

# Mystical 691

## Chapter 691: Pursue and Attack 3

"Holy Techniques... They used to be such distant treasures," Kurt lamented, "If these were peaceful times, we would never have gotten the chance to come into contact with inheritances that belonged to the Holy Technique level. Nonetheless, an opportunity has arrived now."

"That's right," Lars laughed before his pupils darted towards the front suddenly.

"Oh... Farne has intercepted them up ahead."

"So soon? He always works in a timely manner," Kurt smiled as well, "I can sense that they've stopped. They've probably been surrounded so we should go there quickly. Make sure not to let the Holy Technique escape our grasp."

Both of them laughed quietly at the same time.

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Clang... Clang... Clang... Clang...

Rhythmic peals could be heard ringing across the plains continuously.

It sounded as if metallic objects were crashing against each other, making melodious but somewhat shrill noises.

In front of the white sedan car at the side of the road, Isaros, Pritto, and the others dispersed before surrounding the car. Inside the car were Arisa and little Vivien. Arisa was still alright and kept a composed look on her face. However, Vivien's face was alarmed. She had to keep looking in all directions to reassure that someone was guarding the surrounding areas of the car in order for her to feel slightly at ease.

She was not a rebellious young girl and had never imagined that she would encounter a dangerous situation like this. She could only accept everything passively.

"There's nothing to worry about..." beside her, she could hear Arisa consoling her before the other girl held her hand gently.

"Mmhhh..." she grabbed Arisa's hand tightly.

"Uh-oh... I didn't think that I would encounter you guys here at an earlier time?"

A giddy male voice echoed from outside the car.

Accompanied by the rhythmic beats, ten pitch black human silhouettes seemed to have instantly teleported to the sides of the road by the white sedan.

The silhouettes scattered and dispersed. Each of them had slender bodies and most of them wore black veils that concealed their facial features. The person who led the group was the only one without a veil.

That man had a head of soft silver short hair and was dressed in silvery-white casual Western-style clothes. The rhythmic beats from earlier were the result of him clapping his palms together and making strange metallic noises. The skin on his hands was pale but made metallic noises when clapped against each other.

"I am Farne," the man stopped clapping and smiled while looking at the few people around the car. His gaze immediately shifted towards the two young girls inside the car before Isaros used the side of her body to block his line of sight at once.

"Farne? If you aren't hanging around Karst anymore, why did you run all the way here?" asked Pritto in a low voice.

Due to long periods of leisure and a good life, most of the Blood Breeds had already had lost the powerful fighting abilities that their ancestors once possessed. Other than their bodies' naturally strong physical qualities, all of their other killing abilities had deteriorated ages ago.

However, this was only the situation of the majority of the Blood Breeds. There was still a minority of Blood Breeds that had retained their bloodlust and cruel lifestyles, such as a group of them from the secret party. One of these Blood Breeds was Farne who was standing before them.

"I heard that the Scarlet Moon clan was here so I rushed over frantically. Fortunately, I was able to intercept them on the way here. If I had arrived slightly later, I would have only brushed past my desired Holy Technique, no?" Farne rubbed both of his palms together and made the strange metallic scraping noise again.

Suddenly, his gaze fell on Isaros who was the only human there.

"Oh? Apparently, there's a normal human here? Forgive me, you must be an elite human right? Someone who could participate in my Blood Breeds' internal matters could not be a normal person."

He snapped his fingers unconsciously while keenly noticing that Isaros was the weakest link among the trio.

Although she would not necessarily lose to the other Blood Breeds in terms of combat abilities, it was impossible for her regenerative abilities, vitality, and speed to match those of a true Blood Breed.

Isaros narrowed her gaze before staggering one step backward suddenly.

A scratching noise could be heard before an extremely thin black line instantly appeared beneath where she stood earlier. It was deeply embedded within the thick mud on the ground, leaving only a tiny circular hole there.

When she turned around, she noticed that both Pritto and Kaya's faces have changed like her own, while Farne had lifted his chin slightly and was glancing at the back of the white sedan.

No had noticed that an entourage of black cars had silently stopped at the roadside before groups of Black Uniform members got down. One characteristic that all of them possessed was that they were all donning black veils that exposed only a part of their pale and bloodless skin.

Two extremely eye-catching men walked out from the front of the entourage slowly.

One of them was their old acquaintance, Lars, who was dressed in his usual gentlemanly suit.

The other person was a youth with short red hair who was dressed like a regular refined official document writer. He held a book without a cover in his hand.

"We meet again..."

Pritto's heart fell. The thing that he was most worried about had happened. Their reinforcement troops had yet to arrive but their opponents were already present.

Kaya's uncle was probably still on his way but their three Blood Breed level opponents were already present. This would be dangerous...

Although they had three combat strengths as well which comprised of two ranked Blood Breeds and Isaros who was almost equivalent to a ranked Blood Breed, Isaros's regenerative abilities and physical endurance were far from an actual Blood Breed's.

Moreover, they had to protect the two fellows inside the car as well. This was the worst scenario!

Lars smiled while looking at the three people who were now encircled. His lips twitched slightly when he was about to give his orders. Suddenly, he wrinkled his brows before looking at the front of the road from the corner of his eyes.

Not just him, but the others glanced towards the road at the same time as well.

Another long entourage of sedans was traveling here at an even speed. The car that led the entourage stopped slowly. It was clear that this was their destination.

The car stopped and the door was opened before a slender leg in red leather boots stretched out and stepped on the ground.

"Hehehehe... Looks like I made it in time for a good show, huh..." a voice that was neither male nor female echoed from within the car.

Bang, bang bang!!

All of the car doors were opened and then closed after four men and women with various dispositions got down. There was a large crowd of fierce members behind them that carried various weapons like submachine guns and rifles. The hollow clicking sound of firearms being loaded could be heard from the group continuously.

A man in a red trench coat got down from the car and surveyed the entire area.

"I'm here to meet someone. The rest of you can do as you please."

Looks of extreme dissatisfaction and frenzied bloodlust could be seen on the faces of the people in the crowd. It seemed as though an important event had been interrupted.

"Humans?" the smile on Lars's face disappeared slowly, "There are so many humans here that it would be troublesome to kill all of them..."

"Are you going to do it or should I?" Kurt looked at Farne.

"Humans?" the man in the red trench coat was actually Dahm who had just rushed over. His acute hearing had caught that word. "Are you talking about us?" he glanced from left to right and noticed that the Four Hunting Generals beside him were smiling faintly.

A refined bespectacled man pushed his glasses to readjust them.

"They're underestimating us."

"Underestimating?" Dahm acted as if he had heard something hilarious. Instantly, his smile disappeared. "Looks like you've spoiled my act of goodwill!"

Whoosh!!

He disappeared from his initial position instantly. His body resembled a graceful water bird when he stepped on the ground gently before leaping into the sky with both of his arms outstretched like wings. He floated gingerly towards Farne who was nearby.

"In order to save time, could you I ask you to die please?" the corners of Dahm's mouth were curled and his bright red lipstick made him look abnormally ferocious.

"Are all of the humans so arrogant now?" Farne rubbed both of his hands together and made the metallic noise again. He raised his head towards the silhouette that was flying towards him and lifted his hands before punching his opponent head-on.

His fist and Dahm's finger made contact, but no strength could be felt.

Farne's face was somewhat shocked before he saw Dahm's red silhouette gracefully appear behind him a flash. His speed had increased greatly in a mere instant, achieving speeds that had blinded him slightly when he tried to keep up with his footsteps.

His heart froze.

"Be careful! This person is st... strange!"

Bang!!!

Before he could finish speaking, Farne's entire upper body exploded from the left side suddenly while blood gushed out like a fountain. Half of it splattered on Dahm's body and he closed his eyes as if he was drunk on happiness. He outstretched both of his arms as though he was a musician who was preparing to leave the stage after his performance.

The remnants of the smile on Kurt's face disappeared instantly.

Lars's pupils dilated as if he'd witnessed an unbelievable sight.

Most of the surrounding Vampires that were entangled in the conflict were also dazed before collapsing in large groups at the hands of Dahm, who had taken the opportunity to open fire and wipe them out.

Pritto looked towards Kaya with a strange expression on his face.

"Did your uncle hire him?"

The latter had a similarly shocked expression on her face before shaking her head slowly, "My uncle is still on his way..."

Both of the Blood Breeds glanced at Isaros from the corners of their eyes. However, they noticed that Isaros had a grave expression on her face as if she'd seen the red male figure do something impossible.

"Seize the opportunity to leave." Pritto could feel Kaya writing something on his palm. The area where they'd been surrounded earlier had now become the safest place amidst the chaos.

Pritto nodded faintly and drew himself closer to Isaros quietly. On the other side, Isaros could sense movements as well and understood their plans after a moment of thinking. She moved closer towards the car door as they'd secretly agreed upon.

"That strange person may be a first-rate elite-level human, but it is impossible for him to be a worthy opponent of three ranked Blood Breeds. We can leave quickly while they're clashing with each other." Kaya whispered while moving towards the car door quietly. "My uncle will come to our aid soon."

"I'm very sorry but you are not allowed to go anywhere."

Suddenly, a gentle male voice interrupted her actions.

Both Pritto and Kaya felt their heads turn numb. Neither of them had sensed that someone was behind them. Both of them turned their heads abruptly before realizing that the bespectacled man in white was standing behind a few people. They were completely unaware of the moment he'd approached them.

"I seem to have heard some extremely terrible things earlier..." the bespectacled man pushed his glasses higher while a faint smile appeared on the corners of his mouth. "Blood Breeds? Could it be that those monsters with extremely fast speeds and powerful life forces are actually legendary Blood Breeds?"

As one of the Four Hunting Generals, he was similar to Dahm because his greatest interest and hobby was fulfilling his perverted love of torturing people as well.

"Another insignificant human!" Kaya's expression darkened.

Before she could finish speaking, three well-built men and women appeared in their surroundings. As the strongest and most terrifying death row criminals that Dahm had gathered, each of the Four Hunting Generals had extremely powerful and glorious pasts.

"Oh oh oh... There are real Vampires in this world, huh?" a muscular bald man who was holding an iron rod sneered viciously, "I was wondering how it was possible for the fellow that I caught previously to have such strong regenerative abilities. He could still move after I broke all four of his limbs and removed his eyes and tongue. Apparently, he was a Vampire, huh," a look of sudden realization appeared on his face.

They were the purest thugs and world-class killers. They had gathered here as Dahm's underlings because his cruel nature was fully compatible with their habits. Realistically speaking, Dahm could defeat them in his normal state even if the four of them worked together and perfected their training of the Waterbird Fist. Their extremely terrifying powers led Dahm to group them separately from his other subordinates by referring to them as the Four Hunting Generals which could also be interpreted as the Four Haunting Generals.

"Don't tell me you're not worried about your leader?" Pritto tried to divert the quartet's attention. As a ranked Blood Breed, he could sense a dangerous air around these four people. "He's facing three ranked Blood Breeds..."



His gaze unconsciously drifted towards the other side of the battlefield when he spoke. However, he was shocked to the point where he was unable to continue speaking after looking over there.

Other than himself, Kaya and Isaros who stood on the sidelines and the two girls in the car were also staring at the nearby battlefield with stunned expressions on their faces.

The man in red, Dahm laughed maniacally while entangling himself with three other figures. The repercussions of powerful air currents burst forth when the four of them collided made it difficult for the surrounding Vampires to stand up steadily, much less approach them.

Every time Dahm outstretched his arms and flapped them, ringing explosions could be heard every time his wing-like limbs touched the bodies of the three people gently.

All three lower-level Blood Breeds were being fatally suppressed by him. They could not even need to think about gaining the upper hand since they could not even protect themselves. It was clear that Farne who suffered a powerful direct hit recently could not even reform properly.

"Hehehe, they would dare to collide with Marshall's arms despite being unable to even touch his Dead Waterbird Fist?" The gigantic bald man glanced at the three Blood Breeds on the battlefield with a condescending look in his eyes.

"Idiot! Those are three ranked Blood Breeds! Once they use that..!" Kaya could not stop herself from retorting but was held back by Pritto who did not allow her to continue speaking.

At this moment, changes began to appear throughout the fight between the heads.

Chapter 692: Pursue and Attack 4

The Blood Breed who was called Kurt stopped suddenly. It seemed as if black halos or whirlpools had formed in his eyes while he stared daggers at Dahm who was laughing maniacally.

Human hypnotism was a Blood Breed's natural talent and ability! It was also a suppression ability that could restrain a human's true genes completely.

At this moment, Dahm's movements suddenly slowed down. Black light flashed in the eyes of the two other Blood Breeds simultaneously while they glared at Dahm.

"Control him! This man is too strong!" Lars yelled loudly while his face remained pale. His hardened skin was completely useless against his opponent because a single touch would cause the blood in his body to explode and burst out involuntarily.

However, if the hypnotism could control their opponent, his strength would then be useful to them!! This would serve as a huge boost to the powers of these three people!

Even now, a sliver of fear remained on Farne's face. This man in red was too frightening. Farne was still traumatized by the attack and could feel that he was losing control of the blood in his body just by touching the other man.

"This is bad! There's something hidden in his consciousness! I can't control him!!" yelled Kurt in a panicked state suddenly, "Retreat!!!"

"Not good, the Marshall is about to go crazy!! Retreat quickly!!"

The bespectacled man's face changed at once.

"What do we do about these people?!" yelled the bald man frantically.

"Don't care about them! Go!!"

The Four Hunting Generals seemed as if they had seen something terrifying at almost the exact same moment. Each of them ran frantically in a different direction. The people around them who carried firearms were openly fighting with the crowd of Black Uniforms who wore veils over their faces. However, their opponent's regenerative abilities and frightening speed had forced them into an unfavorable position. Soon, once they realized that their head had fled as well, they dropped their weapons quickly and ran away from the area.

Pritto and the others stared at the Four Hunting Generals and numerous subordinates who had forsaken their leader and fled. They were unable to react towards this strange situation for a period of time.

Ahh!!!!

Moments later, a sharp scream could be heard from the leader who was standing on the outskirts of the battlefield suddenly. The shrillness of the scream caused everyone's eardrums to ache while buzzing noises made it impossible to hear other sounds.

Boom!!!

At the center of the area where the Blood Breeds and Dahm were fighting, a shroud of blood red mist expanded and exploded suddenly and covered the entire battlefield instantly as if it were smoke.

Terrifying bright red smoke twirled around Dahm's entire body at the epicenter, as if he was a supernatural being who had just walked straight out of hell. An intense bloody smell permeated the air and diffused for more than a hundred meters.

He lowered his head while a ferocious look appeared on his face.

"Controlling and... Controlling again!! The thing I despise the most... is when others control me!!!"

The three Blood Breeds were sent flying by the violent blood mist before they rolled over and hit the ground below them. Kurt was the only one who was in slightly better shape while the other two resembled torn cloth dolls whose limbs had been twisted into strange arcs. They coughed up large mouthfuls of blood from their mouths involuntarily. Extended periods of bleeding had caused their terrifying regenerative abilities to slow down.

Kurt ground his teeth and glared at Dahm's somewhat blurry figure which remained in the center.

"Retreat!!" he finally clenched his teeth and spat these words out.

To think that three ranked Blood Breeds would be forced to retreat while facing a normal human! This was a humiliating decision and he could already imagine the ridiculous rumors that the Blood Breed society would spread around after discovering that this trio had retreated.

"Retreat?" a strange voice that was neither male nor female echoed beside his ear.

Dahm's face appeared in front of Kurt immediately. His face was directly in front of Kurt's, making it possible for him to clearly see that his opponent's eyes were bloodshot. It was almost impossible to see the whiteness of his pupils as they seemed to be covered in layers of spider web-like blood vessels.

Kurt's face turned pale at once.

He lowered his head while still in a trance and looked at his own chest before a perfectly straight pale arm stabbed through it and clamped down on his beating heart tightly.

Bang!!

Dahm clawed at Kurt's face with all five fingers of his other hand at the same time. His fingernails dug deeply into Kurt's brain before he gouged his entire face out. He used his immense strength to smash Kurt against the ground and a deep pit was formed there while soil was sent flying.

On the other side, Farne and Lars watched on in horror as Kurt was brutally clawed to death. They wanted to move but their bodies would not respond to them at all. While the bloody mist continued to waft in the air, it seemed as though the mist had coagulated their blood, making it move as slowly as sticky glue.

For Blood Breeds who fully depended on their blood, this was simply fatal!

"Don't... Don't! Don't kill me!!" yelled Lars in fear.

"I surrender!! You killed Kurt even though he was the Blood Breed who would inherit the Holy Technique. You will definitely be pursued and killed by the clan! However, I know how to evade the attack!! Let me go!!" yelled Farne on the side as well.

But the current Dahm was unable to listen to reason anymore. Both of his eyes were blood red when his figure flashed like lightning and swept past both Farne and Lars instantly.

Bang bang!! Two dull noises could be heard before both of their heads exploded immediately, just like balloons that had been filled with too much air.

The Vampires around him who had not reacted in time instantly became Dahm's punching bags. Their blood red figures were tossed back and forth horizontally. Massive explosions would occur every time he touched them while the blood mist restrained them from moving.

Dahm laughed maniacally as he sank into a completely irrational state.

Bloody flesh and severed limbs flew past. Most of them were covered in the blood mist that seemed to have thickened suddenly.

On the other side, Pritto and Kaya were already sitting inside the car. Their foreheads were beaded with sweat while they tried to move the car. However, the engine seemed to be against them for some reason, as it refused to start at all!

Meanwhile, Isaros covered Arisa and Vivien's eyes tightly and stuffed rolled up paper into their ears while cradling both of their heads in her bosom.

"Damn! It hasn't started up yet?!" Kaya beat the car window angrily.

The terrified screams in their surroundings had decreased.

The front of their sedan was blocked off by the cars that the Blood Breeds had driven, forcing them to turn the corner to escape. Fortunately, the blood mist had covered them, allowing them to move freely without being countered by anyone else.

"That monster is almost here!! Hurry up, hurry up, hurry up!!" Kaya turned around and glanced behind before feeling her soul escaping her body when she noticed that only a few Vampires remained out of the hundreds that had arrived.

"I'm trying my best!!" Pritto was also panicking.

Bang!!

Suddenly, the glass of the car window was instantly smashed. A blood-covered arm grabbed Kaya violently and dragged her outside while large amounts of blood mist drifted inside.

"Save....!!" Kaya could only yell out half of her sentence before she was torn out of the car.

A crashing noise could be heard after Kaya was thrown out of the car by her throat. The tires of the sedan made scratching noises when the car was pulled by his immense strength.

"Save me, save me, you say?! Hahahaha..." Dahm laughed maniacally while clutching Kaya by her throat and suspending her helpless body mid-air.

"I'm the strongest 'Deadly Fist', Dahm Elfman! Anyone who blocks my path must die!! Die!! Hahahaha!!"

He raised his head towards the sky and laughed like a madman.

The ground was a mess of corpses and severed limbs and he was the last man left standing in this pool of blood. The people in the car felt chills run down their spines when they looked at the crazed Dahm and his completely bloodsoaked body. This man seemed like a demon from hell who was neither Blood Breed nor human while fat pigs that were waiting to be slaughtered lay before him.

"Get down from the car and run away from here!!" Pritto spat out those words hurriedly before he rushed out the car as well and charged towards Dahm. He could not just stand here and watch this man murder Kaya. Despite this woman's venomous and harsh words, she chose to remain by her friend's side at the most crucial moments instead of selling him out in times of fear and danger.

Isaros took a deep breath and held both of the young girls while they got out of the car hurriedly before running towards the far end of the area quickly.

They were only a few steps away before they heard Pritto and Kaya's desperate screams behind them. The shrill and painful screams made it impossible for the girls not to shiver in Isaros's arms.

Whoosh!

A blood red silhouette appeared in front of them suddenly.

It was Dahm!!

This terrifying man had apparently gotten rid of Pritto and Kaya in a few moments and had now caught up with them instantly.

His hand stretched outwards as quick as lightning and attempted to seize the two young girls in Isaros's arms.

"Die... Die... Die!!" You want to control me? Die! Hahaha!!" It seemed as if he had lost his mind. His fingernails that were as sharp as daggers were aimed directly at the foreheads of both girls.

Isaros could not move her body at all and could only watch as he attempted to stab the girls in her arms.

Vivien widened her eyes and could see the blood red fingers that were approaching her through the cracks between Isaros's fingers. The heavy shadow of death was covering her quickly.

"Dad... Mom... Big brother..." her body had stiffened and she was shivering from fear while hallucinations appeared before her eyes.

The fingers were getting closer and Vivien could feel their sharp coldness when her forehead was pierced painfully.

"Garen!!!"

Suddenly, Big Sister Isaros's shouts echoed beside her ear and almost sounded as loud as a roar.

The fingertips stiffened suddenly before stopping in mid-air.

"She's Garen's younger sister! You cannot kill her!!" at this moment, Isaros's impulse that nearly pushed her to tears was apparently effective!

She could see a slight similarity between Dahm and Garen's style of punching. However, this was merely a gamble.

She was finally able to stop this monster's killing spree.

"Garen..." Dahm's body shivered when he heard that name. The bloody insanity and rationality were continuously entangled in his eyes while they fought and conflicted with each other.

Slowly, the seemingly endless amounts of blood mist seeped back into his body. His aura was returning to his body quickly, meaning that his rationality was gradually gaining the upper hand as well.

Pfoo...

The shrill whistling noise of moving air echoed from a faraway distance suddenly.

Bang!!

A large cloud of black mist flew over furiously like a bomb and collided against Dahm who stood dazed in place. It sent him flying more than ten meters away.

"Dahm! You wanted to kill Master's sister?" a cold male voice echoed from far away.



Hochman got down from a sedan with silvery-white patterns. His entire body was contoured by terrifying and violent-looking muscles while he was dressed in a black singlet and slender Western-style trousers that covered his wide back and taut waist. A pair of blonde youthful female twins followed behind him closely.

The collision caused Dahm to be sent flying for more than ten meters after he was hit by a basketball-sized rock. Two long black skid marks that resembled ditches were formed when his legs were dragged against the ground. He did not suffer any serious injuries except for the swelling of a few blood vessels on his cheeks.

"Hochman..." he glared fiercely at the man who had just alighted from the car, "Why are you here?!"

"What do you think?" Hochman's handsome face glanced at him coldly, "Look at your embarrassing state. You're neither man nor beast. Frankly, you're a disgrace to my combat club's reputation!"

He glanced at the dirty battlefield that was filled with bloody severed limbs in disgust.

"Let's go. Take these people. Master wants to see you."

Chapter 693: Meet 1

Tap... Tap... Tap...

Inside a study in Berlin, Garen's fingers rapped against the desktop rhythmically.

He lowered his head and looked at Dahm who was kneeling on the ground and Hochman who stood by the side respectfully. The atmosphere was somewhat constrained.

"Both of you were my favorite and strongest disciples," said Garen in a slow and emphasized tone.

Neither Dahm nor Hochman spoke. However, Dahm's body began to shiver slightly as if he was afraid of something.

"I taught both of you so that you would enhance my Waterbird Fist." Garen looked at Dahm, "But do you see what you've done? You destroyed transmission radios and made it impossible for me to relay additional orders. You even almost did unforgivable things."

Garen's expression was calm and gentle as if he was merely chatting about potential afternoon leisure activities.

"If I had not gotten Hochman to rush over in time, Dahm..."

"It was my fault!!" Dahm lowered his head quickly, "No matter how you decide to punish me, I will endure it willingly!!"

His voice was quaking.

The Fist Techniques meant everything to him, and the one who controlled them was Garen. Once the source of this control was taken away... Perhaps it would be impossible for him to find a new source for a certain period of time... When he thought of that inhuman pain, all of the bones in his body itched to the core but he was unable to scratch or soothe it at all.

Hochman glanced at him coldly.

"Master, the conflict with the Blood Breeds was hard to avoid. Dahm killed the inheritor of the Holy Techniques from one of the five main Blood Breed clans. Every single Holy Technique inheritor is specially selected and is also the hope of their clan. We must make prior preparations."

"And what is your opinion...?" Garen looked at his sedate disciple who had clearly never been one to openly express his joy or anger. He knew that this guy had obviously interrogated a few Vampires to acquire this information.

"Master, please move to the Holy Fist Palace. We've built a base with defensive facilities that will make it absolutely safe there. The current Blood Breeds are not certain that you are the president of our combat club. In other words, they may also be unaware that the 'Holy Fist' of the combat club refers to you. In order to face the Blood Breed clans, we must proceed with establishing and setting up complete

systems. It will be impossible for loose organizations to counter the hoards of Blood Breeds that will gather," explained Hochman quietly.

"You're trying to say that we should unite our forces such as the combat club, Nighthawks, your Boxing Overlord club, Dahm's Deadly Fist club, and the strengths of Quentin and the others?" said Garen when he understood what Hochman meant.

Hochman had a grim look on his face. In comparison to Dahm, he had always been the one who could actually think subtly and deeply.

"With the Holy Fist Palace as the core, we will gather as a large group. I believe that with Master's strength, neither the Blood Breeds nor anyone else will be able to obstruct us," Hochman displayed his wild ambition calmly.

"We'll integrate the combat strength of the entire world to create a system for martial artists that will be used as our core. Therefore, everyone will respect our Holy Fist Palace as the holiest and most supreme place! Doesn't this fulfill the true meaning behind Master's propagation of the enigma of the Holy Fist?" although he was clearly speaking coldly in a low voice, it still sounded as if he was instigating something.

Garen looked at his disciple carefully.

"My Fist Techniques are ancient Fist Techniques that were used for killing. Are you sure you that you understand the meaning of these words?"

Integrating all schools of martial arts and forming a holy land of all the martial arts in this world was equivalent to pioneering a new era. What kinds of exploits and feats were this?!

But it would surely bring unprecedented reigns of terror that would start a war of supremacy.

"This was the best method we could think of," Hochman nodded. It was obvious that this was not the first day that this thought had crossed his mind.

Garen narrowed his eyes. He understood that Hochman's desire for him to integrate all of his forces was based on his own wild ambitions. This disciple knew that he was uninterested to govern these trivial matters and preferred to shove them to other people. Meanwhile, Dahm was not a suitable candidate to take care of such a large organization because he was too cruel. Those who were truly suitable for this position were frankly far and few in between.

"This is something we could do," said Garen slowly while mentioning the keynotes, "From the perspective of you and Dahm, the results of the international combat competition that you organized was good and very successful."

"True," Hochman nodded, "So far, we've received different martial arts sects from 246 countries around the world. We've taken note of certain strong and special sects and registered them already. That includes the areas that they occupy, social positions, personal influence, and economic strength among other things."

He arranged his glasses.

"From this information, I've discovered that even the strongest combat sects cannot be compared to the power of our Waterbird Fist. Most of the Grandmasters of Combat are unable to counter ambushes that use firearms. Moreover, they lack experience in fighting with weapons during actual combat as most of them are merely adept in showy martial arts that are impractical."

Garen nodded assuredly.

"Isn't the competition actually just an opportunity to eliminate these useless and trashy sects?"

"Getting rid of the weeds to keep the flowers. That's an ancient Asian saying," Hochman smiled, "Once we had finally approved and finalized the standards, we decided that there were only three main sects in the world that could truly be called martial arts sects, excluding ourselves."

"Which three?"

"With us as the center, there is the Eastern Fist Technique in the west that includes Wushu-like fighting sequences as their fundamental principles. These have been passed down for many years and are very

valuable. They are mainly found in countries like China, India, Mongolia, and Russia among others. The Saudi Fist Technique in the south includes many types of sword moves and leg techniques and focuses on speed. It is mainly spread across Argentina, Chile, Brazil and other countries. The eastern side is more complicated as many main sects have fused and blended with each other. One of the strongest actual combat sects is the Mocksaw Sword Sect, a sword sect established by the master swordsman Mocksaw that focuses on actual combat. However, it has currently evolved into the gun and sword technique, a sword technique that is paired with firearms. It is mainly used in various countries in Europe. The ideas behind this sword technique have influenced the combat of many countries heavily. Therefore, the masters of this technique are always be invited as instructors when the special forces of various countries are undergoing training sessions," Hochman listed all the main points of these notable sects in a familiar manner.

"Eastern Fist, Saudi Fist, and Mocksaw Sword Sect. Meanwhile, our own country has the Waterbird Fist. These are the four main notable and powerful sects in the world," Garen repeated once more, "Have you met the representatives of these sects?"

"Of course, we have already established interactive relations as well," Hochman nodded, "There are actually many other powerful sects, but we've placed them in the second batch because the representatives of their sect were not powerful enough. That's all I have to report right now. In order to establish a Holy Path for our Fist Technique, we need an overwhelming victory that will truly involve the whole world! In this respect, we need large amounts of manpower and financial resources. We will also need stronger safety measures."

At this moment, Dahm who was kneeling beside Hochman finally flared up. The soul primer inside his body, the core of his aura had been stirred up by Garen. The painful itchiness that reached his bone marrow tortured him until his body shivered continuously. Sweat soaked through his entire shirt in a few moments while he remained kneeling on the ground.

The muscles on his body felt as if they were being air-dried. They had started to shrivel up slowly because his skin was getting dehydrated from losing large amounts of water at once. These terrifying effects could be seen by the naked eye because he was losing water too quickly.

Garen glanced at him.

"This is your punishment. After two days, I will relieve you from these disciplinary actions."

Dahm's entire body spasmed before he lowered his head barely.

"Thank you... Master..." he squeezed these few words out with much difficulty before he stopped speaking altogether.

"You will solve the problems that you created on your own. The issues with the inheritor of the Holy Technique will be solved by yourself as well. Since you created the Dead Waterbird Fist because you desired to form your own group, you need to be equipped with the ability to take responsibility as well," said Garen while waving his hand, "You can leave now."

Only then did Dahm raise his head. He stood up with much difficulty and moved like a zombie before walking out of the room. He would need to endure this punishment for another two days. This sensation was easily more painful than frying his whole body in boiling oil. However, he had no strength to fight back as these were the retributions of taking the shortcut. While gaining powerful strength, he would be imprisoned in unbreakable shackles at the same time.

Garen continued to ask Hochman about the other martial arts sects in the world.

This world mainly revolved on an orbit that consisted of Blood Breeds and Witches. They were the conductors who were currently orchestrating the melodies of this world and the ones who would decide the main path that the earth would follow.

Meanwhile, the normal martial artists formed a completely different circle. They had no extraordinary powers at all and were merely walking on the path of becoming stronger purely based on their own hard work and the integration of modern technology. Many disciples who were guilty of manslaughter that had been forced into the circle of mercenaries had naturally received training that involved blood and fire.

Although this circle was not powerful, unifying it would be no simple task.

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At the temporary Nighthawks base on the outskirts of Berlin.

The base was located at the bottom of a valley in the wilderness, where the furthest road was a ten-minute car ride away.

The entire base was once used as a training base for the German army garrison before the Nighthawks had bid for it at an auction. It became a training base for a smaller group of stationed troops after it was modified.

Those who were inside the base performed their garrison duties strictly in an environment that was filled with guards.

Every few steps, there would be at least one or two elite mercenaries carrying firearms while on guard. They were dressed in the exact same black soldier's uniform. Meanwhile, monitor probes and infrared defense lines were placed in every corner of the base.

Small-scale unmanned drones would fly across the sky at certain periods of time to patrol the area. Although no one knew how the various parameter inductors detected the threats, they were still used as additional layers of protection.

The base consisted of unified black buildings that were metallic and glossy. Black houses were built inside a square-shaped area that cars drove past continuously. Occasionally, people who either left from missions or returned after completing them would exit and enter the base.

Within a building that was used for medical services.

Inside the clean white ward, three sickbeds were scattered and distributed there.

"Pritto..." called a weak female voice from one of the sickbeds. "Are you still alright?"

White light cascaded into the room from the outside through the window and shone on the blankets of the white sickbeds. There was a pale young woman with blonde hair under the blanket. Her eyelids were slightly swollen and she seemed lifeless. Currently, her head was turned sideways while she looked at the man on another sickbed.

"Damn them! Don't they know that male and female wards should be separated into two rooms? How dare they just throw us into a room without a single care!"

Some of this woman's vigor and energy seemed to have returned when she opened her mouth and began cursing suddenly.

"Don't be angry... This place is that monster's territory... Only bad things will happen to us if we end up provoking him," the man on the sickbed beside her answered in an exhausted voice.

These two people were Kaya and Pritto who had been personally saved by Hochman from the slaughter. Since both of them were lower-level Blood Breeds, they would not die even if their blood dried out. They would only weaken; as long as their cores were unbroken and their brains remained intact, other things would not be a problem. However, it had been sheer luck that Dahm decided to go after Isaros and the others while he went crazy. This distracted him from finishing them off with a killing blow. Otherwise, neither of them would have lived to see another day.

Chapter 694: Meet 2

In Dahm's eyes, the supposed Vampires and Blood Breeds were mere insects with slightly stronger life forces. They were not extremely different from regular humans. Although these Blood Breeds had learned many techniques and combat skills that were suitable for themselves with their enhanced lifespans, Dahm thought that these were useless and tantamount to not learning anything at all.

"We're still alive... How fortunate..." Pritto seemed much weaker than Kaya. He had been stabbed in the chest by Dahm when he'd tried to save Kaya and his core would have been seized if he had not prepared himself to dodge the attack in time. However, Dahm had used his aura to suck all of Pritto's blood out of his body, causing it to spurt outwards until not a single drop was left. This was immensely detrimental to his vitality.

"A hoard of Blood Breeds were actually defeated by a single human, butchered even..." Pritto smiled bitterly, "This world is truly becoming mad..."

Kaya opened her mouth and was about to mention that she was unconcerned about the attitudes of normal humans but was momentarily unable to say anything.



"Wait till my uncle arrives. He will definitely make that fellow pay the price for hurting us!!" she was finally able to squeeze out a few hateful words.

"Your uncle, huh? Look at that bed over there and see if..." Pritto gazed at his good friend with a sympathetic and compassionate look.

The head of a slightly balding middle-aged man stretched out from the last sickbed slowly.

He smiled bitterly and waved at Kaya.

"I'm sorry, Kaya..."

"Uncle!!" Kaya's eyes widened immediately. A look of utter disbelief appeared on her face, "You!! How did you...??!!"

The middle-aged man rubbed his nose bashfully.

"I encountered the man named Hochman halfway through my journey and fell into a coma after he struck me with his fist. When I woke up, I was already here..."

"..."

"..."

The sick ward was filled with awkward silence.

Pritto did not know what to say while Kaya's face was completely flushed. She was extremely resentful and wished that she could find a hole to bury herself.

After some time...

"That's right, Uncle Bally. Did you come here alone?" it was clear that Pritto had a good relationship with this middle-aged Blood Breed as he was able to chat with him casually.

"Yes, I drove here hurriedly from home. I wanted to come to your aid quickly before the secret party Blood Breeds arrived. However, I was unable to find my other friends to help in time," Uncle Bally nodded frankly.

His human identity was based off a rich merchant. He was portly, fair, and plump with a little clump of a beard. No one would be able to guess that he was a heavily embellished, first-rate American boxer. Moreover, he was also a Blood Breed boxer and one of the light party's few lower level Blood Breed representatives.

"But you don't have to worry. Although I've been captured, my friends and brothers from the clan should have discovered that something is amiss by now. They've probably made their moves already as well. We just need to wait and we'll be fine," explained Bally assuredly. He had rushed across a distance of a thousand meters to save his niece but did not expect that he would be dragged into this as well. This made it hard for the older man to hide his emotions while he tried to redeem his reputation quickly.

"That's right, where are Isaros and the rest?"

Kaya had just remembered the three other people who came with them.

"They were taken away by the people here..." Bally replied.

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On a road on the outskirts of Berlin.

A black limousine with silver vine-like patterns drove past steadily. It clearly did not fit in with the other cars in its surroundings as it was particularly showy.

A car like this resembled an exquisite work of art. Its slender and streamline body seemed like a mirror that could reflect the images of people.

Although the limousine was not traveling quickly, it steadily overtook a few large lorries and normal cars. It attracted the curious gazes of the drivers while some of them even took their phones out to snap pictures.

This was Athena no. 4, a first class luxury manual car manufactured by Poly, one of the four largest car manufacturers in the world. It was also a limited edition vehicle that was worth more than five million Euros.

It was also the Nighthawks' only custom-made vehicle that was specially manufactured for Garen.

The people inside the car couldn't feel that it was moving at all. Instead, they merely felt as if they were sitting on the sofa at home. Even though they could see that the scenery outside was passing by rapidly, they could not tell that they were moving at all.

Regardless if this was due to the performance of the car or the skills of the driver, both of these factors coordinated with each other to produce great results.

Isaros and Arisa guarded little Vivien in the back seat while quietly observing and taking in their entire surroundings.

After they left the site of the killings, they were taken away by a man that was sent by the one named Hochman. Things took a turn for the better after they were flown directly to Germany and finally placed in this luxurious car. Once they had eaten an exquisite and sumptuous dinner in the car, the emotions of all three girls had finally calmed down slowly.

Perhaps the driver was making an effort to slow down after taking into account that they had suffered a terrible fright. The car moved slowly, making it seem as if they were not moving at all.

"Where are we going now?" asked Vivien quietly.

Arisa shook her head but kept holding Vivien's hand tightly while looking at her older sister Isaros.

Isaros nodded to show that she understood before raising her head to ask the driver.

"Ladies, you don't have to ask. We will be reaching Berlin immediately," the driver was a gorgeous woman with an exquisite face. She was dressed in a clean and tidy black outfit that consisted of long pants and a tight sleeveless top that wrapped itself around her body and showed off her ample bosom and beautiful figure clearly.

"I am Quentin. I came over to pick you up according to Master's commands," said the woman while introducing herself, "Therefore, do not worry. Everything has passed and all of you are very safe now."

"The master you are referring to is...?" Isaros furrowed her eyebrows.

"Our President Garen, you mean? How is it possible that none of you know him?" it was obvious that Quentin was slightly shocked.

Isaros felt a chill in her heart.

They had seen a lot of people holding firearms on their way here. Both of the terrifying professional fighters that seemed too strong to be human were apparently the ones who had sternly arranged them in an orderly and disciplined row. It was obvious that an extremely powerful force was controlling and backing the overall situation.

She thought that she had already overestimated Garen's strength. However, she had not anticipated to find out that she had actually underestimated the exact details of that man. What kind of world had that man named Garen actually experienced previously? He was apparently able to gain the backing and support of such strong forces.

No... 'Support' was not the right word. In retrospect, this strength was obviously something that he had nurtured on his own.

The car moved forward slowly while Quentin occasionally answered Isaros's questions on the way.

Gradually, she finally exposed more information about Garen. Vivien had slowly recovered from her shock as well and was now interested in the topic that the other women were speaking about. The Garen that they were talking about was a completely different person from the Garen in her memories.

The Garen that Quentin spoke about was strong, cool, and perfect. He was simply an inhuman existence that would be divinized soon.

Meanwhile, the older brother in her memories was merely a normal guy. Apart from his slightly handsome looks and exceptional grades, nothing else was special about him.

Both of these people were completely unrelated to each other.

The sky slowly darkened.

The car finally arrived at the grounds of a magnificent villa before slowing down behind a black villa.

Whoosh...

The large garage doors opened themselves automatically while being illuminated by tiny glowing red lights.

Quentin drove the car inside slowly and stopped in a parking lot on the extreme left side. The whole garage was unusually spacious while three expensive looking race cars and a limousine were parked inside.

Two men in black suits opened the door for the three women with respectful looks on their faces.

"The commander has already been waiting on the second floor for some time. Please come with me."

One of the gentle-looking blonde men spoke in fluent American English while flashing an enchanting smile at the three women inside the car. He spoke with a slight London accent which made him sound strict but refined.

Isaros got down from the car first and stood in front of the car door to protect the two other girls while they alighted slowly. She was also taking in the sights of her surroundings at the same time.

The garage was illuminated by gentle yellow light. When the light reflected off the surface of the car, countless dots of faint yellow light appeared throughout the garage suddenly.

There was a transparent glass wall on the right side of the garage where they got out of the car. Through the glass, they could see a little reception room that was decorated with a sofa and some flower vases. Maids in black and white uniforms were cleaning the dust off the furniture inside.

The blonde man who led the way walked towards a corner of the glass wall where an automated glass door was placed. A muscular black man with a concealed gun at his waist stood in the doorway and spoke a few sentences to him softly before stepping back and bowing towards the women slightly as a sign of respect.

Isaros returned the sentiment by smiling before taking Arisa and Vivien inside quickly.

Frankly, Arisa and herself were quite used to this. They had once entered the Primary Colors' high-scale laboratory and had seen upper-class living conditions. Only Vivien, however, was somewhat unable to stay calm.

Her eyes scanned the room curiously. The iron nerves and sense of adventurism that were naturally present in the bones of Americans were vividly portrayed in her. Despite almost losing her life earlier, she was apparently able to restore herself in a day.

"Vivien... Are you sure that we're meeting your brother?" Arisa came close to her ear and asked quietly,

"I don't know either..." Vivien shook her head. Frankly, her heart was only filled with curious desire.

All three of them entered the little reception room before the maids that were sweeping earlier lifted their skirts and executed an accurate curtsy in front of them. The trio was at a loss and did not know how to return the sentiment. Fortunately, the man who was leading the way called them over to the small door on the right side of the reception room immediately.

There was a little elevator there with a retina and fingerprint scanner on the side of the silvery-white elevator door. Isaros saw the blonde man align his eye there and press all five of his finger pads against the scanner before the elevator door opened.

She was keen enough to notice that there were hidden cutting laser traps inside the silver elevator as well. If an enemy were to either break into the lift and get inside hastily or enter it without the appropriate approvals, these lasers would unleash their terrifying killing abilities, making it impossible for any enemies to even exist within this tightly-sealed space.

"A minor accident occurred when we were supposed to send you off earlier. The culprit, Marshall Dahm has been punished properly already. Frankly, Marshall Dahm's initial motives were good before he was provoked by those few Blood Breeds who caused his emotions to become insane. We hope that all of you will no longer blame him," said the blonde man sincerely.

Only then did Isaros notice that this man was one of Dahm's four strongest subordinates.

"He nearly killed us," said Isaros coldly.

"Regardless of the kind of compensation you desire, the Marshall will swear to fulfill it. This is his sincerest apology and we hope that you will accept it." The blonde man placed a little object on Isaros's palm gently. It felt like a little box but its contents were unknown.

Chapter 695: Plan 1

Isaros pinched the object gently and hesitated momentarily.

However, she was not hesitating about this item. Instead, she was thinking about the fact that Dahm was Garen's subordinate, and the contradicting problems that would arrive if she did not accept Dahm's apology.

"Please don't worry. No matter what, Marshall's apology is truly sincere," replied the blonde man with a smile when he noticed her hesitation.

Isaros nodded faintly and gently stuffed the item into the palm of Vivien who was behind her. The latter was slightly stunned and about to say something but stopped when Isaros shook her head and signaled her to keep her mouth closed.

Ding...

The elevator stopped slowly before the door opened automatically. A young woman in black tights stood guard outside the door.

"Please follow me, all three of you," said the woman respectfully while bowing her head lightly.

Isaros and the other two girls followed the woman out of the elevator and walked towards the right side into a corridor that was covered with a white carpet. There was a study with a faint white light at the end of the corridor. The door to the study was slightly ajar, allowing rays of light to shine outside.

The trio followed the woman and stopped in front of the doorway. She knocked the door three times gently before pushing it open slowly.

The inside of the room was immediately exposed before the eyes of these three people.

Inside the spacious room, nothing was eye-catching except for the magnetic presence who was clearly seated behind the metallic silvery-white desk in the middle of the room. This figure had instantly attracted the gazes and attention of all three people.

A young blonde man sat in the leather chair behind the desk with one hand on the armrest of the chair. His other hand was gently stroking the white jade lion paperweight on his desk. The most eye-catching thing about him was the black metal mask on his face. That mask was unusually hypnotic because it was expressionless but had clusters of little eyes on the forehead area that added mysterious and cold qualities to this man.



"Welcome. I haven't seen you for such a long time, Isaros, Arisa, and my beloved Little Vivien," said the man while sounding as if he was smiling.

"You are... Garen?!" Isaros could feel a sense of familiarity from his voice suddenly.

"Big brother!!" Little Vivien who stood on the side could sense this familiarity even more. She ran over immediately and threw herself into Garen's embrace at once. She had been in a state of anxiety throughout her journey and was finally able to release all of her emotions fully now that she had arrived here.

Once she jumped into Garen's embrace and smelled his familiar scent, Vivien suddenly felt as if she was wrapped in a thick security blanket. She only wished that she could bury herself in her brother's chest and stay there forever.

Garen hugged Vivien. The little sister whom he had grown up with had already become a sixteen or seventeen year old beauty now. She was wearing a pair of denim shorts and a white T-shirt that she had just changed into while her pale thighs were exposed. Moreover, Little Vivien sat directly on his lap and curled herself up like a little kitten that was crying against his chest.

"You're so big already. Alright, alright. Don't cry." Garen held Vivien and attempted to pull her away, but this little fellow rubbed her snot and tear stained face against him instead. She would rather die than let go, forcing him to just let her stay there as she wished.

Both Isaros and Arisa each found a chair to sit on inside the study. Meanwhile, someone else had closed the door behind them.

Once Little Vivien's emotions had calmed down slightly, Garen brushed against an acupuncture spot on her back and Little Vivien began to doze off suddenly before drifting into deep sleep.

Only then did Garen raise his head to look at the two people in front of him.

"I know that both of you definitely have a lot of questions to ask me. However, I will only answer you selectively."

"Big brother Garen, why do you have so many subordinates?!"

Before Isaros could speak, Arisa who stood beside her asked the first question. After experiencing Dahm and Hochman's terrifying powers personally, her initial favorable impression and admiration of Garen were suddenly amplified all at once. Although she was still barely able to maintain her image of a virtuous maiden, for now, the bright and watery gaze that she used to stare at Garen made it seem as if the word 'worship' was written on her face.

"I obviously nurtured them..."

"Then why are you wearing a mask?"

"This was something that I was utterly helpless against. You just need to know that I did not wish to wear it."

"Your mask looks really good. So cool!"

"Thanks..."

"Could I have one too?"

"This mask is not something that can be worn by the average person..."

"Big brother, how did you know that we were in danger?"

"I have my information channels."

"How should we repay you for saving us?"

"Don't worry about that..."

They continued speaking, but after less than ten minutes, Garen looked on impatiently as Arisa buried herself in his embrace as well. This beautiful little girl with shoulder-length red hair used the excuse that she had been scared silly and needed a warm, strong embrace before burrowing herself against his chest.

It was fortunate that he was tall, muscular, and almost two meters tall. The shape of his entire body had become burly after he entered the fifth star, allowing him to envelop both of these little girls in his arms without any problems.

Arisa curled herself up in Garen's chest with a satisfied smile on her face before falling into a deep sleep quickly.

Suddenly, only Isaros and Garen were left in the room.

Isaros glanced at Garen who was sitting behind the desk. There were too many questions in her head that she wanted to ask him. She wanted to ask him about his power, strength, and other things such as his true position and character...

But once the words reached the corners of her mouth, she realized that she was completely unable to open it as there were too many related questions and she did not know where to begin.

"I'm already aware of the incidents between you and the Blood Breeds," Garen spoke first after a few moments of silence, "The Holy Technique of the Scarlet Moon clan was inscribed in the depths of your consciousness. Did they obtain your approval before doing this?"

Isaros nodded faintly after acknowledging what he had said. She was not surprised at all that Garen knew this information already.

Garen looked at the expression on her face and smiled.

"The Secret Party and the Light Party were fighting and it was merely an internal struggle at first. I did not anticipate that they would involve you in this."

"We have been involved in this long ago actually. After we were listed as targets to be hunted by the Secret Party, Pritto decided to inscribe the Holy Technique in the depths of my consciousness. Compared to the Blood Breed's powerful regenerative abilities, the characteristics of normal humans like myself were much weaker. Therefore, the people from the Secret Party would have their misgivings when they hunted us down and discovered our secret, ensuring our safety," said Isaros quietly.

Garen's eyelids drooped downwards.

"With your current strength, it's completely impossible for you to protect Arisa. Do you understand?"

"That's why I have a request," nodded Arisa with a determined look on her face.

"I can't promise anything now." Garen knew what she was about to say. He was certain that she was hoping to put Arisa in his care. However, being by his side was actually more dangerous than if she were to be with Isaros.

"All of you should hurry towards the northern areas because the Lion Mother's territory is there. Moreover, the Light Party's reinforcements are there so it should be much safer. Meanwhile, here with me..." Garen placed both of his hands on the desk. "The period of time that follows after will be extremely dangerous."

"But compared to us, your powers are..." before Isaros could finish speaking, there was a soft knock on the door.

Knock knock knock.

Isaros stopped speaking suddenly and picked up the coffee cup on the little table in front of her and drank from it.

"Commander, Mr. Rod is here," said the woman who had led the way earlier called in a loud voice while standing before the door.

"Ask him to come here," Garen replied.

"I'll leave first then?" Isaros stood up because she was worried that Garen would have things that he needed to discuss.

"Your Blood Breed friends are at the base on the outskirts of the area. If you want to see them, you can just ask anyone to take you there," Garen nodded.

Isaros nodded faintly to show that she understood.

Garen continued by saying: "Arisa can stay here with me for a while. It's still temporarily safe here. When the time is right, I will send her to you."

"Thank you very much."

"You don't have to be so courteous. I've always thought of Arisa as a little sister," Garen smiled.

Once Isaros had left the study, she could hear a set of familiar sounding footsteps approaching and walking up the stairs slowly. Not long after, Rod's face that was completely devoid of any signs of sternness appeared at the doorway suddenly.

This guy had changed into a checkered shirt and white boxer briefs and flinched just as he entered the room.

"Damn, your place is so hot. Don't you ever turn on the air conditioning?" he complained.

"I've never used that toy," said Garen impatiently. The weather had become slightly unpredictable now as hot sunny days would occur in Berlin during its winter period in December. The temperature would only decrease rapidly in the evening, causing differences in temperature of over twenty degrees sometimes.

Rod pulled a chair over in a familiar manner and sat down. He soon noticed the two beautiful young girls who were curled up in Garen's lap behind the desk. One was red-haired while the other was blonde.

Suddenly, this man pointed his thumb at Garen rudely.

"Amazing! Two at one time. I had the same demeanor in my previous years!"

"They're my younger sisters..." Garen was utterly impatient with this man.

"No worries, most of them usually start as younger sisters," laughed Rod.

Garen did not explain any further.

"Any developments over at your place?" he changed the subject.

"The testing grounds have been prepared already. When do you want to test it?" said Rod frankly once his smile had finally disappeared.

The tests that he was talking about were the Rexott Group's experimental areas. They were going to test every aspect of Garen's strength and physical abilities. Moreover, Garen was also eager to compare the limits of his powers with the technology of this world.

"I have some matters to attend to now."

"Understood. Both of them are asleep because of you, huh?" Rod spoke crudely again.

But when he noticed traces of anger on Garen's face, he shut his mouth quickly.

"Alright, alright. I'll stop joking. Looks like they're really just your younger sisters. You can visit the testing grounds anytime you want, but we can't really delay the other thing anymore."

"What?"

"I'm talking about the International Fighting Competition you're organizing. The prize money is too high. Some special class mercenaries may attend, so you must be mentally prepared," Rod seemed to know some insider information.

"Don't worry. I'll take care of it properly." Garen had taken over the competition that Hochman and Dahm had organized. The prize money had been raised again and was now at ninety million euros. This large sum of money would not be provided by Garen alone as there were many other commercial sponsors who would be present. Since the last competition was a huge success, the current one would be even more influential and dynamic.

"That's right, how much do you understand about Blood Breeds?" Garen pondered for a moment before asking the question.

"Blood Breeds?" Rod's pupils shrunk, "Why? Did you provoke them?"

The Rexott Group was an organization that was determined to develop the potential of humans. Actually, they mainly existed because they were extremely unsatisfied with the Blood Breed's rule and influence over the structure of the world. Therefore, they were trying to find a new path that would strengthen normal humans to achieve their end goal of surpassing the Blood Breeds.

A goal like this would naturally require deep research of the Blood Breeds.

Chapter 696: Plan 2

"It was just a small conflict."

Rod muttered to himself.

"Speaking about the Blood Breed, there is one person that we cannot miss out - the last King. It is said that thousands of years ago, our planet had a huge empire named Suva Dynasty. Due to unknown reasons, the entire great dynasty fell into turmoil and was on the brink of collapsing. At that time, the

last emperor of the dynasty, who was also the last King of Suva used all kinds of mysterious measures in an attempt to solidify all his strength within himself so that he could restore the dynasty. Unfortunately, he did not succeed. Because his strengths were clustered together, his body fell apart. They exploded into two parts, split between his upper and lower body. However, his brain, and all five sensory features were still attached to his upper body, along with his heart too. That's why it became the first ancestor of Blood Breed. Whereas the lower body had the reproductive organs and both his legs, symbolizing the movement and reproduction of a collective power. Hence, it was turned into the first Witch."

"Is this the source of the myth of Blood Breed and the Witches?" It was the first time Garen of this rumor.

"We selected this out from the various myths and legends that were mostly true. Which also means that there is a possibility that this could be true," Rod nodded and said, "That's why Blood Breed is the strongest; it lies in their effort, five senses, as well as their ability to control the brain. While the for strongest Witch, it lies in their power to bring everyone together, no matter if it's through fear or respect," Rod said in detail, "These were all the untold stories my brother told me. He keeps in contact with the top ranks of the Blood Breed's five-scepter-clan. If you come across any problems that you cannot solve, maybe I can help you make some arrangements, only if it's not a huge issue..."

"Is it a big issue if a Holy Technique Inheritor was killed?"

Rod heard the reply even before he could finish his sentence. Suddenly, he stood up from his chair. His face was stunned.

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"Damned for life!"

A clan would not have necessarily produced an inheritor of the Holy Technique even if it took them hundreds of years. This was every clan's most precious future deterrent power - the most potential talent in Blood Breed, or maybe even the future support pillars of the combat power.

Somewhere in the dark space of nothingness, black smoke clouds slowly floated around in traces of plume, as if it were silk.



An oval egg-like shape appeared in the air, and there was no light inside. All they could see was a vague red statue figure. Beside the statue sat three figures with different qualities, but because they were all so dark, it was difficult to make out who they were.

"Our Holy Technique Inheritor, Eeleen was the potential candidate we chose in the recent years. She cannot die in vain," A black figure spoke in a low voice. It was as if thunder reverberated in this space.

"Don't be so radical. We are now in the era of peace, and our clan has already claimed superiority from the action against light party. We would not want to offend any unknown force that might be powerful just because of a potential candidate," Another person answered lazily, "For someone who can kill Eeleen so easily, it must be the intervention of other Blood Breeds or Witches."

"This issue involves the Wellington family's dignity. If we don't retaliate, our people's confidence in us will be shaken," The last voice rang out. However, the voice could not be distinguished by gender but it carried the same thunder-like echo.

"Only a few lower levels were killed. Why are you so emotional?" The lazy voice said lightly.

The Wellington Clan was one of the Blood Brood's five-sector-clan. Other than the secret party's top Death Apostle leader, the three of them were the strongest ranking elders of Blood Breed. Any decision that had to be made for the entire Wellington, whether big or small, was discussed in this confined illusionary dream space. Who knew how many decisions they have made over this noise that had a huge impact on important issues?

Originally, the Wellington family was a neutral clan. But following the clan of the Death Apostle, it leaned towards the secret party. Then naturally, their perspective shifted too.

"It is now the time for us to stand for ourselves. If we don't fight back after being provoked, it will be extremely detrimental to our clan's ranking in the secret party," The first one who spoke with the radical voice said again, "Moreover, what do you mean by only a few lower levels were killed? Every ranked Blood Breed are a precious part of the clan!"

"What is the name of the provocateur?" The lazy voiced asked.

"Dahm. I think that's the name," The unidentifiable voice replied softly.

"Maybe we can develop our descendants? Such strong humans can be very hard to find..." The lazy voice sounded excited.

"If you can convince him then it is up to you."

For the development of vampire descendants to work, both parties must agree with it so that they would be able to let go of conscious resistance. Only then, the soul could be changed.

"Forget it, it's too troublesome."

"Since the other party had the ability to kill Eeleen who was so closest to the middle rank, then let's assign that to the middle rank judges of the clan," The radical voice said in a low tone.

"Agreed."

"Agreed."

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Garen put the two girls down lightly onto the bed in the bedchamber. He covered the both of them up with a thin blanket, adjusted the room's temperature, and left.

'It's rare to seeing you so soft-hearted,' Black Sethe, who hated being lonely appeared, 'Don't delay the writings of the Demonic Book.'

"I know," Garen put his hands into his pocket, "Dahm is one of the important chess pieces I have with me right now. For now, I cannot lose her. According to intelligence, the one he killed was Wellington Clan's Holy Technique Inheritor. The other party might be responding really quickly."

'How do you plan to sort it out?'

"To resolve this as quickly as possible, before the next time Nadia attacks."

Garen walked to another study room which was a little more secretive. From the lowest level of the bookshelf, he took out a black shelled notebook. He lightly flipped it open, and impressively, there was a black gel pen in between. On the paper, some words that were written in detail were recorded.

He held up the pen, and took off its cover as he slowly flipped to the last page of the notebook. Then, he started writing.

'I need to know the detailed account of the information on Wellington Clan,' He ended the sentence with a hook-like symbol.

For a moment, the symbol that he swiftly drew suddenly disappeared on the page.

Garen slowly put down the pen, and waited.

Very quickly, within ten minutes, the notebook reacted.

'Wellington Clan from the Blood Breed? They are one of the five scepters, and you do not want to mess with them,' the AG promptly replied.

'As an exchange, I will participate in your next operation. How does that sound?' Furthermore, AG helped him destroy White Phoenix Base the last time. Additionally, he provided the detailed report this time, especially since the Blood Breed really offended him. So, Garen did not intend to wait for the other party to make a move.

AG was against Blood Breed; mainly it was those who clans that initially besieged him. However, in fact, there were not only people from secret party among the crowd, but even more of them were from the light party too. Therefore, the objective of his revenge was not between parties. Instead, his goal was the Blood Breed.

This fellow had been scheming and calculating, planning for a shocking conspiracy, always wanting Garen to join.

'Then that's a deal. You joined at the right time, just when we are preparing to stabilize the situation. The secret party is huge, so our target will be Wellington," AS gave a confident reply, 'We have already arranged the detail, and we have enough people with us. The main goal will be killing statues of Wellington's Death Apostle. The other areas, we will rely on your men. Remember, you cannot let any of the Blood Breed's go! The Vampires don't matter, but if they react, all Blood Breed's must die!'

'It looks to me that you have reached the stage of attacking, and it seems like I have come at the right time,' Garen had never thought that it would be such a coincidence.

Before this, he understood that AG did not idle around. He made use of the Blood Breed's wrecked ashes from the large amount of shooting they did, and collected a lot of strange materials. With that, he created an extremely insidious and horrifying magical tool. In between, he visited Berlin once where Garen felt AG's qi becoming stronger and more profound.

Over hundreds of years accumulating in his grave, it would finally explode. He was very close to making changes that would turn the world upside that - Garen had that feeling. This old guy might be breaking through to a new level soon.

What level would a high rank go if he broke through it? There was only one answer - Death Apostle.

'Among the four Death Apostles, Wellington lost to Castine the last time. Since they are far from recovering right now, this is our chance. To be honest, even if you don't show up, we are prepared to attack. This time, we determined the two secret party clans but we could only choose one. But since that you have decided to come, we won't hesitate,' AG replied

After continuing the discussion in further details with AG, Garen closed his notebook. The words he wrote at the top were slowly starting to fade away, so he left it on the study table.

He walked to the study room window, and looked down.

The outskirts of Berlin's night sky was filled with stars of yellow dots. Away from the city, the white beam formed from the bright searchlight swept across the sky; he could vaguely see the reflections of both sides of streets on the Spree River.

This bungalow was situated on a high location, just enough to overlook most of Berlin's night view.

A few moments later, the notebook on the table moved slightly, without a single wind blowing.

Whoosh...

As the subtle page flipping sounded, the notebook suddenly stopped on the last page.

The area that was originally empty was now filled with dense writing.

'Wellington Clan: There are 3 upper level elders, 13 middle levels, and 492 lower levels. The number of vampires was still unknown. As secret party's newly entered clan, Wellington was originally under the light party, but they abandoned most of the clan's peripheral forces. In its top ranking clan, the ones who are able to fight are one of the elders among the upper level, 7 of them in the middle levels, and you can ignore the lower levels. Our aim is to use the time when Wellington himself is resting to snatch the Blood Breed clan's Hallow Blood Statue. Once it is in our hands, we will launch a full-scale attack - Leave this part to me. Your responsibility would be resolving other resistance forces. In between specific patrol alert measures, what you have to pay attention to is to cover up your breath, as well as light sensitivity. We have prepared the latest development of Lightless Cloak so there might be a way to avoid it..."

AG explained the details of the action below the page - The Wellington Clan's defense measure, patrol route, as well as any possible responses that would go against the reaction of the Blood Breed; whatever they needed to do to achieve maximum effect.

From his arrangements, Garen could clearly see that Garen must have another two capable assistants other than himself. At least their strengths were also at the upper level.

Chapter 697: Plan 3

He remembered, the last time he parted ways with AG, that fellow was still with that girl whom he was still entangled with. It seemed like she might have been a witch.

In AG's planning, it was clearly demonstrated that he had the strength to destroy one of Blood's five-scepter-clan. He could see it from the way he planned it out.

The statistics and information were passed on for more than ten minutes before it ended. Then, Garen picked up the notebook and read.

At the bottom, the scheduled time, place, as well as the number of people they needed were recorded.

AG seemed a bit more relaxed with his arrangements. The only he needed was for Garen himself to show up. In fact, he already had quite a lot of things to handle here.

Such as training seed scholars; these students would serve as the first official disciples of Holy Fist Place. The speed of a few among them was quite fast, and with the help of the Soul Primer, they had reached the standard level of typical martial artists. Even though most of it was boosted with the help of Garen's Soul Primer, but credits must be given to their efforts and understanding towards the subject.

Training students, observing Nadia's qi under suppression, and search for the new masks. On top of that, he had to make arrangements for his sister, Arisa, and more. He could not allow them to stay here all day, especially for Arisa and her people. Garen felt that Isoras and Arisa were the two key figures influencing the overall situation of the world. To put it in simple terms, being with them, one would never be in a situation without trouble. Just like a certain dead student on Earth, although they had not reached the point where there was a murder everywhere they went, at least it was a typical mess.

Yet the most troublesome one between the three of them was Nadia - he would never allow her position fall. So far, according to Garen's contact with Nadia, she still does not have all her strength. The Army Level of Endor had a lot of strong fighters, and even up to now, they had only used projections to attack again and again for three days. But her projections only had the strength to project less than half her body. However, the terrifying thing was that this strength was only counted as her first life performance. With the true core of her Nine-Headed Dragon talent, her ability of eighty-one lives did not even activate once. Every time she dies, her strength should double up, according to the most basic body strength as a standard measurement. Once her eighty-one lives had come to its final form, all energy of her eighty-one final form would then be compiled, which would be equivalent to Nadia now but with eighty-one times of the strength.

That was her true strength, and it was what worried Garen the most.

He went to the secret room, took out the Demonic Book that was in a dark divider, and returned to the study room to sit down.

Without the lights, his vision was clear enough for him to read the words on the Demonic Book under the dim moonlight, just as if it was daytime.

He picked up the pen again. So far, there were already records of the countless Secret Techniques he had remembered from the Book of Demonic Secret Techniques. He even wrote down some of the proper secret techniques. In the end, he was enchanted by the Demonic Book which had become a powerful Demonic Secret Technique.

Until this moment, he had already covered 89 percent of the essence of Secret Technique in this book - all the Secret Techniques he had seen, practiced, and fought before. Everything was recorded at the top of the book.

The remaining ten percent of the content was for the toughest areas.

That was the Living Secret Technique.

No matter if it was Northern Trident Frost-Fire True Water Evil Technique, the Hellfrost Peacock Technique he was currently practicing, or even the other types of Demonic Living Secret Techniques such as Flame and Metal that were kept in his memories, he still could not figure them out.

Hence, he could only note down, step by step, his own understanding, and truth to it.

The Demonic Books increased as its content increased. It had been constantly changing since the black ink in the beginning, and to the faint glowing dark gold luster now.

Garen lifted his pen, and slowly wrote down a new Secret Technique at the bottom of the page: Han Jade Technique. But before that, he rearranged some Secret Techniques that were not the best. A lot of them were the ones he had practiced before, such as Red Jade Palm and Mammoth Secret Technique.

Regarding Black Water True Technique, he had recorded it down earlier.

During the recording process, The other Demonic Book in Garen's head was slowly changing as the surface glowed with a touch of dark gold luster.

This book had completely turned into Demonic Book. The rare technique method on the top could allow anyone who had it the power to change their own fate. The Demonic Book itself seemed to have produced a Soul Seed qi; for anyone who practiced the Secret Technique noted at the top, they would be able to achieve that Secret Technique very quickly under the influence of the Demonic Book if they had it for a long period of time. This, along with Garen's soul qi as a primer could be implanted to scholars as a reason.

'Soon... The Demonic Book would be completed soon. Then, you will be able to condense the second Soul Seed. By that time, maybe you would be able to reach a new level, and enhance your basic soul limit,' Black Sethe said with a hint of admiration. He admired Garen's spirit of constant growth, whereas he had lost this possibility.

"I can't seem to understand the Living Secret Technique seed, and the Demonic Book cannot be completely done without it," Garen shook his head slightly, feeling a bit disappointed.

'But this type of rearranging would be very helpful for your martial arts.'

"That is true too."

Without saying more, Garen devoted himself to continue writing.

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After a couple of days.



The sound of delicate utensils hitting the plates rang continuously.

The white morning rays shot in through the window, and onto the table in the first floor of the villa.

Garen and his sister, Vivien, Arisa, and Isaros, along with Rob were eating their breakfast quietly.

The menu was oxtail stew with red wine, black ink cuttlefish, and Garen's favorite tomato cooked snails. Even though the dishes were simple, but the taste was authentic. This was also one of the main reason why Garen chose this mute maid, Marquilli in the first place.

"After resting for a few days, you should have recovered well? Garen radiantly looked at little Vivien. He knew that this girl had been enjoying these few days under the care of his people. Her face small face blushed red, and her mood was good.

"Brother, you didn't accompany us," Vivien pouted, and said unsatisfyingly, "What do you mean recovered well? My petite body has been hurt seriously. Without compensation, it will never heal..." This girl had thick nerves; she had quickly accepted the reality that her brother was a rich and powerful diamond bachelor. Furthermore, their family was not poor, and they lived under great conditions here. Hence naturally, she had gotten used to the life here.

These few days, she had been obsessed with the smart swimming pool that could add hot water. At the side, there was also a 3D projector cinema. Once some of the special features were switched on, there was still an additional feature of a massage and silver light flashes. Looking down from the second floor, it was like a mercury pool, glowing with countless silver spotlights. It was very beautiful - Rob made it just for little Vivien.

That guy loved to fool around. After a few trips here, he and little Vivien had been very happily fooling around together. He himself was about twenty-years-old. The age gap between them wasn't huge. Since he was young, he had been fooling around under the protection of his brother. When two people who loved to fool around were suddenly brought together, they hit off well; having such chemistry was rare.

"Where would you like to go today?" Garen lightly split the oxtail on his plate into pieces.

"To my private garden. I have a few jaguars there, as well as white pythons. Vivien wants to adopt a small leopard," Rob answered honestly. He doesn't know why, but since he and Vivien got together, he felt more and more guilty facing Garen - a kind of feeling as if he was facing his own brother.

"Beware of your safety, the Blood Breed might be making a move soon. Although there is no possibility of you attacking first, it is better to take extra precautions," Garen advised.

"Brother, would you have some spare time later? Can you come with me?" Vivien pulled and blinked her narrow eyes at Arisa who was beside her. The latter's cheeks suddenly blushed.

Arisa was sitting smartly at the side, with her dark red curls falling down her shoulders. She looked exceptionally quiet with her dainty face as she bit her bottom lip. For a moment, she swept a glance at Garen. Under this situation where she was sitting opposite from him, this type of peeking could not be called a peek anymore but instead, she used a rather obvious and bold hint to show her attitude - she liked Garen.

Even Rob could not take this burning 'peak', but Garen still kept a calm and composed look. Suddenly, a sense of admiration arose.

"All of you can go ahead. I still have some things to sort out," Garen answered without lifting his head up.

However, he did not see the hint of disappointment flashed across Arisa's face.

When a bunch of them had finished their meal, and as they were about to leave the dining room, they came across a Nighthawk subordinate - a delicate and mature woman with black curly hair.

This woman was tall, but the strange thing was the silver mask she wore that covered half her face. It was only covering the lower part of her face, below her nose - people were able to see her gem-like, yet magnificently colorful eyes. Those pair of eyes gave people an incomparable sense of danger, like standing unprepared in front of a crocodile or rhinoceros that might snap anytime.

Regardless if it was Rob, Isaros, Arisa, or Vivien, they could all feel a deep chill in their hearts.

This woman... Was very powerful!

Unconsciously, Isaros put on her best attack posture; all the muscles in her body started to tense up.

As if the woman felt something, she swept a cold glance towards them. A scornful arc appeared at the edge of her mouth.

She lifted her head high, and proudly walked into the dining area. Then, she closed the door with her backhand. It was followed by the sound of the chair pulling outwards on the floor.

"Nasira, this is your Colson Fort," Garen's voice vaguely echoed.

Then, it seemed like the woman said something but no one could hear clearly. However, it seemed like the both of them opposed each other.

"Who are these friends of your brother's!" Rob now realized that he had completely put Garen into the position of his brother. He was starting to realize more as his understanding of Garen further developed. This Nighthawk King really possessed the power of terror. This was not just power, but his own strength. This quality of this terror was absolutely powerful, giving out a sense of overbearing respect.

His every word could involuntarily convince people; his body's aura and chi could easily coerce people around him that consciously made them listen to his orders.

Chapter 698: Plan 4

"I am not very sure too. My brother has been very secretive since he was young. Even my parents did not know what he was doing the whole day. He got better and better anyway, but this part never changed," Vivien was not very concerned about these things. She treated her brother just like Arisa, carrying a sense of blind worship towards him. Especially this time where she was brought back from life, she unconsciously depended greatly on Garen.

Rob nodded his head. To be honest, the information on Garen was simple. But just because it was simple, that was why it became very mysterious. Anybody who looked him up knew his development history. However, nobody understood how he acquired those terrifying killing skills.

"Enough of that, let's not think too much. Anyway, my value has been pushed to this side, let big brother deal with these things," Rob laughed.

"Who did you call big brother?"

Boom!

Vivien fiercely slapped Rob's lower abdomen, and said with a cruel face.

"I was wrong... I was wrong..." Rob quickly apologized, covered his stomach and left.

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Inside the dining room.

Garen and Nasira sat opposite of each other. The table was already cleaned. On top, there was two piping hot milk coffee.

The rich coffee smell mixed with the smell of milk spread across the room, diluting the food smell that still hasn't left the room.

"As the Witch Leader of Dark Colors, why are you here if there is nothing happening?" Garen looked around the dining room's floor. He was not sure when a circle of thin black traces was spread all over the floor, forming a perfect circle that surrounded the both of their positions. He felt as if there was an inexplicable film of energy protection layer wrapping this place up, isolating the sound from the outside.

The relationship between Nasira and Garen had not always been great. If it AG did not hold them back in time the first time they met, the two of them would have beaten each other up. Only after another two meetings did their tension gradually eased a little, but their relationship still did not improve.

As AG's ex-lover, a natural absorbent, and an orthodox Witch against the opposition organization, Narisa was Darker Color's Witch Leader. Even though she had been suppressed by the forces of Lion Mother, her strength and power were still there. Moreover, her absorbent body type had an indescribable suppression towards unnatural powers.

"If AG didn't arrange for me to come because we are temporarily lacking in men power, do you think I would have wanted to come here?" Narisa said impatiently. She immediately threw him a black medal that she took out from her chest, "This is a token to enter the magical tool's enveloped area. Don't lose it, or else even if you become a Death Apostle, you could only hold on to your life for another two more hours."

Garen caught the medal, held it up and took a look at it. In the middle of the black triangle medal was a dark purple beetle; it looked like it was alive. Even when he plucked its leg, the beetle moved, proving that this medal was made from a real beetle.

"When we formed the Lightless Alliance, this medal was a symbol of the highest status. Now, only three of us wear this medal to represent that we are a military alliance. When there is trouble, we would send support to help each other. Is that a problem?" Nasira explained her eyebrows raised.

"Of course that isn't a problem," Garen nodded. His voice dropped as a faint sound came from the medal. The moving leg of the beetle's child suddenly stopped moving.

"Contract sealed."

Garen did not mind at all. No matter how much stronger he gets, he was on his own. Moreover, AG had helped him for a couple of times, and the sincerity he demonstrated was definitely not fake. This exchange was normal since he disliked the Blood Breed anyway.

Talking about that, the two worlds he was in before this were the same. He did not deny the power of an alliance to expand his own efforts. Suddenly, Garen had a thought that perhaps this was the purpose. Using whatever method regardless of the means, it did not matter if it was his own growing strength or the consequent of others' joint alliance. If he delayed his own growth timing, then he could not refuse.

What if this method changed? This was what my heart had decided, and among that, it would also reveal my habits and personality.

Garen's thought fled for a moment.

"Are you listening to what I'm saying?!" Nasira's frustrating voice was in his ears.

"Of course," Garen came back to reality.

"Operation time would take place one month after. The Wellington Household would also need some time to readjust their strengths. A few of them in the Middle level judging panel is on a mission to execute enemies, or either on a holiday. If we want them to come back without a reason, in terms of the inefficiency of these Blood Breed Household, we will definitely get some benefit out of this," When Nasira talked about efficiency, her mouth showed a trace of contempt.

She was proud and had a poisonous mouth, as if she could never see eye to eye with those whom she does not approve of.

In fact, other than the Death Apostle rank, there were only a few people in this world who could capture her attention. Among them were AG and Garen.

"We want all of them to be there. Otherwise, isn't it too troublesome searching for them one by one?" Nasira said casually.

"What about the operation details?"

"We will attack two Upper levels, and twenty of them from the Middle level. The others are up to you. However, your main aim would be destroying the Wellington Household's Silver Demonic Statue. That is Wellington's personal set up of a reality barrier. You can only break it with purely physical power," Nasira explained.

"Then pass it over to me," Garen nodded.

However, he knew one part of AG's terrorizing plan. This guy AG made the whole Blood Breed his revenge targets. He was nurturing a type of genetically horrifying monster that would go against the

Blood Breed with his hundreds of years of knowledge. Most of the Blood Breed feasted on flesh and ashes as food. Hence, this monster had been nurtured to a primary phase. For it, close to three hundred Vampires, and over ten of the flesh and ashes of the Lower level Blood Breed had been sacrificed.

AG named this monster as 'Sacrifice'.

"That is the whole situation. AG will let you know the further details, but I'll remind you of one thing: the Blood Breed Household has been around for over a thousand years. The accumulation looks very optimistic. However, if there isn't enough manpower when the time comes, don't say that I didn't remind you," Nasira said coldly as she stood up and stridden out.

The strange thing was that when she was at the confined door, she disappeared slowly and then she was gone like she shuttled over the door.

Garen kept his sight, and played the beetle medal in his hand.

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The Wellington Household in a certain location, beside a certain pool.

"We received some news that the Witch from Dark Colors will be having her eyes on us."

A seductive girl with red-firey hair that fell to her waist, said. She was wearing a loose black silk pajamas, vaguely showing her naked body under it. She was lying lazily on a white oriental cane chair.

"Dark Color's Witch's Guild? What does this have to do with her? Those bunch of bastards is notorious. They would do anything for power, under any circumstances," A fool sat beside the blue-water pool, with a handsome yet beautiful face. She gave out a blue-haired silhouette that neither seemed male or female. Her voice was crisp and neutral; there was a slight bump on her chest, but there was Adam's apple on her throat.

"Who knows? Anyway, I got this news through the channel. I have no idea why those bunch of crazy people is keeping their eyes on us," The red-haired girl straightened one of her legs while one of her

hands reached towards the small table for a cigarette that had a detailed black tobacco rod. She then proceeded to fill in the tobacco. With one single-handed brush, suddenly a flash of fire sparked and lighted the tobacco up, wisps of white smoke rose continuously.

The girl took a deep breath and slowly spit out a mouthful of smoke. The white smoke changed its shape in the air. In a second, it became a small and thin snake, circling around the girl, and slowly disappeared.

"This kind of life is really comfortable..." The girl moaned, seemingly lazier, "At first, I did not agree on jumping from partisan to partisan because it was just too troublesome. What is the difference between light party and secret party? They were the same anyway."

"You can't say it this way," The Blue haired person in the water said, "Even though Lord Castine is strong enough, but he is too softhearted. He is not a suitable candidate to lead my Blood Breed towards a great cause."

"That means, once your fight ends and after the light party is killed, what else is there to prepare for?" The red-haired girl asked.

"Of course it is for us to gain power," The blue-haired person replied.

"What about after you have gained power?"

"Then the best is if we could have a life!" The blue-haired person speechlessly rolled her eyes at her.

"Then isn't your life now good enough?" The red-haired girl yawned, "Nobody cares. You do whatever you like - you eat well, play well, drink well. What haven't you experienced? I think our life now is great..."

The blue-haired person was speechless, as if this girl had set it all up.

"Hence, why do all of you even fight so desperately to survive? You guys are real fools," The red-haired girl waved her hand and said, while she continued smoking her tobacco.



"You and I can't see eye to eye, Tu Lan," The blue-haired person said frustratingly.

"It is me who can't see eye to eye with you," The red-haired girl, Tu Lan replied lazily, "We are already at the Upper level. We still have thousands of lives or even more, so what else can't you enjoy? That's enough, let's not talk about this. But you should still think carefully on how to handle the Dark Colors Witch's Guild over this period of time. I have a feeling this will not be pleasant."

"What you're saying is that they might attack? That's not possible. We're Lord Wellington's personal commanders."

"Who knows what those crazy people would do?" Tu Lan's eyes narrowed, prepared for sleep.

To be honest, as an Upper level Blood Breed who had seen too many rises and falls; she had been alive for almost four thousand years. She had witnessed the rise and falls of the dynasty, the rapid development and sudden rise of modern civilization. She had seen the first and second world war, as well as participated in the history's famous Normandy landings. When Germany announced the war, she was a delegation of the alliance of victorious countries.

Success and failures - what is the meaning of it all? Even a stronger winner could not hold onto the loss time. Yet, Blood Breed had been standing at the victory point right from the start. On this basis, they still wanted to fight their own war. Weren't they just idiots?

Even if all the Wellington Household's Blood Breed would die in front of her, she could just continue living elsewhere and enjoy her life. The things that could excite her became less and less. As the third most horrifying existence in the Upper level Blood Breed, even with the Dead Apostles, she would rank seventh in the world.

However, no one knew. She could now feel that there would be a breakthrough sign soon.

She had already succeeded the pinnacle of Upper level for thousands of years, but once the breakthrough happened, maybe she would become the latest Death Apostle. Seeing those fellow Upper levels who were struggling to break through the border and still could not improve, she would occasionally imagine. Maybe it was that radical, yet full with desire mentality of hers had blocked them from moving forward.

"Haih... That's very lame"

Chapter 699: Battle 1

One month after...

Hoot...

A faint horn sound could be heard floating in the night sky as if spirits were howling. But it also sounded like a low hum of a certain animal.

Clang...

A man with tall and strong figure opened up the grass bushes in front of him. He looked left and right as he immediately tightened the black gun in his hand and walked forwards.

This man was wearing a black body-hugging leather suit. He was also carrying a leather bag - his whole body was covered with a layer of protection. On both sides of his waist, he carried two matte black holsters.

The moonlight shone down from the sky and fell onto the man's back. It light appeared in a faint, pale white color.

After realizing that there was nothing wrong, the man continued to walk forwards. However, there were countless men and women with robust physique walking behind him. They each carried a single-sided headset that blinked red, and they each wore reddish glasses that on their face. On the glasses, you could vaguely see the moving data on the lens.

These people carried long sickles in their hands and swiftly cut down the surrounding grass. It opened up a piece of empty land that would allow the group behind him to move forwards conveniently.

"Nothing found. Everything seems normal."

"Nothing found. Everything seems normal."

Voices reporting the situation rang out continuously. In the dark forest, there were many flashing red light spots. Every one of these light spots represented a person. With such dense light points in this forest, it meant that there were at least over a hundred of them.

A single miniature car was driving slowly in the woods. The car was black, with a blood-red flying bird pattern on the surface.

Impressively, a bald John was sitting in the car. His figure was two feet taller than the rest, with a body full of muscles. He wore a brown tight strap; from his shoulders to his waist, his strap was packed with dark spiked daggers. And surprisingly, these daggers did not have a handguard.

In the forest, the trees here and the ones in other places were different. Each tree stood tall and straight. However, only one person surrounded was as thick and tall. The gap in the middle was exceptionally big.

John held a cigarette between his mouth as he annoyingly looked towards his left and then his right.

"Lord Hunting General, we will be approaching the destination soon. So do we still want to continue moving forward?"

A sound came from beside John. It was a young girl with gold hair who was wearing the exact same red glasses. She greeted him with a firm salute before she spoke.

John laughed.

"Continue of course. Why not? We are the front line soldiers. What else is there for us to take care of? Since we are here, they must have already known that we've arrived."

"But do we need to wait for the large forces waiting behind us?" The girl said with embarrassment.

"Wait for them? Wait for them to grab the first power?" John jumped down from the car with a loud boom, he even dug a small hole in the floor with his heels. His weight was so heavy, it was frightening. It was as if his whole body was made out of steel. With his weight pressured on his feet, he would dig out a deep hole underneath every step he took.

He waved his hand.

"Let the explosives team prepare!"

He quickly walked towards the front and separated the crowd who was blocking the road. Using the moonlight, John walked to the edge of a slope and looked down.

Outside the forest, down below the slope, a humongous silver oval estate was clearly printed into his eyes.

There were four large silver statues around the estate. Every statue was at least ten meters tall, like they were four small buildings. There was a connection of walls between the statues that was in a shape of a circle. Below, there were groups and groups of people patrolling the place.

"This is the destination. We would want to break through the door at the side of the mermaid statue," John smiled, "Immediately report this to the authorities. Say that the enemies are personally attacking us and that we have to attack back! Let the explosives team go first to give them a huge dazzle. Hahaha!!"

"But, the team behind us are still not here..."

"Didn't you hear what I just said?!" John turned his head over. In his eyes, there were faintly smoke traces of red.

"Yes!" The girl could only follow his orders obediently.

John could faintly hear a horn sound from the air.

His face revealed a nasty yet horrifying smile. Since he had been with Marshall Dahm, this was the first task that involved in such huge operations. Moreover, he was allowed to vent freely and was given the permission to do what he was initially prohibited to do. This made him very excited. As a gangster who killed and tortured by nature, this operation was very tempting, like a hungry wolf walking into a pig's pen.

Peng! Peng peng peng!

Within seconds, the periphery of the estate below lit up with a bunch of fake flame and fireball. It looked like a bunch of orange-red balloons that expanded and shrank. It ignited the land that surrounded the estate.

Suddenly, faint noises of people escaping and screaming could be heard from the estate. If they had people with amazing vision here, they would be able to see clearly. In the midst of screaming and shouting, suddenly a black shadow was seen flashing across the estate. It then floated towards the direction of the hills where John was at as if it was effortless.

"Kill!! Hahaha!!" John fiercely held up his hand, and was the first to rush down the hill. To one's surprise, it was like the ancient times where they charged forwards without carrying any guns or machines.

After a few of their own rockets shot out from behind him, the faint light from the cave reflected the blood on his face.

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On a hill that was far away from the estate, three white helicopters were parked on a wide field beside the forest.

The surrounding was thinly spread with people masked with white scarfs who were holding guns. These people had in their hands some assault rifle, and waist grenades. Each one of their bodies let out a smell of fresh blood.

Immediately, beside the helicopter stood three silhouettes of different aura.

Garen wore a white open-chested white coat, showing off muscles on his chest. His golden hair fell onto his shoulders, and he wore a black mask on his face. Both his hands were held in front of his chest as he stared quietly at the two other people who were beside him.

"My men have already reached the periphery. Are your side of the arrangements ready?"

A cold laugh rang out.

"Of course they're there. But since your men can't wait and they have already rushed forwards to start the fight, whoever that is killed or hurt will not be my responsibility anymore."

The one talking was a skinny old man who had a gold scarf wrapped around his head, and supported himself with a walking stick. On both sides of his legs, two bloody-eyed male lions lied on the ground. However, he was donned in a white robe. From afar, he looked much weaker than before.

"AG, how did you end up with such a face that looked like you are neither a ghost or human?" The one who spoke was Nasira. This girl was also wearing a white dress, though she was impatiently wearing her own matching earrings. This time, she already wore the left side of her earring; it was a dark gold Eiffel Tower that was only the size of her fingernail, but it reflected a dim gold light under the moonlight.

"It's just a small breakthrough," AG answered plainly. However, his normal voice seemed to carry a hint of sharp laughter. It gave people chills when they heard it.

Garen leaned onto the helicopter, and looked at his watch.

"In ten minutes, my commander-in-chief will arrive at the battlefield."

"My shadow army are done with their set up," Nasira satisfyingly pressed her pendant as she spoke.

"I am also done preparing. My men are now on the north side fighting alongside Nasira's men. I estimate that they can hold on for another ten more minutes. The silver statue is your responsibility now, Garen," AG looked at Garen with a straight face. But even with his serious tone, he gave people a feeling as if he was showing a strange grin.

Seeing as Garen nodded his head, AG raised one hand into the air.

Suddenly, a ripple appeared. In front of the three of them, a dark red map lit up. The name that appeared on the top took Wellington's estate as the center.

The estate was a huge red origin. Whereas the surrounding was filled densely with large amounts of green light dots. These green light dots were split into three parts that surrounded the estate.

"What is this witchcraft?" Nasira asked.

"This is not witchcraft, this is the new research tool. The whole system is projected with virtual imaging," AG answered smoothly.

He pointed at the estate's red dot.

"Wellington must be done with his preparation, to prevent our attack but they would not have expected us to have enough manpower. According to intelligence, the strongest of the Wellington Household, Tu Lan has already retreated to their secret underground cave. Only the old and weak ones are holding up the fort in this estate. There are still some of them with more potential. The newly recruited team of the Middle level judging panel are all in there now, and there are two old Upper levels who have yet died."

"We have thirty minutes to sort out this entire Blood Breed. If not, the secret party will send everything they have to help when they receive the news," AG said in a low voice, "Thirty minutes is all my magical tool can take to defend the Death Apostles. I would have to rely on you and my two babies for the rest."

Boom!

In a distance, red lights burst from the direction of the estate, and then towards the side of the sky.

"It has started," AG smiled, "Let's go and try it out."

The three of them each boarded one of the three helicopters. The propeller started turning at high speed, and slowly lifted off the ground, flying towards that direction.

While Garen sat on the plane, he looked down at the view.

"Where is Dahm at now?"

"He is already fighting with the Wellington Household. Among his Four Hunting Generals in the front-line army, three has already started the attack. But they only have with them the lower grade cannons so the losses are a little..."

Nighthawk's computer genius, Angel was sitting on the plane. This woman had a thick foundation and eyeshadow on her face as her fingers quickly knocked onto the keyboard. The computer screen flashed by so quickly that it was hard to see what it was.

"Having losses are normal. Our opponents are not human. The losses are still in an acceptable range."

Garen nodded. This time, he had brought his own men. Most of them were from the mercenary's periphery, which meant they were Nighthawk's periphery. They had no problem using high technology and advanced combat weapons but with those vampires that were piling up, they were not afraid of dying. Only then, it was obvious that they did not have enough manpower. That's why his true subordinates were only three people: Dahm, Xander, and Quentin.

All three of their Waterbird Fist had reached level three and above. Moreover, this time would be Dahm's chance to redeem himself from his crimes - all process command would go through him. This bastard had commanded many wars of annihilation. His talent in fighting was very strong, and he was an expert in this field.

"The opponent is very strong. According to the information that Lord AG shared with us, the opponent has put in at least a hundred Vampires, and dozens of Lower level Blood Breed," Angel's voice was slightly shaking. This was the Vampires that were told in legends. If they could fight with a living thing in a legend, nothing could be compared to this battle, no matter what."

Garen nodded.



In fact, Dahm's strength had already reached a horrifying stage in the Upper level. As Garen got an upgrade, so did he. Because of the ancient Soul Primer qi, Garen's upgrade affected Dahm's and Nasira's own strength, giving their strength a boost with a stronger Accumulation.

As a matter of fact, the most horrifying thing of Garen was also the most horrifying thing of the Living Secret Technique. Those subordinates who were contaminated by his soul would be able to enhance their strengths along with his and strengthen themselves.

If Garen's attribute quality becomes stronger, his soul subordinates would also become stronger along with him.

Black Sethe had mentioned this a lot of times - an indicator of an Army Level...

The so-called Army Level was named as army meant that one person had the ability to influence the whole army, not just himself who had the strength to defeat an army.

This was the indicator of an Army Level, but actually, Garen was still miles away from achieving this Realm. He had only ever practiced the Northern Trident Frost-Fire True Water Evil Technique, and because of the enhancement of this evil technique soul seed, these signs started to slowly show in him.

As a result, the enhancing part completely relied on the strengthening magnitude of the evil technique seeds.

Looking down at the huge groups of men, it was as if an army was surrounding such huge grounds.

"Dahm wouldn't have mobilized the local troops directly, would he?" Garen frowned.

"More or less," Angel nodded her head, "Marshall Dahm used the bandits as an excuse, and have secretly dispatched the cheetah of this mountain division. However, he was mainly responsible for artillery training; our men are still at the front of the palace. But Commander, no matter how well our men train, they are still a normal human. I'm afraid that attacking from the front would cause us too many losses.

"It doesn't matter. Just keep an eye out of the distance between us and the Blood Breed Household."

Garen slowly said, "If we do not experience the storm, this fight would still happen sooner or later anyway."

Garen attentively sensed the soul seeds that he sprinkled down individually, with an addition of the first batch of them from the combat club, as well as the second batch of scholars. Altogether, there were more than thirty of them. All these people had either a high status, rich background, or had shocking potential.

Along with the enhancing of the soul seed, it was as if they had gone through a small change. Their strength had a certain degree of amplification.

#### Chapter 700: Battle 2

'The indicator of an Army Level is when a core Warlock has enhanced a level of strength. The commanding army, in the case where they are not superior compared to him, could share the same increase of strength with the same increase in strength level. This was the indicator,' Black Sethe explained, 'A true Army Level does not only have a tough individual strength, but also a strong subordinate support, just like Nadia. Her Nine-Headed Dragon Army had demonstrated strong strength in many battles. Furthermore, they shared some of her own strength. However, they still lost badly in battles and in the end, they perished.'

"This is the true Army Level?" Garen suddenly realized. No wonder the Warlocks are so tough. With this strong core army under them, and as the core expanded, then they could form countless powerful and incomparable terrorist armies. It would be a matter of course that this kind of army would definitely conquer a lot of territories.

However, you felt that his own strength had increased from an average of two or three points to an average quality of seven points. His strength increasing span was very powerful. After all, he mainly relied on the Slaughtering Hand during all the fights before, and now, all he relied on was his own strength.

With this kind of enhancement, not only would it double up, but instead, it would simply improve by multiple times.

However, it seemed that Dahm's and others' enhancement barely even increased by a level. Originally, their Aura strength could only reach the Middle level. Though this time they achieved the ranking of an Upper level, it's still not stable.

Then, he found that those subordinates who had achieved the Upper level were only Dahm and Hochman. The rest who at the top of the Middle level were Quentin and Xander. Those in the normal Middle level also included that Asian girl, Cece who just recently returned to the combat club. Unexpectedly, this Cece was an Asian Battle Vein Inheritor who had practiced swordsmanship. No wonder, in the beginning, she did not show any panic in combat club. Garen was the one to give her some help behind her back. Hence, she officially joined combat club's deep operation recently.

After that, there were the Lower levels, and they were few and far between. There were only a few of them – Nighthawk's Baldy, Angel, as well as few of Dahm's and Hochman's strongest subordinates.

Baldy and others were mainly because they lacked Shooting Shadow Secret Skill. Although it was made up after that, they still could not compare themselves to the top Princes and Princesses, who had large amounts of resources to help them. But compared to them, they had very rich battle experiences.

That was why, as a Lower level, they were able to fight face to face with the Blood Breed, which could be comparable to the top levels in the Mercenary.

But with such strength to confront the entire Wellington Family, only higher level strength would be able to see through them. It would be too appalling for the lower levels.

"This battle against the Wellington Family; on one hand, it'll be a symbol for us, Holy Fist Palace to demonstrate our strength, and on the other, this is to end our last conflict," Garen said simply, "AG and the Dark Colors Witches are unwilling to stand behind the scenes. If that is the case, then we should take advantage of it too. The Witches are on their guards while watching the Blood Breed's civil war from the side. This is our chance to grow."

"I understand," Angel nodded.

In the North side of the estate, the mist in the forest was heavy. In the darkness, it was as if a ton of knights, riding on their black war horses were slowly moving forwards.

From time to time, the black war horses would spurt its snort, but there was no trace of white and hot air.

Looking down from the trees, the whole forest was dense that one would not be able to realize that there were hundreds black Knights.

"Mystical Mist Knight, the Dark Colors Witches really did set off the trump card... This Wellington is in trouble now."

Somewhere on a tree branch that was hundreds of meters away from this forest, there were two looming silhouette above the ground. One of them had an ant-like voice, which seemed to be a girl.

"Looks like this Lightless Party can't restrain themselves, taking the advantage of rising when this is chaos. But this is our chance. The more chaotic it is, the better," The other man said in a low voice, "If one of the three Secret Party Household is wiped out tonight, then that really would be a big issue that would reverberate the entire Blood Breed."

"Impossible. This estate of Wellington's was only a bait. Moreover, the other two Households will not watch them as they get wiped out. The show has just started," The girl laughed lightly.

"Barney's two Household has been detained by the Light Party, but support can still be sent over. Bloodshed and white machete will come over. Only then, it is time for a show."

"You were the one who reminded them?" With one listen, the man knew it was the girl's writing.

"Of course. Lord Scarlet Moon was killed, and Lord Ashen is trapped. They ruined our Light Party; we suffered a heavy loss. The Secret Party should pay the price too," The girl's tone carried a hint of bitterness and determination.

"Be careful, an expert is coming!" The man violently pressed the girl's head down. Suddenly, the both of them vanished into the darkness. They were completely invisible.

Below the branches, two black horses were walking down slowly.

There were two Knights speaking softly on top the horses. Both of their black armors were different than the other knights. They seemed to be the only ones in the group that made noise.

The one on the left had a figure of a black heavy armor, but two points of blue lights could be seen vaguely under the black helmet.

The other was a young girl who was carrying a machete on her waist; one of her arms was broken. Only an empty sleeve was floating in the air.

The girl's brows shot upwards with her sharp eyes, giving people an aura of a cruel and cold wolf. Her long black hair was tied into ten small braids, like an ethnic style.

"Manasi, I can't believe that you came here yourself. I thought you were still repressed in Morchon Underground Palace."

The girl's voice was like the wind, carrying a hint of whistle in the air.

"Even yourself is here. What am I supposed to do in the Underground Palace?" The black knight who was called Manasi answered. His voice was like putting countless electronics into one. It was very weird.

"The attack timing is three minutes after. Estimate it yourselves. Maybe other Households will come to assist. I need you to defend the outsiders," The girl said directly.

"What about your men?"

"My men will attack from the east. Those humans are coming in from the front of the south side. But I suspect that they will not be able to break through the gate," The girl laughed coldly, "We cannot fail our master's goal. I will personally coordinate this."

“Leader gave me half an hour. So after half an hour, I will not let my sisters sacrifice themselves without a cause. Don’t blame us if we leave you guys aside.”

“That is fine.”

The two of them continued forward, and very quickly, they had disappeared from the forest.

The two lurking silhouette in the branches reappeared.

Both their faces did not look happy.

“That was close... We almost got exposed! It was the black knight Manasi, and that Thousand-Legged Serpent who had surprisingly increased in two Upper level ranks... I did not think that they would come over. More so, they are now related to the Dark Colors Witch!”

“We must report this to our Lords.”

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East side.

The silhouettes in black cloaks each carried firearms. They surged into the estate and fought into one with the red-shirt Vampires.

A pool of blood constantly exploded in the ground, forming marks on the floor.

The black cloaks and vampires were like two groups of black and red ants that gushed out crazily, and tangled onto one another. As the firearms were shot in close proximity, bullets were not shot out. Instead, black water arrows were shot out. Once these water arrows fell onto the Vampires’ bodies, it would quickly corrode into a big hole, dripping out large amounts of white fluid. Whereas the men in black cloaks were continuously tackled by the Vampires, then biting into them as food and ripping their veins out.

In the center of the battlefield, two silhouettes – one black and the other red – were fighting with such quick speed. Occasionally, half a black card was spurted outwards that stuck out fiercely into the ground. Then suddenly, one after the other, holes with white fluids exploded. But at certain times, red blood was spurted outwards too; this black-shirt man was also injured.

“Kill!” The black-shirt man shouted so fiercely that the wolf’s fangs necklace he wore suddenly lit up a white halo.

With a sneer and taking him as the center, a white halo was suddenly spread out into a circle that expanded rapidly along the ground. The surrounding Vampires that touched the ring of halo became stiff. Their bodies quickly turned white. Very quickly, they were turned into white fluids and collapsed onto the floor.

The red silhouette was also hit violently by the halo. To one’s surprise, as if it was hit by certain substance, it immediately flew outwards, letting out a sharp cry.

“Aioria!”

In a split second, red shadows sprang out from the side, joining the battle circle to attack the black-shirt men.

Again, three were fought into one. It seemed like the black-shirt man could abuse the use of his halo as it required a lot of energy. The red shadow was heavily injured by that attack just now. The war was now at a deadlock

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Chi!

Chi!

Chi!

Dahm's face twisted into a huge smile. He flew forwards with great speed. With every step he took and as he brushed his hands outwards, fresh blood would spurt out onto his body.

Every Vampire that passes him would explode all of a sudden as if there were mini bombs placed in their body. With a thump, they all would turn into a cloud of blood mist.

Under half a minute, only a few dozens of Vampires were left from the hundreds of them on the battlefield.

A burst of fanatical cheer rang out from the entire battlefield.

"Dahm! Dahm! Dahm! Dahm!"

The Mercenary army shouted as they fearfully, yet respectfully raised up their weapons. Some who were abnormal lifted, tossed and shot the Vampires that only had half a body left and were still alive.

Hahaha!

Everywhere was filled with the smell of blood and crazy laughter.

Dahm rejoiced by opening both his arms wide, enjoying this wonderful and sweet smell.

"I am Dahm! Dahm Galahad! Come! Enjoy all these deaths. Death is the start of everything!" He chanted out loud.

Whoosh!

At this moment, a group of huge black shadows was heading over from the front with a dramatically empty sound.



When everyone could clearly see the group of black shadow, they couldn't help but gasp.

Surprisingly, that turned out to be a huge iron ball with a few meters in diameter. The black iron surface was contaminated with tons of bloody stuff. It had already killed a lot of people.

"Giant rock Aruda..." Dahm opened his mouth, and revealed a merciless smile.

"You are right. You have come to provide support indeed..."

In a moment, he jumped out fiercely, but his body was stuck to the ground. As a lightning swept below the iron ball, the red air around his body suddenly diffused outwards. Then, he headed towards the mysterious shadow behind the iron ball.

"Die!"

Countless spirits, as if they were a bunch of dark red snakes, let out a hissing of a breath and strange sound, biting at each other.

"Hehehe..." The same cruel people laughed in a low voice. In the dark, only his pulling eyebrows could be seen, as he opened a red and bloody eye.