

Mystical 661

Chapter 661: Soul Seed 1

An individual's true perseverance could only be seen when their life teetered on the fine line between life and death. It was truly a terrifying sight.

Garen had undoubtedly achieved this. He had faced his fears calmly and had even looked down upon them without the slightest care in the world as he'd already encountered too many life-or-death situations.

Perhaps he wouldn't have been able to restrain himself from trembling when he'd first encountered death in the Secret Technique world. However, his current self was no longer the weak and useless normal person he used to be in the past.

Black Sethe was completely unable to understand Garen's feverish excitement. He could never resurrect into a living being with a physical body again as he was merely a set of incomplete memories.

'You...' He opened his mouth and attempted to say something, but was unable to speak in the end.

Garen inspected the state of his body once over. Although his right eye could not be restored anymore, more than half of the other wounds on his body had healed.

"Nadia..." he murmured quietly before reaching his hand up and brushing his empty right eye socket.

This was the first time he had suffered such serious injuries ever since he'd accomplished his martial arts. Nadia was truly an ancient master, and the slight difference between their powers allowed her to injure him to this extent.

However, this battle had allowed Garen to understand one of the desires in the deepest part of his heart.

Fighting with strong opponents, fighting determinedly with every ounce of his willpower, raising the stakes between life and death, scaling to even higher peaks, enjoying fights, and pursuing battles. All of these were the natural instincts that he had been concealing within the deepest part of his heart all this time.

Garen stretched out both of his hands and looked at the scars that marked his arms. The physical pain in his flesh continued to reverberate inside him, but the intense stimulation and joyful feelings had disappeared completely by now.

The first time he saw the difference in power between Army Level masters clearly, according to Black Sethe's descriptions, he understood that there were separated into five different levels in Ancient Endor which included Soldier, Team, General, Army, and the highest level of Demon King.

This was determined by the Void Creatures' levels. He was currently at the third level of the General level while Nadia belonged to the Army level, meaning that they were only one level apart.

Within the Void Creature world, a difference of one level represented absolute suppression. Numbers were utterly meaningless as the suppression of the levels were fatal and ultimate, without any leeway for resistance.

"Even if I did manage to almost restore my powers to their peak levels in the Totem world, there would still be a large gap between me and Nadia." Garen finally understood that although Form 6 levels of the Totem world seemed to possess extremely powerful strength ranges, these results were tied to the strength of the world itself in reality. The strength of the Totem world was far from the strength of this current world. Therefore, the Form 6 levels of the Totem world were merely equivalent to the strength of the General level.

"How great is the actual difference between a single level?" Garen asked suddenly.

Black Sethe became silent for a moment as he knew what Garen was about to ask.

'The difference between you and Nadia lies in your inability to integrate all of the strength in your body properly, making it impossible for you to unearth your full potential. In reality, you also have the same Nine-Headed Dragon's Soul Will that produces Nine-Headed Dragon's Blood naturally. However, unlike Nadia, you were unable to unearth the terrifying resurrection abilities and talents.'

"Unearth all of my abilities and talents?" Garen asked again.

'Yes, your abilities are varied. Nine-Headed Dragon's Will, the Living Secret Techniques that you practice, and the numerous martial arts that you learned in the past have not completely fused together in reality. You need to get rid of the weeds and keep the flowers. The Secret Techniques in your memories are one of those "weeds". You understand them thoroughly but are unable to fuse it with your own martial arts fully. Therefore, your only choice is to create a Secret Technique that you can fully call your own. Pay attention, since this is something that will be fully yours, deciding on a direction beforehand is the right way to find the path that is most suitable to yourself which will lead you on your way.' Black Sethe was not lying to Garen this time but was answering his question honestly instead.

Garen began to ponder.

Indeed, it was true that he had been learning everything in an extremely varied manner all along. Meanwhile, he had always been drifting with the tide, without a true main thread. One of the reasons was because he was unable to find a path that would constantly allow him to go in the way of justice. However, another reason was that he had not persevered through from the beginning to the end.

In the Secret Technique world, he had learned a lot of Secret Techniques and modified them many times. Although his power and strength had increased, they were actually not pure enough and were extremely varied instead.

In the Totem world, he learned about various Totems and modified himself to the point where he seemed like neither man nor monster, and even fusing his soul with the ancient Nine-Headed Hydra's (1) will. This made it even more varied, and he was only able to reach peak levels in the end because of a lucky coincidence.

The things that Black Sethe had said were not wrong. Garen had not found a path that he could walk on continuously all along.

"Do you have any suggestions?" Garen muttered to himself for a moment before finally asking his question.

'Ancient Endor has disappeared for many years. However, the Void Creatures have flourished vigorously once again. Perhaps this is predestined,' Black Sethe sighed. 'Although my suggestions may be suitable for others, they may be unsuitable for you. Therefore, you should just fuse everything you have learned so that you can truly grasp your future in your own hands.' This sentence sounded as though he was speaking from the heart, without concealing anything.

'Ancient Endor views the Demon King level as its peak, leaving us with three paths. Each path is sufficient to lead you there.'

"Which three paths?" Garen's mind stirred while he continued asking.

'Life, death, and chaos,' said Black Sethe softly. 'Living Secret Techniques, Dying Secret Techniques, and the Chaotic Secret Techniques that can be found between life and death. These three paths hold everything, cover everything, are vast and boundless, and contain our knowledge and understanding of the universe and the world.'

He continued, saying: 'If I'm not wrong, the unknown Living Secret Technique that you are altering now should be the Hellfrost Peacock's Living Seed.'

"Hellfrost Peacock?" This was the first time Garen had heard of such a creature.

'Yes, it is the 32nd strongest Void Creature that went extinct long ago. It is a legacy seed that was extracted and purified by the Warlocks from Mother Stream's True Soul imprint in exchange for paying a heavy price. Your Secret Technique uses its seed as its core, allowing it to continuously develop and evolve while growing. Its final road is actually the final growing stages of the Hellfrost Peacock.'

"In other words, this Living Secret Technique allows people to emulate powerful Void Creatures and evolve like them?" Garen seemed to detect certain hidden meanings.

'It can be said like that. The Warlocks' observation and research allowed them to identify the existence of the strongest beings. While learning to emulate them, some of the extremely tyrannical Void Creatures also became their modeling subjects. This Secret Technique became the Living Secret Technique seed that the Warlocks released later, and is considered as the strongest path to walk on the road of life.'

"Will it be able to reach peak levels?" Garen asked.

'It's possible. The Hellfrost Peacock is strongest at the Demon King level. However, the probability of this is extremely low as there is only a very low probability that the Hellfrost Peacock itself will be able to achieve the Demon King level. It is impossible to compare a real Hellfrost Peacock with a human body that is practicing to be and modeling itself after a Void Creature. Therefore, the peak of this Secret Technique should be Army level,' explained Black Sethe.

'Without vast knowledge and a deep understanding of the true terrors of the Demon King level, you will never be able to reach that realm. Each of the Void Creature's grades is extremely strict, and leaping across them is frankly more difficult than touching the sky. Have you finally understood how precious my Slaughtering Demon Technique is?'

Garen's expression remained unchanged. Getting rid of the Slaughtering Demon Technique was something that he did not regret at all. Regretting past actions and being half-hearted were meaningless, a waste of time, and not part of his nature at all.

'That was actually a high-level Demonic Technique that was equivalent to the Demon King level! It's hopeless to even think that you'll be able to find a Secret Technique like that ever again!' Black Sethe began to bewitchingly persuade Garen again.

Garen shut himself off from Black Sethe's nonsense immediately. He focused his attention on his own state instead.

He glanced across his Attribute Pane where the name of the unknown Secret Technique was now changed to the Hellfrost Peacock Technique. Meanwhile, while his knowledge regarding high-level Secret Techniques increased, he was gradually able to estimate the limits of Living Secret Techniques. Hence, the contents of his abilities in his Attribute Pane had gradually increased as well.

'Hellfrost Peacock Technique: Level one beginner (There are five foundation levels, three evolved levels, and eight levels in total). Once the exercises of each level have been accomplished, the bloodline will be purified to allow one to gradually draw close to the Hellfrost Peacock's physical qualities before finally achieving the highest state, which refers to its limit, the Army level.'

Although the other information was still unknown, this was still much better than before.

He glanced at his potential points and noticed that there were only ten points left. He had used two or three points to heal his body but did not pay attention to the exact number, as the injuries that he'd sustained this time were too serious. Not just the injuries from fighting Nadia, but the terrifying consumption from forcefully releasing the fourth star was a fatal consumption as well. If he didn't have potential points to make up for it, he would've had to give up ten years of his lifespan in exchange.

He stood up and walked to the doorway of his room before opening the lock gently and pulling the door open.

On the other side of the door, a maid ran over hurriedly. Her face was confused at first, but when she saw the horrible condition of Garen's mangled right eye...

Ahh!!

Alarmed cries and terrified screams rang out continuously. The other maids in the villa stared at Garen with petrified expressions. They had gathered over from his surroundings. Some of them came from downstairs while others rushed over from the backyard. A large crowd had gathered around Garen instantly.

Garen furrowed his brow and watched as a few of his subordinates parted the sea of people and walked over. He retrieved the Black Copper Mask that he had placed on the bookshelf earlier and wore it on his face at once.

He raised his right hand slowly and spread all five of his fingers outwards.

"Fantasy Fist, forget...!"

After a low rumble, mysteriously alluring and gentle noises could be heard from Garen's right palm suddenly. These noises sounded like both the rippling of a harp and the tremors of a violin that released the seductive melodies of sea sirens.

Within the entire villa, all of the maids and subordinates were attracted by this music. Soon, their attention was unconsciously diverted towards Garen's right hand.

The entire second floor of the villa turned deathly quiet at once. Nobody made a sound and all of their faces remained dazed while they stared at Garen's right hand, unable to move their sight.

When he closed his palm gently, the music stopped suddenly. Garen put his hand down and touched the mask on his face.

Clap clap.

He clapped both of his hands, making crisp noises. Suddenly, all of the dazed people on this floor woke up instantly.

The crowd was obviously somewhat confused and unsure of what to do. Some of them were completely unaware of the reason why they had arrived at the second floor suddenly. They hesitated for a moment before two maids stepped forward.

"Master, do you have any requests?" asked one of them softly.

Everyone noticed the traces of blood that were splattered on Garen's body and the Black Copper Mask on his face. However, no one could remember why he was wearing a mask. Their memories of Garen's blinded right eye had disappeared from their minds completely as if they had never seen it.

Chapter 662: Soul Seed 2

This was the power of the Fantasy Fist. By using air currents and sound wave vibrations, he was able to slightly adjust another person's brain nerves to wipe out memories from a certain time period completely. The Fantasy Fist was known as the most mysterious and terrifying fist technique because of this key aspect. Although it did not possess extremely powerful abilities, these frightening effects were enough to scare the majority of normal people.

Although Garen did not specialize in this fist technique, his superior understanding of martial arts allowed him to use the first technique that involved forgetting without any problems.

"Nothing. All of you can go downstairs now," answered Garen casually.

"Yes," answered the maids and subordinates immediately before leaving.

Once all of them had left, Garen returned to the study and got someone to serve him a cup of green tea before he sat on the leather chair alone.

The mask on his face was the second Black Copper Mask that he'd just received. It was an exact copy of the first mask. Its main characteristic was the clusters of eyes that covered the forehead area. If it wasn't for its ability to constantly absorb potential Qi, it would be very difficult for Garen to differentiate between the first and second mask.

His eye had coincidentally been wounded and now he could wear the mask to conceal his injuries while also speeding up the process of absorbing potential Qi.

He sat in front of his desk and entered a password into the heavy lockbox below.

After a short clicking noise, the box opened.

Garen retrieved a black hardcover notebook from the box and placed it on the table before opening it gently.

The white paper of the first page was filled with his own handwriting.

‘Two-Faced Waterbird Fist, divided into Negative Fist Technique and Positive Fist Technique.

First level — Jade. It is reminiscent of white jade, undeniably smooth...’

The words there were clearly written in simple American English, but when it was arranged in a sentence, it gave off a faintly exquisite and seductive sensation. These handwritten words seemed like an incomparably gorgeous white jade beauty that was able to attract anyone's attention at first glance with her half exposed pale breasts and flirty poses.

It possessed extremely seductive abilities that made others feel as if their blood vessels were about to surge impatiently.

Garen picked up a pen and continued writing in the notebook.

He had recorded most of the Two-Faced Waterbird Fist's information in this notebook. While recording this, he organized all of the profound mysteries that he had learned about the Waterbird Fist once more. Unconsciously, he could feel that his martial arts were slowly but surely improving.

While he was writing everything down, strange icy blue auras with traces of Soul Seed Qi dispersed around him slowly. This mysterious and icy Qi filled the entire study. Earlier, when his subordinates were about to enter to report new information, they unconsciously felt chills running through their bodies when they reached the doorway, causing them to stop in their tracks as they were too afraid to even knock on the door.

While Garen continued to write slowly, the Two-Faced Waterbird Fist itself was soon pruned fully, allowing it become an extremely pure Demonic Technique. Moreover, Garen was organizing and adjusting his own martial arts while he wrote, causing his aura to release itself and overflow unconsciously before gradually entering this notebook.

Since more than half of the Waterbird Fist's records were already written, Garen continued to write about Shooting Shadow Secret Techniques. However, he would stop writing occasionally when he discovered certain inconsistencies regarding the Shooting Shadow Secret Techniques. He would put his pen down and ponder slowly.

He used this notebook to record and compile information and referred to it as the Book of Demonic Secret Techniques or the Demonic Book for short.

Garen had originated from the orthodox Secret Technique path. He was exceptionally well-versed in the right path of Secret Techniques but did not have much contact with Demonic Secret Techniques. This method of writing everything down allowed him to gain a deeper understanding of his Demonic Secret Techniques. Strangely enough, when he was writing the Demonic Book, his own aura would integrate into it slowly, causing this Demonic Book to be somewhat out of the ordinary.

Garen was looking forward to the changes that would occur in his martial arts once he'd finished writing this Demonic Book.

Black Sethe had once said that this organization method would deepen his understanding of martial arts. Since he was an individual who possessed a Soul Seed, once the organization process was completely finished and the effects of the Secret Techniques on the soul were dispelled, the purification of his own martial arts would occur.

Purifying his martial arts would allow his Secret Techniques to reach a new level. Perhaps this Demonic Book could help him form a second Soul Seed as well.

Garen had these vague feelings.

He was unsure of how to practice the Demonic Secret Techniques. It seemed as though it could not help improve him at all and could only strengthen the power and killing abilities. However, whenever he practiced Living Secret Techniques and upgraded his level, he noticed that his physical qualities would improve while certain specialized abilities and qualities would sometimes be given to the practitioner as well.

Regarding the Hellfrost Peacock Technique's abilities, he was looking forward to them as well. However, the first beginner's level would not upgrade his abilities at all. Instead, it would simply change the nature of his aura from the characteristics of the black Slaughtering Demon Technique to the icy blue frost-type aura.

Therefore, he was looking forward to level two and above even more.

Under the bright yellow desk lamp, Black Sethe slowly and silently condensed himself into a human-shaped black mist figure behind Garen. He looked on quietly while Garen wrote of the profound mysteries of Secret Techniques inside the Demonic Book while complicated expressions flashed in his blood red eyes faintly.

Through the knowledge and understanding that Garen had learned, he was able to see the complexity of his findings. Although the starting point was not too high, this relentless willpower and valiant bravery in the face of death caused Black Sethe to unconsciously think of his own body.

He could see that the Demonic Book was gradually being infected and polluted by his soul's impurities. These impurities were the poisonous substances that were expelled from Garen's soul. They seeped into the Demonic Book using methods that could not be seen by the naked eye and gradually transformed this normal notebook.

Meanwhile, the Qi of Garen's soul was slowly changing as well because it was constantly being purified. The image of the Demonic Book was unknowingly being condensed by his subconsciousness, forming a Demonic Book that was filled with the depths of his will and soul. That Demonic Book continued perfecting itself while he organized everything in reality.

'Once he has perfected this Demonic Book completely, perhaps the day will come when his second Soul Seed is formed.' Black Sethe had already made these assumptions internally.

Once three Soul Seeds had become his fuel and backing force, there would be a possibility for him to strengthen and push his Secret Techniques to the next level. This was the greatest use of the Soul Seed. Perhaps there would come a day where he would truly be able to push himself to the Demon King level.

Furthermore, it could also increase the limits of one's physical qualities, modify characteristics, and even create Living Secret Technique Seeds... There were numerous functions.

The Soul Seeds encompassed rules and knowledge, possessed an awareness of the universe, and also had its own True Soul imprints.

It was similar to the Hellfrost Peacock Seed that was formed by condensing some of the Hellfrost Peacock's Soul Seeds. It contained the Hellfrost Peacock's awareness, understanding, and knowledge of itself.

Garen had heard Black Sethe's explanation on the uses of the Soul Seed before this. He wrote them down in the Demonic Book while thinking about the relationship between potential points and Secret Techniques.

For most Secret Technique Levels, accumulated potential points were able to speed up the process, decreasing the time required to practice it painstakingly. Since most Secret Techniques did not require complicated sentiments or difficult conditions, they were naturally able to upgrade themselves with potential points.

Meanwhile, it was difficult to use potential points to forcefully upgrade other high-level Secret Techniques like Living Secret Techniques. Potential points could only be used to shorten the time needed to practice uncomplicated Secret Techniques that did not have checkpoints. However, high-level Secret Techniques usually involved various hardships and dangers. Extremely powerful Halos with terrifying potential strength involved incomparable difficulties and required a lot of awareness and accumulated experiences and knowledge before it could evolve one step at a time.

This was probably the reason why it was difficult to use potential points to strengthen and upgrade Living Secret Techniques.

"In other words, potential points can only provide accumulated quantities, but qualitative changes depend on oneself." Garen made the conclusion before suddenly remembering the problem he had with his Soul Seed. That uncertainty became more obvious after he had fought with Nadia.

"Right, Black Sethe," Garen closed the Demonic Book gently before speaking. "If three Soul Seeds can strengthen a General level Secret Technique and upgrade it by one level, why was Nadia still unable to achieve the Demon King level after so many years?"

Black Sethe remained quiet for a moment before speaking slowly.

‘It's rare to find those who belong to the Demon King level now.’

"Why?" Garen was shocked.

‘The fury of Mother Stream destroyed everything who belonged to the Demon King level, regardless whether they were our own people or others. There were many things, not just Secret Techniques that were able to achieve that level. We had once tread across that summit,’ Black Sethe replied. ‘During the ancient Warlock era, countless Warlocks were endowed with outstanding natural talents. They practiced various high-level Secret Techniques that were equivalent to the Demon King level. However, how many of them were able to reach the peak in the end?’

He paused before continuing. ‘It's similar to your awareness that you'll be able to succeed in anything as long as you fight determinedly, practice everything diligently, and add a pinch of inspiration and perseverance. But knowing it is one thing. Everyone already knows that as long as you persevere

without giving up, you will succeed in the end even if you fail many times. However, there are only so many people who can actually endure numerous failures and persevere through such extents.'

Garen was speechless because Black Sethe's words were right.

The greatest drawback in life was giving up.

Even if an individual was able to face something without giving up, he would still encounter countless failures. However, even the unluckiest person would taste success one day. This was the principle behind 'practice makes perfect' and 'failure is the mother of success'.

He suddenly remembered the ancient Chinese teaching methods of Earth.

Those teachings had seemed outdated at that time because they focused on making students persevere in repeatedly reading and memorizing works of famous writers.

However, it now seemed extremely reasonable as it was suitable for everyone. It was a teaching method that could be used for anyone regardless whether they were naturally talented, slow-witted or bright.

Memorizing something many times would allow a person to be more familiar with a certain subject, allowing them to remember their punctuation marks as well. Therefore, the surface meaning of this literary work could be understood easily.

Meanwhile, the work of a renowned writer would contain layers of deeper meanings. The minds of most people would be unable to detect the profound meanings and philosophy behind it.

However, once someone was undeniably familiar with the text and continued to recite it by memory, this would certainly become mentally easy. Once the surface meaning of the text was recited and understood many times, the mental strength and attention used for reciting would be freed up. They would unconsciously focus on the concealed paths and cracks within the famous work instead. As one continued to unearth more information from the cracks, they would finally be able to find the deeper meanings and philosophies there.

This kind of wealth and knowledge that was gained from painstaking perseverance was truly the most precious thing to men. Things that could be obtained easily were not considered to be precious at all. The human subconscious was aware that anything that could be easily obtained could simply be found again in times of need. Furthermore, it knew that if it persevered slightly harder, it would be able to gain even more, leaving no need for such valuable things.

Chapter 663: Surprise Attack 1

Garen's thoughts flowed through his mind quickly for a few moments while he pondered about several things.

Undoubtedly, he was currently at a level where he was already very familiar with his Secret Techniques and himself. However, after his countless practices to familiarize himself with this, and the numerous inspections of his own body, he had discovered secrets that were hidden deeper within.

‘Our world is merely a tiny part of the dark, endless, and infinite universe. A human being's electromagnetic spectrum can only detect less than one percent of light spectrums, while the other ninety-nine percent of this is mere darkness. Meanwhile, these are merely the results of supposed scientific and technological probing. In reality, the light waves in the universe are more extensive. Occasionally, we are completely unable to use wavelengths and frequencies to differentiate spectrums,’ said Black Sethe softly.

"I understand these things that you are saying," said Garen quietly. "The universe that we can see is less than one percent of the true universe. This is only the light that we are able to see. Out of the parts of the universe that can be seen because of this light, we would gradually be able to unearth the true enigmas of the universe if we were able to see the remaining dark areas of the universe, is that true?"

‘The Warlocks have already done a part of it. They were able to come into contact with a broader world through the Dream World. Furthermore, they were also able to contact stronger civilizations through their Secret Techniques. Once they had seen the world outside the spectrum, that magnificent and unimaginable world was something that you would not be able to comprehend at all. Various life forms and different types of marvelous laws. The universe is so mysterious but you and I are so insignificant. Even the entire Warlock civilization was but a tiny wave in the universe, and perhaps not even that. Even the Mother Stream which we regard as vast and infinite is merely a belief that we hold because of our inexperience and narrow-mindedness.’

Garen was temporarily mesmerized by Black Sethe's descriptions of these characteristics.

‘The Underworld is what we regard as the deepest and most mystical part of our universe and is collectively known as the eternal depths. We can only see a tiny part of the universe while the rest is merely endless darkness that forms the depths of eternal mystery. We pursue the different lights that we see. Some of those lights bear knowledge while others bear the weight of history. We firmly believe that there is only one ray of light that we are able to see in this universe. That light has recorded all of the mysteries and history of the universe. Its wavelengths are unimaginable while its frequencies use units of millions of years. It views the effects of stronger gravitational forces and rules as merely light rain.’ The tone of Black Sethe’s voice made him sound like an extremely devout follower who was describing his one and only firm believe.

‘That, is the Eternal Light.’

Garen held his breath and remained silent for a moment.

Eternal Light was a piece of information that he had been completely unable to find in his books. Although Ancient Endorian civilizations worshipped the Underworld, the thing that they were actually pursuing was the Eternal Light that recorded all knowledge.

‘Legend has it that as long as you can adjust the frequency of your soul to a weird degree, you will be able to absorb a certain extent of the Eternal Light’s effects and gain some of its mysterious knowledge,’ Black Sethe lamented. ‘It’s unfortunate that no one has been able to accomplish this successfully before. We have never been able to prove the existence of the Eternal Light the same way we have yet to prove the existence of the eternal Underworld.’

Garen listened quietly. He had never heard these things that Black Sethe was saying before as they were the cores essences of the beliefs of the Ancient Endorian civilizations.

‘Whatever, what’s the use of saying this now?’ Black Sethe was somewhat down-hearted. “Organize all of this properly. This Demonic Book may end up affecting your martial arts greatly.”

His voice drifted off into silence. It seemed as though this conversation had caused his yearning for the once prosperous civilization to reemerge.

Garen sat at his desk for a long time, waiting for his emotions to calm down before knocking the table slowly.

"Come in."

His subordinate who had been waiting outside the door for a long time pushed it open slowly before walking into the room.

He was a young man with golden hair who was fully clad in black clothes. A silver colored '7' was embroidered on the collar of his clothes.

"Reports that were just delivered from the hidden room." The man placed the informational documents that he was holding on Garen's table.

Garen picked up the information and scanned through it before his brow wrinkled slightly at once.

Information about most of the forces that participated in carrying out surprise attacks on the Nighthawks was written there.

The largest Primary Color group was apparently listed there. The Primary Color's White Phoenix whose person in charge was Gremlin, an arrogant man who was currently 56 years old, had an irritable personality and was haughty and rude towards others. Garen could not understand why he was leader of White Phoenix at all.

The Viper mercenaries were next. They were one of the top ten mercenary groups in Europe which possessed an abundance of strength. Their expertise lay in silent hunting tactics that allowed them to complete various tasks in extremely quiet conditions. The name of their commander was unknown as everyone merely referred to him as King Snake.

The Bailey Group came after that. Their boss was called Kabb while the person in charge was Medis. His behavior was kind and gentle, and it was rumored that he only joined their operations because he was forced to participate by the Primary Colors.

White Phoenix, Viper, and the Bailey Group were the three key participants who were involved in this incident. However, there were more than ten other smaller mercenary groups and assassin teams with lower rankings as well.

The group that caused the greatest losses within the Nighthawks were White Phoenix and Viper. White Phoenix's strongest subordinates, the Ohio Silk mercenary group was the second mercenary group in Europe that possessed extremely powerful fighting abilities. They had robbed Jay of the various antiques and relics that Garen had found, and were even able to suppress him to the point where he was unable to escape. He was currently still at the Black Uniform's headquarters.

"White Phoenix's Ohio Silk?" Garen put the papers down. The Black Uniforms and the Nighthawks were his left and right-hand men. Meanwhile, when White Phoenix initially faced the dilemma of their destroyed headquarters, they were supposed to change their person in charge first. Instead, their previous leader remained, and they had yet to make a move until now. Currently, they had suddenly sent their strongest elite mercenary group out, meaning that they definitely had new plans by now.

The Primary Colors were like giants, humongous giants. Consenting to these actions meant that they were really planning to make their moves against the Nighthawks.

Garen tidied his train of thought. He knew that this fight would be inevitable. He lifted the landline telephone gently and dialed a number.

Jay's body was wrapped in a black trench coat. He wore a hat and sunglasses and covered more than half of his face with a mask, making it completely impossible to see his face clearly.

He strolled along the streets of Bailey, blending with the crowds as if he was merely an office worker who was completely unnoticeable.

He circled around a street performer who was playing the accordion. He raised his head and glanced at the gloomy white clouds in the sky before his phone rang suddenly.

He took his handphone out and glanced at the number before walking to the corner of an unassuming public bus stand and taking the call there.

"Boss."

"How's your situation?" Garen's voice echoed from the phone.

"The Ohio Silk members are still pursuing me, but I managed to get rid of two of them. I need backup." Jay did not dare to let his guard down when he replied. His pupils would occasionally scan from left to right. He lowered his voice to a volume that was just enough for the other person to hear.

"Listen, Ohio Silk members are subordinates of White Phoenix. In reality, this organization was formed when White Phoenix selected its own elite members. Their characteristics are their extremely powerful and technologically advanced equipment," Garen mentioned. "The latest weapons that the Primary Colors and White Phoenix created will likely be on them. Since you've been unable to escape their tracks for such a long time, it's better for you to check if there's anything wrong with your body."

He paused for a moment. "I will send some people as backup. However, Ohio Silk has adjusted our surface connections. Therefore, it is very likely that the people I send over will be monitored at once. At most, they will only be able to lighten a part of your burdens."

"This will be enough. I will head to Berlin as soon as possible." Jay had gotten used to living on the edge of life and death. His expression remained unchanged. As long as Boss did not forsake him, everything else would not be an obstacle.

"Take care of your safety," reminded Garen finally.

The phone call was cut off before Jay quickly deleted his call log. After that, he selected the function to forcefully erase the RAM. Storage tools would always be able to restore data to a certain extent. As long as one possessed adequate skills, a large amount of data could still be restored from hard disks that had been reformatted twice. In order to prevent Boss's number from getting leaked, his handphone was custom made and could hide his storage more than ten times in a short space of time to ensure that it was completely secret.

After keeping his phone, Jay stuck both of his hands into pockets and left the bus stand quickly.

Soon after, two unassuming men in plain clothes within the crowd began to tail him from different angles and speeds.

There was a spacious office in a silver skyscraper further away.

Two young men sat in front of a strange-looking computer. Both of them were donning sophisticated black earphones while they stared at the computer screen with a fixed gaze.

The shape of the computer resembled a shell that had split into two separate halves. There was a large display screen on the front while two men stood in front of two other glass screens that were nearly transparent. Various monitor screens flashed on the translucent screens endlessly.

These screens had been separated into small palm-sized areas that were neatly arranged on the screen as if they had been captured by someone from a high angle.

"The other party has either used obstructive clothing or something to cut off the signal. Make the electronic mosquitoes fly a little closer," said a man's voice from behind the two others.

"Boss, you're here." Both of them turned their heads and stood up simultaneously.

"Make sure to follow close behind so that you don't lose him." The other man waved his hand uninterestedly. "How long will the odor-tracking last?"

"About thirty-five minutes."

The man who had arrived earlier nodded.

"Get Lotus Pearl to move out. She just came back from her break but it's time for her to make a move already."

This man had a pale face, hooked beak-like nose, sinister gaze, a slightly raised lower jaw, and a height of almost 190 centimeters. There was an arrogant expression on his face whenever he spoke or looked at people.

He was Gremlin, White Phoenix's new person in charge. He was extremely dissatisfied with his predecessor and carried himself with a heavy air of influence from his moment of arrival.

"The Nighthawks all have a set of specialized ways to activate their own potentials. Pay attention and see if you can capture them alive. According to the information from our research and development section, these methods of activating potential could very likely form new impacts on our current technology. It may be able to produce new results as well," Gremlin mentioned.

"Understood," both of the people who were monitoring the situation nodded after receiving his commands.

Their fingers clicked on the keyboard constantly while countless wireless signals were continuously released.

The mercenaries in the outside world who were hidden amongst the crowds of normal people raised their wrists and looked at their watches at once. New sets of finely written characters and symbols flashed on their black watches occasionally.

Anticipation began to stir in Gremlin's heart as he watched his subordinates adjust the forces that were encircling Jay.

Ever since the Nighthawks had made a name for themselves, the source of their powerful strengths caused people in the outside world to harbor suspicions and investigate them. Recently, a high-level Black Uniform member that was seeking shelter revealed a shocking secret.

This was the key factor that influenced the superiors of the Primary Colors to strongly support the White Phoenix's counter-attacks against the Nighthawks.

When he thought of the discovery that gave normal people the chance to become extraordinarily powerful, hatred began to bubble up Gremlin's heart.

"We must obtain the Secret Method of absorbing the energy from antiques and relics! Since the Nighthawks are so powerful, it's very likely that a Secret Method like this already exists! To think that they could achieve such power in the span of a few short years..."

When he thought of this, his heart began to burn with rage.

Chapter 664: Surprise Attack 2

Elvin, England.

Kabb sat upright in the electronic conference room in his own estate with a kind but serious expression on his face. On his right was golden-haired Medis. This handsome man was dressed in a suit and leather shoes with an apologetic look on his face.

There were no subordinates around them, making them the only two people who were seated inside the entire conference room.

Sunlight cascaded inside through the windows on the left and scattered golden spots on the ground.

A large display screen was currently projected on the wall on the opposite side of them. The face of a fierce bald man was displayed there.

"Mr. Kabb, the movement that your group participated in caused my wife Hera to fall into a dangerous situation. Whether or not the actions of the Vipers have your support, their attitude has already decided that there is nothing left to be said between us," The bald man Kaedun's deep voice echoed from the screen. He spoke extremely fluent English but the tone of his voice was filled with great dissatisfaction and slight anger.

"Of course, if your people had not sent the surgical specialists in time, perhaps my people would have suffered even greater injuries. I still keep all of this in my heart."

"Commander Kaedun." An apologetic yet impatient expression appeared on Kabb's face. "We have indeed been participating in the Primary Color's activities, but this does not mean that we wish to be enemies with your group. In reality, when I heard this news, I didn't dare to believe it myself because I knew that we would be drawn into this war. Although we are the underground organization of a managing department, our true nature and duty still lie with being honest businessmen."

"What do you mean?" Bald Kaedun did not want to bother himself with this nonsense and chose to dive into the main topic instead.

"I accidentally deepened the conflict between both parties and caused this secret meeting to occur." The impatience on Kabb's face became more apparent. "The information we received stated White Phoenix had sent special-class mercenaries to hunt Mr. Jay down. Therefore, I hope that you'll be able to make prior preparations."

"Special-class mercenaries?" It was obvious that Baldy had retracted his gaze. This was the nickname of the circle of mercenaries that belonged to the highest level within White Phoenix. Every single special-class mercenary was extremely mysterious and strong. Their task completion rate always remained at ninety percent and above. People even spread rumors that these special-class mercenaries were the true core of White Phoenix and it was very likely that they were the result of Primary Color members who were involved with technological modifications.

Before he met Boss Garen, he was always worried that his abilities were lacking because he could not understand how these special-class mercenaries were able to be so powerful. However, it was different now. When he thought about it now, those special-class mercenaries were probably just experts who belonged to levels that were similar to his own.

They already possessed certain specialized abilities and talents that were coupled with the latest and most technologically advanced equipment.

The special-class mercenaries were the strongest group of people in this world. As humans, they already possessed various terrifying talents that were matched with advanced technology, allowing their single-person combat skills to easily reach frightening levels.

Baldy's heart tensed slightly before he calmed down immediately.

"This piece of information was very timely and I can feel your sincerity, Mr. Kabb."

"Actually, I have a request," said Kabb softly.

"Please go ahead." After receiving this news and intelligence, bald Kaedun did not have any doubts towards Kabb's sincerity anymore.

"I was hoping that I could meet His Excellency the Nighthawk King. I don't know if this request... Of course, I'm not asking for a personal meeting, just a long-distance one," said Kabb with an honest look on his face.

"This would require me to ask for instructions before I can give you a reply," said bald Kaedun while nodding. "If Boss agrees, I will send you an invitation link."

"I sincerely thank you for this," said Kabb quickly.

"The Bailey Group has shown their sincerity. As friends, it is natural for us to show our sincerity as well," nodded bald Kaedun. "Could you tell me more detailed information about the special-class mercenaries?"

"This..." Kabb looked at Medis who stood beside him before the latter smiled and stood up.

"The special-class mercenary that White Phoenix decided to send this time is 'Lotus Pearl'. I'm only aware of this alias, but I don't know if it's a real name or a nickname. We are uncertain about other things. Please forgive us."

"Lotus Pearl, huh?" A look of realization flashed across Baldy's eyes. As a former member of White Phoenix, it was only natural that he would recognize the name 'Lotus Pearl'.

That insane woman or a believer of an evil cult, in other words.

She was a believer in an evil cult that was known as Jagerly and followed in their almost fanatical footsteps.

She liked using an ax to murder people and would never leave a single trace behind whenever she completed her tasks. She was arrested by the police in Europe once but the court trial concluded that she was not guilty and released her because there was no proof that she had actually killed anyone despite the fact that almost everyone knew that she was the murderer.

Kabb was so familiar with her because this woman's friend was the previous instructor of his batch of students who had taught them how to avoid leaving any kind of traces.

But none of these were key aspects. Instead, it was important to note that every single special-class mercenary possessed their own ultimate techniques, abilities, or talents. Lotus Pearl's ability was her extremely terrifying intuition.

Her intuition allowed her to notice that something was amiss during the moment when a gun was aimed precisely at her. Furthermore, she also possessed extremely frightening skills during close combat. These skills were tied to her intuition, and as long as a pointed object was precisely aimed at her, goosebumps of various intensities would appear all over her body, allowing her to react instantly.

Some people felt that her special skill was overly sensitive. Although regular people would feel a strange sensation on the tips of their noses when they aimed sharp objects there directly, she would amplify these instincts and spread them throughout her entire body.

Lotus Pearl was also one of the ten most well-known special-class mercenaries in White Phoenix.

"I never thought that it would be her..." When Baldy thought about engaging in close combat with an expert that was stronger than his own previous instructor, fearful feelings flashed in his mind but were overshadowed by excitement.

Fear and excitement soon blended with each other, making it almost impossible for him to differentiate between them.

He had once thought of the special-class mercenaries as opponents that he could never defeat. However, he was about to encounter one of them in the flesh now.

Once the call was disconnected, Kabb immediately dialed Garen's phone number.

"Are you certain that you can do this?" These were the first words that came out of Garen's mouth after he heard the entire situation.

"No," answered Baldy honestly. "Lotus Pearl is extremely powerful. My current self is unworthy to be her opponent. Meanwhile in long-range combat... It will be completely impossible for us to even find her."

"This is your own war," Garen pondered for a moment then spoke slowly. "Martial arts requires you to be bold and powerful as you forge ahead vigorously. You cannot have any forms of hesitation or shadows in your heart. What do you choose?"

This was the first time Baldy had experienced Garen's brand new tone. He had never experienced this tone of voice used for teaching and guidance in the past before.

This was a change in attitude.

"I will work hard!" Baldy calmed his heart and spoke in a low voice. He knew that if he was unable to face this trouble, there was a possibility that Garen would substitute another person to take his position of Vice Commander because Nighthawks could not be fearful.

Clap.

The voice receiver of the telephone was put down.

Garen crossed all ten of his fingers and turned his head to look out of the window. The leaves on the maple trees had begun to turn red. Some of them fell when the wind gusted and drifted downwards slowly. All of the leaves on the maple tree seemed like the feathers of flying birds that floated slowly before flying away.

"Autumn has arrived again..." He stood up and walked to stand in front of the window before opening it slowly.

There were black shadows that were faintly flashing in the surroundings outside the villa. These black shadows rushed towards the villa speedily and quietly from various blind angles as if they were insects in the shadows.

Garen glanced at the maid who was watering the plants downstairs and closed his eye suddenly. His face that was left with only one eye was currently covered by a mask, making it impossible to see his expression.

"The target has appeared."

A faint noise echoed from his earpiece.

Within the black shadows, a petite woman stopped in her tracks suddenly while sticking close to one of the blind angles near the wall of the villa. She slowly released a Black Uniform guard whose neck had been twisted brutally.

"Pay attention and stay alert. The other person is the First Nighthawk King of Africa," said the woman quietly. "Has the equipment in the various areas been installed properly?"

"Everything has been set up properly." "We're just waiting for you."

Different voices could be heard from the earpiece. If she listened closely, she could even hear that some of the voices were nearer while others were softer. This meant that different people were concealed in positions of various distances.

A stern look flashed in the woman's blue eyes.

"Well then, the Hawk Hunting Plan begins now!" She commanded immediately.

Instantly, all of the black shadows that were hidden in the ambush spots raised their various firearms and devices respectively. Some of them bent their bodies and charged towards the villa hurriedly.

The guards they encountered on the way collapsed without a fight. It was uncertain whether they were dead or alive.

Two sniper rifles were precisely aimed at Garen who was standing in front of the window at once.

The dynamiters pressed down on the buttons on the explosives in their hands simultaneously.

"Let me give the Nighthawk King a lesson that he will never forget for the rest of his life... Hehe," laughed the male deputy softly. He used one eye to look at the man in front of the window through his sniper's precise optical sight.

His finger pulled the trigger slightly.

Pfoo... A few maple leaves blew past slowly while a blob of red rolled past the sight.

Once the maple leaf had flown past, the silhouette in the sight had disappeared completely.

The deputy was slightly shocked.

"Gone!!! He's gone!" "Pay attention to your surroundings! Stay hidden, stay hidden!!!"

"Get ready to blow up the dynamite at any time!!!" "Dahm!"

Different voices echoed from the earpiece.

The deputy was stunned but suddenly felt a threat ambushing him from behind.

Boom!

He rolled towards his left immediately. He had no time to even look for his sniper rifle, and he used his other hand to remove the small dagger in his shoe while stumbling backward.

A gentle laugh could be heard from behind him. It sounded like a male voice.

"Members of White Phoenix?" The voice was unusually calm.

The deputy turned around after rolling about and happened to see a man in a black mask who was standing behind him. This man was holding his rifle in his hand and rotating it about to examine it. Meanwhile, his own little dagger had fallen on the floor after he dropped it. Was the distance that he estimated from the sound of the previous noise completely wrong?

Bang bang bang...!

A string of gunshots pelted the mud and lawn beside the man's feet and caused streaks of black mud and bits of grass to splatter. Strangely enough, none of the gunshots had actually landed in the area where he was standing, and all of the bullets had automatically formed a circle around his feet.

This abnormal phenomenon sent chills down the deputy's spine.

All of his group members were absolutely God-like snipers that had been handpicked. However, none of them were able to hit the target. The only explanation for this was that this man had a strange air about him that influenced their judgment.

It was similar to the incident that had happened earlier. Although he had clearly seen that there was a person there, the man was able to end up behind him instantly instead!

"Don't act rashly," said the deputy quietly. "About five powerful explosives have been placed below our feet. My group members can press the button to activate these explosives at any time depending on how things stand."

Garen furrowed his eyebrows and looked at the man who stood in front of him. This man did not seem concerned about his own safety. Instead, he could vaguely feel that something seemed to be lingering around him. It seemed like a vibration or wave motion. At times, he would be unable to feel anything, making him wonder if this was merely an illusion.

These wave motions made his head feel slightly uneasy.

Bang!!

A powerful sniper bullet flew towards him suddenly. It passed through the maple trees and the air currents, spinning quickly in the air before finally hitting the deputy's chest.

Boom!!

His entire body instantly exploded into two pieces. The upper half of the body fell and collapsed on the floor in a bloody mess while the body half exploded and was sent flying towards a distance of more than a few meters away. There was a look of disbelief on his face.

Garen put the sniper rifle down and walked towards the other places slowly.

"We've gotten rid of him! I injured him!" "The Nighthawk King is not even a big deal!" "We must be careful not to be careless during the final battle!"

Different voices echoed through their earpieces, but the woman who led the group was the only one who could vaguely sense that something was amiss.

Chapter 665: Intensification 1

Boom!! Bang!!

A series of explosions burst around Garen but none of it accurately hit his position.

The ground was destroyed beyond recognition and the bullets left rows and rows of bullet holes on the wall. The smokes and flames lit up more than half of the villa and most of the villa was engulfed in a sea of flames.

Yet strangely, the red flames did not cause any disturbance to the surroundings. The surroundings were quiet and the residents of the suburban did not have any sort of reaction.

Garen walked into the barrage of bullets. From time to time, there were balls of fire exploding in the places he'd walked through.

"I blew him up! Hahaha!!"

"I hit his right arm, avoid him, he went towards Jack's directions!"

"Ready for melee! Support cover!"

One by one, men dressed in black came out of their hiding places and charged towards the empty air near Garen. As though performing for some sort of martial arts film, they punched and kicked and sometimes took out knives and guns to shoot a few times.

Garen slowly walked beside them and poked their shoulders.

Peng!

The upper body of one person burst open and blood scattered around.

This was the power of Fantasy Fist.

Garen sighed. Facing these elites who had never encountered this kind of fist techniques, Fantasy Fist easily deceived their perception and allowed them to see a completely different vision.

In this illusion, these so-called White Phoenix elites were as fragile as babies.

Peng peng peng!!

With the sound of gunshots, the dark figures were shooting at each other and very soon the frequency of the sounds was getting lower and eventually, there were no more sounds.

Garen walked towards the back of the villa along the wall and stopped suddenly.

Hong!

The right wall with the thickness of half-a-meter was pierced through by his hand and it seized the neck of a White Phoenix man on the other side.

With a kacha sound, this man's struggling hands and feet immediately went limp.

Throwing away the corpse, Garen walked through this hole that was made by him and smashed the wall once more to enlarge the hole.

He was totally a monster right now. His combat power was terrifying and with the potential points, any kind of injuries could be healed. He had speed as fast as lightning, godly fist techniques and his body had a 7 points defense which a common knife might not even scratch.

A random punch could muster a few tons of impact. If he went all out, coupled with his speed, he could create several hundred tons of impact and could even go as high as a thousand tons. If he added Seven Star Life's Secret Point....

With immense strength and a strong outburst, that was how Nadia's projection in the distance had been destroyed. With an average of seven points in his physical fitness, after opening the fourth star, he reached the limit of the body which was the genetic limit in this life. An average of thirty points was the limit of the body and it was unable to get any higher.

The limit of power and speed coupled with a strong physique, Nadia's projection was easily destroyed by Garen.

At this point, the numbers in strength no longer had any meaning. For Garen, the measurement of strength in tons had no value, it was simply just numbers.

The hundreds of tons of power that Nadia's projection had, that was her projection's limit but it was nowhere near Garen's limit when he had opened his fourth star. She failed because she was unable to measure the momentary change in Garen's power but Garen knew that even as the distance between him and Nadia shrunk, she still had her Eighty One Life Talent. Furthermore, due to the limit in his soul, he could only reach the genetic limit of thirty points and could not proceed.

The Seven Star Life's Secret Point was a secret method that could enhance the physical fitness for a short amount of time and cause an outburst in the form of body's potential, but this secret method could not forcibly exceed the limit of what the body and soul could endure.

The limit for an average person was just two or three points but Garen was different and his limit was ten times the average person. With the help of the Soul Seed, his body and soul's limit were thirty points but not even he could surpass this limit.

Going into the hole, Garen's mind was full of thoughts while he searched for remnants of the White Phoenix attackers.

Suddenly, a black knife flew from his right side, brushing the edge of Garen's mask and stabbed soundlessly into the wall on his left side, like piercing into tofu.

Holding the black knife was a petite girl in a black bodysuit. Her shoulders were covered with two metal plates and around her waist was a black metallic belt.

Seeing that her attack had failed, the girl did a series of dodging actions and rolled away from Garen before she realized that Garen was still standing there, unmoving.

The girl armed with the black knife did a half-squat and looked unusually nervous. She was covered in cold sweat. After seeing her teammates died a bizarre death one by one, she finally realized that what she saw might not necessarily be true.

In her vision before, she saw her teammates hiding at the original ambush point but when she went over to greet them, they were motionless and unresponsive.

In the villa, except for the sound of the flames burning, everything else was silent.

Her vision was showing her that the one standing in front of her was not someone else but the deputy that was fighting the enemy at the very beginning, the affable young man that everyone was very familiar with.

Her body trembled involuntarily.

She gritted her teeth and hid in a darker corner. A teammate was also lying in the ambush point beside her, aiming a gun at the enemy.

"Jack!" She patted her teammate on the shoulder lightly.

The teammate did not respond. His gun's muzzle was still aimed at the same point with the same posture as though he was a sculpture.

The girl suppressed the chill in her heart, knowing that this was another 'dead man'.

She came here with more than ten teammates but now she had encountered a lot of 'dead people'. They were all unresponsive. They were all very active in the beginning but now they were all completely silent.

As long as it was the place that deputy walked past, all of her active teammates would become totally silent.

"Illusion...it was all an illusion!" As though she had understood something, she quickly took out a monocle like a nervous cheetah, from her waist.

The light blue lens on the monocle flashed and showed her some data and then went back to normal.

A horrifying sight suddenly appeared.

What she saw on the lens was completely different from what she saw with her other eye!

She was not hiding at the ambush point right now. She was squatting beside the corpse of one of her teammates, her body was stained with blood and in front of her...

In front of her was not the deputy she knew, it was that man. That man called King of the Night Hawk!!

"What a poor little kitty..." The man looked at her with a compassionate expression.

At the same time, she heard the voice of the deputy overlapping with that man's voice.

The girl's expression fell.

She looked around with her monocle and found the body of another teammate at the staircase.

The lens showed the body being licked by flame. There was the burning smell of flesh.

And in her other eye's sight, she saw her teammate smiling and waving at her, looking as though he was calling for her to come over.

A chill shuddered through her, from her heart to her scalp. The girl fell on her bottom.

This was something that she had encountered for the first time. Just which was an illusion and which was real...

"Real sleep is pathetic..." Garen raised his hands and clapped lightly.

Pa!

Fantasy Fist's horrifying effect dissipated.

He did not expect that with the support from his Soul Seed, Fantasy Fist would become so potent that the elites from White Phoenix would fall into the illusion at the first moment they saw him.

No, it was not simply an illusion.

Garen narrowed his eyes and stared at the petite girl in the black bodysuit. He had lifted the fist technique but there was still no light in her eyes.

He saw something unusual in her eyes.

Dang!

The girl's black knife fell to the ground and made a clear sound.

"No!!!" She screamed as though she was looking at something terrifying.

‘Watch out on the right!’ Black Sethe's suddenly came.

Garen dodged to the side and made a punch to his right side.

Boom!! Dang!!

He did know how he got to the wall's side. This punch of his hit right on the knife that had penetrated the wall.

However, Garen's body was so strong that the knife broke.

He retracted his fist, feeling something strange spreading in his heart.

"This is not my fist technique..."

‘It's an Invisible Creature!’ Black Sethe warned, ‘Careful...Void Creatures are just one of the many categories of Invisible Creatures and Invisible Creatures are just what we collectively called the creatures of the unknown world.’

‘Just now, you were moved here and the back of your fist was directed towards the knife. If you were a normal human, you would be finished!’

Garen narrowed his eyes and raised his right fist. He saw a little white spot on his fist. It was a mark left behind when he hit the knife with his strength.

He turned his head and saw that girl had fainted on the ground.

‘That girl's body seemed to have some problems. Her mind seems to have been damaged by your Fantasy Fist and it activated some kind of sense. You'd better study her for a bit.’ Black Sethe said.

Boom!

A burning pillar fell on his head.

Garen smashed it to bits with a punch. The embers scattered around but he was totally unhurt.

"Hmph!" Garen snorted. He walked to the girl's side and lifted her with one hand. His body flashed as he rushed out through the hole and disappeared from the villa.

In a countryside town in Europe.

"Give me two catties of bananas, wrap them up for me."

On a street alley, a young man stood in front of a fruit stall buying bananas. He wore a mask and his body was coated in dust, looking like a traveler that had crossed a long distance to get here.

The lady seller gave him two catties of bananas wrapped in a black plastic bag.

At the moment she passed over the plastic bag, the lady seller appeared to have noticed some red spots inside the collar of the man's shirt. She seemed to have sniffed out an odor of rust and some other fishy smells mixed together.

She could not guess what smell it was at that moment.

"Thanks." The man said. On such a hot day, he was wrapped tightly in a dirty grey windbreaker that seemed to have never been washed.

Taking the bananas and handing over the money, he looked to his left and right and walked into another alley.

Taking the bananas from the bag, he peeled one of them and ate it while walking.

Turning around a corner and passing by a garbage bin.

Silently, an iron ax was raised behind him.

Pa!

Chapter 666: Intensification 2

The ax struck fiercely into the wall.

The man rolled forward to avoid the attack. Looking back, he did not see anyone.

"Damn! If it wasn't for the Shooting Shadow Secret Method!!" The man was furious, but he knew that even if he was at his peak condition, he would not have much chance of winning if he fought head-on with the enemy.

Mysterious and elusive, that was the enemy's modus operandi.

No matter what he did these few days, he would be attacked. His food had poison, there was a bomb under his bed and a shootout using guns with silencers at midnight. There was also backstabbing without warning.

A series of sneak attacks anywhere and anytime. No matter where he hid, the enemy would always be able to find him. There was once when he went into a toilet, a poisonous emerald green spider fell out of the toilet paper. Once bitten by this spider, if the victim was not injected with the serum within fifteen minutes, he would be beyond help. In this sort of place, not to mention the serum for this emerald green spider, a serum for a normal spider bite would not exist. Even if he was sent to the hospital, he could only wait for his death.

When Jay came all the way here, it was totally a torture. This kind of tension was what he was scared of. He could not find the enemy and could only receive attacks one-sidedly. Keeping up his vigilance anytime and anywhere for several days, he was totally overworked and his mind was on the brink of collapse.

"White Phoenix..." Jay said viciously. This horrifying killer was obviously sent by the White Phoenix, so this grudge was on White Phoenix.

He quickly took out a banana and inspected it carefully. After no abnormalities could be found, he began to peel it.

Boom!!!

An explosion occurred.

A crimson ball of fire swallowed up Jay.

His upper body was burned into cinders and was then blown backward by the impact of the explosion on a garbage bin. There was no longer any life in him.

"What!! Jay died!!" Bald head roared. He clenched his phone tightly as though he was going to break the phone.

The veins on his hands and face popped out and his complexion turned green.

Jay died.....

This was going to be a big deal....

Putting down the phone, Bald Head did not know what his feelings were like. There was a deep anger and coldness gushing out from the bottom of his heart.

It was not just him alone in the office. There were the higher ups of the Nighthawks, his wife Hera, the computer genius Angel, explosives expert Ryan... These people were those who joined the Nighthawks at the beginning and they all heard Bald Head's roar.

The expression on everyone's face fell, Jay died... The Black Uniforms were the ones providing their Boss with the ancient relics but they'd all been annihilated. Jay died and he'd been the boss of the Black Uniforms. This meant that the whole Black Uniform Organization had been wiped out.

This did not concern only the relics...

Jay was the right-hand man of the Boss. His status was equal to Bald Head's and he held great authority and a lot of connections. But now, he had died.....

"Lotus Pearl." Bald Head began, but he found that there was some tremble in his voice. "White Phoenix's Lotus Pearl."

"Where are the people we're supposed to receive?" Hera asked on the side.

"No reply, it's either we have been jammed or..." Angel said in a low voice.

Previously, they were holding an attitude of training their soldiers in handling this crisis. Now, following Jay's death and the annihilation of the Black Uniform Organization, every single person here knew what sort of storm was coming.

The fury of the Nighthawk King, how terrifying it would be.

"Just received news, an explosion had occurred at Boss' villa.... The White Phoenix's Falcon squad was annihilated," Angel said while turning the laptop in front of her around for everyone to see.

"Looks like this will be an all-out war." Bald Head said while lowering his head. Taking a cigarette and holding in his mouth, he did not light the cigarette.

No one answered him. There was a depressed and solemn atmosphere around them. Facing White Phoenix, this horrifying and extreme monster, no one could afford to relax. Night Hawk's invincible legend was completely broken by White Phoenix just now.

Night time.

The bonfire crackled, releasing a yellowish red glow while illuminating the surrounding areas of the forest.

Garen and the girl in black sat under a gigantic arched root and treated it as a shelter. Around the root, the surface of the rocks and stones were covered with green moss. Small clusters of dark green thorny plants were everywhere, and inside them were full of fluttering small grey insects.

Garen sat quietly by the bonfire while fiddling it with a thick wooden stick.

"One of my subordinates died." He said.

"Must be Lotus Pearl." The petite girl hugged her knees while resting her head on top. "Gremlin must have sent her out, that dreadful woman."

"You have been abandoned." Garen continued saying.

"I know." The girl said. There was no sign of agitation, she seemed to have expected it. "Your excellent subordinate died, are you not sad in the slightest?"

"Death may not necessarily be the end, it may be a new beginning." Garen said while smiling, "Of course, in return, aren't you with me? White Phoenix's new headquarter is not that easy to find. I'm counting on you to show me the way."

"I won't show you the way!" The girl said expressionlessly.

"Never mind, I don't need you to agree," Garen said and gave her a gentle smile. The Black Uniform Organization had been completely destroyed, although there was a great loss of power previously. However, Jay had also died, and this went beyond the boundary of what Garen could tolerate. He

originally thought that with the Shooting Shadow Secret Skill, normal people would not be able to pose a threat to Jay and the others. It seemed like he was wrong.

The girl felt a chill. These few days, her life had been abnormal. She sometimes had her memories and sometimes she didn't. She was unclear about what she'd done and said. A lot of times, she was not clear-headed and when she woke up, she would find herself in a completely unfamiliar place.

Everything was just like a dream. She felt that she was going to fall apart soon.

These few days, they could swagger right under other people's noses and yet be ignored completely. It was just like they were invisible whether they took a plane or a car.

Directly from America to Mexico where they were right now.

She did not know where in Mexico this place was. She only knew that when they passed by a small village, she heard people speaking Spanish in loud voices. There seemed to be no dialects mixing in their language and more like what the Indigenous people used. From what those who spoke Spanish said, this seemed to be a place in Mexico called Sidney. She did not know whether it was the name of the city or the region.

She looked at the masked man sitting in front of her. That eerie black mask made him feel mysterious yet dangerous.

If there was a chance...she hoped in her heart. Her brother was a Mexican drug lord, as long as there was a chance, she may be able to contact her brother...

"Your name is Simone right?" Garen suddenly asked.

"How did you know?" The petite girl said, alarmed.

"This time among the Primary Colors, White Phoenix finally acted. They wouldn't have just sent over little fellas like you to die right?" Garen suddenly laughed under his mask.

The girl showed a sarcastic expression.

"We already know your true identity. Someone must be on the way to Grano."

"Oh?" Garen said. "They're pretty quick."

"You're not even worried for a bit?" Simone realized and said. She had tried to escape these few days but was caught easily like he was catching little chicks, no matter what method she used. This man was always in a relaxed mood as though nothing could affect him.

She did not know why but she wanted to see a panicked and desperate look on him.

"From the moment I did not disguise myself, I already knew this was going to happen," Garen said as though there was no effect on his emotion.

"You have long prepared for this?" Simone stared at his only eye, trying to find a change in his expression from under the mask.

"Do you know what kind of people we've sent?" She said. "The Primary Colors' most elite Golden Balance Organization. Each of them has strength close to special-class mercenary. They are one of the most powerful killer organizations in the world." She stared at his eye while trying to exert pressure on him with a slow tone.

What she got in exchange was just a chuckle.

Grano.

Raffaele slowly walked out of the woods while looking at the panicked group of elite killers that seemed as though they'd met a strong enemy.

The leader was wearing a white power suit that seemed as though it contained technology from the future, despite looking like ancient armor.

"The world is in my hands..." Raffaele whispered while opening her clasped hands.

Her long blond hair was dancing in the breeze as though golden threads were drifting through the sky. A dazzling light shone from her palms.

Weng...

The ground seemed to be shaking, the air seemed to be shaking and the whole forest also seemed to be shaking. An indescribable heat had gathered in her hands.

Chi!

Numerous golden lines spiraled out from her hands and shot towards the surroundings, looking like DNA double helixes.

Peng peng peng!!!

Continuous explosions occurred where the golden strands landed, dyeing the woods with blood. The killers were helpless. They'd been pursued for several days and forced into a group. They were exhausted and had reached their limits.

"Ah ah ah!! You monster!!" The leading killer screamed. He could not bear it anymore and charged with bloodshot eyes at Raffaele. However, he was surrounded by the golden strands and exploded with a bang, becoming a large cloud of bloody mist.

Raffaele raised her head, her eyes glowing.

Boom!!!

At the same time, all the killers exploded like bombs into blood mist and were absorbed by the surrounding trees and golden strands. Except for some clothes and pieces of torn cloth, there was nothing left in the place.

A breeze blew over and Raffaele disappeared from the spot.

Chapter 667: Annihilation 1

Mexico, St. Jeddah

"Ha ha ha ha... Mr. Rod is indeed a man true to his words, the previous agreement has already been completed. No wonder the allies in the Alliance are convinced about Mister. It's not without reason."

In an underground cave beneath a dense forest that served as a modest white base, two groups of people dressed in suits were in a meeting. The leaders from both sides shook hands with each other. One of them had a head full of red hair and a strong body and was laughing loudly. His laughter reverberated throughout the underground hall.

"Captain White Phoenix is too polite. Naturally, we couldn't delay a request from the person-in-charge of Gremlin, so we urgently directed a batch of goods from South America and supplied it here," the person in the deep purple suit spoke. His face was full of smiles and he had a friendly look, as though he was an ordinary businessman.

After exchanging greetings with each other, the two leaders went to a separate room, sat down and ordered coffee. Several glamorous women came in and gave both sides gentle massages.

The small white room was covered with silvery-white metal walls. There were also bright green oval gems embedded in them. The gems seemed to be decorations but the dim green light that flashed from time to time proved that they were not mere decorations. There seemed to be special effects.

The redhead from White Phoenix laid on the white couch, allowing the women on the side to massage his body.

"This time, besides the shipment, Mr. Rod should have something else to discuss? Although the personnel in this new base of White Phoenix are not much, all the elites have been transferred over. So, just say anything you want."

"So generous?" Rod smiled and said. He let a woman take off his coat, revealing the white shirt below.

"You've brought us the latest Arefal materials. Without this, our armor would be just a useless piece of iron. Who would have imagined that..."

Boom.

Suddenly, a slight tremble came from the ground.

The red-haired captain's complexion became serious but he quickly reverted back to his original smiling face.

"Let me go and have a look, excuse me."

"Please go ahead." Rod made a gesture indicating that he was not offended.

The redhead walked to the door and turned around, revealing a smile.

"You can treat it as though I did not exist. Don't worry, I will not ruin the mood."

Rod mirrored his smile and indicated that he did not see anything.

Boom!!

Another loud roar.

The door closed automatically and the White Phoenix captain's expression immediately fell.

He raised his wrist. A black-haired young woman was displayed on the surface of his black bracelet.

"What happened?"

The woman answered quickly.

"An outsider had found the entrance. I'm mobilizing the surveillance..." the woman reported, but when she saw the monitor her calm facade was immediately broken.

She blinked. Suspecting that something was wrong with what she had seen, she checked the monitor once again.

"I... I see someone hitting the gate of the base... let me take a closer look... oh my goodness..."

The woman's expression suddenly became fascinated. She opened her eyes wide as though she could not believe what she'd seen. With her mouth wide open, her face froze at this moment.

"What happened?" the captain of the White Phoenix asked impatiently. He was the highest officer in charge of guarding the base and leading the core guards with the codename of White Phoenix. His position was only below Gremlin. In the absence of Gremlin, he was in charge of the whole base.

He took off the monocle over his right eye. The monocle quickly displayed rows of passwords and the passwords were soon lifted.

The surveillance footage was immediately displayed in front of him.

At that moment, his expression too became fascinated. His mouth opened slightly and became wider.

Boom!!

Garen punched a hole in a thick silvery white wall. He inserted his other hand and tore open the hole.

Sila!!

He tore down a big chunk of the metallic wall. Along with the shrill alarm sound and red lights flashing, the wall emitted a piercing sound of metals being twisted, and then it was ripped off like a piece of cardboard.

Garen wore a simple black sleeveless shirt and trousers while revealing his slightly sun-tanned muscles. His muscles moved around like waves throughout his body and collected in his arms, before with some force.

Boom!!

Another punch revealed what was underneath the layer of wall, which was a deep hole going straight downwards. It seemed to be an underground elevator shaft.

Garen took a look at the surveillance camera positioned in a corner.

He could hear voices and sound of footsteps at a distance. There were also sounds of guns being adjusted.

He jumped down into this shaft with a depth that even he did not even know.

His goal was the central control room or the core control room.

There would be a core control room in any base and as long as it was under control, everything else would also be under his control.

After falling down for more than ten seconds, he could see a faint white glow at the bottom.

Both of Garen's feet landed with a loud bang and created a crater that was a few meters wide. Some of the tiny metallic parts fell out, rattling.

This base was different from the normal base. It seemed unusually small but the protection was very thick.

Garen walked out from the crater. There was a square elevator exit at his side but it was blocked by a metal door. He tore it open and went in.

Inside was a spacious warehouse-like hall. He seemed to have landed at the very bottom.

The hall was dark except for the flashes of red light from the alarm. A mechanical female voice was repeating an announcement in a language unfamiliar to Garen, hence he did not understand what it was reporting.

In the central space of the hall, there were five human figures standing on the black floor. The five figures were wearing bodysuit-like white metallic armor. Their heights were different but they all had a common point; they were all donning thin white armor and it seemed like even the place where they breathed through was covered without the slightest gap.

The leader in front stared at Garen's horrifying sun-tanned muscles, then the metallic door that had been ripped off and thrown aside. His eyelids were twitching non-stop. He was the captain of the White Phoenix, the highest officer in charge of guarding the base and leading the core guards with the codename of White Phoenix. After watching the display, he'd immediately dressed up in armor and had come to intercept to let all of the ordinary guards get away from this person.

The kind of monster that could even punch open metallic walls, ordinary guards were no match for him.

"Mister, this is the White Phoenix Base under the Primary Colors Organization, did you pick a wrong target? We don't remember offending you in any way."

Before coming here, in that short amount time, he had checked for enemies with similar features but the answer he got was none. Though this man was wearing a black mask, the characteristics of his stature and size could at least be compared.

"This is the strongest get-up that White Phoenix could assemble?" Garen looked at these five people. This white full-body armor seemed to be quite strong.

Suddenly, he took a step back. A laser swept through the place he stood just now and made a black line on the floor.

Garen's toes moved. A stone flew up and crashed directly into the laser launcher, smashing it to pieces. After a slight sound of electricity, there was no more movement.

"Remember, the one who killed you all is the Nighthawk King!" Garen stopped speaking nonsense and with a stomp, he blasted forward like a cannonball and crashed into the armored captain at the front.

His right fist could not even be seen. There was only a flash and it had already smashed into the chest of its target.

Chi chi chi...

In an instant, one laser after another shot out from the five people. Their speed was so fast that the instant they were fired, the lasers have already reached the fist that Garen punched out. Green smoke was emitted.

The foot of the armored captain made a kaka sound and propelled him backwards. His speed was only slightly slower than Garen but it was enough to dodge Garen's punch.

"Kill him!"

The captain shouted.

With some mechanical sounds, the other four armored members shot out more than ten black, fingernail-sized metal pieces that sped towards Garen from hidden locations all around.

Boom!!

One arm pierced through the captain's chest, completely ignoring the armor's defense as though it was a thin sheet of paper. The armor caved inwards, and the broken shards pierced the captain's abdomen and tore at his red flesh.

Just now, Garen had made a sudden acceleration at one moment and with an explosion, his arm, under the influence of its inertia, had pierced through the captain chest.

He slammed the captain against the wall of the base.

Only at this moment did the numerous black metal shards fly over and pierce his back.

Boom boom boom boom!!!

A series of explosions sounded.

These little black metal pieces were actually miniature bombs. A series of explosions occurred on Garen's back.

There was smoke all over the place. The other four quickly and silently stepped back without any hesitation. They appeared to be ready to escape. Their captain's current status was unknown but none of them were truly loyal to the White Phoenix. Everyone here was a mercenary, and none of them would throw away their lives for money.

"He fell down here. As long as we switch off the power, he won't be able to go up and we'll have lots of methods to deal with him! Retreat!"

"What about the captain?" a member who could not contact the captain asked.

"We won't make it! If we don't retreat now, it will be too late!"

"Go!"

These few were all ruthless mercenaries. As long as they'd made a decision, they would not hesitate. They made an agreement with their communication devices instantly.

Before the four of them finished their communication while retreating, suddenly four pieces of black metals flew over with a snap sound.

There was only a flash in front of their eyes and the metal fragments instantly arrived in front of them with an astounding speed.

Then, peng peng peng peng! After a few dull impact sounds, the four of them were sent flying and crashed into the wall. Incredibly, none of their bodies had been separated into halves. They seemed to be merely unconscious.

Chapter 668: Annihilation 2

"Eh?" Garen did not expect that this armor could have such a high defense. This defensive strength already belonged to the highest level. He had not held back when he'd thrown the fragments just now. Although he hadn't used acceleration to increase their impact, the strength of the fragments alone was enough to create a tremendous impact. The weight of several tons crashed into them, which was equivalent to a heavy truck crashing into them at full speed. They could even get out of that alive with nothing but concussions.

He walked towards them and grabbed one of the armored members.

"Let me try again."

He grabbed the person's neck with one of his hands and grabbed onto his waist with his other hand and pulled.

Peng!

It sounded like steel tendons were being torn apart.

Garen was even more amazed now.

Suddenly, he felt some slight movement from the armored person in front of him. This person had not fainted and had just been pretending. A fine blue needle popped out from his wrist guard and shot towards Garen's abdomen.

The needle had been smeared with black poison and it stabbed into Garen's skin. It only penetrated Garen's skin slightly and left a white spot before it fell to the ground.

The pair of eyes inside the armor now held a trace of despair.

"Hey," Garen gave a low snarl and put strength into his hands.

Hiss!

The whole armor was torn into two pieces and thrown aside.

Blood splattered on to the ground. The others seemed to have truly fainted. They did not have the slightest reaction.

His strategy was raiding the base at breakneck speed so that they would have no time to react. True enough, they could only hastily assemble their elite unit which was defeated.

Garen stamped on each of their heads and crushed them like he was stepping on watermelons. The strongest elite squad in White Phoenix's entire organization was wiped out just like that.

He looked around and saw that with the flashing of the alarm, the doors of the elevator leading upstairs were closing. It was already half-closed. His toes moved and a piece of debris flew out. It was accurately stuck between the elevator's doors so that it could not close completely.

Only then, Garen slowly walked over, pried the elevator's doors open and entered it.

When he'd just walked in, the top corner of the elevator sprayed out a white mist with a hissing sound.

"Poison gas?" Garen took a sniff and no longer cared about it. He had seven points of vitality after all. In the face of poison like this, he would only treat it as though it was a diluted pepper spray. Other than the fact that it was slightly suffocating, it has no other effects.

Pressing the buttons on the elevator, there was no reaction. It seemed the elevator had been locked down.

"Interesting," Garen smirked and looked upwards.

"Hurry up!! Lock down all the elevators below the third basement immediately! Activate all of the automatic weapons!" in the main control room, a woman issued one order after another nervously.

Behind her were more than ten personnel sitting in rows. Some were monitoring the computers, some were adjusting equipment and some were very tense, with their hands and legs shaking and despaired expressions on their faces.

The woman calmed herself down and quickly issued a few more orders.

"Mr. Rod, soon there will be people escorting you safely out of the base. Please rest assured, we are absolutely confident that we are able to guarantee your safety."

The woman turned back and spoke towards a man wearing a white armor.

"I believe in the captain's arrangement but what is his current status?" Rod frowned and asked. His current organization was on the same level as the Primary Colors' White Phoenix. He was naturally clear on the strength of the White Phoenix. Their power was something that could not be easily overturned.

"Rest assured, Captain's condition is still well except that he's in a stalemate." the woman replied while hiding the truth from Rod. Although she tried her best to appear calm, this time, she really had no idea what kind of enemy the White Phoenix had encountered. The enemy was just a single person and he'd charged in here crashing everywhere, claiming to be the Nighthawk King. He completely disregarded any kind of attack whether it was guns, bombs, lasers and high-speed cutting knives. Everything was useless against him!

That horrifying figure was now moving upwards using the stairs. As for the captain... White Phoenix Captain's current status was unknown and they could not contact him. The rest of the people were seen clearly using the surveillance camera, and they'd been killed easily.

"Damn it! It just had to be at this time when all the higher-ups are absent!" the woman thought viciously. If only the Lotus Pearl and Gremlin were here! This guy would not be so arrogant!

Rod did not ask anymore. It was just that he was feeling uneasy. Even the White Phoenix was acting as though they were facing a formidable enemy. He did not know what sort of enemy they had provoked, but it seemed that not even the White Phoenix captain could suppress him. He'd personally met that small elite team. It was a team composed of the most elite mercenaries wearing special armor. Neither bullets nor lasers were effective on it and it was equipped with hidden killing machinery. It was definitely the most potent killing machine.

Crash!!

Suddenly, there was a sound of broken glass. Rod had only half worn the armor before he saw that amidst countless screams, a large hole had opened up within the floor of the main control room. A hand had directly smashed the tempered glass on the floor and was grasping at the edge of the hole.

"Open fire! Open fire!!!" The woman screamed in a distorted voice but she herself had retreated backward. With the escort of several guards, they retreated to the emergency elevator. Without even seeing the results, they had planned to escape.

Rod's heart thumped. He immediately ran in the opposite direction of where the woman had fled, which was the ordinary staircase.

More than ten subordinates followed behind him.

"Do not stand with the people from White Phoenix! We use the stairs!" Rod immediately made a decision and shouted. He quickly sprinted to the stairs and ran upwards. He felt his heart beating profusely while cold sweat oozed from his skin and was blown dry by the cool wind.

Each of his men showed a terrified expression but they were still able to keep themselves in check.

"He did not come for us. As long as we do not provoke him, nothing will happen to us!" One of his subordinates quickly said.

"We need to show our identity and let that person know that we're not with the White Phoenix!" someone quickly said.

"How do we show?"

"Let's get out of here first!"

His subordinates quickly gave out their opinions.

Rod tried to calm himself down. He'd experienced such situations multiple times and he knew that he could only bet on his luck now, as the identity and allegiance of the other party were unknown. Now he could only hope that the woman from White Phoenix could hold on. It would be perfect if she died only after they'd escaped from the base.

How could he not know that the White Phoenix elite team were mostly dead now? He no longer held any hope for them.

As time went on, their running speed and the rhythms of their breathing were getting faster, but everyone here had been specially trained so this sort of run was nothing to them.

At this moment, the wall on the left side in front of them was smashed open and a figure lightly jumped out.

Rod stopped and looked up the stairs, aghast. He saw a man with sun-tanned muscles shaking his head and moving his shoulders.

"Wait! We're not White Phoenix's people!!" He quickly shouted, using the international lingua franca from America.

Hu...

A gust of wind stopped in front of Rod's forehead. There was a piece of black metal that seemed to be part of a machine. One side of it was sharp and the other side blunt.

The fragments stopped firmly in front of the middle of his forehead, almost touching his skin.

Only then, Rod saw that with a flash, the man that was standing up there had appeared in front of him. He was holding firmly onto the fragments so that it did not pierce him.

Rod was covered in cold sweat. A moment could decide whether he would live or die. Just a little more and he would've been sacrificed, he knew that he wouldn't be able to forget this experience for his whole life.

"We're not White Phoenix's people!" He stared at this man's mask and repeated firmly while barely suppressing the fear in his heart. "We just came here to deliver something. Our group is Rexott Group, specializing in firearms and all kinds of precious metals. Maybe we can cooperate with each other!"

He quickly put out the advantages of his group. Rexott Group was one of the top groups in the world. Naturally, a lot of people have heard of them. Maybe the other party might give them some face.

All the subordinates behind looked as though they'd met a formidable enemy. Their faces were pale and none of them dared to move. The hole that had been smashed open in the hall just now had left them with the horrifying impression of a non-human.

"Rexott Group?" The other party's voice sounded pleasant, charming and tempting. Just based on the voice, the other party was at least a man of good looks and temperament.

There were fifty organizations that were considered the world's top organizations, known as The World's Top Fifty. Primary Colors was one of the top-ranking organizations, and Rexott was around the same ranking. Both had their ups and downs but always ranked within the top ten. They were extremely powerful and their connections were everywhere. It was said that they had close relationships with many big countries.

Garen immediately understood these people's backings. Although both his disciples, Hochman and Dahm could sweep through half of America and they had strong financial power and large forces, even when adding in the combat clubs, they were far from competing with giants like Primary Colors and Rexott. These organizations could directly face the top levels of countries. Their policies and actions could even affect a country's decisions and were not simply economic empires.

This was a circle of organizations that had come to a compromise after countless struggles. Perhaps, Hochman and Dahm's families would need a very long time to get into this circle. This was the gap in their history.

Besides, as long as there was no vacancy, they had to develop their potential and then drag down one of the groups to have a chance at joining.

However, this was not easy. A top circle like this was actually closely related to the supernatural powers of this world and was not merely a circle for humans.

A thought flashed through his mind and Garen put down the fragment in his hand.

"Rexott Group, my aim is only the Primary Colors' White Phoenix. Since you guys are not Primary Colors' people, I'll let you guys go."

Hu... once these words came out, this group of people could not help but let out a sigh of relief. Seeing that Garen had caught up with them, they clearly understood that the leaders of the Primary Colors' White Phoenix had mostly been annihilated. Otherwise, this man would not have the time to catch them.

From the moment Garen had appeared, Rod had been observing him carefully as though trying to figure out something.

However, the more he looked at him, the more horrified he was.

'He... he was actually an ordinary human!!!!' his heart was like a stormy sea.

No features belonging to the Blood Breeds! No features belonging to the Witches!

The parameters that were scanned from his wrists and sent back to his earphones indicated that he was just a human with excessive parameters!

Chapter 669: Annihilation 3

Gulp...

Rod barely managed to squeeze out a smile while trying to suppress the horror in his heart.

"Thank you for your kindness, I'm called Rod Okland. May I know your name? The Rexott Group would not forget your favor."

He was full of sincerity, thinking of the direction and hope that the higher-ups had been searching for all this time. He knew that this man in front of him might be the hope they were looking for!

If he could really make a connection with him...

His heart began pounding again and he could not calm it no matter how hard he tried. He even thought that his subordinates and this man in front of him could hear his heartbeat.

Their group had been searching for too long. The higher-ups had begun searching hundreds of years ago for that glimmer of light. However, one disappointment after another, one failure after another, had made everyone disheartened and turned their direction to the external armor and other sorts of research on equipment.

Yet now, this man in front of him...

"My name? I'm called Garen." Garen did not have any intention to hide his identity. Such a large organization could find out information about him easily as long as they wanted and he was lazy to hide it.

"Garen..." Rod could no longer resist. A startling thought flashed across his mind, and although his heart was tangled and hesitant, he finally decided and gulped, "May I have the pleasure to invite you to a dinner? We've only had a simple relationship with the Primary Colors where we exchange materials with each other, so you don't have to worry about us cooperating with Primary Colors. You can confirm this anytime. Not long ago, our core mercenary group clashed with the Primary Colors' Ohio Silk mercenary group and both sides received damages and were injured."

Garen was slightly stunned and for the first time, he took a closer look at his person in front of him.

This man knew that he'd slaughtered the Primary Colors' White Phoenix and yet he had the guts to invite him to dinner. Such nerves and such courage, as an ordinary person, he was excellent.

"Rod. I will remember your name."

He pondered for a bit and said, "Coincidentally, I need you to do me a little favor."

"What is it? Please say it, as long as it's within my means, I will not reject it!" Rod hurriedly answered. From the result that he'd received when he'd scanned the other party with the bracelet and analyzed with their base's database, he was even more confident in his judgment and the words he'd said. Although making contact with this person would provoke the Primary Colors' discontentment and fury, this person might be the hope that their higher-ups had been looking for. If there were further results, they might even be willing to help him fight the Primary Colors!

"I still have a captive. One killer's squad captain from the Primary Colors, but I feel that she still has some value and I need you to help me find a place to hide her."

It was obvious from Garen's words that letting Rod help him find a place was to pull him into this mess. Once the Primary Colors discovered this, naturally he would also bear some responsibility.

Rod suddenly hesitated but once his sight swept over the man's eye which held a trace of bloodlust, his heart trembled.

"No... no problem! Just a trifling matter," he replied while trying to calm himself.

"There's no problem then," Garen nodded in satisfaction. He turned around and walked up the stairs while beckoning, "Come with me."

He walked for a short distance and arrived in front of a map. Previously, he'd memorized nearly the entire structure of the base.

Now, he was familiar with it.

Rod and his subordinates behind sighed in relief.

"Sir, what now?"

His subordinate stepped forward and whispered in Indigenous people's language.

"What else can we do? Follow him," Rod replied in an annoyed tone, using an abstruse Indigenous people's language. There were at least dozens of indigenous languages in Mexico and the language they chose was a type that was almost lost. In order to deal with special situations like this, this served as an appropriate internal communication tool.

"But, agreeing with that man's request, what do we do about the Primary Colors' side?" his subordinate asked. He understood the risk that came with this request. Although he did not understand the reason his leader actively sought the man in front of them, this did not prevent him from analyzing this situation.

This would drag them into the fight between this man and the Primary Colors.

Rod was advancing while staring at that man's back.

"Daring to charge into the Primary Colors' base alone, if it's not absolute certainty, then it's absolute confidence in himself. No matter which is it, this person is not someone that is easier to deal with even when compared to Primary Colors. Before we understand the full picture, it is better that we do not make any move or promise."

After he'd calmed down, Rod felt that the invitation just now was a bit reckless, but he was unwilling to lose this opportunity. If this man was truly the hope they'd been looking for, his position within the organization and his right to speak would improve greatly.

They did not speak anymore. The subordinate was a clever man. He could see that Rod was taking a gamble.

After Garen left the base and took a few steps out of the tattered metallic door, he heard the sound of an explosion behind him.

The ground shook violently.

Garen turned towards the group of people and smiled.

"Using their bombs to make some fireworks seemed to have a good effect"

"This guy... blew up the entire White Phoenix base..." Rod muttered. Although he had some speculations, he could not help but feel a chill in his heart. These methods of his were too vicious.

The Primary Colors would definitely go to war! No matter what sort of reason and excuse was given, the higher-ups of the Primary Colors wouldn't meekly accept this.

Some people gulped. They knew that the White Phoenix base was done for. This base that the Primary Colors had invested hundreds of billions had been destroyed in a huge explosion and had become an underground mass of scrap metal. A loss of hundreds of billions was in no way a small amount, even for their Roxett Group. Although this base was just an ordinary storage base, the materials inside also cost a lot of money.

They stood in front of the doorway. Vaguely, they could hear the sound of explosions in the base that might've been due to some device that had blown up. They could also hear the cries of some people that did not make it out in time.

"Help!" "No! No!!..."

"Run! It's going to explode again!"

The sounds came from the ground. With Garen's keen hearing, he could clearly hear the sounds of the movement under the ground, along with shouting, cries for help, screaming and running footsteps together with the sound of the collapsing building.

The number of people that were too late to escape was estimated to be in the hundreds. From the beginning of his raid to the end when he came out, the time he took was less than ten minutes. In such a short time, many people had been inside the base without knowing what was happening.

"Pity..." Rod's complexion changed and drew a cross over his chest and prayed for the people trapped underground.

He glanced at Garen. Hundreds of people had died and a lot of them were innocent, but these seemed to have no effect on Garen. He did not mind the horror that was occurring underground.

"Let's go. We're going to see our cute little kitty," Garen called. After settling the base, his mood seemed to be good as he strode towards the forest.

He was now very interested in the little kitty who had attacked him. The girl called Semone led him all the way to this base under the influence of Fantasy Fist. She would definitely be on the White Phoenix' kill list.

Before he'd left, Garen did not left any bindings or prohibitions on her and only told her of this fact. She was a clever person and must have realized that going back would mean forfeiting her life. Between life and death, the choice a clever person would make was evident.

However, what Garen was interested in was not her cleverness but the trait that she had shown in the villa. The Invisible Creature seemed to be attracted to her.

‘Her mind must have been damaged by Fantasy Fist and triggered her hidden talent to attract the Invisible Creature,’ Black Sethe explained. ‘What are you going to do with that Semone?’

"Isn't it just right to use her to understand more about the Invisible Creatures?" Garen said while leading Rod and his men.

He split the bushes in front of him with a machete to reveal a path that was wide enough for one man to travel. Those spiders, lizards, and snakes were scared off by the aura that came from his body and did not dare to approach. Some of the slower flying insects were swept over by his aura and fell down like rain.

‘What happened at the villa should be a coincidence. The invisible creatures are not something that will come out when you want them to. Their cycle of time is very long, so if you want to use this trait of hers, I'm afraid you will be disappointed,’ Black Sethe laughed. ‘If you have so much time, why not search for more Void Creatures and kill them to collect Void Core to treat your eye? Your eye might be able to recover slowly.’

"This eye is still able to recover?" Garen was stunned and asked.

‘Of course! Why do you think I would bother collecting Void Cores? That thing is effective in treating injuries from Void Creatures and Rebels. It just takes a long time. Though if it was converted into Medicine Stone, it will shorten the time,’ Black Sethe explained. ‘But this is only when the distance between you and Nadia is still far. If you are closer and within the effective range for all kinds of curses, you'll be in big trouble. Without the Void Core or Medicine Stone, you can't make a dent in the curse.’

This is the case if you are a Pursuer. If it's any other common creature, they can only face the curses head on and tried their best to resist them. Without the special trait of Pursuer, Void Core is useless for them,' Black Sethe laughed twice and continued. 'Now you understand the importance of Void Core?'

Garen nodded his head and took note of it mentally. Truthfully, from his first encounter with Nadia, perhaps the one that had occurred in a dream, he had not felt much danger. He was not anxious at all; although Nadia said she would arrive soon, she was so far away. As long as he prevented her from knowing his coordinates, he would be able to delay her arrival indefinitely.

Hence, there had been no sense of urgency in his heart, but Black Sethe's words had woken him. As the Nine-Headed Dragon King, Nadia did not need to arrive in this world herself. Her long-distance projection was powerful, and together with curses and combat techniques, she would be terrifying to deal with.

Garen could not forget the time when he was cursed and had his attributes decayed. He would have to dedicate some effort to searching for more potential points to improve his body. If he received a more powerful curse at a time when he'd run out of Void Cores and was consequently unable to lift the curse, he would end up miserable.

His extremely strong body was his biggest shield. Now that Black Sethe mentioned the curse, he decided to be warier.

A curse from an ordinary Void Worm could already diminish his attributes, and if it was replaced by Nadia's curse...

Chapter 670: Annihilation 4

"That mask has to be found as fast as possible. The accumulation of the void creature's hollow core is also another urgent matter."

"It is good that you understand." Black Sethe was relieved, "You and I are now in one body. If you die, I will die too, and I do not wish for you innocently fall into your own carelessness."

Garen nodded his head.

"Perhaps I have been relaxed in this world for too long now..." He came to some realization, "Then, the search for the Twelve Masks will have to speed up."

"As long as you understand that the amount of time we have left is not much," Black Sethe pleasingly went back into hiding.

Walking in the thick and dark forest, Garen had very quickly returned to the previous trees with the round arch root.

Under the roots, the black bonfire ash was still there. Instead, the girl's shadow was missing.

Garen took a look around, and his gaze stopped upon a dense cluster of black flowers.

"You can come out."

He said in a low voice.

Rod and the rest quietly stopped behind him, as they waited and see if changes would occur.

Soon, among the flowers, a blackish figure that was covered in black mud slowly stood up.

"How did you find me?" The figure gave out a girl's voice.

"You are too weak."

Garen walked over and pressed his huge hands on her shoulder. She was slightly startled.

Buzz...

A severe yet frequent tremor suddenly rang out. It was as if the girl, Simone's whole body was shivering but instead, she was shaking much rapidly.

The black mud and dirt that was smeared all over her body kept falling off because of the violent tremors, revealing her pale white skin underneath.

Under the stares of Rod and the rest, as well as Simon's own attention, something miraculous happened.

It was as if the black mud on Simon's body melted into a black water-like matter, following the curves of her body and slowly dripped down her body. It stained the of the inner part of her legs and down her heels, slowly flowing down onto the forest grass. Not only was it on her skin, but the dirt on Simone's clothes all flowed quietly down to the ground, not making a sound.

Just within ten seconds, Simone's whole body once again turned clean, returning to her usual delicate and pretty frame.

Her small lips were slightly opened, with wide round eyes. It was as if she was afraid to believe what she saw, she did not even dare to blink. She was afraid that if she blinked, everything in front of her would turn into an illusion and disappear.

But the feeling of her dry and cool body kept reminding her that this was not an illusion - This was reality.

"My Lord..." The few Catholics in Rod's team started praying devotedly. This was absolutely a miracle!

Even Rod himself was stunned, his face wore the expression as if he saw a ghost.

"Damn it! That was not recorded!" He suddenly reacted. The rest also reacted, one after the other. Such a miraculous sight and yet no one recorded it, this was absolutely a huge lost!

Garen looked at reactions of these group of people in a funny way. That move just now would only be used by just upper martial artists who had terrific skills. However, top martial artists could also achieve

the same level. Such as the saying "emerge unstained even from the filth", this referred to the realm of top martial artists.

Releasing his hands, Garen walked back to the bonfire heap and started to check through his things. He put on his backpack and checked the remaining amount of his drink.

He was not afraid of being poisoned unless it was a highly concentrated toxic. If not, any others toxins would also help him build up his liver function; it was the same as those who do not consume much alcohol.

Such powerful vitality would show in all ways, not just to the degree of skin defense.

"You failed, I suppose? White Phoenix Base is not a fun place to venture into!" After Simone was shocked, she quickly replied with a cold smile, "There is a twenty-four hours cycle surface surveillance system in the base, and we are not far from there. It will not take them long for them to find out where we are residing at. Then, they would send their elite team, and by that time, you will only be able to flee in panic!"

Simone's words were distinct with an unforgiving tone, not paying the slightest attention the Rod and his men's weird expression.

"What kind of people are they?"

She frankly questioned Garen.

"Them? These are some of my friends," Garen answered in a good temper, smiling.

Simone took a few steps to the side of the bonfire, and sat down on his butt, not minding the dirt, "I'm hungry, and I want to eat something. Quickly make me something to eat.

These few days, she had completely lost herself. Since Garen got a hold of her, if you wanted to do anything, he could have already done it. He would not have waited until this moment. So instead of feeling afraid, why not drink and eat well, regulating her own mood.

Garen gave a smile. From his bag, he took out some dried meat, a bottle of pure water and different types of seasoning. First, he lit up the bonfire again, then used a metal can, of which he brought to boil the meat soup. He stood up and took a walk around the surrounding of the forest. After his quick return, there were some extra plant rhizomes and mushroom in his hands; it was frightening looking at the red and green colors on them.

With the same skill, the mud and dirt were immediately shaken off. After rinsing it with water, it was put into the can for boiling.

Rod and his company were looking for some rocks to sit down by the side. After a couple of frightening experiences, they looked very panic-stricken too.

Seeing that Benjamin was busy with preparing his meal, Rod hesitated for a bit.

"Our planes and cars are not far from here. Mr. Garen, why not let's eat when we return. How does that sound? I have already reserved a room with a feast in the Leonardo Hotel."

They had always taken the main road. With the planes and cars leading the way, they did not even have to walk through this wilderness; they could immediately enter the base. Now, there were a bunch of people, dressed in garments and wore leather shoes, walking on the forest grass. Having huge chunks of mud stuck on the sole of their shoe - Lifting their foot too felt heavy.

"No rush, it will be done soon," Garen smiled as he answered, while he stirred the soup in the can continuously.

As time passed in seconds and minutes, the essence of the soup slowly let out a rich scent. Even Rod, who had a habit of eating good food, could not resist salivating. One by one, his men also felt their saliva stir in their throats. All their attention was quickly captured by that pot of boiling soup in the can.

"In this forest, there are still a lot of things that can replenish your vitality. If we just leave, then it would have been wasted," Garen simply explained.

He then split the soup into a few bowls. The moment the soup was scooped up, she drank without hesitation as she had tried his cooking earlier on. She drank it all in one mouthful. Then very quickly, her eyes looked confused and started drooling from the edge of her mouth, her face revealed a silly smile.

"Hehe... Hehe... Too delicious... It's too delicious..."

Once she put down her bowl, this girl started dancing and jumping. For a moment, she had seeped into her unconsciousness.

"La~ La la! La! It smells so good... Your body smells so good..." Simone threw herself on him, hugged him and bit him. Her snot and saliva were both dripping, both her eyes in a daze - They completely lost that spirit she had just now.

"Be good... If you listen, I will give you another bowl of soup in a bit."

"Really?"

"Really."

"Alright, I'll listen. I'll be good..." Simone acted as if she had completely turned into a child with a few years of IQ. She leaned over on Garen and stopped moving.

Rod, who stood at the side breathed in the delicious scent. At first, he had wanted to drink the bowl of soup. But once he saw this scene, he got the chills for a moment. The look in his eyes changed again and again towards Garen.

After Garen calmed Simone down, he started asking some questions that they still were not clear about.

"Other than this base, does White Phoenix have other bases?"

"They don't."

"Then do you know where the person in charge of the base, Gremlin went?"

"I don't know, I just want some soup!" Simone shook her head.

"You just had some. If you do not answer my question seriously, then I will not give it to you," Garen said with a beaming smile.

"Gremlin took Lotus Pearl with her - I don't know." When Simone mentioned Lotus Pearl's name, her face revealed an unhappy expression, "Lotus Pearl, that cow! Her smiles are all fake, she thinks I can't see through it? That slut likes to pee standing up, and she used to be a witch. I saw her in bed with a man, with my own eyes. Then she went and found herself a not-so-secret-boytoy! Haha... Boytoy... She thinks nobody knows, that b*tch!"

Even though Simon was in a situation she was unconscious of, that mean tongue of hers would never go away. Just hearing it gave the group of men cold sweat.

Garen rubbed her brain. Suddenly, Simone gave out a dog-like sound of comfortable hum.

"I apologize. This one here is still of use to me, so I used a slightly special method," Garen quickly smiled at Rob and his men who were frightened by it.

The immense knowledge of subjects he had absorbed from the previous world impacted his high research attainments in hallucinogenic drugs and neuroscience. This soup was made specifically to tackle Simone's mutation that was stimulated by the Fantasy Fist, and special execution would be directed towards modulating it.

Garen attentively examined Simone's nerves in her head and found the area that stimulated the Fantasy Fist. Hence, the targeted mixed medicinal soup should continue to stimulate that part of the brain. After some experimentation, he wanted to see if he could once again extract the Invisible Creatures.

He was very curious towards the field of Invisible Creatures. This was an extremely broad spectrum, and it included every creature that the human cannot see; comparing the realms and worlds among them that were far away to a world with light, it would be much, much bigger.

After packing the leftover soup, Garen single-handedly picked Simone up while carrying his backpack.

"Let's go. Let's get on your ride for a bit."

"The pleasure is mine!" Rob quickly replied.

Temporarily, he refrained the thought of notifying the higher level authorities. He had to find out the opponent's ins and outs clearly. Once it had been confirmed...

He also had his own idea; if it was really that hope that the higher authorities had been always looking for, then leaving some free time would also be a golden timing for his prior business relations! If he could hold on to it, then he would be able to keep this friendship for the first time - how precious is that!

A row of people marked the location according to the body device, and very quickly, they found a green helicopter that was parked on an emergency heliport.

The pilot was still smoking beside the plane, but White Phoenix's airport guards were nowhere to be found. It was obvious that they did not escape. Instead, they must have gone to examine the base of the headquarters.

Seeing that Rod and his men had safely returned, along with them, they brought back two other weird-looking people. One gave out a whine like a dog, and the other was wearing a mask. Looking closely, they only one straight eye. The pilot wanted to immediately say something but was cut off by Rod.

"Leave this place immediately! Go to St. Jeddah City, I want to entertain very important guests!"

"Yes, sir!" The fine training quality the pilot had did not allow him to speak more. They could only obey and hence, he began the procedure of starting the helicopter.

A bunch of people entered the plane, one after the other. As the sound of the huge propeller came on, the green helicopter slowly rose to the sky and sped towards the far distance. It swept through the trees and over the sea, disappearing between the border of forest and sea.