

## Mystical 631

### Chapter 631: Troublesome 1

They took care of a stranger, a man that had never met before but was found passed out on the road, and they were two young girls to boot.

This was undeniably an unbelievable thing under any circumstances, but it did indeed happen.

Perhaps Arisa sensed something wrong as soon as she laid eyes on that man, her sympathy was triggered like never before. Or perhaps Isaros was absolutely confident in her own abilities, and did not care at all what intentions that thin homeless man might have, she just planned to bring him home, toss him something to eat, and let him rest for one night in a windless corner under her roof, that would already be the biggest good she could do for him.

But regardless, the two of them did indeed bring this person back.

It was exceedingly strange.

By the time Isaros came back to her senses, she was sitting in her kitchen, with her little sister, watching that man gulp down his food while sprawled on the table.

"Looks like the poor guy was starving..." Arisa said to her older sister quietly, the two sisters were sitting side by side, both rather speechless.

"What is going on here?" Isaros glanced at her little sister, she had no idea why she allowed this filthy tramp into her house, and then let him eat at the table like he belonged here.

"Thank you very much for your kindness." The tramp lowered his head to show his gratitude, smiling slightly, the air about him feeling nothing like a man of the streets, but more like a well-bred English gentleman.

"My name is Perseus, I sincerely apologize for disturbing your lives, I'll leave straight away." The tramp politely stated that he would leave immediately.

"Mr Perseus, you're not a tramp, are you?" But Arisa was beginning to feel interested in this well-mannered man. At sixteen years old, her curiosity was at its peak, she felt that this man must have some unknown story behind him, and was instantly even more curious about him.

"Can you tell us about your past? Your mannerisms mean that you were once a very well-bred person, right?"

Isaros wanted to speak but held back, she got the feeling that this person was not very normal.

"I'm very sorry, some natural-born characteristic of mine attracted you two, it was my mistake, and it's also our... our race's self-defense ability..." Perseus smiled bitterly, "I am currently in a very troublesome situation, the best method is for me to leave right now, otherwise I might cause you a lot of trouble."

"My Big Sis is really strong!" Arisa had seen how strong her sister could be, catching a blade with her bare hands was nothing, she had even faced down guns many times before, Isaros was in fact an elite fighter who had undergone White Phoenix's training regimes. She was herself a prodigy to start with, so those with average abilities could not hope to match her, even with guns.

"Don't say that. There are many others stronger than me. Even Uncle Thomas' son, Garen, is stronger than me." She heard that Garen was training in combat every day as well, the last time she went to him for sparring, she was indeed no match for him, just in terms of fighting, Garen was strong enough to be a professional.

"But you are strong, Big Sis." Arisa widened her eyes.

"I think I should go now." Perseus stood up suddenly, and only then did the two of them notice his heavy British accent.

Perseus wore a torn-up grey shirt, his jeans and shoes were both covered in a layer of grey-black, and the original white beneath it could just barely be seen.

He quickly walked up to the kitchen window, holding up a tiny corner of the curtain to peep outside. There was the faint sound of a car engine approaching.

"They're coming."

"Is someone after you? Mr Perseus." Isaros could tell that his anxiety was real, "Do you want us to call the cops? The head officer in town is also a good friend of ours."

"It doesn't matter if the police come..." Perseus smiled bitterly, "There's no more time, I'll be off now, thank you for your dinner."

He quickly walked to the window on the other side of the kitchen, raising the curtains with a whoosh, then he jumped lightly, and instantly flew out of the window, vanishing from sight.

Behind him, the sisters thought that their eyes were playing tricks on them, Arisa rubbed her eyes, and still could not see any trace of Perseus.

"Don't dwell on it." Isaros had experienced a lot in life, and now she quickly calmed down, remembering those rumored supernatural phenomena. Alarms rang in her heart.

She walked over and quickly closed the window, drawing the curtains.

"Go wash up and sleep, just pretend we've never seen this Mr Perseus."

Arisa had been on the run with her sister for many years, so she knew when things were serious, and presently she nodded obediently without asking any more questions.

The two sisters washed up with their respective thoughts, then they went back to their rooms and went to sleep wordlessly. But that Mr Perseus' figure was always wandering in their thoughts.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Raffaele, there are Blood Breeds in town again."

In an underground room in town, two young women were standing behind Raffaele, watching her as she went through some documents at her desk. The candlelight flickered, constantly emitting a pale golden halo of light, this light was just enough to cover the three of them, no more and no less. It formed a strange spherical space.

"Which side are they from?" Raffaele picked up a document and asked casually.

"There are some from the light party and the secret party." A black woman with many braids lowered her head and replied.

"Are they the ones after Scarlet Moon?" Raffaele frowned, and immediately found it troublesome. "Grandma told me that the battle between the two sides is at its peak now, we can't interfere carelessly."

"Then do we allow those Blood Breeds to just wreak havoc in our town?" That goes against our rules." The other white woman said grudgingly. Her older brother had been sucked dry by the Blood Breed's secret party, so after she became a witch, she harbored an unprecedented hatred towards the Blood Breed's secret party. She had always been one of those who supported taking a hard stance against the Blood Breed's secret party.

"This is not a small matter." Raffaele tilted her face, her long golden hair shining in the candlelight. "As long as there is one Blood Breed with Scarlet Moon's blood, the Death Apostle Scarlet Moon will not die, so they will need to exterminate all the Blood Breeds with the Death Apostle's blood before they can truly eliminate Scarlet Moon. On that front, there is no way the secret party will back down, especially now that they have been greatly strengthened with two Death Apostles."

"They won't compromise, so if we reject them, it might incite a war. This is something I can decide, as a leader of one territory."

Raffaele stopped.

"Inform them of our rules, as long as they don't cause widespread destruction, we will tolerate them. Otherwise, in order to survive, we will begin this war, that is our bottom line."

"Understood."

The two women left the circle of light and the underground room, wearing different expressions.

Raffaele turned her head around, looking into the darkness ahead.

"Grandma."

It was pitch black there, but a pale old woman in a metal wheelchair slowly appeared from the shadows.

She sat in a wheelchair, her face full of wrinkles like tree bark, but those eyes alone were extremely young, like the eyes of a teenage girl, pure and clean, as blue as the ocean.

"Your decision was correct." The old woman nodded, "We must not be swept into the Blood Breeds' internal conflict, this is an unnatural storm, an unprecedented maelstrom, and it might very well decide the way of the world from now on. Before the Lion Mother makes her intention clear, we must make sure not to cross any boundaries."

"What does the Lion Mother intend?" Raffaele asked.

"All the leaders have yet to reach the old dame. The prophecy tells her that we have to wait a little longer." The old woman replied softly. "Before you become an upper level witch, don't be hasty. Your talent is the strongest of any I've ever seen, you also have the most hope of reaching the upper level."

Raffaele nodded quietly.

These territory leaders, especially those in charge of border territories, were mostly middle level witches, this meant they were as powerful as middle level Blood Breeds. That sounded weak, but in truth that was extremely common, and they were actually stronger than average.

The Blood Breeds that tended to fight with them were mostly vampires, it did not matter to the Blood Breeds how many of these cannon fodders were created, they used very, very little in the way of resources. But true Blood Breeds were a lot rarer. They were strong, noble, and due to their meager numbers, they lived easy and luxurious lives, so they would not easily reveal themselves. Most of them had assimilated with the humans, living the high life.

They had long lives, great power, and most of them were officials in high positions, with high statuses. None of them would want to give up such comfortable lives, which was also why there were many more Blood Breeds in the light party than the secret party. Who would give up their peaceful lives, and run into one of violence and killing?

So ninety percent of the ones who were active outside were all vampires, and occasionally there would be a lower level Blood Breed to control their promises and the conflicts with the witches.

Under these circumstances, a middle level witch was already a very powerful presence.

Most witches could only reach the level of disciple, and the better ones could reach the lower level, this meant they were capable of fighting lower level Blood Breeds. This already meant that they had unnatural power.

Such witches were one in a hundred, they were already part of the core fighting force. And the powerful magical tool that had controlled the Grano witches were idolized and worshipped by the witches in other territories. The title of Sun's Will was not just for show, she had won it through tried and true battles and tests.

"I understand." Raffaele nodded.

The old woman nodded, satisfied, and once more disappeared into the darkness.

Only Raffaele was left, deep in thought.

\*\*\*\*\*

America, the state of Faya,

The next morning, 11:22 am

In a large white state bus headed to Grano.

Everyone in the bus was groggy and sleepy, most of them were napping under the warm sunlight.

Garen sat in his seat, watching the plains, roads, cars, and the occasional traveler on a bike all whisk past his window.

After he got off the plane, he immediately got onto the bus, and after a few transits, he finally boarded this large tourist bus, full of people all going to Grano, although it was slower than usual, he did not have to transit anymore, so it was a lot less stressful.

He was still holding that ancient scroll in his hand, but his thoughts were elsewhere.

Chapter 632: Troublesome 2

It would be at least another month before the Black Uniforms' relics were transferred to him, and the situation was extremely troublesome.

After the news of Levi's murder got out, his enemies and allies all made their moves, stealing the power and people who used to belong to the Black Uniforms, and many of their men had carried their secret to other organizations, most of the relics had been lost to outsiders.

The Nighthawks were low on manpower and could not prevent all this from happening. All they could do was try to pick up the pieces little by little, Jay ran about here and there with his own little team, Garen had promised that he was solely in charge of the Black Uniform Organization's power and members, in other words, all the Black Uniforms would become a subsidiary of the Nighthawks under his watch. That way, he had no choice but to go all out, after all, the power getting away was all to be his in the future.

Baldy, on the other hand, had gone back to recuperate, his wife had been in Europe on a mission, but when she heard that he was seriously injured, she rushed to Africa overnight to care for him, and now Garen had let them off on a vacation around the world.

And now that woman with the black ponytail, Sandora, was in charge of the Nighthawks.

While everything was still getting in order on this side, Garen also took the chance to hurry back to America, and visit his parents at home. After this he might have to delve into his training to deal with the mark of the Death Apostle.

Suddenly there was a beeping from his phone, it was his message notification.

‘Where are you now?’

It was a message from his father, Emmer.

"Still on the road, I don't know where either, but it will take at least four hours." Garen replied.

‘We prepared beef chicken finger foie gras caviar soup to celebrate your first time coming home from university, it's a dish your mom's trying out. It tastes great with durian salad. You'll love it!’

Garen did not know what expression he should have.

Just by the name itself, he could tell that the soup would definitely taste terrible, it was a soup with all meat and no vegetables at all. And there was that durian salad or something, just hearing about made his tongue feel heavy.

‘Your mom has been studying nutrition recently, she thinks that by distilling most of the nutrients from meats and adding it to soup, we can get the nutrients needed without having to stuff ourselves, you'll love it once you get back.’

"What about Jason, what's he doing now?"



'He went to a Nohn state university, if you hadn't gone for the exam first, he should have gone before you. Oh yeah, after you left, Raffaele has been coming to visit a lot less frequently, but Arisa and her sister have been coming quite often, asking about you, do you want to consider choosing one of them?' This was followed by a pervy expression. 'I think Jason's got no chance.'

"I'm still early, what's the rush?" Garen could not help but think of those two strange-looking sisters.

They had many connections to the Primary Colors, and they had that strange air about them as well, as though they were the center of the world.

"They're still okay, right?" He sent a message to ask.

'Not bad, Arisa's going to be in high school soon, together with little Vivien. Her older sister Isaros has many suitors, and she declared that the minimum requirement for anyone who wants to pursue her is they have to beat her head-on, didn't you beat her back then? Go for it! Don't be afraid! Your mom and I will be supporting you from behind!'

Garen could not be bothered to respond to this nonsense.

"Have they acted strangely in any way?"

'Strangely? Nah, they're totally normal.'

"Let's discuss it when I get back." Garen replied finally.

'Sure.'

Breaking off his idle conversation with his dad Emmer, Garen quickly gave Raffaele a call.

After a short moment of ringing, the other side picked up.

'Garen? You're coming back?' Raffaele's voice was as confident as ever.

"How did you know? I'm on the way back now. How have you been?"

'Not bad, you?"

"Okay."

Then there was a short silence, neither of them knew what to say.

'The town is a little chaotic recently, you shouldn't have come back now.' After the silence, Raffaele continued, 'Want me to accompany you around for a bit?'

"Chaotic? Hasn't Grano always been fine?" Garen heard something amiss, he actually already knew that Raffaele was probably a witch, so if even she said it was chaotic, then something serious must have happened.

'Some criminals on the run have infiltrated the town, the situation's not too great.'

"I'll leave once I see my parents, I won't be staying long anyway, so it'll be fine." Garen chuckled.

'How's school life?' Raffaele changed the subject.

"Not bad, it's the same as always." The two of them fell quiet again.

"Then I'll hang up now." Garen said first.

'Mm.'

The line broke off.

Garen suddenly felt as though he did not have much to say with Raffaele anymore, before this they used to swim together, mess around together, they lived so near each other, and went to school together, but now they had nothing left in common.

Putting down the phone, he suddenly felt a bit tired, so he closed his eyes and rested.

"Sonny boy, you don't look so good."

An old man sitting in front of him turned around to look at Garen, he seemed to have noticed Garen when trying to pick up something that he had dropped.

Sitting in this bus, an exceptional-looking young man like Garen was definitely very eye-catching. For example, on the seats to his left, two young girls sitting next to each other kept peeking at him now and then.

"I'm fine, I just haven't gotten enough sun lately." Garen smiled politely.

"Is that so?" The old man wore a round straw hat to block off the sun. He wore a thin floral print shirt and black shorts, looking every inch the fashionable geezer.

"The last time I saw you, you were a lot better than you are now. I remember you could play the violin as well, right?" The old man said smilingly.

"Violin?" Garen frowned. "Excuse me, do I know you?"

"Didn't we meet last time?" The old man replied with a smile.

His voice suddenly began to shake, twisting, blurring, becoming low and muffled.

His face actually started to melt, dripping down like candle wax, dripping onto the floor of the bus, creating holes of different sizes at the bottom of the bus.

Garen realized with some surprise that after the bottom of the bus was melted away, it did not reveal the high-speed freeway, but instead it showed a blurry mass of black.

He did not know why he found the old man's face melting so natural, and was instead surprised by something else.

His gaze could not help but gather on the black holes below, lowering his head, he could only see the old man's trousered bottom half from the corner of his eye.

Strangely, when he wanted to focus and observe the details on the floor inside the bus, he could not focus at all, as though everything was a blur. There were no details, no patterns, no dust.

Smack.

He seemed to hear something.

From the corner of his eye, he saw the old man stand up, turn around, face him, and stand motionlessly in front of him, then he suddenly lifted his leg and walked straight towards Garen.

Garen suddenly felt an unprecedented wave of fear wash over him.

He wanted to raise his head and look at the old man's face, but he could not move at all to complete such a simple task, he could only keep his head lowered.

The old man's body grew closer and closer, closer and closer, and the yellow wax dripping from his upper half also grew closer.

"What's happening here?" It was as though there was a veil over Garen's heart, his thoughts were very slow, like a baby moving on instinct, he had completely lost his ability to think, and could only watch as the old man approached him.

Bam!

There was an intense jolt, and Garen abruptly opened his eyes.

Phew...!

He leaned back in his seat, and stared wide-eyed at the empty seat in front of him, there was no one there at all. There was only a young woman sitting in the seats even further front, and her head was tilted as she slept.

There was the mumble of complaints in the bus for the jerking around just now.

"Sorry, I didn't notice a rock in the middle of the road just now, so I just went over it." The driver apologized loudly.

Only then did Garen realize that he had fallen asleep, and all that was just a dream.

He touched his forehead, it was completely dripping wet.

He looked at the back of the seat in front of him again, closely, there was an ad with a beautiful woman messing with her head and posing, one hand raised up, the other hand on her waist, and she wore nothing but a blue dress with a low neckline. There was a line of small words next to it: Ancient Eastern methods, to give you back your purity.

Underneath that, they introduced the various effects, the main services being painless flow and repairing the virgin's \*...

There was a black stain on the unknown noun, he didn't know what it was that dyed the ad. Beside it, someone had written in black ink: F\*ck you!

A strange sense of happiness instantly washed away Garen's previous indescribable emotion, he settled his heart, and touched the material on the back of the seat, it felt rough, like raincoat material.

He looked to the left, and saw a middle-aged couple leaning on each other as they slept, there was no young girl at all.

"What was that just now? If I wasn't awoken by the jolt of the bus, what could have happened?" As soon as Garen thought that, there was an indescribable panic in his heart, as though his very soul was facing some huge threat.

'You must realize you're dreaming while in a dream.' AG's words resurfaced in his heart.

"How do I tell that I'm dreaming when I'm in a dream?" Garen thought back to all that had happened, that unprecedented sense of danger and panic did not feel false at all, if that thing that did not seem human really did touch him, then what happened to him next might really have hurt his soul.

That was the natural warning from his Soul Seed, it was not false.

After this contact, he knew that the person he suspected to be a Death Apostle had made his move, that dream he just had was an attack! A very dangerous attack!

Garen concluded in his heart, taking out a tissue to wipe the sweat off his forehead.

If he wanted to know that he was dreaming while in a dream, then following one of AG's methods, he could determine the difference using details, that was where the biggest difference between reality and dreams lay. Dreams were illusory, because they were constructed based on a human's own memories, these constructions could not be too intricate, so there would definitely be some blurred or unrepresented details. That was why right now, he should be able to tell that he was not in a dream.

Garen wiped his face with his hands, for the first time, he felt as though he could not fight back at all, and was completely ambushed by another entity.

He looked at his attribute pane, and the number in his Spirit pane had actually dropped...

From 2.4 to 2.3, it had dropped a whole 0.1.

"As I thought... That attack just now was really..." Garen also saw a new icon, like pitch black mist, behind his Condition pane.

The instant his gaze moved onto it, an inexplicable piece of information flowed into his heart.

'Nightmare Weakening: The terror of the dream will constantly reduce the main body's qualities over five days, until all the attributes have dropped by an average of 0.1. The curse will last forever and has no time limitations, and the deactivation method is unknown. Warning! This curse can be stacked on!'

"Nightmare Weakening! ..." For the first time, for the first time ever, Garen personally felt how powerful and troublesome his opponent was.

Chapter 633: Void 1

An attack method outside of what he knew, outside the areas he was familiar with, to Garen, this truly was a very troublesome matter.

Although he was not afraid of anything, and the Slaughtering Hand on both his hands had some effect, he still was not primed to deal with this.

"Just a split second's time is enough to pull me into this dream, this ability really is very troublesome." Garen sat up straight.

Nothing else happened on the way back, and although Garen was constantly on high alert, nothing else out of ordinary occurred all the way until he reached home.

Several hours later, the large bus slowly arrived in Grano, the surroundings turning to lush green forests. Some places were already yellowing, it was autumn now, and there was the faint fragrance of fruit in the air.

When he got off the bus, his older brother Jason was already waiting for him at the bus station, he stood in the crowd, tall and muscular, like a rugby player in a group of dwarves.

"Hey!!" As soon as he saw Garen, he started yelling loudly, waving his hand hard, attracting the gazes of everyone around him.

"Mom's waiting for us over there, in the car." Jason rushed over in a few steps, and took Garen's luggage.

"You've gotten so muscular." Garen hammered his chest, it felt a lot more solid.

"Twelve sets of mixed training every day!" Jason chortled.

Trish, who was sitting in the driver's seat, was wearing a white lady's shirt, and waved at them.

The two of them ducked into the car, Garen sitting in front, while Jason was pushed to the back.

"Let's go home!" Trish said with a laugh, and she hit the gas, sending the car rushing forward, then she turned around the bend and drove on home.

The town was barely different than before, but most of the wooden houses had a new layer of paint, all white and bright.

The car drove extremely slowly, some of the uncles and older sisters from houses by the roads nearby kept greeting Trish, and Trish replied happily each time.



Going past the suburbs, they entered many streets, there were a lot of accessory and crafts shops by the streets, and a great many more passersby. Most of them were unfamiliar, and quite a few carried cameras around their necks, they were evidently tourists.

"Hey."

A few pretty young girls on bicycles slowed down when passing by Trish's car.

One of them was actually Raffaele.

"You're back?" She tied up her long golden hair, and was wearing a white T-shirt and long black trousers, a smile in her eyes.

"Mm." Garen reached out his hand, outside the car window, the two of them gave each other a light high-five.

"Aunty, we'll be going on ahead." Raffaele smiled at Trish as she said that.

"Have fun." Trish was not very happy with Raffaele, that girl had actually turned down the opportunity to go to university, to Trish's family, that was something they could not quite understand.

Compared to Raffaele, she was more inclined to Isaros, that girl had a good education, and was more suited to their family's pace and ideals.

The row of girls in bikes formed a procession, going past the slow-moving saloon cars, and soon they disappeared down the road ahead in the midst of tinkling laughter.

Garen watched their backs and said nothing. He knew that Raffaele had come over to protect him, and that was no coincidental meeting.

"Let's go, we're going home straight away." Trish glanced at Garen, and sped up, driving home.

\*\*\*\*\*

After they got back, Garen gathered with his family for a bit, discussing some of the things that had happened in school, and ate the so-called feast, even though the taste was barely bearable.

His little Vivien kept sending messages on her phone, and she did not dress as innocently as she used to, now she had a cooler and more fierce look, plus she was no longer as warm and uninhibited with her older brother, and instead treated him with an inexplicable shyness that he did not understand.

"Serin went to a school in the north, didn't she call you when she left?"

"No. It's been a long time since I had any contact with her." Garen dealt with his mother's questions.

"I hear she found a boyfriend, a real beefed-up fellow." Jason paid more attention to the other person's muscles. He never ever forgot for a second to show off his powerful muscles, "Not as beefed-up as me, though." He flexed his biceps.

"You must be tired after the journey, why don't you clean up and go to bed early." Trish noticed that Garen was distracted.

"Alright." Garen nodded.

He chatted a bit with his father Emmer, then he put down his cutlery and went straight to his bed, it was exactly the same, nothing in the room at all had changed since he left.

His blankets were new, pure white silk covers.

Garen collapsed onto the bed.

For some reason, he felt very sleepy, and very tired. This was extremely abnormal.

With his Vitality, forget a few hours on the road, he could go a few days and nights without getting tired.

But right now he did indeed feel extremely exhausted, he could barely keep his eyes open, and wanted so badly to just fall into bed and sleep it off.

He checked his body's condition, but could not find anything out of the ordinary.

Closing his eyes and lying on his bed, he allowed his breathing to slowly even out.

Suddenly, his bedroom door was flung open. Someone walked in.

"What's the matter? Are you that tired? Big Bro, you don't look so good."

It was Vivien, her golden hair was falling over her shoulders, and she wore a feisty black T-shirt and white hot pants, revealing her long, rounded, and fair legs. She was sixteen, the purest and prettiest age.

She pounced down on Garen's left, sprawling onto the bed.

"Bro, did something go wrong between you and Raffaele?"

"Kids shouldn't be so nosy." Garen was too lazy to even open his eyes, closing his eyes and lying on his back as he replied. "Do you have a boyfriend now?"

"No! That sort of thing is too boring, I don't care either way." Vivien curled a lock of hair around her finger, "Elder Brother found one, though, from out of town."

"Out of town?"

"Yeah. A real decent-looking girl." Vivien described frankly.

"Hey, be polite."

"Yeah, yeah. Forget it, you go ahead and sleep, I'll go back to my room now." There was the sound of Vivien getting up, and then he heard the door closing, her footsteps moving further away slowly.

Garen lay on the bed, unwilling to move.

"Oh yeah, Bro!" Suddenly Vivien's voice rang out again, and his room door was opened then closed, the footsteps rapidly approaching.

"What now?" Garen's head hurt slightly, all he wanted now was a little time to himself so he could consider his condition.

"Do you think I look good today?"

"Yes, yes.." Garen replied half-heartedly, "Little Vivien is always the prettiest and cutest."

"You said that without even opening your eyes."

Exasperated, Garen was about to open his eyes when he suddenly sensed something amiss, he could not open his eyes at all, as though he could not exert any force with his eyelids, his body was stiff and immobile, all he could do was lie frozen on the bed.

His thoughts had grown slower, as though he evidently knew how to get out of this situation, but he just could not remember what to do.

"Here it is again..."

His heart gave a jolt.

He could not defend at all against this attack on his consciousness, there was no rhyme or reason to it, just a split second was enough to put him under.

"Bro, you don't look so good." Vivien's voice reached his ears, "You sick?"

"Maybe, I don't know either." Garen replied.

"Forget it, I'm going to go bathe." Vivien seemed to have gotten angry, and then he heard her footsteps going away.

The room suddenly fell silent.

Garen lay in bed alone, his entire body as though cramped, he could not move at all, neither could he open his eyes.

In the silence, he suddenly heard faint footsteps, calmly approaching his bedside.

That person seemed to be walking towards him, closer, closer and closer, closer and closer.

The footsteps only stopped beside his bed, the other person seemed to be staring at him.

Phew...

There was the sound of a faint exhalation.

Garen felt that person seem to reach out their hands, lightly grabbing for his face.

Boom!!!

In an instant, a power like a cloud of flames erupted from Garen's arms, this power burned like an intense invisible fire, slowly spreading all over Garen's body.

In that moment, Garen felt as though all the skin on the surface of his body erupted with a burning hot flame, and that flame reached that person's hands directly.

Scree!!

He seemed to hear a sharp scream, like the cry of a mouse. And then he opened his eyes.

With a whoosh, everything from before vanished in an instant, as though it was all just an illusion.

Garen felt his whole body was soaking wet, as though he had sweated profusely. He sniffled a little, and vaguely smelled a faint fragrance coming from his left. Turning his head over, he saw little Vivien lying on the bed to his left, she had fallen asleep just sprawled there, and goodness knows when she had come in.

Lifting his upper body slightly, Garen felt the sweat flowing down his hairline and forehead, tickling him.

He did not like this feeling, rather than face-to-face brawls to the death, this feeling that he could be ambushed at any time was much worse.

He sensed the life force left in his arms, he had already used up a third of it.

It was that explosion just now that managed to critically injure his opponent.

But Garen sensed that it would not be that simple.

Leaving his bedroom, he saw that the light in the study was still on, but he did not know who was inside.

He walked to the washroom, taking the towel and wiping the sweat from his body.

All of a sudden, he saw that in the crevice of his right collarbone, there was a tiny line of black words.

He instantly froze his wiping movement, those were words he recognized.

"Ancient Endor words?" Garen touched the line of letters on his right shoulder.

It was as though they had somehow been tattooed on, he could not erase them no matter what.

"The one that defeated us, was the unknown Void..." In a soft voice, he translated the meaning behind this sentence. "What does that mean?"

The Ancient Endor civilization was closely related to the Warlocks' legacy, they were powerful and mysterious, pursuing the path of Death into the Underworld, for a moment they were incomparably powerful, but as though overnight, they disappeared without a trace.

If he recalled correctly, these words were not there when he bathed last night, in other words, they just appeared today.

Garen watched the ink and material in these words carefully, the black words had a hint of black-red, like dried blood.

Chapter 634: Void 2

For some reason, looking at these words, he vaguely found them slightly familiar, as though he had seen them somewhere before, but for now he could not remember where from.

"Ancient Endor... Black blood writing... They just appeared today, the Slaughtering Hand activated automatically..." He could be certain that he did not control that sudden activation of the Slaughtering Hand, at first he had thought that it was the secret technique's instinctive self-defense mechanism, but now he felt it was not that simple.

He bent down and used his hands to splash some water from the tap into his face, instantly feeling a lot more awake.

"Could it be Black Sethe?" He felt that these words seemed to be speaking from an Ancient Endor point of view.

The thing that destroyed Ancient Endor, was an unknown Void...

"Looking at it that way, it makes a little sense. I'm practicing the Slaughtering Hand, so strictly speaking, I'm also one of the inheritors to the Ancient Endor legacy, perhaps there is a hint of Black Sethe's soul left in this secret technique."

Garen remembered all that black mist that had gathered into the secret technique after Black Sethe was defeated. Remnants of Black Sethe's soul could easily have mingled in with it.

If these were the words Black Sethe left behind, that would be very likely.

The more Garen thought about it, the more he thought it was possible.

Suddenly he remembered that when he found the original version of the Slaughtering Hand secret technique back then, the words on it were exactly the same as the ones just now!

"Black Sethe..." He murmured Black Sethe's name in the Ancient Endor language, he could be certain that these words were left behind by Black Sethe, and that power just now was probably also Black Sethe lending him a hand.

He reached out his hand to touch the words on his right shoulder.

All of a sudden, without any foreshadowing, the words blurred slightly, and actually rapidly turned to brand new words.

'You guessed right, I am Black Sethe.'



Garen's heart gave a jolt.

Black Sethe, one of Ancient Endor's 42 Demon Kings, he used to have that unprecedented position, he was one of the 42 people at the very peak of the civilization, so powerful that he was considered non-human, and honored as one of the 42 Demon Kings.

"You're still alive?" Garen asked him quietly in the Ancient Endor language, suppressing the confusion and surprise in his heart.

'This is just a portion of the memories I left behind. My real soul had rotted a long time ago, the real me died several millennia ago.' The black blood writing blurred and changed again. 'I need your strength to maintain normal conversation, with my own power alone, I can't last long...'

"No problem."

Garen did not hesitate at all, this was his first contact with an important figure from the Ancient Endor civilization, he had too many questions and mysteries he needed answered.

Without any hesitation, he moved wisps of life force from his arms, allowing them to move down his arms and biceps, rapidly gathering at his right shoulder.

'Alright, that's enough.' Black Sethe's words appeared again, 'If you have any questions, ask away.'

"What do you mean by what you said just now?" Garen asked in the Ancient Endor language. "Ancient Endor was destroyed by an unknown Void? What does that mean?"

'Haven't you already been targeted?'

"What? You mean by the Blood Breed Death Apostle?" Garen replied with a question.

‘Death Apostle? What’s that? No no no... the thing targeting you is a Void Creature, not the so-called Death Apostle.” Black Sethe replied quickly, the words changing again. ‘Back then, the Void Creatures warred against the Warlocks, fighting over domination over the world, but it ended badly for both sides, both sustained damage as never before, they are our arch enemies.’

"Void Creatures?" That was the first time Garen heard that noun, "Are they creatures from the Underworld?"

‘No, the Underworld is the Underworld, that is the theoretical world we’ve been chasing all our lives, there might not really an Underworld at all, our culture believes that there is a source to the Mother Stream, eternal and everlasting, forever flowing with power, that is the place we call the Underworld. That is the end of death, the source of the purest life, we want to go there, but only those who do not wish to live would want to enter the Underworld while alive.’

It was the first time Garen heard such an explanation, he had always thought that this Underworld referred to the Underworld in legends.

"That what do you mean by Void Creatures? And what was that war you mentioned? Could you elaborate?"

‘Those were two unprecedentedly powerful wars.’ Black Sethe paused, ‘Warlocks controlled everything, treating creatures from all other races as slaves, regardless of whether they were sentient or not. The Warlocks were at the very top, their power was limitless, their lives long and vast. In their exploration of the very fabric of life, they went further and further, eventually breaking past the world barrier, descending and infiltrating new worlds one after the other, that time in history, was also one of our most glorious eras. However...’

"However what?"

‘While exploring a new world once, the Warlocks encountered pioneers just like them, those were the Void Creatures.’ Black Sethe’s tone was lonely as he described, ‘The Void Creatures are powerful and greedy, they have an endless desire for domination, as soon as the two sides made contact, they began to attack each other in unison, and this lasted almost ten million years. It lasted until both sides sustained heavy losses, even losing all their legacies. That was the first war.’

‘And then several millennia later, our Ancient Endor slowly recovered some of our glory as Warlocks, this time we respected and worshipped the Mother Stream, and the Underworld, so we trod carefully and thoughtfully. And this time, the Void Creatures were the ones who came after us.’

"Did you win or lose?"

‘In order to exterminate the Void Creatures’ world, we incited the wrath of the Mother Stream, and nobody could have predicted what happened next, the wrath of the Mother Stream was far too terrifying, the Void Creatures were completely wiped out, and we were also swallowed by a huge force, the whole civilization became history overnight. Melding into part of the Mother Stream.’

Black Sethe seemed to be getting tired.

‘The Void Creatures consider us enemies, they swore to hunt us down generation after generation until eternity. They swore on the name of the Mother Stream, that any creatures who inherited the civilization of the Warlocks would become their beacon in the darkness. They will follow you in your dreams, continuously attacking you, until you die.’

"What kind of an existence are they?" Garen frowned. "In this world, the powerful Blood Breeds, the Death Apostles, have an attack that is very much like theirs."

‘The Blood Breed’s Death Apostles? I never met them, if you can find me an example, I might be able to give you some suggestions. But I don’t think they’re Void Creatures.’ Black Sethe replied.

"Why?" Garen retorted.

‘Because they are greedy and powerful, but they do not exist in a normal world, they are creatures who exist in the crevice between illusion and reality, the weak ones are about the same as a secret technique user at best, the strong ones can even destroy whole worlds. Can you tell me what kind of life form is this Death Apostle of the Blood Breeds you speak of?’

Garen explained everything he knew about the Blood Breed’s Death Apostles in the Ancient Endor language.

Black Sethe mused for a while.

‘They’re somewhat similar, but they’re not the same, the Death Apostles’ ability has a fundamental difference, the two of them have different systems.’

"How so? They both attack creatures through dreams, right?" Garen frowned.

‘No, it’s not the same.’ Black Sethe explained, ‘Death Apostles control the dreams formed by creatures themselves and sneak in, controlling their target’s thoughts. The Void Creatures, however, create illusions, not just dreams, and they can forcefully drag other creatures into the illusions they create, or it might even be a product of a mixture of illusion and reality.’

‘The power of the Void Creatures’ lies mainly in confusing you as to whether they’re real or not, whether you’re living in an illusion or reality. Both are fundamentally different.’

With that explanation, Garen understood.

"In that case, how can I be sure that my conversation with you now is actually taking place in reality, and is not actually an illusion?" He asked suddenly.

‘The Void Creatures’ illusions have an important characteristic, which is that they fear life force. You can try channeling the life force in your arms all over your body, that way you can fight their attacks to a certain extent.’

Black Sethe did not stop, continuing on.

‘Their moves are somewhat similar to the Death Apostles of this world, but they are not the same, only the effect seems similar. I suspect they noticed you when you entered the Mother Stream, and that was when they targeted you, following you here.’

"Why do you say so?"

‘Because they have yet to fully enter this world yet, they just sensed your scent, they’re still slowly corroding and settling in this world. That’s why their power is so weak.’

"This is weak..." Garen was speechless, "If what you say is true, that I was the one who brought this thing to this world, is that so?"

‘Indeed, they are using you as their location marker, and with every dream illusory attack, they are constantly settling their place in this world. This connection is established through the link of the ancient oath. You can also sense their position similarly.’

"Then you all would have methods to deal with the Void Creatures, right? And the complete legacy of the Warlocks."

‘You want that?’

"Of course."

‘Then you must agree on one condition for me, or rather, give me a promise. An Eternal Oath to the Mother Stream. You must dedicate everything to completing an Eternal Oath, or else you will forever be cursed by the Mother Stream. Reply to me when you’ve thought it over.’ Black Sethe’s words instantly faded and vanished.

"An Eternal Oath..."

Wiping the water off his face, Garen walked out of the washroom.

He slowly released some of the life force in his arms, allowing it to flow all over his body, and he instantly felt a lot more awake, as though his senses had suddenly gotten a lot clearer.

He just had a lot of information dumped onto him, so he needed some time to digest it properly, the fact that Black Sethe’s remaining soul or rather his memory had awoken, the existence of the Void Creatures, the fact that they were not the Death Apostles, but rather an enemy he had brought into this world himself. He needed time to think over all of these things.

It was highly unlikely that this was false, after all even if Death Apostles could control dreams, these were all things he would not be able to know, and it was impossible for them to instantly learn the Ancient Ender language, before this, Garen had never before used this language in front of outsiders.

## Chapter 635: Mission 1

Back in his room, Black Sethe never came out again.

Garen sat on his bed alone, looking over his Attribute pane. Without him realizing, his spirit, also known as Intelligence, had decreased once again from 2.4 to 2.2, by 0.2 points.

"No, the decrease should only be 0.1 isn't it?" Garen remembered the hint he had seen before.

Then, he noticed the change in the Nightmare Weakening icon.

'Nightmare Weakening 2: A superimposition in the Weakening. Permanent decrease by an average of 0.2 points every five days. Effects cannot be undone.'

He quickly stood up while switching on the light and walked to a full-length mirror.

"Trouble has come..." Garen's eyebrows were furrowed.

Previously he'd thought it was temporary but now it seemed to be permanent!

His attributes were accumulated little by little through training since he was small. Even 0.1 point needed one of his potential points. All of a sudden he lost two 0.1 points which were equivalent to two potential points!

"Is there a way to get rid of it? Black Sethe."

He muttered to the mirror using Ancient Ender language.

'Make the vow and I will tell you how to lift the curse' Black Sethe's handwriting appeared on his reflection's right shoulder.

'Let me remind you, once the third Nightmare Weakening superimposition arrives, your body will weaken once again, and more seriously. However, your vigilance is something worth commending. Only a little change and you realize it this soon. I expected that you would need two more days to notice it.'

He paused.

'You need to be careful. This kind of change is irreversible. Once it's too late, even I cannot restore what you lost. That's why you must make your decision soon.'

"What kind of vow do you want me to make?" Garen asked.

'A very simple vow yet a very difficult one.' Black Sethe did not keep him in suspense. 'Pursue and kill Void Creatures until they are completely erased, no matter which world! Swear in the name of the Mother Stream!' His hatred for the Void Creatures could be felt in his handwriting.

"Is there a time limit?" Garen unexpectedly did not care about the content of this vow.

'Of course not. However, a vow in the name of Mother Stream requires you to complete it wholeheartedly. The hatred from the whole civilization will be passed on to you and you will inherit it involuntarily to kill and to pursue the existence of Void Creatures.' Black Sethe seemed quite candid about this. 'I don't want you to regret it.'

"Do I have a choice?" Garen asked.

Black Sethe was silent.

'Indeed not.'

Void Creature had come for Garen and had taken a shot at him. Since this was the case, there was no need for Garen to hesitate.

"I promise you, in the name of Mother Stream, to kill Void Creatures for life until they are annihilated completely!"

Garen answered in a low voice.

'In the name of Ancient Ender. The soul of the warlocks will look out for you! They are supervisors yet also supporters. Their gazes are upon you and when it's necessary, you may summon their main body in the Mother Stream to help you in your fight.' Black Sethe replied.

"They are still alive?"

'No, those are just traces of their past imprinted in the records of the Mother Stream. However, their strong thoughts will allow them to respond to your summon. Countless heroes, former gods and us, the forty-two Demon Kings together with all those who swear to destroy the Void Creatures will respond to your summon.' Black Sethe answered solemnly. His voice was as though it gave off the feeling of a mission that spanned from the distant past.

Garen also felt an incomparably heavy pressure.

"How do I make this vow?" No matter what, he needed to solve this Nightmare Weakening curse.

'Swear with your Soul Seed. Let it vibrate.' Black Sethe's handwriting reappeared.

Garen went silent for a while.

Only then, his voice slowly sounded out.



"I swear with my Soul Seed..." Just as his voice came out, the Soul Seed in his mind vibrated, as though this sentence contained a particular meaning. Weirdly, when he said it in the language of Ancient Ender, his tone sounded as though he was singing a song.

'For eternity, pursue and kill Void Creatures, until they are exterminated.'

"For eternity, pursue and kill Void Creatures, until they are exterminated!" Garen said it out loud according to Black Sethe's handwriting.

At that instant, he could feel that something in between his eyebrows split and fly out into the air and disappeared. He did not know what that was but the sense of separation made him feel uncomfortable.

'That is True Soul.' A man's low voice sounded beside his ear.

Garen squinted his eyes, hesitation reflected on his face.

"Are you Black Sethe?" he whispered.

'Of course, you swore with your Soul Seed and in the name of Mother Stream. Ancient Ender language has the ability to resonate with the universe and is one of the most mysterious languages. So, your oath succeeded. A bit of your True Soul separated and returned to the Mother Stream. It became a trace that is imprinted in the Mother Stream.' Black Sethe said, 'This way, my imprint is able to communicate with your imprint directly through the Mother Stream, achieving a phenomenon as though I am talking to you directly.'

He paused.

'This way, when you returned to the Mother River in the future, the future generation can also summon your main body through your imprint.'

"Will this affect me?" Garen frowned.

'Not much of an influence. This is only a sign that you are part of our inheritance. The Ancient Ender and the Ancient Warlocks are different. We believe in the Eternal Mother Stream, the mysterious and unchanging Underworld. Therefore, you are now a true successor.' Black Sethe's deep hoarse voice contained a certain charm.

"Is there any meaning to all this?" Garen was puzzled.

'Of course, there is a meaning.'

Black Sethe suddenly fell silent.

Hiss...

Suddenly, Garen found that all over his body, there were strands of black smoke gathering and condensing behind him.

Very quickly, the black smoke formed an obscure dark figure.

The figure was over two meters tall, taller than him, His body was made of smoke with only two red eyes in its head.

'In the name of Mother Stream, you are now granted a new destiny, Void Pursuer.'

Black Sethe used his alluring voice to say out this sentence.

In that instant, Garen felt that his body had become heavy. He felt as though he was wearing armor yet he could not feel anything at the same time.

He felt his skin burning, as though something with a rough surface was chafing his skin.

'Within five days, find and kill the Void Creature that cursed you and your weakening will be eliminated. This also serves as your trial.' Black Sethe said.

"What's the use? I mean this Void Pursuer identity." Garen moved his body, feeling no changes.

'Without this identity, you will not be able to get rid of your weakening even if you kill the Void Creature. This is a kind of soul illness, a soul disease.'

After Black Sethe finished talking, his body dissipated and turned into a clump of black gas floating in the air.

'You have awakened me and practiced my Secret Techniques. To a certain extent, you can summon my imprint in the Mother Stream easily. That is if you want to.'

His voice was coming from the ball of black gas.

"We'll talk about it later." Garen did not give a direct response. "This means you will work with me in the future?"

'If you're willing.'

The ball of black gas condensed into a black ring. The surface was inlaid with two red lines made with red jewels.

The ring floated in front of Garen. He caught the ring and wore it on his left hand's middle finger.

'I can help you guard against the Void Creature's attacks to a certain extent and when you summon my imprint, the cost will be lower.'

"What is the cost of summoning?"

'It can be anything, Mother Stream is not picky as long as there is the energy of life. But you have to be careful not to overdo it because it may consume your lifespan, not the lifespan belonging to your flesh body but your soul's lifespan.' Black Sethe reminded him. 'After this, I will impart you the key to deal with Void Creatures. There is no need to hurry, the creature will come for you soon, I will help at that time...'

The voice faded away.

Garen stood in front of the full-length mirror while rubbing the black ring on his finger.

He suspected that Black Sethe was still concealing something. In the beginning, Black Sethe was planning to take over his body but was ultimately defeated. Now, he came out to help him on his own volition without seeking anything in return. This made him even more wary.

However, the attack of the Void Creatures was imminent and he had to resort to using his power.

"No hurry, I'll deal with it when it comes. Any attempt will reveal itself." Garen looked forward to even more Potential points. As long as there were sufficient Potential points, he would be able to get stronger and reached an extreme point where it might be possible to find the key to deal with Void Creatures.

He glanced at his Attribute Pane.

At the bottom, a new title called Void Pursuer was there.

'Void Pursuer: Successor of Ancient Ender, the mortal enemy of Void Creatures. Has the ability to heal and become stronger through plundering the core of Void Creatures. It is an ability granted by the mysterious Ancient Ender.'

\*\*\*\*\*

"Arisa, please hand me my towel."

Isaros shouted from the bathroom.

"Alright." Arisa put down the fashion magazine in her hand, got up from her bed and ran over to the bathroom on the other end of the living room.

Grabbing her sister's white towel, she went exited the bathroom and instinctively glanced at the front door. There was a faint fishy odor.

"What's that smell?" She whispered. Slowing down her pace, she crept over to the front door.

Suddenly, she saw some sort of red liquid flowing in through the gap in the door.

"This is..." She squatted down to touch the liquid with her hand and sniffed.

"It's blood!" She exclaimed.

"Sis!!"

Chapter 636: Mission 2

In the bathroom, Isaros was startled. She'd heard her little sister's shrill voice. Not waiting for her hair to dry, she rushed out of the bathroom wrapped in a bath towel. She ran to her sister in the living room while barefooted.

She saw Arisa squatting by the front door looking nervously at her.

"Sis, it's blood!" Arisa lowered her voice volume. She'd experienced several years of being hunted down with her sister, and naturally, she had more experience than the people her age.

"It came in through the door," Arisa added.

Isaros nodded. She went over and crouched down. Stretching out her hand, she touched the blood and sniffed.

"Open the door." She adjusted her body to the best position and said to Arisa.

The latter nodded and carefully opened the door.

Creak...after a very slight sound.

A bloody figure was lying down outside the front door.

Isaros who had prepared herself went over and slightly kicked the bloody figure.

"This man seems a little familiar..."

The bloody man laid motionless on the ground, seemingly unconscious.

"Sis, this man seems to be that Mister Vagabond...?" Arisa said cautiously.

"That Pu-something..." Isaros was reminded of him, the mysterious homeless guy she saw before.

"He must have met some trouble...he lost a lot of blood, we have to help him!" Arisa said. Her compassionate heart was triggered again, especially towards someone she had met before.

"Arisa, we must not cause trouble." Isaros said seriously, "The skill this person displayed last time, not even I can deal with it. If there is someone who can injure him to this extent, then that person is not someone we can cope with. This is beyond my ability, we must send him out."

"But sis, he's hurt this badly..." Arisa also knew this situation was too much for them, but she could not bear to leave this man lying here unconscious with his injuries. "He's going to die!"

She pleaded, "After we wake him up, we can let him go, please?"

"This is already more than I can handle," Isaros said seriously.

"But Sis...he's hurt so badly, he's going to die..." Arisa crouched beside the man and pleaded softly.

Looking at her little sister's teary eyes, Isaros finally relented and nodded.

"Fine, drag him inside quickly, I'll handle the traces of blood!"

"Yay! Sis is the best!" Arisa knew that the situation was very serious. She immediately started dragging the man to the living room slowly.

Isaros got a mop to clean up the blood and sprayed some air freshener. Her action was as though she was used to it. She looked around carefully and only then she closed the door.

"The plan was to meet up with the Thomas family's bro Garen." Isaros frowned while looking at her little sister wiping the blood from the man's face.

"We must send him to the hospital!" Arisa also frowned, but she was looking at the wounds on the man's body. She used to deal with her sister's wounds and was very experienced in this field.

Carefully inspecting the wounds, Arisa gave out her judgment.

"Seem to be wounds from the claws of a beast. The wounds are deep but they'll heal well."

She quickly found disinfectant, gauze, and bandages.

"We can only do some first aid and send him to the hospital immediately."

"No!"

The man suddenly woke up with his eyes wide open and grasped at Arisa's wrist.

"Don't...go...hospital..."

His cleaned up face was handsome yet pale. There was no trace of blood, on the contrary, his face was pale green and traces of black could be seen.

Both his eyes were bloodshot. His gaze contained desire and was locked on Arisa's white wrist, specifically on the blood vessels standing out against her pale skin.

However, rationality stopped him from doing so.

Trying very hard to turn away his line of sight, he loosened his hold on Arisa's hand with an apologetic look. The sisters seemed to be a little frightened.

"Sorry, seems like I scared you just now. My condition right now is very weak, very weak. So sorry, I'll leave immediately. I won't bring trouble to you girls."

He struggled to stand up but it was useless. As soon as he stood up, with a snap, his body fell to a side.

"Ah!" Arisa exclaimed while covering her mouth.

The man's left knee bone broke with a crack sound and bent into an unnatural angle towards the back.

"Never mind, it's going to heal soon." The man did not seem to mind his broken bones at all and sat down on the floor. "It's going to heal very soon... no problem."



"Your leg...!!" Arisa did not know what to say. Her wide opened eyes kept staring at the indifferent man, her heart in a mess.

Isaros, who stood at the side, had a face of admiration. This kind of injuries was actually disregarded by him. This man, regardless of his past and identity, he was a tough guy worthy of admiration.

"I must leave here immediately, or you girls will be dragged into trouble!" The man revealed a bitter smile while he spoke.

Isaros quietly looked into his eyes and could feel his sincerity. The latter truly did not want to drag them into trouble.

"No need to hurry, is someone pursuing you?" she opened her mouth and asked.

The man nodded. "Yes, they are very strong and I'm not their opponent. The police forces are helpless. They can forcibly shut down any public forces," his face showed helplessness as he talked.

Suddenly his expression changed as if he had detected something.

"Coming! They're coming! Careful!!"

He struggled to his feet.

"You girls hide somewhere quickly, I'll deal with them!! They're..." he shouted while standing up.

He had not finished speaking before he was stunned at the sight of Isaros taking out a rifle from a vase. She took a shot at the left wall without looking at where she aimed at.

Peng!!

Peng peng peng peng!!

Without any change in expression, she pulled the trigger continuously.

Countless bullets flew past. None of the bullets hit the wall but struck a dark young man. Wherever his figure passed, he was shot at by the rifle.

This man had originally been aiming for Arisa's neck, but he'd been mowed down by the rifle. His chest was shot to pieces with his blood splattering and scattering everywhere.

After Isaros' bullets were spent, she casually tossed the rifle aside and withdrew a black dagger from the handle of a door at the side. This time, she lunged towards the right side with her face impassively.

Chi!

The black dagger drew a dark line and stabbed into the forehead of a woman behind her.

The latter had just appeared behind her and had no opportunity to do anything before her eyes went wide and her body stood motionless.

Hua!

Two killers collapsed instantly and turned into two piles of black ashes.

"They're...very strong..." Only now did that man finished the rest of his sentence...

He looked at the two piles of black ashes on the floor and turned to look at the expressionless Isaros and Arisa.

He suddenly felt that humans were terrifying...

Two vampires were done in instantly by a weak-looking girl. This totally crushed the outlook on his world, his life and his thoughts so far!

"Sorry to have scared you," Isaros said while stowing her dagger and looking strangely at the black ashes on the floor. She frowned and said, "Can you explain why their bodies turned to ashes when they died?"

"Sis has an ability to sense impending danger. Though these two are fast, they have no skill at all. Compared to the opponents Sis had to deal with in the past...they are too weak." Arisa shrugged while looking indifferent.

They had survived in the past with only their ordinary human bodies and grew up until today, naturally, they were not so simple. Not only her Sis, she also had an ability.

"Compared to this, we're more interested in why they had turned into ashes when they died?" Isaros repeated her previous question.

The man gave a wry smile.

"Looks like I have encountered some amazing people...let me introduce myself again, my true name is Pritto, Pritto Scarlet Moon. I am a member of the ancient Scarlet Moon Blood Breeds."

"Blood Breeds?" Isaros frowned and said.

"This wasn't your name last time right?" Arisa pointed out. "Although it's also Pu-something?"

"Sorry...last time was a fake name. I was afraid that you girls would be dragged into this, so I didn't give out my real name."

Pritto's face grew paler.

In this short span of time, the injuries all over his body had healed a lot.

He walked over and looked at the unlucky vampire duo's ashes and was speechless for a while.

"Even if I didn't want it to happen, you girls still got involved. They are on to you now."

"Are they hard to deal with?" Isaros said calmly, "Blood Breed... Just like the vampire in the legend? I've heard of it before but I thought it was just some fairy tale, it was real?"

"But shouldn't the Blood Breeds be handsome and beautiful?" Arisa was puzzled at the side and asked.

"You girls...you girls are not worried?" Pritto did not know whether to laugh or cry, staring at the sisters who did not feel a shred of pressure.

"Worry? These small fries are not hard to deal with. Why should we worry?" Isaros casually explained and began to reload the bullets in the rifle. "Just what is going on? You explain properly."

Over the years, she had grown from the hunted into the hunter. Deadly threats to other people were just an everyday occurrence for both of the sisters. She was just upset to be involved in a dispute that had nothing to do with them.

"This matter can only be explained slowly..." Pritto smiled bitterly and explained.

"From the ancient times, Blood Breeds have been divided into two factions, the light party and the secret party and I am one of the Blood Breed subordinates serving the leader, Scarlet Moon in the light party..."

"Then the ones after you came from the secret party?" Isaros had seen various formidable killer techniques. Some techniques looked like magic and so she did not show much reaction to the Blood Breeds because she treated them as some sort of mutant.

"Yes, those two were just the lowest level vampires..." Pritto said, "This place is no longer safe, I'm afraid we'll have to move."

Chapter 637: Vigilance 1

"Garen, where did you put the shampoo? Why can't I find it?" Trish's loud voice called.

Garen was sitting in the living room watching an entertainment program that also served as an education program on the TV. The fat host laughed loudly and started pulling some idols up to the stage to answer some weird questions, while laughter could be heard offstage.

'Your Mom is calling you, you're not going?'

Garen changed the channel expressionlessly. "Ask Vivien, she washed her hair yesterday."

"Come and help me search for it! I can't find it!" Trish's voice was heard again.

'Your Mom is calling you, isn't it bad not to go?'

Garen stood up and went to the bathroom to get the shampoo hidden in the drawer under the sink.

'This is not the shampoo your Mom wants right? I remember she prefers that little red bottle of the Griffin brand' Black Sethe continued without getting tired.

"I say, why do you remember what kind of shampoo my Mom use?!" Garen finally could not take it anymore.

'Because the scent they give out is different. It's true and you should believe me, I am not wrong on this.'

"Garen! This is not the shampoo I want!! Where's my red Griffin shampoo? Help me find it!" Trish's voice came at the same time.

Garen rolled his eyes and went back to the drawer to search again. Then, he handed it over to Trish who had her head covered in foam.

'Know the thirteen ways to open a drawer? And the 256 methods to manufacture a drawer.'

"I don't care about your drawer manufacturing methods. Can't you say something useful?" Garen helplessly said.

'Well, you have to understand that it's been thousands of years since the last time I have spoken. My True Soul in the Mother Stream can communicate with you. This is simply a miracle among miracles. Even the probability of a meteor the size of a sesame seed dropping down on your head can't compare to this. You have to be understanding.' Black Sethe explained. 'Did you know? I was called the messenger of wisdom in Ancient Ender. Everyone was interested in listening to my enlightening teachings. They all praised me and revered me. Hence, you should feel honored to have me pointing out directions at every moment. This is something that countless people dreamed of.'

Garen continued to roll his eyes. He went back to the living room to watch his TV. Of course, that was what he displayed on the surface. He was actually practicing the Deep Control Technique that Black Sethe mentioned before. It was a training technique used to hunt Void Creatures.

Before getting this set of skills, Black Sethe had requested him to not close the communication channel between them and to maintain it without any hindrance. Now, he regretted...

He could never imagine how touching and exciting it was for a talkative person, who had been unable to talk for thousands of years, to finally be able to unleash and vent all he wanted.

When Black Sethe finally showed his true colors, he could talk non-stop for half an hour on the topic of a vase. Starting from the manufacturing methods and the various magical vases he had seen, to the love story he had with someone because of a vase. He could even link it to an ancient spirit with a strong will that had possessed a vase and yet ended up smashed by a little maid due to her carelessness and had a tragic end... The unit of measurement for all these nonsense could only be truckloads and he was certain that there were no repetitions.

Was this the so-called 'one flower for one world'? (TLnote: Literal translation, this is a verse from a poem. )

From one flower, he could talk about the whole world, just how high was his talking skill to reach this level?

Garen finally chose to ignore him.

If you chose to respond to him, he would get even more excited. He could talk about the feeling when you ate an apple, which race would get poisoned by apples and which Secret Technique would be severely affected by apples. There was once a Five Apples Religion that preached about eating five apples a day as a concept of immortality...

"I say, Black Sethe." Garen switched to another channel while observing his Attribute pane. The Intelligence attribute did not weaken anymore but now Vitality was affected. His Vitality had decreased by 0.1 and became 2.8.

'...Do you know the history of tea tables? I have seen tea tables worshipped as a holy artifact in a different world. They felt that that tea table contained powerful wisdom and strength. There, I saw a tea table with a height of two, three hundred meters, and the space even with kettles and cups on top could allow hundreds of people to live there! That kingdom was called Tea Table and their king called himself the King of Tea Table. Their nobles were craftsmen that could create the highest grade of tea tables. Countless people would even sell their children to acquire the manufacturing method of the tea tables, all of it was to become a noble and gain riches...'

"Black Sethe...I'm not interested in the story of Tea Table Kingdom..." Garen felt like he finally understood the reason this guy was one of the forty-two Demon Kings... Even a master that had trained Secret Technique to its peak like him felt his head swelling, and his mind was foggy and disordered.

'Know the one hundred and eight origins of how stories came to be? Let me tell you, the first came from ancient myths, I personally did research on it...'

"I..." Garen could feel his ears buzzing and his limit approaching. He held endless regret towards his promise with Black Sethe to maintain the communication channel between them.

He had never imagined how talkative one person could be.

"I wanted to ask, when will the Void Creature come and when can I begin?" Garen heard his words being engulfed by a torrent of sound, just like throwing a pebble into the sea, not even the slightest ripple could be seen.

"Fine..." Garen gave up on his intention to communicate with him normally.

He was completely unable to associate the current Black Sethe with the previous insane man that had tried to take over his body.

While pretending to watch TV, he continued to wait for the possible sneak attack from the void creature.

The opponent would try to weaken him through sneak attacks and let him die naturally. This was the normal practice for void creatures, as it would not cause any rebound from the laws of any world. There was no trace to be found.

How to catch the void creature and dig out its core? This problem would be handed over to Black Sethe to solve. Garen could not do anything to it just yet. After settling this void creature, he would take some time to train until a certain level to become a true Void Pursuer.

Now Garen lacked time, sufficient time.

Void creatures were masters of illusion and dream. Without sufficient ability to differentiate between illusion and reality, he could only be a sitting duck.

For now, Garen could only be a bait, a bait to lure out the void creature.

He was sitting on the sofa watching TV unenthusiastically.

Jason had gone hunting with his friends, Little Vivien was shaking her legs in her room while reading a book and listening to music and Trish had to go out and pick up her friend in a while. Her best friend had come over to their little town for vacation. His Dad, Emmer was sitting in front of computer typing something.



There was only him alone sitting on the sofa watching TV in broad daylight and it was also a dull variety show that Little Vivien despised.

He sat on the sofa and made himself as comfortable as possible. Without him realizing, he was getting sleepy and his eyelids were getting heavier.

Black Sethe's voice beside his ears gradually became unclear and then turned into something similar to the buzzing sound of bees and slowly drifted farther away.

Time passed by.

'It's here!' A voice suddenly jerked him awake.

He felt hazy. He did not know why but he could not lift his spirits, as though he was still in a half-asleep state.

Black Sethe's voice sounded beside his ears.

'For any creature with intelligence, their mind is divided into two parts. Their self-consciousness and subconsciousness. If a person's self-consciousness has a strong sense of reasoning and self-control, then their subconsciousness will be more casual and indulgent. The more it is oppressed by the self-consciousness, the more it bounces back. And obviously, that's the kind of person you are.'

"Me?"

'Your control over your self-consciousness is strong. This also means that when you are in a state similar to sleeping, your subconsciousness that takes over the body control will be in an extremely casual and indulging state. This is the accumulation of your desires that were suppressed by your self-consciousness and what your subconsciousness was always trying to find ways to vent. A person needs balance. You have to understand that suppressing yourself and putting yourself in an unbalanced state in order to reach the state you want is to change yourself. Changes require a new kind of balance. It is an instinct to survive and also a law of the universe. Life has always been a cycle of balance.' Black Sethe lectured.

"What do I have to do now?" Garen said. He looked around in a daze. Amidst the trance, he was still lying on the sofa in the middle of the living room but he did not know since when the white sofa had become a tattered sofa. A little mouse was lying on his left side sleeping soundly.

In the TV in front of him, a singer's face had been stretched to look like a horse. He only had an impression of the shiny thick necklace that was hung around his neck. That necklace made him feel familiar.

'Don't care about anything else. Just leave it to me. Observe your dream, this is your dream, look at it closely.'

Black Sethe's voice slowly began to sound distant and became smaller.

Garen sat alone on the sofa in a daze. He did not want to do anything. An inexplicable sense of laziness filled his whole body. He felt very very tired. He just wanted to plop down on the sofa and continue to sleep.

Wa!!

Suddenly, a frog-like bellow woke him up from his daze.

Garen opened his eyes and found that he was lying on the sofa. Trish was gently covering him with a blanket. Realizing that he was awake, Trish smiled.

"Sleep more if you're tired. I'll call you for dinner."

Garen nodded and watched Trish walked away while wiping his hair with a dry towel.

'Awake now?' Black Sethe's voice sounded.

Chapter 638: Vigilance 2

"Have you succeeded?" Garen asked.

'Just an ordinary Void Worm. Your luck is not bad, this guy's intelligence is pretty low. It only knows how to steal your dream's image of your life to make you lower your vigilance so it can paralyze your nerves. No wonder its corruption is so low.' Black Sethe said with a tone that suggested Garen was extremely lucky.

"This is still low?" Garen was surprised. He used his hands to feel the texture of the sofa in details. It was firm and the texture felt delicate with a slightly cool temperature. All of this clearly conveyed to him that he was not dreaming right now.

'Of course, Void Worms are known as the weakest among the Void Creatures. Meaning that they are as weak as roadside bugs. When we go in and out of the void, sometimes we may unintentionally trample a bunch of them.'

Black Sethe answered like it was natural.

Garen was speechless. He was unable to imagine the strength of these Demon Kings when they were at their peak.

'Look at your ring.'

When Garen heard this, he looked down at his black ring. On top of that black ring inlaid with red jewels, there was now a small purple-black crystal sticking to it. The crystal was the size of a fingernail. The surface had a texture similar to that of wood but it was translucent.

Using his right hand to take off the piece of crystal, he felt that this crystal was just like it had grown out of the ring, similar to plucking mushrooms.

Pinching that crystal, Garen took a sniff at it. There was a faint aroma of milk.

'This is Void Crystal also known as Void Core. It's a crystal produced inside Void Creatures. Some research states that it's the crystallization of Void Creature's energy of life but my personal opinion is

that this is just a dense bone left over from the Void Creatures. Whatever it is, this can relieve your body's weakening condition.' Black Sethe explained.

"How do I use it?"

'You can eat it or use demonic technique to absorb its vitality, it's up to you.'

"May I take a look at the corpse of the Void Worm?" Garen was quite curious about the Void Creature.

'Unfortunately, you can't see it. Void Creatures are mostly vague shadows or mist. Rarely are there any corpses after their death.' Black Sethe said casually. 'Maybe you'll meet them in the future, but not now.'

Garen considered for a moment then put the crystal into his right hand's glove and let it be absorbed by the demonic technique, Slaughtering Hand.

"And then?" He asked.

'Then, your weakening will not go on. It will temporarily stop and on the fifth day, it will be lifted completely, that's all.' Black Sethe answered. 'After this, you can choose your path.'

"What path?"

'The path of Warlocks, Secret Technique or summon and control. It's all up to you. Of course, these two are just a rough classification. If you want to walk the path of practicing Secret Techniques then you can choose one Secret Technique and focus on it while continuously hunt the Void Creatures to hone your martial arts. Your Secret Technique has reached a very high level. Even in our time, you can be considered as a class of your own. If you choose choose summon and control, then you can collect Void Core to use as your summon army. In the future, you can even manage multiple summons of the ancient True Soul's imprint to form a legion.'

'Simply put, this are two general paths, either go with strengthening your body or increasing numbers.'

"Didn't I make my choice long ago?" Garen answered.

'True.'

\*\*\*\*\*

Grano, Faya state, State Underground Blood Union Hall.

The wide, golden, dome-shaped hall was brightly lit. The hall that was large enough for ten thousand people was currently occupied by hundreds of people.

Standing on top of the white stage was a gentle-looking young man wearing white-framed glasses. He wore a white suit and his hair was combed back. With a charming and gentle smile on his face, he stood on the white stage as a confident speaker with a style of his own.

Facing the buzzing crowd with hundreds of different gazes, the young man maintained his composure.

"In lieu of the recent rampant activities of the secret party, an order of suppression came from above. After repeated ineffective warnings, they have openly taken the most extreme action of disregarding all measures of prevention and caused the deaths of fifteen of our compatriots. As the governor of the Blood Union of Faya State, I express my deepest regrets and condolences. I received the news today that Scarlet Moon himself had received severe injuries and his subordinates everywhere have been hunted down. Pale Leaders have issued a general notice to all. Two months later, all light party members will move to hunt down the members of secret party. Any action to conceal or assist the secret party will be sentenced to two hundred years of non-blood imprisonment. I hope that everyone has reflected. Please quickly deal with anything out-of-the-line so as not to cause any unnecessary misunderstandings."

The buzzing sounds gradually quieted down. One of the three only Faya State upper-level Blood Breeds, a bejeweled white-haired old lady, stood up.

"Against the rampant action of the secret party, I think that the first action we should take is to protect Scarlet Moon's direct lineage. They are now being hunted down. Why is our tracking imprint unable to find their location? I feel that there are people inside the Blood Union interfering and causing damage. We should do a thorough inspection on the Blood Union Intelligence Department!"

After speaking, she sat down with the help of a little girl beside her.

"I agree with Madam Vanessa's view." Another upper-level Blood Breed stood up to speak. This was a radiant middle-aged man with a fit body, wearing a black suit and dark red tie.

""Faya State is ranked at the bottom among the country's 32 states, from the status of our economy or our geography and population. Yet, even in such a region, we could not find any blood relatives of Scarlet Moon and also couldn't contact them. This is definitely a problem with the Blood Union Intelligence Department. I suspect someone is using the Intelligence Department to prevent our tracking. If there is no proper explanation for this, we'll have to pull out our forces in the Intelligence Department to form our own investigation team."

This remark immediately received approvals from a large number of middle-level Blood Breeds.

The Blood Union was originally composed of the clan members of the various clans of Blood Breeds. Every clan played a part in it. If there really were withdrawals due to this, the so-called Blood Union would become an empty shell.

The state governor and state leader of the Blood Union, which was the bespectacled man, frowned.

"Isn't it too early to make such radical remarks? Mr. Henderick, although the Blood Union has not done a good job in this matter, handling other matters has always been our most solid backing. We cannot dissolve the Blood Union due to such a little problem, this is too extreme. Regarding the tracking information, I will take measures as soon as possible. A thorough inspection will be conducted on the Intelligence Department. I can't do anything about other states but the Faya State will give you a satisfactory answer within three months!"

The state governor said decisively.

"Good! Then we'll wait three months!" said the middle-aged man, Henderick and sat down exchanging a few glances with Madam Vanessa not far from his seat.

Half an hour later.....

After the meeting was concluded, the crowd exited the hall into the corridor towards the elevator.

Behind Henderick were more than ten middle-level and low-level Blood Breeds. He deliberately slowed down and lagged behind to walk with Madam Vanessa.

The groups around them gradually merged and made a safe environment for them.

Henderick, with a cigarette in his hand, took a puff and blew out two lines of green smoke through his nostrils.

"Looks like the hands of the secret party are stretched far... I've decided to let Aier investigate the situation. Five hundred years ago, I owed a debt to Scarlet Moon. I can't just watch him walk into danger."

Vanessa was holding a slender white cane and walked with a trembling gait.

"The Tomb's Crow Aier? He is your best subordinate... Isn't he going to be promoted to upper-level soon? I remember that one hundred and twenty years ago, he'd reached the peak of middle-level."

"Soon, but promoting one to upper-level isn't so easy. Perhaps there will be hope in two hundred years' time." Henderick shook his head, "I will investigate this matter properly and I hope you will support me, madam. The governor's attitude is somewhat suspicious..."

"That's natural. The governor's two descendants have turned towards the secret party. One of them died by his own hands. It was still alright when the conflict between both parties had not intensified. Now, the situation has become complicated. He has become old and has no way to divide his Blood Core to make a new descendant. In the case that he loses another descendant, if anything happens to him, his position will be unstable." Vanessa sighed.

Henderick nodded to indicate his understanding.

"From the information that I gathered, there are fifteen hideouts of the secret party in this state. There are three places that are serious in the Biwinter city. The allied Witches there have already filed a request to control the Blood Breeds to my clan in advance. They've expressed dissatisfaction in the increase of the number in the secret party. I've sent my clan members there but at a great risk. I need your support, Madam."

"No problem, I will let all the person in charge to cooperate with you. Elvin, Biwinter, Kama, Sili, Grano and Marseille have the largest number of secret party members. This is the classified information that my clan members got from inside the Blood Union. I hope you'll have good results." Vanessa replied.

"I hope so, thank you very much for the information." Henderick bowed his head. Biting his cigarette, he walked slowly towards another elevator on the other side with his people.

Vanessa looked at Henderick's shrinking figure and shook her head.

"The light party has been accustomed to a gentle and peaceful life. I didn't think that even Henderick could disregard any interests and clearly state his position. But the result is not optimistic. The light party has been too accustomed to peaceful life. The more they have, the more timid they are."

The little girl beside her frowned.

"I think the biggest problem is that we can't differentiate the members of the light party from the secret party. A poisonous snake in hiding is the most terrifying."

"That's right. Remember to stay alert." Vanessa sighed.

Chapter 639: Training 1

Grano

In a forest behind a small building, Garen was standing there paying attention to the surroundings and every swaying leaf and blade of grass. Wind gusted through the forest, sending the leaves dancing.



His whole body was surrounded by greens and shadows. His eyes would wander occasionally, glancing at some inconspicuous place.

‘Void Worm is just a scout. They already have their eyes on you. Now, you need to learn to deal with this sort of creature yourself.’ Black Sethe’s voice sounded beside his ear.

"What do I need to pay attention to? How do I exterminate them?" Garen asked.

‘They are just worms, very very weak, only that normal physical attacks have no effect on them. You have to cover yourself with aura. Aura is the origin of Mother Stream. It’s their nemesis. You just have to condense your aura and attack them with it. That’s how you settle them.’

‘However, the trouble now is that you cannot control yourself when you’re dreaming. Your subconsciousness is bouncing back too much and causing you to completely follow your instinct. Hence, there is one thing you have to do first, which is to raise your focus in your dreams. Otherwise, you remain too susceptible to your instinct and cannot even control your actions, nevermind your aura.’ Black Sethe said.

Garen repeated: "The first step is to train my attention in my dreams, right?"

‘Go on and try.’

"What about those ordinary people who don’t have aura? What can they do if they encounter Void Creatures?" Garen suddenly asked.

‘Search and distinguish them, or try to communicate with the risk of being contaminated to get a certain amount of knowledge about Void. Else, take the initiative to avoid them by getting out of their dreams. The flow of time they live on is different from ours. Generally, the Void Creatures live on a slower timeflow than us. Their one breath may be years for us, so don’t try to compete in patience with them. That’s what they’re good at. Some of them can even live on for more than ten thousands of years.’ Black Sethe droned on. ‘The Void Creatures usually do not take an interest in average people. If it happens, then there are only two possibilities. One is that they’re trying to pollute the human race. Because they mainly consume a constant stream of energy from biological consciousness, polluting a consciousness will make it one of their kind and a producer of their energy source. The other reason is curiosity, pure curiosity. Just like when the researchers found some ants who don’t grow antenna.’

Garen nodded to indicate his understanding of the meaning behind Black Sethe's words. Although his explanation was redundant and long-winded, he understood the main points behind his teachings.

The trees and grass swayed and not far from him were the sounds of cars and advertisements.

Garen slowly sank his consciousness while controlling it and began to fall into a deep sleep.

His consciousness began to grow blurry. He unconsciously leaned against a large tree. His back touched the rough surface of the bark and he sat down on the soft, moist grass. The ground was slightly warm and he could smell the faint aroma of grass.

Without noticing, Garen closed his eyes and slowly fell asleep.

Chirp chirp...chirp chirp...

It seemed that there were birds chirping in the distance.

Garen opened his eyes drowsily and found himself lying on the bed at his home. There was an electric fan blowing at him. The shape of the fan was unclear. It seemed to be white and it also seemed to be made of noodles. The wind was hot and humid.

The surrounding walls seemed to be constantly flowing and its color was ever changing. It seemed to be brown in color. Garen felt dull and he did not know what he was doing. He tried to lower his head to see the pose he was in but he was unable to.

'Put the knife back into the box.' He suddenly had this thought and then his body floated from his bed. He found out that at the back of his room, there was an additional black knife. The knife was long and wide and its edge silvery white.

He felt himself drawing towards it and took the knife down from a shelf that came out of nowhere. After that, out of nowhere in his hand was a box and he inserted the knife into it.

Garen suddenly remembered that he had something he had to do but standing there and thinking for a long time, he just could not remember what it was.

So, he kept on standing there and kept trying to recall. Suddenly, he felt his right leg getting itchy as though a worm was crawling on it. He tried to bend over to scratch it but he could not find his right leg.

Pa.

A drop of dew dripped on Garen's head and slid down his nose bridge, and from his chin it rolled past his shirt collar.

Garen opened his eyes and there was a comfortable feeling all over his body.

'Did you wake up?' Black Sethe's voice sounded right on time.

"Seems like I did not succeed?" Garen frowned.

'It's obvious that you failed.' Black Sethe sounded happy, 'You weren't even aware that you were in a dream, got led around by the nose and finally you came out achieving nothing.'

"This looks troublesome." Garen frowned and said.

'That's for sure. Anyone who does this training has to do it for a long time. You'll get better through practice.'

Garen stood up. He really did feel something crawling on his right foot.

He shook the leg of his pants and out came a small white ant. The ant flipped over from the ground and soon disappeared into the grass.

"This is a whole new thing." Garen said in a low voice, "But I will have a lot of time to train and deal with it."

'Someone's coming.' Black Sethe's voice quickly died down.

Garen glanced towards his left. From his point of view, he could see that on the lawn between two houses was a tall slim girl walking over. She wore white casual wear while carrying a small red bag. She had long red hair, an oval face, white skin and exuded a cold aura.

"Isaros, long time no see." Garen smiled and gave a greeting.

"Garen, you came to morning practice?" Isaros also noticed Garen, slightly startled. "Something cropped up yesterday so I didn't go to see you."

"It's okay. You came for some afternoon exercise?" Garen asked.

"Mm. I am used to doing so at this time." Isaros nodded.

"Now that I think of it, it's been a year since the time we first practiced together here?" Garen walked forward a few steps and stood a few paces away from Isaros. Suddenly, his nose slightly twitched and he flashed her a strange look.

"How about a spar or two?"

Isaros' eyes lit up.

Hu!

She did not wait for a response and went for a side kick, blowing away the air.

Pa!

Garen warded off her kick but another kick came over from the right. He continued to parry and the spar went on with the third, fourth and fifth strike!

The both of them continued with their spar with peng, peng, peng sounds.

Isaros' speed became faster and faster. Both her legs did a series of kicks as though she'd become a spinning top. Her toes were like spinning blades that constantly brushed against Garen's right hand.

"Watch out!"

Isaros retreated for a bit with her right knee bending up. She suddenly throw a straight kick like a cannonball forward.

Peng!

Both of them suddenly separated. Garen's right hand went down slowly and his face showed a charming smile.

"You've improved again."

"Still can't force out your second hand." Isaros slightly sweated and shook her head.

"Remember that trick I showed you?" Garen suddenly lowered his voice.

He stretched open his right hand's fingers as though holding something. At this moment, a strange scene happened.

It was as though there was wind slowing in the middle of his palm.

Air currents as thin as strands of hair were flowing around his fingers.

These life-like invisible currents were constantly circling in the palm of his hand.

In that instant, Isaros felt her vision blur. She did not hear any sound but only saw a blur until Garen's right hand had already reached her forehead. His thumb stretched right in front of her left eye with just a little bit of distance.

Only then did Isaros feel a slight chill.

The crisis premonition that she had always been proud of had no reaction at all this time.

"Silent Killing Technique." Garen took back his arm. His right arm lightly gripped as though holding invisible wind.

"You have an extraordinary sense for wind and air currents. You may be able to really grasp the essence of this skill."

There was nothing wrong with his words. This was definitely a technique, not a secret technique or some secret skill or secret method. This was just a simple trick, a trick to control the flow of air currents that through movements.

In theory, only those who grasped vibration skills in secret techniques could achieve it. However, Garen had discovered something special about Isaros. She was very sensitive towards the impending change in the subtle flow of air. Perhaps she might possibly be able to master this skill that applied the technique that induced airflow changes.

"Silent Killing Technique?" Isaros repeated this name. Her eyes glittered and her hands started to imitate Garen's previous actions. Although the actions were exactly the same, not even the slightest change had occurred.

"Don't be fooled by its name. I am a law-abiding good citizen." Garen laughed. "Then I shall go back first. You should slowly practice it."

"Okay." Isaros nodded and said but her hands were as though controlled by demons and kept repeating the previous actions.

She felt that she could learn it.

Garen laughed again while looking at her who'd been charmed and walked towards the back door of his home.

Aside from any selfish motives, he admired a gifted student like Isaros. She was someone who knew how precious these techniques were. She had almost died countless times before these seemingly simple techniques. Only those who had first-hand experience would know the value. For such a person, imparting a little bit of knowledge was reasonable.

Chapter 640: Training 2

'You seemed very optimistic about her?' Black Sethe said.

"Optimistic? No, compare to those two seeds, I just admire her." Garen shook his head.

'Those two seeds?' Black Sethe did not understand. He did not know what Garen had done in school.

Garen smiled and did not answer him.

"Isaros' skills had already gone beyond that of normal people. This is merely something that was self-taught. What if I give her some directions?"

'You are really bored.' Black Sethe said, 'The world has too many geniuses, I think you're just bored.'

"Perhaps." Garen did not tell Black Sethe that he had discovered something different about Arisa and Isaros's sisters. He did not explain anything and only hinted at it. Maybe, it could be put up for some good use in the future.

"We should go back."

\*\*\*\*\*

"Hochman!!!!"

A mad roar sounded.

A strong black guy waved his dagger at the bespectacled Hochman. He was like the wind, his speed very fast and even left afterimages.

An empty field near a dumpsite, Hochman quietly leaned against the side of a black car, dressed in a black windbreaker while looking coldly at the black guy who rushed over.

Peng!

A side kick mercilessly came from Hochman's right side and accurately hit the black guy's waist and made him fall to the ground.

There was a bald muscled guy with shiny muscles like it was made of metallic substance. He bumped his fists and grinned while walking out and picked the black guy off the ground.

"What a fool! He dare to go against the mighty Mr. Hochman." The bald white man laughed. His right hand that was grabbing the neck of the black guy tightened. Just like grabbing a small chick, with a kacha sound, the black guy's neck bone snapped and the light in his eyes dimmed.

Hochman lit up a cigarette and lightly took a puff.

"Is there any more that had not been settled?"



"No more, this is the last one." The bald white man bowed respectfully. He was a murderer that was casted out by his family. He who had never obeyed any of his family's commands were now like a sheep in front of this man.

"Mister's plan should be able to be carry out successfully."

"There will always be something that doesn't obey, jumping out..." Hochman lightly said, "Recently, the district has received a lot of attacks. Take some people and patrol. If there is any trouble, you settled it directly. Recently, the situation seemed a bit messy."

"Yes."

Hochman turned back to open the car door and sat on it sideways.

Gazing at the moving scenery outside the window, Garen slowly closed his eyes.

"Search for the details about the freaks who attacked us last night."

The driver sitting in front nodded slightly and did not utter any word.

Hochman slightly pondered. He could feel his secret techniques gradually reaching a breakthrough. The feeling of evolving and getting stronger was very intoxicating. Just last night, when he was doing inspection in one of his subordinate division, he unexpectedly encountered some attacks, the kind that was very strong and also proficient at using guns. His best subordinates could not even hold them back.

Hochman shot and killed several of them on the spot. Only then, the situation was stabilized but the origin of these people were still unknown.

Looking at the scenery outside the car passing by even faster, he gradually fell into deep thoughts.

\*\*\*\*\*

"If these kind of trash still come in, just kill it." Dahm stepped on the face of the people lying on the ground, his face showing disgusts. He wore a large red gender-neutral clothes with each of the shoulders embroidered with two large black characters. Putting together, they formed the word 'Dahm'...

Around him were more than ten tall strong men bowing their heads with their complexion showing a trace of fear.

"Drag him out." Dahm stepped on the head of the man below. That step produced a kacha sound. Whether he still lived on, it was unknown.

A strong man quickly dragged away the man on the ground.

The rest urged Dahm to sit at the main seat of the conference room.

Dahm's face had become more and more feminine. He was now exuding feminine temperament all the time but there was no tenderness that could be seen in females in him. It was only sharp and blunt.

Although his temperament became more and more neutral but the angular face of a man was still the same. Yet, he still put on a red lipstick, faint purple eye shadow and a thin foundation. He pierced his ears and wore two shining diamond earrings.

"Recently, there were a lot people trying to break into our headquarters. They're really seeking death. The government has send people to help us but I refused them. Coincidentally, I am lacking some experimental materials. My Non-faced Waterbird Fist has not been perfected yet. I need some living people to try it."

He deliberately let out a false voice that did not sound like a male. It was very shrill. People who heard it would feel their skin crawling.

"Marshal Dahm, those people who tried to break through has very fast speed. We heard the news from a few sources of information that they are most likely people from Macquarie Organization and they have a huge backing."

"Huge?" Dahm chuckled. He already knew the identities of those intruders. He got the message from his family not long ago. Macquarie Organization was now very ambitious and planned to expand aggressively. Their company belonged to the grey side, a mix of black and white.

"There really are someone who seek death by trying to go against us?" Dahm stuck out his tongue and licked his fingers. "Macquarie Organization hired some mercenaries and thought that by breaking the rules, they would be able to win? Ridiculous."

"But these are just minor problems. The main problem is with Hochman." Dahm's line of sight went to the woman sitting at the end of the table.

"Hochman had also been attacked but we don't know who the opponent is." The woman promptly answered.

Dahm felt around his chin seeming to be searching for stubbles that had not been shaven clean.

The surrounding subordinates were now on their toes. They were scared of him. Dahm's mood was well-known. Disobey him a little, he would take it out on you. Most of the time he would just pat you lightly on the back, then you would discover that you were urinating blood. The second day you would have kidney failure and lie in the hospital forever.

Rumors had it that he and Hochman came from the same organization called combat club. Both had become their respective families' leading figures and owned more than half of their families' inheritance. Some people who disobeyed them would be change to their people.

"Where's that cute little apple?" Dahm suddenly asked.

"She had safely left America. Now she had been sent by our people to Asia. We're not sure about the specific location." A subordinate promptly answered.

"I really want to see what Hochman would look like when he knew about this..." The corner of Dahm's lips curled.

He did not notice that his skin was becoming whiter and transparent.

Illusory Spinning White Jade, the fourth level of the illusion and adding the seed that had sprouted inside his body had allowed his body to integrate his spirit, consciousness and aura into one and made him reached an unprecedented strength.

"Marshal! There's another challenger!" A shout from a subordinate came from outside the door. "It's the Golden Belt Underground Fighter King, Leidman from Eastern Europe."

Dahm stood up.

"Looks like another material for experiment had come for the bounty..." He licked his lips. Under the gaze of everyone standing up, he walked out of the conference room.

\*\*\*\*\*

Time flies.

Garen had come back to school for more than half a year.

He did not go to the combat club. Most of the time, his whereabouts was unknown. He was no longer living in the dormitory but he went out to rent a house.

Apart from the normal daily classes, he gradually lowered his presence. His main focus was now training in his dreams. The first step was training himself to understand that he was in a dream. This step had stopped him for a few months.

Maybe his talent in this area was not that good. Such a slow progress disappointed him.

From the information that he got about the mercenary industry from the Nighthawk Mercenary intelligence network, the mercenary industry now had some rumors about a mysterious group called the Combat Club.

It was rumored that every fighters that came out of Combat Club were elites. Among the rumors was about Combat Club's Xander who accidentally killed too much and disappear. After his total disappearance, the rumors about Combat Club were becoming widespread.

Under the threat of being shot by guns, Xander killed six people and disappeared without a single injuries. With the threat from guns, yet he was still able to kill six people. This had no doubt made a stir in the world of fighters and mercenaries.

In addition, there were also Dahm and Hochman who came from the Combat Club. Both were ferocious, powerful and terrifying. Guns could not do anything to them with their skills. They had totally reached an inhuman realm.

As both of them became stronger and more well-known rumors about the mysterious and powerful Combat Club were also growing. When they ceased to go to the school's Combat Club, it had become an empty shell. Even so, there were still quite some people coming over.

Garen also did not expect this situation. Dahm and Hochman becoming so powerful and progressing so fast were partly due to him. The power they used was largely centered on the seed of his soul.

The disputes among Blood Breeds did not spread to this state. To be more accurate, the states that were in this direction were not involve in any movement as if they were in a totally separate world.

Garen did not pay attention to these slow-paced changes. He focused everything on training in his dreams. The probability of success were not high. Out of ten times, only three times were successful. There was a need to keep stressing to himself that he was about to fall asleep before he really slept, but it seemed to not be effective.

Black Sethe suggested to use some medicine to assist him but Garen rejected it.

Black Sethe suggested another way which was to focus on looking at his hands. Before falling asleep, carefully remembered the details of his own hands and then in his dreams, he only need to think of looking at his hands.

This method seemed more effective. After trying several times, the success rate slowly increased.

However, sometimes he would get distracted by stray thoughts and the strange vision inside his dreams, then he would get drifted to some unknown place.

Unfortunately, he could not enter his dreams at will. Only when he wanted to rest his body would he be able to do so. Otherwise, the biological clock in his body would go into disorder.