

# Mystical 701

## Chapter 701: Battle 3

Clank!!!

Arudo wielded two short daggers in his hands. He braced the daggers in front of him, blocking Dahm's unstable aura.

The red aura and the daggers clashed with each other as the harsh scraping of metal against metal rang out.

A few parts of aura was sliced off, which promptly vanished.

Arudo wasn't a member of the Wellington Household but an elder of one of the secret household. He'd once ruled the whole Europe for hundreds of years and no one could overthrow him. He'd gone silent at the end, so no one would have expected him to appear here.

This man was in a black shirt with two white leather strap forming an X in front of his chest. After blocking the aura's attack, he rolled as he was pushed back by at least ten meters.

The giant metal ball automatically moved with the chains as he pulled on them. It flew back to him and landed just beside his body, forming a crater.

"Dead Waterbird Fist – Nightfang!"

A red figure instantaneously passed above his head. Just like a bird flying in the middle of the night, the red wings fluttered as the figure let out a gentle and crisp chirp.

Chirp!

Two hidden and soundless streams of aura impaled Arudo's shoulders through his armpits. At the same time, Dahm flew up, made a turn mid-air, tumbled around as he glided and landed at least ten meters away.

As he landed on the ground, hundreds of streams of densely packed aura seeped out of Dahm's body like poisonous snakes and slithered towards Arudo.

"I've heard that there are a few elites from the humans. I didn't expect them to be at this level. How disappointing..." Arudo smiled, revealing his white teeth.

As he faced off against the countless aura streams, he kicked up his right leg and sent the giant metal ball flying up, which collided with hundreds of streams of aura. With one hit, most of the aura streams were dispersed, leaving behind only a few streams that had managed to slither past the metal ball's landing site.

He pulled out two fingers and moved lithely at lightning speed. The remaining aura streams were then detonated mid-air.

As an upper-level Blood Breed, Arudo possessed an overwhelmingly powerful physical attribute. He had pushed his Blood Breed body to its extreme limits, and his speed, strength and regenerative power were off the charts. Only his hypnotic skill wasn't as powerful.

The difference between an Upper-Level Blood Breed and the other Blood Breed was that they could pull other beings into their illusions and their prey wouldn't be able to escape from it. Although Arudo was weak in this aspect, in return, he had a strong immunity against illusions.

A few streams of aura hit the tree trunk at the side and holes were pierced into the bark as if a bullet had shot through them. Arudo's power was alarmingly high.

Dahm's expression finally looked more serious.

He reached out his fingers and licked at his nails. His nails were stained with red and some of them had even turned purple. One would wonder just how much Blood Breed's blood had stained his hands.

Those that had died in his hands were not comprised solely of vampires. There also were tens of Blood Breeds that had attempted to ambush him. There were lower-level and even middle-level ones. If not for his cruelty, Arudo wouldn't have come out in person.

"Is this the true strength of an upper-level blood breed? ..." he inhaled deeply and smirked as blood flowed out from the side of his lips. Then, a strange thing occurred. His hair started to turn blood red as if his hair was being coated with a layer of blood.

He had created a Secret Technique that suited him most based on the highest level of Two-Faced Waterbird Fist. The Death Waterbird Fist had started to show its real strength.

"Waterbird's Profound – Bloody Flower Outline!"

As he shouted, Dahm instantaneously shot forward by tens of meters. As he lunged forward at great speed, a clear red line formed behind him. He placed his hands in front of his body and afterimages of them started to form. These afterimages formed into tens of petal-like red shadows which resembled a strange bloody lotus. As he got closer to Arudo at great speed, the lotus in front of him started to blossom.

A strong and evil energy started to leak out from the bloody flower.

Arudo laughed crazily as he threw the metal ball at him. However, as he was very agile with his skill activated, evading it didn't pose much difficulty.

Arudo wasn't surprised. He started to leap forward, planning to face him head on!

He opened up his hands as he tried to grab his opponent. At the same time, his right knee was slightly pulled up as he aimed for Dahm's pelvic area. His actions were so smooth that it seemed like a natural reflex. Surprisingly, Arudo was a top-tier wrestler.

He unleashed his true strength in this instance as the wind gusted while he tried to capture his opponent with his hands. The muscles of his body moved about like mice. He, who was nearly two meters tall, literally looked down on Dahm, who was almost a head shorter.

Both of them, one black and the other red collided against each other once more, forming a bloody aura mist.

Hochman had a coat draped over his shoulders. He was in a black suit and was slowly moving two alloy metal balls in his hands, which produced high-pitched clanging noises.

With a pair of gold spectacles on him and an invisible earbud in his right ear, he raised his head and stood straight in front of the big sculpture at the entrance of the Wellington Manor, admiring it. Behind him, there were at least ten of his most elite subordinates.

Some were strong and muscular while some were small yet beautiful and golden-haired. There even were a few dwarves smirking as they gently stroked the guns in their hands.

The white sculpture was a giant knight from the mythical Centaur clan. It was holding a huge weapon which resembled a shovel. It had no shirt on, revealing its strong muscles. The sculpture was at least ten meters tall, rivaling a small building. It stood proudly in front of everyone.

Hochman analyzed the sculpture and realized that there was a void area in the horse's abdomen that people were able to enter.

There even was a small black door for accessing the void. However, the door was already opened and blood was oozing from it and could be clearly seen on the white stone floor.

"Looks like someone else had arrived before us," Hochman observed calmly. He had taken the opportunity to come here while Dahm and the Upper-Level Blood Breed Arudo were battling against each other. It had been a timely opportunity to bring his elite team to ambush while the Blood Breeds were paying attention to the three-way battle. However, he didn't expect other people would've had the same idea as him and arrived before him.

"Let's go."

He led the way to the tiny door.

Following tightly behind were three of his strongest subordinates. Similar to Dahm, he had also found three elites among the elites as his subordinates to fight against Dahm's Four Hunting Generals.

They were the Three Sharp Crosses, his strongest subordinates. It consisted of one very strong and muscular gigantic man and two golden-haired beautiful twins.

The three of them had been personally trained by him. Although they did not possess as much combat experience and talent as the Four Hunting Generals, they were very agile in fighting and killing and were also able to use Hochman's Extinction Waterbird Fist. This made them overwhelmingly powerful as they could increase their strength and speed in a very short amount of time.

As they approach the door, Hochman immediately stopped moving as a gun was fired at the door frame right in front of him, sparking it in the process.

He'd immediately sensed it when the bullet was fired and avoided it by a centimeter.

"Kill him," the dwarf behind Hochman smirked as he held a knife in his mouth and entered into the shadows with more knives on hand.

Soon, a few cries and moans could be heard from within the darkness. Then, gunshots and laughter could be heard.

"Let's go. The dwarf will handle everything," Hochman seemed rather confident in this dwarf.

The group of people didn't seem to be worried at all as they entered through the small door.

As the Holy Fist Palace's main army, they were responsible for the missions related to fighting and obtaining the Blood Breed's Treasures. They had the responsibility to not allow the other two parties to obtain it first.

After they entered the tiny door, they arrived at a narrow corridor. The invisible glass skylight had been shattered into countless shards. There were a few black piles of ashes by the corner and it was obvious that these were the ashes of Blood Breeds or Vampires.

One of the golden-haired twins walked towards the ashes, picked up some of it and sniffed it.

“Lower-Level Blood Breed. Looks like some strong ones have entered before us.”

Her memory astonished everyone as she had already memorized and could easily differentiate the scents of Vampire, Lower-Level and Middle-Level Blood Breed’s ashes in such a short amount of time.

“We’ll pick up the pace,” Hochman nodded.

There were a total of six people in their team, namely Hochman, the twins, the strong man, one of the two dwarves in black guava hats and the other one who had been left behind. The dwarves seemed to be brothers.

The remaining five continued pushing forward. As they passed through the corridor, they arrived at a blood-stained white jade fountain square. It was oval in shape and wasn’t really big. However, blood stains and ragged clothes could be seen everywhere. The air was filled with the stench of gunpowder and blood.

“The smell of the blood is right in front of us.”

One of the twins whispered.

Hochman raised his head and looked at the other side of the fountain, where the streetlights were blinking as if they were about to go out at any moment. There were three slender ashen men were standing underneath them.

The trio was all in dressed in the same ancient black formal attire and each had a silver flower pinned on their lapels as decoration.

The leader had his hair pulled all the way back, hair oil had been applied to enhanced its reflectiveness and hair gel had also been used to keep it in its desired form.

What made everyone wary was that he was holding onto a twitching corpse with his right hand.

Slam.

He threw the corpse directly onto the ground in front of him.

“Welcome to the Garden of Blood.”

Silently, a huge swarm of black smoke slowly spread out behind him and clouded the surrounding air like ink in water. It spread out in such a way that it appeared to be alive and sentient.

Hochman squinted through his spectacles as he released a rather threatening aura.

“Weidi? What a surprise, it’s another fellow not from the Wellington Household...”

In this world, there were less than a hundred Upper-Level Blood Breeds and they weren’t found just anywhere. In addition, among these Blood Breeds, only ten to twenty of them were able to maintain their true strength at all times. To be able to encounter so many Upper-Level Blood Breeds here could only mean that the Secret Party had decided to focus their strength here. It was obvious that there was a spy who had leaked this news to the Secret Party beforehand. Since they couldn’t ambush them, they could only resort to attacking them.

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Hochman stopped playing with the ringing steel balls in his hand and lightly tossed them to the subordinates behind him. What was strange was that his palms had the same brilliance as the steel balls, and making them look rather inhuman.

“We have been waiting for you for a long time,” Weidi stomped on the corpse in front of him, “This guy is the so-called elite from the Lightless Alliance and I can’t believe he stealthily came here to gain some advantages. What a stupid man.”

Before he could finish his sentence, Hochman slammed hard with his hand.

Bam!!

The black shadows surrounding him were abruptly shoved away from him. He then grabbed one with his hand and smashed it into the ground.

Boom!!

Fresh blood erupted everywhere.

The black shadows stopped moving and started to turn into black dust.

Hochman stood up casually as if he did something meaningless.

“Invisibility? Interesting.”

His action in that instant made Weidi so stunned that his pupils had contracted. The black mist around him had stopped spreading and was only covering half of the area. Furthermore, it was the smaller half too as the area had been occupied by an invisible force field.

His pupils started turning green.

“Who exactly are you? Why do you have such power!”

Hochman’s expression didn’t change as he slowly walked towards Weidi. As he moved forward, with each step he took, two green lights would flash mid-air near where he walked. What would then appeared were black-shirted human figures that were originally invisible. These human figures were frozen stiff as they floated in the middle of the air and each of them was maintaining a strange pose as if they were unable to move out of it.



Boom.

In an instant, the first black-shirted human figure exploded and turned into black ash that drifted to the ground. Then the next boom could be heard; it was the second body. Then the third, the fourth...

Wherever Hochman had been, the hidden invisible Blood Breeds near him were revealed and frozen mid-air, unable to move. They then exploded into ashes one after another.

An inexplicable and vicious shadow slowly changed its shape behind Hochman. The shadow behind him was no longer in human shape and what replaced it was a horrifying giant beast with sharp horns. The shape closely resembled the dragons from the folklores of the west.

A calm yet powerful oppression spread from his body. With his every step, the shadow's occupied space cast by Weidi and his members was further reduced.

Perhaps even Garen couldn't foresee that Hochman would be able to break through the middle-tier upper level and get close to the peak of the upper level when Garen had increased his strength. Even his soul was faintly similar to that of Garen's, which meant that his soul possessed the overwhelming aura of the incomparably powerful Nine-Headed Dragon.

Ahh!!!

Weidi shouted with all his might and two white sharp fangs suddenly appeared in his mouth. His body bent and he instantly teleported behind Hochman as he attempted to tear into his neck.

Hochman reacted by giving off a green light from his body as if he was covered with a layer of greenish, glowing fluid.

Suddenly two white scimitars stealthily ambushed Hochman from both sides, as if there were two other Blood Breeds as strong as Weidi attacking him at once.

One had to realize that Hochman wouldn't even allow an ambush to come this close from a typical Blood Breed of Lower-Level and Middle-Level.

However, these two scimitars made it. They came out of nowhere and seemed to draw very close to Hochman's skin.

"Waterbird's Profound!" Hochman's eyes instantly lit up and a shapeless whirlwind appeared around him.

"Dual Blade!!"

In that instant, the area was filled with white sparks that could blind someone temporarily.

Blood was trickling down his arms and dripping down onto the black dirt in a green field. The blood was immediately absorbed into the dirt, leaving nothing behind but soil that was slightly red.

Dahm opened his mouth wide as he panted while staring at Arudo.

His situation was dire; his right arm had been destroyed and a big chunk of his left arm had been torn so badly that blood was flowing out profusely.

On the other hand, Arudo who was before him had half of his brain blown out. However, defying logic, it was recovering at a normal pace. What was inside his skull wasn't something that resembled a brain but similar to his other parts of the body. It was filled with red thick matter which moved around.

The newly recovered Arudo looked equally battered. His shirt was covered in holes from when he was hit by Dahm's Waterbird Fist and had exploded innumerable times.

The metal ball on his body had broken into multiple pieces nearby onto the ground, while both of his swords had also broken into multiple pieces as it stuck onto the dirt. So many cracks scarred the blades' surfaces that they could no longer be used or they would immediately shatter.

His body was equally bad. The vertical eye in the middle of his forehead was an indication of his strength. It would reflect his current strength like a thermometer. When he was at his peak, his vertical eye would be red in color. However currently, it could hardly open it and it looked very sick and pale.

“My Blood Breed talent is unlimited regeneration. Dahm right? Let’s see how much longer you can last!” Arudo managed to laugh as he mocked his enemy. Although he had obtained the information of his enemy beforehand and knew that the opponent was no normal human, he only realized how truly powerful this human Dahm was! Unexpectedly, he was able to fight on equal ground with an Upper-Level Blood Breed who had lived for thousands of years. He was simply incredible!

Eventually, a strange anxiousness started to dwell within him.

The Blood Breeds who were busy with their civil wars weren’t that interested in the Holy Fist Palace that was gaining momentum in strength in the human world. They thought that no matter how strong humans could be, they would always be weaker and could pose no threat to a Lower-Level Blood Breed. Now that he had witnessed their strength...

“How long I will last?” Dahm laughed loudly as he heard what he said, “Look around you.”

Arudo was slightly surprised as the Four Hunting Generals had started to spread out and weren’t even worried about their battle. There were only a few subordinates left who stood far away as they set up an instrument with unknown purposes.

Suddenly, he could hear the churning of a helicopter’s propellers approaching from afar.

“Could it be...!!??” His pupil instantly contracted as he thought of a possibility.

Underneath the manor in a certain dark room.

Three black figures were gathered together at the center where a pillar resembling a trophy was placed. The pillar was only half a person tall and had a basin filled with blood on top.

The blood was slowly rotating and the reflection on the surface was as good as a mirror as it displayed the situation outside.

“The other two households’ people have all arrived. I didn’t expect the Lightless Alliance to be so powerful. Luckily we left a few men in case of any unexpected event,” a neutral tone sounded.

The other two was staring at the situation flashing within the bloody basin and didn’t utter a single word. The atmosphere was rather intense.

“It’s that old man AG... I knew it was him!” a hoarse voice came from a black figure.

What flashed across the basin was AG’s pale and wrinkly face. Two of his golden lions had transformed into lion head humanoids and were fighting against some Middle-Level Blood Breeds. Meanwhile, he was strolling towards the manor with his cane in hand, under the cover of numerous greenish-black bats. No Blood Breed could halt his advance.

However, what was strange was that once he had reached a certain area, green smoke started to appear underneath his feet. It seemed like there was something blocking his path and he couldn’t proceed further.

“He’s here for revenge,” the last black figure said lazily, “I’ve told you guys not to participate in this earlier on and you guys ignored me. Now we have to face this troublesome man.”

The other two didn’t respond at all. Although they sound very confident, each Blood Breed’s sacrifice, be it a Lower-Level Blood Breed or Middle-Level Blood Breed, greatly pained them. It hurt them so much so that the pain could be described as stabbing their heart again and again with a knife.

“What’s the current loss?” one of them asked lazily.

“Thirteen Lower-Level teams and we have five remaining...” the hoarse voice responded softly, “We sent out ten Middle-Level Blood Breeds and only one has returned. However, we do not have to worry about this and the issue isn’t our household’s alone but the collective decision of the entire Secret Party. The leader has promised us to compensate for our losses. As long as we have enough Blood Essence, we can produce more Middle-Levels and Lower-Levels and recover our losses. As of now, the leader is very interested in the humans named Dahm and Hochman. He has requested us to capture them at all cost. The leader is very interested in the root of their strength. This root, this so-called Secret Technique has piqued the leader’s interest.”

“Indeed. This Secret Technique has enabled Hochman and Dahm to achieve the strength of an Upper-Level within just a few years. If we were to spread this to the mass...” the neutral voice said softly. Suddenly, the lazy black figure jolted and couldn’t hide his shock.

“A few years? Are you sure they only spend a few years of their time? Instead of a certain Witch’s branched cult?!!” the lazy tone had started to wake up.

Then, the blood in the basin started to boil as if there was a fire underneath it. The Blood started to boil rapidly to the point white vapor started to form. Even the situation inside the blood was no longer visible.

“It’s time,” the hoarse voice sounded rather excited. Although Blood Breeds’ emotions were neutral most of the time, it didn’t feel good watching their Household’s strength decreasing over time.

“Let’s begin.”

The three black figures each reached out one of their hands and pressed down on the protruded corners of the bloody basin.

A strange mosquito-like buzzing started to sound. It wasn’t coming from the three of them but from within the bloody basin.

The boiling in the basin stopped and the blood started rotating once more just like before. However, the vortex was slightly different as the eye of the vortex was deepening and its speed had increased. It kept going down to the point where even a black light could be seen glowing slightly.

At the same time, from the bird’s eye view at the top of the manor.

With Wellington’s manor at the epicenter, the surrounding area of hundreds of meters started to tremble as layers of invisible walls started to emerge from the ground. These walls created by the members instantly separated the attackers, forming a huge invisible labyrinth.

As the horse neighed, while the Mystical Mist Knight was battling against the powerful Blood Breeds who had blue battleaxes in their hands, they were separated by the invisible wall. Immediately, the Blood Breeds took the opportunity to knock at least ten knights off their horses.

AG, who was standing on the field, slowly looked up at the moon in the sky. It was strange as the moon was as red as blood through the invisible wall.

“So this is... the Holy Labyrinth?”

Chapter 703: Gruesome Battle 1

The Holy Labyrinth...

What a farfetched item.

At the North, Nasira was wearing only one pristine white leather glove. She actively moved her five fingers as she tried to get used to the comfort of the glove.

Occasionally, people in black cloaks with guns in their hands would appear beside her and rush towards the manor like killing machines without fear. They then would fight against the remaining Blood Breeds present.

“The rumored Holy Weapon of the Blood Breed: ‘The Labyrinth’ had completely disappeared from the previous Blood Breed’s civil war and hasn’t appeared in many years. I didn’t expect it to see it here...” Nasira looked up at the blood moon in the sky. She didn’t seem to be worried about a holy weapon being activated.

The activation of the Holy Labyrinth had excited all of the Blood Breeds; their bodies had turned black and some of their eyes had even turned red. Their fangs and claws had lengthened and their strength and speed both increased by at least threefold.

In an instant, the stalemate was broken and the Lightless Alliance started to lose ground on all three sides.

Nasira's side was especially bad, as a huge group of soldiers and horses had been separated from the main force by the Labyrinth and were unable to continue their attacks. The Mystical Mist Knights could pass through physical matter temporarily, which meant that they could attack if they pervaded through the walls. However, they weren't able to permeate through this invisible labyrinth and could only be trapped hopelessly within a channel that didn't even span 1 meter wide.

With the manor as the epicenter, cries could be heard in all directions.

Nasira gently tugged on her glove. Seeing that she had lost a considerable amount of her Mystical Mist Knights, she finally walked forward slowly. She raised her gloved hand and touched the first layer of the Labyrinth's wall.

Sizzle...

The invisible labyrinth's wall started to melt as if it had come in contact with an extremely corrosive substance. The wall immediately degenerated and a huge hole was quickly formed. Nasira then strode through the hole.

At this point in time, both the Lightless Alliance and Blood Breed had suffered greatly. Two hundred of the Mystical Mist Knights that Nasira had brought along were trapped within the Labyrinth and couldn't escape. In addition to the previous losses, there were only about ten of them left struggling while being surrounded by the ever-increasing amount of vampires.

However, Nasira acted as if she didn't see the situation; she fought off the underlings, corroded the invisible walls and walked further in without any hint of concern.

"Leader!!" the remaining knights panted. They were surrounded by the vampires whenever they weren't careful, and some of them had fallen off their horses. The leading young witch wiped off the blood on her face and attempted to escape on her horse.

A thud could be heard as she collided with the labyrinth's invisible wall and fell from her horse. The vampires which had surrounded her started swarming over her. These vampires had been ordered by the Upper-Level Blood Breeds and had long lost their minds, and all that was left of them was their husk and feasting ability. They had already turned into the rumored devouring vampire corpse.

After a few cracking sounds that sent chills up everyone's spines, what was left behind at the spot where the female knight fell were a few tattered rags. Even her bones had been devoured.

Nasira did nothing but sigh.

"This is a necessary sacrifice. My sisters, the Mystical Mist Knights, please rest in peace."

"With such a huge sacrifice, what if the plan still fails...?" a voice came from behind. It was a tall man in a full heavy body armor. Two blue flames were glowing under the helmet and his face couldn't be clearly seen.

"Manasi, have you cleared your side?"

Nasira asked softly.

The two of them then went further in.

"I've temporarily bound them with the Top Formation. This is so troublesome. I believe a few major households from the Blood Breed's Secret Party are here. The situation is slightly worse than what we have expected," Manasi whispered.

"However it's still within the plan, no?" Nasira replied softly.

The two of them soon disappeared into the night as they walked into the manor.

The helicopter descended slowly.

Garen frowned as he jumped out of the cabin. As his black leather boot landed on the ground, his shoes sank into the bloody field below. The field was completely covered in fresh blood.



A few elites from the Nighthawks jumped down from the airplane. They stood together with him as they looked at the huge battlefield at least ten meters away from them.

It seemed like there was a huge invisible cover that had restricted the battlefield to a dome. The battle had entered its final stage and the winner was evident, considering the number of ash piles present on the field.

The people Garen had brought along had either escaped or killed by the vampires. What was left was just a huge amount of vampires piling together in a circle as if they were attacking someone.

"This settles it. Mortals with firearms are no match for the vampires," Garen crouched down as he dug up some dirt and sniffed at it. Most of it was the blood of the humans and it carried just a faint hint of the Blood Breeds' scent.

"This is something that cannot be changed," Angel whispered from behind, "The natural talent of the Blood Breed is too great and it is not something that we can hope to catch up to in such a short amount of time."

"Where's Dahm and Hochman?" Garen asked softly.

Angel adjusted her spectacles as she read the data.

"Lord Dahm is currently in front of the forest to the right and he seems to be fighting against a Blood Breed as of now. Lord Hochman has already gone deep inside and seems to be surrounded by a huge amount of Blood Breeds. However, judging from the probability of him being alive, he shouldn't be in grave danger."

"This is the first cleansing," Garen said calmly, "Those who manage to survive are worthy of bearing the name of the Holy Fist Palace," he glanced coldly at the elites around him.

"That goes the same for you guys."

"Yes!"

The Nighthawk members immediately replied with their heads down.

Angel adjusted her spectacles as she read out the data.

“According to the overall intel, there are a total of six higher ranking members who have gone out to fight and that have been held off by us. There should be only a few Middle-Level and Lower-Level non-combatants inside and we should need about.... Wait!” Angel’s expression changed for the worse, “There seems to be a new gathering point appearing. It’s from the underground!”

“Impossible! Wellington and the surrounding Blood Breed elites are all here. There shouldn’t be any other elites appearing!” a Nighthawk elite was in disbelief.

“The instrument doesn’t lie,” Angel’s face turned pale, “Captain, there’s a new unknown force gathering together in front of us. There’s something interrupting my scanning so I don’t know what it is.”

“What’s their power level?”

“Undetermined.”

“How about the overall size?”

“Indeterminable as well. The enemy has the latest jamming device,” sweat started to appear on Angel’s head.

“Isn’t this interesting?” Garen smirked and didn’t seem to be worried at all, “If everything is determined from the getgo, I don’t even need to be here.”

He then slowly walked towards the huge Holy Labyrinth.

Everything was a test for Garen. He was using the Blood Breed to test the Holy Fist Palace’s strength.

AG had set up a huge witchcraft nearby and was currently sapping a huge amount of fresh blood and life forces. A strange black gas started to appear from the air and ground.

Garen reached out his hand in an attempt to grab hold of the black gas but the black gas evaded him as if it was alive and hastily swam far away like a fish.

“Looks like it’s a success,” He smiled, “Next up, we will have to see whose trump card is more superior.”

The battle between the Lightless Alliance and Blood Breed had reached its final stage.

With the activation of the Holy Labyrinth, it meant that the battle was nearing its conclusion.

Dahm was struggling with the endless amount of vampires that tried to kill him. Explosions would happen each time he pushed off the surrounding vampires. However, the ashes didn’t give up and kept going after him like starving wolves.

On the other hand, Arudo had already hidden in the forest at the side and could no longer be seen. He was like a venomous snake, hidden inside the dark corner waiting to strike a lethal blow.

This gave Dahm a huge amount of pressure.

This was the first time.

This was the first time he felt anxious fighting against someone who was not Garen.

Furthermore, the loss of blood made him annoyed. It was as if his annoyance had been incensed by the idea of him losing too much blood.

Black figures kept revolving around him as a huge group of vampires was killed by him, and they kept producing a strange sound. Their eyes were red and it was obvious that they had long been hypnotized

by the Upper-Level Blood Breeds and the only order they had was to kill their enemy even if it killed them.

“Blood Breeds... These damn bastards!!” Dahm looked very barbaric while drenched in his own blood. His makeup and attire were not as glamorous as before. His vision had started to turn muddy and he had spent most of his aura as he fought with Arudo. Now, he could only struggle with his basic skills.

“You can’t escape,” Arudo’s voice came from the forest, “As a Blood Breed, I commend your strength but unfortunately, a human will always be a human. You’ll always be flawed and this is the reason why you lose.”

“Shut up!” Dahm scolded. Then, a scream could be heard nearby. It was one of the Four Hunting Generals. His eyes twitched at every loss from among the Four Hunting Generals; it pained his heart greatly as they were his loyal subordinates!

“Look around, your subordinates have been surrounded again. The holy weapon shines upon us and we’re back to full power. You guys, on the other hand, will slowly feel pressured physically and mentally,” Arudo said coldly as his voice kept reverberating in the empty field.

Pew!

As Dahm wasn’t careful enough, a black shadow from the vampire swift passed his hand and a huge chunk of meat was bitten off.

He screamed as he held onto his hands. Now that both of his hands were severely injured, he could no longer exert any force from it and blood had seemed to stop flowing out as well. He had already lost close to thirty percent of his blood. If not for being a Martial Adept who could shrink his muscles to drastically reduce the amount of blood loss, he would have fainted from excessive blood loss ages ago and be shredded into pieces.

As Dahm finally lost his means to defend himself, Arudo came out with a perfect third eye from the forest.

The Bloody Arudo! He who represented the Upper-Level Blood Breed. One of the rare few that could fight a good war. He looked at the surrounded Dahm while thinking of a way to develop his descendants. Even though this would make him lose some of his blood and reduce his overall strength, this person right in front of him was still rather valuable.

#### Chapter 704: Gruesome Battle 2

"If you wish to live, I can convert you into my descendant. How about it? You'll be immortal and possess incredible physical characteristics such as speed, strength, and regeneration. Time will no longer be a threat to you..."

"Shut up!" Dahm shouted as he started to laugh while being surrounded by vampires.

"Idiot! You don't even know how terrifying Teacher is. If you kill me, the Holy Fist Palace will definitely avenge me! Your friend, your household will be completely destroyed!"

Arudo's face turned foul and his body turned into a black line as he went past all the vampires and appeared right in front of Dahm.

Thud!!

Arudo punched Dahm directly in his chest. The thud resembled someone hitting against rubber and Dahm was sent flying.

"Kill? Destroy? You're going to die soon and your teacher, the guy from whatever Holy Palace didn't even come to your rescue. How dare you threaten me when you're on the verge of death?!" Arudo was furious. The surrounding vampires had been ordered by him to stop attacking. Arudo was the only one attacking now.

"This is the inner region of the Holy Labyrinth. The more powerful a non Blood Breed is, the more restrictions he will face. Are you still hoping that Garen to come and save you? This is the first time I've met someone that's this dumb," Arudo rushed towards him and gave Dahm a firm kick in the abdomen and he was sent flying once more.

Cough cough cough....

It took Dahm some time to push himself up. His face was covered in blood and dirt but he had an evil smile on his face. He didn't seem like he had given up at all.

"As long as I'm alive. Eventually... Eventually...!!" he stared at Arudo very sharply.

About seventy percent of Dahm's bones were broken and he would need to force himself to even twitch.

Ever since he practiced the Waterbird Fist, he had obtained respect and strength he'd never had before. People who had a taste of power, wealth, strength and excitement would never become someone's servant and beg again!

Dahm's eyes turned red as he teetered on the verge of losing his mind.

Boom!!

Hochman defended himself with his hands as he blocked a punch from the stone statue in front of him.

He groaned as the pavement underneath his leg sunk in, forming two deep holes.

The stone statue's hand was three meters wide and had no effect on Hochman's hand when it attacked him. It was as if it had attacked a very solid wall and was blocked.

Half of Weidi's body had been torn apart and he was holding himself up against the wall, watching the humanoid stone statue summoned by the Holy Labyrinth attack Hochman.

"This is a very small portion of the holy weapon's true strength. You can't win against it."

Inside the square, Hochman's party had only four people left as the two dwarves had been turned into bloodied meat piles. The twins' legs had given way and they had fainted as they fell to the ground.

Lastly, the giant with scars all over his face was barely holding himself up as he was attacked by the stone statue.

There were at least ten stone statues in the area and all of them had appeared out of the blue from the dark areas of the manor. These white stone statues were dressed in heavy armor and were about seven to eight meters tall. They looked like the giants of the legends.

Hochman's suit had been torn apart, revealing his upper body filled with muscles. His skin was as black as obsidian, with a metallic sheen.

He glanced at his surroundings and started smirking.

"Although I don't know what you're planning, it no longer matters."

In an instant, he retreated as fast as lightning by at least ten meters and was approaching the manor's main gate.

"Don't you dare escape from me!!" Weidi was stunned and immediately shouted, "Block him!!"

As soon as he shouted, Hochman's body stopped moving as if it defied physics. His body halted at the side of the door and he could no longer move backward and out of it.

Suddenly, a strange bloodied humanoid figure appeared between the entrance and his body.

The humanoid seemed to be made entirely of fresh blood. It had no face and hair but maintained the shape of a human.

The exit behind Hochman was completely blocked by it.

As this humanoid appeared, Weidi and the other Blood Breed gave sighs of relief.

“The Fresh Blood Statue!! It has finally appeared!!”

The bloody humanoid reached out its hand. Although it looked very slow, in reality, its speed was terrifyingly fast as it pressed onto Hochman’s back.

Boom!!

Hochman flew away as if he was hit by a train. The muscles underneath his singlet sunk in as he was sent flying like a cannonball to the ground by the square, forming a crater which was half a meter deep.

At this point in time, the whole square was filled with craters and it no longer resembled what it originally looked like.

Ugh!

Hochman could no longer hold it in and vomited a mouthful of blood.

“We should stop moving forward for now,” AG stood just in front of Garen as he stared at the manor which had become quiet, “The Blood Breeds have activated the Fresh Blood Holy Weapon, the Labyrinth, and the statues. Our witchcraft has been affected by it and we need time to adjust it.”

Garen started frowning.

AG looked at him.

“There’re only ten minutes left before our plan is completed and two of the Holy Weapons are currently in their prime time. When the witchcraft is activated, their potency will reduce drastically and they will be unable to deactivate them as well. As long as we are able to obtain the two major Holy Weapons from the Blood Breeds...” greed started to flash across his eyes, “They will definitely know that we have been aiming for the Holy Weapons from the beginning.”



“The Silver Light Demon Statue will soon appear and will enter its weak period after ten minutes. It’s all on you after that,” AG said in a serious manner.

Garen ignored him as he turned his head and looked at Angel who was behind him, “What’s the current situation inside?”

Angel and a few people were busy tuning a sophisticated black instrument. It looked like a mini satellite receiver and would beep as turned while it was being tuned.

Sweat was dripping profusely from her forehead and she didn’t even have the time to wipe them off as she kept staring at the huge amount of data through her spectacles.

“Dahm is in serious trouble! Lord Hochman is in a slightly better situation than him but he has been placed in a difficult position. Something really strong seems to have appeared inside!” she immediately replied.

Boom!!!

Suddenly, the ground started to raise up in the center of the manor, between the buildings. It was as if the ground suddenly erupted halfway, forming a strange protrusion.

Kaboom!!

There was another explosion and the protrusion finally exploded.

Countless amounts of dirt rained down, plopping down all over the manor and surrounding districts.

“The Silver Light Demon Statue has finally appeared,” AG said with a nostalgic tone as he looked at the explosion in the center, “The Wellington Household’s strongest weapon, nicknamed the Realistic Apostle. It would require three peak-tier Upper-Level Blood Breeds to be able to barely summon this overwhelmingly powerful weapon of warfare.”

“How long more until I will be able to enter?” Garen asked.

“Eight minutes more,” AG responded immediately.

The manor started to clear up from the explosion as the dirt spread away, revealing the core object that had caused the explosion.

It was a silver humanoid statue which stood five meters tall.

The statue was completely silver in color and seemed to be made out of a silver liquid. It had a pair of angelic wings, but instead of having normal human hands, it had a pair of sharp claws just like the vampires.

As soon as the statue was formed, it immediately looked in AG’s direction and started to move its wings. Then a sharp chirp could be heard as the statue instantly disappeared.

Boom!!

When it reappeared, it was in front of AG and Garen, only about ten meters away from them!

However, it was this distance that restricted the Silver Statue’s attack. The ground was lit up by countless blood-red textures. At the same time, a strong force gathered and landed on the Silver Statue’s surface, oppressing it and causing its movement to slow down.

“How much longer?” Garen asked once more.

“Five minutes. Soon.” AG started to frown as well.

“Lord Dahm is in critical danger!” Angel shouted out of nowhere, “His heartbeat is dropping drastically! It’s no good! Same goes for Lord Hochman as well!! His spleen is broken and his head is severely injured!!”

Garen was suddenly in a bad mood and started to walk towards the Silver Statue.

“Garen what are you doing! We still have another five minute before the Silver Light Demon Statue is at its weakest! If we go for it now our plan would be destroyed and the Blood Breed may even retract their Holy Weapon!!” AG was stunned and immediately blocked his path.

“Move away!”

Garen’s body slowly expanded and his muscles on his body started to buzz as he kept expanding.

“It’s only two subordinates! If the plan is successful I will give you as many subordinates as you desire! I want you to calm down! Right this instance!” AG shouted.

Buzz...

Garen replied by inhaling deeply.

Just like a huge whale swallowing the sea, Garen’s chest sunk in deeply and he let out a deafening shout.

The fine buzzing sound spread all over his body once more, and it turned black from head to toe, giving off a metallic sheen.

His big yet solid muscles looked as though stones had been embedded in his body.

“My disciple can only die by my hands!”

Garen’s voice seemed to have changed as it now contained a thick and horrifying tone. It was similar to one shouting into a valley, that produced multiple echoes.

Boom!!

A solid raging aura spread powerfully with him at its epicenter. The wind blew so hard that Angel and the others couldn't stand straight, and even AG had to take a few steps back from his tremendous aura.

"Calm down!!" AG shouted.

"Waterbird's Profound." Garen's voice rang through the night and into the distance and echoed deep into the inner region of the Holy Labyrinth.

"Soar!!!"

As Garen roared, a sharp chirping sound could be heard.

Chapter 705: Awe 1

The sky darkened as the ground trembled.

Chirps were mixed into Garen's intense roar and it resounded even in the deepest parts of the Holy Labyrinth.

Garen then pulled his right hand back, and a vortex started to form as the air swirled on the ground while he aimed at the Holy Labyrinth in front of the manor.

He then released the attack.

From afar, Garen's body looked like he was inside the abdomen of an invisible giant bird. The moment he threw his punch, the giant bird moved.

It spanned its wings and flew forth.

AG reacted swiftly in an attempt to block Garen's attack. A golden hoop which looked like some sort of a wristband flew from his hand and stopped right in front of the giant bird's beak.

A clear explosion could be heard, but the golden hoop was as weak as an egg. The golden hoop didn't even last for a second before it was shattered into gold pieces as it was touched by the giant bird's beak. The golden pieces flew about, interrupting AG's next action.

A gully of a few meters deep had been formed in front of Garen, piling up an immense amount of black dirt which formed into a giant circular pillar. It was then sent towards the Holy Labyrinth.

Clang!!!

A deep ringing sound resembling a giant bell ringing could be heard, and a white supersonic soundwave spread about.

Garen's fist landed firmly on the Labyrinth while his fist was filled with a unique high frequency that only a Secret Technique possessed.

Crack!

A small crack instantly appeared on the Holy Labyrinth, which started to multiply in every direction.

The cracks instantly propagated tens of meters up into the sky. It was as if the walls of the holy weapon had spread towards that region.

Boom!!

In just a moment, a hole had been created through the gigantic Holy Labyrinth.

Garen's fist turned into a black soil column which looked like a black thorn. It pierced through everything as it stabbed towards the deepest region of the Labyrinth.

What accompanied the black pillar's piercing was an overwhelmingly powerful shockwave.

Layers of Labyrinth broke into huge pieces as if they were made out of glass.

“The Labyrinth!!!... It’s broken.....!!!” AG stopped moving his hand and unconsciously, his mouth opened wider as each second passed.

Dahm slowly closed his eyes as Arudo’s steel fist shot towards his head like a cannon.

“Die!!!” his rage-filled shout reverberated in his ears.

He could feel an immense pain in his head. It was the sense of crisis before the opponent’s fist would come in contact with his head. However, he had no more energy to move about.

Then, the strange roar appeared right beside his ear as if it’d leaped through space and time itself.

“Flight!!! ...”

Yes... It was just like a water bird which gently touched the surface of the water before flying up into the sky.

“It’s teacher...” Dahm was unsure why, but he became very calm as he watched the fist getting closer to him. The slightly black skin, the solid fist, and five sharp Blood Breed nails clenched together.

“Have you given up?” a voice wondered deep within him.

Give up? Why would he!

He was a person that was going to surpass everyone!!

Dahm, struggling with all his might, used his last ounce of strength to open his mouth as he attempted to bite at Arudo's fist with his teeth. However, he then realized that Arudo suddenly stopped moving as if a tape recorder had stopped rolling. He stood quietly as his fist was only a few centimeters away from his face. However, it felt like it would take forever for him to go across this distance.

Buzz... A slight wind blew past.

Arudo's body started to collapse as his body started to turn into fine ashes that were blown away by the wind.

A familiar yet horrifying figure appeared behind Arudo out of nowhere. What was strange was that the figure was slowly disappearing, as if it was just an afterimage.

"The final profound of the Waterbird Fist... Flight..." Dahm seemed to have understood a lot of things. His eyes twitched and he fell to the ground on his rear.

As his laugh trembled, the vampires which had surrounded him started to turn into ashes while maintaining their posture.

Hasty footsteps could be heard from the darkness a distance away as Nighthawks uniforms and the lights of the signal swiftly approached.

Hochman was barely able to stand firmly. He stared at the Fresh Blood Statue with blood all over its face standing a short distance away. That statue's body was made out of constantly flowing viscous fresh blood, but it could move around freely as if it was a living human being. It had no face and no hair. It did, however, possess simple maneuvers that could kill off anything.

The enemy didn't seem to plan to kill him but wanted to severely injure him so that he wouldn't have the strength to defend himself.

"The Fresh Blood Statue, a killing machine that is automatically created near the Silver Light Demon Statue. Although its strength can't be compared with the Silver Light Demon Statue, it does possess regeneration and defense that is superior to the Blood Breeds. It's the perfect counter to you humans who possess incredible strength with very little regeneration ability."

Weidi, whom Hochman had been beaten as though he was a dog, had completely recovered. Furthermore, he was even blessed by the Holy Labyrinth as he kept recovering the spiritual energy and Blood Essence that he'd previously spent.

Without changing his expression, Hochman pressed onto his wound at the side of his abdomen. His spleen was broken and had a serious hemorrhage. However, he'd noticed them and pressed onto an acupoint to delay his injury. Currently, his most critical issue was not his severely injured body but his brain.

In Hochman's vision, it seemed that a few additional Fresh Blood Statues had appeared. His vision was muddy and dark. This was either due to the excessive loss of blood or the attack from the Fresh Blood Statue possessing some sort of poison.

He shook his head as he attempted to clear his vision. Unfortunately, his vision had become even muddier.

Suddenly, a group of Fresh Blood Statues appeared and had encircled him. All of them reached out their sharp claws at the same time as they aimed for his chest.

Hochman at the time was in a daze. He was motionless as he stood while raising his chin as if he was looking at the night sky above.

"Do you hear it?" he muttered, "That's the sound of the waterbird..."

The Fresh Blood Statue's sharp claws pierced into his chest and drilled in between the lukewarm muscle and bone.

Then.... It just stopped moving.

The statue that did not possess any face, too, started looking up into the night sky.



“What... What is that!!?” Weidi raised his head as he looked above the manor. His face was filled with disbelief and terror.

Up above the manor, there was a huge bird that was as big as, or even bigger, than the Silver Statue flying towards it. It spanned both of its wings as it pecked at the Silver Statue’s chest.

The huge bird was half transparent. Its inner parts were filled with countless white airflows and a huge amount of black dirt. These two ingredients had merged together and made the huge bird very realistic.

The huge bird’s wings were as wide as the legendary supernatural Phoenix’s as it dragged its long tail.

Hochman knew of the shockwave of this move. He had seen Garen using this simple high frequency trembling technique but he’d never seen its true potential.

The Two-Faced Waterbird Fist Technique’s Final Profoundity — Flight.

Its full name was the Flight of the Evil Phoenix!

It was a horrifying fist technique derived from the West Phoenix Fist. It was also one of the strongest profoundities of the Two-Faced Water Bird Fist Technique ultimate technique.

Perhaps other people were unable to hear anything strange, but those who had practiced Secret Technique could hear the sharp chirp of the Phoenix.

It was the howl of the wind and it was the sound produced by the strongest technique of the Waterbird Fist!

The Blood Breed’s holy weapon, together with the Wellington Household’s strongest warfare weapon — the Silver Light Demon Statue versus against the Holy Fist Palace’s Two-Faced Waterbird Fist Technique’s Final Profoundity — Flight of the Evil Phoenix.

In an instant, a gold light so bright that it blinded anyone appeared as these two bodies collided with each other.

Hochman was unable to open his eyes after he'd automatically closed his eyes. However, his vision was still filled with bright gold light. The gold light was so bright that it could pass his eyelids and glare into his eye receptors. It was the strongest excitement he'd ever felt.

The sound frequency was so high that his ears could no longer pick it up. All he could see was a circle of solid grey shockwaves bursting from the golden explosion as the core spread about hundreds of meters around the region.

Hochman was on the verge of collapsing as his ears and eyes were bleeding profusely. The blood flowed down from his cheeks, leaving four trails of red blood.

Weidi, on the other hand, was on all fours on the ground as he grabbed tightly onto the edge of the crater. However, it was all futile as his body was pushed back by the shockwave, leaving a trail of marks on the ground.

The Fresh Blood Statue seemed to melt away slowly like a candle. It turned into a huge amount of blood and started to vaporized into a bloody mist before disappearing into thin air as the ground trembled while the golden light bathed onto it.

After some time.

Hochman slowly woke up from unconsciousness. Every inch of his body was in pain and he could no longer move.

His vision was muddy and could only see very little.

Amidst the confusion, he tried to open his eyes wide as he attempted to look at his surrounding.

He then started to hear clear and rhythmic footsteps. From his muddy vision, he saw a strong and horrifying figure walking towards him.

“Teacher...” he moaned.

That figure was ferocious and huge as black smoke kept surrounding his body. That black smoke was the aura that he recognized as it moved about like a living being. It spread about in the area, forming into shadows of dragon heads which looked greedy and cruel.

He then felt that he was being lifted up.

“Bring him back and treat his wounds,” that man finally spoke and Hochman was finally at ease. He could no longer bear it and passed out.

Chapter 706: Awe 2

Garen stepped on the ruins of the countless estates and when he looked around, he could see that large pieces of silver statue fragments were scattered everywhere. They were silver in color but were more likely to be made out of a high-tech alloy than the precious metal. Occasionally, the remnants of some sophisticated circuit appliances could also be seen.

Wisps of black and white smoke were floating around the estate, and some areas were even on fire.

Garen was bare from the waist up, and the horrifying muscles of his body were like black metal armor that twitched with every slight movement while encasing his entire body.

It looked like the armor of a human machine, one that could morph constantly. He did not look human at all.

The final form of the Waterbird Fist was the improved version of the West Phoenix Fist — the Flight of the Evil Phoenix. The reason why it was called Evil Phoenix was due to its terrifying lethality; this level could no longer be considered as a proper technique but an evil technique. It was why Garen had made it the Waterbird Fist’s final form, included it as a secret technique, and written it down as the final version in the demonic book. The Flight of the Evil Phoenix that was written in the demonic book would be a benchmark for the power of the Two-Faced Waterbird Fist.

He glanced at the miserable estate once again.

All the walls had collapsed, and the remains of the building were not over a meter in height, and he could no longer tell the artifacts apart from each other; everything had become piles of different colored dust.

With the exception of Hochman, Dahm and all of the beings who have trained the Waterbird fist, including the few magic mist knights of the dark witches, they had all turned into piles of different colored dust when the moisture in their body had been completely evaporated.

This was the true horror of the Flight of the Evil Phoenix.

It destroyed the water particles in all living things under the high-frequency oscillation, and rapidly evaporated and dried to the point where it would turn anything into dust. Only secret users who have practiced the Waterbird Fist would be able to reduce its terrifying damage depending on the level of their skill.

Just by gently touching the edge of a broken wall.

Crash!

The wall collapsed and released a huge cloud of dust. With the moisture absorption, high-frequency oscillation, as well as the violent impact of the air current, only the most rigid materials could survive after the being hit by the combined assault.

The Nighthawks and the people from the Holy Fist Palace worked together to quickly carry Hochman and Dahm away. Each one of them who met Garen treated him as though he was a God-like being, with traces of respect and fanaticism.

That kind of fist technique was like a mythological fist technique! It was beyond their logic and understanding. That was not a field that ordinary humans could stand upon, it was an extraordinary field that belonged to the blood breeds and wizards.

While Angel was commanding her men to clean up the battlefield and help the wounded, she glanced at Garen from behind with passion and adoration.

AG slowly caught up with Garen from the ruins, while Nasira, who had a complicated look on her face, was standing beside him along with two helpers: Manasi and a high ranked witch.

“You’ve become stronger...” AG sighed lightly.

“You just never understood how strong I am,” Garen turned around and replied softly.

In fact, after he’d reached this level, he was no longer interested in this world’s blood breeds.

If it wasn’t for the pressure from Nadia regarding the void creatures, he would not have disputed over such trifling matters with the blood breed and witches. He would’ve made a move and established his superiority immediately. By doing so, the matter would not have been delayed until now.

“What are you planning to do next? I’m done with my part,” Garen casually asked.

According to the divided tasks, all he had to do was deal with the silver magic golem, then AG and Nasira would deal with the rest.

“Both parties are equal now,” AG casually answered, “About the Upper-Level blood breeds, we have finished off the entire secret party, and now the three of us and their three elders are the last remaining forces,” there was a mysterious smile on his aging face.

Without needing instructions, Nasira, who was standing at the side, looked at the Thousand-Legged Serpent beside her, nodded slightly, and withdrew a silver snake-shaped pendant. She walked to a part of the estate ruins and dropped it on the ground lightly.

The silver snake pendant freely fell towards the ground and made a clang when it hit a pile of black dust, which was the sound made when gold collided with iron.

In that instant, a circle of black ripples started spreading from the ground, and the affected areas were blackened, forming a huge seven to eight meters wide black hole.

Shadows started forming on both sides of the hole and two hound-like strange creature statues were formed. There was a stair extending downwards in the middle of the hole.

“I’ve opened it, the actual core residence of the Wellington family, the family’s underground palace,” Nasira quickly returned to her previous stance, “This part of them is similar to the vampires in the movie, they like to live underground and absorb the earth’s yin essence.”

“The Garden of the Immortals, it is their reliance and they claimed that it is an absolutely forbidden zone that can never be broken into,” there was a mocking smile on AG’s face, “It seems like tonight, it will be completely destroyed.”

He strode into the underground palace with his cane and soon disappeared into the darkness.

He was followed by Nasira and the two upper-class witches. The rest of the witches were trying to clean up the battlefield. One by one, they walked in in a well-ordered manner; they were very experienced and not even a wince was observed. Only when they saw Garen did they reveal a respectful look, but other than that they were not nervous at all. It was obvious that they were very experienced in fighting wars, or they’d planned this for a long time.

Garen squinted.

Things had gotten completely ugly with the blood breeds. Previously, because Raffaele and the other witches had been protecting their hometown, they protected his parents and sister too, so he only needed to add a few more bodyguards and it was enough. Moreover, the people that they used to provoke were just ordinary forces and none of them were highly ranked, so he was able to cope with it. But now, he really had to deal with it immediately.

As for the safety of his parents, Garen had already sent people to get them. Even before he made a move, he had already expected it, that if things were to get ugly, a place like Grana would not be able to withstand their revenge, and the people that he sent should almost be at the headquarters by now.

The headquarters was also no longer the old one in Berlin, but a new place, a remodeled palace at the summit of the American mountain which had been bought by Hochman and Dahm to be made the Holy Fist's headquarters.

However, Garen believed that the best defense was to attack and destroy the enemy, as there would naturally be no more danger.

The reasons he'd come was to test the strength of his men as well as make use of the blood breeds' power to toughen the future core members of the Holy Palace.

The last was to test the strength of blood breeds and at the same time, repay AG's favor. The previous attack on his sister had been just a lead.

"Captain, are we following?" Angel whispered to him.

"AG is about to break through, it seems like getting the two holy objects was his core objective of this mission," Garen said calmly, "I also wanted to have a look at the real immortal beings, and how powerful they are."

He glanced at Angel.

"You do not have to go, I will go by myself. Be careful of surprise attacks by the blood breeds, and have Quentin back you up."

"Understood."

Although now all the experts of the Secret Party present were either severely wounded or killed, it was not everyone from the Secret Party, and there were still two more major secret clans which could gather experts to reinforce this heavily damaged party.

After arranging the situation properly, he jumped into the hole and glided downwards in silence like a bat.

Berlin

The group of moving vehicles was the same as normal vehicles. Everyone was busy as the commanding officer barked out orders while he managing the transportation of all sorts of items.

Several Nighthawk members dressed in plain clothing with bulging bellies glanced around the area vigilantly.

In the evening, the carrier workers were busily working on the lower floor of the mansion; they had not even gotten to the second floor.

Through the darkness of the second floor, blurry shadows were slowly yet steadily moving towards the secretive, hidden room on the second floor. It was as though they were the shadows of the curtains, and no one noticed their presence.

The two groups of shadows were communicating in voices so low that ordinary people would be unable to hear.

“He definitely left, it’s our chance.”

“The source of the weirdness must be the room on the second floor.”

“Pay attention to avoid traps.”

“Understood.”

In a suburban district forest that was less than ten kilometers away from the two groups of shadows.

A group of people dressed in black was commanding in a nervous yet ordered manner.



Medis and Kabb from the Bailey Group were smiling as they stared at the huge projection screen in front of them.

“That man has finally left, it has been confirmed that he left Berlin completely and will not return anytime soon, otherwise he won’t have people moving his stuff,” Medis whispered, “According to my investigation, and the news I heard from the Primary Colors group, there must be some important secret of Garen’s combat club.”

“What is the progress of the research?” Kabb whispered his question.

“Very good, the secret technique we got out of the dying Nighthawk, after putting it into the test, the effect after deriving it in the computer is astonishing! Thirty out of a hundred people who participated in the training reached a remarkable level, they were almost comparable to the world’s top mercenaries’ levels! Even though they themselves are strong candidates, it’s undeniable that the secret technique has greatly enhanced their strength.”

“Even such a simple technique is so useful? Then will the core secret techniques not be that applicable?” Kabb was surprised.

“It is very useful, they are all extremely horrifying killing techniques.” Medis squinted his eye and revealed a foxlike smile. In that instance, something more eye-catching appeared on the projection screen.

A few sturdy and sharp looking elite Nighthawk members were carefully carrying a box covered in black cloth out of the mansion and heading towards the car. In the void that could not be seen, the box was surrounded by some kind of oppressing yet horrifying distortion feeling, it was similar to the airflow that looked distorted above flames.

“That is....” Medis muttered. “The secret in the secret room, it must be in that box!”

“Get ready to make a move.” Kabb giggled as he slowly took out a weird looking black mask. The forehead of the mask was covered with dense eye-like holes, and it was the same mask as Garen, the Sleepless Faces mask!

Inside the mansion, the two groups of black shadows quietly floated out and moved within the shadows of the stone armrest, so that no one would notice their movements.

Somewhere not too far away from the truck, several sturdy Nighthawks members were carrying boxes towards the truck. They gently and very carefully walked along the slanted steel plate and placed the box covered in black cloth on one of the large containers they prepared in advance.

The container was filled with a large amount of white, ice-like substance that was constantly exuding white cold mist; it was something like dry ice. As soon as the box was put into it, it was constrained, as though the box was not an object but a living thing.

The few sturdy men quickly sealed the container with the lid and covered it with seven to eight locks.

“Take good care of it, it’s something that the commander specified to handle with caution.” A leader-like Nighthawk member whispered to the men carrying the boxes.

“Understood, don’t worry, we will take turns to look after it.” A man laughed and said in a low voice.

The leader nodded, lowered the offloading boot of the vehicle and went to delegate the workers to move other stuff. There was a total of three carrier trucks, and he needed to verify all three of them one by one.

The two groups of black shadows stopped under the shadow of the armrest and appeared to be waiting for something.

Soon, everything in the villa was being moved into the trucks, they started up the trucks and it seemed like they were ready to leave.

Some Nighthawk members jumped into the car and closed the door.

The two men who were guarding the box both lit a cigarette, puffing on it from time to time, and exhaled rings of smoke. They were having a pleasant conversation and laughed occasionally.

The two groups of black shadows started moving slowly. They took advantage of the moment when the car had started moving forward slightly to quickly float behind the truck carrying the box and get into the vehicle.

Where the light shone on the shadows, two groups of transparent human shaped outlines could be vaguely seen.

“Get in position.”

“It has already started.” Both shadows were exchanging information with each other.

Amidst the darkness, dots of red lights started flashing in a corner where the two guardsmen were not able to see.

Chi-chi!!

Along with two light noises, the two guardsmen fell. They clutched at their necks with their eyes rolled back, and fell to the ground twitching.

“We got it, notify someone to pick us up.”

One of the dark shadows suddenly walked out of the shade and the air vaguely twisted for a moment before suddenly, a small thin figure appeared. It looked like a lovely little girl.

She walked before the container with an unknown tool in her hand, and lightly pressed it along the edges of the container and clapped her hands.

Bap!

Along with a crisp sound, all the locks on the container was fully opened. After the lid of the container was removed, the box covered in black cloth that was exuding a white mist was seen in the middle of the container.

The girl raised her left wrist and gently tapped on the screen of her watch. The screen started flashing and transformed into a black display, upon which a smiling old man's face appeared on the screen.

"How was it? You got it?" the old man was the Kabb of the Bailey group, and he was smiling while he slowly enjoyed his coffee.

"We have arrived at the targeted area, but the targeted object is too large, so we can't easily move it." the woman replied in a low voice.

"Can you split it?" Kabb asked.

"It's difficult." the woman glanced at the box's material under the black cloth, "It is made out of the latest alloy manufacturing technique."

"Then drill it. Destroy the entire box quickly, you do not have much time," Kabb ordered.

"Yes."

The woman switched off the screen on her watch, and a small black knife popped out of her left hand, one that looked like a fruit knife. She placed the knife on top of the surface of the box under the black cloth.

Hiss!!

Suddenly, there were two saw-like crisscrossed razor blades at the tip of the sharp knife which was moving in a cutting motion alternatively, and also a needle-like drill in the center which was rotating constantly, causing sparks to appear on the surface of the black box.

Toot!!!!

Suddenly, the box made an extremely piercing alarming sound.

“Warning!!!” the Nighthawk members started yelling outside.

At that moment, along with a ‘thump’ sound, a big hole was being made on the box beneath the black cloth. The edge of the metal bent upwards and formed a few sharp bulges. The size of the hole was sufficient for a hand to reach in.

The girl kept her watch and drill without hesitation then stretched her hands into the hole.

All of a sudden, she shuddered and her body felt stiff.

“Hurry up!” the other black shadow urged urgently.

Strangely, the woman did not respond and she remained stunned. Her hand was left motionless in the box and she was frozen still. Her forehead had started dripping with a large amount of sweat, and her eyes were wide open. It seemed like she was enduring some kind of terrifying torture.

Thump!!!

Suddenly, an enormous force slammed into the girl mercilessly, directly throwing her out and hit the hidden black shadow behind. The both of them moaned in pain and rolled off the moving truck.

Before they even landed on the ground, rounds of firing gunshots were heard, and the only things left on the ground were two heavily shot bodies.

At that moment, the hole in the box started emitting traces of invisible distortion and that small area where it was distorted vaguely looked as though it was a ferocious dragon head.

“What happened?! They found out about it?” Kabb looked at the static monitor screen in front of him.

“I’m afraid so.” Said Medis while frowning, “The sisters rarely fail, this time they should have got into trouble. It seems like the reason why Garen left something so important here is that he’s well prepared.”

“Let’s start our first backup plan, doing it the hard way seems to be the only option.” Kabb thought for a moment and said with a low voice.

“I’ll go get ready.” Medis understood what her boss meant.

Kabb’s face got slightly gloomy.

He had to get the masks as he’d heard from the Primary Colors that Garen had several masks with him. Moreover, it was part of Garen’s secret, which was also something that he’d wanted to uncover for a long time.

At that time, the campsite was getting busier as Medis seemed to have arranged something, and the members of the Bailey Group started moving around urgently.

“Do you need me to help?” suddenly, a new image popped out on his watch screen. It was a sinister looking hook-nosed man, who had his chin slightly lifted while he stared at Kabb on the other side of the screen with a hint of arrogance.

“Mr. Gremlin.” Kabb remained calm, “You’re pretty well-informed.”

“Garen ruined my dream, so how can I not pay attention to his actions?” Gremlin responded coldly, “Don’t tell me that you can’t even deal with what Garen left here? If so, then I’m disappointed in your capabilities.”

“You do not have to worry about these, I will deal with it.” Kabb said with a false smile on his face, “How is your White Phoenix Base doing?”

Upon mentioning that, Gremlin's face twitched. Since Lesothy had put a lot of pressure on the Primary Colors, it had led to a huge setback on the reconstruction of the White Phoenix base. After all, the White Phoenix base was just one of the Primary Color Group's branches. To them, a Violent Organization branch was not something that important. There were many other factions within the group that were happy to see his branch being suppressed.

"It seems like you do not need my help."

Kabb smiled, stopped talking and directly ended the contact. For now, Gremlin was worth nothing to him; he was of no importance, his branch was gradually being abandoned by the Primary Colors, and his forces had been greatly damaged by Garen. Without the deterrence of the special-class mercenaries, nevermind Garen, even to Kabb, he was just someone of no significance.

Wellington family's underground palace.

Garen slowly walked down the underground passages. Inside the passageway, there were circular arch-type stone doors, and every few meters, there would be a greyish-yellow stone door, all of them were open.

Garen looked forward and could not see an end to this stone tunnel.

Garen could only vaguely see the torch of Nasira and the rest of them somewhere in front.

He himself did not need any illumination, as his extremely strong senses were enough for him to get through any environment without any hindrance.

The structure of the underground palace was very peculiar; both sides of the passageway were filled with yellow, nails-like steel points, and looked like the nail boards of the ancient criminal law. On top of the tunnel, there was a round dome of cloud patterned arcs. He did not know what the patterns were about, but they were bending all over the place.

Not knowing why Garen felt that there was something wrong as he moved forward, it was as though every time he went through a door, he entered into a new environment. Through the layers of stone doors, the feeling that he felt now was completely different from when he'd entered.

Also, he could no longer see Nasira and the rest in front of him.

He did not know what AG had planned, but they were not the kind to rush forward and leave him behind.

He took his phone out but there was no signal.

To avoid destroying the valuable information in it, Garen had not brought along the notebook that enabled him to contact AG, and he figured that AG would not have brought it either.

Garen took a few steps forward and he could sense that his surroundings were being filled with a faint dusk-like yellow light, though he did not know how the yellow light was appearing in the underground palace.

The nail boards on both sides of the wall were filled with spikes, and there was a stone door in front which he could not see an end to the passage, which kept going downwards as though there was no end to it.

At that point, the entire tunnel had brightened up, the yellow lighted up the entire tunnel, but the surroundings were dead silent, and he could not hear Nasira or AG at all.

Garen looked back and forth, the door which he entered initially had completely disappeared, and all he could see was an endless amount of stone doors. All the opened stone doors were quiet yet they oddly connected to form a straight tunnel. The faint yellow light illuminated the whole tunnel.

"It's not the same as when I first came in." Garen frowned, "I only went through five stone doors when I came in. Is this an illusion or a maze?"

'It should be a maze.' Black Sethe whispered, 'There's something weird about this place, please be alert.'

"I know." Garen nodded and continued walking forward.



## Chapter 708: Underground Palace 2

A dark corner in the underground palace.

AG was holding up his burning flame staff while he walked forward with a calm face. There was no one around him, as Nasira and the rest of them seemed to have been separated from him, and he was left alone.

"This place... it feels weird..." he murmured to himself. "I've been separated by some sort of dimension force.... It seems like..."

He looked at his surroundings with vigilance and speculation.

The fiery flare caused his face to look slightly reddish.

He reached his unoccupied hand into his pocket and touched something, then he instantly calmed down.

"I will succeed this time, just one last step... one last step..."

There was a determined look on his face once again as he strode forward.

Another dark corner in the underground palace.

Manasi, who wore a full set of armor, and the thousand-legged serpent witch were following behind Nasira who was holding a torch. The both of them observed their surroundings with vigilance from time to time.

"I can feel an extremely evil force here." the thousand-legged serpent's tail slightly swayed, as if it was a slightly distorted living thing.

The three of them walked through the passage. Before and behind them was endless darkness, and the torch could only illuminate an area within a few meters. The areas where the flame was not able to illuminate occasionally looked like statues of the skulls of beasts.

“Every death apostle’s immortal garden is not the same, so you need to be careful. All we need to do is to restrain the force of the underground palace and we would have completed our mission. As long as the AG can successfully fulfill his goal, he can completely destroy this garden.” Nasira whispered.

The blue flame in Manasi’s eyes flickered a few times.

“It seems like this is Wellington’s final card. I’ve prepared some special weapons, they will come in handy.”

The three of them were alerted and sped up towards the depths of the underground palace.

After an unknown period of time had passed, the underground passage appeared to have become more spacious, and some deep scratches began to show up on the ground. There were also tiny writings appearing on the wall.

“It seems like there are words on the wall.”

The thousand-legged serpent walked over and gently stroked the wall.

“Wellington... Pearson... Dovich...” as she touched the writings, she said softly.

“Pearson Dovich?” Nasira frowned, the name gave her a bad feeling as if she heard it somewhere.

“There are more words behind.” the thousand-legged serpent continued to reach towards the back. As her fingers touched it, she read it out softly. “Anil’s Gardens.”

Anil’s Gardens?!

Nasira's expression changed.

"It's a trap!! Anil's Gardens! How could it be...!!" Even someone of her status could not help but feel a chill.

There were many unsolved mysteries in this world, and Anil's Garden was one of it. Rumors said that it was an underground garden someone named Anil built, but in fact, it was an underground cemetery, an underground mausoleum.

No one knew who Anil was, and no one has found any records of the mausoleum in the history, but somewhere in the underground of a lost ruin, people unintentionally discovered the existence of Anil's garden.

It was known as one of the most well-known taboos in the supernatural world and was infamous because there was no way out of it.

"Shouldn't Anil's Garden be in Australia? How could it appear here!!" Nasira felt her heart pounding violently, as the feeling of her plan going out of control overwhelmed her.

"We probably have not gone too far, it's not too late to retreat!" on the other hand, Manasi was not very nervous. Since he was a half-wizard cyborg, he has never heard of how scary Anil's Garden was.

Nasira shook her head slightly.

"It's too late, if this is Anil's Garden, then space has already been twisted, we will definitely not find a way out. Even the time here is distorted, the both of you need to be careful."

She took out a small wooden bird, gently tossed it, and the bird started flying backward.

"Look."

Manasi and thousand-legged serpent looked and were instantly stunned.

They saw the wooden bird flapping its wings as it flew backward, after flying for just a short distance, suddenly, it was flying on the spot without moving forward before it disappeared from their sight.

“This space will only allow you to move forward and not backward, I used to study the three secret lands and this was no exception, the only way is to move forward,” Nasira said solemnly.

The other two were also upper-level witches and they naturally had pride and confidence in themselves, so they quickly calmed down.

“As we move forward, we might find clues that will get us out of here,” Nasira said in a low voice.

The three of them continued to move towards the depths of the underground palace.

The Wellington family within a certain dark space

“They finally went in.” An elderly black shadow said with a low voice. He took his hand out of the blood pool and there was a trace of exhaustion in his voice.

“Is that Anil’s Garden? The legendary underground cemetery in Australia which could move around like a living creature?” a woman asked with a lazy voice as she finally got a little interested.

“To be exact, that’s the biggest secret of our family, everyone knew that Anil’s Garden is in Australia, but no one knew that there is a pathway in our family’s underground palace that connects to a second Anil’s Garden.” a third black shadow explained with a neutral tone.

“The second one? How are you clear about it, you went there before?” The slothful girl asked curiously.

“No. Not even the landlord has not been in it, the landlord used to warn me to not try to enter the garden, or it would be very troublesome.”

“Even the landlord has not been in it?” both of them were surprised.

“To be precise, no one has ever been in it. The entrance of the tunnel has been there since forever, but I do not know what is inside. Even the landlord was warned by his ancestors to never enter the garden. No one knows the reason why, but it was being passed down from generation to generation.” the shadow with a neutral voice explained, “Which is why I do not know what’s inside, and you both should stop asking me.”

The blood pool was constantly replaying the scene when AG and the few of them entered the underground palace.

Strangely enough, the entrance to the underground palace that they enter was not the usual entrance of the family. The blood pool showed that entrance of the family was still hidden underground, but the hole that they opened, where did it come from?

Then, they saw AG and the rest of them jumping into the unknown underground palace entrance, and quickly disappeared.

Just after they have all entered the hole, the entrance rapidly warped from an ancient looking appearance into a whole new appearance. The mottled and destroyed old brick stone surface of both sides of the walls suddenly morphed into a whole new wall, and even the hound-like statues on both sides of the door looked brand new. It suddenly changed from a shabby entrance into the actual underground entrance of the Wellington Family.

“I get goosebumps all over my body every time!” the girl with a slothful voice finally revealed a dignified look on her face. “Where exactly did this entrance come from?”

“I don’t know.” The black shadow with the neutral voice replied, “The only thing I know is that the landlord activated something, then he told me about this plan.”

“They probably won’t be able to get out, let’s think about something else, one of the elders of the other two families is in our hands, and it might get very troublesome!”

The elderly black shadow murmured, “How much do we need to pay to satisfy them?”

"Prior to this, we have already extracted most of the Bloodline Core. As long as we get enough essence, their resurrection will not be a problem, but since it will take time to recover, we might take a massive hit," the girl with the lazy voice answered.

"Tu Lan, this should be your turn to negotiate with them, it was us for the previous two times," the elderly shadow suggested.

"I know, it's so annoying."

"There're more words here," Manasi said with a low voice while she stroked the wall.

"What is it?" Nasira got up from the ground somewhat irritably.

"All those who enter the underground palace.... will become the prey of the Grim Reaper. It is a curse that no one can escape." Manasi whispered and recited the writings on the wall.

"You're making things up!" Nasira flicked the ash off her fingers; previously when she crouched down to check the indentations on the ground, she did not find anything.

"Let's move forward," she ordered coldly and seemed to have calmed down. "We better find AG and Garen as soon as possible, the sudden appearance of this strange underground palace is way beyond what we expected."

The trio continued moving forward along the passage. The flame seemed to be moving through the endless darkness, and after a while, the passage gradually grew wider and formed an inclining downwards slope.

Soon, the three of them could hear a subtle sound of water coming from the bottom of the slope.

"It's a river." The thousand-legged serpent said in a low voice, held his torch and walked towards it. From afar, they could see something sparkling under the slope and a violent underground river at the very bottom. The river was four to five meters wide and it stretched across before the three of them.

If they wanted to move on, they must cross the river.

They looked towards the left and right side, but both sides were being blocked by walls, and at the bottom of both walls, there was a big hole, which was where the river water flowed in.

A small river appearing suddenly inside the tunnel was suspicious, so Nasira took the initiative to use a special energy-absorbing physique she had that was able to make all supernatural beings useless. She quickly walked to the edge of the river under the slope and gently scooped up some water with her hands.

The water looked blackish, there was even a faint rotting smell, and after Nasira sniffed at it, she immediately threw it away.

“There is poison in the water, be careful,” she stood up and looked at the rapidly flowing river in front of her.

The entire river was blocking the tunnel, it was roughly about seven to eight meters long.

Nasira smoothly took a step back and then jumped over it. Her light body flew forward and in just a snap of a finger, she was on the other side of the river.

The other two jumped in and steadily got to the opposite shore.

The passage on both sides of the river were different; the ground of this side was rough and rocky without any man-made facilities.

#### Chapter 709: Attack 1

There was some gray moss growing on the ground and walls, while the air seemed to be heavy with moisture, forming a faint white fog.

Nasira looked around cautiously but did not find anything unusual.

“Be careful, if this is really Anil’s Garden, it will definitely be a troublesome place.”

“Let me do it,” Manasi the magic knight walked forward and his full body of armor started making sounds. He knelt down on one knee and rested his arms on the ground.

“Fire of Clarity.”

A purple circular pattern lit up around his arms, and the purple snake-like pattern drilled into the ground.

Shoom...

A cluster of yellow flame ignited spontaneously on the ground and turned into a fiery snake, moving around as though it was a living thing.

“Keep up with it, it will bring us to the deepest core of this area,” Manasi warned and got up.

The rest of them did not say much, but followed behind the snake tightly and moved forward rapidly. Soon, they entered a crude tunnel, and as the distance they traveled increased, the white fog around them got thicker and the air became moister.

The bright fire snake that was leading the way started to gradually become dim, as though it was being restricted.

Manasi had to take out a few weird looking things like a snake’s gallbladder and throw it into the flame to barely sustain the flame of the fire snake.

Hooo...

“What’s that sound?” Nasira suddenly stopped, “Did you both hear that?”

At that time, the three of them were already deep into the crude looking tunnel, and they were surrounded by cold, hard rock walls.



“Sound? What sound?” the thousand-legged serpent frowned and looked around.

Hooo!

Suddenly, a group of distortions passed by behind him, and two of them exclaimed and instantly attacked.

Bang bang!!

Two groups of black fog hit the stone wall behind the thousand-legged serpent, the impact causing quite a number of black stones to fall off the wall.

The thousand-legged serpent reacted to it by growing a large amount of hair all over his skin, of which the texture was that of a living creature. His hair started popping out in all directions frenziedly, like needles popping out under high pressure, and most of the spiked hair hit the stone wall and made a crisp clinking sounds.

“Watch out, above you!” Nasira shouted.

The thousand-legged serpent hurriedly looked up, just in time to see a group of transparent distortions lunging towards his head.

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Boom!!

Garen punched the walls of the stone wall tunnel. A large number of rocks were smashed into powered form, scattering onto the ground and creating a deep rumble.

A several meters deep large pit appeared on the stone wall, and numerous dense cracks spreading around it.

“Ah?” He unclenched his fist and looked at the stone wall.

‘This should be an independent underground passage, so there won’t be any connected tunnels around, you should just give up.’ Black Sethe said briefly.

“This is indeed a little troublesome,” Garen nodded. “If only I could fly, just like in the previous world, I could just fly straight up, and not even this place could trap me.”

‘If I’m not wrong, even if you could fly, if you don’t figure out the tricks and methods to leaving, you will probably not be able to leave.’ Black Sethe said in a low voice, ‘There seems to be some sort of spatial distortion here. No matter where you go, space will eventually be twisted and you will be directed into a downwards direction. Moreover, if you go downwards, unless you break through this entire planet, you will never be able to leave.’

“Can you find a way?” Garen continued to move forward. The surroundings of the passage changed from a bright yellow tunnel into a rough stone wall tunnel.

‘I need time, how can I think of something all of a sudden? Just keep moving forward, so I can get to know more of the spatial rules here.’

“Ok then.”

Garen speeded up and continued walking deeper into the tunnel.

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“Ah!!” the thousand-legged serpent shouted. Her whole body lit up in a purplish-red glow and a purple flame started burning in her eyes. She opened her tiny mouth wide and shot out a shivering, distorted purple light, which looked like a transparent twisted tip of a knife.

However, a strange phenomenon appeared, the purple laser went straight through the distortion and did not have any effect on it.

Poof!!

The thousand-legged serpent froze with a shocked expression before she was directly covered by that group of distortions. She was being wrapped in it and it looked as though she was being stuck in a huge lump of sticky glue.

She struggled for breath, but she could not get out of the distorted slime.

Nasira and the Manasi tried various methods to cut open the group of transparent distortions, but they were all futile. All they could do was watch as the thousand-legged serpent got smaller and smaller inside the distortion.

Her body began to melt like a candle.

Her face began to decay and melted into lumps of dripping light yellow fluid. Her eyes were the first one start melting, as well as her breasts, nose, and other protruded parts. Before the melted fluid could slide down any further, it would rapidly merge into the group of transparent distortion.

“Damn it!!” Nasira attempted to use her hands to rip open the distorted slime, but it was to no avail. Her energy-absorbing physique did not work, and all she could do was watch the thousand-legged serpent struggle inside the distortion.

Sweat started dripping down her forehead.

“Damn it! What the hell is going on in this place?” Nasira felt pain in her hands, so she immediately took her hands out, and when she glanced at her palms, they were already a little corroded.

“Let’s go!!” Manasi grabbed her from behind and started running backward, and after a few steps, they notice that they were just running on the spot, then they turned around and continued running forward.

Both of them were still in shock, and the thousand-legged serpent's twisted and hopeless face gradually disappeared behind them, consumed by the darkness. They continued moving forward by following the Fire of Clarity, and soon they put everything behind.

"The thousand-legged serpent is an upper ranked person! Don't worry, she will not die that easily...." Manasi comforted. However, the both of them were aware that the thousand-legged serpent was AG's subordinate instead of a member of the Witch's Association, and as they were not that close, it was unlikely for them to pay a huge price to save her.

Being an upper-level person did not only represent their strength, it represented life and vitality. It also represented the same for upper-class blood breeds.

The upper blood breeds could isolate part of their core and preserve it while their main body could still maintain its peak state, just that their endurance would be weaker. By doing so, when they need to execute an extremely dangerous mission and they were sacrificed during the process, they could extract the essence from the preserved core and quickly create a new body. Of course, reviving would cause that person to be weak for a long time, at least a year or two, but it would be better than dying directly in a fight.

Similarly, the upper-level witches had similar tricks; they could make use a large number of secret techniques to strengthen their own body, and also the Broken Lizard Tail method, which sacrifices a part of their body when they are in a life-threatening danger. The most common way was to use their alliance.

The alliance was the witches' supernatural companions that belonged only to them. The alliance itself did not have high intelligence, but they were an incomprehensible illusory being that only witches could summon.

Ah!!!!

Suddenly, they heard a piercing scream coming from behind.

Is was the thousand-legged serpent!

She sounded like she was in extreme pain, the instant that they heard her piercing screams, Nasira and Manasi felt chills all over their body and they involuntarily speeded up.

“Quick!”

Nasira was almost sprinting.

Before they got too far, she suddenly stopped, stood still in the tunnel and dared not move forward. Manasi who was behind her almost knocked into her.

“What happened?”

Nasira slightly took a step back and stared at the dark passage in front of them alertly. She did not speak and all she did was point in that direction.

Manasi looked towards where she was pointing and saw a bald man dressed in black standing in front of the channel, blocking their way.

The most prominent feature of that man was his shiny bald head, but strangely, there were various sized eyes covering the top of his bald head. Those were all human eyes with a sharp contrast between black and white, the eyes kept blinking, and it looked oddly creepy.

The man stood with his back facing them, though there were dozens of eyes at the back of his head, and he was motionless. It seemed like he was not a living person, but a sculpture.

Both Manasi and Nasira felt an inexplicable wariness of the man.

“Let’s do it!!”

Nasira suddenly rushed forward and made a sideways kick. Along with a terrifying roar, she took out a few transparent air bombs and threw them directly at the man.

The air bombs were comet-shaped, and they lined out in a straight line on the back of the bald man.

Boom!

The air bombs exploded but the bald man was undamaged.

Hooo!!

Right at that moment, a huge force rushed out violently behind Nasira and hit her from behind.

Bang!

Nasira staggered forward, seemed to have tripped on something, lost her balance and fell forwardly onto the floor. But she immediately felt something entangling around her waist.

She caught a glimpse of a number of black tentacles behind her, each as thick as a water bucket. The moment the tentacles entangled around her waist, they became transparent and started secreting a large amount of transparent fluid.

Heee!!

She immediately made a weird shrieking sound. Then, her left arm broke off and her whole body became blurry. As though she'd teleported, she disappeared on the spot and appeared in front of the tunnel, which was more than ten meters away.

It seemed like Manasi used the Broken Lizard Tail method, and they ran into a forked road which suddenly appeared in front of them.

"We'll go separate ways!" Nasira shouted and ran straight ahead without turning back. The tentacles were so powerful that they were much stronger than an upper-level blood breed. Each tentacle was extremely sticky, and it was impossible to break free from it.

At this moment, she felt the burning pain on her waist; even the Broken Lizard Tail could not even get rid of the fluid, and while this thought made her gasp in shock, she involuntarily increased her pace.

Along the way, she dropped a few dark red disks, which automatically set off a cracking sound once they were thrown, and drilled into the ground like a tiny octopus.

They were strengthened time bombs that she'd made specially. They were attached to extremely powerful alliance forces, in other words, the power of witches.

#### Chapter 710: Attack 2

Witches made alliances through illusion and reality, then used the alliance as a stepping stone to utilize the magical powers of nature. They could also use their dreamland as a way to train, so they would have this terrifying ability to be much more powerful when they returned to reality.

Even in reality, when they encounter an inevitable crisis, witches could make use of their alliances' power to enter into their dreamland and avoid any danger. It was something similar to avoiding death through teleportation, which was the principle of the Broken Lizard Tail method that Nasira used previously.

However, that monster's fluid was still sticking onto Nasira, and even after she entered her dreamland, she was not able to completely get rid of it. It was horrifying because this meant that the tentacle monster's fluid had a certain degree of spiritual energy polluting toxicity.

She quickly ran into a tunnel, sat down at the side of the passage while gasping for air and quickly took out all sorts of things from her pocket. She placed all of them on the ground and sculpted an eye-like figure.

"Move." She whispered.

The eye-like figure suddenly moved on its own and disappeared into the ground.

Thump!!

The tunnel started shaking violently, but Nasira was not surprised; she knew that it was the bombs that she planted previously. Even though bombs infused with the power of witches were much more powerful than the usual bombs, she did not expect it to be able to stop that monster.

She stood up and got ready to continue running forward, but before she could, a thick tentacle appeared out of nowhere, popped up behind her, and it fiercely smashed onto her back through the darkness.

Bang! Poof!

Nasira spat a mouthful of blood, ran forward quickly and disappeared around the corner.

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Berlin

“What is that thing?” Kabb had a dignified look on his face despite the sweat dripping down his temple.

He was standing at the center of the campsite and looking at the crowd surrounding him with vigilance, while Medis stood by his side with an equally tense look.

In just less than ten minutes, there was suddenly a man lying unconscious in the campsite, which wouldn't have been a big deal except that man's entire body had started decaying like rotten meat while he was unconscious. The surface of his skin was like a tattered cloth, upon which traces of dried out wounds could be seen. Through the wounds, the shriveled muscles underneath the skin could be seen, without even a tiny bit of blood oozing. A total of four to five people have collapsed without reason.

It was why Kabb and the rest of them were on high alert.

They immediately found that there seemed to be a black string-like thing that was wandering around the campsite, and when it found an opportunity, it would drill into a person's skin.



A few of them had to shoot frenziedly in order to cut it into a few parts.

“Take it to the laboratory to study it,” Kabb ordered after nothing weird happened again, only then did he take out a handkerchief to wipe off his sweat.

“How do we get the secret of Garen’s combat club?” Medis calmed down and asked with a low voice.

“The preparation continues.”

Ahh!!!

Suddenly, a scream was heard coming from the direction of the guards patrolling in the forest.

“Who’s that!?” Bang Bang bang!! a burst of gunshots was fired, accompanied by a few grenade explosions.

All they could see in the forest were a few black shadows and the patrolling guards of the Bailey Group being entangled together.

“They are the people from Nighthawk! Retreat!!” the patrolling captain shouted.

Instantly, Kabb was surrounded by a large group of people who were trying to protect him. His eyelids were twitching intensely, and when he looked at his surroundings carefully, all he could see was his patrolling officers falling to the ground one by one.

That few black shadows were running in his direction at great speed.

The lights in the campsite shone onto one of the black shadows who was standing in front, which exposed his appearance, he was a young looking ordinary man. However, he was dressed in black from head to toe, along with a decisive and ruthless temperament.

“How dare you spy on the combat club’s transport team... Berlin Group, how dare you!” the men were wearing black metal gloves with sharp metal thorns at the knuckle, making it look ferociously abnormal and there were even blood stains on top of it.

“Retreat!” Kabb immediately gave this command after he recognized this man.

Xander, the first batch of members of the club’s elite team, who once killed a number of armed forces and then disappeared. Now it seemed like he’d become even more cruel and stronger.

Kabb squatted down, secretly walked away from the crowd and went into a camouflaged car under the cover of Medis. Once the doors and windows of the car were tightly shut, he was relieved.

“They had such a strong alertness!” he wiped off his sweat, and the car started moving silently towards a faraway direction before speeding up to escape. As for the rest of them, as long as they died off, they would be unable to chase after him. Moreover, in no time, reinforcements would arrive, and since now the combat club was lacking in manpower, Xander alone would not be able to do much.

“The harder they try to protect it, the more important it is to them!” Kabb’s eyes flickered, “Just in time for us to test the group of people that we have just trained.”

Medis had just wiped her sweat off with a tissue, thrown it into a rubbish bin and loosened her bow tie.

“I’ll inform them now.”

“If the information we got from the Primary Colors is accurate, then Xander will be the only one there, as the rest of them have been sent off to do other stuff. This will be our best chance to snatch the box,” Kabb whispered. “Inform Gremlin from the Primary Colors and tell him that we can do it together, and we can split what we got in half.”

It was proven that with just a little secret technique, they were able to get so much stronger, hence if he were to get even more records of the secret technique related information, it would enhance their strength in a terrifying way....

"Gather everyone who's available, I'm sure that I will be able to get it!" he clenched his teeth and a glimpse of determination flashed through his eyes.

"Then should I move them here too?" Medis asked tentatively. Ever since the previous attack on the Nighthawks, their mercenary troop had suffered a heavy loss. Subsequently, the Nighthawks and the combat club have been taking revenge against them, and if they were to gather all their manpower now, they might just be completely annihilated.

"Just do it! As long as we get it, I will reward them with 20 million euros! I don't believe they won't want it!" Kabb clenched his teeth.

"We might not have enough time."

"It doesn't matter, they will not be back anytime soon, as long as that thing is still on the road, we can always stop it!"

The both of them did not notice that when their car left the forest, a black shadow was standing there quietly, that person had bloody eyes and was wearing a black round cap, and he quietly watched as their car left.

"What's the matter? Did you find anything new?" the shadow heard a woman's voice coming from behind.

"I found something interesting, there's a truck that seems to be carrying the more important belongings of the combat club and this guy found out about it, so he intends to rob it," the black shadow spoke with an authentic Berliner accent.

"This human's organization is very secretive..." the woman muttered, "Their leader Garen is busy with Wellington now, and I was told that this man is terrifyingly powerful and we need to immediately retreat the moment we run into him."

"Oh?" The black shadow suddenly showed some interest. "I didn't mishear you right... We are the upper-level blood breeds, but we need to retreat?"

“Weidi and Yelu almost died.” the woman answered quietly.

The black shadow seemed to be stunned; he did not know how to react to that.

“Are you joking?” he asked. “Yaludo is much stronger than me, but he almost died?”

“That’s what I heard, but I do not know the details. Isn’t it obvious, since the leader sent us here to investigate it?” the woman said solemnly.

“That’s surprising....” The black shadow shook his head. “If that’s true, then I’m interested in what are they shipping in the truck.”

“It is.”

The black shadow sneered, gradually became more transparent and slowly disappeared.

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“Anyone who enters the garden will not be able to escape death...” AG gently stroked on the writings on the wall. They had been written in ancient German letters and had been carved into the walls ages ago.

He continued touching downwards and used the torch to light up his sight.

“No one can escape the grim reaper’s curse, so repent, sinners!” AG read the words out one by one with a straight face. He seemed to be thinking about something.

“Anil’s Garden?” he used to study this mysterious place. It was a confined infinite space loop, and if he could not find a way out, he would never be able to leave.

AHH!!!

Suddenly, he heard a scream coming from the tunnel in front. It sounded like the thousand-legged serpent!

AG had a nervous look on his face. He put his hands down and his body floated about ten meters forward. After moving through dozens of meters through that method, he soon approached the source of the sound.

“According to the distance of the sound, this is indeed the source of the sound...”

AG stopped and looked at the empty black tunnel. There was a forked road in front of him, on top of the stone walls of the forked road, there was a three-headed human-shaped statue with six arms and three eyes. The statue looked neither like a male or a female, though it was at the center of the forked road and it was staring downwards furiously. All six hands were holding something respectively, there was a water bottle, a circular ring, an ax, a ribbon, a short dagger, and a long stick.

Just when he was not paying attention to what was behind him, a group of transparent distortions rose up from the ground soundlessly. The group of distortions was gradually getting bigger before it opened up like a wide-open mouth and approached him slowly.

While AG was still looking at that statue, he seemed to have thought of something important.

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“I’m back at the starting point,” Garen frowned as he looked at the hole that he made on the wall.

‘This place is an infinite space loop, without a higher dimensional skill, you will never be able to get out of here,’ Black Sethe explained. ‘Unfortunately, these skills do not exist in my memory, only a few traces of it, which should be due to the incomplete memory.’

“A higher dimension? Something like Klein’s bottle?” Garen stood still.

‘Klein’s bottle? What is that?’

Garen suddenly remembered that it was the physical conception of the Earth.

“Nothing.”

Both ways were endless dark passages, so he tried punching the walls on his sides, and the ground was now littered with small piles of crushed rock pieces.

“We might find a solution if we find the others.” Garen felt like he was not able to solve this issue alone.

‘Then continue to move forward, try to smash the passage on your sides and see if you can get into other passages,’ Black Sethe suggested. ‘Since there’s no other way, destroying this place might be useful.’

“It’s the only way.”