

Mystical 741

Chapter 741: Realm 1

Along with the melody, the drop of blood in the basin had gradually gotten thicker and started spreading rapidly. From only a drop of blood, it had turned a washbasin-sized black basin with a red-stained interior.

Raffaele raised her head, looked at the statue in the eyes, and used her bleeding index finger to gently stroke in between her eyebrows, leaving a vermillion mark.

She closed her eyes. When the ceremony was just about to end and the witches were about to throw away the stuff, suddenly.

Buzz!!!!

A powerful, coarse yet gentle force suddenly befell.

This force focussed on the statue with a dazzling, hazy white light and strangely, the stone statue started moving. The statue stretched out her right arm and gently caressed Raffaele's cheek.

"The Lion Mother has arrived!" the witches exclaimed in wonder.

"The great Lion Mother! Please bless the leader of Grano!"

"The Supreme Witch King!"

The witches were in a joyful commotion.

Raffaele's grandmother had a happy look on her face while she stared at Raffaele and the statue without blinking an eye. The advent of the Lion Mother was so rare that one hand alone was enough to

count the number of times it had happened. Previously, she only had the chance to communicate slightly with the Lion Mother during special holidays, but now, the will of the Witch King had appeared right before them and surprisingly came just to bless Raffaele.

“Bless you, Grano’s Raffaele, the beautiful sun witch, you will have a greater position and power in the future....” a majestic will spirit shrouded over Raffaele.

Raffaele had a sweet smile on her face. However, no one noticed that the liveliness in her eyes was gone, leaving only indescribable emptiness.

In a distant underground cave.

The Lion Mother slowly opened her eyes, and the look of sympathy in her eyes had gotten worse.

“Please do not put the blame on me.... In order to eliminate all sources of evil, any sacrifice will be worth it....”

“The seventh mask is in an ancient tomb in Asia?”

“The Holy Fist Palace has definitely sent someone to look for it. As long as we send someone over, we will certainly be able to delay or even prevent him from getting the seventh mask.”

“Then who should we send?”

“Someone who’s at least an Upper-Level Blood Breed as the leader. Otherwise, it would be hard for them to deal with Hochman and Dahm.”

In the hall of the Blood Union.

The four Death Apostles of the Secret Party and Light Party were sitting in the top four seats. The Blood Breed representatives of each ancestral family surrounded the four of them, and they were all crowded into a large circle. This was the first time that both parties, the Secret Party and the Light Party, have peacefully co-existed in the Blood Alliance conference since the fight.

Although the members of both parties were still hostile towards one another, ever since the pressure from the humans was getting bigger and heavier, their actions towards the blood breeds have gotten extreme. The newly invented detector had sleuthed out many older generation Blood Breeds, who were executed on the spot.

Humans named the Blood Breeds who joined the Holy Fist Palace as the new generation Blood Breeds, the neo-humans, whereas the Blood Breeds that did not join the Holy Fist Palace were named as the old generation Blood Breeds. With such a distinctive classification, it greatly suppressed both the Light Party and the Secret Party, as well as the neutral Blood Breeds.

Under such circumstances, many furious humans were unable to control their emotions and as a result, their actions against the Blood Breeds were starting to get out of control.

At this point, the Blood Breed's Blood Alliance had no choice but to hold an emergency meeting to discuss methods to deal with the problem they were facing.

Surprisingly, the four Death Apostles came to an agreement regarding the issue about the Holy Fist Palace's search of the Sleepless Faces.

Wellington looked at the remaining two Death Apostles.

"I did some research and found that the Sleepless Faces do have the ability to change one's physique and convert them into ancestral Blood Breeds. In addition to having a long life, the ancestral Blood Breeds were able to locate all Death Apostles, but other than that, they had no other special abilities. Even so, I cannot help but tremble in fear at the thought of Garen being able to continue putting pressure on us."

"I have found records on the abilities of ancestral Blood Breeds," the only female death apostle said calmly.

"Me too," another unfamiliar looking blonde man dressed in a black robe answered curtly.

The three of them were the three key figures of the Secret Party, and that man was the most mysterious among them.

Scarlet Moon from the Light Party was sitting opposite to them.

He was a pale looking dark-haired young man with a cold look on his face, and only when his eyes moved slightly could people tell that he was alive and not merely a sculpture.

"Scarlet Moon, what do you think?" the female Death Apostle looked towards Scarlet Moon.

"We are not participating; joining the Holy Fist Palace might also be an option," Scarlet Moon answered coldly. The two Death Apostles from the Secret Party had chased him from such a long time that even now, he has yet to regain his full strength, so he was simply unbothered about these things.

"Fortunately, it is obvious that we have the advantage of our large number of usable manpower as compared to the Holy Fist Palace. All he has is just one Death Apostle and two Upper-Level Blood Breeds. Hence, he himself has to be in the headquarters and will not be able to leave," Wellington analyzed, "I think that we can directly launch a nuclear attack onto the Holy Fist Palace and destroy the hope of mankind with their own technology, hehe..." a glimpse of cruelty flashed through his eyes.

When he recalled the memories of Garen slaughtering him continuously, he could not suppress the anger in his heart; that had been how Garen had traumatized him. If Garen were to find a way to kill the Death Apostles, then killing them would be easier than slaughtering a chicken if he was also able to locate the Death Apostles.

"We clearly cannot let him find the last few masks. If possible, I suggest that we should also start looking for the last few masks, and keep them in the hands of the Blood Alliance," he suggested.

“This could work too.”

“Since we need to stop him from getting the masks, why not just directly eliminate his organization?”

Although the few of them did not respond to Wellington’s nuclear attack idea, it did not mean that they would give up on that method. However, the nuclear strike would be their last resort, and they will not use it until the very last minute. Otherwise, they would need to sacrifice eight hundred of them in order to kill a thousand of them, and that would be an outrageous loss.

“Both Hochman and Dahm are only Upper-Leveled, so as long as we are careful, we can easily settle the both of them.”

“What if they are using this trick too?” the female Death Apostle frowned.

“We can lure him into a trap, since he’s so strong, right? Let us see if a large number of strong explosives will be able to kill him, or how many toxic bombs will be enough to infect him. We can also use a thousand degrees flamethrower and laser splicing. I doubt that he will be able to survive,” the blonde man in the black robe surprised Wellington by uttering those words with a calm look on his face. Furthermore, the methods that he mentioned were almost all humans’ methods. This man was obviously very familiar with the humans’ science and technology.

“It seems like your human economic group has deeply affected you,” Scarlet Moon sneered. “Once you’ve used this method, do you think that they won’t use the same method to deal with us? You should know that human beings are far greater than us in terms of numbers.”

“This is a war, and we’re supposed to resort to every possible method,” the blonde man in the black robe said.

“I agree,” Wellington raised his hand. “Let’s vote to decide.”

Two hands were raised; the female Death Apostle hesitated, but still raised her hand.

Scarlet Moon remained impassive.

“All of you can do what you want. The Light Party won’t be participating.” he hit on the armrest of his chair and gradually disappeared from his seat.

At the same time, the representatives from the Light Party got the signal and left one after another.

“Even without them, we can easily conquer the Holy Fist Palace,” the blonde man in the black robe shrugged, maintaining his calm expression.

Asia, Forwade Mountains.

The brown mountains looked like a brown giant serpent with a little white peak that lay between Asia and Europe, completely separating the two regions.

A dozen of small countries surrounded the mountain, and Cassarne was one of them.

Cassarne was a small Buddhist country with a population of not more than 20 million, with only five cities including the capital. The vast majority of them were Buddhists.

During the afternoon, when the sky was still slightly dim, the bell started ringing as usual on top of Cassarne’s capital, Mount Roland.

The heavy bronze bell was being hit repeatedly, accompanied by the temple’s distant chants.

Bustling crowds filled the streets of Mount Roland, and from time to time, gray elephants passed by in a line. Women were walking around, dressed in veils that could only cover their upper body, and most of them had a red mark in between their eyebrows, indicating that they were married.

On the other hand, unmarried young women kept a long braid and were without any marking in between their eyebrows. They were walking together in groups.

From time to time, skinny and dark-skinned ascetic monks could be seen on the streets. Some of them were bare from the waist up, and with their long hair and beards, they looked very sloppy.

Some ascetic monks were sitting cross-legged on the large piece of cement in the largest temple near Mount Roland, Garlot temple, with their eyes closed while they murmured their chants.

Many local children and young men and women surrounded them. There were also foreign tourists who constantly took pictures with their cameras.

There were blonde-haired and black-haired tourists. The special characteristics from different countries were gathered in this place, and even black people with skin as dark as charcoal were present.

A fashionable female tourist with luscious blonde hair and a curvy body was wearing a pair of dark brown sunglasses as well as a beautiful black dress. Two sturdy bodyguards with closely cropped hair were following behind her.

She saluted the ascetic monks by putting her palms together in front of them, then she started browsing the stuff from a small accessory stall. However, her eyes were inconspicuously focussed on Garlot Temple on top of the mountains.

"It has been confirmed that the seventh mask is just below the Buddha stupa located at the back of Garlot Temple. There should be an underground ancient tomb palace," the woman heard a man's mosquito-like thin voice in her ears.

She nodded slightly.

"Hold on, that place only allows devout Buddhists to enter, so you might start a large-scale riot by entering recklessly. Wait until it gets dark before entering. According to the order of Sir Caesar, it would be the best if we can retrieve the mask without alerting anyone."

"Understood."

The man's voice slowly faded out.

Chapter 742: Realm 2

As time passed, the woman and her bodyguards went to a small restaurant to eat, but as there were only vegetarian dishes available, they had an unsatisfied look on their faces.

The sky gradually got dark and the street lights began to switch on.

The woman brought along her two bodyguards and casually walked towards the alley behind the temple.

They entered a relatively narrow alley, and there was no one inside. The three of them instantly changed from leisure and carefree to quick and speedy.

In just the blink of an eye, they took off their robes and the woman was wearing a tight-fitting undercoat beneath.

"Let's go!"

The three of them scaled the walls of the temple like geckos, and with a leap, they disappeared into the other side of the temple wall.

But just behind them, two men in black slowly walked out of the dark alley. Both of them had blood red eyes and emitted an indescribably weird feeling.

"That should be them. Let's keep up with them."

The two men were the guards sent by the Blood Breeds. Because the Blood Breeds had way more connections than the Holy Fist Palace, even though they were not interested in the Sleepless Faces, they were able to find this piece of information from a mass of information that was as vast as the skies and sea, so they followed the Holy Fist Palace's research team everywhere they went.

After the two blood breeds entered the palace, two slender figures appeared in the alley once again.

A handsome and mature-looking young man who wore glasses was no other than Caesar, and a middle-aged woman with a respectful look on her face was standing beside him.

"The blood breeds have made a move," Caesar looked in the direction the two blood breeds had gone towards. "Jean, we will follow the plan."

"Yes, master," the middle-aged woman bowed her head.

As the second heir to an ancient family in Europe, after Caesar had joined the Holy Fist Palace, he'd become the successor with the highest chance of inheriting his family's power. He'd defeated the first heir using both direct and sneaky methods during this period of time, who was unable to retaliate. With the help of the Combat Club, Caesar gradually took control of the family's hidden powers.

"It is said that the Sleepless Faces have some kind of mysterious power, and it can strengthen one's physical qualities. Perhaps we can intercept it and investigate it," the middle-aged woman proposed.

"There's no need for that," Caesar shook his head. As the heir of the family, he valued his responsibility as a member of the Holy Fist Palace, as it was the source of his power. "The mask is something that the Holy Fist master personally wants, so we cannot let anyone get it. As the master gets stronger, we, as the members of the Holy Fist Palace, will also be influenced to improve."

In fact, he was a little tempted, but after taking into account the risk of being found out, it was not worth risking the benefits that he was getting. Even if he got stronger by using the mask, was it possible for him to be stronger than the Holy Fist Master, Garen? The answer was obvious, and he might raise suspicion in the palace with his abnormal improvements. Most importantly, after so many years, Kabb from the Bailey Group had not been able to study anything from the mask that he had gotten. Therefore, it was unrealistic for him to think that he was able to study the mask in such a short period of time.

“Okay, let’s follow the plan.”

“Yes.”

The middle-aged woman replied in a low voice and began to send out secret signals on her phone.

Soon, a large number of people who were ready to ambush the Cassarne, the capital of Mount Roland, started to gradually make a move.

Hundreds of tourists sneakily moved in the direction of the Garlot Temple and surreptitiously surrounded the whole temple.

Then, they stopped moving and slowly waited for the moment when the Blood Breeds would leave the temple.

These tourists were elites from Caesar’s family that were trained by the Holy Fist Palace. Although they were not as powerful as the formal members of the Holy Fist Palace, they were still able to fight one-on-one against a vampire. However, the training that these people underwent were focused primarily on the Blood Breeds’ control over humans, along with some special classes to deal with high-speed rivals and specially crafted venom bullets. These poisonous bullets were invented by humans to specifically target the Blood Breeds’ constitution after the Holy Fist Palace festival. After optimizing the raw material formula, it formed a cost-effective poison against the Blood Breeds. Blood Breeds who were shot would have symptoms of weakness, and although it was not life-threatening, even an ordinary human could kill a weakened blood breed in a single blow.

After who knew how long....

“There are here!!” suddenly, a deep voice was heard. It had an Austria German accent.

Cho cho cho cho...

In just a blink of an eye, there was a burst of raindrop-like silenced gunshots. Numerous poisonous bullets were fired into the night sky above the walls.

Right at this moment, two black shadows appeared, and they were the two Blood Breeds that had gone into the temple. Just as they appeared, countless bullets were fired in their direction and being unable to dodge the barrage, the duo fell to the ground from mid-air after being hit twice, as though they were deflated balloons.

Caesar waved his hand.

“Bring them along and leave this place immediately!”

The people who were previously hiding hurriedly rushed over to the two Blood Breeds, searched their bodies, put them into two sack bags and carried them away. They were extremely experienced.

Everyone including Caesar quickly left the place. The entire process had lasted less than a minute, showcasing their terrifying efficacy.

At the same time, at the main entrance of the temple, an old monk in a yellow robe slowly walked out of the main hall and walked towards the stupa behind from the side of the temple. He had a pious look on his face, and as he walked, he would put his palms together to greet the other resting monks.

Soon, he arrived before the stupa, then he put his palms together to greet the old monk guarding the stupa and walked into stupa as usual for inspection.

After walking quite a distance using the main route, there was no one around him. the old monk then gently reached his hands up and tore at his face, and he actually ripped off his whole face. A horrifying burnt face underneath was exposed, and shockingly, it was Dahm from the Holy Fist Palace, who should have been far away in the United States.

He looked at his surroundings, quickly locked onto a direction and walked towards the tarin. When he arrived in front of a seemingly deserted stupa, he groped and searched the ground. He opened a wooden cover and exposed a dark underground passage, and this was his reward for being in disguise for such a long period of time.

However, it seemed like someone had gotten here first as there were traces of people entering the passage.

However, Dahm did not panic. He took off his monk robe, put on a tight-fitting black suit and walked directly into the passage like a ghostly figure, pulling the wooden cover back, reverting it to how it used to look.

The seventh mask was definitely in this underground palace, and he knew that it would not be easy retrieving the mask.

Holy Fist Palace

“The seventh mask should be similar to the sixth mask, and there should be a guardian,” Garen gentle stroked the sixth mask in his hand. “No matter how well we prepare, the lack of strength is a fact that we cannot hide.”

“Caesar and Dahm both went there openly and secretly, maybe they might succeed,” Tu Lan replied. “According to what the clan leader of Wellington would usually do, he will definitely send someone in advance to grab the other masks, so you be prepared.”

“They know about the other masks?” Garen asked.

“Of course, the possibility is very high,” Tu Lan nodded.

The two of them were sitting face to face at the restaurant for dinner. Small meat patties covered in a black sauce were stacked together and a fragrant sauce had been poured on top. The dish emitted the savory aroma of minced meat, tender lamb chops, steak, mushroom soup, and sweet trout with truffle. A variety of dishes were placed in front of them, but only Tu Lan was eating happily; Garen did not have much appetite.

“Now that Dahm has managed to get into the underground palace, if things go without a hitch, he should be able to get the mask. He just needs to be alert about the Blood Breeds,” Garen said, frowning.

Recently, he’d practiced the Holy Phoenix Scriptures and his progress was quite good when combined with the Demonic Book. The Holy Phoenix Scriptures were actually a type of reality, divided into three layers and nine small realms, and each realm corresponded to a type of spiritual form. Or perhaps, it could be described as an imaginary platform that allows one’s spiritual energy to transform and form powerful images.

The true meaning of the Holy Phoenix had played a significant role in the formation of his soul seeds.

According to his estimation, as long as he reached the second layer of the Holy Phoenix Scriptures, he would be able to completely gather his soul seed. However, this way of practice was totally different from his previous secret techniques.

The most crucial part of the Holy Phoenix reality practice was to know the true meaning behind it. There would be an image of a strange living creature in each realm, and in order to proceed to the next realm, he needed to completely visualize it. After successfully visualizing it, he could then transform his spiritual energy into the same powerful creatures in a spiritual battle, and attack his opponents with a powerful force.

But as his visualization gradually deepened, Garen vaguely felt as though there was a line connected to his body, and this line had appeared due to practicing the Holy Phoenix Scriptures.

He had a feeling that the true meaning of the Holy Phoenix might be related to the Mother Stream.

And Black Sethe agreed.

It was obvious that the true meaning of the Holy Phoenix used a training method of separating one’s spirit from their physical body, which was a purely civilized spiritual method. Therefore, it was no surprise that they created a large machine such as the Buddha Mother because their physical qualities might be far weaker than their spiritual development.

In other words, they used foreign objects to make up for their own lack of physical and combat strength. This was purely a spiritual energy training.

As for the source of the Mother Stream, it was the greatest miracle stream that acted as a natural storage of spiritual energy. From what Black Sethe speculated, the Holy Phoenix Scriptures and the Buddha Mother might be the same as him. They were the survivors of the Mother Stream and entered into this world. Or perhaps they have lost their way and made it here.

‘In this world, you might never find enough resources to break through to the army level. Even if you reach the second level of the soul seed, without the full development of your body and unless you are spiritually strong enough to reach the level of true soul, you will never be able to withstand Nadia’s gradually improving brute strength,’ Black Sethe said softly in Garen’s ear.

“There are three levels to the soul seed. I have gone through the ordinary soul stage, and now I’m at the second soul seed level. How can it become a true soul?” Garen asked.

Chapter 743: Undercurrent 1

‘True Soul? Are you kidding? Even during our peak demon lord class period, we were not True Souls. That was just a dream. Only ancient warlocks with great achievements were able to reach that level, as their spiritual energy alone was able to distort reality, and just by saying their names, magical powers could be drawn out. The horror of True Souls is out of this world. You’re just in the second Soul Seed level and you still need to go through many small stages,’ Black Sethe explained.

‘We call the Soul Seed levels the Soul Breeding Phase, which is divided into seven colored soul levels according to the colors of the rainbow. These correspond to the colors of the souls, and they are red, orange, yellow, green, blue, purple and indigo. Each level has a seed quantity requirement, and you’ll need to gather at least five soul species and merge them together to get to the next colored level. As for you, it is still way too early now; you’ve not even collected enough souls for the basic colorless second Soul Seed. When you’ve gathered more than five colorless Soul Seeds, the five Soul Seeds will start resonating and repulsing one another. This is to get rid of uncoordinated impurities and unwanted stuff, then they will finally merge together and you’ll enter into the actual seven-colored phase.’

‘As the number of seeds increases, because each seed is a condensation of your life’s major insights, as you accumulate more seeds, unwanted stuff will be rid of and what’s left will ultimately be similar. That is the purity rule of the soul. You need to merge your seeds together under such circumstances in order to enter the next stage.’

“It is... so far away...” Garen finally understood why Black Sethe kept repeating that it was still too early. Now he knew that it was indeed too early for him. Who knew that it would be so difficult to reach the True Soul stage, it was no wonder that even though there were so many powerful beings in the Ancient Endor, none of the demon lords climbed to a True Soul level.

“Actually, our demon lord class is just up to the green soul realm, and at that level, our spiritual energy alone was able to crush someone of an army level. You must also understand that only this level of soul realm, after being highly concentrated, will allow you to move through space without getting hurt. One’s physical body might be adjusted because of the rules of the universe space, but the souls which are highly concentrated would hardly suffer any major damage. And this is the one true eternity pursuit.”

Garen was caught deep in his thoughts.

He did not even notice Tu Lan leaving after the meal.

According to what Black Sethe described, he had only gathered one soul seed so far, which he’d gathered coincidentally in the Totem world.

‘You don’t have to overthink it, insights are the source of soul gathering, and the reason why it’s taking so long is mainly that you did not develop in this direction specifically. Only when your insights deepen to a certain level will it will start condensing, though most of the time, you might get inspired just by looking at a painting or hearing a song. When you have found out about the laws of knowledge, then your soul seed might start condensing, but there are also times when it will not condense no matter what.’

“Indeed, I don’t really need to think too much, there’s still a long way to go,” Garen nodded.

He stood up and left the restaurant, it was already evening. He walked towards his thermostatic tub in the Holy Fist Palace. The whole area was very big, and the entire palace was as big as a small town. Initially, it had a few big buildings, but later, because of its importance, it started expanding, and now

the Holy Fist Palace occupied almost the entire peak of this mountain. Garen had his own private warm water supply tub, and similarly, some other important figures also had similar warm water tubs.

He passed through several halls and entered the bathing area, from which the sound of students' giggles could be heard from the public bathing area on the other side.

With the help of a young female servant, Garen put on a bathrobe and went into his private bathtub. Every day at this time, he would choose to take a warm bath here to relax.

After about ten minutes, his cell phone rang; it was the routine report call.

Garen picked up the phone placed on the white stone stand.

It was a call from Ninox.

He answered the call.

"Master? There have been blood breeds around recently. Do you want me to bring sister Raffaele away?" Cece's voice came from the other side of the phone.

Garen had sent Ninox to Grano to protect Raffaele, and once in a while, she would update Garen on the situation.

"If she wants to," Garen replied with a low voice. Raffaele did have people who were important to her, and it was impossible for him to bring all of them here together. Even the important figures who lived in the Holy Fist Palace have reached double digits. If everyone were to bring people they cared for with them, it would not fit no matter how big this place was.

Grano

Ninox smiled bitterly while she looked at the witches' gathering around her. Under the dark night, these witches were holding something like a glow stick in their hands and were coming from all sides of the forest.

They'd mistook her protection for monitoring, and it had almost led to a conflict.

Raffaele stood in front of her and stared at the phone in her hand.

Cece was a little frustrated, and she still did not understand the means of the witches. Therefore, although she was almost as strong as an upper-level human, she was careful so that she will not be discovered by them.

Having gotten Garen to pick up her call, Ninox looked at the blonde woman standing in front of her.

"Do you want to talk to the Master?" she put the phone down and handed it over.

Raffaele looked at the phone in her hand, remained silent for a moment and shook her head.

"I'm going to meet him."

Her golden long hair was sparkling even under the moonlight as if it was molten spun gold.

"Are you really from the Holy Fist Palace?" she still had doubts.

"Of course," Ninox answered helplessly.

Raffaele looked a little lost.

All this while, she knew about the strong human warrior in the Holy Fist Palace who had suddenly risen to fame, who was known as the Fist Saint. He was a human who was able to stand up against the top

Death Apostle of the blood breed families. Although she knew that the Fist Saint was named Garen, she did not relate him to her ex-boyfriend, Garen.

What she did not expect was that both Garens were the same person.

When she got Ninox to admit that, the witches around her looked slightly surprised. They knew that their leader once had a wonderful first love, and that person was just an ordinary boy. But now it seemed like that person was actually as powerful as the Death Apostles, this made the witches who were already jealous of Raffaele, even more jealous.

Raffaele was born as the granddaughter of the leader of the witches and she was very talented, now even her boyfriend was someone who was as strong as the Death Apostles.

How was it fair for her to get all the benefits?

Raffaele suppressed the shock in her heart, turned around and said something to a trusted witch beside her. She told her to inform her grandmother about this as this issue might trigger something unpredictable.

“Now the Holy Fist Palace and the Blood Breeds are on bad terms, and Master is worried that the Blood Breeds might go up to extreme lengths and even try to harm you. Therefore, he sent me to protect you secretly and bring you back to the Holy Fist Palace if necessary.” Ninox could tell that Raffaele was not against the idea of leaving Grano, and she could not help but to feel relieved.

She calmed down and began to carefully analyze Raffaele, master’s ex-girlfriend.

She had exquisite features and a confident and beautiful appearance. She had golden, tassel-like long hair hanging down past her shoulders, which looked as if it was able to emit warmth like the sun, and it gave people a dazzling yet intense impression. Her strength was almost close to the level of a middle-level witch.

Ninox sighed slightly in her heart when she thought about the possibility of Raffaele getting back together with her master. With this thought in mind, she was a little uncomfortable, and she started looking at Raffaele with a slightly annoyed look.

“Get ready, when should we go?” she asked directly.

“As soon as possible.” Raffaele thought about it and answered immediately. Although she did not know why Cece’s gaze was a little hostile, she understood that something troublesome might have happened. “I don’t need to bring anything with me, so I can leave anytime.”

“Okay then. We will leave now!” Ninox nodded.

A peninsula beach in Asia

After the night fell, the surface of the sea was dark and deep, with sounds of waves hitting on the reefs occasionally.

The deserted seashore was filled with black steep reefs of various sizes, and the larger ones were stacked together with large gaps in between them. Seawater would seep through these gaps and cause a large number of sea creatures to get stuck in it.

Right at that moment, a group of men in black quickly changed in the gaps between the big reefs. They took off their black clothing and changed into a frogman outfit with a large-capacity oxygen tank on their back.

There were about eight to nine of them, each one of them was agile and quick, and they had all kinds of tools with them. It was obvious that they were prepared.

“We will start searching this area today, then group four’s mission will be completed,” One of the shadows whispered.

“Are you sure that the thing that we are looking for is near the sea? Why did we not find anything after so long? There are a dozen groups looking for it and it has almost been half a month, but there is still no sign of it,” another shadow asked casually.

“Who knows? We just need to follow the orders.”

“Let’s go, Brother Xu, Henry,” one of them had already put on the frogman outfit and threw a face mask to each of the two.

All of them donned a facemask and quietly plunged into the sea along the reef’s gaps, then rapidly disappeared into the sea like swimming fishes.

On the surface of the sea roughly ten sea miles away from the reef coast.

Multiple small warships and fishing boats with illuminated lighting poles constantly cruised on the sea. It seemed like they were patrolling, but also seemed like they were passing by slowly.

When their backs were facing the light, these boats would stop occasionally and a few frogmen would get up, and soon afterward, a few more frogmen would get into the water. As time went by, waves after waves of people went up and down the boats.

On a shore further away, there were groups of frogmen who constantly carried oxygen tanks into the sea.

A large amount of manpower was spent continuously searching this area of the sea.

About a hundred nautical miles away from the seashore of the search team, towards the left, there was a cruise-like luxurious white ship.

Hochman and two young women dressed in red and black dresses laughed and talked over at the ship’s rail, and he occasionally teased the two women to the point where they covered their mouths laughing.

The cruise was filled with well-dressed men and women conversing with one another politely; it seemed like a luxurious gathering for the upper-class society.

The sound of music played continuously in the hall of the cruise. There were beautiful and fashionable women walking around, and also waiters dressed in neat white suits who constantly delivered delicious food to the guests.

Chapter 744: Undercurrent 2

Hochman had been invited to the after-party of the Asia Financial Summit. The cruise was sponsored by a financial tycoon in Asia. Hochman had always participated various financial gatherings on behalf of his family. As the first heir to his family's properties, he was very famous among the beautiful young ladies in the party. He was handsome, talented and rich, so he could be considered as the model example of a bachelor.

Many ladies were willing to get to know him, and there were also quite a number of business tycoons who wanted to get on good terms with him. Even though this was a business gathering in Asia, Hochman did not need to reveal his identity as a member of the Holy Fist Palace; the status of his family alone could already be counted as the very best. Only a handful of people were able to compare their status with him.

While he casually chatted with the two ladies, Hochman slightly diverted part of his attention to the news coming from his earphone.

Asia was not only the place where the seventh mask is located; according to the news, it was also where the eighth and ninth masks were located. After putting in a lot of hard work and using all sorts of connections, Hochman found a sea which might be where the two masks were located. He quickly made use of the manpower in his family and began a large-scale search in the seashore vicinity.

In the world of ordinary people, Hochman was just the first heir to the American business family and the top student of a famous university. Even though he did well in the supernatural world and had a reputation of an upper-class member of the Holy Fist Palace, to ordinary people, even some powerful business tycoons were unlikely to reach the same level as him.

After all, there were too few supernatural beings. There were not more than ten thousand of them in the United States, including witches. It was worse in Europe since there were only a small number of

blood breeds to begin with, and witches were restricted regionally as they could not leave their ancestral homes without their powers being greatly reduced.

As for those hidden top martial arts experts, if they weren't madmen who pursued martial arts to an extreme, it would be impossible for them to surpass the limits of the human body, and there was an even lower chance of them wasting time on fighting.

This resulted from the fact that only less than 90 percent of the world's population knew about the supernatural circle. It could be because most people felt that it was too complicated, but they mostly avoided it out of fear. Only upper-class humans with great influences could truly enter the circle.

Usually, most of the mysterious incidents around the world were started by this circle. But since most people were too afraid to face it, with the witches' memory-erasing abilities and the blood breeds' human-control abilities, after erasing their memories, the blood breeds and humans had even fewer interactions.

Whenever Hochman thought about it, he would have a sense of being isolated from the world. Just a moment ago, he had still been running errands for the Holy Fist Palace and had been worried about being attacked by the blood breeds. But now, it seemed as though he had returned to his carefree life as an ordinary human.

Beauty women, wine, good food, gambling, drugs, orgies, surfing, bungee jumping, illegal boxing, keeping various extremely dangerous pets just for show, et cetera, there were all sorts of exciting events that he got to do whatever he wanted.

This was the life that he'd once lived. It was a meaningless and corrupted life; all he did was enjoy.

But now.

Hochman stretched out his right hand and gently gripped it. He felt a truly rich and strong force circulating continuously within his body.

"This is what I wanted...."

He continued chatting with the two ladies with a straight face as though nothing happened. Occasionally, he could feel the envious gazes of the people around him, and also people pointing at him to introduce him to their children.

“I heard that Mr. Hochman has visited the Kato Businesses, can I know what do you think about my father’s company?” a girl in a red dress said while she walked towards him from the other side. The girl had a cool look on her face with a hint of arrogance. Her black curly hair was scattered around her shoulders, and she wore an exquisite diamond necklace around her fair neck.

Hochman looked at her carefully and immediately recognized her identity.

The elder daughter of Kato Businesses. Kato Businesses was a world-class financial group, and it was a highly-ranked company, not just in Asia but around the world, which could be compared to the huge companies such as the Primary Colors and Rexott. They had many crossover industrial businesses and countless properties.

He did not expect that someone of such high rank would participate in the Asia Summit Gathering, and he was a little surprised. Muneteru Riko’s identity was even more dazzling than his family’s. He did not see her just now, so she might have just boarded the cruise, or she stayed in her room all this time.

Hochman pondered on how to answer her question.

“Oh, it’s Ms. Muneteru Riko. Kato Businesses did leave a great impression; specifically, how distinct the hierarchy management was. There was a lot for me to learn from the visit.”

When the other two women heard the girl’s identity, they were surprised and sensibly left, leaving the two of them to talk at the side of the cruise.

“It seems like Mr. Hochman has a good impression of my father’s company. Maybe we will have the opportunity to work together,” Muneteru Riko smiled and said.

“What do you mean?” Hochman frowned slightly.

Muneteru Riko looked at the man standing in front of her, handsome, confident, and strong yet dangerous. Even though she was a black belt in karate, before this man, she still felt a strange sense of danger, as though she was standing before a fierce beast.

Rumors had it that Hochman had once killed a polar bear with his bare hands. It seemed like the information was indeed true.

After she calmed down, Muneteru Riko admired Hochman even more, if she could choose her marriage partner, she was willing to choose the man standing before her who was stronger than her.

“I heard that you are looking for an ancient mask that was lost in this area?” Riko asked softly. “About the search, my family might be able to help you in with the marine ships, and of course, manpower will not a problem.”

“Oh?” Hochman raised an eyebrow. Everyone in the Holy Fist Palace knew that Garen was looking for the Sleepless Faces mask, and everyone was using their connections to look for the mask. Under such situation, he could only rely on his own strength to search for it, since it is said that whoever found the mask would be rewarded personally by the Holy Fist Palace. At the very least, the reward would be an increase in lifespan and strengthening of physique.

He heard that Dahm had been rewarded previously, and his originally wounded skin had recovered in a very short period of time. His skin became even more delicate and fair, and after examining his skin with medical devices, he discovered that his physical function was much stronger than before. Also, he estimated that his maximum lifespan had been extended by ten years, which meant that he got to live ten years longer.

Many people who suffered from a chronic disease were interested, as their illnesses would be healed and their bodies would be strengthened. In addition to that, they got to be trained personally by the Holy Fist Palace, which was why many people who seek power were interested too.

Therefore, there were a lot more people searching for the masks.

“What do you mean?” Hochman knew that it was impossible for her to ask nothing in return.

“We hope to get your support in the North American businesses,” Muneteru Riko answered very honestly.

Hochman understood what she meant, as he’d heard that Kato Businesses was being attacked by a secret group in North America and so they were unable to successfully establish their business there.

“I can think about it, but my family...” before he could finish his sentence, there was an abrupt report coming from his earphone.

“We found it!! The two masks!! Hahaha! The twenty million bonus is ours!! Ah!!!” before they could finish cheering, he heard rounds of panicked screams.

“What monster is that!?”

“Shoot! Shoot!! No!!”

Along with a ‘crack’ sound, he heard cracking sounds coming from the other side of the phone; apparently, their communication equipment was being crushed.

Hochman had a heavy look on his face. The blood breeds have made a move...

“Mr. Hochman?” Muneteru Riko who was standing in front of him reached out her hand and waved.

“Marshall, we were attacked by the blood breeds, and they coming after you! Be careful!!” an anxious voice from another channel was heard. U.p..dated by ReadNovelFull.com

“Understood, do you know how strong they are?” Hochman raised his hand and give Muneteru Riko a sign to wait.

“The detector indicates upper-class Blood Breeds! There are at least two of them!!” the one who was on the other side of the phone suddenly lowered his voice, probably because he was afraid that the Blood Breeds might hear him.

“Quick! Get on the boat!”

Hochman had a gloomy look on his face, and there were traces of extremely dangerous vibes radiating from his body.

“It seems like the Blood Breeds were fully prepared.... Don’t worry about me, retreat first. I will come later.”

“Understood!” then he disconnected.

Hochman worked out a kink in his neck as he looked at Ms. Muneteru Riko, who had a puzzled look on her face. He had spoken in German just now instead of standard international conversational English, therefore, she could not understand at all.

“Are you in a hurry?” Muneteru Riko asked curiously. “Do you need my help?”

“Hochman, you will not be able to escape today...”

Suddenly, a loud male voice reverberated on top of the cruise.

A fiery red shadow suddenly appeared on top of the cruise ship. It was a red-haired man with strong muscles all over his body. He was wearing a red leather coat, sunglasses even though it was at night, and had his hair styled into a flashy mohawk.

He jumped down from tens of meters of height.

Thump!!

The deck of the cruise was very sturdy; surprisingly, there was no indentation at all.

The man stood up, waved with his right hand and gathered crimson-colored flames into a long red sword. There were numerous mystical symbols on the sword.

“Sword of Daybreak!” he whispered.

In an instant, under the stunned gazes of the guests and their bodyguards, the red sword suddenly burst into a large red flame. Then, it morphed into a curvaceous flame woman figure and was launched towards Hochman at lightning speed.

At the same time, in the shadows behind Hochman, a black female shadow slowly appeared.

“Blood breeds’ holy weapon....?” Hochman took a step back, stretched his right hand out and gathered invisible air-currents in his palm. As his hair moved around constantly, his eyes vaguely turned black.

Under the illumination of the flame, the shadow behind Hochman suddenly became distorted and turned into a giant black shadow dragon which surrounded him silently.

Muneteru Riko took a few steps back from the suffocating air-current and fiery flames, frightened, and sat down on the ground. She raised her hands and covered herself while she stared blankly at what was happening right before her eyes. Everything had happened in a way that she was unable to understand, and she had goose bumps all over her body. She was feeling dangerous cold-induced tremors; despite the intense heat from the flames, all she felt were chills.

Chapter 745: Fierce Battle 1

“Profound – War cry!”

Hochman looked at the flame figure launching towards him at a lightning speed and swept his right hand forward. He cut through the air with his hand and shot a few transparent air blades.

The half-moon-shaped air blades swirled towards the flame figure.

Boom!!

The air blades collided with the flame figure, creating a violent explosion. The crimson flames swept over the whole area like a tide that drowned the deck.

Some of the bodyguards were caught in the fire as they did not avoid it in time and screamed pitifully as they burned.

Some of them were blown away by the violent explosion and collided into the cabin. They were bleeding out, screaming in pain, wailing and panicking. Whether adults or children, the crowd broke out into a riot.

As the flames dispersed, Hochman held his shoulder with one hand; a black arrow had pierced through the back of his right shoulder. There was no bleeding or wounds, and even the black arrow was starting to slowly disappear.

But what bothered him was that he'd lost all sensation in that area of muscle that had been pierced by the arrow, as though he'd completely lost his shoulder. He could not even raise his right hand.

"Two Blood Breeds' Holy Weapons..." he felt a sense of danger in his heart. If it was just one Holy Weapon, it will not have been a problem facing it head-on. However, his opponents were two combat type upper-class Blood Breeds, and they were armed with two extremely horrifying Holy Weapons. This was supposed to be a fight where two men fought with their bare hands, but suddenly, his opponent had a sharp sword in his hand, and the sword was something that belonged in a god-tier level.

Stupa underground palace

Dahm moved forward quickly, took a few turns at lightning speed and moved around the underground tunnel like a gust of wind. The air was rancid and the light was dim, and only the torchlight that he brought with him formed a beam of light.

Not long afterward, he quickly found a worshipping urn with a statue of God and stopped right in front of it.

The worshipping urn was located in a pitch black underground hall surrounded by bizarre Buddhist mural paintings on the wall. There were celestial nymphs of unidentified gender flying everywhere, their bodies were red in color but their eyes were green. Their eyes reflected like shiny green spots of light in the dark.

The statue of God was a bald-headed three-eyed man with his right palm placed in an upright position. He had a smile on his face and his eyes were slightly open. Inexplicably, it gave off an eerie feeling.

“This is not just any Buddha statue!” Dahm frowned slightly; they were worshipping an unknown statue instead of the almighty Buddha statue in the underground palace of a Buddhist stupa tarin...

He had hidden in this place for quite some time and he’d roughly studied Buddhism, but he did not recall any branch of Buddhism with a god that resembled the statue right in front of him.

However, all his doubts disappeared when he saw a black mask in front of the statue.

He quickly walked towards the mask, picked it up, stuffed it into the black bag that he had prepared, and tied it tightly. He glanced at his surroundings and swiftly retreated along the route that he used previously.

Suddenly, a red light flashed through the darkness and headed right at him.

The red light was as fast as lightning, but Dahm caught a glimpse of its face. The sharp and cold look on his face caused the pores on Dahm’s face to shrink instantly, and he even started to feel a slight pain.

He instinctively took a step back while he put his palms together against the red light.

He saw clearly that it was a long red sword, but under the illumination of the flashlight, it reflected a striking red light in the darkness.

Clang!!!

His palms came into contact with the red sword as he precisely caught the red sword in between his hands. At this instant, a red light started shining from the edge of the sword and hit on Dahm's face heavily.

Bang!!

He released his hands and staggered back several steps. Blood dribbled down his hands as he covered his face with his hands.

AHH!!!

He screamed.

"My face.... my beauty...." Dahm covered his face with his hand, but blood did not stop trickling through his fingers.

It had not been easy for him to recover his beauty from his Master, but now, someone had ruined his face again!!!

"I'll tear you apart!" Dahm immediately put down his hands. His eyes turned blood red and he was filled with a burst of murderous rage. Bits of black threads were moving all around him.

In a flash, the ground started to collapse silently, and he disappeared from where he was standing. Then, he turned into a bloody red shadow and ran straight in the direction of the red sword.

Instantly, a sudden burst of airflow rushed into the dark and narrow hall. The overwhelming atmosphere shook the hall and immediately occupied all the available space in the hall.

A series of continuous explosions were heard as Dahm constantly used his blood red hands to hit the red sword. He laughed fanatically and horrifyingly as he created countless shadows with his hands to throw it against his opponent who was in the darkness. He did not worry about his palms being cut open by the sword.

The owner of the red sword slowly appeared out of the darkness. He was a middle-aged man with whiskers all over his face. He was dressed in a black trench coat with a white shirt and jeans. The red long sword in his hand accurately blocked all of Dahm's disorderly attacks.

The man had an indifferent look on his face as if he was completely unaffected by Dahm's madness. No matter how swift and fierce Dahm's crazy attacks were, his red longsword was able to fly up and down and accurately block all of Dahm's attacks, as though he was blocking bullet shots.

Thump!!

With a 'thump' sound, Dahm was hit by a sudden huge counterattack.

"The bloody marshal, Dahm," the man with whiskers raised the sword single-handedly and embedded the sword into the ground of the underground palace. Then, he took a lighter and cigarette from the pocket of his trousers. He lit the cigarette and inhaled deeply. "As I expected. Although your power output is strong, your endurance is too weak."

His eagle-like eyes were fixed on Dahm, and even the darkness was unable to impede his gaze. He clearly saw Dahm's chest heaving violently.

Previously, the two of them had been constantly attacking and defending; they did their utmost best and did not hold back at all. Therefore, although their power output was horrifying, the amount of energy they consumed was absolutely shocking.

"Are you mocking me by putting your weapon down right in front of me?" Dahm's face was hidden in the dark, it seemed like he finally finished venting and calmed down.

“What do you think?” the man with whiskers reached for his cigarette, inhaled and exhaled the smoke through his nostrils.

“After I kill you and break through as a Death Apostle, I will kill the guy named Garen. Then I will light a big firework there. Boom!” he mimicked the action of an explosion. “And everything will quiet down at last...”

“You have a death wish!!”

Dahm’s figure instantly turned into a red shadow and rushed forward. In the next moment, all the blood on his body had gathered on his hands.

‘Chi-chi-chi’! a number of transparent fine threads flew out and shrouded the entire hall as if there had been an explosion. A large number of silk threads burst outward and cut through every corner of the hall.

Dahm elongated all of the silk threads. As long as one came into contact with a body, it would instantly cause one’s blood to explode. This was Dahm’s scariest area-wide attack!

An all-direction, encompassing shroud of countless silk threads.

The man with whiskers inhaled deeply from his cigarette and the cigarette suddenly lit up.

Clang!!

He suddenly pulled the long sword from the ground with his right hand and rushed forward!

As the sword was being pulled out of the ground, Dahm could not see any continuity in his movement, it was as though the sword had suddenly appeared in his hand, or he did not put down his weapon since the very beginning.

The red sword was shining as it slashed down towards the countless silk threads.

With a 'clang' sound, the air blades cut through the flame figure.

"The blood breeds has been planning for a long time, I need to leave immediately!!" Hochman finally understood. It was impossible for the Blood Breeds to simply send the two of them here, they must've concocted an entire plan. If it were up to him, he would surround three out of four exits, leaving just one exit open. From there, his prey would get hurt while they tried to escape while a faint hope was dangled before them. As they escaped, it would consume their energy, and he would easily get the final victory.

The red-haired man standing in front of him giggled and waved his long flame sword once again.

Whoosh-whoosh!!

Several flame clusters were spilled from the sword. The flame clusters that fell onto the ground started burning. While it burnt, it started to deform like a like plastic clay and turned into petite female flame figures, which looked exactly the same as his initial attack.

In a blink of an eye, there were three more female flame figures on the deck. They opened their mouth and roared, but only the sound of flame crackling can be heard.

As the red light flashed, the three flame figures rushed towards Hochman. On the other hand, the red-haired man who was standing a distance away slowly moved backward, swung his longsword again and created a few more human-figured flame clusters.

Hochman had a gloomy look on his face and quickly dodged towards his left. A black light was coming after him from behind and went through the clothes on his waist; he was almost shot.

He did not have too much time to think, activated Double Fist and immediately launched a punch forward!!

Bang!!

There was a shallow indentation on the deck. The impact was like a thunderclap which made everyone's feet numb.

A huge dark shadow burst forward on top of Hochman's punches and the very air was being stirred. There were fluctuations and vibrations just like the Profound – War Cry previously.

As expected, along with three 'chi' sounds, three air blades were fired from Hochman's fist and respectively split through the three flame figures.

Hochman fiercely rushed towards the red-haired man and slammed his foot towards him.

Boom!!

As the deck started shaking, Hochman's speed increased rapidly, with a huge impact like a tank.

At the same time, the three flame figures were being split apart. Even the flames that spilled out were being shaken up, and the time it took to recreate a human figure was delayed.

The red-haired man's face changed slightly. He tried to dodge, but he had not expected Hochman's speed to increase rapidly once again. Along with a muffled sound, another shallow indentation appeared on the deck once again.

Hochman abruptly appeared right before him, and his strong arm was like a sharp blade that was swung down towards him.

His hand-blade cut through the air and made a harsh screeching sound, similar to the screeching sound made by combat jets midflight, and a faint white line of smoke trailed the back of his palm.

Thump!!!

The red-haired man and Hochman slammed into each other, as though a tank had collided with an elephant. The two of them was taken aback and rolled onto the ground. By chance, Hochman dodged the two black arrows launching towards him from behind.

Instantly, the two of them started grappling with each other on the deck. The red-haired man was completely suppressed as four arms overlapped. Every few seconds, he would be punched in the chest which caused him to continuously cough up blood. All he could do was use his red longsword to shield his body.

Thump!

Hochman punched a hole through his chest, but since he was able to heal rapidly, his flesh and blood wrapped around Hochman's hand and trapped it tightly.

"Fire!!"

He finally shouted. He took the opportunity while Hochman was trapped, and his whole body started burning in flame. He made a flame ring and hit it straight into Hochman.

Bang!!

The two of them were finally separated. The red light shone brightly as the huge impact threw Hochman away. However, the direction that he flew to was a little strange; as though he was a bat, he turned around in mid-air and headed towards the direction of the sea.

"Don't let him escape!" the red-haired man shouted.

Chapter 746: Fierce Battle 2

A black shadow quickly caught up. Impressively, it was that black-shirt girl who shot that cold arrow, but her speed was slightly slower. When she heard the sound of water while waiting beside the boat, she rushed towards the flange of the boat, and looked down on the floating Black Water Flower.

“Damn it!” The black-shirt girl slapped the side of the boat, smashing the edge of the boat-sides. For a moment, a deep dent appeared.

Boom!

Suddenly, a fist smashed the sides of the boat underneath her. The fist opened up into a palm, and it fiercely caught something with one grab.

Thump!

The black-shirt girl looked mad, as her right thigh was caught. She violently tried to pull away, but she lost her balance and fell to the ground with a thump.

“Profound – Disordered Flow!” Hochman said in a low voice, from the outer side of the boat.

In a split second, the edge of the boat-side lit up with a bunch of golden sparks. Then, a tearing and piercing metal friction sound rang out.

In the huge spark, the boat side started ripping apart, revealing the situation inside. Both of Hochman’s arms wildly chopped forwards. With every chop, the strength of his speed hit a terrifying level. Although it is not as violent as before, where it gave out a white whistle, each karate chop he did was as if it was a real blade instead, violently chopping up the Blood Breed woman’s body. Suddenly, fresh blood shot out.

In a short second, Hochman had chopped out a dozen knives towards the front. All of them were on the Blood Breed woman’s body. Especially her chest, it was chopped until it was bloody and all caved in. With one violent kick, the Blood Breed woman flew out. Then, Hochman creased his brows; if his right shoulder wasn’t attacked, causing a loss of force in his right arm, he could have ripped the Blood Breed woman apart just now.

Stepping onto the edge of the wrecked boat, he borrowed that strength and like a bat, he flapped the sleeves of his robe and flew away. He drifted on the surface of the water, not falling into the sea yet. An explosive sound could be heard coming from both of Hochman's legs.

Under his feet, water splashes burst out. It was shocking to find that both his feet were fiercely stamping on the water surface. Borrowing this strength, again, he stepped on the water like a water spider, traveling a far distance. In the blink of an eye, he had exceeded more than two hundred meters.

"The most important thing now is not the battle with two of the Blood Breeds. Instead, it is about finding the masks that Master needs, and then we leave!" Hochman's aim was very clear. He immediately stepped into the water and left, creating a huge thrust with every terrifying explosive power. It allowed him to travel at a much higher speed compared to the fastest motorboat.

The cruise ship behind him quickly became smaller, darker, and more blurry in the evening.

Holy Fist Palace.

"Both Marshalls were attacked?"

Garen picked up a chess piece for a moment, then gently put it down in front of the board.

He was playing chess with Tu Lan, sitting in a small and quiet room that was not more than a few square meters wide. On the side, a huge letter "quiet" written with a black ink on a white paper, in a Sina character.

The Sina text was very similar to the ones on the Earth where Garen lived. However, the size of Sina was far less than China, where the size of it was more than a million square kilometers. Instead, it was a combined series of smaller countries like Sina. Asia and Europe were very similar too — there were dozens of large and small countries. Some of them were strong, and some of them were weak. Furthermore, invaded countries that participated in second world war were also included. Those that once had the world's first Air Force, and wanted to conquer the world with force.

“Do you need me to take a look at it?” Tu Lan looked at Garen, and put down his chess piece.

“No need.” Garen shook his head slightly, “everyone has their own things to do.”

As he put the chess piece down lightly, he removed Tu Lan’s dragon piece immediately. He saw Tu Lan’s face turned green. Even though this old-school Blood Breed had been alive for many years, all he could feel was his IQ being crushed whenever he was with Garen.

There was no bigger picture, nor was there any tricks, but just some partial battling involved. With every partial battle, Garen would win nine battles out of ten of them.

His calculation and deducing skills made people boil with anger. Using such simple calculation skills to crush people gave them no chance to resist. So much that seeing the chess board now gave Tu Lan a bit of a trauma since she had never won before.

Or maybe my chess skills are too weak; if I was replaced by chess player who was strong at overlooking the bigger picture, they would definitely win, Tu Lan comforted herself.

“Are you men in position?” Garen suddenly asked a no-brainer question.

Tu Lan nodded.

“They have been in their position since ten minutes ago,” the both of them packed the chess pieces and put them into the chess basket.

“Let’s wait awhile longer.” After Garen kept the chess pieces, he reclined on the chair and began to repose by closing his eyes.

He was really calm.

Tu Lan could not help but look at him. The Older Generation Blood Breeds were attacking two of his strongest and most important men. Yet, he was no the least bit affected by it.

Garen's expression was calm. In his mind, the black-covered Demonic Book slowly floated and rotated around slowly. It was as if his whole body was spreading out a dull golden light. Ever since he had grasped the true meaning of Holy Phoenix, the Demonic Book became like that.

In reality, more and more martial arts steps were recorded in the Demonic Book. Even Dahm's and Hochman's two new Waterbird Fists were recorded by Garen. Along with this recording, the Demonic Book was becoming stranger and stranger. Originally, it was just a simple notebook, but it slowly turned into something that had some magical effect that linked Garen's brain with the Demonic Book.

Most times, Garen could feel the Demonic Book, as if he was pregnant with the Soul Seed. Sometimes, he could even feel it's beating, just like a beating heart.

As time passed, Garen sat as still as a monk — he did not move at all. There wasn't even a single change in his expression, just as if he was sleeping.

Boom!

In the Underground Palace, it was densely packed with red long knives and countless wired strings fighting against each other. There was no crisp sound coming from the metal, but only a combination of countless sounds, forming a muffled explosion.

The wired strings retreated. However, Beard pushed forwards, charging towards Dahm.

"Profound – Bloody Night!" Dahm shouted violently. Countless wired strings suddenly emerged in a pale-red color indicating a large number of spirits that were flowing along the wired string. It was as if a fluid-like liquid covered the whole strong, forming a huge red net, rushing towards Beard.

Chi chi chi chi chi!

A large number of wired strings carried a horrifying cutting-air sound rushed towards Beard. Some of the stone sculpture decorations that stuck out in some of the halls were cut off with just a silent and gentle graze. However, before the broken pieces fell into the floor, it was cut through once more with the flying wired strings and they all turned into countless tiny debris. With a bang, the debris exploded immediately.

That was Dahm's explosive power. After going through the improvement of Waterbird Fist, he used a huge amount of resources to collect and organize the martial arts information. Then, the most scientific method of deduction was used to calculate the most suitable and strongest battle method for himself.

"Holy Technique – Faded."

The knife in Beard's hand was as red as blood. The front of it faced the red net, like a lightning in the night sky, or a laser. Only when it lit up did it cut through the big red net. The moment the red knife met the string, a bright light reflection from the top of the knife lit up with a clang. Unexpectedly, it cut the wired net into half.

For the first time, Dahm's face revealed a grave expression.

He waved both his arms, and once again shot out many wired strings. Among three of them continuously replenished the wired strings that were broken. The rest were silently hiding in the dark, quietly creeping behind Beard.

Chi chi!

Right above Beard's head, a huge chunk of heavy stone was cut through with a string.

Boom! Just as the huge stone fell down, Beard's sword shattered it into tiny pieces that eventually fell onto the floor, like raindrops.

"I can't remember clearly how many years it has been, but other than the Death Apostles, there weren't many Blood Breeds who survived until their fifth move in front of me." Beard removed his cigarette bud and blew out a mouthful of smoke, "let's see if you can break the record today."

“The fourth move!” As Beard’s pupils narrowed, his whole body gave out an extremely dangerous atmosphere, “red lotus!”

The moment the sound rang, Beard flew forwards, moving towards Dahm’s direction.

In mid-air, with a clang that rang out beside him, four blood-red sword reflection lit up. The reflection of the sword continued to light up to a point where it kept spinning, as if it was a windmill, turning in the wind. The speed of the spin became quicker and quicker. From a distance, it looked like a red lotus flower that did not stop spinning.

Bang bang bang!

The red lotus immediately broke open countless wired strings, as he was getting closer to Dahm.

In a split second, this was the first time Dahm felt a life-threatening situation where his nerves were constantly agitated. It was not the same as his past experiences. The true strength of this enemy in front of him far exceeded his. Since when did Blood Breed has such scary Upper-level Blood Breed? Even if it was a Death Apostle, it was not estimated as such.

Seeing as the red lotus was closing in fast, Dahm’s brain could not help but flash across different solutions. However, there was nothing he could use that would truly defeat the enemy in front of him. Against his enemy, his tough metal strings were like weak ropes; once hit, then it breaks. If he directly slashed forwards, Dahm would still be able to sneak an attack on Beard’s back. But with the speed that it’s spinning in now, there would be no flaws all around him.

This was the first time — the first time he was faced with a single opponent, and Dahm wanted to retreat. Suddenly, he thought about the information he saw not long ago. There were five families in Blood Breed, and every family had a unique Holy Technique.

However, it was weird that among five families, only four were Death Apostle families. Whereas when he linked up all the information he had seen, the last one was an Upper-level Blood Breed that acted as Landlord.

Dahm's expression finally changed. In the information, the only non-Death Apostle family's Landlord was suddenly in the shape of Beard. It was also said that he used a long knife as a weapon. He was known as the world's famous top-level knife master.

The red lotus became closer, and now he was close at hand. Dahm wanted to get out, but it was as if his body was immobilized. There was an unknown attraction that locked him onto the ground so that he could not move.

"Damn it!" Dahm wildly raised both his hands. In this life and death situation, he did not care much. If he did not retaliate, he would be chopped into minced meat!

"Profound... First Star," a low, yet familiar voice appeared in his consciousness.

Suddenly, Dahm's eyes were wide open. He could feel something that did not belong to him in his body. However, it was also an oddly familiar violent strength surging outwards.

Whiz...

In the blink of an eye, countless wired strings gathered in his hand and turned into one blood-colored spear that slowly suspended beside his face.

"Flight of the Evil Phoenix..."

At this moment, Dahm finally realized that the original Waterbird Fist was the final secret of the terrifyingly brutal Profound technique.

The subtle wind flew past as the warmth brushed his face, like there was a voice reverberating in the wind.

Could you hear it? It was the sound of the wind...

Unconsciously, Dahm closed his eyes.

Then, the sound of birds chirping rang out.

The red lotus froze in mid-air, stopping less than one meter away from Dahm. In the red light, his pupils shrank quickly. An overwhelming sense of crisis was suddenly all over his body, giving him goosebumps. In the reflection of his red pupils, a huge transparent pair of airflow wings slowly appeared on his back.

Retreat!

As this had just idea risen, an overwhelming wind blew from the front. Something in the wind seemed to be mixed with something inexplicable.

Chapter 747: Fierce Battle 3

Holy Fist Palace.

Garen suddenly opened his eyes.

"It's time."

He looked towards Tu Lan, who was sitting in the same position beside him.

"Go. I will compensate you for what you're worth."

"Are you sure?" Tu Lan let out a breath, shook his head in annoyance, and stood up, "Forget it, I'll be generous this time."

She slowly walked out of the quiet room and towards the direction of her residence.

Garen sat alone in the quiet room. His expression was indifferent. His gently stroked the chessboard, thinking.

"It's getting closer, and closer now," Black Sethe's voice was low. His voice seldom came up lately. He was not like before, where he was very chatty. Instead, he had become more and more silent, as if his every word was like gold.

"The Old Generation Blood Breed have joined forces to attack you, and they are sending out men with strengths who aren't those with typical power. Are you sure that you're not worried at all? The five big Holy Technique Family at least have around ten Upper-level Blood Breed. At first, the Wellington Family only had three Upper levels. But if they add the Holy Weapon, your people will suffer heavy losses."

Garen shook his head.

"Everything has been arranged. If there's a problem, there is nothing else I can do. Just as I've said before, for Holy First Palace to battle against the entire Old Generation Blood Breed, our strengths are still considered very weak. That is why we cannot leave this place even if they ambush us."

"I have this sixth sense lately that it's best if you and your men don't attack," Black Sethe reminded.

"Oh? Why?" Garen was slightly taken aback.

"There's no reason why, because I have no idea too. It's just a feeling," Black Sethe's voice slowly faded into the air, and it no longer rang.

Garen stood alone in the quiet room, with a flash of doubt in his eyes.

The strong winds blew against the inner walls of the Underground Palace's Hall. The whole Underground Palace trembled and swayed violently.

Buss!

Dahm's eyes looked lost. His whole body couldn't help but be carried upwards by his wings. The transparent wings continuously fluttered. Beside him, the red spear that was like a red rifle floated beside him and he caught it in his hands. The rifle opened up circles and circles of transparent ripples — that was the powerful effect from the vibration in the air.

However, Beard was immediately held in mid-air by the violent surge of air. He could not move at all, and in the blink of an eye, it was as if his whole body was tied around with an invisible rope.

“What... Is this move...?” All of a sudden, Beard's expression calmed down, as he looked downwards at Dahm.

Chi!

The red rifle impressively shot out a red line.

Chi chi! Chi chi chi chi chi!”

Within seconds, a big piece of red wire burst out from the rifle and aimed towards Beard from all directions.

With one puff, and just with a blink of an eye, Beard was suspended in mid-air. His body was penetrated into a bloody mess by countless of wires.

“This time, you win,” Beard said in a deep voice. U.p..dated b.y . com

With a thump, he turned into a cloud of blood mist, disappearing completely. Countless bloody wires also fell to the ground, returning to its original invisible, yet transparent color.

All the dust settled.

Only then did the hazy look in Dahm's eyes slowly cleared. He absentmindedly looked at both his hands and then at the broken wires that had fallen everywhere on the hall's floor. He took a deep breath in.

"This was the strength that master has hid in my body..." He muttered. Suddenly, he felt his whole body weakened. The energy he felt in his body just now suddenly faded away.

He struggled his way to the location in which Beard exploded, but he could not find any of the things he left behind; only found some shreds of his shirt.

"Didn't I kill him? But at least he is heavily injured." Holding the mask tightly in his hand, he could suddenly feel the fine sand falling from above his head.

"This place is going to collapse soon. I must leave quickly."

He clenched his teeth and mustered the last strength in his body. Dahm quickly formed an afterimage and rushed out towards the direction of the exit.

Not long after he left, on the left side of where Beard disappeared and in one of the dark corners, Beard's shadow appeared once again. His whole body was covered in holes from the penetration of the wires. Only his brain was not pierced through but other parts, including his heart, was no exception.

At this moment, he seemed unusually weak. He was using the red spear to hold his body up.

"I miscalculated... That burst of strength was completely different from that of Dahm before. That is definitely not him. Holy Fist Palace..." He felt slight chills in his heart. To be able to influence his disciple even through such long distance, and made him much stronger in an instant, this method was unimaginable.

This time, before he could use his strongest Holy Technique move, he was defeated by that powerful and terrifying move.

“Next time... Next time, I will win, Dahm of Holy Fist Palace. Next time, you will not be so lucky...” His low voice echoed the hall but he instantly disappeared on the spot.

On the coastline.

Hochman was like a gigantic black lizard, speeding in a zig-zag manner along the reefs by the sea. He was extremely fast. His body was as light as the waterbird. By the looks of it, it seemed like he was as light and effortless as if he was weightless.

Suddenly, he raised his head, looking far away at a distant beach that was cluttered with dead bodies. The blood was flowing into the sea, faintly dyeing the sea water red. He did not know how much blood there was.

“It should be here...” Hochman tried to adjust his earpiece. “Group five, is anyone there? Answer me! Group six, and group seven to group twelve, if you’re alive, say something!”

His earpiece gave out a fizzle sound. After a while, there was a faint sound coming from beside his ears.

“Marshall, we are here.”

Hochman was slightly stunned because the sound did not come from his earpiece but from the waters on his left.

He quickly got closer to the sea surface and saw the shallow part of the sea. In the sea water between the reefs and the bloodied bodies, the water was stained red. The people here were all covered in injuries of an infant’s bite mark. Their faces looked pale and weak, as if they did not have the energy to move.

“You’re the team leader for group nine?” Hochman frowned as he walked over. Suddenly, he stopped, “How did you end up here alone? What about the mask?”

“The mask... It’s with me, Marshall. I have a heavy injury... on my back. I can’t move...” The man had no expression in his eyes. It looked like he was moments from dying. He forcefully lifted his hand up, as if wanting Hochman to save him. “Save me, Marshall... Save...”

He trembled as he used his other hand to take out the mask from his arms. Surprisingly, it was two masks; the densely packed eyes on the forehead was the biggest prove.

As Hochman looked at it, his eyes moved around left and right, alert of his surroundings. Unconsciously, his palm gently grazed a piece of gravel on the reefs at the side.

Only then, he slowly walked towards that wounded person.

Roar!

In a flash, a cloud of violent flames exploded and spread outwards without indication, taking that wounded person as the center. The red flames were like the most beautiful fireworks. Instantly, it wounded person was covered by the sea and then, it rolled towards Hochman’s direction.

Hochman did not react in time and was quickly swept in by the flames. He only managed to raise both his hands in front to block his body.

Bang!

He could feel himself being violently tossed outwards by a huge impact. Immediately after, he had hit the corners of the sharp reefs that were behind him.

With a low humph, he opened his palms. With the notion that the rock was on the right side, he hit the rock behind him. Then, he rolled onto the ground.

Clank!

Bullet-like stones hit the right side of the air where it originally looked empty — there wasn't a single person. But after the stone hit, a transparent invisible figure emerged out of nowhere.

"You can't run, Hochman!" The figure laughed grimly as he flew towards Hochman, who rolled away. The silver flashes in his hand seemed like some metal weapon.

However, when he saw Hochman, the invisible figure was suddenly shocked. He had now returned to the center of the explosion and found the two masks. There were slight damages on the marks, but it wasn't destroyed in the explosion. Only the sharp edges that bulged out were blown off.

"I am sick of using these explosive traps." Hochman got up from the water in slight dismay. He looked to the left and right of his surroundings but no one else appeared, "more than ten of my teams are lost... I will note down this fight."

He looked intensely at the invisible figure who was standing in front of him. Out of the blue, a fish dived into the crashing waves of the sea. With a plop, he quickly jumped into the sea. After a few strokes, he was nowhere to be found.

The invisible figure did not go after him. He or she only looked at the direction in which Hochman left at and frowned slightly.

Minutes after, two of them who attacked Hochman before this appeared beside him — one female and one male Upper-level Blood Breed. The red-haired man held a red longsword in his hands, as always; the girl was dressed in black, like ink, from head to toe.

"Should we go after him?" The red-haired man asked. It seemed like the both of them who rushed forwards took this invisible figure as their leader.

"No need." The invisible figure raised his hand, 'Hochman... He is very cautious and cunning. If he had hesitated for a while more, he would have been walking any more. This bastard is quite something."

"How should we explain this to the Chief?" The black-shirt girl asked quietly.

"I'll go and explain it myself. This was not our original purpose this time, it's just a cover-up. Where are the real masks?" The invisible figure asked.

"They are already aboard Halda's ship. I believe no one will know it's there?" The red-haired man laughed, "I don't think that Hochman would know that he brought back the fake version. But since that thing looked like it survived the explosion, he might think that it's real."

"If it was the real masks, forget the explosion, even the lightly force could ruin it." The invisible figure shook his head, "once Hochman brings those things back, we would have more or less achieved our aim. I think the items have arrived at Blood Union's HQ."

"Thank goodness for Lord's arrangements. If not, how else would the fifth Holy Technique Chief obey your arrangements?" The black-shirt girl praised her leader.

The invisible man smiled and said nothing more.

"Let's go. Everything has been arranged. Now, let's just wait for Chief's news."

"Understood." They slowly walked away from where they stood, and towards the deep coastal land. There were already people waiting for them there.

Chapter 748: Fierce Battle 4

On the sea not far from this territorial waters, a cargo ship was slowly moving into the deeper ends of the water. The ringing of the ship's whistle was mixed with the sounds of seagulls. The crew members wore a blend of blue and white clothes, walking back and forth on the deck.

"There are a little more goods this time... And, the price has been doubled. Has peak session been brought forwards?"

On the side of the boat, a few of the shipment's businessmen stood together. They were all old customers who often operate the ships under the same sea transportation group, but this time was different than the rest. The amount of money needed to be paid this time had doubled. And, their attitude this time was intransigent. There was no way they could have bargained. If it wasn't for the unexplainable loss of cargo ships used for shipment, it would be unlikely that they have been so reluctant to promise a price rise.

"I heard some information saying that a lot of ships nearby has been looking for something lately, like a treasure," another businessman said in a low voice.

At this moment, a cold color suddenly flashed under one of the few women's eyes. When she turned around, she did not know when a younger girl with black-shirt appeared.

"Excuse me, my niece is here," she said with a smile to a few people.

"Let's go. Let's talk more inside. The wind here is strong." Several businessmen smiled back with sincerity.

The businesswoman walked towards her niece's direction.

"What's wrong?" Her eyes suddenly turned red. Impressively, she was a Blood Breed hidden into a human.

"Upper level Grina, it seems like a Holy First Palace's Blood Breed has followed us on board." The appearance of this girl looked young. But in fact, she was already more than hundred years of age. Her expression looked serious, "I was observing her, but just now, I didn't think that she would disappear. That's why I wanted to report this to you immediately."

Grina was the Castine Family's Upper-level Blood Breed. Although the Chief did not declare that he wanted to start a war with the Holy Fist Palace, as an Older Generation Blood Breed member, her family approved of the perspective as per the people in the secret party. Holy Fist Palace was the root of causing this chaos. Only by removing Holy Fist Palace and the behind-the-scenes manipulator, Garen, can they restore the order of the world.

"This time, we've joined five other Upper levels. More than half of the Blood Union's combat Upper levels are here. We are all gathered here from all over the world, and these are the top elites of the Blood Breed. Even if we lost our enemy, what is there to fear?" Grina frowned as she said.

"I have a feeling that something is not right," the young girl said worriedly. "I have a feeling that this Blood Breed has been following us from the start, and we've only noticed her now."

"You say it's her? That female Blood Breed?" Grina asked in return. "Which level?" U.p.dated by Box n o v e l . c o m

"Should be Lower level..."

"Why are you scared of a mere Lower level person?" Grina was frustrated. Looking at that complaint female Blood Breed, she did not fight it in her heart.

"But... But I have a feeling that there is something fishy about that female Blood Breed!" The young girl argued.

"Alright, I'll go take a look at it personally, and I'll catch this bastard." Grina said plainly, "Bring some men to patrol the area. It's just a fish that escaped the net."

"Well... Alright," the young girl could only nod her head.

After her subordinate left, she started wandering around alone on the cargo ship. It looked like she was taking a stroll, but in reality, her senses had been magnified. She was constantly paying attention to her surrounding situations.

The cargo ship was huge. Ninety out of a hundred person were container cargos that each divided into a dark storage warehouse.

Bang!

She slowly pushed open a metal warehouse door. Some of the darker spaces inside suddenly appeared before her eyes.

Grina walked in confidently. She had casually walked around and inspected several warehouses. This was now the fifth area.

The worker who opened the door gave it a pat.

“You can take a look yourself. When you need to lock the door, just give me a shout.”

“Great, thank you.” Grina smiled as she slipped him some cash. At once, the worker beamed with delight and walked away.

Walking into the warehouse area, Grina looked left and right. There was no one in here, but she did not relax. This warehouse area was the most important place because the core items this time were hidden in this huge warehouse area.

Hence, Grina looked unusually serious.

“Is there something wrong here?”

“Nothing is wrong. My main items are all there. I won’t be able to relax if I don’t take a look first.” Grina was aware of her reply. Though it did not feel right, and so, she turned around. She saw a girl dressed in black windbreaker was slowly closing the warehouse’s door. One click, and it was locked.

The person’s eyes glowed red. In fact, she was also one of the Blood Breeds on the ship. It was just that Grina could not remember such person on her team.

“Which group are you from? Didn’t you guys go to the Eastern District?” Grina said with some dissatisfaction.

The female Blood Breed suddenly revealed a strange smile. That smile was just like a human, as if there was no self-consciousness – a smile in which she was not aware of.

“Grina, long time no see. You don’t even recognize me now...”

She slowly said, with a light, yet lazy tone.

Hearing this familiar tone, Grina’s heart suddenly jumped. In a second, her expression turned dignified. Her eyes were staring at the female Blood Breed opposite of her. She is merely just a Lower level Blood Breed, she should not have been able to resist the suppression of her Upper-level position.

However, this person completely ignored this suppression, and slowly walked towards her.

Holy Fist Palace.

Tu Lan’s naked body was lying in a boiling hot blood pool. The blood-red pool water gave out a strong smell. For the Blood Breeds, this was the highest quality of enjoyment. But she could not feel a single thing. Instead, she slightly frowned as more than half her body was soaked in blood.

If anyone could go into this secret room and saw her current face, they could see it from her lifeless eyes that she had lost all consciousness.

Hiss...

The room’s stone door was slowly pushed open. Garen’s shadow appeared by the side of the blood pool, and he used his backhand to shut the stone door.

As he looked at Tu Lan who was in the blood pool, he gave a slight frown. He then walked to the side and pressed some buttons. Suddenly, the boiling of the blood pool became much smaller. It also revealed Tu Lan’s naked upper body.

There was no trace of lust in Garen's eyes. He only walked to the back of Tu Lan. While he stood there, he looked down.

The view from his angle was great. On the back of Tu Lan's vest, a white-raised spike by the side of the pool had deeply penetrated her skin.

"This such a wonderful ability..." Garen sighed.

"Using the bloodline would create the ability to space jump. The Death Apostles in this world also have a powerful side." Black Sethe also sighed, "We just don't know how long Tu Lan would need over there. First, suicide; then, use her own Blood Breed's bloodline to resuscitate her body. Thanks to you, for figuring something like that out. I don't know how long the Death Apostles of the Blood Breed take to train their bodies. But once they give up, it will be a huge loss. Have you thought about how you're going to repay her?"

Garen shook his head slightly.

"She, herself has died. If her body dies here, Blood Nuclear will have fragmentation. Originally, she should have turned into black ashes immediately because the Blood Nucleus isn't providing the blood essence. But since she's using the Blood Breed's blood pool, it can keep her body activated and maintain its original shape."

"But if there isn't any Blood Nucleus, and instead, we use other Blood Breed's blood essence to sustain her, won't this body lose Tu Lan's bloodline? Then what use will she have? I think this blood essence would only sustain this body for another two hours only," Black Sethe couldn't solve it.

"We also did think of this," Garen took out a thick blood that emitted a crystal-red color. It looked just like human blood, or if not, the same. Garen gently and carefully held it in his hands, as if resisting from breaking it.

"This is the blood essence that Tu Lan left with me before. No matter how the situations go, whether win or lose, I will inject this into her body in the last phase of the two hours. Then, I will welcome her back on her return."

“You bunch of Death Apostles are using the Resuscitation Ability at its ultimate level,” Black Sethe exclaimed.

Garen gave a slight smile.

If this technology couldn't be studied, then won't that be a waste of his experience on high-precision technology in the Totem world, as well as his own transplanted heart? Anyhow, he was once the top biologist and biochemist.

Furthermore, he would not worry about the reproduction of Blood Breeds with this method because these blood essences were obtained from the Older Generation Blood Breeds, who were captured in the previous war and drained alive. With such a small pool of blood, he had killed hundreds of Lower level Blood Breeds. Yet with this sacrifice, this would only sustain a Death Apostle's body for two hours. Even in the two hours, if she faces a life-threatening situation in the middle of it, her body would be ruined. After thousands of years of refining this body, it would be destroyed, once and for all. This was also one of the first reasons of Death Apostle Wellington's hatred towards Garen. He had taken many years to refine his body, and just because he wasn't careful, it was destroyed by Garen. Hence, he seemed so weak from the back.

Regarding this method, even if the Older Generation Blood Breed's Death Apostles had studied this method, they could not use it nor, would they dare to use it. The number of Blood Breeds would be decreasing as the war went on. No matter if it's the Leader of Blood Breed, they would still need their men to get their hands on the resources and forces for them to provide themselves the information and resources. Else, even if the Death Apostles are stronger, when they are against human's top weapon, they would be destroyed once the attack is focused on them. Then, they would resuscitate. Another point would be that this questions one's moral belief. Just as in the human world, some people would bathe in human blood, and hence kill hundreds of people. However, once they were exposed, then these people would immediately be treated as the public's enemy. It would be the same with the Blood Breed, especially when Castine, the soft-hearted, and peace-loving First Leader would be around.

More so, the most important point would be that there weren't any other Death Apostles who would entrust their body to someone else. And even so, only Holy Fist Palace could do it. Tu Lan was originally convinced by Garen. At first, she was almost killed by Garen. But after always being under his despotic power, and since she had never enjoyed the power and authority of a Death Apostle, she simply treated herself as a subordinate of the Holy Fist Palace who was just slightly above the Upper levels.

Anyway, if Garen wanted to kill her, he would have already done so. He would not have left it till now. Even she did not think about it when she had figured it out, which fit in quite well with Garen's experiment.

"Too bad this method can only be used once, before the alternative of the Blood Breed's blood essence is found," Garen felt slightly sorry. If he could master this method, then he could use Tu Lan's ability as a Death Apostle and spread her Blood Breed's bloodline to every part of the world. If anything happens, she could instantly provide support.

"How are there so many good things in this world, and how is it that only you get the benefit of it all?" Black Sethe smiled.

"That's true too," Garen smiled. He just kneeled on his knees. From his arms, he took out a small white alarm clock and put it down on the floor, as it quietly guards Tu Lan's body.

Chapter 749: Advancing 1

In the cargo ship storehouse

Grina stared at the female Blood Breed who was walking towards her. The other person was clearly just a lower level blood Breed, but that strange feeling, that inexplicable familiarity, seemed to make her think of something.

"What, don't tell me you can't recognize me anymore?" The other female Blood Breed stopped, standing ten feet away from her. To an upper level, that distance could be closed in an instant.

"Then what about this?" The female Blood Breed smiled slightly, and her face actually began to melt like wax, automatically forming a new face as though it had a life of its own.

This face was so very familiar, such that before it was even complete, Grina had already taken a slight step back, her expression full of shock.

“You... You’re Tu Lan!!?” Her voice was even slightly shrill.

“Give me the mask.” Tu Lan reached out her hand, maintaining the smile on her face.

“What are you talking about? What mask?” Grina narrowed her eyes slightly, a cold sweat seeping out of her back. Behind her back, her hands were clasped together tightly.

“Why ask the obvious?” Tu Lan looked around her. “It should be in this warehouse, right? Hurry, I don’t want to fight a former friend.”

“If you don’t want to fight, then go back. With your current power and level, why do you have to serve the Holy Fist Palace any longer?” Grina quietly observed her surroundings with the corner of her eyes, just in case anyone else showed up, or perhaps she was looking for a way to escape.

“Serve?” Tu Lan’s smile grew sweeter. “Right now I’m doing this of my own will, where else can I get such joy if not the Holy Fist Palace?”

Tsk...!

Just then, the ship tilted to one side, thrown off balance by the large waves.

Grina instinctively steadied her footing, and abruptly lost sight of Tu Lan. She noticed it suddenly, and retreated backward, holding her arms in front of her to block.

Bam!!!

A round and slender long leg crashed into her arms, coming from above and headed down, just like a war axe.

The collision between the long leg and the two arms created a deep but powerful thud.

Tu Lan jumped a little and spun rapidly, stomping down again.

Bam! It was the sound of another block.

Side kick, downward swing, downward chop. Using completely different combinations and sequences, Tu Lan's legs took turns, attacking Grina like a storm.

"It's just like when we were young..." While Tu Lan launched her assault, her gaze was nostalgic.

Grina kept getting pushed back, until she knocked into the crate behind her, then she ducked quickly.

Ker-chak!

The crate was instantly decimated, and many glass cans of beans exploded everywhere, scattering all over the floor.

"Tu Lan..." Grina stared at her, her complexion pale. "Why do you... Why do you obey the Holy Fist Palace when you're so strong!?"

The two of them split apart abruptly, standing steady a few meters away from each other.

"Why?" Tu Lan stretched out a finger and touched her chin, looking thoughtful. "Ask me again when you can beat me," she laughed. "Ever since we were young, we grew up together, so let's settle this with our old rules."

Grina did not say any more, she just curved her body slightly.

She did not understand why Tu Lan, as strong as she was, actually decided to join an organization founded by a human.

They had been together since ancient times, they joined martial arts and sword fighting classes together, but she had never beaten her. All her life, Tu Lan had been a marker of the ultimate fighter in her heart, someone who could never fail. Perhaps it was not just her, but the same applied to all of the girls they had grown up with back then.

Tu Lan always represented the ultimate power!

Even though so many years had passed since then, and maybe more than half of those girls from back then had already vanished, but that glow from the past was unforgettable.

Powerful, beautiful, lazy. As untouchable as a goddess.

Grina had always been chasing Tu Lan's back, ever since she became a Blood Breed, she never stopped once.

And now, Tu Lan had even become a Death Apostle, crossing a life-or-death hurdle. No matter when, she was always that powerful and beautiful. Looking at the old friend in front of her, Tu Lan could only sigh inwardly.

They had grown up together over several thousand years, experiencing wars, living several decades in Ancient Greek cities, surviving with each other through the Blood Breeds' chaotic times. That was the most unforgettable time of her life.

She took care of them, ever since they were young. Whenever they faced a challenge, she would always step up to the task, so that all the girls only saw her strongest, most perfect side. She was always smiling, always dazzling, always fearless...

But no one knew that even she would feel fear, she had also been scared... What they saw, had always only been her perfect facade.

"Grina, give up... Hand over the mask, and I'll go easy on you."

Tu Lan's right leg drew an arch through the air, still at speeds so high that it left an after-image, so that it looked like there were countless legs stacked on top of each other.

Her response was a fierce knee jab.

Grina rushed at her abruptly, lifting her right knee and grabbing Tu Lan's shoulders with her hands.

Bam!

Her knee was blocked, and the two of them were tangled up, a mess of arms and legs crashing into each other, emitting a series of explosive sounds.

Thwok!

Tu Lan's fist landed on Grina, but the sound of contact was like hitting wood. The place where Grina was hit in the abdomen rapidly turned to wood, and then it regenerated the places that were destroyed, growing out new flesh and blood that looked like wood, so that she looked completely healed in a second.

"Wood Petrification? Grina, you are still as innocent as ever..." Tu Lan licked her lips.

Psst!

Her body suddenly left a long after-image behind her, as though she had instantaneously become three or four people. They spun around Grina once, and then the three or four figures crashed into the center simultaneously.

Grina's body flew into the air, just managing to avoid the surround attack. She whipped out a silver chain with a whoosh, and tossed it around her, but all of a sudden her head hurt for a moment, and her movements paused.

Pff!

An intense pain erupted from her chest, and spread all over her body.

Grina was instantly in the chest by Tu Lan's foot, and she shot out as though from a cannon, crashing hard into the metal cover over the top of the warehouse, sinking into it.

With the crisp sound of leather footsteps, Tu Lan walked up to the wall beneath her, and looked up.

"Pure speed and power, is that the power of your Blood Breed Holy Technique? Looks like we truly are sisters, even the paths we take are so similar. Or perhaps I should say, were so similar."

Seeing the disappointment in Grina's eyes, Tu Lan suddenly felt impatient and frustrated. She was no perfect standard, she was also a normal person. She could be happy, scared, furious, jealous. Why did these people always glorify her, why did they always try to force their false ideals onto her, and then look disappointed at her?

That sister from back then was like that, and now Grina as well!!

"Don't look at me like that..." Her smile vanished.

But Grina did not seem to hear her at all, she had just entered the upper level after all, and she was not very strong in real combat anyway, that was why she was only in charge of espionage this time and not battle. Faced with the oppressive power of the level difference that Tu Lan emitted unknowingly, she could not even move her body, her movements sluggish.

But she did not seem to hear anything, and continued staring at Tu Lan quietly with disappointed eyes.

"I said, don't look at me like that!!" Tu Lan suddenly lost her temper, her body creating after-images as she appeared in front of Grina, and hit her with her forearm.

Pff!

Blood sprayed everywhere from that hit, spraying out of Grina's mouth and splattering all over Tu Lan. With that difference in level, even the blood of upper level Blood Breeds lost their activeness, and could no longer return to her body automatically. She could only bleed out like a normal human.

"Grina..." The spray of blood seemed to wake Tu Lan up, and pain flashed through her eyes.

She reached out her hand to caress Grina's face lightly.

"Why are you so stubborn?"

Grina still said nothing, staring at her quietly, wisps of disappointment and sorrow in her eyes.

"Such... a disgusting gaze!" Rrrip!

Tu Lan tore off Grina's clothes, revealing her entire upper body. Violently, she reached out to grab Grina's breasts.

"Where's the mask?"

"..."

Ssssk!!

Blood splattered everywhere.

Tu Lan actually ripped Grina's left breast right off.

There was no pity in her eyes, no hesitation, just cruelty.

"Tell me, where's the mask?"

A sheen of sweat had broken on Grina's forehead out of sheer pain. She panted a few times, clenched her teeth, and turned away.

"If only it was Rosna, if it were her, she would have told me obediently a long time ago..." Tu Lan said calmly. Looking at Grina's stubborn face, she began to reminisce.

"The Sleepless Faces will push the Blood Breeds into a bottomless abyss! As a Blood Breed, you actually serve the humans of your own will, you traitor!!" Grina spat at her, but Tu Lan dodged it.

"Whichever side makes me happy, that's the side I'll join. Whichever side can give me power, that's where I belong. Isn't that very simple?" Tu Lan replied matter-of-factly.

The two were suspended on one of the warehouse's metal walls, in mid-air. Tu Lan had one hand pierced through the wall to keep her suspended there, whereas Grina was simply embedded into the wall, and kept from moving by the level difference oppression.

"Looks like I'll just have to do it this way..." Tu Lan calmed her heart, and black whirlpools began to appear slowly in her eyes, meeting Grina's gaze.

Blood Breed Hypnosis, a special oppression ability only upper level Blood Breeds could use against lower level Blood Breeds. It was a natural talent, like Human Hypnosis.

But strangely, Grina's gaze only had mild contempt, she did not seem to be controlled at all.

"Give up, all the upper levels who have organization secrets have accepted the Death Apostle chief's power, so that we won't be controlled by Hypnosis."

Tu Lan harrumphed coldly, and pulled back her Hypnosis.

The problem now was that she did not have enough time, if she could not find the mask as soon as possible, her real body would begin to deteriorate after two hours, so she needed to rush back.

Bam!

She knocked Grina out with one fist, dragged her down and tossed her over her shoulder, floating to the ground lightly.

She had already completely controlled the surrounding guards here with her illusions, and anyone further out would not be able to hear the sounds coming from here anyway, that was why no other Blood Breeds from elsewhere had discovered her after so long.

Of course she was not afraid of being discovered, she could even just forcefully control this ship.

But that would take too long.

Brutality flashed through her eyes, Tu Lan glanced at the mountains of crates, and made a cruel decision.

She took out her phone, checked quickly if it was being watched, and then immediately rang a complicated number.

The dial only beeped once, and then the call was picked up.

“Lady Tu Lan?”

“Track the location of this phone of mine, and send ships over immediately,” Tu Lan said in a low voice.

There was a silence on the other side, probably to track her, and a moment later.

“Understood, we will immediately mobilize the navy, and arrive in one hour.”

“Remember to bring some navy soldiers to take over this cargo ship.”

“Understood.”

The call ended, and Tu Lan opened the warehouse door slowly, carrying Grina over her shoulder as they disappeared rapidly down the cargo ship’s corridors.

Chapter 750: Advancing 2

Half an hour later...

The whole cargo ship turned around suddenly, heading for a navy port somewhere in America at full speed.

There was the occasional gunshot or scream coming from the ship. It was the Blood Breeds that Tu Lan had controlled with Hypnosis killing their companions.

Tu Lan was sitting in the control room, looking exhausted. The Hypnotized Blood Breed captain was changing the direction of the ship obediently, accelerating as they went.

But even with her Death Apostle level and power, it was still unbearably exhausting to temporarily control so many Blood Breeds at once.

After all, Death Apostles were just Blood Breeds who were slightly stronger than upper levels, their biggest advantage was their immortality. For everything else, they were not nearly as far away from upper level Blood Breeds than others thought. At the very most, one Death Apostle was equal in combat power to four or five upper levels working together, with Ashen being the obvious exception.

So the Death Apostles’ biggest strength was their immortality, their own bodies were not overly powerful. Temporarily controlling so many Blood Breeds at once was a heavy burden even to Death

Apostles. Thankfully, Tu Lan practiced the Fantasy Fist, so she could use the Fantasy Fist Fist Technique to influence the humans on the ship. However, this fist technique was only effective for a short while, or it could cause memory loss, it was just that effective in altering memories. That required concise changes to the brain, so she had no choice but to rely on her Blood Breed Hypnosis first, and use the Fantasy Fist as support. The effect was not bad, she could more or less control the whole gigantic cargo ship into changing direction.

And by now, an hour had passed.

Dusk

"The mask is fake?" Hochman hid behind a large black rock by the sea, holding his phone to his ear and listening to the voice coming from the other side.

"Tu Lan has succeeded, return here now," Garen said calmly through the phone.

Hochman took out his two masks slightly reluctantly, and checked them carefully. Upon closer inspection, he vaguely noticed that this mask did not seem as old as he thought. It was not noticeable at first glance, but when he looked closely, he could see markings to make it look older. Normal people may not have noticed it, but with his upper level senses, he could still notice some little things were amiss.

Bam!!

He smashed the mask onto the stone hard, and it shattered into countless pieces, while a large crater appeared on the rock as well.

Hochman's expression was cold, those Blood Breeds played him! Ever since he started off, he had never suffered quite so heavy a loss.

Pressing the injury on his shoulder, his expression grew even colder.

"I understand," he replied on the phone quietly. On the other side, Garen seemed to have noticed that he was pissed off as well, and hung up immediately after a soft 'Mm'.

Tu Lan was at the level of a Death Apostle, he could not do anything to her. But there should still be one mask with Dahm...

A hint of cold flashed across Hochman's face. Picking up the phone again and trying to dial it, he went through all his powerful personal connections in his heart. Looking at the incoming call on his phone, however, he quickly decided on the best person for the job.

After dialing the number.

"Hello, I'm Hochman, is this Miss Muneteru Riko? I need your help for a little favor here."

On a luxury cruise ship

Muneteru Riko had just sat down in her room, still shell-shocked, when her phone rang.

Glancing at the caller, joy flashed through her eyes, and she hurriedly picked up the call.

"Hello, this is Riko. Is this Mr. Hochman? What do you need my help with?"

"Yes... Yes, yes... I understand." Hanging up the call, Muneteru Riko heaved a long sigh.

There were too many things she wanted to ask, but after picking up the call just now, her brain had gone completely blank, so she could not ask anything.

Hochman and those two people who look like they were filming a movie, what on earth were they?

She had heard of rumors in her supernatural circles, but she had always assumed they were only rumors. Everyone repeated them baselessly, they were merely exaggerated fiction, but she never thought that she would have the chance today to witness such a phenomenon herself.

She quickly dialed a few numbers and made some arrangements as Hochman requested, then she hesitated, and called her father's number after all. But after the call went through, she hesitated, and only told her father about her plans, without mentioning anything about the cruise ship.

She got up and walked out of the cabin, but found a pale young woman standing guard in front of her door.

She recognized her, the woman was one of the bodyguards who followed Hochman around.

"It's still very dangerous on the ship, it would be better if you don't leave your room."

"Alright." Muneteru Riko nodded and retreated back into her room.

Judging from that, the assailants must have been chased off the ship, or rather, the assailants had left. It was temporarily safe, then. She released a long breath.

Returning to her room, she suddenly remembered seeing some records about the Sleepless Faces in the books back home. Her family had once purchased a large collection of books from a European family after they weakened and fell, plus she liked reading since young, so she had snuck in and read a lot of them before. She also had a certain level of understanding towards the Sleepless Faces Hochman was looking for, those books had this bit of detailed information about that mask.

When the twelve masks were gathered, one needed to go to a certain spot to find a clue about the Final Mask. And according to the theories of that old family, there were two possibilities for that spot. All of it was recorded in that book, these things were only meant to be a record of ancient history for archeological purposes, and had no value but in collections. When Muneteru Riko thought about it now, however, she vaguely felt her chest beat fiercely.

She realized, that this might be her chance to really delve deep into the supernatural world!

Dahm crawled out of the underground palace, exhausted. The moonlight shone down from outside, landing on his body and reflecting a shade of deathly white.

Psst!

Thin threads of blood shot out of his arms and thighs suddenly.

Quickly tapping some acupoints to stop the bleeding, Dahm propped his body up and barely ran towards the meeting spot.

This was the result of his activating the First Star and then using the Final Profound, he was completely burned out.

The communicator hidden on his body had already been destroyed in the intense battle just now, so now he could not contact Caesar and the others who were outside, and could only rush out by himself.

Stumbling out of the temple's forest of stupas, he used the dark corners to sneak his way out of the temple, arriving in a dark alley next to it.

"Where's the item?" Caesar appeared at the entrance to the alley with a few others in tow.

"With me. Let's go, now!" Dahm said weakly.

Seeing how weak Dahm looked, a hint of cold hesitation flashed through Caesar's eyes.

He was wondering if he should finish off Dahm right now, Dahm was so weak, and he had so many people on his side, so he might actually manage it if he tried. After he got the mask, he could easily say that Dahm was killed by the Blood Breeds.

His only concern was whether or not Dahm was truly that weak, or whether it was all just a facade.

Caesar could not resist the temptation of the mask.

This was a chance to increase his longevity and martial arts! See how Hochman and Dahm reached the upper level in just a few years under Lord Fist Saint's training. At such a speed, if it was Caesar and the others, they should be able to reach upper level as well!!

Since Lord Fist Saint only needed a few years to train up an upper level fighter, he probably would not worry too much about one of them dying...

Before he could help it, Caesar's gaze on Dahm had changed.

"I've informed the intelligence group before coming here, they'll send reinforcements right away! Let's go now, before the Blood Breeds get here!" Dahm's gaze flashed, and he spoke quickly.

Only then did Caesar pull back his gaze slightly.

"Everyone, guard the Marshall, we retreat now!" He waved his hand, and the people from his family hurriedly helped Dahm up, the whole group rapidly retreating from the alley.

Holy Fist Palace

Garen opened his eyes and looked at the time on the alarm clock, there were several minutes left.

He reached out his hand and held the bottle of blood above Tu Lan.

He squeezed the bottle until it shattered, and the blood inside began to drip down slowly. It looked like the most viscous oil-based liquid, or something like a sugar syrup, slowly dripping onto Tu Lan's forehead.

Strangely, not one second after the blood dripped onto her, it was rapidly absorbed into Tu Lan's skin, without leaving a trace behind, as though her skin had absorbed it all.

Psst!

In the pool of blood, Tu Lan opened her eyes abruptly, and her unfocused pupils began to dilate rapidly.

Hsss...

She took a deep breath, and then released it, her chest expanding massively and then deflating like a balloon.

"How is it?" Garen asked quietly.

"Not bad, I've handed it over." Tu Lan nodded, and was not perturbed at all to show her naked body as she stood up in the pool, yanking some robes off the hangar.

"I have two masks here, but they're hidden somewhere in the cargo ship, so we need to check it. Send someone careful over," she said quickly.

"No problem," Garen understood. "Two masks... That's truly some good news..."

"I also have some bad news," Tu Lan said with a frown. "I heard from an old acquaintance that all the Blood Breed Death Apostles have vanished, they all went to—"

“To look for the remaining masks?” Garen completed her sentence.

“You know about it?” Tu Lan was slightly surprised.

Garen looked calm.

“It was not hard to guess.” He was already this close to his second Soul Seed, he could gather it at any time, but he kept feeling as though something was missing. Even if this second Soul Seed had not been completely created and hatched, his spirit had already reached an unprecedented peak because of it. His heart was completely clear and light, like a pure mirror of water, without any ripples whatsoever.

In the critical moment when he is gathering his Soul Seed, there must be as few impurities as possible, only the purest will could gather all the power of the soul, and highly compress it. This was also a little trick that Black Sethe taught him to speed up the process.

“Aren’t you afraid that they’ll destroy the masks as soon as they obtain them?” Tu Lan asked in confusion.

“If they obtain the masks, they won’t destroy them so easily...” Garen said calmly. “Nobody would be willing to give up that chance. This is a chance to be the first to break the Death Apostles’ myth of immortality...”

Once they obtain the Final Mask and achieve the Original Bloodline, they would be able to truly threaten and suppress the other Blood Apostles. Blood Apostles would no longer be symbols of immortality, and when that happens, the one possessing the Original Bloodline would truly be the only dictator, the strongest in the world!

Even at the level of power that Garen was at now, he still did not dare to wage full-on war with the Blood Breed Death Apostles, simply because he could not kill the Death Apostles. If he could not kill them, that just meant both sides would end up injured, and both would have lost.

That was not what Garen hoped for, and neither was it what the Blood Breeds wanted.