

# Mystical 591

## Chapter 591: Admission 1

On the journey towards the university, Garen was sitting by the window.

There was nothing supernatural anywhere but normal people, normal environment, and normal weather. Everything was normal.

Everything outside the window was empty from the beginning. Then, buildings started to appear for a while before they were replaced by green fields once more.

The sky was cloudy as black clouds drifted in the sky.

The bus traveled along the lane at a moderate speed. Bungalows could occasionally be seen along the road lined with green fields. Some had red walls and some were pure white. They could also see a land of black tube trees in between the houses.

"We're arriving soon so please be prepared." The tanned leader stood up and shouted.

Ugh...

As she finished speaking, a girl at the back couldn't resist any longer as she took out a plastic bag and vomited inside it. Her face was pale and she looked like she's in agony.

"Ugh..." The skinny man beside Garen covered his nose as the sour, putrid smell was rancid.

Garen, too, covered his nose as he frowned.

"We're arriving soon so please hold on just a little bit longer." The tanned leader shouted.

Finally, the bus slowed down, took a turn and stopped.

The first years immediately got down from the car and Garen took a deep breath as the people pushed each other to get down from the car.

"Gullivier University isn't located near Nottingham City but its outskirts. The university has formed into an independent town where lecturers, professors, and students gather and live together in this land. We also have all kinds of services as well, which in turn attracted a few citizens to lived here, increasing the trading between merchants. Gradually, it formed into Gullivier town."

A fit girl in yellow T-shirt shouted as she was leading a group of first years in the same shirt.

"Welcome this year's freshies, welcome to Gullivier!" She shouted as she smiled. "We are the Senior Reception Group, pack your luggage and follow me!"

The group of first years followed the group in yellow T-shirts blindly as they passionately helped the first years carried their luggage and filled them in the situations in the university.

The one helping Garen carrying his stuff was a beautiful female senior. However, he mustn't be seduced by her attractive and pure body, as she'd slapped another woman who wanted to help Garen to carry his luggage and became his guide.

Through the senior Serena's introduction of the university, Garen had a rough understanding of Gullivier's overall situation.

The whole compound was a big square and was categorized into three major school districts and many little school districts. These were something he had to be familiar with in the future.

However, the first thing he should take note of as a freshman was to choosing his accommodation.

The accommodation inside the university was slightly expensive but it was safe. He had to observe for himself whether the buildings outside of the university, including the small office buildings, were viable for him to rent as well.

The first year's assignments in Gullivier were hectic hence he also had to take note of his time management.

The crowd passed through the yellow stone arch noisily and entered the university's garden which had no walls.

Their surroundings were filled with green, tall trees and there was even a green field.

There were buildings placed at the side of the hills and some couples were sitting there talking.

"Garen, where are you from?"

"Where? I'm from White Card City so I'm technically a person from the Ghana State." Garen responded.

"You're as rare as those international students from the east then." Serena glanced at him with her chest subtly pushed up.

She was very beautiful. She had shoulder length dark hair, big black eyes, charming, straight nose, pink small lips and her edge of her lips were colorful.

Her eyebrows were especially slanted, giving off a savage yet fresh vibe.

Her chest was busty and her hips were attractive, with her tight black jeans as emphasis.

"If you're from Ghana, then you have to be more careful. People here tend to form gangs from the same states. We don't have many students from Ghana so you might want to consider finding a stronger group with more people."

"Hmm. Thanks for your advice."

As they introduced to each other along the way, Serena asked Garen for his number on her own accord and sent him to his dorm. She gave her a set of numbers and key before leaving.

The dorm was built on a jade green field and was a fully red mountain typed building. It was about seven to eight floors high and faced the public training equipment on the field, such as swings, single parallel bar, bicycle, etc.

Students were walking in and out of the building and Garen could feel many people were staring at him at the entrance.

He picked up his luggage and entered the dorm as he walked along the corridor with white tiles still smelling of detergent. He arrived at the third floor, matched the numbers and opened the door. It was empty. No one was inside.

On the other hand, the corridor was filled with people. Some students were running around in their underwear and some of them were shouting as they ran around barefooted.

The dorm had four bedrooms and each tenant would have their own room. Garen found a room and moved all of his stuff inside. After he finished arranging everything, he noticed four new Gulliver students manual with red covers on the table in the living room.

He picked one up and flipped through it. The cover was hard yet the inner side was as soft as fabric.

As he turned around and closed the door, Garen carried the book to the balcony, reached out his hand and touched the balcony. The cold porcelain tile was completely free from dust.

He could see a forest and a grey tower from the balcony. On top of the tower was a bell.

Between the tower and the dorm was a big green field and running through it were grey lanes. There were a lot of students reading on the field.

The previously cloudy sky had turned sunny. As the warm sunlight shone onto the field, it was even greener than before.

As he scanned the area out of habit, everything on the field was normal and nothing out of place.

The Secret Techniques, Secret Skills, and abilities were something that was out of place and was of no use under this environment. It was as though they were never meant to exist, and should only be seen in a vampire movie or the sort.

In this environment with all the normal people, he had to follow the rules of the university and participate in his university life without cheating.

He took out his phone and made a call to home.

Ring... ring...

"Hello, have you reached the university?" Mother Trish's voice could be heard.

"I have arrived and am currently in the dorm. Everything went without a hitch and I'm going to attend the ceremony in the afternoon as written in the freshies manual." Garen replied casually. "Mum, has Raffaele visited me when I left?"

"She did and was in tears. She left the moment I passed her Jason's item." Trish's tone was rather melancholy. "It's unfortunate that you're so far away from her, if not you two could've gotten together."

"Perhaps. Where's pops? What's Vivien and Jason doing?"

"Your dad is currently chatting with the new and beautiful researcher. Vivien is currently drawing together with Arisa and Jason had gone out to read some books at the usual spot."

"Alright, I hope he'll succeed. To be frank, I feel that Jason is not suited with Arisa. If he doesn't change his dream regarding his fist then his dream would be just a pipedream." Garen was speechless.

"I feel so as well. The moment you left I heard that Isaros had injured her hands and she still insisted on working in the bookstore. Her injury was quite dire as she bled a lot. The lady was very strong as her expression didn't change at all. With that huge injury, Jason would've cried a long time ago." Trish said hopelessly.

"Isaros was injured?" Garen was stunned. As he had interacted with him for the past few years, he knew how good Isaros was. This person who had decent melee combat skills and a will of defending himself would usually have a good sense of taking care of themselves. It's weird for him to have such an injury.

"Yeah. The city was rather unstable the moment you left. There were a few fighting cases and those thugs from the north were admitted to the hospital due to heavy injury."

Garen was stunned. Perhaps Raffaele had brought a few people to wage war against the Blood Breeds?

He thought of this possibility.

Grano and Nottingham's Gullivier were two different worlds.

He had basically confirmed that the world outside had no supernatural power and they did not have the unique aura similar to the Arisa sisters. Everything else seemed normal as if Grano was the only place filled with supernatural powers.

Everything was gathered there.

Is wasn't just Gullivier, other places where Nighthawk reported had the same results as well.

Even on the battlefield, they couldn't even find any evidence of the existence of vampires or any sort. Nighthawk's team didn't even hear of such a thing before as well.

It was as if the Blood Breed and Witches were in one world and the remaining people were in the other world. And these two worlds were separated by a deep layer.

Garen stood in Nottingham. He could feel that he was far away from the center of the whirlpool. He could feel that Grano, or where ever the Arisa sisters were located, complicated things would happen. It was similar to Sylphalan in the Secret Technique world and Beckstone in the totem world. There were all the main leaders in that generation.

As he was far away from these main characters, he naturally had obtained a normal and peaceful life.

"Mum, if there's anything special related to the Arisa sisters, would you mind giving me a call?" Garen said softly as he thought of it.

"Ah, are you interested in those two? Do you want both of them? You're indeed my most talented son!" Trish was very excited. "I already felt that these two are good girls a long time ago. When Arisa grows older, she would definitely become a beautiful lady and her sister is a researcher at Sadinshi University and would definitely suit you! Don't worry about marriage as you can go to any small country and change your citizenship. It's not a problem at all! You can get a huge bed and play some games during night time as well with those two sisters! Son, you really do have a great taste! Especially Arisa, your mum can tell. She's the type where she would react coldly outside but passionate on the inside. She would definitely won't give up on you. She's definitely a good one! ..."

Chapter 592: Admission 2

Speechless, Garen hung up the phone. Once Trish got excited, she wouldn't stop talking even if you gave her half an hour.

He looked at the time and noticed that it was still early. The first year's ceremony would take place after lunch time so he took this opportunity to walk outside to get a rough understanding of the university's landscape.

He packed his stuff and as he was about to go out, the dorm's door was opened and three thin and tall men entered. All of them were in spectacles and was talking with each other happily as they pulled their luggage.

The one in the lead who had a crew cut hairstyle dropped his spectacles as he saw Garen inside the dorm. It was as if he was stunned when he saw a handsome man.

"Finally. The dorm alliance finally has hope.." He muttered in an unknown language.

"It's not that we have hope, perhaps we can even find Gina's dorm..." The one at the back with glasses muttered.

"No one would say our dorm is poor and thin any longer! Hahaha!" The last man laughed weirdly.

"Garen." Garen reached out his hand and greeted three of them.

"Messi." "Alexander." "Gattelin."

All three of them spoke in three different accents and this made Garen churn his brain to understand them.

After fooling around, they introduced themselves to one another and chatted for a while.

Alexander, who had cousins living here, went out to find them after the chat. Gattelin had a girlfriend and he had gone out as well. They could see that Garen was distancing himself away from them as he kept smiling at them out of politeness. Although he looked kind on the outside, he was actually very hard to approach. Both of them liked to joke around with their cold jokes. However, Garen didn't know how to react to their jokes but to smile, smile and smile...

Soon, the result of smiling appeared, which was an awkward silence. Whenever a person cracked a joke, no one laughed loudly and it would be very awkward.

Hence, the other two decided to go out.

On the other hand, Messi's personality was rather open as he didn't care about it and chatted with Garen. As he heard that Garen was about to stroll around the university compound, he insisted that he wanted to follow along.

Two of them packed up and went out together.



Both of them changed into T-shirts, jeans and sports shoes. They didn't take the main road as they got out of the dorm and decided to walk across the green field.

They looked at the school district nearby, the Weischer Tower. There were three of these towers and each district had one each. Every day, there would be students responsible for ringing it.

The old bell ring gave the whole university a nostalgic vibe.

"Isn't it cool? It feels like the university in the old days and we're the legendary elite practitioners." Messi said passionately as he would occasionally grab hold of branches along the road.

"It feels alright." Garen nodded.

"I heard from my brother that you can enroll in many clubs Gullivier University as a first year. However, it's best not to join in too many of them as the assignments are slightly more hectic for the first years. If you don't have enough time to study then you might be rejected for the specialized course that you wish to enroll in." Messi then casually asked. "What do you wish to major in?"

"I'm not sure. Don't we have another year to think about it? I'll take it slowly." Garen replied with a smile.

"I plan to major in computer science. I'm fairly decent in terms of computer technicals and one can do anything once one has mastered it. Although Gullivier's computer science isn't the best, it's still much better than the others. He said as he walked and prodded a pimple on his face.

Two of them chatted on the way as they passed by all kinds of old buildings in different sizes. Most of them were decorated with arc-shaped or triangular texture and looked like broken glasses from afar.

Easels were placed in random spots on the field and at the side of the road. These easels of different sizes took up a portion of the field, forming a small exhibition. Students who had nothing better to do could go in and admire the arts.

Students and professors could occasionally be seen holding cellos, accordions or flutes as they played happily.

Other than these people, most of them were normal students who were carrying textbooks as they memorized the medical terms.

A beautiful voice could faintly be heard from one of the buildings nearby, which seemed to be from some clubs organizing a music festival.

Garen and Messi weren't at the center of the attention as they walked slowly on the field.

They messed around until lunchtime. They went to the cafeteria to get some quick bites and paid using cash via their student ID number. Afterwards, they went straight to the hall for the first year ceremony.

The vice headmaster and the persons in charge of the three districts spoke as the crowd cheered.

Afterwards, they gave out the student ID, cafeteria card, documents required to borrow the textbooks and medical cards with numbers on it. Every student would have a dedicated doctor responsible for their health and the information of the doctor such as his name, office location, working hours and phone number was printed on it.

Students would have to make an appointment in advanced when they felt unwell and they would build a medical profile there. However, Garen seemed to never have an opportunity to use it.

After the ceremony, they then started talking about the specialized courses and what to take note as first years.

Garen didn't get to listen to it as Messi had pulled him out of the hall.

There were all sorts of clubs filling up the whole field. It was a simple setup where a person in charge was sitting behind the table and the name of the club written on the wooden signboard. The recruiters were all presentable seniors and the handsome and beautiful ones were in the major clubs. They were using all sorts of techniques to recruit the first years.

There were a few new students who were seduced by the seniors' beauty and were signing up for a club with an unknown name.

Messi had a clear objective. He excitedly wriggled his way within the crowd as he pulled Garen to a secluded corner.

'Beauty Appreciation Club' was clearly written on a white wooden board.

The senior sitting at the table looked gentle and handsome. He didn't give off a desperate or pervert vibe at all.

"Uhh... I will pass..." The senior immediately stood up and ran towards him when he noticed Garen was looking at him. This made a shiver run down Garen's spine.

"I'll check that place out." He immediately got away from Messi and walked towards the clubs on the other side.

No matter how loud Messi tried to shout behind him, Garen was swarmed by multiple gentle and beautiful seniors the moment he entered the area. They were showing off their clubs as they introduced it to him.

Typically, attractive people were their favorites as this kind of resources were good to use them as a decoration in the club to lure in more people.

It was very obvious that Garen was one of them.

Hence, four or five beautiful seniors came towards him. In Garen's eyes, these beautiful seniors were far less pretty than Rafaella. However, they were considered above average within Gullivier.

This area's club was coincidentally filled with Sanda, grappling, fighting, fist technique, etc.

There were a variety of styles and some styles were even from fighting games. Here, one could simply pay some fees and rent a spot to form a club. The university would be supportive as long as the club wasn't against human society or the sort.

Garen frowned as his ears were deafened by noisy people introducing stuff to him.

"Junior Garen, why don't you join our combat club?" A familiar voice could be clearly heard among the noise.

Garen looked at where the familiar voice came from and saw his guide, senior Serena. The girl had changed into a set of black tights attire with short lace skirt. She also had white jeans with brown belts and a ponytail as she stood beside a muscular man.

"What do you think? If you join us, you can use my name if people bully you! It's up to you if you want to learn combat." It seemed that Serena had been targeting the first years when she was guiding the new students. No wonder the strong woman didn't fight back when she oppressed her.

"Combat club? That largest one?" Garen noticed the club with the biggest table in the area.

"Yeah."

"Sure," Garen replied. Serena was the only person that could be labeled a beauty in this university and combat was also one of his strongest assets.

With his approval, Serena pulled Garen to the club's registration area, in which she obstructed everyone who tried to persuade otherwise.

He then reported his student number, dorm, and records to register for the foundation class. Under the witness of attractive people, Garen entered the combat club and became one of its members.

Then Serena placed him at the back of the booth and his first assignment was to act as a good luck charm. Everyone who signed up with Garen had seniors assisting him throughout the process.

A few girls who sat beside Garen were interested in him as they kept inquiring him about his interests.

The recruitment lasted until evening hours and ended with the members packing everything up.

The combat club wasn't really that hectic. Occasionally, they would group together and have a sparring session, guidance from the coach and a training session. The sparring session would usually determine their clubs' ranking and they would fight for real when there was a challenger.

Most of the martial art hobbyists would require advice from professionals. Hence the club would often organize advisory activities where the coach would be paid, albeit little, but he could receive plenty when there were a lot of people.

Naturally, there was free coaching as well. They were all enthusiasts within the clubs and would have bits of advice from the professionals. Occasionally, they would send someone to compete outside of the university and the university would reward them whenever they obtained results.

The combat club once ranked third among all the universities internationally in the MBL world combat championship. They also frequently participated in international competitions for freestyle fights. Hence, they had some formidable influence within the university. Naturally, the society's elite members would have special treatments. This was one of the reasons why the combat club became more popular.

He found out from a few female seniors that the club even spent money to invite a coach who once won the RAB international competition. The coach was their senior's senior Casey Bo. They also had invited a few top professionals from the open combat competition. Hence they were pretty confident in this year's competition.

With this setup and system, it was without a doubt, a strong temptation for martial art enthusiasts.

With Garen sitting there for not more than ten minutes, the club had recruited at least ten people. Compared to the other clubs, they were totally in the league of their own.

Chapter 593: Fight 1

The recruitment lasted until night time. After Garen had set a time for the activity, he returned back to the dorm with Messi.

The second day of university for new students was the second examination and interview. This examination was just a repetition and those who didn't have any issue previously would pass without a hitch.

Among the crowds, Garen did a set of tests and replied a few questions given by the examiner, passing the examination process with ease.

The next tasks were trivial and tedious as all the materials required for the university had to be prepared by oneself. He went to the bookstore to buy a brand new set of books, which cost him a few thousand dollars. He then contacted his mother Trish to arrange for lawyer consultations and bought some daily necessities.

The university life was considered relaxing but his daily schedule was filled with lectures. However, as long as Garen didn't disrupt the class, the lecturer or professor wouldn't even care if he slept. The lecturers would ignore him after asking him a few questions, which he answered perfectly.

This world's universities were rather similar to Earth's and there wasn't much difference other than the content was slightly more difficult. After some time, they were required to hand in their thesis report, which required a lot of citations and a tedious amount of effort to search, read the materials and travel frequently between the library and dorm.

The remaining three in the dorm soon fell into an abyss of panic, as they were so busy they couldn't even sleep at night.

Within a few months of admission, the thin had gotten thinner and the fat had a major weight reduction. Every day, they could only sleep for four to five hours. The prerequisites of the non-core subjects were high and the syllabus was very detailed, which put a lot of stress on the students.

"I heard Professor Elvin is going to give a lecture at the faculty of medicine. Are you guys interested?" Messi asked loudly as he sat on the living room's sofa as he held onto boxes of food. There was a stack of reference books in front of him and it seemed like he planned to read the books and eat at the same time.

"I'll get prepared. The contents of the last lecture were discussed in detail by professor Elvin. We may get some unexpected information." Alexander was highlighting main points with his pen.

"I have club activity." Garen shrugged his shoulder as he sat on the balcony with a hot coffee placed by the window. He even had a newspaper from Nottingham in his hand as he read it while enjoying his coffee.

Messi looked at him in sadly.

"Don't you think you're a sore eye when your housemates are busy preparing their thesis in agony..."

The other two roommates looked at him in jealousy. When they're studying, Garen was sleeping (practicing Secret Technique). When they're preparing for their thesis, Garen was drinking coffee while reading the newspaper. Now, when they're about to go for a talk, Garen said he wanted to participate in his club activity...

"Is that so?" Garen placed down the coffee. "I did my thesis too. It's just that I'm slightly faster."

"How is that called slightly faster?" Messi shouted. "Sometimes I really do feel like choking you to death!"

Garen looked at him with pity.

"Ah ah ah!!! Stop looking me with that gaze!!" Messi shouted. "Not everyone is like you, where the information you needed was in a book you've seen before."

"Who knew I would be so lucky?" Garen shrugged.

"I'm not sure why, but I feel like punching you whenever I see your smug face." The relationship between Messi and Garen had improved tremendously as they seemed to be okay with each other.

"Alright stop fighting you two. Whenever my hand jitters the arc turns into a straight line." Gattelin, who was drawing complained.

As the three continued to study hard, Garen shook his head, lowered his head as he continued reading the newspaper and would occasionally sip the hot coffee.

He took out a CD player and placed a music disc into it. He then plugged in his earphones and enjoyed it. He enjoyed it so much that he would close his eyes and hummed along with the music.

He looked at three of them working their butts off and smiled.

"You guys are so weak."

"Don't stop me. I'm going to choke this bastard to death!!!" Messi couldn't resist any longer as he leaped towards Garen.

"Good luck!"

"Go ahead! Punch him!!!"

Two of them from behind started shouting.

Garen laughed as he ran away on the balcony, escaping from Messi's grasp.

It's very common for these two to joke around like so even though three of them weren't that happy with Garen for this very reason. Garen would be fooling around whenever they're busy and the professor would always praise him instead of them.

Messi then went back to his seat unsatisfied as he realized his time was wasted on Garen. He then shouted that he would skip lunch and focus on studying.



Garen looked at the time and walked out of the dorm. Since the other two had brought lunch with them, he walked to the cafeteria nearby slowly.

In the morning, he would attend lectures if he had them and would search for information for his assignment if there was no lecture. Occasionally, he would go to the music festival, exhibition, play some ball and look at the others training their combat skill. This had been Garen's university life for the past few months.

Gullivier's assignments were hectic and professors had high expectations of the students. This was different from the national university back in Earth, where a thesis could be simply mixed and matched from other documents. The normal assignment would require a huge amount of reference and personal analysis towards the topic in order to pass it. A typical course exam's result was typically determined by the professor. If he liked the essays you've written, you passed. If not, no matter how many lectures you've attended, you would most likely fail.

He went to the cafeteria and bought three standard meals. While he's on the way back, Garen coincidentally walked into Serena with books in her hands, whose class had just ended.

"Today's activity is important, so make sure you attend," Serena said.

"Something important? What is it?" Garen was curious.

"The president is about to leave so we're electing a new president. There will be an interesting sparring competition!" Serena was rather excited when she said so.

"Are you participating?" Garen looked at her strangely. "Or perhaps someone related to you is participating. There must be a reason you're so happy, right?"

"You're right. My sister is participating so you'll need to cheer for her!" Serena smiled.

"Sure." Garen nodded.

The peaceful lifestyle was rather boring to him recently, and now there was an event interesting enough for him to attend.

He went back to the dorm and gave the other two their lunches. He then went back to his room, laid down on his bed, opened his laptop and looked at the records left in KL Chat.

Mike, Jelal, and Kelly whom he met on the way here had left a message for him. After replying him, he checked on his family's situation and Raffaele wrote a few messages to him. The message was short and had uploaded a recent picture of her on a beach in the evening hours. In a black dress, she was squatting beside a sand castle.

"Remember to bring some gifts back for me." -- Raffaele.

Garen pondered for a while.

"Are you still in Grano?" -- Garen.

He didn't expect to instantly obtain a response.

"Yep. I don't plan to go to university anymore since I don't learn much there." -- Raffaele.

"Is it your grandmother's wish?" Did she agree?" -- Garen.

"Yep." -- Raffaele.

Garen didn't know what to say as he wasn't knowledgeable in the witch's life. However, it was indeed true that experiencing university wasn't advantageous to Raffaele and it was just a waste of time.

After asking about her situation, he then closed KL.

The afternoon hours were just as usual, where there were no incidents. Garen felt as though he was a completely normal student.

He went to two more classes, had dinner and went straight to the combat field.

It was located in the old university's area, inside a classroom which was once for dancing.

When Garen arrived at the venue, it was already filled with people and a thick layer of mats had been placed at the center of the wide room. The senior members were sitting on one side while the new members were sitting on the other side. The division was clear.

A few senior members were explaining the current situation of the club in details to the new members.

In another corner, two muscular men were exercising, one of them were using the Pec Deck Machine while the other one was doing a sit up.

Those two were the coaches that the club had hired.

"Arrived already?" Serena was surrounded by a group of members and seemed to be talking about something. As she saw Garen entering from afar, she waved her hand.

Garen nodded. Since Serena was the only person he knew in the club, he changed into a black training attire at a corner and sat together with the new members.

The coach for the new members was a qualified senior member of the club. He was currently explaining the rules of the club and once he was almost done the explaining, he started giving the daily training.

"Now, I would like the new members who have combat experience to stand up." The coach drank after a long day of talking.

Among the tens of new members, five or six people stood up. There even were people who looked like in a dilemma.

"Coach, does self-learned combat considered?"

"Of course not." The senior shook his head.

Garen stood up and walked to the other corner with the five or six people.

Serena from the other side looked suspicious and shocked to find out that Garen had learned combat before.

Among the five to six people, two of them were women. One of them was very fit and looked very strong while the other was small and had a ponytail. She seemed to be here to learn to protect herself from the perverts.

She looked very elegant with her small face, pale skin. She looked very serious about it and this made a few men in the club whistle at her.

"You! Come out. You're not allowed to whistle and you can leave the club if you don't like it." The senior member coach shouted without any mercy.

The other three men had a typical face. Nothing was out of place and they were just normal martial art enthusiasts. They'd been observing the training for so long and couldn't hide their excitement when they could finally participate in it.

When Garen was observing the others, he didn't realize the others were observing him.

To the eyes of the new and old members, this new member who had just joined a few months ago had a different vibe compared to the other new members.

He, who had been observing the club's training, was about to officially go into training was not excited or frightened. He was calm as if this was an everyday occurrence to him.

Judging from the tender and pale skin at his hands and neck, one would immediately assume that he was the type who didn't like to train.

## Chapter 594: Combat 2

"You can choose not to participate in the training" Serena walked towards him and whispered to Garen.

"It's fine. I'm bored anyway." Garen smiled and replied.

As a club member who was one of the few which were good looking, Garen's main purpose was to be a showcase. However, since there was not much news regarding the Black Wood Cross recently, Garen decided to play along since he was bored.

After taking some time to understand the situation, he was still interested in the combat club. There were a few professionals in the club but they were only considered professionals as a commoner. If they were to encounter the lowest class vampire, they could only die and this wouldn't affect Garen's emotions.

The combat club had a lot of special rights in the university as they had obtained a lot of rewards before. A lot of elites could officially skip class during the competition period, even if the class was a core subject. This was what Garen was most interested in.

The new members were then separated into two groups and a senior pulled the new members who had no experience to a corner to teach them the basics.

Another senior pulled Garen and the others to the other side, preparing to test their skills.

Serena was chatting with a few of the members before walking towards him. There was a tall and strong man following beside her. He had a small mustache and was in a black singlet and a camouflage pants.

"We have Xander last year who was at a level to be able to participate in the competition. I wonder how this year's members will be." The man looked at seven of the new members.

"I've already informed Bidaen to go soft against Garen. The club is seriously imbalanced between the guy and the girls and we need him to lure in more female students. We can't scare him off." Serena said softly.

"Are you implying that I'm not handsome?" The muscular man complained.

"Pfft."

As both of them were speaking, the trial had started.

Among them, the elegant ponytail girl and golden-haired Garen had the most attention.

As both of them were very attractive, this had caused a lot of attention to be focused on them.

As the trial coach, Bidaen allowed the guy with an unsatisfied expression to come out first.

Both of them stood against each other and the trial began.

He rushed towards Bidaen and avoided a punch from the opponent. He then collapsed onto his pelvic area.

"Not bad. Next."

Although Bidaen was smiling, he was shaking his head on the inside. Those who followed fully to the rules could only be considered as a beginner with some foundation.

The man got down of the stage and in exchange, a girl went up. Her waist was lean and muscled.

Both parties announced their name and the battle began.

The girl took a step forward and tried to grab hold of Bidaen with both of her hands.

Unfortunately, it was a failure as he evaded it. However, she was able to hold off Bidaen's attack.

"This one's good. She has a good foundation." Serena, who was watching the spar, nodded.

"She can become the reserve of the elite members." The muscular man nodded.

Bidaen and the fit girl fought for some time and the girl eventually fell to the ground. She didn't seem disappointed, and in fact looked rather excited. She panted as she muttered something about finally finding the group for her and went down the stage.

The next person was the other guy. Bidaen had purposely placed Garen and the elegant girl at the back. This was especially true for Garen as he felt like not hitting him as he had such fair and tender skin. How much effort would one require to take care of his skin to such a level?

The remaining few were weak and couldn't even last a hit. They were just enthusiasts with a little bit of foundation. In terms of fighting experience, they seemed to have none.

Finally, it was Garen's turn.

He walked forward.

"Garen Thomas, please to meet you."

"Go ahead and fight me."

Bidaen nodded.

"I may be stronger than the few before me, so be careful." Garen smiled as he warned him.

"Oh?" Bidaen carefully looked at Garen's gaze and noticed that he wasn't joking at all. He then started to feel wary.

As Garen noticed the opponent's gaze, he walked towards the opponent and stood about 3 meters away from him.

"Be careful."

As he finished his sentence, Garen moved and instantly appeared behind the opponent. His hands were as agile as feathers as he gently moved them across Bidaen's shoulders.

Slam.

Bidaen flipped and rolled a few rounds to the front as he fell. He had completely lost control of his balance and he was in shock as he looked at Garen behind him.

It wasn't just him, the new members nearby, together with Serena and the muscular man who were observing at the side were stunned.

Serena, who had been about to place the lollipop into her mouth and the man who was just about to scratch his hand stopped moving and didn't know how to react to this.

All the new members were stunned as they didn't know how to react to such situations.

This corner of the room was in complete silence as no one spoke.

After a while.

"Fuck me! .... You're a professional!!!" Bidaen muttered.



"It's alright." Garen shrugged.

"What kind of footwork was that? How did it make me so confused?" Bidaen recovered quickly from his shock and what replaced it was a sense of excitement. He was a combat enthusiast who knew a lot and was obviously interested in the footwork that he had never seen before.

"It was a simple footwork where one moves in the blindspot of the opponent. Add in some unique technique and anyone can achieve the effect of disrupting the opponent's vision." Garen wasn't joking as it was really a very common technique. In the Secret Technique world, even normal martial artists were able to use it proficiently.

It was one of the popular techniques.

This technique could only be used to toy with commoners as typical martial artists had strong senses. Once their vision was compromised, they could immediately switch into hearing and the technique was useless against them.

Garen took into consideration that he would be facing against a commoner so he took out the most common technique in his memory.

However, it seemed to be too advanced for this world...

"It has a very interesting name, called Two-phase extermination," Garen explained. "Combined it with the footwork, one could gently gross over the opponent's neck."

The Two-phase Extermination was a set of martial art that wasn't popular. As it's practically not strong. This was the reason Garen chose this technique to engage with a commoner in this world for the very first time. However, based on the people's reactions, Garen knew that this was too advanced.

"Two-phase Extermination..." Bidaen was excited. It wasn't just him as everyone started to feel an itch in their heart.

Garen's simple motion which involved a few steps and a gentle throw. The posture was very elegant and beautiful.

No one thought that combat would portray such a beautiful posture and so practical at the same time. It's as if this had opened a new world to them.

"Let me try!" The impatient strong man at one side couldn't resist any longer as he walked to the stage. "Bidaen, you take some rest and let me try it!"

"Be careful vice president, even I don't know how I was tricked." Bidaen nodded as he warned softly while walking to the side.

The muscular man smiled as he raised his hands and stretched his shoulder. He then moved to the left and right as he warmed himself up.

"My foundation is boxing. Be careful." He shouted at Garen.

The disturbance raised by the vice president had attracted the attention of the senior members nearby and even the coach from the other side started to gather around.

Even the new members from the other side stopped their training and joined the crowd.

Serena walked behind Garen and said.

"Be careful, that guy is called Jamie. He's one of the captains of the five elite groups. Excluding the president, the five of them are the strongest. Since my sister is competing for the president slot, she has to fight against them as well."

Garen nodded to acknowledge that he heard it.

"Jamie is good at uppercut and the ambushed knee attack. His knee attack is nicknamed as army's pierce. It's very powerful so don't assume that he would only use his hand as a fighter."

"Hey hey hey. Don't sell out your old friend just because he's handsome~~~" Jamie started complaining.

"As for me, I don't have any special technique." Garen nodded as he started to introduce himself.

"Let's begin." Serena became their impromptu judge.

The surrounding started to quiet down. Since the vice president and the elite group captain had decided to spar with a new member, it obviously meant that the new member was very capable and this attracted a huge amount of people to spectate.

Two of them stood facing each other on the stage.

"Since you're a professional as well, I won't be showing any mercy," Jamie said calmly.

"Sure thing." Garen nodded.

Just as he finished his sentence, Jamie plunged forward and attacked Garen from the right.

He got to Garen, who was three meters away from him in a mere instant and attacked him from his right, aiming for his neck. The fist in the air was whistling, just like a drill rotating at high speed.

He had used half of his normal strength in this attack. Under normal circumstances, this fist could easily punch through three to four bricks. If it were to used it on a normal person, his bones would break without a doubt. Hence, he preserved his strength as he was just testing his opponent in case that he had overestimated his opponent. It would be bad for him to severely injured someone.

Out of habit, he attacked his opponent from the side by taking advantage of his incredible speed to attack a person's weak spot. This was Jamie's fighting style. As for the poisonous pierce, which was his hidden ultimate move, he couldn't simply use it at his disposal as it would bring a heavy burden towards his knee.

The fist was going towards Garen's neck and suddenly, a swift sound could be heard and Jamie felt like his vision had gone blind as Garen had completely disappeared. Surprised, he stood firmly and attacked his back.

There was still no one!

Jamie started to feel the shiver down his spine.

He finally understood what Bidaen experienced where the opponent disappeared right in front him and only his footsteps and wind generated could be heard.

Panic, he used all of his might and his speed had increased by two folds.

He even used both of his fists to attack left and right at the same time as he leaped forward.

He tried to catch up with Garen's speed with all his might.

Unfortunately, he could only see the edge of his opponent's shirt.

He, who couldn't even see his opponent's figure, was not able to use his so-called ultimate skill, poisonous pierce, which was only useful when he fought his opponent face to face. Hence he wouldn't be able to use it under this circumstances.

Slam.

A finger gently landed on the back of his neck.

"I give up! I give up!"

Helpless, Jamie raised both of his hands up and admitted defeat.

The crowd cheered.

Chapter 595: Club 1

No one expected that the Vice President would actually lose to a new student.

"A newbie who is even stronger than Xander has joined us this year!"

"It's so strange, Vice President couldn't even reach his shadow no matter how he turned!"

"His stance is so beautiful when he moves."

"He's probably the newbie that Serena dragged into the club. We're going to have a good show soon."

A group of club members huddled together and chatted noisily.

Serena smiled happily. Tonight's presidential election duel would be happening shortly, and she had brought in a powerful fighting force. It seemed like Big Sis's position was now uncertain.

"How is it going?" She looked towards Jamie, who would be taking part in the fight, and asked him softly.

The latter's expression had yet to return to normal.

"Very strong," he said quietly.

"The uncertainty of the situation has increased!" Serena laughed happily.

"He might even be stronger than your big sister."

The smile on Serena's face disappeared slowly.

"The club requirements state that only the strongest member has the right to be the president. Don't forget that," mentioned Jamie.

"No way..." Serena gulped.

"Would it be better if that wasn't the case?" Suddenly, another voice interrupted their conversation.

The crowd dispersed as a tall, slender, red-haired girl walked in. There was a long and yellow-red line on the left side of her face that seemed to be a sword-fighting scar, and she was dressed in tight black leather clothing that consisted of a long sleeved top and long pants, while her loose long hair swayed as she walked over.

"Big Sis!" Serena turned around happily while running towards the other girl's side.

"Participants with graceful movements are always welcomed at the main competitions. During competitions, their appearance and looks are the main factors that attract the audience's attention. If he can really defeat me, I'll give him the president's position during his sophomore year," said the girl in leather clothes indifferently.

Garen walked off the arena with a completely relaxed look on his face.

He smiled while they cheered, and it seemed as if the entire match earlier was just a warm-up. This made it even more puzzling for the newbies and old members that were gathered around him.

As he turned to look around himself, Garen shook his head slightly.

The regular people in this world were too weak. When he looked at his surroundings, he realized that everyone, including that girl in the tight-fitting leather clothes, had pathetically weak auras.

They had even remained at using ordinary people's standards of strength and speed to determine their victors. The individual with the stronger muscles and superior strength, faster speed, and more powerful hits would have a higher chance of victory.

No matter how much time one spent practicing these combat skills, as long as they did not train their body and mind to evolve their martial arts, they would never be as powerful as a handgun. This disappointed Garen because his original aim was to see if regular people had any strengths that were worth his attention. Unfortunately, this was it.

Among those around him, those who were considered as combat experts could never be called martial artists, nevermind Grandmasters of Combat. This made him feel slightly bored. As a high-level expert Grandmaster of Combat, showing off his strength amongst a group of normal people who could not even reach the level of martial artists was like accidentally stepping on ants while standing on the road.

"Are you bored?"

Suddenly, a voice could be heard beside Garen's ear.

Garen was slightly shocked. He followed the source of the voice and looked over, before noticing that it came from the new girl that joined the club with him. Her long black hair was tied in a ponytail and her skin was as smooth as white snow. She also had almond-shaped eyes, pink lips and carried herself in an elegant manner.

She was a stereotypical Eastern beauty.

"You're disappointed in the martial arts here? That's why you're bored?" said the girl coldly. She had not spoken in a loud voice, but everyone had heard the things she had said.

The noisy scene turned silent immediately.

"Don't be ridiculous, an expert like Garen would obviously not be that kind of person," said a random voice, defending him.

However, the girl continued to look at Garen quietly without saying anything.

The smile on Garen's face disappeared and he returned her gaze and stared at her.

Seeing that Garen did not explain, everyone around him stopped talking as well. Since Garen did not deny it, it was now clear that those were his true feelings. This girl was right, the combat club had bored Garen.

A stern look appeared on Vice President Jamie's face. He looked at Garen and glanced at the girl while different emotions appeared on his face, making it difficult to guess what he was thinking about.

Serena and her older sister looked at Garen silently as well while the surrounding atmosphere became tenser at once.

The other club members who were present realized that something was amiss and gathered around them in large crowds.

Garen looked around. Since they had already seen through him, he was too lazy to disguise his true feelings anymore. It was too troublesome to continue hiding his true self from a colony of ants pretending to be humans.

"It's true that it's a little boring, you were right."

The corners of his mouth curled upwards slightly. It was an extremely rare sight that this girl had been able to catch the slight change in his gaze and accurately decipher its meaning as well.

The main point was that he had not detected any signs of abnormal powers within her.

A slight commotion occurred the moment that sentence left his mouth, while furious expressions appeared on the faces of some of the old club members.

"Don't hold me back, I want to kill that guy!"



"Big Sis Quentin is here! Let's beat him up!"

"We'll wait for the President and the others to arrive before discussing it further."

Some of them were emotional while others were calm. On the arena, some people wanted to step forward to fight Garen one-on-one but were held back by their friends. A few other members had taken their phones out and were beginning to make calls, obviously inviting others over.

"Our new member seems really strong, huh..." The girl in leather clothes took long strides as she stepped into the arena and stood on the opposite side of Garen. Although her face was very similar to Serena's, they had extremely different temperaments, making it easy for the crowd to distinguish her identity at once.

She was Serena's older sister, one of the Vice Presidents, Quentin.

"Do you want to spar with me?" Quentin glared at Garen with narrowed eyes while her slender legs bounced slightly. Her whole body seemed to be shaking slightly as if she was a coiled spring that was being compressed slowly.

"Although I feel somewhat rude to say this to Senior Sister Serena, I must admit that the combat levels here are quite low." Garen calmly disregarded her gaze. No wonder the Blood Breeds looked down on the regular humans. If all the regular people possessed the strength of those in the Secret Technique World, the Blood Breeds would not be able to look down on the humans completely even if they were any stronger, as they would end up suffering unexpected failures.

Unfortunately, the regular people here were nothing like the martial artists of the Secret Technique World.

A thought flashed through his mind before a good idea appeared in Garen's mind suddenly.

"You're thinking of leaving?" It was that same voice from earlier again. The new Eastern girl had interrupted him again and was glaring at Garen now. "Even the Vice President is not worth a fight in

your eyes, huh?" There were some wrinkles on her brow, and it was obvious that she was somewhat unhappy with Garen's arrogance.

"Oh??" Garen ignored the emotionally charged crowd around him but looked straight at this girl instead. "The first time, I merely assumed that you possessed acute instincts and that it was a coincidence. But since it occurred a second time, it can't just be a coincidence."

A panicked look appeared in the girl's eyes faintly before she evaded Garen's line of sight.

"I'm just not used to your attitude. You seem polite on the surface, but you're actually unbelievably arrogant on the inside."

It was true that she had possessed sharp instincts ever since she was young, and was able to read the meanings behind other people's gazes easily, making it useless no matter how hard they tried to hide it. This was an extremely sensitive talent and was especially useful when she studied psychology on her own and was able to interpret the mentalities of others' easily.

Garen was interested in this aspect because he knew that if this talent was used during combat, one would be able to guess the thought processes of their opponents, making it an extremely excellent combat technique.

It now seemed that the humans were not just a pile of trash. These new thoughts allowed Garen to look at the girl with newfound interest. Suddenly, an impressive idea flashed in his mind.

They were unlike the Nighthawks who were already set in place. Most of the students here had some potential, especially the girl that stood before him who was even more talented than the rest and seemed to already have good basic physical requirements. If he granted them an Ultimate Technique and chose a Secret technique to pass on to them, they would be able to become experts of a certain standard as long as their resolve was strong enough.

They would not be Grandmasters of Combat but would be martial artists at least.

Garen's own power values were steadily increasing each day and were constantly being assisted by his potential points. He would have faced a slight threat if he had been swarmed by a group of Vampires years ago, but now he would be able to single-handedly kill dozens of them.

They were only capable of rough and direct attack methods like simple punching, kicking, and biting. To Garen, they were nothing but an eyesore.

During the time from the first year of junior high to high school, Garen was unable to upgrade a significant amount of potential points. However, he was able to break through to the third level of the Slaughtering Hand quickly. This Demonic Technique possessed a terrifying effect that could seize a living creature's life force, and compared to the two lower levels, the power of the third level did not depend on the evolution of the aspects but was focused on the effects of accumulated power.

As the most powerful Demonic Technique of the Demon King Black Sethe, the most frightening aspect of the Slaughtering Hand was its ability to absorb the life force of living creatures and accumulate it in both of its hands before releasing it when required.

The life force accumulation abilities of the third level were able to increase its destructive power by almost three times. Coupled with Garen's current basic strength, its power was almost equivalent to the peak powers that he had obtained in the Totem World. However, its range of affected areas was not very large.

In other words, his powers would probably be restored completely in a short span of time. Furthermore, he would be able to reach the Form 6 level of the Totem World.

Solely practicing his Demonic Techniques to reach level three would allow him to approach the godly Form 6 powers of the Totem World, and this made Garen slightly suspicious. However, careful research made him realize that the Soul Seeds were one of the causes.

It seemed that the Soul Seeds possessed certain amplification effects that increased his power greatly whenever he practiced his Secret Techniques.

When he returned to his thoughts, Garen realized that it would be troublesome for him to do the things that he wanted to do in this world if he was alone. Therefore, he needed to find a good helper. Perhaps

he would be able to find an acceptable young successor among the normal people to be a helper that would be able to support him.

While strength upgrades were an important aspect to consider, loyalty was another matter as well. Both of these were key requirements that had to be considered, as it would be troublesome if they used the Ultimate Techniques and Secret Techniques that he had taught them against himself in the future.

"What's your name?" Garen returned to his thoughts and looked at the girl.

Whoosh!

Suddenly, a whip-like black shadow flashed beside the right side of his face.

Apparently, it was Quentin. There was a cold expression on her face while she raised her right leg up high and swung it forward while turning her body sideways. Her other leg was placed forward steadily while she struck directly towards the bottom half of Garen's body.

She used a great amount of force and by listening to the sound of the wind, one could tell that if she was able to kick her opponent's body, it would certainly be the most undesirable conclusion for a man.

Clap!

Garen caught her leg with one hand and held it with the other, before throwing her towards the left suddenly.

Whoosh!!

A black shadow flew past before Quentin was thrown out of the main door outside the arena at once. A series of screams could be heard outside the door suddenly before the squeaking sound of a body sliding across the floor followed soon after.

## Chapter 596: Club 2

The arena was filled with commotion while Serena screamed and ran out of the door. A large group of noisy onlookers ran outside and gathered around Quentin's body while she remained on the ground.

Quentin's face was pale while she lay on the ground. She tried to stand but was unable to hold herself up.

She had only suffered cramps but had not fractured any bones. Garen knew not to overdo his actions and had only planned to strike her attack position lightly to reprimand her.

Garen shrugged his shoulders and walked towards the doorway nonchalantly despite the hostile gaze of the crowd.

"You went a little too far." A muscular figure blocked his path.

It belonged to one of the two coaches that had been training them earlier.

He was a white man whose golden hair was swept back in tall peaks. His arms and legs were filled with taut muscles and a short beard grew below his chin. Meanwhile, his eyes were staring daggers into Garen.

"I'm the coach of this club. You can call me William," said the man as he offered his hand to Garen and shook it.

Bang!

A loud exploding noise could be heard suddenly.

Garen and the man crossed limbs, while Garen's shadow appeared before him unexpectedly. Their arms were tangled with each other's while they moved speedily, making it almost impossible to see their physical bodies except for the four shadows that intertwined with one another endlessly.

Bang bang bang bang!!!

Every time the noise rang out, the man's face became slightly paler.

Crack!!

A depression appeared in one of the walls while the man's face was filled with sweat. It seemed to have occurred when his opponent's fist grazed past the side of his face, causing more than half of it to turn numb. Before he could react, another terrifying, storm-like barrage jabbed towards him again, until he was forced to step backward continuously. If he was unable to retaliate in time, he would collapse for sure.

"Pretty good speed. Your rhythm is acceptable too."

Garen's voice echoed softly, causing Quentin, Serena and the others to gulp unconsciously.

"However, your speed and strength are still too weak."

Another explosion followed soon after.

Suddenly.

A cracking noise could be heard below the white male's legs while he sank into the light red wooden floorboards underneath him. He raised both of his arms up high to block the large hands that were pushing him downwards from above.

His face turned pale at first before it was filled with blood quickly, turning into a red mess.

Crack!!

The man's entire body sank into the ground and he was soon embedded within the floorboards from below his knees.

The students were completely silent.

That hurricane-like fight that happened earlier allowed everyone to experience the actual violence and ferocity that was expected in a battle.

This was true combat! This was a hot-blooded match!!

Excitement stirred within the hearts of everyone while they watched Garen pin the coach into the ground single-handedly.

"Abandon all weaknesses and get rid of your doubts, fears, and dreads. All of those things are useless." Garen pursed his lips and glanced around himself. "During combat, there is only one thing that needs to be done, which is to get rid of your opponent."

The arena was completely silent. No one spoke while only the sound of coarse breathing could be heard.

Some of the boys' eyes turned red as Garen had ignited the passion inside them, allowing them to realize that this was real combat! This was actual fighting! Killing!

Cold stares, violent attacks against one's opponents, strength, speed, collisions without the slightest hesitation, and terrifying pressure were the final goals that the numerous combat enthusiasts were headed towards all along!!

Garen looked around at the students whose passion he had just ignited before returning his hands to himself happily and standing up.

He had merely planted a seed inside their hearts so that his reputation would be spread throughout the regular people. After that, those who were interested to pursue combat and fighting would come to him naturally.

Frankly, it was just a temporary moment of excitement. He still felt that this world was uninteresting and other than the Witches and Blood Breeds, the regular people were not worth his attention. However, there was a probability that he would find an excellent seed among them.

Meanwhile, he already had a vague idea for a quicker method to solve the problems regarding the time taken to upgrade his powers and the question of loyalty.

If this worked, he would be able to form a strong human team that he would be able to control fully in a short amount of time.

Garen glanced across the enthusiastic crowd and smiled at Serena, before taking long strides out of the arena and disappearing on the lawn.

Since they were the outstanding students of Gullivier University, he would only need to find a few good quality seeds that possessed both brawn and brains, as these people would be suitable to become the core of his team.

However, the decision regarding those who would engage in actual combat would require the assistance of the Nighthawks.

But he would not rush this, as his ideas still needed to be checked carefully.

After Garen had left, the site of the combat club became silent again.

Although more than a hundred people had gathered here, only the sound of coarse breathing could be heard. The other coach walked forward and pulled the white coach from the floorboards. The crowd then realized that the white coach had exhausted all of his strength and was only able to collapse in a pool of his own sweat as he did not even have enough strength left to stand.

"That young person... is basically a lion!! A golden lion!!" A terrified expression flashed in his eyes. "I think he would have killed me if I was distracted for a moment! I'm serious, Jim! He would have definitely killed me!! Did you see the look in his eyes?! His gaze showed that he was looking at a dead person! I dare say that he's definitely killed someone!"



He lowered his head and ran all ten of his fingers through his hair while his entire body trembled.

"When I collided with him, I couldn't see anything but a golden mess in front of my eyes as that was the most eye-catching color on his body. I couldn't see anything else clearly. The collision sounded like a roar and that was the only thing my ears could hear. I couldn't divert my attention at all. Really..."

Coach Jim held him and patted his back carefully.

"I don't think he can be a coach anymore," said Jim softly while looking at Quentin and the others.

Quentin was completely silent.

"President!"

"The president is here!" shouted someone behind her.

A muscular black male student took long strides as he walked into the arena with an equally shocked expression on his face.

"I saw everything..."

"The new members this year..." Quentin turned around and looked at the black student with a forced smile.

"Give him the position of President then," pondered the black male student for a moment. "It's just a title anyway and it doesn't matter. According to the rules, only the strongest club member has the right to be the president. But now, even the..." Although he stopped speaking halfway, the meaning of his sentence was already obvious enough.

Both of the coaches were actually fierce professionals that possessed strength surpassing that of the students. The club members, and even the president himself were unlikely to defeat either of the two coaches.

"Both of the coaches should go and take a break first." A bespectacled gentle-looking male student walked out from behind the black male student. He was a slender Caucasian male who was dressed in white casual clothes who carried himself with an exquisite air and was clearly not of humble birth.

"Just give him the president's position," nodded the male student while agreeing with the black student's suggestion. "Us four captains and Vice Presidents of the Elite Team will not have any objections. It's fine as long as he's the strongest member, regardless whether he's a newbie or an old member."

Serena nodded faintly. Garen had shown her older sister mercy, allowing her to have a favorable impression of him. Although it looked like Quentin had suffered a serious fall, she had merely been inflicted with cramps but was not injured at all.

The main skeleton of the combat club consisted of the five captains of the Elite Team. Initially, none of them had possessed great strength but were merely masters of rich households that were passionate about combat. Therefore, together they'd provided the funds to establish the combat club. If they had not done so, the funds provided by the university and their meager competition winnings would not have been sufficient for the expenses of such a large combat club.

The cost of equipment, activities, constantly organizing training sessions and external incentive trips were all huge expenses towards the large combat club.

When they were finally confident about their strengths and were ready to seize the president's position from one another, an abnormal newbie appeared suddenly.

When Garen entered the club, the few members that planned to duel for the right to be president were now disheartened.

When the other two captains arrived later and heard about this incident, they were wary of it at first but decided to give up on the presidential duel temporarily.

Each of the five captains belonged to rich families and were also combat fanatics. If that were not the case, they would not have pumped so much money into the club during the past few years.

Once everything had settled down, they began to discuss the matters concerning the new member Garen.

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Time flew by quickly.

More than two weeks had passed in a blink of an eye.

The new students had gradually caught up to the hectic pace of their studies, leaving them with less free time for themselves. Meanwhile, the club activities had also started in full force.

Some clubs organized dinners while others held dances. Other underground gatherings that had never been heard of now organized character roleplaying games, causing the students' lives to become chaotic and messy.

Some students moved out of their dorms and rented houses with their girlfriends instead. The hornier ones would unknowingly put on a show for the rest of their university mates in a secluded forest near the university.

But they were only a minority. Most of the new students were still diligently working and resting.

Their burdensome workbooks and papers were constantly being sent back by their lecturers and teachers who asked the students to redo them. Some students were even forced to sleep at two or three o'clock in the morning every day while having to wake up at five or six in the morning.

Garen's roommate Alexander was one of those people. As his papers were not up to standard, two papers of different subjects were sent back continuously and he was forced to rewrite them. Consequently, he'd been unable to get five full hours of sleep for the past three days.

It was already risky enough when one's papers were below standard, but if he failed this course and lacked too many academic credits, it would be even more exhausting to make up for that later.

Furthermore, the most important part was that a Gullivier student would be sent packing if they failed more than two subjects.

It was even worse for someone who had been a top student at their old school, as everyone who entered Gullivier had their own pride and self-esteem.

Garen stood on the balcony and basked in the sunlight while drinking coffee and reading a newspaper. He looked over at the red-eyed Alexander and shook his head, sighing. These were the sorrows of a student of a top university. There were many new students like Alexander who would suffer similar setbacks either because they were not used to the lecturers' cursive writing style, or because of other unknown factors that made it difficult for them to adapt to their classes.

These setbacks would cause unsurprisingly immense pressures.

Alexander noticed that his roommate had finished all of his tasks while he was left to fight alone. He once assumed that everyone was on a leveled playing field. However, the papers and workbooks had suddenly created a great divide between them. This feeling was like a terrible attack towards the self-esteem of the new students.

Could it be that he was truly not as intelligent as the others? If not, why were they be able to finish everything so quickly while he took such a long time? His initial confidence would be destroyed by questions like these if he was not careful.

However, these were merely regular papers that were used to calculate their results. When it was time for their end-of-term main paper assessments or mock papers...

Chapter 597: Legend 1

"They either went to do their practice investigations or participate in the dance. Why didn't you go, Garen?" Alexander raised his head from his thick notes and asked in a hoarse voice.

"I finished the practice investigations long ago and I have no interest in the dance. What about you? Are you alright? Do you need my help?" Garen put his coffee cup down and asked concernedly.

"I'm fine. I'll be done soon." It was the fourth time Alexander had said this today.

Beep beep beep...

Garen's watch beeped and interrupted Alexander while he was about to speak. He looked towards Garen and smiled before burying himself once more in his work.

"Hello?"

It was an unknown number, but Garen answered it at once anyway.

"Garen? It's me, Serena."

"Senior Sister? What's up?" Garen leaned on his right side on the deck chair and made himself slightly more comfortable while allowing the sunlight to shine on the left side of his body.

"I'm using the club's public phone to call you. You... Are you free this afternoon?" asked Serena hesitantly.

"I'm alright, I'm been less busy recently." On the other side, Alexander turned his head towards him and looked over resentfully.

"Did you know? Everyone in the club has been calling you the Golden Lion Garen after you showed off last time. Golden Male Lion, isn't that cool? A lot of people said that your hair flew around you like a lion's mane when you moved your hands. You were so fierce and wild," Serena laughed charmingly.

"It's quite cool actually. But the club doesn't mean much to me because the people there were too weak," said Garen without holding back, while scratching parts of his face that itched faintly.

The creaking sound of a tightening fist could be heard through the phone faintly. Perhaps Serena had set the call on loudspeaker...

The corner of Garen's mouth curved upwards. Taunting these guys for no reason was a form of amusement to him.

"One of them might be unable to defeat you, but a few of them could advance at the same time though," said Serena seductively in a spoiled tone that even she found hard to believe. "You should come just for a bit. I'll give you a mysterious prize when you get here~~~"

Serena had already planned to trick Garen into coming to the club before saying anything else. This girl was seriously crazy to the point that it was excessive. Although her words were seductive, Serena could hear the crunching noise of her own teeth grinding against each other.

Not once had she ever acted this spoiled, even towards her own father!

"Alright, alright. It's going to be six o'clock in the evening soon. I'll come after I've eaten my dinner. Senior Sister, you are just too cute, haha..." Garen grinned widely while ending the call.

It would be good for him to visit them. The girl with the frightening intuition would make a good seed, and he had yet to get her name.

Garen rubbed his chin and glanced at the state of his Slaughtering Hand before realizing that this Demonic Technique was more abnormal than usual.

Its basic powers were nothing extraordinary, but when the life forces that it had absorbed were accumulated, its power would reach a terrifying degree. Furthermore, it would release the life forces of hundreds of people at once when it exploded.

"But it hasn't been accumulating much life force recently though..." Garen pondered for a moment before taking his phone out and sending a message to Baldy and the others. He gathered information regarding the existence of the Inhuman Beings for awhile.

Baldy and the others had entered the first-rate mercenary circle, allowing them to know more information regarding the Blood Breeds and Witches while becoming a channel of communication for Garen simultaneously.

He had yet to completely release the strongest powers of this Demonic Technique.

However, he had noticed during his normal practice that the Soul Seed's amplification abilities would cause the Demonic Technique's powers to become unusually terrifying. Moreover, it would also cause frostbite-like injuries.

"Although I don't know for sure whether it's a Living Secret Technique or not, I can definitely see that it's not a Dying Secret Technique... Interesting." Garen checked the state of his Secret Technique pane carefully once more before getting up and returning to his bedroom to change into a new set of clothes.

He bundled all of his dirty clothes into a pile before throwing them into a bucket and picking it up.

"Are you going to the laundromat? Take mine with you!" said Alexander frantically while raising his head immediately.

"Alright."

Garen carried both of their laundry buckets and walked out of the door slowly, walking past the bedroom corridor before going down a flight of stairs.

Most of the new students had left for their activities, causing the rooms to be completely silent except for the sound of footsteps that echoed from a few rooms.

The white dorms seemed somewhat empty now.

Dong... Dong...

The chiming of the clock tower could be heard from far away.

Garen carried the laundry buckets and left the dorm buildings before walking on the right side of the lawn. There was a row of little shops in front of the small path that was situated in the middle of the lawn. Students would carry their clothes inside occasionally.

All of these were laundromats. Although there were laundry machines on every floor of the dorms, it was unfortunate that some of their amenities were older. Occasionally, they would only get a pile of damp and improperly washed clothes even after waiting more than half an hour. Furthermore, certain types of clothes could not be washed in washing machines.

Moreover, it was troublesome for them to get their own fabric softeners and bleach. In the end, it was easier for them to just bring all of their clothes to the laundromat.

The students who lived in the dorms were either on scholarship or from wealthy backgrounds. Thus, they were unbothered by these expenses.

There was a simple public announcement board on the wall beside the laundromat, so Garen walked over and stood beside a few students to glance at it.

The board was filled with messages regarding off-campus accommodation. Some of the lists had their phone numbers torn off, meaning that people had already rented those houses. The off-campus accommodation was slightly cheaper than the dorms on campus, but the safety levels and distance were a separate issue.

The further houses were obviously cheaper, but a further distance from the university would obviously bring other problems.

Garen glanced at a few prices on the board before turning around and looking at his watch which read: 1:32.

"It's still early. I don't have any classes this afternoon, so I can go take a look around."

Garen did as he wished and started at the center of the dorm building before walking throughout his surroundings and touring the place leisurely.

There was a leveled area next to the dorm building that was filled with students' bedrooms. Next, the student apartment building was on the right side of the area after a row of shops. These apartments were much more expensive than the dorms and were usually occupied by the research students.



Further on were the teachers' residential quarters where the university bus stop was located. The bus would arrive hourly.

Garen strolled leisurely along the road around the university and saw a couple of students and teachers standing in front of the bus stop sign, waiting for the bus.

The sun became hotter during the afternoon. Some people carried popsicles and ice cream cones in their hands while others held beverages or homemade drinks.

Although most of the students were rushing around, there were others who walked around leisurely like Garen, wandering around the campus aimlessly in their slippers and pajamas.

When Garen walked along the clock tower, he saw a group of people carrying tripods and cameras. They seemed to be either taking wedding photos or filming a drama. A director stood beside them and yelled at the passing students, telling them to mind the camera lens. The two people who seemed like a newlywed couple would break away occasionally and drink something.

After standing on the side and observing them for a while, Garen continued to walk on the path inside the university grounds.

When he passed a large white church-like building, he saw a bulletin board in front of the doorway that read: Lecturer Niconia's seminar happening now — Our Lives. 3 pm — Drama Club's play: Black Swan Velvet.

There were already students who were walking into the church who chatted and laughed as they walked. A student couple was arguing on the side. However, they only quarreled for a while before embracing each other romantically. Some of the surrounding students that passed him whistled to themselves. Although the university was open-minded, publicly engaging in physical displays of affection right outside the lecturer's seminar was something that only brave people would do.

Garen observed them interestedly on the sidelines for a few moments before leaving.

On the other side of a little mangrove forest, there were a few tea houses and coffee shops with dark brown walls. Through the floor length glass windows, he could see a few students who were sitting inside and chatting happily. Some of them were even waving their hands around animatedly while trying to convey certain opinions.

A group of youths in helmets rode past Garen on their bicycles with earplugs stuck in their ears.

"Coming through, coming through, coming through!!!" yelled the youth in front loudly while letting go of the front of his bike.

Brazen bike-racing within university grounds was against the rules, but it was obvious that these young people did not care.

Garen and a few other students that were passing by allowed the bicyclists to go first. Once the group had hastily left their line of sight, he continued walking leisurely.

Gullivier was a university that was built in an old area. It was rumored that this university had been established more than a thousand years ago. The university grounds had also survived countless fires and had to be rebuilt many times, making it even older than America.

Garen appreciated the clean, fresh air within the university grounds. While following the path, he ended up near his own dorms unconsciously. Next, he entered a red and white large cylindrical stone door that led to a white road in front. On his left was the library area while a slope that led upwards was on his right. The road sign on the side stated that this was the animal wellness center.

Garen pondered for a moment before going left and following the clusters of people that were walking towards the library.

A little while later, a thirty-meters-tall dark red building towered before him. It resembled a tortoise that was crawling on the ground. The doorway was on the side of the tortoise's body and a simple cobblestone path connected the entrance to the road.

There were numerous zig-zagging cobblestone paths on both sides of the library. Some led to the back of the library while others twisted and turned and extended towards further places.

Garen walked until he was a hundred meters away from the library area before stopping his footsteps and glancing at the notice board beside the road.

'Library number 13 - 17 to the right side'

'Library number 18 - 22 to the left side'

'Library number 4 straight ahead'

The arrows from all three directions pointed towards a tablet that stood in the doorway.

Below it was a white stone sculpture that resembled a page, and introductory messages regarding the Gullivier library area were written there.

There were twenty-two Gullivier library buildings in total, and the largest and most beautiful library with the most books was connected to Nottingham's library website, allowing students to get the information they needed at any time.

The dates of the library's establishment, years of existence, as well as some information about certain people, were all written at the back of the library.

He glanced around uninterestedly. Garen did not enter but chose to walk on the lawn and little pathways between the libraries instead. The clusters of library buildings looked like dark red stones scattered and embedded into the green lawn.

Librarians who were pushing books through the aisles could be seen throughout the library areas constantly. These librarians were in charge of different libraries and were responsible for ensuring that the books were returned to their right shelves. They were also responsible for delivering the books from different libraries to the students.

Other than Garen, there were a few international students who were hanging around the lawn. Some of them carried cameras and took pictures, while others posed happily.

## Chapter 598: Legend 2

Garen was strolling through the empty areas when his phone beeped suddenly. He took it out and glanced at the screen before noticing that it was Mike, the chatterbox he had met on the road once.

"Hey, handsome. Where are you? At school?"

"Yeah. I'm just strolling around the school out of boredom." Garen stopped walking and looked at an older female student who was currently practicing her mock interview not far from him while he replied his text messages unenthusiastically.

"No wonder you're an outstanding student... Do you want to come out for some drinks? I have some top quality girls with me here~~~"

"Drinks? Alright, I'm so bored." After Garen had entered the university, he came in contact with Mike frequently. This fellow was naturally friendly and would message or call him randomly to chat about his university troubles. In short, he had thought of Garen as his personal 'venting machine'.

"Are you bored of girls too? Did you join any clubs? I heard that the music club in your school is not bad."

"That's even more boring..." Garen leaned the back of his head against the library wall and noticed that the senior sister who was practicing her interview now had a frustrated expression on her face before she picked up a notebook thing and read it carefully.

"Hey handsome, why does everything bore you? Your life won't be fun that way. You know Kelly, right? That eastern girl from last time? If I hadn't helped her that time, she would've been tricked into having sex with that pervert. This time, she came out especially to thank me..." It ended abruptly as if the phone call had been cut off suddenly when someone snatched his phone away.

"Please don't mind what he said earlier." A text message came through at once suddenly. "Kelly is pure. She's still pure, I swear!" The other side of the conversation sounded somewhat chaotic now.

Garen smiled silently. He imagined that Mike was being beaten up badly by his wife Jelal now.

"Do you want to go out shopping together anytime soon? To buy some stuff downtown?" Garen pondered for a moment, realizing that it was time for him to buy some clothes.

Nottingham's weather and temperatures would vary greatly at different times. Sometimes, it would be sunny and the temperatures would be thirty-something degrees in the morning, but when it rained in the afternoon, the temperature would decrease. Although his body was physically strong and it was unnecessary for him to be concerned about keeping warm, suitable clothes were still important, as long as he did not have an excessive amount.

Garen was still very much an eastern person to the bone, despite experiencing and living in a western style world twice.

"Alright. My housemates and I were just planning to buy some toilet paper, a microwave oven, and a little fridge. How about we set the date for next week? Michael Selay's concert tickets go on sale next week and I absolutely have to snag one."

"Alright."

Once he finished replying the text messages, Garen waited for a few moments. When there were no more messages, he kept his phone.

He walked past the senior sister who was still practicing and passed the library area before a little zig-zagging, clear river appeared in front of him. It was seven to eight meters wide and flowed from left to right.

Thin shafts of golden sunlight reflected off the surface of the water faintly, while a few old men and women sat on the riverbank and fished quietly while listening to the radio.

There were sloping green lawns on both sides of the river. White granite benches were even placed in certain areas. He could see students holding books while sitting on some of the benches that were further away.

Garen walked by the riverbank, crouched down, and stuck one of his fingers into the water, stirring it gently.

There were a few stalks of aquatic plants that were growing beside his hand that moved along with the ripples that formed when the water was stirred, while shrouds of hot and humid air drifted over the surface faintly.

On the right, an old man who was fishing narrowed his eyes and glanced at Garen before turning his head and resting again. He seemed to be half asleep and was just waiting for a fish to take the bait.

Garen crouched on the riverbank and stirred the water with his left hand slowly before a few bright little silver fish swam over and nibbled his fingers gently.

The moment the little silver fish touched his fingers, its body stiffened before it stopped moving completely. Its nimble little body froze and it died immediately while it sank into the depths of the river mysteriously.

Garen narrowed his eyes slightly and observed a black crab that was crawling bossily out of a crack between some rocks on the riverbank. The crab waved its nail clipper sized claws at Garen's fingers and attempted to clamp down on them.

Strangely, when the crab's claws touched Garen's fingers, its whole body stiffened before it collapsed and sank into the bottom of the river.

After witnessing this scene, Garen began to ponder deeply.

When his Slaughtering Hand entered level three, the frightening aspects of this Secret Technique began to gradually show themselves.

Most living creatures, especially the smaller and weaker ones, would only need to touch him before their Life Forces would be absorbed. The slightly larger and stronger ones would require strength roadmaps that utilized the flow of Secret Techniques.

The Slaughtering Hand was an extremely mysterious Secret Technique exercise as it didn't possess any specific power or energy. However, it resembled the Form 6 Totems of the Totem World which had a specialized energy because of the Living Secret Technique's fusion powers. On its own, the Slaughtering Hand could adjust the muscles in the user's body, as well as bioelectric currents, nerves, and hormones. It would produce a web of force pathways that were either exposed or hidden, and these forces would form a mysterious, complicated picture or image before finally forming a strange force that would attract Life Forces.

Magical hands.

That was how Garen described both of his hands.

Recently, when the time he spent in level three increased, mysterious powers began to form throughout both of his hands slowly. It had a strange but beautiful charm that he could not resist. He would look at both of his hands carefully from time to time, and would unconsciously be drawn to it, making it impossible for him to tear his eyes away.

This was very odd.

Garen glanced at his Attribute Pane.

'Garen Thomas.

Strength 2.8. Agility 2.7. Vitality 2.9. Intelligence 2.4. Potential 558%. Soul Limit 30.

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

'Violin grasp: Second, proficient level. (Three levels in total)'

'Slaughtering Hand: Level three: Bloodshed. (Four levels in total, can derive and evolve to higher levels)'

Next, he looked at the information regarding Demon King Black Sethe.

'Black Sethe, one of Ancient Ender's 42 Demon Kings possesses an indescribable killing talent. The soul of anything that he gazed upon would disappear immediately. Legend says that his hands were able to return everything to eternal silence, regardless whether they were living things or non-living things...'

"His eyes and gaze were enough to make souls vanish... Legend says that he was able to return everything to eternal silence. Does that sentence mean that this Secret Technique's roots belong in the eyes and hands?" Garen seemed lost in thought.

Strange changes had occurred in his hands now, causing him to unconsciously make guesses of that sort.

He considered his hands carefully.

He had ten, well-balanced and slender fingers. There were no unexpected water chestnut-like marks on his joints, making them unusually delicate-looking. His hands seemed like they were made of high-quality white jade as they were smooth and glossy, without any blemishes.

Shh...!

Suddenly, the skin on the palms of his hands began to sink inwards slowly, before two pits of the exact same size appeared there as if the flesh of his palms were caving into an abyss.

The depressions grew deeper and larger, and within a few seconds, the depressions on his hands had almost reached the back of his hands.

Whoosh...

The depressions in his palms rotted away until two holes remained. There were now two bloody holes at the center of his palms that allowed him to see the surface of the water below.

However, Garen did not feel any pain in his palms.



He was slightly shocked. Before he could react, new changes began to form throughout his hands again.

Numerous white dots that resembled age spots appeared on the back of his hands slowly. His skin began to wrinkle quickly, before shriveling up and turning old.

Meanwhile, his fingernails turned black slowly while the skin on the spaces between his fingers began to rot, causing small holes that made it possible to faintly see his white bones inside.

A sticky noise that sounded as if someone was stirring slime could be heard suddenly.

Pieces of pulpy rotten flesh fell off Garen's hands before falling into the water below and making whooshing water noises.

Beep beep beep...

A crisp text message notification noise could be heard.

Suddenly, Garen returned to his senses. He was blinded for a moment but soon realized that his hands were perfectly fine and that the rotting sensation from earlier was merely a hallucination.

After moving his hands for awhile, he suppressed the uncertain and shocked feelings in his mind. He took his phone out and glanced it before realizing that it was just a message that his phone provider had sent to promote some services.

Garen kept his phone and checked his hands once again, confirming that there were no injuries.

"These hands seem quite dangerous..." He was on high alert now. If his own mind had almost been stirred up by his hands, other people would definitely fall into this trap easier. The most important part was that there was no way to weaken this strange magic, as this was a special characteristic that these hands naturally possessed.

He vaguely guessed that the principle of the Slaughtering Hand was to constantly decrease and dilute the Life Force in his hands, or perhaps remove it directly to form a Life Force hole in the world, maybe even a vacuum.

This way, the Life Forces in the surroundings of his palms would naturally travel towards an empty space with a lower Life Force density. In other words, it was the same as constantly removing air from a specific area. When the empty spaces in that area came close to becoming a vacuum, as long as a small hole was opened when needed, the hissing sound of flowing air would be heard. That phenomenon occurred when the air from the outer world was naturally compressed and pushed so that it would fill the empty space.

When the same type of substance was in a specific space, the substance would naturally disperse from a place with a higher density to another area with a lower density evenly, before eventually achieving a balanced state.

Garen's mind interpreted it that way, as it was the simplest principle of diffusion.

He did not know how the Slaughtering Hand formed a diluted Life Force region. However, this meant that as long as he continued practicing Demonic Techniques with these hands, he would inch closer to reaching a true Life Force vacuum.

"Perhaps I should find something to cover it..." Garen stuffed both of his hands into the pockets of his pants so that other people would not be able to see them.

He stood up and walked towards the left side of the riverbank slowly.

He walked for a while before reaching the grassy lawn. After browsing through a few little roadside shops, he finally walked out with a pair of black gloves on his hands that wrapped them up snugly. His wrists and even half of his inner arm were completely covered by these black silk gloves.

He found the gloves in a cosplay shop. There were strange dark gold lines on them, and although Garen did not know which character they were made for, he could not deny that they looked very cool.

Garen wore the gloves and hid both of his hands below his long white sleeves to make them less eye-catching.

He looked at the time and realized that he had unconsciously spent two hours hanging around. It was almost 4 o'clock now.

He decided to just turn around and walk towards the combat club's activity area.

He remembered that there was an eastern restaurant there with a menu outside that listed all kinds of eastern dishes, and decided to go there and try it.

Chapter 599: Seed 1

While walking along the road, Garen was also thinking about the recent changes in his mentality.

In a normal world like this, nothing in his surroundings could pose a threat towards him. It was unusual for him to be able to be completely at ease like this.

This world did not have a special dissociating energy like the Totem Powers. Therefore, practitioners and those with unnatural powers could only depend on their own strengths to influence and destroy things. However, there was a limit to destructive powers like these. Moreover, it was also difficult for these powers to be effective in larger ranges.

Although Garen had lived for such a long time, he had yet to clarify the situation here. The density of this world seemed normal on the surface but was actually very high.

This applied to the density of the air, soil, or even the density of the bodies of living things. The effect of higher densities made it rarer for extraordinary individual fighting or destructive powers to exist in this world compared to the past few worlds.

As various materials and environments were hard to destroy, destroying materials and the binding force between particles required an extremely large amount of energy that would be impossible in the previous two worlds. In other words, it meant that the same strength would become much weaker here. However, there was also a beneficial side to this, as it was more likely for stronger life states to appear in this world.

Garen guessed that the higher ranking Upper-level Blood Breeds and Death Apostles probably existed because of this. They were able to live for more than thousands of years without decaying, but an existence like this was extremely rare in the Secret Technique World and Totem World. In comparison to the Totem World, the longevity rates here were clearly much lower.

The concentration of substances in worlds with higher densities would naturally be more susceptible to quantitative and qualitative changes in order to achieve higher levels.

Garen was now even more interested in the mystical elements of this world. So far, he had only come into contact with the cannon fodder level Vampires. As for the true Blood Breeds, he had yet to meet any of them.

While walking towards the combat club's grounds, Garen thought of the Vampire he had caught in Grano and the way he had described the Blood Breeds.

Perhaps his heart's desires would finally become reality.

The beeping noise of a new text message could be heard again. Garen took his phone out and glanced at the screen, before noticing that it was Baldy.

"Commander, I heard some news, or perhaps it's just a rumor..."

Garen's heart stirred and he stopped walking immediately before replying the message quickly while standing under the street light on the main street.

"Tell me."

The other side responded instantly.

"According to our insider, it seems like an internal strife is about to occur within the Blood Breeds."

"Internal strife?!" Garen was shocked. "You mean... The Light Party and the Secret Party?!!"

"Yes, I was talking about them. I heard that the Secret Party had recently gathered a large group of foreign powers in preparation to seize the American Light Party's control. The Light Party's current forces seem very influential, but I personally feel that the old man could just be spouting nonsense." Clearly, Baldy did not believe this at all.

However, Garen was in deep thought.

The American Light Party represented the Blood Breed forces that were more inclined towards humans. They had always been relatively amicable with the humans and had even regarded themselves as an evolved version of the humans. However, the Secret Party was different. These Blood Breeds viewed the humans as livestock and a food source. Once they had occupied their territories, the world of the normal Americans would probably be thrown into chaos.

"Besides that, there may be some clues to something that resembles the Cross." Baldy continued sending text messages. "Rumor has it that an antique has been discovered in one of the graveyards in South Africa. The people there call it the Stone Clock of Fortune, and it has been said to bring good fortune."

"Send someone over to try and get it from an auction. Do we have sufficient funds?" Garen replied.

"No problem. There are many of them there, and our group has sufficient money," replied Baldy instantly.

Out of the funds that the Nighthawks' members received after completing quests, thirty percent would be channeled into Garen's account as his coaching fee. Whenever they encountered difficult problems, Garen would obviously come and solve them.

From the perspective of the Nighthawks, a group of people that were bound to Garen because of the Ultimate Techniques, this was a very generous conclusion, because they received an extremely strong commander that they could rely upon. Moreover, they were also able to learn powerful Ultimate Techniques. Therefore, it seemed as if none of them complained, or perhaps if they did, they were too afraid to show it as they could not leave these Ultimate Techniques.

"Besides that, we can start recruiting the exterior organizations." Garen pondered for a moment before typing the words and replying the message.

"Understood."

The core members of the Nighthawks that formed their backbone were almost complete by now. Meanwhile, the skeleton formed with mercenary organizations from the outskirts would definitely amplify their influence and increase their occupied territories. However, this process would surely encounter obstructions from the other territorial forces, and when that time came, the outcome would depend on each side's own measures.

Garen put his phone down and stood on the spot while thinking deeply for a moment.

This was not the first time that an internal strife had occurred between both of the Blood Breed parties. Unfortunately, it would always cause numerous casualties and fatalities among the innocent humans every time.

The Light Party's treatment of humans was more normal compared to how the Secret Party treated them, but it did not mean that they would be concerned about the lives of unimportant individuals.

"However, all of these are still far away from me for now, and I just need to focus on restoring and upgrading my powers." Garen rubbed his chin. "The best way to upgrade my strengths quickly is to search for Potential Points and the Stone Clock of Fortune..."

Garen pondered slightly for a while before putting this at the back of his mind temporarily, allowing Baldy and the others time to find a way before discussing this further.

He continued walking in the direction of the combat club's meeting place.

He walked leisurely for more than half an hour before noticing that a few clusters of people were already standing in front of the doorway of the slightly old, grey hamburger-shaped building. They were all members of the combat club that were dressed in their black uniforms who were displaying notice boards in front of the doorway.

Garen stood beside a school bus stop sign on a faraway street corner and glanced at the combat club's activities instead of going there straightaway.

He waited for awhile until it was almost time for the event to begin before making his way towards the Asian restaurant on the right side of the combat club slowly.

The whole restaurant was white and shaped like a round teacup while the interior was bright and spotless. Some yellow-skinned Asian students sat inside with a few black and white students. It seemed that the business was pretty good.

Garen found a corner seat and sat there before ordering a cup of green tea and a plate of fried rice.

As he observed the entrance of the combat club from the other side of the French window, the memories of the previous plan flashed in Garen's mind once again.

However, it seemed that this plan would now require his power to reach a certain level and be restored completely before he would be able to have the proper reassurance that it would work. Otherwise, his current self would not be able to take on the enigmatic and mystical Blood Breeds and Witches that he would encounter.

Adding manpower was important to ensure the safety of his own people. Sometimes, it was impossible for him to do many things at once, and added powers would be very beneficial in times like these because he would not have to do everything on his own.

His fried rice was served to him quickly. There was a golden fried egg that was sprinkled with pepper and a fennel-like spice on top, making it taste rather odd. However, the green tea made it easier for Garen to finish the large plate of fried rice in a few mouthfuls. Next, he took the napkin and wiped his mouth, stood up and paid the bill, before heading in the direction of the combat club.

A few people who stood in the doorway of the combat club seemed to recognize him at once. Some of them turned around frantically and ran inside before shouting for the others.

Admiration and fear flashed through the eyes of the two remaining members. Looks of disbelief were also present on their faces, but they merely stood on the spot and watched him walk over.

Garen ignored those two club members and walked right past the announcement board before entering the old large dance classroom.

The wooden panels that he had damaged earlier were now completely fixed. Furthermore, a layer of elastic bubble-like soft material had been placed on the surface of the floor as well, turning the entire floor of the large dance classroom black.

A row of people stood in the center of the room and was gathered around a black male student as if they were the stars and he was the moon.

Within the crowd stood the black male student while Vice President Jamie, Quentin, Serena and three other people that Garen had not met the last time stood behind him. There was a total of six to seven people, and behind them was a crowd of club members in black clothes with white spots who stood like a dark mess as it seemed like there were more than thirty of them.

The people that stood in a separate row clearly revealed that they were from a different grade, as there was a serious division between levels now.

When Garen entered through the door, ten lines of sight focused on him instantly. Some of them scrutinized him and others looked at him warily, but most of them were merely sizing him up normally.

"You're here," Serena stepped forward and opened her mouth after receiving the signal from her older sister Quentin. "The President heard about your recent accomplishments and decided to come over and take a look at you personally..."

"I came over today to say that I was planning to quit the combat club," Garen interrupted her suddenly.

"What?!" Serena's face became shocked at once. Other than herself, the faces of Quentin and the others changed slightly as well. Even the black President was slightly shocked and at a loss.

"I have absolutely no interest in a combat club that's made up of weak chickens..." Garen spread both of his hands out and made an impatient face. "All of you are too weak and I don't have the heart to keep defeating you."



"You!!"

The surrounding members exclaimed indignantly but were immediately held back by others.

The entire area became silent. Some of the club members' glares became colder while others began to crack their joints, the crunching sound of bones echoed slightly.

The faces of the President and the five team leaders and Vice Presidents of the Elite Team became unsightly.

"Every day is leisurely to me, so if I were to come over and play house and do some rubbish training, tch tch tch..." Garen sneered contemptuously. "Initially, I arrived with great expectations. I never expected that..."

The anger of youths could be easily provoked. These few sentences caused the sound of the breathing sounds in their surroundings to become more ragged at once.

Only the President and the team leaders of the Elite Team remained as stern as they were before but did not react immediately. However, it was obvious that everyone was extremely unsatisfied by now.

"If I were to let you become the president, how would you train?" The black president spoke suddenly. His eyes were ablaze with rage, but it was obvious that his self-control was even stronger.

"Me?" Garen had never expected him to say this. "The little chicks would not be able to defeat an eagle even if their numbers increased. Only a strong rooster would stand a chance of being a worthy opponent." He had initially planned to provoke the little fellows in the club for a while to see if there were any usable seedlings in the club. However, it was obvious that the other person's self-control was quite good, as he was able to restrain himself from using physical force.

These provocations were probably caused by his evil inclination, but he had never expected that the effect would be different from his wishes.

"Garen, you're saying all of this on purpose, but what for?" Serena spoke suddenly. She knew Garen's true personality because she was the one who had come into contact with him the most.

Garen glanced at her and said: "If I just said that I was bored, would you believe me?"

Serena's little mouth did not know what to say next.

At this moment, the black student stepped forward and walked in front.

"I'm planning to leave the university to go into practice immediately. According to the rules, the president's position must be held by the strongest member of the club. If you're unhappy with the situation of the combat club, you're allowed to come forward and change things as you please immediately. How about that?"

When Garen saw that the president did not get angry even when he was provoked, he was slightly surprised.

"Your patience is exceptional." He stopped speaking in the contemptuous tone from earlier before glancing at the members of the Elite Team.

This group of people possessed above average characters as they were able to suppress their own anger without interrupting the president's speech at all.

Chapter 600: Seed 2

"I take back what I said just now, your discipline is not bad."

He walked straight into the empty clearing.

"As we discussed on the phone before, which one of you wants to go first? Come on."

He stood boldly in the area, looking around nonchalantly.

"I'll do it!!""Me!"

Two of the Elite Team's members stepped out, they were both boys with clean-cut short hair, one of them wore black leather trousers, and had an excited smile on his face.

"Xander, Candyce, both of them are the club's strongest rookies, they always train together, and complement each other well, they might even stand a chance." Serena said quietly to her older sister Quentin.

But Quentin just shook her head. "There is a huge difference."

"Hmm?" Serena looked at her sister in confusion.

By then the two boys were already standing in front of Garen, and they exchanged a glance.

Chack!

The two of them took one step forward at the same time, throwing a fist each at Garen from either side. Their shoes made a sharp sound as they scraped against the floorboards.

Bam!

Both of their fists were blocked by Garen on both sides, and he made it look effortless.

They were not surprised at all, and with one on the left and the other on his right, they surrounded Garen and showed off all their strength and speed, swings, hooks, kneeling him, each attack strong enough to break normal bones, but he received each of them easily.

The three of them blurred in a flurry of fists and shadows, Garen not moving from the spot, and the two of them continuously turning around him.

Unbelievably, Garen never even turned around, he just used his gloved hands to steadily receive the fists and kicks coming from all directions.

"Velociraptor!!" Xander finally could not stand it anymore, he leaped back slightly, turned around, and kicked up a powerful shadow with his right leg.

Whoosh!!

This side kick cut through the air as loudly as a whip, and it had a powerful force behind it too, with the sharp-tipped shoes Xander wore as the focused point, it came towards Garen fiercely.

Xander's oft-trained killer move, Velociraptor, was his strongest comeback maneuver, the key to this move was instantaneously using his explosive and substantial speed.

"Double Lock!" The other person, Candyce, also made his move, pouncing onto Garen from the other side, his two arms acting like a pincer, twisting around Garen's right arm fiercely, while one of his legs was jammed towards the empty space between Garen's legs, trying to trip him.

"Rather interesting."

Garen retreated slightly by taking one step back, and his body instantly twisted, and somehow mysteriously darted behind the two of them, his arms spread wide and flapping lightly, like a flying bird spreading its wings.

"There it is! The Two-Faced Extermination!!"

Quentin's expression grew tense, and she quickly glanced at Jamie's direction, last time he had lost to this move, so he was paying extra attention this time.

Right now it was not just him, even the president and some other powerful members of the club who had not seen Garen in action before were all now paying rapt attention to this scene.

There were two light smacking sounds.

Garen's hands tapped the backs of his two opponents' heads lightly.

The whole area was quiet.

Even if some of the people here were seeing this move for the second time, they still felt as mystified and unbelieving as they did the first time.

What was up with that weird footing and turning? That stance was completely unsuitable for exerting and releasing strength, so how did he display such powerful strength?

With two sounds of impact, Xander and Candyce stumbled forward a few steps, and they finally could not help it, one fell to his knees, and the other leaned on the wall, supporting himself with both hands so he would not fall.

Both of them had instantly gone rather pale, as though they had not recovered enough, and could not speak at all.

Garen put his hands into his pockets, and looked at the others quietly, nobody else dared to meet his gaze, each of them subconsciously avoiding him or lowering their heads.

"How disappointing." Garen looked at these club members who did not even dare to meet his gaze, feeling a hint of disappointment well up in his heart. "It's one thing if you're not strong, but even your hearts are so weak."

He turned around and was about to leave, if there were only such weaklings and wimps in the combat club, he would also have to find another way to carry out his plan.

"W-wait a second!!" Suddenly there was a weak voice from the corner.

It was Xander!

He held onto the wall with both hands, pushing away his clubmates who were trying to help him up, his eyes reddening as he stared at Garen.

"I haven't lost yet!!" He squeezed out the words and propped up his body, this rookie who had just joined the combat club last year was now covered in sweat, the black combat club clothes plastered to his chest and back, his face was pale, and he was obviously dead tired.

"I! Haven't lost yet!!" He repeated again, staring hard at Garen.

Garen turned around, looking at this young man who was at his very limits, and actually had a minor concussion.

It was the first time he had properly looked at a normal person without any unnatural powers in the eye.

His seemingly condescending aura was completely gone, all that was left was a determination to never give up that bordered on madness. He was going to fight to the death!

"Xander!"

Someone was yelling his name, their voice trembling.

"Blood!! You're bleeding!!"

A girl ran up to him and tried to support Xander's body, but he pushed her away obstinately. The overexertion caused the skin on his right fist to crack, and blood dripped onto the floorboards.

"I haven't lost yet!!" Xander's eyes were red, as though he has remembered something from the past, his eyes were already losing focus, or perhaps he could not even see Garen's face clearly anymore.

This was a boy with a story.

Garen looked at the black president at the side, his expression was complicated.

None of them truly looked concerned, only a bespectacled boy with a noble aura slowly walked out of the crowd. He walked up to Candyce, who was still sitting on the floor, and helped him up.

"Xander, you've lost."

He pushed up his glasses.

"But even though you've lost, that doesn't mean we have."

There was a cold glint in his eyes underneath the glasses.

"Do it!"

The black president yelled abruptly.

Bzzt, there was a piercing sound of friction from the floorboards, and six shadows flew rapidly towards Garen.

The five leaders of the Elite Team, as well as the black president, all of them attacked at the same time, surrounding Garen.

Bam!!

In that instant, there were several explosions around Garen, several sounds of impact occurring at the same time, stacking into one very loud bang.

Fists, palms, legs, and knees came at Garen from all directions, his arms were like that of a Thousand-Hand Guanyin, countless after-images appearing in that instant, stacking on top of each other, instantly apparating at the places all six of them attacked, and blocked their attacks precisely.

"Not bad, not bad! Hahahaha!!" Garen laughed happily. "You all are not bad!! This is a seed!!!"

Nobody understood what he was saying, right now everybody! All the club members were all looking at the powerful figure surrounded by six others, their blood boiling.

This was a fight for the glory of the combat club, each of the club members gripped their fists tightly, clenching their teeth, wishing it was them out there on the battlefield.

There was the constant sound of flesh meeting flesh, echoing through the room, jolting all the members' hearts.

"Let me show you what real martial arts are like!"

Out of the blue, Garen's voice came from the middle of the barricade.

His arms instantly carved out countless after-images, blurring and stacking like the white wings of a bird in flight.

"This is the true, Two-Faced Extermination!"

In that instant, when he waved his arms with the black gloves, everyone seemed to see the spreading of a pair of white wings.

This discrepancy gave everyone an unconscious feeling of disgust, a disgust and nausea similar to dizziness.

The white feathered wings flapped lightly.



Bam bam bam bam!!

There was a series of dull collision sounds. The six figures were each sent flying backward, crashing into the floor and skidding for quite some distance.

All six of them were in exactly the same condition, their faces deathly pale, without even a hint of color, lying on the ground for some time and unable to get up.

The white bird's wings closed slowly, leaving several after-images in the air.

Phew...

A cold breeze spread with Garen in the center, blowing his golden hair about, as though it was a lion's mane.

Xander's mouth hung open as he looked at his six bosses in the same state as him, and for a moment he could not say anything.

Just then it was not just him, even the club members watching in on the battle had their fists gripped tightly, their expression shocked, but they did not know how to react.

"You all... are all not bad." Garen stared at the six people lying on the floor, as well as Xander beside them.

Just then, that Asian girl from before that had left a deep impression on him helped Quentin up quietly, and even though she acted calm, under Garen's gaze, her body still could not help but shudder.

In that instant just now, Garen's presence was truly rather terrifying, to these regular students, he had already held back his aura as much as he could, but he still could not help but reveal some of his true presence, it was a quality that made these students feel as though they were facing a natural enemy.

That was the air of a Grandmaster of Combat, a natural enemy to all creatures, the true strength of the ultimate human fighter.

"That's all for today." Garen held open his right palm lightly, and gripped it abruptly.

Bam!

There was the dull sound of a gaseous explosion from his hand.

It shocked everyone present into a jolt, all the members here were not ordinary students, they were at least straight A students, so when they saw that a human could make a gaseous explosion with just one hand, their eyes opened wide, their bodies going cold, looking at Garen as though he was an alien.

Only then did the black president and the other five understand, they were not at the same level as him at all. But the despair had barely risen in their hearts, before it was drowned out by their even more enthusiastic passion and pursuit for combat.

That was a new level of understanding regarding the human limits, before Garen came here, no one ever imagined that the human limits could reach such a step, such a level!

This was hope!

Garen looked at their gazes, and knew that the seed had been sown.

Indeed, humans could not achieve the level of a martial artist as he was showing here. But Blood Breeds were different, something of this extent was merely child's play to them.

It was just that these students had yet to come into contact with such a level.

"Welcome to the true combat world..." He looked at Xander and the Asian girl meaningfully, and then glanced at the six strongest fighters on the floor. Turning around, he strode out of the training center.