

Mystical 761

Chapter 761: Battle 1

“That’s!?” The smile on Nadia’s face froze, and she tried to jump up, but she could not move her body at all.

Bam!!

The huge hand gripped her tightly and exploded. With one clear sound, waves of water and soil splashed everywhere, and for a moment there, nothing could be seen.

In the heavy rain, on the other patch of burnt black grass, Garen stood up once more in the midst of the dragon shadows and the chaos of the explosion.

There was a bloody hole about the size of a thumb in the middle of his forehead, and blood kept flowing out from it.

Reaching out his hand to touch the wound on his forehead, Garen licked his slightly dry lips.

“Nadia, so it was you... the person who could tear apart my soul primer, who set this ambush.”

Amidst the loud sounds and tremors, the Buddha Mother’s gigantic and gruesome body slowly bulged out from the ground.

This was a giant up to a hundred meters tall, and from afar, it looked like a black mud monster with three heads and six arms, similar to the Divine General Nezha from Chinese legend. The three heads each expressed a different emotion: happiness, anger, and sorrow. Each of the six arms held a different weapon: a bottle, a long baton, a dagger, a silk ribbon, a war axe, and a ring.

Of these, the mouth of the bottle was currently aimed at Nadia's position, and it emitted a powerful suction power like that of a black hole. This was also why Nadia was fixed in the distance and could not move.

Buddha Mother, a terrifying killing machine from an unknown civilization. Even back then, Garen did not truly face the Buddha Mother head-on, it had been scared off by Garen's Profound, the Flight of the Evil Phoenix, and thought that it was the Holy Phoenix Scriptures, that was why it gave in of its own accord.

Even Garen did not know what the Buddha Mother was truly capable of.

The hundred-meter mud giant stood underneath the stormy sky, several bolts of thunder blasting past its head, the sound of thunder rolling. It looked like a strange demon god in the night, unnaturally frightening.

Just then, one of the Buddha Mother's hands was gripped tightly, keeping Nadia trapped tight. This hand originally held the silk ribbon, which was now floating around it on its own, functioning as automatic protection.

Garen was currently standing on the Buddha Mother's right shoulder, watching everything happen in the rain beneath him quietly.

A Blood Breed Death Apostle was nothing to him, even if that Mongo gathered up the power of the other three Death Apostles, they could only barely draw with Ashen, so they had no effect on him. Perhaps he had been careless during the First Star, but if he was currently in fully-fledged Fifth Star mode, nobody could withstand even one punch from him.

"Nadia, how on earth did you descend into this world?" Garen's gaze moved to the Buddha Mother's tightly-clenched fist.

Rawr!!

With a whoosh, the Buddha Mother wailed out. A large hole had been pierced through the back of its hand, and a black shadow flew out of it, floating quietly in the air at exactly the same height as Garen.

The black figure stopped moving, revealing its face. It was Nadia, who had just been ambushed by the Buddha Mother. Right now her face was even paler, and a small stream of blood was flowing down her fair right arm.

“To think you could actually harm me...” Nadia licked her lips. She(1) was no longer a projection now, but the actual thing. Looking at the Buddha Mother’s giant body, surprise flashed through her eyes. “I truly have no idea where you could have found this antique, to think it still works.”

Barroom!

Lightning flashed past, instantly illuminating their faces.

Beneath them, the Death Apostles had scattered again, becoming individuals once more, and they looked up at Garen and Nadia in the sky weakly. Carefully, they retreated to a relatively safe space. Looking up at the gigantic Buddha Mother in the empty area, they all did not know what to say. A feeling of helplessness rose in their hearts.

“Is this the Holy Fist Palace’s true trump card? We messed up this time!” the only female Death Apostle murmured in a low voice, staring at that huge black shadowy giant. She suddenly felt as though she was watching a Transformers movie.

“Even the Final Holy Technique State could not kill him. This Garen... he is no longer human,” Scarlet Moon said softly. He looked extremely weak, all three Death Apostles had just used up all of their spirit and blood to power the Final Holy Technique, so that Mongo could fight, but even then, Garen could still face them head-on and blow them away. Although they had already guessed that they would be no match for him even if they joined forces, this result was still enough to turn all their faces pale.

“What do we do now? Where did that woman come from?” Wellington asked unhappily, of everyone here, only he hated Garen down to the very fiber of his being.

“Forget about that! We still have our final trump card,” Mongo said softly, looking at the giant Buddha Mother. “For this plan, that person had properly planned out the details with us, if even this trump card doesn’t work, then we...”

“What are afraid of? We can’t beat him, but he can’t kill us either! As long as the masks can’t be gathered, the Final Mask won’t appear!” the female Death Apostle interrupted him.

The four Death Apostles had lived for at least a thousand years, so looking at the huge Buddha Mother now, they were only shocked for a moment. After that, they recovered instantly, their long lives having made them unaccustomed to shock.

“How are your conditions now?” Mongo looked at the others, “What about the people we brought?”

“I don’t know, I think it’s time we retreated,” Scarlet Moon said quietly.

“Retreat? Hahaha...”

As the words rang out, a trembling figure appeared behind them, blocking them quietly. It was AG, and Tu Lan stood quietly beside him. Tu Lan’s fingers were dripping with blood, and that blood seemed to belong to Blood Breeds rather than humans.

“AG, what are you planning!?” It was still Mongo who spoke, he was the secret party’s most mysterious Death Apostle and the last to appear. It seemed that he was also the strongest, as he could speak on behalf of the other three.

“There are three of us, and you only have two Death-Apostle-level fighters, don’t tell me you plan on keeping us here?” he spoke in a low voice.

With a loud ‘barroom’, a tremendous earthquake came from the battle not far away. Garen and that woman had evidently begun to fight for real.

“If you were at your usual, full strength, I might not be able to keep you here. But now... hahaha...” A hint of hatred appeared in AG’s eyes, “Let’s settle everything, including our grudge from before, right here and now!”

Boom!

With a tap of his staff, the ground sank underneath him, and a huge semi-circular crater appeared. On the other hand, he shot in the sky, flying straight for the four Death Apostles, his body looking illusory and translucent.

Tu Lan also made her move at the same time, raising her hand and pointing it, a transparent water-like liquid flew out of her entire body, morphing into spikes that flew at the four of them.

The four Death Apostles scattered, attempting to run away in different directions, but a purple mist immediately rose around them. This purple mist rapidly gathered into several purple walls, completely surrounding the few of them in this forest.

“The Dark Colors Witches’ Purple Light Membrane.” Mongo’s gaze changed slightly, it did not seem to occur to him that the Lightless Alliance could have gathered all their members here in such a short time, completely ignoring the Blood Alliance’s assault on their other fronts. It seemed that they were dead-set on keeping the four Death Apostles here.

“Is there any point?” The hint of anxiety in his eyes faded, “You paid such a high price, just to kill us once?”

Death Apostles could not be killed, that was a natural rule that could never fail.

So no matter how weak the four Death Apostles were, they were still confident and unafraid, just looking at AG and Tu Lan with sarcastic eyes.

“Who said we just want to kill you once?” The hatred and pleasure in AG’s eyes became even more obvious. Lifting his chin, he looked at these four Death Apostles with an unprecedented gaze of madness.

“Seal!!!” he roared abruptly.

In an instant, countless waves of purple mist rushed out from behind him like tails, and strangely, there was a hint of pale gold in the purple mist.

A deep cut appeared on the Buddha Mother's huge chest.

It stumbled back, its feet sinking heavily onto the ground, like a giant in a swamp.

Garen stood on the giant's shoulder, quietly looking at Nadia, who was floating in the air.

The heavy rain was getting thicker, the raindrops beat down on their bodies, but they did not seem to touch anything substantial at all. There were no splashes, as though the two of them were merely illusions.

Countless gazes gathered here through different devices, each of them shocked or disbelieving as they landed on the two of them.

Such a battle, in the eyes of outsiders, was no longer a battle between humans, but had already surpassed that to be the stuff of legends.

Right now, Garen had completely earned his title of humanity's strongest Holy Fist.

And the person standing opposite him had power that was as terrifying and oppressive as the endless black clouds.

Their battle was being relayed to the higher-ups of secret organizations all over the world through all sorts of devices.

This was a battle that determined the fate of the world.

"With the way you're training your secret techniques, this world is already beginning to repel you..."
Nadia waved the huge sword in her hand carelessly, "You should never have come here."

"You sure know a lot." Garen's expression did not change. He did not maintain the emission of his Fifth Star state, right now he was relying completely on the Buddha Mother to fight Nadia. He had only used the Fifth Star in that instantaneous explosion just now.

"Looking at you, I can't help but think of the old me." Nadia flicked her long hair lightly, her expression nostalgic. "The truth is I always wanted to kill you, mostly because you beat me a few times back then, so I wanted to save face. Thinking about it now, it was such a waste of time."

"A Void Creature and a Void Pursuer, haven't we always been sworn enemies? That is the True Soul vow we made to the Mother Stream," Garen said calmly.

"That's right, we're destined to be enemies... So whenever I see a Pursuer with the potential to grow, I can't help but want to destroy them," Nadia smiled, carefree. "But thinking about it, this truly is a pointless battle..."

Her expression looked lonely.

"For the past ten thousand years, I've always been wandering in the Void, with no idea what I was doing... Pointless battles, one after the other, killing off so many Pursuers."

Garen looked at her seemingly genuine expression, and did not know what to say. Up until now, he had barely lived for as long as the last few digits of her lifespan. So when it came to such a depressingly lonely life, he did not understand, neither did he wish to understand.

"What do you mean by talking so much?" The corner of his eyes swept across the Purple Light Membrane that had risen up in the distance, and he knew that the Lightless Alliance did it, while the Death Apostles were on the run.

"Your plan succeeded. They're called Death Apostles, right?" Nadia was unperturbed as she asked with a smile.

"Since I've come to this planet, I should at least leave some proof that I was here. Wouldn't you think so?" Garen replied calmly. "It's true that the Death Apostles can't be killed, but I can make them fall asleep, and stay asleep until the end of time."

The rain poured down even more intensely.

The two of them did not have anything else to say for now, because the truth was they did not bear any grudges against each other.

After fighting for so long, be it Garen or Nadia, both of them had recognized the other's power.

Garen could survive so many battles with her projections even as they grew stronger, while he grew more powerful each time. He was just like Nadia herself back then, with the blood and will of the Nine-Headed Dragon. Before she knew it, she felt as though she was seeing another version of herself, walking down another road she never had.

"The me back then failed," Nadia spoke, "then what will happen to you, walking the opposite of the road I took...? I look forward to it..."

"Ominous Space Path!" She held up her giant sword flatly in front of her. The long silver giant sword began to distort, and several pitch-black dragon shadows appeared, swirling around it, emanating piercing wails and roars.

Translator's Note:

Raws say 'he', probably a typo.

Chapter 762: Battle 2

"This time, if you can still beat me, all the grudges and debts between us will be called off." Nadia looked at Garen, who was not far away. Their battle had begun casually, then it grew frustrating due to her inability to descend upon him, then that turned to admiration and respect, and finally recognition. She had recognized him as someone worthy of the same title, a lord of the Nine-Headed Dragon.

Suddenly, she did not want to kill Garen that badly anymore. They both had the will of the Nine-Headed Dragon, she wanted to see just how far Garen could go with it.

Garen looked at her, having already vaguely sensed the changes in her.

It could be said that in the beginning, Nadia had coincidentally discovered his bloodline and thus decided to retrieve the will of the Nine-Headed Dragon by casually killing him. But after failing so many times, she seemed to have changed her mind.

“Come. Show me just how strong your true form is!”

Garen’s body abruptly sank into the Buddha Mother’s shoulder, following a crevice of mud that had opened up automatically, he arrived directly at the very core of the Buddha Mother, the control center.

The moment he sat on the seat, the whole Buddha Mother gave a huge jolt, a faint golden glow appearing all over its body. It had already been about a hundred meters tall, but now it grew even larger, copious amounts of soil flying up from the ground and gathering on its body, making its body seem even larger and more intimidating.

“Come, it doesn’t matter who wins or loses.”

Garen’s voice boomed like thunder, coming from the mouths of all three of the Buddha Mother’s heads.

In that instant, it was as though the whole Buddha Mother had become Garen’s incarnation. The two merged into one, the golden color of the Holy Phoenix Scriptures melding onto its body, making it even bigger and stronger than it had been way back in the underground garden.

Ker-chak!!

A bolt of lightning flashed past.

Nadia's long sword also moved in that instant, there was no telling if it was lightning or the gleam of a sword in the night sky. But in the blink of an eye, the huge long sword had landed abruptly straight onto the center of the Buddha Mother's chest.

The blade seemed to extend infinitely in a moment, and made the Buddha Mother shine with a crack like a white light from top to bottom.

Bam!!!

A gigantic baton landed with a crash, sending Nadia flying away. One of the Buddha Mother's arms gripped a long baton tightly, with an explosive power that even Garen could not match.

With a low roar, the Buddha Mother's giant body flew into the air, chasing after Nadia, its six arms all holding different weapons that it sent crashing mercilessly into Nadia at the same time.

Clang!!

The huge long sword emitted a sword gleam that turned into a giant silver sword, crashing into the six weapons one after the other. The Buddha Mother was actually fighting with Nadia in mid-air, the three heads and six arms turning like clockwork, while Nadia's giant sword was also insanely strong.

Even more strangely, the wound on the Buddha Mother's body from the Ominous Space Path was quickly being regenerated by the soil flying up from the ground, as though it was never wounded.

Garen sat in the center, controlling the Buddha Mother as though it was a peak-level secret technique master. It unleashed all sorts of attacks — grabbing, tapping, punching, holding, knocking — effortlessly, like a true martial arts master. Matched with the Buddha Mother's six weapons with different effects, and it was practically a flawless, unbeatable war machine.

After a long time, the giant Buddha Mother and Nadia had both flown away from the original site of the battle, ending up in the sky above some unknown forest somewhere before they landed. Like an extreme coincidence, Hochman's desperately escaping form just happened to appear beneath them. Watching the huge shadow descend from the sky, he threw his head back and roared in despair.

Baroom!

Many trees were squashed, and a large round crater large enough for two people to stand in had appeared on the ground. Hochman had already disappeared completely, turning into a mess of blood and flesh. A wisp of black smoke leaked out from beneath the Buddha Mother's foot, darting into the Buddha Mother's huge body.

Nadia's body was covered in blood, she looked quite heavily injured.

And the Buddha Mother's giant body was covered in wounds as well. Two of its arms had broken off, and one of its heads was gone. There was a large gash in half of its waist, which was rapidly absorbing soil and trees to recover itself.

Roar!!!

The Buddha Mother roared instinctively. The remaining two heads lowered, emitting a wind like a typhoon. The intense wind pressure instantly blew the grassy area where Nadia was standing into a crater shaped like a meteor.

Faced with the giant that was the gigantic Buddha Mother, Nadia held up her long sword again. In that instant, her eyes lit up.

Large swathes of shadow gathered behind her, forming a giant shadow Nine-Headed Dragon.

At the same time, as though in resonance, a black light lit up in Garen's eyes from where he was sitting inside the Buddha Mother. Countless shadows like black oil extended from underneath him, these shadows quickly spread out from the Buddha Mother's huge body, turning into nine dragon shadows of different sizes.

This was pure aura, and it also came from the battle of the Nine-Headed Dragon Wills. It had nothing to do with their bodies, just the connection between wills.

"Dragon's Roar!!"

At nearly the same time, Nadia and Garen both chose the ability at the very core, in the deepest recesses of the Nine-Headed Dragon's bloodline and will.

Two terrifying Nine-Headed Dragon shadows, each up to a thousand meters tall, raised their heads at the same time, and roared furiously at the other.

Roar... Brr!!

In the end, the roars simply became a sound of pure vibration.

The invisible tremor began with the two of them in the center, but instantly spread up to several thousand meters around them. All living creatures around them were instantly decimated by this huge spiritual tremor.

The giant python in the forest fell off the tree branch, utterly lifeless. The forest leopard tried its hardest and ran several steps away, but then it crashed into the ground head-first, and could no longer get up. The birds and black eagles flying in the sky stiffened instantly, and fell down like a rock, their bones shattering as they landed.

The moment that roar and tremor blew past, it was as though the large area of green grass and trees was covered with a layer of grey, filled with a silent aura of death.

In that invisible yet terrifying howl, the Buddha Mother instantly fell apart. It shattered into countless pieces, raining down everywhere.

The piece at the very core collapsed completely, and a black shadow flitted out of it, it was Garen.

All the muscles on his body were bulging up horrifically, as though forming armor plates on his shoulders. His body was several times taller than an average person, and he emitted a powerful aura, like that of a huge monstrous beast.

Falling down from the sky, Garen stretched out his right arm, and pressed down hard.

Bam!!!

Amidst a loud, deep sound.

That giant, boa-like arm crashed into a huge silver long sword.

Garen's expression did not change, his left arm making a light noise like a flying bird, and somehow carried up a gentle, warm wind, with a vague sound like that of crisp wind chimes.

He instantly used the Waterbird Fist's Final Profound, the Flight of the Evil Phoenix, with one hand.

Garen's left arm seemed to morph into a giant flying phoenix, flapping its wings and carrying a huge, terrifying power and penetration as it rushed for Nadia.

At the same time, Nadia raised her left knee, and met Garen's left arm.

There was another flash of golden light.

A circle of black shadows erupted between the two of them. The two huge shadowy Nine-Headed Dragons wrestled with each other, biting ferociously. In the middle of the shadows, there were Garen and Nadia.

Bam!!

Nadia was sent flying several dozen meters away, crashing past many trees and finally sinking into a mountain wall. Many rocks rolled off the mountain, nearly burying her whole.

"This is absolute power."

Garen stood on the spot, his body as large and terrifying as a demon god.

The mask on his face had shattered completely by now, revealing the face underneath. Strangely, his forehead was currently covered in golden lines, like so many golden veins, and it made him look unnaturally gruesome.

The Holy Phoenix Scriptures state allowed his spirit potential to reach its explosive maximum for a short period of time, gathering in his aura, so it had an extremely powerful destructive power.

And right now, Garen in the Fifth Star state had already achieved the peak of this body. The deficiency in his soul had also been filled up, but to his surprise, there was no movement in his mind at all. The Demonic Book, that had been one step away, was now beginning to sprout after absorbing Hochman's successful soul primer.

Once it sprouted, he would have truly created another Soul Seed.

"Black Sethe, do you see that? The second Seed is finally almost complete..." Garen glanced at Nadia's direction, murmuring softly.

But strangely, Black Sethe did not respond at all.

Garen suddenly felt something amiss.

"Black Sethe?" he called again.

There was nothing. An ominous feeling grew in his heart.

Hah!!

There was a flicker of black light in front of his eyes, and Nadia suddenly appeared in front of him, slicing at him with her sword!

Blocking the blade with a clang, Garen's other hand reached for her head fiercely.

Just then, the dragon shadow behind Nadia bit down on Garen's dragon shadow.

Garen grunted once, and retreated several steps back, a piercing pain coming from his brain.

Steadying his footing, Garen called Black Sethe a few more times quietly, but there was no response.

Standing beside a field of tree stumps, he suddenly lost all desire to fight.

"To think that you still disappeared in the end." He did not feel sorrow, just the same sort of sorrow he felt in the Totem World. He was left alone again...

Facing Nadia, he already knew the outcome of this match.

"There's no need to fight anymore," he said suddenly.

Nadia was also standing between the trees, covered in blood and breathing fast.

"You won." She sat down on a tree stump, and raised her head. "Don't want to fight anymore?"

"This body of yours is the main reason you descended here," Garen said calmly. "This is not your body." It was not her true body, meaning it could not be revived, it only had one life. It was simply one level stronger than a projection, that was all.

"You noticed?" Nadia laughed. "Let's call it quits, then. That friend of yours disappeared? Hahaha... You feel it now, don't you? Our very own Void..."

"Is this how you've been living for the past ten thousand years?" Garen asked softly, his body slowly returning to his normal height. Now that the victory had been decided, the two of them became like good friends. With no intention to continue fighting, they actually stood together and began to chat idly.

“It repeats over and over again, like a cycle. I’ve gotten used to it a long time ago,” Nadia said with a carefree smile. She was beginning to bleed from all the orifices on her face, evidently her internal injuries were acting up.

First she had fought the Buddha Mother, which, under Garen’s control, was equivalent to a larger, powered-up version of Garen, with terrifying power. After that, she fought against Garen’s true self with the Fifth Star. This body that Nadia had descended with could no longer take any more injuries, it was already on the brink of collapse.

“You win again this time...” Nadia looked up at the sky, “You have to be careful, that golden secret technique of yours will be repelled by the planet. As you are right now, there’s no way to resist that. Don’t let yourself enter the Void carelessly, the war between the Warlocks and the Void is about to start again...”

Sitting there, her voice gradually grew softer, smaller, weaker, until finally she was completely lifeless.

With a smack, that huge sword also shattered completely, turning into countless dots of silver light that gradually faded into the air.

Garen suddenly had a feeling, that perhaps it was about time to leave again. That powerful sense of repulsion was getting stronger, and he calculated the time. When his Soul Seed formed, that would be the time for him to truly leave this world.

Chapter 763: Settled 1

The heavy rain flew in the wind, pouring down in spades. Visibility went no further than a couple meters.

In the torn-up forest, trees were bent and broken, the leaves mingling with the grass, all of it slowly growing purple.

In the middle of the forest, a large cloud of purple mist had directly covered up an area several dozen meters in diameter.

AG and Tu Lan stood next to each other in front of the purple mist, quietly watching the roiling mist inside. A stream of purple liquid flowed out from underneath both their feet, going straight into the purple cloud.

As the purple stream flowed away, the two of them also grew slightly paler.

"How is it?" Tu Lan asked softly.

AG's whole body was drenched in the rain, the rainwater flowing down his hair and face, completely soaking his clothes, but he did not care at all. He just kept his eyes fixed on the roiling purple mist in front of him.

"We have gathered all this poisonous mist specifically to counter them over such a long period of time, and we also melted our Death-Apostle-level vital blood into power to suppress them, they should be unconscious right now."

" hundred and twenty-eight poisons and hallucinogens specifically targeted at Blood Breeds, even I would not be able to escape that within a short period of time. Our witchcraft will probably be successful this time." Tu Lan nodded. She had only asked so she could determine whether their plan had succeeded this time or not.

"I never expected it, I had even been a member of the Wellington family, but now I'm gonna make a move against my own clan chief," she sighed.

"There's a saying from the East, that water flows to the depths and people walk towards the heights. The old and broken should be eliminated, this is the natural selection of the new over the old," AG said matter-of-factly. "Speaking of which, are you interested in becoming an Elder of our Lightless Alliance? Until now, we only have three Elders in myself, Garen and Nasira."

"An Elder?" Tu Lan began to consider it.

From the battle with the Death Apostles just now, she could tell that AG earned his title as a witch equivalent in power to the Death Apostles. He had strange and unpredictable moves, took the initiative to rush forth for close-distance combat, but he also later lured the enemy into breaking ranks, allowing the purple mist to instantly separate the four of them.

Compared to Blood Breeds, witches with power equivalent to Blood Apostles definitely had many more moves. Although they did not have the immortality Blood Breeds had, their many different moves were also rather troublesome to counter.

Tu Lan thought about it, and at the same time, the black grassy plain that had been reduced to ashes and had fallen silent, began to ring again with light footsteps.

In the pouring rain, these footsteps were barely audible, but AG and Tu Lan were both top-level fighters, so they naturally could immediately tell where the steps were coming from, and they raised their head to look at that direction.

Through the veil of rain, a familiar figure was slowly walking towards them.

Blonde-haired and one-eyed, with handsome features, the clothes on his upper body had been completely stripped away, revealing powerful muscles. On his lower half, he only wore black slacks.

"Garen!" AG's expression lit up. "You won?!"

It was not only him, beside him, Tu Lan looked rather happy as well. Garen's appearance clearly indicated that he had won his battle with that mysterious woman from just now.

"How are things on your side?" Garen glanced at the purple mist, and felt the highly poisonous mist roiling inside, frowning slightly.

"This is the top-level poison mist I created, those four should have probably all fainted by now, their regeneration ability will definitely be drastically reduced by this," AG said confidently. "Not only is this purple mist highly poisonous, it also contains the combined power of Nasira and the hundred witches under her command, so it is completely airtight and secure. There is no way they can escape!"

Garen nodded, and said no more. AG and Tu Lan wanted to ask him about that mysterious woman, but they did not know how to start.

Garen was also just waiting quietly for the purple mist's time to end.

He had also guessed that the Blood Alliance would merge with Nadia, that was his worst case scenario, but he had prepared for it nonetheless. In the end, it proved useful.

The Blood Alliance had already thrown everything into this gamble, even their mysterious fighter who no one knew about was willing to join the Alliance, so it was obvious that they had gotten desperate.

"What about Ashen?" he asked quietly.

"There's a good guy right there. No need to worry about him, as long as we don't kill the Death Apostles, he won't make the first move, he should probably be recuperating in Australia right now," AG replied. "He's already contacted me directly, the Blood Alliance has nothing to do with him from now on. I bet these guys from the Blood Alliance totally broke his heart, hehe..." He chuckled deeply.

"End it quick," Garen sighed. Suddenly he felt bored of it all, fighting back and forth with the Blood Breeds was actually an exercise in futility. In his eyes, the Blood Breeds were no more than this world's backwater natives, fragile and weak.

But thinking about the situation from before, Garen still perked himself up, and maintain vigilance.

After all, Madia had used this common understanding of theirs to hide her secret plan in the Blood Breed Death Apostles' attack. It was exactly that Death Apostle Mongo whom he looked down on, that suddenly used something he could not control while attacking, and managed to wound Garen. After that, he was nearly ambushed by Nadia. If it weren't for the Buddha Mother giving him time to catch his breath and lighten his injuries, that instant would probably have been enough to kill Garen in an instant.

A hole in his soul as well as a sneak attack wounding the middle of his forehead., if he did not have the Buddha Mother, he might truly have fallen right there and then,

Looking at the cloud of purple mist in front of him. Garen raised his hand lightly, the shadow behind him abruptly elongating, turning into a wisp of black smoke that darted into the purple mist.

“Let me speed up the process.”

The assimilation of the black smoke into the purple mist seemed to give it a huge push.

This black smoke of Garen’s was actually the Slaughtering Hand Life Force that he had trained to preserve Black Sethe. By mixing this Life Force with his aura and emitting it to add it to the purple mist, he used the changes in Nasira and co’s witchcraft to turn it into a huge driving force.

In just an instant, the roiling purple mist grew a lot thicker.

Seeing such an intense change, AG’s pupils dilated slightly, but he hid it quickly. Beside him, Tu Lan glanced at him without her expression changing, but no one knew if she had noticed his expression. Once the Blood Alliance’s four great Death Apostles were sealed off and unconscious, the Blood Alliance would no longer be a threat, and the strongest power in the world would be the Lightless Alliance. When that time comes, the struggle for power...

As Garen joined in, the purple mist finally finished its process, and as AG and Tu Lan watched on, dumbfounded, the witchcraft that should have taken another half hour rapidly began to dissipate after a mere twenty-or-so seconds.

At the very core of the purple mist, there was a deathly pale sphere of roiling white mist, this mist slowly fell to the ground after the purple mist dissipated.

Bam!

The white mist sphere burst apart instantaneously, and immediately vanished without a trace. The four Death Apostles who had been there all disappeared, leaving behind a white stone plaque embedded into the ground. There were extremely complicated symbols and glyphs flowing on the stone plaque.

“Allow me.” AG took one step forward, his staff pausing after it tapped the ground.

Instantly, the purple stream under his and Tu Lan’s feet disappeared completely, and the black smoke that Garen shot out also flew back to him of its own accord.

Another pause.

The symbols on the stone plaque began to spin rapidly.

The last pause.

Pst-pst-pst-pst!!!

In an instant, the entire stone plaque broke apart abruptly, turning into four wisps of white smoke that shot off in four directions, disappearing into the veil of rain in an instant.

“It is complete.” AG heaved a breath, “There are specially-designed suppression tombs in the four directions, used to suppress the Death Apostles vital blood and Blood Nucleus, as long as we keep maintaining the poison supply, there’s no way they can wake up for another few thousand years.”

“Ashen is still around,” Tu Lan reminded him.

“As long as we have His Excellency Garen, Ashen is meaningless by himself,” AG laughed. “We have His Excellency Garen to thank this time for heavily wounding the four Death Apostles, otherwise we would not be able to suppress them this easily either.”

“Forget it, let’s go back.” Garen, however, did not look particularly happy. He turned away and walked into the heavy rain, the sound of an engine approaching from the distance, evidently the Holy Fist Palace’s army was rushing here.

AG and Tu Lan exchanged a glance, both slightly surprised. They had destroyed the Blood Breeds and suppressed them completely, this was a great deal, but Garen seemed kind of listless and disinterested.

But no matter what, AG still felt extremely happy. He had finally gotten his long-awaited revenge, and the troubles he had always kept in his heart were solved, so he felt unspeakably light.

Within a few short days, the people in power throughout all the continents and countries in the world had all heard of the battle between the Lightless Alliance and the Blood Alliance.

They had been controlled by the Blood Alliance before, but now they all saw the way things were going, and all turned to stand in line behind the Lightless Alliance. At that moment, thanks to mass propaganda against them, the Blood Breeds became the villains in the eyes of all. Some past events as a result of other triggers were also forced onto the Blood Breeds, in order to persuade the unknown and unknowing public.

The United Nations quickly declared a blood-sucking rabies epidemic one week later, and made all Blood Breeds, including vampires, examples of this epidemic. They even announced the features of this disease all across the world, and requested that all countries quarantine such patients, in order to prevent them from wreaking havoc in society.

According to the symptoms spread by the United Nations, the main characteristics of blood-sucking rabies included a pale complexion and eyes that turned red when the person was angry. The patient also needed to drink blood every so often. They also had mental problems, in that they would think that they were vampires, resulting in physical and mental confusion.

Immediately, the Holy Fist Palace and the Lightless Alliance sent their men out to help the governments catch these 'blood-sucking patients'. The Holy Fist Palace found the Blood Alliance headquarters almost immediately. After Tu Lan took the lead and killed some stubborn ones, they absorbed most of the Blood Breeds from the old light party, and the extremist secret party members were mostly killed in secret. The global situation began to settle down.

Standing on the roof of a tall building, Garen's hair billowed in the wind.

He was holding a cup of freshly-brewed green tea, there was still steam rising from it. Standing by the banister, Garen looked down at Washington at night.

The Capitol in the distance looked like half an upside-down cucumber, and was strangely funny. Under the illumination of the nighttime lights, the whole building was dyed platinum.

Beside the Capitol, there was a scattering of tightly-packed buildings, their light looking like sand in a desert, more lights than one could count. The different colors — red, yellow, white, and blue — wove together, with some black shadows in between.

The flow of traffic vaguely seen between the buildings was like a golden river, moving slowly but steadily, as though it was the pulse of the whole city.

Garen drank his sweetened green tea and looked down at the gigantic city below.

“What do you plan to do after this?” he asked quietly, in perfect Spanish.

Chapter 764: Settled 2

“What plans?” a man behind him repeated softly, “I’m doing very well in Spain right now. I found a school, and now I’m teaching children.”

A slender man suddenly walked out of the pitch-black shadows on the roof. The man was dressed completely in white, and had white hair. Even his skin had a translucent sheen of white. There was an indescribable sense of freedom in his eyes. He was completely different from when Garen first met him.

“This sure is different from the Ashen I first met,” Garen said mildly.

"I really like this kind of life right now. No battles, no plotting, it's very calm and normal." Ashen seemed to have become a lot more cheerful.

"I never would have thought," Garen turned around, "that the strongest Blood Breed in the world would become a teacher in a human school." He looked at the strongest Blood Breed, Castine, who had suddenly invited him here. Connecting that with the information he just received, he too felt something that he could not quite describe.

"How are Arisa and Isaros doing?" he asked quietly.

"Not bad, my wedding with Isaros is coming up soon, you'd better come join the celebration," Castine laughed. Although the sound still seemed soft and weak, it gave off a crystal clear feeling.

Garen sighed a little inside. He had just found out that Isaros was getting married, and the person she was getting married to was the Blood Breed Ashen Castine. When they met the parents back then, tables were nearly flipped at the family gathering.

Afterward, he found out that after Ashen was critically wounded in the battle with him, Isaros had found him while he was recuperating, hoping to remove the Scarlet Moon Holy Technique deep in their consciousness. Perhaps a lot of things happened when they were interacting.

Apparently Scarlet Moon had appeared in the process as well, and assuming that Isaros and Arisa were on Garen's side, he tried to kill them. Ashen saved their lives, and somehow or another, the two of them fell in love.

Garen finally understood why the sisters kept giving him that indescribable feeling, this proved that the feeling was right. As a result of the Scarlet Moon Secret Technique, she had actually gotten hooked up with the number one Death Apostle. No one could have imagined this wedding, perhaps there was another long story behind it.

"I don't want to bother with these things anymore, isn't your Holy Fist Palace doing a good job with it? With Tu Lan around, the Blood Breeds have a place to return to, and the world is at peace again." Castine chuckled, as though he had truly let go. "I just want to live a peaceful life, like a normal person."

"Do you know what they're doing?" Garen suddenly asked out of the blue.

Castine froze for a moment, and his smile vanished.

"I don't want to care, and I can't. Besides, with you around, no one would dare disturb the order, isn't that right? —"

"I'm leaving," Garen interrupted him.

Both of them fell silent.

There was only the sound of the wind blowing past the roof, carrying a hint of cold.

"Humans are never satisfied. Once they have power, they'll want more," Garen said calmly. "In order to attain immortality, they will come after you sooner or later."

The Holy Fist Palace was now the number one power, and many of the higher-ups were the people in high positions from before, such as Cece, such as Quentin now, Xander, and many other higher-ups from the combat club who joined later.

The Royal Fist Technique could extend one's lifespan, but how could it compare to the Blood Breeds' natural immortality? The battle had just died down, if it weren't for Garen iron-fisted suppression, there would probably have been many people who tried to research the Blood Breeds' immortality with violent means, and even others who would be deeply interested in the mystery of the Death Apostles. Out of the only remaining Death Apostles, Tu Lan had a high position, so no one would dare touch her. But Castine was different, he was alone outside, and his personality was unnaturally weak, if someone caught the people important to him and threatened him with them, he'd give up in a heartbeat. That was exactly how the secret party could ambush him last time.

The human greed was limitless.

Castine wanted a peaceful life, but that would never be more than an illusion.

"You're leaving?" Castine paused, "Where to?"

"I probably can't ever come back..." Garen replied calmly. Recently he could feel the repulsion of the planet grew stronger and heavier. No matter how powerful he was, he was still just a single individual. Even Nadia could not fight against a planet on her own, much less Garen. Faced with this repulsion, he could only stay for a few more days at the most.

"Then what do you plan to do?" Castine looked at this young man, rumored to be in his twenties, and suddenly felt that his mind was far older than twenty.

"At first I planned to pass on the position of Holy Fist to you, but now that seems impossible," Garen said calmly. When he found out that Castine was somehow Isaros' husband, he had that thought. After all, he was the most powerful, with him in the throne, he could lord over all the Blood Breeds and humans, but now Garen could tell that he was set on retirement.

"Come back to the Holy Fist Palace and become Vice Palace Master, I'll pass the position of Holy Fist to Tu Lan." They were the only two suited for the job, neither of them had many ambitions, so they could hamper the Lightless Alliance and AG's plans from the throne.

This was especially because he would soon be retrieving all the soul primers. When that happens, the Holy Fist Palace would no longer be bound by anything material, so they would need a powerful force to keep them together.

"I'll consider it." Castine lowered his head and thought for a while, but still nodded slightly in the end.

Isaros and Arisa had no parents, so they had basically become part of Garen's family. Isaros also learned all her martial arts from Garen, and that saved her life many times. A whole series of ties made the two sides unspeakably close, until they were practically one big family. With that in mind, Garen had no reason to harm him.

Garen had a feeling that after he left, the whole world might descend into chaos once more. The Blood Breeds' longevity, and the Blood Breeds' immortality, these were all the root of all chaos. On the surface, the Holy Fist Palace looked stable in power, but in truth, he had created all this with his iron fist, so once he was gone, all the factions from all over would definitely start to grow restless.

But none of this had anything to do with him anymore, he was most concerned with his arrangements for his family. As the most loyal students of the Holy Fist Palace, Ninox, Quentin, and Xander were all reliable, and Ashen's personality meant that he was no problem either. With this group banded together, even if Tu Lan had any other thoughts, she would not make a move easily.

Nevertheless, nothing in the world is absolute, and even the most perfect or secure safety measures would one day be broken.

Garen knew very well that after he left, no one in this world would be able to surpass the Blood Breed Death Apostles, and Ashen would always be the number one Blood Breed, no competition.

After all, no one would have Soul Seeds, or attribute talents. Even the undying Blood Breeds would not be able to reach the highest heights since their secret techniques were not good enough.

Garen sighed inwardly, in the end he still decided not to leave behind any of the true peak-level secret techniques he practiced. Other than the Fantasy Fist, be it the original Waterbird Fist, or the Shooting Shadow Secret Technique, or even the White Cloud Secret Technique, all of these secret techniques were only powerful because his soul primer maintained them at top form. They were mostly good for fighting and killing, not for leveling up and cultivating. Dahm and Hochman were only so powerful because of the soul primer.

Once he called back the primers, their battle ability would drop a notch, and the effect would be felt the most in their practicing speed. That speed would drop drastically, the reason they could level up so quickly before was also because the after-effects were shared by the soul primer, so they did not have to worry. Once he retrieved them, that meant they would have to carry the burden of these after-effects themselves. That was when they would see just how cruel a demonic technique could be.

They leveled up quickly and grew very powerful, but one misstep, and they would die very quickly too...

Only when he thought of that did Garen realize just how big an impact his leaving would have on the whole Holy Fist Palace.

"Aren't you afraid that the Blood Breeds would train in the secret techniques and become unstoppable?" Castine asked.

“The strongest Blood Breed with secret techniques would still be no match for you, secret techniques were tailored for humans after all, they would reach a certain bottleneck and be unable to progress from there, because their make-up is different,” Garen said, shaking his head. He glanced at Castine. “If you can’t help it, retire.”

This sentence came out of nowhere, and Castine did not understand, but Garen’s expression when he said it carved those words deep into his mind, until he could not forget it even if he tried.

Holy Fist Palace

The huge palace on the snowy mountain, matched the snowy-white ocean of clouds beneath it, made it look like it was built on the clouds, with the same airy feeling as a divine palace of the gods.

The many people walking up the mountain were all members, come to visit, to look around, to learn, to exchange. There were also several teams from the Palace in charge of logistics and the like, practically forming several long lines, flowing into the Holy Fist Palace from all directions like streams flowing into the ocean.

People walked in and out of the Palace, Garen was holding an internal conference, the external matters were mostly handled by Tu Lan. By now, the Holy Fist Palace had swollen up to an extreme degree, while the combat club and the Nighthawks grew bigger and stronger.

“You guys go rest, I want to walk around on my own,” Raffaele said to the two young ladies taking care of her as they walked down a corridor in the Palace.

“Alright, please contact us with your communicator if you need anything.” The two girls were happy to get a break as well, smiling as they quickly retreated.

Raffaele watched as they slowly disappeared down the corner of the corridor, and felt her heart lighten up a bit. Then she quickly walked towards the place she had committed to memory from before.

Ever since she received the news of the Blood Alliance's overwhelming defeat, Raffaele understood for the first time just how powerful the Holy Fist Alliance was. Apparently the Fist Saint Garen had defeated the four Great Death Apostles all by himself, and was as unstoppable as a demon god!

This difference was worlds apart, and it let Raffaele truly understand what Mother meant by the root of chaos. In just twenty years, he had surpassed the Death Apostles' accumulation over several thousand years, this was an existence that should not exist, it went against the rules of nature. His very being was a tumor that disrupted the natural cycle of life.

But according to Mother's predictions, this Fist Saint Garen, known as the strongest in the world, still had a fatal flaw. Or rather, according to the prediction, this flaw was also the whole Holy Fist Palace's flaw. She just had to break that flaw, and she could directly destroy the foundations of Garen's martial arts, as well as those of the entire Holy Fist Palace higher-ups.

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Following her memories, Raffaele quickly arrived at the secret room she had been at before.

Opening the door to the room with ease, she walked in and closed the door behind her. Raffaele walked straight to the wall at the very bottom of the room.

She rubbed the ring on her finger a few times, and the ruby on it immediately emitted a red laser-like light. The light shone on the wall, and immediately, it reflected a few spots of pure white back.

Raffaele was instantly overjoyed.

"The thing is still here. He hasn't noticed yet!"

She felt around the wall for a bit and found that ring again, tugging at it hard.

Crack...

Amidst the soft noises, she pulled a stone platform shaped like a cuboid out of the wall. There was a metallic cylinder embedded in the middle of the platform.

Raffaele grabbed the cylinder's ring. She pulled at it, but it was surprisingly heavy, and did not budge at all.

She frowned, and began to chant softly.

"Mother, grant me courage, blessings, and strength."

As soon as she said those words, a red light flashed past her hands, and she just had to pull lightly, instantly lifting up the entire cylinder.

There was a hollow space in the middle of the cylinder, and inside there was a notebook with a black shell. For some reason, this book gave off a strange feeling, as though it was absorbing all the light from its surroundings, just like a black hole.

"This is it!" Raffaele quickly flicked her finger, and instantly held the notebook in her hands. She flipped through it lightly, and found that it was full of all sorts of high level secret techniques! She immediately looked ecstatic.

She quickly took a red paper board from her pocket, it was covered densely with many glyphs and symbols. She pressed this against the notebook.

"Mora!"

She quietly recited the chant to activate it.

Immediately, there was a burst of red light, and both the paper board and the notebook vanished at the same time.

"I did it!" Raffaele felt instantly relieved. Pulling the cylinder back again, she quickly left the secret room, looking left and right down the corridors. Once she was sure that no one had noticed her, she strode confidently down the other corner.

Not long after she turned the corner, Garen's figure abruptly appeared at the entrance to the secret room. He looked at the direction Raffaele had left in, but did not enter the secret room.

"Don't we need to deal with her?"

Tu Lan's figure slowly appeared behind Garen.

"It's too late," Garen shook his head slightly, turning around to glance at Tu Lan. "I might need to leave."

"Leave?" Tu Lan was slightly taken aback. "Where to?"

"I don't know..." Garen lowered his voice. "If I leave, would you be willing to protect the Holy Fist Palace for me?"

Tu Lan looked thoughtful. She did not brush it aside, but instead she thought about it very seriously for more than ten minutes, and Garen did not seem impatient either, waiting for her quietly.

"I think it would be hard for me to stay for a hundred years," Tu Lan spoke after much consideration. "If it weren't for you, I would have left to train secret techniques on my own a long time ago. That would feel much better than wasting time here."

"You sure are honest." Garen shook his head and laughed, only then did he remember that Tu Lan's true personality had always been lazy and unambitious, living each day as it came.

"The only reason I'd stay a hundred years would be for you." Tu Lan pouted, acting uncharacteristically mischievous. "I'll watch your house for a hundred years."

Her eyes shifted. "Or else... Just take me with you."

"Hah?" Garen did not expect to hear her say that all of a sudden. "Why?"

"It's boring without you...With you around, I have a proper target to chase," Tu Lan replied very honestly.

Garen was speechless, and decided to just ignore her. If he could take someone with him, he would have done it a long time ago, and this time was not like the last. This time the planet was repelling him of its own accord. The Holy Phoenix Scriptures truly were impressive, they could help the Buddha Mother reach another level, a terrifying level. If he was perfectly honest, without the powered-up Buddha Mother, he probably could not have defeated Nadia. In the end, when the Buddha Mother had been utterly beaten up and broken, the body Nadia had descended into was already on the brink of collapse, and he only beat her because he faced her head-on in the Fifth Star state.

Although all these details were included in his calculations, the Buddha Mother powering up did indeed surpass his expectations, the Holy Phoenix Scriptures merged with the Buddha Mother, increasing its power again.

"The world will become boring when you leave."

As Garen left the corridor, Tu Lan shouted from behind him.

"Who knows?"

Garen shrugged.

On a small island near the North Pole

The icy cold seawater kept washing over the black rocks by the shore of the little island. The whole island was covered with black rocks, and it looked just like an oval black pebble in the middle of the blue sea.

In the blue sky, the sunlight was cold rather than warm, and the scattered clouds were like flights of stairs, floating slowly in the sky. Several fluffy white seagulls also flew past occasionally, some diving head-first into the sea and then quickly flying out again, with decently-sized fishes in their mouths.

Somewhere in the island's forest of black rocks, a beautiful woman with long white hair was crouching down slowly, looking at something placed on a red stone slab on the ground.

It was a pitch-black notebook, thick, with a cover like a whirlpool that absorbed the gazes of all living creatures around it.

The woman's long white hair dragged on the floor, scattered all over her. Even if you looked closely, you would not know just how long it was, the strands of long hair tangled and twined together, forming a road behind her like a long train.

She picked up the notebook lightly.

"This is the root to the Fist Saint Garen's martial arts?" she murmured softly, lightly brushing away the bits of dust that had landed on the book.

"I just have to destroy it and critically wound the Fist Saint, then the world will return to its original path..." the woman murmured, a hint of determination in her eyes.

She flipped open the book lightly, and the contents inside presented themselves to her eyes.

They were lines upon lines, and paragraphs upon paragraphs of strange, unknown words. The words seem to have some sort of magic that kept her gaze glued to it, until she could not pull away.

The martial arts contents in there had, in an instant, opened up a path for her that she had never once imagined.

"This— This is—?!" The woman's expression changed slightly, and she wanted to push the book away, but her hands grabbed it tightly despite herself, keeping it within her line of vision. She suddenly had a

feeling that if she could learn all the martial arts recorded here, perhaps she could walk down a brand new, unprecedented path of evolution based on her own current foundations.

All of a sudden, she sensed an unknown gaze land on her head in an instant.

“Satellite tracking?” She frowned slightly, looking up at the sky, then she quickly kept the notebook away, disappearing into the forest of black rocks with a few bounds.

That gaze swept past the island and seemed to find nothing, continuing to sweep on its merry way.

America, the CIA

“We didn’t find anything, perhaps our satellite system is not concise enough yet,” an old admiral said softly in front a giant blue screen. He watched the red dots blinking on the world map on the screen, then he turned his head around to look at the young man dressed in white beside him.

“Thank you for your cooperation, but I can track her myself.” The man had golden hair, but one of his eyes seemed to be slightly rolled back, as though he was blind in one eye. It was Garen, who had come out from the Holy Fist Palace. “The reason I’m here this time is because I need you to help me gather manpower. I can lead the way to the Lion Mother’s old base.”

“Your Excellency the Fist Saint can actually find items that have completely disappeared? What a magical martial arts.” The old admiral looked rather interested.

“You can try to practice it if you’re interested.”

“I’ll try.” The old man nodded.

He adjusted his earpiece, listening to the collective responses from the outside world through it.

“The fifth fleet is all ready, you can go out to sea with the ship. The fleet commander, Hente, is a fourth-generation disciple of yours, he’s training in the White Cloud Secret Technique.”

“In that case, many thanks.” Garen nodded and walked up to the world map, looking at the map on the blue screen. He reached out his hand slowly, and tapped a part of the sea near the North Pole lightly with his finger.

“Over here.”

“You sure she’s there? There’s nothing on the naval map, it’s just sea.” The admiral frowned.

“No, there’s a small island there,” Garen replied with certainty.

“Perhaps it’s a matter of proportions. Some islands are too small to be seen on the map, we can zoom in and see.” The admiral did not seem to move, but the map on the screen magnified all of a sudden, zooming in from a view of the world to that piece of sea, and soon enough, a black dot the size of a sesame seed appeared on the screen.

“Eh?” The admiral was slightly surprised. “There really is an island.”

The screen zoomed in some more, and the black dot was instantly magnified, turning from a sesame seed to a small apple, and further, until it was the size of a basin. There was the occasional wisp of the clouds floating past, covering up parts of the island.

From the satellite footage, they could vaguely see that the island was covered with pitch-black rock formations, with no forests or any trace of green.

“This is the biggest we can go. There seems to be something interfering,” the admiral said, frowning.

“This is the place.” Garen looked at the image on the screen carefully. “Inform the fleet to head straight for this island.”

“Alright, operation codename Lionhunt, commence!” the admiral said solemnly after nodding.

Garen looked at the black pebble island, and smiled strangely.

“I’ll give Pentagon a copy of the Lion Mother’s knowledge about witchcraft this time, and I’ll also retrieve my things. Let’s work well together.”

“Of course, let’s.” There was a hint of desire and excitement in the admiral’s eyes.

Compared to the Holy Fist Fist Technique, he was more interested in the mysterious witchcraft, and the Lion Mother had achieved Death Apostle-levels of strength, she was the ruler of the witches all over the world. If this top-secret mission were to succeed, they would gain knowledge about Death Apostle-level witch’s training, that was a temptation beyond imagination.

That was also why, when they found out that Gare was going to attack the ruler of the witches, many factions all gathered up their power to finally mobilize an entire American navy fleet. Under the guise of practice drills, they launched a top-secret assault straight away.

As for the revenge of the witches after this, they knew that even the old secret party’s Blood Breeds had all been killed at the height of their power, and many of the light party’s Blood Breeds joined the Holy Fist Palace because of Ashen. Among the Blood Breeds, most of the power still rested with the light party, after all, they had been leading the Blood Breeds for far too long.

Most of the light party’s Blood Breeds wished for a peaceful human life, that was also why they joined the Holy Fist Palace so quickly.

Just like that, the power of the Lightless Alliance snowballed, growing bigger and stronger. In comparison, the power of the witches was diminishing, and barely worth a mention.

With the situation the way it was, even if the witches retaliated, they would have no effect on the Lightless Alliance at the peak of their power. After all, there were just too few of them.

“Then I’ll personally make a trip there.” Garen pulled back the finger he had pressed against the map.”

“Good luck.”

“I never believed in luck,” Garen smiled, and turned to leave the command room.

Chapter 766

Half a day later...

As the evening hours approached, the afternoon light started to dim.

White steel battleships started to appear on the horizon one by one as they surrounded the small black island. Their thick cannons were aimed at the island and jets started to appear in the sky like a swarm of bees.

There were at least ten military satellites in the sky monitoring this nautical area.

Among the aircraft carriers, the largest white aircraft carrier was like a gigantic, notched, white log of driftwood as it positioned itself near an island in the deep sea area, aiming at the black island a distance away.

Surrounding it were at least tens of ships of various sizes.

Garen and a few high ranking captains stood at the ship’s bow, looking at the black island from afar. The evening light bathed onto them, giving off a soft luster as it reflected off their white uniforms.

Behind them were multiple aircraft carriers with jets preparing to take off. As its engine roared, the wind gusted strongly, causing people’s shirts to flap wildly.

Garen too was in a general military uniform. It was a unique ranking military uniform given to him by the country’s secret service to avoid being exposed during the military practice.

Surprisingly, Baldy of the Nighthawks and Tu Lan were among the high ranking officers.

"The surveillance aircraft has sent back its data on the details of the map. The aircraft carrier team in the area did not detect any submarines and not even a human figure," the captain reported softly to Garen through the ear microphone. The jet's roar was so loud that they couldn't listen properly if they talked face to face.

"Are you sure there's no sign of anyone?" Garen frowned.

"Yes. There's no sign of human activity," the captain responded personally as he knew that Garen and his men were not familiar with the fleet's system as they were all outsiders.

"Prepare to fire all at once," Garen took over the captain's military binoculars as he looked at the island far away.

The island was completely deserted and was only filled with uneven surfaces of black rocks.

"Level this island," Garen ordered calmly.

"Understood," the captain nodded as he commanded his fleet through the ear microphone.

Soon, the ship at the very front started its bombardment.

Boom boom boom boom boom....!

Among the explosions of bombardment, the first cannon barrel recoiled instantly and white smoke constantly billowed from it. Then, the remaining cannon barrels on the ship fired off at the same time.

Following its lead, the other battleships fired off as well.

The series of bombardment shook the whole island as smokes, vapor, dust, and pebbles flew up in the sky. The black stones on the small island were instantly turned into dust. The small island was

bombarded as if it was being hammered by a person with a huge hammer, flattening everything on the surface. With every bombardment, a huge amount of black rubble flew about everywhere.

Soon the whole island was engulfed in black smoke.

After a while, the whole island's upper region was filled with white smokes and dust.

"Board the island!" Garen gestured his hands and he immediately started jumping from the battleship into the sea.

A small boat appeared out of nowhere and caught him coincidentally before heading straight for the small island at full speed.

Tu Lan and Nighthawks jumped down as well and, similar to Garen, were caught by the boat and went straight to the island.

Other than these three, no one else dared to get close the island. This was because Garen had arranged beforehand and stated that those who did not possess enough strength would die regardless.

Three boats raced towards the small island. Soon they slowed down as there were huge amounts of hidden coral reefs in the shallow region surrounding the island.

"Let's go!"

Garen stood up, sprinted on the water surface and went straight to the island while the others followed from behind. Tu Lan was a natural at this and Baldy of the Nighthawks, who practiced the Shooting Shadow Secret Technique, had managed to learn this in the Holy Fist Palace.

The bombardment stopped and there were jets revolving the island, observing the situation below and feeding the latest intel to Garen and the other two.

After a few splashes on the water, Garen gently landed on a flat surface beside the black stone crater as he adjusted his headset.

“Be alert of the surrounding at all times. Notify me immediately as soon as you notice anything strange.”

“Understood,” a response was immediately sent through the headset.

Garen looked over the horizon and most of the obstacles on the small islands were flattened out and craters formed by the cannons could be seen everywhere. The whole area was a total mess.

“Come out Lion Mother. I know you’re here.”

He slowly walked to the center of the island but still, no one responded.

Without the slightest change in expression, he soon arrived at the edge of a normal looking crater with the other two as they scanned their surrounding.

Boom!!

He stomped the ground with all his might and the ground instantly exploded as if it was hit by an explosive, forming another crater that rivaled the crater formed by the cannon.

What was even more ridiculous was that the rubbles flying off from the newly formed crater didn’t even hit the other two at all.

The power he showcased with his leg made those crew members who had never witnessed the strength of the Holy Fist Palace stared with their mouths wide open.

After stomping out a crater, he gently jumped into the crater with the other two and stomped on the ground once more.

Boom!!

This time, rubbles didn't fly out from the ground but a pitch black hole was formed underneath his leg.

"This is it!" Garen's gaze changed a little bit. When he realized that he had found his target, he immediately jumped into the pitch black hole while Nighthawks and Tu Lan followed behind without any hesitation.

Inside the hole was a pitch black rugged tunnel. As the trio sprinted forward, they soon noticed a faint glimpse at the front.

It was the end of the tunnel and it was glowing blue.

They sprinted into the light and arrived at a huge and spacious cave lighted in blue.

There was an unimaginably beautiful naked woman with white hair standing calmly inside the cave's flat surface. She had a black note in her hand as she calmly stared at the arrival of the trio.

"Lion Mother?" Garen was the first one to stepped forward and asked softly.

"Holy Fist?" the lady's gaze was very calm. "I knew that I'd fallen into your trap and revealed my location when I heard the ruckus coming from outside."

"You just didn't have enough information to work with," Garen said calmly. "If you knew that I could sense the Demonic Book's location, you wouldn't even allow your underlings to steal the Demonic Book."

"That's right..." Lion Mother sighed. "Come to think of it, this is the only item that is the root of this result." She lowered her head as she looked at the Demonic Book in her hand with a strange, glazed stare.

"I have tried to destroy it but no matter what I do to it, the book would instantly turn into an illusion the moment it was hit. I couldn't destroy it no matter what."

"Regardless, I've already won." Garen walked forward slowly and with each step he took, his body expanded slowly. The black and thick black smoke-like aura started to spread out from his legs.

"That's right... You've won..." the Lion Mother nodded and raised her head up. However, blood started to flow out from her eyes. "However, I would do everything in my power and correct the course of the world, even if it means putting my body into the abyss for eternity. Don't you dare think that you can have it your way...!!!" Her last tone immediately turned from the usual calmness to a horrifyingly sharp tone.

In an instant, a wine red light, at a speed surpassing sound, shone onto Garen as if it was an actual light.

As the red light bathed onto Garen, his body started to twist and turn about.

"What is the world...?" he was stunned because even though he didn't feel any pain from his body, the Demonic Book's Soul Seed started to react rapidly.

In an instant, the world's rejection force was multiplied by numerous folds.

Garen's face immediately turned pale as he immediately retracted his body's aura back into his body, keeping only the layer of black shadow on him. It acted as a black armor that protected his body from the rejection from the planet.

"The rejection... has been increased... This person!" Garen's gaze turned sharp.

The red light from the Lion Mother kept bathing onto Garen as if it was endlessly emitting onto him while her body started to melt like a candle.

As the red light kept emitting onto him, the rejection force onto Garen kept increasing over time.

“Kill her!” Garen wasn’t able to move at all and could only shout in dissatisfaction. He couldn’t leave this place now as he still had a lot of things to do!

Before he even shouted, Tu Lan and Baldy had already sprinted forward. The twisted stream of water turned into a giant icicle but it was broken off by Tu Lan’s palm.

A huge boom was heard and a waist thick icicle flew out instantly, piercing Lion Mother’s body without much resistance.

Thud!

A huge hole was created in Mother Lion’s body. She moaned even though her face had melted to the point where it couldn’t be recognized. With that attack, her body melted even faster and after a while, she had completely turned into a pool of blood, lost her humanoid shape, and even the red light had stopped as well.

Boom boom boom!!

Garen took a few steps back and sweat started profusely dripping from his face. It was fortunate that he’d brought Tu Lan and Baldy along in case of emergency, but he didn’t expect that he would need them this early on.

Lion Mother was about to sense the planet’s rejection of his existence and she was attempting to hasten the process.

“Is she dead?” Tu Lan was in disbelief as the icicle pierced her bloody body. “Is she really the Lion Mother? Would she die this easily?”

She had prepared herself for a difficult battle since she was the most mysterious witch queen in history, but she didn’t expect her to be so easily dealt with.

“She had used up all of her life force in exchange for the rejection force to exile me,” Garen’s face was still pale as he responded. “You can say that she has no remaining energy to defend herself the moment you attacked her. She had no plan to live after this from the very beginning.”

Tu Lan and Baldy were in disbelief as the legendary Mother Lion was defeated this easily.

“Go and check around this place,” Garen leaned against the wall inside the cave as he gestured his hand to tell them to ignore him. He wasn’t injured but exhausted from the pure will of fighting against the planet’s rejection of him.

Both of them soon found a few ancient books, bamboo piece, stone piece and a large black crystal ball with a wing mark on it inside the cave.

“The Mother Lion should be proud of herself since she was able to give me this much trouble,” Garen responded as he felt that he only had a day left or two on this planet. He didn’t know what to feel about it.

A mere Death Apostle decided to use such a unique method against him. She must have realized that physical attacks were of no use against him before she decided to go about on this route. If she couldn’t kill him, she would rather chase him away.

Chapter 767: Endnote 3

Holy Fist Palace

Rafaelle was sitting quietly in her room as she distractedly flipped through a thick book. The evening light shone through the window, bathing onto her white tender legs, warming them.

“Why hasn’t anyone realized that I’ve already obtained that book?” she was confused as she stared at the book in her lap without processing the contents within it.

Suddenly she could feel a burning sensation on her chest. Without any hesitation, she pulled out the white gold necklace and she noticed that it was turning red.

“What’s going on?! Why is the Alert Necklace activated?!” she immediately stood up and the book thudded onto the ground.

She held onto the necklace as she scratched her finger with the sharp edge of the necklace and rubbed some blood onto the necklace.

“Mother?? What’s going on? Why is the necklace activating?!” she whispered

There was no response.

Raffaele started to panic.

“Mother! Speak up! Mother?!”

“Stop wasting your breath,” the door was slammed opened from outside. A beautiful woman came in together with a group of strong looking members in Taoist robes with a “Holy” word sewn on it.

“Wizard Hong Ji, you are suspected of possession of another person’s body and mind control. I shall now apprehend you in the name of Holy Fist Palace!”

The girl scoffed with a cold look on her face.

“You! You guys!?” Raffaele’s face immediately turned pale.

“Bring her away!” the woman waved her hand and two female members approached her as they tried to restrain Raffaele.

“No!!” she shouted in a sharp tone.

Raffael’s face turned pale and she agilely took a few steps back and a few somersaults as she landed behind the sofa.

“Die!” the beautiful woman instantly turned into a few after images as she followed Raffaele closely while attempting to punch her.

Hong Ji, who was impersonating Raffaele, was actually just a normal middle-level witch. Since she was not in her own body and fighting against a stronger opponent, it was only natural that she was defenseless against her.

“Take her away,” Quentin said calmly as she stood up, turned around and left the room.

Evening hour

In the small town at the bottom of the Holy Fist Palace’s mountain.

There was a quiet room. The lights were switched off as it was pitched black. The only light source was from the sun as it shone through the window, faintly lighting the room, leaving a few spots of lights on the mattress.

Garen stood still in the darkness as he stared at Raffaele who was laying on the bed. Her golden hair had spread about on the pillow as she slept soundly. She was like a beautiful person posing on her side, revealing her pale and delicate hand as the white blanket had completely covered the rest of her naked body.

As he listened to Raffaele’s breath, Garen leaned against the wall and took a deep breath. He then recalled the events for the past twenty years that had occurred since he first arrived this planet.

“Say something if you’re awake. Stop pretending that you’re asleep,” he whispered.

Raffaele slowly opened her eyes. She didn’t move at all as she was still laying by her side.

“What do you wish to say?” she whispered.

“I’m sorry,” Garen pondered for a while before voicing up.

Both of them didn’t say anything afterward as the room settled into an awkward silence.

After a while.

“Why are you apologizing?” Raffaele broke the silence.

“You wouldn’t be involved in this if not for me,” Garen said softly. “Whatever. Have a good rest.”

He turned to the doors and gently opened it.

“Come back to Grano.”

He opened the door and left the room.

Clicked. He closed the door not knowing what to feel. He felt a little bit of troubledness but it was negligible as he’d been calm.

The room was quiet as usual. Perhaps Raffaele didn’t know how to express her emotions and feelings so she could only stay silent. However, both of them could feel that they couldn’t be together no matter what.

Perhaps Raffaele had reported to her Witch Association beforehand after she knew of the downfall of Lion Mother. The witches and the Holy Fist Palace were fated to fight against each other. The weakening of the witches was avoidable as well and they would lose their power from this world.

After losing their only Death Apostle, all the witches had lost their only protection and would hide in the darkness from now on.

Garen was the main enemy to the witches in general and in this scenario, they wouldn't be able to be together no matter what.

After leaving the room, Garen slowly walked down the streets of the small town. The Demonic Book in his mind had turned into an oval-shaped bud as it looked very colorful while shining brightly like a rainbow.

The bud was vibrating softly and no one knew when it would blossom.

Garen understood that it would be time for him to leave this world when it had bloomed. The planet's rejection force had already reached a critical level. The moment he relaxed, he would instantly be rejected by the planet.

However, there were still things that he'd yet to finish. It wasn't to take back his soul primer as the primers had already been taken back before attending the meeting. While the weakening of the Holy Fist Palace would not be immediate, it would be after a few days.

As he walked along the streets, Garen might have looked slow with his footsteps but he was actually incredibly fast; he covered a great distance with each step. He soon arrived at the vacation resort where his family was staying.

Lights could not be seen from the outside at all.

Garen slowed down his footsteps as he recalled that it was currently spring and entering summer soon. Hence, his parents should be away and be giving talks. As professors of a university and well-known researchers, their workloads were greater than usual in this period.

As for his sister, she should be either fooling around at Rexott with Rod or attending classes.

“Guess I’ve miscalculated...” Garen smiled wryly.

He originally planned to visit his family one last time, but unfortunately...

He took out the key and entered the quiet and dark room.

He walked towards the sofa and sat on it as he casually threw the keys to one side, enjoying his last moment in this world peacefully.

It was too late for him to call their family as he might be leaving this world in twenty to thirty minutes time.

He sat on the sofa as time passed slowly.

No one was interrupting him as he’d ordered his subordinates to not disturb him beforehand.

He left a message for Tu Lan and the others. It was regarding the work arrangement after he left. He also left a few gifts to AG and vouched that the Lightless Alliance, Holy Fist Palace, and AG Nasira, who was representing the Dark Colors Witches, would be in balance before he left.

The Dark Colors Witches Association had stopped calling themselves the Witch Associate as they had officially changed their name to Shadow Council two hours ago. AG had gathered all witches, regardless of gender. Those who possessed an above average strength would be part of the Witches Council, which was part of his plan to unify the witches. Perhaps he was in a huge conference at the Witch Palace even now.

Time passed slowly.

Garen sat quietly on the sofa as he could faintly feel that his body was reacting strangely. It was the chain effect caused by the planet rejecting him. The magnetic field started changing and all sorts of radiative interferences started to kick him out as if he was a threat.

Perhaps it wouldn't be a bad option to leave quietly just like Black Sethe. Garen sincerely thought so.

"Teacher Garen?"

Suddenly a clear and cautious female voice came from the door.

Garen looked at the door.

"Cece?"

The girl who was standing by the door was Ninox.

She was wearing a pair of white jeans and the Holy Fist Palace's Taoist clothes with the "Holy" word embedded in it. The female Taoist cloth streamlined her thin waist and the jeans too perfectly, showed off her thin legs and hips. Combined with her elegant face and ashen, tender skin, it gave off a beautifully refined and slightly sexy vibe.

With a black ponytail, Cece's eyes stared into the house.

Garen looked at the most talented female disciple in this world and felt that his loneliness had been washed away.

"Why are you here?"

Ninox's face turned red as she didn't dare to look into Garen's eyes.

"I... I had been visiting sister Pella for a game of chess..." Pella was a family member of the neighboring family, who was also a close relative of a high ranking member of the Holy Fist Palace.

As she felt Garen's conspicuous gaze, Ninox panicked a little. She tried to take a few steps to avoid his gaze but her legs couldn't move at all.

She would never dare say that the reason she came to visit Garen's family every day was to leave a better impression on his family.

All her follow friends who had come in contact with Garen said that they feared Garen as he gave off a mysterious and powerful vibe. It was as if he was from the God's realm; he was so perfect that he didn't seem human at all. Many people respected him and there even were girls idolizing him. However, she knew that it was a dream that could never be achieved as she believed that Garen would never like her type.

However Ninox understood that teacher Garen was still a person and just like everyone else, he required companions.

"Come and have a sit," Garen smiled. "I didn't expect that you would be the one who would accompany me at this time. Fate can be very mysterious at times."

"What... do you mean?" Cece didn't comprehend his words as she stuttered while walking into the house before gently closing the door. The whole living room was pitch black and the only light source was the street light shining into the house through the window.

Garen shifted himself to make space for her so that Cece could sit on the sofa. No matter how dark it was, they weren't affected by it at all as both of them were Secret Technique Elites that possessed strong five senses. It would be natural for them to be able to see clearly in the dark room.

"What did you mean..." Ninox could feel that something was amiss and quickly questioned him.

"There will be ups and downs in life, separation, and unification. You're still young so you may not understand the meaning behind these words, but you'll definitely figure it out one day," Garen smiled. "I'm not saying this casually."

“Are you leaving?” Ninox understood Garen’s intention and panicked. “Are you going into hiding?”

Chapter 768: Endnote 4

Garen lost his cool and laughed. It was indeed true that those who were in the loop would definitely link everything like that.

After a while, he slowly reached out his hand and pulled out his index finger.

His clean nails had started to turn half transparent.

He smiled and gently clenched his fist, “Do you see it? It’s the law of the world...”

“Law?” Ninox’s pupils contracted as she saw the half transparent finger.

“Don’t be sad,” Garen said calmly as he gently caressed Cece’s hair.

“You’re the most talented disciple I have. Do not be constrained by your emotion.”

Cece started to feel a sense of agitation as he lowered her head and clenched her fists tightly.

Ding... Ding... Ding...

It was the bell from the outer world.

Garen was stunned as he saw the buds in his mind blooming. In that instant, the bud bloomed and gave off an unparalleled golden luster...

He stood up and his body involuntarily expanded to the point he reached the fifth star. His monstrous demon-liked body stirred up the airflow inside the living room.

Hu...!

A strong gust blew against Cece and she was forced to take a few steps back.

"Teacher!" panicked and confused as to what was going on, she raised up her head and looked at Garen, who was standing in front of the window under the moonlight.

The breeze became stronger as it blew everything in the living room off onto the carpet as it made a ruckus.

"As my last gift to you in this world," Garen stared calmly at his most valued disciple, who was also his most loyal member.

"Destiny depends on you, and it is also my gift to you."

Pew!!

A black light flashed as a black line was traced through the air, landing accurately onto Ninox's forehead.

In an instant, Ninox's head raised up and she was sent a few steps back.

"Consider this as a trace of me existing in this world..."

Roar...

A deep roar echoed through the room as countless black shadows crawled out of Garen, fusing together and forming the shape of the black nine-headed dragon.

In an instant, cracks propagated on the surface of the dragon's shadow with a clear and high tone, and it shattered into millions of pieces as if a glass sheet had been smashed.

"Teacher!!" Ninox rushed towards him in an attempt to grab hold of the black shadow, but her efforts were futile and she clutched at nothing.

The Nine-Headed Dragon shattered, turning into countless black debris.

She stood still, dumbfounded. She didn't realize that tears were flowing down her cheeks and she couldn't stop crying at all.

In this instance at a certain square in Madrid, Ashen was holding onto Isaros' hand as he subtly shifted his head, gazing in a certain direction.

"What's wrong?" Isaros' cheek was blushing red. She looked at him curiously and followed his gaze, only to see a street of densely packed buildings.

"Nothing," Ashen smiled. "I just felt that someone I knew had left."

"Left?" Isaros was curious.

"Don't worry about it. Let's go watch a movie," Ashen pinched Isaros' face affectionately as they held each other's hands and walked into a cinema.

Indonesia.

“Let’s try scuba diving in the dark this time. With the lights underneath the water, it’s going to be so much more exciting than during daytime,” Vivien chuckled as she checked over the scuba equipment on her.

“How is it going, Lisa? Are you done preparing?” she looked at a petite girl in a diver’s suit.

“All set!” Alisa gestured an OK to her.

“How about you, Rod?” Vivien tilted her head as he looked at the tall man.

“I’m alright... I think we should dive in the day... It’s very dangerous at night. What if we encountered a shark or something...” Rod was still worried.

“What’s there to fear about sharks? With my brother’s underlings around, the sharks would be committing suicide if they come after us! I’m still not over the shark fin soup I had last time, so it’s a good opportunity for me to get more of it!” Little Vivien gestured in confidence. She was currently enjoying life every day and was considered a rich and beautiful girl. With such a ridiculously overwhelming background as her main support, even the high-class merchants would have to respect her.

In addition, the trio, Vivien, Rod, and Alisa, was considered this generation’s overlords. It was fortunate that the trio’s personalities weren’t reckless and so they didn’t develop into bullies.

Vivien pointed at a black beach nearby them.

“There’s twenty-four-hour guard duty over there! There’s nothing to be afraid of. Let’s go down into the water!”

She was the first one to jump from the boat and was swallowed by the sea.

Rod and Alisa exchanged looks hopelessly and then proceeded to don their oxygen masks.

Waters were splashed and two of them entered the deep sea with their diving suit.

The trio did have enough capital to not care about their expenditure at all.

Even if Garen was no longer around, Alisa's sister was Ashen's lover. No matter what happened to the Holy Fist Palace, Garen's reputation as the Holy Fist would never be shaken and the upper-level members would definitely be the first ones to protect them no matter what. In such a short amount of time, the appearance of the Holy Fist had become the very icon of overwhelming strength and the mental idol of the Holy Fist Palace. Furthermore, there had already been people idolizing him before this.

For example, Ninox, Xander, Baldy and his wife.

Hu!

Raffaele got up from the bed and she was drenched in her own sweat. She seemed like she'd just had a horrible nightmare.

Her face was pale and her gaze was rather unfocused as if she'd just realized that she was at an unknown place.

As she used the blanket to cover her upper body, she stood up from the bed as she could faintly hear some ruckus from outside.

She looked down from the window and could see a lot of luxurious cars, even limited edition ones, passing by the area. A lot of high-class gentlemen were getting down from the cars under the protection of bodyguards as they walked to a building nearby.

A huge amount of military soldiers had locked the whole area down with yellow tapes.

Raffaele opened the window and a series of soft conversations could be heard among the winds. However, they were very faint and she couldn't hear their voices clearly.

Her gaze shifted and she drew an invisible symbol in front of her. The voices drowned by the wind were amplified.

"... Lord Holy Fist shouldn't have disappeared by accident. Based on his individual strength, there should be no one who can fight against him one on one."

"Based on this logic, does that mean that what Captain Cece said is true?"

"It's very likely since Lord Holy Fist's martial arts have reached a realm beyond our imaginations. If we related him to the stories in the east, it wouldn't be impossible for him to achieve the level of flying in the sky."

"That's in the realm of fantasy! I believe Lord has gone to another place to search for a stronger martial art," one of them said so.

"Regardless, we need to announce that Lord Holy Fist has isolated himself from the world to the public. The main power of the Holy Fist Palace is him so we must delay the truth as long as possible. Furthermore, Lord Ashen is currently our Vice Palace Master. We don't even need Lord Holy Fist to maintain our power," one of the eastern practitioners broke down his analysis.

"This is a good idea."

"Right. Let's go with this for now!"

Raffaele looked in their direction from afar and she could only see a few heads moving about as the voice came from inside the house. She didn't realize that two contours had appeared quietly at the dark corners of her room while she was eavesdropping on them. They were the Upper-Level Blood Breeds

from the Holy Fist Palace. If she had been someone with no qualifications, she would've been killed already.

"Garen..." Raffaele muttered softly.

New York.

"I hereby announce, the beginning of the world's first Witch parliamentary election!!"

In a hall filled with thousands of people, AG was in a white suit. His hair was neat and tidy, giving off a waxy reflection, and he had a clean and delicate silver crutch in his hand.

He stood on the main platform as he looked at the densely packed witches. He had a feeling of satisfaction that couldn't be described in words.

Indeed, he had succeeded.

After revealing his secret on how to maintain his strength while leaving his ancestral land, he had immediately gained ninety percent of the witches' support, regardless of gender. The number one issue for the witches had always been them being unable to leave their ancestral lands. Once they did so, they would exhaust all the blessed ancestral water which they always carried along and their strength would decrease dramatically.

Now that AG had gifted this secret technique to the masses, all male and female witches were no longer bound by this chain.

This also meant that the witches were now qualified to stand on the world's stage as well.

The old witches who held power were replaced by the Shadow Council and AG was the first speaker who was elected by a majority vote. This was also a milestone of the arrival of the supernatural generation.

The Death Apostle level AG had successfully replaced Mother Lion.

Nasira had become the Deputy Speaker as she assisted AG.

It was time for the Witches to rise with the world...

In the same year, the Holy Fist Garen of the Holy Fist Palace had passed on as he tried to surpass his limits. Once the news was out, countless of martial art practitioners were devastated.

While AG and the rest of the countries tried to maintain their powers in terms of supernatural strengths and the Holy Fist isolating himself from the world, this sparked everyone's greed. Hence the world was once again thrown into chaos.

Garen's vision was completely black as he felt that he was ejected out of the planet by an unknown force.

His body had turned into a blob of black dragon-shaped aura as he was forced into the endless starry space away from the planet. He looked behind at the blue planet that was shrinking in size and dimming at the same time.

His speed gradually increased and reached its limit.

The surrounding stars blinked brightly and he wasn't sure where he was heading, nor in which direction.

"I can't just fly out without any direction," Garen felt that his body had completely melted and became a pure aura with his soul as the guidance.

Suddenly the universe around him started trembling.

Splash!

He seemed to have been dumped into some sort of fluid, as Garen thought that he had been thrown into the sea. He was caught in a ferocious tide from the vacuum space.

His soul could clearly see that he was surrounded by light yellow river water while moving at high speed.

“No... This isn’t water... This is aura in a liquid state!” Garen was stunned as he finally knew where the planet’s rejection was sending him to.

He was at the Mother Stream! It was also the place where he’d first appeared!

Chapter 769: New World 1

The Mother Stream was endless as it bypassed the space-time continuum. No one knew exactly where it originated and no one could see its ending point as well. Every Secret Technique practitioner could only see its ferocious current.

The moment Garen entered the Mother Stream, he looked out from within the river and what replaced the universe’s starry sky was a dimensional space filled with rainbow-colored light.

“Is this the scenery of the Mother Stream?”

It was his first time seeing himself floating in the Mother Stream this clearly.

His accumulation last time wasn’t as vast as this time. Furthermore, his current world was of a higher level than the previous two so the aura he accumulated was exhausted at a much lower rate than last time.

Garen could feel that his aura, which had transformed into the black nine-headed dragon, was being constantly corroded by the fluid. It was as if the fluid was a very acidic acid that kept melting him away as the surface of the black nine-headed dragon was bubbling ferociously, with small black debris turning into powder.

“I wonder what world I’ll be placed into this time...” Garen looked deep into his soul and saw two glowing Soul Seeds floating inside. One was icy blue while the other was a faint yet rich gold. These two seeds were like flowers as they were placed inside beautifully.

Buzz....

Suddenly an oppression as powerful as the sea passed by the river’s surface. A faint numbing anger and growl could be sensed from the oppression.

“I smell it... the Void Hunter... The scent of the Warlock’s descendant...”

“Where is it... Where is it...!”

The overwhelming oppression kept surging through the Mother Stream. Series of huge waves formed as if there was an ongoing hurricane.

The waves of pure spiritual ripples expressed the oppressor’s will clearly.

Garen’s soul looked up and saw the seven-colored barrier writhing as it cracked loudly.

“What is that...?” even before the opponent had approached any closer, he could sense an overwhelming danger when it was still outside the barrier, as it was able to induce giant waves just with its will alone.

Deep down, Garen knew that he had encountered a super creature among the Void Creatures. Hence he suppressed his aura much as possible by reducing his surface contact with the river.

He could faintly feel all sorts of overwhelming power from its will. The source of its strength was similar to his, which was the Soul's Strength. However, his was at least ten times stronger than Garen's in terms of Quantity.

This sort of existence was something he couldn't hope to fight against!

"The Void Creatures... No wonder Nadia warned me to not enter the Void arbitrarily..." Garen put his thoughts away while not having a single bit of fear at all. He was purely flowing the Mother River's current without any destination in mind.

After some time, a few powerful void creatures appeared outside the realm outside the river once more. Each and every one of them had at least ten Soul Seeds and their soul color was colorless. Each of them riled the Mother River and this made Garen understand how dangerous the Void Creatures outside the Mother Stream was. All he could do was to minimize his surface area to extend the time of his drift.

It was a journey of life and death whenever he entered the Mother River. Once his aura had been completely corroded, the soul would be next in line and this would injure it severely. He would then disappear within the Mother River, becoming one of the many imprints inside it.

The frequency of the powerful Void Creatures appearing increased as time passed.

Eventually, Garen was able to differentiate their strength based on their will and aura alone.

Only creatures of soul seed level were able to sense the movement inside the Mother River. Furthermore, the Soul Seed's foundation was the colorless rank and the seven color ranks were the stronger ones. Each increment in level would mean an improvement in its quality.

These creatures that noticed Garen's presence were at least colorless rank. Perhaps their training regime was different from that of the humans as they had to gather tens of soul seeds even though they were still at this rank. As a human, Garen had only obtained two soul seeds and these souls' colors weren't even cleansed properly. This meant that he hadn't even entered the Soul Seed Level and was nowhere close to the colorless rank.

Fortunately, he would require only five Soul Seeds to enter the colorless rank. After all of them were purified into colorless, he would be able to step forward to the next level.

He had drifted for a long time and soon, Garen could feel that the river's current was slowing down and was no longer as fast as before.

Most of his aura had been corroded away and he only had a fifth of it left. He felt that he had entered one of the many forks and with a jolt, he seemed to have crashed into a barrier as he was swept into a very narrow passage.

As the current slowed down, he could sense that the surrounding seven-colored barrier had become weaker and thinner through his soul seed.

After some time, Garen had exhausted all of his auras and his own spiritual energy was being corroded.

It was fortunate that he was much more resistant as compared to before now that he had two soul seeds, hence the corrosion rate was much slower than when he had one soul seed.

He flowed along with the current. With his aura spent, he started to panic, as he'd put two lifetimes of effort to obtain this amount of soul strength. With it being corroded, every second counted and if one of his soul seed were to be destroyed, his effort of a lifetime would be wasted!

The current of the Mother River slowed down as if there were something blocking just up front.

Garen flowed along the slowing current and he soon realized that the surrounding river had changed its color into green, which was the color he saw when he first saw the Mother River.

It changed from yellow to yellow-green to finally green.

Within the river, he shrunk into a black blob of a sort. He went with the flow along with other contaminants.

Garen looked around and the edge of the river had narrowed down to a few meters apart from the horizon.

“The powerful Void Creatures from the previous days seem to have disappeared.”

Garen was unable to determine how many days had passed so he could only estimate. The powerful Void Creatures had stopped appearing and it seemed that he was headed to a rather secluded area.

He looked around and the river was filled with contaminants such as white bone debris, strange looking metal and some rotting feathers. There even were some sort of plants and leaves as well.

However, he didn't encounter any soul's substance like him drifting in the river.

It wasn't just his immediate surroundings, he hadn't encountered any existence similar to him ever since he was drifting about. It was as if the Mother River bore no life.

Time passed slowly...

Soon, The seven-colored barrier above the Mother River started to crack open.

After that, holes of various sizes appeared from the crack. Some were the size of an ant while some were as big as a fist.

Garen looked out of these holes and could see black gas rotating like a whirlpool, leading to an unknown location.

However, the situation didn't allow him to delay things further as one of the two soul seeds started to show signs of corrosion. If he didn't find a way to leave the river, he would lose one of his soul seeds in a few days!

“I have to do something! I need select one of the holes and leave this place!” Garen had made a decision. He started to sense the colorful barrier above the Mother River. Some of these holes were so

small that his body wasn't able to fit in at all and only holes of the size of the washbasin were big enough for him to enter.

He could sense from the black gas that these holes would lead him to an unknown universe. No one was entirely sure what sorts of dangers it had to offer but he had no choice but to choose one.

Finally, he saw a hole the size of a washbasin.

As he was about to be washed past it, Garen released all of his spiritual energy. The spiritual energy merged with the Mother River's aura, turning it into a powerful force that pushed him out from the surface of the river.

With a splash, Garen broke free from the river and went flying towards the hole.

Thud!!

At this moment, a wave riled up and engulfed him whole, pushing him back down.

With a huge splash, Garen was sent back into Mother River once more.

He panicked and tried to jump out once more. By the time he struggled free, the hole was already far away from its original location.

"Damn it!" Garen was back into the Mother River. He could sense that his soul seed had corroded once more and he was very upset about it. These were the essence he gathered in two lifetimes and now it could be corroded at any moment.

He had already sensed that the Mother River seemed to have a mysterious power. The Mother River had already taken him, who had been living for so long drifting in the river as one of itself and would not let go of him easily.

He had completely missed the hole at this point. Although current was slow, it was determined to drive him far away from it.

“No wonder there were so many of these holes, the Mother River wouldn’t flow into it.”

Garen understood what was going on.

“I can only wait for the next opportunity...”

He waited patiently. It was fortunate that the Mother River had narrowed down even further and the seven-colored barrier was filled with holes of various sizes. All of these holes were filled with black rotating whirlpools. Some were the size of a nail while some were the size of a head but it was rare to encounter one the size of a washbasin.

Garen waited patiently. After a while, another washbasin-sized hole appeared within his vision.

“This is the one!” he released his senses as he confirmed the location of the hole with extreme precision and started to gather his strength. He knew that he needed to immediately sprint out before the Mother River reacted when he released his strength. If not, history would repeat itself and pull him down back into the river.

The hole was getting closer... and closer...

Chapter 770: New World 2

As Garen waited for the best moment to leap out of the surface, his body, which was in the form of a black blob, shrunk slowly and became much smaller than before.

Finally, when he was a small distance from the hole.

Splash!!

Within the crisp clear sound of the water splashing, a black shadow emerged out from the river and flew directly towards the hole.

With a thud, the shadow was absorbed into the hole. The green river of the Mother River below reached out a whip of water which danced about for a few moments. Once it realized the target had escaped, it collapsed and everything was calm once more.

Garen jumped into the hole and he felt that he had jumped into a layer of black, sticky and oily substance.

There was no light or anything around him at all.

Garen could sense that his surrounding area spanned hundreds of meters apart, but there was nothing in here at all. There was only him moving forward at high speed.

It seemed like an area where there was no light nor gravity. Garen could only feel that he was moving at a very high speed.

“Luckily the Mother Stream’s corrosion doesn’t exist here, so I should be able to last for a while,” Garen looked around carefully but he didn’t notice anything but himself. The sticky sensation previously had disappeared. Perhaps he had gotten used to it.

He felt that he was transmigrating in a mysterious tunnel.

Perhaps ten days have passed, maybe twenty days, it was so long to the point that Garen had lost track, and he had been traveling forward this whole time.

Debris started to appear in the surroundings. He seemed to be inside a very long black passage and cracks started to appear around him. What made it strange was that he could see the light of the stars through these cracks.

Thud!

Suddenly everything in front of him was empty and Garen seemed to have been ejected out of some sort of a tunnel. His surrounding lit up instantly and he was ejected into a beautiful nebula.

Garen felt that there was a fiery hot giant fireball behind him as the light radiated in all directions.

“That’s a Guidance Star...” he recognized the name of the fiery golden star.

The Guidance Star behind him had covered almost his entire field of vision. Magma was moving about lazily on the surface. Dark red magma was crawling on the surface like a worm and there were blinding golden geysers gushing at other parts of the surface as well.

Garen, who was in the shape of a black ball, looked around to see densely packed stars blinking everywhere. Some of the light blue stars glowed faintly while some old and mysterious looking ones were stationary as he moved about.

Garen noticed that the black tunnel that he was ejected out from had disintegrated after maintaining its shape for a short while.

He didn’t know what that was but it was most likely the warp gates extended by the Mother River. It connected all the universe’s worlds together. It was something Black Sethe had casually mentioned before as if it was common knowledge.

If it was the Mother River’s warp gate, then it would most likely be impossible for him to return. This was because these warp gates usually lasted for a very short amount of time. It was short-lived and would pierce through many parts of the spacetime continuum, but would be automatically disintegrated by the universe’s force. It was a once in a lifetime occurrence.

When he had reached this space, he had no idea how long he would have to wait for the Mother River's warp gate to open once more. According to the Warlocks' knowledge, there were theoretically an infinite amount of worlds in this universe as the universe would die and being reborn endlessly. It could extend to countless worlds and even a minute difference would mean that it was another world as well.

Garen floated among the stars quietly and soon could no longer sense the Mother River's warp gate behind him. The radiation from the Guidance Star pushed him forward towards the center of his field of vision but the direction slightly deviated.

According to the Warlocks' research, the Mother River only existed outside the living realm. This was because the Mother River's water was made out of liquid aura and aura was made from the living being's spiritual essence. This meant that new beings could be born there.

It was very much confirmed that living beings would exist near the Mother River.

Unsurprisingly, he immediately sensed a huge blue planet in the direction where he was heading to. It was as if the planet suddenly decided to appear in his senses.

Garen passed through a white barrier-like protective net and landed directly on the planet. What accompanied him by his sides were large amounts of debris. He seemed to have caught up to a large scale meteor shower...

"...Mother Planet's invisible defensive net has detected an abnormally huge meteor shower today. According to the researcher, the largest meteor has a radius of 2.1cm and the smallest one is just a few mm wide. They will be burnt up by the atmosphere and there would be no debris from the meteor shower..."

"You should eat more because you'll need to go to school again tomorrow."

Inside a rather simple white room, a family was having their lunch on a round table. There was a variety of tasty looking fried vegetables placed on the table. Steam subtly dissipated from the stew, giving off a mouthwatering fragrance.

At the table, there was a middle-aged woman who kept dropping vegetables into the bowl of a teenager.

There were two adults, one elder, and three children eating quietly on the table. All the plates were made from white porcelain and some part of them had already chipped off. It seemed that this family wasn't that well off.

The white light in the room was slightly dimmed and there was very little furniture inside as well. There were only tables, chairs, television, sofa and a picture of an old man framed onto the wall. Other than that everything was white and clean.

The two adults' faces were covered with wrinkles and both of them looked very tired. They were wearing their bleached working attires. They had golden hair, blue eyes, and sharp noses. However, their faces gave off an easterner's vibe.

The television by the side was broadcasting the evening news repeatedly.

In the family, two of the younger siblings were looking at the big bowl of vegetable stew placed in the middle of the table. However, they didn't reach out their hand to take it but to stare at the eldest one eating at one side.

"You should eat more. Remember to study well in school. Your dad and I have suffered so much because we didn't do well back then," the middle-aged woman kept passing more vegetables to the youngster.

"I know I know. How many times do you have to say it! You're so annoying!" The black haired, blue eyed boy grumbled. Similar to the only elder in the table, he didn't inherit his parent's hair color. He had a long fringe which covered at least half of his face while a look of annoyance twisted his face as he casually replied to his mother's nagging.

The teenager was in a clean uniform, and its collar and cuffs had a vertical blade emblem that was glowing faintly on it.

“Alright, I’m full,” the youngster placed down his bowl and hurried into his room. He immediately slammed his door after entering the room.

“Let’s eat,” it was only then the only elder voiced up while the remaining two children started reaching out their hand towards the food.

“Take it easy...” both middle-aged parents smiled as they gave half of the remaining stew to their children and the meats to the elderly.

“That’s enough. I’m an old grandma who can’t eat much. You guys can have it as both of you need to wake up early in the morning to work,” the elder sighed as she pushed away the offered meat.

Inside the room.

The black haired youngster ran to the only computer inside and switched it on.

His name was displayed at the corner of the computer: Nonosiva Lin.

Nonosiva was different from his peers of the same age. He was the only hope of his family as he had been admitted into the nation’s best mech academy, Lakysaier, with his outstanding results during his middle school days. The academy was also known as the Blackboard Academy.

It was a very well known academy among the nearby states. It had a long history and had produced a lot of state-level senior generals. With the alliance segregated during the chaos, the districts were basically represented by the academy’s strength. This was because the academy had gathered all the powerful individuals into one and they possessed their own uniquely inherited mech sects. Out of all the academy, Blackboard Academy possessed the oldest combat strategies known in multiple states.

With Nonosiva admitted into such a prestigious academy, it was only natural that his family had placed all of their hopes on him.

In this society with its order on the verge of collapse, the academy had the most authority as it led the government's military and acted as its guardian. It was every man's dream to be able to become an official Mech Pilot.

Nonosiva switched on his computer and quickly entered into the homepage called the new Blackboard Academy. As he was requested to enter his password, he used a scanner to scan the blue blade shaped emblem on his collar.

The black website then revealed that the password was correct. After validating his access, he immediately went to the database.

The Combat Techniques for all sorts of mechs appeared on the menu.

Level one Curved Steps, Level one Lightsaber, Level one Cannon Fire Control, Level one Magnetic Cannon Technique, Level one Life Cycle Maintenance...

Knowledge was categorized in detail and was displayed on the menu.

Nonosiva ignored the purchasing catalog and went to the very bottom to key in his personal information.

'Nonosiva. Lin — Possessing Level one Curved Step, Possessing Level one Cannon Fire Control, Basic Awareness Module...'

To be able to receive an official rating meant that Nonosiva's strength was considered very good among his peers. Most of his friends of the same age were still at the Basic level and were hence unqualified for a level rating.

One should know that it was extremely difficult to even achieve the lowest level. One would only be qualified for graduation after achieving level one in every subject within eight years of study inside the academy. Nonosiva had managed to obtain two level one qualifications before the start of his second year semester, which meant that his results were indeed very impressive. He had always been among the top three in his class.

He looked at his results and couldn't help but to smile ecstatically. He unconsciously started touching the small crescent-shaped device inside his shirt.

Compared to those formidable students who had good family backgrounds and outstanding personal trainers who trained them daily, he who had obtained such an amazing achievement with his poor background was only able to do so with assistance.

He had a secret which would allow a normal student to improve rapidly and stand out from among tens of thousands of students and become one of the hundreds of elites admitted into the Blackboard Academy.