

Mystical 671

Chapter 671: Corporate 1

The space in the plane was huge and it was split into three rows. Rob and his assistant were sat at the front, in the middle were Garen and Simone, and at the back were his subordinates. There were a group of men left that could not fit into the plane. Instead, the rides on the were switched to cars, and they departed from the ground instead.

The pilot was from Lesotho. Once he found out about its particular conditions, he quickly had an expression as if he wanted to stay out of trouble.

Garen sat by the window, overlooking down at the moving trees and sea through the transparent glass window.

Between the trees and sea, of dark green colors mixed with yellow and red, he could see apes and eagles appearing from time to time.

As the plane rose up to a higher level and passed by a white waterfall entrance, Garen's supervision swept across the border of the waterfall for an instant - Standing there was a young woman supporting herself with crutches.

This woman stood on a piece of empty land, and behind her was a small wooden house. However, the small house and the forest was merged as one. Those without supervision would not be able to tell the difference.

As if she could sense Garen's stare, the woman raised her head towards the plane and looked at it. Her eyes were unexpectedly light golden in color, making her look very beautiful as it reflected the faint light of the golden sun.

Garen was slightly surprised, but when he wanted to take another look, the plane had already flown past the waterfall. The height of the plane was lowered as they sped towards the huge piece of flatland, river, and forest.

"There were once some nature-loving hermits who lived in this area. The Primary Colors Group had no problems with them. But after that, those who lived here suddenly disappeared, and some abandoned small houses were left behind. Those were the houses you saw just now," Rod turned his head to explain. He could see Garen's line of sight from the reflective mirror.

"I saw a woman standing in front of a small house by the waterfall just now. Where is she from?" Garen asked.

"Woman? That's not possible." Rod laughed, "The wooden houses here have been abandoned for many years now. You are talking about the woodland houses I suppose. I have been here a few times and that was what the people of Primary Colors call it. A woman used to live there but she disappeared after. According to rumors, she has been missing for many years now."

Garen frowned.

"I saw it. The woman's eyes were golden."

Rob looked startled.

"That can't be, whose eyes are golden? You must have seen wrongly. The reflection of the sunlight would have also caused an illusion."

"Maybe it's that..." Garen temporarily tossed this small matter to the back of his mind.

He leaned slightly into the leather chair of the back seat and started to pay attention to the Attribute Pane below his field of vision.

'Garen Thomas.

Strength 7. Agility 7. Vitality 7. Potential 10248%. Soul limit 30.

Seed of soul: The Northern Trident Frost-Fire True Water Evil Technique.'

‘Void Hunter: Many ancient civilization inheritors, who were enemies with the Void race for generations, had the ability to capture the core of the void creature and its own powerful talent. That was the power of eternal talent given by ancient mystical strength.’

‘Hellfrost Peacock Technique: Level one entry (Total of 5 Foundation Level, derivative level of 3, full power of 8 levels) Every level’s exercise achievement would clean one’s own blood, gradually growing closer towards Hellfrost Peacock’s physique. The ultimate achievement would be the highest form of Hellfrost Peacock King, the limit being army level.’

‘Seven Star Life’s Secret Point: 4th Level (Total of 7 levels)’

‘Violin Skills: 2nd Grade, proficient level. (Total of 3 grades)’

He realized that his potential points had already increased to the extent of over a hundred points. Evidently, it had come to a point where wearing this mask on his face played an extremely crucial role. However, it was also obvious that it had started to increase slowly now.

This mask almost added him another one hundred potential points or so, which was an optimistic amount of revenue. Although it could not be compared to the total amount of antique he previously owned, this was the second of the Twelve Masks after all. If he could succeed in getting all the remaining masks to be in his possession, then the potential points he would receive could be an extremely impressive amount.

His sight fell into his own Specialization Technique. The Hellfrost Peacock Technique’s real effect was still not exemplified yet. What he was using now was just the original toughness of his physical fitness.

He hesitated for a bit, then his sight fell directly onto the Hellfrost Peacock Technique continuously for three minutes. The icon of the Hellfrost Peacock technique wavered for a while, and immediately after, there was no reaction. The potential point also had no sign of any changes. It was clear that the potential points could not be used to directly strengthen himself.

Regarding the information of this Secret Technique form suddenly appeared. Building the base was one of the effects of level one - spread the seeds all over the body. Whereas level two was where the real practice would start.

Once level two had been achieved, according to his memory of the information on Secret Technique, his Palm Power should contain a type of strange cold toxin. If it was in Totem World, maybe it would have become a more powerful cold toxin that could overcast the surroundings. But in this world, it could only be displayed on the cold toxins of Palm Power.

This was all the Basic Secret Technique every world had, to purely enhance physical quality. Once the Seven Star Life's Secret Point had been added, it would be enough to achieve the limit - three hundred points of strength degree, but it would still be a huge loss. This was not a simple strength and speed issue. Instead, it was a problem of the control of the Secret Technique. With that kind of knife method, the moment the knife left his hand, the opponent would immediately get hit. Not understanding either the profoundness or using the same level of Secret Technique's counterbalance would only result in getting beaten up; it would be very hard to reach a point where he could defeat Nadia, the Nine Head Dragon Queen. Yet, this Secret Technique was different. The root of the Secret Technique would come to a certain difficulty that would create various very strong effects towards the body. Who knew, but maybe it could produce a specific type of unique effect.

Garen started focusing his attention on his thoughts about the information of level two.

This was two conditions necessary for achieving level two.

With current technology, arctic lands could be imitated, but white Peacock Stone?

He only knew about the green Peacock Stone. He was unsure of the white one. Maybe this was not the type of Peacock Stone in which he knew?

He passed the question over to Black Sethe.

"Peacock Stone? In white? Why would you want that for?" Black Sethe seemed a bit shocked.

"Of course I need it for practicing the Secret Technique," Garen did not cover it up.

'Then that would be a bit tricky. If I remember correctly, the Peacock Stone you ask for in the Secret Technique is not like the green stones you understand about. Instead, it is another type where the

stones are inside the slime of the peacock's body,' Black Sethe explained, 'Peacock slime is a type of Invisible Creature. A lot of worlds have it, even this world has it. But this, you would have to search for it yourself. I'm helpless in this situation.'

"Alright..." For a moment, Garen put down the Secret Technique's progress rate. Hellfrost Peacock Technique's name sounded very intense, but he was not specifically sure how much of an increase it would give, or whether it would help him deal with the Nine Head Dragon, Nadia who was getting more and more pressing.

As he returned to consciousness, the helicopter was slowly landing. Simone, sat on his left, was asleep with saliva dripping onto the black shirt in front of her chest. When dried up, it gave out a horrible smell.

"We're here, we're here." Rob hurriedly called out, "Down below, the people from our organization will act as reinforcement. Mr. Garen, you temporarily do not have to worry about Primary Color. Over here, nobody would leak this information."

"Thank you very much," Garen nodded his head. Looking down from the plane, on top of the grey and white round airport below was engraved with a red cross. In the middle of it stood a crowd of people, waiting. They were wearing grey and green military uniform, and a beret. Their postures were upright, in their arms held a black assault machine gun.

Garen took a look at his surroundings. Around the airport was enclosed with high walls, and there were a lot of soldiers with berets patrolling the area. It was as if this was a military base.

The helicopter slowly descended. Rob was the first to get down the plane. He then faced the officer below and gave a salute and they saluted back at him with speed and power. After that, the leader, a soft-spoken black officer muttered a few sentences in his ear. The both of them nodded their heads, indicating that they understood each other.

Only then, Rob quickly turned around to greet Garen.

"Everything has been arranged, Mr. Garen." His had a smile on his face and did not have the slightest fluster or panic of talking to a terrorist, "I understand that you wanted to ask us why we value you. Since we took the initiative wanted to be friends with you, yet we did not discuss White Phoenix or

Primary Color. This answer is quite a long story, why not we have a meal and talk at the same time. Is that fine with you?"

"Many thanks for your hospitality," Garen smiled. Such top-level organization like a Rexott Group was also what he needed as a figure for an alliance.

Such large organization would often be so exaggerated that it had the power and strength to make people feel dumbfounded. He too wasn't crazy. If it wasn't necessary, who would want to look for trouble and make enemies with these world-class organizations?

If one got to the point where he had enemies all around the world, then that would really be a failure.

But indeed, as Rob said, he was very curious about his counterpart's intention.

A group of people surrounded Garen and Rob while he introduced the situation here and was headed towards the airport's dining hall.

The airport was situated outside the city; it was built on a flatland that was opened up from a forest, beside St. Jeddah City. This time, they luxuriously invited some well known international chef from a hotel and had already prepared Garen some scrumptious dishes.

After they sat down facing the steaming table of food in a white dining hall, Garen and Rob just randomly ate a bit, then put down their fork and knife. The taste palate here was very sweet, extremely sweet - mixing the chili and sweet drinks in a dish tasted weird.

Rob noticed this bit, and he revealed a trace of apology.

"My apologies, I have not welcomed you well."

"No worries, let's talk about proper business. You guys, Rexott Group should have a deep understanding towards the Primary Colors Group right? With this amount of time, you should have found out about my identity and background, right?" Garen spoke frankly and bluntly.

Rob mocked him.

"Of course as you've expected, I just received all the information," With a waved of his hand, the servants in the dining room dispersed out the door and left. However, the guards were outside the door.

"You as Nighthawk King, and the conflict between Primary Colors and White Phoenix. Originally, we should not have mingled into this, but..." Rob paused, then carefully gave Garen a side eye.

"Over here, I would like to once again confirm your identity."

"Identity?" Garen raised his eyebrows, feeling that Rob was hinting something.

"You, are you really a pure human being?" Rob asked each word and each sentence seriously.

Garen was surprised. He never thought his counterpart would suddenly ask this sort of question.

"Of course, I am pure human," He answered, without a trace of hesitation.

Rob's eyes were staring at him, as if debating how reliable that answer was.

"Why would I need to lie to you?" Garen laughed, and stroked Simone's small brain, "Why don't you just tell me what is wrong. I still have some other matters to sort out. I can't stay here for long."

Rob nodded his head, lowered his head to look at his watch on his wrist, as if he finally confirmed something. His expression suddenly turned complicated, yet weird, like he was holding back some excitement to a joyful situation.

"Then I'll just say it." He appropriately said the words, "To tell the truth, us, the Rexott group have always been researching the topic of human strength limitation. We have always attempted to search for the path of hope of becoming a normal human being. Phrasing it this way, are you able to understand?"

Chapter 672: Corporate 2

Garen put down the bowl in his hand and nodded his head.

"Very clearly; I think I understood your idea."

Rob nodded his head the same way.

"Us, the Rexott Organization have always been at the forefront of the world in this area of research. Regarding the discovery and creation of human potential, we had always looked into it from a combat fight aspect. It had been a long time ago since we started experimenting with practitioners, who set out to find the limits of a human. Unfortunately, we found the human body do have a limit data."

"Oh?" Garen was suddenly interested, "Limit data?"

"Indeed." Rob nodded his head seriously, "The limit data refers to data that we have obtained and gathered of the maximum limit of human quality one can achieve. Power, resilience, and responsiveness - we have split the human quality into three types. Of course, there is a much more delicate division of it, but I won't say much here. With these three types of data, we got an unbelievable result - human strength does indeed have a limit. That limit is about 460 kilograms, and this refers to a pure power without any impact."

"460 kilograms," Garen understood clearly. The statistics obtained from this data and their own research were exactly the same. He could see that their knowledge and study of this topic was not something that could have been done within a short amount of time.

"Precisely, the data you mentioned is correct. But what does this have to do with you looking for me?"

Rob took in a deep breath, with his eyes staring at Garen.

"I realize that your powers have far exceeded 460 kilograms, where it has reached a horrifyingly unknown level. That is why I had to repeatedly emphasize whether you really are a true human being. Because according to our research, it is impossible for a pure human being to have such great power."

He carefully observed Garen's expression underneath the mask.

"And based on what I know, Mr. Garen's numerous had disciples grown rapidly under your supervision. Now, their own strengths have also reached a very high standard."

"That I do not deny." Garen nodded his head, "I created the Two-Faced Waterbird Fist and Shooting Shadow Secret Skill, as you must have heard." When he saw Rob nodding his head as confirmation, he continued, "Since we all know each other's intentions clearly, then how do you plan to tackle my breakthrough limit?"

Rob lifted up his hand and looked at his watch. After some hesitation, he replied.

"What the authorities mean is that we hope you can hand over the full set of martial arts' fist materials. In exchange, we will assist you by taking over your revenge on Primary Colors Group. By looking further into your martial arts system, it would be very helpful for us to carry out evolutionary experiments on the improvements of human limitation. This is a huge matter that would help all mankind. I hope you can consider it well."

Once he finished his sentence, his expression did not look good. As he looked at Garen's facial expression, his heart jumped - he knew it was going to end horribly.

However, he knew that Garen used Two-Faced Waterbird Fist and Shooting Shadow Secret Skill to control the two big organizations, combat club, and Nighthawk. For them to ask him to hand over all of his martial arts' secrets, they would be taking advantage of the situation by stealing his work.

"Two sets of materials on martial arts' secrets?" Garen never thought the other party would bring this idea up. The Secret Technique was indeed profound, but technology was very powerful too. If he gave them all the information, maybe they might just come up with something new after a while.

"Please don't be angry!" Rob looked terrible, and he quickly said, "We still want to add some gifts. We heard that you were looking for the Sleepless Faces. Our organization has been preserving the two masks we have used in the experiments. If you agree on the secrets, we can immediately gift the two masks to you with honor. And, we will send over the information on the other masks."

"Sleepless Faces?" It was the first time Garen heard that term.

"You don't know? That is the ancient name of the mask you're wearing," Rob explained. Seeing that Garen did not explode, he relaxed.

Garen sighed heavily.

"About the materials on Two-Faced Waterbird Fist and Shooting Shadow Secret Skill, I can give it to you, but these two Secret Techniques contain a distinct property. Without that distinct inheritance, there is no way you can train them yourself. I had to say that first, in case you have regrets in the future."

To be honest, he picked these two Secret Techniques randomly. In his memories, there were numerous Secret Techniques - not ten, but more than hundreds of them. These were just third-rate Secret Techniques. If it wasn't for him, or his talent skills, even if he wanted to practice independently, he would at least need ten or twenty years of hard training. Still, that was the case for extraordinary appraisals.

Rob's watch seemed to have the function of sending out whatever Garen had said. After looking at the reply on the screen of his watch, Rob nodded to show he understood.

"The authorities hope to invite you to collaborate in the organization's higher level experiments to collect some related data. I don't know..."

"That is not a problem. I also hope that there is a detailed test environment to define my true abilities," Garen said proudly. He had always wanted to test his own qualities, but there weren't enough high-tech experiments. A general test equipment wasn't even enough for his lighter punches.

"It will be a pleasure working with you!" For a moment, Rob was relieved, "About Primary Colors, we will take over fully on your behalf - Don't worry. Regarding the circle of nature, we will also sort that out. Your life will not be affected. And, we will also give you a satisfied reply from the White Phoenix."

Garen nodded his head. At least he could now relax slightly since White Phoenix Base had been destroyed.

"I still need to kill the group who murdered my assistant. That should not be a problem I suppose."

Rob sighed.

"That is little difficult, but that shouldn't be a big problem," The authorities' plan was obvious. The hatred between Nighthawk King and Primary Colors was deep. Since he chose to side with Nighthawk, then naturally, there would be nothing to talk about with Primary Colors. Moreover, there had always been old grudges between the top levels and Primary Colors, and they took the opportunity this time to erupt. The background characters from each circle would show up to discuss the particular matter.

In fact, White Phoenix was not the only violent party from the Primary Colors' subordinates; there were more than ten parties, and White Phoenix was the person in charge of this area. Equivalent to a subsidiary, in the face of another world-class monopoly consultation, regional affairs of a subsidiary would not be a big problem.

"Then it will be a pleasure working with you," Garen smiled while nodding his head.

"Pleasure working with you too."

Rob also gave a relaxed smile.

"On the other hand, regarding the Sleepless Faces you mentioned just now..." Garen asked about his doubt he had before.

Rob was slightly distracted.

"I assumed you knew. Sleepless Mask is the legend of the mask you are wearing. Legend has it that the original version of this mask was named as Daylight Mask, such that when people wore it, they gain the ability to never sleep. The wearer would be full of energy without needing any sleep. That way, more time could be taken out to do other things."

He explained.

"You would also know that throughout human life, we spend one-third of the time on sleep. If sleep was completely unnecessary, won't that be equivalent to having one-third more of a life than compared to others?"

Garen understood and nodded his head.

"Hence in ancient times, when a Duke got the mask, he started a long process of imitating time. He used everything he could make use of and in the end, he had replicated twelve of the exact same mask. Undoubtedly, all the finest pattern carvings were the same. However, the functions could not be compared to the original; there wasn't even a single bit of extraordinary power in it. Under his own disappointment, he hid the Sleepless Faces in an extremely secretive place, then spread the clues on top of each of the twelve masks before he died. Whoever could find all the Sleepless Faces' replicas might even have the chance of searching for the original mask," Rob described it in detail.

Only then did Garen understand the essential information of this mask. Generally, it would be impossible for an ordinary organization to know about these things. Only those big organizations that had been through historical changes would have had a chance to record it down. Within that short time frame, Rob must have contacted one of the organization's top levels through the device to quickly explain the context to him.

Rob was indeed a caring person.

"Don't you worry, we will help you sort out the issues about the mask and Primary Colors."

Garen nodded. Indeed, facing Primary Colors alone, its top levels would be involved in the background, behind their extraordinary powers and he would be put in a situation where he would have to deal with the Nine Head Dragon King while dealing Primary Colors as well; that would not be an easy thing. If it could be less troublesome and much smoother, it would definitely be better.

As for the Secret Technique, without his Soul Primer, if they do not train hard for ten to twenty years, they should not even have the thought of getting half its result. With that, they would only be able to enter a smaller part of the martial arts world. After that would be the martial artists' world, which would seem like an illusion. Even entering the martial artist levels would be extremely difficult, not to mention the courageous Grandmaster of Combat.

He had to collect all the masks as soon as possible, before the attack of the Nine Head Dragon King. The more potential points he gets, the higher the possibility of him shortening the time to strengthen himself. Now, this was Garen's real aim.

What he needed most now was time.

"If so, I will quickly jot down the information I have, but a lot of things need more than just a bit of information to completely describe it all."

Garen said softly.

Rob nodded his head.

"As an individual, I believe your sincerity is not fake. That, you can rest assured. I will quickly get the two masks out for you. And the protectors from your hometown will arrive shortly."

"Then I can relax," Garen nodded. Regarding the protection from his hometown, he was not very worried about that.

Grano was made into a gathering place for witches, where even the secret party of Vampires would not dare to kill humans freely, and not to mention a group of elite human killers. As higher level intellectuals, his parents had a broad relationship with the locals. And because of their relationship with the city councilor, they were willing to do a few good things for the locals; their fame wasn't bad. Hence, in public and in private, the local witches would never allow any outsiders attack the local's public figure, which could trigger panic.

Even more so, his own arrangements should have preventative measures. At first, he arranged for the Arisa Sisters to protect his family. After being chased for many years, they were very happy to sneakily attack unwelcomed strangers.

Hence they predicted that the team sent to Grano by White Phoenix would do more damage than anything. The background circle knew on the inside that most would call for a cease-fire. Nobody was willing to be involved in a war between races.

More so, that was the truth.

Chapter 673: Approach 1

Cynthia region, Italy

Gremlin was dressed in a white suit, he got out of the white race car, and looked left and right.

There was a large round plaza behind him, with many black copper statues in it, some children and tourists were milling about, and occasionally there were pigeons rising and falling in the plaza, cooing as they went.

Gremlin glanced back as he rearranged his suit, walking rapidly to a small house in front of him.

Bang bang bang.

He knocked the door directly.

With a clacking sound, the door opened from inside.

"Quick, come in." A middle-aged woman opened the door and talked to him, her skin was dark, and she looked very plain and honest.

"Sorry for disturbing you." Gremlin nodded, and strode inside, passing his car keys to the woman. The woman, on the other hand, went outside to drive the race car into the garage.

The whole building was grey-black, and there were many spots on the walls, indicating its advanced age. It was not that different from a normal citizen's home.

Gremlin went upstairs within a few strides, the room door on the second floor was open, and he stood at the door as he looked inside, seeing a white-haired old man carefully trimming the bonsai plants that filled the living room to the brim.

The old man wore a long grey-white shirt and matching trousers, his hair was slightly long, tied into a ponytail behind his head.

"How are things progressing recently? Come in and sit." The old man heard the footsteps, and asked without turning around. His hands were still trimming the bonsais carefully.

Gremlin stood at the door, lowering his head and waist slightly in place of a bow.

"Father, something very bad happened, and I incurred extreme losses." As he spoke about that, his expression was not particularly great.

The old man nodded, turning around and glancing at him.

"I heard about it as well, your base was done in. Looks like you messed with an important opponent. How do you plan to solve this?"

Gremlin had a script ready since long ago.

"Lotus Pearl alone probably isn't enough, I hope you can send someone else to support her."

The old man frowned.

"That's slightly troublesome, you have to know that I'm not the only elder in the group."

"Of course I know that." Gremlin nodded, "But even if you're not in charge, Mr Titan would surely grant you a favor..."

"I won that favor with my life back in the day." The old man interrupted him. "Now that Rexott has interfered, this is no longer a simple matter and problem of dealing with the Nighthawks."

Gremlin said nothing, staying quiet with his head lowered as he awaited his father's decision.

The time ticked by, and neither of them spoke, there was only the snipping of the bonsai trimming.

After a long time, the old man finally sighed.

"That person is looking for the twelve masks, the Sleepless Faces, perhaps you can try to tackle it from there. Also, some of the techniques that he has are very useful to the group's supersoldier plan, you might be able to convince the higher-ups using this." The old man reminded him in a low voice. He turned around to look at Gremlin, "You are my only son, do not disappoint me."

"Yes, Father." Gremlin nodded deeply.

When he heard the old man speak, he already knew that all these reasons were for naught, the true key was that the old man had agreed, this meant that he would support his son in front of the group's higher-ups, and that was all that mattered.

Walking out of the house, Gremlin took a deep breath, and finally felt his body relax.

The destruction of his base was nothing, it was just some money, if he ran out of money he could just earn more, but if something went wrong with the branch that he was personally in charge of, that would truly be fatal.

Once one reached a position like his, money and all that had become irrelevant, the more important things were position and power.

The Nighthawks were no more than a tiny obstacle in his journey to the top, if he could not even overcome this, then there would be nothing left to say about the problems he would encounter in the future.

Although he comforted himself like that, whenever Gremlin thought about his hundred-billion-dollar investments gone just like that, he still bled inside. Most of the White Phoenix's funds were in there, if

his father weren't a high-level elder in the group, he would probably have been knocked down due to the incident.

As for the team he lost in Grano, that hurt him even more, those were all the direct subordinates he could mobilize at will, and now he had lost every last one of them.

"Garen of the Nighthawks!!" He repeated that name through clenched teeth in his heart.

Berlin, Germany

In a very ordinary black building.

Garen caressed the Demonic Book notes in his hand, his expression dead silent as he looked at the Nighthawk higher-ups standing in the room.

Baldy was there, Hera was there, Angel was there as well, and so were some other higher-ups that he was not familiar with but who all had considerable positions, they were all the true core of the Nighthawks. They were also the first batch of elite Nighthawks that Garen had personally taught and raised himself.

"Six left."

Under the bright light of day, Garen looked at the six people in front of him with a sharp gaze.

"Of the twelve I taught in the past, only six remain, standing in front of me now."

He sat on the smooth black wooden chair, his gaze sweeping over the six of them again and again.

"We lost two in the operation before, and now in three short days, Lotus Pearl took out four of you??"

"I made a mistake as the leader." Baldy stepped out and said with his head lowered, his voice muffled.

"The battle with the Primary Colors ends here for now, soon someone will arrive to take over, you guys go down and rest properly, after some time I want to train you personally." Garen waved his hand, lazy to say any more.

"Take over?" Baldy Kaedun exchanged a glance with his wife Hera, and they both saw confusion in each others' eyes."

"There will be someone in charge of handing Lotus Pearl personally as well, you guys relax, alright, you can back down now." Garen was too lazy to explain it to them, if he did not know perfectly well that he could blame Baldy and the others, with his temper, these people would soon have quite the punishment in store.

Although Baldy and the others were confused, they still retreated out of the room obediently.

Once everyone had left, Garen sat alone in his room, the battle with the Primary Colors had already affected his family, so he needed to settle this as soon as possible, in order to prevent his family from getting hurt further.

After he came back from the White Phoenix's base, he had passed all the non-essential information regarding the Two-Faced Waterbird Fist to Rod, so that Rod could pass it to his superiors, and in exchange, the Rexott Group had indeed sent their core team of guards, the War God Squad.

Their name was very cliched and lame, but they were indeed a terrifyingly powerful team, as the team sent to take over the battle between the Primary Colors and the Nighthawks wholesale, the War God Squad had terrifying moves and all sorts of talents, most of their members were elites just beneath the special class mercenaries, and their leader was a special class mercenary who had faced Lotus Pearl before, codename Dragon Turtle. Such a team was extremely rare, even within the Primary Colors.

"I'll leave Lotus Pearl completely to you guys." Garen seemed to be speaking to himself.

"Relax. Since the group gave us this mission, we will be wholly responsible for it." A small and skinny man walked out from behind a vase to the side of the room, he twisted his body eerily, and all the bones in his body actually began to crack, until his height of less than 120cm quickly grew to 150, 160, 170, finally reaching 180cm!

This man was wearing elastic white clothing, his head completely bald and hairless, his skin hair, and green veins visible all over his limbs.

Just now Baldy Kaedun and the others had been in the room for so long, but they never noticed this person at all, his camouflage skills were practically terrifying.

Garen appraised this person carefully, he was Dragon Turtle, and he did seem to be training some method to control his blood qi inside his body. It seemed like this world was not completely void of martial arts after all.

"My main problem is that I can't find Lotus Pearl, her hiding skills are truly impressive, and that just happens to be not my forte," Garen spoke honestly, his martial power was terrifyingly powerful, but his opponent did not show up at all, hiding in the crowd like a needle in a haystack.

"I fought Lotus Pearl before, back when he was a man." Dragon Turtle licked his lips, "He is indeed powerful, but we Rexott are not something Lotus Pearl can handle on his own. Do not worry."

Garen nodded.

The other person was part of the team sent by the Rexott Group to help, taking over the vengeance between the Nighthawks and the Primary Colors completely. But even so, he still had to make sure that such a big group did not go back on their word, there was also the possibility that the two sides would band together to split up his resources.

"As long as you can find her, I will personally handle everything else."

Vaguely, hints of cruelty emanated from Garen's body, and Dragon Turtle's pupils dilated slightly.

A hidden branch, in the Rexott Group

In a fancy, luxurious office that seemed like a hall

A golden ceiling, silver floors, and complicated silver patterns carved everywhere. Several large chandeliers hung all over the hall, creating a regular hexagon.

Under the sparkling white light.

Rod and another blonde man sat opposite each other at a long table underneath the chandelier.

Other than them, there was no one else in the entire huge office.

"Speak, what are you planning by using the one opportunity I gave you to mobilize Dragon Turtle secretly?" The blonde man put down his knife and fork gracefully, picking up the napkin beside him to wipe his mouth, and then looking up at Rod, who was also eating.

"Have you looked at the information I gave you? Big Brother." Rod said straight-facedly, putting down his cutlery as well.

"I've seen it, but I don't understand your solution to it at all." The blonde man nodded, he had beautiful features, and a cold and graceful aura, but what was most special about him was the scent of danger he emitted, like a wild beast. He was one of the few people to make it to the top of the Rexott Group all on his own power, a terrifying character.

"The Nighthawks and the Primary Colors were never at the same level, I don't need to explain to you which to choose, right? After I stabilize the Nighthawk King, I'll team up with the Primary Colors and surround him, isn't it the better choice to split him among us? This will also benefit our relationship with the Primary Colors."

Chapter 674: Approach 2

Rod nodded in understanding.

"This is indeed a very good choice. However..." He raised his head and met his brother's blue-black eyes. "However, after I saw that Nighthawk King with my eyes, I felt something very strange, he rushed into the White Phoenix's base all by himself, and utterly destroyed the whole place within a dozen or so minutes, even a wall of alloy a dozen centimeters thick could not stop him... But that was not the scariest part, the scariest part is that calm and controlled air of his. It was because of that air that I chose him over the Primary Colors."

The blonde man frowned, "Rod, I always thought you were a logical person."

"Listen to me, Brother." Rod raised his voice, "The relationship between the Primary Colors and ourselves will not improve due to something like the Nighthawks alone, neither will it turn for the worse. The competition between groups cannot be decided so simply, forget the Nighthawks, even the entire White Phoenix is nothing more than an experimental company to the Primary Colors, their losses are just the losses of one faction."

"You are ever so childish." The blonde man looked condescending, "Following your emotions and making a choice on an impulse, do you think you won't incur losses like that?"

He picked up the glass and sipped some of the dark blue wine gracefully, then he put it back down.

"The Nonia Airport Project, the Brazilian resources negotiation, the Morpheus incident last time. I always have hopes and expectations for you, Rod, but you disappoint me time and again."

Rod's face instantly flushed red.

"This time is different, I guarantee that!" He immediately remembered Garen's mysterious figure, as though he was in control of everything. The matters that his older brother mentioned were all his past failures. But this time was truly different, that feeling... that strange feeling...

"That's enough." The blonde man closed his eyes, "You must understand, I don't have all the say in the group either, although the resources you sent back this time were considerable, to ask us to officially make enemies of the Primary Colors on that alone... I can tolerate your impulsiveness, but the others will not."

He paused, "Grow up, go and learn something for real, don't always mix with those trashy parasites." He looked at Rod solemnly, "You are my, Parolan's brother, remember that. You are not young anymore."

He stood up after saying that, walking away from his seat and towards the door at the side.

"I won't support you anymore in this matter, consider this a lesson. Failure is not scary, the scary thing is being unable to learn anything from it."

"But Brother..." Rod stood up abruptly.

The man waved his hand, saying nothing more, and quickly vanished down the side door.

Rod's expression was twisted, but there was still an indomitable spirit in his eyes.

He's always like this, since they were young, always like this! There was an unknown impulse in his heart, something he could not name.

"Since you won't support me, I'll do it myself!"

It was not as though he had only been messing around these past few years, he had also accumulated some foundations and connections of his own, and as Parolan's younger brother, naturally many people in the group were willing to give him face.

This was not only an acknowledgment of his own opinion, it was also an opportunity for him to truly prove himself in front of his brother!

He hesitated for a moment, and instantly took out his handphone, quickly dialing a number.

"Is that Sally? Get Seasnake out there, the mission on that side is temporarily on hold, and Seal as well, all of them move! Let's show the Nighthawks we mean it!"

After a pause, "Also, just stop the drilling at the oil plant, and pull out all our funds. Find a seller and sell it off, use the price we estimated before, and do it as soon as possible, a little bit of loss is fine." This was his heaviest investment, resisting the almost physical pain he felt from it, Rod clenched his teeth. If he wanted to settle this matter, he would need a considerable sum in funds. The oil plant plan held all of the funds he had collected over the years, but if he wanted to settle this, and without his brother's support, he had no choice but to mobilize everything he had.

"But... if we pull back our funds now, we will incur heavy losses. We've been doing this for so long, and invested so much money into it, as soon as we get the oil..." There was hesitation on the other side.

"Obey my orders!"

"...Very well."

Without his brother's support, it would be impossible to get the Sleepless Faces from inside the group without sufficient funds.

Putting down his phone, Rod's expression held an unprecedented determination.

"I will show you, that I am no longer than useless Rod from before..."

The setting sun emitted a red glow, like a huge scarlet ball, half of its mass peeking above the horizon.

The top of the rolling stone hills was dyed with a pretty red color, reflected on the surface of the lake beside it. The hills were all bald, covered with stone and soil, not a tree to be seen. There were rolling

green fields between the bottom of the mountains and the water, under the shadow of the hills in the sunlight, their original lush green looked slightly dark.

A blonde man dressed completely in white walked in the shadowed fields quietly, he had handsome features and a steady but sharp aura. It was Garen, who had just arrived in Berlin.

He raised his head to look into the distance, there were also fields and mountaintops beyond the lake, and again, the top half of these mountains was dyed red in the twilight.

"Where is this?" He frowned deeply, the fields he was treading underfoot felt wet and damp. Looking down, he saw that he was somehow barefoot, treading on the grass without shoes.

"Black Sethe?" he asked quietly. There was no response.

Walking to the lakeside, he crouched down and scooped up some water with his palm. The water was warm, and he could even see some small fish staring up at him curiously through the water.

"We meet again." A familiar voice suddenly came from behind Garen.

"Nadia!" He stood up abruptly, turning around, and saw that a young girl had appeared on the grassy field without him noticing.

The girl was wearing a familiar mask, one half crying and the other half smiling, her long black hair was silky and smooth, drifting slightly to the left in the wind. She wore a short black skirt like a normal girl, black tights, black shoes, a black top, only her undergarments seemed to show a hint of white.

Her pitch-black attire formed a stark contrast with her shining white skin. Her slender figure seemed even more sleek and pure against that long hair.

But no matter how she looked, that strange male voice allowed Garen to immediately identify her as the Nine-Headed Dragon King Nadia.

"The vector is approaching even more rapidly..." Garen stared at her.

"Very soon, I will be here very soon." Nadia's voice under the mask grew deeper.

Garen did not reply, this was not the first time the two of them crossed swords, both of them more or less understood the other's character, there was no need for nonsense.

Garen's hands abruptly tapped the pressure points on his own chest.

His body expanded as though inflated with air, and glowed slightly with a strange black metallic sheen.

Of the Seven Star Life's Secret Points, he instantly went from the first to the fourth star.

Whoosh!

A current erupted around him, blowing all the grass around him into prostration.

On the other side, Nadia directly whipped out two sharp silver thorns, putting her hands together, the two thorns rapidly expanded and extended, somehow turning into a huge sword, three meters long. The blade and hilt were three meters together, and made her figure, that was less than 170cm, seem even more petite, while making the weapon seem even heavier and larger.

With a whoosh, the blade swept into a large silver circle, pointing at the ground diagonally, and every bit of land or grass that touched the blade seemed to be cut in half with scissors, instantly snapping into two.

The white shadow flashed.

Clang!!!!

Garen gripped the large blade with both hands, his body tilting and turning, moving his hands so that he could grip and overturn the blade, but he instantly felt his hands empty, the blade pulling away.

"Ominous Space Path!" Nadia roared suddenly.

Garen closed his eyes, his arms grabbing abruptly towards the front. He felt a sudden pain in his face and shoulder, but his hands also grabbed Nadia's shoulders.

The fourth star's terrifying power grabbed onto his opponent's shoulder blades so hard they cracked.

"Die!!"

He howled, and put his hands together suddenly.

Bam!!

His palms crashed into each other fiercely, but all he had left in his hands was a black shirt.

Opening his eyes, he saw Nadia wearing her white undergarment, landing lightly on an empty space more than ten meters away with the long sword in her hand.

Garen touched his cheek, there was a tiny scratch there that hurt slightly, but it was also in the midst of healing rapidly. After the fourth star was activated, his recovery power had also reached such a high level.

He moved his hands about a bit. Garen raised his arms straight to shoulder height, countless currents slowly gathering in his hands.

"These past few days, I've always been thinking about that martial arts you used back then." He put down his arms, the vapor gathering in his palms, forming two white whirlpools.

"Perhaps I cannot reach the level you spoke of, but I have obtained something as well."

Boom!!

A spray of soil and grass exploded underneath his feet, revealing a huge crater. He seemed to become an after-image, appearing in front of Nadia as though he had teleported there.

"Cloud Dragons!!"

There were several white dragons made of cloud vapor twining around his palms and arms, a terrifying power coursing through Garen's large body, his palms crashed mercilessly into the huge blade.

The moment when his palms met the blade, an invisible soundwave erupted, and the terrifyingly high-frequency tremors began to rapidly take apart the materials making up the blade in the blink of an eye.

Crack... Boom!

The large blade exploded and broke as Nadia watched on in shock.

Roar!!

The nine white Cloud Dragons on Garen's arms roared as they rushed at Nadia, these Cloud Dragons were completely white, but strangely their eyes were all pure blue, a blue so pure it seemed to shine from within their bodies.

Half of the blade spun over Nadia's shoulder, crashing into the mountain behind instantly, and exploded in a mist of red.

The dragon figures quickly rushed at her face and eyes.

"Split!" Nadia abruptly roared into the sky, her loud voice echoed with the terrifying roars of the Nine-Headed Dragon, and nine horrifying dragon shadows appearing behind her. They snaked towards the white Cloud Dragons.

Chapter 675: Mask 1

The black and white dragon figures crashed and tangled with each other, forming a large whirlwind of black and white, surrounding the two of them in the center.

Baroom!!!

The area both of them were standing at exploded abruptly, a grey mushroom cloud shooting in the air, the cloud vapor spreading across the ground madly, covering the lake and fields that were previously there.

The ground was shaking and splitting around them, revealing so many terrifying cracks, each pitch-black and seemingly bottomless.

Barroom!!

There was another intense explosion from the center. A white shadow shot out like lightning, crashing hard into the red mountain peak, and after that intense collision, half of the mountain top split off and crashed down loudly, bringing up a cloud of smoke and dust.

Nadia flew out of the dust cloud, a scarlet red flame in her hands, there was a huge golden dragon eye opening slowly in the middle of the flames, ferocious and terrifying.

"Burn!!" she yelled.

The flames in her hand expanded fiercely, forming a cloud of flames that shot up high. Led by the dragon eye, it shot towards Garen at the mountain peak like an arrow.

Roar!!

A tremendous dragon roar rose into the sky, the red clouds of flame extended to several hundred meters and then rapidly condensing, actually trying to form a huge red One-Eyed Dragon.

Just as the dragon's form was about to solidify, Nadia's expression froze abruptly.

Her body began to fade, starting with her feet.

"Too bad..." Underneath the mask, her eyes seemed to smile, "I got carried away, and forgot that this is merely a projection."

On the mountain peak, Garen was embedded into the stone, covered in blood. He opened his eyes with difficulty, staring at Nadia in the distance.

The red dragon's terrifying aura turned into a material power, pressing down hard on his body, rendering him immobile.

"The next time we meet, you will die." Nadia's voice came from the distance.

Roar!!

The One-Eyed Dragon spanning several hundred meters long in the sky roared at him once, and erupted into a red cloud, dissipating rapidly.

His vision went dark abruptly, and when Garen opened his eyes, he found himself sitting cross-legged in the pitch-black silent room, his body bleeding profusely but soundlessly, tinging the whole room with the smell of blood.

'You got hurt again.' Black Sethe instantly noticed something amiss.

"Cough cough..." Garen covered his mouth, abruptly coughing out thick blood. "Just a bit more, hahaha..."

This time, the power of Nadia's projection was at least above thirty points when fully erupted, even with the Seven Star Life's Secret Point strengthening him, he was still overwhelmingly defeated. That last hit, especially, was completely overpowering, he could not even put up a fight, that heavy pressure made all the blood qi in his body freeze completely, unable to flow.

'You can still laugh about it...'

Bang bang bang!!

Instantly, there were more eruptions of bloody mists around Garen's body, this was the terrifying after-effect of activating the fourth star.

He resisted the pain, and quickly added his potential points to his Vitality.

Bang bang!! The blood sprayed everywhere again.

The after-effects and his injuries kept acting up, the wounds all over his body were stuck in the middle of healing and exploding, as his potential points were added to his Vitality one by one.

Garen also quickly took out the Void Nucleus he obtained from before, putting it aside, this thing could help heal him as well.

Black Sethe kept quiet the whole time, watching Garen fight against his injuries silently, until half an hour later, when the explosions on Garen's body finally stopped.

The silent room was filled with a choking smell of blood, and there was blood all over the floor and walls as well.

'Nadia grows ever closer, and her powers grow stronger as well, how do you plan to solve this?' Black Sethe spoke.

"Phew... Do you have a plan?" Garen lay on his back, ignoring the blood on the floor, his entire body exhausted as he panted for breath.

'Rather than a plan, I might have a way to delay her.' Black Sethe said quietly, 'If the experiment proves successful, I might be able to temporarily reduce her approaching speed, this way her projections will not grow so much stronger so quickly either, and you might have time to think about other methods.'

Garen knew that he could not continue like this, Nadia's power grew stronger with every passing day, and almost every few days, she would challenge him. Such strong battles burned away his potential points, but even more troublesome was how they took up his time and energy, plus he had no idea when she would show up, if she suddenly appeared while he was fighting an enemy...

Garen calmed down.

"Tell me, then, since you've already mentioned it, there must be a better way to stall her."

'Void Creatures are not like us, and Nadia is a classic traitor, so I can't completely guarantee that this method is correct either, it still requires a little experimenting.' Black Sethe quickly darted out of Garen's body, countless wisps of black smoke forming a red-eyed human figure.

'Recently I discovered an interesting phenomenon, the power left on those masks of yours seems to have so effect on that coin, I'm not sure if it's a good or bad effect, but after I observed it carefully, I noticed something.'

"What is it?"

'The Sleepless Face masks seem to have some isolating effect on the vector ability emitted from the coin.' Black Sethe explained, 'The Sleepless Faces are mysterious masks that emit a force field so that you don't need to sleep, and the vector emitted by the coin needs to reach the dark territory that we cannot usually touch, yet this emission will sometimes be twisted and cut off by the effect of the Sleepless Faces.'

Garen checked his wounds this time, his body was grievously injured and together with the after-effects, they took up four potential points to heal, no matter how many potential points he had, he could not

waste them just like that. The fights were getting more and more frequent as well, their difficulty rising in tandem.

He liked to fight, but he was not in the habit of seeking death.

"The Sleepless Faces can cut off the coin's vector emission?" Garen frowned, an item created in this world could affect something of the Nine-Headed Dragon King? He was highly doubtful.

'Just try and you'll know.'

Garen took the mask off his face, the coin and Demonic Book were taken out at the same time, and left inside this silent room.

He stood up, walked to the wall furthest inside the room, and lightly pulled out a secret box from the wall, the Dragon Head Coin was inside, his incomplete Demonic Book placed underneath the coin.

'Try putting the mask on the coin.' Black Sethe stood beside Garen and advised him.

Garen put the mask in his hand over the coin lightly.

Hiss...

There was a strange sucking noise, but it seemed almost like an illusion. Garen was shocked, even with his hearing ability, he could not tell where the sound was coming from.

All of a sudden, he seemed to see the mask's mouth move slightly, and then everything went silent.

"This mask..." It was his first time properly appraising the mask he had been using as a potential points provider.

'This mask must have quite the background, but we don't need to look too deeply into it, it's fine as long as it works.' Black Sethe nodded, 'Now the coin has been isolated, although I don't know how effective it actually is, it must have some effect. You still have another mask as a substitute, right.'

Garen frowned and did not say anything, just staring at the mask carefully as he seemed to think about something.

He turned around, returning to where he had been lying, and picked up a black purple Void Nucleus from the floor. This irregularly-shaped Void Nucleus was only as large as a fist, and looked like an unknown metallic mineral, it had coarse and irregular edges.

Garen took the Void Nucleus back to the mask, and took the mask off the coin again.

Bam!

He crushed the Void Nucleus in his hand, grinding it into a very fine powder, and then he poured it onto a clean patch of the floor, wiping it over the floor evenly.

Then he put the mask onto this mound of powder.

Black Sethe watched his movements, and seemed to understand what he was doing.

After a moment, Garen picked up the mask lightly.

"As I thought!" Garen's expression lit up in understanding.

Under the influence of the mask, the powder had formed a strange image, although it was just very little of the powder on the top of the mound, with Garen's eyesight and ability to discern things, he could still clearly see the tiniest changes.

'This is the effect of the mask.' Black Sethe saw it too, 'The Void Nucleus and the coin exist at the same wavelength, they have countless connections and influences with that wavelength, since the mask can affect the powdered Void Nucleus, that means it can also affect the coin.'

'I can sense that this effect will not be very strong, probably because this mask is only a forgery.' Black Sethe continued, 'Then what if you stack two masks? You can try it out.'

Garen nodded.

After more than ten minutes, Garen took the other mask from another secret location, and put both masks over the coin.

An unspeakable sensation immediately wafted from them.

'Something seems to have changed...' Garen frowned.

'Looks like it has some effect.'

"Why don't we just destroy the coin?" Garen asked something he had been meaning to ask for some time.

'Destroy it? The material existence is unchanging, it just changes from one form to another, from gathered to scattered. Energy and material are often one and the same, the coin is still now a piece of gathered material used for tracking, but once we destroy it, the shards also have the same tracking effect, they will also be much harder to handle than the whole coin.'

"Can't we chase it out of this world altogether?" Garen frowned deeply.

'Unfortunately, we can't.' Black Sethe negated that idea. 'Maybe a good way would be to find more Sleepless Faces.'

With that he turned into black mist and darted back into Garen's body. When he spoke to Garen as a black figure, he was just controlling a substitute, in truth he never left Garen's body.

'More Sleepless Faces should be able to form a decent force field, that would have a certain effect, right now the effect is too weak.'

Garen nodded in understanding.

'If you want to utterly isolate the vector with the Sleepless Faces, and avoid Nadia's attacks or her tracking in this world, perhaps you need to find the true original mask of legends.' Black Sethe went straight to the point.

"The Primal Masks, huh?" Garen understood.

Several days later...

Garen sat in his study, looking at the two black boxes in front of him. Rod was sitting opposite him, looking rather pale and haggard, and quite exhausted.

The morning light shone in beside them, falling at Rod's feet, reflecting off his black leather boots.

Two subordinates stood guard outside the door, one of them closing the door lightly.

"Here are two Sleepless Faces in exchange, we're already handling Lotus Pearl's side, we've already more or less figured out where she's hiding and placed that area under lockdown, do you want to see it for yourself, sir?" Rod said quietly.

Garen picked up a box lightly, opening it and looking at the slightly black mask lying in a bed of black silk inside. He touched it lightly with his finger, feeling a cool air dart into his finger, before he put down this box, satisfied.

He picked up the other box, and opened it using the same steps, touching it with his finger. Suddenly, Garen frowned.

No energy flowed into his fingers.

"What's the matter?"

Rod frowned as well.

Chapter 676: Mask 2

Garen did not reply, he just picked up the mask and observed it carefully.

"The mask is real, but..." The potential power inside had all been sucked away.

This discovery made Garen's heart jolt slightly, this meant that someone other than the Black Uniforms knew about the secret of the potential value.

"Nothing, it's just not quite what I expected." Garen put down the mask, his expression recovering.

"Then all that's left now are Lotus Pearl and the information about the remaining masks." Rod's brow relaxed as he said in a soft voice, "According to our latest information, there is also one in Germany, while investigating, our people found out that there used to be a cannibalistic tree, it's not as tame as the Snake Tree, instead it's a truly terrifying Cannibal Tree, we had gotten this information from the famous adventurer Kenna, apparently the mask is buried underneath the Cannibal Tree."

"Kenna?" When Garen heard this name, he instantly thought of that adventurer he had released in the end back in Africa, he had let the few of them go since AG asked him to, and settled the incident with killing Levi and obtaining the Stone Clock of Fortune.

He did not know how Kenna's friend was related to AG, but the matter ended like that.

"You heard of him?" Rod laughed, "Speaking of which, that Kenna is a pretty interesting fella. He seems to be involved in a lot of legends everywhere."

Bam!

A gunshot.

"Run!!"

In a valley in Germany, two men in camouflage were chasing a man and woman relentlessly.

Of the two, the man had short brown hair, his face covered with scratches and scars. The woman was dressed in skin-tight black clothes, her movements agile as she occasionally ran while plastered to the valley's mountain walls, like a monkey.

"Damned Mole!" The man panted as he cursed.

He was Kenna, after hearing about the Cannibal Tree in Berlin, his old habit acted up again, and he could not help but give chase, unfortunately, he ended up unearthing an extremely large drug manufacturing organization -- Halo.

After stumbling into Halo's bounds, he discovered a shocking truth, the true Cannibal Tree was being controlled by Halo, other than drugs, they were actually researching an extremely dangerous air pollutant virus, and this virus was based off the Cannibal Tree's sap.

After he met a woman working undercover there, Cole, the two of them planned to wreak havoc on the base together, but to their surprise, their plans were discovered first, and now the two of them were on the run.

It took at least a day and a night to reach the nearest town from here, they were surrounded by flat forest floors, and there was surveillance everywhere, so it was practically impossible to escape. Hence, the two of them were in such a tight spot. Faced with the powerful drug cartel, they were just normal people with a little combat skill, so they were no match at all.

Bang bang bang!!

Three consecutive shots rang out, and Kenna dodged by the slightest of hairs, rolling onto the ground. He then rolled into a crevice in the mountain wall, after Cole helped him up, they darted into a cave in the wall, and disappeared quickly.

Of their pursuers, Mole, who was in the lead, reloaded his gun, his eyes sweeping the quiet valley like a hawk. These woods looked like a normal forest, and was the left-most part of the valley, there was also a small stream nearby, gurgling away.

He could barely see anyone at all, so he gripped a pendant hanging in front of his chest, and closed his eyes.

After a moment, he opened his eyes abruptly.

"Over there! Let's go!" He ordered at his subordinate next to him.

The other person followed closely without a word.

Mole was the strongest captain in Halo, he was immensely skilled in tracking, and that was also his foundation to stay relevant in the organization.

The two of them had been chasing Kenna and Cole for half a month now, twisting back and forth, and now they had been led into the valley by those two, playing hide and seek for so long. It was practically an insult to his reputation in the organization.

Kenna and Cole hid in the cave, carefully and quickly spraying a small bottle of custom-made liquid to mask the scent they were emitting.

"Guess we've temporarily avoided Mole's tracking, his tracking is based on the scent particles in the air, since we're hiding it to this extent, we definitely won't be found."

The woman Cole said quietly.

The two of them were pressed against each other tightly in the small crevice in the stone wall, and they used a large stone plank to fill up the entrance to the area, this was also a result of Kenna's being inspired by the Stone Clock of Fortune incident.

The two of them were pressed tightly against each other, Cole's protruding chest pressed into a seductive shape.

Her face was red as she met Kenna's eyes unknowingly.

"Who knows how long we have to stay here..." Kenna tried to make small chat, the two of them had supported each other through many life-and-death situations over the past few days.

"Mole will soon send large parties out searching here..." Cole said quietly.

Their breaths were about to touch. Cole could clearly feel Kenna slowly bulging down there, and her face grew even redder.

"There must be a way... as long as we..." Before Kenna could finish, Cole blocked his mouth with hers.

Their tongues touched, madly intertwining.

Their interactions over the past few days had long since bred an admiration for the other in both their hearts, Kenna's ability to joke even in the face of life and death, and his calm demeanor, as well as Cole's determination and flexibility in the face of adversity, had both become the most attractive traits in each others' eyes.

After some tossing and turning, the two of them hugged each other tightly in the cramped space, their clothes falling rapidly, the bra strap snapping outright, as though time was slowing down.

Kenna seemed to have returned to the most unforgettable time in his life, when the love of his life was still alive, he hugged Cole in his arms tightly, and pushed himself in deeply, merging the two into one.

The pants that should have been intense were suppressed in the crevice.

Mmgh!

Cole could not help a groan at that sudden force.

Their sweat mingled together, spreading everywhere together with the smell of that custom-made liquid.

After goodness knew how long. The area in the crevice fell silent again.

The two of them lay together in each others' embrace.

"I won't be scared even if I died the very next moment..." Cole said quietly.

After Mole and his boss found out about the Cannibal Tree's secret, they sent out many elites with special powers, Mole was just one of them, but his body was much stronger than average people's. It seemed that he had been strengthened by the virus obtained from the Cannibal Tree. This virus was terrifyingly contagious, and all who were infected had to obey the root of it all, the mother. Meanwhile, the one who absorbed and infected the mother, was none other than Mole's boss, the boss of the entire drug cartel Halo, Allen Hill. And Halo seemed to be related to a very famous international group as well.

"Don't worry, there must be a way..." I will never let the virus spread! Kenna comforted Cole, his gaze finally turning determined.

Cole's mission was to investigate the Cannibal Tree's general location, and to destroy the root of the virus. That was her job as a spy of the international police. It was also her revenge for her older brother's death at the hands of Halo.

"There's no way, unless we find the source of the virus, the Cannibal Tree, it doesn't matter how many samples we destroy."

The two of them had considered many plans, and destroyed many of Halo's samples of the virus. But they still could not prevent even more samples from being shipped all over the world in anticipation of some dastardly plot.

After they were silent for a long time, Kenna hugged Cole tightly in his arms.

"There's no choice, looks like we have to go to that person." Kenna said heavily, "To be honest, unless we have no choice, I really don't want to approach that person."

He recalled his experience last time, with the mysterious AG, the ancient witchcraft, the attack of the strange beasts, and that powerful man who eventually killed the Levi, that leader of the militia, powerful and brutal, dangerous and terrifying.

If it weren't for the little connection he had with AG, he would have died at that man's hands long ago.

That man would surely be very interested in the Sleepless Faces... that legendary antique of old.

Kenna decided. Even if he knew it was dangerous to make contact with that person, it was for Cole, he could not just watch her die. If he could stop her revenge, he just had to help her with all he had!

In the incident with the Stone Clock of Fortune, he was chased to the edge of his life by that man, that was practically a nightmarish monster, so scary it made him shake!

Then he thought about the Halo boss, Allen Hill, the monster who had turned himself into something neither man nor ghost.

"We have no other choice now, although I really don't want to approach that person, now he's our only hope." Kenna took out his satellite phone, quickly searching up the number he wanted to forget the most.

"Who are you talking about?" Watching Kenna's movements, Cole frowned slightly. Halo was the most mysterious and strongest organization in Germany, they controlled the number one mercenary group in Germany, and was even more powerful and mysterious than the Bailey Group and the others in second and third place. What other organization could match up to such a power? And one in Germany, no less?

"Don't worry." Kenna did not elaborate. He just wrote a long and detailed message, explaining everything simply, emphasizing the Cannibal Tree and the Sleepless Faces as the two key terms, and then looking at that number, he pressed 'send' hard.

Soon enough, the words 'Successfully Sent' appeared.

Kenna eased his breathing, and began to wait quietly.

The outskirts of Berlin

Inside a study in a mansion

Garen sat beside the table, looking at the screen on his phone, a hint of a smile on his face.

There was a recently received message indicated on his phone, with an unknown sender.

He picked up the phone, and upon reading the contents of the message, his smile deepened.

"Looks like this is a great chance to intervene..."

"Oh?" Rod looked confused.

Garen handed Rod the phone, and within ten minutes, they found out whose number it was sent from.

"The sender is Kenna, it's his satellite phone." Rod received the information from his subordinate, and said solemnly as he put down the phone.

"Although I don't know where he got my number, but... regardless of the method, as long as we achieve our goal..." Garen laced his fingers.

"We've determined the location, do you want to go there?" Rod raised his head to look at Garen.

"Of course."

Chapter 677: Interference 1

Valley in the outskirts, Morraso Province, Germany

Three mountains squeezed together, forming a valley shaped like two sides of a triangle(1), there were neat green forests in the middle, and a small stream twisting down the yellow dirt roads, going through the entire valley.

It was noon, and the clear sound of an engine came from the valley road, a convoy of military green jeeps was neatly driving down the yellow dirt roads.

The white clouds swayed slightly in the wind, the remaining sky was completely blue. The sun shone through everything, such that nothing was hidden.

Garen pulled back his gaze, looking at the driver in front of him.

"There's still another half hour or so, boss."

The one driving the car was one of the Nighthawks, Lotus Pearl was handed to Rod's subordinates, Rexott was communicating with the Primary Colors, Lotus Pearl was also testing the waters with Rod's subordinates, Seasnake and Seal, it would probably be some time before they reached a decision, even if they said they had already gotten Lotus Pearl's general position.

Garen nodded. Moving his gaze outside the car, he watched as the valley fell back in front of his eyes. He could see grey-brown houses by the roadside, or even farms and fields.

"Tell me about this Allen Hill."

Rod sat next to him, and laughed.

"He's a friend of mine since young, but we're not that close, when we were young we had a lot of fun together, but once we grew up, many things changed. We haven't met for many years as well, I didn't know how he'd developed, if it weren't for this investigation, I would not know that he had so much hidden away. To think he's the boss of Germany's number one, Halo."

He reminisced.

"I remember he was always a very capable and ambitious guy, he was always smiling, but no one could guess what he was hiding inside. He kept his cards close to his chest."

"How strong is his faction?" Garen went straight to the point.

"The main reason Halo can be number one is that they are themselves a special forces mercenary group. Well, I call it a mercenary group, but it's actually just three people, Allen Hill himself should be Halo in the flesh, then there's Mole, and the last one is Su Lanjing." Rod introduced them all.

"The name sounds Asian?"

"That's right, an Asian immigrant to Germany, there are many like that, you know that." Rod shrugged.

Garen nodded, when Rod came out with him today, he had just brought one person with him, a black woman codenamed Black Date, she looked very efficient.

Garen, on the other hand, brought ten Nighthawks in three cars, ready for anything.

The two of them chatted about the Halo organization's situation, the driver chipping in occasionally. The car twisted and turned with the road, and finally slowly stopped in front of a large grille gate made of wood.

The large grille gate blocked the road, and there were two men in green standing guard in front of it.

Seeing the cars approach, the two of them walked up to them one after the other, the first one chatted with the driver of the first car, and the other picked up his walkie-talkie, seemingly talking to someone through it.

On the right side of the valley road, there were two inconspicuous figures sprawled on a slanting grassy field by the side of the mountain.

The two of them watched the situation down on the road from a distance, one of them was Kenna and the other Cole, both of them wore simple grass-woven hats. They had a large broken branch covering over their bodies, and each of them held a small telescope.

"They're here," Kenna said in a soft voice, looking at the convoy below. "I have no idea if it was a right choice or not to lure the Nighthawk King here."

"This might be a new development." Cole comforted him calmly beside him, "If you hadn't informed the Nighthawk King, then Mole would not have been summoned back so suddenly, and we would not have been able to get away from there so easily."

"Perhaps. But I keep getting the feeling that things will get even worse..." Kenna frowned tightly.

"Just stay back and watch. Find a chance, it would be best if we could break away from the valley barricade, we can't stay stuck here forever," Cole said softly, this valley seemed normal, but in truth, the whole valley was surrounded by Halo's people, they searched everywhere, and had many surveillance machines in hidden places, even some of the animals and insects here had been tampered with, so it was not easy to get out.

The two of them lay on the grassy slope, watching as the people from the Halo base behind the gate invited the green jeep convoy inside.

A blonde man with a crew cut walked out, laughing loudly, and hugged a man who had gotten out of the convoy tightly. The two of them seemed to be close, chatting about something.

"Shit... They actually have people who are close with Allen Hill!" Kenna's expression changed drastically.

"Don't panic... It's not as bad as you think." But Cole noticed a tiny clue.

"Hahaha!! Rod Crusoe! How many years has it been?" The blonde crew cut laughed as he enveloped Rod in a bear hug.

"It's probably been four years, what a long time. I think the last time I saw you was in Chicago." Rod laughed as well. There was a large contrast between their sizes, he was 170cm, more than 130kg, compared to the other person, he was a bean sprout.

The blonde crew cut was about two meters tall, looking at his powerful muscles, his shoulders considerably wider than Rod's, he should be at least 170 or 180 kg.

"Now that you've come to my turf this time, I must greet you well, why don't you introduce us? This is?" Allen Hill turned around, his gaze sweeping across Garen who was behind Rod, just a light glance, and his gaze froze, focused on Garen's body that was about the same size as him. As for the other person's strange mask, he narrowed his eyes slightly, but did not ask anything.

"This is Garen, Garen Thomas, my friend." Rod hurriedly smiled as he patted Garen's shoulder while he introduced him. "He came over this time to see what the famous Halo organization is like."

"Mn, you mentioned that over the phone, relax! I've got everything arranged. Rod's friend is my, Allen Hill's friend." Allen Hill thumped his chest and laughed loudly, he was just wearing a white open-chested shirt, white long trousers, and leather boots, looking nothing like a person who spent most of their time in the valley. He looked more like a normal tycoon on vacation in a seaside city.

"Then I'll be troubling you." Garen nodded and smiled.

Every few steps they took, there were people from Halo standing neatly in two rows beside the road. There was one person in charge of leading Garen's and Rod's subordinate aside to rest, while the three leaders went through another large door, walking straight into a forest path on the left of the road.

The path was covered with white pebbles, it looked especially delicate and fresh, twining through the woods and stretching inwards.

Rod and Allen Hill walked ahead, talking about their childhood memories, while Garen stayed back purposely to watch the surroundings.

There were inconspicuous bird nests, bee hives, between the tree branches, in the grass, or even the armadillo that flashed past. He could sense tiny man-made surveillance equipment on all these plants and animals.

Garen's eyesight was outstanding, through the mask, his eyes could clearly see the traces of these surveillance equipment.

The three of them went through the woods, reaching a white mansion built deep inside the woods.

The black metal door opened automatically, guards came from either side to check some unknown equipment, and then they saw a black statue facing the back of the door turn slightly. It was a statue of a young girl holding a water vase, the vase's mouth faced the three of them from the side, and a red light lit up inside before extinguishing immediately.

The three of them walked past the metal door, lush blooming gardens on either side, the green vines and the red and white flowers fighting for attention, dense and beautiful.

Walking through the beautiful twisting garden, and to the end of the pebbled road, what appeared before the three was a white castle-like estate with a pyramidal roof.

Two pretty women dressed as maids opened the door respectfully, bowing.

"Welcome, Mr Rod, Mr Garen."

The crisp voices showed that these two were no older than 25. Their maid uniforms were obviously altered, it looked as though there was just a simple piece of black and white cloth covering their upper bodies, while their lower halves were barely concealed by a little bit of skirt, extremely revealing.

"Welcome to my kingdom, hahahaha!" Allen Hill laughed confidently, "Don't think this is a simple estate, the truth is there's something deeper to it." He stretched out his finger mysteriously and pointed downwards.

"Underground?" Rod cocked an eyebrow.

"Exactly!" Allen Hill nodded with a smile, "I have the newest hallucinogenic powders here, do you want to try some? I guarantee it's pure. It's not like the stuff on market." This was a drug processing company anyway, he had plenty of that stuff.

The three of them walked into the estate, sitting in the luxurious golden hall, beautiful near-naked maids offered them fruits, cakes, and drinks. And then they left under Rod's reluctant gaze.

"They're all top quality..." Rod licked his lips.

"Hehe, they're a hundred percent obedient, if you like them, I have a pair of jewels here as well! Twins, they're extremely rare in this world, the sisters have a certain degree of telepathy, satisfaction guaranteed!" Allen Hill introduced in a low but confident voice.

"Oh?" Rod's eyes shone, that was his favorite type, but since Garen was here on business, he resisted the urge to immediately enjoy himself right now.

"Let's settle business first." He gulped, picked up a drink and finished in one swallow.

"Business?" Allen Hill stopped smiling, waving his hand and indicating that he was all ears.

"My friend Garen wants a tour of your base, he's an extremely passionate collector, and is highly interested in the legendary Sleepless Faces." Putting down his drink, Rod briefly introduced their reason for coming here.

"Sleepless Faces? You mean that thing..." A hint of understanding flashed through Allen Hill's eyes, "But I don't have much to do with that thing here. If you want the best drugs, you've come to the right place. If you need the world's best beauties, come here, and I can also satisfy your desires. But if you want that thing, there's nothing I can do." He splayed his hands, shrugging, "Sorry I can't be of more help to you."

Chapter 678: Interference 2

"Alright alright. We're all friends so we don't need to hide things from each other. Rexott, I have my own intel and network. I've already heard of some of the research you're talking about," Rod confessed, "The mask is buried under the roots. You can send your people to pick it up and as an exchange, everything is negotiable."

The smile on Allen Hill's face slipped away.

"Frankly speaking, I didn't discover the mask there. That much is the truth. As to where I obtained the rumors regarding the mask underneath the tree? Such a rumor is very suspicious. Rod, we're all old friends. You know that I've never lied to my friends and would help you all to the best of my capabilities! However, I'm really helpless on this issue."

The atmosphere in the living room became stale.

Rod quickly smiled to ease the mood.

"Since you insist that it isn't there. I'll believe you. Perhaps there's some sort of misunderstanding in the rumor."

"That's more like it," Allen smiled once more, "I'll bring you guys to visit my latest water processing line later. It's definitely one of the best in the world! All of you can buy it directly from me and I'll sell you at a loss! Since we're all..."

"The only reason I came here is for the mask," a deep voice suddenly interrupted their conversation.

It was Garen.

He who had not spoken at all from the very beginning had ruined Allen Hill's moment as he stared pointedly at Allen Hill through the mask.

Allen's smile froze and Rod's smile looked very awkward as well.

"I've told you that I don't have any mask here. Where did you obtain such a rumor?" Allen frowned as he stared at Garen, trying to see the face under the mask.

"Where I heard it doesn't matter. What matters is you need to hand over the mask to me. I can owe you a favor," Garen said softly. Although his voice was soft, it gave off an oppression so strong that everyone felt it was very forceful.

"I've said that there's no mask here. Do you understand human language?" Allen Hill's face turned sour without any hesitation.

"Calm down calm down!!" Rod immediately tried to calm both of them down, "We're all allies here so there's no need to make the situation worse."

"Since Rod is here, I'll do him a favor and give you another chance," Garen's gaze turned cold, "Hand over the mask."

"Or else what?" Allen Hill stood up as he casually ripped off his shirt, revealing his muscles. He pushed Rod away. "How dare you threaten me under my territory?"

"Give me some face. Calm down!!" Rod finally shouted, "We're all allies! Can't we sit down and settle this nicely?"

Allen Hill started to laugh coldly as he ignored Rod's yelling. He walked directly to and stood in front of Garen and prodded Garen's nose with his finger.

"Out of respect to Rod, you! Get the fuck out! Now! I will overlook anything that made me unhappy a few moments ago."

Garen stood up and both of them stared at each other in the eyes. Garen's height was similar to Allen Hill's.

Boom!!

Suddenly a thunder-like explosion roared.

Allen Hill, who had been standing in front of Garen, was sent flying out like a cannonball. His body crashed onto the villa's left wall and was stuck in it with his limbs spread wide.

Ahh!!

As the female servant screamed, Rod's jaw dropped as he didn't know how to react at all. As he was about to walk up to them and stop them from quarreling, Garen's right hand moved at lightning speed and gave him a good punch. His right hand was like a sledgehammer as it descended on Allen Hill's body. That instant explosion made him shiver from head to toe and his ears were still buzzing from the explosion even now.

Ugh...

Allen Hill moaned as he held his head and climbed down from the wall. He wasn't injured from the attack at all.

However, the moment he stabilized himself, he was then picked up by Garen by the head and slammed into the wall once more.

Boom!!

A hole was punched through the villa's wall, revealing the sunlight from the outside.

"Kill him!!" Allen Hill shouted as he struggled. He was trying his best to get away from Garen's grasp but to no avail. His modified strength was no match for Garen.

"Kill him!!! Su Lanjing!!!" He screamed.

He was then held up in the sky by Garen.

Boom.

A faint gunshot was heard.

Garen turned around as his hand that which was holding Allen Hill up was shot with a dark red bullet, which seemed to be glowing red.

Suddenly, a spark flashed and the black bullet exploded.

Garen didn't react to the explosion as he carried Allen Hill towards where the shots were fired.

The micro explosions from the bullets were completely ineffective against him.

Although Rod had seen Garen's horrifying side against White Phoenix, he still couldn't believe his eyes when he saw it again.

Allen Hill started to squirm in Garen's grasp like an eel and landed softly on the floor.

As he stood up firmly, he glared at Garen. His right hand expanded and the layer of skin strangely peeled off, transforming his right hand into a black squid-like tentacle. The tentacle was a few meters long and was as agile as a whip as it came after Garen.

The sticky fluid that came off from the tentacle dripped onto the floor. White smoke started to appear and a rotten smell started to spread around the room.

Clap!

Garen grabbed hold of the tentacle with one hand and pulled it with all his might as he slammed Allen Hill onto the ground like a heavyweight.

Boom!!!

The floor was pierced through and a crater was formed in the cement floor as rubble flew everywhere.

"Have mercy!! Have mercy!!!" Allen Hill begged with a rather intelligible tone. A huge amount of red and white fluids were flowing out from his body. Some of them even splattered the wall, rotting into it holes of different sizes.

Garen stopped his action and threw Allen Hill to one corner like a ragged cloth.

This guy had undergone through some biosurgery and turned himself into something inhuman. However, his strength was hovering somewhere around two points, which equaled to about one ton of force. What made him terrifying was the sticky fluid with a strong rotting capability.

Even Garen, who had seven points of Vitality, felt his hand was on fire when he grabbed hold of the tentacle. It was as if there were countless small worms burrowing into his skin and it was very uncomfortable.

He casually wiped off the fluid on his hand. He then noticed that the door of the villa had been breached as a swarm of mechanical weapons aimed at him. There even were sniper rifles' red dots covering his entire body.

"Consider it once more. I'm not interested in your research. Hand over the mask and I'll let this off out of respect for Rod," Garen stared at Allen Hill who was trying to get up.

His control was very good as the fluid didn't hit anyone in the vicinity. Instead, only the furniture and sofa was stained.

Cough cough cough....

Allen Hill was coughing badly as his eyes were filled with blood. As his head had been hit severely, his skin had ripped apart, revealing his white skull. White fluids kept flowing out from the side of his lips, which seemed to be a fluid with stronger corrosion.

"We'll stop here for the day."

Garen was lazy to search for the mask himself, hence he looked at Rod.

The latter was filled with hopelessness. Originally, he planned to deal it out peacefully and wished to discuss with Garen in hope that he had full authority in this matter. He didn't expect the situation would turn out like this.

"Let's go," Garen patted his hands. His shirt was completely clean as if he didn't fight someone at all. His black suit was in perfect condition.

On the other hand, Allen Hill's white jeans were ragged and smeared with dirt.

Two of them walked out of the door.

A black woman appeared behind Rod out of nowhere. She stared at Garen, then Allen who was on the floor before she followed behind Rod without a word.

The gunners who were by the door aimed anxiously at Garen, Rod and the woman. Some of them were so nervous that they gulped, fingers stiff and trembling.

Allen Hill who was on the ground secretly opened his mouth as he aimed at Garen's back. Inside his mouth was a rolled green tongue similar to that of a frog as he glared at Garen sinisterly.

Pew!!

A faint shockwave was directed at Garen's back.

Roar!!

Garen turned his head as the dragon's shadow flashed, creating a shockwave around him. It was as if the roar of a monster had pushed the dark green tongue behind him away from his back and diverted it to the oil painting on the wall.

Garen scoffed as he stared at Allen Hill who was on the ground. He then walked out of the main door while Rod and the woman followed tightly from behind.

The gunners who were by the door were terrified by the roar. Their legs gave in as they trembled on the ground.

As Allen Hill stared at Garen's back, he tried to hold himself up but to no avail as his legs were trembling very hard despite his attempts to regain control of them.

He was trying his best to suppress the fear in him but the fear instilled by the roar kept reappearing in his mind.

"Damn it!" he slammed the ground as he fell to the ground once more.

Two people came down from the second floor of the villa.

One of them was Mole while the other was a female. Both of them were in white shirts and their expressions were horrified.

"My custom made bullets can't even pierce through his skin..." the lady seemed to be in her thirties. She had average facial features and slightly yellow skin. She was obviously from the East.

"I admit defeat..." Allen Hill moaned painfully, "Nighthawk King..." He was trying so hard to suppress the fear in his heart that he didn't realize his voice was trembling.

"Are we just going to hand it over to him just like that? The mask has completely fused with the roots. We can't take it out without damaging it!" Mole walked over to hold up Allen with a pale face.

"Give it to him! I don't want to see him anymore! He's the definition of crazy....!" Allen Hill didn't realize that deep in his heart, he was so traumatized that he couldn't win Garen at all. That man's strength was like an inflating balloon, which kept getting bigger and bigger. The more he thought about it, the more he didn't want to get himself into it.

Unconsciously, the seed of fear had been planted deep into his soul by Garen.

Chapter 679: Increment 1

On the journey back, the sound of the car engine would grumble into the car through the half-open window, allowing cool air to flow into the car.

Garen sat in the back of the car together with Rod without any bodyguards. Rod knew that the safest place to be was beside Garen.

"Frankly speaking, we don't have to make such a scene. He would've accepted our proposal if I'd spoken nicely to him," Rod smiled wryly.

Garen glanced at him and laughed.

"I represent the combat club and the Nighthawks. More importantly, I am representing myself as a powerful individual while you're representing Rexott. No matter if it's you or me, both of us are stronger and have a larger background than him. Do you think he would fight back? He wouldn't even dare to speak up."

"No matter how you look at it, he was once my best friend..." Rod sighed. This was the first time he'd seen Garen's prowess close-up. As a commoner and a man, he was very eager to obtain such an overwhelming strength as well.

"Oh right. Garen, I heard that you are trying to take in the second batch of disciples. I was wondering if you could take me in?" he looked eagerly at Garen, "Your martial art, I was wondering if I could learn it?"

"Of course," Garen relaxed and smiled, "I invented two major sects, which are the Two-Faced Water Bird Fist and Shooting Shadow Secret Technique. You're free to choose either one of them. Didn't I give you a set of information last time?"

"I've studied it for a long time but I still don't get it?" Rod lowered his head in shame, "There are a lot of aspects that I managed to scratch the surface of."

"Coincidentally there's a training meeting soon, you can join us. The two major sects that I've created will require my guidance before you can enter the elementary level. No one can just learn it that easily," Garen nodded.

After interacting with Rod for several days, Garen had a few vague impressions of what kind of person he was.

This guy didn't seem to have any common sense and would act based on his feelings. As a decision maker, he frequently made the wrong decision and the consequences were sometimes dire.

Furthermore, Rod didn't have any shrewdness. Simply put in a rather blunt way, he was not ambitious, had no clear objective and would change his mind when he felt like it. It would be impossible for him to achieve something big.

However, the good part was that he treated everyone sincerely and didn't have any hidden intentions.

That was the reason Garen was willing to interact with him. No one would like having a friend who had hidden agendas all day long.

"That's great! Don't worry! I may be bad at everything but I'm very confident in my will!" Rod thumped his chest in affirmation of his confident words.

"I hope so..." Garen shook his head.

"What's with that gaze!?" Rod was unhappy.

At a slope by the hill, Kenna and Cole looked at each other as they watched the team of cars and the Halo Base below preparing to go to war. They felt that they'd miscalculated their plan.

"Perhaps the Halo are frightened?!" Kenna couldn't help but speak out.

Cole smiled wryly.

"It's not that... They're frightened of being attacked once more... Didn't you hear the alarm earlier?"

"That owner is the one that will attack if things don't go his way.." Kenna nodded, "What should we do now? The cannibal tree research will be destroyed..."

"It's not that simple. Don't worry about it." Kenna shook his head, "The mask and the Cannibal Tree have fused together as one. In addition to that, based on my initial hypothesis, the Cannibal Tree is using the mask as its core. If one were to remove the mask, it would definitely kill the Cannibal Tree. Allen Hill will not give up this easily, as this is equivalent to taking away his life!"

"Does this mean they will eventually fight?"

"Definitely," Cole nodded in confidence, "I fear that Halo hasn't realized what actually happened. If they were to realize it, they might really fight to the death with the Nighthawks."

"I think we should update the Nighthawks as soon as possible," Kenna inhaled deeply.

"There's no need for that," Cole shook his head, "It's best to let Nighthawks suffer some losses. Once both parties have been weakened, we will have the chance to rise above them!" She smiled shrewdly.

Kenna knew that she had remembered her brother who had been killed by Halo. He reached out his hand and gently hugged her.

"We shall do as you wish. We will wait and see."

"Yeah."

Evening hour.

Garen was sitting quietly inside the secret chamber. The blood stains in the room had already been cleaned up by a specialized mute female servant.

He closed his eyes tightly as his body emitted a blue aura invisible to mortals. This aura spread throughout every inch of the room as it suppressed the black aura emitted from the walls.

As a commoner who had trained himself to this level, even if he had the help of his ability, he didn't know how many life and death situations he'd been through. One could say that he was very lucky to be able to reach this state.

It was technically similar to the Nine Head Dragon Queen Nadia. However, her experience was much worse than his.

Garen closed his eyes tightly but he still could feel the token inside the wall before him releasing a faint aura. That aura was weak but tough, like a small stream in a field which flowed steadily without any hint of drying up.

"This is through suppression with the help of the mask. The coin's aura becomes stronger when Nadia is near," Garen muttered.

He opened his eyes, stood up and walked slowly to the other end of the room. He reached his hand out to the usual place on the wall to pull out a small box, where the coin and Magic Code Notebook were hidden.

Furthermore, three additional Sleepless Face Masks were stacked together on top of the coin. With the superposition of the magnetic waves of three masks, the changes became more and more obvious.

He took the two newly obtained masks, closed his eyes and nibbled the corner of the masks.

Two huge amounts of cooling aura immediately flowed out of the mask, as if a flash flood had occurred.

Glancing at the attribute pane in his vision, his potential points were skyrocketing.

It took some time to completely absorb the aura within the mask.

After absorbing the two masks which he'd obtained from Rod, his potential points had skyrocketed from one hundred plus points to three hundred plus points. Although only one of the masks contained potential points, it was able to give him two hundred plus potential value.

Garen dropped the mask back on the table and turned to at his Attribute Pane.

Garen Thomas.

Strength 7. Agility 7. Vitality 7. Intelligence 7. Potential 36248%. Soul Limit 30.

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

‘Void Hunter: Grade 1.’

‘Hellfrost Peacock Technique: Grade one elementary level (Total of five grades, with three grades of derivative grades, a total of eight grades) ‘

‘Seven Star Life's Secret Point: fourth grade (maximum of seven grades).’

‘Violin Skill: Grade 2, Proficient Grade (Total of three grades).’

The real core that he had been mastering had turned into Seven Star Life's Secret Point and Hellfrost Peacock Technique.

The Hellfrost Peacock Technique required something called White Peacock Stone and he didn't know where to obtain it. On the other hand, he wasn't so worried about the Seven Star Life's Secret Point as all he needed was enough life force and regeneration.

After pondering for a while, Garen realized that the current limit of his Seven Star Life's Secret Point was the fourth star. The fifth star wasn't something he could activate just yet as his body would explode before he could attack. This wasn't the flaw of his technique but the limits of his body.

The theory behind the Seven Star Life's Secret Point was to excite the acupoints of the body temporarily. This allowed a sudden outburst of the potential locked within. It was supposed to be a double-edged sword but for Garen, who possessed extraordinary regeneration and Vitality, he was able to use it consistently.

The other secret methods were no match for this one as it could be superimposed onto Secret Techniques, bringing out his true strength.

However, this secret method had its limit.

When Garen was devising this secret method, it was based on multiple Secret Technique sources and self-discovery. He found out there were nine major acupoints, seven major light acupoints, and two major hidden acupoints. While these acupoints had a trending line, each and every one of them had a limit, which was the body's genetic limitation.

For example, a typical human's genetic limitation was 460kg of strength. Without the Seven Star Life's Secret Point, he could exert about 100kg of force and with it, the maximum he could raise it to was 460kg. In the future, no matter how much stars he could open with the Seven Star Life's Secret Point, he could never exceed this limit. If he were to exceed it, his genes would instantly collapse and his body would implode as it simply wasn't strong enough to sustain such a force.

The Seven Star Life's Secret Point was Garen's accumulation as a martial adept. This horrifying secret method was able to release the limit of a human's latent ability temporarily, giving off an incredible amount of inner pressure. This inner pressure could then be released to increase his body's physical attribute.

Analogically, it was similar to a fully expanded balloon with a hole that slowly released the pressure of the balloon. With every activation, there would be an additional hall which increased the expenditure of his potential points, in return for an incredible increment of his physical attribute.

However, the condition was that he couldn't exceed the total amount of potential points he had stored, which was the genetic limitation. There wouldn't be a second time if it wasn't enough for the first time.

Hence, to the others, this secret method was a technique that should be used when one wished to perish together with the opponent.

Garen was able to create this Masterpiece Demon Technique from the Secret Techniques that utilized the concept of perishing together with the opponent.

"I currently have three hundred plus potential points. It's best to prioritize Seven Star Life's Secret Point and increase my strength and vitality first. This way, my genetic attribute will increase and I'll be able to reach the genetic limitation of thirty points by activating the second star or third star. I don't have to worry about any side effects from going overboard too. If I were to activate the fourth star, even if I were to win by a slight margin at the end, I may be weakened before I am able to kill off the enemy. This may allow the enemy to kill me instead. As my Vitality increases, the number of stars I can activate increase as well. Although I may not be able to exceed the thirty points limit, I at least can hold out longer."

After some consideration, he focused his gaze on Vitality.

Vitality had always been used for regeneration. As Garen continuously added in potential points into it, he was lacking a bit more to achieve eight points. While these minor changes didn't show up in the Attribute Pane, the changes made with his ability were directly applied to Garen's body needs. It would appear when he wanted it to appear and the current leap was from a single digit to double digits. With this increment, it was natural that the small changes wouldn't show.

Chapter 680: Increment 2

As the attribute points surpassed five points, every increment would require twenty potential points. All of his attribute points were currently at seven points.

Garen focused his gaze on Vitality.

Instantaneously, his Vitality had jumped up to 8 points and his potential points had dropped from 362 to 354.

"Continue," Garen continued staring at the Vitality pane.

After surpassing eight points, there would be a new change where every attribute point would require 60 potential points. In the Totem World, he'd relied on multiple massacres to obtain a huge increment. Now that he had arrived at this point the second time, Garen felt the same pain as he saw his potential points draining at a great speed.

Immediately, the potential points dropped down from 354 to 294 as his Vitality increased from 8 points to 9 points.

He tried to sense the condition of his body and he realized that he shouldn't have any problem activating the fourth star. His body had greatly improved after increasing two points of Vitality. He previously could only maintain the fourth star for ten minutes or so. Now, he felt that he would be fine even if it was for half an hour. He even felt that he had reached the requirement to activate the fifth star. With his current attribute, if he were to activate the fifth star, he would reach the genetic limits of thirty points, which was about the same strength of Nadia who appeared last time.

"The fifth star that will push me to the genetic limit..." Garen muttered as he quickly pressed onto the acupoint on his chest with his right hand.

Tap tap tap!!

His body started to expand rapidly after multiple clear taps from the afterimages of his fingers.

His skin immediately turned black as his veins crawled all over his bodies like small snakes, including his face. His muscles which had already covered his entire body was now even more obvious.

"This is the fourth star... It's much less suffering," Garen moved his body and noticed no discomfort.

"Let's continue."

Slap!!

Afterimages of his fingers appeared once more as he instantly tapped multiple points at his abdomen and shoulders.

"Fifth star!!"

Hah!!

Boom!!

With a deep buzz, he could no longer hold in his aura as the air started to disperse from his skin. The whole secret chamber was filled with mist. A wind blew strongly and even whistled loudly.

It was a horrifying scene.

Garen's muscles at the shoulders condensed and expanded into two huge muscle hooks. It was as if there were two additional hands on his shoulder facing outwards, that looked like two huge solid pauldrons.

The black veins and muscles tore his shirt apart. The shirt was ripped into pieces as it landed on the ground.

He heaved a long sigh as he stretched out his right hand. The skin by his palm was purple and his veins were the width of tree branches as they thrummed along with his heartbeat.

"This is the fifth star... My current strongest limit..." Garen exhaled once again.

In this state, if he were to slightly contract his muscle, he could move the muscle which was at the size of a human head. The whole room could hear his heartbeat roaring and his breathing was endless as he pulled oxygen into his lungs and expelled out the air.

He took a step back and accidentally brushed the wall with his hand.

With the slight touch, sparks were 'gently' created as if there were two solid metals creating friction against each other while leaving behind a clear dent.

At this level, he was much stronger than he was in the Secret Technique world by multiple times.

"I can only last five minutes..."

He exhaled as his qi and blood reduced in speed. His body shrunk back to its normal state as well.

‘Your secret method.... hurts yourself first before hurting others,’ Black Sethe gave his honest opinion, ‘I’ve watched countless similar kinds kill themselves from above. It’s a technique similar to that of devils which hurt themselves.’

Garen didn't say a word as he looked at his Vitality.

Five minutes in his extreme state wasn't exactly safe enough for him. He wasn't sure if he could defeat Nadia in such a short time to ensure his survivability.

With determination, he focused his gaze on Vitality again.

His Vitality, which was already nine points, jumped once more and entered ten points!

Sixty points of Potential points were reduced once more, reducing from 294 to 234.

"With this much of Vitality, I may be holding myself in the fifth star, which is equivalent to all attributes to reach the thirty points genetic limitation. Compared to adding other attribute points, this is much worth it in the short term."

Garen calculated the number of gains and losses he obtained and was rather satisfied with it.

‘This secret method of yours allow you to reach the genetic limitation for a short amount of time. Perhaps you are able to withstand Nadia's attack for now, but if you don't completely seal her marking aura, she will become stronger and stronger. Nadia's upper limit isn't some strength you've encountered last time,’ Black Sethe reminded him, ‘The strength of an Army Level isn't something you can imagine.’

"I understand," Garen responded, "At my current level, the Seven Star Life's Secret Point is sufficient. It would be impossible to go beyond the genetic limitation with such a short amount of time. I need to find other ways."

‘This secret method of yours... Only you are able to use it... It would require you to use up your body's potential once you've reached the third star, which happens to be your body's lifespan. I don't know what method you're using to replenish your body's potential, but this technique definitely cannot be used by others. Mastering the Secret Technique is the better way. No matter how strong your body is, you are not able to balance the nature of the universe. The true purpose of pursuing Secret Technique is to move the universe with your body, not just for self-enhancement. You have to know that you're currently temporarily...'

Before he finished his sentence, clang!!

Suddenly, a huge screech of metal clashing together was heard. The Secret Chamber's wall had been hit by something.

Garen could only feel that his ears were ringing. The space around him started to tremble and a white light appeared in front of his eyes instantaneously. It was so bright that even he couldn't see anything in front of him clearly.

A familiar aura charging towards him at high speed.

Clang!!!

Among the ringing metal collision sound.

A terrifyingly huge aura came at him!

"Die!!"

"Nadia!!"

Without much time to thin, Garen pressed onto the acupoints with both of his hands, activating the fifth star.

Hah!!

The aura spread everywhere wildly as he defended with his hands.

Within the light, two overwhelming powers clashed against each other.

There was no sound but only trembling within the space, which exceeded humans' listening abilities.

The secret chamber was shattered by the overwhelming power and exploded into countless black pieces, revealing the pure light from the outside.

Garen pushed forward with both of his hands and went into an empty space.

It was then his eyes were slowly getting used to the surroundings.

He was standing in a space which was purely white. There was nothing around him. Everything was completely white from the top, bottom, left and right. The black pieces that were from the secret chamber had disappeared to somewhere.

Nadia was in all black, similar to how she was dressed previously. Black short skirt, long black stockings, her long hair was flowing freely. She had a thin waist and big bust, which was the perfect figure for a woman. It was just that the mask which was half laughing and half crying which made people feel uncomfortable.

"We meet again..." Nadia's deep male tone came from afar.

Although the two of them were a distance of tens of meters apart, the voice could be clearly heard as if it was spoken just beside his ear.

"You really have gotten stronger," Nadia stared at Garen through her mask.

While both of them were in masks, Garen's mask was covered with densely packed eyes. Within the dream, it's as if the eyes were alive as they kept wiggling about, staring at Nadia who was in front of him. However, that was Garen's icy blue aura which he couldn't suppress that had leaked out from the mask.

The strength of the fifth star, the upper limits of his strength...

"It's not just me who has gotten stronger. I see you've gotten weaker..." Garen gently touched his left eye socket.

Kaboom!!

Almost instantaneously, both of them disappeared, each forming into white and black figures. Their figures drew clear lines amidst the white light.

Boom!!

His fist and her knife clashed with each other. The knife was moving up and down rapidly as it tried to saw off the black fist that was harder than diamond.

Garen growled as he blocked the mark knife with his left hand and punched with all his might with his right hand. His right shoulder expanded, so much so that it was almost twice as big.

It was an absolute strength!! A strength that nothing could withstand!!

Garen's face was as hard as metal and sparks were formed as he flung his right hand in the air. It was the extreme effects of friction between the air and his hand. His scorching red fist, which was covered with sparks flew towards Nadia's head.

His right fist was the same size as Nadia's head.

"Swallow Killing Slash!!!"

Nadia growled as well as she withdrew a small dagger from her long sword. The dagger was covered with a layer of electricity and had blocked Garen's fist.

Clash!!

Two of their overwhelming forces burst, forming a very clear shockwave as it spread out with them at the epicenter.

The black dagger in Nadia's hand kept vibrating. As two Secret Techniques at their most advanced state clashed against each other, they vibrated, forming friction with an incredibly high frequency that no human could hope to hear.

"If only I could use Projection...!!" Nadia felt that her strength was being suppressed and her gaze looked rather panicked under the mask.

"Die!!!"

Garen pushed forward and the vibration of his right fist pushed away her mark knife, allowing his fist to move forward!

Boom!!

Nadia's head was instantly crushed. She screamed at the top of her lungs as she melted into countless shadows.

"I'll be back!!"

Nadia's voice still remained in the space.

Suddenly the white light surrounding him turned dark.

Garen slowly opened his eyes.

He was in his original position, standing in the secret chamber, in front of where the suppressed coin was located. With the superimposed electromagnetic waves emitted by the masks, he could feel the mysterious energy concentrating at one location.

The black dragon-shaped aura on the coin was restricted to an area the size of a fist as it kept flowing within.

‘It seems to be much easier this time,’ Black Sethe had just realized he'd been under attack.

"Of course," Garen clenched his fist, The limit of strength, the overwhelming strength which could destroy everything made him nostalgic.

The absolute and most powerful strength!!

As he felt his own heartbeat, he couldn't help but feel very satisfied with himself.