

Mystical 651

Chapter 651: Relearn 1

Kachak!

With a clear, crisp sound, Garen, who was laying on the deck chair, immediately opened his eyes. He didn't know when he'd fallen asleep on the chaise longue.

He massaged his head as he slowly got up, while pain shot through his body.

"Just now, was that real?"

Black Sethe's voice immediately appeared.

'If you wish to die you can take it as fake. Even the legendary Nine-Headed Dragon Queen Nadia has appeared and you even set a time and place to fight again in the future. Tsk tsk... I wonder how brave you are, this is not the right way to seek death.'

"If I don't make an appointment with her, would she let me go?" Garen calmly got up.

'Of course not.'

"Then there's no difference right?"

Garen stood up from the deck chair. His surroundings were silent and only the chirping of crickets could be faintly heard. The dark forest beside the swimming pool looked mysterious and quiet beside the yellow light.

A female servant was sitting near a door behind the villa as she held onto the door half asleep. Her head was almost at the top of the towel on a small round table beside her.

Garen recalled the situation that had just occurred. It was as if everything was just a dream.

He walked around the swimming pool once and didn't see any trace of destruction. It was completely normal.

Suddenly, his eyes focused on a white chair on the right side of the swimming pool. He squatted down and slowly picked up a small item underneath it.

It was a coin and seemed to be made out of some sort of a metal. It had three circles connecting each other in series imprinted on it.

He flipped over the coin and saw an image of a ferocious dragon head on it.

He immediately recalled back the coin in Nadia's hand before she left.

'This is a coin left behind by her, which will act as a marking and token. With this here, you'll never be disturbed by any normal void creatures until she finds you again.' Black Sethe explained.

Garen gently held the coin tightly. He felt that he had seen this sort of material from somewhere before.

Suddenly, he recalled his memory where he obtained a relic from a black-shirted man and one of the relics was a mask made of a similar material. However, that mask was light black whereas the coin was yellow copper. He wasn't sure why but he felt that these two were connected to each other.

"What is this? What is it made of?" Garen asked softly.

'No idea. Perhaps it's something Nadia created after joining the Void Creatures. Ever since she became a traitor, she would hand out this coin before she officially kills her target out of respect. Why do you ask? Who cares what this is made out of?' Black Sethe couldn't comprehend his thoughts.

"Nothing." Garen didn't say much further.

It looked like he had to start searching for relics from all over the world... He wasn't sure when would Nadia's next visitation would be, but it shouldn't be late.

He kept recalling that mask. His instinct kept telling him that he could obtain an unexpected result if he were to investigate that mask.

In the universe of the void dream, in the endless darkness, two figures swiftly appeared like comets flying across the darkness and breaking apart as both of them were shining brightly.

This was the black dream zone where no one had ever set foot in before. It was the realm between the void and reality, where all consciousness and dreams were created. It wasn't a place in the Material World yet it could affect the Material World.

Two white comets trailed long white tails as they brought light to the darkness.

Within the white lights were two thin and tall people, both male and female. The man's eyebrows and hair were red similar to of fresh blood. He had his hair combed up and was wearing a white cloak with a black circular thorn imprinted on it.

The girl had waist-length blue hair which was smooth as satin. Her facial features were very beautiful but her gaze was dead. Upon closer inspection, she didn't seem to have pupils at all. Instead, what she had were two blue crystal beads. She was in a light blue soft armor with a rippled white metal texture on the side. Overall, she looked beautiful as the soft armor streamlined her body contours as if she was wearing a skintight blue dress.

"This is Nadia's black dream zone. She must be nearby." The man whispered as he used the Ancient Endor's language. "Elfie, do you see any movement?"

The blue haired lady seemed to be trying to listen for something. After a while, she frowned.

"She seemed to have fought with someone... The opponent is definitely not your typical opponent. Both of them were separated when the dream shattered and Nadia left afterward. Her current whereabouts are unknown."

"Who could fight against her?" The man frowned. "Even the white dolls are hard to handle."

"I don't know. Ever since we gave up our flesh and entered the dream world, my eyesight has become poorer over time. I've validated it myself that I'm fine if I were to search for other stuff, but it's different when it comes to Nadia. I suspect that she may have found a way to deal with my ability."

Elfie whispered.

"We are different from those Void Creatures. They're able to absorb energy from the voids of the dream and we can't."

"The other hunters should have their own ways to solve this problem, right?" The man asked.

"I don't know if they're other hunters. Perhaps there's only the two of us within this vicinity... We haven't heard anything from the Headquarters for many years." Elfie softened her tone.

Both of them became quiet as if they didn't have the mood to speak any further.

In the legends of many worlds, the Nine-Headed Dragon Queen Nadia was a forbidden name and she had a lot of names.

The Good and Evil Devil, Mother of all Dragons, Giant Dragon of Destruction, Spirit Realm's warrior, etc...

Her power seemed to be endless as she would come back twice as strong with every death. They had been pursuing Nadia for countless of years and had experienced immeasurable agony and hopelessness.

Countless of hunters have died in her hands. They were once Nadia's friends and partners and that was the reason why they had been left unharmed each time. However, this made them even more eager to pursue her so that they could find out the reason why she had betrayed them.

However, Nadia seemed to be avoiding them at all costs.

"There seem to be auras of other hunters here in this world..." Elfie suddenly spoke.

"Other hunters? Is it Prophet Camado? Or is it Flame's Sicke? Perhaps Giant Sisyphus?" The man asked softly. These people were hunters they'd met within the past few years. Although they were not as strong as Nadia, each of them had their unique escape methods, which was the main reason why they still lived to this day. Perhaps, along with the rest, they were Ancient Endor's remaining hunters.

The remaining hunters were most likely unqualified normal hunters. They were commoners whose Secret Technique had yet to reach its peak and they usually worked together to fend off the void worms at best. As for the white dolls or void devourers, they were not something these hunters could hope to fight against.

No matter how strong they were in the Material World, they would be just fat meat waiting to be cut apart without proper training in the Dream World.

Among the remaining adherents of Ancient Endor, only they were able to freely track Nadia's whereabouts in the Dream World while fighting against the Void Creatures. They were the protectors of the remaining adherents.

The pride of the remaining Mages might end with their generation.

Within the dream world in a certain black zone.

Gas bubbles similar to red balloons suddenly appeared in the area. They were about fist-sized each and soon expanded as if they were being inflated.

Soon the red bubbles had a surface area of about one kilometer.

Inside the bubble.

Nadia was in a white dress and had the huge silver white mark knife in her hand. She was standing quietly on a bloody battlefield, which was the scenery inside the bubble.

There was a crimson crescent moon in the sky of the ancient battlefield. There were no stars and the sky was dyed rust red. The surrounding was filled with black hills and gullies as blood kept flowing in between the hills and gullies. The sound of the flow was very lively.

As time passed, Nadia closed her eyes, waiting for something.

After a few days, blood started to fly everywhere on the black ground in front of her. What came out from the ground were pitch black giant dolls slowly climbing out from it.

Growl...

They growled loudly as the ground split apart while they crawled out. Their heights and shapes were similar to the white dolls. What differentiated them from the white dolls was that they were equipped with thorny black armors from head to toe. It was very strange.

These black dolls were at least six meters tall. They formed a line instinctively as if they knew how to order themselves up. They were so densely packed that no one knew how many of them were there.

"Nadia?" Suddenly a man's voice came from afar. "Why have you come to this place? This is my nest, not a tourist spot for you to sightsee."

"Nothing. I was bored so I came for a walk." Nadia opened her eyes as she said calmly. She glanced at the group of black dolls. "Is this your newly recruited team? They look very annoying..."

She then held her three-meter long sword tightly.

"They're so packed together that they're annoying!!"

With a click, the sword was unsheathed from the ground.

"Three Light!"

Before she finished her sentence, three silver white lights shot out, forming into three groups of vortices, which headed their way towards the black dolls.

With Nadia's leg as the epicenter, three silver vortices with a diameter of tens of meters shot out. These vortices were like silver mouths as they went towards the black dolls.

"Nadia!!" The man shouted with rage as his voice was mixed with the cries of the black dolls. The three vortices started to devour the whole team and within tens of seconds, only broken limbs were left of the black doll army as they were all destroyed.

Chapter 652: Relearn 2

"Why? Do you have any comment?" Nadia put away her big sword as she asked calmly.

That voice didn't say any further but it tried to hold back its raging growl as much as possible. It was like one was about to shout as loud as one could but held back.

Nadia raised her head and looked at the sky.

"The weather is bad and it's making my mood bad too. So annoying..." She stomped hard and the whole red bubble started to crack open. The surface's thin film started to crack from the sky above her and propagated outwards.

Boom!

The bubble suddenly exploded like a glass ball.

The voice cried out in pain and it didn't dare to speak another word. In the darkness, only a vengeful gaze from a pair of red eyes stared at Nadia.

He understood that she could be talked through if she was behaving normally. However, when she'd gone crazy, he would be seeking death if he were to speak further on.

Nadia never cared if he was the same kind as her. Everyone knew that she had killed a lot of Hunters and Freelancers, but only the Void Creatures knew that the number of Void Creatures she had killed was far more than the former.

"Considered myself unlucky! I'll treat this as a natural disaster!" This Void Lord was apoplectic but he knew that he could only accept it. There was no living being which was able to kill Nadia as she had eighty-one lives that would make anyone feel hopeless. If she were to be ambushed once, she would instantly revive and become twice as strong. Perhaps the mages in the ancient era who stood at the peak, the Demon King Level Mages or Great Abyss Level Void Creatures were able to fight against her. However, those beings in the legend had passed away thousands of years ago. Only a few true spirits were left in the Mother Stream but those were nothing to be compared with.

Nadia had always behaved based on her mood which changed on the go and no one could understand her. Hence no one had really understood her behavior but everyone knew one thing about her.

That was to not anger her when she was feeling down.

This Void Lord had just come back from another dream zone. He himself possessed terrifying powers, which far surpassed the base Nadia. If she were to use half of her strength at her eighty-first life, perhaps she could win against him but they had never fought against each other before.

However, Nadia was the kind of person who would fight with you to the death if she was in a bad mood. She was purely crazy for battles. Imagine a person who was about your level was willing to fight against you to death on a whim. Furthermore, Nadia was much stronger than this guy.

No one was willing to face such a situation. The Void Creatures had long lifespans hence no one would fight each other to death on a whim.

He didn't voice out anymore as he quietly left the place.

Nadia was floating alone in the void, surrounded by the pieces of the red gas bubble. She then casually vibrated her long sword, forming a layer of white light, which pushed away all the debris. She then, with a bored look on her face, floated away into the darkness without any destination.

A faint blood signal could be detected within the void. It was her only path that she was firmed on. It was the blood of her brother, Al the Nine-Headed Dragon's blood. As long as she followed this trace, she would eventually arrive at the dream that she'd set foot in before. Afterwards, she would force herself into reality based on the coin she had given earlier.

After Nadia disappeared, two white comets flew into the dream zone. It was two mysterious people in white cloaks.

Two of them looked around them suspiciously and didn't notice any trace of Void Creatures.

"It's the aura left behind by the Nine-Headed Dragon Queen. This is troublesome. We should take a detour."

"This is what we can only do. What an unlucky day. If everything goes to plan, we would have arrived already."

"Being impatient won't solve the problem."

After conversing softly, both of them took a detour and went on their way in a different direction.

As freelancers, they had memorized the auras of any strong character. Only the strong freelancers were able to face against such a powerful character. The rest would avoid her at all cost.

'Are you really trying to abandon the Slaughtering Demon Technique?'

Black Sethe asked hopelessly.

Garen was sitting on his knees in one of the quiet rooms in the villa. His body was covered in a transparent aura as he closed his eyes and immersed himself to complete concentration.

"I'm not abandoning it, but I won't learn it further." He whispered.

'Isn't that the same as abandoning it?' Black Sethe felt hopeless.

In front of Garen was a black copper mysterious mask.

This mask was a relic that had been able to provide him with the most potential points. He found it and placed it by his side.

It had been at least ten days since he fought with Nadia and Garen had gathered the Void cores that he had obtained these past few days. This item was strangely solid as if it had some sort of unique effect. It surprisingly had amazing effects in treating the pollution and damage caused by the void creatures.

'The Void core. It was able to strengthen the capability of the hunters or you can convert them into life force and absorb them.' Black Sethe explained softly. 'The hunters are generally powerful in the Secret Technique realm. Although there is no minimum threshold, hunters without power or capability will die in the hands of the void creatures. The hunter's characteristics will practically change the moment they've sworn to the Mother Stream.'

"I can already feel it." Garen nodded as he reconstructed his Northern Trident Frost-Fire True Water Technique in an attempt to improvise the portion that this world did not allow. There was a slight difference between this world's physics and the previous one's, causing the potency of this evil technique to be greatly reduced. He wasn't able to create powerful icy blue halberds, but it was still very useful in other parts.

He was trying to take out this most primitive portion.

The Void core seemed to have some sort of mysterious effect on him as it could give him an endless supply of spiritual power to his consciousness. This allowed him to think at a rapid speed. At the same time, these cores were slowly shrinking.

As Garen started to comprehend more and more, he could feel that his consciousness was flowing towards the void creatures. The Void cores seemed to have given out some sort of a radiation as his consciousness was getting more similar to those of the void creatures. This change wasn't something bad as this allowed his consciousness to achieve a calmer and faster state. To someone who practiced Secret Technique, this was an ideal state for him to understand and deduce the Secret Techniques.

Garen started to understand why some Martial Adepts would side with the Void Creatures. The main difference between the hunters and traitors seemed to be their Vow. The Hunters seemed to have vowed towards the Mother Stream to kill the void creatures for eternity.

His thinking became more and more active as his thinking in terms of the Secret Technique was very instinctive.

The core of the Northern Trident Frost-Fire True Water Technique was swiftly kicked aside and to his surprise, he found out that the core of it was the seeds of both of the Living Secret Techniques he had obtained in the ancient ruins.

This portion of the information that could be used anywhere in every world, was surprisingly about the seeds of the Living Secret Technique he obtained previously.

Garen wasn't sure how long he had meditated, but when he had cut out the entire portion of the evil technique, he realized how strong the creator of the Living Secret Technique was.

"So this is the true purpose of the seed..." Garen finally understood why the Living Secret Technique resembled a seed. It was because it could grow according to the different laws of different worlds.

It was just like a seed, which would grow differently under different soils.

Garen finally understood this with the help of the Void core. Black Sethe was still complaining in his ear. He seemed to be trying to persuade him to turn back and continue learning the Slaughtering Demon Technique.

However, he had already found out the way to turn the Slaughtering Demon Technique's stored life force into nutrients for his new Living Secret Technique.

Garen sat on his knees in the middle of the room as he recalled the core knowledge of the Living Secret Technique.

Suddenly, he opened his eyes and stared at the air in front of him.

In his vision, he could only see two bright dots which no one knew when they'd appeared. They were floating up and down in front of him. One was dark red while the other was deep blue.

The icy blue bird spread its wings. The huge bird had a beautiful, long tail feather as if it was the Phoenix from the legends. It had a tremendous amount of cold emitting from it and its beak was the seed.

On the other hand, the dark red was in a devil's shape. It had a long pointy tail and was covered in fire. It was behaving like a gentleman, giving off an elegant and seductive vibe. In front of the devil was a dark red cross sword, which was the original shape of the Metal Living Secret Technique's seed.

"Perhaps these two represent the knowledge of the Secret Techniques that can be used in any world." Garen realized.

He had once chosen the wrong path and chose to learn the Slaughtering Demon Technique which had wasted his time and energy. Now, it was time for him to reaffirm his direction. He had learned a few things from learning the Slaughtering Demon Technique and had a deeper understanding of some theories. Furthermore, the Slaughtering Demon Techniques possessed the effects of storing life force, which could be used as a backup storage to recover his injuries, similar to the Nine-Headed Dragon's Nine-life Talent which could increase his survivability.

He now possessed his own invention secret skills, the Seven Star Life's Secret Point, through which he could attain a terrifying height without any Secret Techniques. Once he learned a new Secret Technique, his prowess would achieve a new height and he would attain more strength to slowly surpass the strength he'd possessed in the Totem World.

Chapter 653: Mysterious Mask 1

Garen stared at the two glowing dots floating in front of him. He hesitated slightly when he realized that these two lights were not physically real but images by his brain.

He was lucky that he was able to merge out a powerful technique last time, but he couldn't be lucky every single time.

He focused his gaze as he reached out his hand to touch the icy blue seed.

As he finger touched the icy blue seed, a familiar Secret Technique image appeared in the Attribute Pane in his vision. It was an ice sculpture of a bird which spanned its wings wide. Its wings were very elegant as its body was covered with frost, just like the legendary blizzard phoenix.

'Unnamed Living Secret technique: First grade (Ice type Living Secret Technique, total of four grades)'

Garen remained his expression as he felt a coolness spinning in his inner body. After that the coolness spread out with a terrifying amount of coolness all over his body, skins and organs included. This formed into a huge and complicated web.

It was as if he knew what he was doing. The soul seed had reconstructed his body since young and in addition to Garen's incredibly high physical attribute, Garen instantly learned it. The tough understanding and will of the Living Secret Technique were given to him without hardship.

'You really have done it!' Black Sethe shouted, 'And it's a Living Secret Technique!'

The Slaughtering Demon Technique diminished quickly as the Living Secret Technique grew. The Slaughtering Demon Technique was supposedly the one which swallowed the Living Secret Technique. However, under Garen's delicate control and management, he was able to completely control it, allowing the Ice Living Secret Technique to swallow it instead.

The demon technique that he had learned had already reached an advanced level and he had instantly grasped the foundation of the Living Secret Technique. He would have to slowly grind it out in the future as he had to slowly reconstruct his body to his needs.

'You're crazy! Do you know how long it is required to train yourself to reach back your current level? You abandoned the Demon Technique and the stronger your Living Secret Technique is, the life force you are able to store decreases, which makes your activated Seven Star Secret Method weaker! Your overall strength will become weaker and weaker! You're literally committing suicide right now!' Black Sethe shouted as she tried to persuade Garen to turn back.

"I don't need something impure," Garen replied calmly. Although the additional life force was useful to his Seven Star Life's Secret Point, this alone wasn't the reason he decided to switch his path as he knew that Black Sethe's Demon Technique definitely had a hidden trap that no one knew.

Instead of walking on the same path, he took a bet and relearned everything. He hoped that he could obtain more Relics to absorb the potential points before Nadia appeared. He couldn't have won against Nadia with his previous strength, to begin with.

As his path was getting more complicated, he decided to choose a path that was pure.

"Garen hasn't been replying lately." Jason was unenthusiastically helping Trish beat the eggs with the egg beating machine, which was stirring the eggs in a big bowl.

"You're in your twenties! You don't even have a girlfriend and now I have to worry about your life." Trish was busy in the kitchen. She wanted to create an egg pie but he felt that she'd messed up the procedures.

Jason, on the other hand, was standing at the entrance of the kitchen and was about to carry the beaten eggs to her.

"Little Vivien too, ever since she'd entered puberty, she's started to not respect me as her brother." He said with a very bored look.

"Isn't that because you've done something wrong somewhere?" Trish didn't have the time to tend to her son's dilemma. "Teenagers are often rebellious. However, I'm more concerned when you will go to school. Your university's semester should be open by now right?"

"Who knows? I'm currently not interested in attending university." Jason said.

"This is not something that depends on your level of interest..." Trish turned her head around, revealing her gloomy face. "If you don't go to school, I will call Garen this moment and I'm sure you understand what comes after. Do you remember how much you've cried after you got beat up by Garen in your twenties?"

Jason then raised his hand up to show off his biceps.

"Call him, I'm not afraid of him anymore." He looked at his muscles in satisfaction. "Look at my muscles, I'm already at 100kg." He flexed as he tried to show off his muscles.

"Oh my god." Trish didn't know how to answer to her eldest son as she and Emmer weren't into muscles at all. She wondered how she had given birth to a son who could only think of muscles.

"By the way, the building at the edge of the town caught fire. Did you know?" Trish asked. "I heard that the people there saw the Isaros sisters."

"No. I was with them the other day swimming on the beach. Why would they go to where the place where it caught fire." Jason replied innocently.

"It's best if that's true. The police officer came to inquire about it. Even the officers in the city came to investigate. They're preparing something but I believe the Isaros sisters wouldn't do such a thing like causing a fire. They simply do not have the intention. I will talk about it with the city councilor John so that they won't accuse an innocent citizen."

Trish casually spoke her mind.

"Okay," Jason replied casually as well as his eyes were brimming with happiness. "I'm going to watch the competition today. It's the Battlefield Cannon! I can't miss this!"

"Just go." Trish was completely speechless with regards to her son.

Jason smirked as he ran back to his room with his tight black T-shirt and jeans. The door was slammed and soon a huge noise from the computer could be heard. The sound of the competition had rung.

Jason gently opened up his curtain as he looked at the window from another building afar.

The building was all white and the curtain on the second floor was opened up as well, revealing a cute red-haired girl's face. She was Arisa.

Jason smirked as he pulled out his index finger and thumb, signaling an OK gesture.

Arisa's face was brimming with happiness as nodded excitedly at Jason before letting the curtains fall back down.

After a while, Jason's phone started to vibrate and he immediately rushed towards his phone and looked at the screen.

It was a message from Arisa.

'I've sent the pictures to your email. With my reputation on the line, these are definitely sexy. All of the pictures were taken when my sister is changing clothes.'

'Thank you so much!!!' Jason was delighted as he replied immediately. He then clumsily rushed towards his laptop and opened his email. Behold, he saw an email with a huge attachment attached to it.

'Do you want something even more erotic?' Arisa sent another message.

'Yes!' Jason replied. He was literally holding onto his phone as if it was the most precious treasure.

'I need you to help me on something...'

'You name it! As long as it's within my capability I will do it to my fullest!' Jason browsed his email as he placed the pictures into a hidden folder and named it as Arisa - No. 0. He then sat alone on one side and smiled immorally.

'Get me the latest picture of brother Garen. I want the latest picture and stop using those old pictures to reach the quota. There were a few old pictures of him from the previous batch you've sent me.' Arisa was very dissatisfied.

'But he hasn't been back recently. I can't do much here.'

'Aren't your hacking skills very good? Take more pictures of him.'

Jason pondered for a bit and then he quickly opened a hidden folder, archived the files inside and sent it over to her.

In the other room, Arisa smiled wickedly as she received the folder. After browsing it, she transferred the pictures into a hidden file and renamed it as Garen - HD.

"Hehehe..." Arisa started to laugh satisfactorily.

"Arisa! What are you doing? Can you please help me take my towel for me." Isaros's voice called from the bathroom.

"Okay!" Arisa quickly returned to her lady and elegant vibe. She tidied up her look before going straight to the bathroom.

Arisa was very smart as she was able to settle the whole ordeal with just a few lewd pictures of her sister. She even managed to obtain a few high definition sexy photos of Garen.

The whole process was perfect!

The crystal clear water was freely flowing down from Isaro's body as she closed her eyes while standing in the bathroom.

Ever since the battle with the Blood Breed Lars, she had obtained some rather complicated injuries. Since she didn't have recovery abilities as good as those Blood Breeds, it took her more than a month to actually recover to a rather normal state.

She didn't want to get caught in such a complicated matter. She'd only wanted to help Sir Pritto with a small matter and push everything back to the Blood Breeds so that she and her sister could return back to the peaceful and quiet life.

However things didn't go as she expected, instead of settling down, everything became worse. She got snared even deeper after the fight with Lars.

Within a month, she had been ambushed by vampires three times. These vampires were like ashes as they kept interrupting her during her rest and recovery. She received the news from Pritto that these vampires were sent by Lars. He refused to let other Blood Breeds meddle as it seemed that being injured by a Mortal was too embarrassing for him. He specifically said that he would settle the matters alone to obtain back his reputation.

The bad thing about this was that Lars had lost his cool. When a true Lower-Level Blood Breed and district person-in-charge had lost his cool, it meant that he would do anything necessary to achieve his goal.

The good thing about this was that Lars had blocked off other Blood Breeds who wanted to dirty their hands in this mess.

Isaros understood very well that Lars would come after her very soon.

As she stood in the hot water bath, she unconsciously raised up her right hand. With her hand as sharp as a knife, she gently cut through the fog around her without any noise.

"Since I can't avoid this, then I will face it head on." Her resolution woke up from her exhaustion.

Knock knock knock.

After a rhythmic knock on the door, The white villa's door was opened, revealing an elegant woman.

"Please come on in, Master is in the study room on the second floor." A female servant in white clothes said softly to the guest.

Hochman entered the villa with a calm expression. His bodyguards, one female, and the other male tried to follow him in but were blocked off by him.

"You guys wait outside."

Two of them were stunned but lowered their heads and waited outside.

Hochman entered the living hall on the first floor. His muscles were very streamlined and he was at least two meters tall. Even his shirt couldn't cover up the muscles on his body as each and every fiber was clearly streamlined out. His hair was combed back and he was in a purple-black suit. His black shirt was slightly open, revealing a purple crystal necklace pendant on his chest.

Chapter 654: Mysterious Mask 2

He walked up to the second floor. As he took a turn, he heard the door open once more at the bottom.

"Welcome, Master is waiting for you on the second floor," The female servant said once more.

Hochman leaned forward and looked down and saw Dahm in a red shirt entering the villa. He had a smile on his face and his lips were dark red as if it was a solidified blood clot.

Dahm was much stronger than before. As he raised his head, they looked at each other and the atmosphere froze.

The bodyguards started to panic as they clutched nervously at the guns strapped at their waist, ready to fire at a moment's notice.

"You're early." Dahm smiled as he waved at him.

Hochman nodded his head slightly.

Two of them greeted each other as if they were at a friend's house. Then, both of them walked to the second floor.

Similarly, Dahm placed his bodyguards outside of the villa just like Hochman.

Both of them stepped onto the brown floor as they walked to the study room at the far end of the floor. Hochman then gently knocked on the door.

Knock knock knock.

"Enter." A gentle and calm voice could be heard from inside.

The door wasn't locked. Hochman pushed the door open gently. The room was laid with a layer of thick grey carpet and it felt very soft when stepped onto. There were two yellow lights standing on each side, giving off a bright yellow light.

The whole room was grey in color, including the wallpapers, tables, and chairs.

At the center of the room were a long table and two leather chairs.

Garen was sitting at the far end of the long table, facing its side as he looked at something. He only turned around and smiled when he heard noises.

As they entered the room, Hochman sat on the leather chair on the left. The chair was curved to fit a person's back smoothly. There even were golden textures on its side that couldn't be seen if one didn't take notice. It was a well crafted yet low-profile chair.

Dahm entered the room and sat in the other leather chair.

Both of them noticed a row of old picture frames and oil paintings hanging on the left side of the wall.

"These are my collections of relic oil paintings and some ancient photos. They're all old items." Garen smiled and explained. He was in a big white robe, similar to of pyjamas which made him looked relaxed and carefree.

"Is there anything for you to call us here?" Hochman maintained his gaze and asked softly.

The servant handed out three cups of fragrant coffee and immediately left the room afterward.

"A small problem." Garen crossed his hands as he smiled.

He raised two of his fingers, indicating the number of issues.

"First, I need you to do me a small favor." He opened the drawer on the table and took out a black metal mask.

The mask looked rather unusual. It was expressionless and slightly black in color. The forehead portion of the mask was densely packed with small eyes as if it was covered with small worms. It gave off a rather mysterious yet frightening vibe.

Garen placed the mask in the center of the table.

"If possible, get me the original version of this mask. Naturally, you can send over the fake versions to me."

Hochman took up the mask and glanced at it before placing it back down on the table

"No problem. If my network finds anything similar, I'll send it to you."

Dahm took up the mask and looked at it.

"No problem here as well. If it's very rare, then I can't do anything as well. I hope you understand."

No matter how one looked at it, with each of them arriving at such an advanced level, they had already known the tricks Garen used to control them. The Two-Face Water Bird Fist's most secret cheat was that it required Garen's aura and soul seed's aura to continuously offset it. So their Two-faced Water Bird Fist technique was limited by Garen. No matter how dissatisfied both of them were to this, they couldn't do anything before finding a way to bypass this issue.

"Alright." Garen nodded. This mask was one of the relics that were able to give him the most potential points. With this mask, it was able to give him a third of his needed potential points. This was the reason why he viewed it as an utmost importance.

After some of investigation, he found a terrifying truth.

This mask was also a fake, but it was created quite a long time ago. There was a record of such mask within the black-shirted man's records. This masked was called the Black Copper Mask, which had about twelve fake masks. According to the legend, every mask had a clue which led to the location of the real mask. If he could obtain all the Black Copper Masks, then he would be able to obtain the legendary original Black Copper Mask.

This was a secret discovered by the black-shirted men. Only Levi and a few higher level knew about it.

However, Garen accidentally found out that it possessed a tremendous amount of potential points, which made him interested in the mask.

"Secondly." He looked at the two people sitting in front of him. "Quentin and Xander came for a visit. They weren't here for the annual inner circle Secret Technique sparring adjustment. It's related to you two."

The whole room was in complete silence, both of them didn't speak up at all.

"Regarding the issues between you two, I do not wish to meddle in. You have your own circles, lives, and judgment. An outsider does not have the right to butt in. It's just that Quentin and the other members came to beg me so I'm placed in a tough spot." Garen said.

"I understand." Dahm smiled. "As long as Hochman agrees to reconcile, I have no issues."

"I'll consider it." Hochman closed his eyes and replied coldly.

"We are a group, a family. The fist technique is what that gathers us together. The path we take may have been different, but please don't forget the friendship we once had." Garen said calmly.

While both of them were laughing coldly in their mind, they put on a good appearance on the outside.

"I'm glad you two understand." Garen nodded satisfactorily

"I heard that Master has been looking for a quiet environment to learn a fist technique recently. Hochman and I have bought an ancient styled palace building located in East Asia Nappu Mountain. We have decided to gift it to you to show our appreciation towards your teachings." Dahm said sincerely.

Both of them seemed to be up to something as both of them spoke to Garen as if he was a legendary figure.

They had heard the rumors of a powerful martial artist in the combat club but didn't try to find an explanation for it, in fact, their every action had hidden motives in them. However, as they increased their strength and advanced to higher heights, they thought they could clearly see Garen's true potential. However, it was once blurred off again as they could feel Garen's aura which was similar to theirs. That aura was so big and powerful, it felt like it was an endless sea.

Furthermore, Garen's mood swung a lot. At times, he's cruel and cold-hearted and at times he could be gentle and peaceful.

Hence, they could only listen to him even though they wanted to betray him.

"Palace?" Garen felt strange. Technically, they were still students. No matter how much they skipped classes, they were still students in their twenties. However, when he saw their gaze and in addition to the intel and news he had obtained, he vaguely understood their intentions.

They planned to build a fist technique sect and make use of the powerful and mysterious technique to expand their power and authority. This would turn them into the main branch and increase their renown in the combat world. They would then stand in the position of the owners and main branch, a huge position.

They could even have the intention of readjusting the whole combat world.

After all, when their Two-Faced Water Fist Technique combined with their physical strength, they had already surpassed the limits of humans. This kind of strength was without a doubt something everyone would covet.

They had the dream of opening the first sect.

Garen suddenly understood the intention of these two. Both Hochman and Dahm were trying to come out with their own styles of Two-Faced Water Bird Fist technique.

"Alright. Since it's a gift from the two of you, I will accept it. That place can be a meetup point for the higher-ups of the combat club." He nodded as he accepted this luxurious gift.

Since he was currently mastering the Dream Technique, he would require a quiet environment. He'd recently learned that the attacks of the void creatures were able to harm surrounding living beings. In order to avoid the void creatures harming innocents, it was a good idea for him to choose a secluded area to train.

"Then I shall take my leave." Hochman stood up and bowed slightly.

"Me too. I have other matters to deal with." Dahm stood up and said lazily.

Frankly, when the two of them were facing Garen, a person whose face seemed flawless, they couldn't help but feel a sense of oppression from him. This made them very uncomfortable, which was the reason why they never stayed long here.

"Go, remember your promise," Garen said softly.

Both of them nodded and left the room.

As the footsteps distanced, he looked at the mask on the table. Instinctively, he reached out his hand and gently placed the mask on his face.

Somehow, from the moment he wore the mask, he could feel his aura start to change.

The Void Creatures started appearing in his dreams. The change was rather complicated, which was a totally different world from the material world.

At first, Garen had suspected that he'd been feeling unwell, as the Material World hardly had any supernatural phenomenon.

He put down the mask and examined it carefully but didn't find anything strange about it.

"This mask.." he could faintly feel that there was a mysterious secret hidden in it.

'It feels like some sort of magnetic field.' Black Sethe spoke. "This mask has a strange magnetic field as if it could change the brainwave of a living being."

"Alter the brainwave?" Garen was interested and Black Sethe seemed to progress rapidly as well as he absorbed the knowledge of this world. This world was too different from his previous world. The current world was set in a scientific civilization so there were a lot of things he needed to pick up.

The mask's surface was rather coarse as Garen took out the yellow copper coin Nadia had dropped earlier and felt its texture.

'This world's law is very solid. The forces between the particles are incredibly strong and a supernatural force would require a tremendous amount of energy to surface in the Material World. Even Nadia's overwhelming strength in the Dream World will immediately shrink in this world. She definitely had used an incredible amount of force to affect reality within the Dream World to leave a coin here.' Black Sethe said softly. 'Similarly, this mask which is able to display such supernatural phenomenon on its own means that it has a huge secret hidden within it.'

As he rubbed the mask and coin, Garen started to think deeply.

Chapter 655: Suppress 1

Bam!!!

In a wide and spacious cathedral, a black figure was instantly smashed into the wall, like a butterfly stuck in a spider's web, his arms wide open, and he was held there by the countless green strands of web silk shining on the wall behind him, completely immobile.

He opened his mouth wide and roared wildly, but he emitted no sound whatsoever. This figure was completely pitch black, as though his whole body was made of black shadows, and he had no face at all, only a tiny bit of white light that could be seen inside his mouth when he opened it wide.

"What kind of a dream is this?" Garen stood in the center of the cathedral, confused. He felt as though there were gazes looking at him from all directions, but when he looked that way, he could not see anyone except himself, there was only the black figure stuck on the wall.

This was his first time having such a dream, he had not seen any of the things around him, and he could be a hundred percent certain of that because none of the patterns on the cathedral walls gave him any sort of strange feeling.

"Black Sethe?" He called out softly, but there was no response at all from inside his mind.

He looked up, glancing at the black figure struggling on the wall, that person was roaring wildly and madly, trying to break free from the webs. But that strange Green Death kept tightening its hold on him.

Garen tried his best to remain focused, and not let himself be distracted by everything happening around him, otherwise, the dream would devolve into a mess again.

He paid attention to his surroundings conservatively. The cathedral was blurred and bleary, he could obviously see the patterns around him, but when he tried to look closer, it was all a blur.

There were tall golden human statues standing on either side of him, each of them clasping a sword that was pointed at the ground tightly with both hands, each of them more than ten meters tall.

Garen lifted his legs and walked slowly inside the cathedral, he walked until he was underneath that stuck human figure, and he reached out his hand to touch that huge green silk web, but unfortunately there seemed to be a transparent piece of glass between him and the web, so all he could feel was a hard and smooth surface obstructing him.

Wooo...

All of a sudden there was a minute sound by his ear, and Garen's vision blurred slightly, his eyes losing focus.

"Mmgh..." He opened his eyes, and slowly straightened up from the reclining chair.

That dream just now was so realistic and strange, that he could remember it clearly even after waking up.

He was lying on a sofa in the second-floor living area, the alarm on his phone was ringing rhythmically. That was the alarm clock he had set beforehand.

Yanking his pajamas, Garen got off the sofa and stood up, it was completely quiet in the little living room, the maids had all gone to sleep. It was night time, the curtains beside the large open glass windows billowed in the wind, the night breeze puffing in and out of the balcony outside.

Garen walked to the balcony and looked outward.

Some of the little twinkling lights in the distance were fixed, others moved, and only a couple of the shops on the opposite street were still open, the rest were all closed. Occasionally there would be a few motorcycles revving past, breaking the silence of the night.

He picked up his phone from the coffee table, there were messages from Raffaele, from his parents, and even one from Jason, asking him when he was going back for a visit.

There was one more message, this one from Baldy.

After that guy went blind in one eye, he had always been angry at Levi's daughter, yearning for revenge, but under Garen's intimidation, he never made any real moves. His personality, however, became more and more violent.

Garen tapped the message from Baldy.

'Got some news about the Mask, there's a mask like that in a European old-money family's collection, showed up at a private auction once. We're communicating with the people now, hoping we can buy it, but they seem pretty firm that they're not planning to sell the mask. Looking for another way now.'

The message was sent last night at 11 pm. Garen glanced at the time now, it was 3.15am.

It should be 8 or 9 in the morning where Baldy was.

Garen sent a message directly.

'You can reveal a bit of your identity, if they're willing to sell it, then they can be considered a friend of the Nighthawks to some extent.'

After waiting for some time, there was a prompt response from the other side.

'Boss, this might be real hard, we Nighthawks don't have much of a market in Europe, the main places have all been taken up by the mercenary groups here, if we were in Africa that's fine, but here... Though we seem to have a bit of a breakthrough now.'

'Let them state whatever conditions they need, as long as it's not over the top, just agree to it, but remember the bottom line.' Garen replied.

'Understood.'

Garen put down the phone, by now he was already beginning to sense something different about the Black Copper Mask. After he put on the mask, he could still feel wisps of potential values streaming out of the mask, getting absorbed into his body.

Before this Garen clearly remembered that he had absorbed all of the potential value, but now there were new wisps of potential power.

This greatly increased his curiosity in the Mask.

"I promised you, Barcetina. I would not interfere with your private life before you turn twenty." In a luxurious study, a white-haired old man was talking to a young woman in a deep voice.

"You are nineteen now, you'll be twenty soon, and you'll have your twentieth birthday. I, your mother, and your grandmother, all hope that you can take the family business upon your shoulders." The old

man paused, "You like collecting, we let you, you like fighting, we support you, and you also like movies, all of that is fine. But. You must be very aware that your future is not like that of your friends. Our business, the business your ancestors fought for, all of it is your hands to control, to protect so that it does not all go to waste. This is your responsibility as a member of this family. This is also the price you have to pay for all that you enjoy."

The young girl wore a white T-shirt and ripped jeans, looking just a normal delinquent girl. Her features were broad and rough, her face even looked like that of a boy, there was no hint of beauty in it anywhere, she was one of those types that people would be hard-pressed to find a way to praise.

Her skin had large pores, was neither fair nor dark, and was instead a dirty yellow. Her short hair was dry like dead grass, she had small eyes, a large nose, and a large mouth, as a girl in the spring of her youth, she had indeed inherited all her parents' flaws and none of their strengths.

Just then she was listening to her grandfather's lecture, but her heart was calm.

"I'm not twenty yet, right? I know what to do after my birthday." Barcetina replied calmly.

"We're worried you don't understand." Her grandfather retorted. "You need to know what's important. In this world, power is the strongest thing, the sharpest weapon. The second is money, everything else that you've been chasing until now is meaningless."

"It's not meaningless." Barcetina argued, "Once you reach the top of any field, you are powerful and dazzling."

"So what? Our connections can bring you world-class movie stars, world-class fighting trainers, the best antiques. They are the cream of their fields, but they can only earn a few dozen millions, a hundred million at most, and they're still controlled by masterminds like us, they fade, cool down, and are forced out of their field, it's far too easy to shut them up." The old man replied carelessly.

"The people won't be fooled that easily." Barcetina frowned.

"You're wrong." The old man shook his head, "The people can't see the truth of the moment, that's why they're the easiest to fool. This is the digital age, anything real can become fake, and anything fake can become real."

"Forget it, I don't want to argue with you, I understand what you mean. I'll be prepared." Barcetina stood up, patted down her jeans, turned around, and left the room.

Coming out from her grandfather's place, she drove her car down a shaded little path slowly, for some reason, there was deep resentment in Barcetina's heart.

Faced with her large family, her own power seemed so small, and so weak. The social circles that she had worked so hard to build were no more than a joke in her family's eyes, they could easily destroy all the connections she had, and isolate her completely.

But she did not succumb, she loved collecting and fighting, and she would use a ton of money and energy on those two every year.

Taking out her phone, she called her good friend.

'Hey, is that Cam? How are things going with the newest exhibition?'

'What? Something happened at home, so you probably can't make it?'

'Fine, fine, then how about we meet in the afternoon, and walk around a bit? Just treat it as a walk to de-stress, you have something urgent? Okay...'

Hanging up, Barcetina called another number.

'Kris, what are you doing? What! Are you moving house? When? I'll pick you up right now!'

'No need? Alright, alright...'

Another friend had suddenly become cold.

Barcetina could already feel a huge net woven by her family slowly close in on her, and she was powerless to resist.

Clenching her teeth, she called yet another number, but this one did not even go through, nobody picked up.

Friends, fellow enthusiasts, members of a club, the Collector Association's number, either they did not pick up, or they had all sorts of bad news. Most of the members of the Collector Association she started even quit all at once, and the Association was on the brink of collapse

Bam!

"Bullshit!"

Barcetina smashed her fist into the steering wheel, and the car stopped abruptly, followed by the sound of emergency brakes behind her.

Her circle was so frail, none of them could withstand the pressure from her family, that was the pressure coming from all forms of society, heavy and suffocating.

Without stopping, she tried all the different phone numbers, but the calls were either met with despairing silence, or wayward rejections.

Slowly, she extended her reach to anyone she had ever met or called. She called all the numbers, one by one, but the results were still exasperating and hopeless, the web of connections that she thought was wide and complicated only looked vast, but it was still controlled by her family's power, without any exceptions.

Her emotions grew more and more despairing.

In the end, with her last ray of hope, she called a number.

It was the number of a stranger she had met in a friendly fighting competition in America. She was trying to find a place where a family could not reach.

Chapter 656: Suppress 2

The other party was just a fighting enthusiast who tried to buy an antique from her, they had talked a bit at a private exhibition of hers, and upon discovering that they had quite a lot to talk about, they exchanged telephone numbers, so they were acquaintances at best.

'Hello? Who is this?' There was a deep male voice from the other end of the call.

'Is this Mr Kaedun? Do you still remember me? I'm Barcetina.'

'Barcetina? Oh... it's Miss Barcetina! How are you? Have you decided to sell that Mask? The price is negotiable.' The other person's tone grew passionate. Barcetina perked up, there was finally someone who did not reject her. After a series of neglected calls and direct rejections, her emotions had gotten more and more frustrated.

Her heart calmed down temporarily now, as though she had seen a loophole in her family's web, before this even the people who had already agreed to exchange or sell antiques with her had all rejected her, even those who wanted her antiques all changed their tacks, they had either been pressured, or they were given something even better. She had finally found someone normal now.

'About the Mask, you're... still willing... to buy it?' Barcetina asked carefully.

'Of course!' Kaedun replied matter-of-factly, 'Why don't we meet up somewhere, you decide where! I'll fly there as soon as possible.'

'Sure! Make it the Stone Gate Street in New York! There's a pretty good restaurant there. When you're there, give me a call, and I'll tell you exactly where to go.' Barcetina seemed to find a ray of hope, and her mood also brightened quickly.

"No problem!"

Several hours later.

Carlilo Cafe, Stonegate Street, New York

The impatient duo had both increased their speed in unison, and as a result, both of them arrived at the location more than an hour before their agreed time.

Sitting at the tables furthest inside the cafe, Baldy Kaedun and Barcetina stared at each other wordlessly, and for a while, they did not know what to say.

They sat at the right side of the cafe, and they could hear the sounds of other customers chatting around them, as well as the sounds of the waiters clearing tables and greeting others.

The cafe had pretty decent ambiance, illuminated with a soft, pale yellow light that created a warm and gentle mood.

"Looks like we were both early." Barcetina spoke, putting her hands on the table, as she noticed that he had also tried to speak before pulling back. "I'll confirm with you again, you really are willing to make a deal with me?"

Baldy nodded.

"Of course, is there any problem?" He looked slightly confused.

"Alright, then, let's discuss the details." For some reason, Barcetina felt as though her body was suddenly a lot lighter, like an insect trapped in a spider web that finally pulled away slightly from its death trap, and could finally catch its breath.

The two of them began to discuss the details about the Black Copper Mask's market price, perhaps out of gratitude for this tiny lightness in her heart, Barcetina took the initiative to reduce the price by one third, confusing Baldy somewhat.

After some questioning, Barcetina finally told him about her situation.

"I want freedom! I want to do the stuff I like! But I can't accomplish even something as simple as that." She lowered her head, solemn but with a slight hint of pain. "I'm now an upper-level professional wrestler, I don't want to give that up just like that."

After understanding Barcetina's situation, Baldy seemed to think of another friend of his, and there was a new hint of understanding in his eyes.

"I really sympathize with your situation, Miss." He thought about it, "If you just want some space that is not controlled by your family, if possible, perhaps I could introduce you a combat teacher, I guarantee this person won't be controlled by your family."

Barcetina thought that his tone seemed to be slightly mysterious.

"What teacher? Are you sure you know how vast my family background is?"

For a moment there, she felt as though Baldy Kaedun's identity had also gotten somewhat mysterious.

"You'll like him." Baldy laughed, "But the teacher I'm introducing to you may be very strict, unless you really like fighting, and are willing to put in a lot of effort, it might be best if you don't agree."

"No problem! What condition do you have in exchange?" Barcetina asked quietly.

"There is no condition, this person is also my teacher, he respects anyone who is dedicated to martial arts and strives to grow stronger, so he would be willing to teach them his techniques. But he has to be selective too, so if you don't pass, he won't teach you." Baldy was naturally talking about Garen, it was not just him, Jay, his wife Hera, and all of the other Nighthawk higher-ups were all looking for potential

trainees for Garen, these trainees needed to love and aspire towards martial arts, and they also needed some background behind them, so that they were worth using and raising.

The poor became scholars and the rich became fighters, it was difficult to achieve any real accomplishments without money and resources.

Garen got the others to collect such trainees so that he could teach them all sorts of secret techniques as a basic means to control the way his power grew. By using the connections of these disciples of his, he could rapidly search for the Black Copper Masks all over the world.

Barcetina was just one of the many candidates.

The two of them settled on a time in the cafe, then Baldy left the place and got into the car his driver drove up to him. Only then did he take his phone out from his pocket and glance at the message on it, it was from Barcetina's family, and it seemed to hint at a threat.

"They dare to threaten me? They really think we're honest and legal salesmen." He laughed coldly.

"Wanna teach them a lesson?" The driver sniggered.

"Just give them a slight warning. After all, this ain't our turf." Baldy replied casually. "Whoever sent the message, just destroy one of their arms, don't go overboard."

"Got it!"

They had always been lawless bastards, as the bosses of the African mercenary scene, and with the terrifying reputation of the Nighthawk King behind them, most violent groups would also be wary of them, now that they were on someone else's territory, they were polite enough not to provoke the hosts, but now someone dared to challenge them.

These mercenaries were all warmongers who carried their heads on their belts, they were extremely familiar with killing others, and some of them even moonlighted as assassins in their spare time, so now

that someone had come barking at them of their own accord, these criminals that even the international police had several files on were naturally even more revved up and ready.

Coincidentally, now that the governments were busy with the Blood Breeds' internal conflict, trying hard to suppress all those murder cases, this was the best time to make their move.

Casually flipping through the photographs and information on the table, Garen looked through the ten potential candidates that his subordinates had picked out for him.

There were boys and girls, the ages ranging from their teens to twenty.

Putting their appearances aside, they all came from powerful backgrounds, and they were all very interested in fighting and combat, so they were perfect targets for him to control.

Under the lamplight, Garen picked out a few from the photos and put them aside, these were the ones he could do with or without, as for the rest, he could let Xander teach them alone, then he would just go and remove the side effects himself.

To these young people who were passionate about fighting, they craved adrenaline, liked to go on adventures and discover new things.

Faced with a secret technique that could make them terrifyingly stronger within a few short months, he believed that none of them would be able to resist such a temptation.

They needed the primers so that they could truly walk the path of the Two-Faced Waterbird Fist, and so that they could see the effects of their strength. The intense pleasure during training that surpassed even drugs would surely keep a vice grip on the young people's hearts.

'Your plan is not bad, and it will help expand your influence, but what is the point of such influence? It would take a bit too long, and Nadia could show up at any time. The scent of that coin is the location

marker, and the will of the Nine-Headed Dragon's Blood in your body is also a signboard to lead her to you. She will be here very soon. Then I'll see how you deal with it.'

Black Sethe was raining on his parade beside him. He did not know that Garen could use the potential power in the Mask to strengthen himself.

Garen ignored him, this person got more excited the more attention he got.

He separated the photos into two stacks and asked the Nighthawk member waiting outside to come in, take the two stacks of photos and info out, and pass them to the specified people.

Only then did Garen stand up, leave the room, and enter a vast sealed room with lead-coated walls.

This room was one that he had specially made, the walls and floor were covered with a layer of silver lead, and there was a small square white platform in the middle of the room, with that yellow-copper Dragon Head Coin set on top like a shrine.

Closing the door with a bam, Garen walked towards the platform the coin was on.

Boom!

All of a sudden, Garen felt dizzy, and it was as though his vision went bleary, making him stop three meters away from the platform.

He did not know when it started, but there was a thin white mist coming from the platform, it was like water vapor, spiraling above the coin, slowly forming a terrifying dragon head image.

Roar!!

The dragon head roared at Garen, it evidently made no soundwaves, but Garen could still hear that deafening dragon's roar.

'That's the location signal the coin is constantly emitting, you can try to suppress it.' Black Sethe suggested, 'That way you can effectively lengthen the time Nadia needs to get here.'

Garen nodded, he knew that he had been pulled into a dream by the coin's scent, this coin was reacting more and more obviously recently, and the power it leaked out was also getting stronger, Nadia's scent kept leaking from the coin, affecting all the surroundings and creatures around it.

After a maid was pulled into the world of dreams by that coin and nearly starved to death there, Garen got someone to create a quarantine room like this, specifically to cordon off the coin's gradually growing forces and impact.

"You are merely a dead thing."

Garen's eye narrowed, and he took one step forward.

Boom!!!

A large cloud of dark blue frost power burst out from behind him, the frost power rapidly converging and solidifying, forming an image of a terrifying Nine-Headed Dragon.

Roar!!!

The nine dragon heads roared ferociously at the white dragon head.

For a moment, the whole room was filled with the blue and white mist.

'You can't stop me...' Nadia's voice came from the white dragon head, filled with killing intent.

Garen ignored her completely, sitting down cross-legged, closing his eyes slightly, the dark blue mist behind him beginning to surround the white mist emitted by the coin.

Chapter 657: Scramble 1

Elvin, England, Europe.

There was a white mansion in the outskirts, the mansion's roof had a serrated pattern, the doors and windows were all arch-shaped, and occasionally one could see round pillars supporting the building.

A black person in a white shirt and black slacks was going in and out of the house.

There were green grassy yards all around the mansion, each patch of grass trimmed unnaturally tidily.

The sky was cloudy and dark, the sun covered by clouds, making the atmosphere somewhat oppressive.

On the grass, an old black man with a red tie was casually surfing the internet on his phone, he sat in a chair under an umbrella to block off the sun, but his gaze kept wandering to a bunch of pretty women playing nearby in front of him.

As a black man, and as the boss of England's largest antique and relics field, he had started the Bailey Group. Having accomplished such a result in the world of the white people, Kabb already had more than enough to be proud of, so all that should be left was to sit back and enjoy a carefree life.

But Kabb was not so relaxed at all, now that he was fifty-two, he was currently facing the second largest problem in life, aging.

He was barely past middle-aged, but he was feeling far less energetic than he used to be, and his spirit was also constantly weakening, this feeling of constantly shriveling away made him panic.

Luckily, he had discovered an earth-shaking secret from a rival group as it collapsed, this secret might be an important turning point for his life from now on, he could not afford to let it slip by.

"Boss, it seems like someone's interfering with the mask that we're after." A subordinate walked up to him and spoke quietly in his ear.

"Someone's interfering?" Kabb frowned, "Who?"

"The Neo Black Uniforms, they have the Nighthawks behind them, it's a bit troublesome." His trusted aide Medis had an extremely powerful information web, and would not be wrong about this kind of thing.

"They also know about the mask?" Kabb asked quietly, still pretending his eyes were on the ladies.

"Yes, unfortunately." Medis nodded.

"That's troublesome, I am bent on attaining all twelve masks, the Nighthawks are number one in Africa, get Viper to deal with them. Contact the Primary Colors for me, the White Phoenix would surely be willing to greet this new force that's undermining their authority."

Kabb instantly thought of ways to deal with this, not only was he the boss of England's largest antique corporation, he was also the unifier of half of England's strongest violent groups, every move he made was enough to influence the entire English underworld.

"Yes." Medis backed down, head lowered.

Kabb, however, began to quickly recall all the information he had about the Nighthawks, they did not have many members, but they were the most mysterious, and they had that powerful mastermind known as the Nighthawk King behind them. This was enough to make him wary, that person was powerful enough to brazenly attack the Primary Colors, he was dangerous and extremely invasive.

On a passenger plane from Elvin towards Berlin, Germany

The passengers were all groggy and sleepy, some were reading their newspapers quietly, some had put on sleeping masks, a few young people were gathered and playing cards, the stewardesses were threading through the aisles, asking questions and checking on the passengers.

In the four seats on the left at the back of the plane, there were four young people sitting in a row and playing some sort of table game, one of them yawned slightly.

"How much longer before we reach?" This person put down the game pieces in his hand, his expression absolutely bored.

"Soon, soon, I can feel the plane descending." A girl said flippantly.

"You say that every time."

"Don't you feel more hopeful when I say that?" The girl replied nonchalantly.

"Aihhh..."

Another person put down their pieces, "Just go ahead and sleep, you guys, there should still be more than twenty minutes."

He turned around to look at a man by the window, this man wore white leather pants, and a T-shirt with black and red stripes, his skin was fair, and there was a series of golden earrings on his ears.

"King, what should we do when we get there?"

"Just follow the old rules, this mission is slightly more difficult, you guys be careful. The opponent is Hera of the Nighthawks." The man called King replied casually.

"The Nighthawks are very active in Africa, there are more wars and conflicts there, so it can't be easy to build a reputation over there. But on that note, these complicated city areas belong to us, Viper, if they want to beat us here... hehe."

The four of them were the true form of the whole Viper, as one of the top ten mercenary groups in Europe, nobody dared to underestimate their hidden ambushes and killing intent.

"Hera has five powerful generals under her, and she herself is one of the Nighthawk King's three most trusted aides, so we must not underestimate her ability, no matter what, everyone has to be more serious this time, after finishing this job, all of us can go back and play however we want."

King told them softly.

"No problem.""Of course!""Let's f*ck 'em sideways!"

The three of them started yelling.

"Every member of the Nighthawks has powerful ambushing power, and they are all very alert as well, try to be quick, you can't give them any time to resist. Their combat power is all very strong, do not try to engage in close combat with them."

"Understood!"

This time, Viper had not only accepted the mission from the Bailey Group, there was also the Primary Colors' bounty, in this operation against the Nighthawks, they were joined by a few more of the top ten mercenary groups in Europe, each of them was in charge of one of the Nighthawks' independent members.

The Black Uniforms' Jay, the Vice Commander Baldy Kaedun, and his wife Hera, each of them had an elite mercenary troop targeting them, to make sure this operation was completely foolproof.

And then there was the strongest mercenary group, Blackfire, out of the hunt everywhere for the Nighthawk King's whereabouts.

This time the Primary Colors were really determined, they had tossed out two billion pounds at once, just to make sure the Nighthawks were thoroughly exterminated.

An invisible web was surrounding the entirety of the Nighthawks. In this web, there were several people who had crossed swords with Levi before, and there were some who fought Kaedun himself as well, they were all monstrous elites. They were so professional, that some of them had a thousand faces and

you could not tell which one was real at all, some were top-level bomb experts, with bombs everywhere. Others were computer hacking prodigies, wherever there was a surveillance camera, as long as it was connected to the internet, those could be their eyes.

There were all sorts of elites, and their supremely powerful combinations had taken on many high-difficulty missions before, most of them even had experience with the supernatural.

And even so, the Primary Colors still secretly sent out powerful people, allegedly strong mercenaries who had been modified through experiments, specifically to deal with the Nighthawk King if he shows up.

This operation was like a web covering heaven and earth, giving their target no way to escape.

Although King sounded serious, the truth was he already knew in his heart, that if nothing out of the extraordinary happened, the Nighthawks were finished this time.

"What!? Our stuff has been stolen?" Jay's eyes immediately went cold, staring at his subordinate in front of him. "Who did it?"

"It's Ohio Silk from Europe, they left their signature mark." His subordinate reported quietly.

Chack!

The glass in Jay's hand shattered, and the transparent wine flowed out of his hand.

"Ohio Silk... The number two assassins' group in Europe, huh? What's the meaning of this? Do they want to declare war on us?" His face darkened.

His subordinate did not even dare to breathe loudly in front of him, just lowering his head and freezing still.

"Boss, let's just fight it out, I've always wanted to see what these European scrubs could do. They were just so f*cking cocky at the banquet last time!" A young red-haired man leaned on a wall inside the room, and spoke casually.

"I'll go with Tran, and take fifteen of our elites, that should be enough to solve our problem." Another woman in the room said quietly, they were Jay's left and right hands respectively, they were always hanging around Jay even when they were in the Nighthawks, and now that they had swallowed up and were controlling the Black Uniforms, having learned the fistfighting skills from Jay, their strength increased tremendously. After undergoing such cruel training, their bodies' stamina had achieved a terrifying and extreme level, such that they were the elite fighters just behind Jay among the Black Uniforms.

"There's no rush... Since they dare to make a move directly, they must surely have considered our response in it as well." Jay was never an impulsive person, he mused over it, then picked up the phone to call the other members of the Nighthawks.

After a dozen or so minutes, he put the telephone receiver down, his expression dark.

"As expected, this is an operation targeting the entire Nighthawks, things have gone wrong on Baldy's and Hera's side as well, I suspect that our opponent will make a move immediately. You guys go and mobilize your men immediately, get them on their guard! It's highly likely they will strike tonight!"

Hearing those words, his subordinates grew solemn as well, looks like this situation was not good.

"Tell the lower ranks, if we get past this, everyone will get at least a hundred thousand USD as a reward, depending on their contributions," Jay promised generously.

His two subordinates started chuckling loudly.

Bang!!!

Suddenly there was a gunshot, and the three of them got down to the ground instantly.

The only person who could not react in time was the subordinate who had come to report the problem, his temple was pierced through, blood spraying, and he toppled backward.

At the same time, deep bullet holes appeared on the tables, the sofas, the chairs, all the holes appearing at once.

It was just one gunshot sound, sounding like the explosion of firecrackers, but the result that appeared was at least caused by several dozen guns shooting at once, and they were all high-powered guns as well.

Jay rolled onto the ground like a snake, and darted underneath the metallic table for cover.

He could hear the tapping and consecutive explosions above his head, who knew how many bullets were raining down onto the table.

This was the Black Uniforms' headquarters, and the enemy actually had the ability to assault them all the way here... add that to the strength of this firepower, and he could not help a chill rising in his heart.

In the pitch black sealed room, Garen sat cross-legged on the floor, his eyes tightly closed, and the platform with the coin right in front of him.

Ever since that day, he had to come in here every so often to suppress Nadia's scent tracking.

The original scent of the coin got more and more terrifying, and now anyone in a five-meter radius would get pulled into a dream, Nadia's energy would suppress their spirits until they were confused and barely conscious. But with Garen's constant suppression, this increase in its power was finally controlled, Garen kept using up the energy on the coin, greatly delaying Nadia's identification of this area.

Strangely, by using the Nine-Headed Dragon's will to fight her in this dream state, Garen could clearly feel his secret technique training progressing even faster than before. This resistance was like a sharpening stone, making his Living Secret Technique stronger and stronger, and he soon reached the peak of the first level.

Chapter 658: Scramble 2

After sitting cross-legged in the darkness for goodness knows how long, Garen slowly got up, arranged the white night robes he was wearing and walked out of the room, faintly hearing the dissatisfied roar of the Nine-Headed Dragon behind him.

There were several subordinates guarding the door, but they seemed not to hear anything at all, they wore the same uniform, all in white casual clothes, and one of them offered up a black box to Garen respectfully.

"Boss, this was just sent here. It was sent by Vice Commander Kaedun."

Garen nodded, and accepted the box.

There were pale golden patterns embedded in the surface of the black box, like so many disorganized lines, but upon closer inspection, there was some rhythm to them.

Opening the lock with a smack, Garen saw a slightly black copper mask in between the black silks, the mask was expressionless, its forehead covered with countless eyes, and he could vaguely see the detailed skin-like linings all over the surface, intricate and realistic.

"The second one..." Garen reached out his hand to caress the mask lightly. Wisps of cool potential energy instantly surged into his palm.

He just felt it roughly, but he could already tell that this mask would have a total of more than forty or fifty potential points, and what made him happiest was that this mask itself had the ability to constantly produce potential power, it seemed to be able to grow more as well as store a certain amount of potential value.

If even a forgery can achieve such an effect, who knew what it would be like if he collected all twelve forgeries.

Garen touched the wrinkles on the mask carefully, feeling the wisps of cooling energy surge into his hand, according to his initial estimates, a Mask would produce about 0.1 potential points worth of energy every day. That way, if he had twelve Masks, he would automatically receive one potential point every day, this was undoubtedly a huge sum in this world that was woefully low on potential points. And over time it would become a very substantial amount.

"Did Kaedun say anything else?" Garen asked.

"During the afternoon the day before yesterday, Lord Jay and Lady Hera were ambushed, Commander Kaedun had gone out personally to send the Mask, so he managed to avoid the ambush and countered the enemy instead, capturing two of their members. After some interrogation, they said that the strongest group in England, the Bailey Group, had goaded the Primary Colors into moving." His subordinate reported quickly.

"The Bailey Group?" Garen repeated this noun again. "How's the situation? Right now."

"Not very good, Lady Hera was grievously hurt, now Commander Kaedun has rushed over to deal with matters, and Lord Jay sustained heavy losses, although he is fine, he had lost at least half of his men in the ambush." This subordinate had recently become Garen's information specialist, not just him, but there was another small group that was founded specifically to be something like a meeting of strategists, everyone in the group had their own roles, but once there was an emergency, they would band together to solve the combat club's and Nighthawks' problems.

They usually planned all sorts of strategies for Kaedun, Jay, and the other leaders.

The vast amounts of information would also be transmitted here endlessly, after they reach a conclusion, the results would be sent quickly back to the various leaders. This was basically a strategy room.

Of course, these people were all elites that Garen, Kaedun and the others invited from all over, some of them were even university lecturers, or even lecturers from Garen's own university, but after practicing the Waterbird Fist and feeling that drug-like pleasure, they could no longer leave the combat club. These

people were mostly all like that, although they were intelligent, when faced with the temptation of the Waterbird Fist, they were still willing to stay in the combat club and strategize for Garen.

"The Bailey Group, the Primary Colors..." Garen was starting to feel a little ticked off, to be honest, these three subordinates made things a lot more convenient for him, in the incident with the Stone Clock of Fortune, they had given him quite a haul. He had only gotten one Stone Clock himself, but Jay even snatched several more for him, saving him a lot of energy.

And this time, Kaedun found him the second mask as well. If he had to look for it himself, it would take a lot more time and energy, after all he did not randomly attend private exhibitions.

If he wanted to continue training without worries like this, while constantly obtaining more potential points at the same time, it seemed that he would need to move a little bit this time.

Before this, due to the trouble caused by the Void Creatures, and his need to deal with the Nine-Headed Dragon King Nadia, he did not intend to meddle with reality too much, he did not want to waste his time and energy on reality, but it seemed that he had no choice.

"Gather up the Nighthawks, everyone gather at Kaedun's place, but be careful on the way." He thought for a bit and directly gave his orders.

His subordinate beside him recorded what he said, word for word.

"Also, list down all the factions that are attacking us this time."

Looks like he needed to upgrade Baldy and the others soon, otherwise it would really be troublesome if he had to do everything himself.

It just so happened that he had recently perfected the Shooting Shadow Secret Skill, turning it into the Shooting Shadow Secret Technique, it had a whole array of secretive yet overwhelmingly powerful killing moves, and it also inherited that intense training pleasure from the Waterbird Fist, while also having the soul primer added to it, so the whole Shooting Shadow Secret Skill had become a powerful demonic secret technique on the same level as the Waterbird Fist.

Baldy and the others had already trained the Shooting Shadow Secret Skill to an extremely high level, the three leaders had all reached the highest level, the Shooting Shadow sixth level, so if they started training the complete version, they would progress abnormally quickly.

Garen had already unified the two secret techniques he created, forming a Book of Demonic Secret Techniques, otherwise known as the Demonic Book for short.

The Two-Faced Waterbird Fist and the Shooting Shadow Secret Technique, these two legacies would become the martial arts at the core supporting the Demonic Book.

Thinking back on it now, Baldy and the others were somewhat too weak, after they worked so hard for him over the past few years, they got less tutelage than Hochman, Dahm and the others, so this was rather unfair to them.

Garen decided that in order to counter the way the Shooting Shadow Secret Technique could only assassinate, he would create another proper secret technique, to make up for what they lacked in head-on battles. Just like this time, once they were ambushed and put on the spot, the three main leaders of the Nighthawks could not unleash their full potential, the opponent just pushed them like that, revealing no weaknesses.

The opposite of Shooting Shadow was Light Speed, both had to do with speed, and with that Garen already had some ideas.

'You're going to deal with trivial matters? They're just subordinates, they won't grow without experiencing some setbacks. Even if they die, that just means they're not strong enough, they have a better foundation and starting point than these people and still can't beat them, that's not your fault.' Black Sethe spoke.

"You don't have many subordinates in Ancient Endor, do you?" Garen retorted.

'Are you trying to say that I could never gain widespread influence with this attitude and style?' Black Sethe immediately understood what he was thinking.

"Influence is only there to make things more convenient for me, I just need to help a bit and I'll have my subordinates do the rest, compared to a life swamped with trivial matters, which would be better and more convenient for training? That would depend on what each individual thinks."

'Don't tell me you really are collecting antique masks just for that insignificant bit of energy on it?' Black Sethe was no fool, of course he could tell something was wrong with Garen's intentions.

Garen did not reply.

"Get me flight tickets, I'll head to Berlin myself tomorrow."

"Yes."

Garen picked up the Mask, turned around and walked into another quiet room, he needed the time to completely absorb the Mask's potential value, so that he could use it to increase his secret technique level.

Elvin, England

Bailey Estate

It was a bright and sunny day, with no clouds in sight.

Kabb sat in his study, dressed in his night robes, wearing his reading glasses to read the information he had carefully.

After he finished reading it, he put down the info and mused for a while.

"How's the situation with Viper?"

Medis, who was sitting opposite him, replied quickly.

"The opponent is very stubborn, Viper lost several people before they could grievously injure Hera, but unfortunately they still could not catch nor kill her."

"What about White Phoenix's side?"

"Baldy Kaedun was lucky, he was out on an errand and not in the base, he just left a man to take his place and watch the base. All they killed was a replacement, and instead Baldy counterattacked, seriously hurting and capturing two men, they probably know by now that our Bailey Group is involved. Boss, you best be prepared." Medis reminded him.

Kabb nodded.

"The Nighthawks are still considerably obstinate, as expected of Africa's number one mercenary army, just the three masterminds are individually as powerful as one of Europe's top ten mercenary groups. With such power, if they were gathered together, perhaps even our number one Titan would not end up much."

"Indeed." Medis agreed.

"The Nighthawk King's reaction would probably be to gather everyone, right? The location would either be where Baldy is, or Berlin, where Hera is. We don't need to guess, Baldy is the vice, he actually controls the whole group's power, and Hera is his woman, judging by his character, he would not stay silent once his woman's been attacked, so he would surely make for Berlin."

He picked up another file and read that as well.

"There might very well be a reason why the Nighthawk King does not show his face publicly, in the Stone Clock of Fortune incident, he also only officially showed up after his subordinates were crippled, evidently he has something limiting him, so it's most likely that he remains hidden for now, letting Baldy and the others gather and come up with a plan."

"This is just a possibility, what if he does show up?" Medis asked.

"That's fine too." Kabb smiled, "Berlin is your territory, no matter how strong he is, he's just one person, and besides the elite fighters of the Primary Colors are still waiting for him, if necessary, you can help him out a little, you must make it secretive and hidden, to show that we were forced, and the Primary Colors' White Phoenix are their true enemies. We cannot interfere too much, just act as though we're observers, as long as we don't participate of our own accord, no matter who wins or loses later, at the most we'll just spend some money to call it quits. Try your best to let the Primary Colors face the Nighthawks, remember, we were forced to join, it actually has nothing to do with us. It was actually the White Phoenix who asked for our cooperation."

Kabb's gaze turned unreadable.

"That way, we can earn and profit, and the risks wouldn't force the other side to retaliate in desperation, their greatest enemy is the Primary Colors Group after all..."

"Boss, you're hedging risks here..." Medis said with a laugh.

"It's a bit like that." Kabb was surprised as well, but then he started to laugh as well.

Chapter 659: Confrontation 1

After the two of them laughed for some time, Kabb picked up the coffee on the table and sipped from it.

"However, on that note, do you have clues about the Nighthawk King's identity?"

Medis nodded.

"After you mentioned this point, I began collecting information about him from all channels. After analyzing the flight times and using our intel to thin down the possibilities, we have obtained a list of people in that period of time who might be the Nighthawk King. The information we got is slightly strange."

"Oh? How is it strange?"

"Judging from the flight intel, the Nighthawk King probably booked his ticket through someone else, but in the incident with the Stone Clock of Fortune, he did not hide his appearance, so after making some comparisons, we discovered the true identity of the Nighthawk King."

"Is it very surprising?" Kabb looked at his usually calm and cunning old subordinate and friend, somewhat surprised that this man would be shocked by the Nighthawk King's true identity.

"It is rather surprising." Medis nodded, "Garen Thomas, twenty years old, a second-year student at Gullivier University, a very mysterious person, hard to trace, he's the president of the combat-oriented combat club in school. His father is a university lecturer, his mother a psychiatrist, his family is a thoroughbred academic family, with nothing at all to do with violent groups."

"All the more reason for us to be wary!" Kabb said abruptly, "I've met someone like this before, one of the heads of an Italian mafia clan is also a teenage child, he looks cute and innocent, but he's a young prodigy, ruthless in his methods, and anyone who dares to look down on them will pay a hefty price."

"Understood." Medis nodded, "Then what do we need to do?"

Kabb touched his chin.

"This Nighthawk King Garen, he's probably the key to truly controlling the Nighthawks, have you heard the rumors about the Nighthawks?"

"Yes, do you mean the rumor that the Nighthawk King alone can control everyone in the Nighthawks using certain methods?"

Medis had evidently heard about this before. He mused quietly for a while, organizing his thoughts before he continued.

"The Nighthawks' growth is clearly evident, it might look a lot hazier to other powers, but to large groups such as ourselves and the Primary Colors, it's impossible to hide their growth patterns. It could

be said that they could only break free from the White Phoenix and form the Nighthawks after Baldy Kaedun paid a visit to Grano, where Garen was, all those years ago. It is also highly likely that Garen took him under his wing since back then."

"Tell me, for a normal kid to control an international mercenary for so many years without the latter having any intention to rebel. What methods could he be using?" Kabb asked quietly.

"He could make an ordinary mercenary into a top-level elite in the mercenary world within a short time, besides." Medis continued, "The combat club that Garen joined also increased in strength exponentially after he joined, the previous pillars of the club made Garen their teacher, and are learning martial arts from him."

Kabb's fingers and joints rapped the table rhythmically.

"In that case, it seems that this Garen has a method to quickly make others stronger, be it the Nighthawks, the combat club, or even himself. For such a young man in his teens to control an international mercenary group, he must surely have an absolutely powerful way to control them. Tell me, if we can find this manipulation method, as well as this strengthening method, wouldn't we be able to create a powerful team that belongs solely to us in a very short period of time?"

Medis nodded solemnly.

"It is very likely."

"I will leave this up to you, Garen must have a secret! And it is surely something extraordinary as well, I have a feeling, we might be able to get something better than we imagined from him." Kabb said with a straight face.

"I'll go investigate right now." Medis understood how important this was as well, and stood up, "I will try to communicate with him, maybe I can get more direct information."

"Go."

In the vast black cathedral

He was surrounded by blurry walls, and could only faintly see the patterns shaking and flickering.

Garen stood in the middle of the cathedral, there were many giant golden statues on either side of him, the statues' hands held their large swords, their heads and gazes lowered, as though they were protecting something.

At the very deepest end of the cathedral, there was a huge green silk web on the wall. This web was actually growing and growing, like vines, slowly growing thicker and denser.

And in the middle of the web, there was a pitch-black human figure.

"Here again." Garen looked around him, confused.

This dream seemed so very realistic, so much so that he could barely tell if he was in a dream or not. And every time he entered this dream, even his connection with Black Sethe would be severed.

That black figure kept struggling in the silk web, roaring soundlessly, but it was useless, every time he struggled, he would still be held there by the silk webs, held firmly motionless.

Garen trod on the smooth black marble floor, walking towards the deepest end of the cathedral, and soon he was standing underneath that large silk web.

He looked up at the black figure, and reached out his hand to touch the silk web holding the man captive, but as with last time, there was something like glass between the web and his hand.

His hand could not touch the web directly.

"This is my second time having the same dream." Garen frowned, he looked all around him, but did not find anything else out of the ordinary. The black figure that was stuck there did not seem to see him at all, and kept struggling futilely, not even looking at him.

Garen turned around and looked towards the large cathedral doors, those were tall and pitch-black metallic doors, a full dozen meters or so tall, they looked heavy and sturdy, embroidered with many strange patterns.

"This is the last temple." Suddenly, there was a deep male voice from behind him.

Garen turned around abruptly and saw a beautiful woman in a white dress walking towards him slowly, the woman's long hair danced, and she held a huge silver sword in her hand. The large, long sword formed a sharp contrast with her body, only over a meter tall, and made it hard to imagine that her petite body could drag that sword, more than three meters long, so easily while she moved.

"Nadia." Garen recognized her, Nine-Headed Dragon King Nadia.

"Speaking of which, even when we first met, we never talked properly face to face like this. You're suppressing my tracking ability, so I had to figure out this method to get around this problem." Nadia obviously looked like a girl, but spoke with a man's voice, giving off an extremely eerie impression.

"What do you want to say?" Garen said calmly.

"That old man hiding in your body, he's the memory remnants of an ancient fighter, right?" Nadia said softly, "That sort of memory is the most untrustworthy, I was nearly trapped by this thing back then." Nadia seemed extremely bored, walking up to Garen's side, and looking up at the black figure in the web.

"You must understand, even if you're suppressing the time I descend upon you, that day will still come. Rather than waiting fruitlessly for death, how about you join me under my command? Abandon your physical form, such a thing is no more than a restriction to us, we exist merely in wills, and are that much freer than you imagine."

Nadia spoke alluringly in the Ancient Endor language.

"We are practically immortal, as long as our souls do not reach their limit, we will not die. In comparison, the limits of the physical body are far too insignificant. Even the best metals will rot. What's more a shell of flesh?"

"What benefits will I get from becoming one of you?" Garen retorted.

"Oh, there are too many, many of the invisible creatures are everlasting, they have accumulated countless knowledge and experience, once you have cast away your body, it will be easier to communicate with and learn from them. Plus, by existing as merely a will, you can exchange countless knowledge in an instant, you can travel freely through dimensions, just like how I have pulled you in here now, when in fact we are miles and miles apart." Nadia replied casually, "Stronger, more perfect. Isn't that what you're after?"

"I have a soul with space-time attributes, all of that is meaningless to me. I have plenty of time to slowly accumulate sufficient knowledge." Garen was unfazed.

For some reason, neither of them had any intention of fighting here. They just stood there, talking to each other obediently and quietly.

Nadia laughed. "Your will is very pure, but you can't do it just because you think you can." He(1) looked Garen up and down, and her smile deepened. "You seem to have a secret, or rather an advantage, this advantage makes you fearless, you do not sense danger in any situation at all. And you also have extreme confidence in yourself, this confidence is already bordering on ignorance."

"Ignorance?" Garen arched his eyebrows.

"That's right, or rather you are blind to the world." Nadia's expression was condescending, "I really want to know, what on earth could this secret of yours be?"

Garen's heart was calm, his largest advantage was his terrifyingly powerful natural Ability, the power to turn anything in reality into attributes and skills.

Using potential points, he could constantly make himself stronger, power up his attributes, and the ability to turn things into skills saved him a lot of time, as for everything else, it was all built on these two matters at the core.

Be it his secret techniques, or the secret methods and secret skills, the core to everything was actually this Ability of his, it was his Ability that worked with his space-time body to give him constant power.

Nadia's gaze swept over him, giving him a faint sense of a threat.

"Everyone has a secret, I am also extremely intrigued by the secret that allows you to grow exponentially stronger every time you die."

Garen's tone did not change at all.

"Did you know?" Nadia said suddenly. "This is an ancient temple, it's an illusory area projected by the Mother Stream in the world of dreams."

"So what?" Garen did not know what she meant by saying that.

"In here, Void Creatures can avoid being suppressed and hurt by the Mother Stream, because it's just a projection, and also, those with space-time bodies can hunt each other's cores..." She looked at Garen mysteriously, "As long as you get the other person's core, you can obtain all of their memories."

"I really want to know, what is it that allows you to stay so calm, allows you to look disconcerted no matter what happens..."

Before she even finished speaking, all of a sudden, Nadia's body turned into a white shadow, dashing at Garen.

Her large sword danced and spun, creating an extremely piercing wail, like a huge silver wheel three or four meters in diameter, sweeping towards Garen's neck like lightning.

"Eight Directional Chain Slash!!" Nadia yelled, and eight sword flashes shot out from behind her again, the silver sword flashes surrounded the silver wheel, forming a giant silver flower that crashed towards Garen relentlessly.

The eight huge sword flashes followed the turning of the wheel, slicing towards Garen at high speeds, as though intent on cutting him into pieces.

Translator's Note:

Not sure if it's a typo or another gender-fluid character... Probably the former.

Chapter 660: Confrontation 2

"First star!!" Garen howled as he released the Seven Star Life's Secret Point. However, he was one step late, and Nadia's powers were now much stronger compared to the last time they had met. Her speed had also exceeded his expectations, making it impossible for him to react in time at all.

After the first star was released, the sword flashes and the silver wheel collided with each other at the moment when her physical qualities increased rapidly.

Boom!!!

Both of them crashed against each other and the sword flashes burst into pieces instantly, turning into countless silver fragments that sprayed everywhere before becoming a metallic windstorm, nailing numerous fragments into the walls messily while releasing ear-piercing screeches.

Garen was violently sent flying as well. He crashed against the transparent wall where the silk screen was located with a 'bang'. He felt a burning sensation in his chest at once, while a dense and sticky stench wafted out of his throat.

Although he could not feel pain in his dreams, Garen knew that he had suffered internal injuries this time.

Such amazing speed...!

Garen could not keep up with Nadia's speed at all during these few moments. He placed both of his arms in front of his body hastily but was barely able to block her attacks.

Both of his arms were badly mangled and limp to the point where it was impossible to see their original shape.

"This is Absolute Speed." Nadia walked towards him again while dragging a large sword. "I use the Ominous Space Path to speed up this move, allowing it to alter time and space momentarily. You're already destined to be hit when I use this move."

She moved the long sword in her hand casually and immediately positioned the tip of her sword horizontally in front of her body while supporting the blade with one hand.

"This secret technique stresses absolute speed. The faster your speed, the stronger its power. I received this knowledge from an ancient existence in one of the worlds. Your techniques are pitifully lacking because you engage in isolated research alone without expanding your horizons. Your rate of progression is far too slow..."

Boom!!

Before she could finish speaking, a silver sword blossom bloomed immediately. When he saw the knife blossom, Garen tried his best to release the second star but remained dizzy and blurry-eyed. His body met with a violent collision before he was sent flying horizontally.

Silver light danced in front of his eyes, making it impossible for him to see Nadia's figure clearly.

This move, Absolute Speed, was impossible to counter. At its moment of release, Garen could already feel that he was going to be hit. Attacking and receiving the attack were both done simultaneously, leaving only a short space of time in between. For instance, when Nadia released her attack move, Garen would already be in the state of receiving the attack. Once Nadia finished this attack move, Garen would have been hit completely, making it impossible for him to evade it.

Although he managed to crawl up without feeling any pain, his body seemed to be bleeding. The blood flowed on the ground and spread everywhere.

After spitting bloodied phlegm out of his mouth, Garen stood upright. Although the second star's frighteningly strong physical qualities allowed him to suffer less severe injuries this time, he still broke a few ribs.

"Third sword." When he heard Nadia's voice, a silver light lit up in front of his eyes immediately again.

"Third star!! West Phoenix!!" Garen knew that bad things were in store. He howled maniacally and stretched both of his palms forward immediately while a phoenix's ear-piercing cry could be heard behind him. Powerful forces rotated around a mysterious orbit, creating air currents that transformed into a pair of transparent wings.

Both of Garen's hands tore through the air before he pressed his palms together and pierced the area in front of him furiously.

Terrifying powers flowed through his blackened muscles and moved towards his hands in wave-like layers. His muscles rippled and flowed towards his palms continuously as if his entire body was transferring something to both of his hands.

Clang!!!

A sharp metallic noise could be heard as though an unimaginably heavy large metal hammer had violently struck another impossible hard item. It released terrifying sound waves that sent tingles throughout everyone's bodies.

At the center where both of their bodies met, two hands and a large sword wheel had collided with each other suddenly. Time stopped for a moment before a frighteningly strong air current shook the surrounding area. It resembled a violent dynamite explosion that sent both of them flying wildly.

Garen could already feel that he had been hit at the moment of his attack. However, he continued to go forward and deliver his attack. The West Phoenix Fist was a combat technique that he had created on his own to gather and synthesize things. Its abilities included gathering air currents in its surroundings,

creating resonating sound attacks that could disturb the state of mind and form large force fields with countless air flows.

"How foolish." Nadia's voice echoed over again, but no one knew when her figure had appeared standing in front of Garen. The air currents and white mist dispersed before she pressed one of her hands against Garen's right eye steadily.

Tch!!

Her fingertips stabbed inwards at once.

Suddenly, Garen felt the feeling of permanent loss creep into his body.

He wanted to hide but that technique stopped him again.. When Nadia attacked, he had already been hit, before a dangerous and threatening air shrouded around him instantly.

His figure leaped ten meters away instantly, but once he stood still, his right eye exploded instantly.

He could see the blood and fluids from his exploded eye dripping on the ground before him.

However, Nadia's figure was now standing in front of him again while her finger was extended towards his left eye this time.

"Fourth star!!!" Garen had no time to think twice and released the fourth star immediately instead. At this moment, a shock wave that could be seen by the naked eye exploded from his body suddenly.

His body had suddenly leaped upwards, reaching a terrifying height of almost three meters. His skin had turned completely black and was giving off a metallic sheen.

"Die!!" Garen howled, completely ignoring Nadia's finger that was pressing against his left eye. Both of his arms struck forward like a large black hammer that brought on terrifying strength and speed that were combined with each other at this moment.

When Garen's hand smashed against Nadia's head, her finger was already poking at his eye socket in an attempt to stab through his head completely.

Hnngh!

Nadia groaned softly and retracted her finger before touching both of Garen's fists firmly.

When the distance between them grew closer, her powers would become greater. She was getting closer to renewing her strength and had no need to fight with Garen to the point where both sides suffered serious losses.

She just needed to wait for the right moment.

Bang!!! Hmm hmm hmm...

Dull vibrating noises echoed throughout the church continuously while Garen stood on the spot and panted. He had violently smashed both of Nadia's arms and broken them with the terrifying strength of his own arms and pierced through her chest brutally while his opponent looked on with a disbelieving gaze.

Fresh white blood splattered out from Nadia's body. It splashed on the ground and mixed with Garen's red blood that had been spilled earlier. Both of them mixed with each other mysteriously, proving that they came from the same bloodline.

"This... What type of strength is this?!" Nadia was in a state of utter disbelief. Initially, Garen had only possessed a few tons of strength, but once he released the fourth star, he was able to produce terrifying impact forces.

He possessed at least a few hundred tons of frightening strength! Maybe even more!!

"I underestimated... Your Secret Methods," she said with much difficulty while blood dripped from the corners of her mouth.

Garen tore downwards with the strength of both of his arms and tore her into countless pieces of bloody flesh instantly. Strangely enough, these fragments floated in mid-air before weakening and disappearing quickly.

"I was careless... You won't have such good luck next time." Nadia's voice echoed through the air.

Garen knelt down on the floor with a 'bang'. The aftereffects of releasing the fourth star were finally felt and his entire body was spasming, making him feel as if he could not control his body at all anymore.

Both parties had suffered serious injuries this time. It was impossible for Nadia not to pay the ultimate price, while Garen himself had suffered serious injuries and given up an eye in exchange. But for some unknown reason, Garen could feel unsuppressible excitement surging from the deepest part of his heart continuously.

His life had been peaceful and boring all along. But from this moment, it had become vivid and colorful.

He could see that his world was turning quickly, causing unimaginably strong feelings of happiness to flow out of his heart.

"This feeling..." He looked at both of his hands. They were badly mangled and his palms were almost devoid of flesh, leaving only his bones. However, these terrifying wounds could not suppress the longing he felt for the next battle.

Garen could not help but laugh quietly. These joyful feelings that bubbled up from the deepest part of his heart made it impossible for him to hold back his laughter.

Boom!

The sound of a loud crash rang out beside his ears.

The room was filled with darkness and silence.

Garen crossed his legs and sat in front of the coin. His right eye exploded into a cloud of bloody mist instantly while crunching noises could be heard from his arms and chest. His bones had fractured immediately as all the injuries that were inflicted on him in his dreams were restored throughout his body at once.

Bang bang bang bang!!

A string of continuous explosions could be heard. After every explosion, Garen's entire body ached to the point where he trembled for a moment.

'Nadia came looking for you! Damn her!!' yelled Black Sethe angrily. 'That wretched slut. She actually dared to launch a surprise attack on you! She ambushed her own junior who had yet to perfect even one Secret Technique!!'

Heehee... Heeheehee...

The room was suddenly filled with the sound of bloodcurdling laughter.

Garen lowered his head while fresh blood dripped out of his right eye socket slowly and drew a bloody red line down his cheek. However, the corners of his mouth remained curled upwards.

'What are you laughing about?!' Black Sethe felt his entire body turn numb when he heard it.

"Isn't this really interesting?" said Garen in a low and raspy voice. "Life is finally not as boring anymore..."

He stuck his tongue out and licked the blood at the corners of lips while a potential point was quickly added to his Vitality pane.

Instantly, the wounds on Garen's body began to heal at a pace that was noticeable by the naked eye. His broken bones connected themselves back together speedily while his severe internal injuries healed

quickly and stopped bleeding as well. Meanwhile, new skin grew over the bruises on his arms in less than ten few seconds.

Everything except his eye.

Garen stretched his hand out and touched his right eye. Although that space was completely empty, waves of extreme pain assaulted his nerves. However, strong feelings of joy continued to wash over him in waves, purging the dull and bored emotions that had filled his mind.

It was impossible for his eye to be restored...

He understood this truth and knew that it was impossible for potential points to restore organs that had disappeared completely. They could only heal injuries, but could not regrow severed limbs.

But that was unimportant. Compared to his boring life, injuries like this were merely new invitations which Garen did not mind at all.

Black Sethe was unable to say anything else. He had seen Garen's injuries, these terrifying injuries that were enough to let any normal person meet a violent death instantly, but Garen had apparently returned to normal instantly. Moreover, these feelings and this excitement towards killing and life or death combat...