

# Mystical 711

## Chapter 711: Attack 3

Moving forward, a dark river gradually appeared in front of Garen. There was something moving up and down inside the river but it was blurry and he could not make out what it was.

Garen walked to the river.

“This was not here before.”

‘It seems to have some effect.’

“En.”

Garen carefully checked around the river. In addition to his footprints, there were footprints of other people. Obviously, he was not the only one who’d come here.

He leaped effortlessly and landed on the other side of the river. Looking back at the passage behind, strangely, the passage was not there. There was only darkness and nothing else.

The passage on this side of the river was made up of rough stones, which was quite different from the passage that was made up of neatly arranged stones on the other side.

Garen looked down at the ground. Sure enough, two clear lines of footprints continued into the rough stones passage.

He silently followed the footprints while maintaining his alertness towards his surroundings.

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Nasira had a pale complexion. After taking some medicine, she staggered onward for more than ten minutes before she managed to shake off the tentacles in pursuit and entered a bright and spacious hall made of black stones.

The walls were made of egg-shaped black stones with a smooth and shiny surface.

There was green moss on the surrounding walls of the stone hall, illuminating the entire hall with green shimmers of light.

Nasira stood in front of an entrance on the wall of the stone hall and looked down. In the dim green light, she could see that the bottom of the hall was full of white bones. She did not know how high a pile the bones made, but the sight in front of her was undeniably a sea of bones. Sometimes, there was some movement among the bones.

Suddenly, Nasira's expression changed. She moved her body close to the wall and stuck to it as close as possible without moving.

Swish!

A shadow flashed in front of her, drilling into the stone hall made of egg-shaped stones. It was a tentacle as thick as a barrel!

After the tentacle drilled into the egg-shaped stone hall, it opened up like a blooming flower, revealing rows upon rows of sharp teeth, and spat.

Pu.

A rotten corpse in the shape of a human body was spat out into the hall. After some time, the sound of the corpse falling onto the sea of bones echoed.

The tentacle spat out some more things before it retracted rapidly and disappeared into the darkness.

Nasira looked at this scene with glittering eyes.

“This creature is capable of moving freely in this place?” She said with a trace of hope in her heart.

She waited until the tentacle was retracted before moving back to the side of the entrance and cautiously took a look inside.

She saw that the walls of the stone hall were filled with holes like a beehive. Sometimes, tentacles would drill out of these holes and spit things out as though they were vomiting. A large number of things such as corpses were spat out into this egg-like stone hall.

These tentacles acted like sewage pipes. Nasira looked towards a distant hole and saw Manasi.

Most of Manasi’s armor had been melted. He was lying at the edge of the hole, looking very weak. His right arm and right leg were both missing.

Boom!!!

At this moment, Nasira heard a loud roar behind her. Afterward came a sound as though something had collided with great force.

Abruptly, a figure was ejected from a passage on her right. It was a white-haired man, whose body was covered in blood and scars and he was spraying blood when he shot out of the passage. Then, he fell straight down into the sea of bones without any sound.

Nasira narrowed her eyes. Then, she saw three suspicious masked men rushing out from that same passage. They shot out a hook from each of their bodies on to the stone wall across them, deftly evaded the tentacle behind and swung down to the bottom.

The three of them quickly reached the bottom of the stone hall and stowed their hook. After walking around the sea of bones, they entered an inconspicuous small entrance.

Only then Nasira did notice that there was a small door at the bottom. It seemed to be a man-made white stone door. The three people entered the door and disappeared.

She looked at the other side and saw Manasi nodding at her. Both of them planned on following the trio.

"Follow them," suddenly, AG's voice came from behind Nasira.

"You finally came!" Nasira said while turning around. She saw AG walking to her slowly with his crutch, looking very calm, though there was a black stain on the hem of his clothes.

"Are you sure? We don't even know what those people are," Nasira frowned.

"You're hurt," AG did not answer her question and only tossed a small glass bottle of green ointment to her before he headed straight for the stone hall.

Walking to the edge of the hole, his crutch slightly moved and a black gas came out beneath his feet, forming the upper body of a man. The man opened his arms and AG sat on his shoulder to fly down.

Nasira gritted her teeth and immediately jumped over. She landed on the man together with AG.

AG took a look at her. There was a trace of excitement in his eyes.

"We'll go down and follow them first. If I'm not wrong, those three should be hunters that entered from another place for that thing."

"Hunter?"

"That's right. Anil's Garden has the Scavenger, Gatekeeper and Gardener, these three horrifying existences, but since it is a garden, naturally it would have extremely rare and precious flowers and plants. If I'm not mistaken... There is an extinct plant here that I need..." AG was in a good mood.

“It helps... in that thing of yours?” Nasira asked while standing on the black gas man’s arms and looking down at the sea of bones. The closer she looked, the more shocking it was.

“If I got it in my hands...” AG said while licking his lips.

On the other side, Manasi followed them by sliding down on the stone walls. He fell down with a loud thump while scattering bone powder everywhere.

The three of them landed outside the small door at the bottom and grouped up. Apart from AG who looked normal, the other two looked extremely unkempt.

Standing in front of the white stone door.

“Do we wait for Garen?” Nasira asked.

“Wait for ten minutes, if he does not come, we’ll go in first,” AG said decisively.

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Xander crouched down in the middle of the camp and gently wiped the grass on the ground and smelt it.

“At least thirty people stayed here for a few hours,” he reported in a low voice. The moonlight glowed on his face and his pale face shone.

Surrounding him were more than ten elites from Nighthawk and the Combat Club.

When a few great forces integrated into the Holy Fist Palace, a whole new powerful force began to form.

A subordinate stood out and said.

“Our main force went to the Wellington Manor, I think we prioritize protecting the goods.”

“You’re right Keith,” Xander was someone who liked to listen to other people’s opinions. He stood up and scanned the people around him. “A lot of people are spying around for the secret behind our Combat Club’s Secret Techniques. Now that the President is away, this is the best time for them to act. We have to be even more vigilant.”

He waved his hand.

“Let’s go back to our trucks!”

The group evacuated the forest camp quickly and disappeared into the night.

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The trucks drove along the road in the middle of the night like a yellow snake. This place was close to the airport where cargos were transported. Occasionally, there were street lamps that were malfunctioned but their trucks’ lights illuminated the whole place.

There was wilderness on both sides. Sometimes, tall square billboards were set up, but the rest were either hills or sparse woods.

The sound of the engines was endless and a few guards were seen on top of the vehicles.

“Damn, tonight is such a weird night. Hente and Patiya were knocked unconscious and couldn’t even see who knocked them out. I thought the goods were lost but nothing happened? Weird!”

On a truck at the end of the line, a masculine Nighthawk complained while smoking.

“People will get neurotic when dealing with these bizarre opponents all day long,” tanned woman with a black butterfly tattoo on her right arm muttered while driving with a cigarette in her mouth.

“How much you want to get is determined by how much sacrifices you are prepared to make,” the woman talked like an old-timer despite her age being only twenty-something.

“True, didn’t we chose to join the Nighthawks in order to acquire the legendary secret techniques? During the selection, so many people fought to join in. Good welfare, good treatment and it was also a large organization where we can learn the most powerful combat secret techniques. Making an effort in any organization is still making effort, but the conditions here were too good,” the masculine guy sighed, took out the cigarette in his mouth and puffed out a circle of smoke.

In fact, both of them understood that the Nighthawk Combat Club did not give out big tasks easily, and once the big tasks came, they were definitely the troublesome kind. However, to have kept them for so long, was it not their turn to repay their kindness?

Boom!!

Suddenly, a bright red light appeared at the front of the line, accompanied by a great shockwave.

One by one, the trucks made an emergency stop. The people in the trucks came out with their guns. Some looked over at the flames to the front and some people were paying attention to both sides while wearing night vision goggles.

One by one, several teams of masked people in black outfits took advantage of the night to sneak in from all sides for an attack.

Once both sides made contact, they started firing their weaponry at each other.

Xander jumped down from the car with a glint in his eyes. Except for him, the whole team was composed of only ordinary Nighthawk members who have acquired a small portion of secret techniques.

He put on a pair of special glasses and green dots and red dots surrounding the trucks were immediately revealed. The green dots were allies and the red dots were the enemies attacking them.

The green dots were decreasing non-stop. Although the red dots were also decreasing at the same time, their numbers were far greater than the green dots.

#### Chapter 712: Attack 4

"The situation is not good..." Xander muttered while hiding behind the truck door. The special heavy truck's doors were strong enough to block the normal bullets flying around.

In this situation, not even he dared to charge in and start a killing spree. He could sense it if there were people aiming at him but if it was a stray bullet, he could not sense it whatsoever. In that case, he would not even know how he died.

Without anyone noticing, two black shadows flashed by and quickly dived into the back of a truck in the middle of the line.

Inside the dark truck was two slender figures.

"Is it here?"

"There is no mistake. Let's see what kind of secret the Combat Club is protecting that these people would chase after them so tirelessly," a man chuckled and reached his hand out to touch the box with a hole.

At the instance when he touched the box.

Boom!!!!

A horrifying presence burst out from the box.

No! It was like an eruption had occurred, as if a volcano had spontaneously erupted at his touch. It was as though there was a being that could not wait to squeeze out this box.



“Take off the mask....I will give you an unimaginable power and wealth...” a voice in the man’s mind crooned to him.

“Take off...take off...take off...” the voice kept echoing inside the man’s mind.

“Mudin!”

A woman’s shout sounded beside his ear but the voice seemed as though it came from a place very far away.

His whole body trembled as his fingertips touched a thin and somewhat coarse mask. The mask seemed to be full of little holes.

The voice tempting him echoed in his mind and brought him a sense of pleasure.

“Mudin! What happened to you?!” a woman’s voice sounded anxiously beside his ear.

The man was tugged from behind and his hand broke its contact with the box.

He came back to his senses.

“I...I was nearly controlled!!!”

This...What was this thing!?!?

He took a few steps back with his eyes full of fear while staring at the box.

A pair of blood-shot giant red eyes slowly emerged from the dark within the truck. The eyes were incomparably tempting and dream-like. It did not have pupils that a human would have and had slightly golden vertical pupils instead.

“Come... Cute little fellow... Take off the mask and I shall bestow upon you power beyond anything that you can imagine...” a voice crossed over the space and echoed directly inside the minds of two Blood Breeds.

At this time, even the female Blood Breed had gone pale, and her body trembled unconsciously while she tried to break free from the terrifying power that controlled them. They did not know how, but the blood inside their bodies was boiling and out of their control.

“Go!!!”

A circle of blood lines spread out beside the woman and sent both of them flying away. They slammed into the side of the truck’s door and crashed on to the dark road before they took off.

“No!!! Come back!! Come back here!!!”

Only the two Blood Breeds could hear the ferocious roar. They could feel the huge temptation behind them as if it was their fate and destiny.

“Don’t look back!! Damn it! What the hell is that!?” the male Blood Breed’s eyes and nose were bleeding. He did not dare to turn back and madly dashed away with the female Blood Breed, leaving afterimages behind.

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Inside the underground palace in the distant.

Garen narrowed his eyes.

“Someone touched the mask...”

‘Never mind that, that thing is getting more and more troublesome. Even if the mask is suppressing it, as long as someone approached it rashly, they would be contaminated by the curses of the Void Creatures that you hunted down. Once the curse activated, a number of people must die before it stops. Taking away the mask is just asking for trouble,’ Black Sethe sounded as though he couldn’t care less.

Garen nodded slightly and continued to walk.

Somehow, there was a strange presence moving in front and the smell of blood drifted in the rough passage.

“Looks like I have to hurry up and leave this place. I need to collect all the masks and handle the problems here as soon as possible,” Garen said.

‘That sounds about right.’

Garen sped up his pace. Although the speed of his pace seemed slow, each of his steps crossed a distance of more than ten meters. His speed was comparable to a speeding sports car. There was no sign of him crashing into the passage despite his lightning speed.

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Inside a hall full of magma-filled cracks.

In an inconspicuous stone passage, AG walked in slowly with his cane and scanned the hall with a passionate and feverish gaze.

When he saw the huge round garden in the middle of the hall, the light in his eyes became brighter and his throat trembled visibly a few times.

Behind him, Nasira and Manasi walked out. Both of them seemed much better after temporarily stabilizing their injuries through some means.

“Where are those people from just now?” Nasira asked in a low voice.

“Right here, beside the garden,” AG whispered, “They should be trapped in here too. They can’t get out but if they can avoid the danger effectively, they can depend on the food in the garden to survive. Seems like they used this method to survive.”

Following AG’s line of sight, Manasi pointed in the air with one of his hands. A red light spread out into a triangular mirror, revealing the situation of the three people beside the garden.

Those three covered their faces but the black clothes on their body were ragged and their white hair was exposed. Apparently, they were not young people. However, at this time, their eyes were closed and they were murmuring as though they were praying for something while facing the garden.

The garden was just like a normal garden, with red and blue flowers and green leaves. The only weird part was that the sizes of the garden’s plants were much too big to be normal.

A common blue flower in there spanned a few meters in diameter. Slightly larger ones were seven or eight meters in diameter, big enough to shelter more than ten people.

Other than that, the greenery of the whole garden seemed out of place on the dense, magma-filled cracks on the ground, as though it was not affected by the horrifyingly high temperature and the poisonous fumes.

Boom!!

Suddenly, AG leaped forward, avoiding a black tentacle that was as thick as a barrel.

The tentacle was full of mouth-like suckers that were constantly sucking, giving off a horrifying feeling.

The tentacle swept to the side and mercilessly smashed into Manasi, who did not manage to evade in time.

Manasi had only managed to take out a short knife and block in front of his body, but the knife was broken by the tentacle without it suffering the smallest scratch. With a huge force, the tentacle smashed against his body.

The huge force slammed him directly into the stone wall and formed a crater.

Manasi's forte was his strength and defense but at this moment, it was useless when facing the tentacle. He was just like a toy that had been sent flying.

AG's eyes revealed a sharp glint. He was nearly attacked by this thing previously from the back and hurt his body. Now, this tentacle came after him again.

His cane moved slightly.

"Slow!"

A twisted transparent force fell on the tentacle, making its speed slow down until Nasira could catch up with it.

"Burn!"

AG shouted again.

In an instant, the surface of the tentacle was covered in dark bloody blisters, as though it had been burnt.

AG lifted his cane again.

"Corrosion!!" Veins stood out on his face as he shouted; he was using all of his strength to cast so many skills.

The top of the cane shone with black light and immediately dissipated.

On the other side, as his voice fell, the tentacle began to rot and melt like a candle, dripping black liquid on the ground.

The tentacle immediately released Manasi and intended to shrink back but to no avail. Nasira at the side took the opportunity to chop down and directly split the tentacle into two. The first half of the tentacle melted completely into black liquid and flowed down into the cracks on the ground before evaporating into black smoke and disappeared.

Both of them finally heaved a sigh of relief.

AG held his cane expressionlessly and ordered: "You guys go to the side of the garden and help me search for a flower with sharp petals. The flower has a layer of red and a layer of blue. If you guys find it, notify me immediately..."

Before he finished speaking, two shadows rushed out from the hole behind them with a speed that the naked eye could not follow and appeared instantly behind AG.

With the red light from the magma, both Nasira and Manasi could clearly see that it was two more tentacles that were darker than the previous one.

The snake-like tentacles bound AG viciously and tightened.

Kacha!

The sound of broken bones came from inside AG's body, as he opened his mouth and screamed. Black light shone again on top of the cane, spreading a huge shockwave outwards and causing the two tentacles to become loose. He took the opportunity to escape but there was blood leaking from his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth.

"Go!!" He shouted. Black light shone all over his body and covered both Nasira and Manasi and then the trio morphed into a black light arrow speeding towards the garden.

When the light arrow was mid-flight, another tentacle caught up and mercilessly crashed into the tail of the arrow.

The light arrow came crashing down to the ground at the side of the garden and turned back into AG, Nasira, and Manasi. Just as he stood up, AG threw up a mouthful of blood.

“So strong!! If not for the ability to turn into light, we’ll be in big trouble this time!” he frowned. His old face became older and more wrinkled.

“Be careful, the garden is not totally safe. I’ve done some research on this place. Anil’s Garden should have three terrifying existences, the Scavenger, Gatekeeper, and Gardener. The ones we met should be the Scavengers but as long as we don’t go too deep, we should not encounter the other two monsters. If my judgment is correct, this place should be our opportunity to get out of here.”

“Opportunity?” Nasira’s mouth twitched while looking at AG throwing up mouthful after mouthful of blood. She was afraid that AG might actually die from throwing up so much blood. “You... Are you okay?”

“I won’t die...” AG said while nodding, “We can’t wait for Garen anymore. We’ll start right away and find that flower. That’s the key to getting out of here.”

Chapter 713: Monster 1

“There, seemed to be some lingering scent of them here...” Garen said while sniffing. He seemed to have smelled the scent of Nasira’s perfume.

He crouched down in the passage and touched the rough rocky ground. There seemed to be a lot of holes on the ground as though a hammer had hit a lot of places here and there, making the ground uneven. There were also some pieces of crushed stones that fell from the wall.

Hu!!

Suddenly, a thick black tentacle shot out from the front of the passage to wrap around Garen's waist.

"En?!" Garen's eyes were wide open from shock but instinctively, his right hand chopped down like a knife on the tentacle.

Peng!!

The tentacle was chopped by the knife-hand and its surface became full of injuries in an instant. Before the tentacle had managed to even touch Garen's body, it had been divided into countless small pieces that flew past Garen's sides and landed on the ground behind him. The remaining part of the tentacle twitched and quickly shrunk back into the darkness before disappearing completely.

A strong sour odor was in the air.

Garen frowned and covered his nose. He fanned with one hand and created a whirlwind to disperse the odor.

The pieces of tentacle on the ground were twitching and some of them were crawling.

Garen squatted down and picked up one of the pieces before giving it a pinch.

"It has a strong corrosiveness."

Having the ability to act freely here, it should be a creature from another dimension. It should be our hope of getting out of here.' Black Sethe said.

"Should be."

Garen nodded and looked at the direction of the tentacle in front of him. He sped up his pace and chased it.



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Boom boom boom!!

Three tentacles waved around and tried to attack AG and the others. The other three masked people hid in a small corner. Their bodies were covered with the smelly sour liquid from the tentacle.

AG and Nasira were covered in bloodstains, and their clothes looked as though they had been attacked from the side. Manasi was dragged by Nasira and avoided the tentacles' attacks again and again.

Lava splashed around as the debris from the crushed wall fell in.

Soon, another tentacle rushed out from a passage and joined the attacking team.

"Burn!" AG shouted.

Blisters formed on the tentacle in front of him but it quickly returned to normal.

One tentacle came flying from the side.

Peng!

AG was smashed down from the air like a baseball and crashed into the wall, creating another hole there.

"AG!!" Nasira shouted as a look of anxiety appeared on her face.

She took out a small purple fruit. It was round and looked like a peach with a sharp tip.

Touching the purple fruit, Nasira's face showed reluctance but when she glanced at AG on the wall, he was wrapped around by a tentacle that was tightening up. Blood was being squeezed out from his nose and mouth.

She gritted her teeth.

"Go!!" She threw the small fruit in the direction of AG.

The fruit exploded in midair and turned into a purple mist. The mist condensed into an obscure human form with a presence similar to AG.

Purple light flashed and AG, who had been constricted by the tentacle just a moment ago, appeared directly in the purple mist. He flew towards Nasira with his cane.

His hand pulled out a pile of things which seemed like medicine drugs and threw them into his mouth.

"Go!"

Black light surrounded them and the three of them disappeared again into a dark light arrow that sped towards the middle of the garden. A few tentacles pursued them from the rear but when they crossed into the garden, they suddenly wilted and dried up as though something had absorbed all the moisture in them.

The tentacles hissed and retreated quickly as if they'd been electrocuted.

With a poof, the three of them collapsed into the huge garden and rolled on the black and yellow soil. They were breathing heavily and sweating everywhere. Manasi took off his helmet and revealed his black bald appearance. He was a young black man with a calm demeanor. The blue fire in his eyes was actually a special effect from the helmet.

"Are you guys alright?" AG asked. He wiped the blood from his body with a defeated look. He appeared to have aged a few more years.

Nasira stood up. Her injuries were the least serious but it might be the effect of the purple fruit she used. She looked depressed at the moment.

“I’m okay but Manasi’s leg is broken,” she responded with a wry smile, “and where is this place? Aren’t we in the garden?”

Once she said so, the other two reacted and scanned their surroundings. They were in a lush forest, surrounded by towering dark green trees. There were pine trees, broad-leaved trees, red maple and many other species of trees.

There were thick roots all around them. Some roots were entangled around other tree trunks and some were intertwined to form strange shapes.

Nasira looked up at the sky. The crescent moon in the night looked like a sickle emitting a bright halo.

Weng...

Suddenly, the ground vibrated.

Huala!

In front of them, a black-clothed masked man ran with frightened eyes. His body brushed against the plants, making noticeable sounds.

“Stop where you are!!” Nasira shouted. She needed to ask someone about this place.

A purple vine flew out from her hands, wrapped around the masked man and dragged him back.

That man was struggling while he was dragged by the vines.

Nasira took a closer look at him. This person was unable to speak. The mask on his face was not worn but grew out of his face.

This person seemed to have been born without a mouth and nose. There was only a pair of black eyes. He struggled with all his might but he could not speak, and only his eyes could show how frightened he was now.

Below his eyes, everything else was dark and seemed like linen fabric.

“This guy...!” Nasira was a little surprised but quickly calmed her mind. After all, in all the years she lived, she had seen all kinds of strange things.

“Do you understand my words?” she asked loudly.

Wuwuwu.

The man only managed to make these sounds but his eyes were still full of horror.

“He doesn’t understand,” AG said at the side and touched the man’s head. “This man was just like the three people just now, a native from here. They don’t understand our language and intelligence...” He pondered for a bit and seemed to probe around the man’s head through the palm of his hand. “Intelligence is not good. Equivalent to a few years old child.”

Weng...

The vibration in the ground had increased and seemed to be shaking.

The land cracked and something seemed to be rising from the ground.

Ah!!!.....

A deep male voice as though chanting, sounded from the ground.

“Dodge!!” AG’s expression changed and he leaped to the side. The other two, though slightly slower, also jumped to the other side.

With a poof, the earth erupted and a thick large arm with a length of seven or eight meters burst out from the ground. It was a human arm!!

Boom!!

Another arm shot out from another place. The two arms which appeared to be dark red with a wooden texture grabbed on to the ground.

Ah~~~~!!!

A low groan which sounded like a mixture between a man’s helpless sigh and a scream burst forth. The sound shook the whole forest.

The soil between the two large arms was lifted. There seemed to be something even larger coming out of the ground.

“Run!!!” AG roared. A black light came out from his cane again but the black light was trembling, unstable and unable to spread.

AG’s expression changed. He bit on the index finger on his other hand until it bled and touched the top of the cane.

His index finger immediately withered and became black, thin and without energy.

The black light finally spread and wrapped around him. This time, it sped away without changing into an arrow.

Nasira pulled Manasi back and ran towards another direction away from the emerging arms.

A few minutes after they left, the ground was finally broken through.

Three heads with a diameter of seven or eight meters came out from the ground. Each of their expressions showed happiness, anger, and anguish respectively. The three heads were close together in a triangle shape, looking very strange.

As the ground shook even more, the height of the three heads continued to rise. Below was a huge body with a width of seventeen or eighteen meters. The huge body grew taller with the three heads on top and gradually, the entire body was revealed.

This monster that came out of the ground had a height of more than thirty meters! With three heads and six arms, the body seemed to be made out of wood with a wood grain texture all over it. The surface was carved into magnificent cloth and armor, similar to an ancient warrior with a long cloth wrapped around him. The six arms were each holding different weapons. The hair on top of the three heads was like flames and screams rang from their mouths.

As soon as the monster came out, the head with an angry expression looked towards AG and the others.

This monster had a very strange shape and there was an oriental feel to it. It did not seem to have a gender and between its eyebrows was a vermillion dot.

A hand holding a large ring came crashing down, bringing the wind with it. The moon was hidden by the arm and the whole area was enshrouded in its immense shadow.

Strangely, although the movement of the arm was slow, its target, which was AG, seemed to be unable to move his legs. His body was stiff and he could only helplessly watched as the huge arm with the ring dropped down.

When the ring was a few meters away from his head, AG opened his mouth.

“Mula!!!”

A huge sound erupted from AG's mouth. The sound rapidly distorted from its formless and invisible state into a cloud of smoke that rushed up like a rocket.

Looking from afar, it looked like white gas burst out from AG's mouth and rushed towards the ring.

Peng!!!

The ring with a diameter that was more than ten meters came crashing down like a huge rock on the white gas.

Chapter 714: Monster 2

At this moment, blood burst out from all over AG's body. He felt as though he'd been struck by lightning. He trembled and the white gas was quickly sucked back into his mouth before a huge force picked him up and flew him a distance away.

On the other side, two more arms holding the cloth and dagger smashed towards Nasira and Manasi respectively.

The two of them were equally miserable and bloody. They did not know how they'd evaded that attack just now. Especially Manasi, his body looked dried up. One look and anyone would know he had used a taboo technique. His armor had already been smashed to pieces and there was nothing left of it.

The mountain-like monster with three heads and six arms stepped towards AG.

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Swish swish swish!!!

With three consecutive sounds, three black tentacles as thick as a barrel came rushing from the passage and smashed towards Garen with a huge force.

Garen narrowed his eyes, giving the impression that he could either be opening or closing his eyes. He took a step and left afterimages while avoiding the collision from the three tentacles. He made a circle with his fingers and lightly tapped on the tentacles.

Peng peng peng!!!

The three tentacles exploded without any resistance and broke into countless pieces before splashing on to the ground. The rest of the tentacles shrank back rapidly.

Garen sped up his pace and chased after them through the passages left and right. The broken parts of the tentacles were constantly within his sight and unable to get rid of him.

Garen's speed had increased to a frightening extent. Every few seconds, he had to stomp on the wall or the ground to rush forward. When he reached a corner, he was able to turn in a weird way and get through it.

Soon, there was a green light in front of him getting brighter and brighter.

Hu!

With a gust of wind, Garen rushed into a giant egg-shaped cave following the tentacles.

He rushed out of the entrance and found himself in mid-air before falling down in a curve.

The walls around him were covered in green fluorescent moss. These moss became the only light source in this cave. In addition, there were numerous holes in all sizes that were passages leading to other places.

Just as Garen was falling down, numerous tentacles flew out from these holes and came crashing towards him.



These tentacles could be numbered at hundreds.

“Waterbird Fist’s Profound!” Garen crossed his arms in front of his chest.

“Dual Blade!!”

With two snapping sounds, two invisible wind blades snapped out beside him to form an X-shaped white wind blade that danced around Garen.

He moved slightly and his body was suspended in mid-air with his two arms making a complete circle.

At the same time, the crossed wind blade moved. The ten meters long blades rolled and spun, forming a huge white circle that diced the hundreds of tentacles.

Countless tentacles convulsed in pain. The chopped pieces fell down while dripping black blood everywhere, and it looked as though it was raining blood and pieces of meat onto the sea of white bones below.

This scenes lasted a few seconds before Garen slowly landed with the tip of his feet on a bone. He stood on top of the tip of a sharp bone. The tip that was sharper than a needle was unable to pierce through the sole of his shoes.

‘You are getting better at using secret techniques...’ Black Sethe said while heaving a sigh. ‘The constant fights with Nadia, together with the long period of training that kept your life on the brink of life and death, has pushed you closer towards the style of secret techniques during our era.’

“Isn’t that good?” Garen asked while scanning the numerous convulsing tentacles.

‘The fist techniques of our time were simple and efficient without any extra flashy steps. Every move was created for killing. Each fist technique had its own unique characteristics and each and every one of them was profound to the extreme,’ Black Sethe sighed. ‘Your present style is very similar to ours and this is the true path without any useless actions.’

“Yes, secret techniques were originally created for killing,” Garen said and jumped from the bone towards a small stone door at the side.

There was the smell of AG and the others from there.

With the realm he reached now and his terrifyingly strong body, even if he did not activate the Seven Star Life’s Secret Point, he would not have any problem with the numerous tentacles here.

He had an average of seven points of attributes, ten points of vitality and eleven points of intelligence which determined his speed of reaction.

Such a terrifying body allowed him to even carry out adjustments to the secret techniques he performed, which was equivalent to manipulating the effect of his secret techniques, just like what performed just now.

The forte of those tentacles was their power and speed together with their toxic mucus, but all of these did not pose any problem to Garen. The characteristics of Waterbird Fist was its ability to stimulate the blood of anything it touched and achieved an effect similar to an explosion.

Dahm had trained this explosive characteristic to the extreme. As long as he made contact, a violent explosion would occur. The power was higher than the original Waterbird Fist by a fold. On the other hand, Hochman made this explosion into a stealthy trick which traveled along the blood vessel of his enemy and attacked their heart, achieving the goal of weakening his opponent. The more he fought, the heavier the burden would be on his opponent’s heart. His opponent would end up dying due to a heart attack or ruptured heart.

This was the difference in their development trends.

Only Garen was using the most primitive Two-Faced Waterbird Fist, which had the Profound Three Strikes: Dual Blade, White Jade, Flight. Among them, Flight was the final profundity which combined the essence of West Phoenix Fist. The more an expert grasped the essence of Waterbird Fist, the more they were able to use this technique to control the power of air and formed a turbulent flow of attacks. This turbulence would naturally form a giant bird which served as proof that it originated from West Phoenix Fist.

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In the moonlit forest.

The mountain-like three-headed monster with six arms swung one of its arms forward. The cloth in the hand immediately spread open and became wider and wider before turning into a red gigantic serpent. The serpent's crimson eyes stared down and two laser beams shot out from its eyes, cutting through numerous trees and boulders.

Below, Nasira was unable to dodge in time. The layer of black gas that shrouded her body was touched by the red light. The black gas roiled around and was unexpectedly polluted, changing to a murky red. The red gas crept towards Nasira while polluting the rest of the gas.

Nasira screamed and threw out a black token in her hand before escaping the black gas and retreating away.

The black token exploded mid-air and left nothing behind.

Before she had the time to be heartbroken, the hand holding a flask in mid-air turned towards her. The mouth of the flask was aimed at her.

Hu...!!

Suddenly a huge force of suction came from the mouth of the flask, sucking in the trees, stones, and soil. Those things which got sucked shrank and became smaller before disappearing into the flask.

The red flask which was not even ten meters in height was acting like a black hole. It absorbed a lot of things but it did not even have the slightest hint that it was reaching its capacity.

The suction force pulled Nasira towards the sky. She tried desperately to grab hold of some of the sturdy roots but anything that she grabbed would be sucked into the flask.

Finally, seeing that she was flying higher and higher, her eyes turned vicious. Her left arm broke and fell off and her whole body turned blurry for a moment. A rotating weird text lit up on her forehead and flashed, before her body disappeared, reappeared in mid-air more than twenty meters away and she plunged down towards the ground.

The blood that leaked from her missing arm sprayed around. Nasira endured the pain by gritting her teeth. She tumbled downwards to the bottom. Not far away, both Manasi's hands were gone, and one of his legs was also halved. Apparently, he'd used the Broken Lizard Tail method three times and ended up in his current miserable state.

In the face of a monster which had high strength, high speed, high resistance, and an overwhelming difference in abilities, other than escaping, they had no other way to deal with it.

This three-headed monster had a surprisingly high resistance towards witchcraft. All six kind of weapons each had different abilities. The dagger could attack from a long distance, the tomahawk could deal a large web-like abnormal attack, the cloth could turn into a giant snake that attacked automatically, the flask could suck in a large number of things and the ring represented absolute strength. All the strength was concentrated on one point. If it were other weapons, they could possibly resist them, but the strength of the ring was several times that of other weapons. If they were attacked by it head-on, it could only mean trouble.

The final weapon was a long stick that could deal damage to a wide area with a stun effect. Even if it was sweeping the wind, it could still produce the stunning effect.

In the forest, AG concealed his presence and hid beside a fallen tree trunk. The other two learned from him and quickly concealed their presence. Their body lit up for a few moments before they blended into their surroundings.

"Hush... This monster does not have a sense of smell. It only has the sense of sight and hearing. If we'd hidden like this from the beginning, we wouldn't have ended up this miserable," AG's voice crossed hundreds of meters directly into Nasira and Manasi's ears.

"Is there any way? How do we get out of here?" Nasira used the same witchcraft to send her voice over. She took a look at herself and Manasi's conditions and smiled bitterly. "This is really a place of absolute death. No wonder those who came in never got out. Even people like us ended up like this."

In fact, the biggest difference between Upper-level, Middle-level, and Lower-level Blood Breeds was not in their pure strength and speed. They paid more attention to secretive and complex means because when they reached the level of Death Apostle, power meant nothing in the face of technology like missiles and bombs.

Therefore, the strength of an Upper-Level Blood Breed was not very strong. Just like the methods of killing a person, the bullets from a pistol and the shells from a cannon had the same result. Although the difference in power was like day and night, the result was the same, so they no longer developed in this direction.

Entering this place and encountering this sort of monstrous existence with terribly high resistances, landing themselves in this kind of mess was actually quite normal.

Chapter 715: Civilization 1

Inside the magma hall.

Peng!

A hand stabbed through the stone wall and scattered pebbles everywhere.

Garen strolled out from the hole. His upper body was naked and he wore a pair of trousers with leather shoes. He gave off a neat and tidy impression, looking as if he had just finished changing his clothes and was out for a casual walk.

He looked around the hall that was scattered with pieces of bloody meat and sniffed at the sour odor that was in the air.

In the center of the hall was a circular garden. Taking a look from afar, it was filled with monstrous giant plants.

Swish swish swish!!

Three tentacles came from behind him.

Garen grabbed towards his back with one of his hands and grasped a tentacle. He pulled the tentacle forward.

Wu!!

A sharp scream came from a distant place. The transmission speed of the sound wave was faster than the general sounds and reached Garen's ears in an instant. The surrounding stones trembled and shattered into dust and crumbs.

Ordinary people would have their eardrums broken and receive a concussion when they heard this sound wave.

However, Garen only frowned and pulled the tentacle again.

Peng!

With a snap, the tentacle in his hand was ripped out by him and thrown aside by him.

The remaining two tentacles had already shrunk back when Garen grasped one of them. They seemed to have their own independent consciousness from the way they curled back as though they were scared.

Garen noticed this when he turned his head back.

"Interesting..." the edge of his mouth curled into a smile.

'Don't complicate things.' Black Sethe voiced out and cautioned against his intention to go back to trace the source of the tentacles. 'If I'm not mistaken, these tentacles should be parasitic tentacles that have infested this place. They've merged with this underground palace and acts like its organs. Unless you completely destroy this underground palace, you won't be able to kill them off.'

“Is there nothing for me here?” Garen said and frowned.

‘Go and take a look at the garden, there’s a fluctuation of teleportation there, maybe it’s the entrance to another place,’ Black Sethe suggested softly.

Garen leaped and avoided the magma-filled cracks everywhere while darting towards the central green garden.

After a few breaths, he fell on top of the garden’s white wall and peered inside.

The strange scene inside the garden appeared before his eyes.

Inside the garden was not some flowers, grasses, and giant plants but a twisted black vortex swirling around emitting a black glow. The edge was filled with giant plants which formed a huge garden.

“No wonder there’s so many green plants when there’s no water and light. It’s all an illusion that acted as a bait.” Garen said.

‘This is Void Flower Seed. There’s a small space inside that acted as a world inside. You can go and take a look inside. This thing is not dangerous because it’s just a simple teleportation gate,’ Black Sethe replied. Black Sethe was well-informed, and there seemed to be nothing that he did not know.

Garen nodded his head. He and Black Sethe shared the same body. There was no need to worry about him having malicious intents.

He jumped slightly and fell towards the black glow. In the middle of the air, he felt a huge suction force pulling him suddenly. He immediately disappeared into the vortex of black light.

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“Buddha Mother... Holy Phoenix!”

AG touched the surface of a huge tree with an indescribable horror in his eyes.

“This place is the land of Buddha Mother Holy Phoenix!” he said. His lips were trembling and he seemed to be in utter astonishment.

Nasira and Manasi were at a place not far behind him. They concealed their presence, leaving only the smell of blood in the air. They looked no different from the surrounding trees and were completely hidden.

“Buddha Mother Holy Phoenix? What is that?” Nasira asked. She had only used an emergency treatment for her internal bleeding. She was looking exhaustedly at AG now. He seemed to have discovered some clues about this place.

The giant’s footsteps were still shaking the ground in the distance. The only thoughts the three of them had now were on the way to leave this place.

The amazement on AG’s face soon returned to calmness but the horror in his eyes remained.

“There was a legend about an ancient eastern sect. The origin of this sect was a terrifying existence known as Buddha Mother. It was said that this existence appeared at the same time as the Blood Breeds, and they were the product of myth from the same era. As for Holy Phoenix, it refers to the secret method of that sect. Holy Phoenix Celestial Clothes means a divine bird that wore the light from Buddha or a feather coat that came from a divine bird. It could be an item or it could be a legacy. A shame... That sect had deteriorated into a thoroughly ordinary sect. There is no longer the brilliance of that era. Unexpectedly, their history could be found here!”

“Myth...Something that came from a myth really appeared in reality?” Nasira exclaimed. She was shocked and a little disbelieving. It was like telling a person that the oil lamp before their eyes was the legendary lamp that granted wishes to Aladdin, totally unbelievable.

“I’ve also heard of it.... In the Buddhist Hindu mythology, Buddha Mother is the Holy Phoenix. Holy Phoenix was also known as The Great Luminous King of Peacock with the title of Buddha Mother. Rumor has it that she swallowed Bodhi Lotus and wailed for ten days and ten nights before giving birth to



Buddha,” Manasi said weakly. “Once, I went to the Buddhist headquarters but I found nothing extraordinary so I thought that it was just a myth. I never thought that...”

Kacha!!

Blue lightning flashed by and caught the three people’s attention.

They looked up at the place where the lightning flashed by.

Under the night sky, lightning flashed continuously with a hissing sound and weaved into a large net of blue lightning.

In the middle of the net, an eyeball the length of a human slowly turned into a black vortex gate.

A figure came out of the door slowly.

It’s Garen!

His eyes were vacant as though he had not figured out the situation.

Weng!!!

A huge shadow came crashing towards him. It was the ring weapon that belonged to the three-headed giant.

The sound of lightning not only attracted the attention of AG and the others, it also caught the attention of the giant. It did not utter any sound and went directly to smashing down the strongest weapon in its hands.

“En?” Garen looked up. The electricity that flashed in his eyes disappeared and he saw the huge ring that came crashing down on him.

'It's a creature from another dimension! Hahaha! Heaven did not disappoint us, Kill it! Get the core inside and we can get out of here!' Black Sethe suddenly became excited and shouted in his mind.

Garen took a deep breath which formed a whirlpool that swallowed the air in his surroundings.

From the terrifying pressure that came down on him, he knew he had to get serious here.

"First star!!"

The fingers on his right hand tapped across several acupuncture points.

"Second star!!" a dozen more acupuncture points were activated.

"Third star!!"

Hu!!

All the hair on Garen's body stood up and the muscles all over his body bulged to form an armor-like outline.

His height increased and his palms became as big as the size of a human's head.

There was no technique involved. He only clenched his right hand and raised it to smash the ring.

Activating the third star, Garen's originally seven points immediately increased to around twenty points. This punch looked very normal but when the fist shot through the air, it created shockwaves. It was a shockwave that was created by powerful force together with secret techniques.

“He... He has the guts to face it head on!!” Nasira knew the power of that ring. It was at least two to three times the power of other weapons and it also had a suction force that made it hard to dodge.

Now that Garen was facing the ring head on without a change in his expression, she felt that her heart had skipped a beat and her body was almost jumping.

Comparing Garen’s three meters height to the giant’s dozens of meters was like comparing an ant to an elephant! However, with such a gap, incredibly, he still dared to face it!

AG turned aside his body with the same stunned expression on his face while watching the scene in the sky. Manasi was gritting his teeth while staring at Garen as though he was looking at a dead man.

At this moment, the sky flashed a bright light. A knife-like white light traveled across the giant’s ring.

Garen had traveled across the ring in the blink of an eye and appeared at the back of the giant’s arm and stopped in mid-air.

He stretched his body and paused for a moment before falling straight down.

Ah!!!

The giant let out a roar.

Boom!!

There was an explosion on the arm that was holding the ring. A yellow gas spread everywhere but the arm itself was not broken from the explosion.

The giant seemed to be furious. The rest of his arms came crashing from different directions towards Garen. All the different weapons started their effects and shined with crimson light.

Five crimson lights combined and formed a giant crimson hand before pressing on Garen.

Peng peng peng peng!!! Weng weng....

The sound of explosions occurred continuously and overlapped with one another. In the end, only a buzzing sound could be heard. Intense tremors spread out in all directions.

The three-headed giant's six hands displayed a terrifying speed and left afterimages. They waved numerous times and seemed as though it became hundreds and thousands of arms, just like Thousand Hands Guan Yin.

The huge crimson hand shone with bloody red light and came crashing down on Garen like a towering pillar.

Boom!!!!

The terrifying shockwaves had made the surrounding trees collapsed. Nasira and the others had no choice but to retreat further but were still affected by the shockwaves.

"Fourth star!!"

In an instant, a clear voice traveled through the air, calmed down the shockwaves and spread in every direction.

The voice sounded cool and calm with a tinge of viciousness.

It was Garen!

Chapter 716: Civilization 2

A warm, gentle breeze blew past suddenly, and it felt as pleasant as a mother's soft touch.

An ear-piercing cry could be heard throughout the sky immediately. It was a bird's cry!

A terrifying shroud of whirlpool-like air currents gathered on the ground below the giant. It resembled a huge mouth that was waiting to swallow the giant's arm.

Chirp!!!

The clear sound of a bird's cry rang out suddenly.

"It's back!!! That move!" AG's eyes flashed while he glared at the abnormal changes in the sky.

"Waterbird Fist's Profound, Soar of the Evil Phoenix!!" Nasira had also remembered this frightening move from long ago. She was terrified of reliving that previous experience ever again. In fact, anyone who had seen this move would never dare to forget its terrifying strength.

At this moment, two wings abruptly flapped open from the gigantic air currents before the shadow of a gigantic flying bird flew upwards from the ground. It flew slowly at first but sped up quickly before swooping towards the forehead of the giant.

The shadow of the giant bird was almost as large as the giant itself.

However, a strange phenomenon appeared.

When the three-headed and six-limbed giant saw the shadow of the gigantic bird, an apparent look of fright appeared on its face suddenly. The giant took a few steps backward quickly in an attempt to dodge the attack but to no avail.

His gigantic arms stopped attacking at once before he lowered all three of his heads simultaneously while pitiful and fearful expressions appeared on all three of its faces.

“Phoe...!!!” this was the first time that a sound other than ‘ah’ had escaped the giant’s lips.

“Phoe...!!! Phoe!! Phoe!!!” all three heads made the same noise loudly simultaneously.

The gigantic flying bird approached the giant’s head suddenly. However, it flew away moments later and perched somewhere where its beak was less than one meter away from the giant’s head and did not come any closer.

Boom!!!

The terrifying air currents dispersed suddenly before Garen landed on the ground in front of the giant gently.

“Phoe!!!” the giant raised his arms up high and pressed his three heads against the ground while kneeling there in a subdued manner.

‘I think that he’s mistaken you for his previous master,’ whispered Black Sethe beside Garen’s ear.

The giant’s heads where like humongous objects when they were directly in front of Garen. They formed black shadows that almost covered him.

At this moment, one of the giant’s smiling faces turned around and faced Garen. It opened its mouth and stuck its black tongue out to expose the exquisite, luxurious blood-colored throne that was embedded on the tip of its tongue.

Garen hesitated for a moment and looked at the giant before his instincts told him that he had no ill intentions.

He walked over immediately and sat on the chair slowly.

Kachak!

A cracking noise could be heard before one of the mechanisms on the chair was triggered suddenly.

The giant retracted his tongue and brought the chair back into his mouth.

Under the moonlight, Garen was instantly dragged into the giant's oral cavity from the outside world. However, it was not a regular oral cavity. Within the darkness, the seat seemed as if it was being pushed by an unknown force before it slid downwards. The path that he had entered now seemed like an elevator that was going downwards.

His surroundings were filled with dots of blue light that twinkled like stars.

'I'm afraid that this is a large war weapon that possesses free will but can also be controlled by you,' said Black Sethe in a slightly grave tone beside Garen's ear. 'There aren't any traces of Void Creatures at all... How strange... To think that such a terrifying and advanced civilization would exist here!'

"You've never seen something like this either?" asked Garen quietly.

'No,' answered Black Sethe surely, 'this civilization is extremely powerful and prosperous. The glittering lights on the walls are actually energy matrices that can absorb various kinds of energy from the outside world such as light energy, wind energy, and even thermal energy. It really is a frightening skill... It's easy for us to use a single form of energy, but to arrange and fuse so many energy matrices together while using skills that I cannot even comprehend is truly the work of an extremely advanced and developed civilization!!'

Garen had never heard Black Sethe speak in an astonished tone before. Black Sethe was one of the Ancient Endorian Demon Kings of the past. Therefore, as a strong individual who was standing within this civilization, his opinion would naturally be of value. His tone had always been terrifyingly arrogant, but now he was subdued by this three-headed, six-limbed giant.

"After hearing you speak like this, I have some expectations now," a sliver of a smile appeared on Garen's face. He did not hope to return empty-handed after coming to this underground palace.

'I hope your expectations will be met,' Black Sethe was somewhat looking forward to it as well.

The seat took Garen on a downward ride continuously before a gentle golden light appeared in front of him out of the blue.

The golden light came closer and grew brighter.

Whoosh!

The seat entered the golden light suddenly before embedding itself into another mechanism and stopping immediately after a clicking sound was heard from the slide below it.

Garen's eyes adjusted themselves to the blinding golden light slowly. Soon, he could clearly see the scenery in the golden light.

This place was an average-sized golden circular house.

His seat was supported in mid-air by a pillar and was coincidentally positioned in the center of the entire house.

His surroundings were filled with various mystical golden symbols that were inscribed on the wall. They twinkled and constantly reflected golden light while the faint smell of sandalwood wafted through the air, and the sound of quiet chanting echoed through the surroundings.

'The symbols around you are written in Sanskrit. Since I can read them, do you need me to translate for you?' Black Sethe's tone was somewhat pressing.

"No need." Garen had already become a master in linguistics long ago and had learned Sanskrit when he was ten years old.

His eyes scanned the words around him.

The sea of over a thousand characters was only talking about one incident.



An existence called the Holy Phoenix created the Buddha Mother and gave her life and consciousness. However, only the Buddha Mother remained after they were defeated during a great war with enemies from the outside.

Most of these symbols were extolling the supreme power of the Holy Phoenix and its radiant love. There was no other information besides that.

‘Really...’ Black Sethe did not know what to say either. ‘Within the time and space of the universe, countless brilliant and powerful civilizations emerge and disappear like resplendent nightblooms that fade after dawn. No one knows the true meaning of eternity...’

Meanwhile, Garen sat on the seat quietly.

He did not know why he could feel a strange type of Qi lingering around him.

“Even if we transformed ourselves into existences that were as hard as diamonds, we would still disappear and be worn away by time and space...” he spoke softly before standing up suddenly. He stood in front of the seat and looked around at the golden symbols in his surroundings.

He carved the shapes of the symbols into his memory continuously. Strangely enough, these symbols turned into golden threads that organized themselves into brand new characters in his mind.

This was related to the true intentions of his Secret Technique, the Waterbird Fist. The general ideas and awareness of the original symbols would be echoed within these brand new words.

He simply closed his eyes, released his mind and searched to realize their true meaning.

The golden words formed golden lotus flowers in his mind that were constantly rotating and floating around.

“Holy Phoenix Scriptures...”

Once he had scanned the entire text of golden words, Garen opened his eyes and exhaled hurriedly.

“This is a practicing technique that is completely different from Secret Techniques. I can’t learn them because the other person’s body structure was unlike my own, but I can learn from its true intentions. This powerful awareness and direction resemble Nadia’s Ominous Space Path. I can also learn of other practicing techniques from the other existences in the Void that existed during other unknown times.”

A plan formed in his mind quickly.

These golden symbols had recorded the legendary Holy Phoenix Scriptures that the Holy Phoenix had practiced previously.

These scriptures would lead him on the path of absolute tyranny!

Heaven and earth would be ruled by him alone! No one could surpass him! No one would be on par with him! It would be otherwise impossible for him to achieve absolute rule, even with the Void Nine-Headed Dragon’s Will in his soul.

Garen could vaguely feel that this civilization was related to the Buddhist teachings on Earth. Otherwise, the unexpected air that surrounded these familiar words would not exist in this world.

‘Do you wish to tread on this path?’ Black Sethe’s voice echoed over. ‘The path of tyranny, I mean. Nadia chose this path but lost in the end while her army was obliterated. You will encounter worse perils if you continue on this path. You cannot afford any failures if you chose this road and you must ensure that your soul and intentions are completely pure. You must remain true to yourself and disregard the rest!’

“Deep in my heart, I know that everything will be fine!” Garen recited the first passage of the Holy Phoenix Scriptures. “What are the side effects of practicing the Holy Phoenix Scriptures?”

‘According to my assumptions, these Holy Phoenix Scriptures are more potent than Nadia’s Ominous Space Path and the Nine-Headed Dragon King’s Will. It is simply a practice that should not exist in this world. If you want to tread on this path, you must be prepared to face many enemies. You must only exist in your own physical body and cannot be contained by the Earth or even the universe. Existing only in your own physical body challenges you not to subvert the rules. As you are unable to latch on to

others that are stronger than yourself, those existences will naturally become your enemies. All of these are unavoidable obstacles.'

He paused for a moment. 'It's like a river with choppy waters. Everyone else will follow the flow of the water and go downwards while practitioners like ourselves go upwards in the opposite direction. Meanwhile, these Holy Phoenix Scriptures are more insane as they require one to charge towards the origin of the river instantly and occupy its deepest source which is above all other existences.'

"This is clearly impossible," said Garen while shaking his head.

'Yes, but since this will is too strong, the existence of this civilization will continue to be utterly terrifying even if no one is able to achieve it,' said Black Sethe surely. 'Although it is unsuitable to be practiced by you, if you're able to fuse its true intentions and add them to your Fist Techniques, you will reach brand new heights. Perhaps it will not be impossible for you to form a Soul Seed either.'

Soul Seed.

Garen's mind began to heat up. He'd collected the mask to suppress Nadia and compiled the Demonic Book to form a Soul Seed. However, a new road had opened up in front of him.

'The Demonic Book will not conflict with this. You can merge and grasp the will of the Holy Phoenix Scriptures completely before fusing them with the Demonic Book to form a stronger and better Soul Seed. I assume that once you have fully grasped the Holy Phoenix's will, fused and recorded it in the Demonic Book, you will probably be able to form a second Soul Seed that will be worthy of a true battle with Nadia's past thirty lives!' it seemed as though Black Sethe was wholeheartedly praising these scriptures.

"The most important thing is that we won't go if I'm unable to grasp the Holy Phoenix Scriptures," Garen shook his head slightly while a forced smile appeared on his face.

'It's good that you understand that. The dimensions of the movements and operating methods of this war weapon are probably stored in the Holy Phoenix's true intentions. The only thing that you must be careful about is that these true intentions may affect your will and soul. Therefore, you must fuse it into a Soul Seed in the end or it will limit your future progress. All of this is due to the fact that this is not your path, but someone else's comprehension.'

"Understood," Garen nodded.

He sat on the seat again and placed both of his palms flat on the armrests. He closed his eyes before the countless lotus flowers flew around in his heart like the snowflakes that danced around gently during winter.

Chapter 717: Break Away 1

The outside world

AG, Nasira, and Manasi sat around a burning bonfire silently.

The flames flickered and illuminated the faces of the three people there. There was not much warmth and the atmosphere was somewhat stressful.

"Other than the three-headed, six-limbed monster here, there are definitely other troubles as well," said AG softly after recuperating for a while.

A strange and undistinguishable air permeated throughout the gloomy woods in their surroundings.

"I wonder what happened to Garen after he entered that monster's stomach?" Nasira furrowed her eyebrows and looked at the faraway giant. That three-headed, six-limbed monster had stopped moving completely after Garen had entered it earlier.

However, the other three people did not dare to approach it. If the monster were to move again, they might face even worse consequences and would not be able to escape at all in their heavily injured states.

"Don't forget the reason why we entered this place," AG stood up and began to stroll through the surrounding undergrowth and woods. His face was grim and slightly ashen from his injuries by the monster earlier. However, looks of happiness occasionally flashed in his eyes.

“If my assumptions were not wrong, this is the true garden of the underground palace.”

He bent down and gently snipped off a piece of black grass that was as dark as ink and as small as a tiny person from the bottom of a large tree. Next, he kept it in his pocket and continued searching for something with his head lowered.

“Since no one has entered this place for so many years, the medicinal herbs that grow here are frighteningly potent!”

Nasira and Manasi looked at each other. Neither of them knew how to use medicinal herbs and could only look on while AG collected these plants from the side and walked further away from them after a while.

After more than half an hour, while the rest of them were eating the baked rations that they had taken out, AG finally returned with a big bag of medicinal herbs.

When they saw the look of sheer joy on his face, they were certain that he had reaped great rewards.

“If I get to go out this time, my cultivation will definitely be able to enter the final phase!” he was able to obtain a large quantity of exotic medicinal herbs effortlessly. No matter how calm he remained, he could not help but show traces of emotions whenever he faced qualitative changes.

As for Manasi and Nasira’s broken limb injuries, the Witch thought that it would not be too difficult to connect them with the limbs of other people.

The important thing was whether or not it was safe now.

After collecting the medicinal herbs, the gazes of all three people turned to the faraway giant’s body again. They did not know when Garen would be coming out and were unsure of whether Garen had fallen into the monster’s snare and was trapped there.

The only thing they could do right now was to wait.

"If my assumptions are not wrong, this monster should be the second guard here. A monster like this is definitely concealing a lot of secrets throughout its body. It's best that we wait for Garen to come out before making our next move," AG decided quietly. He took out two bone plates from unknown animals and smashed them on the ground gently before many cracks appeared throughout them at once. This seemed like a divination method as he studied the cracks under the light of the fire carefully.

"I never expected that the three of us would be trapped here while the normal humans would be able to..." Nasira forced a smile.

"What do you think of Garen and the Holy Fist Palace?" asked AG quietly.

Nasira smiled bitterly while Manasi shook his head with a look of utter incomprehension on his face.

Manasi glanced at the giant monster that was further away.

"I don't know how to describe that person, but it's simply unbelievable that a normal human like himself, neither a Witch nor even a Blood Breed, was able to achieve such great heights."

He paused for a moment, "As for the Holy Fist Palace, I think that it will definitely play a role in the future Supernatural World!"

His tone was almost resolute and certain by now.

"The Death Apostles will not forgive him. Meanwhile, the Blood Breeds are still dominating," AG shook his head. "It won't be so simple."

"But no one knows everything, right?" although Nasira was seriously injured, her arrogant personality had not been tamed at all. "For some reason, I really dislike standing with Garen. He has a dangerous air around him."

"Me too. I don't know what he's hiding," AG nodded.

Bang!

Suddenly, the three-headed, six-limbed monster stood up slowly and got up again from its kneeling position while shaking all three of its heads slowly.

“What is it trying to do?!” Nasira and the other two people stood up and warily observed the monster from afar.

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Garen shut his eyes tightly while faint rays of golden light gathered around him slowly. These rays of golden light resembled golden threads that were flying and rotating around him.

He felt as if he had suddenly turned into a golden flying bird that resembled a phoenix and was currently flying through the endless void.

The sound of unclear but unusually ethereal sounding Sanskrit chanting drifted into his ears continuously, as if a crowd of people had gathered around him and were reciting passages quietly.

Holy Phoenix Scriptures... Holy Phoenix's true intentions!

Garen's mind sank into a state of ultimate purity in an environment where he was able to truly understand himself. All of his feelings and thoughts were concentrated within himself and the only person who could detect and ponder upon them was himself.

He closed his eyes and looked at the skill pane on his attribute pane and noticed that an additional faint gold symbol had appeared in the skill section of the Secret Techniques that he specialized in.

‘Holy Phoenix Scriptures: Inherited from an unknown civilization. It comprehends the Holy Phoenix's true intentions and possesses a probability of improving and condensing Soul Seeds, as well as upgrading the strength of the seed.’

The Soul Seed determined the strength of the soul while the strength of the soul determined the limits of the physical qualities of the body.

The current limits of Garen's physical body was an average of thirty points, and this was after it had been strengthened by the first Soul Seed.

There were three main phases of a soul. According to the Ancient Endorian legacy, phase one was the normal soul, phase two was the Soul Seed, while phase three was the True Soul.

Whenever a Soul Seed was formed, it meant that an awareness that had achieved a certain degree of strength had been condensed. Throughout a lifetime, complete and intact experiences were signs of independence.

In other words, each Soul Seed represented the coagulation of the peak moments of one's life. It represented the paths and trajectories in one's life when they tasted success.

Garen did not know how the other Ancient Endorian Warlocks crossed this path, but he was forced to walk on the path of coagulating the entire essence of his lifetime in order to achieve higher levels that would allow him to form a complete seed.

'When you concentrate and realize things, more Soul Seeds will form and the likeliness of creating a True Soul will increase as well. Each Soul Seed can become a substitute soul that will be able to block one fatal blow towards your soul,' Black Sethe's voice echoed beside Garen's ear.

The Holy Phoenix's true intentions and the Demonic Book's realization were already sufficiently powerful to fuse and form a Soul Seed. This was something that Black Sethe was hoping to see as well.

When the second Soul Seed was formed, Garen's entire body would reach a higher level, and by then...

Hum!!!

Suddenly, the sound of a violent vibration interrupted Black Sethe's train of thought.



He condensed himself and formed a black smoke figure behind Garen before looking around his surroundings.

He could only see that shrouds of golden gas were permeating inside the monstrous Buddha Mother. The large quantities of golden gas began to gather in front of Garen slowly and solidified before quickly turning into a golden, diamond-shaped gemstone that was suspended in mid-air.

A golden arc of electricity flashed across the surface of the gemstone before pictures of sceneries from the outside world floated upwards slowly.

Garen opened his eyes slowly and felt as if his entire body was enveloped in warmth. It felt as if he was basking under the midday sun or soaking in a steaming hot spring.

Two rays of golden light from the gemstone reflected into his eyes and shone into the center of his pupils as clusters of information and words glided past his eyes quickly.

All of the information regarding this monster was pouring into his eyes in a mere moment.

A look of understanding appeared on Garen's face at once.

This information explained the origins and source of this monster and the methods of leaving this dangerous situation.

This three-headed, six-limbed monster was called Buddha Mother. It was actually created by an existence known as the Holy Phoenix. Strangely enough, the information regarding this Holy Phoenix was similar to the Waterbird Fist's Profound: Flight of the Evil Phoenix. Moreover, the Buddha Mother was ancient, had chaotic memories and just a simple consciousness. Therefore, it had mistaken this for the previous Holy Phoenix and had submitted itself without any resistance at all.

'Is there a way to get out?' Black Sethe asked.

“Indeed there is. However, it’s somewhat troublesome.” Garen furrowed his eyebrows. “Large quantities of our energy resources will be depleted if we wish to escape. The Buddha Mother itself does not possess enough energy and it’ll require me to burn a part of my life energy on my own.”

‘Life energy?’

“Yes,” Garen nodded, “just like the bioenergy inside the bodies of living creatures, most humans naturally do not have it, but my strength is abundant and my vitality is strong enough. Therefore, it doesn’t matter to me.”

According to his assessment of the Buddha Mother, he estimated that if they were to leave, they would need to abandon the Buddha Mother’s large body while he would need to contribute a portion of his body’s life energy as well. This was equivalent to the vital energy and blood energy in Secret Techniques. It was a good thing that he still had potential points to make up for it. If it were anyone else, he assumed that they would just die in this place.

Garen muttered to himself for awhile. He followed the methods that were recorded by the Buddha Mother while tweaking his state of mind.

Hum...

The entire space began to move faintly.

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The gigantic Buddha Mother stood up slowly and swayed its three heads and six limbs. It resembled a little hill that was looking in the direction of AG and the other two people slowly.

On the Buddha Mother’s right shoulder, a blurry figure appeared there suddenly before they realized that it was Garen who was half-naked.

The taut muscles on his body resembled black armor while a terrifyingly ferocious air wafted from his body.

“AG, I’ll need your help if we’re going to leave this place.”

Garen’s voice drifted over from afar and passed through the thick woods before finally arriving at the bonfire where AG and the two others were located.

“Garen...” AG and the two others stood up.

“You know how to get out of here?” a look of surprise and delight flashed across AG’s eyes.

“Of course.” Garen leaped lightly off the body of the Buddha Mother that was over ten meters tall. While the wind made whooshing noises, a banging noise could be heard suddenly when Garen landed on the floor and made a small crater in the ground while he remained half-kneeling there.

After standing up, he took a few steps forward and seemed as if he had crossed over ten meters in less than ten seconds when his figure appeared in front of the trio instantly.

“That monster?” AG glanced fearfully at the monster from afar.

“Its call Buddha Mother and it can help us leave this place,” said Garen without explaining anything in detail.

The Buddha Mother was actually a living creature that possessed simple intelligence. Its absolute loyalty towards the Holy Phoenix caused it to hide here for many years without leaving.

“What do you want us to do?” AG buried his fear of the Buddha Mother before the man in front of him. It was obvious that Garen was currently able to control and influence the extremely powerful and large fellow that stood far away from them.

“Not only do we have to deplete all of this guy’s energy sources in order to leave this place, we will also need to burn a certain amount of energy to support it,” Garen described it as the source of all its energy to simplify the situation and the explanation that followed.

“According to the records, something even more troublesome exists in the depths of Anil’s Garden. However, we don’t have to go deeper because this space is a typical cycle. In order to break this cycle, we need to gather our strongest powers at once and condense them in one area inside the space to form a distorted and temporary hollow space before we can seize the chance to leave.”

Garen continued to explain, saying: “My strength alone will be completely insufficient. Although the Buddha Mother’s energy has occupied a large part of the consumption proportion, we still need to make up for it slightly. However, the additional amount is not something that I can endure alone.”

“Can you prove that the things you’re saying are accurate?” asked Nasira quietly.

“We don’t have any other choice,” said Garen lightly.

“We don’t have to discuss this any further. Make the necessary preparations,” commanded AG at once. He was the leader among the trio. He complied with Garen’s instructions and decided on their direction at once.

## Chapter 718: Break Away 2

The four of them began their preparations quickly while adjusting their state of mind.

This forest was not completely boundless and limitless. When Garen sat on the Buddha Mother’s body and observed his surroundings, he noticed that this entire space only spanned a radius of five or six kilometers and was actually very small. The sky appeared boundless and endless but was actually covered by a layer of transparent, semi-circular overlay, making it impossible for them to fly through.

Two hours later.

Within the forest, the Buddha Mother knelt on the ground on one knee slowly before AG, Garen and the other two people hid within its mouth. They used their palms to grip tightly against the inner walls of the Buddha Mother’s oral cavity so that they wouldn’t be flung about.

Faint, golden lines gradually spread across the Buddha Mother's body. There were only a few lines at first, but soon there were ten, more than a dozen, over a hundred before they increased and spread across the Buddha Mother's entire body.

Tch!!

Suddenly, the Buddha Mother's gigantic body surged through the sky and rose upwards towards the transparent and almost invisible overlay above.

When it touched the overlay, the space around it became slightly distorted for a while before instantly behaving as if it had not been touched at all. Major changes occurred throughout the scenery suddenly. The night sky disappeared and was replaced by a wide magma hole above them.

The Buddha Mother did not stop at all and continued charging upwards.

Crash!

The hole shook instantly for a while before a gigantic black hole was smashed open.

The entire Buddha Mother charged towards the surface frantically like a drilling machine that was trying to excavate something. During its terrifying spurt, the spaces around it twisted continuously as if a powerful strength was determined to pull it back. However, this strength could not surpass the Buddha Mother's own tremendous power in the end.

Ahh...!!

The Buddha Mother howled quietly before its large body speeded up suddenly. Its six limbs had begun to rotate slowly while the weapons they held moved faster to form a high-speed rotating drill.

Its entire body began to burn while strange black flames started to light up on its wood-like body. The flames increased and burned brighter. As the flames continued to burn, its body became smaller and smaller.

The surface of the ground seemed extremely far away before the last trace vanished from sight.

The Buddha Mother's body was growing smaller and smaller.

Kachak!

One of its arms that was holding a battle ax broke off into pieces suddenly before being engulfed by the black flames.

While its arm burned, the Buddha Mother's speed increased gradually before it resembled a ray of black light that was flying from the ground and piercing upwards quickly.

Kachak!! Another one of its arms broke off into little pieces before it burned with its weapon. This time it was the arm that was holding a long rod.

The Buddha Mother's speed increased again before it rushed forward like a black rocket. However, the ground level seemed endless and it was clear that Garen and the others had not considered its depth when they came down.

Immediately after that, the arms that were holding the ring and flask respectively broke off and went up in flames at the same time before its speed increased once again. However, they were still unable to see any trace of the surface.

Next, the arm that was holding the silk ribbon and the last arm that held the short dagger broke off into smithereens together and began to burn.

The final stage of burning increased the Buddha Mother's speed to a terrifying degree.

Inside the oral cavity.

Garen and the other three people sat in a circle with their palms pressed up against the inner walls of the oral cavity tightly.

“Begin,” Garen stimulated his thoughts and transferred an idea to the Buddha Mother. Once he’d inherited the Holy Phoenix Scriptures and wiped off the scriptures and passages from the inner walls of the Buddha Mother, he became the only person who could control the existence of this gigantic living creature.

The moment he used his thoughts to transmit his orders, a strong suction began pulling at his palms suddenly.

At this moment, the blood essence and aura from his body gushed outwards quickly through his palms.

The same thing happened to AG, Nasira, and Manasi. Their faces became flushed when the blood essence and witch powers from their bodies were being absorbed.

Boom!!!

There was a loud noise beside their ears before the scene before their eyes was filled with light!

The four of them could neither see nor hear anything momentarily. Their visions were only filled with the endless white light.

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Within a yellow sand desert that seemed boundless on first glance.

A continuous stretch of rolling sand dunes stretched towards the edges of the horizon. Layers of dust and sand resembled mist when it was stirred up by the wind. Soft, scratchy noises could be heard when they danced about.

Beside one of the sand dunes, a black flame flashed before the fire disappeared and four silhouettes appeared at the foot of the sand dune suddenly.

One of them had a body full of taut muscles and seemed too muscular to be human. Meanwhile, the other three people comprised of two men and a woman, though all of them looked unusually confused. Their clothes were torn and the elderly male was even covering his mouth tightly, as if he was determinedly suppressing his need to vomit.

Garen held a black wooden ball in his hand. It was only the size of a fist and was the core of the Buddha Mother that had remained after the creature was burned completely. As long as he had this thing, he could easily use materials from the outside world to reconstruct the Buddha Mother again. The body of the previous Buddha Mother was mainly created with wood because it lived in a vast forest.

"Where is this place?" Garen kept the Buddha Mother's core and scanned his surroundings.

"We've definitely left the area this time," beside him, Nasira had already taken her phone out and checked it, before noticing that they had phone signals here.

"There are phone signals here. Looks like we've truly left," AG nodded. "My phone was smashed completely. Nasira, determine our current location."

"Doing that now." Nasira lowered her head and focused her eyes on her phone.

All of their other equipment had been destroyed during the journey. Although Garen was not injured, he did not have a handphone with him. Therefore, he merely climbed up one of the surrounding sand dunes and stood there before looking into the distance.

The strong winds blew the sand and dust upwards and obscured their vision, making it impossible for them to see their surroundings clearly.

Soon, Nasira was able to contact the headquarters of the Dark Colors' witches to determine the location of herself and the three other people.

They were in the deepest part of the Ganneling Desert which was also the world's largest desert.

Even with their strength, the four of them still felt unusually hot here.



The temperatures here reached forty to fifty degrees. Only Garen's exceptionally strong vitality could ensure that his pores would shrink on their own to prevent the water in his body from evaporating. As for the temperature, although the lack of water loss would cause his body temperature to increase, his 10 point vitality could resist temperatures of hundreds or even a thousand degrees. Therefore, he was not worried about the temperature at all.

The other people found other ways to combat this respectively.

AG's skin was pale and somewhat discolored but could turn mirror-like whenever light was present. His skin could reflect large amounts of light and heat which created the effect of lowering his body temperature.

Nasira was even stranger as beads of water would form on the surface of her body occasionally. She seemed to possess the ability to absorb and condense water directly from her surroundings. It was obvious that the condensed water droplets on her body were not sweat.

Finally, Manasi was slightly worse-off, but he still had his own methods of beating the heat. Purple patches began forming all over his body before the remaining pieces of armor on his body released cold air quickly and continuously to help him cool down from the broiling heat.

The four of them decided on one direction before moving forward quickly. The rows of footprints that they left in the desert were covered in less than 30 seconds, leaving no traces behind.

Although they were heavily injured, the powers of these four people allowed them to easily surpass the speeds of average humans and achieve the speed of a moving car.

Midday passed and late afternoon arrived before the temperature decreased gradually. Soon, they entered the area of the desert that was further away from the center.

Two weirdly-shaped white cars stopped right in front of them. A group of people got down from the car and walked towards Nasira and bowed in front of her respectfully. All of them were wrapped in white gauze, making it impossible to see their faces and bodies.

When they sat in this white car, they noticed that it was traveling at a frightening speed. The vehicle left the desert while the sky was dark before entering a little town on the border.

Only then did AG contact his own people. Throughout the journey, he did not mention the Thousand-Legged Serpent at all as if he was completely unconcerned about whether it was dead or alive. Perhaps Garen's presence made it unnecessary for him to ask questions.

Garen contacted his own people as well. They were currently in the southern part of Africa where the Nighthawks' base was also located.

At nightfall, some of his subordinates from the Nighthawks rushed over to the little town called Damu.

During the final burst of speed and flames, the four people, including Garen, had suffered serious injuries. Therefore, they returned to continue recuperating. They did not say much to each other before joining their own subordinates.

"I'll definitely visit you at the Holy Fist Palace when I'm free," faint red light flashed in AG's eyes before he left.

"You are very welcome to do so," Garen could feel the flourishing and terrifying Qi that was being released from AG's body. It seemed as though he was anxious to return and seal his practice. Moreover, it was also clear that the big bag of medicinal herbs that he was carrying was extremely precious to him.

Compared to Nasira and Manasi, AG had already been much stronger than them previously. Now that he was given this opportunity, it was only a matter of time before he would be able to proceed with the terrifying living creature sacrifice that he was planning.

Although three of them had suffered heavy losses of power and were badly mauled this time, they were able to reap great rewards. It seemed as if AG was more likely to enter the Death Apostle level now while Garen had gained the Holy Phoenix's true intentions and the Buddha Mother's core.

Nasira and Manasi did not reap any physical gains, but this experience served as a great training experience for them. They were originally AG's subordinates and part of his Lightless Alliance.

Moreover, Nasira had once mentioned that AG had trained them since they were young as if they were his disciples but also his lovers, making the relationship between them very unusual.

When they left, Garen got into the Nighthawks mercenaries' armored car and tidied himself up before leaving this little town called Damu.

Under the night sky, he sat in the car and looked at the nighttime scenery of Africa from afar. Along the yellow roads, gazelles would leap by occasionally while lions lay lazily by the roadside, waiting for the night which was their true hunting time.

Roar!!

A few lionesses and a male lion walked slowly and obstructed the middle of the road. When they heard the noises of the car, the pride of lions turned their heads and looked over. When the car lights shined on them, a glossy green sheen appeared in their eyes.

Usually, the armored cars would wait for the lions to back off upon realizing that they were in danger. However, they did not need to trouble themselves when Garen was in the car.

Behind the car window, he glared at the lions in front of him. His shadow that was in a sitting position twisted itself quickly and grew longer before extending towards the lion pride like a black shadow monster.

Whoosh!!

A few lions ran away in a frenzy before disappearing into the night without a trace.

The deputy of the convoy was a young muscular black man whose expression turned respectful and enthusiastic immediately.

The convoy continued moving forward. More than ten armored cars cruised through the road leisurely. Even elephant herds would flee in panic when they noticed Garen's aura.

“Commander, Master Hochman and Marshall Dahm have already arrived in Africa. They are currently on their way to meet you at top speed,” said an informant behind him softly at this moment.

The atmosphere within the car turned slightly stagnant at once.

“Meet?” Garen chuckled. His face was utterly defeated and his entire body had suffered heavy injuries because his blood essence and aura were burnt. Moreover, his levels had deteriorated by a few degrees as well.

“Looks like we went missing for a long period of time. Their injuries have healed completely. They still have the energy to meet me?”

Garen laughed coldly.

“Get rid of everyone in the third car,” he commanded suddenly.

The deputy was slightly shocked, and so was the informant behind him.

“Do you not understand?” Garen eyed the deputy. The latter felt his entire body tremble suddenly before he turned on his communication device quickly and contacted the cars in the back.

Numerous armored cars stopped suddenly and blocked off the front, forcing the entire convoy to stop. Large groups of people in armor got down from the car before a series of loud gunshots could be heard shortly after.

Garen remained in his seat. There was a calm expression on his face but a hint of a sneer had appeared at the corners of his mouth.

Chapter 719: Situation 1

“Meet?” Were they really here to meet him?

Deep in his heart, Garen had already understood everything. After the battle with the Blood Breed Wellington, both Hochman and Dahm's powers had reached extremely powerful levels. That battle resulted in qualitative changes that upgraded the seeds within their bodies. Furthermore, their natures would not allow them to resign themselves to being controlled by the Holy Fist Palace for an eternity.

Loud gunshots could be heard outside the car but Garen remained in his seat quietly. He did not move and waited silently for the noises outside to cease.

After a short while, the gunshots stopped before they were replaced by the sound of someone yanking a heavy object out of the ground and smashing it against the floor.

All of Hochman and Dahm's planted agents within the convoy were taken care of completely. Not a single one remained.

The sound of car doors opening and closing again could be heard from the back quickly.

The deputy got into the car again and spoke respectfully.

"Commander, all of the people in the third car have been taken care of properly."

"Continue on our journey, quickly," said Garen casually.

Engine noises could be heard throughout the convoy again as they began to move forward.

Seconds and minutes ticked by and the drivers switched twice. Finally, they reached a part of the road that was much better maintained. There were even simple fences on the border. Meanwhile, advertisement boards on the roadside passed them slowly.

Soon, many cars drove towards them from the opposite directions. Most of these cars were cross-country jeeps. More passersby appeared on the side of the road as well.

"We're going to reach Ansett soon," said the female driver softly.

Garen nodded and opened his eyes. He suddenly noticed that the road in front of them was getting wider.

“Get ready to stop the convoy.”

“Yes,” the female driver did not object at all. She used her communication device to contact the vehicles behind her before slowing the car down gradually.

Moments later, two separate convoys of cars stopped beside the road in front of them from afar. Those two convoys seemed to separate the people on both sides. From afar, they could hear the sound of the engines roaring while people got down from the cars on the left and right sides respectively.

The ones leading the way were Hochman and Dahm. One of them was extremely muscular and dressed in a black shirt and trousers while the other one had a slender body and was wearing a tight-fitting bright red leather jacket. Both of them looked strange.

Hochman and Dahm watched the convoy approach them from afar before lowering their heads slowly as a sign of respect.

A faint smile appeared on Garen’s face while he remained inside the car.

The car stopped within less than five meters in front of the two men slowly while driving close to the side of the road.

Garen opened the car door and got down before his eyes scanned across the duo in front of him.

“You arrived really quickly,” he said casually.

“Since our Master was in trouble, our natural response as disciples was to rush over and help at the first moment. This was the right thing to do,” answered Hochman quietly. “We’ve already made the necessary arrangements. We will go to the airport in front immediately and take a personal jet that will fly directly to New York. Master, please get in the car.”

“Everything has been arranged accordingly over at the Holy Fist Palace as well. You don’t have to worry, Master.” Dahm stood on the sidelines and spoke respectfully in a voice that was neither feminine nor masculine.

“You’re truly my beloved disciples, huh...” Garen smiled happily before taking large strides towards the luxurious and exquisite sedan that had been prepared behind the two men.

Behind him, Hochman and Dahm clenched their fists simultaneously before a strange atmosphere began to permeate around them slowly. The power that they were concealing gathered in one place like the silence before the storm.

Both of them glanced at Garen’s unprepared back from the corners of their eyes unconsciously.

Garen’s face seemed abnormally defeated and this was the first time they had seen him in such a tight fix. Although they did not know the reason behind this, it was still a once in a lifetime opportunity...

Faint blood red auras and light burned throughout Dahm’s body. He clenched his right hand gently and released it before the blood red nail polish on his five fingers turned brighter.

Clap!

Suddenly, a hand grabbed his right shoulder.

Dahm was shocked and turned his head around to look before realizing that it was only Hochman. The other man was shaking his head at him faintly.

Clap!

The sound of a car door being opened could be heard from the front.

Neither of them dared to make any more moves. Instead, they dispersed quickly and followed behind closely.

"I just received the news that all of my men have died. It happened last night on the way back," Hochman whispered in Dahm's ear quietly while the latter felt his heart sink slightly.

Both of them glanced silently at Garen who was now sitting inside the car. Although Garen was not looking in their direction, they could feel a strange gaze that was directed towards them from Garen's body.

"Go! Return to the headquarters!"

Hochman spoke quietly.

Dahm took a deep breath. After being tortured previously, his whole body had become skinnier, and a fearful shadow flashed in his eyes while he followed Hochman closely.

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Half a month later...

Wellington Manor

"What?! Those three people have left!" inside the dark hall, a frail voice could be heard suddenly. The voice sounded extremely shocked.

Before him was a half-kneeling figure clad in a black cloak.

"Four days ago, two of the elders left Kaska. We don't know of their whereabouts as they did not leave any messages. However, we have intensified the search. Elder Tu Lan wanted to let you contact them personally."



The figure spoke quietly.

“That guy...” the frail voice became softer. “Get up first and then speak, Pigus.”

“Thank you, Elder,” the man in the black cloak rose respectfully. “Great Elder, your subordinates want to deliver something that they found in the surroundings of the family’s secret passages. Once we appraised it, we realized that there is a seventy percent chance that this object is an important item that belongs to the Holy Fist Palace.”

“Oh?” the Great Elder sat upright in his seat while a strange expression appeared on his face. “Bring it here.”

“Yes.” The man in the black cloak removed a little box with a pitch-black cover. No one knew what was inside.

He held it with both hands respectfully before walking towards the Great Elder’s seat and passing it to him.

“This is?” the Great Elder outstretched his hand and received the item before opening the box at once.

But there was nothing inside!

Bang!!!

The man in the black cloak pressed both of his palms together in the shape of a sharp claw before striking at the Great Elder’s chest suddenly.

Hahahaha!!

A tearing noise could be heard from the man in the black cloak as if a powerful invisible Qi had torn him into many pieces.

Pigus' ferocious guffawing face was exposed underneath the cloak.

"Great Elder, Master Dahm from the Holy Fist Palace sends his regards!"

Boom!!!

The Great Elder smashed one of his fist's against Pigus' body before sending him flying violently.

Pigus was sent flying and crashed into the wall painfully. A large depression formed there before he bounced off and rolled on the floor. He rolled more than ten times consecutively and his entire chest had been stabbed through.

However, the low rumble of his laughter continued to echo throughout the hall continuously.

"You... You...!" the Great Elder's chest had sunk inwards. Although he was an Upper-level Blood Breed, he was unable to defend himself from a Middle-level Blood Breed's powerful punch, which could pierce through his chest. The injuries that he had suffered could not be ignored at all.

The thing that shocked him even more was that the injured areas were becoming unbearably itchy. It felt as if numerous little insects were constantly biting his wounds and crawling into the deeper parts.

He glared at Pigus below him with a mixture of fear and rage. This was the core of the Wellington family that only the Elders could enter. Furthermore, its insulation effects were also extremely strong. Pigus had always been one of his most trusted confidants and one of the most elite leaders within the Middle-level Blood Breeds.

On the ground, Pigus crawled upwards with much difficulty. However, his nimble movements allowed him to leap backward quickly before closing the distance between them in a flash.

"Great Elder, the glory of the Wellington family has passed. There's an ancient Asian saying that goes 'A wise man submits to circumstances'. As long as you're willing to submit and pledge your allegiance, Master Dahm from the Holy Fist Palace will not treat you unkindly at all. Instead, he will definitely place you in a higher position!"

A deceitful and ruthless look appeared on his face.

“You... Why did you have to betray me...” the Great Elder could feel that the itchiness from his chest was spreading throughout his whole body. His body’s self-healing abilities were completely useless now. He had never been a fighter, and although he possessed the physical qualities of an Upper-level Blood Breed, he could not release his fighting abilities at all. Therefore, in reality, his power was only sufficient to suppress Middle-level Blood Breeds.

“We can only learn the ways of the supreme Fist Techniques by submitting ourselves and pledging our allegiance to the Holy Fist Palace. This is true power! As part of the secret party, didn’t we only gather to pursue power?”

This Middle-level Blood Breed named Pigus was already being controlled by the Waterbird Fist Primer that Dahm had passed on to him.

After the Wellington battle, Dahm and Hochman began attempting to pass on the Waterbird Fist by using their auras to set up primers as measures to control the Blood Breeds.

These measures could truly create powerful functions that could control the life and death of a Blood Breed. However, the most important aspect was that it was still being completely supplied by Garen.

Generations of Blood Breeds could always be suppressed by the blood in their bloodlines. The Upper levels would control the Lower levels, making the latter completely unable to resist due to the difference between their powers. However, Garen’s research regarding the soul and flesh had greatly surpassed this world. He was finally able to solve this issue after some probing.

Using the experience that he had gained from dissecting creatures in the Totem world, Garen successfully implanted his soul primer into the blood of a Blood Breed before fusing it completely as one body. He was able to achieve his goal of properly suppressing the instincts of this blood.

Although Garen was unable to return for half a month, he was finally able to find a way to control the Blood Breeds’ Secret Techniques. He could quietly control Middle and Lower-level Blood Breeds now, and once he obtained the poison that old man AG was refining, the scene before him would occur again.

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Simultaneously, within the barren hills of South America

“Dead Waterbird Fist!”

A red shadow flashed past quickly and drew a blood red line in the air before falling on a large white stone gently.

This place was actually a narrow valley.

Within the valley, a figure in white clothes was sent flying horizontally in an extremely embarrassing manner. The figure crashed against one of the stone walls in the valley with a ‘bang’ before falling into a pile of rubble and sand.

After he was struck, the clothes of the figure in white were stained with a grey layer. He crawled upwards with much difficulty while faint scars could be seen all over his hands and body.

This was a pale but handsome man who had a head of beautiful blue hair that was currently dripping with sweat and sticking to his forehead. Despite his scars, his beautiful face could still be seen.

He turned his head around determinedly and looked at the red figure that was standing behind him on a large rock. His eyes were filled with panic and fear.

“I’ve always hated those who are more beautiful than me...” a voice that was neither masculine nor feminine echoed from the large rock.

Bang!!

A horrific gash was opened suddenly on the left side of the man in white’s neck. Bright red blood splattered outwards and fell on the ground. Strangely enough, the blood attempted to move backward

and flow in the direction of the man in white, as if it was a living creature. However, it was immediately intercepted by a black shadow, causing it to lose its activated abilities at once. It condensed and solidified before turning into normal blood.

Although the man in white had just suffered serious injuries, his neck was still able to heal quickly in a strange manner. The wound shrunk quickly at a speed that was visible to the naked eye.

“You...!!” an expression that displayed his fear of death appeared in his eyes, exposing his thirst and desire for his life.

“Don’t... Don’t kill me... Don’t!!” He begged loudly before his entire body slumped to the ground lifelessly. He was not out of strength; he had merely lost every bit of resistance in his heart.

Chapter 720: Situation 2

“Is this really the Wellington family’s high-level elder? You’re too weak...” the red figure leaped lightly and landed before the man in white. His crimson leather boots clicked past the coagulating blood puddle.

“I merely chased you for about ten kilometers, but that was already too much for you. You’re just like that Middle-level Blood Breed previously... All of you are truly a decaying race...” Dahm lowered his head and looked down contemptuously upon the Wellington elder who was crawling on the ground and begging.

After his fierce battle with the Upper-level Blood Breeds previously, his Dead Waterbird Fist had finally improved to the next level and he’d successfully created a terrifying Secret Technique. He combined the essence of the various martial arts sects and merged it with the most profound principles of the Waterbird Fist to form a fatal move that utilized steel wires and threads as weapons.

The vibrations of his terrifying Dead Waterbird Fist were transmitted through these wires and threads to achieve the effect of death upon contact. Even though his destructive power had decreased slightly, his fighting angles were trickier and scarier as his destructive range had been increased greatly.

At this point, the Dead Waterbird Fist had finally left the basic domain of the Waterbird Fist. It had become a Fist Technique sect that Dahm created on his own that was equivalent to the Waterbird Fist’s

branching fist techniques. In theory, there were three realms of the Dead Waterbird Fist, and each realm could be separated into five levels.

This realm relied on the control of the steel wires and threads.

There was one wire in the first realm, two in the second realm, and three in the third.

As for the levels of each realm, they were determined by the length of the destructive powers that controlled the steel wires.

Dahm currently stood within the first realm, meaning that he could only control one wire. However, his length reached the fifth level and was enough to allow the steel wires to kill its enemies even after extending to a length of fifteen meters. This skill could produce terrifying fatalities and injuries; as long as an enemy touched it, their blood would burst out.

“Don’t kill me... Don’t... The head of my household will come back soon and he’ll never forgive you!” the blue-haired man half begged and half-threatened him while yelling.

“The head of your household, huh...?” Dahm licked his lips while his blood red lipstick stained his tongue.

Looking down at the terrified, blue-haired elder in front of him, Dahm narrowed his eyes and took a few steps forward, before reaching his hand out and patting the other man’s head gently.

“Don’t worry, of course I won’t kill you... You’re still very useful after all...”

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America

Naberdarth Mountains

The highest peak named Ares seemed as though it could pierce the heavens. The tip of the mountain penetrated the sea of white clouds and extended into the endless sky.

After passing through the cloud layer and continuing upwards, there was a large depression on the side of the mountain peak. Within the depression was a large, exquisite snow-white castle, one that resembled a gigantic white harp that gradually increased in height from the left side to the right.

There was a large cylindrical pipeline extending from the left side of the castle. A substance that resembled white gas flowed out slowly and continuously down into the sea of white clouds.

The white gas billowed like extremely cold air. The cylindrical pipeline that was releasing it had a diameter of ten meters while it was bordered by a winding mountainous path that led close to the peak.

The snowstorm made whistling noises while snowflakes fluttered downwards like feathers. Although they piled up on the peak of the mountain continuously, somehow, there was no buildup of snow upon the path.

The sky was bright now while snow continued to form thick clumps. A line of people walked up the little path slowly. They were all dressed in black coats and wearing hoods over their heads. Although they were walking on the slippery frozen steps, they seemed unusually steady.

There were five people altogether, and each of their faces was fully hidden underneath the black hoods.

Crunchy, scratching noises could be heard whenever they trod on the piles of snow on the steps.

The person who was leading the group raised his head. He looked at the pointy white castle, which was still a few hundred steps away from them, from afar. He pulled off his hood to reveal a male face that was persevering against the cold. Only then was it obvious that this was Hochman, who had just returned after completing a mission.

"The weather here has become increasingly abominable... Ever since Master decided to move here," he murmured softly.

Although he did not speak loudly during the snowstorm, the four people behind him were able to hear him clearly.

“Boxing Overlord Master, aren’t these abominable weather conditions and environments coincidentally suitable for sharpening the willpower and perseverance of the students who came forward to learn from you?” this person removed his hood as well, revealing the face of a man with a burn scar on the bridge of his nose.

This man had no hair and yellowed skin. There was a dark green tattoo of a tiger on the top of his bald head while a large gold hoop dangled from one of his earlobes, making him look unusually exotic.

Furthermore, he spoke English with somewhat inaccurate pronunciations because he often curled the tip of his tongue.

“Eastern Pole Gate Master has pretty good ideas,” nodded Hochman in agreement.

“Warriors should focus on Fist Techniques from the start. They should always use their external conditions as forms of nourishment to sharpen themselves to reach even higher realms!” Eastern Pole Gate Master, the diplomatic representative of the Eastern Pole Technique of the east bowed his head and spoke sincerely. He possessed a kind of revered pursuit and fanaticism regarding Fist Techniques.

The three main Fist Techniques of the world, Eastern Pole Fist, Sandt Fist, and Mocksaw Sword Sect each had a specific niche. Their combat and martial arts styles were formed by the history, culture, beliefs, and national spirits of their own countries and it was obvious that they were influenced by their local characteristics and manners.

The Eastern Pole Fist sect had the most techniques. They had bare-handed palm techniques, leg techniques that focused on energy, as well as techniques that utilized various weapons. However, its specialty was focusing on the strength of one’s own body during moments of killing to unearth, evolve, and train one’s own potential.

The Eastern Pole Fist was a large organization that used ancient cultures that were inherited as the core energy of its Fist Technique. Their main focus was the discovery of the direction in which the forthcoming Eastern Pole Gate Master’s expertise lay. They prioritized training to strengthen their bodies and practiced moves to complement them.



Hochman was bringing him to the Holy Fist Palace as he had previously communicated with the Eastern Pole Gate Master and knew that his terrifying powers were on par with his own. Hence, the Eastern Pole Gate Master had wanted to find out if Hochman's current powers had truly reached the frightening peak upper levels.

A major factor that influenced this was caused by Garen's continuously terrifying improvements. However, Hochman's strength was insufficient to take down the Eastern Pole Gate Master as that man was unimaginably powerful.

When he saw the Eastern Pole Gate Master Du Xinglong's sincere expression, Hochman sighed in relief.

Other than the Blood Breeds, there were other mysterious powers that were hidden in this world. It was only that the Blood Breeds had been too prosperous that they were forced to hide their strength quietly.

However, the current internal strife among the Blood Breeds had resulted in heavy losses. Therefore, the other forces had become involuntarily restless as well.

"We're almost there. The housekeeper has already prepared a banquet in the palace to welcome and entertain a few honored guests," said Hochman gently.

"Thank you for your trouble," Eastern Pole Gate Master Du Xinglong nodded.

The line of five people quickened their footsteps and rushed towards the mountaintop where the pristine white Holy Fist Palace was located.

Both sides of the arched palace doors were already pushed open by the servants in preparation to welcome their guests.

Hochman and one of his subordinates led the Eastern Pole Gate Master and his two disciples through the palace doors. They walked into a white pointed hall that was over a hundred meters tall and followed the carpet-like stones on the ground directly towards the deepest hall.

Both sides of the hall were formed with exquisite walls that were engraved with various patterns. Strangely enough, it fitted perfectly with its crude and ancient exterior, as if there was a kind of faint harmony between them.

A young person in white led them out of the deepest hall while walking on the left side, before passing through a long corridor that had fortified glass on the left. Through the glass, they could look down at the endless sea of clouds that created mind-blowing sceneries.

The young person in white who led them was a local youth who had been training here regularly. These people had learned about the existence of the Holy Fist Palace through its reputation from the World's Combat Competition. Furthermore, factors such as the large quantity of potential seeds that were sent here, the interesting combat competitions that constantly renewed people's outlooks on general knowledge, the martial arts that could allow one to dodge bullets, strengthen vision, or even unearth one's reactions and intelligence, as well as exiting combat and fights had attracted many youths who were interested to learn martial arts.

Of course, the most important reason was the chain of effects that had formed after the competition, such as the individuals who practiced martial arts who relied on their five powerful senses and terrifying skills who could now excel in various jobs. Some of them even surpassed regular humans greatly. It was evident that these exercises had greatly influenced the previous employment issues of martial arts practitioners.

This was especially apparent in the combat club that Hochman and Dahm had organized. In the initial stages, their martial arts had produced terrifying results and could even shock the American military force. Moreover, both of them were even hired as special trainers in the army. Although the effects were not extremely obvious, it still served as a test of their power.

These reports naturally spread rapidly to the powerful countries throughout the world. Within a few years, Hochman and Dahm had transformed from regular youths who knew nothing about martial arts into terrifyingly strong martial arts masters that were regarded as overlords in their own groups.

After Hochman was able to single-handedly defeat fifteen armed special forces soldiers, the world instantly regarded martial arts with a newfound passion.

These were Hochman and Dahm's plans all along. They wanted to form a holy site for martial arts in the world to upgrade the Waterbird Fist to unprecedented and terrifying heights.

The initial results of this plan were already beginning to appear now; whenever they faced financial issues, they would receive a large amount of aid and support from the Rexott Group. Currently, the Rexott Group had already become collaborative partners with Holy Fist Palace.

Eastern Pole Gate Master followed the guide and walked forward. They passed through ring-shaped stone doors that led to stone halls, where there were maids who helped them put on specially cleaned clothes while taking their original coats off to wash and dry.

The row of five people arrived at a spacious training hall where ten people were currently split into two groups to practice sparring constantly. Each of them used all of their strength and did not hold behind at all.

The eyes of all three members of Eastern Pole Gate widened.

The sound of fists and feet colliding with one another and tragic howls could be heard continuously, while medical personnel occasionally removed the injured individuals.

None of the ten practicing students were over thirty years old. All of them were dressed in dark grey uniforms with focused expressions on their faces. Their movements were extremely normal and only comprised of a few basic striking techniques. Nothing was exceptional except for the fact that they seemed to be unusually strong.

"This is the training hall that is specially used for the Holy Fist Palace's White Cloud Gate," Hochman explained.

"White Cloud Gate?" Eastern Pole Gate Master furrowed his eyebrows slightly. "As far as I know, when the Holy Fist Palace was established, His Excellency only possessed the Shooting Shadow Secret Technique and the Waterbird Fist that were combined into eternal Fist Techniques. This White Cloud Gate is...?"

“The White Cloud Secret Technique is a powerful and new martial art that was hidden by the Master and was not taught to the others previously. This Secret Technique requires longer practice durations,” smiled Hochman. He raised his hand and pointed towards the highest row of seats in the hall from afar.

“The Master is over there. The ones beside him are the chief disciples of the White Cloud Secret Techniques.”

Eastern Pole Gate Master looked towards the direction where Hochman’s finger was pointed before instantly noticing a handsome golden-haired man with a terrifyingly powerful body and a relaxed face who was seated upright on the white stone seat.

There were more than a hundred meters between them but his gaze was detected by the other man. The man turned his head over while a bolt of lightning flashed in his eyes.

Eastern Pole Gate Master Du Xinglong’s head became dizzy for a moment and his body shivered slightly. He had almost lost his balance as well.

“There’s electricity in the room!!”

He was astonished.