

Mystical 641

Chapter 641: Ambushed 1

Due to the fact that the time could not be adjusted freely, most of the time was spent on waiting for the exhaustion of his physical energy. Due to his suspiciousness, Garen did not continue to practice Slaughtering Hand. He had been vigilant towards Black Sethe although Black Sethe was quite harmless on the surface. However, he could not forget the situation where the original Black Sethe tried to seize his body. If it was not for his Seed of Soul, together with Northern Trident Frost-Fire True Water Evil Technique suppressing the fragment of soul, the result might be different now.

'It's useless, Slaughtering Hand is a very strong Demon Technique against the Void Creatures. You have trained it until this point and yet you're trying to convert, don't you think it's a pity?' Black Sethe said after he saw through his plan.

"Towards something that might bring me harm, I've never felt pity because giving up on it is not my loss but my luck." Garen answered.

He was sitting cross-legged in a spacious wooden hall. The hall was actually a large dance hall renovated into a hall for him to meditate.

He spent six hundreds Gallon per month which was equivalent to Earth's U.S. dollars. However, compared to the quiet environment and the large space now, the price was nothing.

'Worrying about this and that, hehe, Void Creatures will not give you the time to worry. Their intelligence are stronger than the other and their numbers are getting larger. When your progress can't keep up with the opening of the void cracks, you can only die.' Black Sethe laughed.

Garen was too lazy to bother with him. He closed his eyes and continue to observe the situation inside his body.

He had spent a great deal of time to observe the state of his Slaughtering Hand Demonic Technique. Although he did not find any harmful parts, but some subtle uncontrollable parts had become quite obvious. This made him stop the training of the Slaughtering Hand.

Now, he began to think of his future path.

He came from White Cloud Gate and trained in Mammoth Secret Technique. After that, he trained in Golden Statue Technique and achieved an unprecedented realm and reached the legendary Divine Statue Technique. He mastered the secret technique and no longer had an opponent. Even if it was Sylphalan, he had the self-confidence that at most they would just take down each other.

On secret technique, although he had an ability to shorten the time needed for growth but there were a lot of things that needed to be understood. In the face of death, whether what he had could help in his survival, all depended on himself.

These things were not imaginary but real growth.

Garen recalled his experience of growth step-by-step.

At the Totem World, the more he saw the vastness and mysteriousness of the universe, the more he was awed by it. In this world, even the civilizations as strong as Warlock's vanished. Only the universe was everlasting and unchanged.

His original arrogance and pride slowly subsided and became a thirst for knowledge and exploration.

Finally, in the totem world, he lost everything that he was familiar with due to the power of time. Once again, he understood the power of time, the vast power of the universe could change anything.

Arriving at this world, he felt real peace and quiet. There was not much deceptions and not much of the survival of the fittest rule. It was mostly a peaceful growth from childhood until now. Even if there were Blood Breeds and Witches, they were all hiding without interfering with the humans. Although the place they interfered with looked wide, in fact, if it was carefully counted, it would only be small area. Ninety percent of the area were places to live and work. Most people did not have much twists and turns. They only lived honestly, day by day, year by year.

Putting aside the little bit of extraordinary power, this world was actually just an enlarged version of the original Earth. If no one took the initiative to touch that extraordinary force, for the rest of the region, they could pick any single place and still lived out the rest of their life peacefully as a common person.

However, this was not what he wanted.

"What do I want?" Garen asked himself.

"I just want to witness this world, this universe, from the bottom to the top, from the humble to the great. Just to take a look at what they are." He answered himself. "I don't want to come to this world without knowing anything and then die without knowing anything..."

His heart was unwilling. He savored this unwillingness. It seemed that was source of power that moved him up till this day.

Black Sethe was still nagging beside his ear but he did not know what he was talking about.

Garen was just silently in a trance as though he had heard nothing. As though he was isolated from all sound leaving only the sound of his beating heart.

That kind of deep unwillingness was as if a volcano that was about to erupt, full of thick and hot lava, exerting pressure in his chest.

Following this flow of power that originate from inside him, he recalled all the hundreds and thousands of secret techniques and various knowledge.

Excluding Slaughtering Hand, his secret techniques that was created and perfected by him and Northern Trident Frost-Fire True Water Evil Technique that came from Black Water True Technique that went through numerous evolutions and fusion of two Living Secret Technique seeds to become a peak Living Secret Technique and Divine Statue Technique that went through various trials to become a peak skill were the two secret techniques that were most familiar to him.

"Since Slaughtering Hand belonged to yin element, then I should practice a secret technique of yang element to slightly bring back the balance." Garen pondered and began to search for a yang element secret technique in his mind. Secret Techniques that could enter his eyes were at least those with extraordinary origin or having very high potential and covered wide range of uses.

However, those which could reach the level of the Divine Statue Technique were rare. Higher level secret technique like Northern Trident Frost-Fire True Water Evil Technique numbered even less. Perhaps, only Slaughtering Hand could reach this level.

As a result, his choice was very little.

"Extreme Heat Palm, the type that had no special effects. It should not be restricted in this world but it was only at the level of the Divine Statue Technique."

Garen slightly hesitated but then treated it as though passing his free time. Extreme Heat Palm did not have much of a special effects and only belonged to middle grade secret techniques. Due to the fact that its cultivation period was very long and yet the results were not that good, it should be categorized under cultivation techniques for health. Its advantage was that it could provide warmth to the body. It could counter the yin nature of the Slaughtering Hand and the Seed of Soul.

However, the level of Extreme Heat Palm was not high. This was because its creator did not have a high cultivation level. The greatest characteristics were prolonging lifespan to more than a hundred years and its attacks were continuous and full of vitality. The overall improvement to the body's quality was about the same as the previous version of Divine Statue Technique, the Golden Statue Technique. Garen did not feel any interests towards its supporting footwork technique and palm technique.

All he needed was the warmth that was provided by technique.

Coincidentally, the cultural relics had almost arrived. He was going to get a large number of Potential points.

Garen took out his phone to check whether Bald head's message.

The relics had arrived. Someone had sent it to his rented house in the suburbs but it was robbed in the middle of the journey and there was not a lot left.

"Please rest assured. Those that dare to provoke the Nighthawk will be personally handle by me." Bald head Kaedun said. Ever since he came back from Africa, he had become more confident.

After sending a reply to Bald head, Garen dialed another subordinate, Jay's number.

"Jay, where are you now?"

"Reaching the Faya state, Boss." Jay who was in charge of the Black Uniform's affairs said, "Someone intercepted us this time, we're very sorry..."

"The problem this time was not due to you. Both of you can decide on these matters yourselves. What about the matter I want you to investigate?" Garen interrupted him. They could just robbed the relics back. Perhaps only those Black Uniform's men knew about this secret.

"We investigated it clearly. The previous person-in-charge, Levi's daughter, Aileen is now twelve years old. She's studying in Medanslain Private School in Yorkshire, England. She's a very pretty little mixed-blood girl. Now, she's under the care of her mother Besna. The father, Levi Kenneyton was an international businessman have some fame."

"What about the people? Since I promised Levi, I should take good care of her." Garen asked.

"Originally, Black Uniform Organization had ordered some people to protect Aileen. With the collapse of the organization, I continued to maintain the previous order. The people are still maintaining the protection. No changes there." Jay reported.

"Bring her over. With her father's identity and enmity, she is doomed to be unable to live a peaceful life. We can't always protect her. Right, generally who are his enemies? The kind that would tried to attack his wife and daughter."

"England's Earth Dragon and his small group had received huge damage from him, and the Germany's Heavy Infantry Army is an organization specialize in killing and India's Nagas also had some grudges against Levi..." Once Jay began talking, it was non-stop.

Garen finally understood why Levi was willing to exchange his biggest secret for his daughter's safety. Just look at these organizations and killers that hated him to the core, with a casual mention, there were at least seven or eight famous names in the list not to mention those who were hidden in the dark.

"Pay attention to how you deal with this matter. Do not let me down. When you encounter any problem that you could not handle, report it directly to me."

"Understood."

The phone disconnected.

Garen kept his phone.

'You collect relics?' Black Sethe began.

Garen was lazy to care about him. This guy belonged to the type which the more you talk with him, the more he got into it. If you kept ignoring him, he would quiet down. Besides, matters concerning relics was his biggest secret, naturally he would not talk about it.

'You really think that you are safe and can ignore the threats from the Void Creatures now?' Black Sethe continued. 'The truth is there is one more bad news which I haven't tell you.'

Garen stood up.

"What news?"

'Hehe. It's something I found out after killing the previous Void Worm. I was afraid that you would get scared and so I did not tell you in advance.' Black Sethe said.

Garen did not speak and just waited for him. Under normal circumstances, he would be tempted to let out the news himself.

Sure enough, he could not hold himself back a minute later.

'I found out that Void Worm was not a solitary organism. It belonged to a colony, a race.'

"Your point is that, killing the worm would invite more trouble?" Garen asked. He walked out of the room without hurrying and closed the door behind him. He slowly walked along the corridor and could occasionally see some other people.

'That was a predator race. They have a strict hierarchy just like the colonies of bees and ants forming a synergistic group. Messing with one of them means messing with the whole lot of them.' Black Sethe gloated, 'I think you'll meet some trouble soon.'

Chapter 642: Ambushed 2

Garen fell silent.

'Did you think your Soul Seed and Secret Techniques could triumph against them? Don't be naive.' Black Sethe laughed sarcastically. 'Only techniques that specifically counters against illusions would truly be able to go against them, the current you is still leagues away from them! Without my protection, you're just a blob of delicious cake!'

"Then why would you protect me? I don't recall asking for help?" Garen walked out of the corridor slowly, exited the complex entrance of his rented unit and began walking down the steps.

Black Sethe seemed to be speechless.

'Do you think I wanted it? Isn't it all because I'm bound to you! I'm also a goner if you croaked, did you think I protected you willingly?!'

"And then?"

'And then you actually thought about giving up practicing the Slaughtering Hand! Give up on making me stronger! This is actually an innate Secret Technique that would make both of us stronger simultaneously, yet you want to give up on it?!' Black Sethe suddenly fumed.

'Do you even know how much more troublesome it would be after this? Do you even know how much effort I have to put in in order to take care of these trashes? You don't even....' He fell silent abruptly.

Garen's movement forward suddenly came to a halt, he'd lifted his left leg but it hadn't landed, instead, it was still dangled mid-air.

Suddenly his consciousness began to blur and everything around him seemed to be rapidly distanced, the sound of the cars, the ongoing foot traffic, the crisp chirping of birds, the warmth of the sunlight, all of it appeared to leave him suddenly. Once again, he fell into a psychedelic dream realm with no control over himself.

He had originally been standing at the roadside of the building while around him were streetlights, pedestrians and youths on bicycles, the green old truck that carried stocks, the stall selling fruits, the public bus which cruising by slowly, the gardener who was watering the plants and the white collars who were rushing for work.

But now everything seemed blurry, and he could neither see anything in detail nor hear anything clearly.

Garen felt like he'd suddenly entered a mute blurry world where everyone's faces couldn't be clearly identified. It was all blurry, and the ground was shaking and vibrating.

Bam!!

Suddenly, a strong force came crushing down on his chest.

Garen only felt that his chest went numb, it wasn't really painful, but he can hear his own sternum breaking. It was a really crisp, crackling sound.

He subconsciously wanted to swing both his arms around, but his body could not move at all.

There seemed to be someone screaming by his ears, screaming his name, but he couldn't hear it clearly as it was broken up.

Bam!

Another strong force came crashing on his left arm, his left forearm was broken instantly and was twisted into an unnatural angle. Oddly enough, Garen did not feel anything at all.

What he could hear was the increasing anxiety of the voice, as though that voice was screaming and shouting some things.

Bam!!

Once again, another strong force hit his shoulders, which made Garen kneel on the ground, he could finally clearly see what's been attacking him.

Just a few meters away from him was an unknown creature towering over him.

It looked like a clay doll lumped together from white clay that stood about 3 meters tall, with distinct limbs but no facial features, and all over its body were protruding dolls' heads and limbs. It walked very slowly, as though its movements weren't very agile.

It lifted its arm and Garen noted that there was no palm, no fingers, just a rounded end like a rolling pin. It then swung violently at him, aiming for his head.

Garen lifted his head, quietly looking on as the white arm came crushing down, his face was soon shadowed by the arm, but he revealed no hint of panic or horror.

In the instant before the arm hit him.

"Wake up!!" Suddenly, a loud voice rang at the side of the Garen's ears. As the voice roared, it carried a heavy tremor and loud thump.

Garen suddenly opened his eyes, he actually found himself standing on his original spot, asleep with his eyes shut.

He was still standing in his original spot at the entrance of the building, and the sidewalk was still bustling with the boot and vehicular traffic. Nobody paid any heed to him who had been standing there with his eyes shut, perhaps most of them thought he was getting a short shut-eye from his exhaustion in order to recover.

'You were almost a goner.' Black Sethe's fatigued voice suddenly rang.

"what was that just now....?" Garen was slightly dumbfounded, he felt that his brain hasn't completely recovered, it was still murky, he subconsciously extended his arm to touch his right ear canal, it was wet inside with a viscous liquid.

As he took his finger out for a look, it was blood.

The bright red blood was very attention-grabbing under the shine of the sunlight.

Ka-crack!

Suddenly Garen felt a crisp ring on his shoulder, as though the bone was broken, and then the left forearm, completely fractured with a snap.

Lastly, it was the sternum, the successive crackling sounds made him feel stuffy in his chest for a while, and his sternum actually collapsed inwards in that instance.

Garen took a deep breath and he began breaking out in sweat.

The muscles around his body began moving and vibrating, the extreme precision of muscle and bone control was activated in an instant

Ka-clack ka-clack...

In an instant, a long series of joint crackles could be heard as his muscles contracted in waves, each wave producing a different amount of force much like an agilest and meticulous pair of hands which instantaneously realigned all his broken bones back in place. Afterwards, he then tightly wrapped them with his strong muscles in order to lock those bones in position.

This was the greatest level of self-body manipulation technique, a technique that could only come in handy when the body sustained severe damage.

Garen stood still as his body shuddered. The injuries all over his body have been stabilized, the body parts which had internal bleeding have been settled, and his wounds were closed as his blood began clotting, thanks to his strong blood-clotting ability.

"The Devourer is here and it's their formal army this time around, that was the White Claydoll, the regular soldier of the Devourer." Black Sethe explained while sounding fatigued, "any later and you might have died inside."

Garen did not say a word.

"Do you know why in the dream realm, your body's physique was exactly as fragile as a regular person? That's not because you're too weak, but they were too strong.... An average White Claydoll's strength would still be over ten tonnes at their weakest, they are considered to be a pure destroyer in the dream realm, it's lucky that the Void Creatures have not fully recovered, if they were back then they would have mobilized at least ten White Claydolls at one go and completely destroy your dream, and then forcefully drag you into their illusory realm and then rear you like a pig to be eaten at any time.

Garen took a deep breath, it was the first time he'd sustained such heavy injuries ever since his transmigrated into this world.

Broken left arm, collapsed sternum, shoulder completely shattered, internal bleeding, all of this had happened in a split second.

'I used my powers to forcefully pull you out of the dream just now, if you cannot get used to moving around the dream realm quickly, then you'd die at the hands of void creatures sooner or later.' Black Sethe seemed to be oddly fatigued. 'We're lucky that the flow of time for void creatures isn't the same as ours; they'll need some time to move over from another dimension of time. What seems to be ten

minutes to them would probably equate to our ten days or even a month, so you still have some time to adapt as soon as possible.'

Garen once again felt this familiar feeling, the sense of looming danger. Even though it was weak, he had not felt it for a long time.

'Don't expect that you can get rebirthed after being killed by the void creatures!' Black Sethe's sudden statement shattered Garen's deepest mental assurance. 'I don't know how your body could achieve these kinds of space-time attributes and be able to transmigrate into another dimension upon death, but I have seen this kind of physical properties among those people who were fearless as they thought death could not touch them, but do you know what their endings were like?'

He snickered lightly.

'In the end, they were eaten by Void Creatures and not even a shred of their souls was left, this kind of transmigrating body properties are the Void Creatures' favorite meal.'

'Mages were immeasurably strong, and among the worlds that fell under their power, there were a few that were transdimensional. This kind of technique wasn't anything they were new to, but they would still be defeated by the Void Creatures. I'd advise against any feel-good mentality.'

Garen stiffened his posture, as he got into his new car and slowly started the engine to drive to the house in the countryside.

He remained fully confident in himself; if he could train himself to be as mobile in the real world, then he was absolutely confident of meeting any opponents!

Black Sethe on the other hand, was only snickering.

The sky was full of fire-colored clouds in layers like a flight of stairs, it seemed to extend from near to far, as the colors got darker from butter yellow to murky gold.

At the borders of Grandor, in a red-roofed house at a T-junction.

Arisa and Isaros alighted from a little white car. Both of them were donned white skirts with silver buttons forming decorative lines.

As they walked up to the front of the house with its red roof and grey walls, with the fence in between them, Isaros looked up at the structure of the building.

The left half of the roof was slanted, whereas the right half of the roof was flat. The house's front had some red windows scattered about but on the far right was a cylinder-shaped building with a conical top protruding out, much like a miniature version of a castle tower.

"Pruyn should be referring to this place, there should be someone coming over later," Isaros murmured.
" Arisa, you wait for me on top, close the car door properly and observe your surroundings, tell me when the time is right if you notice anything."

"Okay." Arisa understood the severity of the issue and nodded seriously.

Pruyn had distracted the troops that were after his life and he'd asked the sister to come pick him up. Even though this looked simple enough, they could not let down their guard at any moment, as that was the rule that had ensured their survival after all these years. Most of the time, when the situation looked safe, it was actually the most dangerous time for them.

Chapter 643: Followed 1

‘You have no idea how scary the White Claydolls are!’ Black Sethe snickered.

Garen didn't pay much attention to him as he was concentrating on driving the car. He'd only recently obtained his license, but the way he controlled the vehicle was already considered quite skilled.

As the cars in front passed by, there would be cars from behind catching up to him, while the vehicles on both sides constantly sped past each other.

‘White Claydolls may be the most common troops among the Void Creatures, but it possesses an unyielding body with no regards to fatigue and pain, strong regenerative powers, and mighty strength. I

reckon you wouldn't want to meet two White Claydolls simultaneously, as they can buff each other up to increase each other's strength. Furthermore, they do not have any acupoints, no nerves, and were designed specifically as a war machine against us mages.'

Black Sethe explained in a sarcastic tone.

"Are there any ways for me to temporarily gain speed inside the dream realm?" Garen suddenly asked, but his hands were still on the steering wheels, adjusting the car's forward moving motion.

'Why would you ask this? Your own training is more important.' Black Sethe asked in confusion.

"If I got myself into such a situation where I can't move once more, wouldn't you die as I die?" Garen rebuffed, "It's a temporary solution."

'There is, but it takes a huge toll on me.' Black Sethe replied.

"That's good to know." Garen's facial expression didn't change, "I felt that the attack just now was just a test and the real foes will come soon, you should be prepared."

'Void Creatures' sense of time isn't the same as ours, so even if they wanted to launch a second attack, it wouldn't be this quick. I understand Void Creatures are better than you...'

Bam!!!

In a loud crash, the car made a sharp turn as it spun around while braking, violently carving out a distance of tire marks before it came to a halt while positioned perpendicularly to the road.

In that instant, Garen felt that his brain had become sluggish and his consciousness was fading swiftly, reverting back to the situation like before.

Sethe's voice could no longer be clearly heard, as though there was a thick cloth muffling it.

The sound of fire started crackling around him.

Through the car window, Garen could see that both sides of the cars were on fire and the flames appeared to engulf the sky. Not just the sides of the road, even random items on the road were burning.

The crimson red fire was dancing upwards, much like a red ribbon.

The surroundings and the situation on the road had quickly turned blurry, as the sky darkened all of a sudden.

Bam!

The back of the car was hit by a heavy blunt force and the entire car creaked loudly. The back half of the car had been flattened like an empty drink can.

Garen hurriedly flung the door open and ran out. As he turned around for a look, three White Claydolls that were about 4 meters tall were approaching him and were swinging their giant fists as they moved forward. Among the three, one of them was lifting its right leg from the car boot.

Garen felt that his body had become extremely slow to respond; both his legs no longer listened to his commands, and as he tried to run away with all his might, his legs did not budge at all, remaining rooted to his original spot.

'Run! This is the illusory realm of the White Claydoll!' Sethe's voice was transmitted for a brief moment.

Suddenly, Garen was feeling energetic again, his body had returned to normal and everything was back under his control, even the surroundings have become clear in an instant too. He immediately knew this was Sethe's assistance, and he turned around and ran.

'Damn it! Three White Claydolls, this is troublesome! You have to leave their realm as soon as possible, I'll tell you how to get out...'

Bam!!

Garen leaped onto a car that was parked on the side and stepped onto the car's windshield. With a curled up body and a bent knee, his entire body was wound like a spring.

He didn't even stop to listen to Sethe until he finished.

Badumm!!

In a large burst of noise, Garen suddenly bounced backward and was launched straight towards the three White Claydolls, much like an arrow that had been released from a bow.

'You're courting death!!' Black Sethe shouted in anger.

Roar!!!

Suddenly, a giant blood-red creature emerged from within Garen's emotionless eyes, its horrifying roar erupting as air whipped around its body.

That was a dragon's roar!!

The Nine-Headed Hydra's soul consciousness had always laid deep within Garen's soul, merging with him was indeed the final apex predator's will, it was the ultimate desire to survive!

As the apex predator sitting on the top of the food chain, Nine-Headed Hydra had been bored of this peaceful world for far too long, and now it finally got a chance to rage.

The silhouette of the giant Nine-Headed Hydra appeared behind Garen, a horrifying silhouette towering over ten meters above ground with a blood red body and countless black smoke auras.

As Garen's right hand extended and gripped in one of the White Claydolls' direction, that hand seemed as though it was shrouded by the Hydra's heads and rushed at the four-meter tall Claydoll with a violent roar.

The Claydoll had also let out a muted roar, and it swung its fists ferociously at the unknown power ahead of it with full frontal force, even though its body size was vastly smaller compared to the Nine-Headed Hydra.

The Nine-Headed Hydra was a little over twice its size.

The two sides seemed like an adult preparing to joust with a child.

Ba-dum!!

Much like a thunderous thump from afar, the White Claydoll's arm was snapped, pushed back towards and stuffed into its body like an eraser.

A sudden red flush appeared on Garen's face and his right arm had wilted, as though all of its water content in his hand had been lost and it was left mummified.

He quickly swapped to his left arm, lifted it and swung towards another White Claydoll.

His hand moved at an extreme speed and with an accurate hit, it carried the Nine-Headed Hydra's rage and busted the White Claydoll's head with one punch.

With a thump, its head exploded and mud-like white liquid spurted out of its severed body.

The claydoll staggered backward a few steps and fell to the ground.

The final claydoll took a few steps back. Its face now had a terrified look as it was completely overshadowed by the huge, Nine-Headed Hydra, and it seemed to be trembling in fear.

As it observed two of its comrades being severely injured, it dared not stop and it turned around and began running towards the horizon.

Garen stood there without a shred of emotions on his face, he could feel his surroundings change once again; what seemed to be crystal clear have once again turned blurry.

'You're a lunatic! Don't pull me in if you're seeking death!' Black Sethe's loud roar could be heard. 'You actually dared combine with the soul of Nine-Headed Hydra! Do you think that kind of creatures' consciousness was easy to combine? That's a descendant of one of the top 100 Void Creatures, and you actually dared to combine with its soul! Count yourself lucky that you didn't get consumed immediately!'

"I'm all out of power," Garen spoke softly.

'With such mediocre strength! And you actually scared away three White Claydolls! This is the biggest joke I've seen in my entire life!' Black Sethe said, seemingly surprised after being angry.. 'If they had stayed to counterattack, then you would have completely perished! Even I can't do anything to help you!'

"Didn't we succeed in the end?" Garen readjusted his body which had wounds torn open due to the vigorous movements.

He then realized that he was still sitting in his car and his sitting position hasn't changed at all. The only difference was that the lifeforce in both of his arms had all been released, and they felt uncomfortably empty inside.

"I think I'll die sooner or later thanks to you!" Black Sethe concluded his rant.

"Don't you all idolize death?" Garen shrugged.

'That's them, plus this isn't my actual body, it perished several thousand years ago and I am now merely an independent piece of memory.' Black Sethe answered impatiently, 'You've drained all my strength too, we need to recharge.'

Even though he couldn't stop scolding Garen, Black Sethe actually couldn't suppress his excitement.

Garen, who didn't have the ability to even kill a single White Claydoll, had actually scared away three of them in that one instant of explosive power, this was completely out of Black Sethe's expectations.

This kind of bravery to meet his own destiny, the boldness to make the bravest decision in that instant and simultaneous execution, this level of decisiveness, this kind of complete confidence in himself.

Black Sethe could suddenly see the shadow of his several thousand years old main body in Garen in that instant.

Perhaps, he could indeed be the next Bloody King....

At this moment, in the illusory realm that was supposed to be destroyed and was engulfed in flames suddenly had a hole ripped open in space.

A skinny white arm slowly stretched out of it and grasped onto the boundaries of the hole.

" Al... My poor brother..." A gentle male voice could be heard.

Jiii.....!!!

Garen immediately floored the brakes, he then turned around to take a look, the Nine-Headed Hydra in his eyes kept rolling. In this instant, it felt as though his eyes have been transferred to another dimension's limit and could see something approaching.

'What's wrong with you?!' Black Sethe asked in surprise.

Garen did not say anything for a while.

"Nothing." He started the car once again and sped towards his destination.

He didn't know why, but he could vaguely feel that something was resonating with his soul nearby. This uncomfortable feeling was especially obvious and clear.

Isaros nimbly avoided the glass shards scattered on the floor and frowned as she peeked at the second floor upstairs. There were traces of blood on the staircase and the handrails of the staircase have been destroyed, as though they'd been crushed by a heavy object.

She tip-toed upstairs step-by-step.

The scent of blood in the air got thicker and thicker.

Oddly enough, the blood stains on the floor were getting smaller; as she reached the second floor, there was almost no blood stain at all, but the air around had a very thick smell of blood.

The room was pin-drop silent, no noise was heard.

Isaros' cautious mind had taken over; she already knew that something was wrong from the moment she'd walked into the house, and the door was just a facade hiding the mess within the room that was littered all over with mostly smashed fragile items.

Suddenly, she turned around and instantaneously pulled the trigger on her handgun behind her!

Bam!

A gunshot was heard, and a black shadow evaded the shot quickly. Isaros had no way of knowing if the shot had connected with the target.

Chapter 644: Followed 2

Isaros did not think too much and kept firing her handgun while she instinctively retreated.

Bam bam bam bam bam!

Her left hand was tightly gripping her dagger and she made a crescent-shaped slash in front of her as a defensive maneuver.

Firing a handgun while operating a knife simultaneously had almost become a second nature for her. Isaros' eyes followed the silhouette tightly as it sped around, but her handgun was almost unable to catch up to the opponent and could only barely hit its afterimage.

She saw that shadow circled around the second floor's living hall once, and then immediately rushed towards her at an incredible speed while it maintained an S-shaped evasive maneuver.

She fired two consecutive rounds that missed before she tossed the handgun aside and rolled onto the ground to avoid the pounce, then countered that attack by throwing the dagger out. She didn't even manage to see what the outcome was, but had already hidden in a room on the side and slammed the door shut.

With her back against the window, she quickly took out a few black colored parts from her pockets and assembled them with a speed which seemed like a series of afterimages was assembling it, and then taped it on the door behind her.

She then rolled over, ran towards the window in front of her and jumped out after smashing the window, while both her hands held onto the ledge of the window.

Just as she hung onto the ledge, the little device taped to the door started blinking red.

The black shadow suddenly barged into the room.

Ba-dum!!

A strong explosion happened instantaneously.

The flames engulfed everything in the room like a surging flood, including the black shadow. An immense amount of heat rushed through the windows with large clouds of smoke, and the interior of the house began burning following the large explosion.

"Beautifully done."

A composed, male voice was suddenly heard beside Isaros, with a hint of admiration.

She immediately turned to her side, while her right hand was positioned like a serpent to choke the opponent's neck.

Isaros had not anticipated at all that she would miss someone right next to her.

Pap!!

The fingers were accurately caught by her opponent, and the opponent licked her fingers.

Isaros was then able to see that person's true colors.

He looked just like a regular young male, clean, with a tidy attire and wore gold-framed eyeglasses, which made him look like a lawyer from a law firm. He looked gentlemanly, but his eyes had a hint of judgment. That black suit that he donned was definitely not low-class but was an elegantly-tailored suit.

This handsome man with fair skin had pitch-black irises like two magical whirlpools which carried an oddly strong attraction, making people unable to resist staring into his gaze.

"Hypnosis!" Isaros suddenly escaped the technique, twisted her body and her lower half then bent upwards before her body nimbly flipped back into the room. But that man seemed to be agiler than her and hopped into the room just right after her.

Both of them stood in the middle of the sea of flames.

"Such a beautiful lady... Outstanding, charming, seeing you feels like looking back at my daughter..." The man sighed with a hint of nostalgia. "If she wasn't killed by the damned light party, she would probably be as outstanding and beautiful as you."

"Blood Breeds have reproductive abilities too?" Isaros cautiously observed her opponent, while replying him in a casual tone.

"No, not Blood Breed, she was a pure human." The opponent didn't seem to be willing to talk more about his past, he was looking at Isaros, "To be able to escape my hypnosis, I suppose you're no regular human too."

Isaros kept feeling that this man seemed oddly gracious, this odd feeling made her feel extremely uncomfortable.

"No, you're wrong, I'm a pure human."

"Is it?" The man smiled. "My name is Laers, I'm the person in charge of this territory's secret party. I had originally intended to take a walk, but I would never have expected such an outstanding girl like you."

As Isaros felt that something wasn't right, the opponent's gaze turned stern, much like a beast's calm before pouncing on its prey, which made people put down their guard.

Suddenly, she dodged to her left.

Jii!!

She heard something being torn from the location where she originally was, but she didn't stop to look. As she hit the ground with her right palm to support her weight, she swept her surroundings with a windmill kick.

The pointed leather shoes on her were as sharp as the tip of a knife, which let out a sharp ferocious howl as it spun with a high velocity.

With two thumps, Laers was hit, but both his arms shielded his body with a speed exceeding Isaros'. Even he couldn't anticipate that his opponent would have such moves hidden, and it would have been too late to react if not for his own overbearing speed, which instead allowed him to proactively approach and hit her feet.

With two consecutive hits, his face seemed unwell. The elegance from before could no longer be faked, and his face slowly started to show a shred of impatience and ferocity.

With two bloody holes pierced on his arms, even though there was no blood flowing out, it was a thorough insult to a pure-blooded Blood Breed to be injured by a regular human.

Roar!!

He let out a loud roar and rushed at her after transforming into a black shadow, as he took advantage of the timing that Isaros needed to recover to close in on her.

Pap pap pap pap!!

The two of them had gotten themselves into a brawl. Isaros' speed was leagues below the opponent, but her attack accuracy was frighteningly pre-emptive as she has a honed sense of danger. She seemed to be able to predict Laer's attacks before they happened and launch a pre-emptive strike, which made Laers feel uncomfortable.

With a bang, the two of them knocked down the remaining wooden wall which had been blown apart by the earlier explosion and burst into the hall.

With a lunge, Isaros' finger violently slashed at Laers' right cheek, the poison on her nails instantly entering his body.

His face changed in that instant.

"How dare you!!" He roared and instantly gave up his plan to toy with his opponent, and a strong force suddenly flowed throughout his body.

His entire person was slowly dyed an odd hue of grey, while his skin became as tough as a boulder.

His speed has suddenly increased twofold, and just as he raised his right arm, it would hit Isaros' shoulder.

The immense power crashed upon Isaros' shoulder, sending her flying.

Laers turned into a shadow once again and closed in on Isaros, choked her and lifted her high. She could not do anything even as she struggled. His skin was as tough as a boulder and was nothing that a mere human could damage, even her dagger could only scratch the skin without dealing any significant damage.

Laers could feel the poison spreading within his body, and as he glared at Isaros in his grasp, he turned violent.

Bam!!

Suddenly, a large explosion erupted from the tiles behind his body.

The huge explosion flung away both Laers and Isaros at the same time.

Isaros took this opportunity to escape the opponent's choke, and she jumped out of the window pane after two coughs. Suddenly, a black shadow sped by and threw her downwards by grabbing her waist.

Bam!!

With yet another loud thump, her nose and mouth began bleeding, but the anti-stab garments that she wore before the entire incidents were useful in greatly reducing the damage that she received.

"Damn it!!!" Laers' voice could be heard from behind her.

Isaros' consciousness was beginning to blur, but the many years of fleeing from death's door had unfazed her, hence she turned her body away from her original position decisively.

Just as she rolled away, the flooring at her original position had been stomped through by Laers. The shards of wood and cement littered the ground floor.

The house had ignited once again at this point.

Isaros wasn't aware that she'd rolled into a flame, which ignited her body.

Flame, rollover, roar, sirens of a fire truck, a soft voice transmitted over a communication device.

All of these noises weaved together into Isaros' ears, as though it was a muffled orchestra.

In that instant, the scene where she'd practiced with Garen resurfaced. Those unknown emotions suddenly surged through her, as though it was merging with her innate prediction ability.

Aura began flowing around her slowly and after a few rolls, the flames on Isaros was quickly extinguished. By this time, Laers was already standing next to her, lifting her up by her neck again.

"You mortal! To actually humiliate me to this extent! Such accomplishment!" Laers smiled deceitfully, "Perhaps I should make you my treasured collection, keep it until... Jii!"

A crisp noise had broken his speech.

Laers was stunned with an unbelieving expression and Isaros slowly looked down at his chest.

That slightly darkened arm has been stabbed into his body, much like a spear piercing into his heart. The arm which was smoking and black was supposed to be clearly visible to him, yet oddly enough he hadn't noticed any movements from before. Just a light hit and his chest had already been pierced, as though his Blood Breed skin was a useless decoration.

"Silent Killing Art..." Isaros had a flashback of Garen showing her this technique, there was no ripple within her heart, her head was blank, ahead of her seemed to be the scene where Garen had pointed his dagger at her own forehead.

With a thump, Laers let go of Isaros and staggered back by a few steps. He shapeshifted once again into a shadow and disappeared from the scene.

In the house, there was only Isaros left barely managing to stand as she stared at her right hand, stunned. On her hand was a hint of Laers' blood.

Silent Killing Art.

Such a technique.... Was indeed too horrifying...

This was the first time that she'd felt the impression that the ordinary Garen was shrouded with a layer of mystery.

At this time, the sirens of the fire truck outside were approaching. As she snapped back into focus, she quickly jumped out of the window pane and nimbly landed on the ground with a forward roll, dispersing the majority of the landing impact. Without concern for her own injuries, she swiftly pulled open the car door.

Arisa came out from beneath the seats, she was frightened to see that her sister was covered in blood stains and burn marks.

"We have to leave!" Isaros said quickly.

Arisa did not dare to speak much, she immediately took over the steering wheel and left the location swiftly.

The house was left smoldering.

Chapter 645: Mask 1

Near Gullivier University.

Garen did not encounter any more ambushes along the way. It was already nightfall when he arrived at his house in the suburbs safely.

"Boss." Under the guidance of Jay, a few of the newer high-leveled Black Uniform Organization members greeted Garen in an orderly manner.

Garen nodded, alighted from the car, and strode through the main door of the villa behind Jay and the others.

A few members of the Nighthawks opened the door for him respectfully. They led the way across the lawn and walked towards a piece of empty land behind the house.

There were a few lorries parked on the empty land. They were covered in black cloth that was pulled over tightly, making it impossible to guess what was hidden underneath.

"Boss, these are the goods that we gained this time," said Jay respectfully with his head bowed.

He'd brought a few of his subordinates with him and waited at the side for Garen to check the goods.

Garen walked in front and with the bright light from the light source beside him, he lifted up a corner of the black cloth. Large black boxes were revealed underneath.

He could vaguely feel a kind of potential energy that was entrenched within the box and constantly lingering there.

When he looked around, he noticed that the ten subordinates had dispersed on their own and were now keeping a close watch on their surroundings. Their chests were puffed out while their gazes were locked on the others around them.

"There is three lorries' worth of goods here, meaning that we have a total of 125 pieces. I will get the others back bit by bit and as soon as possible," Jay reported quietly.

Garen nodded happily.

"I trust you. Get someone to move all of the goods here into the villa. Besides that, get more people to manage the house, it's too lonely living here on my own."

"Yes, sir," Jay nodded quickly. He relayed some instructions to his subordinates quietly before a crowd of people walked inside instantly and began to open the boxes one by one to move the items into the villa.

There were flower vases, mirrors, cutlery, oil paintings, and even ancient music boxes. Various items were moved into the villa carefully and displayed inside one of the rooms under Garen's instructions.

'What do want these relics for?' asked Black Sethe beside his ear in a puzzled manner. 'The Void Creatures could return any minute yet you still think that you have spare time to fiddle with these boring playthings.'

"Can't you tell?" Garen did not reply but chose to casually ask him a question instead.

'Tell what?' Black Sethe obviously could not see the potential that antiques possessed.

"I prefer collecting relics," answered Garen indifferently.

The moving of the relics was finally completed at midnight. A line of people withdrew from the villa one by one after that. Under Jay's commands, a group of them remained to guard the villa while the rest got into their cars and returned to the Black Uniform Organization branch.

The Black Uniform Organization's headquarters were located in Africa while the Nighthawks' headquarters were established in America because of Garen. Sufficient manpower could be assembled from either location, including the elites.

Once everyone had left, Garen remained in the storage room that was used to keep the relics alone.

He looked at the dazzling array of relics. Some of them emitted potential energy while others were merely normal antiques.

He spent the rest of the night separating these antiques and relics by placing the useless antiques on the side and only removing the relics with potential energy.

Although there were 45 relics that possessed Potential Value, most of them only held a few Potential Points, while only three of them possessed a Potential Value of at least ten points.

One of these items was a mask. It was a peculiar, ancient red-black mask and although Garen could not detect its exact Potential Value, he could detect that it was definitely a high value of at least ten or even twenty to thirty points.

The timely delivery of these relics instantly improved his mood, while the condition of the wounds on his body had improved greatly as well.

'Other than their nominal collection and historical value, what other use do things like relics have?' nagged Black Sethe again.

Garen turned a deaf ear to him immediately. Just from being inside this room, he could already feel that his body was steadily absorbing the potential energy that the antiques and relics were emitting.

He glanced at the Attribute Pane at the bottom of his line of sight and noticed that his Potential Value was moving slowly and blurrily. Although it was slow, it was clear that the values were truly increasing.

He picked up a pocket watch randomly before all of the potential energy inside was quickly absorbed into his body. The cool and refreshing air currents flowed inside him from his wrists to his upper arms before rushing up his shoulders and finally entering his brain.

His Potential Points increased by three points instantly. Meanwhile, the remaining Potential Points continued to enter slowly. It would take at least a week for him to absorb all of the Potential Points from the pocket watch completely.

Absorbing Potential Points from antiques could not be done as quickly as killing things in the Totem World. However, it was beneficial because it was long-lasting and would arrive in a steady flow.

Garen looked out of the window and noticed that the sky was now somewhat bright. A whole night had passed quickly. The healing of his bodily wounds had begun to slow down in certain places because he had not gotten proper rest.

He glanced at the array of relics and antiques before him. Garen was too lazy to attend classes and decided to lie down in a pile of relics instead. He finally collapsed on an ancient but clean copper bed and fell asleep.

The fastest method of absorption was to be with these relics at all times.

Time flew by quickly.

After a few months had gone by in a flash...

Under the night sky, a white sedan stopped in front of a detached villa on the outskirts slowly before a remote was used to activate the metal gates' automatic opening.

Garen sat in the driver's seat and drove into the garden of the villa unhurriedly. He passed a fountain and turned the car around under the maid's directions before driving into the underground garage slowly.

Bang.

He pulled the car door open and got down from the vehicle before walking out of the garage slowly.

At night, the sky was filled with clusters of glittering stars that resembled countless tiny pale blue diamonds that were embedded in the curtains of the night.

Garen was dressed from head to toe in a slim-fitting suit. He walked across the lawn before entering the main door of his own villa where the lights were shining brightly from within. Two people whom he had not seen for a long time were already seated inside.

Quentin and Xander.

Both of them seemed to be closing their eyes and resting, but when they heard the sound of the door opening and the footsteps, they opened their eyes at once and looked towards the doorway.

When they saw Garen, both of them stood up immediately.

"President," both of them greeted respectfully together.

Garen had only been focusing on absorbing Potential Points and practicing his Dreaming Technique with great concentration. Concentrating his own consciousness and attention while remaining clear-headed enough to recognize that he was dreaming was something that he could already achieve quite effectively. The thing that pleasantly surprised him the most was that these exercises seemed to help his own Secret Technique levels. When the Dreaming Technique upgraded, he could feel new developments throughout his Secret Technique levels, which had remained dormant for a long time.

There seemed to be new changes within the Slaughtering Hand that even Black Sethe had not anticipated. Garen's Slaughtering Hand was actually achieved by practicing the Northern Trident Frost-

Fire True Water Evil Technique and was not actually a pure killing-type demonic technique. Although it had undergone strange changes, no one knew if these transformations were good or bad, and the only way to find out was to observe it step-by-step.

Within these few months, he had encountered countless raids by the White Dolls. However, when he had become more accustomed to handling them and had reached a level that was even more terrifying than the Combat World's King of the Century, it allowed him to discover the White Doll's weaknesses in a short span of time. This allowed him to cope with the White Dolls easily, while his upgraded Potential Points allowed his injuries to heal quickly. Once he was able to retain his consciousness and remain self-aware while dreaming, the White Dolls became insignificant to him even if two or three of them came at once.

The ability to remain aware in that state allowed him to use his Secret Techniques and other powers without any obstructions. Therefore, he was much stronger than his muddle-headed opponents that attacked passively.

Even without Black Sethe's help, he was currently able to handle a few White Dolls easily at once, clearly displaying the General-level powers that Black Sethe once mentioned. Within these few months, he had killed more than ten White Dolls consecutively.

However, all of his attention was now focused on the Void Creatures, making him completely indifferent towards the normal tasks of this world. He used his speedy regenerative powers to improve his life while pushing everything else to the back of his mind.

His body was currently able to constantly regain its initial qualities with the help of the relics. While upgrading himself continuously, he was also able to accumulate more than 200 Potential Points. If he had not used up all of the points on his physical body because points were useless in the Dream World, he would have used all of them to strengthen his mental self instead.

"It's rare for you to come looking for me. Did you come because of an important manner?" Garen instructed the maid to bring three cups of green tea. Although he was now living in a Western environment, he did not like drinking coffee as it left a sour taste in his mouth, and was not as comforting as tea.

Quentin's eyebrows were knitted together slightly. This beautiful and sexy girl had always been straightforward but was now clearly somewhat hesitant.

"It would be better for me to say it." Xander now resembled a normal young man that had become a part of society. He was dressed from head to toe in a well-ironed ashen suit, his hair was combed neatly and cleanly while only a little bit of his beard remained.

"President, we came to see you this time in hopes that you would mediate personally."

Xander's attitude was unusually earnest.

"Mediate?" Garen began to smile.

Up until now, he had begun restoring his body's natural qualities because of the large number of Potential Points within the relics. Accordingly, his body had begun to gradually upgrade the average values of his qualities. Currently, his each and every move seemed to emit a strong aura as if he possessed a gravitational force that attracted everyone's attention unconsciously.

"What aspect are you referring to?" he said as he looked at Xander calmly.

Xander always felt that Garen's eyes resembled bottomless abyss or whirlpools, and could not help but lower his own eyes unconsciously.

"It's about Hochman and Dahm."

"Hochman and Dahm?" Garen rubbed his chin. "Haven't they always had a good relationship with each other?"

"Last night at twenty minutes past nine, both of them officially declared war against each other," said Xander softly. "Both of them have lost their sanity and even opened fire and killed people in the downtown area brazenly. Both of their families have declared war with each other completely. Dahm even used his contacts to engage the special police forces, while Hochman dispatched some mercenaries immediately."

"They're both adults that have their own principles. As the situation has already reached this point, it will be useless for me to appear personally anyway. Once the grudge has formed, it cannot be resolved easily. Since they've already decided to make their moves, they have definitely considered all the other aspects already," said Garen calmly with a smile on his face. "However, isn't this a good thing? The strong should never shy from battle, and fighting is also another way to improve our martial arts."

Chapter 646: Mask 2

When they looked at Garen's deep and unmeasurable blue eyes, Quentin and Xander could feel a faint chill in the air for unknown reasons.

This mysterious president who had drawn them into the martial arts hall from the beginning now seemed to be completely unconcerned about the fight between Hochman and Dahm. Instead, his attitude showed that he was supporting it.

Hochman was currently known as the Boxing Overlord in the northern parts of America. During a fit of rage, he was once able to use his strength to break an iron pillar that was as thick as a thigh, showing that he had reached a terrifying, inhuman level. After he had crushed seven world-class boxing champions and famous underground combat fighters consecutively, his reputation reached far and wide. There was once an incident when a pistol was fired right in his face, but the speed of the trigger was no match for his quick fists. He sent his opponent flying with one punch and the man's entire upper body lost its form immediately before his internal organs and bones were turned into a sticky mess.

Meanwhile, Dahm was ruthless and malicious. He used fear and torture to rule over his group of subordinates. His underlings consisted of extremely vicious thugs, murderers, robbers, and other hardened criminals that were known to the public as 'Deadly Fists'. Likewise, he used his frightening and secretly cruel skills to kill others quietly, causing his subordinates and enemies to fear him greatly. He favored his underlings that possessed particularly muscular bodies and great strength but had a weird hobby that involved dressing up as a woman.

Both of them had already become the veritable underground rulers of the entire northern part of America. Their forces were omnipresent, and with the backing of both of their families, neither money nor the government could stop them at all.

"After all, both of them were the strongest members of our combat club..." said Quentin while trying to convince Garen. "Ever since the reputation of the combat club rose, the club members would always support and help each other to the point where they formed a large web of power relations. A year has passed since then and it has already developed into a large-scale network system today. As members,

everyone should help each other progress so that our strengths can become more powerful. Both Hochman and Dahm were two of our most outstanding members, so we cannot..."

"So what?" Garen interrupted her. "The survival of the fittest is the way of the world. They made their own choices and I have no right to interfere."

Quentin choked up for a moment and was temporarily unable to speak.

"You taught and guided us past the threshold. Therefore, you are our Master," said Xander quietly from the sidelines. "Right now, you're the only person who can stop their fight."

"The only person in this world who can stop them is you," said Xander frankly. "I'm begging you." He lowered his head heavily and bowed deeply.

Quentin lowered her head and bowed while standing on the side as well. "We can't just watch while they kill each other. Please!"

Garen lifted his cup of green tea and sipped it gently.

Quentin sneaked at a glance at this mysterious man from the corner of her eye. His each and every move was completely incomprehensible to everyone else. Meanwhile, no one knew the origins of his extraordinary martial arts skills. While the prestige of his two disciples peaked, this mysterious and powerful man was gradually known as 'Holy Fist' by those around him.

However, although there were people who knew his family and other information, no one could understand how his terrifyingly strong martial arts came about.

Even though they had reached powerful stages now, both Hochman and Dahm restrained and downplayed themselves in front of Garen and continued to respect him.

The only one who could stop both of them was him.

Deep down, Quentin understood that. However, she was completely unaware that the real culprit that caused both of them to fight to the death was not someone else, but actually Garen himself.

Quentin knew about the terrifying techniques that she had learned from Garen's martial arts. They seemed like an endless path that allowed one to explore themselves infinitely...

She had currently achieved the third level of the Illusory Spinning White Jade, which was the Spin level. Although she was unable to reach the fourth level and remained in her current state, her strength was already sufficient to defeat all of her enemies outside combat club.

Her own family had started a boxing club, allowing her to clearly understand how terrifying the techniques that she had grasped truly were. After she'd accidentally overthrown two well-known boxers, she finally understood that the techniques she had grasped were terrifying murder skills that were actually derived from battle skills from countless fights. Neither mercy nor good intentions existed here, only death.

The Two-Faced Waterbird Fist that was concealed within beautiful and graceful steps were actually deadly murderous intentions.

In comparison, Hochman and Dahm had already started to create Waterbird Fist fighting techniques that were most suited towards themselves. Their powers seemed to constantly increase like a limitless rocket.

"How regretful." Garen crossed all ten of his fingers and laid them on top of the table. "The Two-Faced Waterbird Fist was a fighting technique that I had passed on to all of you. In reality, once it has reached a certain level, it will separate itself into positive and negative directions because of each person's own physical qualities. Only those with specialized talents and skills will be able to activate these special qualities. The fight between the Negative Two-Faced Waterbird Fist and Positive Two-Faced Waterbird Fist is predestined. Once they have defeated and killed their opponent and fused with the essence of their Secret Techniques, they will be able to upgrade themselves to a level that no one has ever anticipated before."

This was the first time Garen had explained the true meaning behind the Two-Faced Waterbird Fist to both of them.

"Negative and positive. This is the reason why it was named the Two-Faced Waterbird Fist."

This was the first time Quentin and Xander had heard an allusion like this, and both of them were unconsciously dazed after they had heard everything. They had always thought that Hochman and Dahm could only fight to the death because of personal grudges, but now... All of this seemed to be arranged by Garen from the beginning...

As fellow successors of the Waterbird Fist, both of them had finally understood the true secrets of this killing technique.

"You... what is your goal?!" Xander raised his head while suppressed anger flashed in his eyes.

"Goal?" Garen began to smile. "You guys thought that martial arts merely meant playing house? That strength could be achieved easily without having to pay a price? Perhaps you thought that you would be able to gain such frightening skills just by paying a small price? Don't be naive."

"The true path of martial arts has never included such a quick road to improvement. By practicing a martial art without aftereffects, they would have to spend at least ten years doing orthodox training to even dream about reaching your level. But you assumed that the martial arts that you were practicing could be considered of the same class?" sneered Garen.

"All shortcuts require a price to be paid in exchange." He stood up after he was almost done speaking.

"Alright, it's late. Go home."

Both of them were currently stunned and in a daze. They thought back to the earliest moment when Garen had imparted the most powerful strength to them and the moment when they received everything before their minds become muddled once more.

They remained confused while being ushered out of the door by the maids, and only awakened from their trance while driving back on the road home.

No wonder they were forced to congregate around Garen for a period of time under the pretense of regulating their martial arts progress. They needed Garen to personally check their progress every time, and when they thought about it now, perhaps he was checking and getting rid of everyone's side effects.

Both of their minds were confused and numb for a while. Neither of them was concerned about Hochman or Dahm anymore, as they needed to go back and check on the conditions of their own bodies carefully.

Inside a little wooden house in an unspecified forest in Grano town.

Within a lush green forest, a little house was situated in completely silent surroundings, as if something was protecting this little wooden house that was built by this forest ranger.

"Are you crazy? You let two normal people come into contact with Lars? That insane madman?!"

Inside the wooden house, Pritto sat on the sofa while a beautiful woman with golden hair stood on the opposite side of him and looked on with an expression of disbelief.

"You actually gave such an important item to two normal people? I don't know what you experienced during this period of time, but actions like this simply make me see you as an unbelievably stupid idiot!" The woman's chest heaved continuously, making it obvious that she was extremely furious.

"I trust them..." said Pritto softly. A cigarette was held between his fingers but it was unlit.

"Barton's current goal is to pursue you and me. No one would think that the goods are not with us, but at the other place instead. As part of the Scarlet Moon tribe, we should not be afraid of our opponent's middle-level hypnotic control techniques. Currently, only you and I know this secret," Pritto raised his head quietly and looked at the woman.

"So you're not afraid that they'll be affected by the control of the hypnotic technique? Simply ridiculous!" said the woman in an annoyed tone.

"I've tried it. They have extremely strong will powers, and they've also undergone various types of training to resist it, making it completely impossible to control them," Pritto explained. "Besides that, they seem to know a specialized combat skill and possess extremely strong powers."

"No matter how strong they are, they're still normal humans at the end of the day. The Middle-level Blood Breeds can kill them with one look! Fine... Fine, fine..." The woman raised both of her hands. "Whatever, I don't care. Any decisions you make will be your own problem. Anyway, if anything bad happens, it will be your personal responsibility. I don't want to even think about caring about this anymore! Just do as you like!" She turned around and left angrily.

Only Pritto remained seated inside the wooden house. He smiled bitterly and coughed twice while a defeated expression crept across his face slowly.

"Frankly, I didn't want to drag two innocent lives into this. However, I had no other choice, and before I knew it, they were already involved."

Inside an unspecified private meeting room in Feinan City, a short distance from Grano, within the state of Faya.

None of the lights in the room were lit and it was pitch-black, while the smell of smoke wafted through the air faintly.

Two middle-aged men in black windbreakers stood in front of a window. Both of their figures seemed to blend into the darkness completely as if they were merely sculptures that posed quietly in front of the window amidst the cold and gloomy air.

"The operation has failed. Two normal people have been involved. They replaced Pritto and went to the coordinate point and even injured Lars."

"They're probably the subordinates of the other Blood Breeds. That fellow Lars is more concerned with saving face than his own life, and if news that a normal person was able to injure a Blood Breed gets out, not only will he be worried that others will make fun of him, but he'll probably also get more people to

come over if he can't handle it. However, we can't drag this out any longer. The local Witches don't have positive attitudes towards us, so we'll have hurry up and make our moves. Do you know Pritto's whereabouts?"

"He should be with Cavenly. If we can find Cavenly, we'll definitely be able to find him as well."

"That's good. We must move fast. The other territories are almost done, we must not lag behind."

"Yes."

Chapter 647: Dream 1

Inside a brilliantly illuminated golden hall.

Garen sat upright on the sofa with his eyes closed slightly, while his head and both of his arms were draped over the back of the sofa.

He had already finished absorbing the Potential Points from the relics. He glanced at the status of his own Attribute Pane.

'Garen Thomas.

Strength 2.9. Agility 2.9. Vitality 3.1. Intelligence 2.8. Potential 25648%. Soul Limit 30.'

He had neglected to increase his attributes equally but later used his increased vitality attribute to restore himself after incurring some heavy damage. Even though this had decreased his speed, Black Sethe remained confused after much thought, and could only assume that Garen possessed extremely powerful Secret Methods. After all, there were seemingly endless amounts of outstanding skills throughout the ages, and those that were created and initiated on one's own were not necessarily inferior in comparison to those of the past.

Garen closed his eyes. "My biggest problem now involves moving around in the Dream World. I don't need Black Sethe's help anymore because I can move around as I please, but this will only work when I

focus my attention. Right now my biggest problem concerns the usage of my Potential Points. I still have 256 Potential Points but I don't know how to distribute them."

He had not anticipated that he would receive such huge rewards this time. These two hundred points were something that the Black Uniform Organization could only accumulate after many years. Unlike himself, they could not filter their attributes and talents, and would not dare to wantonly absorb Potential Values to strengthen themselves. They would only absorb these values slowly in times of need. However, this would cause various after effects that would make them suffer untold hardships. Many of them died young, while only Levi faced the least effects because his vitality was different from the average person's.

Garen had already confirmed that everything in the Dream World, including abilities and knowledge, could not be strengthened using Potential Values. Instead, they could only be trained and advanced step by step. Therefore, it was impossible to hurriedly learn the techniques of the Dream World.

His options were also limited.

Firstly, he could strengthen all of his physical qualities equally while empowering his strength in reality as well. This would be effective towards increasing his strength in the Dream World, as the body he used in the Dream World was still his own body.

Secondly, he could strengthen his skills and Secret Techniques. The Slaughtering Hand could be strengthened and advanced, and he could also choose other skills to improve as well. In the end, the Secret Techniques could be used to counter the Void Creatures, but he would need to pay attention to Black Sethe's lurking dangers.

Thirdly, he could focus on strengthening one particular attribute. Once that attribute had reached a certain level, special abilities and talents would appear the same way the Doublecast attack technique had appeared when his Intelligence had previously reached a certain milestone.

In Garen's perspective, although the Slaughtering Hand possessed strong powers, it also contained many hidden dangers.

Garen's thoughts wandered before an idea was formed when a certain Secret Method unexpectedly flashed through his thoughts.

By summarizing his personal experiences, he'd learned that two secret roads or points had to be added to the seven secret points to activate one's potential and create improvements within the Seven Star Life's Secret Point. Recently, he was constantly fixing and perfecting its contents in order to repair and gradually turn it into a complete set of Secret Methods and Secret Technique practices. The effects of every level were equivalent to forming a point of a star.

A Secret Method like this would strengthen his physical qualities equally. When he empowered his attributes and reached a certain level, there was a possibility that he would be able to reach unimaginable degrees.

Garen made up his mind.

He focused his sight on his Strength Attribute Pane immediately.

It remained there for three seconds before the values of his Potential Points decreased rapidly.

Meanwhile, his strength attribute increased from 2.9 quickly as 1 point of Potential Value would equal to an increment of 0.1 for said attribute. 2.9, 3.1, 3.2, 3.3... 4.1... 5.0.

Once his data card reached 5 full points, it did not continue to expand anymore. His other attributes were too low, making it impossible for them to continue increasing. Garen understood that this was because of all of his body parts that were linked together and influenced one another.

This 5 point strength restoration allowed him to vaguely feel the sensation of having plentiful strength as he had in the previous Totem World. Although it was not equivalent to the White Dolls and the explosive powers from the hidden life forces in both of his arms, his regular strength and movements had already reached a frightening degree. This was not merely a five-time increase of a normal individual's strength. Instead, the strength of his entire body had reached an extremely powerful stage. Once it exploded, it would be equivalent to ten times of a normal person's strength. This was decided by his Secret Technique state.

His state was the deciding factor that allowed him to move all of the strength in his body, as well as the strength in every inch of his muscles.

Even for a normal person, if they were able to release all of the strength of their muscles and unite it at once, they would be able to reach extremely strong degrees. However, regular people would only be able to gather the strength of their four limbs, while the slightly stronger ones would be able to add strength from their waist and back, and the even stronger ones could coordinate their four limbs.

If they were able to reach the next step, they could regulate and control every muscle and fiber in their body. At this level, they would be able to gather all the strength within their body, and this was the level that Garen was currently located at.

He had previously tested the Gene Limits of the people of this world. He'd used various Secret Methods to activate the potential of his experiments. Furthermore, he'd also used the Life Force of his arm to ensure that the other person would not die before constantly increasing their physical qualities. He discovered that they would stop increasing after 3 points, and if it went any higher, the components of the experiment's body would collapse immediately and even his Life Force would be unable to preserve their lives.

In other words, the people of this world which consisted of normal humans could only achieve the strongest levels of three times of the average physical qualities of a standard adult human. This was their Gene Limit.

However, Garen's own limits were constantly increased and strengthened by the Soul Seed as this was the crystallization of his efforts in the previous world.

After he had increased his strength to five points and consumed 21 Potential Points, Garen's sight fell on his Agility Pane once more.

Similarly, once 21 Potential Points had been consumed completely, he spent 19 points on Vitality, 22 points on Intelligence and ended up consuming a total of 83 Potential Points in one go.

"What a familiar feeling..."

Garen sat on the sofa while the muscles on his body began to tremble unconsciously, turning faintly red. His body size began to expand and become more muscular while unexpectedly becoming more streamlined as well.

The depression that had formed when he sat on the sofa was slowly beginning to sink lower as well. It was an obvious sign of his apparent weight gain.

Bouts of strength began to flow throughout his body and Garen soon felt that his body was becoming compacted. However, the powerful strength that surged through his body did not make it harder for him to move but made him feel more lithe and graceful instead.

He stretched his fingers out and counted them.

Tch!

A shroud of white gas flew out quickly. It was an air current that had been quickly released by his fingernail.

The white smoke struck the wallpaper on the opposite wall and hit it immediately as if it was a little hammer.

Garen glanced at his remaining Potential Points and noticed that there were only slightly more than a hundred points left. If he added them up, since his physical qualities had already exceeded five points, he would need a Potential Value of twenty points to upgrade one attribute. In other words, he would need a Potential Value of two points to upgrade each attribute by 0.1. This meant that the dividing line would be decided by the methods to produce qualitative change.

The hundred over points that remained were completely insufficient to increase anything. He looked at the data properly and noticed that there were 173 points of Potential Value left.

When he was bored, he had once converted his Strength Attribute Points into the equivalent strength units that he was familiar with in order to compare the strength levels between attributes clearly and conveniently.

The one that he used the most was the strength attribute. Therefore, the data that he converted and calculated was strength.

The strength limit of a normal person in this world was usually about 460 kilograms. This was the heaviest weight that they would be able to lift at one time, which was also the data limit that Garen had calculated after many attempts. Test values like these were plentiful within the mercenary world. Most muscular black men possessed a strength of about 300 kilograms and would be able to increase their limit by 46 kilograms through the activation of Secret Methods. Once they had passed the comatose period, some of their Life Forces would be depleted and they would suffer heavy injuries.

According to Garen's calculations, attributes were affected by one's worldly environment.

In theory, an increase of one's Strength Attribute Points in this world was equivalent to increasing the limits of one's strength data, meaning that it would be increased to 460 kilograms. This was the first time he had accurately represented the data conversion of attributes.

In other words, his current five-point strength was equivalent to five times of 460 kilograms. In theory, his limit would be 5 multiplied by 460 kilograms, which would equal to 2300 kilograms or 2.3 tons of strength. Being able to lift 2.3 tons of weight in one go was possibly his current strength limit.

Only Garen would be able to achieve limits like these. His current state allowed him to gather all of the strength in his body and utilize these limits as part of his daily life. Meanwhile, other people would only have extremely strong bodies, and once their Secret Methods were activated, they would barely be able to reach the level of his physical qualities even after consuming their life potential. Obviously, these were solely based on calculating their physical qualities without taking their Secret Techniques or Methods into account.

Therefore, even if other people possessed the exact physical qualities that Garen had, they would not be able to exceed their limits if they did not have the same martial arts state or activated Secret Methods as him. Instead, they would only be able to achieve sixty percent of their limit.

This strength was purely based on weight-lifting strength. In terms of boxing strength, Garen's five points of Agility would need to be added in as well...

The calculation of the Agility attribute was not as simple as multiplying the average person's speed by five. The speed limit of the human body possessed a data limit, and the value of the Agility attribute would increase on this basis. Garen had yet to calculate this carefully but he knew that adding one point to his Agility would be able to lighten and optimize his body's weight and dexterity. He could vaguely

understand that Agility points were mainly used to lighten the bloat brought on by an increase in strength and prevent his body from becoming overly muscular.

In reality, he felt that increasing his current Agility and Strength did not improve his speed or movements too drastically, but merely got rid of the speed reductions that were caused by his strength.

There wasn't a huge difference between his current speed and previously before his attributes increased. However, if he were to lift two tons with his previous speed...

His current body weight was at least one hundred kilograms and his body size was not vastly different from the average person. However, his body was frighteningly dense. His previous punching speed was at least 20 meters per second when he released it quickly.

A speed of 20 meters per second for a strength of two tons meant that forces of more than ten tons would not be able to endure his blow. Coordination of strength and speed like this meant that he had already achieved a terrifying physical impulse. Of course, his skin and skeleton would need to bear the force of this impact.

However, an impact force that was produced by strength like this meant that regular cranes would not necessarily be able to achieve Garen's level.

Garen vaguely felt that among his own physical qualities such as his strength and speed, it was important to note which attribute broke through and surpassed the other more. Excessive strength and speed would cause great rebound impact forces and if he did not have strong physical qualities and physique to endure it, he would not be able to bear the force during the moment of impact with his opponent and would end up collapsing with them.

Chapter 648: Dream 2

Meanwhile, Intelligence was related to nerve responses, memory, understanding and comprehension, imagination and other attributes. If these attributes decreased, it would weaken one's grasp of their own strength, while their body coordination abilities would be insufficient as well. Furthermore, the sudden changes within his body would produce many flaws throughout the smooth Secret Techniques and combat skills that he was once involved with.

In conclusion, all four attributes appeared to be independent and possessed their own important functions in reality. Garen had not fully comprehended it previously but was now beginning to fumble around somewhat clearly. After extensive consideration, he was able to increase all of his attributes equally. He could not exceedingly increase one particular attribute, as this would cause various burdens throughout his body, and was not as beneficial as increasing his powers in a balanced manner.

There were finally 173 Potential Points left, and Garen decided to distribute them equally among his four attributes, adding two points to each of them. All of his attributes increased to seven points and only 13 Potential Points were left while the rest was quickly used up.

He sat on the sofa and felt the changes in his body state.

"Looks like I'll need something to actually test the explosive limit of my strength..." Garen felt that he needed a comprehensive quality test. Strength and speed that were worth seven attribute points each was realistically equivalent to seven times of 460 kilograms, which equaled to 3.2 tons. His speed would probably remain the same, or perhaps it would increase slightly, but Garen would be unable to tell the difference. Frankly, if his agility had not exceeded his strength previously, his speed would not have exceeded certain limits. When he thought about it now, he realized some finer details. Agility was mostly used for increasing his dexterity and lessening his burdens.

The impact force of seven points of strength, when coupled with such speed, would surely cause strength of over a hundred tons to burst forth. The power that was created when strength and speed worked together was not something that could be added and stacked simply.

Garen raised both of his hands and looked at the translucent layer of epidermis that covered his skin. This layer of skin seemed thin but actually possessed extremely strong defensive abilities. This was another effect of upgrading all of his qualities equally.

This was the first time he had carefully calculated the allocation of his attribute points.

One attribute point represented a standard unit of an adult's data limit. This provided a huge help in allowing him to understand his own powers better.

'Have strange changes occurred throughout your body?' The sound of Black Sethe's doubtful voice echoed beside his ear. 'Have you studied a special Secret Method? I can feel that some big changes have happened throughout your body.'

"You could tell as well? This is a Secret Method practice that I came up with on my own," answered Garen casually. "I've been practicing it ever since I was young. It can strengthen one's physical qualities."

Although Black Sethe could tell that Garen was hiding something, he understood that everyone had their own secrets, and decided not to pursue the matter. Frankly, he could only faintly feel that Garen had undergone certain transformations but could not tell what they were clearly, and did not know how big these changes actually were.

Garen moved his fist and stood up from the sofa. The clothes on his back were now wrinkled and puffed, making occasional ruffling noises when he moved.

He returned to his bedroom and changed into an elastic singlet and shorts that he had found there. After that, Garen walked to the pool at the back of the villa and jumped in with a splash, spraying water everywhere before extending his body and swimming slowly.

Swimming was the best way to test his coordination abilities.

'Your body size seems to have changed. Tch tch.' At this moment, it was obvious that Black Sethe had felt the changes throughout Garen's body. 'I feel like you're a humanoid Transformer.' Apparently, he knew what Transformers were.

Garen smiled before pushing his head out of the water and shaking the droplets off himself silently. There were only seven points now. In the Totem World, he was once able to exceed a genetic standard of over twenty points. A strength of that degree was simply considered to be of a terrifying level, allowing him to crush ancient legendary beasts while they were still alive. He was also able to use his strength to tear those powerful Totems apart while they were still breathing.

However, he only had seven points now. It was unfortunate that he did not have any potential points left because he wouldn't have to worry about Void Creatures at all if he could restore himself to his Totem World state.

'It's fine if you don't want to talk about it,' Black Sethe staggered the conversation. 'You have to be more careful now. I can sense that the Void Creatures are about to launch their new attacks soon. How are your technique practices coming along?'

"Still fine. I'm able to move in the Dream World naturally now. However, I can feel that the consumption is quite great, not physical power but a different type of mental attention instead." Garen raised his head and swam across the surface of the water slowly while answering Black Sethe's questions quietly.

'That's normal. The Dream World consumes your subconscious attention. You have not trained yourself enough in that aspect and that's why you get tired easily. It's completely unrelated to physical strength, but is connected to your brain's concentration abilities instead,' Black Sethe explained. 'In order to move naturally, you'll need to move on to the next step. When you're performing activities in your dreams, the important part is to depend on a fixed base and focus all of your concentration and attention there. I noticed that your hands are your base. Now, you'll need to observe the Dream World carefully without focusing your attention on one specific place for too long. Instead, you should scan across the area quickly before focusing on your base and hands again. This way, you won't be affected by strange thoughts that will cause you to break away from your focused state.'

"Base?" Garen repeated the important points once again.

'Of course. Didn't you notice? Everyone -- pay attention -- everyone can be easily taken to different and unknown places by their messy and wandering thoughts in their dreams. Sometimes, strange sensations will form mysteriously which will suddenly take you from one place to another. Your Dream World is decided by your thoughts. Since your thoughts often change in your dreams, you will often form connections when you see something, and these associated things will quickly become the reality of your Dream World,' Black Sethe explained.

'But, did you notice?'

"What?"

'When we're dreaming, whenever our thoughts associate with something negative such as our fears and the things that scare us, those things or scenarios often show up faster, and may even approach you.'

Garen leaned against the side of the pool while his eyebrows furrowed slightly.

"Are you talking about how the things we fear end up becoming real?"

'That's a suitable description. You're right. In our dreams, the things we fear will often occur. When a worry appears while we are dreaming, it's very likely that these worries will amplify quickly before becoming a real part of our dreams.'

"What are you trying to say?" Garen raised his furrowed eyebrows.

'There's actually a reason behind this,' Black Sethe explained. 'The Dream World is formed by the brains of living creatures like ourselves because of a reaction between the external and internal consciousness. When both of these combine together, it forms an unpredictable and uncertain environment. It will produce certain reflections and manifestations both externally and internally. For instance, when the surrounding temperature increases while you're asleep, it affects your body temperature as well. In your dreams, you may think that you're in a hot environment such as a desert or a dry and humid house. These are the effects of the external world on the body. Meanwhile, harmful effects will not just appear instantly. If the occurrences are too intense at any moment, you will be startled awake at once. Of course, other than external influences, your own consciousness will affect your Dream World as well.'

Garen nodded his head slowly and pensively.

Meanwhile, Black Sethe continued speaking. 'Our Dream Worlds will quickly alternate and manifest different things when it is influenced by the minute changes in our bodies and consciousness. This creates infinite changes within our Dream Worlds despite their seemingly illogical characteristics. These things happen because the changes influence these two aspects extremely quickly. Moreover, the things we fear are more likely to happen, and whenever these things peep into our Dream Worlds, they will quickly produce specific effects when they discover your weaknesses and loopholes that will drown you within your own fears. Most of these things are Invisible Creatures which resemble spiders that specialize in seizing your consciousness.'

"So what does this have to do with the next step of the technique you were talking about?" Garen asked in response.

'You need to understand this principle clearly,' informed Black Sethe. 'As long as you understand this principle, anyone can achieve perfect control of themselves in their environments through step-by-step self-exercises. You're like a normal human being in these aspects and areas. Actually, you're not even

equivalent to a normal human in that respect. Our Ancient Endor race has the slowest progression speed...'

"Go on." Garen was unconcerned about this personal attack. If his talents were insufficient, he would make up for it with hard work.

'In the Dream World, the most subtle effects towards your body from the outside world such as your sleeping position, comfort levels of your pillow, temperature of the weather, or even things like mosquito bites, bodily illnesses, and even the effect of cosmic rays passing through your body, earth's magnetic field and the slightest change in air flow will form changes in your Dream World. Your senses will cause everything to appear. Therefore, you must understand that our Dream Worlds will be influenced by our association abilities and imaginations, including external stimuli. Your next step is to distinguish these influences in your Dream World and separate out the harmful ones that don't belong there.'

"That's possible?" Garen felt that this was all very complicated. There were so many effects that were interwoven with one another, and distinguishing one from the rest would be an extremely difficult task.

'It's obviously very difficult, but this is an ability that a Void Pursuer must possess. You must do this, or else you will be eaten by the Void Creatures until no part of you will be left,' explained Black Sethe calmly. 'If you're able to do this by practicing it for long periods of time, you will be able to form physical instincts slowly. Your body will then be able to use its instincts to naturally remove and get rid of all of the harmful influences including cosmic rays and magnetic fields, allowing it to enter a brand new, pure level. Even regular people with normal lives will be able to experience certain changes.'

"Is there a method to do that?" Garen continued asking.

'You can try using your memory. Each person's own Dream World is based on the changes that are created within their own memories. We will often produce a natural sense of familiarity even when we encounter our subconscious memories. However, if people or objects that you've never seen before appear, you'll need to watch out.'

"Watch out for what?"

'They could be an external influence from certain harmful things like Void Creatures... Of course, it could still be something that we know as Invisible Creatures.'

"Invisible Creatures?" Garen noticed that this was the second time that he had heard Black Sethe mention them.

Chapter 649: Traitor 1

'Yes, Invisible Creatures exist in every world. They don't exist within the same timeline as us humans and their concept of time is drawn-out, making their lives almost endless. They are similar to Void Creatures in this aspect, and we once assumed that Void Creatures were merely extremely strong Invisible Creatures from another world.'

'To return to our main point, most people are unable to see Invisible Creatures with their naked eyes. This term is used as a general name for a creature of a certain species from a particular territory. Therefore, all of the living creatures that exist within the areas and worlds within that level are simply known as Invisible Creatures because they are creatures that we cannot see. You already know that humans like us can only see light within a very small range and spectrum. There are other vast areas that we cannot see. Hence, this world and universe are still considered to be very dark in our eyes. Within some of these dark areas, there are many unimaginable life forms that are living there. These include some of the things that you should be familiar with, such as the consciousness of large trees.'

"Large trees have consciousnesses too?" This was the first time that Garen had heard a viewpoint like this. However, he had experienced many things, and this did not shock him too severely.

'Yes. Many plants have different timelines from us. Their awareness and movements are slow and drawn-out, meaning that their every move and stretch can only be done once every few months. Their consciousness comes naturally, and whenever we come into contact with the consciousness of creatures like these, we should not approach them too closely because they have always possessed extremely hostile feelings towards humans. You know the reason behind that. Therefore, although any of these plants possess age-old consciousnesses and experiences, as well as other precious knowledge, we can never attain them.'

"But then, why do some people see scenes that they have never witnessed before in their dreams, while others are rumored to have dreamed of seeing things that would happen in the future?" Garen continued asking.

'This is not something that you can understand now. It's better to learn this step properly first before resuming. Furthermore, I'm not all-knowing. The universe is mysterious and both time and space undergo endless changes, making it impossible for anyone to see through them completely. What we need to do now is to simply achieve the things that we desire," Black Sethe threw out his final profound sentence before turning silent.

This was the first time that Garen had come across a theoretical system like this. One-third of a human's time was spent on sleeping and dreaming, and the supposed dreamless sleep was merely regular sleep where a person forgot their own dreams, as it was impossible for someone not to dream at all.

The human body had undergone many years of evolution and abandoned many unnecessary functions. Since dreaming during sleep still remained, this phenomenon could not be without reason. Garen suddenly realized that his understanding of his own body was still far from satisfactory...

After pondering in the pool for a long time, he finally rose from the water slowly before a maid came over, wiped the water off his body and wrapped him in a towel.

He sat on the white deck chair beside the pool. Behind him were dense green thickets and clumps of grass, while little lamp stands were placed on the white brick borders around the entire swimming pool, giving off pale yellow light that looked like small cylindrical lanterns.

Garen chose to lie on the deck chair while looking up at the starry sky. The night breeze blew gusts of cool, refreshing air towards him.

In the left side of the brilliantly lit villa, two hired maids could be seen sweeping the rooms and changing the curtains.

Unconsciously, Garen closed both of his eyes slowly before the sensation of drowsiness drifted through his mind.

During his moments of blurriness, a dull noise echoed beside his ears suddenly.

Bang!

He opened his eyes at once before noticing from the corner of his eye that a white object was rushing towards him.

His body rolled away involuntarily and he somersaulted beside the pool a few times before finally landing steadily at the back entrance of the villa. When he turned back to look, he noticed that a familiar shadow was reflected in his eyes.

At the area where he was laying earlier, a gigantic five-meter tall White Doll was standing there. It resembled a toy figurine that was molded with plasticine. Numerous doll arms, legs, and heads were jumbled up inside its body, making it look extremely strange.

"White Dolls again?" Garen moved his body for a while because he knew that he was already dreaming. Long-term exercises allowed him to focus his consciousness and move freely in his dreams.

'Be careful, this Doll is unlike the previous ones. It seems to belong to the squad leader level.' Black Sethe's voice echoed beside his ears softly.

"I know," Garen nodded.

The White Doll took long strides towards him. It made big steps on the surface of the swimming pool but seemed to be walking on smooth glass instead as there were no signs of it sinking at all.

Its chubby head was devoid of all five sensory organs. There was only a little white doll's leg that was protruding outwards like a white horn.

'The squad leader level White Dolls possess at least two times the strength of the normal dolls. You must be careful,' said Black Sethe seriously.

Garen did not reply. He dodged and moved towards his right quickly and evaded the strike from the White Doll's fist.

Kachak!

When the White Doll's fist hit the floor, it seemed as if it had struck a surface that was made of either ice or glass. It formed numerous cracks throughout the floor.

Garen put on the bath towel and circled the White Doll. This big fellow had slow movements, and although its recovery abilities were alarming, as long as he was careful, it was not difficult to get rid of it. Before this key moment, he would've needed to be extremely careful to prevent himself from being sucked in by the White Doll's speedy fists and attacks.

However, that was not necessary anymore.

'Their movements are becoming more complicated. For some reason, I can smell an unpleasant smell. It's a very familiar yet indistinguishable smell, so you'd better be more careful,' said Black Sethe vigilantly.

Clang!

Suddenly, a strange, dull knocking sound could be heard.

The White Doll's movements had stopped, and it stood on the side and looked at Garen quietly.

Clang!!

There was another dull noise.

Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!

The sound continued to ring out rhythmically and continuously.

It sounded as if numerous metallic sounding drum beats were sounding off simultaneously while being blended with many other noises.

Throughout the areas surrounding the pool and villa, the forest seemed to faintly transform into a twisted and blurry high wall that was covered with dark whirlpools.

Numerous gigantic figures walked out of the dark whirlpools slowly before it was discovered that they were similar five meters tall White Doll squad leaders as well.

These Dolls surrounded Garen while the surface area of the pool had seemed to expand in the blink of an eye. It had become much broader, allowing the Dolls to stand on top without having to squeeze with one another.

"They're being serious this time, huh?" Garen lowered his body slightly while his gaze became more intense.

'You'll die if you're not careful,' replied Black Sethe. 'Pay attention to their mud sputtering. Don't let their white mud touch your body.'

Six White Doll leaders surrounded Garen and forced him into the middle.

'Each of them has enough strength to produce at least four tons of impact forces, so don't meet their force with even more force!' reminded Black Sethe frantically.

"Four tons?" The corners of Garen's mouth curled before his right foot stomped on the ground suddenly.

There was a banging noise before a white stone that was a meter long was sent flying from the ground, before finally being caught in his hand.

Shh...

After a violent hissing noise from gushing air, Garen's body bent backward like a crooked bowstring. His chest rose up high while strong air currents formed something that resembled a white cyclone near his cupid's bow.

Bang! Boom!!!

The stone in Garen's hand was maniacally flung at the speed of lightning. It spun through the air speedily like a white loop and rushed towards one of the White Dolls.

A dull banging noise was heard.

The White Doll collapsed on the ground at once. Its entire upper body looked as if a bomb had exploded there. It was completely smashed, making it impossible to see its initial shape.

Pfoo...

Garen exhaled slowly while shrouds of white gas surrounded him. The muscles throughout his entire body were slightly raised and were somewhat larger than before, while a slightly black and extremely glossy texture now appeared all over.

'Shit... Did you take some sort of drug??!!' said Black Sethe finally exclaimed in a hoarse voice while stunned.

Garen remained silent and walked towards the side of the villa before accurately striking a stone pillar that was as thick as a person with his fist.

After a banging noise rang out, the stone pillar broke and was immediately single-handedly held up by Garen. He lifted it at once as if it was merely a large stick.

Two Dolls had just charged over from behind him with their large white fists positioned to viciously smash Garen's head in. At the same time, white mud droplets were constantly dripping down their bodies, and whenever the mud fell on the floor, pungent and choking fumes would form there at once.

Before the white fists could strike Garen's back, a crashing noise could be heard near both of the Dolls when they were violently struck by the white stone pillar. The stone pillar broke and turned into dust immediately while the Doll's bodies were smashed into two halves at the same time. They turned into a mess of disintegrated white mud mid-air.

The three remaining White Dolls who were unfazed by their comrades' deaths worked together and charged towards Garen. They attempted to use their large sizes to smash Garen while boiling mud bubbled all over the surface of their bodies.

Garen moved his body to the side and swung his right leg suddenly. He used the tips of his toes to draw a sharp arc suddenly while releasing unimaginably loud and sharp hissing air noises.

The moment his toes touched the White Dolls' bodies, it seemed like a sharp blade had sliced through melted butter, immediately halving the White Dolls.

Tch tch tch!!

Garen drew a large semi-circle in front of himself with his toes that release a sharp whistle when it sliced the three White Dolls into six parts. All six pieces of their large bodies collapsed on the ground heavily, making dull noises as they fell. However, their life forces were strong, allowing them to continue rolling and struggling on the ground while attempting to piece their bodies back together again.

However, Garen immediately stretched his hand out and shot a few more stones at their heads. These little stones possessed bullet-like explosive forces when they were shot out, and were able to blast the three White Dolls' heads to smithereens instantly.

Suddenly, the entire area surrounding the pool began to quieten down as everything returned to a peaceful state.

Garen shook off the white mud that had splattered on his body. His bath towel had been corroded to rags, but the skin on his body was still completely unharmed as these were the terrifying results of achieving seven points of physical qualities.

He took a few steps towards the White Doll corpses and collected all of their Void Cores.

'Your powers...' Black Sethe suddenly had no words to describe Garen anymore. This person who was once clear-cut in his eyes was now had a thin layer of malicious air about him, making him mysterious and unpredictable.

In the beginning, he was almost killed during his fight with the White Doll foot soldiers. However, he was now able to get rid of six leaders on his own. A difference like this... He did not understand Garen at all anymore.

"It feels different from before," said Garen suddenly.

Black Sethe returned to his senses and suddenly smelled the pungent smell again. It was obvious that it was a sweet smell but for some reason, he still felt extremely repulsed whenever he sniffed it.

Throughout their surroundings, the White Doll corpses on the ground gradually disappeared while the area fell into silence once more.

'Be careful! Dodge towards your right!!!' Black Sethe suddenly felt an extremely dangerous threat charging at them from the front. Its speed was unbelievably quick like a lightning bolt. Even a blink would be insufficient to describe its speed!

That ray of white light burst forth ten meters in front of them and appeared in front of Garen's face instantly.

Clang!!!!

A loud metallic noise that sounded like a collision could be heard before shrouds of white smoke exploded and formed a ring of dark clouds and dust.

Both of Garen's arms were crossed in front of his body while his palms were gently but determinedly pressed against a large silver sword. The blue veins in both of his arms were raised while the muscles in his entire body swelled up fiercely. Meanwhile, a squeaking noise could be heard continuously when he used the strength in his palms to struggle with the sword.

Below his feet, two large spider web cracks broke through the solidified water and extended throughout the entire surface of the swimming pool.

'You... Actually caught it?!' Black Sethe yelled in complete disbelief.

Chapter 650: Traitor 2

"Amazing sword technique..." Garen's eyes were brimming with light.

He waited until the mist dispersed. He then saw a tall and slender female figure standing behind the silver mark knife, which was three meters long and planted in the middle of the pool.

She was a strange lady. She has a sensual body as both her chest and butt were protruding out, and she was in a milk-white dress without any sleeves. The skirt was split from both sides like a cheongsam, revealing her pale and delicate legs.

Her hair was black as ink. She put away her sword as she turned it one round in the air before piercing it into the ground beside her. The sword was pierced deep into the ground and stood firmly.

The strangest thing about her was her face.

She was wearing a light black metal mask. On the left, it was sad and on the right it was happy.

"Al... My beloved brother." As the woman opened her mouth, a deep male tone came out instead of a woman's. In addition, she was speaking in Ancient Endor's language which Garen was very familiar with.

"The traitor... even the traitor has appeared... What kind of luck do you have!?" even Black Sethe's voice sounded strange. "This isn't someone you should be facing at your level!!"

Garen was expressionless as he ignored Black Sethe's outburst.

Sigh...

He exhaled a stream of white gas and then he inhaled deeply. Afterimages of his right hand appeared in front of his chest as he spontaneously jabbed an acupoint at the center of his chest.

Pew!!

The muscle there sunk in as it formed a deep socket before a jet of air was expelled out of it.

Garen's body suddenly expanded as his hands turned black. His skin was like a black metal, solid and hard.

"Who are you?" Garen asked in a deep tone. "And who's AI?"

"The woman laughed lightly. Her laugh was as light as a bell peal. Although it was a laugh of a girl, the moment she opened her mouth, a male's tone came out.

"You have the blood of my brother, the Void Nine-Headed Dragon, flowing in you. Did you not know that? Its soul and will are even fused into your soul. I have been searching for so long,"

She reached out her right hand. Her jaded fingers were long and mellow and as she flicked her fingers, a yellow copper coin appeared out of nowhere. There was a ferocious dragon head imprinted onto the coin and the other side of the coin was a pattern of three rings connected in series.

"I finally found its blood. It shall be mine. "She chuckled. "I am what you and the others know as the traitor... the traitor who would rather become a void creature."

"She's an Army Level! Every traitor is at least an Army level!" Black Sethe's voice sounded beside Garen's ears. "She's the upper general who commands a huge army of void creatures! It would be fine if my body is here, but..."

"Are you here to kill me as well?" Garen stared at the opponent as he growled.

"Kill you?" she started laughing as if she heard something very ridiculous. "This is not called killing... this is purifying. We of the Void has always been enemies to the Underworld Civilization. There's no room left for discussion, no?"

"Fighting against the strong is always my dream." Garen moved his leg and strode towards the opponent. His footsteps were heavy and powerful as the dream world trembled with every of his step.

"Interesting..." The opponent stopped smiling as the gaze under the mask finally took him seriously. "Looks like you're an outstanding person from the Underworld. Back in my days when I achieved the Eighty One Magical Slash, among all the strong ones, only Caps has the same pure fighting spirit as you."

"The opponent was once an elite who practiced Secret Technique. Every traitor was once an outstanding person in the Mage Civilization, so you have to be careful! Their Secret Techniques are definitely one of the best." Black Sethe reminded him softly.

Garen didn't need Black Sethe's reminder, as he could already feel that the opponent was the same as him. She was already above the level of King of the Century and her Secret Technique had achieved the realm of the legends.

In this world, among the Secret Techniques that he practiced, excluding the Slaughtering Hand, the Seven Star Life Secret Technique combined with his battle skills was his strongest technique. The Two-faced Waterbird Fist Technique and the other normal battle skills would probably be ineffective against this level of opponent.

Against an opponent of this level, any secret methods or techniques that were simple could be immediately understood and similar techniques could be created by them. It was to the point where they could trace thousands of secret techniques to a single source. In this realm of Secret Techniques, they were without a doubt at the level of Master.

Only a unique, delicate, complicated and powerful secret method was something they could use and others couldn't. In the legend, there even were Masters who would purposely add in many disruptive techniques to blind the opponent's vision.

As the two of them stood still while facing each other, the dream environment started to fall apart as cracks started to appear. The swimming pool's scenery started to tremble and black pieces started to fall away. It was as if the surrounding was set up with clothes and backdrops.

"Unfortunately... You haven't reached the peak that you have imagined... Your body is still too young."
The woman whispered. "Ten years."

"What?" Garen raised his hand and was prepared to open the second star's acupoint. The opponent's invisible aura was giving off so much oppression that he could barely breathe.

"I'll wait for you for ten years, in hopes that you can reach the peak." The woman continued. "If..."

Kaboom!!!

With an explosion, countless black rubble pieces flew behind Garen as he leaped towards the enemy, like a terrifying predator going after its prey.

"I don't need ten years." He muttered.

In the dream, two black and white figures collided with each other.

"Second star!!"

Garen's body expanded once more and he was now at least two meters tall. His skin was black and he looked like a metal giant. He rushed towards the woman with both of his hands aiming at her.

He, who had activated the second star could produce hundreds of metric tons of force at this high speed.

His hands were weapons as hard as steel as it clashed against the lady's huge mark knife.

In an instant, the mark knife started to vibrate at high speed like an electrical saw as it moved up and down. A strange stickiness came from the sword and was stuck to Garen's hand. To be precise, it was more like biting down on him.

Garen's hands pressed hard against the mark knife. As both of them started to vibrate at high speeds, sparks started flying all over the place.

A few hundred tons of force was instantly placed on the woman, pushing her back far away.

"Dragon's Spine Slash!" Her face was filled with excitement. It was the battle exhilaration when a strong fighter met another strong fighter.

A mysterious white light which resembled a sword suddenly came out behind her and was going towards Garen's neck. It was like a huge dragon's tail whipping towards him. In this instant, the strength she released was even stronger than Garen's.

The light was incredibly fast, and Garen's hand was glued with the big mark knife and wouldn't budge at all. He could only see the light coming his way and he could do nothing about it.

Without time to think, he instantly bent backward, steadied himself and stomped onto the ground with his right leg.

Boom!

Mixed with the explosion, countless rubble fragments from the ground were shot out at high speed. However, the woman didn't care in the slightest as the stones freely pummeled her body; there was no marks of injury on her at all.

However, Garen's objective wasn't this. A huge amount of rubble flew straight at the side of the light and upon collision, the original direction of the light was shifted.

Then, Garen immediately used all of his strength and struck the woman's knee.

Two of them were separated by the reaction force.

The dream was completely shattered as both of them were left standing in an empty space. There was nothing left in their surroundings but darkness.

"I have underestimated you..." The woman said after realizing the strength from the last attack as she glanced at the surrounding.

"Unfortunately, the environment couldn't withstand our battle. I'll see you again. My name is Nadia, remember it..."

'Nine-Headed Dragon Queen Nadia...' Black Sethe's voice appeared once more.

"I'm Garen," Garen announced his name as he stared at the opponent who was slowly slipping into the darkness.

"Garen, we will meet again very soon..." Nadia's voice came from afar as her voice volume gradually decreased until nothing could be heard.

"You're in deep shit. The Nine-Headed Dragon Queen was one of the traitors in our generation. She has eighty-one lives and every death would increase her strength by one fold. At the end of her life, she would be eighty-one times stronger than before. It's something that can't be imagined!" Black Sethe seemed to recall the days of the past.

Garen suddenly recalled his days in the Totem World where he'd first obtained the talent of the Nine-Headed Dragon. With the Nine-life Talent, he could revive nine times, but compared to Nadia, the difference was too much.

"Eighty-one times..." Garen's current strength was quite close to the peak days in the Totem World. Although his body's attributes weren't as good as back then, activating the second star of the Seven Star Life's Secret Point would double his current attribute, which was about twenty-one points. However, he would have to increase the life force of his Slaughtering Hand in order to meet the exhaustion of such skill as his body's regeneration wasn't enough to activate the second star. As for the remaining third, fourth and even the last star... the current Garen wasn't able to obtain such power as the activation of each star would require a lot of life force. With his current storage of life force, he wouldn't be able to activate beyond the second star.