

Mystical 721

Chapter 721

“Welcoming, from the East, Gate Master Du of the East Pole Gate.”

A clear voice traveled over a hundred meters, reaching their ears.

“The banquet is ready, be my guest!”

Garen stood up, gesturing his invitation with one hand, and then he walked into a small door on the right.

The others hurried after him, Hochman nodding slightly at Garen, as though hinting something, before he walked away alone, without a word.

Du Xinglong and the others followed Garen through the door, into a medium-sized private room, with a round table in the center that was already laden with a variety of dishes. Most of the dishes were oriental, they could tell that this was prepared beforehand.

After the few of them took their seats, maids immediately served them appetizer soups.

It was steaming hot and smelled delicious.

But Du Xinglong’s attention was not on the food, his gaze wandering instead to fixate on Garen, who was sitting in the top seat of the table.

“The representative of the Sandt, Tamms, is already here, and is currently showering and changing. They will be here soon, so kindly wait a while.” Garen clapped, and instantly a few pretty Asian girls sat beside Du Xinglong and his two disciples. They were pure and cute, with a hint of childlike innocence. Their white robes proved that they had been selected from among the disciples and students.

Ever since the Holy Fist Palace was established, and after the World Fistfighting Championship was held, they kept accepting combat enthusiasts from all around the world.

Dahm and Hochman, who were good at business, straight-out began recruiting pretty and cute girls under the age of sixteen from all over the world to work in the palace, their status allowed them to learn some fistfighting basics occasionally, but they also had an enviable salary. Their job was specifically to attend to guests at parties, serve the elite members, and so on.

These were all young girls who had signed ten-year contracts, they took shifts every half a year, after they left the mountain, they could enter the prestigious private university founded by the Hochman family and the Rexott group.

Du Xinglong, on the other hand, was fairly unwavering, he was not affected in the slightest. His two disciples, however, were passionate to begin with, so now that they saw so many pretty Asian girls sitting so close to them, their gazes were instantly fixed onto the girls.

Garen and Du Xinglong casually discussed the current situation regarding East Pole fistfighting, and the conversation moved to the World Fistfighting Championship that had just been held.

“The main objective of the World Fistfighting Championship was to properly show off fistfighting to the world, instead of constantly hiding everything in an unseen corner. As martial artists, we should spread the glory of martial arts. However...” Du Xinglong said with a frown. “Many fist techniques were meant for killing rather than performance, once we get serious, permanent injuries or even death are all possible, the destructive power is huge. And if we treat it as merely an exchange of techniques, that would be like a tiger whose claws and teeth were wrapped up in thick cloth. Without sharp teeth and claws, the intensity of the move would naturally be reduced greatly. That way, we naturally would not be able to demonstrate properly useful fist techniques... May I know what Mr Garen thinks of this?”

“This sort of situation is bound to happen,” Garen said calmly. “But we are living in a society governed by laws, martial arts are no longer a weapon of war, now they have become merely ways and methods to train one’s body, this is the general trend, and no one can change it. What we need to do is to stay calm and focused, we need to treat both competitive fists and killing fists objectively.”

“It seems Mr Garen already has an opinion?” Du Xinglong said fixedly.

Just then, two more middle-aged men wearing golden headscarves walked in, both of them were dressed in white robes embroidered with snakes and birds, and they folded their palms, bowing respectfully at Garen after they entered.

“Your Excellency Thams, welcome.” Garen stood up with a smile. “Please, sit.”

Immediately young girls from Europe and Arab respectively came up to serve them at close quarters.

The two of them took their respective seats, and two more entered just behind them.

This time the two guests carried long, thin swords on their backs, wrapped in cloth. One was a man and the other a woman, their gazes piercing and flinty, so they gave off a very sharp vibe.

They both wore long black tight-fitting clothes, with long sleeves and trousers. The sleeves reached up to half of their arms, their fingers long and fair, as well-maintained as a pianist’s fingers.

“The current Sect Masters of the Mokso Sword Sect, Masters Sabik and Lorrisa, welcome,” Garen smiled. “Now the representatives of all the top-level fistfighting techniques from all over the world are gathered here. This is the true gathering of international fistfighting!”

“You exaggerate, Mr Garen. We merely represent a small part of the martial arts world, there are still countless legacies hiding everywhere.” Sabik’s expression was serious, he seemed to be a humorless person.

All eight of them filled the banquet table, accompanied by the girls.

Garen had carefully selected these people, they were all the strongest martial arts sects and families in their areas, with the most influence, and each of them represented a huge step in martial arts as they attended this banquet.

This was all due to the operation the Holy Fist Palace joined recently, in exterminating the Wellington Family from the Blood Breed’s secret party. As normal people, they actually faced the Blood Breeds head-on without falling to a disadvantage, and their main forces returned unscathed, while the Wellington Family suffered heavy losses. Although the Dark Colors witches did participate, this was still enough to prove how deep and terrifying the power of the Holy Fist Palace was.

The groups from all over who had treated the invitations they had received with disdain instantly felt a jolt, and they each sent their people to this banquet in response. At the same time, they wanted to see if the Holy Fist Palace truly had the level of power the rumors said.

Of these people, the East Pole Gate Master seemed the most mysterious, he sat in his place, his aura faintly seeming to become one with nature.

Thams, the representative of the Sandt fist was the complete opposite, he had a striking presence all over his body, a strange sensation that made him impossible to ignore.

And the two masters from Mokso remained silent, they did not seem to be the talkative type.

After the few of them chatted for some time, they began to argue, not one side giving way. They all had martial arts knowledge dating over a century, so since they could not come to a consensus, they naturally wanted to try out some moves themselves.

"I heard that Mr Garen from the Holy Fist Palace has the title of Fist Saint(2), known as the strongest fistfighter in America." The East Gate Master went straight to the point, "I, Du, came here to experience Mr Garen's famous peak-level fist techniques for myself." He actually challenged Garen directly.

Garen understood it well in his heart, every person present here had spent years perfecting their art, becoming the strongest opponents. They had practically thrown away all the luxuries in life, dedicating all their time to martial arts. They were not very well known among the sects, but they were truly the strongest of humanity, they had reached terrifying peaks in many areas. They had each surpassed the human limits using their own unique styles and ideals, elevating their skills to heights beyond human imagination.

These people's bodies were probably already approaching the pinnacle of human genetics.

As soon as those words were spoken, the atmosphere in the banquet fell quiet, evidently this was everyone's true goal.

Garen clapped his hands, and the girls at the banquet immediately got up and left, closing the door behind them.

He noticed that after Du Xinglong said that, his entire aura changed even more obviously, he seemed to blend in perfectly with the surroundings, his breathing even resonating vaguely with the air in the room, giving off an intense, natural pressure.

“I created three fist techniques, the Two-Faced Waterbird Fist, the Shooting Shadow Secret Technique, and the final White Cloud Secret Technique. Which do you want to experience, Gate Master Du?” He was smiling, but the sound of his words kept assaulting Du Xinglong’s merging, and his body emitted a huge and terrifying qi.

This qi was almost solid, everyone present could feel a huge current brush past their faces like a blade, but when they came back to their senses they realized it was merely an illusion.

This qi was enormous and extremely powerful, pressing down on the whole room, and most of the area around Du Xinglong were all suppressed completely. He was not forced out of his merger, but the natural area he tried to merge into was also completely controlled by Garen, so he could not move at all.

Du Xinglong’s face was slightly red, he felt the space he was in get isolated all of a sudden, his lungs began to lose their breath, a heavy pressure pressing down hard on him.

“As expected of a master-level fighter who has achieved qi-to-mind refination...” He held his fist in salute and lowered his head, with just that simple test, he could already sense his opponent’s bottomless power. Even if he wanted to ask for some sparring, he could no longer say it now.

Just the terrifying oppressive power of his opponent’s aura was enough to make his breath catch and his blood pause. Add that to the lightning on his brow (1) from before, and even if Du Xinglong was reluctant, he still had to lower his head and admit defeat.

Eastern martial arts were divided into three main levels, namely spirit-to-qi refination, qi-to-mind refination, and mind-to-null refination. Even now, he was merely at the peak of spirit-to-qi refination, there was an entire level between him and Garen. Just by standing there, Garen could easily force him down with his body’s vitality, only qi-to-mind refination could truly break the body’s genetic barriers, and constantly strengthen oneself through one’s life.

Garen was exactly like that, in the process of constantly gathering his soul seed, he had actually undergone the spirit-to-qi refination process, the two were very similar in principle.

Beside them, the Sandt Fist, Thams, and his disciple, also had shocked gazes. That enormous power Garen just emitted made them feel as though they were facing a sandstorm in the desert. The suffocating pressure caused even the flow of their powerful Daylight Martial Arts qi to stutter.

The Sandt fist was a bit like the Eastern fist technique, neither could surpass their genetic limits, so instead they cultivated many different attributes of qi, storing them in their bodies to support themselves. That was the true essence of spirit-to-qi refination, this stored-up qi could be emitted to harm enemies, or it could be used to stabilize themselves and activate their potential.

As the peak-level fighter of the desert, although Thams' qi had achieved a very high level, it was still a certain ways away from the East Pole Sect Master, Du Xinglong. Seeing Du Xinglong submit like that, Thams was shocked beyond words.

"We don't understand anything about qi-to-mind refination, martial arts were created for real battle, and we won't know who's stronger unless we actually cross fists. Therefore, why don't we all show off our respective levels, whoever's higher will be the winner, and we won't need any more wars." Master Sabik of the Mokso Sword Sect, who had been sitting beside them, stood up slowly. "I am only here for one thing, the word 'Holy' in the Holy Fist Palace indicates that it is at the very pinnacle of the field. If the sect holding that position does not have the power to back it up, they would be a shame to our martial arts world."

He stared at Garen fixedly, taking the long sword covered with black cloth off his back, and quickly unsheathing the sword.

"I, Sabik, officially challenge you, Fist Saint Garen Thomas, on behalf of the Mokso Sword Sect."

He raised his blade, gripping it in one hand, and his other hand waved as though he was performing a magic trick. Instantly an intricate black handgun appeared in his hand, it was exactly the same color as his clothes, completely inconspicuous, but it gave off an unspeakable sense of extreme threat.

The Mokso Sword Sect was famous for their gun-and-sword technique, a terrifying form of martial arts that merged a hot weapon with cold weapons. It was not based on any qi or spirit at all, relying solely on the edge of a sword and the destructive power of a gun to kill or maim their opponents.

Similarly, this sword sect's ideals had been greatly promoted throughout all the European countries, giving them a shocking degree of influence.

Garen sat in his seat, watching Sabik quietly. He was just about to speak when suddenly his expression changed slightly, and his gaze wandered to the right, as though seeing something in the far distance through the walls.

This was a female disciple he had put a lot of hopes on, after practicing for so long, she had finally made her move, beginning her first official important mission.

"Fine, I accept your challenge." He brought his attention back here, looking at Sabik, whose anger was brimming at the seams.

Translator's note:

拳圣, very similar to his other nickname, Holy Fist (圣拳).

A phenomenon where people with great qi flow has that power manifest in a bolt of lightning between their eyes.

Chapter 722: Situation 4

At the foot of the Holy Fist Palace mountain, there was a rather prosperous little white town — Moyo Town.

There were small white buildings all over the town, each house had many colorful fresh flowers. Every time the breeze blew past, there was a waft of sweet floral fragrance everywhere.

The sky was cloudy, and in the middle of the town, beside the river flowing down from the snowy mountain, there was a white three-story house.

“It’s not bad to come for a vacation here, huh?” Arisa ate her homemade ice-cream, her feet propped up on a deckchair. She wore red sunglasses, shorts, and a T-shirt, looking young and pretty.

Beside her, Garen’s little sister, Vivien was lying down, the two girls resting freely under a large sun umbrella.

“We went to all those lengths to trick Mom and Dad over here for a vacation, but we can’t stay long here, either,” Vivien said exasperatedly. “What could it be, why do all of us have to come here?”

“I don’t really know either, but Big Sis and Uncle Pritto should be here soon too. Ask them when they get here.” Arisa sipped some pear juice, smoothing down her hair as she replied.

“Big Sis Isaros is coming? Great, then we can swim together, the river water is really comfy recently.” Vivien had practically partied off her rocker, with Rod from the Rexott group obeying her every desire, there was almost nothing she could not reach. It was only her brother Garen’s side that remained mysterious to her, but she was not one to insist on finding out anyway.

Although Arisa said she did not know, she knew everything.

She was being protected under the Holy Fist Palace. Most of the people living here were families of the Holy Fist Palace’s inner circle members, plus she was in constant contact with her sister Isaro. Nothing was a secret from her there, so naturally she knew everything about the events happening outside.

A war had officially broken out between a large Blood Breed family and the Holy Fist Palace. They had been placed here so that they would stay out of danger, even though they were told to take a two-month vacation, the truth was that they were here to avoid the revenge of the Blood Breeds.

There were powerful fighters patrolling all around the town, as well as all sorts of high-tech security equipment, so it was extremely safe here.

But the situation here was stable for now, instead, she was more worried about her sister's side.

Her sister and Pritto had gone to investigate whether the secret party's Scarlet Moon leader was still alive or not, but she did not know how they were progressing right now. Once they found Lord Scarlet Moon, and contacted the number one Death Apostle, Lord Ashen, that would truly be the light party's best chance.

Arisa knew how hard it would be, and especially after she got to know just how much stronger Blood Breeds were from Pritto, the shadow over her heart just grew darker by the day.

The last time her sister came back to visit her, the scent on her had gotten even deeper, and when they bathed together, Arisa noticed that there were more scars on her sister's body.

"I wonder when this kind of life will end..." Arisa raised her head to look at the small building next to her, she could vaguely hear Vivien's parents chatting and laughing inside, while her older brother Jason whined.

"Arisa, Vivien, haven't you had enough fun? Come on in here to help!"

Trish yelled from inside the house.

"Coming!!"

The two of them hurriedly got off the chairs, and brought their cups into the house.

Trish was wearing an apron, placing dishes onto the table, they were all new dishes that she had just learned to cook.

Emmer was reading magazines at the side with his legs crossed, looking completely carefree.

“I wonder when that punk Garen will come back for a visit, even if he’s gone out to work, he should stop by home once in a while!” Trish complained as she served the food.

“Exactly, he barely even joins us when we go out on vacation as a family,” Vivien agreed hurriedly. “But he rarely even meets us like this, I bet he has something important to handle. After all, he has his own company now.”

“Let him be, as long as he can survive on his own, I can’t be bothered with him.” Trish and Emmer did not know what their son was doing, they just understood that Garen had started his own private company, and was now so busy that they could barely even see him.

“Let’s eat, let’s eat!” Emmer put down his magazine and sat at the table, “Isn’t Garen doing pretty well, forget him!”

Wellington Manor, family headquarters

At night, several dark shadows floated out of the darkness lightly, landing beside the manor. One of the shadows pulled something round of his pocket and pressed it lightly, then seemed to wait for something.

The time ticked by.

There was no movement at all in the manor.

“What’s the matter?” the shadow spoke softly, in perfect French. “We agreed to meet here, what is the Wellington Elder doing?!”

“Could it be broken?” another shadow asked in a low voice.

“No way, I used it once just now,” the first shadow said hesitatingly. “Elder Tu Lan and I made an agreement, and the people from Wellington were always quick to greet us. Even if they were attacked this time and are low on manpower, it makes no sense for there to be no reaction whatsoever.”

“The news I got earlier said that they had all retreated into the underground palace for hiding, and are currently trying to recover. Could there be some special equipment blocking the signal?” The other shadow hazarded a guess.

“Let’s go in and check.”

The few shadows floated lightly into Wellington Manor, it was completely empty and silent inside, giving off an air of abandonment.

“Something’s not right.”

The first shadow seemed to have smelled something.

“Come, let’s go down!”

Several shadows floated soundlessly to a piece of lawn in the middle of the manor, and activated some trigger.

The floor immediately moved aside to reveal a pitch-black underground tunnel, with twinkling lights inside, but it seemed to be similarly deserted.

They looked at each other, and quickly entered the tunnel.

They went through various tunnels, pitch-black ash covering the walls and the floor. There was blood everywhere in some places, in both the underground tunnel and connecting underground palace, but there was nobody to be seen anywhere.

The few of them ran straight for the Elders' Room as though they knew it well, this was not their first time here at Wellington. Now that they noticed something wrong, they sped up despite themselves.

Bam!!

The tightly-shut stone door was knocked open abruptly, and as the shrapnel rained down, it revealed the dim interior of the Elders' Room.

In the middle of the room, a large long black robe fell onto the ground, but there was no one else in here. At the same time, there was even a considerable human-shaped hole in the wall.

One of the shadows landed in front of the robes, picking them up for a sniff.

“These are the Wellington Great Elder's clothes...”

He exchanged glances with the Blood Breed behind him, and both of them read a hint of shock in the other's eyes.

“Who could destroy the whole Wellington without a trace like that?!”

“It's the light party...! It must be!” The other one clenched his teeth, “They must still have eyes watching this place, let's go! Now!”

The others were all shocked, grabbing the robes and retreating rapidly.

But none of them noticed the cracking sound made by a small black stone-like object at one corner of the walls, that was a hidden micro camera.

Eastern area of America, Wynea State.

14:17 in the afternoon

Heavy downpour

Tu Lan walked on the streets of Benar City with a red umbrella, waiting for the traffic lights with the people who had just gotten out of work. Walking down the pedestrian sidewalk, she would even occasionally glance at the pretty clothes boutiques.

She wore a long pale blue dress and a black silk belt around her waist, her fiery-red waist-long hair straight and smooth, glowing luxuriously.

Her white heeled slippers stepped on the bricks lining the ground, and occasionally she would disturb some puddles.

A few uniformed students had just gotten out of school, wearing raincoats and riding their bikes. When they passed by her on the sidewalk, the boys' gazes were all gathered onto her, and every one of them was shocked by her beauty.

Boom!

In an instant, Tu Lan's vision blurred, and everything in front of her turned pitch-black. A huge and long figure, like that of a snake, appeared in front of her slowly.

That was a Serpent Dragon, with the same metallic black copper color!

The Serpent Dragon rose slowly, its joint-like body looking just like a real Eastern dragon. Its huge dragon eyes stared at her slowly, there was a huge door, ancient and dull, behind it.

Her vision blurred again, and Tu Lan returned to her senses, to find herself still standing on the main streets of Benar. The rain pattered onto the umbrella in her hand.

“Is it another illusion?” She touched her right hand, the one that seemed ever so slightly differently-colored from her left eye.

Serpent Dragon, that was the symbol of her achieving the level of Death Apostle. If she could truly break through that Serpent Dragon someday, and enter that door of darkness, that would be the moment she became a Death Apostle.

This was the Black Dragon Tao Technique that she had learned from the East five hundred years ago, when she had gone traveling around the world. She merged it with her family’s holy technique, and after several centuries of perfecting and practicing it, she was approaching the final levels now.

Moving the side of her umbrella away, Tu Lan looked up at the sky from beside the umbrella. The rain came down like silk, floating down endlessly. If one followed the rain silk all the way up to the sky, they would find what seemed to be an endless ocean of clouds.

“Tu Lan Wellington.” Suddenly, someone called her name from behind.

Tu Lan lowered her head, and turned around to look.

It was an Asian girl in a white dress, with porcelain skin, and waist-length pitch-black hair as smooth and lustrous as silk. Her features were delicate and flawless, reminding others of clear jade.

But most strikingly, the girl held a small violin upside-down in her hand, the body of the violin a bloody red.

She held the violin in one hand and the bow in the other. She stood quietly in the flow of the crowd, but strangely, not a single person around her seemed to notice her, treating her as though she did not exist.

“You are?” Tu Lan was very sure that she did not know her, although she had seen many very different types of girls after living for almost a millennia, but not a single one had this type of aura.

“My name is Ninox, I’m here for your life.” The Asian girl held up the violin slowly, and an indescribable, strange scent began to emanate around them.

Before they knew it, in an instant, only the two of them were left standing alone on the streets.

The rain from the sky vanished slowly, and a pale yellow beam of sunlight shone down from the sky, landing on the two of them.

“This is...!?” Tu Lan’s heart gave a jolt. The passersby and cars around her also began to fade slowly, she somehow could not see anyone else at all in this city.

“Fantasy Fist’s Profound...” Ninox said softly, the violin bow sliding across the strings.

Chapter 723: Contact 1

Garen sat on his seat, looking at Master Sabik of the Mokso Sword Sect with a calm expression.

But his heart had already moved to where Cece was, far in the distance. Ninox was someone he had started raising ever since the combat club, she was one of his first students together with Hochman, Dahm and the others. Her talent was the best among them, and he had the highest hopes for her.

Her powers had raised up to terrifying levels as his own power evolved tremendously, but none of that was the most important. The crucial key was that Cece had never faced an opponent as powerful as an upper level Blood Breed on her own before.

Thankfully the previous two elders of the Wellington family were not much, they did not really have any combat awareness at all. They merely had the physical qualities of a powerful fighter, but had none of the power, their combat awareness was lower than even some middle levels, so they were perfect to train her with.

“Do you plan to accept my challenge just sitting there?” Sabik’s expression grew more distorted. His opponent’s pride and arrogance were making his chest heave slightly, unlike the East Pole Gate, his techniques were not meant to raise his attitude as well as his power.

“Be it sitting or standing, they are all the same,” Garen said calmly.

“Arrogant fool!”

Before Sabik even finished speaking, he retreated backward abruptly, the sword and gun in his hands making a sudden sound.

Brr!!

Bang!

The sound of a single gunshot and a flash of silver, blurred the eyes of everyone present.

Garen blocked with one hand in front of him, smiling slightly. There was a mangled bullet caught between his fingers.

Sabik’s expression changed, he had used the sword’s movements to hide the angle he truly intended to attack from, but he did not expect his opponent to predict it anyway.

And he could actually catch a bullet with his bare hands...

Without changing his expression, he pushed the power of his gun up another notch.

“One more time!!”

With a low roar, he transformed into a blur of spinning silver light.

Bam!!! A hint of firelight blinked amidst the silver light.

Everyone around them looked slightly shocked, only the East Pole Gate Master remained unmoved, his expression calm.

Smack!!

Garen's right hand blocked an area slightly to the left in front of him, his expression unmoved.

"Thank you for allowing me."

He said calmly, reaching out his hand and opening his palm. It was not just one bullet, but there were three complete black bullets in his hand, as well as a piece of the silver blade tip that had been broken off.

The silver light stopped, and Sabik was as pale as mud, he even stumbled back a few steps, looking at Garen with an expression of shock. Even if he had used harmless rubber bullets, the explosive power and speed of his gun were already the strongest power he could muster to kill his opponents, and yet Garen acted like he was playing with a child, not using any of his true power at all.

"Lord Holy Fist... You truly are powerful, we of the Mokso Sword Sect admire you." The female master beside him stood up and spoke frankly, but there was still a hint of unhidden shock in her eyes.

Only then did Sabik recover, but he had no idea what to say, pulling back his gun and sword as he retreated to his seat, flushed red.

Garen replied with a polite smile, placing the bullets and sword tip onto the table lightly. The people present all noticed that his palm showed no hint of any scratches despite catching a bullet, and were even more shocked at that.

To these fighters, who were the strongest in the world, such power was already as extreme and terrifying as that of the Blood Breeds.

They were powerful, but humans could naturally be hypnotized and controlled by Blood Breeds, and even the strongest wills would be influenced to some degree, so their powers deteriorated. Everyone seated here had tasted that disadvantage to some extent.

It could be said that the people present here were the very pinnacle of humanity, the strongest in the world. They looked young, but people such as the East Pole Gate Master were already more than seventy years old. Nobody else here was younger than sixty, they had all used their entire lives and all their talent to work hard and persist, before they could achieve such dominating power.

This time they came here especially to meet Garen, mainly because they were shocked that Garen could join the extermination of the Wellington family.

They believed that their individual explosive power was not weaker than that of upper level blood breeds, but with the power of human hypnosis and the Blood Breeds' terrifying physical capabilities, they were unable to resist the oppression of upper level Blood Breeds.

"Now I believe that Lord Garen truly did join the Wellington raid," the representative of the Sandt Fist, Thams, said slowly.

The atmosphere in the room was slightly heavy.

"Don't be formal, we are all members of the same family. How about this, will Lord Garen tell us about the battle when you raided the Wellington family?" the East Pole Gate Master spoke softly.

Garen smiled slightly and clapped, and the pretty girls who had just stepped down came up again, standing behind the guests and serving them wine.

The atmosphere calmed down a little as well.

Only then did he speak slowly.

“All of you have come here to the Holy Fist Palace together this time, so this makes this quite a big event for our fistfighting world. Let us first eat, everyone, and then we can go to the arena to exchange techniques.”

He was actually quite curious as well, masters like those from the Mokso Sword Sect were not as powerful as middle level Blood Breeds, and they relied completely on their guns in battle, so there was not much to see there. On the other hand, he could not quite see through the power of the East Pole Sect Master and the representatives from Sandt.

They seemed to be trying to become one with nature, using the human limits to activate the power of nature, thus indirectly transcending the obstacle that was the inadequacies of the human body.

Garen had always been taking the path of strengthening his own body, so he paid extra attention to these naturalistic techniques that reminded him of the Tao practitioners back home on Earth. This also represented a path completely unlike that of the Warlocks.

America, Wynea state.

The amber-colored sunlight fell onto Ninox and Tu Lan.

The two of them stood, alone, in the middle of the city. Tall buildings surrounded them, cars frozen, but there was not a single person to be seen.

Tu Lan stared at the Asian girl in front of her.

“That’s a very interesting fist technique, very unique, and very impressive.” She looked around her, and seemed to have noticed the key to this fist technique.

“To be able to such a powerful hypnotic power with a human body, that really does impress me. However...” Although she was in an illusion, she did not seem panicked in the slightest.

“However, I had already overcome such a hypnotic illusion several hundred years ago...”

Psst!

Tu Lan’s figure instantly appeared where Ninox was, one palm stabbing mercilessly into her stomach. But immediately after that, the person in front of her slowly faded and vanished. It was merely an illusion.

Slowly, the soft sounds of a violin playing rose around her, the music was soft and gentle, but had a hint of suppression to it, as though it was going to explode but kept pulling itself back, it made the listener feel upset.

A figure abruptly appeared behind Tu Lan, palms slicing towards her waist like swords, her form soundless.

Bam!

The figure was struck apart by Tu Lan’s palm, turning into countless black shadows before vanishing.

And then another figure pounced down from above, sharp and unrelenting.

Bam!

Tu Lan burst it apart as well

Immediately a third figure appeared, and the violin music surrounding them grew gradually faster.

The fourth, the fifth, the sixth...

As Tu Lan destroyed the shadows one by one, more and more appeared around her, each stronger than the last.

A hint of coldness began to appear in her expression and in her gaze.

Her body spun abruptly, her arm pulling out a short sword that glittered with silver light, and she cut apart three of the figures pouncing at her with a single whoosh.

She had vaguely noticed that the figures all around her were all shaped like that girl Ninox, but these figures were all just pitch-black shadows, they had no true form at all.

Smack!

Suddenly one of the figure's palms hit her forearm, and in that instant alone, Tu Lan actually felt the blood in her arm jolt harshly, as though there was an energy trying to pull it out of her skin.

“Waterbird Fist?!” She retreated rapidly and abruptly, leaping into the air and landing in another empty spot, but before she could steady her footing, two more figures pounced from behind her.

“Would you quit it already!” Tu Lan's expression sank, her eyes widening abruptly, and her pupils began to spin slowly, beating like a heart.

“Illusive Counter!!”

Woo...

A strange sound disturbed the violin music all of a sudden.

The scenery around her twisted and spun, like an overturned bucket of dye, making a complete mess of things.

Tu Lan vaguely sensed a powerful wind approaching from ahead, she closed her eyes and opened them again abruptly, and found herself looking at a small city alleyway.

That Asian girl Ninox was rushing at her like a rocket, her body suspended in mid-air, something red beating in her palms as she shot straight for her chest.

Tu Lan raised her hands, her arms seemed to teleport in front of her chest, her palm slicing forward like knives.

Bang bang bang bang bang!!!

A series of palms hitting each other erupted between the two of them, Ninox faced Tu Lan while suspended in the air, the blood around her heart boiling.

Her Fantasy Fist Profound had been broken, and this seriously damaged her own spirit and blood. She had thought this opponent would be easy to beat, just like those few middle level Blood Breeds from before, but to think she was this troublesome. How was this just slightly stronger than the other two elders that Senior Brothers Dahm and Hochman were talking about?!

Boom!!

Ninox's palm suddenly missed, landing on the wall to the left. She immediately left a large handprint there, and her hand somehow crashed through the entire wall. Thankfully there was no one inside, so she did not cause any commotion.

But immediately after that, her heart gave a jolt, her vision blurring, and she suddenly felt a pain in her right rib.

Pff!

An enormous force slammed into her right ribcage, and Ninox was thrown into the air, shooting backward, moaning once in pain.

Tu Lan had no intention of pursuing her, and instead leaped in the opposite direction, easily jumping across the alley walls. Within a few leaps, she had disappeared down the entrance into another alley.

Only then did Ninox fall hard onto the ground, spitting out a mouthful of blood.

After she stood up with some difficulty, Tu Lan was already nowhere to be seen.

“So powerful...”

She looked at the direction Tu Lan had vanished in and murmured softly. At the same time several men and women in tight black clothing also rushed out of the alley behind her, they all had the words ‘Holy Fist Technique’ sewed onto the right side of their chests.

“Is this the power of true upper level Blood Breeds?” Cece knew that her two senior brothers had probably met regular upper level Blood Breeds with no combat awareness, that Great Elder had even been obliterated by a middle level Blood Breed using witch poison. But this one, the only female elder among the three Wellington Great Elders, was surprisingly the only one who was truly powerful.

Seeing that her subordinates were still going to give chase, Ninox waved her hand to stop them.

“Don’t chase them! Retreat!”

She allowed them to help her up calmly, giving the direction Tu Lan had left in a long look.

The opponent was much stronger than her, only such an upper level Blood Breed could demonstrate how strong Blood Breeds were meant to be.

Looks like even if they had been rotting for a thousand years, these Blood Breeds still had some hardy roots.

She did not know why Tu Lan did not kill her, Tu Lan was evidently one level, or even several levels higher than her in power, so if she gave chase now, she would just be running to her death.

“But Captain, our mission...” One of her female subordinates still tried to protest.

“We are no match for her.” Ninox interrupted her, “The opponent has no intention of spilling blood, she probably has some other motive. Now is not the time to engage her in combat.” Ninox had always been a decisive person, just like how she dared to stand up against Garen’s pressure way back then in the combat club. She did not lack courage, but continuing on now would only anger the opponent, resulting in their meaningless deaths.

“Cece, you’re fine, right?” Amidst the rushed sound of footsteps, Quentin rushed up to her, all dressed in black. She held Ninox up, her expression somewhat worried. “I can’t believe it, is this Tu Lan really so strong, so much so that even your successful Fantasy Fist could not take her down?”

“It’d be very hard...” Ninox shook her head, “The opponent’s Illusory Counter is too powerful, it’s practically a hundred times that of a normal middle level Blood Breed, my illusion was destroyed in one go. And that’s because she was being cautious from the start, so she did not show her explosive power at the very first opportunity.”

“Your injuries are really serious, we need to return to the palace now!” Quentin checked her injuries, and instantly frowned.

Chapter 724: Contact 2

“Cece was gravely injured, and the opponent got away?” Garen sat in the highest seat of the practice hall, watching the disciples spar together with the other important delegates. When he received Quentin’s call, he frowned slightly.

“The opponent is very powerful! She cannot be compared to the other two elders, Cece’s Fantasy Fist Profound was broken, and she was injured in the right rib, after checking I found that there’s some internal bleeding from the shock. Thank goodness I saved her in time.”

“Tu Lan, was it? The other people from Wellington were dealt with?” Garen asked softly.

“All dealt with, only the Elder Tu Lan is left,” Quentin replied.

“Get Cece to come back and meet me,” Garen said calmly.

“Yes.”

Putting down the phone, even Garen was slightly surprised. Looks like he had been careless, this last Wellington Elder was actually a true upper level Blood Breed with real power, he had intended for her to be Cece’s trial run.

Seems like everything had all gone too smoothly, so he had begun to neglect some details.

When he returned to his senses, the people from the three main fist techniques around him were still chatting away happily, along with Hochman and some other representatives from his disciples.

After Garen faced Master Sabik of the Mokso Sword Sect just now, the few main sects all understood that Garen’s true power was far stronger than they imagined, so they no longer dared to test him head-on. Instead, they were trying to elicit information from Garen’s disciples about his level of strength.

According to the East Pole Gate’s estimates, Garen’s power should be equal to a Grand Master. He was only one step away from mind-to-null refination, and the level of legends. Right now in the East, there were no longer any masters at the qi-to-spirit level, only the masters of history could achieve that step.

But they never could have imagined that Garen’s true strength lay in his terrifyingly powerful body, and not in his mind. He could instantly apply up to a thousand tons of force, that was a level far beyond his understanding. And let’s not mention the power he had upon activating the Seven Star Life’s Secret Point.

Right now, two of the figures on the arena were leaping and jumping, intersecting with each other non-stop, each time they made contact, there would be a dull explosive sound.

It was one of the masters of the Waterbird Fist under Hochman sparring with one of Thams' Sandt Fist disciples.

Strangely, the Sandt Fist gave off an impression of extreme softness, but while it was soft, it could instantaneously burst out with a force like a spring. It was just enough to fight against Hochman's man, they were relatively well-matched.

The people sitting at the top did also seem to treat Garen as their leader, his impressive blood qi had unconsciously covered the entire arena. Especially now that he had mixed it with the Holy Phoenix Scriptures, his dominating aura had gotten even stronger.

That almighty aura also leaked out slightly, forcing uneasiness into the hearts of the representatives from the three main sects.

Only the East Pole Gate Master, Du Xinglong, was slightly more relaxed. But that also meant he was even more aware that the power of the Holy Fist Palace was indeed far stronger than he ever imagined.

"I hear that Palace Master Garen is looking for clues about the Sleepless Faces everywhere." While everyone else was focused on the sparring going down below, Du Xinglong spoke slowly. "It just so happens that I have some information about a mask that had wandered off to the East."

"Oh? What do you mean by that, Gate Master Du?" Garen brought his attention away as he said calmly.

"We have already sent our men out to gather the masks. We of the East Pole Gate are also rather in awe of the Holy Fist Palace's martial arts level, so I would like to send my young grandson here for a long-term martial arts exchange program."

"That would be fine, of course." Garen nodded. He wore a mask, but although no one could see his actual expression, they could tell from his tone that he had no intention of rejecting them.

Du Xinglong knew very well that a chance like this, to allow his young grandson to be this close to a qi-to-mind level Grand Master, would be unthinkable of in the East. If he did not make full use of this

chance, by the time more people approached Garen, he might not be able to benefit as much anymore. Once there were more people, naturally the Holy Fist Palace would place less emphasis on them.

He understood what the Holy Fist Palace had planned, they wanted to reach a true position in the international martial arts scene, and become the true holy land for all martial arts sects.

Since they had a Grand Master standing guard over the Holy Fist Palace, that title was naturally theirs for the taking.

“I just happened to have the same intention.” Beside them, Thams smiled as he said, “And my allied sects will surely have the same plan. When the time comes, I hope Palace Master Garen will help out our youngsters in their training.”

“Of course, of course.” Garen nodded with a smile.

For a moment there, the host and the guests were all perfectly happy, the main martial arts sects had also found a glimmer of hope in their battle against the Blood Breeds through Garen. But the truly powerful Blood Breeds were not the regular Blood Breeds, but the Death Apostles at the very top. They were the ones with power comparable to a nuclear weapon, and it all depended on whether or not the Holy Fist Palace could defend against the Death Apostles’ revenge,

The Wellington family was not that easy to provoke, the Death Apostle Wellington would surely not let this slide, so it all depended on what happened after this.

After some more exchanges, Garen also understood that Thams had always been close to the higher-ups of the Rexott group, his arrival here this time obviously represented the Rexott Group’s attitude to some extent.

Manpower, financial power, and martial power, he had them all. The only thing he needed now was a chance to show off the true power of the Holy Fist Palace.

Standing in front of Cece's sickbed, Garen was dressed all in white, wearing a mask as he checked Cece's condition.

He reached out his hand and touched Cece's injured right ribs a few times, then he pulled his hand back slowly. Next, he opened Cece's eyelids, checking her pupils.

The others, Quentin and Xander, all stood at the side respectfully.

There were only a few members of the Holy Fist Palace's higher-ups present in this room.

"Teacher, how is Cece's condition?" Quentin asked, slightly worried.

"The destruction of the Fantasy Fist Profound damaged her spirit and cranial nerves, she needs some rest. To normal people, cranial nerves cannot be regenerated, but to us, it's possible. It just requires a longer time. Add that to the internal bleeding and shock caused by her injuries, and she will need at least two months to recover."

Garen replied as he pulled back his hand.

"Thank you, Teacher." Ninox hid under the covers, her face slightly red. The place on her right ribs where she was hurt was near her chest, even if it was her teacher touching her like that, she was still embarrassed to no end.

"Is this Tu Lan really that powerful?" Xander was rather incredulous, "The other two Elders could be defeated by even a slightly stronger middle level Blood Breed, why is this one Elder so ridiculously powerful?"

"That is my mistake." The door was pushed open, and Dahm strode in, wearing a bright red cape.

"Greetings, Teacher." He first lowered his head in a bow to Garen, and then he began to explain the reason. "I learned about Tu Lan from one of the Blood Breeds under my control. Although as Elders, they don't usually fight, but some of the older middle level Blood Breeds were aware of some things. Tu Lan

used to be the strongest general in the Wellington family other than their chief, Wellington. Even among the upper level Blood Breeds, she was one of the very best.”

His androgynous voice revealed a hint of rare solemnity.

“If you want to kill Tu Lan, either Hochman and I have to personally fight her, or Teacher...” He did not continue, but his intention was very clear. Unless Garen fought her personally, they would not be able to ensure that it would go one without a hitch.

“How are things with the Blood Breeds’ secret party?”

Garen did not continue that topic, and switched to another one instead.

“The secret party has the main advantage now, most of the light party’s power had been suppressed and taken apart. As for the attack on Wellington, it looks like there’s no reaction for now, but it’s most likely gathering momentum for a bigger impact. We need to be constantly prepared for a counterattack by the Death Apostle Wellington at any time,” Dahm replied seriously.

“No news about the Death Apostles Scarlet Moon and Ashen?”

“A little, they say that Ashen has gone missing, this is also the main reason the light party is completely falling apart. Right now, even the power of the Lion Mother cannot suppress the flames of the secret party,” Dahm replied quickly.

Garen fell silent.

For some reason, he suddenly remembered the sisters, Isaros and Arisa, as well as that strange Scarlet Moon Blood Breed. Inexplicably, he felt as though Isaros and the others may know a bit about Ashen’s disappearance.

The last time he secretly visited his parents, he had seen Arisa’s condition, that little girl’s air of worldliness had gotten stronger. That feeling of being part of the world’s path had grown stronger and stronger.

Isaros and her sister was evidently the core trigger to these events, he had to be constantly aware of any developments on their part as he gathered the masks.

Touching his right eyes lightly with his hand, that one completely blind eye kept reminding him of the approaching danger from the Void Nine-Headed Dragon King.

He needed to pick up the pace...

Secret party Blood Union

In a wide open white hall, in some mysterious ruins.

There were countless crystal chandeliers hanging from the ceiling, like so many small red suns, emitting a bright and gentle red light.

Underneath them were three giant silver balls floating in mid-air.

Each ball was more than ten meters in diameter, huge and round, filled with an unnamed amber fluid that bubbled occasionally.

Strangely, there was a well-proportioned white-skinned human figure suspended in each ball of liquid.

There were three bodies in the three balls, two male and one female. Each of them wore different but equally elaborate long robes, even the men wore long black dress-like robes with golden hems.

“Wellington, your old base was destroyed by those witches, but you don’t seem too bothered at all.” One of the blonde men in black robes opened his eyes, looking at another handsome man with otherworldly features.

“There’s too much trash in there, so I borrowed some outside power to clean it out. My family has been rotten for too long.” Wellington had short purple-red hair and a cold expression, as though he did not care about his clan’s survival at all, “After all, it’d only take me a few years to start another family again anyway.”

“Ashen has been critically wounded, without the help of the Lion Mother, he cannot hide for long. Scarlet Moon, on the other hand, that guy’s always been missing.” The blonde man was thoughtful.

“Wellington, I think you should still go back for a visit, that kid Tu Lan should be close to a breakthrough, don’t let her be interrupted just like that. There are only so few of us in this world, it’s been so long since we had a new face around here, it’s too boring...”

The woman in the last sphere had completely white eyes and no pupils, her long green hair reaching her waist.

“Oh?” Wellington looked slightly surprised, and after thinking for some time, he spoke softly.

“Then I’ll go out for a bit. But are you sure it’s okay for just the two of you to suppress Ashen’s Blood Nucleus?”

“Then why don’t you just get it settled sooner?” the woman laughed softly.

“True.” Wellington nodded, and turned around slowly, swimming backward lightly. Soon enough, he began to gradually disappear into the sphere.

Chapter 725

Portugal, Vesnan City

Near the seaport, there was a smattering of pale yellow boats floating on the sea. Some of them were small fishing vessels, but there were also mid-sized rafts.

Under the twilight rays, the red light dyed the surface of the sea by the port a bright red.

There was a constant flow of carriages by the seaside, two locals were taking their child on a walk in a stroller. On the flat concrete floor beside the port, there were several young men and women dressed in coats, one of the women had pretty features, but she looked rather cold. Surprisingly, there was a gruesome scar on the right side of her neck, it extended from her neck to the middle of her chest, and then it was blocked off by her clothes so no one could tell just how long it was.

The woman had shoulder-length hair that was naturally red, and not dyed.

There was also a middle-aged man standing with her, as well as a young girl.

“Why did you call me out so late? I’m in a rush to get back for dinner,” the red-haired woman said calmly.

“Isaros, it’s been over half a year since I got you sisters involved in this mess, hasn’t it?” the middle-aged man said in a low voice, his expression guilty. “If I hadn’t met you guys back then, perhaps you would still be living peacefully in that little town.”

“What’s the point of saying that now?” Isaros said calmly. “Whatever you have to say, just spit it.”

The man looked even guiltier, hesitating for a while. Instead, it was the other girl beside them who could not take it anymore.

“Let me be the one to say it,” the girl stepped up and spoke. She looked no older than seventeen or eighteen, but the aura in her eyes was as deep as that of an old woman.

“As we are all Scarlet Moon Blood Breeds, we hope that we can contact the human organization, the Holy Fist Palace, through you, and thus contribute to our light party.” The girl spoke with no restraint whatsoever, as though this was only natural.

“Contact the Holy Fist Palace?” Isaros frowned slightly.

“Yes, your sister is protected by the Holy Fist Palace, so you should be pretty close to them. If you can contact them to join our forces, as a Scarlet Moon Blood Breed, I can make an exception and obtain another Blood Breed position for you.” The girl spoke as though a Blood Breed position was such a glorious thing.

Isaros frowned. Ignoring the girl, she looked straight at the middle-aged man.

“Pritto, is this your intention?”

Pritto smiled bitterly, it had been several weeks since they escaped the secret party in America and ran here to Portugal, and now they had officially joined an organization allied with the light party. This organization was centered around two light party upper level Blood Breeds, and secretly resisted the secret party in hiding.

“We are too weak right now, so we do need your help to contact them, then we’ll go to America together.”

“Contacting them is no problem, but I cannot guarantee that they will give you face and agree to cooperate.”

“No problem, we’ll take over negotiations after that,” the Blood Breed girl said confidently.

On a snowy mountain peak

Holy Fist Palace

The snow danced in the air, covering the entire building of the Holy Fist Palace with a thick layer of white.

Garen sat in a room on the rightmost edge, nearest to the cliff. Sitting at his desk, he raised his pen and began to write something slowly in a black notebook.

The room was lavishly decorated, covered in all white and gold. There was a fire burning away merrily in the fireplace, emitting a faint warmth, raising the temperature of the entire room.

Sofa, bookshelves, single bed, and a super-thin television hanging on the wall.

The floor was smooth white marble, strangely clean.

Garen sat in front of a desk, it was the one he had brought over from Berlin, unchanged in the slightest.

The black notebook underneath his hand was giving off a strange and blurry feeling. If someone wanted to see the outer appearance and the inner content of that notebook more carefully, they would end up feeling slightly dizzy. But once they moved their gaze away, they would still be naturally attracted to it, it just pulled others' spirits into looking at it.

The scrawling sound of pen on paper echoed through the room.

Garen wore a mask over his eyes, and his only functioning eye, the left one, was actually shining with a hint of gold.

After goodness knows how long, he put down his pen slowly, closed his eyes and rested for a while. Only then did he close that strange notebook.

"I've already recorded down the true essence of the Holy Phoenix Scriptures, but it's still missing something," he said softly, as though to himself.

'You're still lacking some deeper understandings, if you could understand the Holy Phoenix Scriptures at a deeper level, perhaps you could speed up the completion of your Demonic Book,' Black Sethe suggested.

Garen nodded slightly.

The Holy Phoenix Scriptures were divided into three levels and nine different states. But if one intended to really delve deep into this cultivation method, they would first need to investigate the compatibility problem he was facing with the Hellfrost Peacock Technique he was currently practicing.

Up until now, Garen was still in the midst of finding his own path. The Peacock Technique could achieve Army Level, but it was still lacking in practice supplies and resources. He did not know how far he could take the Holy Phoenix Scriptures either, and he could even tell that this was a path doomed for destruction, yet it helped with his gathering of the Soul Seed.

‘This is a matter of your own priorities,’ Black Sethe said softly. ‘The Soul Seed strengthens your soul, and there is a high chance that you’ll encounter a dead end with the Holy Phoenix Scriptures when you need something you don’t have. The other way, with the Hellfrost Peacock Technique, you still won’t be able to level up without the required resources. It might be better for you to just practice the Holy Phoenix Scriptures first. Leave thinking about it until the incompatibility happens, right now your main job is to increase the strength of your Soul Seed. That’s where your foundations lie.’

“True.” Garen nodded, and was no longer hesitant.

The Demonic Book was more or less complete. He had recorded all of his techniques in there, including the Holy Phoenix Scriptures that he had just learned. He should have fully completed his second Soul Seed by now, but because he did not have a deep enough understanding of the Holy Phoenix Scriptures, he was still lacking that last push.

He glanced at his current condition and attributes.

Garen Thomas.

Strength 7. Agility 7. Vitality 10. Intelligence 11. Potential power 7966%. Soul limit 30.

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

‘Void Pursuer: inheritor of the Ancient Endor civilization, arch enemies with the Void races. Has the natural ability to heal and strengthen oneself by hunting the Void Creatures’ Cores. That is a natural power bestowed eternally by the mysterious power of Ancient Endor.’

‘Hellfrost Peacock Technique: Grade one elementary level (Total of five grades, with three grades of derivative grades, a total of eight grades) Every time the practitioner reaches the next level, their blood and veins will be purified, and they will slowly approach the Hellfrost Peacock body type, finally becoming the ultimate form, the Hellfrost Peacock King, with Army Level being the limit.’

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

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

‘Slaughtering Hand: first grade.’

Looking away again, Garen was slightly disappointed that he had only accumulated so few attribute points after obtaining five masks.

Thankfully, after the martial arts exchange event, the students that Hochman and Dahm recently taught, such as Caesar and the others, were all leaving the Holy Fist Palace to find Garen new masks. Of these groups, Dahm was heading to Memphis Forest, the sixth mask at the moon river. It had been several days since he departed, and Garen did not know how the situation was going.

Standing up from his desk, Garen looked at the snowflakes floating down in front of his window, and suddenly felt inexplicably lost.

Ever since he reincarnated this time, he had still been chasing after power, and he had even gotten himself involved with the huge history of war between the Void Creatures and the Ancient Endor civilization. With the threat of Nadia constantly approaching, he had no choice but to continue pressing forward.

But the resources in this world were far too lacking, they were not nearly enough to fulfill the requirements of a peak-level secret technique. That was why he had no choice but to stop, and use his own invented technique to gather his second Soul Seed.

If he could truly practice the Hellfrost Peacock Technique, the speed of his forming his Soul Seed would surely be exponentially faster, and he might even activate some legacies that continue from there. He would not be so at a loss about the true soul levels after that.

Black Sethe helped him a lot with that as well, every Living and Dead Secret Technique was an extremely complex system containing part of the truth of the universe. These were not things to be created just like that.

It seemed as though there were thousands of these peak-level secret techniques, and any one of them could lead to an extremely high level. But all of them began with caution and wariness, these steps that looked complicated or simple, each of them could lead to extremely serious results if they were changed even a little. Grievous injuries, paralysis, disabilities or even death, all were possible.

Every step in these secret techniques had to undergo thousands of trials and countless agonizing lessons learned, before they could truly become a path to take.

And the supplies or resources needed were also compulsory.

Compared to the situation back there where the resources were plenty, Garen's current situation was like eating white rice without even oil to cover it, and trying to build muscle from there.

It was the same with peak-level secret techniques, if you wanted to be extraordinary, you would naturally need better resources. And this world had none of those.

Looking for the training materials for the Hellfrost Peacock Technique was like looking for dry sand in the ocean.

‘How do you plan to handle the matter with Tu Lan?’ Black Sethe asked quietly.

Tu Lan Wellington had escaped after injuring Cece, and was now rapidly approaching the other family's territories. If she was not dealt with quickly, and managed to escape into the other family territories, she could incite another war on an even larger scale.

After destroying the Wellington family, the whole northern America had become part of the Holy Fist Palace's territory. This included the few smaller countries that AG and the Dark Colors witches would cover. This was all allied territory.

And now the Blood Breeds were still busy raiding the light party. After the battle last time, the other families knew that normal power was nowhere near enough to take down the Lightless Alliance, so they had no choice but to call a time-out. They probably planned to stabilize their internal ranks, and then gather up a force to dismantle their opponents.

"We've already gathered sufficient information about Tu Lan, she should have returned to the state of Mintosa, that's one of the secret party's Blood Alliance bases, I'll make a trip there myself," Garen said calmly.

Cece was grievously hurt, there was no way he could let that slide. And those people from the Bailey Group got mixed up with the Primary Colors, so it was time he dealt with them.

Chapter 726

California, America

After a week...

As she looked at the huge red and white structure of the theatre, Isaros rearranged her hat and walked into the theatre with the crowd.

The theatre was playing the Spanish musical Wild Cats, and the female lead was singing beautifully in a clear voice.

Beyond the stage was a half-full seating area, from which applause could be heard once every now and then.

Isaros looked for a seat at a higher elevation while the buzz of the audiences' chatter surrounded her. She was constantly checking on her hat as it was an aura covering hat that's been enchanted with witchcraft, and it could alter her aura for short periods of time in order to distort the Blood Breeds' sensing abilities.

This was one of the assets belonging to the Holy Fist Palace's Combat Association, and this was one of the fastest channels to contact the Combat Association.

The seats above Isaros was empty. She waited for a while, looking as though she was paying attention and was enjoying the musical, but she was actually staying wary of her surroundings. In case Combat Association had any replies, the seats would definitely be occupied.

Half an hour had gone by unnoticeably, when two silhouettes finally emerged silently from Isaros' right side and were walking towards the two empty seats above Isaros as they traversed the crowd.

The duo sat in two seats above her.

Isaros suddenly smelled a familiar body fragrance enveloping her.

"Sister," the person beside her finally spoke.

Isaros turned around, her pupils dilated.

"Arisa?! Vivien!?"

The people sitting beside her were actually these beautiful sisters of hers, Arisa and Vivien.

"Why are you here?" Isaros' head suddenly looked stern.

Once we heard news of sister, we proactively asked to come, since we haven't met you for a long time," Risa immediately explained as she observed her sister's concerned look. " Relax, we came out under very secretive planning. Nobody would have known."

Now that Secret Party is pursuing me closely, it's too dangerous to be around me!" Isaros said with a stern tone. "You're too rash, Arisa, you even brought Vivien over! What if something dangerous happened?"

"Relax, we have experts protecting us," Vivien raised her fist and shook it around. "Sister Quentin brought a few men over on a trip anyway, so we have followed along."

"Quentin? One of the four warlords of the Combat Association?" Isaros also knew of the situation during the ambush on Wellington, which was directed against the Holy Fist Palace. There were two names that had begun circulating in the underground society; the Two Generals and the Four Warlords, The Two Generals were obviously referring to Hochman and Dahm, who possessed terrifying abilities comparable to high-level Blood Breeds, which could shake any Blood Breeds or Witches. Whereas the Four Warlords referred to the four people who were always managing the external affairs of the Holy Fist Palace.

These four people were Xander, Cece, Quentin and the Vice President of the Nighthawks, Baldy. They managed most of the daily affairs and public relations, as well as directing large amounts of personnel, whether it was Combat Association's extensive network within and beyond America, or the world-class web of relationships developed by their second batch students, or even the training and employment of Nighthawks, the purely violent organization of mercenaries.

"That's good if Quentin was here," Isaros sighed in relief, after knowing that Holy Fist Palace didn't simply let these kids out without any protective measures in place. "I am here on some official business so bring me to Miss Quentin, I have some matters to discuss with her. Also, Pritto and other Light Party representatives are waiting for me outside."

Seeing that there were indeed some official matters, Arisa had also become serious.

"Sister Quentin is in that seat over there discussing business with someone else, let me bring you there."

"Okay," to be honest, Isaros felt helpless too; now she was too deeply intertwined in the Scarlet Moon Clan of the Light Party. Not only had she killed off countless vampires of the Secret Party, she'd even killed off a few Low-Level Blood Breeds up to this point. More importantly, Pritto's Scarlet Moon Holy Technique was indeed deep within her consciousness, planted by the Death Apostle of the Scarlet Moon Clan. She would be unable to remove it unless another Death Apostle extracted it.

This has caused her to climb even higher on the Secret Party's hit list.

As she stood up with Arisa and Vivien, Isaros walked out of a door on her left, through a dark corridor covered in black carpets, into some sparsely distanced mid-air suites hanging from the second floor. In front of a door was a muscular woman in a black shirt who was playing with a silver knife in her hand. As that lady laid eyes upon Arisa and company, she immediately stood aside to allow entrance without uttering a word.

Arisa smiled at the lady politely and then knocked on the door.

"Sister Quentin."

"Oh, Arisa, Come on in," a clear woman's voice could be heard from within, as she spoke was a clean, neat American accent.

The door was opened slowly from the inside. The trio walked into the suite, which already had a beautiful lady wearing a red silk cheongsam inside. Even though she was wearing such a seductive cheongsam, the lady maintained a strong, elegant vibe; and that was Quentin of the Holy Fist Palace.

Quentin's brows were drawn diagonally together and were straight as a pen. Her eyes were very spirited and a sharp nose coupled with her lovely fair skin; her elegant look was completed with a glass of wine in her hand and crossed, long slender legs.

The man sitting opposite her was a balding, middle-aged man who looked terrified and as though he was showing respect towards her. Although he was obviously older than Quentin, the power hierarchy gave a misconception that she was the more senior than him.

At this instance, the man was breaking out in cold sweat and had lowered his head in fear of looking Quentin in the eyes, which made people wonder what had happened just now.

"Alright, since Miss Quentin have some company at the moment, I shall take my leave."

“Please,” Quentin waved her hand, “remember that you must give us the stock in time, as promised.”

“Of course milady, of course,” the middle-aged man stood up and bowed repeatedly. “Thank you very much, Miss Quentin, I hope our cooperation runs smooth.”

“Likewise.”

The man then left the room hurriedly, and one could even faintly hear his relaxed sigh at the instant the door was closed.

Quentin then moved her eyes to the trio, and her gaze landed upon Isaros who was standing behind.

“I believe this is the Arisa’s sister, Isaros?” she stood up, indicating to the server to pour them some drinks.

Isaros had felt a strong aura suppression upon entering the suite, which was a natural sensing ability of hers, acquired from the long period of combat with and killing of Blood Breeds and vampires. She realized that when she was against some stronger foes, the opponents’ aura would naturally produce a form of suppression.

It was the same as Quentin who was right in front of her; the aura within her was so strong that it was beyond comprehension for humans.

“As expected of an expert of the Holy Fist Palace,” she nodded as she admitted her identity.

Quentin smiled and took a sip off the wine in her glass.

“Even though I really couldn’t wait to greet you, it wouldn’t have looked courteous if I didn’t take care of a few guests who’d come from faraway towns.”

She looked at the suite’s left side of the door with some deep thoughts, as though she saw through the wall there into some scenery beyond the walls.

Bam!!

A group of shadows suddenly barged in and rushed straight towards Quentin like black arrows. Despite the speed of their attack, they didn't produce a single noise.

"Ambush!" Isaros' focus shuddered and she grabbed both Arisa and Vivien's collars with each hand, lifting them up with ease to avoid the collision with the shadows.

What followed were more shadows rushing into the building, targeting the trio while ignoring the waitresses' screams.

At this point, Quentin had already single-handedly taken down the shadow who'd first engaged her by tapping onto its head. The shadow broke down and turned into ash, obvious signs that identified a vampire.

With a turn on her head, the slender legs beneath her cheongsam had launched a series of kicks towards the shadows outside, with a speed that seemed to be slightly above those shadows.

As Garen's ability had increased, her strength had also taken a giant leap forward, which made handling these vampires and Low-Level Blood Breeds a breeze.

"Since you're here, why don't you stay!"

Just as she ended her sentence, both of Quentin's legs had hit every single shadow within a flicker of an eye.

Bambambam!!

With a few consecutive bursts, the shadows were sent flying and exploded into ashes.

But in this instance, one of the shadows did not have any reaction. It advanced instead of being blown back, took a sharp turn and produced a burst of speed, rushing into Quentin's proximity.

With a crackling sound, the smile on Quentin's face turned stern.

"You are??!!" she had not even completed her sentence before she was sent flying backward, crashing onto tables and chairs in the suite, only stopping when she hit the bulletproof glass wall. There was a trickle of blood flowing from her abdomen, and it was seen dripping on the black shadow's hand as well.

"You...!!" Quentin displayed an unbelieving look as she glared at the black shadow. She could barely protect her vitals in the heat of the moment, but she still couldn't avoid being heavily injured.

To the surprise of Arisa and Vivien, the black shadow pulled the hood off its head, and bright red hair was flaunted. It was actually a seductive-looking, beautiful lady.

"To be able to catch so many small fries, all the prep work I did was well worth it," Tu Lan had a satisfied smirk on her face.

By faking that she was headed for other states and lure away the pursuer of the Holy Fist Palace, she had actually collaborated with people from the Secret Party to wait for a time to retaliate. Now that she had done it, she'd managed to catch these small fries and important people, on top of the successful retaliation.

"Such hard work, how can I go back empty-handed?" Tu Lan smiled. She suddenly moved her wrist and blocked Quentin's knee that had been abruptly launched towards her, before Tu Lan took a few steps back and stood in the middle of the suite.

"Indeed... it's rare that you come out, how can let me go back empty-handed?" a calm male's voice was suddenly heard from the doorstep behind her.

Tu Lan's smiling face turned ice cold in that instant. She slowly turned around to see a handsome young man, who had not been there previously, standing by the door. That man was as perfectly radiant as Apollo himself, but one of his eyes was not radiant; it held nothing but a cold gaze.

“Garen...!”

Bam!

Tu Lan rammed the right side of the wall immediately, and chose to flee in that instant!

Chapter 727

“Fantasy!”

Unexpectedly, Garen did not give chase but simply flung out his right arm to catch Tu Lan from afar.

Weirdly, his right palm slowly became bigger and wider, and an odd feeling that the sky was being engulfed shivered through the crowd.

As the surrounding environment was distorted, the entire hallway felt like a twisted glass tube that was churning and shaking violently.

Tu Lan was stunned by the sudden loss of balance but only for an instant, and she resumed fleeing at a speed that looked to be unaffected by gravity, rushing straight for the nearest theatre exit.

Bam!!

A large hole suddenly opened at Garen’s position, and one could directly see the space within it.

His entire body tilted slightly before he disappeared in the blink of an eye. He was definitely hot on her heels.

What was left was Quentin, Isaros, and co, who had only reacted only moments after the two had disappeared and dense footsteps could be faintly heard from the outside.

“Let’s leave immediately!” Quentin could barely stand upright, with one hand pressing onto her abdomen. A sizeable wound should have broken open there as blood kept oozing from it, but it wasn’t as terrible as before; she compressed the blood vessels with muscle contraction, preventing more blood from oozing out.

Arisa and Vivien had just recovered from the shock. Both of them wanted to help Quentin but were gently pushed away.

“Let me do it!” Isaros carried Quentin with a stern expression and fled while leading the two other girls.

“With Teacher here, that person would never return, but I’m afraid this is a trap. Go to the parking lot and immediately inform the allies outside and have them leave first, we will be in contact soon,” even though Quentin had suffered heavy injuries, she was still conscious enough to plan ahead.

“I know. Your injury looks bad,” Isaros looked at the wound the size of a fist and her eyes couldn’t stop twitching. While Quentin was speaking with relative ease, if it had been anyone else, this injury would be enough to cause a blackout or death by shock.

Soon, a group of people in black uniforms ran into the suite in a trained manner, and carried the heavily injured Quentin and escorted them up to a vehicle that was specially prepared for them.

“Brother... was that.... Brother?” Vivien asked after boarding the car, as she felt a strong sense of disbelief when recalling the golden silhouette. “Was he actually this strong? For that man to run without even attempting to combat.”

“That’s just the first time you’ve seen Teacher in action...” Quentin’s face was pale, but she seemed to reply with a relatively easy smile. “With Teacher here, that person won’t be able to flee. It’s obvious that Teacher took a trip here just to pursue her.”

As she spoke to the end, her expression seemed to turn cold.

“Black Dragon!!”

In the rural forests, two silhouettes of black and gold were toe-to-toe in their chase.

As the black colored silhouette roared in front, her speed increased explosively and a thin layer of black smoke seemed to dissipate from her entire body, looking like a long tail. Her speed, however, was leagues above her previous speed.

Under the blazing sun, the golden silhouette behind didn't seem to be alarmed; he created crater after crater on the ground under his feet with help from a terrifying explosive power to continue his pursuit.

Suddenly, a large tree trunk beside him exploded and the blazing flames halted his momentum, creating a great distance between the two silhouettes.

“Oh? That's a lot of nifty toys she's got there.”

In the high-speed movement, Garen squinted as he observed the fleeing silhouette. That explosion just now wasn't anything special; it was just a simple technological tactic, but such a pressurized explosive bomb would still somewhat affect him in his usual condition.

Bam!! Bam Bam Bam!!!

Suddenly, a series of thunderous explosions coupled with an orangy-yellow flame formed a vortex around him, the tremendous impact and heat completely engulfing him.

Taking advantage of the instance Garen was stopped, Tu Lan took a few larger leaps forward and hid within the dense forest on her right. A thick white smoke began propagating behind her out of nowhere, which seemed like an obvious escape plan.

She actually had zero plans to return to engage in combat.

The flame vortex engulfed the woods in the radius of tens of meters, and under the intense combustion, the smoke rose thickly into the sky and was observable from afar.

From amidst the flames, Garen walked out without any damage. Oddly enough, whether it was the flame or the smoke, they automatically dispersed from him within a ten-odd centimeters radius, as though there was an invisible protective barrier around him.

As he walked out of the areas affected by the flames, Garen waved his hand to disperse the smoke. He raised his head to find out that Tu Lan was nowhere to be found, even though he could still sense the remnants of her aura nearby.

With Garen's arsenal of Secret Techniques, peerless physique, and extra-sensitive sensory abilities, he could easily locate traces Tu Lan's scent within the forest. The scent was as clear as a guide, leading towards the direction that she'd escaped towards.

Jii!!

Garen disappeared instantaneously and gave chase while he followed the scent.

From that devastating explosion which was supposed to be powerful enough to demolish an entire skyscraper, Garen had walked out of it without harm, without even minor injuries.

That devastating explosion had completely razed the woods and shrubs of the forest in a twenty to thirty meters radius from the detonation point, creating a charred dome-shaped area, but other than greatly reducing his speed, Garen was unaffected.

Tu Lan's high-speed fleeing had caused her to pant heavily, but she'd taken the chance to place multiple traps and bombs which were activated by Garen who was behind her. Terrifyingly, his speed was never reduced to a halt.

In the heat of the moment, she planted the rest of her miniature high-concentration explosives in one spot, behind a large tree and set a timer of detonation. Finally, after the incredible explosion, complete with a few smoke grenades and poison gas grenades, she finally managed to flee from Garen's pursuit. After changing directions a few times, she soon came to a halt with a bergamot forest ahead of her.

After an extended period of full-speed sprinting, as well as high levels of mental focus to sense the pursuit behind her, even she would have greatly exhausted her mental energy.

As she rested upon a bergamot tree, Tu Lan felt that her scalp was still numb from the imminent sense of danger of being pursued, and it felt like it hadn't stopped, and Garen was right on her tail.

However, following the increasingly intense sense of danger, she was pleasantly surprised to find that the Black Dragon Tao Technique had become slightly loosened.

That Serpent dragon that guarded the gate was actually feeling the same kind of pressure, so much so it let out a deep hissing sound, as though it was asking her to advance faster.

Secretively, Tu Lan turned her head around to feel that the sense of danger's aura seemed to be concentrated the air around. Her surroundings had begun shaking and he was apparently coming towards her.

"It's all or nothing!" Tu Lan's entire body shivered uncontrollably under that tremendous feeling of danger, but her intents were solid. She sat cross-legged, shut her eyes, and deep dove into the Black Dragon Tao Technique as her body innately guided her Blood Core into a Holy Technique state.

In the instant she entered the Holy technique state, all of her aura disappeared instantaneously; her scent, her aura, all of it vanished without a trace in that instant, alongside every other element that could make her whereabouts trackable. It was as though she no longer existed at all.

What was even more baffling was that the remnants of her scent also soon dispersed after she entered this state

Tu Lan, who was sitting under the tree, had begun turning transparent and more illusory, as though she was transmigrating into another dimension.

In order to advance to Death Apostle rank, the largest hurdle needed to be addressed; finding her own secret dream realm, and deposit all of her, including her will to live there. If she were to succeed, then even if her physical body and Blood Core were destroyed, she could resurrect from the hidden dream realm. That was the true immortality.

Tu Lan's biggest weakness now was that she was unable to deposit the entirety of her life and will into the Serpent Dragon Dream Realm that was created by the Black Dragon Tao Technique.

The SDDR seemed to be independent on its own and equipped with its own consciousness and abilities. In reality, the so-called hidden dream realm was actually an invisible life that possessed an odd existence, they were very much alive, and had their own life-force.

Death Apostles needed to be in unison with them and truly let their own life force combine inside an unknown area within a Dream creature, achieving a realm when they would not die.

But this kind of creature normally had their own consciousness, and it would be extremely challenging to obtain their approval, moreover, the merging would take an extended period of time as well. But for some reason, either due to the Black Dragon Tao Technique or some other reason, the Serpent Dragon Gates seemed to be fond of Tu Lan, and so in this dire situation, it had finally let up a sliver, with the intention of allowing Tu Lan to advance earlier.

Under the pressure of life and death, Tu Lan finally entered the Serpent Dragon Gates and began the process to deposit her life and will.

This process was made to separate one's life and will and combine them with the dream creatures. The process was extremely risky, as she would be forever lost in the dream if she made a misstep, and the entirety of her existence would be devoured by the Serpent Dragon Gate.

But if she were to succeed, her gains would naturally be more lucrative; she would officially reach the Death Apostle Level and obtain everything that belonged to the Serpent Dragon Gate.

Her consciousness continued to dip lower and she became half conscious.

As the time passed, Garen who was far away was still trying to find the scent that had gone missing abruptly, making him lose the trace of Tu Lan.

Even so, his aura told him that Tu Lan was definitely not too far away, she had merely used some sort of technique to hide.

After more than ten minutes, suddenly, the place where Tu Lan disappeared at began glowing white.

The white light was about the size of a firefly, but it slowly expanded, becoming bigger and brighter, until it was the size of a basketball.

Just as the white light expanded, hints of an ancient aura began spreading from the light, as though one was walking through a historical site and experiencing an unknowing sense of vicissitudes that traversed through years of life.

As the aura spread outwards, the trees and grass began to wilt visibly, as though their time had been hastened dramatically.

Jii!!!

At that instant, a pillar of light the girth of an arm shot up towards the sky, piercing through the leaves and the clouds, looking as though it limitlessly extended into space.

The light pillar looked like an endless light rod that connected heaven and earth, and it caused the sky to grow heavy with dense clouds after it pierced into the atmosphere.

Ca-Crack!

Lightning struck down, followed by rumbling sounds of thunders as the blueish white light illuminated the entire forest.

Garen slowly stopped in front of the forest and looked up at the pillar of light.

“Is this.... Advancement?”

A surge of ancient aura was spreading from ahead of him. This aura was completely different from the usual Tu Lan; although it carried her aura, there was an additional extreme ancient, rotten feel to it. as though it was the rotten aura of a creature nearing the end of its life.

He was unknowingly right; if a dream creature’s life wasn’t nearing their end, they would never agree to combine with and be devoured by a Blood Breed. Even though this would prolong their lifespan, to be part of another’s life meant that they would completely lose their independence. Everything would be controlled by the Blood Breed host.

“This aura.... Is this the Death Apostle level?” Garen murmured as he noted this unprecedented aura. He did not take immediate actions but instead, he silently gauged the differences within.

He then slowly turned his head around.

At some point, another silhouette that was tall and slender had walked out. It was a handsome young man with short purple hair, and he was observing from behind a shrub with a cold expression. Oddly, he also had a similar ancient aura emanating from him.

“Oh? There were two?”

“Holy Fist Palace, Garen.” the man said with a deep voice, and slowly walked over. His body had an unsettling emptiness to it as if nothing but air was there. “Today, you will meet your end.”

The white light had suddenly diminished as well, and a silhouette slowly walked out. It was actually Tu Lan, and her injuries seemed to have healed completely, looking as good as new.

“Clan Leader?!” Tu Lan’s eyes turned big, and she had to take a while to calm down.

Two people were standing opposite to each other, with Garen in the middle.

Oddly enough, even though Garen was in the middle, he could not sense the presences of the duo, as though they were merely imaginary.

Bam!!

A sudden surge of purple goo spewed from the purple-haired man’s body and morphed into tentacles mid-air, whipping violently towards Garen. Their speed was terrifying yet they seemed to be enveloping the earth; it was as though the entire space was being completely engulfed by the purple goo.

“Holy Technique number 5.... Pierce!!” the purple-haired man’s eyes suddenly flashed with a blinding purple light.

At that instant, all of the tentacles that had poured out flew up and turned into spikes that rushed towards Garen from all directions, completely surrounding him.

At the same time, Tu Lan too raised her hands. She now seemed like a changed person, as the back of her hand had a black serpent dragon tattoo. As she waved her hands lightly, a formless aura quickly condensed, forming a ferocious translucent serpent dragon about 5-6 meters tall and over ten meters long.

The serpent dragon seemed as though it had been condensed from a stream of water. It let out a loud roar and rushed at Garen.

With countless spikes ahead of him, and a giant serpent dragon with unknown powers diving at him.

Badum!!

A strong purple explosion happened and translucent shockwaves rippled away from the epicenter of the explosion.

Strong gusts of wind felled many trees in the surrounding areas. What was even weirder was that this rippling wind had wilted the green woods by severely dehydrating the water in the plants. Even the birds and squirrels that did not escape in time lost all signs of life, and plummeted directly down to the ground, all of their vitality drained.

Ca-Crack!!

A bergamot tree more than ten meters in diameter had been split in half due to the strong explosion and uprooted. The tree smashed straight into the epicenter of the purple mist.

“Is that all?” a deep voice was heard from within the mist, which rippled quickly across all directions for hundreds of meters beyond.

The purple haired Wellington’s pupils constricted as the remnants of his senses vanished and his aura was completely depleted of vitality. Both eyes were locked upon the center of the mist.

“Even after being in my poison cage, you actually could.... Bam!!” a terrifying tremor suddenly exploded from within the mist.

With a flash of golden light, Garen’s mask appeared before him in an instant. What followed closely was his huge, thunder-like attack which landed precisely on Wellington’s chest.

Without any resistance, the impact of up to a thousand tonnes easily pierced through Wellington’s chest, destroying all of the organs inside of it as a bloody mist sprayed out from his back.

Garen’s right arm had pierced through Wellington’s chest, as though he had been stabbed by an iron rod.

“You...!” Wellington’s eyes were filled with surprise before a large amount of bloody foam started gushing from his mouth.

“Holy Technique. Ultimate New Star!!” suddenly, an invisible hook swung towards Garen from behind and struck his back with immense force.

Tu Lan’s hands were connected to the other end of the hook. Her face was pale and her breathing was irregular. Although her body was visibly weak, she’d obviously put all her strength into that strike.

Her head had gone blank when she saw Garen punching through the clan leader single-handedly. Her lips were trembling, but she didn’t know what to say. There was only one thought: I don’t want to die! Don’t want to die!!

This intense thought had allowed her to release the accumulated explosive power that she just got from advancing.

The Ultimate New Star’s translucent hook was continuously drilling into Garen’s clothes like a corkscrew and digging into his skin, as though it was trying to pierce through his body.

“Just like that?” Garen turned around and looked at Tu Lan, a cold, calm, even slightly disappointed look on his face.

Bam!

The translucent hook was being bounced back with a strong counter, exploding into nothingness in mid-air.

Tu Lan and Wellington’s scalps had gone numb, and chills were running all over their bodies.

This was leagues beyond a human’s capabilities!!

This kind of absurd sturdiness, he was clearly a monster clad in human skin!!

Wellington's eyes were filled with desperation, and he flung both of his arms around Garen. Ignoring the immense pain from his wound, the purple light from him became more and more concentrated.

“Holy Technique. Ultimate Explosion!!”

Bam!!!

An intense purple tidal wave of flames exploded with Garen at the epicenter of the explosion.

The intense explosion stirred up a gust that was strong enough to push Tu Lan a few meters back, as a translucent serpent dragon immediately materialized to block the explosion for her.

That explosion just now had already gouged a huge crater, but with this second explosion, the ground was marred by a gigantic crater measuring up to sixty meters in diameter. The crater looked as smooth as a mirror.

After some time.

The purple flames had burnt out at last and the purple mist had similarly dissipated. The deepest part of the crater was about thirty meters below ground level.

Garen stood there alone, and the clothes on him were somewhat scorched, and his face finally had a slight change in expression.

In that instant just now, he'd felt a sliver of danger and so he had immediately activated the first star. As his body was strengthened by one fold, at the same time, his aura had exploded and faced Wellington's explosion head-on. But just like that....

He raised his right hand and gently brushed a wound on his own left shoulder. It was a red bruise that was about as thick as an index finger, but the surprising thing was that bruise was actually recovering at a speed visible to the naked eyes.

“Interesting...” the original disinterest in his eyes was finally gone and had been replaced with a hint of excitement.

Even someone who had activated the Seven Star Life’s Secret Point could be injured?

Even though it was only the first star, but this situation was unheard of even for Garen.

“So Blood Breeds aren’t that weak after all,” he looked up and gazed into the distance, as he observed a certain aura on the boundary of a crater.

Bam!

The glass-like crater beneath his leg suddenly cracked as Garen rushed straight towards the aura while dragging a long afterimage. His speed in that instant had ramped up to an audible level, as the howling from breaking the sound barrier could be heard in the air.

His body began igniting from the friction against the air, looking as though he’d combusted simultaneously, as he charged towards the aura at the side of the crater.

“Die!!”

As he rammed through the soils of the crater that was in the way, Garen stood right in front of Tu Lan.

At this moment, Wellington who should have self-destructed instantaneously appeared behind Tu Lan and hugged her tightly.

“Run!”

The duo vanished into thin air, as though they had dived into a different dimension.

“Trying to run?” Garen sneered.

While moving at immense speed, Garen made a grab before him with his right hand as his palms began glowing with black lights.

The Fantasy Fist exploded instantly, and even though it was just a momentary mental illusory attack, it shocked Tu Lan and Wellington enough that the speed of their escape was disrupted.

It was at this instance, that their fates were decided; otherwise, they might have been able to completely disappear before Garen caught up with them. They could no longer shake him off due to this momentary stun.

Bam!!

The palm with black lights exhibited an immense power, striking down as though it was a giant hammer, and came crashing upon them. Tu Lan and Wellington were actually crushed and their flesh and bone were splattered, much like grapes in a tub, and they became two blobs of meat lumps mixed within the soil.

“I will be back!! Wait and see!! Garen Thomas!!” Wellington’s voice could still be heard with a gritty tone.

Garen’s ears twitched a bit, and his right arm extended suddenly and grabbed onto something in the air.

With a tug, a purple silhouette was pulled out of thin air, and it was actually Wellington who was crushed into mush.

He was completely naked, and his lower half was connected to a poor pangolin, which was constantly twitching. It seemed that he had been regenerating from the pangolin’s flesh and blood.

At this time when he had been yanked out by Garen, he couldn’t even finish his sentence before his head was slapped and exploded from the power behind it, leaving a headless corpse that fell to the ground. The remaining flesh quickly disintegrated and melted into a puddle of flesh that could no longer move.

“You’ll never be able to kill us.... Kekekeke...” Wellington’s voice was heard again. “Our flesh and blood are spread across the entire world, even if there’re no longer any regenerating materials for us here, we can regenerate in other places in the world. Garen Thomas.... You’ll definitely die! I will slowly take away all that you cared about, those that you deem precious and destroy all of them!”

Instantaneously, Garen appeared in the wood several tens of meters away and extended both of his arms. both hands simultaneously tugged two naked people out, which were actually Wellington and Tu Lan.

“You!!” Wellington nervously wanted to blurt out, but before he could say anything, his body had exploded, reduced to countless minced bits of flesh by the Waterbird Fist.

Tu Lan screamed out of fear but she exploded as well, reduced to flesh bits and a pool of blood.

The surroundings had been dyed red from the bloody rain that fell.

Garen seemed unaffected at all, and he looked at the surroundings coldly.

“Want to try speaking again?” he asked coldly.

This time Wellington did not dare to speak again, he clamped his lips tightly and did not dare to speak at all.

He was regenerating inside an ant’s lair underground, using the flesh and blood of ants to regrow the most basic Blood Core and head, and he didn’t dare speak again.

Abruptly, Garen’s head turned and he suddenly appeared on the branch of a large tree on his right. Tu Lan, who was completely naked, was there, and as Garen rushed over, she was petrified beyond reacting and could only scream.

Ahh!!

She could not die again! She wasn't Wellington, who has spread countless flesh and blood all around the world, and as long as his descendants didn't completely die off, he could still regenerate. Furthermore, his real body was within the dream, so even if all the flesh had been exhausted outside, he could still regenerate, just that it would take a bit more time.

But she was different.

She had just deposited her life successfully, and not only did she have insufficient flesh and descendants spread across the world, even her dream where she had deposited her life would become unstable after successive deaths.

“No!!!

Dang!!

A white light suddenly appeared in front of Garen, and blocked his right arm. The air suddenly let out a sigh.

Oddly enough, this white light which clashed with Garen's palm was actually capable of bruising him and leave a mark, as though the light was very sharp.

Garen felt that his spirit was shaken, and his whole body and world tremored.

Expert!!

He immediately retreated to his original location in an instant, and warily stared at the white light that had just appeared.

It was a mental-type top-tier expert!!

Garen's eyes finally turned serious for the first time.

The white light circled Tu Lan once and slowly landed on the floor, turning into a handsome man in white.

“Can you let this poor junior go? Master Garen.” the man had a hint of sadness in his eyes, which made this person felt like a damsel in distress.

“Leader Ashen!!” Tu Lan who was behind him suddenly shouted out of excitement.

Ashen?!!

Garen’s heart was stirred.

The world strongest Blood Breed! The First Death Apostle, Ashen Castine!?

Chapter 729: Ashen 1

Garen’s gaze was fixed on that man. He rubbed his chin, and the edge of the mask there had actually cracked slightly when it was hit by the white light.

‘Be careful, it’s not going to be easy dealing with this guy,’ Black Sethe whispered in his ear. ‘He’s a top spiritual energy user, I did not expect a master level user to appear in this world.’

Garen slowly nodded his head and stared at that guy with his left eye.

From his clothes to his hair, even his skin was extremely pale, this was Ashen Castine, the world’s one and only strongest Blood Breed.

“So he’s the first Death Apostle, the Ashen Lord,” Garen slowly said. “As the leader of the light party, it’s truly unexpected that you will appear to rescue the Death Apostle of the Secret Party.”

Ashen stood silently on a tree branch, and Garen was below him. The two of them were seven or eight meters apart, but the area’s atmosphere felt as if it was being vaguely split into two halves.

He gently caressed Tu Lan’s hair with a complicated look on his face.

“In this world, there hasn’t been any new Death Apostle for many years, so every Death Apostle is my neo-humans’ greatest assets.”

He was the leader of the Light Party and he had always advocated that the blood breeds were leaders and evolved humans, whereas the Death Apostles of the Blood Breeds were the final evolution of humans.

Unlike the Secret Party, as they believed that the blood breeds were a higher ranked species than humans, while the Light Party considered themselves to be a member of the human race.

“That’s your own business,” Garen said calmly. “I have my own principles, and you have your own way of doing.”

Ashen was stunned, he did not think that Garen would not do him this favor, “If you insist on fighting...”

“Show me the strength of the first leader.”

The moment Garen spoke, he lifted his right arm, which had grown bigger and thicker, and swung it at Ashen.

Boom!!

More terrifyingly, a large group of black shadows had suddenly burst out of his right arm. It started stretching and morphed into a huge slender arm. Then, it swung at Ashen.

The arm was more than ten meters long and it was still stretching!

Bang-bang-bang-bang-bang!!!

A large area of the forest, about 10 meters wide, was directly cut down by the huge black shadow hand, and the whole forest became an open space with hand-shaped prints all around.

Strangely, he did not find any traces of Castine, and even Tu Lan seemed to have disappeared.

“This is a meaningless fight,” Castine’s voice came from all around Garen.

Garen sneered coldly and quickly tapped his shoulders around ten times with his left fingers.

Hooo!

A cache of black gas swelled up once again within him.

“Third star! Activate!!”

His entire body seemed to grow bigger and bigger, and the green-black blood vessels on his body looked like twisted wires. His muscles were bulging tightly, and each pec was like steel castings. At this point, he was more than two meters tall and he looked like a back metal giant.

At the same time, his overall attributes were once again raised by an average of seven points to achieve an average twenty-one points. With this terrifying increase in sense of perception, Garen finally caught a glimpse of subtle flaws in the surrounding space.

“Left!”

His left arm slammed like a cannonball to the left.

Boom!!!

The giant green-black hand fell like a hammer on the seemingly empty space.

Instantly, a slight muffling sound was heard, and it seemed like Ashen had been hit. A huge horrifying force suddenly created a high-frequency vibration which made the space somewhat unstable, and a small buzzing sound could be heard.

“Holy Technique – deactivate,” a clear voice was heard coming from the air.

As he heard that sound, Garen’s pupil suddenly shrank.

‘Be careful! It’s the nature of time ability!!’ Black Sethe warned. “Retreat!!”

Without hesitation, Garen retreated like a black lightning bolt, and in just a blink of an eye, he was ten meters away. The moment he retreated, there was a burst of white gas that seemed to be in pursuit. A strange looking white face appeared mid-air, which opened its mouth and appeared to be growling, although there was actually no sound.

“Fourth star!!” Garen’s body suddenly swelled and started growing once again. He put his hands together and held them high up above his head.

“Waterbird Fist Profound – White Jade!!”

At that moment, his tanned-skinned hands morphed into a black knife and made a slice. A similar looking white destroyed shadow was being drawn in mid-air. The black knife actually drew out a white destroyed shadow!

The difference between this and the other two profound techniques was that the White Jade was not as strong as the Flight and did not have the large-scale attack of the Dual Blade. The only ability it had was to increase the defense of both his hands to its limit and concentrate all his spiritual energy into his hands. It could forcefully increase the strength of his hands to a terrifying level in a short time, and together with Garen's physical quality, if he were to activate the fifth star, the profound White Jade that he cast would be able to surpass the thirty points physical limit.

Not only did this surpass the limit of his body, it also strengthened the hardness of his exterior to an extremely high level, equivalent to turning his flesh and blood into iron and steel like a non-living thing for a short period of time. By abandoning his flesh and blood, he was able to obtain an extremely great strength. Because there was no living activity, his body would not be restricted by his physical limit.

This trick did not seem to be effective when he was against Nadia, therefore, this was his first time using it in an actual fight. Even so, without a doubt, White Jade's effect was the strongest.

More terrifyingly, he was able to sustain this effect for about ten minutes at a time.

Garen's hands turned into knives and it directly slashed the white face which was flying towards him.

Ahh!!!!

As if someone was screaming in pain, the moment they collided, Garen only felt a slight pain in his body, and he was pushed back by three steps!

When his palms came in contact with the white gas, there was an explosion and the white gas evacuated. Garen had to take a few steps to stabilize his body. He did not have any problems with his palms, but the upper part of his arms seemed to be slightly affected.

Right at this moment, Ashen Castine and Tu Lan appeared mid-air in front of the collision.

He covered his mouth and seemed to cough, and traces of blood could be seen between his fingers.

“So powerful.... I’ve heard about how powerful the Holy Fist Palace is but I thought they were just rumors... I didn’t expect... Cough-cough!” Castine coughed.

He stared at the young blond man in front of him. In nearly a million years, he had never met such a powerful human.

Every breath that he took created small holes on the ground. The heat emitted from his body was as hot as a furnace, and just by getting close to him, he could feel the huge radiation of heat from his body. Even by speaking casually, the vibration could cause an ordinary person to lose consciousness.

This level of power, he can no longer be called human...

The blonde man standing was wearing a mask on his face, one that had countless black tiny eyes carved onto the forehead, and he stood at almost three meters tall. With his horrifying green-black muscles, it gave people the impression that he was a giant monster truck that would block the cars behind.

Under his terrifying breathing sounds, he sucked in waves of air, and then spewed it out again, stirring up a small whirlwind around. Just by breathing, he was able to induce such a powerful air current.

Even Castine was slightly shocked.

Compared to his neo-human Blood Breeds, he was less like a human!

“I thought that there weren’t any worthy strong opponents in this world,” Garen slowly opened his mouth and spoke in a low voice that sounded like thunder, and his body began to expand again.

He could actually continue to get stronger!?!

The look on Castine’s face finally changed, and he took a few steps back from the air flow made by Garen’s speech.

He was not the only one who was astonished; Tu Lan who was standing behind him was stunned and could not get any words out. When Garen spoke, she felt the ground tremble and the vibrations from the huge sound wave.

A human being able to train to this level, he could no longer be considered human! Compared to Garen, she suddenly felt that the Blood Breeds were so much more ordinary....

Hooo!!!

A gigantic airstream started spreading in all directions with Garen as the center point, and trees were being uprooted and falling all around.

All this was just from Garen taking a step forward, yet such a ground shacking impact had been caused.

“Ashen Castine....” Garen stared at him quietly with his remaining left eye. “You are eligible to witness my strongest form.”

“You....!” just as Castine wanted to say something, he suddenly felt the earth shaking for a moment, as though there was an earthquake.

“Let’s have a showdown!”

His roar was like a thunderstorm which growled right in front of him, and even though Castine was horrifyingly strong, he was still shaken by the impact.

At that moment, Castine saw a giant figure suddenly appearing in front of him. The giant was more than three meters tall and the shadow of his terrifying physique overshadowed him and Tu Lan.

A armor-like bulging muscles formed on Garen’s shoulders, and the muscles on his whole body were like a horrifying ferocious heavy armor, complete with an obvious metallic sheen on them.

His right and left palms were coming together in their direction as if he wanted to directly squash Castine to death. The palms of his hands were larger than his head and looked like two giant iron bricks, and as they closed in, they were creating a terrifying, whistling sound.

Without having much time to think, Castine hurriedly took a few steps back.

“Holy Technique – Light!!”

An unknown ancient language was coming from his mouth, and his words were articulated, his speed was sharply raised and he streaked into a white light.

This was similar to what he had done just now. The speed of the white light was extremely fast, and he instantly broke free from Garen’s range.

But right at this moment.

Bang!!!

As Garen clapped his palms together, a horrifying sound wave erupted with an extremely strong vibration and explosion, which smashed into Castine and Tu Lan.

The two of them moaned in pain at the same time and tumbled onto the grassland not far away, as blood dripped out of their ears.

Garen moved his body forward and made a huge leap. It was actually a few meters long leap, but it seemed as though he’d teleported right in front of Castine and stepped on him!

A loud bang was heard, and a cloud of white gas which was more than 10 meters in length and width exploded and wrapped around Garen.

The air current swept away everything around Garen; the trees, dirt, rocks, living creatures, and even Tu Lan were blown away by the terrible explosion. Bang-bang-bang sounds were heard hundreds of meters

away as huge trees were shattered. A figure slowly fell to the ground, covered in blood and on the verge of death.

“Holy Fist Garen....”

White gas had gathered during the explosion and formed into a white-haired man figure, which was Castine.

He covered his mouth and could no longer hold it in; his nose and ears were bleeding, and the drops of blood dripped onto his white clothes and stained them red. The blood could no longer return to his body, which indicated that he’d completely lost his vitality.

Chapter 730: Ashen 2

One had to know that when an Upper-Level Blood Breed was wounded, his blood would flow back into the wound to prevent him from losing strength due to blood loss.

However, as a Death Apostle, Castine didn’t manage to activate this regeneration trait at all. One could only imagine how overwhelmingly powerful Garen was. Not only did he have a ridiculously large attack range, he also had a very delicate technique to make his opponent feel hopeless.

Castine stared at the center of the explosion quietly as the white gas dissipated slowly to reveal a bulky humanoid monster at its core.

It was Garen!

Castine’s pupils contracted in disbelief, as he couldn’t see even the slightest trace of injury on Garen at all.

“You...” Castine tried to speak but he realized that his body was wracked with pain.

Boom!!!

He immediately exploded. His upper body turned into minced meat instantly and splattered everywhere on the empty field, staining the newly created crater with red bloody meat bits.

Castine’s lower body took a few steps forward before dropping down to the ground.

This was the horrifying part of the Waterbird Fist. One wouldn’t be safe even after completely blocking their opponent’s attack. What made it so lethal was the explosion after the contact.

Castine’s bloody mist swiftly dissipated and turned into white vapor as it diffused into the air. Then, the white vapor condensed into one location and formed into his body once more, including the white shirt he was wearing.

Castine regenerated back once more and now he had no visible injuries. Even so, he knew that if he couldn’t even injure his enemy while fighting to his death, then that death would be meaningless.

A Death Apostle too would experience a reduction in regeneration rate when he died too many times in a very short span.

There was a secret that was known only by the Death Apostles, one regarding the mystery of the Death Apostle’s immortality. It was true that a Death Apostle was immortal; as long as their dream world was not discovered, they could always resurrect.

However, one would require physical energy to resurrect in the material world. One would require some form of energy to restructure the blood and meat of their body.

If one was to die for more than ten times in a month, then one would wait for a certain amount of time before one resurrected once more. As one’s dying streak grew longer, the duration to be resurrected would grow longer as well.

In the beginning, it would require a few minutes and from then on, it would keep doubling up. For each death afterward, one would require twice the amount of time as the previous death.

Initially, one would require one minute to be resurrected. Then it would require two minutes and the next would be four minutes, eight minutes and it would keep going in such a trend. It would require very little iteration for the time to be extremely long.

In history, there were Death Apostles who had been dealt with in such a manner.

There were countless Death Apostles that were kept on the killing list by other Death Apostles. Eventually, the Death Apostle would spend all of his energy and be trapped inside the dream world, unable to return any more.

His resurrected point had been thrown into the core of a volcano, which had a great temperature. Furthermore, there was powerful witchcraft inscribed and witch weapons were used as well. At the moment he was about to resurrect, he would immediately be burned to death by the high temperature alone. Afterall, his body was extremely weak when he was just resurrected. Hence, no one had remembered the existence of that Death Apostle. Perhaps now, he would require a few thousands or ten thousand years to be resurrected. No one would know as he would be considered non-existent at that point.

Castine clearly understood the current situation he was in. His Blood Nucleus had been exhausted by the Secret Party and he had almost exhausted his blood essence as well. Even if it wasn't spent, he was no match for that monstrous human before him.

The situation was very detrimental to him.

He stood inside the huge crater which spanned a few hundred meters long in radius. It was a smooth, white crater formed by the multiple explosions, and the surface at the bottom was completely flat.

Castine stared quietly at Garen. He knew that his opponent wouldn't be able to last in this state for long, hence it was a battle to see who could last longer.

Garen stared back at Castine too.

The opponent was no match for him, but...

He couldn't be in the fifth star's state for too long. Although he had obtained the Demonic Book's power and the blessing of the Holy Phoenix Scriptures, he could only be in this state for five hours. It would be troublesome for him if the opponent were to drag the battle for more than five hours. This was due to the fact that his body and aura would regress into a weak phase after activating the fifth star for five hours. If he were to not save some of his energy then, he would be in grave danger if he couldn't activate his Seven Star Life's Secret Point at all.

Although he was much stronger than the opponent when he was in the fourth-star state, the power that Castine had revealed thus far was powerful enough to injure him at the fourth star. While it may cause just a very small injury, it may pile up over time and become serious as well.

Afterall, he was not a Death Apostle and wouldn't be able to resurrect indefinitely. If the opponent refused to give up and kept giving him these small injuries, it would accumulate to the point where it would be serious...

Garen started to feel frightened. While his opponent was not as powerful as him, the perseverant attitude was too much for him. If Castine were able to catch him off guard and injure him slowly, the injury would accumulate to the point that it would be troublesome.

"We really have no need to keep fighting," Castine's voice rang from afar.

While the two of them were hundreds of meter apart, they spoke as if they were right beside each other. This was technically true as this distance could be covered by them in the blink of an eye.

Garen changed his gaze slightly and stomped his leg out of the blue. With that stomp, a stone popped up and he sent the stone flying out with a punch.

Pew!!

The stone moved so fast that a streak of red sparks followed behind the stone. It was caused by the friction between the stone and the air. The stone was shot into a layer of dirt inside the crater the right behind him.

A cry came from the layer of dirt and it was the voice of Wellington. He wasn't able to evade Garen's senses and died once more at his hand.

"Stop it!!" Castine tried to stop him but it was too late. His face was filled with anger. "I've said it before. There's not much hatred between us and this battle is completely unnecessary!"

Garen turned his head and stared at him.

"We can stop the battle but I need you people to reach an agreement. The Holy Fist Palace and the people from the Blood Breed shall never interfere with each other."

"No problem," Castine agreed without any hesitation.

"I have another additional request," Garen lifted up his index finger.

"What is it? Speak up." Castine didn't like to battle and truly hated war deep down. From his perspective, it meant nothing to him if he had to sacrifice a little bit to stop the war.

"I can stop killing the Death Apostle, but I'll bring her along with me!" Garen pointed to the left at a weak presence far outside the crater.

The owner of this presence was surprisingly Tu Lan!!

"No way!!" Castine rejected immediately. The aggressiveness showed by his opponent was a sign that he was a cruel and torturous man. If Tu Lan were to be under him, she wouldn't be able to escape from his grasp anymore. Garen was a person whose strength had reached an overwhelmingly powerful level, so much so that Castine wouldn't even judge him as a standard human being. Who could be sure of how long he will live? What if he was the same as the Blood Breed? Her entire life would be over if that were the case.

“You don’t have to worry that I will torture her. I’m just interested in the Death Apostle’s resurrection mechanism. I would not purposely torture her at all. In fact, I will treat her as a member of the Holy Fist Palace and you can observe for however long all you like,” Garen seemed to have predicted Castine’s thoughts. Although his opponent was a very old man who had lived for a long time, he too was no oil lamp as he had lived through three lifetimes. The things that he had experienced couldn’t be compared with others.

Castine pondered quietly for a while. In the past, he had also met a very powerful witch who had tried to research the Death Apostle’s immortality but to no avail. Against this overwhelmingly powerful enemy, this meant that he had been given a chance to infiltrate into the inner circle of his enemy’s base. This way, he would be able to learn the secret of him being so powerful.

If he could determine the source of his overwhelmingly powerful strength, then it would be considered a huge victory for the Blood Breeds.

Castine started to feel excited as he thought of this.

“It depends entirely on her whether she wants to become your underling,” he purposely diverted his voice towards Tu Lan who was far away.

“I accept!! I accept!!” Tu Lan immediately replied loudly from afar and she seemed to be crying.

Tears were all over her face as she huddled on the ground. Her whole body would shiver whenever she saw Garen. It was obvious that she had been traumatized by his attacks. Garen’s cruelty had shed a new light on her as she died a few times.

She was currently placed in the same mindset as Dahm, in which Garen was a person they could never hope to win in their mind. Even if there came a day where they surpassed Garen in terms of force, the mindset would cause them to be unable to perform fully in front of Garen. Hence they would be defeated easily.

It had taken a lot of effort for her to be promoted to a Death Apostle. Never had she expected that she would experience such a tragedy the moment she became a Death Apostle. Garen had indeed carved a deep impression on her.

It wasn't just her that was afraid of Garen, even the Dream Creature that had merged with her was afraid as well the moment it saw Garen. Their fusion was never stable to begin with, and after she'd been defeated a few times, she was at death's door. If not for Castine's timely arrival, history might have been made where a Death Apostle would die for the very first time.

"I accept!!!" she cried loudly as if she was afraid that Garen would punch a hole through her hand again.

She had originally been a normal woman from a noble household. She had been turned into a Blood Breed when a dying Blood Breed injected his Blood Nucleus into her. After entering the household, she'd slowly gathered her strength to become an Upper-Level Blood Breed and now a Death Apostle.

Tu Lan always had a sense of insecurity with her deep down in her heart. This strange insecurity was kept her from improving her battle strength and persevering in practicing the Holy Technique. She could only suppress this insecurity deep in her heart by constantly improving herself.

She'd thought that she could simply kill anyone when she had become a Death Apostle, as she would be one of the strongest beings in the world no matter how one looked at it. However, never did she expect that she would meet this freak, Garen. After she realized that it was futile to defend against him, the insecurity deep inside her was out of the bag. This was especially true when she saw Ashen Castine, the first Apostle helpless against that man. She gave in to her fear and fell into despair.

"I'm glad you accepted the offer!" Garen smiled satisfactorily as he cancelled his fifth-star state. His body starting shrinking and returned to normal in a few moments, no longer looking like a monster.

He jumped out of the crater and stood beside Tu Lan. He then gently grabbed her by the neck as if he was picking up a kitten.

"First Apostle, we shall meet if we have the chance."

After that, Garen picked up Tu Lan and sprinted swiftly into the sea of forests, disappearing into it.

Castine stood still and gave off a long sigh as he looked at Garen's shrinking figure.

He knew that after this battle, the Holy Fist Palace would become a powerful force that could rival the Blood Breeds!