take cover!!"

Just then, a missile abruptly flew at them from another patch of grass, drawing out a straight path and crashing right into the helicopter.

Boom!!

The last helicopter also exploded into a fireball, crashing to the ground.

In the distance, Garen put down the bazooka on his shoulder, he was standing on a camouflage jeep driving toward them at high speed, there was a long motorcade behind him, filled to the brim with many soldiers and mercenaries armed to the teeth.

Baldy stood to Garen's right, and the girl with the ponytail stood at his left, looking like his guards.

The men on the two sides gathered rapidly, and by then there was already thick smoke and wildfires all over the grass. Levi's shadow had disappeared from view a long time ago.

"Boss, I put a tracking bullet in him, he can't get far!" Jay greeted Garen respectfully with a bow.

"Everybody, comb the area for him!" Garen waved his hand, and all the vehicles behind him stopped, the groups of men began to jump off, the gun-toting elites instructing them to search in all directions.

"Give everyone a search order every ten minutes." Garen looked at the girl with the black ponytail, and the latter nodded.

Glancing at the three helicopters that had crashed in the distance.

"Those are all Russian-made heavy duty helicopters, how many did you encounter just now, Baldy?"

"Five, and more than ten elite special forces soldiers, they were troublesome. There were all mine-planting and counter-surveillance experts among them." Garen replied in a low voice.

"Thank you for your trouble." Garen nodded, "Do you know what faction they're with?"

"They're with White Phoenix, the Primary Colors are very unhappy with how we stopped the operation last time, they think we broke the rules they set, so they have designated us Nighthawks as a kill target, I think they were the ones who sent these teams." Baldy introduced them simply, the Primary Colors' White Phoenix used to be his old employers, so naturally he would still be familiar with them now.

"They're with White Phoenix?" Garen's eyes narrowed. "That is a huge thing..."

White Phoenix was one of the Primary Colors' combat branches, they had a very established mercenary hiring system, and they even had some extreme and mysterious power supporting them from behind, their background was too deep to fathom.

"We can give them a little lesson, but it'd be enough to target White Phoenix alone, we shouldn't declare war on them just yet." Garen was wary of the Blood Breed's high-level power. After experiencing part of the witches' high-level power, he maintained a certain sense of threat from this strange and mysterious power system.

This system was completely unlike the knowledge he had studied before. He could barely even detect and defend against them.

Chapter 626: Arrangement 4

Before completely understanding their system, he should not brashly declare war on them. Garen's side was not as large in scale as the Primary Colors, aside from the thousands of elite peak-level mercenaries and assassins, the Primary Colors also had immense military might and scientific power, all of which ordinary people could not defend against. Plus, it was highly likely that they had peak-level unnatural power behind them as well.

Garen did not believe that such a large group would not have a powerful background behind them, if they did not, they probably would have swallowed whole a long time ago.

"What should we do?" Jay was not at all scared of the Primary Colors' formidable power. He always obeyed Garen's orders unhesitatingly.

Baldy and the black-haired girl, on the other hand, looked worried.

"I'll handle this matter..." Garen said calmly. This was the time to let that old guy contribute a little, it could also be a showcase of his power, if he wanted to join forces with him, that bit of power from before was not enough to pass.

Garen did not want to see his teammates killed off first during a real battle, leaving himself outnumbered.

If the other person could not even teach a modern mercenary group a little lesson, then he had to reconsider whether it was worth accepting this person as an ally.

"Found him, Levi!" The ponytailed girl said suddenly.

"Chase him."

Kenna was pulled out soon enough, he sat obediently beside Garen like a little chick, watching him as he called that old fellow.

Beside him, Garen told AG what he wanted, hoping that he could show some of his sincerity and qualifications as a prospective ally.

"No problem, this is a simple matter." AG agreed quite easily. He understood as well, facing an organization without unnatural power was very simple and easy, even Garen could do it without difficulty.

He could sense that Garen had a terrifying aura, evil and powerful. This aura and this power, none of it was released just now.

"We got the Best Book Page, do you want to see it?" AG continued.

"That's yours now, if you're willing, I do want to borrow it for a look." Naturally Garen replied, he was very interested in the thing that looked very high class.

"The next time we meet, then."

"Okay." Hanging up, Garen accepted the change of gloves that his subordinate offered him, his gloves were basically falling apart from the friction when he was underground, and the skin on his arm was almost revealed. And this was when he actually paid attention to protecting these gloves, if it was someone else who did not have his level of control over his power, these gloves would not even last one punch.

"Levi's appeared." Baldy reminded him in a low voice.

"Oh?" Garen raised his head and looked forward, he actually saw someone raising his hands up straight, standing right in front of the motorcade. Two soldiers walked over to press his arms down, and two pointed at him with their guns, escorting him to the car.

"Pretty gutsy. Does he want to talk to me directly?" Garen smiled slightly, opened the car door and jumped out to greet him, the other elites also follow him out of the car, sticking close behind him.

Levi's expression looked calm, he did not seem scared or panicked in the slightest. He just had his arms pressed behind his back, walking up to them wordlessly.

"Sir, he says he wants to talk directly to you." One of the mercenaries said loudly.

"Release him." Garen waved his hand, "In front of me, he cannot resist."

When the soldiers heard that, they did not hesitate, letting go of Levi's restraints immediately, and walking to the side to form a circle surrounding him. But their gazes were still fixed intently on Levi, full of wariness.

Garen looked this person up and down.

His military uniform was falling apart, but it was still recognizable as the uniform of the Nighthawks' outer circle mercenaries, his face was covered in stubble, his skin coarse, dry and cracked, there was a cut on his lip, and a white bandage wrapped around his left arm.

Most uniquely, the large majority of his face was covered by his hair and beard, his body filthy, so he looked just like a savage.

But the aura he was giving off was smart and decisive.

"What do you want to say?" Garen looked at this person with interest. "You killed more than ten of my men, do you think I'll spare you?"

"Those were just normal outer circle soldiers, you can recruit any number of them whenever you want, and they have no sense of loyalty to speak off." Levi's voice was very magnetic, just like television hosts, giving off a gentle and soft sense of comfort, while being calm and collected.

"Even so, you collected so many people and so much power to raid my Nighthawk group, causing casualties and deaths, Bady even lost an eye. Don't tell me you don't owe me that much?" Garen said mildly.

"That was just an accident." Levi moved his arms and shoulders, "I was gathering up all the hotshots from all the factions, and suddenly the Nighthawks just rushed in and tried to control all the masterminds, so naturally we'd end up enemies."

"Do you think that explanation would make me spare your life?" Garen smiled slightly.

"Of course not." Levi smiled bitterly, "The truth is, even if you don't kill me, I won't be able to live for long. Just now, I was bitten by an African black-striped, so I probably have about half an hour left to live."

Only then did the smile on Garen's face fade slowly, the African black-striped was a snake unique to this world, its venom was untreatable, a purely destructive venom. Even the most recently invented antivenoms needed to be injected beforehand for them to work, and it would be too late to apply them after one was bitten. The time taken for the antivenom to take effect was not as fast as the time taken for the snake venom to kill him.

"In that case, why are you here?"

"I still have a daughter, she doesn't know that I do such dangerous things, she always thought I was just a regular international tradesman."

"What does that have to do with me?" Garen said nonchalantly.

"I'll tell you a secret, sir, and in exchange I humbly ask that you help me to protect her." Levi hesitated, "I have no choice, I have no friends I trust enough. If I die, she will be swallowed whole by my enemies. And most importantly, she's very pretty, and very young. If she can follow by your side, I believe that at the very least, she'll live."

"What a cruel man." Garen laughed, "I have all the information about you, that daughter of yours is only twelve, and you are willing to hand her to me, someone you don't know anything about. Aren't you worried that she might end up even worse off in my hands?"

"I won't misjudge someone. You do not hide your personality at all, sir, that pride and arrogance is not something a normal person can bluff through. And the truly prideful people will not easily go back on their promises." Levi was indirectly flattering Garen.

"Her mother does not come from a regular family either, but it's just a very normal family business, it has nothing to do with these grey or black areas. They obey the law, and have a good reputation. She doesn't really understand all these things I've been doing, but she never liked them. So she can't protect Aileen."

"Are you so sure that I'd agree?" Garen retorted.

"I'm just making a gamble." Levi shrugged, "That secret has to do with the Black Uniform Organization's biggest secrets. This is also the main reason why I can be so far ahead of the regular elite soldiers."

"Oh? What is it?" Garen was instantly interested. He waved his hand, getting his surrounding subordinates to give them some distance.

"Regarding the Stone Clock of Fortune, the secret about the layer of mysterious power on it..." Levi's voice was as soft as a mosquito's hum, but with Garen's hearing, he could still clearly hear what Levi was saying.

Finally, Garen's heart gave a heavy jolt.

He knew, that the power Levi was talking about, should be the potential power he had always been using.

"How can you use it? That power?" Garen's lips moved slightly, his voice transmitting straight into Levi's ears.

Levi looked at him in surprise, seemingly taken aback by how fast he accepted it. "We have a secret method to absorb this power and keep it within our bodies, it can rapidly regenerate stamina, heal wounds, increase the rate of new cell production, and the more we absorb it, the more we use it, the stronger the human body gets, the stronger our spirit grows. We firmly believe, that this might be the brand new path for humans to reach the next stage of evolution."

He paused, "If you are willing to trade with me, I will give you this secret method, as well as the ancient relics and artifacts that the Black Uniform Organization had collected over the years."

But Garen was currently in utter shock, the way Levi said he used the power was exactly the same effect he had when adding his potential points to the Vitality attribute. But he observed the condition inside Levi's body with his senses for a bit, and found that this power seemed to be helpless against the venom, instead it continuously swam through his body like a living thing.

In the Totem World, he had guessed that the potential value was a form of soul power, and if it really was so.

The soul could be explained as the human consciousness to a certain extent, humans had a consciousness and a subconsciousness, the consciousness dictated their everyday lives. Meanwhile, the subconsciousness was in charge of delegating the human body's resources, gathering and providing energy where the body needed it.

If the potential value was a form of soul power, then it was perfectly capable of strengthening the consciousness and the subconsciousness, increasing the speed of reflexes and nerves, strengthening the immune system and energy regeneration, and other such overall increases to the body's stats.

"There's a side effect, right?" Garen asked suddenly.

Levi nodded, perfectly honest.

"Of course, but it's nothing too serious. The side effects are, after absorbing that power from the ancient relics and artifacts, your body will have a different quality, and most of these qualities will have a detrimental effect on the body to some effect, creating some strange hobbies, habits, or minor illnesses."

Garen could guess, that this should be the biggest difference between them and himself, he had that Ability to filter off the impurities in the potential value, such that he had no side effects at all, while these people could only absorb them roughly, eating up all the good and the bad, so naturally there would be problems.

But he was indeed very interested in the filtering system his own Ability had, this was an opportunity, a chance to explore the roots of his own Ability. Perhaps he could understand how his pulse and nerve pathways worked by examining their secret method.

"The deal is done."

He looked at the man in front of him, and finally agreed.

Chapter 627: Involved 1

A month later...

"If time was a sharp scimitar, then who is the owner behind the scimitar?"

AG half-kneeled in a wide sand dune, the golden sand flowing through his fingers, like fine golden gravel.

"What are you trying to say?"

Garen stood quietly behind him, his arms crossed in front of his chest, wearing sunglasses to shield off the light.

"I'm just thinking about it." AG shook his head, staring at an oasis in the middle of the golden desert, that was the White Phoenix's headquarters here in Africa. It looked deserted here, but they just had to walk several meters forward, and there would be an alarm from the sand dunes ahead all the way to the White Phoenix HQ, telling them that there was an intruder in their ranks.

The hundred or so elite fighters stationed inside would also pour out, and the traps hidden everywhere would instantly shoot everywhere.

"The security here is very tight." Garen said softly. "What do you plan to do? Within less than a minute, the whole base will become a fully-armed porcupine."

AG smiled mysteriously. "Faced with an immobile target like this, we have too many ways to completely finish them off."

"Oh?" Garen frowned, "If we kill them all, the effect might be a bit severe." He did not want to make enemies of the White Phoenix just yet.

"No problem. The White Phoenix is huge in scale, they have more than a couple of enemies." AG said with a laugh.

Garen's eyes narrowed, and he turned around instantly.

A tall woman dressed fully in white had appeared behind him without him noticing.

This woman stood quietly behind the two of them, wearing a set of long, figure-fitting white shirt and trousers, her wavy black hair falling over her shoulders, but she wore a white mask on her face, hiding the half of her face beneath her nose.

"AG, do you really plan to make a move against the Primary Colors?" The woman's voice was exceedingly normal, like a regular salesgirl in a shop, not special in any way.

But Garen and AG did not dare to let their guard down around her.

"Nasira, how long has it been?" AG stood up, "A hundred years, or two? I remember that time when I met you at the councilman's banquet..."

"That was already a long, long time ago." The woman interrupted him. "If it wasn't for the fact that you taught me way back then, I really would want to tear you to pieces right now."

"You are as violent as ever..." AG smiled kindly.

"To lure an eight-year-old little girl into the abyss of physical pleasures, back then you truly were despicable." The woman said icily.

"Don't be so heartless, we lived together for over eighty years, you know." AG said with a gentle smile.

"For eighty years I lived like I was in hell! You useless piece of shit that can only use your fingers!" The woman was getting angrier.

Beside them, Garen was starting to get a headache, AG was considered a decent collaborator, once he decided to make a move, he instantly started arranging things with him, and they came here directly, ready to go.

But his own messed-up personal relationships were the most exasperating. He had all sorts of ridiculous relationships with women, and his emotional life was more than complicated, and now it seemed that he was born sexually inept, he really could be a star in his own romantic soap opera.

Garen did not want to bother with AG's personal life.

"Let's begin as soon as possible, I still want to go back to America for something." He hastened them.

"Who is he?" The woman glanced at Garen, her gaze instantly fixing onto his gloved arms.

"Didn't anyone teach you to have manners when meeting strangers?" Garen exercised his fist, his eyes narrowing.

"Manners? How dare you speak to me in such a tone!" A hint of violence flashed through the woman's eyes, "Anyone who walks with AG, is probably also a piece of trash!"

"You uneducated bastard!"

Boom!

Before the words even finished ringing, a powerful energy erupted from Garen's body, and pressed down hard on the woman's body, almost as though it was a solid thing.

It seemed to be a wave of air, but the sands around them showed no signs of being blown away.

Bam!

Only the woman herself took three loud steps back, her face reddening with blood, before she could steady her footing.

"AG! I want to kill him!!" The woman instantly screamed, as though she was humiliated beyond belief. Her hair began to dance madly like a nest of snakes.

Garen chuckled coldly, and stomped his right foot.

With a bang, many grains of sand shot towards the woman like bullets, as though instantly forming a storm of bullets, falling down from everywhere, unstoppable.

It was as though Garen had stomped up a yellow mist that rushed at the woman.

The woman screamed, and actually dashed forward, her waist twisting like an agile snake. She actually pierced through the veil of sand, rushing straight for Garen.

"That's enough!"

AG's voice instantly jolted towards them, like an unbreakable glass window, blocking between the two of them decisively. It seemed to a trick of the senses, making both of them stop instinctively.

"Nasira, don't be rash. He's just an ally of mine." AG told the woman gently.

"Your body type seems to be somewhat different?" Garen narrowed his eyes and looked at the woman, a hint of contempt on his lips, "No wonder you're so fearless. An absorbent body type, huh? I just need one hand to kill you."

As soon as he spoke, the woman's expression changed slightly.

Her body type was indeed her greatest advantage, it was her greatest guarantee when facing all sorts of unnatural power, but now this man had identified it so easily.

An absorbent body type plus immensely powerful close combat techniques, as well as gunslinging skills, all of these made her fearless even when facing enemies with unnatural power. Add that to her powerful background, and Nasira always thought that the so-called strong witches that she had meant so far were all just exaggerated paper tigers, she just had to poke them with a finger to make them collapse.

But this time, this man...

For the first time ever, she swallowed the words on the tip of her tongue, and said no more.

The three of them fell quiet again.

Despite the ruckus on this side, the White Phoenix did not seem to notice anything at all. Those on patrol kept patrolling, those on duty kept on with their duty, some cars entered and left the base, following the only way in.

There was always at least satellite watching over this place at all times, but somehow no one seemed to have noticed these three people here, even after so long.

AG turned around, looking at the White Phoenix base that took up this whole oasis.

"Their real headquarters are actually underground, it's a lot bigger than this bit on the surface.

"What do you plan to do?" Garen asked quietly, ignoring the crazy woman.

"Underground, we just need to make a few adjustments..." AG chuckled mysteriously.

He opened his hand, there was a cloud of fine golden sand on his palm.

The wind seemed to be getting stronger, blowing in gusts, sending their clothes billowing up and down.

Garen shook the windbreaker he wore, putting his hands into his pockets, quietly sensing the tiniest changes in his surroundings.

He had not used any of the potential value he absorbed from the Stone Clock of Fortune, because he was waiting for AG over here to obtain the new power system, perhaps it might be of use to him.

Right now he was still musing over the secret method he had obtained from Levi, the secret method to absorb potential points.

When he came back to the present, AG in front of him seemed to be silently waiting for something.

After a long time, he suddenly moved.

The palm holding the grains of sand turned slightly, and the sand on his palm began to spill, slipping off, and forming a straight golden line of sand as it fell to the ground.

Strangely, it seemed as though this line of sand would never finish flowing, it kept on tilting and spilling, already forming a tall hill of sand on the ground, but there was still a pinch of sand in AG's palm.

"See, this is the power of the earth..." AG smiled.

All of a sudden.

The line of sand in his hand bulged out, and fell to the ground as though it was wrapped around a lead ball, crashing into the ground.

Bam!

The earth gave a hard jolt.

Wooo~! Wooo~! Wooo~!

There was a piercing siren from the White Phoenix base in the distance, wave after wave.

The people inside were confused, as the alarm kept echoing, the guards everywhere who were already wary began to receive reports, and instantly their expressions changed, as they all ran into the base.

AG was still smiling, and a clear spherical object flowed out of the line of sand in his hand once more, crashing hard onto the pile of sand underneath.

Bamm!!

The ground jolted yet again, and it was as though something had shattered and collapsed, there was a deep rumbling under their feet.

"Just a tiny bit of power, can trigger an unbelievably vast strength." AG said softly, looking at Garen and the woman.

Clap clap clap clap...

Garen smiled, and began to applaud.

"What a fascinating use of chain reactions, so you were counting the nodes this whole time, and you used them to trigger the chain reactions."

"Of course. This is also a method to use our power." AG nodded with a smile.

"Hmph." The woman in white harrumphed coldly, not surprised in the slightest.

"Let's go." The sand in the middle of AG's palm finally ran out.

The three of them did not even look at the White Phoenix base, Garen did not know how the other two interpreted the situation, but he could already smell the faint odor of blood coming from the ground underneath his feet...

His exceptional five senses allowed him to clearly feel that whenever the sand in AG's hand crashed down in a clump, a large chunk of the White Phoenix's underground base would collapse. This was an extremely intricate mysterious power, it was as though he was playing with dominos, one after the other, each force exponentially magnified, and applied directly to the essential points of the massive underground base.

Garen knew that this was AG showing off how powerful he was.

This user of ancient power that seemed like an ancient undead monster in the eyes of others, he had a strength that could be used almost anywhere. He was that living legend.

The three of them turned back, walking to a jeep parked nearby behind them, then they all got onto the jeep and took their seats.

Strangely, the jeep did not seem bothered about sand getting into it, it took a turn, and rapidly left into the distance, the tire tracks rapidly covered by the sandstorm.

The White Phoenix behind them rumbled loudly.

Everything on the ground that had been part of the base, crashed down hard, sinking deep into the sand.

A huge black hole appeared where the base had been, and the vast amounts of yellow sand around it flowed into it endlessly, slowly burying the houses and buildings, the vehicles and the people.

Chapter 628: Involved 2

After returning from the White Phoenix base, and separating from AG and Nasira, Garen returned straight to where the Nighthawks were based, a privately-owned estate in the wilderness.

It was several tens of kilometers away from the city, there was the Nighthawks' surveillance equipment installed everywhere, and there were guards on duty twenty-four hours a day, so it was definitely safe.

In a wide room, Garen swept everything out, leaving a completely empty room, with nothing save the floorboards and the walls.

It was about a dozen meters long and wide, and felt especially vast.

That night, there were the faint sounds of the mercenaries telling tall tales or playing cards, while others snored loudly as they slept.

There also seemed to be the sounds of engines blaring, other than the large-scale missions, the Nighthawks also accepted small missions here and there, like a bodyguard escort service, going along for negotiations and so on. These missions were safe and easy, when normal people saw their troop appear, and laid eyes on that logo, they would all choose not to make enemies of the Nighthawks. Even if the situation in South Africa was complicated right now, some small countries and governments toppling overnight, power struggles all over the place and all the time, military revolts a dime a dozen.

But when anyone saw the logo of the Nighthawks, they still would not choose to declare war on them. The reputation of the number one mercenary army in South Africa was still very influential, this name was built on thousands or even tens of thousands of corpses, it did not come from nowhere.

As soon as Garen made a move, he wiped out the Black Knife's main leaders, and then chased Levi over thousands of miles, capturing Kenna, destroying the White Phoenix's support and maintenance teams.

This series of victories had instantly shaken the mercenary scene in the whole of Africa, some people were already calling him the Nighthawk King behind his back, because not long after the White Phoenix fell prey to his hand, before the teams there could even gather and react, the White Phoenix's base somehow met with an earthquake, the whole underground collapsing, with a large number of casualties and deaths.

Some people guessed that this was no coincidence, and could very well be man-made. But no one believed them.

The final result was that the White Phoenix had no time to bother with Garen's matter anymore, now that the branch had encountered such a problem, incurring heavy losses, the main question was how would they report it to the Primary Colors HQ.

One week after returning, Garen's life had returned the same old routine, waking up in the morning for his morning exercises, reading books in the noon, listening to some music, contacting his parents and friends, and going out in the afternoon, buying souvenirs everywhere like a normal tourist, eating good food. At night, he would study that secret method he had just gotten his hands on.

As for the Stone Clock of Fortune, after Garen absorbed all of the mysterious power on it, he just tossed it to the Nighthawks, giving it to their long-time auction partner for auctioning off some day.

Not just that, Garen even sent Jay to receive the Black Uniform Organization's property that Levi had left to him.

Although the whole Black Uniform Organization had been utterly destroyed by the Nighthawks, their most important property, fortunes, and connections were all stored under cipher in international banks, and they required him to send someone there to retrieve them. All of this needed time.

Garen was still waiting for the relics and antiques that the Black Uniform Organization had collected over the years, with the information collected by such an organization over the years, he might be able to find the true process and principles behind these relics producing potential value.

"By the time the White Phoenix realize that AG was the root of the problem, they'd probably grow wary as well. However... AG's so-called small lesson was a bit too big, is he trying to force me into his camp?" Garen's hands were tapping in rhythm, his fingers laced lightly and placed in front of him, as though he was holding a heart in his hand, pulsing in time.

His breathing was fast at times, slow at others, sometimes long, and sometimes strangely short.

And as his breathing changed, the beating of the heart in his chest seemed to be the opposite of the beating in his hands, when this side rested the other side beat, and when this side beat, the other side rested. Both together formed a continuous thumping.

As the beating continued endlessly, the cool air in Garen's body began to travel slowly, like a thin ice-cold snake, constantly swimming around his organs, as though swimming through his thoracic cavity.

This was how he absorbed potential value through the secret method, and not by using his own Ability to filter it, this was the most primal potential energy.

He wanted to use this method to experience the difference before and after filtering.

This breath was only a small part of the Stone Clock of Fortune, just a tiny part, and he used it as an experiment, absorbing it using the secret method. As for the rest, he absorbed them directly using his Ability, storing them away as potential points.

Just that was also the result of Garen's own suppression, in that instant when he absorbed it, the Ability immediately took effect, trying to instinctively absorb the potential power, but Garen tried his best to control it.

"It has to be more impure... This power..." Once more feeling the potential value absorbed by the secret method slowly strengthening his organs, Garen closed his eyes slightly, feeling for the tiniest changes.

In one of the attribute panes in his field of vision, the Vitality attribute began to slowly blur and blink, it was evidently changing, but this change was extremely tiny, even the blurring was unusually minute.

"Using this secret method to strengthen myself involves too many impurities, too much is wasted in the process, and the efficiency of using my body's own abilities to purify the power is too low, a lot of energy is lost with the impurities, compared to filtering it with my Ability, it is almost wholly ineffective."

Garen calculated, if the Ability could create ten potential points from twelve units of primal potential power, then to achieve the same result with the secret method would require at least a hundred units.

The difference was massive.

And the Ability produced pure potential points, they could even be added to his skills, just by precisely strengthening the comprehension and understanding components in his brain, this was not something the coarse secret method's strengthening could hope to emulate.

The secret method's strengthening could only strengthen his Vitality, and could not do anything more than that...

"A failed product... This level of guesswork is too low quality." Opening his eyes with some disappointment, Garen heaved a long breath, his breath mixed with an unpleasant odor, the smell of the impurities in his body being expelled.

"My power, when temporarily boosted, might be able to reach level six, but that power will only last for a split second, and when it's over I will be heavily injured as well, requiring potential points to recover, this is far from my peak condition in the totem world. I still need many potential points to recover my body's strength."

He glanced at the thin book on the floor next to him.

Those were the secret notes that AG had given him before leaving, it had some basic knowledge about unnatural power. It had detailed information about the high level Blood Breeds, the Death Apostles especially, describing their powers, levels, methods and the like in great detail.

Flipping through the pages, Garen scanned them with his eyes, and the lines of new words entered his line of vision clearly.

When AG wrote in his book, far away from here, this book in Garen's hands could constantly update its own contents.

It could also be a method of secret communication between the two of them.

'Among the levels of Blood Breeds, the upper level Blood Breeds are already enough to threaten you and me, we need to be wary of them. Death Apostles are far beyond our power, you must not interact with them simply, they are extremely hard to kill, and every Death Apostle has a different yet powerful ability, they can be reborn in the body of any creature that has their blood. According to my conjecture, the one targeting you is very likely a Death Apostle.'

AG's words appeared slowly, line by line.

Garen frowned slightly.

"Just how destructive is a Death Apostle's power?" He took a ballpoint pen out of his pocket, and wrote quickly on the page. Strangely, as soon as he finished writing these words, AG's notes and words continued to appear underneath.

'They're not purely material, they don't have souls, we can't understand this manner of living. But it's exceedingly strange. There are different powers at the Death Apostle level, but what they have in common is that they all have immensely powerful strength, speed, and physicality. The strength physicality you demonstrated before has already achieved the pinnacle of humanity, but compared to them, you are still far beneath them.' AG replied.

"Can you be more specific?" Garen frowned.

Multiply the foundations that you showed back then by several dozens, or even hundreds of times.' AG responded, 'There were Death Apostles who were hit head-on by an experimental laser cannon, and they still managed to walk out completely unscratched. Nobody knows where their limits are, no one has defeated them in the Material World. And no one has been able to kill them in the Material World.'

"The Material World?" Garen pursued the question, "Does that mean we can kill them in some other worlds?" He remembered the inner world in the Totem World.

'They are the manipulators of consciousness, the kings of dreams, their true bodies are hidden in the Dream World, if you want to kill a Death Apostle, you need to find their true bodies on their dreams.'

"Dreams?" Garen instantly remembered that strange dream from that day.

'In dreams, they can easily control the other person's emotions, thoughts, triggering all sorts of negative feelings. All in order to achieve their goal. Sometimes they will also weave perfect dreams, fulfilling all of the dreamer's desires, trapping them within in, if you yourself cannot sense that you are in a dream, then it is highly likely that your innermost secrets will be revealed. You must be careful...' AG ended with an ellipsis, this usually meant he was ending the conversation.

Garen closed the book.

He was beginning to understand the terror of the Blood Breeds in this world. They were basically monsters living within dreams, if they really could not be killed the real world, then this would be his biggest disadvantage.

He was completely unfamiliar with dreams, he had no experience with them whatsoever, and as for whether or not resistance to this power had anything to do with the strength of one's soul, Garen guessed that it would not be very relevant. He could tell just from that strange dream last time. The other party had easily triggered the fear in his heart, that completely inexplicable terror was something he had never experienced before.

All of his power was based in reality, he had completely no resistance against dreams.

"Witches can resist upper level Blood Breeds, that must mean, that the witches must have a similar resistance method." Garen hypothesized, "Looks like I have to learn the witches' power system as soon as possible."

He did not want to become a Blood Breed, much less a cannon fodder vampire, as for an upper level Blood Breeds, all upper level Blood Breeds created their descendants, and could completely overpower their descendants' spirits, so Garen had no intention of giving himself a superior out of nowhere.

He had better get along with the witches and become one of them first.

The unkillable Death Apostles, such a description had raised all of his alarms, if he could not find the opponent's body in their dreams, that meant he could do absolutely nothing to them. This was already nothing to do with destructive power, they simply were not in the same territory.

"Tell me, about your training." Garen wrote on the book pages heavily.

'You are in danger, whenever you enter the dream state of your own volition, you could be discovered and used by the enemy. Now is not yet the time.' AG replied. The words that both of them written began to fade rapidly.

"Then when do I have to wait until?"

'When the Blood Breed descends into chaos.'

Chapter 629: Prologue 1

In the largest city of England, Pruyn.

Between the streams of countless traffic, a group of masked men dressed in black carried their bulging backpacks and rushed into the headquarters of a bank by the street.

"On the ground! On the ground! All of you, on the ground!!" Bang bang!

The gunshots instantly triggered everyone's nerves, the screams rang out immediately, but they were forced down again quickly, a few guards surrounded from the sides, and were just about to raise their guns, when they were instantly taken down with two more gunshots.

This scene triggered some more soft screams.

In the bank, there were still people withdrawing money for their work matters, as well as the staff at the counters, behind the thick bulletproof glass, the staff quickly and calmly rang the police alarm.

Wooo~~

A piercing siren wailed abruptly, and the whole bank's shutters fell down quickly and automatically.

"Get rid of 'em." The leader in the black mask did not panic in the slightest, saying to his partners in a low voice.

One of his partners sniggered, pulled something from his waist, and tossed it at the door.

That black thing instantly began to spin rapidly, emitting a faint red light, this red light somehow stopped the shutters from descending, and they began to go upwards instead.

The black-masked leader walked up to the counter, and faced down the staff inside.

Bam!

His hand instantly shattered the glass, the bulletproof was more than ten centimeters thick, but he still reached straight through it and grabbed the head of the staff member inside.

With a smack, the head exploded into a bloody mist in his hands.

"Aaaahhh!!" A female staff member beside them began screaming loudly, and in that instant, the terror spread.

Even bulletproof glass could not stop that person.

The smile could clearly be seen on the leader's masked face.

"Come on... Come on... Hehehe, Cadytius... What should you do?"

The dozen or so black-masked people behind him began to install something in the bank, in a very disciplined manner.

After about a dozen minutes, the group rushed out of the bank, dashing into a dead-end alley off the street, and then seemed to vanish into thin air, never showing up again.

Barroom!!

With a deafening explosion, the headquarters of Pruyn's largest British Billion Bank became a sea of flames just like that, and the whole bank building began to snap, starting from the first floor, tilting and falling down with a crash.

The bank building, several tens of meters tall, was like a dying giant, its enormous shadow falling down, and crashing heavily onto the streets beneath it.

Boom!

The shattered glass and walls sprayed everywhere, concrete meeting concrete, cars squashed flat, some people could not make it out in time, and were buried underneath the buildings, while others were just grazed, crawling and escaping while covered in blood, there were people around them yelling, others taking out their phones to call the emergency hotline, there were some who hid behind strong walls, and even more who scuttled around everywhere, madly.

"On the 21st July, 2411, at noon, there was an earthshaking terror bomb attack at the crossroads of Lotus Street, in England's largest city, Pruyn. The British Billion Bank's headquarters collapsed due to an explosion, resulting in several dozen dead, and nearly a hundred injured. The incident is still under investigation, according to witness testimony, the terrorists all wore black masks and seemed to be very experienced, they seem to be extremely similar to the masterminds behind the Gatling gun incident last time..."

The news reporter on the television was reporting the latest developments in the case.

In a dim yellow luxurious suite of a hotel somewhere.

A shirtless blonde man with a black dragon tattoo on his arm was watching the news quietly, his golden hair fell over his shoulders, and he wore a white towel, his legs propped up on the coffee table in front of the sofa, his whole person handsome and lazy.

"Looks like they did well." A woman's voice came from the bathroom nearby, gentle and magnetic.

"Looks like it." The blonde man nodded. "It's about time the other side makes a move as well."

"How did you plan it?"

"Wasn't it settled a long time ago?" The blonde man's expression stiffened somewhat. "Even if he is my uncle, once he's chosen a stand, he needs to pay for it."

There was instantly some laughter from the bathroom, the woman seemed to be very satisfied with it.

"This is just a little prologue." The man said softly.

The battle between the light party and the secret party was just beginning.

In the Calm Forest

A secret area that the light party had yet to discover.

This was the most high-tech underground base, black walls, black floors, black ceiling, it was all hard and smooth rock and stone, bright red lines carved onto the surfaces, monotonous and repetitive.

In a conference room in the very heart of the base, there were many men and women dressed in suits, sitting in their high-backed black chairs, they whispered among each other, discussing something in low voices, some had their brows knitted tensely, others were staring at the host, and yet others were listening to their phones, nodding their heads slightly.

The one sitting in the very center and the very front of the long table was a white-haired man in a black-striped suit, he was like an artist, his long white hair tied into a ponytail, his fingers laced and placed on the table in front of him, his expression stern and calm.

The low voices in discussion continued unbidden, but he seemed to be wholly unaware of them.

"A lot of things have happened recently, some of the secret party members have been acting strangely over there in America, and the witches are appearing more often now, I've already taken certain preventive measures." A bespectacled lady on the right spoke.

"The missing persons cases over here in Asia have not been settled yet, in fact, they seem to be escalating over the years, we don't have enough upper-level people, so we hope that the headquarters can send us some special agents to help." A yellow-skinned middle-aged man said deeply.

"Hand in a proposal letter later." The white-haired man nodded, "Don't be too extreme with the American preventive measures, try to be gentler, your priority is to ensure that the regular citizens are not disturbed or frightened."

"Understood."

"The Space Agency needs extra funds, we've had the newest, biggest breakthrough!" A fat white man hammered his fist onto the table and yelled loudly.

"Over the years, when have you not made a breakthrough?" Someone jeered.

"This year is different!" The fatty argued. "Funds! We need funds! As long as we have enough funds, we can immediately carry out our plan to modify the planets! It's a matter of time before we get a second Earth!"

"How many years have you said that? Ten? Twenty? Or a hundred?" The icy lady sitting directly opposite him said contemptuously.

"You!!" The fatty raged.

"When it comes to space exploration, it does take a lot of funds, we can't interfere too much with that, you can try to make deals with the representatives from different governments." The white-haired man shook his head and smiled.

"On England's side... Did they cause that explosion?" The white-haired man looked at the last black-haired man of few words at the table.

"Yes, they were the subordinates of one of the secret party's Three Moros, this was my oversight." The black-haired man lowered his head and apologized.

"The Three Moros..." The white-haired man tapped the table with his fingers, and in that moment, that tapping seemed to have some kind of magic, instantly silencing the whole conference room.

"Leave this matter to me." The black-haired man said in a low voice, "As for Lord Scarlet Moon's side, may I request backup from him if necessary?"

"You may, if he's willing." The white-haired man nodded. "We need to suppress this matter as soon as possible, to prevent creating even more panic."

"Understood."

"The standards of this year's National Educational Selection are a little too high, it might be somewhat harder for us here to..." A new person spoke up, following the order of their seats.

"Regarding the selection test, this year's standards were carefully calculated, we don't need people who can't meet the standards, and it just so happens that we need to be very selective with the

evolutionaries for our neo-humans." The white-haired man raised his hand and gestured for the next one.

"Some of the island countries in the Atlantic Ocean discovered some supernatural phenomena that require investigation, it might trigger a volcano eruption or even a tsunami."

"Didn't we send a special agent over for this last time?"

"Unfortunately, that secret agent is currently missing in action."

"Send Bartons, he's bored with nothing to do right now. Tell him I told him to."

The proposals, suggestions, questions and cases were all raised one by one.

The secret party's bomb incident was actually only a very small part of this.

But no one noticed that the glint of red light flashing through the lidded eyes of the black-haired man who was previously in charge of the secret party's bomb case.

"The secret party has indeed not made any 'drastic' moves... They were just lightly sweeping away some of the bugs in England."

As for Lord Scarlet Moon, as the strongest fighter under the leader of the light party, Scarlet Moon was the number two Dearg Apostle, and should be treated properly...

What if the other two Lord Death Apostles joined forces?

The black-haired man's lips curved slightly.

'There are four Death Apostles in total, it had always been that unchanging number. The light party has two, the secret party has one, and the last one is very mysterious, making it very hard to track this person down, so they're considered neutral.'

Sitting in the plane on the way back, Garen quietly read that yellowed ancient scroll that AG had given him.

He sat in the Economy class, there was a bald geezer sitting next to him, who was in the middle of taking off his glasses to wipe them carefully. The young couple in front of him was laughing softly, and the two young girl behind him seemed to be flying international for the first time, they were chatting about it excitedly.

In such a normal and peaceful environment, Garen felt as though the ancient scroll in his hand was like a script from a fantasy movie, it did not feel real at all.

He seemed to be just a normal American university student, holding an imaginative movie script novel, and reading it carefully, as though the world inside it had absolutely nothing to do with him.

Garen tilted his head to glance at the geezer beside him, that guy gave him a friendly smile. Then he lowered his head, put on his glasses, picked up the airplane's newspapers and began to read in his own time.

Garen returned to his senses, and continued to read the newly updated contents on the scroll.

Every so often, AG would update part of the contents of the scroll.

'My ally told me, that the most mysterious Death Apostle might be making an appearance soon, this will destroy the balance between the light party and the secret party.'

'But the light party has the number one Death Apostle, known as the strongest Death Apostle, Ashen Castine, and the number two Death Apostle, Scarlet Moon, is also there, their advantage won't broken just like that.'

Garen flipped to the next page. Taking a ballpoint pen out of his pocket, he wrote on the pages slowly.

‘What is your ally?’

There was no reply from the other side, perhaps AG had not opened the book yet.

Garen was not particularly bothered, he continued reading the new information below.

‘Your first step is to remember or be aware that you’re dreaming, when you’re dreaming.’ AG seemed to be teaching him the first point of their power system.

‘For most people, the biggest problem is that they can’t tell that they’re dreaming while in their dreams, they will be completely defenseless and prone to spilling their greatest secrets under the influence of their environment. It’s like a place that seems completely quiet and empty, or a room that seems safe and secure, there are too many scams just like that.’

‘And the key for you right now, is with that Death Apostle who marked you, he is watching you at all times, so you must first be aware that you are being watched. He will exist in your dreams, once you enter your dreams, he will notice you. So you must take advantage of the moment when he is dragged into the Blood Breeds’ internal conflict, find the primer he left behind, and destroy it, only then can you escape his surveillance.’

Garen put down the book, deep in thought.

The Blood Breeds in this world were completely different from those in the previous world, these were evidently masters at manipulating wills, they swam the currents between reality and dreams, their lifespans almost endlessly long, they were an extremely strange yet powerful existence.

This power might yet bring him an unexpected reward.

Chapter 630: Prologue 2

On a village path in the English countryside.

On the grassy slope by the road, a pale-faced man was stumbling, his hand gripping his chest, continuously moving forward on the grass.

With every step he took, he would squeeze out yellow and black bullets out from between the fingers gripping his chest, these bullets rained onto the ground, tumbling in the grass, but there was no trace of blood whatsoever.

The wound between the man's fingers was only a red slit, that slit was like a mouth, spitting out bullets every so often.

The hot sun shone down on him, but the man's skin was obviously growing paler, a mark like a red moon could be clearly seen on his brow.

He turned around occasionally to look behind him, as though worried that someone was chasing him.

His lips were dry and cracked, like those of someone who had gone without water for a long time.

Psst-psst-psst!

In an instant, three black shadows appeared around him, forming a triangle and surrounding him.

The three shadows' faces could not be seen, they seemed to three men in black hoods, the light around was them was somewhat blurred.

Without saying anything or making any sound at all, the three shadows appeared and rapidly pounced at the man in the middle, like three bolts of black lightning, but completely silent.

With a similar hiss, the man in the middle seemed to blur, and he instantly disappeared from the spot, with a blink, he appeared several dozens of meters away.

And those three shadows remained where they stood, their bodies tilting, before falling to the ground with several thumps, turning into three mounds of black ash, even their clothes completely turned to ash.

He watched the three men disintegrate on the ground. Then the man coughed a few times.

"You dare to harm Lord Scarlet Moon... All of you... should die! If the Blood Alliance hadn't sealed it off... There must someone from the secret party beside Lord Ashen as well! I must think of a plan..."

The man's figure quickly vanished into the woods.

On the airplane

Garen fell into deep thought.

His Slaughtering Hand secret technique originated from an Ancient Endor Demon King's peak-level secret technique, it had the powerful ability to absorb life force, this ability was very effective even against normal Blood Breeds, he just did not know if it had any effect against Blood Breeds of the Death Apostle level.

Right now, he looked carefully at the current state of his secret techniques.

'Garen Thomas.

'Strength 2.8. Agility 2.7. Vitality 2.9. Intelligence 2.4. Potential 1558%. Soul Limit 30.

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

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

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

One of the Ancient Ender's 42 Demon Kings, Black Sethe had an unspeakable talent for killing. With a glance, souls would be extinguished and legend spoke of his hands that could send anything to the abyss whether dead or alive...'

"Fifteen potential points, if I forcefully level up the Slaughtering Hand..." Garen wanted to calculate how effective the Slaughtering Hand would be after the upgrade, but unfortunately, this demonic technique was different from all the Living Secret Techniques that he had practiced before, so even he could not estimate how strong it would be after the upgrade.

Garen's gaze fell on the Slaughtering Hand technique.

Suddenly, a short and abrupt message flashed through his heart.

'To upgrade the Slaughtering Hand, you will require ten potential points.'

If he could not use the other power system to train for the time being, then it might be a good idea to develop the currently unknown future of the Slaughtering Hand.

Garen finally set his mind on it, his gaze gathering on the Slaughter Hand.

In that instant, the icon began to blur, and then it began to shake violently.

The potential points cascaded madly, like a waterfall, dropping from fifteen points to a measly five points. The five points he had just obtained disappeared just like that. Now he probably had to wait until he had completely received the relics and antiques from the Black Uniform Organization before he could get another refill.

The icon for the Slaughtering Hand began to stabilize.

Soon enough, a brand new triangular icon, glowing with a black light, gathered and formed again.

'Slaughtering Hand: Fourth level: Massacre (now creating more formation levels...)

Mad massacres brought Black Sethe immeasurable pleasure, his hands could now steal away enemy souls through specific pressure points. After the fourth level, the Slaughtering Hand will be able to gather even more life force, and, by collecting information on the practitioners themselves, it will be able to create brand new derivative levels afterward.'

'Soul Seed Strengthening Effect —— Frost Essence (adds frost power to attacks, can inflict frost damage on enemies. Has a very high resistance towards cold surroundings)'

Garen observed it closely for a long time, but he could not find any drastic changes in the fourth level of the Slaughtering Hand, he could just store more life force at once, and then some new details on how to deal with this secret technique naturally appeared in his brain, it was some information about some pressure points that were not elaborated on in the Slaughtering Hand Secret Technique's own records. He knew these pressure points, there were only a very few that he had not noticed himself, all of them could be fatal, but these things were utterly useless to him. He had countless secret techniques and skills that could kill others, but to beings as strange as the Blood Breeds, there was seriously nothing he could do, if what AG said was true, and he really could kill them without first finding their true bodies, then it really would be troublesome for him.

He felt slightly disappointed, but in any case not everything will develop exactly as he hoped.

He did not dwell on it long either, when the Battle of the Blood Breeds truly started, he could easily find an opportunity to hunt a middle or higher level Blood Breed as a guinea pig for his Slaughtering Hand.

Just then, the ancient scroll in his hand moved slightly.

Garen hurriedly opened the scroll lightly, putting it somewhere outsiders could not see.

New, clear lines of words had finally appeared on the pages, AG had evidently just written them.

'The light party's number two Death Apostle, Scarlet Moon, is grievously injured and missing in action. Perhaps you can start now, the first step of your training.'

'If you want to become a true witch, the first step is dreams.'

And then AG began to teach Garen about the levels among witches.

They corresponded with the level systems of the Blood Breeds as well, Death Apostles, upper level, middle level, lower level, disciples (vampires), they had actually drawn out their levels according to the level of Blood Breeds that they could face.

And until now, there was only one Death Apostle level female witch -- Lion Mother, the leaders of the other territories were only upper level witches at the most, and as for male witches, he was the very last upper level male witch...

Male witches were actually about to disappear from the pages of history, they were being utterly eliminated by the female witches.

'That's why the Blood Breeds are so strong, because they have four Death Apostles.' AG wrote as such.

'So my power is only at the upper level as well?" Garen asked.

'Your situation is very dangerous, and also very strange, but perhaps the Blood Breeds are wary of the mysterious power in your hands, so even if you have no awareness or resistance whatsoever to their dream powers, they still have not made a move against you. You are special. However, the power in your hands cannot protect your consciousness, so you were still affected in that dream. This means your position is still very dangerous, your power is nowhere near enough to deal with attacks from Death Apostles.'

'Unless you are willing to release your hands, but even that is merely a temporary measure, the Death Apostles are undying, you can't kill them. Of course, I don't really know what will happen when you face a Death Apostle either.'

Garen frowned.

"Right now, putting aside my own power, how long will it take for me to learn the basics of your power system?"

'I don't know, maybe a month, maybe more.'

"You just said, that the number two Death Apostle named Scarlet Moon was grievously hurt and is now on the run? Didn't you say they're really hard to kill? Without finding their true bodies."

"Two Death Apostles who were extremely familiar with him surrounded him, my news also comes from the proper channel, you don't need to doubt me. Not even the number one Death Apostle, Ashen, knows this. But it can't be hidden for long.'

"Then which side is the Death Apostle who marked me from?" Garen persisted.

'Unfortunately, I don't know, but I have a guess, a very bold guess, that maybe that Death Apostle does not belong to any side at all, the scent of its mark is something I've never seen before.'

"Are you saying it's a new Death Apostle, who had been wandering outside the two main factions?"

'Or worse...'

"Then what did you mean by that ally you mentioned in the very beginning? Is it a companion of yours?" Garen pressed again.

The other side stayed silent for a while, before replying again in words.

'The minimum requirement to become a witch is to have your own ally. That is a companion you can trust unconditionally, with no barriers between you, we usually believe that it is a part of the body's consciousness that had split away independently, but nobody has done any real research into it before.'

You can ask him, and he will answer all your answers, these questions are all things that you already instinctively know, you just can't dig them out from the depths of your memory.'

Garen frowned deeply.

He did not like having to trust someone without knowing anything about them. What does that ally sound like the first signs of split personality disorder...

Maybe he can just research the witches' power system, and absorb the part used to fight Blood Breeds...

He began to think about that, once he got his hands on the many relics from the Black Uniform Organization's side, he might have a large intake of potential points at once, then he would have more choices.

He had a feeling that the Slaughtering Hand's derivative levels from now on might bring him an unexpected surprise. Although he could not really tell the principles behind it...

As for AG's rating of him, he naturally would not take offense, after all, he still had many things he had yet to reveal. Such as his aura, for example...

America -- Grano.

Night, twelve minutes past ten.

Isaros brought her sister Arisa out of the convenience store, the car had already been refueled, and she swiped her petrol card.

Isaros gestured for her sister to get into the car first, taking out her phone to check her messages, the white light shining on her face and making it seem somewhat blindingly white.

In an instant, the sisters had stayed here for several years. She counted, and for a moment she could not remember clearly, this peaceful life was way too comfortable, so much so that they were beginning to forget how their days were before.

"Hey, Big Sis, there's someone lying here!" Suddenly her sister Arisa's voice came from the car.

"Hm?"

Isaros smoothened out her long hair, and strode over.

Beside her white car, there was an unconscious man, dressed in rags.

The man had no signs of any injuries or bleeding, so he looked like a homeless person.

"Big Sis, why don't we take him home?" Arisa seemed to feel pity for him. She was always like that, she had plenty of love for all thing pitiful, be it people or animals.

"No way, that's a man. What if he has bad intentions?" Isaros decided to use this opportunity to educate her sister.

"Big Sis, are you scared of such a thin man?" Arisa asked in confusion, "Weren't you able to easily beat up five or six in the past?"

Seeing her little sister's imploring expression, Isaros also sighed helplessly.

"Fine, fine, we'll bring him back, it's not like we never encountered this before..."

Neither of them noticed that the unconscious man had a mark like a scarlet moon in the middle of his brow, that was the mark of a Blood Breed under Scarlet Moon's command.